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HISTORY  
OF THE  
FIRST LIGHT BATTERY  
CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,  
1861-1865.

PERSONAL RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES.

THE STORY OF THE BATTERY  
FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPILED FROM  
OFFICIAL RECORDS, PERSONAL INTERVIEWS, PRIVATE DIARIES, WAR  
HISTORIES AND INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCES.

ILLUSTRATED  
BY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, ETCHINGS, PORTRAITS AND MAPS.

HISTORIAN,  
HERBERT W. BEECHER.

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK:  
A. T. DE LA MARE PTG. AND PUB. CO., LTD.,  
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### MEMORIAL MONUMENT

TO BE ERECTED AT BAY VIEW PARK, NEW HAVEN, TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL TERRY AND THE SIXTH AND TENTH REGIMENTS  
CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEER INFANTRY AND THE FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY.







FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY PRESENTING A FLAG TO THE BATTERY'S SUCCESSOR. (See page 835.)



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## ERRATA.

- Page 46. James H. Reynolds, wounded at Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864, instead of Chester Station (see page 423).
- Page 77. Line 2, Comrade Mark Hall was a painter, not a butcher.
- Page 108. Last line, read "dollar label for one dollar," instead of ten dollars.
- Page 135. In notice of Comrade Joseph Fowler, read Lieutenant Cannon for Lieutenant Cameron.
- Page 139. On page 139 and wherever Fort Pemberton is mentioned, read Fort Lamar.
- Page 182. Line 22, read service instead of Ritual.
- Page 193. Line 10, Comrade Ingraham should be Ingram.
- Page 296. Sixth line, instead of Lieutenant George Metcalf, read "under command of an infantry lieutenant."
- Page 357. The paragraph commencing "This engagement," and to the end of the chapter, should follow the paragraph on page 355 commencing "During the night," etc., and before the paragraph commencing "While the right section," etc.
- Page 420. Comrade John E. English should be Comrade John C. English.
- Page 572. For Peter Magee, read Peter McGee.
- Page 604. Lyman C. Jerome should be Luman C. Jerome.
- Pages 711 and 712. The figures given are from the official reports. The corrected list of casualties will be found on pages 822 and 823.

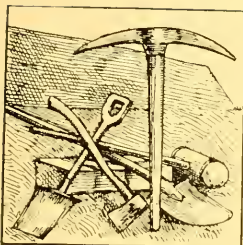


## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### IN BATTERY NUMBER ONE.

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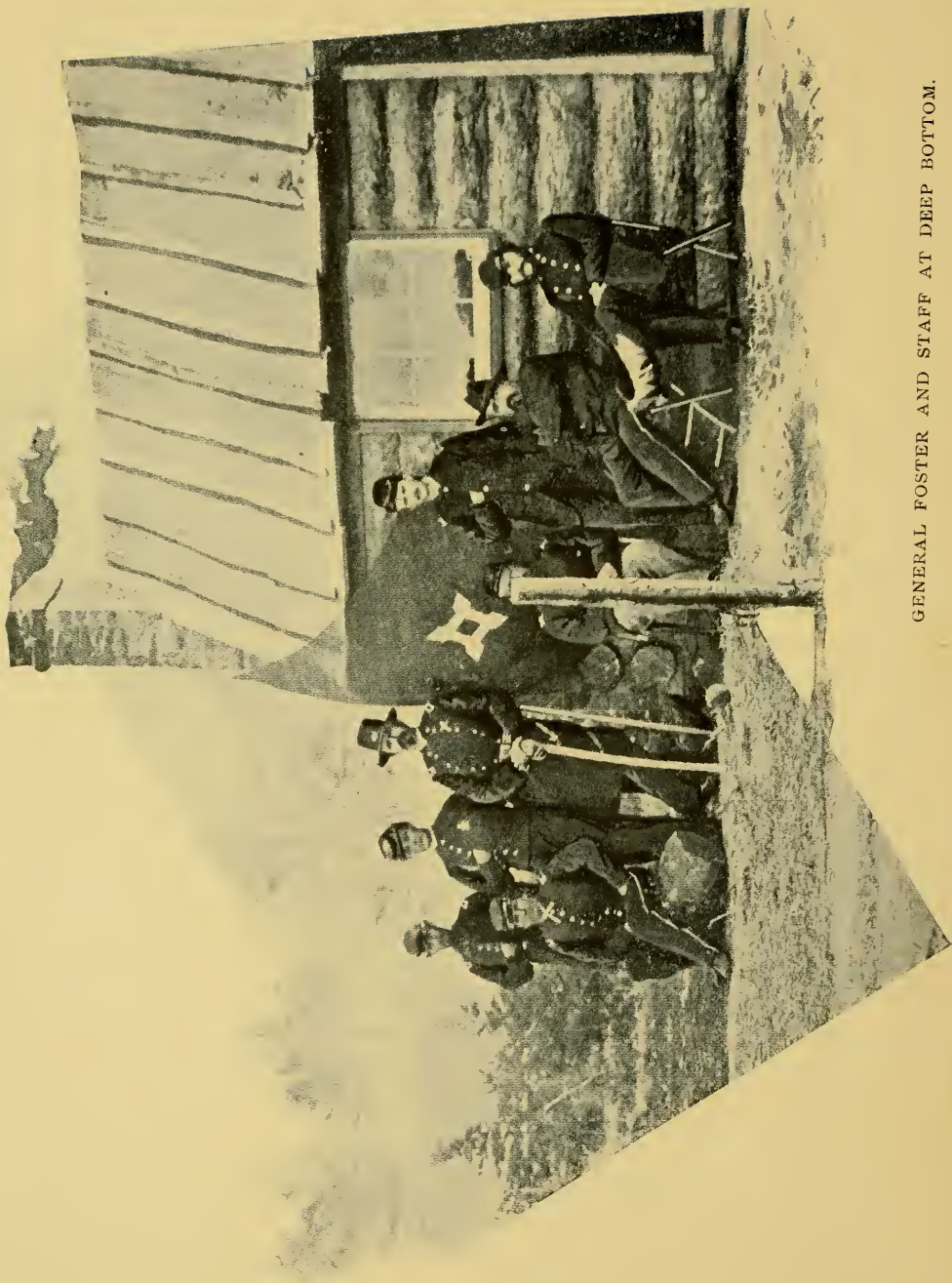
THE Engineers had been working by night and day to make the line of intrenchments at the point where the curves of the James and the Appomattox bring those two streams within three miles of each other. Butler's right rested on the James at Dutch Gap and his left on the Appomattox at Point of Rocks. The position was one of the strongest that could be made

and was absolutely impregnable against assault. The only disadvantage was that the enemy had only to throw up another line running parallel across the same neck of land, and the Army of the James would be powerless to move.

Along this line of intrenchments was a series of forts named batteries and bearing consecutive numbers. The First Connecticut Light Battery was assigned to Battery No. 1.

General Butler, by Special Order, dated May 17, placed Colonel Henry L. Abbot, 1st Connecticut Artillery, in command of all the siege artillery of the Army of the James, except Battery M, 3d Pennsylvania Artillery, stationed at City Point. Colonel Abbot was to be entirely independent of the division commanders and ordered to report direct to General Butler, only consulting with the commanders of the 10th and 18th Army Corps, as to positions of the siege guns within their lines.

The 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery reported with 1,700 men, but 349 of them were honorably discharged, a few days later, on account of expiration of term of service, but was reinforced by a battery of the 3d Pennsylvania Artillery, eight light batteries in Terry's division and six light batteries,



GENERAL FOSTER AND STAFF AT DEEP BOTTOM.

with eight mounted howitzers in addition, in Turner's division, making a total of eighty-two light guns and 17 heavy guns.

A reserve depot of ammunition consisting of 100 rounds per gun, was established near Hatcher's house, and a regular system of supplies for the batteries was organized.

No sooner was the Battery settled in the intrenchments than orders came for all to be set at work strengthening the defenses, Gen. Butler declaring that the work must be "pressed with the utmost diligence," and half an hour after the order had been received, General Gillmore replied :

GILLMORE's May 17, 1864.

GENERAL BUTLER :

I have ordered fatigue parties to work on the intrenchments to-night along my whole front.

Q. A. GILLMORE,  
*Major-General.*

Similar orders were sent to General Smith, commanding the 18th Corps and on that night the two army corps were at work all along the line.

The line of works at Bermuda Hundred was exceeding strong. First, there was a strong line of earthworks, consisting of redoubts and intrenchments, with embrasures made more efficient by bags of sand. Outside of this was a ditch, with *abatis* in front, and outside of all a row of pointed palisades of timber, inclining toward the approaches of assailants.

Late in the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Campbell, commanding the 85th Pennsylvania Volunteers, reported that while on picket his lookout discovered a body of the enemy, moving from the direction of Richmond toward Petersburg on the turnpike. The infantry was followed by a train of about 100 wagons. General Gillmore at once ordered Colonel Benjamin F. Onderdonk, commanding the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, to move on the turnpike to endeavor to capture what was evidently a commissary train, but he found the enemy in such strong force on the picket line that he was ordered to retire.

During that night the Battery was called up by "Boots and Saddles" bugle and the comrades turned out lively, expecting to have some hard fighting, but after waiting an hour or so, hitched up, the order to unhitch was given and the comrades and horses returned to their well-earned rest.

“We did some hard digging to strengthen our position,” wrote a comrade under date May 19, 1864, and another comrade enlarged on it by stating that he was called up at three o'clock in the morning to start work.

The enemy shelled the works all morning very vigorously, one man of the 1st Heavy Artillery losing a leg. It was particularly hard in his case, for he had only two more days to serve before his time expired.

Two sections of the Connecticut Light Battery were sent to camp on the banks of the James River about three-quarters of a mile in the rear of Battery No. 1. From this point could be seen the gunboats and monitors in the river, two monitors being just opposite the camp. A comrade wrote that the monitors did not fire often, “but when they did their heavy guns made everything jingle.”

The camp was located near the edge of a large tract of wood, through which was a road that passed the camp. Over this road the officers and their staffs frequently passed. Every time an officer rode by the camp it was the duty of the soldier on post to cry out:

“Turn out the guard!”

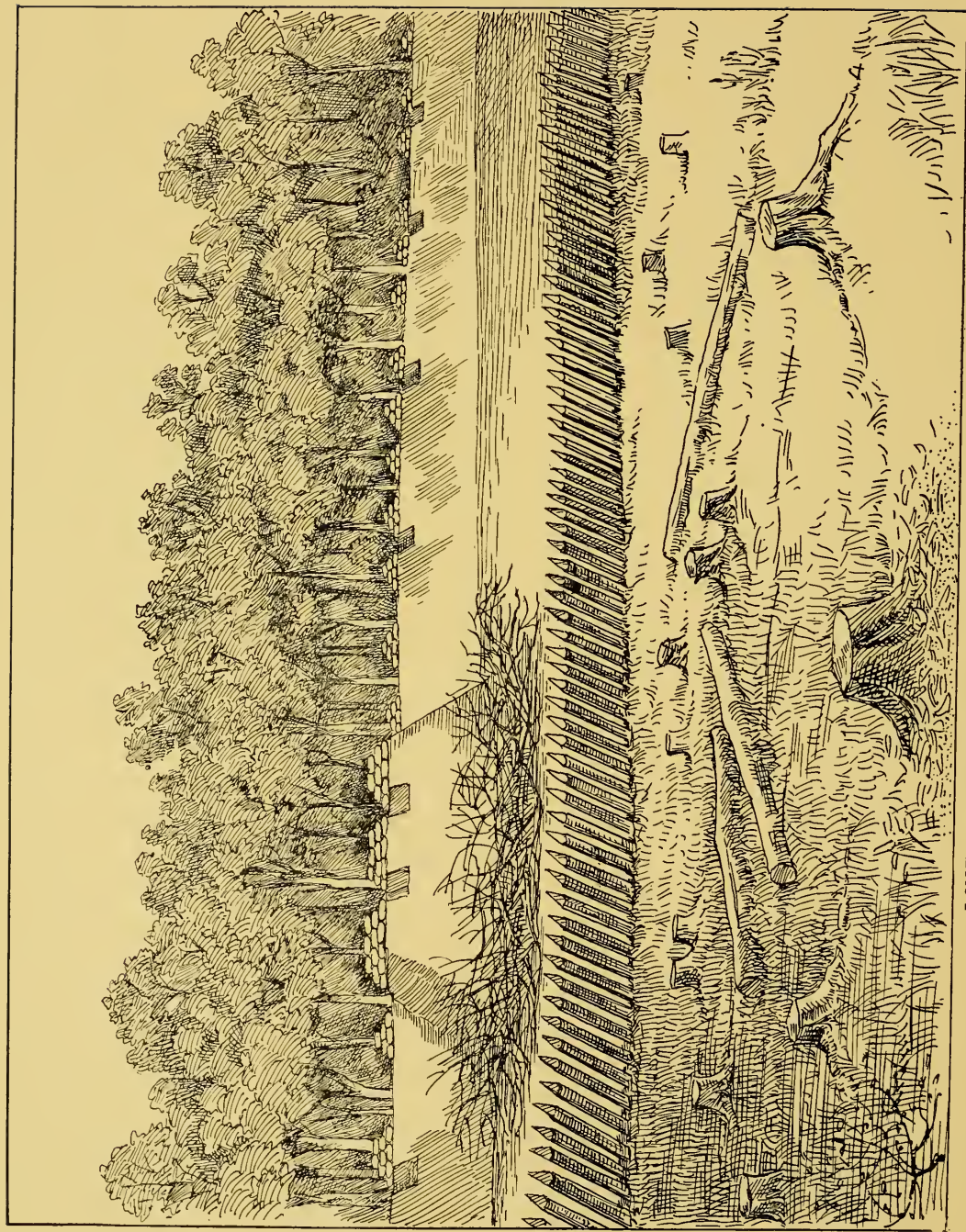
On hearing this it was the duty of the sergeant, or corporal, in charge of the guard at the tent, to promptly order out the guard and salute the officers as they rode by, which was done by the men standing at “attention,” in line, presenting sabres. It was the duty of the man standing guard to keep a sharp watch in every direction to see that intruders, spies or scouts from the enemy did not pass his beat, and also to keep a sharp lookout for any officer that chanced to be passing near the camp. It was his duty to detect them far enough away to give the guard, not on the beats, but, resting in the guard tent, time to turn out, get into line and be ready to salute the officers as they passed.

The road through the wood was partially hidden from view by the overhanging branches, which made it possible, if the guard was not specially vigilant, for an officer to emerge from the wood suddenly into the camp without being seen far enough away to give the guard a chance to turn out; whenever this occurred there was usually considerable confusion among them, which the officers appeared to enjoy, as they caught the guard napping.

One day Comrade Patrick Shields, a very tall Irish lad, was walking his beat nearest the road that entered the camp from the wood; as he was pac-







LINE OF DEFENCE, BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA.

ing along leisurely, his back turned toward the road, he suddenly turned and faced about and caught sight of a group of officers riding in a swift gallop out of the wood and almost right up to him. To see unexpectedly such a gathering of generals almost on top of him and knowing he should have seen them before they reached the camp, gave him such a shock that under the excitement, he forgot his military manners and hysterically called out:

“Great God! Turn out the guard! Here’s Old Abe, and Beast Butler.”

Before the guard could turn out, the distinguished Commander-in-chief and generals rode by the guard, smiling.

This group of officers consisted of President Lincoln and Generals Grant, Sherman and Butler.

They rode by the camp, stood in the fort on a platform beside one of the guns a few minutes, and wheeling about rode off, disappearing as suddenly as they had appeared. It was a matter of great regret that Comrade Shields did not see them in time to turn out the guard for a salute. It is said that President Lincoln laughed heartily at the announcement made by the excited and disconcerted guard.

Comrade Griswold mentions the visit of the President in his Reminiscences in this way:

“While stationed in these lines President Lincoln visited us and rode down the line of works with General Grant. It was the first time I had seen either Grant or Lincoln. How awkward and even peculiar the President looked to us, his silk hat down to his eyes, and his tall, lank form I shall never forget; but we were also surprised at the plain-looking General who had the command of an army of a million men. No gilt, no fuss, no feathers, but one could almost feel and realize that we had a man now in command of our armies who was honest.”

Constant firing all along the picket line kept the comrades on the alert and the firing, by the enemy, of the English “Whitworth” shells was watched with great interest.

On the morning of the 20th General Beauregard attempted to carry out his plan of forcing back the entire line as outlined by him to the Confederate Government as follows:

“The enemy has retired to his lines across the Neck; our forces are in position in his front. His lines of skirmishers will be driven about daybreak

to-morrow to determine location and strength of his works. A battery of rifled field-pieces has been ordered to be constructed at Howlett's to command the James River, so as to prevent his passage of transports. The junction with Whiting's forces was made about midday. They formed my right wing."

On the morning of the 20th a strong demonstration was made by the enemy on the Union position, in which he succeeded in gaining possession of the advance rifle-pits on General Ames' front, and a portion of General Terry's. The fight was a severe one, both sides contending with extraordinary courage. Twice the enemy was driven back, but the numbers were on his side, and the Unionists were driven back. General Ames attempted to regain his ground, but failed. General Gillmore ordered Howell's brigade to move out and retake the rifle-pits from which the enemy had driven the Unionists. After a serious fight, in which the brigade lost a total of 149 killed and wounded, the lines were re-established. The Union loss in that engagement was 702, while the enemy acknowledged a loss of 800, including Brigadier-General W. S. Walker, who was wounded and taken prisoner.

General Walker was taken through the camp of the First Light Battery about five o'clock that same afternoon, being carried on a stretcher. "He was a very tall man, with high forehead and long hair," says a comrade who saw him carried down inside the line. General Walker was not feeling very amiable and it is asserted that he used language more suited to the wilds of his State of Texas than a parlor. Some of the soldiers who were near him clipped buttons from his uniform to keep as souvenirs. They had almost divested his clothing of buttons before the officer in charge discovered that button-grabbing was going on. Then it was at once stopped and punishment threatened if it should be renewed. General Walker told the comrades of the Light Battery, that Battery No. 1. was a strong one, and that it would have been almost impossible for his troops to enter it, even if it were not so well defended.

On the following morning the enemy charged the rifle pits again and a hot and heavy firing took place along the line for fifteen minutes. Then the artillery opened on both sides and the firing was more rapid than any before that morning. The Connecticut Battery escaped, the heaviest firing being near the river, where the gunboats were ready to return the fire. A shell



burst in the camp and struck a caisson in the adjoining fort blowing it to atoms. Though the shells were as "thick as blackberries in Autumn," the guns continued firing, "not stopping for such trifles," wrote a comrade.

The enemy's sharpshooters proved troublesome and even during the night bullets passed unpleasantly close. Comrade Tallmadge tells of one little incident which will bring back many remembrances to the minds of the comrades. He says: "Comrade Oliver Abels and I were lying asleep when something came whizzing by our heads, and, of course woke us, when we found that it was a bullet that had passed just over our heads and hit our haversacks, which were immediately behind us, and tore everything to pieces in them. My tin plate, cup, spoon and other things were completely smashed to pieces."

Comrade Oliver K. Abels, in his diary, wrote: "May 24, 1864. Pleasant and warm. Got up twice last night on account of picket firing, but did not open any artillery on the enemy. The rebel sharpshooters shot through my tent and into my haversack, breaking the handle of my knife. The bullet came very near my head."

Such little incidents were reminders that even when asleep, and darkness reigned over Virginia, the soldiers were not safe from the bullets of the enemy.

A very great honor was paid at this time to the First Connecticut Light Battery through its able captain, in the following General Order:

GENERAL ORDERS	}	HDQRS. 1st DIV., 10th ARMY CORPS.
No. 8.		<i>Bermuda Hundred, Va., May 22d, 1864.</i>

Battery M, 1st U. S. Artillery, Captain L. L. Langdon commanding, having been transferred to the 3d Division, 10th Army Corps, Captain Alfred P. Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, is announced as chief of artillery on the staff of the brigadier-general commanding, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry.

ADRIAN TERRY,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

On the day previous, namely May 21, General Ames had asked Captain Rockwell to apply to have the First Connecticut Light Battery transferred to his division. This would have made Captain Rockwell chief of artillery

on General Ames' staff. It was a great compliment both to Captain Rockwell and the Battery, but the honor was declined, as the Battery preferred to be under General Terry. Captain Langdon's regular battery was then transferred and Captain Rockwell became chief of artillery on General Terry's staff.

A week later Captain Langdon was again in the 1st Division, and, being a regular army officer, would take precedence over Captain Rockwell, but General Terry wanted the latter to remain chief of artillery in his division, a great honor which many men would have accepted, but Captain Rockwell declined and so was relieved, and Captain Langdon became chief of artillery on the staff of the division commander. But on the same day he was appointed brigade commander by the following order:

SPECIAL ORDERS } HDQRS. 1ST DIV., 10TH ARMY CORPS,  
No. 25.                } *Bermuda Hundred, Va., May 28, 1864.*

The light batteries of this division, viz., First Connecticut Light Battery, 5th New Jersey Light Battery, Light Company E, 3rd U. S. Artillery, are hereby organized into a brigade under the command of Captain Alfred P. Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, to whom the commanding officer of the two batteries last mentioned will report at once.

By order of Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry.

ADRIAN TERRY.

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

On June 1, 1864, Captain Langdon was relieved from duty and Captain Rockwell became chief of artillery on General Terry's staff:

GENERAL ORDERS, } HDQRS. FIRST DIVISION, 10TH ARMY CORPS.  
No. 10.                } *In the Field, near Curtice, Va., June 1, 1864,*

Captain Loomis L. Langdon, 1st U. S. Artillery, having been relieved from duty, Captain Alfred P. Rockwell, First Connecticut Light Battery, is announced as chief of artillery, staff of the brigadier-general commanding, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of Brig.-Gen. Terry,

ADRIAN TERRY,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The honor was well deserved, for Captain Rockwell had proved himself an efficient artillery officer and an able commander.



Captain Rockwell has furnished a little interesting incident which occurred on May 22, 1864.

"I was sent with a flag of truce to try to recover the body of an officer killed on the 10th of May," he says. "While waiting an hour for an answer we all sat down, smoked and drank and chatted about various matters. We exchanged late papers, we gave them some cigars, for they had none, and whiskey, which the Confederate Colonel said they could not raise in their camp for \$200 (Confederate) a gallon. They were North and South Carolina troops, and strangely enough, Colonel Wallace, commanding a brigade, told me he was on James Island at the battle of Secessionville, two years before. One Colonel drank 'to the end of the war.' He was a West Pointer and many of his classmates were in our army there. One of them asked me if it were true that the order had been given for our line to advance and attack them in that thick fog of the 16th of May. I answered, yes, for I had heard the order given to General Terry. 'Well,' he said, 'I wish you had; there would not many have got back through that slashing.' The whole front of their second line at Drewry's Bluff was well protected by heavy slashing. It would have been perfect madness to assault."

While the Battery was stationed at Bermuda Front the troops were reinforced by three regiments of hundred-day men from Ohio. They were men of more years than the average soldier, and most of them were very intelligent; but in coming straight from home, without drill or experience in military duties, they seemed very much out of place, and as one comrade said, "very green." But they had one trait of character that pleased the soldiers: they were so enthusiastic that they would do as much digging in one hour as an old soldier would in two.

The Connecticut Battery had a camp in Battery One, each section having its tents arranged in a separate street. To keep out the rain and ward off the heat, posts and cross pieces were erected and the canvas sides of the tents spread out, making a continuous tent, on the top of which pine boughs were spread.

Comrade William Fowler had purchased a very large watch—it was almost as large as a clock—and hung it on his tent post. The rain had made the mud ankle-deep and still the rain continued to fall. One day a gust of wind accompanied the rain and from left to right the tents of the

centre section swayed gently at first, then faster, until they were all down in the thick red mud. The right section was congratulating themselves on their good-fortune, when their tents shared the same fate as those of the centre. The men groped in the thick mud for their things, and many were far from amiable. As for Fowler's watch, that was so heavy that it sank several inches into the red mud, and presented a sorry spectacle when it was fished out. Comrade Fowler thought that while the rain and mud lasted he would be more comfortable in a bomb-proof and he shared one with Corporal Merwin.

Though Butler's army was "bottled up," it gave the enemy quite as much as he wanted and Beauregard was so harassed that he had to get reinforcements. General Smith wanted to act on the offensive, believing that with such an army as Butler commanded much could be done; he won over General Butler, and a move would have been made had not Butler procrastinated so long that General Grant thought him unable to accomplish anything. On May 26, 1864, General Grant directed Butler to retain only such troops as were actually necessary for defense, sending all others to join the Army of the Potomac. That column was to be placed under the command of General Smith. One or two batteries and a regiment of cavalry was to go with it to cover the landing at White House, on the Pamunkey. General Grant desired that either Gillmore or Weitzel should be placed in immediate command of the entire defensive line, as they were more familiar with defensive works.

At eight o'clock on that same night General Butler reported: "Orders have been given to put, say, 17,000 infantry in condition to move at once, leaving what may be sufficient only, in the judgment of myself and officers, to hold the line of defenses between the James and Appomattox, near Point of Rocks, which is our defensive line."

The command of the entire line of defense was given to General Gillmore at Grant's suggestion, and the disposition of the troops changed. Kautz was placed in command of the position which had been occupied by General Smith, the cavalry was dismounted, and the horses pastured. General Terry was to occupy the line held by the 10th Army corps, though with so few men that it seemed almost impossible for him to do so, especially as he had to have one brigade in reserve posted near his centre. All the

troops that could be spared from each division were ordered to withdraw from the line and encamp near it, but out of sight of the enemy, upon such roads as were convenient for the purpose.

A great deal of curiosity was manifested in the inner circle of the army by this move. It was expected that General Gillmore would have been withdrawn and General Smith placed in command, especially as Brigadier-General Meigs, quartermaster and Brigadier-General J. G. Barnard had just sent a note to General Grant's staff two days before, in which they said:

"What ought to be done is either, first, to place an officer of military experience and knowledge in command of these two corps (the 10th and 18th), thus making them a unit for field operations, and then assume the offensive; or, second, to withdraw 20,000 men, to be used elsewhere. General Butler is a man of rare and great ability, but he has not experience and training to enable him to direct and control movements in battle. A corps gives its commander full occupation on the battlefield, and leaves him no time to make suggestions to the commander-in-chief as to the movements of two corps. General Butler is satisfied with the ability and aid of General William F. Smith. He does not appear to be satisfied with General Gillmore. General Butler evidently desires to retain command in the field. If his desires must be gratified, withdraw Gillmore, place Smith in command of both corps under the supreme command of General Butler; let Smith put Brooks in command of one corps, and Weitzel of the other, unless you can send here better officers. You will thus have a command which will be a unit, and General Butler will probably be guided by Smith, and leave to him the suggestions and practical execution of army movements ordered. Success would be more certain were Smith in command untrammelled, and General Butler remanded to the administrative duties of the department in which he has shown such rare and great ability."

The Confederates knew of the withdrawal of a large portion of Butler's force on the same day, for General Dearing telegraphed to Beauregard that "the enemy are striking tents and preparing to retire."

During the weeks spent in Bermuda Hundred the pickets and skirmishers often advanced close enough to the enemy to converse and as the men had no personal animosity frequently the enemies fraternized and exchange-

ed papers, tobacco and other things. So constantly did this occur that we find General Beauregard issuing orders concerning it, as follows:

SPECIAL ORDERS, HDQRS. DEPT. OF N. C. AND VA.

No. 15.

May 29, 1864.

It having been reported to these headquarters that our pickets and skirmishers have allowed those of the enemy to advance to within very short distance of our lines, and that the pickets of the two lines are becoming too familiar, it is hereby ordered that no communication whatever should be had between our pickets and those of the enemy. The latter must be fired upon whenever they are seen within range of our guns; due precaution, however, being taken to prevent waste of ammunition. No exchange of papers will be permitted, and no communication of any kind allowed, except under flag of truce sent by a division commander by direction of these headquarters. Division commanders will see that this order, all other general and special orders, relating to their commands, is read to the troops. This order is dictated by a stern military necessity, as the forbidden practice affords positive advantages to the enemy in procuring information and directing his force; but even if this necessity did not exist, the commanding general still deeply deplores the moral disgrace incurred by his troops in anything like voluntary or unnecessary association with the savage foes who are not only warring against us, but persecuting our women and children, and destroying private property. The hands of such a foe are unworthy the friendly or courteous touch of a Confederate soldier.

By command of General Beauregard:

JNO. M. OTEY,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

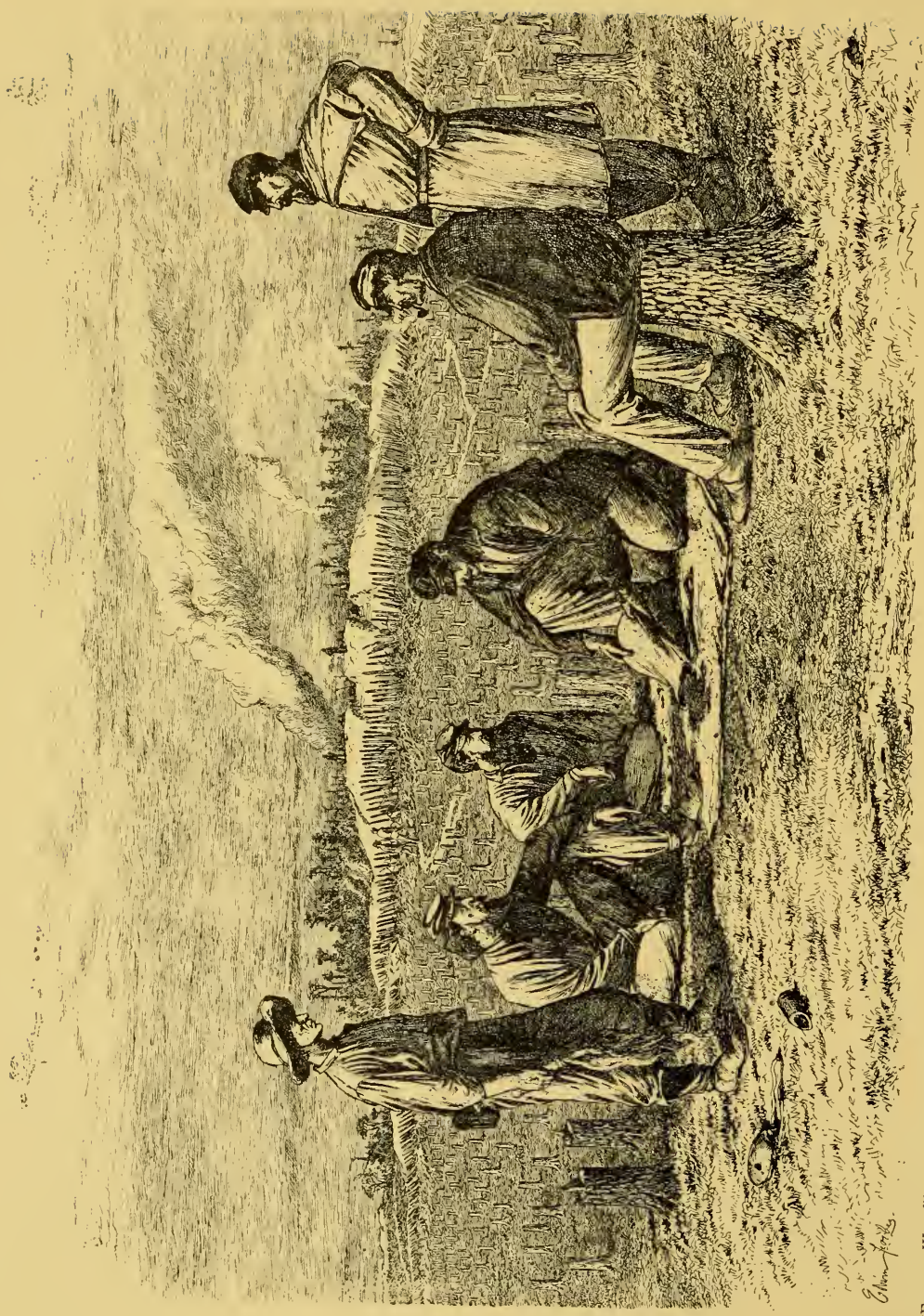
The practice continued at every opportunity, both sides feeling that the fight was between their respective States and that individual animosity had no cause to exist in any save rare cases.

A very great many were beginning to believe that the war was unnecessarily prolonged and we find recorded in Comrade Hotchkiss' diary this sentiment:

"There have been some severe fights along our lines, and a great many killed on each side. Most of the slaughter was on our left, and all for naught. The prayers of the nation should go up as from one man, that







(From a War Sketch by E. Forbes.)

TRADING FOR COFFEE AND TOBACCO BETWEEN THE FORTIFIED LINES DURING A TRUCE.



the Almighty should stay the tide of blood and misery, and give us peace once more. Those traitors in the North, who are hindering the Nation, ought to be down here and put in the front rank; we ought to compel them to go through the hospitals first and witness the misery and carnage of war, and then let them dodge bullets for a time: it would do them good."

A story is told of some Union pickets who started singing a song entitled "Fairy Bell," and when the time came for the chorus, the enemy's pickets on the post opposite struck up and their voices blended with those of the Pennsylvanians.

In a letter home a Connecticut soldier wrote:

"The rebs. rigged up a plank, with a sail and rudder attached, and on it placed a drawer, evidently taken from an old secretary, in which they put two Richmond papers, and on top a half plug of tobacco, with a written request for a New York Herald, and stating that 'they would come over and have a little chat' if we would pledge faith. This kind of intercourse, though indulged in, is forbidden on our part."

So often was this exchange of papers effected that the custom got to be called "The Newspaper flag of truce," and under that waving newspaper coffee, tobacco, sometimes whiskey and all sorts of things were traded or exchanged.

On May 27th Colonel Redfield Duryee resigned his commission as Colonel of the 6th Connecticut; failing health, it was said, incapacitated him for active service in the field. The vacancy in the 6th Connecticut Infantry caused one also in the First Connecticut Light Battery, for Captain Alfred P. Rockwell was selected to fill the position vacated by Colonel Duryee. However, Captain Rockwell did not receive his promotion and commission until June 18, 1864.

On June 2nd the enemy commenced a fierce attack on the Union lines and drove in the pickets, killing several, and taking a few prisoners.

The assault was so vigorous that the pickets were driven over a second line of rifle pits for about three-quarters of a mile, when the enemy fell back and occupied the first line of rifle pits from which they had driven the Unionists.

The artillery duel was hot for a few hours and for some time it seemed as though a decisive battle would be fought. The skirmishing was brisk,

the enemy appearing at the edge of the woods and opposite Battery Pride. A hot fire of canister made them beat a hasty retreat.

The pickets of the 7th Connecticut at this time lay just in advance of the fort in charge of a Captain and Lieutenant, but they could not hold the line without assistance. General Terry ordered a sufficient force to save the line. Confederate Colonel Dantzler's body was brought into the Battery, he having fallen in the early part of the skirmish.

General Beauregard reported:

"Enemy's advanced line of rifle pits near Ware Bottom Church were taken this morning with about 100 prisoners from 7th Connecticut. Our loss is trifling."



EDWIN B. REYNOLDS,  
of Columbia.

Enlisted Oct. 5, 1861; mustered  
in Oct. 26, 1861; Discharged Oct.  
20th, 1862; enlisted Co. L, 1st C.V.  
H. A. Dec. 7, 1863; mustered out  
Sept. 25, 1865.

In Battery Pride was an old comrade of the First Connecticut Light Battery, Edwin B. Reynolds of Columbia, who had been mustered into the United States service at Camp Tyler, had left the Light Battery after serving one year, and re-enlisted in the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery in December, 1863. He was able to renew his acquaintance with the comrades, and many a time they met around the camp fire.

The First Connecticut Battery was hitched up and ready to take part in the duel or retire to where it could do more good, but the comrades had no more chance to distinguish themselves at that time.

The enemy very early got the range on the house where General Terry had his headquarters, and the shots and shells fell around it so lively that the General and staff had to vacate it. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," is an old proverb, and Comrade Hotchkiss says that the front door, which had been blown from its hinges, proved a very useful article for him. He used it at night as "an improved bedstead," and in the day as a table. He says, "The door had glass in it at some time and looked the worse for wear, but it was just right for my bunk with a blanket spread over it, and in the daytime I set it up on a pile of bread boxes and it makes a table."

This comrade tells us that the living was better at that time, for he records that he "had bean broth with pork for dinner, and very good hard tack. I get at intervals a ration of soft bread baked at Fort Monroe. I get fresh meat once or twice a week and I sometimes get a chance to buy dried apples, potatoes, pickles, etc. Yesterday I bought nine cans of tomatoes for the fresh meat soup, got a little butter for my own larder at 60 cents a pound, so I can once more have my bread, butter and coffee." In a letter to his sister he gives a picture of camp life, which will help to recall that time to the comrades:

IN CAMP, June 7, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER:

There is not much going on here at present. Once in a while we have some pretty sharp firing, and sometimes the horses are all hitched up ready to move to the rear in case the rebs. make it too hot here in camp. They will have to drive in our pickets and open heavy with artillery, though, before we should have to move.

From here we can see along the line of our forts and when we have a smart artillery drill, it is a splendid sight; yet I can't say it is a *pleasant* one.

Well, Captain Charlie Mills is a prisoner and severely wounded; the rebs. were too much for our boys that day. The 7th stood up nobly, but the regiments each side fell back and as the 7th don't do such things the rebs. gobbled them up.

I wish Uncle Sam would send men enough next time to wipe this war out so clean and so quick it would make your "head snap."

You ask me if I have anything to eat where I am; I think we do. I draw all that U. S. furnishes to us and buy dried apples, potatoes, spices, etc., besides canned tomatoes for soup. Yesterday we had a good fresh meat soup for dinner; then we have good beans; rice and hominy are now provided. Yet, withal, our boys grumble a good deal. Yes, and soft bread, most every day; if not, then first-rate hard bread.

When we first came, of course, we could not have all this and came down to pork and beans, hard bread and coffee with sugar.

It is not likely our Battery will move from here at present, as we are now doing garrison duty.

I have heard no firing up toward Richmond since the sorry one of Friday last, and I am a little afraid Grant got the worst of it; shall know soon.

Can buy butter now, *only* 60 cents per pound, and I want some. Supper is over, hominy, molasses (first time since leaving Folly Island) and coffee.



ON PICKET.

I got some butter and with soft bread and tea I made a good meal, rather natural.

The firing up toward Richmond is heard this p. m. I can hear the



guns now, but all is quiet here. I bought nine cans of tomatoes to-day at \$7 per dozen, for company mess; I have paid 75 cents each before.

Affectionately yours,

C. A. HOTCHKISS.

The First Connecticut Light Battery reserve camp was a cool, comfortable place. The comrades trimmed up the trees in a beautiful cedar grove and made pleasant quarters for both themselves and their horses. "Those who were on the picket line had to burrow under sand bags and shelter in bomb proofs," says one comrade. In front of the officers' quarters the comrades erected a pyramid of shot and shell and bullets which the enemy had fired in that direction, and as a comrade wrote in his diary: "It looked quite harmless just then, but how much blood has been shed by those innocent-looking shells is quite another tale."

A rumor reached the camp that the Battery was to be sent to Washington to guard the Capital, and before that rumor had gone the rounds, another, which was believed by very many, was circulated to the effect that the Battery was to be sent to New York to quell the draft riots and help enforce conscription.

It is interesting to know how time has changed the appearance of the battle fields on which the First Connecticut Light Battery proved its devotion to the cause of the Union. General Rockwell, writing to the Battery, August 22d, 1899, said:

"On the 6th of May last I made a day trip from Fort Monroe up the James River to Richmond, and the next day drove over the turnpike to see Petersburg. I wanted to test my accuracy of my recollection of the region, and to see how the ground looked from the Confederate works.

"I, unfortunately, had not time to make an exhaustive examination, but what I did see was most interesting. City Point and Bermuda Hundred Landing looked just as they did thirty-five years ago when we landed there. Deep Bottom was unchanged.

"Above Dutch Gap Canal it was all new, and as we passed under the precipitous bluff, on which Fort Darling (Drewry's Bluff) was built, it was easy to see why the navy could effect nothing so long as the Confederates held that bluff. The next day I visited the fort on the bluff. It is about eight miles from Richmond, and about one mile from the turnpike. It is

now covered with trees, the growth of thirty years and more, which no doubt have protected the surface from the heavy rains, for the works were in surprisingly good state of preservation. The very heavy embankments that traverse the ditch outside and the exterior slope all indicated a works of very great strength.

"Our operations from the 12th to the 16th of May, 1864, hardly threatened it, as we never ventured beyond their line of intrenchment.

"Grant certainly believed that if Butler had pushed vigorously with the thirty odd thousand of the Army of the James immediately on landing, that is, on the 6th or 7th of May, he could have taken Richmond; but it does not seem clear to me that he could. Fort Darling was easily reinforced from the other side of the river, and was too strong to be taken by assault, and yet it would have been rash to leave it behind.

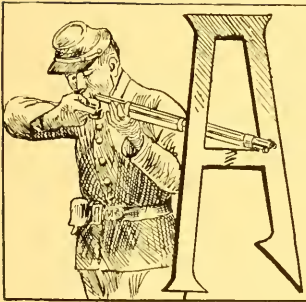
"The line of breastworks, where the action of the 16th of May was fought, was still distinct where it crosses the turnpike. The 'Halfway House' is still standing. I recognized several points on the turnpike, especially the road joining it from Bermuda Hundred and the one to the west where Metcalf with his section did such good service on the morning of the 10th of May, and where a little later the two other sections took a hand, having come at a brisk trot from near Port Walthall Junction. The railroad embankment, where the turnpike crosses, is, of course, unchanged, and the little meadow on the east with its brook, where we watered the horses on the afternoon of the 9th, was just as I remembered it. The growth of trees in what was then open fields, and the more recent clearing of what was then forest, changed everything greatly in some places. Swift Creek appeared much less of an obstacle than I had supposed. The Confederate works on the side toward Petersburg were not very serious where the road crosses it, and I think there is hardly a question but that Butler could have taken Petersburg on the 6th, 7th, or 8th of May. The Confederate records show clearly that they had but about 5,000 up to the end of the 9th in or about Petersburg.

"The forts about Petersburg were very much changed, excepting where special care had been taken to preserve them, especially about the 'crater' over the mine. The failure to take advantage of that break in the enemy's line would not be believed, had it not occurred. The capture of Petersburg would have been certain had ordinary energy and promptness been shown."



## CHAPTER XXV.

### WARE BOTTOM CHURCH.



THE army under Butler was hermetically sealed up at Bermuda Hundred, the enemy was enabled to transfer many of its reinforcements brought from the South by Beauregard, to the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Robert E. Lee. General Grant saw that Butler could very well defend his position by a much smaller force than he had in his command, so he directed that all the available forces, leaving only enough to secure what had been gained, should be sent forward, under command of General W. F. Smith, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac.

While waiting for these reinforcements Grant extended his left toward Cold Harbor, sending Sheridan with cavalry and artillery to secure that place. Sheridan took possession of Cold Harbor, his troops having orders to hold it until relieved by the infantry. For 24 hours the intrepid cavalry general held the position, though suffering great loss. Reinforcements numbering 10,000 arrived during the day under General Smith. At the same time the enemy's line had been extended in the same direction, so as to cover all roads leading to Richmond.

When the entire army was in its new position at Cold Harbor, eight or nine miles from Richmond, with the Confederates but a little distance in front of it, an attack was planned for the next morning.

At half-past four three army corps began the attack as planned. They moved rapidly forward under a most destructive fire of artillery and

musketry, and carried the first line of intrenchments. A division of Hancock's Corps struck a salient and a hand-to-hand contest ensued. The fighting was desperate, but the Unionists captured the salient and 300 prisoners. Every assaulting column, on reaching the enemy's line, was met by a cross-fire from carefully-placed artillery, and not a man could go any farther. General Meade, acting under special instructions from Grant, suspended the attack, though heavy firing continued all day.

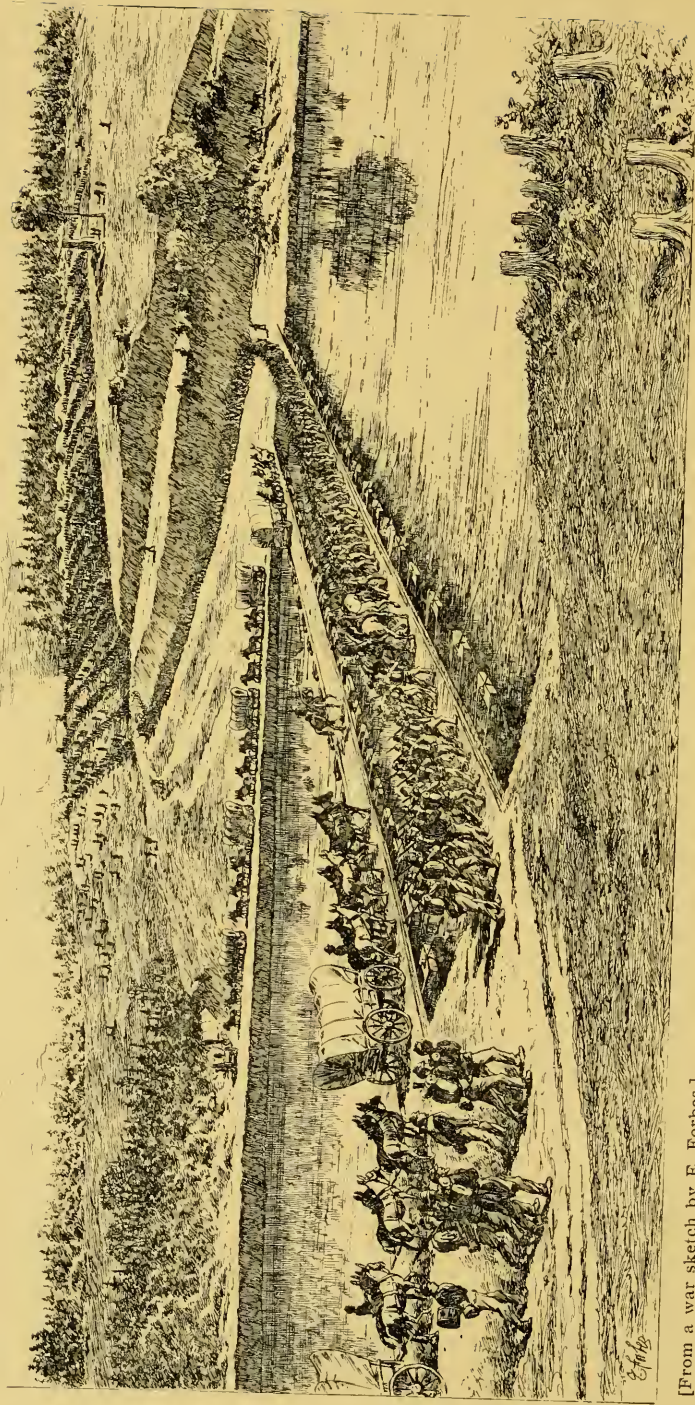
In the evening the corps, commanded by Generals Wright and Smith, attacked the Confederate intrenchments. Along most of the front they were obliged to cross open ground that was swept by artillery and musketry; but they never stopped, moving forward steadily, losing heavily, and filling up the ranks with glorious courage, carrying the first line of works, and capturing some hundred prisoners. They were stopped by the second line of works. They intrenched and held the position they had occupied; but the victory at Cold Harbor had been a costly one, for the loss amounted to more than 2,000 in killed and wounded, including many officers.

The fighting had been at such close quarters that it was impossible to care for the wounded that lay between the contending armies, except by a cessation of hostilities. General Grant asked an armistice for a few hours in order to recover the wounded, but General Lee delayed it with various trivial excuses for nearly 48 hours, at the end of which time all but two of the wounded were dead.

General Grant acknowledges in his Memoirs that the attack on June 3d, at Cold Harbor, was the most regrettable act he committed during the war; the officers knew that it was likely to be costly and useless though not one of them protested but went to his death, winning glory and an immortal name. Among the wounded officers, Connecticut men found the name of General Tyler.

General Grant kept his force close to the enemy as long as possible, to prevent the Confederates from detaching a force to act against Hunter in the Shenandoah. He determined to move by the left flank, swing his army across the James and invest Richmond from the south. But to effect the result it was necessary to capture Petersburg, for the south bank of the James is lower than the city of Richmond. On the south side was included





[From a war sketch by E. Forbes.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER.



in the main line of the defences of Richmond and, therefore, an attack in that direction was out of the question.

A military commander never had a more difficult operation to perform than that which confronted Grant. He was in close proximity to the enemy and had to march fifty miles, cross two rivers and bring his vast army into a new position.

He made a cavalry demonstration on the James, above Richmond, to destroy Lee's lines of supplies from the Shenandoah; he made a line of intrenchments along the north bank of the Chickahominy, from his position at Cold Harbor to the point where he intended to cross; ordered General Butler to send two vessels loaded with stone to be sunk in the James, as far up stream as possible, to prevent the enemy's gunboats from attacking the army when crossing.

The Army of the Potomac began its march on the evening of June 12th, and at noon on the following day a pontoon was thrown across at Long Bridge, 15 miles below Cold Harbor.

The 2d, 6th and 9th Corps crossed the Chickahominy a few miles farther down; while the 18th, under command of General Smith, had embarked at White House to be sent around by water. The 5th Corps reached Wilcox's Landing on the James, on the evening of the 13th, a few miles below the point where McClellan had reached the river at the end of the Peninsula campaign. The river at the point is 2,000 feet wide; but between four o'clock in the afternoon and midnight a pontoon bridge had been laid and the troops commenced crossing. The artillery and trains were sent over first and the infantry commenced its march across the river, occupying 48 hours in doing so. Thus we find that an army of over 100,000 men marched 50 miles, crossed two rivers, and was placed in position to threaten the capital of the Confederacy without a mishap.

General Ewell, of the Confederate Army, declared that all was lost when the great Army of the Potomac crossed the river, and he advised the Government to make the best terms possible.

During all this time, the First Connecticut Light Battery was waiting for orders to take part in what was believed to be the final struggle. "We heard the noise of the battle at Cold Harbor," wrote Comrade Sloan, "and at night we could see the flashing of the guns."

When General Grant commenced to cross the James, the enemy in front of the Bermuda line of intrenchments began to retire.

On the night of June 14, 1864, the comrades were called up and ordered to get everything in readiness to move at a minute's notice. The horses were harnessed and hitched up and the battery looked as though it were ready for action. That the projected movement was considered serious was proved by the order that all the comrades should sleep on their arms, fully accoutred.

Before daylight the bugle called the men, and with three days' rations prepared, the march commenced.

General Grant says that "after the crossing had commenced, I proceeded by a steamer to Bermuda Hundred to give the necessary orders for the immediate capture of Petersburg. The instructions to General Butler were verbal, and were for him to send General Smith, that very night, with all the troops he could give him without sacrificing the position he then held. I told him that I would return at once to the Army of the Potomac, hasten its crossing and throw it forward to Petersburg, by divisions, as rapidly as it could be done; that we could reinforce our armies more rapidly there than the enemy could bring troops against us. General Smith got off as directed, and confronted the enemy's pickets near Petersburg before daylight next morning, but, for some reason that I have never been able to satisfactorily understand, did not get ready to assault his main lines until near sundown. Then, with a part of his command only, he made the assault, and carried the lines northeast of Petersburg from the Appomattox River, for a distance of over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, capturing 15 pieces of artillery and 300 prisoners. This was about 7 p. m. Between the lines thus captured and Petersburg there were no other works, and there was no evidence that the enemy had reinforced Petersburg with a single brigade from any source. The night was clear, and the moon shining brightly and favorable to further operations. General Hancock, with two divisions of the 2d Corps, reached General Smith just after dark, and offered the service of these troops as he (Smith) might wish, waiving rank to the named commander, who, he naturally supposed, knew best the position of affairs and what to do with the troops. But, instead of using these troops and pushing at once into Petersburg, he requested General Hancock to relieve a part of his line in the



captured works, which was done before midnight. By the time I arrived the next morning the enemy was in force."

General Grant's report, from which we have quoted, was not written until a year after the occurrence, and he, no doubt, unintentionally, does an injustice to General Smith. In General Smith's report we read:

"I was aware of the crossing of the James River by Lee's army that night. I deemed it wiser to hold what we had than, by attempting to reach the bridges, to lose what we had gained, and have the troops meet with disaster. Heavy darkness was upon us and the troops were placed so as to occupy the commanding positions and to wait for daylight."

General Smith had asked to be relieved on account of sickness, but General Grant wished him to remain in command. It may have been that physical weakness temporarily deprived him of his usual vigor.

General Smith arrived at Bermuda Hundred on the night of June 14. His troops, having rested on the transports, were fresh, and early the next morning they crossed the Appomattox on a pontoon bridge, and before noon were in front of the defenses of Petersburg, north-eastward of the city. The troops had marched in three columns. General Kautz had kept well to the left, and threatened the defenses of the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad. Brooks led the centre, and Martindale the right. On the way General Hinks, with his negro brigade, had carried advanced rifle pits and captured two guns, and the whole column was inspired with the expectation of a quick and easy victory. But this glorious hope was dampened when a reconnoissance revealed the fact that there was a strong line of works on their front, the guns of which swept the ditches and ravines, which cut through the valley in various directions, over which the Union Army must pass to the assault.

A part of General Smith's troops, under Generals Martindale, Brooks and Hinks, forming a heavy skirmish line, pressed forward, and at seven o'clock in the evening drove the enemy from formidable rifle pits. Pushing on they captured a powerful salient, four redoubts and a connecting line of intrenchments along a distance of two and a half miles.

General Gillmore was relieved from command of the 10th Army Corps, and General Terry, as senior officer, was ordered to assume command of the entire line between the Appomattox and the James temporarily. His first

special order was to appoint General Robert S. Foster to the temporary command of the First Division, an appointment which gave great satisfaction.

Two sections of the First Connecticut Light Battery were sent out on the 14th to take part in an engagement with the enemy and aid General Smith in his assault on the northeast of Petersburg. The battery fired 200 rounds of ammunition and inflicted considerable loss on the enemy, suffering none in return.

The day was intensely hot; many of the soldiers were incapacitated for duty through sunstroke. In the afternoon the rain descended in torrents, and the heat added to the humidity became almost unbearable.

The 10th Corps suffered heavily during that day and the men were almost disheartened, for the results gained seemed scarcely worth the sacrifice.

Generals Smith and Terry spent most of the 15th in reconnoitering the defenses of Petersburg, which they found to be but lightly manned.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 15th, Lieutenant-Colonel Greeley, 10th Connecticut Volunteers, in command of the picket line on the right of Butler's intrenchments, discovered that the enemy were moving in their works, and crawling forward on his hands and knees close up to their pickets at different points, ascertained between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the 16th that a large number had withdrawn, and that the movement was still going on. This he reported to General Terry about 3 o'clock in the morning.

Early on the morning of the 16th Colonel A. C. Voris, commanding the 67th Ohio Volunteers, who was division officer of the day, reported that the enemy were abandoning their works. General Foster, commanding 1st Division of 10th Army Corps, at once ordered the pickets pushed forward to occupy the enemy's abandoned line, and for the balance of the line to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. An hour later, five o'clock, General Terry instructed Foster to take as large a portion as could be spared from each brigade and push forward in pursuit of the enemy, and, if possible, ascertain their intentions and true position.

General Foster ordered three regiments each from Colonel Howell's brigade, Colonel Hawley's brigade, and Colonel Plaisted's brigade to move forward and carry out the wishes of the General commanding the 10th Corps.

In the meantime the pickets had advanced beyond Ware Bottom Church as far as Dr. Howlett's house, and occupied a line extending from that point toward the Appomattox, which was the line that had been abandoned during the night by the enemy.

Generals Terry and Foster were at the front personally directing operations, and Colonel Howell, commanding the 1st Brigade, was ordered to move his column to the position and place where he had captured the Confederate General Walker three weeks previously. From the Widow Clay's house Howell sent forward the 39th Illinois Infantry as skirmishers. The regiment advanced past the enemy's last line of rifle pits, and after some pretty severe skirmishing succeeded in reaching a position, with the right extending along the ridge beyond the house and shop, to the cross-road a little east of the pike, and the left wing rested on the Petersburg pike.

The 3d New Hampshire Infantry proceeded on the road toward the pike, halting near the shop which had been used by the enemy as a hospital.

The 10th Connecticut, commanded by Major Greeley, advanced rapidly as skirmishers, and before 8 o'clock had obtained possession of the main line of the enemy's intrenchments in front of Ware Bottom Church and reaching to the James River. Skirmishers were advanced to the second Confederate line, about 700 yards to the rear of the main line, the enemy's skirmishers being driven therefrom.

Colonel Plaisted was directed by General Terry to hold the left of the enemy's fortifications, from Ware Bottom Church to the river, about three-quarters of a mile, while the brigades commanded by Howell and Hawley, and Ames' division advanced to destroy the railroad. Intrenching tools were sent for, and the pioneers of Plaisted's brigade ordered up. A banquette was constructed on the front of the enemy's works, thus shifting their front and turning them on the enemy. The abatis and Chevaux-de-frise constructed by the enemy were removed, and numerous rifle pits and some regular approaches in the rear were leveled off.

The 11th Maine was strongly intrenched at the church, and free communication opened for artillery from the church to and through the enemy's fortifications. The left section of the Connecticut Battery fired 120 rounds, but failed to rouse the enemy to reply.

The right section joined Howell's brigade near the Clay House, and was supported by the 133d Ohio Regiment of hundred-day men. Howell subsequently moved his whole command forward, and took possession of the enemy's rifle pits in front, the right section of the Connecticut Battery being placed so that it commanded all approaches to the pits, the 39th Illinois being still forward as skirmishers.

About 2 o'clock Lieutenant Gillen was ordered to place a piece of artillery on the brow of the hill commanding the enemy's rifle pits beyond the hollow; that gun was served splendidly under the command of the lieutenant. Soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson brought up the left section and placed it at the disposal of Colonel Howell. The pieces were posted in a line with the gun on the left, placed by Captain Hooker; the battery opened with grand effect on the enemy.

Comrade Griswold says that when the sections of the Connecticut Battery were moving out to the front, many of the comrades "were whacked on the back by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, of the regular army, with his sabre, because he thought they were not sitting up straight enough. Colonel Jackson was chief of artillery of the 10th Army Corps, and had but few friends among officers and men of the volunteer regiments."

It was reported that General Beauregard commanded the enemy during the early hours of the day, and that in the afternoon, when the fighting was fiercest, General Lee directed the operations.

The hundred-day men of Ohio behaved splendidly. There was a fear that when under fire they might weaken, but they stood as firmly as the veterans. Speaking of these men, Comrade Griswold says: "In one of the engagements of June 16th, the enemy was coming down through the woods in large force, evidently with a view to capturing our battery. The only troops we had near us for support was a regiment of 100-day men from Ohio, who had just arrived and had never been in action. We, of course, had no faith in them as a support, and imagine our anxiety; but we were greatly surprised when they were ordered in as our support at the splendid fighting they did, receiving not only the praise of our Battery, but of General Terry likewise."

The Battery was ordered to return to the intrenchments about 4 o'clock, Howell's brigade retiring to the rifle pits on a line with Ware Bottom Church.

Brigadier-General Foster, in his report, says that the enemy rallied in the afternoon and "continued to advance and develop, a force approaching on my right, evidently intending to get between my right and the intrenchments. This force advanced in three distinct lines of battle, one in rear of the other, in view of which I ordered my whole line to pass toward the right. During this time the enemy kept up a sharp firing, and moved a force toward my left and General Ames' right, which was reported to be in two lines of battle, preceded by skirmishers. I immediately sent word to General Terry requesting him to move up the 67th Ohio, of Colonel Howell's brigade, to check the enemy advancing on my right, which was done. Upon his coming into possession of the facts, I received his order to retire to the right, and subsequently to retire in rear of the swamp, which order I obeyed, and remained in this position something over an hour. The enemy failed to make any successful advance on this position. During this time, that portion of my line occupied by Colonel Howell, commanding 1st Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Plimpton, of the 3d New Hampshire, and part of the 7th New Hampshire, was closely engaged with the enemy. Meantime the enemy was reported moving troops toward my left. After taking measures against any possibility of the enemy's turning my left flank, I received an order from Brigadier-General Terry to retire to the line of works erected by the enemy between the old and new turnpikes, my left resting at Mrs. Clay's house, which position I occupied until ordered to return to the intrenchments.

"During the withdrawal of my line I was closely followed by the enemy, who seemed to be in considerable force, they following my command to the intrenchments running from Doctor Howlett's house to that of Widow Howlett's, which they occupied as soon as I had passed them. I retired to a position at Ware Bottom Church, extending to the left along the edge of the woods in front of these works, about 400 yards distant. As soon as the enemy obtained possession of these works they attacked my line, apparently in larger force and with greater vigor than in any previous attack. Having received orders from the Brigadier-General commanding to hold this position and retire no farther, after a sharp and severe fight we maintained the line and compelled the enemy to give up the pursuit, and held the line with a strong picket force."



General Butler gave orders that shell should be dropped on the turnpike, over which Lee must march, once every five minutes. A 30-pound Parrot was used for this service, and Colonel Abbot, chief of artillery of the intrenchments, reported that the 30-pounder was an old gun and that it would be too severe a strain to fire it oftener than once in ten minutes. To this report General Butler replied:

GENERAL TERRY:

June 16, 1864.

Fire at once on the turnpike every five minutes, as has been ordered. If the gun bursts let her burst.

BUTLER,

*Major-General.*

Through the night the gunboats and the batteries shelled the "pike" and kept it clear of the enemy.

While the fight was proceeding near Ware Bottom Church, General Butler instructed General Weitzel to sink two boats, or as many more as might be necessary, at such a point on the James as would block the channel and at the same time be under cover of the Union guns. At midnight of the 15th, Admiral Lee reported that five vessels were sunk that day at Trent's Reach Bar, but that Grant was much annoyed at the delay, as he had ordered Butler to have them sunk several days before.

General Butler, at 5.45 p.m., instructed General Terry to hold the picket line on the line of the enemy's works from Howlett's to the front, and to hold Ware Bottom Church with a strong reserve, not relinquishing it without a struggle. General Terry charged Foster with the execution of this order, and a section of the First Connecticut Light Battery remained on picket that night.

On June 15th, three guns taken from the enemy were taken into the Connecticut Light Battery camp, and Comrade Hotchkiss says: "Three great, clumsy guns captured and if they are a specimen of the enemy's artillery, I am surprised."

During the day there were some remarkable instances of personal bravery, which won the praise of the officers in command. Colonel Howell, commanding the 1st Brigade, who had his horse shot under him, bore testimony to the courage of his command in these words:

“I wish to speak in the highest terms of praise of my brigade, field and staff, line of officers, and enlisted men, and all the artillery that served with me. Braver men never drew a sword, carried a musket, or fired a gun.”

Sergeant Sayers, of the 10th Connecticut, with eight men, captured 26 prisoners, including two commissioned officers, in a body, and, with three men, five prisoners, with one commissioned officer. “Having conducted his prisoners to the rear, and delivered them to the provost-marshal,” reports Colonel Plaisted, “he returned to the front and asked permission with his three comrades, ‘again to go in and see if he could not get a few more of ‘em before night.’ He was sent in on Howell’s front as scout, and performed such valuable services in discovering and reporting a flank movement of the enemy that Colonel Howell tenders him a formal expression of his satisfaction with many thanks to the ‘brave and intelligent sergeant.’”

Major-General Bushrod R. Johnson, Confederate States Army, says that in the engagement of June 16, “Johnson’s brigade took as many of the enemy prisoners as they themselves had men engaged.” Lieutenant F. M. Kelso, commanding 2d Company, 25th Tennessee Volunteers, says: “The enemy about 5 p. m. made two charges. The first was repulsed when the second was bearing down upon the extreme right, moving right oblique. Myself and 17 men moved into the interval between the right of 44th and Battery No. 15, and engaged the enemy, who were rapidly advancing. I deployed my men, covering about 50 yards of the interval. The enemy continued marching until they arrived within 50 yards of our intrenchments, which I had but recently occupied. One of the colors was shot down six times. There was a ravine within about 50 yards of our intrenchments in which they laid down and commenced waving their handkerchiefs, and I ordered my men to cease firing, and called upon them to surrender. They continued waving their hats and handkerchiefs. I still demanded their surrender. I then brought my men to a ready, and told the enemy if they did not come in they would be fired upon. The firing was again commenced, and the enemy still holding out, waving handkerchiefs, hats, etc. I then with my men marched out of the works and demanded the surrender, which they did, and marched them inside of our works. I found another line was advancing rapidly, and I ordered the prisoners to march

up the line, which they did, and I got my men back in position and drove the enemy's line back."

General Johnson Hagood, commanding Hagood's Brigade, Confederate States Army, bears testimony to the efficiency of the First Connecticut Light Battery in his official report. He says: "The enemy's practice was very accurate and inflicted some loss upon us. We had some pretty heavy shelling from the enemy." And again: "The enemy shelled our position furiously during the day, and the skirmishers were constantly engaged."

General Beauregard, recalling the action of June 16, 1864, in an article in the *North American Review*, December, 1887, says: "Strange to say, General Smith contented himself with breaking into our lines, and attempted nothing further that night. All the more strange was this inaction on his part, since General Hancock, with his strong and well-equipped 2d Corps, had also been hurried to Petersburg, and was actually there, or in the immediate vicinity of the town, on the evening of the 15th. He had informed General Smith of the arrival of his command and of the readiness of two of his divisions—Birney's and Gibbon's—to give him whatever assistance he might require. Petersburg at that time was clearly at the mercy of the Federal commander, who had all but captured it, and only failed of success because he could not realize the fact of the unparalleled disparity between the two contending forces."

General Grant, reviewing the operations at Ware Bottom Church and the crossing of the James by Foster's brigade, says:—

"On the 16th, the enemy, to reinforce Petersburg, withdrew from a part of their intrenchment in front of Bermuda Hundred, expecting, no doubt, to get troops from north of the James to take the place of those withdrawn before we could discover it. General Butler, taking advantage of this, at once moved a force on the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond. As soon as I was apprised of the advantage thus gained, to retain it I ordered two divisions of the 6th Corps, General Wright commanding, that were embarking at Wilcox's Landing, under orders for City Point, to report to General Butler, at Bermuda Hundred, of which Butler was notified and the importance of holding a position in advance of his present line urged upon him.

"About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, General Butler was forced back to

the line the enemy had withdrawn from in the morning. General Wright, with his two divisions, joining General Butler on the forenoon of the 17th, the latter still holding with a strong picket line the enemy's works. But, instead of putting these two divisions into the enemy's works to hold them, he permitted them to halt and rest some distance in the rear of his own line. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy attacked and drove in his pickets and re-occupied his old line."

General Humphreys, in his "Campaign in Virginia," estimates the losses to the Union Army between the 15th and 18th of June, inclusive, at 9,964 in killed, wounded and missing.

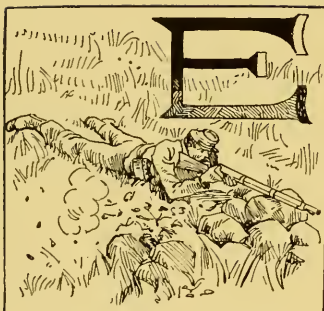
Comrade Sloan says that the day after the battle at Ware Bottom Church, "the 6th Corps came up and lay in our rear while receiving rations and ammunition. I went over to see them, and was asked, by a man in a private's uniform, for a piece of tobacco, which I gave him, and while talking with him saw that he was a brigadier-general, the only mark of his rank being a small star on his collar."



A WAGONER'S SHANTY.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### FOUR MILE CREEK.



EACH hour brought fresh rumors, some mere canards manufactured by the fertile imagination of the narrator, others having a slight basis of truth which was magnified into the most appalling and startling reports.

The day after the fight at Ware Bottom Church rumors were frequent that Lee was going to reinforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler completely, and a newspaper man called on General Grant at his headquarters to find out what he thought of the report. It was well known that Grant had no love for pen-drivers and so he froze as soon as the reporter made known his identity.

"General, if you flank Lee, and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncover Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?" the newspaper man asked, and anxiously waited the reply which would be valuable copy for his paper.

General Grant, discharging a cloud of smoke, with a "silver lining," from his mouth, indifferently replied:

"I reckon so."

Then came question number two:

"General, do you not think that Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to reinforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?"

"Not a doubt of it," the General replied.

The pen-driver, becoming fortified by his success, and wondering what had come over "the old man," that he should admit so much, asked:



"General, is there not a danger that Johnston may come up and reinforce Lee, so that the latter will swing round and cut your communications and seize your supplies?"

"Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar with his little finger.

The newspaper man thought he had a "scoop" for his paper and made his exit as quickly as possible, hastening to the nearest telegraph station to communicate the "news."

Grant knew that no Union operator would wire such "news" without authority, so he sent a courier after the reporter with a private message to the operator at City Point, giving authority for the message to be sent, but to Washington, not to the newspaper. Grant had a motive in allowing such an interview to be forwarded; he was being troubled a little by the politicians, and he thought such an interview would cause them to see that he must be left alone.

One day Grant was walking the dock at City Point, absorbed in thought, and with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, when a negro guard, not knowing the General, touched him on the arm, saying:

"No smoking on the dock, sir."

"Are those your orders?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good orders," said Grant, throwing the cigar into the water.

He never lost sight of that negro, but gave such hints that he was speedily promoted.

"Glad I didn't know it was the 'old man,'" said the negro later. "Reckon I might not have seen the cigar if I'd known."

On June 18th 1864, Captain Rockwell received his commission as Colonel of the 6th Connecticut Infantry Volunteers and the command of the Battery devolved on First Lieutenant Clinton, who was acting-captain for nearly a month. Comrade George P. Bliss was promoted to First Lieutenant on June 19th, and Comrade Sylvanus C. Dickinson to Second Lieutenant on June 20th. Comrade Theron Upson was appointed First Sergeant on June 18th. These promotions clearly pointed to that of Lieutenant James B. Clinton, but his commission as Captain did not reach him until July 10th, 1864.

General Grant visited the lines on June 18th, and those of the comrades who had not seen him expressed their surprise at his appearance, for, as one said, "he looked quite ordinary."

Another comrade wrote in his diary:

"Some officers were out on the banks of the river. One of our boys remarked that one had three stars on his shoulder. I knew what that meant. I edged out there. A monitor had just thrown a shell at Fort Darling and the officer turned to General Butler and asked where that struck. It was General Grant. He had come over from the front of Richmond on the pontoon bridge. He is rather short, plain-looking, all covered with dust, but looked cool and collected. He was plainly dressed; no fuss or flummery about him."

There had been considerable friction caused by the removal of General Gillmore by Major-General Butler, and General Grant asked Butler to withdraw his order relieving Gillmore, promising to relieve him at his own request. Grant pointed out that "The way the matter now stands is a severe punishment to General Gillmore, even if a court of inquiry should hereafter acquit him." To this Butler agreed, and Gillmore was ordered to Washington. General Brooks was assigned to the command of the 10th Army Corps, the divisions being commanded by Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, 1st Division; Brigadier-General John W. Turner, 2d Division; and the 3d Division, under the command of Brigadier-General O. S. Ferry. To the 10th Corps the following batteries were assigned: First Connecticut Light Battery; Battery M, 1st U. S. Artillery; 5th New Jersey Battery; Battery D, 1st U. S. Artillery; Battery D, 4th U. S. Artillery; 33d U. S. Battery; Light Company E, 3d U. S. Artillery and Battery C, 3d Rhode Island Artillery.

While the Union force was making its strong assault on Petersburg, the enemy was compelled to withdraw all his troops from Four Mile Creek and General Weitzel at once sent a force of 1,200 to demolish the earthworks erected by the enemy, and to cut timber impossible before on account of the sharpshooters. A position was chosen on the left bank of the James River, at Deep Bottom, and it was ordered that it should be held by 2,000 men. General Weitzel instructed Lieutenant Michie, U. S. Engineers, to have strong works erected. The work was one of danger, for the enemy's

pickets were within 300 or 400 yards of the place selected, so great caution had to be exercised to prevent an alarm being given. Immediately after dark the pontoon boats were brought to the James River near the Commissary wharf, one mile and a half above the point to be occupied, silently unloaded and placed in the stream, and safely and quietly landed 1,400 men at the designated spot in less than thirty minutes after embarkation. The pontoon boats were then sent across and turned over to the pontonniers for the bridge. By 11 P. M. the details were at work as follows: 500 men with shovels, 200 with picks, and 200 with axes, a regiment being placed on picket in advance of all. The pontoon bridge, roads, and approaches were all completed before daybreak. General Weitzel was not satisfied, but the difficulties were great, and as he says in his report: "With ordinary soil the works would have progressed more rapidly; as it was, we were only able to throw up a single defensive line. The ground was most unfavorable for excavating and embankment. It was a hard, white soil, breaking into small lumps on every application of the pick, and of such a character that the ravines formed were narrow, deep and steep. It was impossible to use the ordinary proportion of shovels and picks, requiring here, at first, one pick to every shovel. At this point the James River is but 575 feet wide at high water, but very deep. On June 21 the work was well under way. Captain Eaton, 1st New York Volunteer Engineers, was placed in immediate charge, and 1800 of the 100-day men sent to do the fatigue labor."

The Army of the James was no sooner reorganized than General Grant announced that he was about to commence active operations against Petersburg.

The evening of June 20th, General Grant wrote to Butler as follows:

"I have determined to try and envelop Petersburg so as to have the left of the Army of the Potomac rest on the Appomattox, above the city. This will make offensive operations from between the two rivers impracticable until we are fortified in the new position taken up. To release as many of General Meade's command as possible you may extend your left so as to relieve the 6th Corps, the right of the Army of the Potomac. Reduce the force kept between the two rivers to the lowest number necessary to hold it, and put all the balance, except the force sent north of the James, south of the Appomattox and between the pontoon bridge and the present left of the 6th

Corps. Make this change as soon as practicable, and so as to relieve the 6th Corps by 12 M. to-morrow."

In carrying out these orders, General Brooks sent an order to General Terry, commanding 1st Division, 10th Army Corps:

"You will have two sections of light battery at these headquarters at 6 A. M. to-morrow (June 21) with ammunition complete and two days' rations for duty with General Foster. One section will be rifles, the other smoothbores."

General Terry selected the centre section of the First Connecticut Light Battery and a section of the 5th New Jersey Battery, and by Special Orders, No. 3, ordered that "they will not withdraw their pieces from the intrenchments until 5 A. M. Lieutenant Clinton, First Connecticut Battery, will take command of both sections."

On the night of June 20th General Butler, by a prompt move, had thrown Foster's brigade across the James River at Deep Bottom, where he formed an intrenched camp; and this post, within ten miles of Richmond, was immediately connected with the army at Bermuda Hundred by a pontoon bridge. Then Smith's 18th Army Corps was transferred to Bermuda Hundred and thenceforth served with the Army of the James a greater part of the time during the siege. The lodgment of Foster and the laying of the pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom provided a way for Grant to move heavy masses quickly to the north side of the James, if desired. This advantage was perceived by Lee, who met it by laying a similar bridge at Drewry's Bluff, by which he could make countervailing movements.

On June 21 the centre section of the First Connecticut Light Battery left the fortifications at 6 A. M. for Jones' Neck, arriving there at 8.30, Lieutenant Clinton in command. After a brief rest the section crossed the James on the pontoon bridge and at noon went into the breastworks erected near the river.

Comrade Hotchkiss was away from active service with the guns, being Commissary Sergeant; but he was very observant, and his diary is a faithful record of the stirring events of the time. On June 21 he says that the "shot and shell were flying lively in our camp. We make shelter by piling up bales of hay. The pow-wow between the enemy and our gunboats and batteries was kept up all day. I couldn't cook or do much but keep covered



and take a look at the fight of the big guns. I think our gunboats must have been damaged, but the monitors did not mind it, but fired one of their great shells every few minutes, and we could see some of them bursting directly over the rebel works. All very nice to look at, but I had rather be excused from being too close to them."

His difficulties were great. He had to keep the sections well provided with food, and often the three sections would be in three different directions. In one entry in his diary he says: "We went into camp at Deep Bottom



PONTOON BRIDGE OVER JAMES RIVER, DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

(Copied from a photograph taken while the Battery was stationed at Deep Bottom, 1864.)

on the James River, near Dutch Gap. The Battery is scattered, the right section up in 'Battery 1,' Butler's front, their horses and ammunition a mile below; the centre section is across the river near our picket line, in a breast-work made in a hurry, as General Foster has only lately got a foothold on north side of the James, abreast of Deep Bottom; the left section is just over the river, near the headquarters; near by is the Commissary Department. The centre and left sections, caissons, drivers, horses, etc., are on



this side. We are connected by a pontoon bridge, so in reality we are spread out in six different camps, and it keeps me busy to estimate, draw and see that the rations are properly cooked and distributed."

Lieutenant Dickinson was sent to relieve Lieutenant Smith of the centre section the following day. The troops were engaged fortifying the position and skirmishes occurred every day.

General Foster's cavalry drove in the enemy's pickets toward New Market and back toward the Kingsland road, developing a force of infantry which was advancing toward his front. A New Jersey woman, Mrs. Grover, who resided on the Kingsland road, told the General that Wright's division was near her house the day before with 7,000 men. She was very communicative and it was easy to see that her sympathies were with the Union cause. She described some strong works at Chaffin's Bluff and said that a General Lee commanded the force at that point. General Foster did not place very much reliance on Mrs. Grover's report, believing that she was over-sensitive and anxious. However, he asked that Colonel Plaisted's Division should be called on to strengthen the picket line and extend it to the river.

A brigade of the enemy gathered near Mrs. Grover's house on the north side of the James, on the early morning of June 22nd. The brigade consisted of about 1,000 men, and left the breastworks, five miles from Richmond, on a scouting expedition. The brigade crossed the James on a pontoon bridge below Drewry's Bluff.

General Foster, at that time, held the Grover house and he resisted the enemy in a fierce combat. His vedettes were driven from the house and severe losses were inflicted on both sides. General Brooks, commanding the 10th Army Corps, rode over to Foster and impressed on him the importance of recapturing the house on account of its strategic position. He suggested that the picket line should be advanced to the crest running close behind the house, and advised General Weitzel to move the pontoon bridge up stream opposite the house.

General Weitzel complained that the bridge would be longer and more exposed, but General Brooks replied that it would only be twenty yards longer and less exposed to an enfilade from below, and could be protected by a section of the First Connecticut Light Battery on the hill.

General Foster was just as anxious to re-occupy the Grover House and ordered the 100th New York to charge the enemy there. The charge was effectual; the enemy was driven out, and two companies of infantry placed in possession. The enemy were strongly encamped near Ruffin's, about 400 yards in front of the Grover House, and were trying to throw up rifle pits, but the gunboats shelled them continuously and drove many toward the Four Mile Creek. Several prisoners were captured at the Grover House, and many were able to give some very valuable information.

While these important movements were in progress a rupture occurred between General Butler and General W. F. Smith. Butler thought Smith rather dilatory and hinted that he had removed Gillmore for dilatoriness and might have to remove others. He concluded his letter to Smith with these words:

"In justice to him (General Gillmore) you will hardly expect me to pass in silence a like fault where of less moment. The delay of Grouchy for three hours lost to Napoleon, Waterloo and an empire, and we all remember the bitterness with which the emperor exclaimed, as he waited for his tardy general, '*Il s'amuse a Gembloux.*'" General "Baldy" Smith was in no humor to be lectured; he had performed herculean tasks and had often had to do things at his commanding general's order which he thought imprudent. In his anger he wrote:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your extraordinary note of 9 A. M. In giving to your rank and experience all the respect which is their due, I must call your attention to the fact that a reprimand can only come from the sentence of a court-martial, and I shall accept nothing as such. You will also pardon me for observing that I have for some years been engaged in moving troops, and I think in experience of that kind, at least, I am your superior. Your accusation of dilatoriness on my part this morning, or at any other time since I have been under your orders, is not founded on fact, and your threat of relieving me does not frighten me in the least."

General Butler replied at 5.30 P. M. and again at 5.45 P. M., saying that he was only writing in a friendly spirit and that he was sure General Smith was sorry he had written as he had done. He practically apologized to Smith, but that General sent the entire correspondence to General Grant the same evening, with a request to be relieved from duty under Butler.

Lieutenant-General Grant took no notice of the request, and "Baldy" Smith continued in command until the middle of July. General Smith had been an able commander of the 18th Corps, and the First Connecticut Light Battery had always felt a pleasure in being attached to his command, though only temporarily.

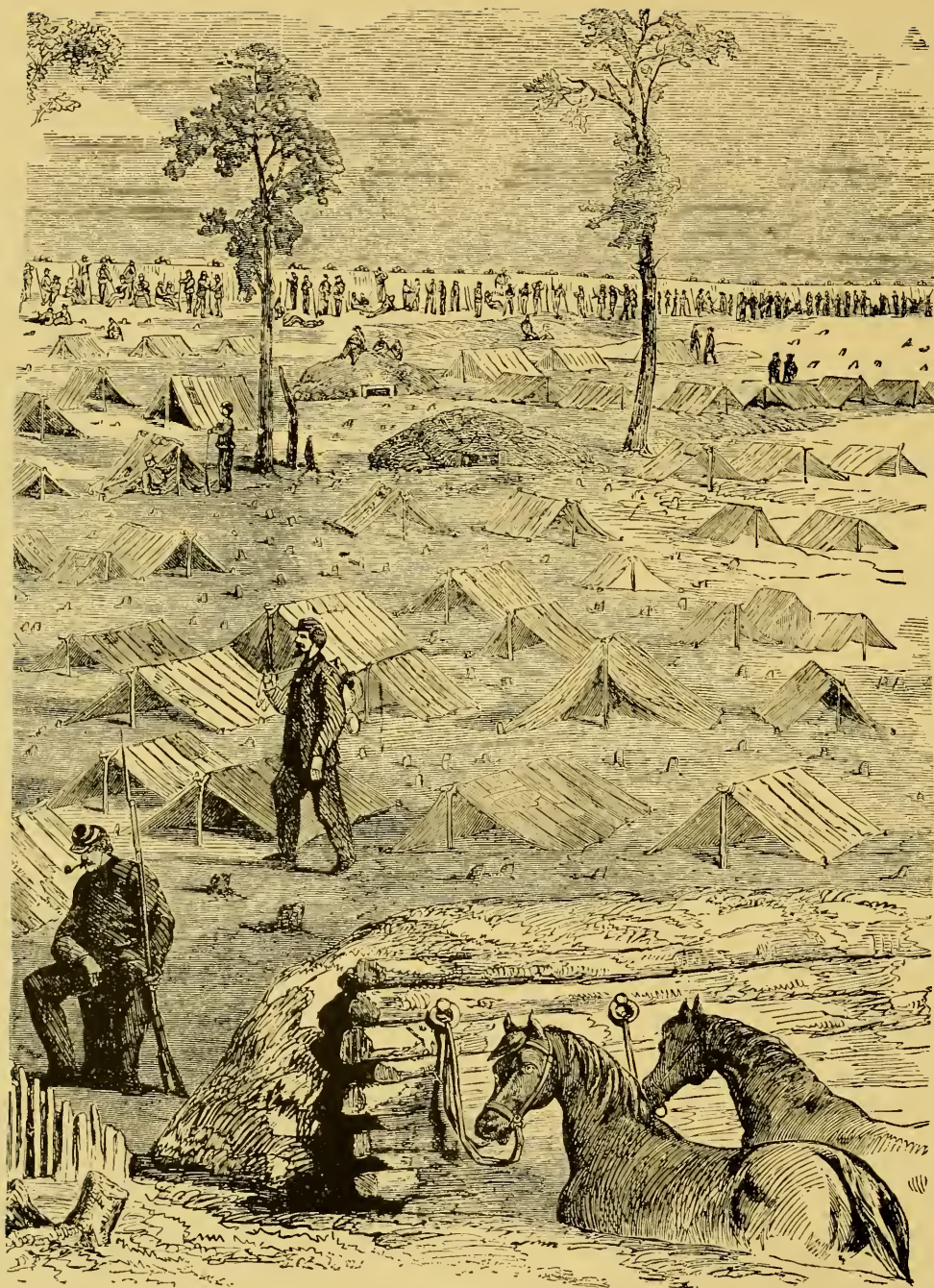
The work of fortifying was continued, though the enemy kept up a furious cannonade, and a portion of the Confederate General Hoke's command attempted to charge the Union troops several times. At last the pickets retired and allowed the enemy to occupy the advanced rifle pits. As soon as the pickets were withdrawn the advanced line of the 3d Brigade of the 18th Corps commenced a telling and rapid fire on the enemy, who had been caught in a trap. They could not hold the pits nor could they retreat or advance. Those who attempted to fall back were shot down; those who came forward threw down their arms as a token of surrender. The loss to the enemy was heavy, both in dead and prisoners.

On the evening of June 22d a comrade of the 10th Connecticut was amusing himself digging bait at a point near the pontoon landing, at the edge of the ravine. His spade struck something hard. He thought at first it was a stone, and was about moving a little farther along when something roused his curiosity. He may have read the stories of Captain Kidd and his buried treasures, or, what was more likely, thought some resident, fearful of the "Yankees," had hidden his valuables there; but whatever was the inspiration, he resumed his digging, and found a large earthen jar. He was filled with excitement: he could not keep his surprise to himself; others gathered round him, and helped him unearth the jar. The cover was taken off and it was found to be nearly filled with gold and silver coins. What a shout went up from that crowd, a shout which was quickly suppressed! Those who were in at the finding divided the treasure, some of the comrades of the Connecticut Light Battery got a share, and Comrade Sloan still prizes as a souvenir, a French coin which he got from that jar.

Like the rush of gold seekers to Cape Nome or the Klondyke, the soldiers lost no time in going to the river side and digging for treasure. They sifted the sand, they searched under stones and tree roots, looked in the crotches of the tree branches, and spent all their leisure time in the vain search for treasure, vain, because that jar was the only treasure found.







TROOPS IN POSITION AWAITING ATTACK AT BERMUDA FRONT, PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL  
OF GRANT'S ARMY, JUNE 3, 1864.



The left section was sent to join the centre section and thus only one section remained in Battery No. 1. The left section encamped for two nights upon the south side of the James, opposite Deep Bottom Bluff. On the third morning the section crossed the river and relieved the centre section, which was in the redoubt. That section was sent to the front, about half a mile, to another redoubt.

While stationed there General Sheridan, "Fighting Phil," and staff bivouacked on the ground near the camp. The dashing general, one of the greatest cavalymen of the century, had made one of his characteristic dashes across the country, a dash which proved that he was as able a strategist as he was a cavalry general. Taking alarm, the Confederates had gathered at Gordonsville to move down on Sheridan at Trevilian on June 12th. Formidable rifle pits soon bristled within four miles of the general. Sheridan found that he was badly prepared to meet the vastly superior force of the enemy and he determined to avoid a general battle. The right wing of the enemy was assailed with desperate valor, but his superiority of strength and ammunition made the effort fruitless, and Sheridan planned a masterly retreat which should be as good as a victory.

A writer says: "Returning to Trevilian Station he ordered supper, inviting his generals to sup with him; and having given orders for the removal of the wounded who could be removed, and detailed surgeons to stay with those who were most severely injured, and perfected his order of march, he partook quietly of his tea, and then set about the withdrawal of his force from a position in which nearly the entire cavalry of the rebel army confronted it. While the train and the rear divisions were moving off with the wounded, he ordered forty rounds of canister to be fired at the rebel position; and when the enemy, sorely cut up by this fire, attempted to take the battery by a bold, sudden dash, he charged upon them with a regiment of cavalry, at the same time pouring in a full round of canister at very short range, and hurled them back, while the gun was withdrawn, and then, when they were retreating, moved quietly back; and all his men being, by day-dawn, well out of Trevilian Station, he marched next day 15 miles to Troyman's store, without the slightest opposition, and the day following, June 14, reached the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House, which a month before had been the scene of such bloody and terrible battles. Here he

remained a day, and on Wednesday evening reached Guiney's Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, where he established his headquarters for a time, but soon moved to White House, and thence marched to the James to join General Grant. While moving toward the James they were attacked by the enemy at Jones' bridge over the Chickahominy, and near St. Mary's Church, the enemy, on both occasions, in strong force and fully confident of their ability to overwhelm him."

The left section was encamped near Four Mile Creek and in full view of the river. Across the creek was the large field known as Strawberry Plain, where the enemy almost daily for a long time would roll down their 30-pound Parrots and fire upon the transports, until a monitor would get into position and shell them out.

For several days everything had been quiet except for an occasional duel between the Connecticut Battery and the enemy's field battery across the creek. A monitor was lying peacefully in the James at the mouth of the creek, and the men were scattered on the deck, when, without warning, a shell passed over the monitor, at the same time the enemy sent up such a yell that almost drowned the noise of the shell. The Union men were in the monitor turret in quick time and commenced to fire, with such good effect that the yell was no more heard and the battery was silenced, for a time.

Comrade Griswold tells of an incident which is worth recording.

"It was near sunset on the 23d of June when the enemy's battery with its 30-pound Parrots had been firing upon our transports," he says, "that we were sitting upon the ground talking, when a plain looking soldier, with his horse walking and he scanning the country in the direction of the enemy, rode up to us, seeing us sitting down, and said: 'My men, where was that rebel battery stationed that fired upon our transports to-day?' I was satisfied that it was General Grant, and immediately rose and saluting him, answered his question. He made several enquiries, and then politely thanking us rode on. I said: 'Boys, do you know who that is?' One of the comrades sung out: 'No, he is some orderly.' I said, 'Not so, his orderly will soon follow; that is General Grant.' They pooh-poohed it. We had only seen Grant once near by, and that was when he rode down the lines with President Lincoln. 'Well,' I said, 'see if his orderly does not







THE FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY ANTICIPATING AN A

[From a photograph]



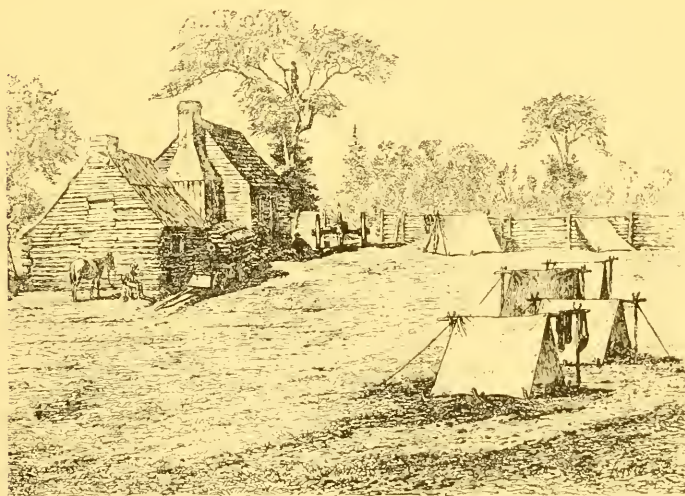


CAMP ON FOSTER'S FORCE AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA. (See page 508.)  
[taken at the time.]





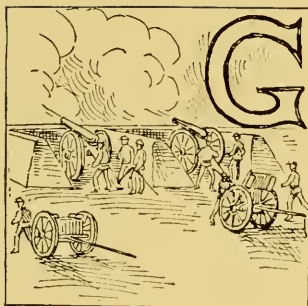
follow.' Sure enough, in a few minutes an orderly dressed no plainer than Lieutenant-General Grant, moved along, following him. Even then some of them would not believe it, and we decided that if the Emperor (General Butler), with his suit, followed, then it would be Grant, sure. Only a few minutes later General Butler and staff, with his body-guard of 200 men, appeared in the same track. We got away quick, as we were always afraid of arrest, for some unknown cause, if he happened along. He was rigged out in gilt and feathers, and his staff looked like a Governor's staff on an inauguration parade."



PICKET CAMP.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### LIFE AT DEEP BOTTOM.



GENERAL FOSTER'S command on June 23d consisted of the 85th Pennsylvania, 11th Maine, 24th Massachusetts, 39th Illinois, 100th New York, 10th Connecticut, a section of the First Connecticut Light Battery and a section of the 5th New Jersey Battery. General Brooks, however, soon relieved the 85th Pennsylvania and 39th Illinois by the 1st Maryland (dismounted) cavalry, and Warren's New Jersey section by another section of the First Connecticut Light Battery.

The work of intrenching was carried forward with vigor and the advanced works on the bluff were completed by the evening of June 24th.

There was a restless activity all along the line and rumors of all sorts kept up the excitement. Sheridan was attacked at Charles City Court House and met with such heavy losses that three regiments were sent from the 10th Army Corps to reinforce him at Wilson's Wharf.

Deserters brought word that an attack was to be made all along the line, and it was necessary that the weakest points should be strengthened. Turner's Division was sent to reinforce General Smith, before Petersburg, with hurry orders to move from Point of Rocks on the night of the 23rd, and reach a position in the line of battle by 1 A. M. on the morning of the 24th. General Turner took up a position with his right centre resting immediately in the front of the locality known as the Hare House, his right, retiring a little, was connected with General Martindale's division, of the 18th Corps, while his centre and left wing passed over the eminence on which the Hare

House stood and extended down the slope of the hill and over a small creek at its foot, connected with the 9th Corps in a piece of woods a short distance beyond. This made a connecting link between the two corps and strengthened the line very materially.

On the afternoon of the 24th, he received an order from the Major-General commanding to assault the enemy's advanced position in the front. A misunderstanding caused a delay, and darkness coming on, the order for the assault was indefinitely postponed.

The next day rifle-pits were dug in front of Turner's centre from 75 to 100 yards in advance, and a battery of four 8-inch siege mortars put in position on his first line.

It had been intended that a section of the First Connecticut Light Battery should have accompanied General Turner and had it done so the assault would have taken place.

During the 24th the enemy's guns opened along the entire line, those on the north of the Appomattox especially exerting their whole power with a view to a vigorous attack on the Union right. General Beauregard had ordered the guns to be fired from daylight until General Hoke could move to the attack. The plan of action was for Hoke to advance rapidly to attack the Union position at the Hare House, making use of artillery to the best advantage. Having taken the Hare House he was to continue the movement to retake the old line of Confederate works between the Norfolk railroad and the second line of works.

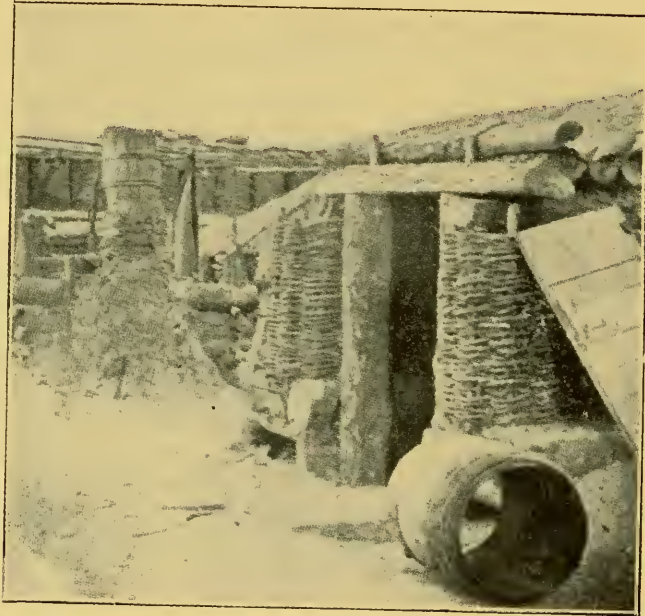
At the same time another division was to attack General Foster and drive him from his position at Deep Bottom.

Only part of the plan was carried out; Hagood's Brigade attacked with 400 skirmishers and captured a part of the line to the right of the Hare House, but his small force was driven back, and the order for a general attack was countermanded.

The lines around Petersburg were materially strengthened and every defect in their construction removed. A number of new batteries were erected looking across the river and towards Petersburg. Some of these were connected by a covered way. In the batteries were heavy siege guns, mortars and 10-pounder Parrots. Near each isolated battery good commodious bomb-proofs were erected for the shelter of the men. These bomb-proofs

were built like a log house, with substantial frames. The roofs were of logs laid transversely, and covered with several feet of dirt.

It was feared that the enemy would attack Foster in force at Deep Bottom, and in anticipation of that attack the men were under arms for several days. The enemy was very active and erected several batteries at advantageous points which gave considerable annoyance to the Unionists,



BOMB-PROOF.

but also provided work for the First Connecticut Light Battery and enabled the comrades to prove their skill as gunners.

General Foster reported that the enemy had three or four pieces of heavy artillery firing on the gunboats below the pontoon bridge and that an observatory was being built. The quartermaster's tug, *Francis King*, was struck by a shell, disabling her engine and shattering the legs of the engineer. The enemy had a very powerful land battery at the junction of the Kingsland and New Market roads, which the monitor failed to silence. Navigation was closed during the day, as it was dangerous to run the



gauntlet of the batteries, as the enemy had perfect range of the river. A deserter reported that the enemy had received some reinforcements of heavy guns which were being mounted at Howlett's.

The enemy had a four-gun battery at Deep Bottom, situated 2,000 yards up Four Mile Creek, which commanded the river. It was in open view of the Union intrenchments. General Foster instructed Admiral Lee to try to silence it. The Saugus and Hunchback, two gunboats, fired on the Confederate battery, but failing to silence it, the Admiral ordered up two double-enders to attack it. One of the army tugs was crippled and nearly destroyed. The enemy treated the gunboats after that with silence, for not a shot was fired from the battery in reply to the heavy firing from the boats. A rumor was to the effect that the silence was a ruse to draw Foster into a trap, another that the enemy had removed the guns during the night. There was good ground for this belief, for early in the morning the enemy opened a vigorous fire on Foster's earthworks, below Four Mile Creek, with apparently two of the guns from the Battery. A Frenchman residing at Allen's farm said the guns had passed there very early in the morning. No damage was done to the garrison at that point, the shell falling short of the camp. The rifle-pits were strengthened, making an infantry parapet of them and putting abatis in front.

Deep Bottom was a sharp horseshoe-shaped bend in the James River, on a level with the river, but a high bank was thrown up along the river side to prevent the water flooding the land. Comrade Hotchkiss wrote in his diary: "On the other side of the river is rebel territory, except a small foothold just opposite our camp, with high ground all around us, over the river. We are protected by our gunboats, or we could never hold the place, as the enemy could bombard us from either side."

The centre section was stationed in a redoubt. "In front of us," says Comrade Sloan, "was a cornfield from which we gathered roasting ears, and between us and the river was open ground covered with tall grass, in which were many blackberry vines. One day I went out to get some berries, going along picking them from the vines, which were along the ground; on straightening myself up I found that I was not far from a Confederate vedette. I lost no time in getting down and hurrying back. Luckily, I was not discovered and carried my berries safely into camp."

The left section had taken the place of the centre section, having left Bermuda Front on Sunday, June 26th, and after encamping two nights south of the James, moved across the river on Wednesday, 29th, relieving the section, which was sent to the redoubt half a mile forward.

Not far from the redoubt was the trench used by the Confederate, who exploded a torpedo under and sunk the gunboat Paul Jones. The man was



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY.

From a photograph taken while the Battery was at Deep Bottom in 1864.

so elated that when he saw the explosion he stood up and cheered, but was shot down by the Captain of the gunboat.

The opening of July, 1864, saw the headquarters of the Battery located at Deep Bottom, and the Battery wagon and forge were moved up to the river.

Independence Day, the third spent in the army by the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery, was passed in hard work, all who were not

on picket duty being engaged in filling sandbags and placing them on the top of the empaulement as a protection in case of an attack. But the usual celebration was not neglected, for it is recalled how Acting-Captain Clinton provided liquid refreshments and the Company's fund was drawn upon for the solid part of a feast in honor of the day.

The comrades suffered greatly from the heat, and the dampness at night gave many of them rheumatism. It was no wonder that they grumbled, for not one of them liked the Deep Bottom atmosphere, as Comrade Charles Hotchkiss wrote: "It is too much for us; some of our boys call the air damp, without the 'p'." "Talk about hot weather," wrote a comrade, "they say it was bad in South Carolina, but Deep Bottom is ahead. Wheat fields, as well as houses, burn easily here. It is now (July 7th,) 104 in the shade."

General Foster attempted to advance his position, pushing up front and throwing up breastworks, but the enemy came down on him and opened such a severe fire that he had to retire. Orders were given to the First Connecticut Light Battery to be ready to move on the morning of July 12th, and to have three days' rations prepared. All were delighted at the thought of moving, even if it meant a severe engagement with the enemy. Harness was cleaned, all put into good shape, the horses fed and groomed, and the comrades awaited eagerly the order to move, but the 12th came and the Battery remained in camp.

General Butler called for a volunteer party of two officers and fifty men, to go from Deep Bottom to Cox's Wharf on an expedition of great danger. The party left Deep Bottom at 9 P. M. on July 11th, landed at Dutch Gap and crossed to Cox's Wharf, where, in addition to getting the information needed, they captured one officer and 12 men; burned a mill, shop, dwelling, and outhouses, capturing a quantity of small arms, a galvanic battery, two boxes of powder and a torpedo, returning to the camp without any loss.

On the evening of July 12th there was the greatest excitement in camp and such rejoicing that men grasped each other's hands and could scarcely speak for the emotion they experienced. News had just reached the camp of the destruction of the *Alabama* off the coast of England by the U. S. man-of-war *Kearsarge*. The *Alabama* had been built and fitted out in an English port, while the *Kearsarge* was American built. The *Alabama* had

been welcomed in every French and English port because she was destroying United States commerce, and every ship carrying the Stars and Stripes sent to the bottom, was considered an advantage to the trading nations of Europe and especially of England, who claimed, as she did in 1812, to be mistress of the seas. The guns of the Kearsarge were handled with



LUCIUS H. JAGGER,  
of Hebron.

Enlisted and mustered in Aug.  
14, 1862. Died at Deep Bottom,  
July 16, 1864.

that skill which has always characterized Americans when behind the guns, and the Alabama found that fighting a man-of-war was a different thing to firing into an unarmed merchantman. In a very short time the Alabama had to strike her colors and before she could get her boats lowered she suddenly went to the bottom of the English Channel, carrying an unknown number of her men with her. Semmes, the gallant commander, brave as any man that ever trod a deck, was saved by an English yacht. Once more the superiority of American men behind American guns in an American ship was made manifest to the world. Although the sinking of the Alabama had occurred on June 19th, it was not until July 12th that the news reached the camp at Deep Bottom.

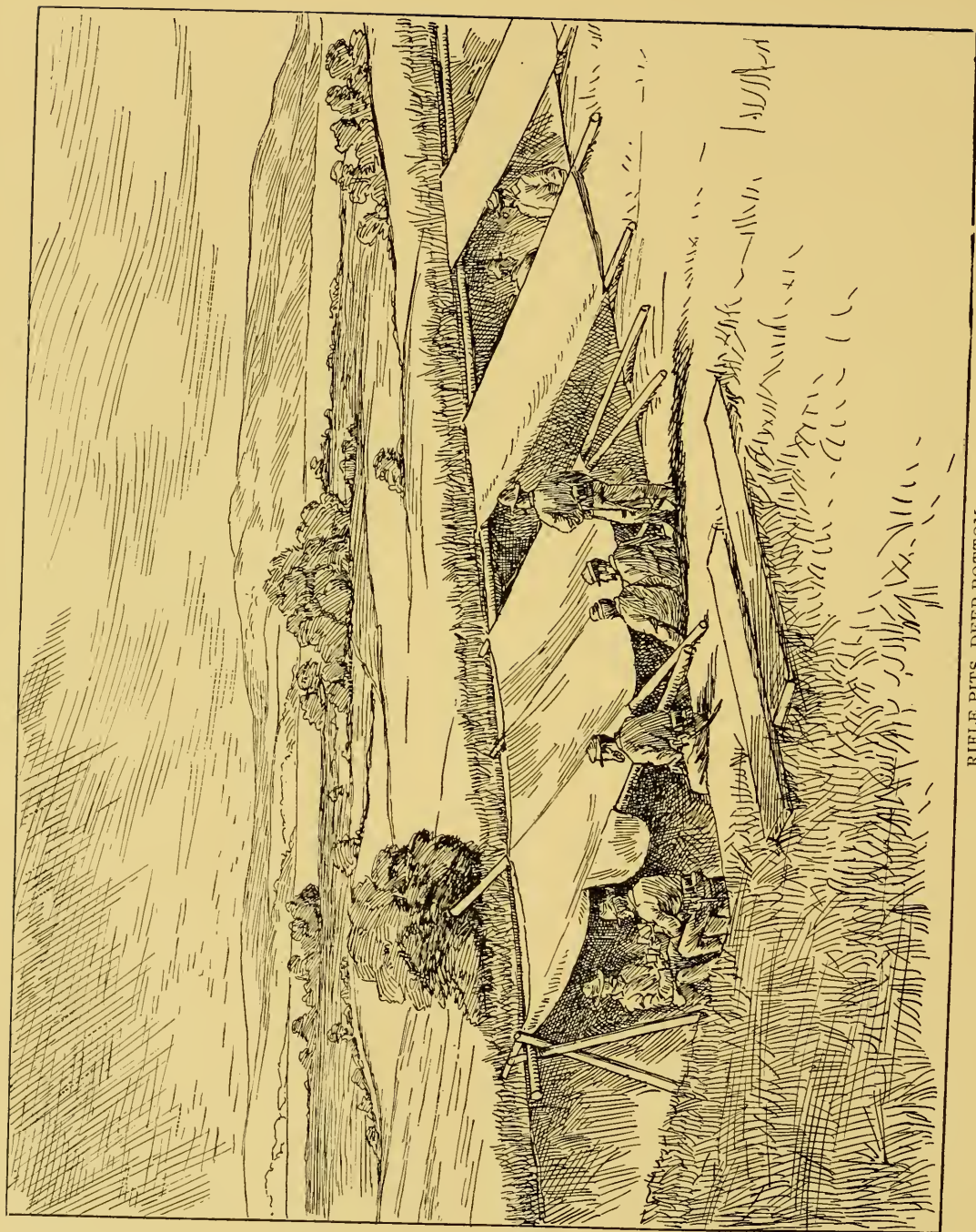
Camp life was not at all unpleasant. Comrade Abels wrote: "We are having good easy times these days; blackberries are plentiful, and all is quiet except when the gunboats are firing at a rebel battery near Malvern Hill."

On the night of July 13th, the 2d Corps passed the Battery camp and crossed the river on the pontoon and took up their old position on the other side of Four Mile Creek. At daylight the following morning orders reached Commissary Hotchkiss to give out three days' rations all round, the orderly saying that the Battery must report at headquarters in half an hour.

A Confederate light battery of Whitworth guns had been brought from Malvern Hill to the banks of the river, near Haxall's Landing, and opened fire on the gunboat *Mendota*, Commander Nichols. The gunboat replied and for a long time the practice was quite lively, ending with the loss of one man killed, two mortally and five badly wounded. After the gunboat re-







RIFLE PITS, DEEP BOTTOM.

tired the Confederates brought their guns to bear on the pontoon bridge close to General Foster's headquarters, evidently with the determination of destroying it. Not a shot struck the bridge, however, but several dropped directly among the headquarters' encampment, one rending the tent of Assistant Adjutant-General Davis, destroying all his camp comforts, while another went through his horse lengthwise, making the burial of the animal a necessity. A random shell or two landed in the First Connecticut Light Battery's park of caissons on the Jones Neck side of the river, exploding, but, strange to narrate, causing no damage to the caissons.

General Grant had just landed from the gunboat *Chamberlain* and with General Butler was in the camp at the time. Grant returned to Point of Rocks on the gunboat, though the shells were falling all around, and it was evident the enemy knew the Lieutenant-General was on board.

Comrade Hotchkiss describes that movement very fully. He writes as follows:

"We had it lively until we were ready to start. We crossed over on the pontoon; the bridge was blocked with teams, guns, mule trains and troops. Our guns were all out to the front, where the fighting was going on lively, on both sides of Four Mile Creek. The day was hot, and many of the soldiers were sun-struck, and with that and the rebels our forces were getting cut up badly. It was sickening to see the poor fellows brought in, both Union and Confederate, and taken to the rear. Our Connecticut regiments lost heavily. The 10th lost 15 officers, killed and wounded. Our battery was out front all day and used up ammunition by wholesale. Strange to say, not a man was hurt by shot or shell. The Battery was ordered back at sundown on the 14th. Our train was just in the rear all day. On the 16th, the Battery was near the mouth of Four Mile Creek, but was brought up to headquarters and soon after the enemy opened on the *Mendota*, gunboat, the pontoon bridge and the headquarters over the bridge. Our caisson camp was in range and we hitched up in a hurry and got out of the way of the shot and shell which tore through the camp. One shell penetrated the *Mendota*, killing and wounding several. But the gunboat soon silenced the enemy's battery which moved down toward Bermuda Landing, where we heard heavy firing. Our guns were not allowed to fire, but we lost two horses. General Grant was here during the fighting."

Colonel T. H. Carter, Commanding the Confederate artillery operations, tells the story in this wise:

"The 20-pound Parrot Battery opened from Tilghman's Gate on the morning of the 16th, on the pontoon bridge, the gunboat and camp of the enemy at Deep Bottom. The gunboat was struck three times before it retired under the bank of the river. It then gave up the contest and allowed the battery an hour after to limber up and withdraw without molestation. The camp was put in great commotion by the shelling. One brigade marched out of the woods near Four Mile Creek at double quick and took shelter in the trenches. The pontoon bridge was fired at several times, but the mark is too small to waste ammunition on. It is rarely used during the day, and there is but little travel on the river in the daytime."

In the report of Hardaway's Light Artillery Battalion, C. S. A., the Colonel commanding reports the engagement as follows:

"Graham's battery from its position at Tilghman's Gate shelled the Yankee camp at Deep Bottom and the pontoon bridge, first running off the Yankee gunboat *Mendota*, killing and wounding an entire gun detachment, and so crippling her as to render her unfit for action. General Grant (see Northern papers) was at General Foster's headquarters when the camp was shelled by Graham's guns, several of the shots striking near Foster's headquarters. General Grant left for City Point on a foundered horse."



BEEFSTEAK RARE.

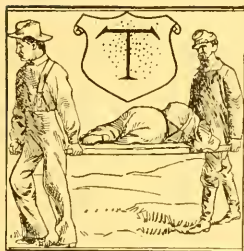


## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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### ON THE NEW MARKET AND MALVERN HILL ROAD.

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THE enemy had a very strong battery on the New Market and Malvern Hill road, a little below Four Mile Creek. It was very essential that the battery should be silenced and the position held by the Unionists.

The 11th Maine had taken the position on July 21st, but had been driven out again, only to recapture it on the following day, when, with a loss of only one man, the position was taken and with it fourteen prisoners, but Lieutenant-Colonel Hill was unable to hold it with the small force at his command, and so fell back to the redoubt on the bluff.

General Foster ordered Colonel Plaisted, commanding the 11th Maine, to retake the position and hold it until reinforcements could be sent to him.

At daylight on the morning of the 23d, the 11th Maine advanced through the strip of woods along the left bank of Four Mile Creek, and after a close fight of twelve hours the enemy was pushed back, step by step, tree by tree, beyond the Malvern Hill road and a position secured within 50 yards of the road and about 100 yards from a Confederate battery, commanding both. Rifle pits were dug, and the regiment held the position through the night.

During the night reinforcements arrived, Colonel Currie bringing up his brigade from the 19th Corps. General Foster had a long consultation with Colonels Plaisted and Currie, and ordered Colonel Plaisted to advance to the road at daylight and secure the position, if possible. After a

desperate struggle, the 11th Maine, which was the only regiment engaged, captured the battery and road with a loss of four men and the same number wounded. The Maine regiment was then relieved by two regiments of Colonel Currie's brigade and returned to camp after three days' constant fighting.

Colonel Currie could not hold the position on the New Market and Malvern Hill road; his pickets had been driven in, and the woods on the crest had been captured. Again the 11th Maine was ordered to the bluff, and Colonel Plaisted was placed in command of all the Union troops below the creek. He threw forward two companies of the 11th Maine on the left to the entrance of the margin of the wood along the Four Mile Creek leading to the enemy's position on the Malvern Hill road, and one company of the same regiment he placed in a grove to the right; two regiments of Currie's brigade were advanced a few hundred yards to the front and lay in line of battle until morning.

Two sections of the First Connecticut Light Battery had been sent forward with the 11th Maine and were placed in a commanding position.

At daybreak on the following morning (July 26th, 1864), the Confederates opened a heavy fire on the two regiments in the open field, forcing both regiments to retire within the fortifications. Colonel Plaisted asked for reinforcements, feeling sure that Currie's brigade could not be relied on to retake the lost position on the Malvern Hill road. General Foster ordered the 10th Connecticut to report to Colonel Plaisted.

The Zouaves, who formed part of Currie's brigade, were not liked by the enemy, and when they retired to the fortifications the Confederates shouted after them:

"Go home, you red devils."

On the other hand the enemy respected the 11th Maine and 10th Connecticut, the pickets often shouting to the Union pickets:

"What are you fellows coming for? We don't want to hurt you'uns."

Colonel Otis, commanding the 10th Connecticut, reported to Colonel Plaisted, and his regiment was placed in reserve, while the 11th Maine advanced along the creek to the woods. Here the enemy was met in great force, and made a stubborn resistance.







[War Sketch by E. Forbes.]

NEWSPAPERS IN CAMP.

The Maine boys were like their forests: strong, sturdy and defiant, and they fought with such magnificent bravery that the enemy was slowly driven back until confronted in the line of rifle pits dug by the 11th Maine on the night of the 23d. It was an absolute impossibility to dislodge the enemy from that position by sharpshooting, so numerous were the forces of the enemy, though in many places the opposing forces were only fifteen paces apart.

Then Colonel Plaisted called on Lieutenant Dickinson, in command of the two sections of the First Connecticut Light Battery, telling him that all depended on him. He placed the four guns in position and ordered the Battery to open on the enemy's position.

How these guns did belch forth! It seemed marvelous the way they were handled. Colonel Plaisted was elated at the vigorous shelling and when the enemy was thrown into confusion he ordered a charge and carried the rifle pits by assault.

Colonel Plaisted never forgot the glorious work of the First Connecticut Light Battery, and at a re-union of the 10th Connecticut held in Meriden, in 1895, he referred to it in these words:

“My signal officer signaled this battery where to direct their shot, and they put in 200 shots in succession as accurately as they could have been placed.”

It was not thought advisable to make any further advance that night, as the front of the regiment would have been too much extended, though the enemy showed signs of complete demoralization. A position had been obtained commanding Malvern Hill and New Market road within a few yards of the enemy's main line of works, and a Confederate battery of four 20-pounder Parrots. The fight had been against great odds, for the opposing force consisted of Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps.

Sharpshooting was kept up until dark, when the 10th Connecticut was sent to the front to relieve the 11th Maine.

On the afternoon of the 26th, three divisions of the 2d Army Corps, General Hancock, left its camp at the Deserted House for Point of Rocks, the column moving well to the rear to avoid being seen by the enemy. It was after dark when the divisions crossed the Appomattox by the pontoon bridge at Point of Rocks at Deep Bottom, taking a difficult road to the left



in order that the cavalry, which was crossing at Broadway Landing, might have an unobstructed road to Deep Bottom. General Butler had ordered the road to be well picketed, and small fires were kept burning to facilitate the march.

General Winfield S. Hancock arrived at General Foster's headquarters a little in advance of his command, and at the same time General Sheridan also reached the 10th Army Corps.

General Hancock says: "My instructions were to move rapidly from Deep Bottom toward Chaffin's Bluff, and take up a position to prevent the enemy from crossing troops to the north side, and to hold the position, while General Sheridan moved to the Virginia Central Railroad with two divisions of cavalry. Further than this my movements were contingent upon General Sheridan's success in operating toward Richmond. The success of this movement depended upon the contingency that the enemy's works would be thinly occupied, and the movement a surprise."

The upper and lower pontoon bridges were above and below Four Mile Creek, impassable near its mouth. The enemy held, apparently in great force, a strong position near the upper bridge, while their line appeared to terminate nearly opposite the lower bridge. The plan agreed upon at first was that the 2d Corps should cross the upper bridge while the cavalry was crossing the lower. General Hancock did not like this plan, and after consultation with General Sheridan and General Foster, a plan was agreed upon which was submitted to Major-General Butler and approved by him. The 2d Corps was to cross the infantry at the lower bridge and turn the enemy's position, while General Foster with his force was to threaten the enemy in the front. The cavalry was to cross immediately after the 2d Corps

The infantry commenced crossing about 2 A. M. on the morning of the 27th, and massed behind a belt of oak trees near the bridge.

General Hancock says: "I ordered an advance as soon as it was daylight, the 1st division, Brigadier-General Barlow commanding, leading. At the same time a strong skirmish line from the 3d division was thrown out to our right to feel the woods bordering the New Market and Malvern Hill road, and one from General Gibbon's division in the timber along the bank of Four Mile Creek. The skirmish line of the 3d division from De

Trobriand's brigade, consisting of the 99th and 110th Pennsylvania Volunteers, became sharply engaged and was reinforced by the 73d New York Volunteers. Meanwhile the skirmish line of Miles' brigade of Barlow's division, under command of Colonel J. C. Lynch, 183d Pennsylvania Volunteers, engaged the enemy farther to the left, driving him into the rifle pits along the New Market and Malvern Hill road, and by a well executed movement captured four 20-pounder Parrots with their caissons, and drove the enemy from their works."

Comrade Griswold, speaking of the capture of those guns, says:

"At daylight when the enemy's cannoneers were seated upon the ground eating breakfast, never dreaming of danger, with that large open field between them and their foe, a company of picked men crawled slowly and quietly up over that large open field, through the grass, quietly capturing the guard and grabbing the prolongs of the Confederate pieces, started upon a run toward the James River. We on our side of Four Mile Creek were on the banks and parapets shouting, the steamers and gunboats on the James were whistling, Hancock's whole force was on the banks cheering, and even the enemy shouted and laughed as they saw those fellows run with their guns as though they expected every minute to be shot in the rear. It was a successful move, and one of those moves of which Hancock had the reputation of being an expert."

According to the Confederate reports those guns had been previously captured from the Unionists. The report of the enemy gives this version of the early morning fray:

"Graham's battery took position at Tilghman's Gate, having an infantry support of three brigades from Kershaw's division, with the intention of again shelling the enemy's camps, pontoon and boats. It was ascertained, however, that the enemy was making a movement on this side of the river in force, and before permission could be obtained from General Humphreys, commanding, for the guns to be withdrawn, the enemy had made an attack on the left of the position. Our infantry support gave way without making an effort to save the guns, and, though they were gallantly served by Captain Graham and his men, they had to be abandoned for want of proper support. This was effected with the loss of one man captured.



The guns lost were four 20-pounder U. S. Parrots—three captured at Winchester and one at Harper's Ferry."

The skirmishers of General Foster's force at the bridge, joined in the advance. The enemy held the line weakly, and when broken retreated in such haste that few prisoners were taken.

The 10th Connecticut and 11th Maine commanded the road leading from the enemy's battery in the direction toward Spring Hill, and with the assistance of the Connecticut Light Battery, opened such a heavy fire on the enemy that the Confederates dare not attempt to recapture the guns.

The First Connecticut Light Battery shared in the glory of that early morning victory, and it is certain that the guns, though captured by Hancock's men, could not have been retained had it not been for the accurate and deadly firing of the gallant boys from the Nutmeg State.

Colonel Plaisted gives the Battery credit in his official report, saying: "Lieutenant Dickinson, First Connecticut Light Battery, performed excellent service with his four pieces, James Rifles. Without the support of his guns success against such odds, if not impossible, would have been purchased at a much greater loss of life."

General Hancock pushed up the New Market and Malvern Hill road in pursuit of the enemy, the 2d Division in advance. The enemy brought out a battery opposite General Mott on the extreme right, but General Foster had sent the left section of the First Connecticut Light Battery to that point and the enemy's battery was soon driven off.

When the 2d Army Corps arrived at Bailey's Creek, the enemy was posted in strongly constructed works on the opposite bank, a position offering great advantages for defense. General Hancock says: "Bailey's Creek is so much of an obstacle that a line of battle could not well cross it under fire, and the distance from the creek to the works was about 1,000 yards, the intervening ground being perfectly open. The works appeared to be filled with men, and a number of pieces of artillery were in position. After a careful examination of the position it was decided that the chances of a successful assault were unfavorable, and it was decided to maneuver to the right, with a view of turning the position. Meanwhile the cavalry had moved to the right toward Malvern Hill and to the front on the New Market and Long Bridge road. Gibbon's division held the advance position

on the New Market and Malvern Hill road, while Barlow's and Mott's divisions were pushed forward to the New Market and Long Bridge road, connecting with the cavalry near the fork of the central road. General Barlow, commanding 1st division, made a close reconnoissance of the enemy's line, but was unable to find the flank. The cavalry, by one or two spirited charges on my right, gained possession of some high open ground which it was hoped might enable them to get in the rear of the enemy's line: but, as subsequently ascertained, the enemy's line was refused on this flank, turning sharply to their left near Fussell's Mill. About 3.30 P. M. Lieutenant-General Grant visited the line, but I did not see him. Having examined the position, he left me a note saying that he did not see that much could be done, but that if it was possible for me to roll up the enemy's left toward Chaffin's Bluff, and thus release our cavalry, he desired it done. He stated that according to his information the enemy had in my front seven brigades of infantry and a small force of cavalry. Night coming on put a stop to further operations."

The right and centre sections of the Connecticut Battery settled down to enjoy a good rest. The comrades made a shade with the branches of the trees to ward off the effects of the sun. The morning of July 29th was the hottest of the season and the shade proved very acceptable. Some of the comrades began to feel the heat and only by the greatest care did they escape prostration. In the distance the heavy boom of the cannon was heard and all knew that fighting was going on. It was too hot to wish for any participation in the fight, not even glory could tempt the comrades to desire active service, but just when the day was hottest the bugle rang out:

"Boots and Saddles!"

It is a soldier's duty to obey and there could be no shirking, no dallying; excuses about the heat would not avail, and so the two sections were ordered to the front. The march was half a mile forward to the upper redoubt.

The right section was only just in position when the order came to load and fire. The enemy could not be seen, but an officer told the direction and the guns were sighted and fired, winning the approval of the officer in command, who stood glass in hand watching the effect of the shells.

On the afternoon of the 29th General Foster was directed to co-operate with a movement of the 2d Corps, and he advanced a line of skirmishers of

the 1st Maryland (dismounted) cavalry and the 24th Massachusetts, their right resting on Four Mile Creek, and their left near the Grover House. The right and centre sections of the Connecticut Battery were again moved forward and placed in position on the right of the Grover House. The gal-



WASHING DAY.

lant fighting of the skirmishers and the successful shelling by the battery drove the enemy within their main line of rifle pits, from which it was impossible to dislodge them without employing a much larger force. The

right section's guns kept up an incessant firing for over an hour, when the order came to withdraw to the original line. General Hancock's movements had attracted so large a portion of Lee's army that Lieutenant-General Grant thought it an excellent time to assault Petersburg, and Hancock was instructed to proceed to that place with a portion of his command.

Comrade Hotchkiss tells of an incident of the 29th, which is interesting. That very careful observer writes in his diary:

"Late in the afternoon of the 29th the troops began coming over the pontoon at Four Mile Creek, evacuating the whole position. The troops were passing our camp all night. A cavalryman, in passing, saw me serving rations and came up and saluted me; he wanted some hard tack. He was a German and had been out scouting in 2d Cavalry Division. He said that during the fight on the 29th, his brigade lost 200 men in killed and wounded. He was very hungry. I had no legal right to give away army rations, but I gave him a half-dozen, as I have done several times lately. He took an old wallet from his pocket and wanted to pay for a haversack full of biscuits. I could not sell any, but as our men had enough and to spare I filled his bag and he went on his way rejoicing. The man looked as if he had seen rough times, and was tired and hungry. A company commissary must keep his eyes open, must know ahead where he is to draw rations, no matter how much his brigade is cut up or scattered; he must know where the food for the men is to be obtained. He cannot draw from another department, he must go to his own. Very often, men during a fight and changing of troops, would stop at my kitchen and beg food, some having been without all day, but I had to let them go hungry. How little the men of the North know of the suffering and misery caused by this war! Here, last night, could be heard the strains of a fine brass band, but they did not drown the groans of the men who have had an arm or leg amputated; some of them will groan no more, their sufferings have ended. Who is to blame for all this? May God have mercy on us all! This place is completely filled with camps, and this evening it is a fine sight to see the whole place lighted up, for most of the troops have had candles issued."

The order for the 2d Army Corps to move towards Petersburg caused the reserve camp to be deserted. Comrade Hotchkiss says:

"The reserve camp is once more alone in its glory. Troops have all



gone. The 2d Corps, the 19th Corps and Sheridan's cavalry and artillery commenced to move on the night of the 29th toward City Point at 9 o'clock. The sick and wounded were taken off first, then hospital corps, then the reserves, and after that the fighting troops, everything and everybody; no, not everything, for they left muskets, rifles, cooking utensils and other things; one of our men found a very handsome flute. The men left in the night and in a hurry, and that is the reason why so many things are left on the grounds. We found dead horses, yes, and the body of a Union soldier in the bushes bordering the river. A letter directed to a party in New York was found on him. He was buried and the letter sent on. The letter was unfinished; we added the news of his death. Our position over Four Mile Creek has been entirely evacuated and the pontoon bridge swung around to this side. The weather has been very hot all through this fight."

For some days the greatest excitement had been manifested near the centre of the Union lines in front of Burnside's Corps. A regiment of Pennsylvania miners had dug a tunnel under the nearest point of the Confederate works. These works consisted of forts and redans at intervals connected by lines of rifle pits. The tunnel was directed under one of the forts. The work of tunneling had to be done with the greatest secrecy; it was commenced in a ravine, to be out of sight of the enemy, and the earth was carried away in cracker boxes, and hidden under brushwood. The enemy shrewdly found out what was going on and commenced counter-mining, hoping to strike the tunnel and so prevent disaster, but in this they completely failed. A rumor spread that the city of Petersburg was being undermined and the greatest alarm was felt. The work occupied a clear month and when finished consisted of a straight tunnel five hundred feet long, ending in a cross gallery seventy-five feet long, in which 8,000 pounds of powder, with slow matches, were placed. The time fixed for the explosion was the morning of the 30th of July. It was in order to detract the attention of the enemy from it, and diminish, if possible, the force that held the lines immediately in front of Petersburg, that Hancock was sent across the James at Deep Bottom. This had the desired effect, as Lee, anxious for the safety of Richmond, hurried a large part of his army across at Drewry's Bluff to confront Hancock.

This strategic movement was the only redeeming feature of the whole plan, for everything else was badly managed. The explosion of the

mine could do but little good, unless it made such a breach in the enemy's lines that a strong column could be thrust through and take the enemy's works in the rear. The troops selected for that work failed. A few minutes before five o'clock in the morning the comrades in the batteries and redoubts were on the lookout for the explosion. A terrific noise shook the country for miles around, a vast mass of earth, surrounded by smoke, with the flames of burning powder playing fantastically through it, rose two hundred feet in the air and seemed to be lost in the clouds, for it poised a moment, and then fell. About three hundred men, the fort and its guns were completely destroyed, and in place of the fort a crater two hundred feet long and thirty feet deep was left. Immediately the heavy batteries in the Union line opened fire upon the enemy to protect the assaulting column from artillery fire. The Union troops detailed for the assault rushed forward into the crater and there stopped. For thirty minutes, says one of the officers, they waited for orders what to do, and during that time the opportunity was lost, for the enemy rallied to their guns and commenced pouring into the crater a hurricane of shells. The Union army lost about four thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, while the enemy lost only about a thousand.

General Burnside took the failure to heart and asked to be relieved of his command.

During the few days following the explosion of the mine the Battery was guarding the forts at Deep Bottom, and, as no enemy appeared to enliven the monotony of the dull routine of camp life, some of the comrades thought they must do something to create a diversion. On the evening of the 3d of August some of them saw some pigs on the other side of the river. Comrades Waldo and Shields got a boat and paddled over, captured a fine porker and returned with it in safety. They reported that they had seen horses and mules over there and no enemy in sight.

Comrade Charles Ellis was noted for his irregularities in the way of foraging, though he had never been known, before this, to lift anything bigger than he could carry. The story of the horses and mules fired his ambition, and, imparting his ideas to Comrade Charles Lane, they both agreed to secure some of the enemy's stock.

Comrades Ellis, Alexander Doran and Lane left camp on the 4th of

August, and without permit, rowed across the James River to the Aiken farm, and found some full-blooded stock, a mare and a colt especially attracting their attention, as they knew they were of pure Messinger stock. They secured two mares, two colts and two mules, and reaching the river in safety swam them across into camp. Comrade Ellis had no idea of handing the captured stock over to the government. He thought he would be able to keep the mare and colt at the expense of the government and when discharged in a few weeks' time take them home with him.

Before going to camp the comrades met a sutler who had a pair of mules branded with the Government brand, and on that account for some reason which he did not explain, was very anxious to get rid of them, exchanging them for a pair not branded, and to which the Government could lay no claim. The comrades were not slow in taking advantage of the situation, for they saw, at a glance, how they could turn the branded mules over to the Government without comment or fear of detection, so they proposed to trade the mules with the sutler for a consideration, and after some dickering, settled upon \$110, which the sutler paid, and turned the branded mules over to Comrade Lane, who handed them over to the Government, but kept the money; this they considered a fair commission for the risk they took, so it was equally divided between Comrades Lane, Doran and Ellis, and for a few days they lived high and had a right royal time.

Comrade Charles Lane tells the story in this way:

"While we were lying at Deep Bottom, on the south side of the James River, in the caisson camp, the guns being on the north side, we could see some horses, mules and pigs. I with two others concluded we would have a little fresh pork, so Charlie Ellis, Alexander Doran and myself, crossed to the north side in a dugout and captured a nice pig. While we were capturing the pig we made up our minds we would have those two mares and their colts, and then, we thought we might as well have a pair of mules too. We led the mares into the river and towed them behind the boat, the colts jumped into the river and swam across; then we went back for the mules, one was led into the river all right, the other would not move an inch toward the water, so I took off my clothes, got on the mule's back and rode him into the river, while Ellis had a line from the boat to the halter; as soon as we got him into the water I slid off his back, held my arm over

his neck and in that way got the mules across the river. That night we traded the mules with the sutler who wanted to change because his were branded and ours were not, we got some money to boot, which was divided up. It was one of the best trades I ever made in the horse line. We did not know the danger we ran or we might not have gone. The mules were captured right behind the enemy's picket posts." The mare and colt were too valuable to be slipped away so easily. The ladies who were looking after the farm, reported the loss to headquarters and a careful search was made through all the camps, and of course the animals were found in the camp of the First Connecticut Light Battery, to the very great surprise of the officers, as no capture of extra horses had been reported. Comrade Ellis had been careful to keep the mare and colt tied just outside the regular battery stables, so in case the officers of the guard should notice them they might think they belonged to a sutler, or some camp follower. The officers did not relish the idea of the Battery being branded with the crime of horse stealing, so a rigid examination was commenced and the facts brought out. Ellis claimed that he found the mare and colt roaming about loose and wild, and had just caught them to save for the owner. Inasmuch as he had the animals around the camp for several days without reporting the catch, it was quite evident that he intended to get some one to ship them north at the first opportunity.

Comrade Charles Lane says that he was ordered to appear before Gen. Foster, who asked him about the affair. Lane said he had been out scouting and seeing the animals loose thought he might assist in bringing them within the lines.

"Do you not know that had you been caught outside the lines you would have been treated as a deserter?" Gen. Foster asked.

"Yes, General, but I was scouting."

"If you want to do any more scouting come to me, and I'll give you all you want. You are lucky in not being either in a rebel prison or in the guard house waiting to be shot as a deserter, and that would have been an end of you."

Lane listened, but was all the time laughing to himself and thinking of the \$110 and the pig which they had captured, and of which the General knew nothing.



Comrade Hotchkiss, speaking of this episode, says:

"A party went over the river, going nearly up to the Aiken farm, secured and drove down two mares, two mules and two colts, swam them over the river into our camp. They saw but one rebel, and would have captured him if they had had any arms about them. General Foster heard of the affair and sent an aide to look at the animals. He told the boys to turn them over to the Quartermaster's Department and consider themselves lucky in escaping the guard house for going beyond our lines. Orders to our pickets are not to halt soldiers going beyond the lines, but shoot first; as there are no pickets at our camp or anywhere around Deep Bottom, there could of course, be no shooting, and opposite our camp on the other side of the river is rebel territory."

This attempt at horse stealing furnished a little diversion among the comrades; they frequently laughed and teased Ellis, telling him that it was well he was under the protection of Uncle Sam, for had he been a civilian he would have been hung the same as all horse thieves. They carried on this tantalizing so unmercifully at times that he became mad and threatened to whip the — — — that dared to call him a horse thief. As none of the comrades cared to fight or get a whipping about the subject, they would let Ellis cool down before joking him again, but it was periodically referred to until the Battery changed to another camp nearer Richmond. One of the methods of keeping the joke alive and passing it around, especially when Ellis was in a fighting mood, was for a comrade in that part of the camp farthest from, and out of sight of, Ellis, to shout out:

"Who stole the horse?"

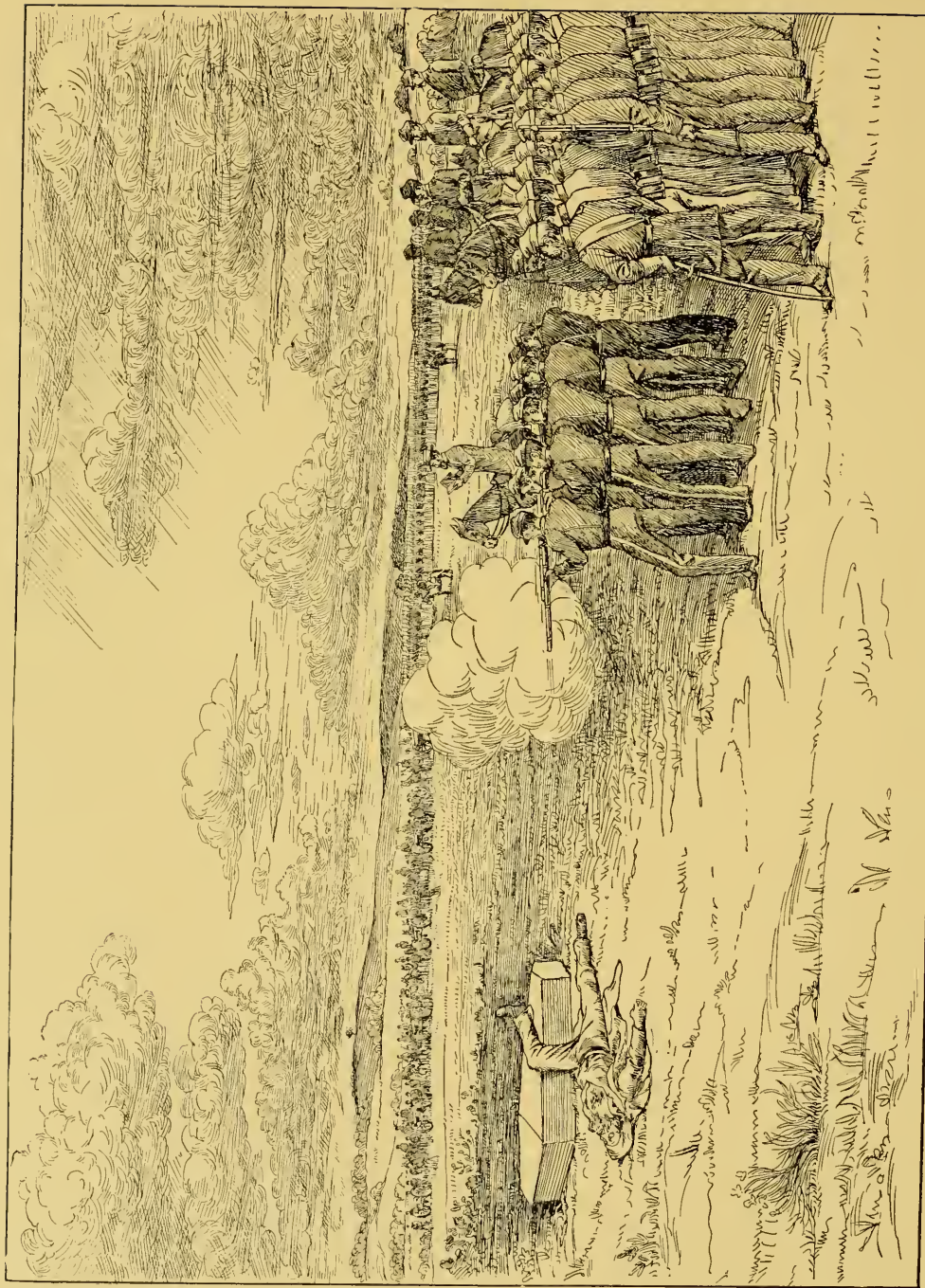
A reply would come from another part of the camp:

"Ellis stole the horse!"

This would be repeated several times through the camp until it seemed to come from every part except that where Ellis was stationed.

On August 6th, 1864, a photographer visited the lines and was permitted to take a number of photographs. Among those taken were several of the First Connecticut Light Battery, which are reproduced in this history. As the "Sun can never lie," Dr. Livingston, the great African explorer used to say, the comrades can see exactly how the Battery looked





SHOOTING A DESERTER.

while at Deep Bottom, in the last year of the greatest war the world has ever known

On the 8th the whole command was called out to witness the execution of a deserter. Private McElheney, of the 24th Massachusetts, who was reported as having committed a murder in his native state before enlisting, got into some trouble with his officers and deserted from the regiment at Newberne, breaking out from the guard house in which he was confined. Not satisfied with breaking faith with his nation, he joined the enemy in North Carolina and while on picket at Deep Bottom with the enemy, he again deserted and by accident came within the Union lines. Strange it was that he should fall into the hands of his old regiment, and, in fact, was arrested by the company from which he had first deserted. He was chained to a tree in front of the First Connecticut Light Battery camp until tried and sentenced to death. After a short time in the guard house, where all chance of getting away was removed, the sentence was approved and he was taken out of the camp on a baggage wagon, seated on his coffin, the chaplain standing beside him. On reaching the field on which the troops were massed on three sides, the coffin was placed near an open grave on the fourth side, and the deserter made to kneel on it. A firing party from his own regiment had been selected as his executioners. The first volley did not kill him and he was drawn up again on the coffin and another volley fired. After the shooting the troops all marched past the dead body.

On the day of execution the condemned man was quite jocular and said, that his father had often predicted that he would be hanged before he was twenty-one, and, said he, "I am twenty-one to-day, and have not been hanged yet." He had met his fate firmly and without flinching, but Comrade Clarke says "he manifested no signs of repentance."

Captain F. M. Follett, 4th U. S. Artillery, being the senior officer of artillery, was ordered by Major-General Birney to assume command of the Artillery Brigade of the 10th Army Corps, and to establish his headquarters in the vicinity of Hatchers. Comrade Clark wrote: "Captain Follett has a regular staff the same as a general officer, and all the orders for the First Connecticut Light Battery are received from him."

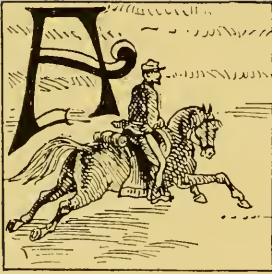


## CHAPTER XXIX.

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### DEEP RUN.

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VERY daring and highly successful movement by the Confederates was made at daybreak on the 9th of August. Although successful, it did not achieve all it was hoped to accomplish, for nothing else than the killing of Lieutenant-General Grant and all his staff was the object aimed at.

John Maxwell, of the Confederate Secret Service, entered upon the task of destroying the Union vessels in the James River by means of an Horological torpedo. On August 2d he learned that vast quantities of stores were being landed at City Point and that some barges loaded with ammunition were lying close to the headquarters of General Grant.

Accompanied by R. K. Dillard, who was well acquainted with the locality, Maxwell reached City Point at daybreak on the 9th of August with a small quantity of provisions. The journey from Isle of Wight County had occupied six days, for most of the distance had to be traveled by night and under the shelter of fences and trees, some portions necessitated crawling on their knees through the long grass, as only by that way could the pickets be passed. Arriving at a point about half a mile from the wharf, Dillard was bidden stay behind, while Maxwell went forward carrying his small torpedo under his arm. He found that the Captain of an ammunition barge had come ashore and that gave him his opportunity. One of the wharf sentinels stopped him and asked his business. Maxwell boldly declared





CENTRE SECTION AND ONE PIECE OF RIGHT SECTION FIRST CONNECTIV

[From a photograph]



LIGHT BATTERY IN REDOUBT AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA. (See page 509.)  
[Taken at the time.]





that the captain had bidden him take the box on board. The sentinel asked him for the password, but that Maxwell could not give.

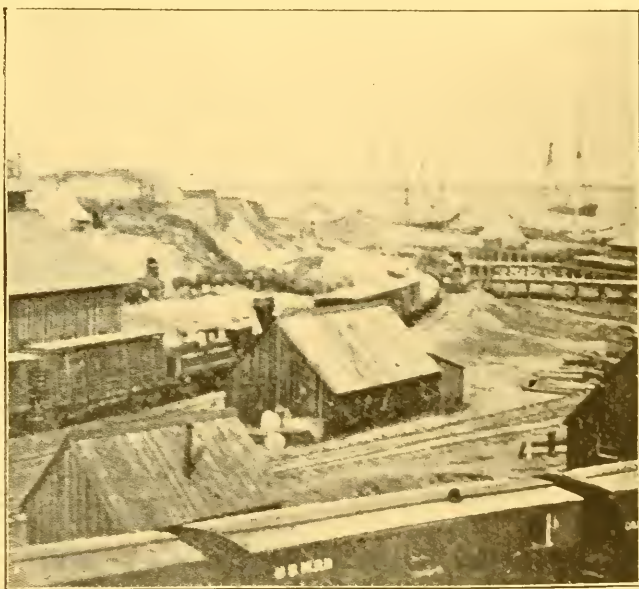
"Then you cannot pass."

"All right," said Maxwell, "I suppose you can send this box on board to the Captain's room?"

The sentinel looked at the box. It was an innocent looking affair and might contain almost anything. The Secret Service agent had provided for its harmless appearance. A man was called from the barge:

"Place this box in the Captain's room," the sentinel ordered.

"All right."



[War Time Photograph.]

CITY POINT, VA.

Maxwell set the clockwork in motion and gave the box to the man. He then rejoined Dillard and retired to a safe distance to witness the effect of the explosion.

Maxwell tells the story in these words:

"In about an hour the explosion occurred. Its effect was communicated to another barge beyond the one operated upon and also to a large wharf building containing their stores (Union), which was totally

destroyed. The scene was terrific, and the effect deafened my companion to an extent from which he has not recovered." (This report was written December 16, four months after the explosion.) "My own person was severely shocked, but I am thankful to Providence that we have both escaped without lasting injury. The enemy estimates the loss of life at 58 killed and 126 wounded, but we have reason to believe it greatly exceeded that. The pecuniary damage we heard estimated at \$4,000,000, but, of course, we can give you no account of the extent of it exactly.

"I may be permitted, Captain, here to remark that in the enemy's statement a party of ladies, it seems, were killed by this explosion. It is saddening to me to realize the fact that the terrible effects of war induce such consequences; but when I remember the ordeal to which our own women have been subjected, and the barbarity of the enemy's crusade against us and them, my feelings are relieved by the reflection that while this catastrophe was not intended by us, it amounts only, in the providence of God, to just retaliation."

So skillfully did Maxwell carry out his undertaking that the Unionists attributed the explosion to accident. Brigadier-General Rufus Ingalls, Chief-Quartermaster at City Point, reported :

"A barge with ordnance stores was accidentally blown up just now while lying at the wharf. There has been considerable destruction of property and loss of life. It is probable we shall never know how the accident occurred." General Grant reported that "An ordnance boat exploded, carrying lumber, grape, canister, and all kinds of shot, over this point. Every part of the yard used as my headquarters is filled with splinters and fragments of shell. Colonel Babcock is slightly wounded in one hand and one orderly is killed and two or three wounded, and several horses killed."

The explosion roused all the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery from slumber and all sorts of wild rumors were circulated through the camp. It was supposed that the City of Petersburg had been blown up and it was not until late in the day that the truth was known.

While the Battery was located at Deep Bottom it was frequently ordered farther to the front on reconnoitering expeditions. This occurred one time when General Grant inspected a certain part of the line. He noticed, at

about 1,600 yards distance on the Confederate line, a group of officers and sharpshooters. The officers were under a tree, and it was evident they were giving orders to the sharpshooters, who were in the trees, to fire at the Union officers. General Grant instructed Captain Clinton to fire into the clump of trees. Lieutenant Bliss was in command of the right section and to him Captain Clinton gave the order. Sergeant Tuttle was the gunner and he placed the first shot right at the foot of the trees, where it exploded, scattering the group of officers and sharpshooters and putting an end to further annoyance. General Grant praised the Battery on that occasion for its excellent shooting, and personally complimented Captain Clinton on the fine marksmanship displayed by the Connecticut men.

Reliable information reaching General Grant that the enemy had sent north two or three divisions of infantry, twenty-three pieces of artillery besides the dismounted cavalry and some regiments to Charleston, he determined to try to force the enemy to return and so give the Unionists an advantage. To accomplish this he ordered another move from Deep Bottom; the 2d Corps to march to City Point and embark in steamers, under the impression that they were going to Washington, the commander being the only one knowing the real destination. To facilitate the embarkation, ostensibly, the artillery and transportation were to go to Bermuda Hundred on the night of the 12th of August, and at midnight the pontoon bridge was to be laid at the same place as formerly, so that the cavalry and artillery could commence crossing. The infantry, on steamers, would sail so that they would reach Deep Bottom about 2 A. M. on the 14th. General Butler was told that he must spare all the men he could to co-operate on the 14th with the 2d Corps, and he was also informed that one man to six feet would be the greatest abundance to hold the line at Bermuda, and one man to four feet for the line north of the Appomattox.

On the next morning the Battery commissary was ordered to prepare three days' rations and the order went to Captain Clinton to have the Battery ready to move at a moment's notice. The Artillery Brigade of the 10th Army Corps was now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Freeman McGilvery, and consisted of the First Connecticut Light Battery, the 4th New Jersey Light Battery, Battery C 3d Rhode Island Light Battery, and Batteries C and D of the 1st United States Artillery.



Soon after daylight on the morning of the 14th, the Connecticut Battery, carrying three days' rations, started across the river to the north side. The morning was exceedingly hot and marching very uncomfortable.

At four o'clock Colonel Plaisted received orders to be in readiness with the 11th Maine to attack the enemy at daylight. Three hundred and twenty-five of the regiment were on picket, extending from the Grover House to the Four Mile Creek, a distance of more than one mile. The Deep Bottom road divided this front in two equal parts, the 11th Maine was to attack on the right between Deep Bottom road and Four Mile Creek; the 10th Connecticut on the left of the road. The few officers and men in camp were ordered to join their respective companies on the picket line at once. The 10th Connecticut reached the position at 4.30, and immediately connected with the 11th Maine. Then the entire line of skirmishers pushed forward and became engaged with the enemy's pickets, who were very strong in numbers and well protected by rifle pits. The enemy was too strong and the 24th Massachusetts was sent forward to the assistance of the harassed Unionists. Orders were given to form in double column and charge the enemy's position. The charge was perfectly successful; the enemy being driven from two lines of very strong rifle pits, with considerable loss. The 10th Connecticut and the 11th Maine suffered severely both in killed and wounded. "For two hours the 11th Maine was hotly engaged along its whole front with a superior force of the enemy strongly posted, pressing him closely, all the time suffering and all the time steadily advancing," reports Colonel Plaisted. Colonel Rockwell came up with the 6th Connecticut, divested of knapsacks, and immediately charged upon the enemy, capturing two lines of earthworks and driving the enemy back to Strawberry Plain. As Colonel Plaisted says: "In an instant the line (the 11th Maine and the 6th Connecticut), sprang forward, and, regardless of numbers, over the enemy's intrenchments, and without halting even to gather up the prisoners, throwing down their arms and announcing their surrender, followed the fleeing rebels, with hurrahs, so closely they had not time to form behind their rear defenses, over two strong lines of which they were driven in succession. Through the woods some 400 yards the pursuit was continued to the open field at the foot of Spring Hill. Here along the

edge of the woods in a last line of rebel rifle-pits the 11th Maine was halted and the skirmish line reformed."

Glorious as was the valor of these infantry regiments, they could not have accomplished so much had they not been well protected by artillery, and when we remember that the First Connecticut Light Battery fired over 200 rounds of ammunition, and knowing that no shot or shell fired by the Battery was ever wasted, it is no imaginary piece of fiction, nor even egotism, to say that much of the glory belongs to the accurate and constant firing of the Battery.

Skirmishing continued until 3 P. M., when, by direction of General Terry, General Foster ordered Col. G. B. Dandy, with the 100th New York, supported by the 6th Connecticut (Colonel Rockwell), to move to the right, and, if possible, connect with the 2d Corps on the lower bank of Four Mile Creek. The regiments moved across the field in line of battle under a very heavy fire of artillery, capturing four 8-inch howitzers, and forming the desired connection with the 2d Corps.

During that brisk fight the Connecticut Battery enjoyed witnessing the charge, and, in fact, most of the skirmishing. Comrade Sloan describes the events of that day, in these words:

"Crossing the James on the lower pontoon bridge, which was laid from City Point to Strawberry Plains, the advance was made by a division of the 10th Corps which occupied the ground as ordered. The division was relieved by the 19th Corps, which had been attacked during the night and driven back to the cover of the gunboats. In the morning we found that the enemy had thrown up light earthworks along the line of Four Mile Creek, and orders were given to take them. The Connecticut Light Battery was moved along the banks of the river to a position which enabled us to enfilade these works, and for some time we kept up a brisk fire. The order came to cease firing, and the infantry charged and took the works. This was the only time in our service that we were spectators to a charge or saw anything of a battle in which we took part. The infantry formed and made a rush for the works; reaching a point not far from them, they took advantage of a depression of the ground, where they dropped and re-formed. As soon as the new alignment was complete they rose, and charging, captured the works. This charge was to us like looking at a parade. I remem-

ber the commander rode his horse during the entire movement and was, of course, much exposed. While the men were lying down, the officers were moving about on foot, seeing that their orders were obeyed. As they went forward a second time, one man who was struck jumped up and turned around and then fell to the ground."

Brigadier-General John Bratton, Confederate Army, reports the engagement of the 14th of August, giving credit to the artillery practice. He says:

"We remained in our position on New Market Heights with our pickets well out in front, enjoying freedom from the presence of the enemy, until the morning of the 14th of August, when the enemy assaulted, and after three efforts succeeded in driving in my pickets, capturing and killing some of them. It was here that Captain Beatty, of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, one of the most efficient officers of this brigade, fell mortally wounded. The enemy in his front was successfully repulsed; he was slain, and some of his men captured by the enemy, who had driven in the pickets on our left and came up in rear of our lines. I mention this as due to the gallant officers and men who were captured there. Our picket line was finally driven in, pretty badly mutilated. The enemy opened a furious cannonade upon our line, which, however, did not last long."

At 7.20 P. M. marching orders were received for the 10th Army Corps to "march promptly to the rear of the position of the 2d Corps, bivouacking at a spot to be indicated by Captain Briscoe, aide-de-camp. The command of Colonel Dandy will remain in its present position with its pickets out. The pickets of the corps will be withdrawn at 1 A. M. under direction of the corps officer of the day. They will fall back on the two roads to the intrenchments at the pontoon bridge. Ammunition trains and batteries and all wagons and ambulances will cross at the pontoon near General Foster's and recross at the lower bridge; park for the night, and be harnessed at daylight. Commanding officers should at once send out patrols for stragglers who fill the woods with fires and tents. Brigadier-General Birney will detail two regiments and a competent officer to command them, to garrison and hold the fortifications at Deep Bottom. The First Connecticut Light Battery will report to that commanding officer; the detachment of New York Mounted Rifles will also report to him."

The left and centre sections were ordered into the redoubt, the right section being on picket line. The reserve camp was ordered back to Deep Bottom.

On the 15th skirmishing continued during the entire day. Major-General D. B. Birney reported that the enemy was in great force on his whole front with heavy artillery, and he ordered General Terry to advance his skirmish line at once and connect with Hancock's Corps. The 3d Brigade commenced to move early on Monday morning, August 15th, in a northerly direction, some four miles to a point near Fussell's Mill, bivouacking in the edge of the woods with strong pickets thrown out all through the day.

The whole day was spent in reconnoissances and feints to test the strength of the enemy, and find out the best way to attack him successfully.

At 3.30 A. M. on August 16th orders were given to the 3d Brigade to move forward to the right to support Colonel Hawley's Brigade, but subsequently was ordered to engage the enemy on the right of Hawley's Brigade in the woods.

Colonel Otis, commanding the 10th Connecticut, received orders to form his regiment in line of battle and throw forward skirmishers to connect with those of the 2d Brigade on the left and the 24th Massachusetts, of Foster's Brigade, on the right. The regiment was ordered forward, and, pushing through a dense growth of small pines, entered a deep ravine.

The 11th Maine was formed in the woods to the right of the 10th Connecticut and 24th Massachusetts. Three companies were thrown out as skirmishers, under Captain Merrill. Two companies were left in reserve on the right of the skirmish line to be put forward on the skirmish line if the direction of the line of march necessitated it. The line of battle was then advanced in the direction designated by the General, but proved to be too far to the right. Plisted then received orders from General Foster to advance without regard to his right flank, which would be protected by the Maryland cavalry, and pivot on the 10th Connecticut.

Colonel Otis had by this time lost all connection on his left and Colonel Dandy reported to him that his regiment was formed in *echelon* on the left, and prepared to protect the flank, while the 10th Connecticut was pushing the enemy from his next line of rifle-pits. Colonel Otis at once ordered a



charge and the whole command moved forward at a run, driving the enemy from a second line of pits with considerable loss, taking about 40 prisoners. The 24th Massachusetts charged the enemy at the same time. The rapid movement of the two regiments separated the 10th Connecticut from Colonel Dandy's regiment and allowed the enemy to get in the rear of the skirmishers on the left, taking three of them prisoners. This compelled the 10th Connecticut to swing back the skirmishers on the extreme left of the line until the arrival of Colonel Dandy, when they once more advanced. Colonel Dandy, with his gallant New York boys, again took a position on the left of the 10th Connecticut and pushed forward until another deep ravine was reached, the sides of which were so steep as to be almost impassable. The ground in front of the enemy's position was densely wooded and cut up by a number of these ravines, making it difficult to advance in good order. The brigade had cut a way through the pine woods and this enabled the First Connecticut Battery to get into position in a field beyond, where it did good service. The enemy's sharpshooters were stationed in the tops of trees and the fighting was dangerous and destructive. Comrade Griswold says: "Over to the right of us was Malvern Hill, McClellan's old battleground. We had been firing but a short time when the enemy opened a cross fire upon us from Malvern Hill. Fortunately for us their ammunition was poor, for while their range was good, shell after shell *ricochetted* over our horses but did little damage, as they did not explode. When these shells passed over the horses each pair would drop upon the ground as quick as though they had been shot. Our lieutenants became somewhat alarmed at this cross-fire and seeing General Terry coming they rode up to him, but what he said we never knew. The enemy ceased firing and we retired to the rear of the large field and awaited orders. While sitting on the ground, we were annoyed by rifle balls striking near us, and some were hit by them, but, as the woods were far away, we could not for a long time locate the sharpshooter who was using us as a target. We finally, by the use of a glass, discovered him half a mile away, in the top of a tree. We turned one of our guns on him and the shell passed through the top of that tree, causing him to come down on a double-quick."

A large farm house had been taken by the enemy and strongly fortified, the house, outbuildings and hedges forming an excellent cover for the

sharpshooters. The right section of the First Connecticut Battery was placed at the entrance of a lane at the edge of the cornfield, which was in front of the farm house, and was directed to fire at the house. In a few minutes the sharpshooters were routed. Near this point was a line of works which had been captured from the Unionists. Brigadier-General William Birney brought up the colored brigade and pointing to the line of intrenchments he wanted them to storm, said :

“I know you will take them, but what I am afraid of is that you will go too far. Just as soon as you take the works, stop ! Don't go any farther.”

Several times he cautioned them not to go beyond the intrenchments they were ordered to capture. At the command “Charge !” the troops made a glorious and rapid rush through the cornfield. When the right section had routed the sharpshooters, the infantry captured the intrenchments without much difficulty, but when they reached the works and saw the enemy running, they could not resist the temptation to chase them farther, and contrary to their orders they followed until they brought up in front of a fort which they had not noticed, and from which a murderous fire was poured into their ranks, doing great damage, killing and wounding many and throwing the line into a sudden collapse, which, but a second before, had been chasing the enemy enthusiastically, flushed with victory. This was a serious blow to the brigade and occasioned by not obeying orders. General Birney knew what was in store for them beyond, but they heeded not his instructions, and were sacrificed through disobeying orders, proving that they had more zeal than judgment, not having learned the lesson of paying attention and implicitly obeying orders under all circumstances.

Comrade Griswold, speaking of that engagement, says :

“An event connected with this engagement was deeply impressed upon my mind. The fighting had been severe, and the stretchers were busily going and coming, carrying off the wounded and sunstruck. About two rods in the rear of where I was preparing ammunition lay a wounded man, and from his low, deep moans I knew he must be badly wounded. He lay right in the middle of the lane and in the sun. I could not leave my post to go to him, but after a time, in glancing back, I saw a soldier coming up the lane on a horse. I looked again and recognized General Grant; he was

looking and watching the effect of our shells, when he heard the low, deep moan of the soldier on whom his horse was nearly stepping. He reined in his horse, looked a moment at the wounded man, dismounted and beckoned his orderly, who came up and also dismounted. General Grant took the soldier by the head and his orderly took the feet, and in this way they carried him gently some little distance and placed him in the shade of a tree. General Grant said something to his orderly, who mounted and galloped away, returning a few minutes later with a hospital squad carrying a stretcher to take the wounded man to the rear. General Grant mounted his horse, rode up beside me, glanced a moment to see me cut the fuse for the shell, and then rode away. No human being but the orderly and myself saw this kind act of the General who was in command of a million of men, and none but soldiers familiar with the scenes of a battlefield can fully appreciate the act."

During one of the engagements around Deep Bottom, one of the guns from the right section occupied the middle of the road. About 1,000 yards off a sharpshooter managed to crawl into the road and dig a small rifle-pit, just large enough to hide and protect him. From this position he fired several shots before he was discovered, one of which passed over the heads of the right section gunners and hit a man in the rear who was not, at that time, on duty. Comrade William M. Fowler was the first to locate the sharpshooter and with some force said to the gunners:

"Look here, we'll have to get that fellow out of the way or he will hurt some of us."

Corporal Lawrence elevated the gun so that it would be right for the little fortification in the middle of the road; Comrade Fowler selected the shell and cut fuse for 1,000 yards, then Corporal Lawrence gave the order to fire and the shell did the rest. It landed squarely in that little fort and blew sharpshooter, gun, and his fortification out of sight, and the boys had no further annoyance from that direction. About this time the enemy made several attempts to form for a charge, but the rapid firing of the Battery broke their formation each time and threw them into confusion.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th Major-General Birney reported to General Hancock that the attack would be resumed at five o'clock and that General Miles had formed on his right flank, covering the

enemy to the rear. The enemy, he said, seemed to be in strength, though he had succeeded in reversing their first line. At 5.57 p. m. he wrote again to General Hancock as follows :

“I advanced my skirmishers, and after a reconnoissance have concluded not to attack. The enemy have massed in my front, and in my opinion, even after taking the works, my force could not do more. Colonel Smyth, Second Division, reports troops and artillery passing two hours to my front. I sent another flag captured this morning. Four more are reported; I have not seen them.”

The 17th passed without any heavy fighting; the 2nd and 10th Corps occupied the same ground as held by them on the night of the 16th; Miles' Brigade and 4th Brigade of 1st Division on Major-General Birney's right; Mott's Division holding the left of the line, his extreme left resting on Bailey's Creek. On the previous day the 10th Corps had captured an 8-inch howitzer, but had been unable to remove it, because it was under the enemy's fire. On the early morning of the 17th General Mott succeeded in getting it off the field. At noon General Hancock sent out a flag of truce to propose to the enemy a cessation of hostilities to enable him to get the dead and wounded of both sides from between the lines at Fussell's Mill, where the fiercest fighting had taken place on the 16th. Major Mitchell, aide-de-camp to General Hancock, describes his adventures and the danger he ran, even when carrying a flag of truce :

“I took an orderly to carry the flag and rode out in front of the line in a meadow, where the lines were close together; the enemy's works, filled with their troops, ran around the crest of a hill, which rose from the meadow. As soon as I got within musket range some of these men fired at myself and the orderly, notwithstanding my flag was plainly visible. I rode on, however, toward them, and then an officer jumped over the parapet and waved a newspaper as a recognition of my flag of truce and their men ceased firing on me. I was just going to order our pickets (whose line I had only passed and who were protected by little half-moons which they had thrown up) to commence firing, when I saw the officer coming to meet me as he jumped over the parapet. When I met the officer I gave him my opinion in plain language of the conduct of his troops in firing upon me when I was a bearer of a flag of truce. He apologized for the brutality of



his men and said they had fired without having been ordered to do so. I reported the circumstance of the flag having been fired upon to General Hancock when I returned. I informed the officer of the object of the truce, when he returned to his commanding officer, agreeing to let me know at three o'clock whether the proposition for a short truce will be acceded to on their part. I returned to our lines and the firing recommenced. At 3 P. M. I again went out with a flag of truce and met an officer of the rebel service, who stated that they agreed to a truce from 4 to 6 P. M. Truce commenced at 4 P. M. accordingly, when we met the enemy's officers near Fussell's Mill; they delivered up our dead within their lines, while we did the same for them. There were no wounded living between the lines; all were dead. During this truce we delivered to the enemy the body of Brigadier-General Chambliss, who had been killed on the 16th and temporarily buried at the 'Potteries.'"

Until the afternoon of the 18th, the most of the time was spent fortifying the front.

About 5 P. M. the enemy made a demonstration along the front of the whole corps. The pickets were drawn in and the main line attacked. The 11th Maine was in front, and the First Connecticut Light Battery did good service. A comrade wrote in his diary: "Our guns were worked for all they were worth."

The fighting lasted only half an hour, but was very fierce while it continued. The enemy was driven back with great loss. While the enemy was attacking the 10th Corps, a considerable force swept over the Charles City Road and across White Oak Swamp, driving Gregg's cavalry away from the cross-road and obtaining a position on the same, three miles in rear of General Gregg's position at Deep Creek. Hancock sent General Miles to support Gregg, but the infantry did not engage the enemy. The cavalry maintained its communication with Deep Creek by an interior wood road, and the enemy retired from the cross-road on the following morning.

Captain Clinton tells of being to the front on that day near a large colonial house, when General Grant and staff rode along the line. The General halted at the house, took out his glass and commenced to inspect the Confederate lines. The enemy evidently saw him, for they fired at the house with shell, and the sharpshooters had the range. The house was

struck several times. General Grant paid no attention to the shots, but kept on inspecting the lines just as if there were no danger.

An amusing story is told of a Seneca Indian who was in the 14th New York Artillery. The sharpshooters were annoying the artillery considerably and the Indian, seeing one perched in a tree in front of the Union line on the morning of the 19th, made a wager that he would bring him in alive. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs, he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of the Union men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear on the sharpshooter, giving him no time to reload. The Confederate was taken at a disadvantage. To the demand to come down he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won his wager.

On the 19th another pontoon bridge was built just above the one below Four Mile Creek. The work was done so promptly that although the order only reached Captain Lubey, commanding the pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom at 11 A. M., the bridge was in actual use at 7 the same evening.

The 10th Army Corps had been fighting almost continuously from the 14th to the evening of the 19th and had achieved much glory. Major-General Butler sent his congratulations in these words:

MAJOR-GENERAL BIRNEY:

Dispatch received. All honor to the brave 10th Army Corps. You have done more than was expected of you by the Lieutenant-General.

B. F. BUTLER,  
*Major-General.*

On the evening of the 19th, General Birney issued congratulations to his corps.

GENERAL ORDERS, } HEADQUARTERS 10TH ARMY CORPS,  
 No. 25. } *In the Field, Fussell's Mill, Va., August 19, 1864.*

The Major-General commanding congratulates the 10th Army Corps on its success. It has on each occasion, when ordered, broken the enemy's strong lines, and has captured, during this short campaign, 4 siege guns, protected by the most formidable works, 6 colors and many prisoners. It has proven itself worthy of its old Wagner and Sumter renown. Much fatigue, patience and heroism may still be demanded of it, but the Major-General commanding is confident of the response. To the colored troops recently added to us and fighting with us, the Major-General commanding tenders his thanks for their uniform good conduct and soldierly bearing, setting a good example to our veterans by their entire absence of straggling on the march.

By command of Major-General Birney.

ED. W. SMITH,

*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The last three days of the skirmishing had been in the most disagreeable weather; the rain was falling incessantly, and many of the men were wet to the skin all the time. It was no wonder that the doctor had enough to do with malaria and rheumatic patients.

On the 23d a flag of truce steamer reached the landing, having on board a number of men, who were exchanged. They were glad to be back with their comrades once more, and the whole camp gave them a hearty welcome.

On the morning of the 25th all three sections of the Battery returned to the reserve camp. The whole Battery was together once more and many stories were exchanged. Comrade Hotchkiss says that glad as they were to be together, the "Boys left the forts with regret." In the afternoon marching orders were received and "At 4 P. M. our guns, caissons, reserves, etc., left here. I was left in charge of stores for want of transportation," says Comrade Hotchkiss; "I slept on a pile of bread boxes last night, with high fever and about played out. Everyone busy with his own duties and I have to attend to my duties, for there is no one to whom I could delegate them, so I get along the best I can with the help of the cooks. As we were in detachments, some with rations ahead, some with none, rations

to be cooked and issued and some to be drawn, another could not very well fill my place, especially as we are on a move. Another battery takes our place up front, and their reserve camp is near here. The nights are terribly hot and the mosquitoes awful.

"August 26th. Here we are yet. Captain Clinton left me in charge of all the stores, forage, ammunition, hospital, etc., with eleven sick men and hospital steward, who gave me some heavy doses of quinine. The whole camp could be cleared out for all I could do, for my bones seem to be all out of joint. Our teams have been turned in to the Quartermaster and so we must wait for transportation. Seven P. M. Teams came in at sundown. We started out and brought up at Artillery headquarters at 9 P. M. When we got there I tumbled on a pile of oats and lay still until my brother, who was detailed here, found me and took me to his quarters in an old house, and for the first time since leaving New York, seven months previously, I slept under a roof. Colored troops are relieving Foster's brigade, which is passing here, going toward Petersburg. The effects of the 120-pound solid shot from the enemy's rams could be seen about this camp.

"August 27th. Started at 8 A. M. Traveled all forenoon, crossed the Appomattox and got so near the enemy's lines that we were favored with a few shots, and at 2 P. M. we reached our camp in front and east of Petersburg, which can be seen from the rise of ground in front of us. I was tired and sore all over, but the men were waiting for me. Rations had to be drawn and cooked, soon as possible, and I was kept busy until dark."

In this graphic manner did the comrade confide his troubles and sorrows to his diary, and his record will live through all ages in the pages of this history.

During the stay of the Battery at Deep Bottom many interesting incidents occurred, and General Butler has often told some of them in his own inimitable way. Among the prisoners taken before him was one who declared that he had got into the Union lines by mistake. His appearance was rather unmilitary, a suit of black, wet and glued to the skin, a stovepipe hat, and—what all thought a curiosity—a black satin vest. General Butler had been led to believe the prisoner was a spy, but when he saw him he could scarcely restrain his laughter.

"Who are you?" thundered Butler, cocking that peculiar eye of his.



"Sir, I am one of the Virginia reserves."

General Butler, thinking only of the man's singular attire, remarked: "Indeed, and are there many more like you in the city?"

"I will answer all proper questions," replied the unfortunate individual, "but sir, General, do not ask me to betray my cause; do not expect me to inform you as to our military resources."

Butler looked at the man and biting his lip, a habit he had when greatly amused, glared like an ogre and shouted:

"Ah! we do not call such as you, soldiers, sir; for persons in a dress like yours we have another name; we call them SPIES." The last word was thundered out so loudly that the man thought it meant that he would be shot on the spot, but drawing himself up with all the dignity of a member of one of the F. F. V.'s, he pledged his sacred honor that he was a gentleman and a soldier. Butler was so amused that he ordered the "Virginia Reserve" to be taken through the lines and released.

On one occasion a number of men were before him to take the oath of allegiance. One of them, a wag in his way, looked at the General, and with a peculiar Southern drawl, said:

"We gave you hell at Chicamauga, General!"

The General was furious at the man's familiar impudence and threatened him with all sorts of punishment, but again came that drawling voice, repeating the first part of the statement, but he was stopped by the General, who ordered him to take the oath of allegiance to the United States at once or he would have him shot. After some hesitation, looking into General Butler's fierce eye, he reluctantly consented to take the oath. After taking the oath, he looked calmly into General Butler's face, and drew himself up as if proud to become a citizen of the United States and a member of the Yankee Army, and said: "General, I suppose I am a good Yankee and citizen of the United States now?" The General replied in a very fatherly tone, "I hope so." "Well, General, the rebels did give *us* hell at Chicamauga, didn't they?" A peculiar twinkle was in his eye as he emphasized the "us" in his statement. Butler could appreciate a good thing, even when it told against himself, so he only ordered the repentant one to leave the room.





THE FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY IN CAMP A

*[From a photograph taken at]*





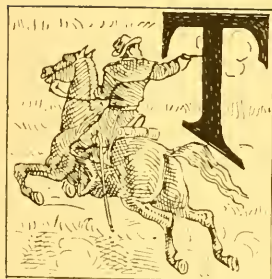
DEEP BOTTOM, JULY AND AUGUST, 1864. (See page 525.)  
*Deep Bottom, August 6, 1864.]*





## CHAPTER XXX.

### FORT STEDMAN.



THE Battery left Deep Bottom on August 25th, being relieved by the 17th New York Light Battery (Captain Clark). The Battery left the reserve camp at 2.30 P. M. and marched to Point of Rocks, reaching that place at 3.45; after resting half an hour the march was resumed and the Appomattox crossed. The order had been to proceed towards Petersburg, but a staff officer met the Battery and ordered it to return to Redoubt Converse on Spring Hill, the 29th Connecticut being ordered in support. An attack was expected at any minute and the Battery was kept harnessed up.

The expected attack did not take place; the reason was known later, when the telegraphic code used by the Confederates had been captured and the messages intercepted. They showed that a daring attempt had been made to explode a mine in front of Butler's line, and, during the confusion, an attack was to take place with the object of capturing the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox. For some unexplained reason the mine did not explode and the movement was countermanded.

Major-General Ord, of the 18th Army Corps, had assumed temporary command of the Army of the James during the absence north of Major-General Butler, and he ordered the First Connecticut Light Battery to report at his headquarters, near Petersburg, as early as possible.

At sunset on the following day the Battery marched from the Redoubt Converse to the headquarters, arriving there at 11 P. M. The rain was descending heavily making the march an unpleasant one; the comrades

were feeling far from happy, for they had pitched their tents at Redoubt Converse, expecting to stay at least a few days.

The fortifications in front of Petersburg, a greater portion of which had been completed by the end of July, commanded the admiration of the military world, and Grant was in a position to choose his own method of



POSTING GUARD IN THE RAIN.

warfare—whether by direct assault; the slower process of a regular siege, or by heavy operations on the flank of the enemy. Day after day, every five minutes, a 30-pound Parrot shell was thrown into the city. Heavy siege guns had been put into position and the practice was commenced of throwing a shell into the city every 15 minutes during the night. The shells ex-

ploded with a roar like thunder, crashing through roofs, firing buildings and startling people in the dead of night. The city was doomed, not to a swift and terrible destruction, but to a slower one, wherein every hour of the day and night would be one of intense horror. At first, people tried to find refuge in cellars; then they got careless and trusted to "luck"; the highly-nervous were hysterical and some became insane. It was a new feature in warfare, introducing fresh horrors and causing a tremendous amount of suffering.

The First Connecticut Light Battery was sent to Fort Stedman and redoubts within two miles of Petersburg. Comrade Griswold tells of the march to the redoubt at the front in this graphic manner:

"We crossed the James River, went up the Bermuda Hundred road, passed along our old line of works, crossed the Appomattox, passed Fort Stedman and along the line of works until directly in front of Petersburg, when we went into camp, but we were soon drawing the enemy's fire and got out of that and were sent into redoubts at the front. The centre section was sent to the Hare House redoubt, and the left section, in which I served, was sent into a redoubt to the left of them. We entered the works through a deep cut-road at night, so as not to draw the rebel fire. The redoubt was built of bags of sand, and the parapets and traverses were high enough to protect us from the rebel sharpshooters. The embrasures were covered by what were called mantlets, made of rope cloth and rawhide some six inches thick. These mantlets were very tough when dried. They had a small hole, about large enough for the muzzle of the piece to go through, which was covered by a shutter, when the piece was withdrawn. We had a heavy built bomb-proof right in the rear of our guns, and here we had orders always to go when the enemy's mortar batteries opened on us. The bomb-proof was roofed with several layers of heavy pine logs and then covered with several feet of pounded earth. It protected us from many a bombardment and proved to be really bomb-proof."

Fort Stedman was named after Colonel Griffin A. Stedman, of the 11th Connecticut, who was mortally wounded in front of Petersburg August 5, 1864.

"The centre section was placed in the Hare House Battery, the right section in Fort Stedman, and the left in a redoubt to the left," says Com-



rade Dickinson. "The next morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, the Johnnies discovered the colored troops in the trenches, and in their rage they opened a terrible fire which they kept up for several hours, and it was days before they could accept the situation with any degree of equanimity. The Hare House Battery was only enclosed on three sides, the rear being open. The house was named after its former owner, an old bachelor who had lived there, if rumor were true, in a rather riotous fashion. The chimneys of the house were standing, like monuments, and the flowering vines were climbing up the few remaining portions of the frame. The field in front sloping gently down to a shallow ravine was where his race track was located, over which, before the war, he used to run his horses for the entertainment of his guests who held high carnival at the house. The 15th New York Engineers had charged the enemy's works on that field in the previous June, and, one day, when there was a truce for something, our men went out and on their return, said that among the debris could be found old muskets and canteens by the side of half-covered men in blue. We used to watch the enemy go down the ravine, on Sundays, on their way to Petersburg, to church most probably. We had our bomb-proofs in the Battery, in which we used to take refuge when a certain big shell from beyond the Appomattox came over. It would come with a shriek and a roar, and then a few seconds later we would hear the explosion in the woods, away in our rear. There was nothing dull about our life there, though it did not pay to be too curious, and most of the boys were quite content to meet trouble when it came, without looking for it."

In the redoubt occupied by the left section there was a strong bomb-proof directly in rear of the guns; under this bomb-proof the detachment had to sleep and spend all the time when not engaged in working the guns; nowhere else could the comrades be safe from bullets and pieces of shell. As it was the danger was great, though often mortar shells landed on the top of the bomb-proof, entered the dirt a few feet and exploded, without doing any damage, other than shaking the dirt down on the comrades as they slept. Sometimes the mortar shells fell on the bomb-proof while the comrades were eating breakfast or dinner, and then the coffee was thickened with dirt and the beans and soup so thoroughly sprinkled with

it that the food had all the appearance of having been seasoned with red clay spread over its surface by a pepper-shaker.

A comrade says that more than a dozen shells burst on that bomb-proof, while he was doing duty there, without doing any other harm than spoiling the food, and covering the comrades with red dirt.

The redoubts were within 300 yards of the enemy's lines and the slightest movement, or noise, would draw the fire of the ever alert enemy. Com-



[From a war time photograph.]

**"GOPHER HOLE" BOMB-PROOF.**

A hole dug in the ground for soldiers to crawl into to protect themselves from pieces of shells.

missary Hotchkiss tells of the difficulty in getting the rations to the men. "Sending up rations is no easy thing to do," he says, "I started with the team and after going down the first rise of ground and across a corduroy bridge, shot and shell began to fly about us quite lively and we got behind a deep cut in the road for shelter. The noise of my team drew the fire of the enemy, and we had to carry the rest of the rations up by hand. We had to step lively and keep our heads low. When we got to the rifle-pits we had

to poke about to find our men. They were in three different places. I finally found the centre section, gave out their 'grub,' and to get to the left section had to pass an open space, kept our heads down and hurried up, but the riflemen saw us and fired a few shots. However, we got to the left, gave out their rations and started to the right section, to whom we gave the balance of the rations. We could not leave the shelter for some time, for the rebs. were firing lively. We finally started down with our camp kettles, reached the team and hurried back to camp, where I found orders from headquarters not to take the team up there again. All quiet as soon as we got to camp."

Comrade Hotchkiss had a great fund of humor in him, though it was often latent. In his diary we constantly meet with such a statement as this: "The men have to keep covered or get shot. It is a very hot day." And when suffering from chills and fever he would write: "Had an awful shake to-day, but all quiet in front."

The left section had orders to silence a certain battery whenever it opened fire on the Union line, and Comrade Griswold says, very naively: "This we always succeeded in doing." The lines were so close together that the pickets had to live in holes burrowed in the ground, firing at each other through loop-holes. "We could hold a hat up at any time," says Comrade Griswold, "just above the parapet and immediately it would be riddled with bullets. One day, at about sunset, we were standing around one of our guns and leaning against the traverses, when a spent ball just grazed my hat and buried itself in the traverse beyond. When I told the boys that the ball grazed my hat they pooh-poohed it. I took it off, but could find no hole in it. I had only just put it on again when another ball struck it again and this time hit a comrade in the back. Then we began to look for the sharpshooter and discovered him in the top of a tree over half a mile off. Our gun was turned upon the tree and Mr. Sharpshooter was down in a hurry. One day, while lying in our bomb-proof, Edwin O. Blatchley ('Sod') thought the enemy's battery we had orders to respond to had opened fire, so he went out to see and on going to a loop-hole in the parapet, was about to look through when a rifle shell came through the top of the parapet, emptying the sand upon 'Sod,' and when we got out to work the guns there was 'Sod' sticking his head through a pile of sand.

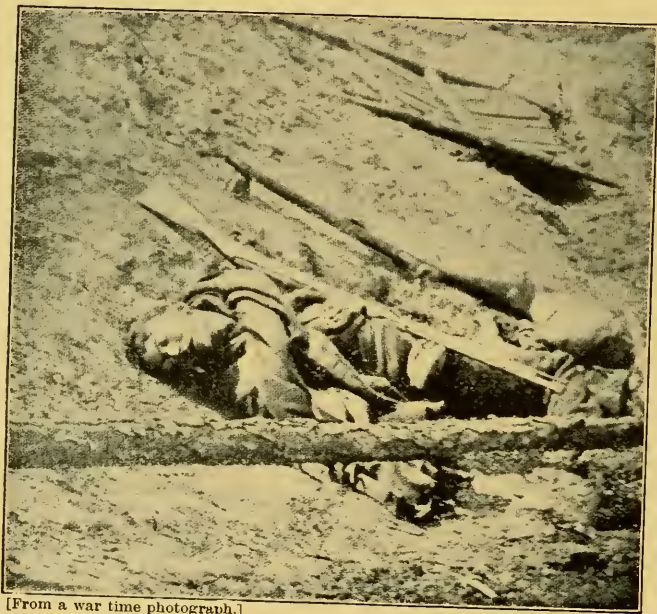
Another day, while the writer was standing, leaning against a gun wheel, talking with Comrade Guptil, who stood between the other gun wheel and gun, a rifle shell came through the mantlet, passing between the comrade and myself and going down the cut road just beyond, exploded in the midst of a colored regiment, killing and wounding many of them. It was their marching up the road which had drawn the enemy's fire. I was dazed for awhile after the shell had passed me and it seemed as though my breath was gone, but I did not lose consciousness and soon was all right; but Comrade Guptil was insensible and for a long time stood like a statue and I thought he was dead, but after awhile he roused himself. We were not three feet apart and the shell went between us. The section at the Hare House redoubt was still closer to the enemy, in fact, a stone could have been tossed over the parapet into the rebel rifle-pits. A company of engineers was at work continually to see that the redoubt was not undermined."

One of the enemy's guns was doing considerable damage and annoying the defenders, and Comrade Scranton of the centre section was called on to silence it. He watched his opportunity and sighted his gun so accurately that the first shot went straight into the muzzle of the obnoxious gun and effectually silenced it. He was complimented by the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Light Battery Brigade on his splendid marksmanship.

One day while three comrades were standing talking, not more than three or four feet apart, they were surprised by hearing a sudden rustling sound, and felt something pass swiftly by them creating a current of air very much like that produced by a train of cars passing at the rate of a mile a minute. Before they had time to think or move, a large mortar shell entered the ground near them and exploded, shocking them into unconsciousness, filling their eyes, mouth and ears full of dirt. The comrade who tells of the experience, says he was thrown down and when he recovered his senses he found his mouth, ears and eyes so full of dirt that he was unable to breathe until, with his finger, he had cleared the dirt from his mouth, and then with great effort by gasping and coughing until his breath returned, for it appeared to him that his breath had been literally knocked out of his body. He looked around for his comrades and not seeing them made up his mind they were killed and buried under the dirt the explosion



had thrown up. He went to the bomb-proof and was surprised to find them all safe and sound; they had gone through the same experience, and each thought the other killed until they met. The mortar shell must have passed very close to stun them, and it entered the ground less than ten feet from where they were standing. The shell buried itself in the ground several feet, before exploding, or all three would have been killed, as it was they were blown up and the mass of dirt between them and the shell saved



[From a war time photograph.]

IN PETERSBURG TRENCHES.

A Confederate soldier photographed where he fell.

them from being mangled, but, as a comrade says, "we were knocked out and just as badly frightened as we could be and yet live."

On the 29th of August, Acting-Captain James B. Clinton received his commission as Captain. The honor was well deserved, and the comrades were all sincere in their congratulations. On that evening the left section fired a dozen shells into Petersburg. On the same day 2d Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, the usual form being complied with.

He went before 1st Lieutenant M. V. B. Richardson, 4th New Hampshire Volunteers and commissary of Musters, 3d Division, 10th Army Corps, and was mustered out of the service as 2d Lieutenant and immediately mustered in as 1st Lieutenant. This method of procedure was adopted in case of all promotions. A few days later there were in the Battery other promotions: 1st Sergeant Theron Upson was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, Sergeant Arthur E. Clark to 1st Sergeant, Corporal Samuel Wilbur Scranton to Sergeant, and Private George W. Penhallow to be Corporal.

Corporal Huntington has furnished a copy of the record of his gun detachment, which will recall the routine of battery life to the comrades. Each detachment had a Sergeant and two Corporals; one Corporal looked after the caisson, and the other sighted the gun. The Sergeant's duties were to look after the entire detachment, being held responsible for the conduct and conditions, and appearance of the detachment at roll call. If a Sergeant was off duty through sickness or any other cause, the ranking Corporal took his place. Much of the time during the service Corporal Huntington acted as Sergeant, doing double duty, but he says he never got double pay. The following comrades composed Corporal Huntington's squad, at one time, when the detachment was full.

No. 1 gun. Corporal Huntington, Acting-Sergeant.

#### CANNONEERS.

Geo. W. Penhallow,	Henry E. Hotchkiss,	Emery Norwood,
Charles A. Sykes,	Lewis L. Fuller,	Hezekiah Tuttle,
William Copples,	Henry Rich,	Hobart M. Dolph,
		Alexander Wright.

#### DRIVERS.

Lewis Sykes,	J. H. Gladding,	Geo. M. Barber,
Andrew Nolan,	Wm. Brown,	Andrew Holbrook.

Changes were frequently made owing to sickness, wounds or death, so very few men served in the same detachment during the three years.

Again we quote from Comrade Hotchkiss' diary, as the description he gives of the early days in the intrenchments before Petersburg are graphic and interesting.

Writing on the last day of August, he says: "There are lively times up in front, our lines are so close to the enemy that any movement on our side

will be followed by a lively artillery duel. The enemy's sharpshooters are the most dangerous, the bullet reaches here before we hear the report; we can see the flash of the big guns and cover, but we can't dodge bullets. I have to carry up rations after dark now to avoid shot and shell. The Light Battery camps of the 10th Army Corps, comprising some 12 or 14 batteries, are all about our camp on a ridge in rear of our lines, the ridge where the enemy made their first stand. The forts and rifle pits are plainly seen from our lines stretching away to right and left as far as we can see. The ridge shuts in from our sight the present Confederate batteries, but we can see the flash of their guns. I take the old Petersburg and City Point Pike to gain the ridge our guns are on, and send the team with rations to the valley in rear of our lines and the men carry the rations up to the forts. The valley is full of infantry camps, and, as the enemy often throw shells in there, the men have to burrow in holes made for that purpose. The ridge in rear of our lines is torn and furrowed, and the trees are shriveled and cut up by cannon balls from the enemy's guns. The enemy can see the ridge and if anybody appears on it, woe be to him! A dead mule lies near our course, but it cannot be covered; it is too dangerous to attempt it, so we get the benefit of it. If the enemy's battery on our right keeps quiet we pass over the exposed ridge, climb a deep trench, cross a small orchard of apple trees, finding plenty of pieces of iron lying about in all directions, but we have to hurry to our bomb-proofs and it is a relief to get under shelter. But my work is not done, for I have to visit the other section and the way is not all under cover. The men must be fed and risks taken. The line of works runs from the James River away to the southwest of Petersburg as far as the eye can reach. One of our guns and eight men is in quite a large fort, in which is also a mortar battery. After passing this large fort, I take rations to the fort farther on to the left, where we have three of our guns; but to get there we have to pass the most dangerous open space, and no dodging is possible there. We have just to run across with a rush; we don't 'stop to view the landscape o'er,' as the hymn says. In Fort Stedman is a large bomb-proof to cover infantry. In the fort our guns are stationed with portholes in front of each, the portholes are covered with a bullet-proof apron. When firing it is drawn aside and closed again soon as gun is discharged to prevent bullets from whistling inside. If you take a peep through the port-

hole you will see a lot of white things scattered along between the picket lines—they are bones of Confederates and Unionists, bones bleached in the sun; they could not be got at and buried, and so there they lie."

Corporal Huntington tells how his detachment spent the time in Fort Stedman. The comrades became so accustomed to the firing and bursting of shells around them that they sat under the trees in the fort, playing cards, nearly all day when not on duty, working the guns, or at meals. When a mortar shell burst over them and looked as if the pieces were coming dangerously near, they would grab up the cards and run close up under the fort, or into a bomb-proof. They were usually very quick in these movements. The comrades slept close under the parapets and by the guns, arranging their little shelter tents so they gave some protection from the rain and dew. Right in front of the fort lay several bodies of soldiers, killed in the first advance on Petersburg, which the Confederates would not allow to be buried because they were negroes. The stench from these bodies was terrible, especially when the wind blew toward the fort, sickening and threatening all with disease. The lines at this place were so close together that the pickets on either side could talk to each other, and, frequently, by common consent, at mid-night by the light of the moon, all firing would cease and conversation be carried on. When they got tired talking, or conversation became dull, the Johnnies would cry out: "Get down there, Yanks, we are going to fire." All would instantly cover and firing at each other commence. This sportsmanlike way of conducting war continued for only a few nights, when general orders were issued prohibiting such intercourse. After a time the wind blew steadily in the direction of the enemy's lines giving them the full benefit of the stench. The enemy was soon persuaded to allow the dead negro soldiers to be buried.

The Light Battery Brigade of the 10th Army Corps had been under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Freeman McGilvery, 1st Maine Light Artillery, from August 13th, relieving Captain F. M. Follett, 4th Artillery, who resumed the command of his battery. Lieutenant-Colonel McGilvery was an efficient commander, but he did not live long to direct the operations of the Light Artillery. In the battle of Deep Run, on August 16th, he was wounded in the hand. He suffered greatly, but continued in command until September 1st, when the surgeons told him that his thumb must be ampu-



tated. Chloroform was administered, but whether an overdose was given him, or his nervous system had been badly shaken, he never recovered consciousness. On September 16th, Major-General Birney recommended that the redoubts on his line should be named, commencing on the right—McGilvery, Brooks, Plimpton, Henderson—"in honor of Lieutenant-Colonel McGilvery, Chief of Artillery of the Corps, who died from the effects of wounds received at Deep Run, August 16th, 1864; of 1st Lieutenant J. Howard Brooks, 1st New York Engineers, killed August 5th, 1864, while in the performance of his duty at Redoubt No. 2; and of Lieutenant-Colonel Plimpton, 3d New Hampshire Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. Henderson, 7th New Hampshire Volunteers, both killed August 16th, 1864, at the battle of Deep Run." General Birney pays a high tribute to these brave officers, saying: "These gentlemen have an unblemished reputation in the army, and their memories are deeply cherished by their brothers-in-arms, and their names have been selected with great unanimity as to the peculiar features and merit of the intended honor."

Comrade Sloan was detailed as orderly at the headquarters of the artillery brigade and spent his entire time for the two weeks that Lieutenant-Colonel McGilvery was in command, with that unfortunate officer. He tells the story of his wounding and death, as he recalls it after a lapse of thirty-six years.

Comrade Sloan says: "Some part of the artillery participated in three different movements on the north side of the James, and I went with Colonel McGilvery as orderly. Two of these times we had some pretty hard fighting. The third time, McGilvery and his aide, Captain King, went along the skirmish line to arrange a place for a battery, taking me along with them. We left our horses in a little hollow and were proceeding along the line, when McGilvery and King were both hit. I carried the Colonel back to his horse, King being able to get along himself, and brought him back to the landing where the field hospital was, and while his wound was being dressed spent my time in bringing water in canteens from the spring at the bottom of the ravine for the wounded. It was a matter of wonder to me to see how much water some of them could drink. After the Colonel's wound was dressed I succeeded in getting him in an ambulance, and by his order looked up the commander of the movement and reported to him that the Colonel

was seriously wounded. I took an order to Captain Langdon to assume command of the artillery and crossed the river to my quarters. When the Colonel died under an operation I spent the night in getting an embalmer to take care of his body."

Every day there was an artillery duel and it was almost miraculous that none of the First Light Battery received an injury. When night came the enemy thought to take advantage of the darkness and threw innumerable



[From a war time photograph.]

#### REMAINS OF UNBURIED SOLDIERS.

shells into the trenches. Comrade Arthur E. Clark, in his diary, under date September 3, 1864, writes: "Saturday evening, and instead of the quietude which used to reign in the 'long time ago,' when our forefathers considered the eve of the week the morn of the Sabbath, we have the noise and realities of war. The heavens westward of us are tracked with the fiery demons of destruction—mortar shells—the air is filled with the sound of their explosions mingled with the sharp report of the rifles.

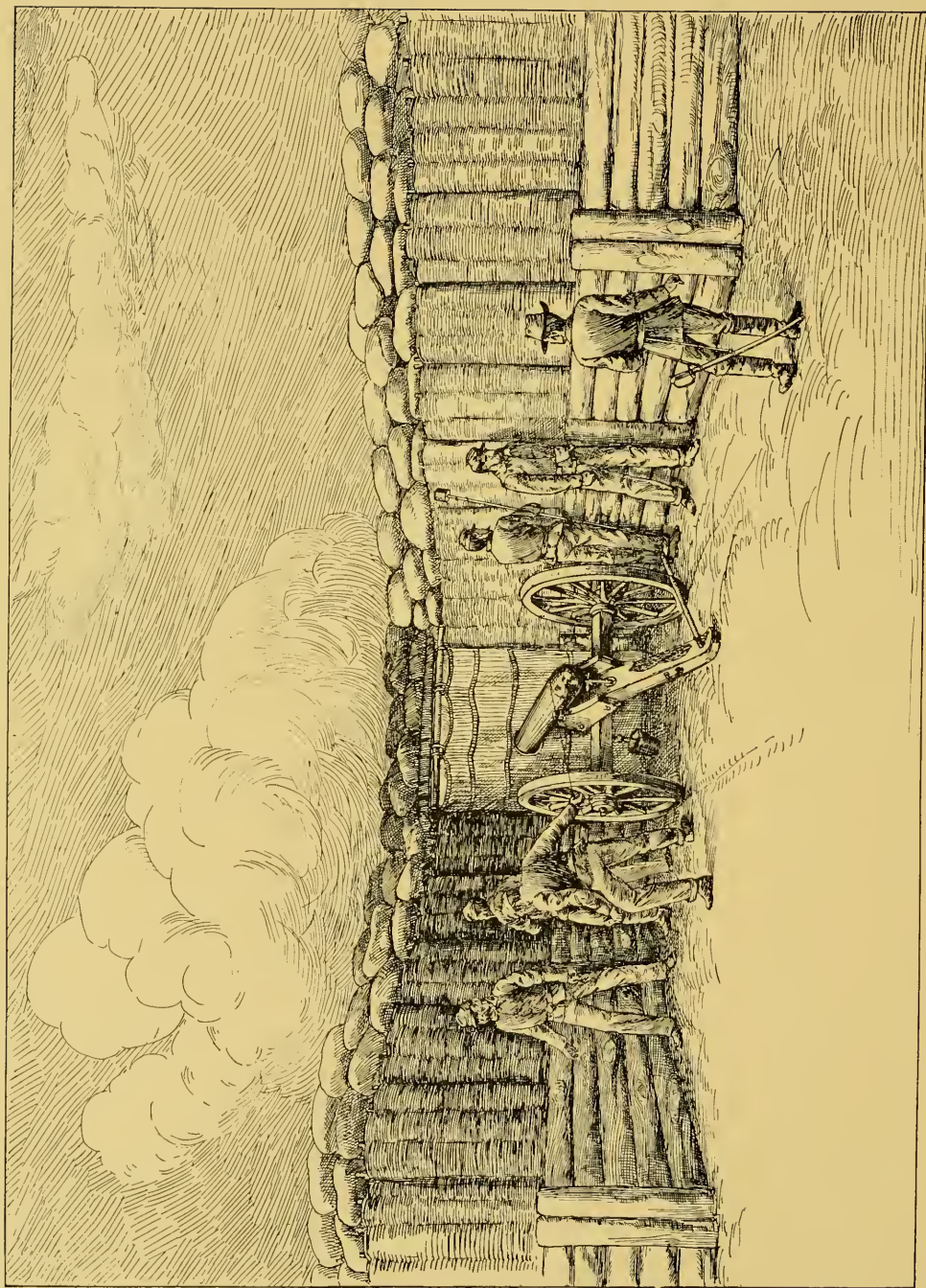
Look ! There go two, three, four at a time, of those shining messengers for the beleagured city, carrying anything but love and peace in their wings. They look like falling stars, and so they are. Yet, peace lasting and honorable can only come by the use of such means. Perhaps this is no credit to human nature, but I believe it is the truth. What can we do but fight so long as our foes are armed and defiant? Shall we submit? Not yet. Let exhaustion complete and the irremediable be endured before the right shall yield to wrong."

This extract shows the spirit which actuated the men of the First Connecticut Light Battery, and the same applies to the vast majority of those who enlisted in the struggle at the first. They were no hireling soldiers, no professional fighters, but men believing in the sacredness of the cause, and ready to give their lives for their country and country's flag. It was this grandeur of character which raised the United States to the highest position of honor among the nations of the civilized world, made it stronger as a nation than any large standing army of professional soldiers could have done, and taught the world the grandest lesson ever promulgated that in defense of liberty, for the maintenance of its flag, a million men would spring to arms and fight with the valor and courage of the Crusaders of old. As the Crusaders raised the Cross and flung on the wind the pennant: "In this sign we conquer," so the citizens of the United States flung out the folds of the Stars and Stripes and shouted with a voice made emphatic by the leaping of a million swords from their scabbards: "For this flag we can die; under this flag we will conquer."

Comrade Oliver Abels recalls an incident of flower picking under difficulties in front of Petersburg. He says: "When we went in front of Petersburg, my section, the centre, went into a redoubt at the Hare House and remained there all the time we were in front of Petersburg. It was a very exposed position and every night we used to have an artillery duel, causing us to have a pretty lively time. The Hare House had in its day been a very fine place, but there was nothing left but the old chimney. There was a ditch dug through the garden and some nice flowers were growing near it. On one occasion I told the boys that I was going to get into this ditch and gather some flowers. No sooner had I commenced than the Johnnies began firing, and every time I raised my hand to pick a flower







A SECTION OF FORT STEDMAN, SHOWING MANTLET.

the bullets would whiz by. I know I thought, at the time, that it was picking flowers under great difficulty."

One day Abels saw an old horse coming toward the bomb-proof, and he very energetically called to the boys who were standing near the animal, "don't let that old horse come up here, *drive him away; drive him off quick!* or he'll get shot and we will have to drag him away to-night and bury him." No one stopped the horse, and as he came in front of the bomb-proof the Johnnies fired hundreds of shots at him, but he kept on feeding and nibbling the grass, taking no notice of the bullets that were being fairly showered on him. At last one bullet struck a vital part and the poor old horse fell right in front of the bomb-proof. "There, I gaddy! I told you so," Abels exclaimed, "we will have to drag that old horse off and bury him to-night."

"I went out one day between the lines and exchanged papers," said Comrade Abels, "I told the Johnny that I thought he was getting the best of it, for my paper was eight times as large as his. I have a canteen that I took from a dead soldier at that time, which I prize very much. In front of us, between the lines, the ground was covered with the dead bodies, some having lain there several months. It was a sad sight."

One evening Comrade Joseph Doolittle was promising himself a treat. He was fond of fried onions. The very odor made his mouth water. To get such a dish he was prepared to risk a great deal. At last he had as nice a lot of onions as ever sizzled in a frying pan. He was cooking them over a bright fire and anticipating the enjoyment he was to have in a few minutes, when a great shower of sand and dirt fell over him like rain, covering him and spoiling his onions. A mortar shell had exploded about ten feet back of the bomb-proof and while it did not injure Comrade Doolittle it certainly ruffled his temper, for he lost his onions.

On September 6th, Corporal Penhallow was slightly wounded in the arm. In a letter to his sister, Comrade Charles Hotchkiss tells of this wounding. "The rebs opened on us quite lively and made the dust fly," he wrote, "sand bags were knocked down from the parapet and some of the shells exploded directly over the fort. Only one of our men got hurt and that by a bullet through the port, giving him a flesh wound in the arm. The ports are kept closed except when the gun is run out to fire. Open

the ports at any time and the bullets will come through lively from the enemy's sharpshooters."



GEO. W. PENHALLOW,  
of New London.

Enlisted Dec. 2, 1861;  
mustered private Dec. 3,  
'61; re-enlisted, veteran  
Dec. 10 '63; promoted Cor-  
poral Sept. 4, '64; promo-  
ted Sergeant Nov. 20, '64;  
mustered out June 11, 1865

When the news of the evacuation of Atlanta and the entry of Sherman's soldiers into the Georgia stronghold reached the Union army in front of Petersburg it was resolved to at once celebrate it by firing a shell into the doomed city from every gun within range.

"Over 400 guns were loaded," says Comrade Griswold, "and a man held the lanyard ready to pull at the signal, which was the firing of a gun which had been named 'the Petersburg Express.'"

Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson in his report says: "A salute of thirty-six shotted guns was fired at 11 P. M. yesterday (September 4) from each battery, in which about 500 rounds of ammunition were expended. The enemy replied briskly from all their batteries along our front."

Comrade Hotchkiss says that "after the firing was all over and all quiet, one of the Johnnies sang out, 'I say, Yank, what the h—l was all that firing about?' The pickets are so near that many times they are able to talk with each other."

There was considerable excitement in the reserve camp one Sunday afternoon when, after a period of great quiet, suddenly a report was heard and the shell was known to be going in the direction of the camp. "We veterans know by the sound where a shell is going," wrote a comrade. "Everybody jumped and the shell came screaming directly over our quarters, passed over another battery in rear of us, and struck just over the new railroad track about thirty rods from us. It was a spherical-case, 3-inch shell, the worst kind to explode overhead."

Comrade Tallmadge was detailed to assist Commissary Hotchkiss while the latter was suffering from the malarial fever, and enjoyed the change even though his period of duty only lasted a few days.

On September 20th the following order was issued from the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac:

"A salute of 100 guns is to be fired at sunrise to-morrow from the guns



bearing on the enemy on General Butler's line, on General Birney's line, and on the portion of the line occupied by General Hancock's troops, in honor of General Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley."

Close upon the fall of Atlanta came the news of the dashing cavalry march through the Shenandoah and the rout of General Early's army. It was a victory worth celebrating. General Sheridan reported: "I attacked the forces of General Early, over the Berryville pike, at the crossing of Opequan Creek, and after a most stubborn and sanguinary engagement, which lasted from early in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, completely defeated him, driving him through Winchester, capturing about two thousand five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, nine army flags, and most of their wounded."

Comrade Hotchkiss describes this second grand salute in this manner: "Every gun was to fire ten rounds, right at the enemy, on a given signal from the great mortar named 'The Petersburg Express.' There had been heavy picket firing all night and until the great mortar, throwing a 15-inch shell, belched forth. The shell could not have got to its highest altitude before our batteries opened, and such a tremendous discharge as swept along our lines, I think, was never before witnessed, and I think the Johnnies must have been astonished, for not a gun was heard in reply for some time."

In the midst of the excitement the news came of two promotions which were of especial interest to the First Connecticut Light Battery. Colonel Hawley, who had so ably commanded the 7th Connecticut, and had always taken the greatest interest in the Battery, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and former Lieutenant William T. Seward, of Guilford, who had done so much to enlist the first men in the Battery, was promoted to the rank of Captain, and was made Commissary of Subsistence. Captain Seward had been for two years Brigade Commissary under General Hawley and well deserved his promotion.

The Confederates had a large gun in a fort between one and two miles to our right, selected so that they could cross-fire the works. Every day shots were fired from this gun, shots passing in a direct line over us, says a comrade, "but doing no damage. We lived in daily expectation that the enemy would eventually get the right range and explode shells in our forts."



It has always been a wonder to the comrades that during the four or five weeks that they were in the fort at which the enemy fired daily from this cross-fire position, that they did not get a better range; apparently they never altered the range from the first to the last day the Battery was in front of Petersburg. The gun was either elevated too high, or on account of position it was impossible to depress it.

Comrade S. W. Scranton tells of a mortar shell bursting over the heads of Comrades J. Farrell, Peter Magee and himself, shocking their nerves.



[From a war time photograph.]

CONFEDERATES LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.  
Gathered from different parts of the Battlefield.

These comrades were standing about three feet apart when the shell burst. The pieces fell about them thick and furious, making the dirt fly in such a manner as to sting each one. A bit of sandy rock hit Farrell on his back just below the hips; Magee was hit on the head, and Scranton in the palm of his hand. As the wounds were made by dirt and sand they were not dangerous, though they inflicted a disagreeable stinging sensation, and left black and blue spots to mark the places. The comrades considered they

were in great luck to get off so well, they frequently recall this hair-breadth escape.

The last days of the Battery in the intrenchments before Petersburg were at hand. Many of the comrades preferred the active service on the field to the work in the redoubts, but their wishes were not consulted in the matter, and so, like all good soldiers, they resigned themselves to accept "what the gods provided."

Of those last days Comrade Hotchkiss writes:

"The enemy invariably open the ball and fire until our side gets mad. It is amusing to see the men duck their heads when a bullet whistles past them; veterans, as well as new recruits, will unconsciously bow to a bullet in spite of themselves. I went up with the men to-day (September 23), to distribute rations. The enemy's battery in front of our left fort was bursting shells over our boys. I dodged across the open spaces and in the fort just in time to escape a shot that went over to the rear before exploding. I found our boys, under Lieutenant Upson, trying some new ammunition, and I shinnied partly up the parapet and peeked through a small opening between the sandbags. The enemy was loading a gun and soon our lookout shouted 'cover' and of course every man did. The ball passed directly over us; I saw the flash before I covered. We fired several rounds with splendid accuracy and then adjourned to dinner. The shells passed our fort and went dangerously near my team down in the valley and the team made for camp at once. Yesterday a bullet passed through the wagon seat and just cleared the teamster, while waiting for me in the valley. The Battery is being relieved by another and all is bustle in the artillery camps, troops are on the move, and I know that we shall leave soon for my stores are cut down to as little as possible so that I can get all in one wagon as well as carry the Commissary officer's traps, Quartermaster and Ambulance stores. I don't know where we are going, but large bodies of troops are moving along the newly completed railroad."

This railroad was one constructed by the Union army in the rear of and parallel with its long line of intrenchments, running from City Point to the extreme left flank. This road was not particular about grades and curves, but simply followed the natural contour of the ground.

On September 11th two guns were withdrawn from the Hare House Battery to allow the engineers to change the line at that point.

The enemy dreaded the First Connecticut Light Battery and tried in every way to silence it. On September 15th Major Prince reported to General Butler that "the enemy was putting in a heavy gun, an 8-inch Columbiad, in order to silence the First Connecticut Light Battery."

On September 9th, 1864, by Special Order No. 120, Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith, of the First Connecticut Light Battery was appointed Acting Assistant Inspector General for the Artillery Brigade, and ordered to report for duty to Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Jackson, Assistant Inspector General of the Brigade. The appointment was made by Major-General David B. Birney, commanding the 10th Corps.

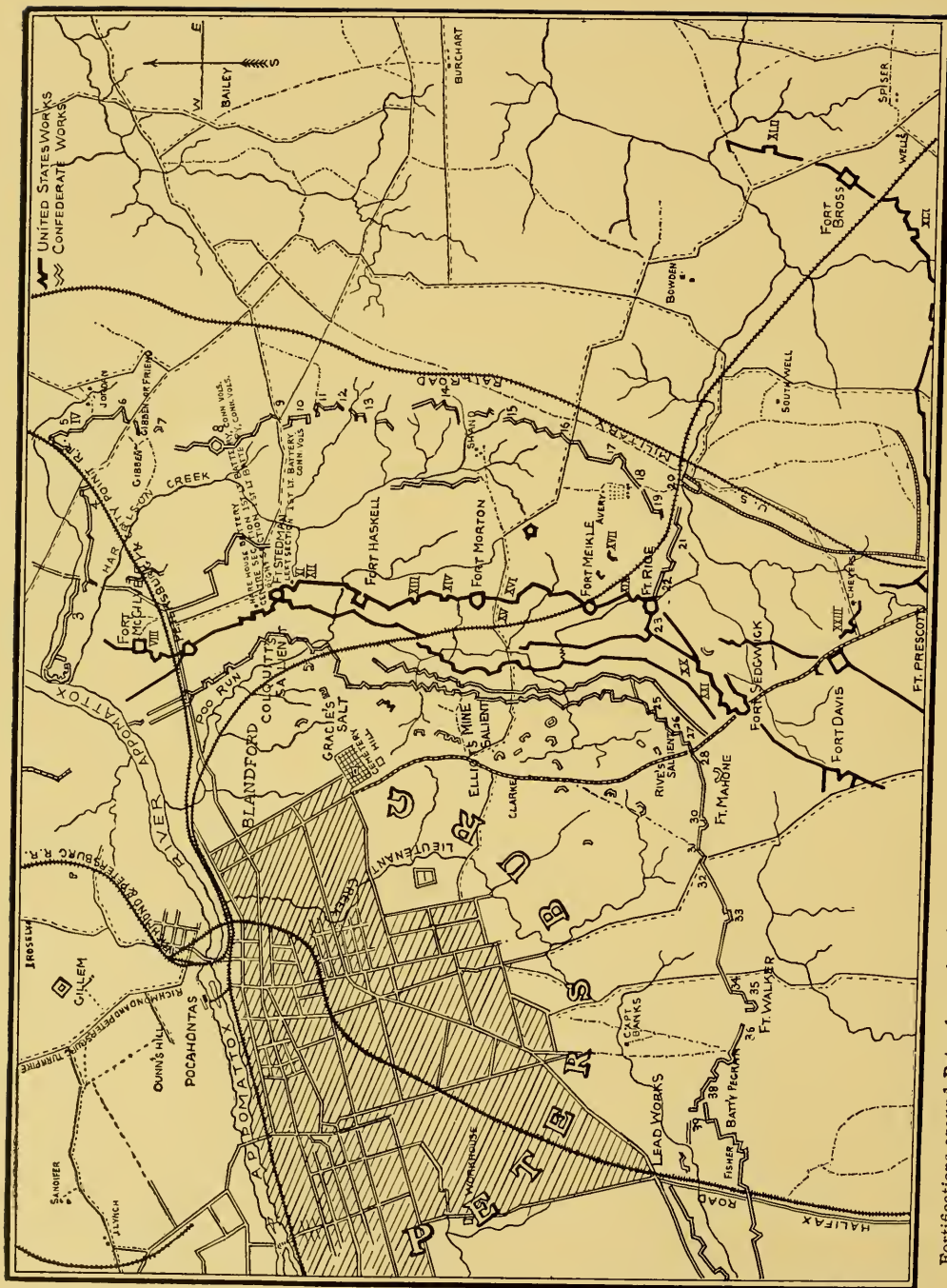


[From a war time photograph.]

RAILROAD BRIDGE DESTROYED.







Fortifications around Petersburg showing Fort Steadman, Hare House Redoubt and Battery 11, where the guns of the First Connecticut Light Battery were stationed. The first Confederate works captured are numbered consecutively 5 to 22.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### FORT HARRISON.



ON the 26th day of September, 1864, the First Connecticut Light Battery moved two miles to the rear into a large field where the whole of the Artillery Brigade of Light Batteries had camped. A number of recruits had joined the Battery and on that day had their first drill.

In one of the early maneuvers an axle of one of the gun carriages broke and the recruits were blamed, though in no way could they be responsible for the accident.

The entire 10th Corps camped close around General Birney's headquarters. Every few minutes the trains brought loads of troops and the scene was one of bustling activity. It meant a move of some kind and the comrades asked each other what was to be the outcome. Not one could answer correctly; it was only conjecture, and many thought that neither General Ord nor General Birney knew where their respective corps were going. This was perfectly true, for while orders had been given for the Artillery brigade to "halt in the open field at the rear of headquarters," and for the 10th and 18th corps to be in readiness to march, it was not until the evening of the 27th that Major-General Butler received his instructions from Lieutenant-General Grant. In those orders the General instructed General Butler to be ready to commence his march at night on the 28th, so "as to get a considerable force north of the James River, ready to assault the enemy's lines in front of Deep Bottom, where the two assaulting columns will be in easy supporting distance of each other, as soon as the enemy's line is broken at the dawn of day."

General Grant had resolved on a most daring plan of campaign which required promptness of action and quick movement to make it a success. He stated the object to be "to surprise and capture Richmond if possible. This cannot be done if time is given the enemy to move forces to the north side of the river. Success will depend on prompt movement at the start. Should the outer line be broken, the troops will push for Richmond with all promptness, following roads as near the river as possible." Much had to be left to the discretion of the Generals, for as Lieutenant-General Grant said, "It is impossible to point out the line of march for an army in the presence of the enemy, because the enemy may interpose such an obstacle in the route as to make it impracticable. It is known that the enemy has intrenched positions on the bank of the river between Deep Bottom and Richmond, such as Chaffin's farm, which are garrisoned. If these can be captured in passing, they should be held by suitable garrisons. If not captured, troops should be left to hold them in their position, and should intrench to make themselves strong."

With that consummate genius which raised Grant to the very highest pinnacle of fame, he provided for every emergency, telling Butler that if he succeeded in getting into Richmond he need not fear "if the whole rebel army was between him and his supplies," for General Meade had been instructed how to act in such an emergency, and that "communication would be opened with you either by the south side or from the White House before the supplies you would find in the city would be exhausted."

The First Connecticut Light Battery moved from the 10th Army Corps headquarters at a quarter to one on September 28, and after crossing the Appomattox halted on the north side at half an hour before sundown, to water and feed; the Battery resumed the march at seven o'clock, reaching Jones' Landing at 9.45 P. M.

All the batteries composing the Light Artillery Brigade, except the First Connecticut Battery and Company C, Regular Battery, started at day-break the next morning for the front. It was generally believed that these two batteries were detained at Jones' Landing through shortness of ammunition.

Comrade Hotchkiss says in his diary: "The whole corps is on the move. Hope we go to City Point and ship south, it is getting too cold up

here. At 8 p. m. we went into camp five miles from Deep Bottom, but got under way again; roads dark and muddy, rain falling heavily, one caisson upset, horses used up, wagon stuck in the mud, stragglers, etc., to delay us. One horse broke loose and bruised a corporal, but no bones broken; finally we went into camp at Jones' Landing at 10 o'clock, night dark as pitch. We are on the James River, and the 18th corps moving with us."

Comrade Griswold, in his reminiscences, wrote: "We left the vicinity of Petersburg just at night and very quietly, but found troops coming in on roads and by-paths in all directions and soon had a large column of which fourteen light batteries brought up the rear. Now comes the question: Where are we going? It passed from man to man and every one had an opinion and each one different. The opinion among the officers and men was universal that we were going somewhere to take transports, and the opinion was divided between the Appomattox and Bermuda Hundred. We moved slowly and arrived at the Appomattox and crossed. Now all conceded that we would take transports at the Bermuda Hundred landing; we crossed, and then where—no one but General Grant seemed to know."

While the Battery was detained there some desperate fighting was going on across the river.

The 1st and 2d divisions of the 10th Army Corps broke camp near Petersburg promptly at 3 p. m. on the 28th and took up the line of march to the Appomattox, but owing to the delays in the wagon service the progress was slow and the head of the 2d division did not reach the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox until 8.35 p. m. and Deep Bottom at 1.30 a. m. on the 29th.

Shortly after daylight the advance engaged the enemy and some brisk fighting took place; a very fierce and galling artillery fire from the light 12-pounders at Laurel Hill Church and heavy artillery at Fort Harrison, checked the advance for a time; General Foster re-formed his division in the woods into three lines of battle, but the formation of the ground threw them into *echelon*, the 1st Brigade in advance, the 2d extending to the right and the 3d to the left. An advance was ordered to dislodge the battery at Laurel Hill Church, which was promptly executed, the enemy retiring in such haste as to leave their killed in the field and the road strewn with artillery, ammunition and implements. At 1 o'clock the 2nd division was



to unite with Brigadier-General Birney's colored troops and General Paine's command from the 18th Corps in an attack on Fort Gilmer. As they advanced they found four ravines intervening and also that old trees had been slashed and thrown down, rendering the advance very slow, and requiring a halt at the second ravine, and again just after the crossing of the 4th. During all this time the 2d division of the 10th Corps was exposed to a heavy fire from the infantry, an artillery fire of grape and canister from Fort Gilmer and shell and case from the two forts to the right compelling the division to fall back. Reinforced by a brigade of Brigadier-General Paine's command General Foster again ordered an assault, which was again unsuccessful, and the forces were obliged to retire, which they did stubbornly to the New Market and Richmond road, when the line was once more reformed. General Foster reported that "when my line advanced to the assault a body of troops of the enemy, apparently 500 or 600, moved from the fort on the right, and reached Fort Gilmer in season to assist the garrison in our repulse. In this assault the colors of the 3d New York Volunteers were lost. I had the circumstances investigated and the report seems to show that it was not through any unworthy act on the part of the regiment."

The 10th Corps redoubled its effort to effect a junction with the 18th, which it accomplished after considerable fighting near Fort Harrison. The 6th Connecticut, Colonel Rockwell in command, acted with splendid bravery, as it advanced up the Darbytown road until it reached a point within three miles of Richmond, where the spires of the churches and the roofs of the houses were easily seen.

Fort Harrison was a very strong earthwork of great advantage to the Confederates. The position was of such value that it was not likely that it would be surrendered without a severe struggle. The following day Lee brought up additional reinforcements from Petersburg to hold their position, but the Union fire was too strong for them, and Fort Harrison was captured.

The Confederate Colonel, James R. Hagood, thus describes the battle: "On the morning of the 30th preparations were made to regain Fort Harrison, which lasted till midday, when the attack began. We were then 1,000 yards from the point to be carried. Immediately the regiment on my left began to double-quick, which soon increased to a run, thus exhausting

the men and wasting their energies at a time when both should have been economized for the struggle on the parapet. I was opposed to this, but, believing it to be an order, acquiesced. The enemy shortly opened fire on us, which increased in effect every moment, and soon began to tell fearfully in the ranks. At this critical moment the brigade which preceded us gave way, and rushing through our line caused immediate confusion. Added to this, the village of soldiers' huts which lay in our track offered the temptation to skulk, which many failed to resist, and which was impossible in the confusion to prevent. With those of my men who still adhered to their colors I continued to advance until I attained a point within sixty yards of the fort. Here, owing to the little support which was accorded me by the remainder of the brigade, I ordered a halt and began firing to divert my men. I waited here for ten or fifteen minutes for reinforcements, but their failure to come up and the fearful destructiveness of the enemy's fire impressed me with the necessity of falling back, which I accordingly did. I rallied my men at the earliest practicable moment and reported to the Brigadier-General commanding, who instructed me to return to my position in the morning."

Lieutenant-General Grant reported to the War Department that "General Ord's corps carried the very strong fortifications and long line of intrenchments below Chaffin's farm, with some 15 pieces of artillery and from 200 to 300 prisoners. General Ord was wounded in the leg, though not dangerously. General Birney advanced at the same time from Deep Bottom, and carried the New Market road and intrenchments and scattered the enemy in every direction, though he captured but few. He is now pushing toward Richmond. I left General Birney where the Mill road intersects the New Market and Richmond roads. The whole country is filled with field fortifications."

Comrade Griswold writes of the movement round Fort Harrison in this manner: "We put across the James on pontoons, crossing rapidly and pushed toward Richmond. It was there where General Terry's division was in the lead that he uttered the famous command to a subordinate: 'Be sure the 10th Connecticut crosses first.' Our caissons got stuck in the mud and Fort Harrison was captured before we were called into action. Fort Harrison was one of the strongest earthworks ever built; it was on the north

side of the James and on the right of the long line of earthworks called the outside line of Richmond intrenchments. It was captured by bold, desperate fighting before Lee's reinforcements arrived. Soon after its capture and the line of works connected with it, Lee appeared with large reinforcements and it is said made the three most handsome and desperate charges ever made to retake a fortification. Three times he addressed his troops, telling them that the works must be retaken. General Ord turned the works as rapidly as possible after he had taken them so as to protect his forces in the event of an attempt to recapture. When Lee's charges were made Ord had his forces formed four deep behind the breastworks, two ranks loading and two ranks firing. It was said that Grant's determination never showed itself plainer than it did on this occasion. He hurried from Deep Bottom to Fort Harrison resolved to hold what had been gained, which was the key to Richmond. His presence inspired the greatest confidence in the troops and they fought with desperate bravery. Lee had to abandon the attempt to recapture, and on the third charge many of his men deserted and came over into our lines."

On October 2d the First Connecticut Light Battery was roused by the "Boots and Saddles" call at 5 p. m. Supper was just ready, but that was of no consequence; a soldier often finds his mouth watering at the appetizing odor of food only to find a long march before him just when he is expecting to eat. In less than an hour the Battery broke camp and marched down Deep Bottom to the old pontoon, crossed the river and marched out beyond the redoubt at the rear of the Grover House, where the Battery had camped two months previously. A comrade says: "The roads were muddy, regular Virginia mud, deep and nasty; it sticks to you like a brother. One sergeant was thrown into a mud hole and lost his horse. The roads packed with troops, artillery, ambulances, stores of ammunition, quartermaster's stores, etc."

On the following morning 14 new recruits arrived under command of Sergeant Tuttle. News reached the comrades that the enemy had withdrawn from the works on the south side of Petersburg, across the Appomattox, abandoning the Howlett House Battery, one of the most formidable works on the James. This news caused great rejoicing among the comrades,

and Sergeant Clarke wrote jubilantly in his diary as follows: "The enemy has lost possession of five miles of the Danville road; they have lost works and guns around Richmond on this side of the James. Their friends in the North are losing heart through a guilty conscience. Their force in the valley has been and is being badly whipped and demoralized. O! Rebels! Without an excuse for your rebellion, ye are doomed to a miserable present and notorious history. O, Southern people, may your redemption come soon!"

The Battery was not to stay long at the Grover House, for on October 5th orders came to go to the front, and at noon the guns were in position on the left of the 2d division of 10th Army Corps just below Chaffin's Bluff Battery and within rifle range of the enemy. The camp was about half a mile to the rear of the guns.

Comrade Griswold writes: "Lee had retired into his second line of works, leaving the ground covered with his dead and dying. Grant sent out a flag of truce for the purpose of offering assistance in burying the dead. The enemy fired upon this flag of truce and it was returned and the dead lay unburied. When Lee sent out a flag of truce sometime after, Grant would not recognize it. The ground in front of our guns was almost covered with the dead and a singular thing was that, in what looked like a farmer's yoke house, some two hundred yards in front of us stood a man at the window pointing his gun at us, but as he stood motionless we became satisfied that he had been killed in that position, but had not fallen, which proved later to have been the case. The stench coming from the enemy's dead became so sickening that we were unable to eat anything, and we lived in misery. After two weeks had thus passed and without any apparent, or known order, the two armies went over the parapets and together commenced the work of burying the dead; when their work was done each returned to the fortifications."

On October 7th Kautz's division of about 1,700 men, including two batteries, occupied an exposed position, partly intrenched, on the Darby Town road near the enemy's intrenchments at Dr. Johnson's farm. Before daylight his pickets were attacked, but they were immediately reinforced by Colonel Spear, who personally attended to delaying the enemy. At about 8 o'clock the enemy appeared in overpowering force. The situation was so critical that it was necessary to send the horses to the rear, for they



would all have been killed by the time the dismounted men should be driven from their intrenchments. The superior force of the enemy made it necessary to put every man who could be spared, in the rifle pits, which were only partially completed. General Kautz reported that: "Four guns of the 4th Wisconsin Battery, supported by the 1st Brigade, held the left. The 2nd Brigade held an unfinished rifle pit on the right, and Battery B, 1st U. S. Artillery, was thrown to the rear on commanding ground and partially intrenched. Colonel Samuel P. Spear on the right, having not more than 400 men, was assaulted by a line of infantry bearing four battle flags; he could not stand against this force and had to give way. This necessitated the falling back of the left, which was simultaneously assaulted, also, by a line with four battle flags. The artillery was well served, and to the last moment, and the firing of the dismounted men was rapid and heavy."

The dismounted cavalry being unused to foot service became confused and panic-stricken, and it was impossible to rally them. On the right was a nasty swamp that was joined to another in the rear; there was a road across these swamps, but it had been so badly cut up that it was almost impossible to get the artillery along it. The leading gun got stuck in the mire, and while the men were attempting to get it released a regiment of the enemy succeeded in turning Kautz's right and getting in the rear, attacked the retreating men, shot the artillery horses, and the men and officers were obliged to abandon the guns and caissons. Kautz took to the woods and soon reached the New Market road, where he succeeded in rallying his men under cover of the 10th Corps, which was just moving out.

The enemy was not long in making an appearance at that point and found that the 10th Connecticut and the 100th New York were ready for them. A sharp fire thinned the enemy's ranks, but the enemy was too strong and the New Yorkers had to give way. The regiment rallied, however, immediately, and brought back to the colors. Adjutant Peck, of that regiment, stood by the colors when they were almost deserted and was shot down grasping the colors firmly as he fell. The 10th Connecticut never did braver or grander service than on that morning. Colonel Plaisted gave the regiment the credit of standing "like a granite wall." The enemy was driven back, leaving the dead within a few yards of the Union lines.

Twice the enemy rallied, and in the dense thicket of scrub oaks and





[War Sketch by E. Forbes.]

COMING INTO THE LINES.



tangled underbrush did considerable damage, but the enemy's advance line was pressed back into their intrenched position, and again the enemy was repulsed with great loss. Colonel Rockwell was in command of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers, and he had just cause to be proud of the regiment, for the Connecticut boys, he said, "behaved very well, standing up in an unbroken line and delivering a steady and regular fire."

Comrade Hezekiah B. Smith recalls that fight and says: "On the morning when General Lee drove us back from the front of Richmond, I was sent, with my section, to the right of the line to aid General Turner, and we came near being captured that day. I never expected to see the rest of the Battery again. We had fired our last shot, the enemy hard upon us and only for the 7th Connecticut Infantry driving them back we would have gone to Richmond as prisoners of war."

The other sections of the Battery fired but a few shots, but they were effectual. Comrade Hotchkiss wrote: "The Johnnies came down on our right flank, and drove our cavalry and infantry back to the New Market road in our rear. Our Battery was actually outflanked until the 1st division, 10th Corps, under General Terry, met the enemy and drove them back with heavy loss. I happened to have been on the New Market road at the time and would have been captured if General Terry had not come up in the nick of time. He drove the enemy off to the right of our camp or we would have been in it. The result is, our lines are now advanced and our Battery guns are holding the Chaffin Bluff forts. As soon as the enemy's gunboats found us out they opened with 120-pound shot and shell, and then a fierce artillery duel commenced, killing one horse in our camp. Our reserve camp was within range of their fire and we had to hitch up in a hurry and get out of the line of fire. We went back of a hill and then the shots went over us, crashing through the timber swamp in our rear. One large sweet gum tree was struck just at the junction of the limbs and trunk, cutting off nearly the whole of the branches, and causing the top to come down with a crash. The tree was only a few rods in our rear and we could not help noticing how neatly it was cut down. General Birney was shelled out of his headquarters, a house just in front of us. All sizes and kinds of shells are lying all around us, showing the deadly peril we have been in. Our horses are kept hitched up day and night, as the enemy may come down



on us at any time. We are terribly cramped in our quarters under the hill, but have to be content, for unless we keep under cover we may encounter some of the shells which are flying over us at intervals."

During this campaign at Fort Harrison and Chaffin's Bluff, Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith, of the First Connecticut Light Battery, was Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Jackson, Chief of Artillery, 10th Army Corps, and won special mention in the official reports. Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, in his report of the engagement of October 7th, says: "Lieutenants Smith and King, acting Assistant Inspector-General and Aide-de-camp, respectively, on my staff, behaved very gallantly and meritoriously during the engagement."

When words of praise are so sparingly given as they are by commanding officers, any one mentioned in an official report may know that he has been exceptionally brave or has performed some very great service to merit such notice.

The Confederate Colonel Hagood, commanding Hagood's Brigade, reported: "At sunrise on the morning of the 7th of October we attacked the enemy on the Darbytown Pass and drove him from the line of works. My regiment and Colonel Bowen's were advanced to storm the redoubt on the enemy's extreme right, occupied by his dismounted cavalry, which was carried in fine style. General Field then directed me to change front to the right and attack in flank with the two regiments a redoubt farther to the right, which was defying the efforts of Anderson's entire brigade. I executed this order, the men charging with great spirit and driving from the work a body of the enemy. Anderson's brigade then came up, and we awaited further orders. I was now ordered by the Brigadier-General commanding to move on the enemy's artillery, posted on the farther edge of a field, and which was still resisting. We reached it after double-quicking for three-fourths of a mile; shot down the horses and secured the cannon. After long delay, which has never been explained to me, we followed the enemy nearly to the New Market road, where they had retired after their reverse of the morning and fortified. Their reinforcements had arrived, and their position surrounded by a dense undergrowth impassable to a line of battle, was thus rendered almost impregnable. We attacked it and after a hard fight were repulsed. A short time afterward we were withdrawn, abandoning all the ground we had gained in the morning."

At this time the Army of the United States was to create a precedent more remarkable than anything which had ever been recorded in history. From the earliest times armies had been engaged in making and unmaking empires and establishing monarchies; by force of arms a victorious army had often overthrown a monarch and crowned its own general as king; but the army of the United States was to be the first in the known history of the world to exercise the civil right of voting for a president of a Republic. Four years before the men composing the army of the United States had been at home, freemen, voting as freemen ought, but now another presidential election approached and a million of citizens were under arms and according to the code heretofore recognized, deprived of the franchise.

In a letter to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, dated September 27, 1864, Lieutenant-General Grant said:

“ The exercise of the right of suffrage by the officers and soldiers of armies in the field is a novel thing. It has, I believe, generally been considered dangerous to constitutional liberty and subversive of military discipline. But our circumstances are novel and exceptional. A very large proportion of legal voters of the United States are now either under arms in the field, or in hospitals, or otherwise engaged in the military service of the United States. Most of these men are not regular soldiers in the strict sense of that term; still less are they mercenaries who give their service to the Government simply for its pay, having little understanding of political questions or feeling little or no interest in them. On the contrary, they are American citizens, having still their homes and social and political ties binding them to the States and districts from which they come, and to which they expect to return. They have left their homes temporarily to sustain the cause of their country in the hour of its trial. In performing this sacred duty they should not be deprived of a most precious privilege. They have as much right to demand that their votes shall be counted in the choice of their rulers as those citizens who remain at home. Nay, more, for they have sacrificed more for their country. \* \* \*

“ The officers and soldiers have every means of understanding the questions before the country. The newspapers are freely circulated, and so, I believe, are the documents prepared by both parties to set forth the merits and claims of their candidates.”

General Grant's reasons prevailed and the soldiers of the United States were allowed to vote just the same as though they had been at home. A Connecticut soldier's vote would be counted in his State and have just as much weight as though he had cast it in New Haven or Hartford or Guilford.

On the morning of October 12th ballots were distributed among the soldiers and the vote taken. The candidates for President were Abraham Lincoln, Republican, and George B. McClellan, Democrat. The First Connecticut Light Battery, with only six exceptions, voted for Lincoln.

On the same day the officers of the Army of the James read to their respective commands "Congratulatory Orders," from Major-General Butler, and as the First Connecticut Light Battery had participated in all the successes and been engaged in all the movements of that army, every word of praise belongs to the Battery as well as to each regiment. As a subject worthy of record the Battery History would be incomplete without these congratulations.

HDQRS. DEPT. OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,  
ARMY OF THE JAMES,

*Before Richmond, October 11, 1864.*

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES:

The time has come when it is due to you that some word should be said of your deeds.

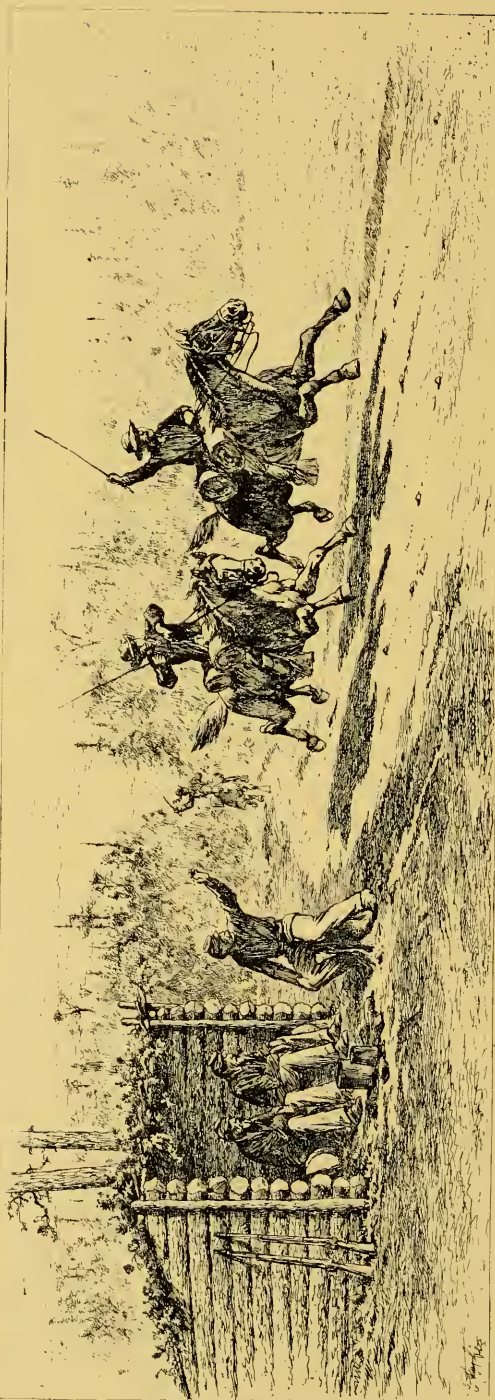
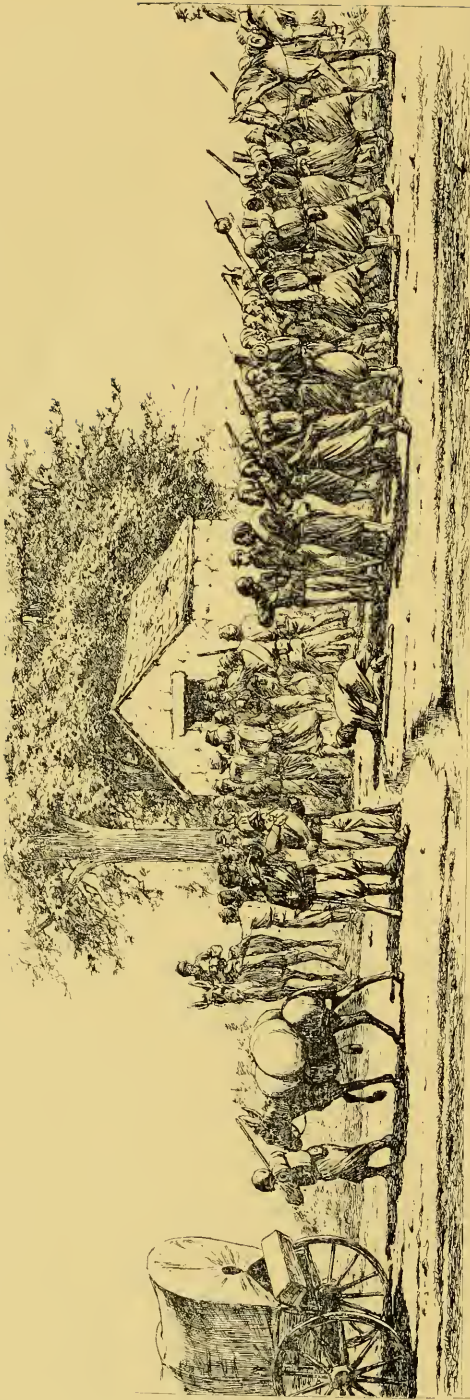
In accordance with the plan committed to you by the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies, for the first time in the war, fully taking advantage of our facilities of steam marine transportation, you performed a march without parallel in the history of war.

At sunset of the 4th day of May you were threatening the enemy's Capital from West Point and the White House within thirty miles on its eastern side.

Within twenty-four hours, at sunset on the 5th of May, by a march of 130 miles, you transported 35,000 men—their luggage, supplies, horses, wagons, and artillery—within fifteen miles of the south side of Richmond with such celerity and secrecy that the enemy were wholly unprepared for your coming, and allowed you without opposition to seize the strongest natural position on the continent: a victory all the more valuable because bloodless.







[War Sketch by E. Forbes.]

1. ZOUAVES HALTING AT A SPRING.

2. NEWSPAPERS FOR THE ARMY—THE RACE FOR THE CAMP.

Seizing the enemy's communications between their capital and the south you held them till the 26th of May.

Meanwhile your cavalry, under General August V. Kautz, cut the Weldon road below Petersburg twice over and destroyed a portion of the Danville railroad, while the colored cavalry, under Colonel Robert M. West, joined you by a march from Williamsburg across the Chickahominy to Harrison's landing.

On the 12th to the 16th of May, you "moved on the enemy's works" around Fort Darling, holding them in check while your cavalry cut the Danville road, capturing their first line of works, repulsing with great slaughter their attack, which was intended for your destruction.

Retiring at leisure to your position, you fortified it, repulsing there, several attacks of the enemy, until you have made it strong enough to hold itself.

Fortifying City Point, Fort Powhatan, Wilson's Wharf (Fort Pocahontas), you secured your communications, and have practically moved Fortress Monroe as a base within fifteen miles of the rebel Capital, there to remain till that travels.

Re-embarking after you had secured your position, with nearly your whole effective strength, under Major-General William F. Smith, you again appeared at White House within forty-eight hours after you had received the order to march, participating at the memorable battle of Cold Harbor with the Army of the Potomac, where the number and character of your gallant dead attest your bravery and conduct.

Again returning in advance of that army on the 15th of June, under General Smith, the 18th corps captured the right of the line of defenses around Petersburg, and nine pieces of artillery, which lines you have since held for three months.

On the 16th of June a portion of the 10th Corps, under Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, again threw itself on the enemy's communications between Richmond and Petersburg, destroying miles of the road, and holding the communications cut for days.

The 10th Corps, on the 14th day of August, passing the James at Deep Bottom, under Major-General David B. Birney, by a series of brilliant charges carried the enemy's works, near New Market, and, two days later,

another line of works at Fussell's Mill, defended by the best troops of Lee's army, bringing back four guns and three battle flags as trophies of their valor.

Again crossing the James on the 29th of September, with both corps, with celerity, precision, secrecy, and promptness of movements seldom equalled, with both corps in perfect co-operation, you assaulted and carried at the same movement—the 10th Corps and the 3d division of the 18th Corps, under General Birney—the enemy's strong works with double line of abatis at Spring Hill, near New Market, while the remaining divisions of the 18th Corps, under Major-General Edward O. C. Ord, carried by assault Battery Harrison, capturing twenty-two pieces of heavy ordnance—the strongest of the enemy's works around Richmond.

The army thus possessed itself of the outer line of the enemy's works and advanced to the very gates of Richmond. So vital was your success at Battery Harrison that on the 30th of September under the eye of General Lee himself, massing his best troops, the enemy made most determined assaults upon your lines to retake it and were driven back, with the loss of seven battle flags and the almost annihilation of a brigade (Clingman's). After a week's preparation, massing all his veteran troops on your right flank, on the 7th of October the enemy drove in the Cavalry, with the loss of some pieces of horse artillery, but meeting the steady troops of the 10th Corps were repulsed with slaughter, losing three commanders of brigade-killed and wounded, and many field and line officers and men killed, wounds and prisoners.

Such is the glorious record of the Army of the James—never beaten in a battle, never repulsed in an assault by a larger portion of its forces than a brigade.

All these triumphs have not been achieved without many loved and honored dead.

Why should we mourn their departure? Their names have passed into history, emblazoned on the proud roll of their country's patriot heroes.

Yet, we drop a fresh tear for the gallant General H. Burnham—a devoted soldier leading his brigade to the crest of Battery Harrison, where he fell amid the cheers of the victorious charge. In his memory Battery Harrison will be officially designated Fort Burnham.



Of the colored soldiers of the 3d division of the 18th and 10th Corps and the officers who led them, the General, commanding, desires to make special mention.

In the charge on the enemy's works by the colored division of the 18th Corps at Spring Hill, New Market—better men were never better led, better officers never led better men. With hardly an exception, officers of colored troops have justified the care with which they have been selected. A few more such gallant charges and to command colored troops will be the post of honor in the American armies. The colored soldiers by coolness, steadiness and determined courage and dash have silenced every cavil of the doubters of their soldierly capacity, and drawn tokens of admiration from their enemies; have brought their late masters even to the consideration of the question whether they will not employ as soldiers the hitherto despised race. Be it so; this war is ended when a musket is in the hands of every able-bodied negro who wishes to use one. \* \* \*

The commanding General is quite conscious that in his endeavor to put on record the gallant deeds of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the James, he has almost of necessity, because of the imperfection of reports, omitted many deserving of mention; yet, as these gallant men will, on other occasions, equally distinguish themselves, they can then take their due places in their country's history.

By command of Major-General Butler.

ED. W. SMITH,

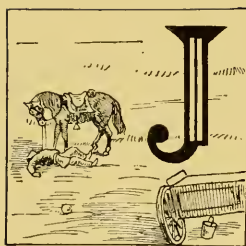
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*





## CHAPTER XXXII.

### DARBYTOWN ROAD.



JUST after sunset on the evening of October 12, 1864, orders were received by Major-General Alfred Terry, commanding the 10th Army Corps, to have the 1st and 3d divisions of the Corps, with three batteries of artillery and Kautz's division of cavalry, ready to move on the next morning at 4 o'clock to the Darbytown road, the infantry by the road from Cox's house to Johnson's field, the cavalry and artillery by the road from Four Mile Church to the Darbytown road. The infantry moved on time and in the manner directed, and arrived in due season upon the ground which had been selected for the formation on the right and left of the Darbytown road and were ready to advance at sunrise, but, unfortunately, the cavalry did not arrive on time and the attack was delayed.

Ames' division formed on the right of the road, Birney's on the left, the cavalry on Ames' right extending over to the Charles City road.

In obedience to orders from General Ames, three regiments of the 3d brigade, viz., the 10th Connecticut, 24th Massachusetts and 11th Maine advanced from camp a little before 4:30 A.M., following the 1st brigade, the 2d brigade, General Hawley, followed in rear of the 3d. Moving forward, the skirmishers advanced across an open field at Gerhardt's house and entered a thick growth of scrub oaks. Advancing several hundred yards, the enemy's pickets were met quite strongly posted in a line of detached rifle pits. After a severe fight the pickets were driven in and the enemy's skirmishers dislodged from their intrenchments. The line of intrenchments was located on the crest which crosses the road perpendicularly near the Cunningham house, and consisted of strong infantry parapets or rifle pits,

covered by slashing and strengthened by redoubts and emplacements for artillery. One redoubt was situated on the Darbytown road, enfilading it with artillery; one other was near the Darby house.

East of the Darbytown road was an unusually thick growth of young trees which rendered it difficult to ascertain the character of the line, thus increasing the danger of an assault. The 7th Connecticut, Captain Atwell commanding, advanced to the edge of the wood and was met by a very severe fire. The green tops of the slashing in front rose several feet high and thus prevented a good view being obtained of the line. Captain Thompson of the 7th Connecticut climbed a tree and discovered that across the slashing was a strong breastwork well lined by Confederates, and at an angle there were two guns in position which were kept busy firing shot, canister and spherical case.

By an unfortunate mistake the skirmishers of the 2d brigade advanced rather too far and were fired into by their own comrades, which deranged the skirmishers, but fortunately did no further damage.

As the expedition was purely a reconnoitering one General Terry reported the result and said that he would await further orders. After an interval of two hours General Butler ordered Terry to retire at his leisure, but in the meantime Ames had discovered a weak place in the enemy's line, and, with Terry's permission, tried to force a way through. The attempt was unsuccessful.

During the afternoon the 3d brigade, Colonel Plaisted, was attacked three times by the enemy, but in each attack was severely repulsed. The 10th Connecticut was early in the afternoon detailed to the 1st brigade, Colonel Pond. At 2:30 P. M. the order was given to charge the enemy's works, and the entire command moved forward with great promptness. Colonel Otis, commanding the 10th Connecticut Volunteers, reports: "My regiment behaved splendidly, as did all the others in the assaulting column, but the charge being through a thicket of scrub oaks so dense that men could hardly push their way, the force of the charge was entirely broken before reaching the enemy's works. Most of the way the column was subjected to a terribly severe enfilading fire, from which the men were falling at every step. On coming within ten paces of the enemy's works the severity of the fire and impenetrable nature of a narrow slashing in front

of the ditch compelled the column to fall back. The men retired quite deliberately, many of them returning the enemy's fire as they did so. The enemy was well intrenched and the works strongly manned. My regiment has taken part in more than forty battles and skirmishes, never before fell back under fire, and never behaved better than on this occasion. But I have no apologies to make for it. I have not seen a more hopeless task undertaken since I entered the service than that attempted by the assaulting column to-day."

Among the killed was Major Camp, who lost his life within a few steps of the enemy's works. Colonel Plaisted, commanding the brigade, said of the 10th Connecticut and Major Camp: "The regiment participated in the charge and behaved with its habitual gallantry. It lost more than one-third of the number engaged. Major Camp was killed; he fell among the foremost of his comrades and within a few yards of the enemy's line. Our cause cannot boast of a nobler martyr than Henry W. Camp. His name will be recorded with those of Ellsworth and Winthrop, youthful heroes who have given their lives to their country."

Writing of the death of Major Camp, Comrade Griswold says: "The 10th Connecticut went in with only their old men and less than one hundred recruits, and lost heavily. It was the first time the famous regiment in its three years' experience had ever retired under fire of the enemy, but it was compelled to do so. Our battery was stationed behind a slight breastwork on some high ground, shelling the enemy.

"We learned before the forces returned that Major Camp of the 10th Connecticut, a model man and a brave soldier, a close friend of Chaplain Trumbull, whom we had learned to love, was killed. His loss was deeply felt by every member of the 10th Connecticut. As they were coming back and passing the Battery, without orders or words, every member of the Battery stepped to the front in line with his head uncovered as the small number of this gallant regiment went by. The Colonel and Chaplain were arm in arm, and every man in tears. It was one of the most solemn and impressive scenes I have ever witnessed, and I shall never forget it."

While the charge was in progress General Terry received definite orders to retire leisurely. He commenced withdrawing from the right, beginning with Spear's cavalry brigade, which had been holding in check a force of

cavalry and infantry on the Charles City road. The enemy's skirmishers attempted to follow his withdrawal and the troops next his left, but the First Connecticut Light Battery was posted where the old outer line of intrenchments crossed the Darbytown road, and poured such incessant fire into their ranks that they fell back in confusion. The troops were able to fall back to the camp along the roads by which they had advanced in the morning.

Comrade Clark wrote in his diary: "Our Battery has moved from its position on the left of second division to the right and near to the Headquarters of the Light Artillery Brigade. Our guns were withdrawn from their position in the earthworks on Wednesday. We left camp the same day and joined the other batteries of the Brigade which were sent out with the 1st and 2d divisions of the 10th Army Corps upon what appeared to be a reconnoissance in force. For some reason we halted until night and were then ordered back. Bivonacked in the field we now occupy. Early on Thursday morning, about 4 o'clock, resumed the march (the Captain and non-commissioned staff passed the night in our old camp, where the battery wagon and forge had remained), and joined the forces on the road. Proceeded to the extreme right of our line of works and went into battery behind them. The infantry engaged the enemy in front all day until about 3 p. m., with moderate success; at that time they charged the enemy's line and were repulsed. The enemy followed them up. Our Battery expended 184 rounds of ammunition in covering the retreat. Arrived in our camp at night, having no casualties to report."

Confederate General Pendleton reports a deed of bravery which deserves mention. A shell, presumably from the Connecticut Light Battery, burst in Flanner's Confederate battery, an explosion occurred among some ammunition improperly exposed, wounding six men, when Corporal Fulsher, though wounded, caught up several shells with burning fuses and extinguished them in a pool of water near by, and this when other shells were bursting around him.

General Lee reported to the Confederate Secretary of War that, "At 7 o'clock on the morning of October 13th the enemy endeavored to advance between the Darbytown and Charles City roads, but was repulsed in every attempt. The most strenuous effort was made about 4 p. m., after which they withdrew, leaving many dead."



Comrade William M. Fowler relates an experience he had on this occasion. The Battery was ordered into an open field beside the Darbytown road and fired a few shots into a patch of woods in front. After the Battery had ceased firing the infantry charged through the wood, driving the enemy back and capturing a fort. While in battery



TELEGRAPHING FROM THE FIELD TO HEADQUARTERS.

waiting for further orders, Comrade Fowler saw a round cannon ball rolling across the field directly toward him, and, as he thought, not going very swiftly. His first thought was to put his foot in front of the ball and stop it; it was rolling so slowly and seemed so easy to catch. As the ball approached, he raised his foot to stop it, but in an instant, without any special reason, he changed his mind and allowed the ball to pass. It flew

past him and out of sight; had Fowler attempted to stop it, as he had first intended, he would have lost a foot, perhaps his leg, and endangered his life. Fowler only realized his narrow escape when he watched the ball rolling past him, and far away out of sight. He had no inclination after that to "play ball" with those sent from a cannon, though his comrades often joked him about trying to catch a cannon ball on the field of battle.

Once more the First Connecticut Light Battery arranged a camp, making the best of everything, though feeling that camp life was one of ups and downs, not always alike nor having the same amount of comfort. A soldier soon learns to take things as he finds them, though it would be contrary to human nature if he did not object to what he did not like and grumble when his comforts were denied him. Comrade Hotchkiss writes under date October 15, 1864:

"A clear pleasant day, but the nights are cold. Comrade Charles F. Hendee, our bugler, has joined forces with me, and we bunk together; it is too cold to sleep alone. Our fare is poor; we cannot buy anything either at commissaries or sutlers; the latter dare not open their stores up here for fear of being captured, and away to the rear they charge \$1 per pound for butter; canned goods from \$1 to \$1.50; pies, 80c. to \$1; bread, as large as an ordinary biscuit, 15 cents. We have not been paid in seven months, and so money is scarce, and the men are complaining about the grub. They have never been cut down so close on rations, but they have fared better than most of the troops. Then our quarters are cramped; we don't have time to fix things up comfortably; some of the time we are without shelter at all. Don't wonder they complain."

The camp was plunged into grief on hearing of the death of Major-General David B. Birney, and the General Order, No. 135, in which Major-General Butler announced the death, called forth the greatest expressions of sympathy and grief. In the announcement General Butler said:

"With deep grief from the heart the sad word must be said—Major-General David B. Birney is dead.

"But yesterday he was with us, leading you to victory. If the choice and manner of death had been his, it would have been to have died on the field of battle as your cheers rang in his ear. But the All-Wise 'determineth all things well.'

"General Birney died at his home in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, October 18, of disease contracted in the line of his duty.

"Surrounded by all that makes life desirable—a happy home, endeared family relations, leaving affluence and ease, as a volunteer at the call of his country, he came into the service in April, 1861. Almost every battlefield whereon the Army of the Potomac has fought has witnessed his valor. Rising rapidly in his profession, no more deserved appointment has been made by the President than General Birney's assignment to the command of the 10th Army Corps. The respect and love of the soldiers of his his own corps has been shown by the manner they followed him.

"The patriot, the hero, the soldier. By no death has the country sustained a greater loss.

"Although not bred to arms, he has shown every soldierly quality and illustrated that profession of his love and choice.

"To him the word duty—with all its obligations and incentives—was the spur to action. He had no enemies, save the enemies of his country. A friend, a brother to us all, it remains to us to see to it, by treading the path of duty as he has done, that the great object for which he has struggled with us and laid down his life, shall not fail and his death be profitless.

"Soldiers of the 10th Army Corps! Your particular grief at the loss of your brave commander has the sympathy of every soldier in the army. It will be yours to show your respect to his memory by serving your country in the future as with you Birney had served it in the past."

While every word of this eulogium was true of General Birney, it was equally so of every volunteer soldier who died in the great cause. Like him each had left a comfortable home, left kindred and friends, given up positions, which might never be recovered, risked health and offered life willingly in response to the call of the President to save the Nation and preserve the Union. The President never asked for volunteers in vain. From all parts of the country could be heard the response:

"You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide

To lay us down for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,

And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.

Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"



On October 18th all three sections of the Battery were again in one camp, and quiet reigned in the neighborhood, only an occasional gun being fired in the vicinity of Dutch Gap. The comrades set to work and leveled the ground, clearing it up and making the site of the camp as pleasant as possible, then camp streets were laid out, tents put in order and a kitchen built; it looked as though the Battery was to stay there some time. Where there had been a certain disorder, consequent on the constant movings, now there was order, and a tented city arose like magic, recalling Schiller's word picture of a military camp:

“Lo, there! the soldier, rapid architect!  
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once  
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily.  
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel;  
The motley market fills: the roads, the streams,  
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries.  
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,  
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.  
Dreary and solitary as a churchyard  
The meadows and down-trodden seed-plot lie,  
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.”

Camp life was enjoyable after the hardships of several days' marching and nights spent by the side of the guns, clothes wet from the incessant rain, sleep only obtainable at intervals and then on a kind of instalment lottery plan, the luxury of a good wash and change of underwear, even if obtained under difficulties, made the thought of camp a pleasant one. A soldier's life is spectacular to the outsider, who sees only the bright side, the dress parades, the clean uniforms, the shining buckles on the harness, the guns and limbers and caissons all spick and span, but to the soldier who sees the other side, these bright features are only little glimpses of sunshine in a lot of darkness. But with all the drawbacks to a soldier's life the thought of camp was one of brightness.

For only three days was the Battery united. At the end of that brief rest the right section was sent up into the fort, the centre and left remaining in the camp.

All sorts of amusements were indulged in, quoits were played, horse-shoes being used in place of quoits, ball tossing and other sports occu-



pied the time during the intervals between duties. Comrade Hotchkiss started a singing class and most diligently tried to teach a score of comrades how to read music and take a note from his tuning fork. But amid all the restful pleasures of those few days there was a raging fever of excitement in the camp, a fever of hope and despair, of joy and grief, one of excitement and depression.

And the cause? Surely it must have been something most unusual which could have produced such opposite feelings!

It was unusual. On the 26th of October, 1861, a number of men had been mustered into the First Connecticut Light Battery for a term of three years, and now, the 26th day of October, 1864, had arrived, and the Battery was to lose some of its first members. The comradeship of three years was to be disturbed, and some who on that morning wore the uniform of a soldier, would change it for that of a civilian before night.

The *reveille* would sound in the morning, but the honorably discharged soldier could turn over in his bed and take another sleep; taps would be sounded at night, but the civilian would not heed its warning. For him the discipline of the army would be ended, and he could please himself what he did and how he did it.

The excitement of the soldier who had reached his last day in the service was counterbalanced by the sorrow of those who were to be left behind, some to face greater perils and endure hardships, but who would also participate in the closing scenes of the greatest war of modern times.

Those whose terms of service expired on October 26th were: Lieutenant George P. Bliss, who resigned his commission; Sergeants Horatio W. Evarts, of Guilford; Hethcote G. Landon, of Guilford, and Elijah C. Tuttle, of New Haven; Corporals—Warren H. Bissell, of Hebron; John F. Bliss, of Hebron, and Henry S. Lawrence, of Meriden; Artificer Harvey N. Johnson, of Hebron, and Privates—Charles N. Bissell, of Hebron; Edwin O. Blatchley, of Guilford; Edward G. Evarts, of Guilford; James Farrell, of Enfield; Edward Griswold, of Guilford; Lyman C. Jerome, of Bristol; John J. Moy, of Guilford, and Edward P. Norton, of Guilford. All were honorably discharged, all had fulfilled their duty and had served their country with credit, winning the respect of their comrades and going to their homes with the proud title

of hero, for each was worthy of the crown of heroism; each had served his country well and faithfully.

Of these Corporal Warren Bissell was detailed to the Knight's Hospital, New Haven, and Private Charles N. Bissell, having lost an arm on May 14th, 1864, was in the Invalid Corps and received his honorable discharge on the same day as the comrades at the front.

Comrade Griswold says that when he went to get his discharge he felt sad at heart because First Sergeant Clark told him that he had a grudge against him. "I said that I was very sorry, for we had been so intimate, and that I felt badly at parting with him feeling in that way. He assured me that it was nothing to mar our friendship, and he should not lay it up against me, but he said: 'I have been enjoying the thought that I had been in more engagements than any other man in the Battery; but in making out the discharges I find that you stand at the head, and I am beaten by one.' I shook his hand, knowing that the grudge he had would only make us the warmer friends."

The hour for parting had arrived, and with husky voices the farewells were uttered.

"On the morning of the 26th of October, with an honorable discharge in our pockets, we were happy at the thought of going home, and yet while we had longingly waited for that time when we should be homeward bound, we really felt as though we would like to see it through, and we fairly longed to stay with the boys we were going to leave behind," wrote Comrade Griswold about that first break in the ranks of the First Connecticut Light Battery. "I went over to see General Hawley, whose regiment was some half a mile or more away; he had some messages for home he wished me to take, he told us there would be an engagement before night and if General Butler found us starting he would be liable to do as he had done before in such cases: arrest us for being within the lines as citizens without leave, and either set us to work in the trenches or send us to the front. I went back and reported what he had said and we hustled and gathered our things together, bade the boys good-bye and started, some dozen of us in number. We had not gone far before we discovered General Butler and staff, and we went out of our way to avoid him, fearing all the while that he would stop us before we got to City Point. We arrived at the

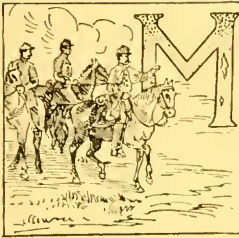
James River just at night, and were permitted to cross the pontoon. I had drawn a pair of shoes before starting and they were so short that they were hurting my feet, so that a part of the time I had to go barefoot. It came on very dark and after a few hours in the woods we were satisfied we had taken the wrong path and were liable at any time, to be picked up by the rebels. By the help of some colored people we finally got on the right road, and what a tramp! My feet were so sore I could not wear my shoes and it almost killed me to walk without them. A darker night I never saw. Just before morning we came to the river and discovering some sort of a house nearby we started for it. We were very tired and went inside and at once went to sleep. When we awoke in the morning we found we were in a hen-roost. We got out of it in a hurry and soon took a bath in the James River. We could see City Point in the distance, and, when dressed, started for that place where we got a good breakfast and found our steamer ready to start. Homeward bound! How many times we asked each other if it could really be true! That we had seen three years of war—which seemed a life-time—and were homeward bound safe and sound! We arrived at Fort Monroe and were quartered in the outbuildings of a hotel for a day or two. I bought a pair of new boots, we called them white people's boots, which cost me twelve dollars. We signed the payrolls and got what pay was due us, and then took a steamer for Baltimore; arriving there we stayed overnight and took the earliest train for New York, arriving home on Saturday night. I found my old father waiting at the depot for me. 'The safe arrival home, the sleeping in a house for the first time in three years, the resuming of a civilian's life seemed so strange that it was some time before I realized all its pleasures."

Comrade Barber tells of a little experience he had about this time. "It was a cold, rainy morning," he says, "and a colored regiment lay near us. There were five or six colored soldiers cooking coffee over a fire made in a little pile of brick and stone. Among the stones they had, by some strange chance, put an unexploded Confederate shell. When they had their coffee nearly ready, the fragrant odor making their mouths water, the shell exploded, scattering coffee, bricks, stones, ashes everywhere, but not injuring one of them. It was a sight worth seeing to look at those darkies' faces when they recovered from their fright."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### JOHNSON'S FARM.

FAIR OAKS AND DARBYTOWN ROAD.



THAT NIGHT, undisturbed save for the regular tread of the sentries and the occasional boom of a distant gun, a drizzling rain fell on the white-tented city, the soldiers slept as though no enemy was near, they dreamed of home, some smiled in their sleep at the thought that only a few days more would pass before they would be speeding north to the loved parents and brothers and sisters who were anxiously watching for them; others thought of the brave girls who had given their sweethearts to the cause, and in anticipation, saw the loving smile and blushing cheeks of the one who had sent her hero-lover to the front and bid him do his duty, and

When Freedom's laurelled, then return  
And these arms shall be your camp.

The silence was broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs on the camp streets. The orderly stopped at the Captain's tent; there were a few hurried words, and then he galloped away once more. But Captain Clinton could not think of sleep after that; there was work to be done, orders to be given, preparations to be made, for at 4 o'clock, the Battery was to be in marching order with three days' rations in the haversacks.

The cooks were busy in a few minutes cooking rations, the men were preparing for the march, all was bustle and work. Three days' rations! Every man knew that such an order meant the likelihood of a fight, not a mere skirmish or reconnoissance such as often occurred, but it might mean a determined march toward Richmond and the end, what would that be? Would it be an entrance into the capital city of the Confederacy or a repulse with the battlefield thick with the nation's dead?



Three days' rations! The very order made them think, and some of those who were to be mustered out in a few days wondered whether they would return home with a crown of victory on their heads, or, and the thought caused a cold shiver to pass over them, would their bones whiten on the battlefield, or fill an unknown grave?

Before daylight the troops were leaving camp. The 10th and 18th Corps were marching to the front, the reserve baggage supplies and stores all sent to the rear; tents and knapsacks left in the reserve camp; shanties that were finished and those still in an unfinished state were deserted. Headquarters gone and only one small solitary tent left to mark the place where the headquarters had been.

All three sections of the First Connecticut Light Battery left the camp at daylight.

General Butler was about to make a most important movement which, if successful, might lead to the capitulation of Richmond. He intended making a demonstration on the right in order, if possible, to turn the left of the enemy's intrenched and defended lines. From reconnoissances and the reports of deserters, who were coming daily in large numbers into the lines and taking the oath of allegiance, it was believed that the enemy's exterior defended line extended only a short distance to the east of the Darbytown road, and certainly not farther than the Charles City road. General Butler supposed that if the enemy could be held in his intrenched line by a demonstration in his front, that another column could turn his line and force him to retire into his inner line or to attack the Union force in the open field. To carry out this project General Terry, commanding the 10th Army Corps, was to take all the troops he could spare, leaving only sufficient to hold his lines. A reinforcement of 2,000 additional men was to be sent to him, giving him a force of 8,500 effective infantry, together with two light batteries of four guns each.

With this force General Terry was to feel the enemy's lines to the right as far as possible, going up to the Charles City road, and by this movement concealing another to be made by General Weitzel, who would, with a force of 7,500 infantry and two light batteries of four guns each, march along the Kingsland road, across the New Market road, by the drill room to the Darbytown road, thence up that road to the Baptist church; then by one of

the many divergent roads across to the Charles City road near White's Tavern. This march of Weitzel's would bring him within a mile of the rear of General Terry's, near enough to support him in case of need, thus giving Terry confidence enough to force a fight. If the enemy left his exterior line for his interior line General Terry would be able to push him so that he would be delayed, and give Weitzel an opportunity to press forward and make an attempt to pass between or assault the enemy's line of redoubts and enter Richmond. The troops were to be in light marching order, with three days' rations in their haversacks, sixty rounds of ammunition in their boxes and on their persons, and blankets rolled around them. In addition to this, five extra days' rations and fifty rounds of ammunition were to be taken on wagons. The 10th Corps and cavalry wagons were to move by the Deep Bottom bridge and the 18th Corps by the Varina bridge.

The troops were ready to start at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of October, 1864, the first division of the 10th Corps leading. The division marched to the Darbytown road, striking it at the Johnson house, crossed the road and halted under cover of the woods. General Ames, commanding the division, threw out the 7th Connecticut Volunteers as skirmishers, with the order to feel the enemy vigorously. At the same time the 3d New Hampshire, Lieut.-Col. James Randlett commanding, moved forward as skirmishers toward the enemy's works, his left resting on the Darbytown road, the right joining Plaisted's brigade. The enemy's skirmishers were in rifle pits before his works. After a severe fight, in which the regiment lost three killed and three severely wounded, the enemy were driven from their position and forced to take up a place behind the main line of water defenses of Richmond.

The fighting was now general all along the line, the 10th Connecticut was advanced across an open field into a growth of small pines in which were a line of rifle pits, with twelve men in each pit. A vigorous assault caused the enemy to fall back, and the gallant 10th captured five prisoners. The line of battle was then advanced with colors displayed, attracting the attention and shells of the enemy. The line was then retired under cover of the woods.

The 2d division of the 10th Corps reached the Johnson house at about 7 A. M., and immediately sent out a strong line of skirmishers to the right

of the Darbytown road, with a view of covering the right flank and dislodging the enemy's skirmishers, who enfiladed the line from an old line of works in front of the woods. General Foster moved his 2d brigade by the flank up of the Darbytown road, through the old works, to the edge of the woods, in full view of the enemy, then filed to the left along the edge of the woods out of sight of the enemy, and formed in line of battle to the rear and left of the 1st brigade. The enemy received a strong reinforcement in front of Foster's centre and succeeded in pushing his skirmishers back a short distance. Foster's line was strengthened later and he made a brilliant effort to force the enemy back into his main works.

The First Connecticut Light Battery followed the 2d division of the 10th Corps and marched to the Darbytown road, where it went into battery in an open field to the right of the line. It commenced a vigorous shelling of the enemy's rifle pits and aided the skirmishers most effectively.

About 4 P. M. General Foster received orders to make a strong demonstration on the enemy's works, to drive them from their rifle pits, and if not developing too severe a fire to push forward and take their works, the main object being to ascertain the strength of the enemy and their position. Obeying orders the entire line advanced, the skirmishers carrying two lines of rifle pits, and driving the enemy into his main line of works. They were met with a severe fire of grape and case-shot, but pushed their way until within eight rods of the enemy's works, when it was found impracticable to proceed. The 3d brigade moved forward at the same time, and after carrying two lines of rifle pits on their front, were met with such a terrific fire from four pieces of artillery and from musketry that the assaulting force was broken and part of it fell back in confusion, but immediately rallied and formed in good order near the first line of rifle pits. The 2d brigade was then moved near the woods on the Darbytown road, and in rear of the 1st brigade in easy supporting distance of both the right and centre. General Foster says: "I ordered the right and centre to retire out of range bringing their dead and wounded with them. I found the enemy posted in single line of battle, behind a strong line of earthworks, with slashing and abatis in front. About 5 o'clock I received orders to make no further demonstration that night and about dark I withdrew my division within the line of abandoned works, with

a strong picket line along my entire front, connecting with the 1st division on the right and the 3d division on the left."

While the 10th Corps was pressing forward with vigor the 18th, under command of General Weitzel, was equally energetic. The 1st division and two brigades each of the 2nd and 3d divisions and two four-gun batteries, marched to the Darbytown road, thence up a cross road beyond Timberlake's store, and to White's Tavern on the Charles City road. Here it was met by Colonel West's colored cavalry. Colonel West had occupied that road with his cavalry near the enemy's works for several hours. Preceded by Colonel Spear's cavalry Weitzel moved down the Charles City road, half a mile thence by a cross road which passed Mrs. Hobson's house through the head of White Oak Swamp to the Williamsburg road, striking the road at Heintzelman's old line of works on the old Fair Oaks battlefield. General Weitzel describes his movement as follows:

"After passing about a mile and a half on the Williamsburg road I struck the enemy's breastworks. I found them defended by only three pieces of artillery and a small body of dismounted cavalry. I, therefore, directed an attack to be made by two brigades, one each from the 1st and 2d divisions. This attack was made, but was met by a heavier fire than the force could stand, the enemy having undoubtedly reinforced during the interval between the time of my order and the time of attack, which, as is usual in such case, is too great an interval. I assisted the attack of the two brigades with a rapid and continuous fire from one of my batteries. While this was going on, by direction of the general commanding, I sent Colonel Holman of the 1st brigade, 3d division, across the New Bridge road. Finding them thinly manned, he attacked and carried the position, capturing two guns, and then, by my order, returned to the main body on the Williamsburg road. His advantage was gained too late in the day to be of any service to us. Shortly after dark I commenced to withdraw my command to the Charles City road as directed by the general commanding. This march, owing to the rain, the intense darkness, the muddy and narrow roads, was the most fatiguing and trying one that ever I have known troops to undertake; and although my rear guard did not get in until 7 o'clock next morning, it was successfully accomplished. This march, performed, as it was, after a long march and a fight during the day, establishes beyond a doubt the high character of the troops of this corps."



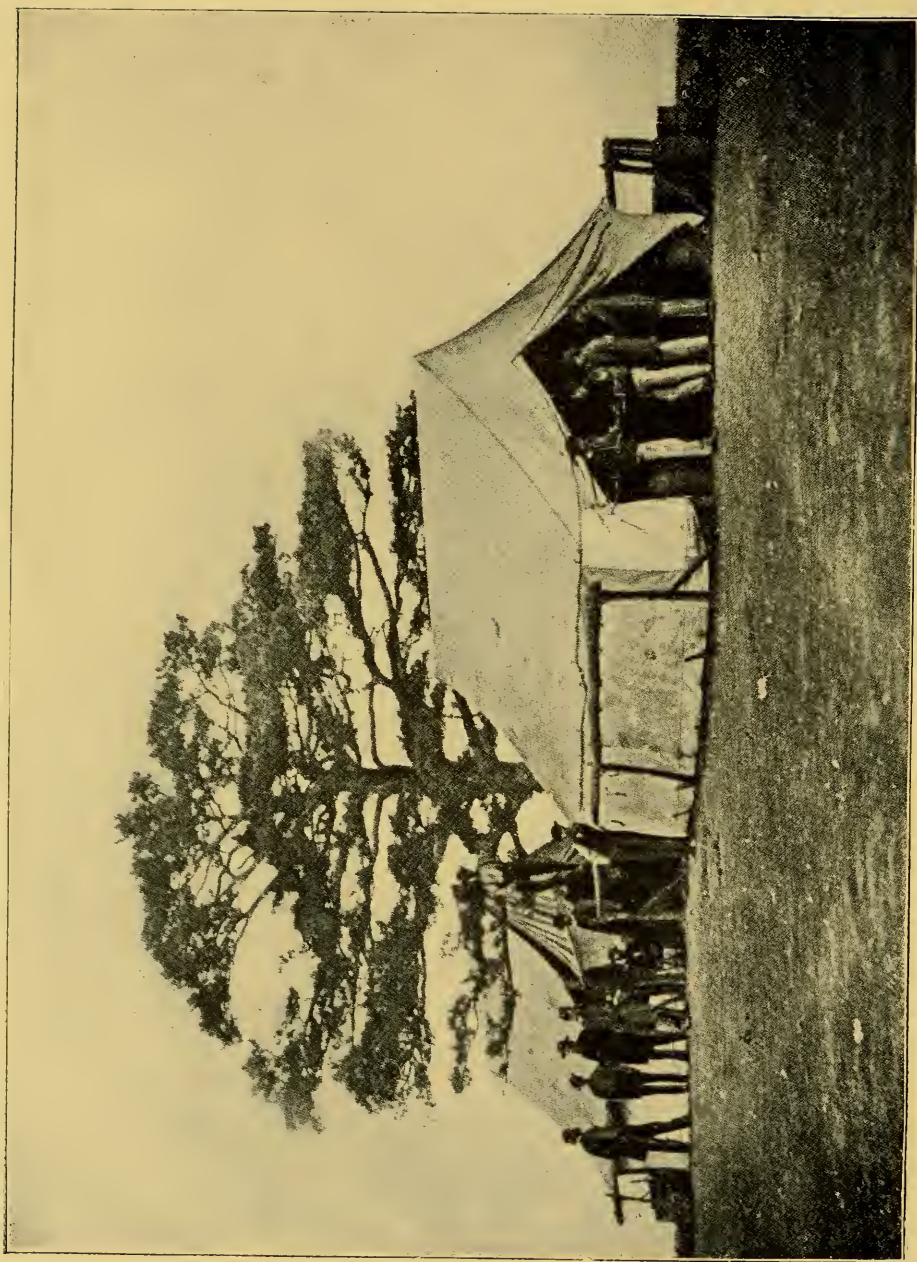
General Longstreet considered that the movement on October 27th was the "most determined effort to take Richmond on the north side" made up to that time, and he pays a compliment to the light batteries engaged when he said that the retreat was covered by "a heavy artillery fire which was kept up for about an hour." Comrade Clark says the First Connecticut Light Battery fired 148 rounds of ammunition, and as the Connecticut men had the record for effective firing, we know that General Longstreet had reason to remember that "heavy artillery fire, which was kept up for about an hour."

General Longstreet's version of the movements of the 27th is an interesting contribution to the history of the day.

"Early on the morning of the 27th it became evident that the enemy was moving to my left," he reported, "and about 9 o'clock heavy skirmishing, amounting in some places almost to attacks, was opened along my line from the New Market to the Charles City roads. Under cover of this fire the enemy pushed a column through the White Oak Swamp, cutting out the obstructions at Hobson's Crossing (a point about one mile and a half below the line of works), and driving off the cavalry pickets stationed there. Anticipating such a move, being convinced the skirmishing between the New Market and Charles City roads was but a feint, and that the real move was to flank our position by crossing the swamp and taking the unoccupied works on the Williamsburg and Nine-Mile roads, down which they would then sweep, I had ordered Field and Hoke to move by the left flank along the works, leaving only strong lines of skirmishers on the fronts they were leaving, and ordered Gary to the Nine-Mile road to hold the works at that point. This movement was made rapidly and continued till the left of Field rested just beyond the Williamsburg road. Johnson's and Haskell's battalions of artillery were moved with the infantry and placed in suitable position along the line. When the head of the column reached the Williamsburg road the enemy were already advancing a strong line of skirmishers on the works at that point. They were handsomely repulsed by our advance by a portion of General Gary's command, and the column took position along the old line of works.

"Hardly had Field located himself when an attack in very heavy force was attempted on his front over the open ground on each side of the





A SUTLER'S TENT.

Williamsburg road. This was repulsed with ease and small loss to ourselves, but with heavy loss to the enemy in killed, wounded and prisoners. Major Johnson's artillery assisted materially in this success. No other effort was made by the enemy at this point, and only a heavy artillery fire kept up. In the meanwhile Gary had moved a part of the way over to the Nine-Mile road, when he sent word to me that no enemy had appeared on that road, and that his scouts reported none as being about. He was then ordered to return and attack the force in front of Field on the flank. While in the execution of these orders he received information that the enemy were attacking the small force picketing the Nine-Mile road, and he withdrew his command to their assistance. Moving with promptness he arrived only in time to see his small squadron driven out of the salient at that part of the line by the heavy ordnance of the enemy's skirmishers, supported by a large force in line of battle, and about 100 yards from the works. A piece of artillery had been captured. Immediately forming his lines at right angles with the works, Gary charged down them, taking the enemy in the flank, routing them and re-capturing the piece of artillery. This was accomplished with such rapidity that our loss was but slight.

"The fruits of these successes, so creditable to the officers and men engaged, resulted in the complete defeat of the most determined effort to take Richmond on the north side, amounted to 11 stand of colors captured in the assault of Field's position, and about 600 prisoners, most of whom were taken through the personal exertions of Captain Lyle, of the 5th South Carolina. During the night the enemy withdrew their forces to their original position."

There seemed to be an apprehension that the enemy was gaining ground, and that even the reserve camps were in danger. "We have orders," wrote comrade Hotchkiss, "if an attack is made on us, to grab up what we can and skedaddle to the rear. A sutler, on our right, got so scared that he forgot a half barrel of stewed and seasoned dried apples for his pies, consequently, we are living on apple sauce. He also left a barrel of dough, but that we could not use. Some of our boys brought in a lot of codfish and potatoes, so we are having high living just now."

The 10th Connecticut remained in the open field near the Johnson House during the whole of the 28th, and on the 29th the regiment formed



on the right near the Johnson place, where the brigade was in line. Skirmishers were sent out by the 10th Connecticut and the 11th Maine into an open field, where they received a deadly fire from the enemy's skirmishers, posted in a line of earthworks extending from the Eagle House on the left across the Darbytown road on the right. Here the two regiments were reinforced by a detachment of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and an order to advance was given. On the double-quick the Union troops advanced across the field and drove the enemy from the works, with some loss. A skirmish line was established in the works, which were held until dark, when the entire brigade moved back to camp, leaving a cavalry squadron at the line of works captured during the day.

The Union losses during the three days were 13 officers and 105 men killed, 49 officers and 738 men wounded and 21 officers and 677 men captured or missing. The 18th Corps suffered the heaviest losses. The First Connecticut Light Battery returned to camp without any casualty.

While the Battery was away the enemy commenced a vigorous shelling in front of the reserve camp. The few guns left in the fort replied, and the enemy did not continue firing. As Comrade Hotchkiss says: "They didn't know what a chance they had." Those in camp were ready to fall back at a moment's notice, but, doubtless, would have suffered some loss.

Orders came for Captain Clinton to take the Battery to City Point so that the guns could be exchanged for light 12-pounders. The comrades did not like the idea of a change. One said: "It is a pity we have had to change our guns. We have had them three years; our gunners can handle them splendidly. They were rifled and they could put a ball just where the gunners wished. But now we are to have guns about which we know nothing, and we may fire at random, unless we get long practice. I hear the trouble was that we could not get enough ammunition for the old guns, there were no others like them in either the 10th or 18th Corps."

Comrade Clark wrote in his diary in a similar strain. "Captain Clinton returned to camp with our new guns, I wish we had our old ones," he wrote. "Our last practice with them was highly satisfactory to ourselves and the commander of the Light Artillery Brigade and to the 10th Army Corps. Indeed, so well pleased were they that efforts were made by them to have the guns retained in service; but, no, the decree had gone forth—

‘Exchange!’ Reason given was the difficulty of supplying ammunition of 3.80 calibre.”

There was one consolation; every one knew that, however strange the new guns might be, the Connecticut gunners would very soon learn to make them effective.

A comrade tells an incident of a rainy night about the end of October when the Battery was in front of the enemy's works near Fort Harrison. He says: “We were wet and cold, and succeeded in feeling around in the darkness and collecting some brush to start a fire, and by taking turns in hunting brush and then warming ourselves on one side at a time we managed to get comfortable, until we were nearly crowded away from the fire by a lot of lazy soldiers from a nearby regiment. Instead of making a fuss over it we built another fire, and when the first died out the vagabonds left it and came over to our new fire, but that was too much, and we became so vexed that we refused to let them get near our fire, so they were obliged to find their own wood or go without the comforts of a fire.”



A DESERTED PICKET POST.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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### SKIRMISHING IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

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THE second day of November witnessed the departure from the Battery of eight whose time had expired, they having been mustered in the United States service on November 2d, 1861. Those who received an honorable discharge on that day were: Sergeant John H. Merwin, of Milford; Corporal George Van Horn, of Milford; Artificer Leeds Brown, of East Granby, and Privates Eugene Atwater, David Crossley, Edgar G. Davis, Hobert M. Doloph, John C. English, William M. Fowler, James H. Gladding, Marcus M. Hall, George R. Ingram, Hart Landon, William McNary, Lewis Sykes, John T. Sloan, W. D. Shepard and Lyman N. Tuttle.

The mustering officer told Captain Clinton that he was losing some good men, and the Captain answered with a sigh that he knew it too well, but that they would not re-enlist.

The comrades who declined to re-enlist were not less patriotic than the others; they had served their country for three years, some even longer, and they thought they had done their duty and that some of those who had been taking it easy at home should have an opportunity of proving their patriotism by going to the front. Comrade Lewis Sykes said: "When my time expired I felt that I had done as much as was expected of a citizen, and not having very much of the 'die for my country' spirit left in me after three years of hardships in camp and field, I went home."

Comrade John T. Sloan said that he was glad to hurry home when he received his honorable discharge. It must be remembered that the members of the First Connecticut Light Battery had made considerable sacrifices in serving three years. They had left good homes, positions in the business world

in which they had every chance of promotion, they had given up college careers and gone to the front, actuated by no other motive than that of pure, unadulterated patriotism. Having served three years they deserved well of their country, and it was no wonder that they were "glad to get home."

The comrades who had re-entered civilian life journeyed together to Aiken's Landing, from whence they went to Fort Monroe, where they received their pay. Although they were then civilians and entitled to all the respect due to good citizens, their trials were not over. Comrade William M. Fowler says that he had to sleep on the floor of a slaughter house, which he thought rather derogatory to a citizen of the United States. His experiences on the way home were far from pleasant. He took the first boat for Baltimore, where he purchased some new boots, of rather a better quality than those supplied by the government. He still wore his uniform.

Comrade William M. Fowler had left a good position in a New York City store to enlist as a private soldier, with no other thought or ambition than to help save the Union. For this self-sacrificing act he was commended by all his patriotic friends and always treated with the greatest respect and consideration, although he only wore a private's uniform wherever he went.

After serving his country for three years, participating in over a dozen battles, enduring all sorts of hardships, braving dangers which only a soldier could know anything about, and personally capturing a Confederate spy, he returned home wearing his private's uniform and never suspecting that it was not just as much a badge of honor, worthy of respect and a passport into decent society, as when he enlisted. Imagine his surprise to find a changed sentiment. Three years of war had turned the heads of some civilians, causing them to regard a soldier wearing the uniform of a private as unfit to associate with decent ladies and gentlemen, and denying them first-class accommodations on steamboats. When Comrade Fowler arrived in New York he naturally desired to get home as quickly as possible, and thought he would take the midnight boat to New Haven, which happened to be the *Elm City*, on which he had left New Haven at the commencement of his service. Habited in his private's uniform, he stepped up to the purser's office and asked for a ticket and stateroom, at the same time taking out his money to pay for the same. The purser rebuked him in a most ungracious manner, and in a gruff voice said:



“We don't allow private soldiers on deck nor give them staterooms. *There is a place downstairs good enough for you!*”

The condition of things was so changed since the comrade enlisted three years previously that he was completely nonplussed at the most unwelcome reception. Surprised and indignant, he could not help wondering if he had been dreaming, or if not, could it not mean that the purser had suddenly become insane? All at once it dawned upon him that he wore a private's uniform, and that a sharp class line had been drawn between officers and privates by civilians.

The tendency of war is to make people imperialistic. A new aristocracy is created; society is divided between those who order and those who have to obey. The officer with his gold braid and sword struts about, “dressed in a little brief authority,” and accustomed to command in his regiment, he is looked upon as being superior to the man who has to obey. Society pets the officer, governments reward him, though the private soldier does the actual fighting and endures the greatest hardships.

“Such is the cold world's gratitude  
To those who fight her wars;  
She bows her head to epaulettes,  
But maimed men she abhors.”

The officer is promoted because his men fought well and valiantly. A battle is won and the name of the commander goes on the page of history as that of a great hero, but

“What did the privates do, indeed?  
Ah, they were gathering scars,  
And helping some great officer  
To shoulder-straps and stars!”

The wearing of an officer's uniform was a passport everywhere; the wearer of a private's uniform was barred from the society of and prevented mingling with so-called decent people.

Fowler thought of the welcome given to officers who visited their homes, how jeweled swords and costly gifts were awarded them, and in his heart he could not help praying:

“O patriot hearts, wipe out this stain;  
Give jeweled cup and sword no more;  
And let no private soldier blush  
To own the loyal blue he wore.”

Comrade Fowler was especially neat about his person and his uniform was always scrupulously clean; on this occasion he was doubly anxious to present himself at his home in the best possible condition. He was proud of his services, conscious of being as decent and respectable looking as the purser, or perhaps any one on the boat, and by the uncivil treatment he received he was aroused to a state of anger he had never before experienced, and he allowed himself to direct such a volume of language to the purser that was more zealous than diplomatic. He tried to get at the purser, but that official was secure behind the brass-caged front of his office, and the comrade, failing to get at him to whip him, declared that if ever he caught him outside his cage he would whip him within an inch of his life. When the comrade reached home and took off his private's uniform he was welcomed everywhere and looked upon as a hero. It was only the snobbishness of a false-hearted set of civilians who had grown rich, it may be, through army contracts that had set the fashion to treat the common soldier with contempt, while the officer's uniform was treated as a badge of aristocratic respectability.

Comrade Fowler had a rich uncle, who, by the way, had been a prominent copperhead during the war, but he took especial pride in introducing his nephew into society as a soldier who had served three years in the war, causing a great deal of attention to be paid to the young patriot among all classes, and in a manner compensating him for the rough treatment he had received when he tried to travel as a first-class passenger on the *Elm City*, while wearing the loyal blue of the patriot soldier.

The true citizen remembered that all could not be officers, and that the private soldier, the man who carried the musket, or drove the horses, or sighted the gun, was worth his weight in gold, and that it was their patriotism, their sufferings and sacrifices, their devotion to the flag that saved the Union and made the United States respected the whole world over.

When the new guns arrived they caused trouble, for mistakes were apt to arise through having the wrong ammunition, and the chests had

to be altered, and all the ammunition to be repacked. The sections were changed about almost erratically, and the new recruits had plenty of practice in moving the guns. One section was sent on November 3d to Spring Hill, the center section to the breastworks on the New Market road, the other section remaining in camp, but on November 5th the section was moved from Spring Hill to a redoubt on the right of Fort Harrison, while the other section moved farther down the New Market road towards Signal Hill to a fort pierced for 8 guns.

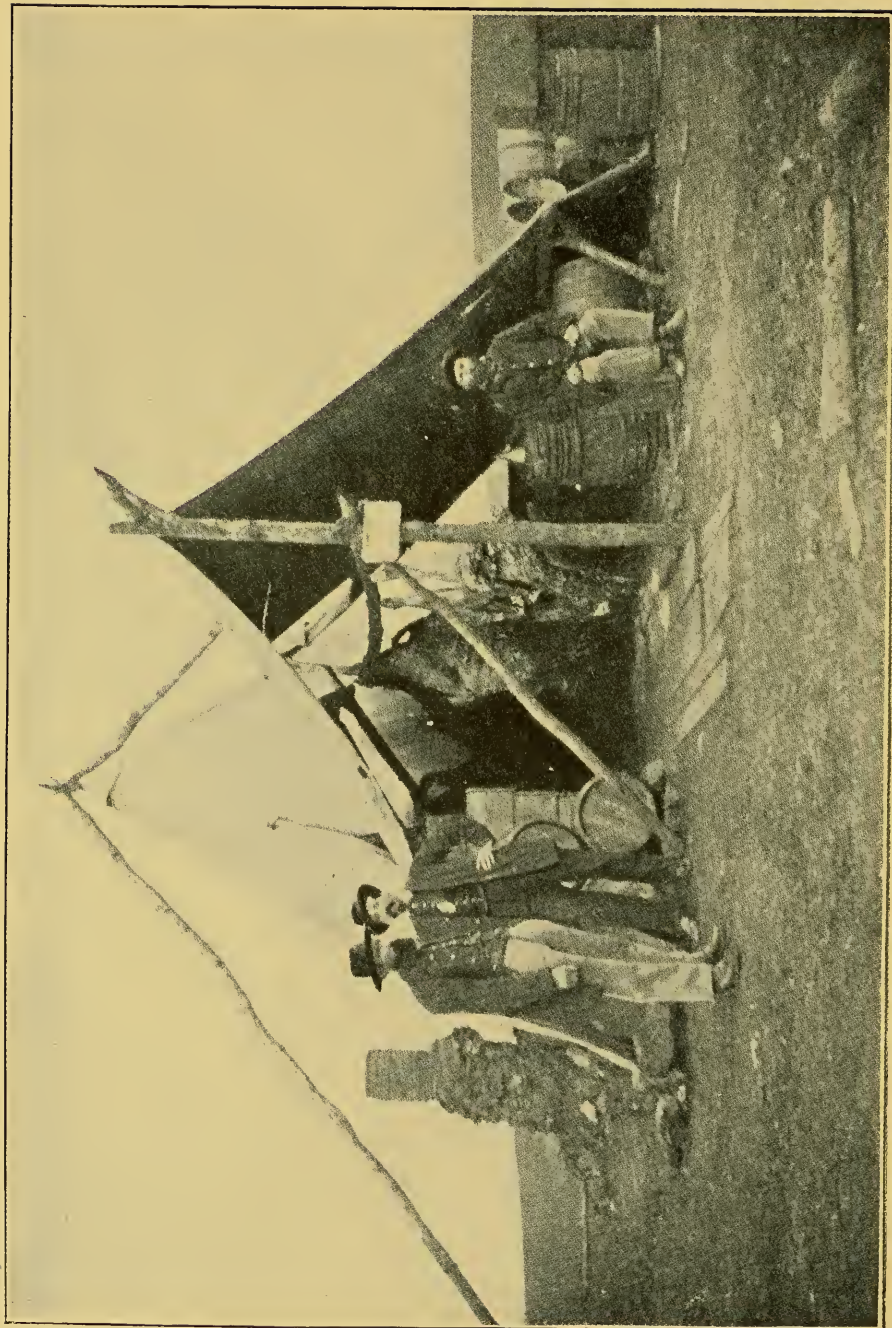
Work was commenced on a magazine, and the Battery boys cut the poles and began to put them in place when Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson saw them and ordered the colored soldiers to do the hard work.

There was considerable grumbling about the separation of the Battery, some forts having portions of two or three batteries, instead of manning it with one complete battery. The comrades could not see why the four guns in Fort Harrison should not have all belonged to the First Connecticut Battery; it would have been far pleasanter and the work would have been just as effective. But for some reason never explained to the Battery, all the orders were erratic; log houses would be built for shelter, and scarcely were they finished before they were ordered pulled down. Comrade Clark voiced the dissatisfaction of the comrades in his diary. He wrote:

"I am tired, and a trifle disgusted with military life. I positively dislike this artillery brigade. One is kept constantly worried without good reason. Go here! go there! come back again! Build a house to live in and tear it down the next day; go away to fight and come back, whipped and weary. One section in one direction, another in an opposite. Camp all dirt, only one team for all the work, supply brigade headquarters with fatigue parties and tools—keep up the camp guard with no non-commissioned officers and very few men. Take good care of the horses, ride two pair to water at the same time, send guns into action with no breech-sights and new recruits to work them; ammunition chests filled with shot, shell, powder and friction primers, no divisions in the chests to keep things in their places. Bah! This is folly for a commissioned officer on the staff of the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the brigade. Our company is in bad condition for active service. General Ames is commanding the 10th Corps; General Terry commands the Army of the







[From a war time photograph.]

A COMMISSARY TENT.

James during General Butler's absence north. General Hawley has gone away, some say north, with a brigade including one or two batteries. Perhaps they will be needed home during the election. If traitors at home attempt any disturbance during election I hope they will be dealt with without mercy."

Not only was it annoying that comrades should be separated, but it made the work harder for the non-commissioned officers and the commissary sergeant. Comrade Hotchkiss complained of this, and the entry in his diary will bring back to the minds of the surviving comrades many an incident of that winter before Richmond.

He wrote, under dates November 7, 8 and 9: "I have to send rations up to the guns in three different places, over  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles of muddy roads, roads in which the mud is red, deep and sticky. The duties of commissary are now to be merged into the quartermaster's department and I am appointed corporal; 'big thing, that!' We have lost fifty men whose time had expired, which leaves us very short; there are only a few men in camp to look out for horses, etc., so there is plenty to do. I am corporal of the guard; we have only three corporals in camp, so guard duty comes every three days instead of eight if the whole Battery was together. The corporal of the guard posts every relief at intervals of two hours, and is not supposed to sleep until the next corporal relieves him. As there are only two of us on this beat we manage to sleep between reliefs, though we have to be up to post guard every two hours day and night."

The comrades had settled themselves to sleep in the best way they could on the night of November 9th; they got as close together as possible, for the night was cold, the rain seemed to freeze them to the marrow, and discomforts of all kinds made them wish for sleep, if only that they might seek oblivion for a few hours. But midnight had only just passed when the bugle sounded the "Boots and Saddles," and every man had to be at his post. The Battery was hitched up, and for the remaining hours of that most miserable night the men had to be beside their horses and guns awaiting the order to march.

Deserters had reported that the enemy was advancing down the Charles City road in full force, and almost at the same time came the report that the enemy's cavalry in some force had attacked the Union

pickets beyond Fussell's Mills and at the junction of the Charles City and Long Bridge roads, but they were driven back.

After the Battery had been hitched up for several hours the order to unhitch was given, and the comrades had been robbed of their sleep for nothing.

When taps were sounded on the night of the 10th, the men knew that *reveille* would be sounded at 4.30 the next morning, and that coffee would be served to them before they commenced a march.

General Terry, in temporary command of the Army of the James, was not going to be taken by surprise. He, as well as Lieutenant-General Grant, was anxious that the enemy should take the initiative and was well prepared to resist any offensive movement. A strong rifle pit was dug from the redoubt on the New Market road east of the Four Mile Church redoubt to the Deep Bottom line, so that in a reasonable time the troops could be placed in an almost impregnable position.

Early in the morning the enemy commenced firing from the Howlett House battery on Batteries Sawyer and Parsons, with two guns on the former and one on the latter. The Union batteries replied, but as the enemy was doing no damage it was thought well to save ammunition, so the Union batteries ceased firing.

All day the men remained under arms ready to move, but when night came it was known that the enemy had thought it inadvisable to risk a battle.

Lieutenant R. V. King, of the 4th New Jersey Battery, was assigned to duty with the First Connecticut Light Battery during the absence of his own battery. A few days later, however, word reached the Battery that the Governor of Connecticut had promoted Sergeant Clark to the position of 2d Lieutenant, and, in consequence, Lieutenant King was detailed to another battery.

A number of promotions were made about this time: 2d Lieutenant Dickinson being promoted to 1st Lieutenant; Sergeant Welton to be Quartermaster Sergeant; Corporals Morrison Bacon and Charles Gesner to be Sergeants, and Privates George N. Barber, Henry A. Dodd, Joseph R. Doolittle and Charles A. Hotchkiss to be Corporals. The camp became more uncomfortable every day; the rain continued to fall, the men's quarters were so cramped and crowded that they could scarcely move about under

shelter, the trees which had almost encircled the camp at first had been cut down and so exposed the tents to the continuous rain and sleet, which, added to the frost at night, made life far from pleasant. As one comrade said: "The guard house is the only comfortable place, for it is built of wood and has a stove in it."

On one of the many demonstrations made toward Richmond on the north side of the James River, the Connecticut Battery was ordered out to the turnpike, where it halted. Occasionally a solid shot fired by the enemy came rolling down the road, furnishing a little excitement and relief from the monotony of waiting. Lieutenant Theron Upson was detailed on Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson's staff, but was frequently seen by the Battery boys. On this occasion he had been ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson to go forward and select a position for the artillery. As he rode down the pike toward the skirmish line he was watched by the comrades, who expected any minute to see him mashed by the big solid shot the enemy were firing down the road. Just as Lieutenant Upson got about half way to the skirmish line he saw a big, solid round shot bounding toward him. He did not deign to halt, dodge or apparently notice it, but kept on until he reached the skirmish line; then he dismounted, gave his horse to an orderly to hold, and walked all along the infantry picket and skirmish lines looking for a position for the Battery. The country was flat lowland; a thick wood and underbrush, vines and all kinds of briars and thorns that ever grew in low, marshy lands made it almost impenetrable. Lieutenant Upson spent nearly three hours on the skirmish line trying to find an open space where artillery could be placed, but not in that whole section could he find a spot open enough to even get one piece of artillery placed. Lieutenant Upson returned and reported the condition to Colonel Jackson, who ordered an immediate retreat. On that retreat the enemy followed so close and pushed the Union force so hard that the Battery had to fire retreating with *prolonge*, until it got out of range; by this means the enemy was kept at a respectful distance. Comrade Upson has often referred to that day's work as one of the hardest he ever had; during the whole of the 24 hours he was exposed to danger and hardship and had no other refreshment than one hard tack.

For two or three days prior to that set apart for National Thanksgiving



the comrades were filled with anticipation of having a regular old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner for the report had reached the camp that the people of the North had sent to the 10th Army Corps ten tons of fine turkeys and a corresponding quantity of other good things. November 24th came and found the comrades shivering with cold. The wind was a biting easterly one and the rain fell in drizzly showers all day. It was a great relief to have plenty of hard work to do, for stables were being built and the men had permission to erect log houses. Each house was 6 feet wide by 9 feet long; the walls were made of logs hauled from the woods. The roof was composed of four shelter tents; each house therefore was to offer shelter and comfort for four comrades. Working on these houses was a pleasure, and on that particular Thanksgiving it was a relief as well, for working helped to keep them warm and also diverted their minds from their great disappointment, for the turkeys had not arrived and the Thanksgiving dinner was to be of hard tack and beans.

In the afternoon orders came to stop building and be in readiness to break camp. The feeling can be easier imagined than described. Men who had been careful in their language could not help allowing a "cuss word" to escape them; even "Deacon" Hotchkiss, who never swore at all, had to admit that he "could not find it in his heart to rebuke his comrades."

The whole of the North was supposed to be engaged in thanksgiving exercises followed by the usual jollity, but the men of the 10th Army Corps, wet to the skin, shivering with cold, and huddled together in cramped quarters, with no extra dinner to cheer the inner man, felt that they had but little cause to join in thanksgiving.

Early on the Friday morning the turkeys arrived and there were brighter faces in camp, but even then there was some discontent, for as one comrade said: "I got a fair piece of turkey, but no gravy, sauce, onions, pie or pudding, etc. I ate my piece of turkey in a cramped-up tent, with cold toes and cold nose."

The same day a deserter was shot in front of the 10th Army Corps lines; the court-martial had been held in Captain Clinton's tent.

The necessities of the military situation had brought into the army a very great many men who had been tempted solely by the bounties offered by the national and State governments, and from this class there were quite a number of deserters.

It would be unfair to class all the late recruits together, for some of them were enlisted from the best classes of the people and were actuated by the highest motives and purest patriotism. The recruits who joined the ranks of the First Connecticut Light Battery were mostly men who loved their country and willingly gave their services and offered their lives for the flag. But in the infantry regiments, into which large numbers were drafted or had joined for the sake of the bounty, it was not surprising there should be some deserters. Orders were given that any who were caught should be court-martialed and, if guilty, shot summarily, and a furlough of twenty days was promised to any soldier who captured a deserter or shot him outside the lines.

The Battery did not leave the camp and permission was given to continue building the winter houses. Corporals Hotchkiss, Mathew Ralston, Gesner and Dodd had quite a comfortable house, measuring 10 feet by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inside and with walls  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high; the four shelter tents covered it and made a decent roof. Hotchkiss had managed to get three doors and a quantity of pine boards, so the Corporal's house had a real door, and out of the other tables and boards a table and seats were made. He had ordered a sheet iron folding stove from home, and when it arrived it made the house quite comfortable. The good folks had not forgotten that something more than stove heat was necessary, and so a "box of goodies," says Comrade Hotchkiss, "arrived, and we did full justice to the contents."

Every day there was a rumor of an approaching engagement and skirmishes were frequent, especially on Butler's front. The right section of the First Connecticut Light Battery was stationed in a redoubt close to the camp and the left section behind a traverse built across the New Market road and was under the command of Lieutenant Clark. Gunboats were gathering on the James River and a decisive engagement was daily expected. When the comrades were comfortably settled in their new quarters, a rumor reached them that the entire 10th Corps was to be sent to South Carolina to meet General Sherman and join him in his march to the sea, and the comrades were almost enthusiastic in favor of the change, but again their hopes were dashed to the ground. But a new development took place on the 3d of December which was not so pleasing to the brave men of Connecticut who had become attached to the 10th Army Corps.

By General Orders No. 297 issued by the War Department the 10th and 18th Army Corps were discontinued. The white infantry troops of both corps were to be consolidated under the direction of the major-general commanding the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and were to constitute a new corps to be called the 24th Corps; all the colored troops of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina were to be organized into a new corps, to be called the 25th Corps. The artillery brigade of the 10th Corps, with the existing staff, was to be attached to the 25th Corps, which was to be under the command of Major-General Godfrey Weitzel. So the First Connecticut Light Battery was to serve with the colored troops to the end of the war. There was a general move in consequence, and in the midst of dinner on December 4th, "Boots and Saddles" was sounded, and at 3 P. M. the new houses were vacated and the comrades were on the march.

The road taken was towards Dutch Gap, and the Battery took possession of a camp vacated by the 1st Rhode Island Battery. The left and centre sections were placed in Battery No. 2 under command of Lieutenant Dickinson, and the right section, Lieutenant Clark, was in Battery No. 3.

The comrades set to work to again build houses, but were stopped by an order to move. On Dec. 6th the Battery was hitched up awaiting orders and all night the men were by the guns and horses. At daylight the order was recalled and the men settled down to work again on their houses, spurred on by a heavy snow storm and by wind blowing a gale.



[From war sketch by E. Forbes.]

A PICKET POST IN WINTER.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.



GENERAL WEITZEL had only just assumed command of the newly organized 25th Army Corps when orders came for him to embark for the North Carolina coast with 6,500 infantry, 2 batteries of artillery and 50 cavalry. The infantry was to consist of the effective men of General Paine's division of the 25th Corps and General Ames' division of the 24th Corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson was to select such batteries as he thought best. The horses of the batteries, except one horse for each officer and chief of the piece, to be left behind.

The rumor soon spread through the camp, and the hearts of the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery beat fast with the hope that they were to go on the expedition. But their hopes were blighted, and the First Connecticut Battery was to remain before Richmond. Captain Loomis L. Langdon assumed the command of the artillery brigade during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson, who accompanied General Weitzel. Brigadier-General C. A. Heckman was appointed to the temporary command of the 25th Corps.

It was generally believed that the sole reason for the First Connecticut Light Battery being left in camp at Chaffin's farm was that so many of the comrades had been honorably discharged and not enough recruits had been sent from Connecticut to fill their places.

During those first few days of December the weather was the very reverse of pleasant; the snow lay on the ground to a depth of two inches; the wind blew through the trees and made the comrades shiver and wish that they could be moved to a warmer climate.



On one occasion, when the Battery had been at the front for 36 hours, experiencing the unpleasantness of one of those fall rains that, while they do not freeze the blood, yet chill one through and through, benumbing the entire body until all control over the muscles seems to be lost, a comrade recalls an uncomfortable experience. He says that he bivouacked on the edge of a wood under some large trees, rolling himself up in his woolen and rubber blankets, and immediately fell asleep. The cold rain continued during the night. About midnight a colored regiment halted and bivouacked on the same ground. In a skirmish during the day they had thrown away their blankets, and when they stopped for the night some of them crawled in under the blankets of comrades who had retired earlier and were enjoying a good, sound sleep. The comrade says that he awoke feeling very comfortable and warm, and on looking around found an explanation of his sensations, for on either side of him was a big negro trying to share a part of his blanket. The weather being cold no unpleasant odor had aroused him, but as soon as he found the company he was in he quickly jumped up and left the negroes to keep warm the best way they could. Although most of his childhood's days had been spent in the South, it had been so long since he had slept with negroes that he loathed their attempt to share his blankets and become his bedfellows. All the next day the comrade imagined that he was saturated with the odor peculiar to negroes, and gathered during the short time he had slept between them. Everything he touched or tasted seemed permeated with the odor. "I smelled it everywhere," he said, "and all my food tasted of it."

Almost daily "Boots and Saddles" was sounded, horses hitched up and after waiting a few hours unhitched again. The rumors of a forward move or of an anticipated attack by the enemy were of frequent occurrence.

During those early days of December, 1864, Corporal Herbert W. Beecher and Privates Samuel Barnes, Andrew Holbrook, John Loomis and Andrew Nolan received an honorable discharge, having served the full three years of their enlistment.

A number of recruits arrived from Connecticut, and some of them had a pretty hard experience before they reached the Battery. Comrade Clark wrote in his diary under date December 9th: "A very cold night and storm without; hail rattling upon my roof. I am secure and comfortable;

a good warm fire is blazing on my hearth, shedding a cheerful glow. There is nothing like a good open fire for comfort. The expedition which left here a day or two ago is said to be destined for Wilmington. Yesterday 25 men from the 4th New Jersey Battery were attached to our company, and to-day they were sent back to Captain Doane, commanding the 4th New Jersey Battery, on account of new recruits arriving. The Battery received 36 new recruits last night; among them one man who was a deserter, and who will be turned over to the Provost Marshal here for trial. There are more recruits in Connecticut for us who will probably be here before many weeks. The men who came last night had been robbed of their blankets and many articles of clothing by a set of vagabonds who are more or less with every large body of recruits and are a disgrace and burden to the service. From their class, substitutes mostly, come the deserters and criminals generally."

The honest men who had enlisted through patriotism were the sufferers, but the First Connecticut Light Battery had been especially fortunate in having so few worthless men join their ranks.

On the morning of the 10th of December the Union pickets were driven in by a large force of the enemy. The pickets retired fighting to the wood near the Johnson house, where they were, as soon as possible, reinforced by the whole brigade, and that line was maintained during the day, protected by the First Connecticut Light Battery. The cavalry, commanded by Colonel A. W. Evans, cleared the Darbytown road, and the enemy made no further attack upon the Union line, but kept a strong skirmish line across the fields in front of the wood, with reserves in the old breastworks, where they also placed two pieces of artillery, which shelled Fort Harrison very vigorously, being answered with telling effect by a section of the First Connecticut Light Battery. The enemy's skirmish line in the Johnson house field threw up 75 rifle pits in that part where they had no other shelter. In the afternoon the bulk of the enemy's force moved to the right and attacked the Unionists upon New Market Heights, where they met with a strong resistance. In the night the enemy retired by the Darbytown road toward their camp, and the Union brigade re-established his picket line upon the Darbytown road.

Lieutenant Silas Truax, a West Point graduate, commanded a battery

of machine guns connected with the Light Artillery Brigade. These machine guns were the first ever seen by the soldiers at the front and were a source of much curiosity. On the occasion of the Confederates driving in the cavalry pickets on the Darbytown road near New Market, these machine guns were called into action. The enemy made a strong demonstration, and the entire Battery Brigade was put in position. The machine guns occupied a position in front and the enemy charged that part of the line, seeing only two guns, and those small ones, making it an easy task, as they thought, to take them. But as the Confederates charged they were instantly stopped by the machine guns, which worked beautifully and were the admiration of all the Unionists, notwithstanding that they were worked by negroes. The machine gun was a great puzzle to the enemy; such destruction from two guns they had never before witnessed, though they had faced many batteries. They did not seem like human agents, but were more like a Western cyclonic blizzard, sweeping everything before it. A perfect shower of balls was hurled at the enemy with the force of a hurricane.

The First Connecticut Light Battery was moved from one point to another and did some effective shelling. During this demonstration the horses were harnessed and hitched to the guns for five days, the cannoneers constantly in readiness for immediate action, but aside from firing a shell occasionally at positions supposed to be occupied by the enemy, and the excitement of watching the machine guns mow down the Confederates, nothing occurred, the enemy not making the expected assault on the whole line.

The comrades were getting their winter quarters quite comfortable, building log houses and erecting chimneys of sticks and mud outside. Those who had portable stoves managed to keep the cold out very well; the others built wood fires and, like Comrade Clark, found comfort in an open fireplace.

While near Chaffin's Bluff that winter four guns were in a fort built on Chaffin's farm; the other two guns were in a fort about a quarter of a mile to the left of the farm. During most of the time the Battery had nothing to do but guard those forts, feed and groom the horses, keep the camp in order, attend roll call and drill. As the Battery was not ordered out on any expedition, the comrades were able to keep the uniforms bright and the

camp looking especially attractive. Oftentimes civilians secured passes and visited the camps, and on one occasion Captain Clinton was showing two or three about the forts, describing the way the Union lines ran and pointing out the Confederate positions. As he approached the fort at the left of Chaffin's Bluff where the two guns were located, the civilians manifested great interest in looking toward the enemy's lines, and while peering through their field glasses, Captain Clinton discovered a 12-inch shell fired from a howitzer coming directly toward them. He called to them to cover for safety; his practical eye showed him that the shell would land right in the fort and burst. The civilians lost no time in jumping for cover under the bomb-proof or any other spot that looked as though it would afford protection. All reached places of safety except Captain Clinton; he had been so occupied in tracing the course of the shell that he evidently forgot to run to cover with the visitors. The shell landed right in the centre of the fort and buried itself in the ground fully four feet, but did not burst, and caused no damage save shocking the nerves of the sight-seeing party. Captain Clinton often tells the story and laughs over the way his visitors made themselves invisible. All expected the shell would burst, and if it had some one would have been hurt. After the danger was past the civilians lost no time in getting out of danger, and their curiosity was fully satisfied.

Comrade Charles Gesner tells an amusing incident of camp life about this time.

"We had erected log huts, and each hut was occupied by eight men," he says. "The comrades will remember that the gay and festive bean was quite frequently a part of our rations. It so happened that one of our tent-mates was very partial to beans, in fact no one ever saw the time when the cook gave him enough at any one meal. Five of us, in that log hut, were not fond of the vegetable, and on the days when beans were served this comrade came in for a large share of all the beans that came into the house. He had the largest tin dish for his plate that I ever saw any man carry in the army; it would hold three quarts or more, and on bean day he would have it full to the brim. Our furniture consisted of some three-legged stools, rather roughly made and not very sure-footed; also we had a shelf on which we usually kept our pepper and salt, and a flat sheet-iron stove which we had borrowed from some Dutch soldiers when they were not at home.



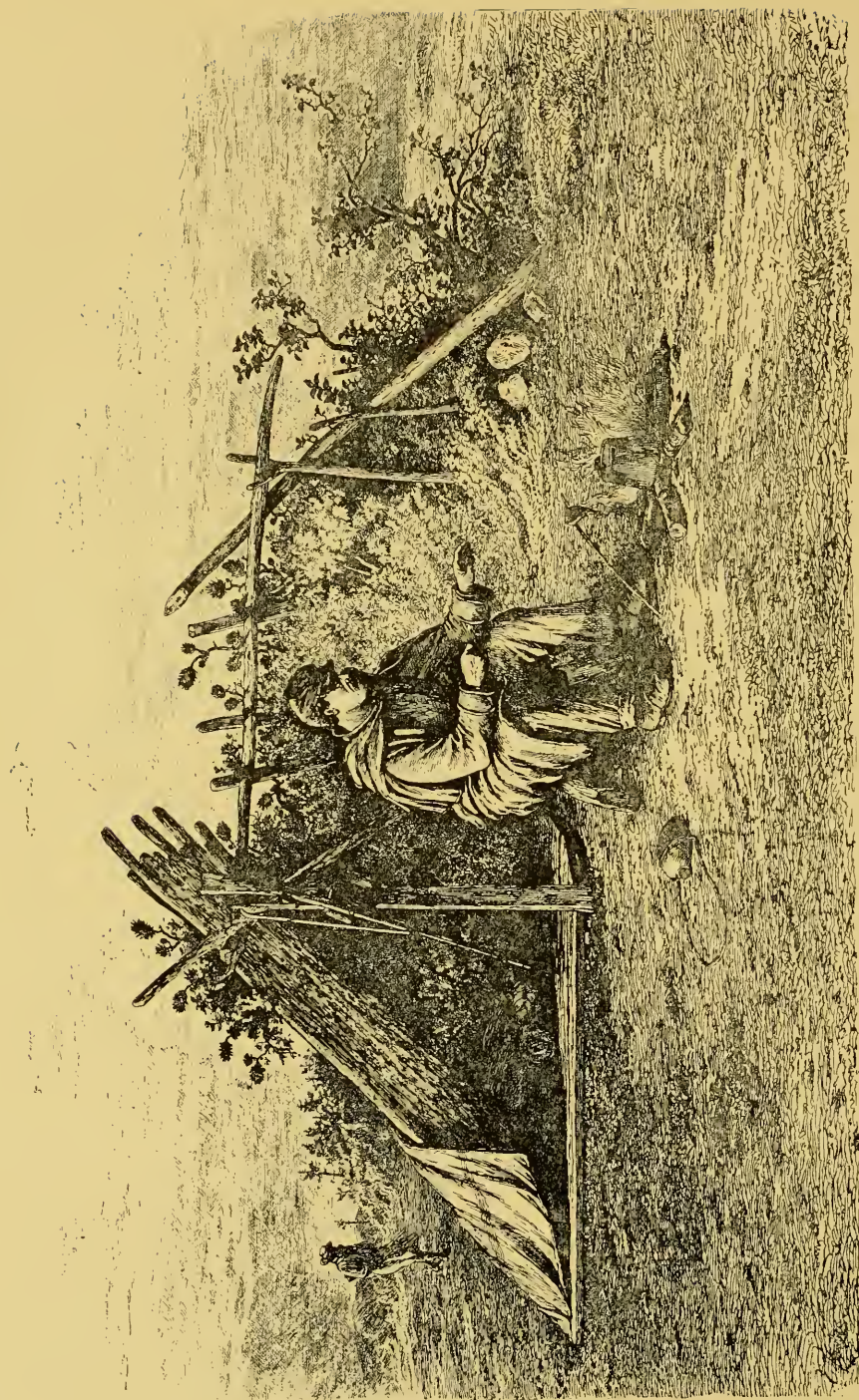
One day our comrade had his dish full of beans, which he placed on the stove, while he mounted on one of the stools to get the salt and pepper from the shelf, when, presto! over went the stool, and down came the bean-eater with considerable force, with one hand landing in his dish of beans. The beans vacated the dish with great force, and as we were sitting around eating our dinner, you can imagine the result. Those beans were everywhere in the hut, excepting in the dish, and it became necessary for every man to clean himself and his uniform. The comrade who had caused the commotion used some 'cuss words' over the loss of his dinner, and said that he knew something was going to happen because he had seen the new moon over his left shoulder the evening before. We all agreed that something did happen for sure, and after that time we took care to keep out of range of that bean dish when it was loaded."

Christmas came, the fourth many of the comrades had spent in the service of the United States. Instead of the angel's song of "Peace on earth and good-will to man" was heard the booming of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the wails of the wounded, and both combatants were professors of a belief in that Child whose birth had been heralded in so strange and startling a manner.

While the comrades who had gone North, having served the full term of their enlistment, were enjoying themselves with their families, sitting at tables loaded with dainties, so palatable to them after three years of army rations, their comrades at the front were far from happy. Comrade Hotchkiss wrote on Christmas Day: "Had inspection of the whole Battery; weather fine, mud nearly knee-deep when not frozen up. Rations for dinner to-day boiled beans and pork; can't eat the beans, don't want the pork, so went without dinner. Coffee and hard tack for supper."

How the minds of the comrades must have spanned the distance between Virginia and Connecticut! How, as they sat eating their dinner of pork and beans and supper of coffee and hard tack, they must have thought of Comrades Griswold, and Sloan, and Beecher, of Tallmadge and Marcus M. Hall, of Bliss and Fowler and the others who would be eating their turkey and juicy roast beef in comfort, with their families round them listening to their tales of glory on the field, of hardships in the camp, of the tragedies and comedies which mingle daily in a soldier's life.





[From war sketch by E. Forbes.]

A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON PICKET.

Thoughts would picture scenes like these, and the heavy boom of the distant cannon would be forgotten for a time and the ears would be filled with the carols and songs of home at Christmas time.

But the bugle sound brought the comrades back to the realities of camp life, and the dreams were dissipated by the shrieking of the wind and the rattling of the rain on the canvas roofs of the log houses.

There was a listlessness about the comrades that Christmas; so many of the old faces missing, so many new ones seen, that even the Battery seemed to be changed. Yet we read and hear how the old comrades "chummed" together that day, and how much dearer each was to each now that the old members were so few in number.

But if the minds of the comrades in camp were filled with thoughts of home and departed comrades, what dreams and visions would pass before the mind of the lonely picket, who had no companionship but his thoughts. Even his dinner—and a Christmas dinner seems synonymous with company—was partaken of in solitary misery, under circumstances and amid surroundings very un-Christmas-like.

The last days of the year were spent in drilling the new recruits, some of whom were hardly fit for service and others were not used to obeying orders. The non-commissioned officers had a hard time of it and the officers not much better. But some of the recruits were gentlemen in manner, educated men who were an honor to the State and a credit to the service, and these gave no trouble, but became soldiers quickly.

There was one cheering thought as the last days of 1864 passed, evidences were clear the enemy was losing spirit. On the day after Christmas no less than 300 deserters came into Fort Harrison alone, and similar reports came from all parts of the line.

The great engineering work at Dutch Gap was the subject of much comment, some declaring that the canal could never be cut, others that, even if it were successfully accomplished, it would aid the enemy more than the Unionists. But the work continued; men were detailed from the line to dig the canal, and every day the rumor came that the Battery would be wanted to protect those who were at the Gap. "Boots and Saddles" was sounded so often that the comrades felt almost at a loss what to do if they did not hear the familiar sound.



The 13th New York Battery got stuck in the mud just below the First Connecticut Light Battery camp, and eight pairs of the Battery horses were sent to help the New Yorkers out of two feet of Virginia mud.

The right section was moved to Battery No. 2 and the left section to Battery No. 3, to the left of Fort Harrison, the centre section being at the reserve camp.

The year was to end with the roar of cannon from the enemy's rams and a fierce cannonading from the four Confederate batteries, which opened on the Union Batteries Nos. 2 and 3, which were defended by the First Connecticut Light Battery.

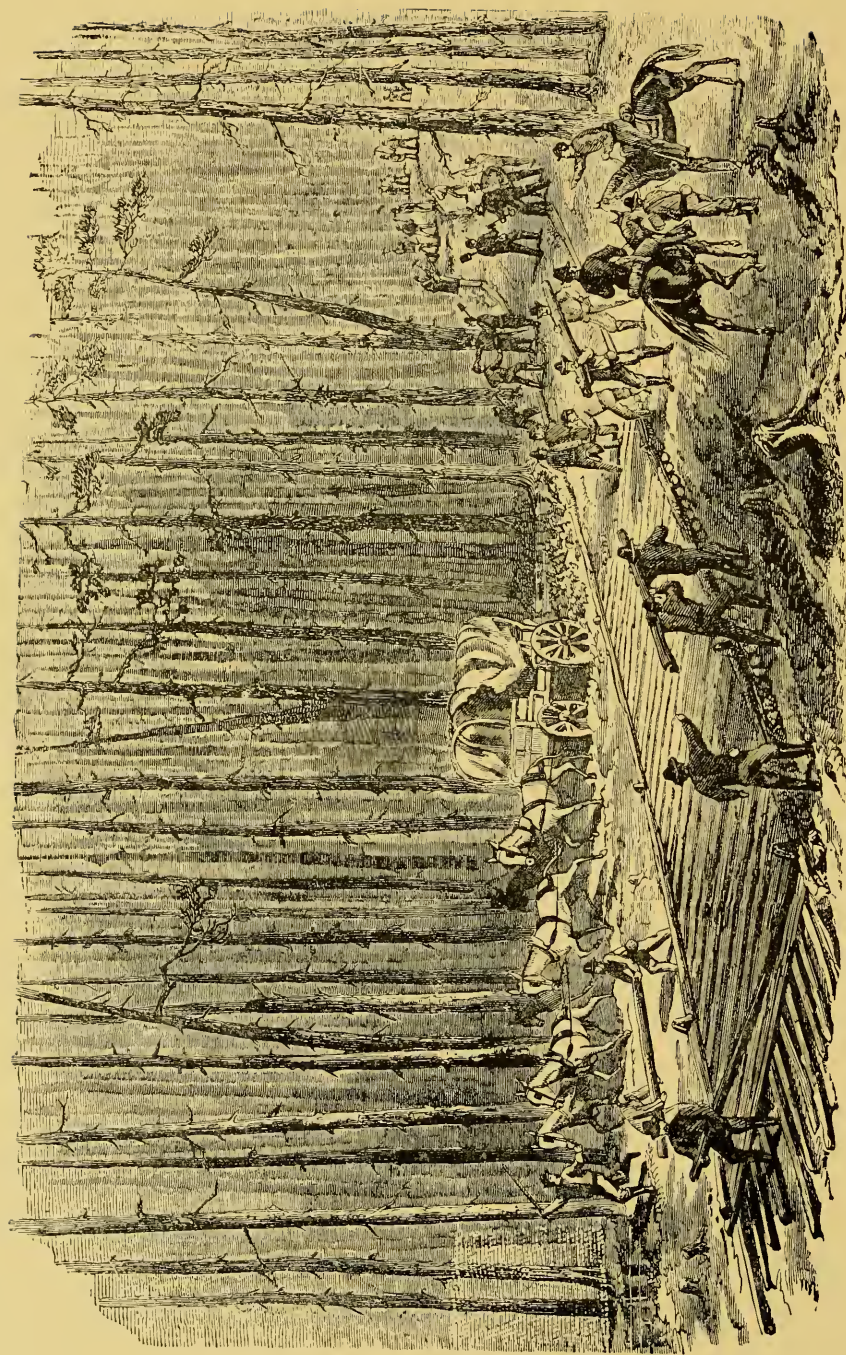
One Brooks 120-pound shell tore a great hole through 20 feet of solid breastworks of sand and earth, but fortunately without injuring any of the comrades. The firing was kept up for two hours and then ceased, the First Connecticut Light Battery bearing the brunt of the firing.

There was considerable excitement in the camps caused by the return of the troops from the Fort Fisher campaign. There was not much jubilation among them, for they knew that they had been ordered to retire even while victory was in sight. Comrade Theron Upson had been with the expedition, being attached to Myrick's Battery of the regular army, and witnessed the bombardment of the fort by the navy.

Admiral Porter declared that with a "proper commander the place could have been taken," and that even then he believed the important position could be captured.

Major-General Curtis, 1st Lieutenant Ross, Lieutenant William H. Walling and Lieutenant George Simpson voluntarily reported to Lieutenant-General Grant that "when recalled they were nearly into the fort, and in their opinion it could have been taken without much loss." General Grant says that "on December 25th a landing was effected without opposition, and a reconnoissance, under Brevet Brigadier-General Curtis, pushed up to the fort. But before receiving a full report of the result of this reconnoissance, General Butler, in direct violation of the instructions given, ordered the re-embarkation of the troops and the return of the expedition." General Grant believed Admiral Porter in preference to General Butler, and on December 30th ordered another attempt to be made, selecting General Terry for the command and sending with him the same troops. This time





BUILDING A CORDUROY ROAD.



the expedition was highly successful, and a severe blow was inflicted on General Butler's military reputation. At the request of General Grant, General Butler was relieved of the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and Major-General E. O. C. Ord assigned to that position.

In order that the troops around Richmond might spend a quiet New Year's Day, General Grant ordered that there should be a cessation of firing, except in answer to the enemy's guns, during the whole of New Year's Day. This gave the comrades an opportunity for fraternal greetings, and even though the caisson camp was, as a comrade said, "a perfect mud-hole," and though the rain fell in chilling, drizzling showers all day, yet the day was spent more pleasantly than had been expected.

General Ord gave orders to all the corps that from that date *revueille* was to be at 5 A. M. An uncomfortable hour to get up in mid-winter to face icy winds and chilling rain, but there was no use in grumbling—the order had to be obeyed; and the older comrades in the Battery knew that the new recruits wanted a great deal of attention in the matter of drill before they would become good soldiers.

During the early days of January, 1865, Acting Chief Engineer W. R. King was engaged in making a corduroy road to Deep Bottom, connecting the 24th and 25th Army Corps with that point. The road from the department headquarters to Kingsland road, a distance of 2,666 yards, was finished by the 7th of January, an engineering feat reflecting great credit on all concerned, for the bad state of the roads over which the timber had to be hauled seemed an obstacle almost too difficult to be overcome. A corduroy road was built of logs laid side by side over other logs running at right angles. This kind of road, the only one adapted to marshy places, received its name from its rough or ribbed surface, resembling corduroy.

A corduroy road had already been made by a detail of the 25th Corps between headquarters and Varina, and had proved highly successful, connecting with a permanent bridge which was being erected across the James near Varina.

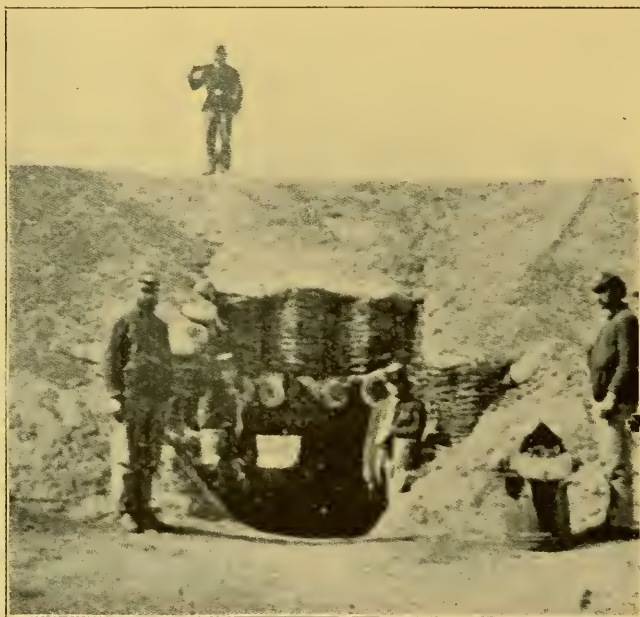
Another corduroy road was in progress from the headquarters of the 25th Corps to the "flying" hospital, a distance of 300 yards.

The enemy had mounted several Coehorn and 8-inch and 10-inch



mortars opposite the batteries, and so new casemates were erected to prevent much damage.

The magazines along the line of batteries were materially strengthened by lining with fresh boards and placing considerably more dirt on the top. The magazines were built very much the same as the bomb-proofs, only a thicker covering of sand or dirt was placed on the top, with banks on either side for additional protection.



[From a war-time photograph.]

A MAGAZINE.

The bulkhead of the Dutch Gap canal had been blown out and a channel made so that a current of water flowed through, and with a little dredging would be available for light-draught monitors.

Thus gradually the net was being drawn around Richmond, and all knew that the end could not be far off.

An order was issued from headquarters that ten per cent. of those men who had served one year would be granted furloughs. Fourteen of the First Connecticut Light Battery were selected by drawing lots. Comrade Hotch-

kiss wanted a furlough very badly, for he had received word of the dangerous sickness of one of his family, but he had to rest his hope on a chance drawing, and he says: "I drew a blank, of course." But the Corporal who drew the fortunate slip offered to sell his chance for \$15 and Hotchkiss bought it; then came a new disappointment, for the order was revoked and only five per cent. allowed to have a furlough, and, to add to his discomfiture, Captain Clinton issued an order forbidding all sale or transfer of furloughs. On January 12th two sergeants, three corporals, one bugler and one private left for home on a furlough for twenty-five days.

More log huts were ordered built and timber had to be cut and hauled. The difficulty of hauling can well be imagined when it is remembered that the Battery limbers were used, the ammunition chests being removed, and it required three pairs of horses to drag the two-wheeled limber, loaded with logs, through the mud.

Considerable excitement was caused by the desertion of an entire brigade of the enemy. The Confederates opened their batteries on the deserters, but nearly all escaped and reached the Union lines. The constant firing caused the Battery to hear the "Boots and Saddles" call sometimes twice a day, and then horses had to be harnessed and everything packed ready for a march and a fight, but perhaps an hour later the order to unhitch would come and the comrades would settle down to their house-building, only to be roused again by "Boots and Saddles."

A genuine scare broke the monotony of camp life on the 23d of January. The enemy's fleet attempted to pass the obstructions in the James River during the night. Three rams, the wooden gunboat Drewry, a small steam torpedo boat, passed Fort Brady, a little to the left of Battery No. 3, in the night under cover of the darkness. Fort Brady opened on the boats and in return the enemy's land batteries shelled the fort. One of the heavy guns in Fort Brady was disabled. The guns of the First Connecticut Light Battery joined in the fight and more than one shell struck the gunboats. The fleet passed on up the river to a point near the Confederate battery at the Howlett house. At daylight two rams and the Drewry were discovered aground near the left bank, and fire was opened on them from the nearest battery. A shot struck the Drewry, and another following in quick succession from a heavy siege gun exploded her magazine. As

soon as the rams could get afloat they retreated out of range, but not without receiving a number of shots from both the heavy and light guns. The Union two-turreted monitor, the Onandaga; ran away from the enemy, "a piece of cowardice utterly unaccountable," wrote Comrade Clark. During the day there was a fierce artillery duel between the enemy's batteries and the Union artillery. That the duel was a severe one can well be imagined from the letter from General Turner, Chief of General Ord's staff, to Dr. Suckley, Point of Rocks, in which he said: "The rebel rams are at Howlett House Battery. The devil is to pay, and no pitch hot. You are not wanted unless you can doctor the Onandaga, which has a weak stomach and sought refuge behind the pontoon bridge." Orders were sent to General Heckman, commanding the 25th Corps, to have his command in readiness in case an attack was made on his front. The First Connecticut Light Battery was ordered hitched up and awaited orders to march, as it was expected the enemy intended making a landing between Fort Brady and the Dutch Gap canal. After waiting hitched up for some hours the order came to unhitch, but the comrades were ordered to have everything in readiness for a hurried move.

At the end of January, Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith tendered his resignation and received an honorable discharge from the service. Comrade Smith says that his service with the Battery was a pleasant one, that he never lost a day's duty through sickness, and he adds: "In fact, my record is one of which I am proud of, and well may be; always with the Battery on all occasions and many times engaged in important duty with some section."

The resignation of Comrade Smith caused some changes to be made. 2d Lieutenant Theron Upson was promoted to 1st Lieutenant and Sergeant Samuel W. Scranton to a Second Lieutenancy. Corporal Mathew Ralston was promoted to Sergeant and Privates Amasa L. Doolittle, Charles W. Lane and Alfred E. Leonard, Corporals. At this time Comrade Lorenzo D. McLean, the hospital steward, received his honorable discharge, his term of service having expired.

That the end of the fratricidal war was nearing its end was very manifest, for Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederate States, Judge J. A. Campbell and ex-U. S. Senator R. M. T. Hunter asked for a safe conduct through the Union lines so that they might hold a conference

with President Lincoln with a view to ascertaining upon what terms the war might be ended. The peace commissioners were, after a long interchange of telegrams and letters, allowed to pass through the lines to Fort Monroe, where President Lincoln and Secretary Seward met and had several hours' conference with them. The peace commissioners passed the camp of the Battery and the comrades could not help wishing them "godspeed," knowing well that President Lincoln would agree to no terms which were not honorable and manly.

The Battery was all together at the time, being relieved at the forts by Battery D, 1st U. S. Artillery. The new men were gradually becoming accustomed to army life, though some of them were kept under close guard, fearing that they might be tempted to desert. This was a necessity and, as a comrade pointed out, a proof of the superiority of volunteers over conscripted men or substitutes. Two drivers were seriously hurt on Sunday, February 5th, and Comrade Hotchkiss was firmly of the opinion that it was a punishment for working on Sunday, though other comrades thought the punishment should have fallen on those who had ordered the men to work, and not on the innocent, who had only done their duty.



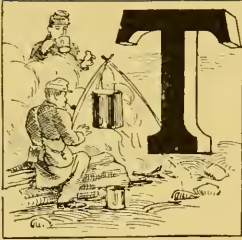
[From war sketch by E. Forbes.]

WINTER QUARTERS IN THE TRENCHES.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### IN WINTER QUARTERS.



THE First Connecticut Light Battery camp was located very near the quartermaster's department, and the comrades were wakened every morning by the melodious braying of three thousand mules. A comrade observed that the mule, having no ancestors to vindicate or posterity to protect, was still patriotic and determined that every one, enemies included, should know his patriotism by his demonstrative braying. Another comrade testified to the exuberance of joy manifested by the mule, and said it was only equaled by the singing and dancing of the colored troops. Comrade Henry E. Hotchkiss, writing to his sister, said: "I am surrounded by mules and niggers, all sorts; most of them have been slaves. You would laugh if you could see and hear them dance and sing, etc. They come to me to get letters written, love letters and all; they have all some 'sweet, *fair* girl,' as they call her; you can imagine how she must look. Well, they bring me my wood to burn and cut it up, too."

Every day there was some firing, but no general engagement, the Battery taking but little part. Comrade Joseph Doolittle tells an incident of one day's experience: "A skirmish was being fought off to our right about a mile or so; there was no firing at us, except some large shells which were aimed at General Weitzel's headquarters, which were situated in a grove a quarter of a mile in our rear. One of the shells landed at the edge of the grove without exploding, and I rushed down and picked it up, starting back with it to the fort, when I saw another shell coming right toward me. I dropped my shell in a hurry and ran three or four rods to

one side, lying down flat on the ground. That shell passed right through the grove, hit one of the log houses where the brigade band was quartered, knocking down two of the musicians, but fortunately that shell did not explode either. I went back and got my shell and succeeded in getting it into the fort; it was about six inches in diameter and twelve inches long. I did not carry that shell home with me when I was mustered out of the service, but I did take north a twelve-pounder from near Hilton Head, which I got in the spring of 1863, and which I still keep as a souvenir, together with the canteen which I carried from Camp Tyler until the time I was mustered out of the service."

The recruits were a source of constant anxiety and trouble. Many of them had received large bounties and all had plenty of money to spend, and they did not hesitate to let it go like water. Many of them had only enlisted for the money, with the intention of deserting and enlisting again under different names, thus getting another bounty. The Battery lost 25 from desertion. There was one young sharper who was an expert at cards; he could perform very many sleight-of-hand tricks and in many ways was able to entertain the comrades. Every evening the comrades would crowd about him, enjoying and laughing at his tricks. So regular was this that it got to be a nightly show with the young card sharper as showman. One night, after he had entertained the comrades, he said, to the great delight of all: "Boys, come around to-morrow night and I will show you the greatest trick of all. It is my very best trick, so don't fail to come, all of you." The next night the comrades gathered at his tent, eager for the trick and full of expectation, for there was no doubt he was a most amusing fellow. They waited until "taps," but he did not show up, nor has he been seen since by any of the Battery comrades. After waiting for hours they found that he had deserted, and that what he called "the greatest trick of all" was his clever escape through the lines.

Some of the recruits had been known to pay as much as \$100 for a canteen of whisky. One of the old comrades, Fernando C. Welch, seeing money so plentiful among the recruits, had an eye for business. This comrade had been dealing in watches, but the watch trade had become a trifle dull for cash, so he got passed outside the camp lines to where he could procure whisky, and succeeded in trading his watch for six canteens of the

fiery and coveted spirit. He quickly sold his whisky to the recruits for \$20 each canteen, making a magnificent profit on the transaction.

The comrades tried to relieve the monotony of camp life in many ways. Comrades Clark, Hotchkiss and others played chess; others amused themselves with cards. Round the camp fires stories would be told and songs sung. Assemble several thousand men together, and some will be found ingenious and capable of entertaining their comrades in various ways. Musical instruments would be made out of tin cans, drums would be extemporized from boxes, and more than one genius made a fiddle from a cigar box. We know the songs they sang, how they shouted "Rally 'Round the Flag" and "John Brown's Body," but one old song was ever popular; it awoke an echo in every heart, and the lonely picket as well as the comrades round the camp fire sang with emotional feeling "Home, Sweet Home."

During the stay in the neighborhood of Fort Harrison there were several brigade drills which were imposing and interesting. The drill would be rehearsed by separate batteries and then all would come together for a brigade inspection or drill. The Chief of Artillery watched the drill and reviewed the seven batteries composing the Light Artillery Brigade of the 25th Army Corps.

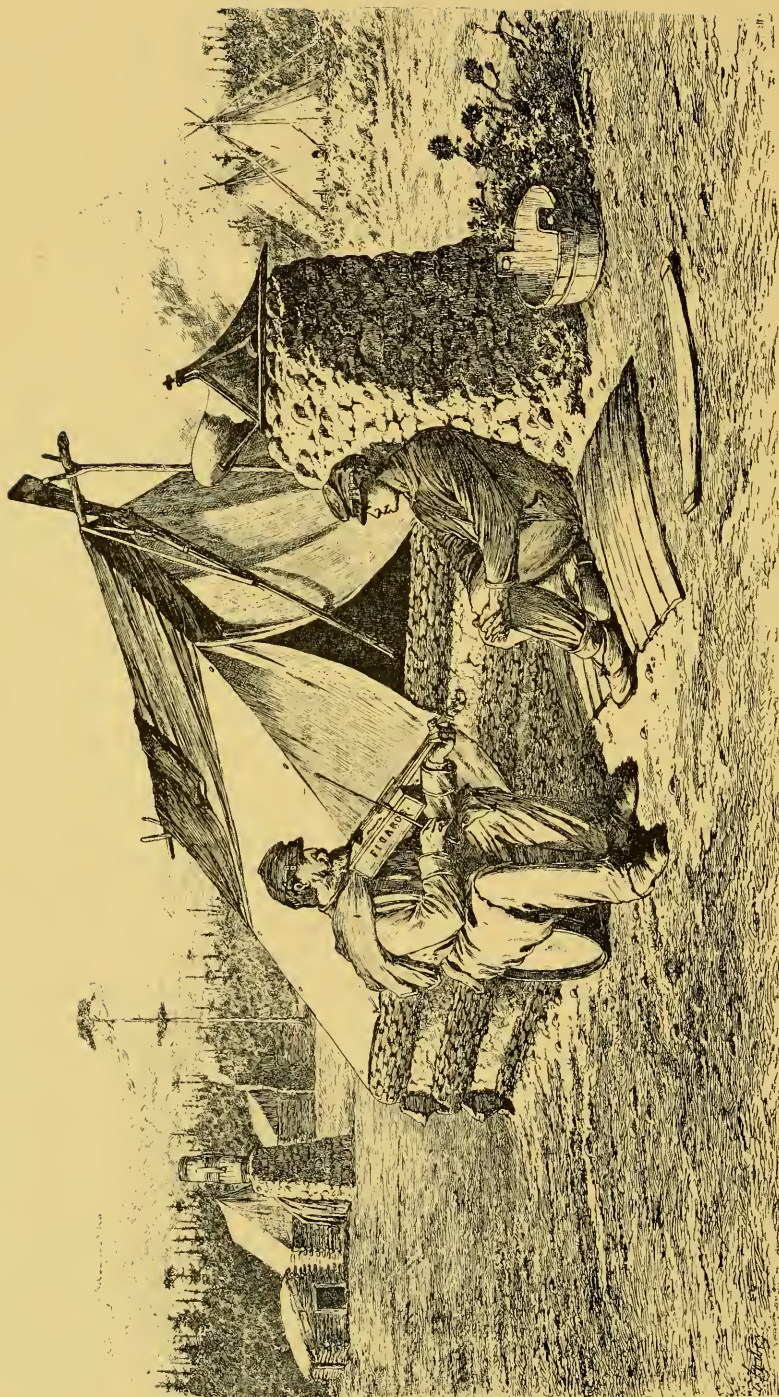
A deserter came into camp and told the officers that orders had been issued in Richmond to pack all cotton and tobacco ready to apply the torch. "They might leave us the tobacco," said one comrade. "Yes, I thought we should have a glorious smoke when we entered the city," commented another. "We shall smell the smoke, anyway," added a third, taking what consolation there could be obtained from such a distant burning of tobacco.

For several days a suspicious quiet reigned, and the news became general that Richmond was being evacuated. Some believed that the enemy's lines had been abandoned, and General Weitzel caused a blank cartridge to be fired from Fort Burnham, where the right section was located, in order to find out the truth of the rumor. The shot had the desired effect, drawing the curious of the enemy to their parapets, though not in as large numbers as usual. It was proved that there was still an efficient line opposed to the Union army.

In the midst of the rumors about Richmond there came an announcement that the entire 24th and 25th Army Corps were to be reviewed by







[From a war sketch by E. Forbes.]

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

President Lincoln. The mere announcement caused the hearts of the patriots to beat faster, for every defender of the Union loved the eccentric, raw-boned Illinoisian who had so ably conducted the affairs of the nation during the most critical time in its history.

The Light Artillery Brigade was to be reviewed in a field in the rear of Fort Harrison, about half a mile square. Eight full batteries assembled on the drill ground and went into battery to be in readiness for the review at 2 o'clock. The sight was an imposing one. Forty-eight guns, each with its caisson and each gun and caisson with three pairs of horses, made a spectacle well worth reviewing. From 11.30 in the morning until near dark the batteries waited; the men were hungry and cold, but the thought that their beloved President would soon be on the field kept them from harsh thoughts and silenced the tongue of the grumbler. A shout arose that the President was coming. Every man tried to look even more soldierly; his heart was in his mouth, for each felt an emotion hard to describe. They saw the cavalcade in the distance, but to their great dismay it headed off across the hill and at dark the batteries were dismissed.

Comrade Hotchkiss wrote: "Our boys were mad when they got back from the drill ground; they had no dinner, but waited all afternoon for President Lincoln to review them, and then saw him go off to review 'niggers' and not even look at us. It was too much to bear. Some made very 'sympathetic remarks' about 'niggers' being preferred to white men."

Comrade Clark says that some mistake had been made and that it was not the President's fault. In his diary the comrade refers to the episode and tells of the disposition of the troops: "The whole artillery brigade was hitched up from 8.30 A. M. and was from noon in the field. We were not allowed to wear overcoats, though it was a very cold day; consequently I took a severe cold. We were alternately heated by drilling and cooled by standing and resting.

"There are only two brigades of the 25th Corps left guarding this line of works, with two regiments which have been doing provost duty for the last six months. One brigade of the 25th Corps, with an independent division from the 'valley,' holds the 24th Corps' line, and the whole of the 24th Corps, I am told, has gone away. Langdon's Battery has left the brigade; the remaining batteries, except one, are in position. General Ord

is away and General Weitzel is in command of the detachment of the Army of the James remaining here. We resumed the evolutions of the batteries. I had command of our Battery, four guns, two sections. Lieutenant Dickinson is serving on a court-martial. Our baggage has been reduced again this spring in preparation for active service, but I see little prospect of our moving at present. At the end of March the Government will owe us seven months' pay. It is very inconvenient to remain unpaid so long. I have command of this fort, as the section of the 5th New Jersey was relieved by a section of ours this week. Lieutenant Scranton is in command of the left section in a fort about 300 yards to my left."

"During the evolutions on one day Chief of Artillery Langdon," says a comrade, "came near being arrested for rushing the batteries around the drill ground. It was especially dangerous for the wheelers, for the outer flank horses have to be put on a dead run to execute so large a sweep. One man was run over and killed and another wounded, the guns were taken over soldiers' graves, equipments were scattered all over the field, and confusion reigned supreme."

In order that the enemy should have no idea of the weakness of the Union lines, it was ordered that camp fires were to be kept burning as usual in all camps, and as little change was made as possible at conspicuous points, the vacant tents nearest to the enemy were covered with shelter tents, and the drum corps of each regiment beat tattoo and reveille twice at different points. Reveille was to be beaten at daybreak. Parades and drills in view of the enemy were to be continued as usual. The whole command, by order of General Weitzel, was to be stripped for a movement and fight, everything that could be spared being sent across the James.

The month of March ended with glorious results. The fighting had been going on in several directions, and though the losses were terrible the gain to the cause of the Union was great. On March 25th the enemy attacked the Union lines in front of the 9th Corps and carried Fort Stedman, turning the guns of the fort against the Union army, but the reserves were brought up and the enemy driven back with a heavy loss in killed and wounded and nearly 2000 prisoners. The Unionists pushed forward and captured and held the enemy's strongly intrenched picket line in front of



the 2d and 6th Corps and 834 prisoners. The enemy made desperate attempts to retake the line, but without success.

There was great rejoicing among the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery when the news reached them because they felt that the battle had been fought on the ground they had once held. General Grant was drawing the line tightly around Richmond and the enemy was beginning to feel that the end was near. With consummate skill the greatest general of modern times moved all the armies in his command with all the care and precision of moves on a chess board. Sherman in the Carolinas, Sheridan at Dinwiddie Court House, with Warren, Humphreys, Ord, Wright, Parke and their infantry corps in a line extending from Hatcher's Run to the Quaker road near its intersection with the Boydton plank road, it is no wonder that Grant should say: "Everything looked favorable to the defeat of the enemy and the capture of Petersburg and Richmond if the proper effort was made."

The last three days of March were the stormiest known in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The rain fell in such torrents that it was impossible to move any gun or wheeled vehicle except as corduroy roads were laid in front of them. Despite this great disadvantage Sheridan advanced from Dinwiddie Court House toward Five Forks, where he encountered the enemy in force and displayed generalship which marked him as one of the foremost generals of the century. General Warren extended his line across the Boydton plank road to near White Oak road, where he fortified his position. General Humphreys drove the enemy into his main line near Burgess' Mills. Generals Ord, Parke and Wright made examinations to determine the feasibility of an assault on the enemy's lines. Grant saw that the enemy confronted him at every point from Richmond to his extreme left, and realized more than he had ever done that General Robert E. Lee was an able strategist, and that if he had the men the war could be made to last all summer; but Grant's information was that the enemy's line was weakly held, and so he determined to reinforce General Sheridan and enable him to cut loose and turn the enemy's right flank, and then for the other corps to assault the enemy's lines at every point. General Sheridan commenced the month of April by fighting the battle of Five Forks, carrying the enemy's fortified position, capturing all his artillery and over 5,000

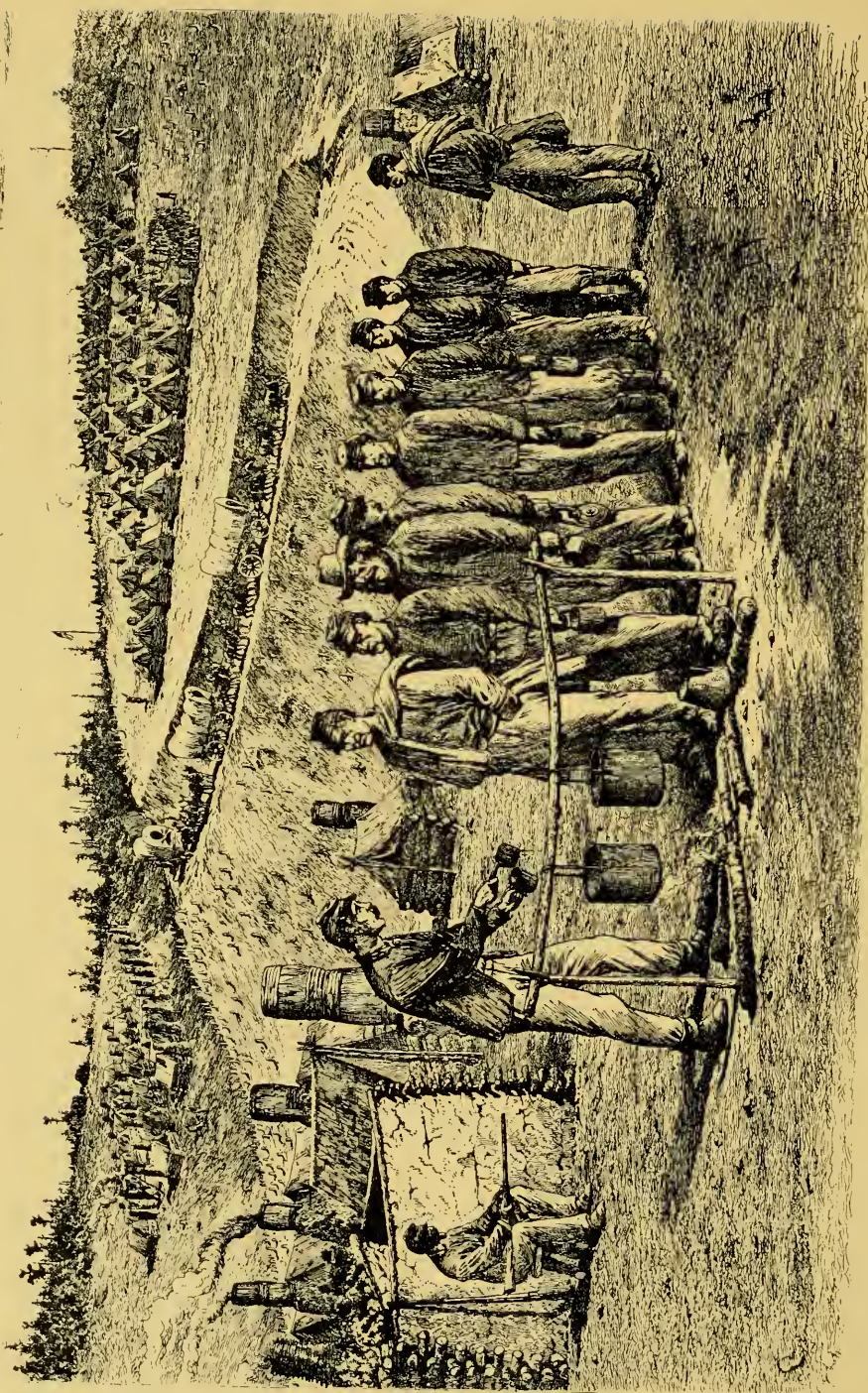


prisoners. Then it was that General Grant feared the enemy might fall on Sheridan with his whole strength and drive him from his position, enabling Lee, by such a masterly act, to retreat. To prevent this Grant reinforced Sheridan, and a bombardment commenced and was kept up until daybreak on the morning of April 2d, when an assault was ordered on the Confederate line. General Wright swept like a whirlwind into the enemy's lines, capturing many guns and several thousand prisoners. He was followed immediately by the divisions under command of General Ord, who had forced the lines near Hatcher's Run. Then Generals Wright and Ord swung around to the right and closed all the enemy on that side of them in Petersburg, bottling him up securely in that city, while a portion of Gibbon's troops captured two strong inclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg, thus shortening the line of investment. The enemy south of Hatcher's Run retreated westward to Sutherland's Station, where Miles' division met and fought a sharp engagement with him. The enemy fought valiantly and was in a fair way of defeating Miles, when General Sheridan threatened him and caused him to break in the greatest confusion, leaving many guns and prisoners behind.

The news reached the Battery and caused the feelings of the comrades to rise high with delight. Comrade Hotchkiss wrote: "Big news from Petersburg; got the city almost surrounded. Captured whole batteries, took the forts in front of our old station." And our other careful diarist, Comrade Clark, recorded his impression as follows: "This has been a glorious day for our army fighting around Petersburg and away to the left. Sheridan and the 5th Corps have been steadily advancing, driving the rebels before them. The enemy is driven across the Appomattox River; we have captured ten thousand prisoners. The engineers have just come into this fort to build a road from the sally-port to the front for the passage of troops and artillery. We may soon make an advance from this direction. Our force holding the lines is small, yet we closely watch the enemy. It appears as if the armies of the rebellion could not be held together much longer."

General Lee, the brave-hearted son of Virginia who had followed his State in secession, though, as he wrote, "it nearly broke his heart," saw that Petersburg and Richmond must fall. If ever a military commander





[War sketch by E. Forbes.]

"FALL IN FOR SOUP."

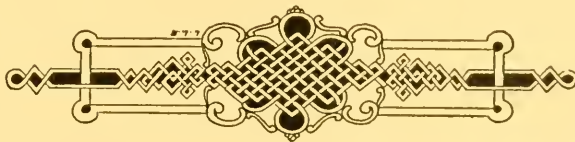


had a difficult task to perform, it was the lot of General Lee. On the afternoon of April 2d he wrote to the Confederate Secretary of War:

"I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here until night. I am not certain that I can do even that. If I can I shall withdraw to-night north of the Appomattox, and, if possible, it will be better to withdraw the whole line to-night from James River. The brigades in Hatcher's Run are cut off from us; enemy have broken through our lines and intercepted between us and them, and there is no bridge over which they can cross the Appomattox this side of Goode's or Beaver's, which are not very far from the Danville Railroad. I advise that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond to-night."

Then he wrote to President Jefferson Davis that the danger was greater than he thought, and only expressed a hope that the evacuation might be performed successfully. He said that he would send a guide to conduct the President to Amelia Court House.

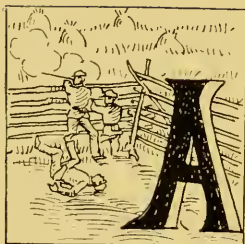
Orders were given to retreat towards Danville and endeavor to hold the armies together, but in every dispatch there was a tone of sadness which, now that the bitterness of the struggle has passed, moves even the New Englander to sympathy.





## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE ENTRY INTO RICHMOND.



LITTLE before sunrise on the morning of April 3d the comrades knew that something unusual was occurring. The night before the rumor reached the camp that the enemy was about to attack all along the line, and all were ordered to be in readiness for the attack. Extra vigilance was used, and not one of the comrades slept soundly that night. Comrade Charles Hotchkiss was on guard from 2 A. M., and he thus describes the opening of the most important event in the war:

"I soon noticed something unusual along the rebel lines; large fires on our front and off toward Richmond, with explosions and some heavy firing on our left. Something unusual was up 'sure.' I hesitated for a time about waking Captain Clinton, but as things were getting more lively, especially toward Richmond, I finally called the Captain and told him I believed Richmond was on fire and troops leaving the city. Well, the Captain jumped for his duds and was out in a moment. Assembly was blown; and although we could not move without orders from headquarters, still the boys began to pick up their traps."

The First Connecticut Light Battery camp was in sight of Richmond, and by climbing the trees the city could be plainly seen; and when the assembly was blown the boys climbed up the trees and saw that flames and smoke were rising in the direction of the city.

Lieutenant Scranton on that morning was in command of the centre section in a fort to the right of Fort Harrison. He heard explosion follow

explosion and witnessed one of the grandest sights ever seen even in times of peace. Great dense masses of smoke rose in curling columns and lost themselves in the clouds. In the midst of these circling, eddying columns great black objects rose fifty or a hundred feet in the air, and then from out the darkness would flash a bursting shell every few seconds, making the most beautiful and startling display of fireworks ever seen by mortal man. No pen can describe or pencil of artist give an adequate conception of the grandeur of that scene. With the background of dense smoke the bursting shell stood out in relief, and by its radiant but awful grandeur presented a picture but few have ever been privileged to see. Comrade Scranton declares that he could not have believed such a scene to have been possible. He knew that something out of the ordinary was on foot, and comrades almost became hysterical at the thought that Richmond was falling and with it undoubtedly the power of the Confederacy.

The night was one of intense anxiety and expectation in the Army of the James. Throughout the previous day they could hear the tremendous roar of the terrible battle in which their comrades were engaged, far away across the river upon the extreme left and around Petersburg, and they knew that when the sun rose it was expected they were to take a dangerous position in the great game of military strategy by assaulting the works in the front and try to capture Richmond itself. About 2 A. M. Lieutenant De Peyster, belonging to the 13th New York Artillery and aide-de-camp to General Weitzel, commanding the 25th Corps, hearing tremendous explosions and seeing a vast blaze in the direction of Richmond, mounted the wooden signal tower, about seventy feet high, at General Weitzel's headquarters, and reported that he could discern a great fire in the neighborhood of the city. He was not able to decide whether the city was burning. General Weitzel sent out a company to try and capture one of the enemy's pickets, and about 3 A. M. a prisoner of the 37th Virginia Artillery reported that he did not know where his general nor his command were. This led General Shepley, chief of staff, to believe that the enemy was evacuating the city. A few minutes later a deserter came into camp, announcing that the city was being abandoned, and then a negro, standing upright in a buggy and driving his horse to its fullest speed, dashed past pickets and guard and shouted: "Dey am runnin' from Richmun'. Glory! glory!"

The man was almost dragged from the buggy and questioned. He confirmed the news, and joy and exultation at once absorbed every other feeling. Orders were given at once for the troops to move.

This was about 6 o'clock. Brevet Brigadier-General Draper's colored brigade led the advance along a road strewn with all kinds of abandoned munitions of war, and amid the roar of bursting shells which was terrific. On either side little red flags indicated the position of buried torpedoes between the two lines of abattis in Weitzel's immediate front which



[From war-time photograph.]

ABATTIS.

Used about the Earthworks in front of Richmond.

had been carefully prepared to blow up the Yankees in case of assault. These warning indications, fortunately, the enemy had not had time to remove. The failure to remove them saved many lives, as the space was very narrow between the explosives.

It was then seen how almost impregnable the defenses of Richmond were. Every elevation along the road was defended by field works and very strong forts. Two lines of abattis and three lines of rifle pits and

earthworks, one within the other, defended every avenue of attack and point of advantage. The first and second lines were connected by regular lines of redans and works; the third, near the city and commanding it, disconnected. If the Union troops should have had to carry it by storm, the loss would have been fearful, since the contest would have been constantly renewed, because the enemy, as fast as one line of defenses was occupied, would only have had to fall back into another to recommence the slaughter of the assailants under every advantage to themselves.

As soon as the order was given to march to Richmond there was a wild rush. Lieutenant Upson says that the Battery did not attempt to march along the road; the infantry blocked that. The Battery boys set to work with their shovels and filled in the ditches with dirt, and then broke a passageway through the front of the fort to get their pieces through. Then they went across lots—any way to get ahead. Lieutenant Scranton says there were no stragglers that day, for every soldier was making a rush pell-mell for Richmond and all were anxious to get there first. Never did school-boys show more enthusiasm; never did the wildest of fanatics make a more vigorous rush for the goal. All were singing, shouting, ejaculating, and “On to Richmond!” burst from thousands of voices in that crowd of patriots who had waited four years for that grand climax.

General Weitzel and his staff, together with more than 30 officers, each having an orderly following in the rear, galloped on through the wrecks of the retreating enemy and the columns of the advancing Unionists. As soon as they entered the suburbs of the Confederate capital the shouts of welcome broke forth. Meanwhile several arsenals, stored with shells, were burning. The explosions of the missiles mingled with one continuous roar. Before the advanced guard reached the city, the people rushed out to hail their deliverers or shake hands with them. In fact, the whole line of march within the suburbs was thronged with men, women and boys, white and colored, young and old, all shouting a loud welcome. Some old men, battle-scarred and resting on crutches, acted like schoolboys, shouting, singing, throwing their hats in the air and yelling at the top of their voices. Then the negroes—who can tell their feelings? To them it was a war between chattel slavery and freedom; to them it meant liberty in its widest sense, and their deliverers were entering the city; the men who were marching into the city



singing "John Brown's Body" and "Rally 'Round the Flag" were coming to forever break the chains and proclaim that slavery was dead. Who can wonder that they threw themselves on the ground and with all the strength of their lungs cried out: "Bress de Lord! De year ob jubilee hab come!"? An old negro preacher told the editor that he had been a slave, was still a slave when the city was besieged, was a slave when the order came to evacuate Richmond. "I would not run away," said he. "I belonged to my massa. He was a good man, but he ran away from me, and then when I saw the Stars and Stripes being carried right in the streets of the city, I jumped in the air, I shouted, I cried 'bless the Lord, I'm a free man to-day!'"

A comrade says: "The colored population was all out in crowds to welcome the troops; little pickaninnies mounted on the fences and climbed lamp posts in order to see well what was going on. One of them caught sight of the colored troops marching up the street and cried out:

"Oh, just look dar! See all dem darky soldiers! Dey jist look like blackbirds!"

The pickaninnies had never seen or heard of colored soldiers before and they acted as though the sight was a delightful surprise.

As the Battery neared the city the comrades saw the great warehouses burning, and they hurried still more, hoping to arrive in time to extinguish the flames before all the tobacco was burned. They did arrive early enough to save several small bales of Killikenick tobacco.

Comrade Hotchkiss wrote: "At 11 A. M. left camp; sent horses up for the guns. Started up through our lines on to the Varina road toward the city. No enemy in sight. We passed through their works; it was evident they had left in a hurry, and left behind them everything they could not carry on their backs. Their rations must have been poor by the appearance of what has been left—stale bread, etc. We marched or drove through the city. Storehouses along the river front were set on fire to prevent the stores and supplies falling in our hands. Some dwellings were also burning. We passed Libby prison; the darkies crowded the streets to see us pass and grinned from ear to ear."

Lieutenant Upson had a narrow escape from being blown up during that ride. He was riding down toward a wharf where a steamboat was moored, and as he was approaching the boat it exploded. Had he advanced

only a few lengths of his horse he would have been instantly killed. It was found on investigation that a slow fuse had been attached to the boat, perhaps with the intention that it should blow up after the "hated Yankees" had captured it; if that had been the intention the fuse was cut too short. In the confusion and amid the conflagrations no one felt sure of their footing, for every moment they feared something might explode under their feet, or overhead, or in some great building where fire had not then been discovered. After the steamboat explosion all were on the alert looking for surprises of any sort.

The first troops to enter the city were headed by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson and staff, followed by the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, Major A. H. Stevens, and the artillery brigade of the 25th Corps, which was composed of colored troops except the artillery brigade and cavalry. General Godfrey Weitzel says: "I sent Major A. H. Stevens, 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, and Major E. E. Graves, aide-de-camp, both of my staff, with forty of my headquarters cavalry, belonging to Companies E and H, 4th Massachusetts Cavalry, to receive the surrender of the city, and to direct the authorities and citizens to cause all liquor to be destroyed and to preserve order until my troops arrived."

When Major A. H. Stevens and Major E. E. Graves, representing General Weitzel, approached the Confederate lines they were met by a shabby old-fashioned carriage, drawn by a pair of lean, lank horses, the occupants waving a white flag," says Mrs. Pickett, wife of the Confederate General. "They met this flag-of-truce party at the line of the fortifications, just beyond the junction of the Osborne turnpike and New Market road. The carriage contained the mayor of Richmond—Colonel Mayo—Judge Meredith, of the Supreme Court, and Judge Lyons. . . . Judge Lyons, our former minister to England and one of the representative men of Virginia, made the introductions in his own characteristic way, and then Colonel Mayo, who was in command of the flag-of-truce party, handed to Major Stevens a small strip of wall paper, on which was written the following: 'It is proper to formally surrender to the Federal authorities the city of Richmond, hitherto capital of the Confederate States of America, and the defenses protecting it up to this time.' That was all. The document was approved of, and Major

Stevens most courteously accepted the terms for his commanding general, to whom it was at once transmitted."

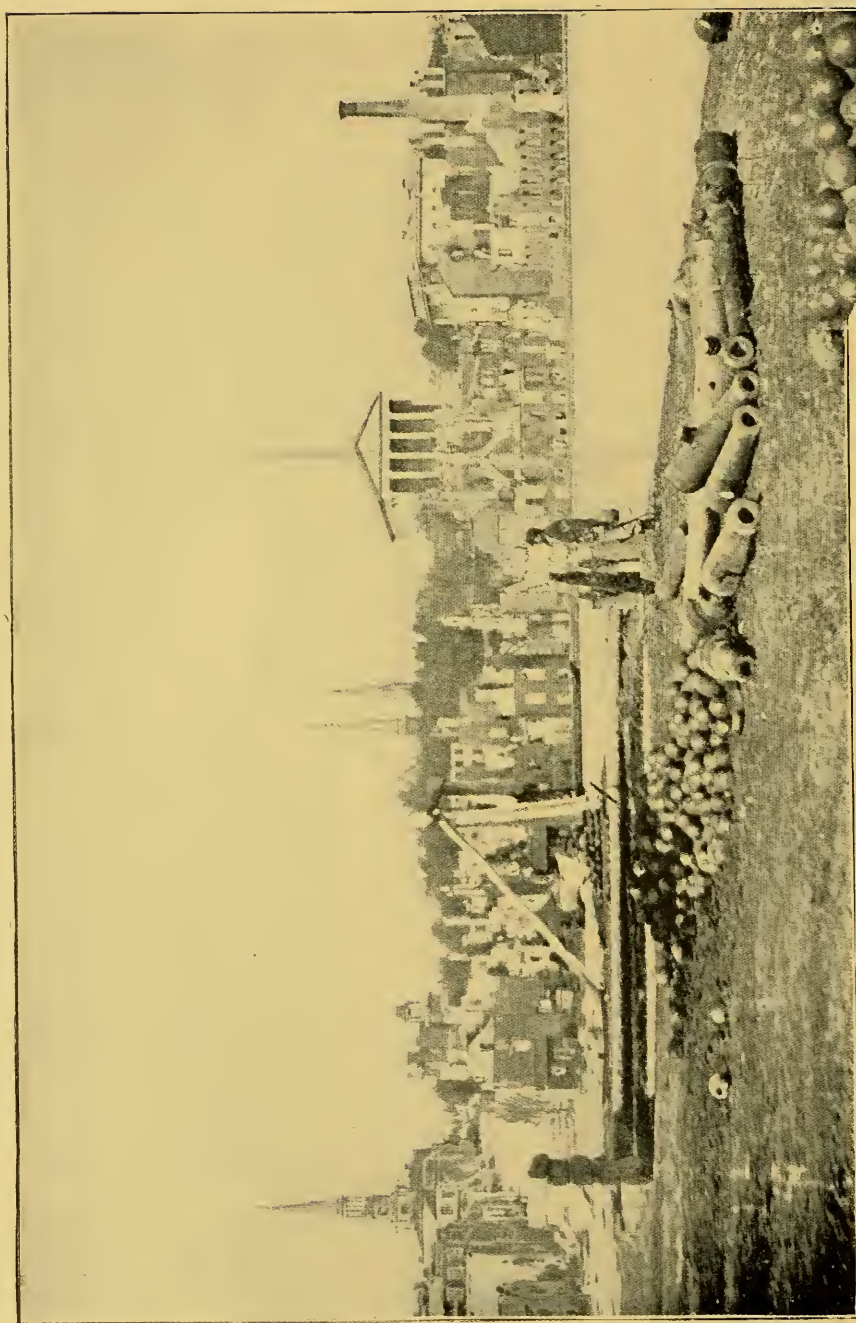
On entering they found the Capitol Square crowded with people who had fled there to escape the fire and were utterly worn out with fatigue and fright.

The representatives of General Weitzel were followed by the troops, who found as they entered the city that all the blinds were closed in the residential districts; no person could be seen at the windows, but the streets were full of negroes. The native negroes occupied the time while the troops were entering the city in pillaging, breaking into houses and taking everything they could lay their hands on and carry away. Some of the negroes were seen by the comrades passing along the streets carrying bundles on their heads nearly as large as a feather bed, made up of all kinds of household furniture and bric-à-brac taken from the deserted houses; every negro had several boxes of tobacco. The negroes had full swing for nearly six hours confiscating their former masters' property before order was restored.

When General Weitzel and staff neared the foot of Shockhoe Hill, the high, abrupt elevation whose front is crowned by the Capitol, Lieutenant De Peyster spurred on through the promiscuous throng up to the Capitol itself. The Capitol, the most conspicuous object in the "City of the Seven Hills," has its front, with its Ionic colonnade, looking down on the business part of the city, which was all ablaze. The rear faced the fashionable quarter, an elevated plain, considered the most eligible locality for private residences. The Capitol had two flag-staffs, one at either end of the roof. Upon the front one an enormous Confederate flag had been displayed, which, when not extended by the wind, trailed down to the steps below. This had been torn down and had been partially rent into thousands of pieces to be preserved as souvenirs of the great occasion. Upon the staff in the rear, in full sight of the residences of Jefferson Davis, General Lee and the Confederate sympathizers and magnates, the Stars and Stripes were flung to the breeze for the first time in four years by Lieutenant De Peyster. That flag had once floated over the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans when General Butler made it his headquarters, and De Peyster had carried it into Richmond buckled to his saddle. It was a proud moment for the eighteen-







[From war-time photograph.]

RICHMOND AFTER THE EVACUATION.—SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE FIRE ALONG THE RIVER SLOPE.

year-old New York lieutenant as he raised the flag in the presence of Captain Langdon, chief of artillery of the 25th Corps, and the First Connecticut Light Battery. As the flag rose aloft, displaying its starry "union" and unfolding its stripes in the strong gale which was filling the air with fiery flakes from the adjacent conflagration, it was hailed with deafening shouts by the redeemed populace, who filled the park and thronged the streets. Though this flag was the first national ensign raised in token of the surrender of the city, it was not the first of the Union flags to be seen in the streets, for the guidons of the two companies of the 4th Massachusetts Cavalry had been raised when Majors Atherton H. Stevens and E. E. Graves had entered the city.

Many there were who claimed the honor of raising the first Union flag over the Capitol at Richmond, and while in no wise detracting from the honors won by the brave Massachusetts men, it is only right that the honor should be given to Lieutenant De Peyster, who, on the 28th of June, 1865, received official notice that Governor Fenton, of New York, in pursuance of the extraordinary power vested in him by the Legislature, had brevetted him "lieutenant-colonel for his meritorious conduct as a New York volunteer in the service of the United States, and for raising the first national ensign over the Capitol in Richmond, Va., after the insurgents were driven therefrom."

In commemorating the "raising of the flag over Richmond, Charles Luken wrote:

"Uphoist the Union pennant—uplift the Union Jack!  
Upraise the Union standard—keep not a banner back!  
Fling out in silk and bunting the ensign of the stars!  
God grant it never more may know accurs'd intestine jars!

"Hurrah for skill! Hurrah for will! Hurrah for dauntless hearts!  
Mourn those who bled, praise those who led against insidious arts!  
A cheer for those who lived it out; a tear for those who died;  
Richmond is ours! we thank the Lord, with heartfelt chastening pride."

Speaking of the burning of Richmond, General Grant, in his "Memoirs," says that "all authorities deny that the burning of Richmond was authorized, and I presume it was the work of excited men, who were leaving what they regarded as their capital, and may have felt it was better to destroy it than to have it fall into the hands of the enemy."

The evacuation of the city was dramatic in many of its episodes. The first intimation that it had become necessary to give up the capital city was received during service on Sunday morning. Jefferson Davis was seated in his pew at St. Paul's Church, when a man in military uniform entered the church and hurriedly walked to the pew. After a few whispered words the President of the Confederacy rose from his seat, looked affectionately at the preacher, bowed his head and walked slowly from the building. Although he had been called from worship before, every one knew that something more important than usual had caused his devotions to be interrupted. Before the service was over the bells of the churches began to toll, as though for a funeral. All through the city the news spread. Faces were white, limbs trembled, women fainted. All through the last days of the war rumors had been circulated that the negroes would be given the possession of the city to do with it and its inhabitants as they pleased. Was it any wonder that women should faint? All remembered the centuries of slavery; the horrors of chattel bondage became real now; even those who had been kind to their slaves trembled because of the fear of the newly emancipated negroes. "The treasured wrongs of centuries are in their hearts to-day," and while the colored people shouted their hosannas because the last hours of slavery had come, the white people trembled at the consequences.

Mrs. Pickett, the wife of Major-General George E. Pickett, whose gallant charge at Gettysburg will never be forgotten, was in the city at the time of the evacuation, and wrote a vivid description of the scenes of those last hours. She declares that the orders for the destruction of the public buildings had been given General Ewell, against the wishes of the Secretary of War, General Breckenridge, but we know that General Lee had ordered Ewell, by letter dated April 2d, to "save all public property."

Mrs. Pickett writes: "The terrible conflagration commenced at the Stockhoe warehouse, it being classed among the public buildings because of the tobacco belonging to France and England stored in it. A fresh breeze was blowing from the south; the fire swept on in its haste and fury over a great area in an almost incredibly short time, and by noon the flames had transformed into a desert waste all the city bounded by Seventh and Fifteenth Streets and Main Street and the river. One thousand houses

were destroyed. The streets were filled with furniture and every description of wares, dashed down to be trampled in the mud or buried where they lay.

"At night a saturnalia began. About dark the government commissary began the destruction of its stores. Soldiers and citizens gathered in front, catching the liquor in basins and pitchers, some with their hats and some with their boots. It took but a short time for this to make a manifestation as dread as the flames. The crowd became a howling mob, so frenzied that the officers of the law had to flee for their lives, reviving memories of 1781, when the British under Arnold rode down Richmond Hill and, invading the city, broke open the stores and emptied the provisions and liquors into the gutters, making even the uninitiated cows and hogs drunk for days.

"All through the night crowds of men, women and children traversed the streets, loading themselves with supplies and plunder. At midnight soldiers drunk with vile liquor, followed by a reckless crowd as drunk as themselves, dashed in the plate-glass windows of the stores and made a wreck of everything."

This testimony from a Confederate whose husband had served the "lost cause" with such distinction shows that the citizens had even more to fear from the white populace than the colored.

"About 9 o'clock on Monday morning," Mrs. Pickett continues, "terrific shell explosions, rapid and continuous, added to the terror of the scene, and gave the impression that the city was being shelled by the retreating Confederate army from the south side. But the explosions were soon found to proceed from the government arsenal and laboratory, then in flames. Later in the morning a merciful Providence caused a lull in the breeze. The terrific explosion of the laboratory and of the arsenal caused every window in our home to break. The old plate-glass mirrors built in the walls were cracked and shattered.

"Fort Darling was blown up, and later on the rams. It was 8 o'clock when the Federal troops entered the city. It required the greatest effort to tame down the riotous, crazed mob, and induce them to take part in the struggle to save their own. The firemen, afraid of the soldiers who had obeyed the orders to light the torch, would not listen to any appeals or



entreaties, and so the flames were under full headway, fanned by a southern breeze, when the Union soldiers came to their rescue.

“The flouring mills caught fire from the tobacco houses, communicating it to Cary and Main Streets. Every bank was destroyed. The War Department was a mass of ruins, the *Enquirer* and *Dispatch* offices were in ashes, and the county court house, the American Hotel and most of the finest stores of the city were ruined.

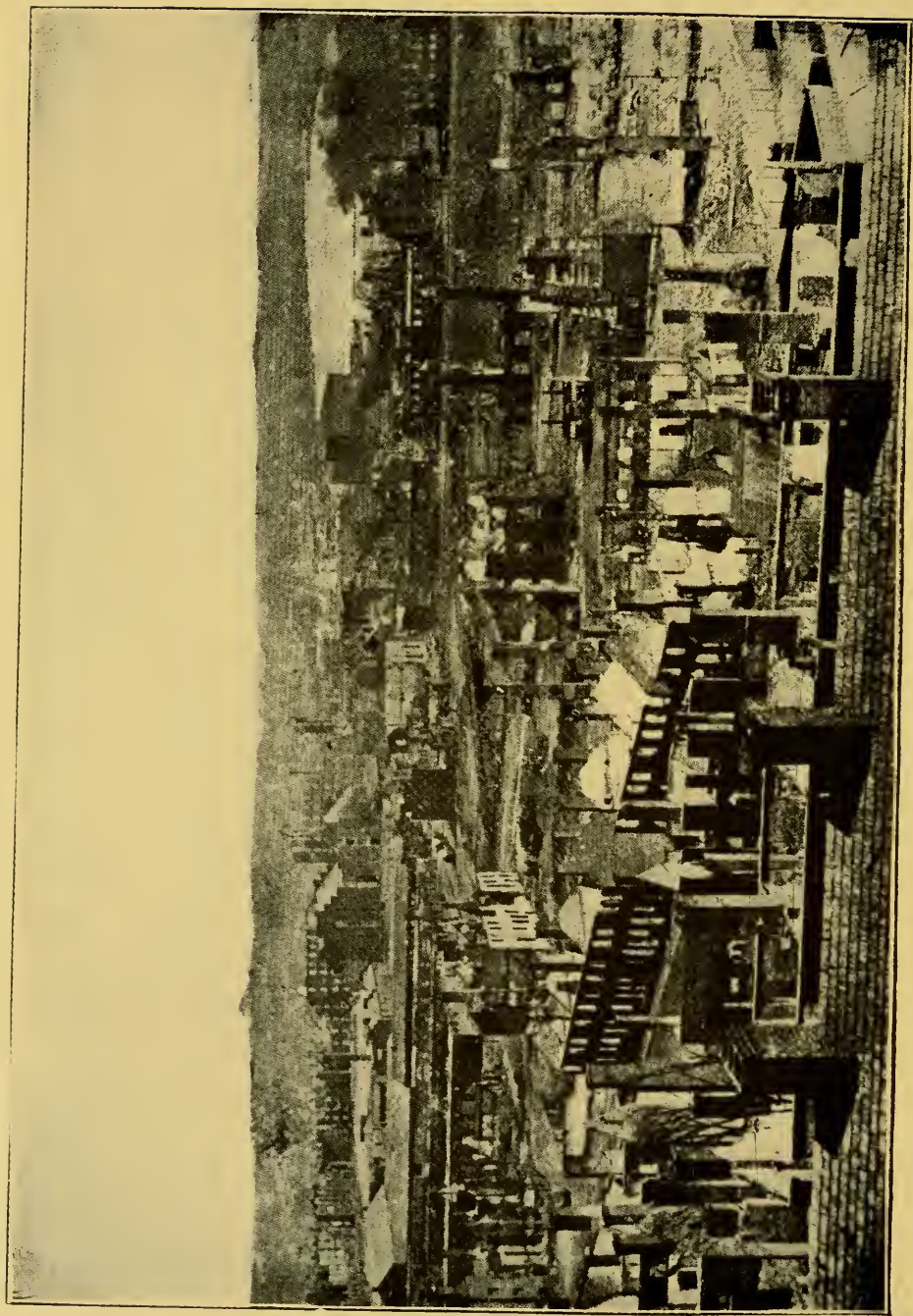
“Libby Prison and the Presbyterian church escaped. Such a reign of terror and pillage, fire and flame, fear and despair! The yelling and howling and swearing and weeping and wailing beggar description. Families houseless and homeless under the open sky!”

Only those who have witnessed and participated in such scenes can possibly describe them. The women and children of Richmond had suffered keenly all through the war, for they had loved the cause and had made the greatest sacrifices for it, and now they were called on to endure still more, for they were rendered homeless, not by a foreign foe, but by the savage, drunken mob of their own city. Then it was that they realized what war meant, what horrors it brought in its train.

As soon as the fires were extinguished batteries were distributed in the outskirts of the city and a regular patrol ordered. Captain Clinton, of the First Connecticut Light Battery, was the first patrol officer placed in charge of the city, with a guard detailed from the Battery. He had orders to enter every house after 10 P. M. and cause all lights to be extinguished, unless some of the occupants were sick. While patrolling the city at first, the patrols were fired upon from windows; some of the guards on regular beats were wounded, one or two killed, so the duty of patrolling the city was fraught with even more danger than being on the battlefield. It was also the duty of the patrol guard to close all liquor saloons; theaters were open and doing excellent business, for the soldiers welcomed the chance of amusement. Many women asked for protection, for they were in deadly fear of the negroes, so some of the guard were posted in houses, the officers occupying different houses, only one in a house, by which means protection was given to a large number.

The Jefferson Davis house, “the White House of the Confederacy,” was occupied by General Terry. He found the house a perfect gem as to





[From a War Department photograph.]

RICHMOND—SHOWING THE BURNED DISTRICT AFTER THE FIRE, APRIL 3, 1864.

interior arrangements, although the exterior was almost unattractive. The furniture was mostly of rosewood and magnificent in its design; large pier glasses were found in every room; the floors were covered with splendid carpets, so thick that the foot actually sank into their richness; and General Terry and the other officers quartered with him found it a pleasant change from the log houses and tents to which they had been accustomed for so long.

A man of the name of Hall sought out Lieutenant Upson and begged him to board at his house; he said he was a Union man, but his wife was a rabid secessionist, and they were afraid of the negro troops, who would enter the house and do damage unless a white officer boarded with them. The Hall family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hall and two children. Comrade Upson consented to board with the family and asked permission for another officer to accompany him, a request which was cheerfully granted. When the two officers arrived at the house, which was only half a block from the White House, they were met by Mr. Hall, who said:

"Mr. Upson, we have nothing in the house but corn meal; that is what we have been living on for some time."

Comrade Upson and his fellow-officer were quick to see that the main reason the Halls wanted boarders was to get supplies from the officers or the government. The officers decided that if they got anything to eat they would have to furnish it for themselves and the Hall family, paying their board just the same. This they did, staying with the Halls until April 10th. Mrs. Hall was a cultivated lady, but one of the most violent secessionists—one of the kind that took everything relating to the contest in the most serious manner, and very sanguine of the ultimate success of the "lost cause." She had a supreme faith in General Robert E. Lee, and looked upon him as the one to redeem the fallen fortunes of the Confederacy. She talked much about the war, giving her opinions very freely and not always with diplomatic policy. The officers listened to her talking, being somewhat amused at her misguided zeal. One day she said to Comrade Upson:

"*Mr. Upson*, you will never capture General Lee—never! never! He will return and capture Richmond and all the Yankees in it!"

The officers felt too comfortable and enjoyed the good cooking too well to even suggest that the good lady might be mistaken. She watched



them coming and going as if she expected every minute they would have trouble with General Lee. On the evening of the 9th an officer from the adjutant-general called and asked to see Lieutenant Upson privately. Taking him aside he said, "We have just received good news. General Lee has surrendered," and then gave orders to have a salute fired in the morning. Mrs. Hall, supposing from the fact that they conferred in secret that there must be some serious trouble on hand for the "Yankee" army, and that no doubt she would soon have her predictions fulfilled, looked very curiously at the lieutenant when he re-entered the house. There was a self-satisfied smile on her face which seemed to indicate that she thought the Yankees would soon be captured or driven out, and at last she could no longer restrain her curiosity, for she said:

"*Mr. Upson*, what seems to be the trouble?"

"There is not much trouble, Mrs. Hall," he answered mildly, "only General Lee and his entire army have surrendered."

As though struck by a thunderbolt Mrs. Hall fell back in a swoon, and the officers had on their hands a collapse of a miniature Confederacy. The news of the surrender was so unexpected and sudden that she was shocked into a nervous condition from which she may never have recovered. She showed no signs of regaining her accustomed health when they paid their board bill and left on the following morning.

The Battery was camped in an open space known as the old Fair Ground. The comrades strolled about among the ruins of the burned district, Comrade Hotchkiss lamenting that so large an amount of good food had been destroyed. The Confederates destroyed the bridge across the river to Manchester, a work of military necessity rather than vandalism.

Comrade Upson found the famous Libby Prison the point of greatest interest to him, but before he reached it all the Union prisoners had been released. Not a guard nor an inmate remained, the doors were wide open and only a few negroes greeted him with the cry:

"Dey's all gone—all gone, massa!"

He captured a single-shot Confederate carbine, which was an exact copy of Sharp's carbine and manufactured by the Tredegar Iron Works, a

concern located in Richmond, on the bank of the James River just on the outskirts of the city. The Confederates had factories for the manufacture of all the most improved firearms in use, and had the advantage of not paying any royalty to the patentees. The comrade was very much surprised to find so good a carbine manufactured in Richmond.



From a war-time photograph.]

GUARDING THE HARD TACK.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### IN THE SURRENDERED CITY.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, one of the most unique personalities in modern history, was always doing the strangest things and acting, according to the aristocratic cabinet ministers and dignitaries of the nation, in an entirely unbecoming manner.

On April 3d he telegraphed to the Secretary of War that General Grant reported Petersburg evacuated and added, "I start to him in a few minutes." Secretary Stanton hastened to reply, congratulating Lincoln and the nation on the "glorious news," but urging the President to be careful and advising him not to run any risks. A commanding general might take risks, but the "political head of a nation is not in the same condition." To which the President replied: "Thanks for your caution, but I have already been to Petersburg. Stayed with Grant an hour and a half and returned to City Point. It is certain that Richmond is in our hands, and I think I will go there to-morrow. I will take care of myself."

It was well known that the Secretary of War and, in fact, the army wanted the President to enter Petersburg and Richmond as a conqueror, escorted by soldiers with flags flying and bands playing, but Lincoln was one of the people, and he had no desire to flaunt the signs of victory in the faces of the citizens of Petersburg.

"If the President goes to Richmond, see that he has a proper escort," telegraphed the Secretary of War, and Grant replied: "Tell the President I will arrange a proper escort for him, but I cannot join him, as I want to cut off the enemy's retreat."

This was all unknown to Abraham Lincoln, and when he told Admiral Porter that he wanted to go up the river to Richmond, the flagship *Malvern* was made ready. The war ship went up the river and made a stop at a point called Rocketts. Lincoln had learned that an escort was on board to make his entry into Richmond one of triumph, but he laughed to himself and quietly slipped away while inquiries were being made at the landing.

When he got on shore, the President stretched out his long legs and walked as fast as he could, determined that no escort should overtake him if he were missed. He saw a negro walking along the road and called to him:

“How far is it to Richmond?”

“About two miles, massa, dat's a fac'.”

“Two miles! Can you show me the way?”

“Go on straight, massa; can't miss it.”

Lincoln was not recognized by the man whose chains he had broken. All the negro thought was that his questioner walked too fast, and he had no desire to exert himself in that way. Lincoln walked on for a mile or more, when he asked another negro the way. The man looked at the President, heard the very humble way in which he spoke, so different to the haughty manner of the Virginia aristocrat and not commanding like that of a slave-owner, so he imagined him to be some “poor white trash” dressed up in his Sunday best, and he contented himself with pointing out the road and did not bother himself further.

The President did not care. Alone in a district that had for four years opposed him, where all the bitterness of the fratricidal struggle had been most keenly felt, a district where children were taught to hate the name of Lincoln, where he was called every vile epithet because he had abolished slavery, had resisted secession and during all those years had defended the Union against the people among whom he was now walking. It was no wonder that Secretary Stanton should advise caution, for the risk was a great one.

He covered the two miles between Rocketts and Richmond in less than half an hour, and without any extra caution walked into the city, his ungainly gait attracting attention, though he was not recognized. Meeting Major Graves, whom he did not recognize, he asked in the most unconcerned manner:



“Is it far to President Davis’ house?”

He was courteous; while many were talking of “Jeff. Davis,” calling him traitor and predicting all sorts of ignominy for him when captured, while many were insultingly singing, “We’ll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,” the President of the United States was giving him the title the people of the seceded States had bestowed.

Major Graves recognized President Lincoln and escorted him to the “White House,” where he was met by General Weitzel.

When Admiral Porter discovered that the President had slipped away, he at once ordered the military escort ashore and instructed the officer in command to overtake Lincoln, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, but though the soldiers marched at double-quick they did not reach the “White House” until many minutes after the President, neither had they caught sight of him along the road.

Lincoln seated in an armchair, his long legs thrown over one arm, discussed with General Weitzel the glorious event of the preceding day.

“What shall I do with the conquered people?” asked General Weitzel.

“I have no orders to give on that subject,” Lincoln replied; and then there was a long silence, broken at last by the President, who leaned forward and with genuine emotion in his voice said: “I have no orders to give, but if I were in your place I’d let ’em up easy—yes, let ’em up easy, General.”

The kindly heart of the rugged Illinoisian, who was so near a martyr’s death and crown, was never more clearly manifested than when, in the hour of triumph, all thoughts of revenge were banished and in his simple but expressive speech bade his generals to “let ’em up easy.”

Jefferson Davis, feeling the loss of his capital, was yet full of determination to fight it out to the last ditch. In an “Address to the People of the Confederate States,” he lamented the military necessity of evacuating Richmond, but says it would be “unwise and unworthy, as patriots engaged in a most sacred cause, to allow our energies to falter, our spirits to grow faint, or our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous.” After referring to the necessity of defending Richmond because it was the capital, thus keeping a large army acting on the defensive, he says: “The hopes and confidence of the enemy have been constantly excited by the belief that their possession of Richmond would be the signal for our sub-

mission to their rule, and relieve them from the burden of war, as their failing resources admonish them must be abandoned if not speedily brought to a successful close. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter danger with courage. We have now entered upon a new phase of a struggle the memory of which is to endure for all ages and to shed an increasing luster upon our country." Did Mr. Davis deceive himself, or did he really think that his heroic utterances would be strong enough to sharpen the swords of the Confederate soldiers and enable them to win victory from defeat? With almost painful emphasis he declared: "I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia, noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history; whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all times to come; that Virginia, with the help of her people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her homes by the sacrifice of any of her rights or territory. If by stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border State, again and again will we return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free."

That address was dated from Danville, April 4, 1865. Within one week General Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia had surrendered and the war was practically over.

In the meantime the city was under guard of the colored troops and the First Connecticut Light Battery. On the afternoon of April 4 two ladies were trying to leave the city in a buggy, driven by a negro, who grinned at his fellow-negroes who were guarding the city. The ladies had no pass, and their equipage was stopped. One of the officers of the First Connecticut Light Battery had his attention drawn to this fact, and he gave orders for the ladies to be protected until he could return from headquarters. Just as he reached the Davis House he found that a pass had been granted

to the ladies, who were the wife and daughter of General Robert E. Lee. The citizens were almost starving and would offer fabulous amounts for small rations; unfortunately all the money they had was Confederate scrip, and scarcely worth the paper it was printed on. Comrades were offered \$10 Confederate money for a ration of meat, and many of the Battery boys gave their rations away to the destitute. People who had been driven into the city for protection now sought permission to return to their suburban homes, and, in most cases, the requests were granted, passes being given and escorts provided. The Provost insisted, however, that no passes should be granted, nor protection given, to any who refused to take the oath of allegiance.

Some very amusing excuses were made for not wanting to take the oath by the country people. One man who had been taken prisoner was asked if he were willing to take the oath of allegiance and be allowed to return home. "No; I'll rot in prison first," he replied. "What makes you refuse?" "I want to fight for our rights." "What are your rights?" he was asked, whereupon he hesitatingly answered: "I can't say as I 'zactly knows, but them as tells us to fight knows them, and so I'll fight."

A young girl applying for rations to one of the relief agents, was asked if she had ever taken the oath. "No, indeed, sir," was her terrified reply; "I never swore in all my life." The agent looked at her and said: "But you must take the oath, my good girl, or I cannot give you the rations." "No, indeed, I can't, sir," said the girl; "my mother always taught me never to swear." The agent mildly persisted and the girl as pertinaciously refused all attempts at persuasion, until, overcome at last by the dreadful conflict between her hunger and her high sense of moral duty, she stammered out with downcast eyes: "Well, sir, if you say I must starve unless I do such a horrid, wicked thing as swear, then d——n the Yankees!" And she blushed as she held out her hand for the rations which she thought she had won by her swearing.

Ladies who had never soiled their hands with work were to be found cooking pies and bread and cakes and then peddling them among the soldiers, who often bought out of pity from these poor creatures who had been so reduced by the war. The Battery was paid off up to the end of December, leaving still three months' pay due, but they were glad to get

anything and they spent their money freely in assisting the destitute people of the captured city.

Some of the people fraternized with the soldiers and showed them what hospitality they could. Comrades Charles and Henry Hotchkiss made the acquaintance of a family who were musically inclined, and in the evenings Charles would take his guitar and play an accompaniment to their singing; thus in the midst of distress music came to soothe and help them to forget their misery.

After two or three days the citizens of Richmond began to realize that the Unionists had come to stay and then it was that they showed their willingness to take "greenbacks;" in fact, as one comrade said: "We can have any amount of Confederate money in exchange for greenbacks, almost at our own price. A ten-dollar Confederate bill won't buy a half pint of peanuts now."

While the people were gradually trying to reconcile themselves to the fact that the United States flag floated over their city, there were many who hoped, and some firmly believed, that Lee would return and drive out the "hated Yankees." The news which reached the city was hardly likely to stimulate that hope. General Lee had withdrawn to the west, still keeping up his organization, though the number of his soldiers was greatly diminished, both by desertion and capture. Grant closely pursued the fleeing Confederates. There were many engagements, some of them closely contested, but in each case the advantage was against the Confederates. At Sailor's Creek, Custer broke through the enemy's line, capturing many prisoners, 16 guns and 400 wagons, enabling the 6th Corps to come up and entirely rout and capture Ewell's force, including General Ewell and four other generals. The loss of a provision train delayed Lee for a whole day and at that time every hour counted. When Lee arrived at Appomattox Court House on April 9, just one week after he left Richmond, he found Sheridan's cavalry, dismounted, and waiting for him to cross his path. Lee thought his infantry could drive them back, but by a masterly move Sheridan drew his cavalry off to the right, and Lee was face to face with Grant's heavy line of infantry. Lee saw that all was lost, he could not stand against that force and the Confederates recoiled. Sheridan was about to charge upon their flank with his cavalry when a white flag was



sent out and information given that negotiations for surrender were in progress.

Grant and Lee exchanged notes, met at McLean's house and wrote two brief letters to each other and the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was effected. The terms were so generous that a howl of indignation went up against Grant from the extremists of the North, who thought that Lee and every one in arms should be treated as rebels and shot; but Grant was master of the situation, and before long the entire nation rejoiced that he had so asserted himself. He allowed all the soldiers to return to their homes and promised that they should not be molested so long as they did not again bear arms against the United States. He even allowed them to take all their horses with them, saying that "they would need the horses for plowing." While shotted salutes had been ordered when victories had been won by Sherman and Sheridan, Grant now gave orders that there should be no salutes fired, no cheering or other manifestations of rejoicing, but that the starving Confederates should be allowed to go home and become citizens just as if there had been no unpleasantness. The number of men and officers paroled that day was 28,365.

Though Grant gave orders prohibiting all firing in honor of the surrender of Lee, he was too late to entirely prevent such manifestation. Comrade Clarke says: "The night we received news of the surrender of Lee and his army, one hundred guns were fired by Battery D, 4th U. S. Artillery, one hundred more in the morning by Battery D, First U. S. Artillery, the same number in the evening and morning by the navy. The citizens were many of them downcast by the news, though some rejoiced." The comrade says that he thought there was a general feeling of relief among the citizens, who were tired of the war and its hardships. Then he continues: "I cannot at the present time realize the extent of our successes. After four years of hard fighting we are at last in possession of nearly all the important points once in the hands of our enemies. They are whipped. I feel like giving God the praise."

On April 12th there were a few promotions in the Battery. Quartermaster Sergeant Alexander W. Welton was promoted first sergeant;

Corporals Charles W. Gesner and John Monarch to be sergeants, and Privates Charles E. Evarts and Henry Holman to be corporals.



ALEXANDER W. WELTON,  
of Cheshire.

Enlisted Oct. 17, 1861; mustered Corporal Oct. 26, 1861; promoted Sergeant May 25, '63; re-enlisted veteran Dec. 19, '63; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant Nov. 20, '64; promoted 1st Sergeant April 12, '65; mustered out June 11, '65.

Marching orders were given on Wednesday evening, April 12th, for the Battery to vacate Richmond and perhaps go to some point where its guns could do effective service against the remnant of the Confederate army which was still defying the government of the United States.

At six o'clock the next morning the Battery broke camp and the whole brigade of artillery and infantry marched through the city in the rain, crossed the pontoon near Castle Thunder and Libby Prison and reached Manchester, on the opposite side of the river. Without delay the march was continued to Drewry's Bluff, where a halt was called for feeding the horses and men. The sight of the bluff and Howlett's House recalled the time a year before when the First Connecticut Light Battery camped in the same place just before the

battle. The march was resumed until 6 o'clock, when the order was given to camp for the night at a point about two miles south of Petersburg.

The next morning the march was resumed by the infantry at 7.30 A. M., the Battery falling in the rear at 9 o'clock. The march was through Petersburg and the comrades looked at the shell-struck houses and dismantled buildings with a peculiar awe, for they knew that the Battery had the credit of throwing the first shell into the city. From Petersburg the route was along the Weldon road and a camp was selected among the deserted works, the First Connecticut Battery being in a cavalry camp with palisades, inclosures, stables, shanties, etc., complete. The camp was just at the head of the military railroad near the High Bridge.

Comrade Clarke tells of that march in the following graphic manner: "Last Wednesday night we received orders to move from camp at six o'clock the next morning. According to the order we joined the other batteries of the Artillery Brigade on Carey Street, Richmond, on Thursday morning. We took up the line of march for Petersburg. The day was

stormy and the roads muddy, but we met with no serious hindrance. Halted at night within two miles of Petersburg. On the march I recognized some of the places where we had been engaged last summer, during Butler's campaign. Halted at noon in the same field where our Battery awaited orders the day of the Proctor's Creek battle.

"Friday morning we resumed our march about half past ten o'clock, passed through Petersburg and stopped at the deserted camps on the old line near the Weldon R. R. only four miles out of the city. We were nearly



[From a war-time photograph]

GATHERING UP THE DEAD.

all day going so short a distance. It was the most tedious march I've experienced in a long time. There are 47 batteries at City Point, doing nothing. It is believed that the volunteer batteries will soon be disbanded. I hardly expect to be in the service a month hence."

Speaking of the camp at that point, Comrade Charles A. Hotchkiss says: "Our guard has to be doubled to watch nine of our new recruits who are in the guard house for insubordination; they thought the war was over and they could do as they liked. I spent some of the time when off duty







MAP OF APPROACHES TO RICHMOND.

wandering among the deserted camps. Our lines and the enemy's lines intermingled and crossed one another as an advance or retreat was made. Some of the camps on our line were laid out very nicely, but now they are deserted. No sharpshooters to send a bullet after you; no shrieking of shot or shell! All as quiet as the grave. Yea, a grave indeed, from the Appomattox to the James and beyond. Dead horses lie unburied in all directions, and as you go along you stumble over a foot or hand of some comrade who was buried in a hurry. I cannot describe my feelings as I look along the lines and think of the slaughter of human beings that has been going on along the line of works for a year past. Is it possible that it has come to an end? If so the Lord be praised! Oh, the stench from dead horses and—shall I say—dead men! Our whole brigade parked here together. It is about time we white troops were out of the service when 'niggers' are put on picket all around us, so say our men. We can see the city, but cannot get there."

Comrade Charles Lane tells the following exciting experience he had about this time:

"The day before we were to leave Richmond and return to our old camp on the Petersburg line, Captain Clinton sent Comrades Titus A. Hall, Samuel Stevens, Abraham Fowler and George Bissell with a number of condemned horses to City Point to turn into the quartermaster's department. They reached there, but could not find the place to turn in the horses, so they started back for Richmond; they got back to our old camp on the corduroy road, where Comrade Hall left his companions and horses and returned to Richmond to report to Captain Clinton. It was about sundown when the Captain sent for me and asked if I knew where the Quartermaster's office was at City Point. On answering that I did, he said: 'Take these papers, get the horses and go to City Point, turn them in and report to me at our old camp in the rear of Petersburg on the old line.'



CHARLES W. LANE,  
of Madison.

Enlisted and mustered in Nov.  
26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran Dec.  
19, 1863; promoted Corporal Feb.  
19, 1865; mustered out June 11,  
1865.

"I saddled my horse and started at once on my trip. At the picket line I showed my pass to the officer in charge and he said he did not begrudge me my ride. I naturally wanted to know why, and he told me that a band of guerrillas had captured a supply train on the road I was to take and had killed all the men but one. Then I began to wish I was at home, but I must go on with the work and get the comrades out of that place before morning or they might be captured without notice or warning, as we had left quite a quantity of surplus oats at the old camp where they were stopping. Knowing that the Johnnies were short of horse feed they might call any time on the oat stock. Thinking of this I hurried on, not knowing much of the road, as I had only passed over it once and that was when we went into Richmond, and on that day we did not look out for landmarks to be sure of the road, our only anxiety being to get there as soon as possible. I went along the best I could considering the darkness of the night and the rainstorm, together with my thoughts of the 'gray-backs.' My horse had to look out for his footing, so I gave him his head and he went very carefully with his nose on the ground, until about midnight, when the weather cleared and the moon came out. I was glad of that moonlight, I can tell you. Coming out of the timber on a rise of ground, I saw something standing by the side of a tree and something else at the foot of the tree. At first I stopped the horse, wondering what to do, whether to go ahead or turn back to Richmond, but I came to the conclusion that it was an enemy's picket post, and as I had seen the picket, he had probably seen me, and the best thing for me to do was to go ahead; so I was careful not to make any more noise than I could help. As I got near the tree I saw a horse standing right in the road and a Confederate sitting at the foot of the tree, sound asleep, with his arm hanging through the bridle line; you may be sure I did not stop to say 'good-morning,' but as I passed him I kept my eye on him for fear he might wake up too soon for my comfort. As soon as I was far enough past him I just gave my horse the spurs and quickly left that Johnny behind me. Before I had time to congratulate myself on getting away, my road came to an end on the bank of the James River. I had to return, it was impossible to continue, and if I went back I must pass that fellow again, but perhaps there was another road, and so I started back looking at every opening to find a road. I found

one just before I reached the Confederate, which led out of the wood and into old Fort Bradley, then I knew just where I was and it did not take me long to ride the next ten miles to where the men and horses were. I arrived there about three o'clock in the morning and found them all right, sound asleep on a pile of bags of oats.

"I roused them and told them that unless we were out of that place very soon the enemy would capture us. We reached the James and crossed on the pontoon at daylight, reaching City Point in safety. We turned the horses in and going to a restaurant had breakfast, and filled our haversacks with grub. When we had finished we started for the Appomattox, which we crossed at Point of Rocks, then on toward our old camp ground in the rear of Fort Stedman, where we expected to find the Battery. When we reached there not a man or beast could be seen and it was sundown, so we unsaddled our horses and hitched the four to one post and fed them. We got together the old camp bunks and placed them in a circle round the horses, after which we had supper and lay down to sleep, expecting the Battery would come up some time during the night, but when morning came they had not arrived. We saddled our horses and rode into Petersburg, went to headquarters there, but nothing was known about our Corps. Telegraphing to Richmond the reply came that the Corps was still there. We returned to Richmond the same way we came and found that the Corps had left the city the day before. We stayed in Richmond that evening, went to the show at the theatre, and started next morning for Petersburg by way of the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike. It was raining fast, two of my comrades had rubber blankets, Comrade Stevens and myself bought rubber coats. 'I'm not going to get wet to-day,' said Stevens as we started over the pontoon. About the middle we met a baggage wagon, we all passed safely except Stevens, who was pushed off the bridge, horse, new coat, and all. I had crossed before I knew of the accident, then on looking back, I saw Comrade Stevens standing on the bridge, soaking wet, a man in one of the pontoon boats had old Teddy, Stevens' horse, by the bridle, preventing him going down the river. I went back, hitched a long line to the bridle and towed the horse to the shore. From that time everything went right and we reached Petersburg, where we had supper, and after supper continued our march, entering the camp a



little before midnight safe and sound. It was an exciting adventure and I shall never forget it."

When any of the comrades could get leave of absence they visited the places which had been made famous in the war. Comrade Clarke, writing in his diary of one of these excursions, says: "Yesterday (April 17th) in company with Lieutenants Upson, Scranton and Thorburn, and Doctor Brown, I visited Fort Hell, so named from the fact that it was under such an intense fire from the enemy most of the time; we also went to the Crater, the scene of Burnside's failure. It was exceedingly interesting to visit those places. Between Fort Hell and Fort Mahone, the latter an enemy's work, I picked up the cartridge box of some Union soldier, which had in it seven bullet holes. I intend sending it home by Joseph W. Fowler, who has to-day been mustered out of the service."

Rejoicing at the prospect of an early peace, the comrades felt full of happy expectation when a blow fell on all who wore the blue which seemed to paralyze them and take all the pleasure from their lives. The President had fallen! The assassin's hand had closed the earthly career of the greatest President since Washington—a man who would forever be identified with the cause of human freedom.

It did not seem possible that the Confederacy could have had anything to do with such a dastardly act. The South had fought as fairly as any belligerent nation, and as General Ewell wrote from Fort Warren, where he was held a prisoner: "No language can adequately express the shock produced upon myself, in common with all the other General officers confined here with me, by the occurrence of this appalling crime, and by the seeming tendency in the public mind to connect the South and Southern men with it. Need we say we are not assassins, nor the allies of assassins, be they from the North or from the South; and that coming as we do from most of the States of the South we would be ashamed of our own people, were we not assured that they will reprobate this crime?"

Those who knew the Confederate soldiers and the Southern people best, even those who had fought against them for four years, could not believe the Southern people would approve such a crime. Comrade Clarke wrote in his diary: "The murder of our beloved President and the attempt upon the life of our Secretary of State has caused a great deal of sorrow mingled

with indignation in the army. It is impossible to describe accurately the state of mind the army is in. My faith in the over-ruling hand of God, in all that transpires, comforts me at the present time and I trust we, as a nation, will be better even for this affliction. I cannot but grieve that there are men with so much hatred in their hearts against one so good and pure as Abraham Lincoln has proved himself to be. I cannot believe that the majority of the Southern people will approve this treacherous murder. General Weitzel has forbidden any of his officers or men visiting the city of Petersburg. I went there Sunday and attended service, but do not expect to have another opportunity soon, if ever."

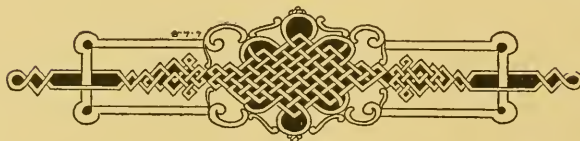
The official announcement of the President's death was followed by the order to fire a gun every half hour. The First Connecticut Light Battery was stationed on high ground from which the country for miles round could be seen. At sunrise a salute of thirteen guns was fired by Battery D, 4th U. S. Artillery, then a gun of the right section First Connecticut Battery was to be fired every half hour, being relieved by another gun detachment of the same Battery every two hours until night. The guns could be heard in solemn cadence all day at all points of the compass.

If the assassin had thought the death of President Lincoln would strengthen the dying Confederacy he was much mistaken. It may be that the brutal murder was the one thing necessary to hasten peace. People began to discuss the dead President, and even in the South his last inaugural was being extensively quoted. In that inaugural, delivered only one month before his death, he had said: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's

wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Lincoln had lived to enter Richmond, had seen the greatest army of the Confederacy surrender, had heard the murmurs of an early peace, and at the moment when the cause he had served so faithfully was nearing triumph, he was stricken down. Like Moses, he had led his people to the entrance of the promised land, but had not been allowed to enter with them. Perhaps he was the only man who could have achieved so much and won so great a victory. As *Punch*, an English paper, said:

He had been born a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years—  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through—  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,  
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took them both with his unwavering mood;  
But as he came on light from darkest days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,  
A felon hand, between that goal and him,  
Reached from behind his head, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!  
Vile hand! that branded murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

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### PEACE AT LAST.

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THE camping ground of the First Connecticut Light Battery had been changed to a point on the west side of Petersburg, about a mile and a half from the city, and the comrades found it much pleasanter and healthier; it was thought that the Battery would remain there for some time, orders being given for the building of better quarters. Headquarters looked almost like a permanency, and many of the comrades crossed the canal and got lumber from a deserted Confederate camp and built comfortable huts.

Some of the new men took "French leave," the morning reports being full of such entries as "Privates —— absent without leave." It seemed to be the opinion of the recruits that Petersburg and Richmond having fallen and Lee surrendered the war was over and they were, as citizens, allowed to do as they pleased. When they returned to camp, however, they found out their mistake, for they had to stand trial. Comrade Clark tells of a court-martial of which he was a member:

"A general court-martial convened for the trial of offenders against good order and military discipline. I was one of the members. Three men of our Battery were before the court and found guilty, on their own pleadings, of being absent without leave from the Battery, and were sentenced to one month's hard labor in charge of a guard in the company, and to forfeit (two of them) eight dollars of their monthly pay for six months, the third to forfeit ten dollars a month for eight months. We shall have four more cases from the Battery." This severe punishment was intended to act as a



deterrent and doubtless would have done so had not conditions changed so soon afterward.

News of the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston and his command to General Sherman acted as a stimulant to the comrades, for they went about shouting "hurrah!" until the officers had to rebuke them. The excitement had scarcely subsided when rumors reached the camp that the War Department had issued an order for the immediate reduction of the army in the field, and orders were given for an inspection and inventory of all the equipments of the Battery. This looked like a move, and although Sheridan had gone south and the war was not over, the sanguine comrades saw in it all a proof that a few days more would be all they would have of army life.

The officers spent considerable time in examining and exploring the surrounding country, especially to find out what damage had been done by the guns. One day Lieutenants Dickinson, Scranton and Clark started out to Fort Stedman and its vicinity. They stopped near a brick house which they had often seen while stationed at the fort, and which stood just in the range of the Battery guns. The officers had a laudable curiosity to see the extent of damage done by the shot and shell sent from the guns of which they were so proud. As they were chatting together and examining the rents made by the shots, a very attractive and pretty young lady came from the house, and picking a rose from the almost destroyed garden handed it with an exceedingly sweet smile to Lieutenant Clark. The gallant officer very politely tipped his hat and thanked her. The other lieutenants could not understand why the young and beautiful Southern girl selected Lieutenant Clark for special favor, unless it was that she, with discriminating eye, considered him the best-looking officer. The incident occasioned some remarks and jokes at Lieutenant Clark's expense, which he took very good-naturedly, perhaps not without a certain amount of pardonable pride. The officers continued to ride about Petersburg examining buildings which had been struck by shot or shell, but they were not the recipients of any more flowers, for generally the officers were not greeted with smiles, neither were they made to feel welcome by the white inhabitants, a fact which made the experience of Lieutenant Clark all the more perplexing.

Orders came to break camp and the 5th and 25th Corps marched through Petersburg. The Battery halted for some time opposite Fort Stedman and some of the comrades went over the fort and inspected the surrounding country. The trees had been riddled with bullets, the ground torn up, and everywhere could be seen hands and feet of half-buried soldiers sticking out from the soil. The sight of the dead caused the comrades to feel thankful that the Battery had escaped so well through the three and a half years of service.

On the march to City Point there were many heart-throbs of anxiety and worry. France had established an empire on Mexican soil and placed the Austrian Maximilian on the throne. It was well known that such an action on the part of Napoleon would never have been attempted had it not been for the crippled condition of the United States through the civil war. The war was now practically at an end and half a million troops were freed from actual war duty, and a rumor was prevalent that the released troops would be shipped to Mexico to enforce the Monroe Doctrine by driving out the foreign monarch and the restoration of the republic.

When the Battery arrived at City Point and saw troops loading on transports the boys began to think that there was some truth in the rumor. None of the officers or men liked such a prospect; some of the officers threatened to resign; all resented what they termed "a high-handed piece of despotic power," for the men had only enlisted to fight against the Confederacy and not against an Austrian emperor backed by a French army. When the officers and men had worked themselves up to the highest pitch of excitement, they found that the rumor was a false alarm and they had experienced all their heart-throbs of emotion for nothing.

Light House Point, where the Battery halted at sundown, was on a bluff overlooking the river and was a far pleasanter place than the last camp. There was one great drawback to the comfort of the comrades—the discipline was getting so lax that no rations for either men or horses arrived for twenty-four hours after the Battery had been in camp.

The Battery had left the library and quite a quantity of its baggage and property at Norfolk, and it was thought a good time to get it, so that when the order came for a march or to be mustered out the Battery would have its possessions ready to pack. About the trip to Norfolk and the return

with the library, Comrade Le Roy Upson contributes an incident which he is fond of relating, and which shows that dangers had to be encountered even in those last days of the war.

“Some of the weeks of the last months of the service of the Battery in Virginia before the call to Connecticut and the muster out were spent in camp



LE ROY UPSON,  
of Wolcott.

Enlisted and mustered in Sept.  
3, 1864; mustered out June 11,  
1865.

on a bluff on the James River about two miles below City Point,” writes Comrade Le Roy Upson.

“While there it was thought best to get from Norfolk the library and a quantity of goods that had been stored there since the earlier part of the war when the Battery went into active service. Orderly Sergeant Welton went to Norfolk for the purpose, and word came from him that on a certain day he would be at City Point and should require two four-horse wagons to transport the goods to camp.

“The Battery baggage wagon and a four-mule team, with helpers, were detailed in charge of Sergeant Gesner. I was detailed to ride the orderly sergeant's horse to the Point for him, which I did with pleasure, for the afternoon was pleasant and it was a desirable little break in the monotony of the days on the bluff.

“In due time we were at City Point and found the boat at the dock with the sergeant waiting for us. The baggage wagon was loaded first, and Sergeant Welton mounted his horse for the ride to camp, telling me to mount the baggage wagon with the driver and start at once, leaving the others to load the mule team and follow later.

“It was about dusk when we started, and there was a thunder shower coming up that soon brought darkness—and darkness that was black. The road was of the military kind, far from what we think of as good, and we were not familiar with it. About all that could be done was to let the horses pick their way.

“We got along pretty well till we got to the stream below City Point, that was crossed by a pontoon bridge. The approach to this bridge

was rather steep, through a cut in quite a bluff. When we were near this cut we apparently made the mistake of not letting the horses 'pick their way.' I can assure you that with our heavy load and the stumpy, gullied road and the darkness, it is no wonder if the driver was a little nervous. He stopped the team, got down from his high seat and went ahead to reconnoitre. He found the entrance to the cut, and getting his bearings, remounted, took the reins and started.

"In some way his calculations were not quite right. We ran onto the left bank and over we went. I was pitched through the darkness into the mud, followed by the wagon and its load. I don't remember any surprise when I was going over, but I was surprised to find that I could get up and was not seriously hurt. I soon found that the driver, too, was on his feet and attending to his horses—but they were too long in the service to let a little thing like that disturb them much.

"We groped around in the darkness, to find that the spill was complete and that we could do nothing without help. It was decided that I should go on to camp and get assistance.

"I started, unable to see anything at all except when it lightened. By the aid of lightning flashes I crossed the pontoon. All I knew of the way beyond that was the general direction of the road I ought to travel. In that direction I could see in the distance a light. For this light I steered straight, regardless of road, or path, or line of guard. I must have crossed one or more of the latter, for when I reached the light I found it to be in the tent of an officer who was evidently entertaining guests. The guards had probably sought shelter from the storm, and a consideration of the storm perhaps prevented the officer from showing annoyance at my intrusion. He kindly stepped to the entrance of his tent and pointed in the direction of the camp of the First Connecticut Light Battery. With hearty thanks I again started in a 'bee-line'—and either the officer was right and I held the 'bee-line,' or else he was wrong and I went just crooked enough to bring me right, for after quite a tramp I found myself mixed up in the tails and heels of a line of horses. A little investigation showed me that they were *our* horses, and I soon found the tent of the officer of the day, and with him Orderly Sergeant Welton, to whom I reported.

"I was instructed to call out a corporal and tell him to take four men



and go back to the assistance of the driver; at the same time I was told to go to my tent and get to bed.

“The morning discovered to me some more or less prominent bruises, which I did not mind, and a very prominent tear in my stout army pants, which I did *mind*—and which I did *mend*—and it was nicely mended, too.

“The morning also discovered to me the usually pleasant countenance of Sergeant Gesner bearing an unusually sour expression as he asked me why I didn't go back and help get those goods into camp.”

General Weitzel was very anxious to have the volunteer batteries mustered out of the service, and so he gave the First Connecticut Battery every hope that in a few days it would cease to be a part of the United States Army and be once more a Volunteer Battery of the State of Connecticut. By general orders the generals commanding were instructed to send in a full list of all officers in each arm of the service worthy of special mention or to be promoted to a brevet rank.

The First Connecticut Light Battery has reason to be proud of the report, in response to general orders, made by Captain Loomis L. Langdon.

His report to General Weitzel was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS LIGHT ARTILLERY BRIGADE, 25TH ARMY CORPS,  
May 12, 1865.

MAJOR D. D. WHEELER, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. A.,  
25th Army Corps, Camp Lincoln.

Sir: In reply to your communication of this date requiring the names of officers of my command I may desire to have brevetted, I have to state that since the formation of the corps no opportunity worth mentioning in comparison with greater events has occurred to call forth the peculiar gallantry of any officer of my command, however gallant most of them undoubtedly are.

I take pleasure, however, in recommending to the favorable notice of the general commanding the following officers:

Captain Martin S. James, Battery C, 3d R. I. Artillery, 2.9.

Captain Henry Y. Wildey, Battery E, 1st Pa. Artillery, 2.0.

1st Lieutenant Redmund Tully, Battery D, 1st U. S. Artillery, 2.5.

1st Lieutenant James Thompson, Battery D, 4th U. S. Artillery, 2.0.

1st Lieutenant Theron Upson, First Connecticut Light Battery, 3.o.

2d Lieutenant E. D. Wheeler, Battery D, 1st U. S. Artillery, 2.o.

All of which are carefully selected for their uniformly meritorious conduct.

For the information and guidance of the general commanding, I have set opposite each name the relative merit of each in the same manner as merit is characterized at West Point.

Lieutenant Upson is the most meritorious.

Captain Wildey was the first officer, beyond dispute, to lead his Battery into Richmond.

Captain James has been uniformly the most useful officer commanding a company.

These recommendations are made from a long and intimate acquaintance with the officers, and I hope will meet the general's approval.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) L. L. LANGDON, Captain 1st U. S. Artillery,  
Chief of Artillery 25th Army Corps, Commanding Brigade.

What makes the report of more value is that Captain Langdon was an officer in the regular army, had all the prejudices against officers who had not graduated from West Point common to West Pointers, was known as a rigid disciplinarian and one not given to much praise. That he mentioned Lieutenant Upson, of the First Connecticut Light Battery, as the most efficient officer in the Artillery Brigade, when taking into consideration that there were three regular batteries in the brigade, proved that the compliment was justly deserved and one of which the Battery boys felt specially proud.

In honor of the martyred President the camp of the 25th Army Corps was designated Camp Lincoln, and the colored soldiers were elated by the honor, for it was a great distinction to have the camp occupied by men who had been treated as chattels named for the greatest friend the colored man ever had, and one of whom the whole world was proud.

The news of the capture of Jefferson Davis was received with elation. That event was practically the end of the war. Whatever may be the opinion or prejudice of the reader about Jefferson Davis, history must

acknowledge that he was a man of most determined nature, a skillful diplomat, an able statesman, and a man who possessed a wonderful power over those with whom he had to deal. As a member of the House of Representatives, soldier in the Mexican War, Secretary of War under Pierce and United States Senator until the commencement of the civil war, he had proved his ability and shown his personal worth. After the surrender of Lee his Cabinet ministers and officers considered the cause hopeless, but his magnetism was such that he almost inspired them with hope. Some of the generals had been in favor of negotiating terms of peace after Gettysburg, but Davis said "fight on, and we shall win;" Ewell had told Davis that the war was hopeless after Grant had swung his army across the James; Johnston told his chief that it was a worthless struggle when the news reached him of the surrender of Lee; but Davis still said that the fortunes of war could be retrieved and independence established. He fled south with his family, but was eventually captured at Irwinsville, Ga., by two detachments of Wilson's cavalry.

The day after the news of his capture reached camp Lincoln, the following letter was received by the general commanding the 25th Army Corps:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, May 18, 1865.

MAJOR-GENERAL G. WEITZEL, Commanding 25th Army Corps.

General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th instant requesting that the following volunteer batteries be mustered out of service, viz.:

Battery C, 3d Rhode Island,	}	Light Artillery.
4th New Jersey Battery,		
5th New Jersey Battery,		
First Connecticut Battery,		

In reply, I am instructed to direct you to cause the said batteries to be mustered out at once. The musters will be made under General Orders 94, current series, at this office.

I am, General,  
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
(Signed) THOMAS M. VINCENT,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

A copy of this order, signed by Major D. D. Wheeler, was furnished to the commanding officer of the Light Artillery Brigade and by him communicated to the officer in command of each battery.

Naturally it was expected that the Battery would be immediately sent to City Point and from there home, but the days passed and the 25th Corps, with the regular batteries, was sent off with forty days' rations on an expedition, leaving the four volunteer batteries alone at Light House Point.

Orders were given for the Battery to exchange their horses for those of Tully's regular battery, and the Connecticut comrades were exceedingly sore over the matter, for their horses were well kept, well fed and cared for, while the regulars' were lean, half-starved over-worked horses with but little vitality left in them.

Through some misunderstanding between General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, and General Weitzel, the four volunteer batteries were ordered to Manchester for drill. The First Connecticut Battery left Camp Lincoln at 6 A. M. on June 1st, and after a day's march camped on the battle ground at the junction of the railroad and Richmond turnpike, where it had fought on April 9, 1864, for possession of that very point.

On the next day the march was resumed and Manchester reached at 1 P. M. Several horses had been left by the wayside and others dropped exhausted when the camp was reached. Though Manchester was fast regaining its life and busy trade, the comrades had a hard time, for they had to sleep on the ground and could not draw any rations. Those who had money were able to buy food in the town, and Comrade Hotchkiss says that he bought some soft bread and butter, pies and a cup of tea. "Just think of it!" he adds to the statement.

After the Battery returned to Manchester, orders were given for the comrades to take the horses and go into any of the big forts round Richmond and haul anything they could drag and take it down to the docks as old junk. The boys made up teams of eight horses each and went into the forts, hitching up to the big guns, gun-carriages, limber-wagons and anything on which they could get a grip. Sometimes they hitched to bigger guns than one team could pull, then they would double up the teams, making sixteen horses tugging at one gun. Some of the guns were too large to be moved even by sixteen horse-power, and after making a few ineffectual



efforts had to be abandoned and something lighter tackled. The comrades had nearly a week of this sort of fun. They found it enjoyable work as fascinating as any amusement, and in consequence every man worked cheerfully. There was no hanging back waiting for another, for every one worked with an interest and independent spirit rarely seen.

Six days after reaching Manchester the 3d Rhode Island Light Battery was mustered out and the First Connecticut Light Battery muster rolls were being prepared. As the Rhode Islanders passed the First Connecticut Light Battery camp on their way to the landing they gave three hearty cheers, and the Connecticut comrades responded with a right good will.

On June 8th the comrades realized that their days of military service were drawing to a close, for they turned over to Captain Male, ordnance officer, all ordnance, and to Major Cochrane, quartermaster, sixty-six horses. On the 10th, all quartermaster stores, clothing and camp and garrison equipage were turned in to Major Cochrane with the remainder of the horses. That night the comrades had to sleep on the ground without tents or shelter of any kind, for the mustering officer did not arrive until next day.

The eleventh day of June, 1865, will always be remembered by the comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery, for at 2 P. M. they were mustered out of the United States service by Captain Remington and received the last order at the front, and that order was to blow *reveille* at 3 o'clock the next morning. They broke camp at 4.30 on the morning of the 12th, crossed to Richmond, which city they left at 6 o'clock, arriving at City Point at 9 30. With the 17th New York Light Battery they embarked on the steamer *Georgiana* for Fort Monroe, leaving there on the steamer *Daniel Webster* at 5 A. M. on the 13th and reaching New York at 6 o'clock on Wednesday, June 14th.

How excited the comrades were! With what joyousness they stepped on shore and commenced their march through the city which they had left three years and four months before! How their hearts beat! The war was over; the strife was ended; the citizen soldiers had proved that they could fight, endure and conquer, and they had made the entire civilized world respect them and their nation.

They felt proud to think they had taken part in the greatest war of modern times, and that, crowned with the laurels of victory, they were returning to "beat their swords into plowshares," leaving behind the strife of the battlefield for the peaceful occupation of a citizen's life.

## CHAPTER XL.

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### "HOME, SWEET HOME."

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THE good news reached New Haven that the First Connecticut Light Battery was returning home with a record almost unparalleled in the history of war, and at once the people got out their flags and banners and began to decorate in honor of the sons of the old State.

Old men retold the story of the march through New Haven nearly four years before of the gallant Connecticut boys who, in cavalry, infantry and artillery regiments, had gone to the front to fight for the flag and to help save the nation. Then,

"All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and rifles new,  
When the regiment went marching down the street.  
All the men were hale and strong as they proudly moved along  
Through the cheers that drowned the music of their feet.  
Oh, the music of their feet, keeping time to drums that beat!  
Oh, the glitter and the splendor of the sight!  
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms of blue,  
The regiment went marching to the fight!"

As each regiment left New Haven the people flocked into the streets and gave them such a New England cheer as caused their hearts to beat wildly until the dread realities of war were experienced at the front.

The war was over and the people at home were making ready to welcome the returning heroes.

On many a battlefield the sons of Connecticut had carved a way to glory. No State had a prouder record, no soldiers had been braver, no men more devoted to the cause of liberty than the sons of the Nutmeg State.

The First Connecticut Light Battery was the first State organization to return, and the people determined that a glorious welcome should be given the heroes.

Every one was talking of James Island and Proctor's Creek, of Drewry's Bluff and Fort Stedman, of the entry into Richmond and the active participation taken by the Battery in the occupation of the capital of the Confederacy.

One would think that the people had nothing else to talk about but the campaign of the First Light Battery.

The citizens of New Haven were early in the streets; the flags were flying everywhere; bands were playing as though rehearsing to give the veterans a more glorious welcome.

Early in the day some of those who had been honorably discharged and returned to their homes were centres of attraction, and every one wanted them to talk of the days that had passed, of the battles fought, the hardships endured, the humors of camp life and all the little incidents so interesting to the fathers and brothers, the wives, sisters and mothers of the Battery members.

At 9 o'clock every one seemed going toward the New Haven railroad depot; at 10 o'clock the streets were crowded, and an hour later, or, to be exact, at 11:15 A. M., on Wednesday, June 14, with a clanging of bells and screeching of the locomotive, a train pulled into the depot and a mighty cheer from the thousands of citizens greeted the first hero who stepped from the train.

It was hard for the comrades to retain military discipline, but they remembered that all eyes were on them. They saw relatives and friends, wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, gray-haired fathers and young brothers in the throng, but they fell into line like true soldiers and were officially welcomed by the mayor and a deputation of the Council appointed to receive them.

The commissioned officers who returned were Captain J. B. Clinton, First Lieutenants Sylvanus C. Dickinson, of Milford; Theron Upson, of New Haven, and Second Lieutenants Arthur E. Clark, of Milford, and Samuel Wilbur Scranton, of New Haven.

The Battery was one hundred and twenty strong when it landed in the city.

The civil authorities having received the veterans, the military came forward to add their welcome. A splendid military escort was there to receive them, consisting of the New Haven Grays, Captain Frank D. Sloat ; the Collegiate and Commercial Institute Battalion, Adjutant Edward Johnson, and a company of Veteran Reserves from the hospital commanded by Orderly Sergeant Churchill.

The New Haven Band headed the escort, and the spirit of patriotism seemed to animate the members, for never had the band played better, and excellent martial music was furnished by the drum corps of the Collegiate and Commercial Institute and the Knight Hospital.

On the moving of the line up Chapel Street the bells rang out joyously, and a salute was fired from the Green.

It was a proud home-coming for the heroes, even though

“ The uniforms had faded into gray,  
And the faces of the men who marched through that street again  
Seemed like the faces of the dead who lose their way,  
For many could not look more gaunt or gray.”

The *New Haven Palladium* said: “ The heroes looked very dusty, very tired and bore marks of hard service.”

There was something pathetic and yet glorious in their appearance, for they did not don new uniforms to make their reëntrance into their own State, but wore the old war-worn clothes; those uniforms which had been spattered with the sticky mud of Virginia; which had been stained with powder, some riddled with bullets; clothes which had seen such service as only heroes know of; clothes which, if they could speak, could tell of many a hard-fought engagement, of miraculous escapes and hair-raising adventures. Then the veteran heroes wore their knapsacks, their old, battered canteens and haversacks, every article telling of the hardships and severe service the wearer had undergone.

The line was formed, the heroes marched proudly; every head was erect, every bosom filled with patriotic enthusiasm as the line moved through the principal streets to the strains of martial music.



Each man knew that he was returning a conqueror—a victor in the greatest war of modern times—and each man realized that it was not as a mercenary soldier that he had gone, but as a citizen volunteering to save his country or shed his blood freely in its defense.

No wonder the people cheered! They would have been void of every human virtue had they not welcomed with loyal gratitude those men

“Who proudly marched, with a ringing cheer,  
Where blood-stained banners wave;  
Who left fond children bedewed with tears,  
Left father and mother and wife,  
To fight for the nation's life.”

The march ended at the Public Square and then the heroes filed into the State House, where Mayor Scranton stood waiting to again officially welcome them home.

Major B. F. Mansfield knew that the veterans had been fed on hard tack and beans, on bacon and pork, and that good home-cooked food had not been partaken of for three long years, so he loaded the tables with cold meats and cakes and steaming coffee, while beautiful flowers graced the centres of the tables, reminding them of the natural glories of their own State.

Then came the formal introductions. Major Mansfield had to be officially introduced to Captain Clinton, who in turn introduced the Major to the other officers of the Battery in accordance with military etiquette. Then there was speechmaking, terse and eloquent—a matter of form, in reality—for every man knew of the glorious record made by the First Light Battery, and every citizen was filled with such pride that eloquence flashed from every eye, each heart-throb was one of welcome, and each hand-clasp told of the fraternity all felt toward the veterans.

Then Major Mansfield called for cheers for the Battery, and they were given with such ringing fervor that the foundations of the building seemed to shake, but loud and long-continued as they were, the throats of the veterans outdid them when Captain Clinton called on his men to give three cheers for the Mayor, for the Council and for the military escort. New Haven knew that those men could throw as much enthusiasm in their cheers as they had done in their shooting.

Then the welcome order came—one which had always given pleasure on the field and in the forts: "Fall in for grub!" They had welcomed it—

"No matter if the grub was pork,  
Or hard tack, or the beans,  
Or coffee that we loved so well;  
All vets know what that means."

But now the genuine home-cooked food made their mouths water and they did full justice to the good things provided.

At the close of the ceremonies the comrades were given furloughs, with orders to report at Conscript Camp on the 19th of the month.

As a matter of great interest and to mark the appreciation of the Battery of the kindness received at the hands of the public local press, the historian reproduces, verbatim, the reports of the welcome home given by the New Haven papers.

*The New Haven Palladium*, of June 14, 1865, published the following:

The First Connecticut Light Battery, Captain James Clinton, one hundred and twenty strong, arrived here about 11 o'clock this morning by railroad from New York. They were received at the depot by the Mayor and the deputation of the Council appointed to receive them, and by a handsome military escort, consisting of the New Haven Grays, Captain Frank D. Sloat; the Collegiate and Commercial Institute Battalion, Adjutant Edward Johnson; and a company of Veteran Reserves from the hospital, commanded by Orderly Sergeant Churchill.

The New Haven Band headed the escort, and excellent martial music was furnished by the drum bands of the College and Commercial Institute and Knight Hospital. On the moving of the line up Chapel Street the bells rang out joyously, and a salute was fired on the Green. Chapel Street was decked with flags and crowded with friends and spectators, gathered to do honor to the returning braves. The heroes looked very dusty, very tired, and bore marks of hard service. After a march through some of our principal streets the veterans were conducted into our beautiful square and into the State House, where a most bountiful supply of refreshments awaited them.

At the State House Mayor Scranton, in a brief speech, welcomed them home again, after a service of three and a half years, assuring them that the people of the State were well acquainted with the valued and faithful service which they had performed in standing as a bulwark between their homes and the foe.

Captain Clinton responded, thanking the authorities and citizens for their cordial welcome and for the bountiful repast tendered them. He said although they had returned home to lay down their arms, they should ever be ready to take them whenever their country should again call for their services.

Cheers for the officers and soldiers of the Battery were returned by the veterans giving hearty cheers for their escort and the authorities and citizens of New Haven.

After the collation was disposed of the men were given furloughs, with orders to report at the draft rendezvous, where they are to be mustered out. The men have five months' pay due them. The Battery left for the field in December, 1861, and in the Depart-

ment of the South and before Richmond have done excellent service. The commissioned officers who returned are Captain J. B. Clinton, who for a year has commanded the Battery; First Lieutenants Sylvanus C. Dickinson, of Milford, Theron Upson, of this city, and Second Lieutenants Arthur E. Clark, of Milford, and Wilbur S. Scranton, of Fair Haven.

The *New Haven Register* of the same date gave the following report:

RECEPTION OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT LIGHT BATTERY.

The arrangements of the committee for the reception of the returned soldiers this morning were well conceived and efficiently executed. There was a delay of half an hour on account of the train being delayed. When the men arrived they were escorted by the battalion of escort, consisting of two companies of the Veteran Reserves, two companies from the Commercial Institute, and the Grays, under command of Major Basserman. The column formed on Chapel Street, and, headed by the New Haven Band, moved up, saluted by the cheers of the people. After passing around the Green, down College and George, and up Church, the guests were taken to the hall in the State House, where a fine collation had been spread by Major B. F. Mansfield. Mayor Scranton in a few words welcomed the veterans home, and Captain Clinton made a happy response. The speeches were received with cheers, especially that of the Captain, who is evidently popular with his command. The men fell to with a will and "carried all before them," as they have done on many another field. They hope to be paid off and mustered out here in a few days.

The *Journal and Courier* of June 15, 1865, had the subjoined report of the proceedings:

The reception extended to the First Connecticut Light Battery upon their arrival in this city yesterday was, for an impromptu affair, one of the most hearty, cordial and enthusiastic of the many which New Haven has tendered to the returning soldiers of Connecticut. The Battery, numbering one hundred and thirty-five men, were mustered out of service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, on Sunday last. On Monday they left Richmond on board of a steamer for Fortress Monroe, where they were transferred to another steamer and brought to Baltimore, arriving there on Tuesday morning about 6 o'clock. They then took the cars and came on to this city, arriving about 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon. About half-past 10 the New Haven Grays, two companies of Veteran Reserves and the C. C. I., under command of Colonel Merwin, formed near the Green and marched to the depot, accompanied by the New Haven Band. The line was formed in Chapel Street, the left resting on the depot bridge. On the arrival of the train Captain Clinton was introduced to the committee of the Common Council in waiting, composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Gilbert, Hotchkiss, Augur, Douglass and Treadway. After a mutual interchange of greetings, Mr. Gilbert, chairman of the committee, presented the Captain with a large and beautiful bouquet. He received it, returning many thanks. The battalion was then formed in line and marched out into Chapel Street, headed by the committee in carriages and the police. They were then received by the city companies, the Battery marching up by the line. The line was then halted, formed in line, and the city companies marched past and took the head of the line in the usual way. The procession then marched up Chapel Street to Church, out Church to Elm, up Elm to College, out College to George, down George to Church, out Church to Chapel, up Chapel into the Green. All along the route, particularly in Chapel Street, a maze of flags were flying in the breeze, and the waving of handkerchiefs from every window and the

continual cheering attested the heartiness of the welcome. On arriving at the Green they were escorted into the basement of the State House, where several large tables loaded with a collation of cold meats, cakes and coffee, and beautified with many vases of flowers, had been prepared for them under the supervision of Major B. F. Mansfield. The Major being present was then introduced to Captain Clinton, who in turn introduced the Major to his brother officers and men, immediately after which he addressed his comrades as follows: "Captain Clinton, officers and soldiers of the First Connecticut Battery: It falls to my pleasant duty to welcome you and to extend to you the cordial welcome of the citizens of New Haven. It is not my pleasure, however, to recount your deeds of valor and your trials in days past, but I assure you they are appreciated by the citizens of this city and by the State. Through four long years you have stood as a bulwark to those rights which are dear to us all, and your efforts have been deeply appreciated by the citizens of Connecticut. The many sacrifices you have made I have not been able to recount. There were many who went out with you who have not returned; but to you who have come back I now have the honor to extend a hearty and cordial welcome." Captain Clinton replied as follows: "The Mayor, Gentlemen of the Council and Citizens: This is my first attempt to reply to a speech in all my life. I am in that respect like General Grant, who says he never did make a speech, and I never could. I tender to you, in behalf of my comrades and for myself, my deep and heartfelt thanks for this kind reception. We have come home to receive our discharge papers and our pay, and we have laid down our arms, only to take them up again when occasion shall demand it."

Cheers followed by a tiger were then given by the soldiers for Captain Clinton and the reception given them. And such cheers! None but soldiers could give them—sharp, clear and ringing. They were followed by a tiger that set the coffee cups dancing and timid people holding their ears. The men fell to work and did full justice to the well-spread tables before them. We cannot close this report without speaking of one incident in connection with the reception. While in New Jersey, Captain Clinton, in reply to a telegram from the committee respecting the reception, said his men had no new uniforms on; that they were just as they broke camp, and he did not want a reception. But the committee would not take "no" for an answer. The boys were in just the condition in which they wanted to receive them. All of us wanted them to come as they did, with uniforms worn in the smoke of battle and begrimed with the "sacred soil" and with faces bronzed with a Southern sun. The roster of the officers is as follows:

Captain, James B. Clinton.

Senior 1st Lieutenant, Sylvanus Dickinson.

Junior 1st Lieutenant, Theron Upson.

Senior 2d Lieutenant, Arthur E. Clark.

Junior 2d Lieutenant, S. Wilbur Scranton.

On June 19, 1865, the First Light Battery was mustered out, each man receiving his discharge papers and from that time ceasing to be a member of the military forces of the State, and becoming once more a free citizen of a free State in the grandest republic the world has ever known.

From the date of the earliest enlistment to that of being mustered out at New Haven, the Battery had been in existence three years eight months and nineteen days, and during all that time only 2 men had been killed in

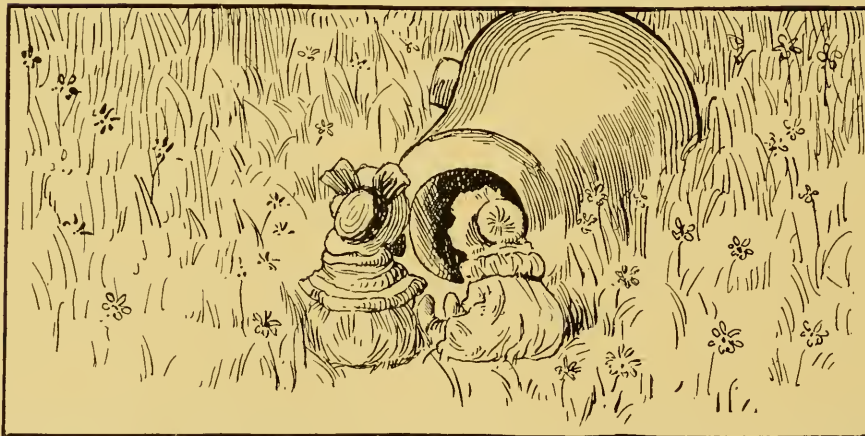


action and 13 wounded, one dying from his wounds in the hospital, 20 died in service, and 4 discharged disabled.

Comrade Theron Upson, speaking of this record, says:

“Of 267 men who were connected with this organization, only 1 officer and 1 private have been killed in action. Many, however, died of disease, and the bones of some of them repose in the sunny South. Comrades, let us ever cherish their memories, for they gave up all for us and their country.

“Some must sleep 'neath the Southern sod,  
And some bear the flag of the free, my boys;  
But those who are true to the country and God  
Will meet at the last *reveille*, my boys!”

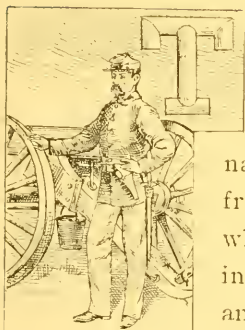


## CHAPTER XLI.

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### WHAT THE CITIZEN SOLDIER DID FOR THE NATION.

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THE war was over; peace once more was established; the olive branch had been extended to the South and had been accepted by the thinking, reasoning people. The United States had asserted its right to nationhood. No longer was it merely a number of free States joined together for mutual advantage, which, when interrupted, was to be followed by disintegration, but it had become a union indissoluble and permanent. The Carolinas were no longer aliens to the New England States, but from Maine to Cali-

fornia, from the Lakes to the Gulf, the States, while each would have its rights preserved and conserved, were banded together, forming a federal republic stronger than any nation that had ever before existed.

The dream of Madison and Monroe had become a reality, and was no longer a vision of idyllists or a phantasm of the brain of reformers. State rights had been proved to be far stronger when each State constituted part of a nation than when each only tolerated a federal government. The democracy of Jefferson had been harmonized with the far-seeing conservatism of Madison, Monroe and Adams.

The one great weakness of the nation—a weakness which Jefferson had fought against and which John Quincy Adams saw would lead to the disruption of the Union unless checked—had been forever removed, for the end of the war saw slavery abolished and the colored man admitted to citizenship. Then was realized the glorious axiom on which the republic had been founded, “All men are created free and equal.”

Abroad, across the oceans, the war had caused the United States to be respected. Its power was felt to be greater than that of any monarchy, and the rulers in monarchical Europe trembled as they thought of the impetus given to republican institutions. The war had revolutionized the nations of the world. Reforms which had been declared impossible a few years previous were freely granted. France speedily threw off the yoke of an emperor and declared a republic; the French troops were compelled to retire from Rome, and Italy became one united nation; England gave greater liberty to her colonies and inaugurated reforms at home which had been the dream of the advanced thinkers for generations. In every country the masses looked upon the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of a free republic, and carried it through the streets of the cities when demanding reforms.

The wiping of the last great stain from the republic's banner, the realization of the principles of true liberty for all, irrespective of creed or color, had caused the people of the world to acknowledge the majesty of republicanism. The spirit of our institutions had "infused itself into the life-blood of Europe and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It touched the philosophy of Germany and the north," and gave new life and aspirations to the oppressed everywhere.

Not only did the war revolutionize thought, but it taught the nations of the world many lessons. It showed that the day of the "old wooden walls" of the fighting ships had gone by, and in their place it introduced the monitor, the invention of Ericsson, and the armored turrets invented by Timbly, of New York. The great iron-clad monsters of the deep are the outgrowth of American inventions during the war.

In the armies of Europe the term of enlistment was shortened and many improvements inaugurated.

It had frequently been predicted by European statesmen that a republic could only be strong in peace and would entirely succumb in time of war. The federation of States had been declared a weakness, and even the more liberal looked upon the secession of the Southern States as the breaking up of the republic and the acknowledgment that the experiment had failed. A Liberal statesman in England exclaimed after the first battle of Bull Run, "Jefferson Davis has created a nation!"

It was true, but not in the way the speaker meant. The war of secession had created a nation, but it was the old republic of the United States regenerated, unified, and made strong. The nation had through seas of blood washed away the last vestige of slavery and had risen from the ordeal the greatest and strongest nation in the world. Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Monroe and Adams had created the republic, but Lincoln and Grant and all who supported them had made a free nation in reality, and so completed the work commenced ninety years before.

At the outbreak of the war the United States army numbered less than 30,000 officers and men, and these were mostly scattered over the vast expanse of territory over which the Stars and Stripes floated.

To wage war with such a small army, part of which might be in sympathy with secession, seemed an impossibility. The Government had to rely on the citizens, not only to defend their homes, but to carry the war into the seceded States and fight until the issue was decided. It was then that the European monarchies almost rejoiced at the weakness of the republic, but their exultation was premature, for from the first call of President Lincoln in 1861 to the last made in December, 1864, no less than 2,592,287 white citizens and 186,017 colored men, not including the militia brought into service during different invasions of Lee's armies into Maryland and Pennsylvania, responded to the call, ready to give up home and friends, sacrifice health and shed their blood in order to perpetuate the republic they loved. And these citizen soldiers came not from a section, but from every part of the Union. The East and North, the border States and the far West contributed their quota to the army of freedom, and many enrolled themselves under the Stars and Stripes from each of the Southern States. Not one State or Territory failed to be represented.

This rally of citizens was the true foundation of the republic's strength.

However excellent professional soldiers might be, they could never experience the enthusiasm, share in the pride, or show the patriotism of citizen soldiers. For in a federal republic the citizen soldiers feel a pride in upholding the honor of the State or section from which they enlist; thus bringing the States into a friendly rivalry and healthy competition, each striving for the glory of being foremost, winning renown for their regiments and credit for the State. A regular army organization destroys all



such stimulating conditions, the sectional pride is lost and with it the enthusiasm and zeal of the citizen.

When the first call was made it was responded to with a fervor which astonished the world. The young men—the boys—flocked round the recruiting stations, eager and anxious to inscribe their names on the muster roll of fame. Many, perhaps the majority, had never handled a gun or drawn a sword in their lives. Military discipline was not understood; the miseries, the hardships, the risks to be encountered were not given a thought; to each and all the message came: "The country is in danger!"

"The country" meant more to them than the expression would to the subjects of a monarchy. Every man was a citizen, a co-partner in a great confederation. The nation was not something outside and above them. The Government was not a privileged autocracy, but was merely the executive of the nation, and that nation was a co-partnership of free citizens. Realizing this, each man rushed to the front regardless of personal consequences, anxious only to perpetuate that form of government which had raised him from the dependency of a subject to the freedom of a citizen.

Though they had dismissed all thought of danger, yet they realized what war meant. They knew it would not be all glory, that it would be no pleasure picnic, but that some would fall, their faces to the foe, their bodies mangled by cannon ball or rifle shot, and that others would return maimed and disabled for life; they knew that many would suffer from disease, and with enfeebled frames be less able to contend against the difficulties of civil life when the war was over, but their hearts were warmed with the fire of patriotism, and with set teeth they vowed that whatever might betide, they would do their duty and follow the flag to victory or to death.

And in what way did these citizen soldiers differ from the regular army?

A standing army is composed of those men who are willing to lose their citizenship, sink their individuality, and for a term of years have no other aim or object in life but to live on the labor of others, rendering no other return but a readiness to fight whenever ordered. A standing army may have to fight against those who are struggling for freedom, may engage in a war of oppression or fight for an unholy cause. The soldiers

enlist without condition and have to obey without question. They cease to be producers, and during long years are only consumers of what others produce, and this in a time of peace.

When a nation relies on its citizens it presents the cause to them, and every man who enlists knows for what he is going to fight. He knows, also, that as soon as the war is over he will be relieved and can go back to his duties as a civilian. Moreover, he never relinquishes his rights as a citizen, but on the battlefield votes as he would at home, thus taking his share in the government of his country and upholding or condemning the war in which he is engaged.

When President Lincoln made his first call the men who responded were refined, intellectual citizens—bankers, lawyers, business men, college students, mechanics and farmers. From every schoolhouse, from every public building the national flag was floating. All sorts and conditions of men left their business and stepped into the ranks. Every one seemed anxious to go. Young boys regretted that they were not old enough to be accepted, and young girls bade their brothers and sweethearts sign the roll and join the army of liberty and the republic.

It was not love of adventure that prompted them, for the majority were sober, solid, staid citizens; it was not the promise of reward, for all earned more at home than the Government could pay for their services, and many used a private income to augment the small amount paid by the nation; it was not the love of carnage or fighting which caused them to give their services, for many of them were church members and believed in peace rather than war.

What, then, caused this enthusiasm? What caused this uprising of a nation's manhood?

It was an intense love of country, a patriotic desire to perpetuate those institutions which had made them free citizens. It was the same spirit that actuated the men of 1776 and nerved the hearts of patriots to draw the sword for freedom for all, no matter what might be their creed or the color of their skin. "All men are born free and equal" was their watchword, and they determined that it should be true in spirit as well as in letter.

It was no sudden impulse of patriotic frenzy, for the majority of those who answered the first call for three months re-enlisted for three years.

Knowing the dangers, having experienced the hardships and endured the trials and troubles of camp life, these men (all honor to their names!) enlisted once more and again faced the enemy.

If it be true that a nation is greatest when its citizens are ready to defend it, there can be no doubt of the greatness and stability of the United States, even in those days when it stood alone without a friend among the nations of the earth.

The nations of the entire world learned that while professional soldiers—the regular army—fought well and did their duty, they did not possess the daring, the enthusiasm, the tremendous energy manifested by the citizen soldiers. The regular soldier fought because it was his business, his profession in life; the citizen fought for the reason that the cause was a righteous one and appealed to his intelligence. It was the same spirit that actuated the people of England when they rose under Cromwell to fight against despotism. The royal or regular army raised its banner, “For the King!” the people raised theirs, “For God and our Country!” It was principle against mere obedience to orders.

Monarchies dare not trust to citizens; it is only a republic that is strong enough to rely on its people alone in case of need.

When Napoleon was urged to conquer Switzerland, he answered that the cost would be too great. “But there is no standing army there, sire,” pleaded the courtier. “No,” answered the great Napoleon; “if there were the conquest would be easy. In a republic where there is no standing army, every man must be killed and every woman rendered helpless before a conquest is complete.”

The nineteenth century closed with a new proof of this doctrine, for one of the greatest monarchical nations on earth found it more difficult to overcome a few farmers fighting for independence than to fight a monarchy with a large standing army at its back.

The great war of secession having proved the value and strength of a citizen army, had still another lesson to teach the world.

The war was over. It was no longer necessary to have a large army in the field. A million men were mustered out in their respective States during the first fifteen days of the month of June, 1865. The men were welcomed home. Crowned with the laurels of victory, they were heroes.

No disturbances marked the disbanding of the army. The soldiers resumed their duties as civilians peaceably. They took off the uniform and put on the dress of the civilian; they hung the old canteen on the wall as a reminder of the days that were past, and went to work on the farm, in the factory, at the office desk or in the college, as though the interruption had only been a long vacation. True, the tools of industry seemed awkward after three years' manipulation of a musket or service at the guns, but nature adapts itself, and this million of men settled down to the ordinary duties of life with the same zest and earnestness they had shown at the front, many winning for themselves good solid positions in the world. They had once more become producers.

They had borne the brunt of warfare for three years and they knew that hard work awaited them at home, for a vast war debt had to be paid, and the men who did the fighting returned to work and pay the debt.

The war had cost the national Government \$6,200,000,000 over and above the ordinary expenses of government, and the men who had planted the flag of a free republic, one and indissoluble, over every part of the sunny South, creating a nation of freemen from the Lake to the Gulf and the Atlantic to the Pacific, shouldered the burden of the debt cheerfully and without a murmur.

The world cried out: "The republic is ruined. It can never pay its debt. It is a bankrupt nation." The citizen soldiers proved the contrary. They worked and paid the taxes, they sang and whistled merrily as they followed their daily avocations, and they paid off the debt at the rate of a million dollars a week.

The same citizens who had made the republic respected, who showed how strong a nation could be that relied on its citizens, proved to the financiers of the world that they would shirk no obligation, but would be financially honest.

All honor to the citizen soldiers of 1861-65, for they completed the work begun by Washington. He founded a nation; they established it on such a firm foundation that not all the storms of revolution, of monarchic jealousy, of animosities abroad, or intrigues at home can ever destroy it.

The war proved that there is no danger of militarism or imperialism while a nation depends on its citizen soldiers, but that any republic which relies on a standing army is sure to fall under the heel of despotism, and



dying as a free nation, rise with the withering curse of monarchy fastened upon it. A free republic, trusting to its citizens in time of necessity, can never be destroyed while a man lives to defend it. The world knows that such a nation can rally round its flag such a host of citizen soldiers that no enemy could withstand—citizens who, preferring peace to war, would nevertheless choose death rather than national dishonor. Should such an emergency again arise and the call be made for citizens to buckle on the sword—

“ They will come from the plow, from the loom and the forge,  
Their bugles will ring louder and louder,  
And the dark city street and the deep forest gorge  
Prove that labor makes valor the prouder.

“ They will dwell in sweet peace, till a moment may come  
When the shot of an enemy rattle,  
And the spirits that cling most fondly to home  
Will be the first to rush forth in the battle.

“ Then here's to the Gray, and here's to the Blue!  
Never heed in what color you find them;  
But be sure they'll be dyed a blood-red through and through  
Ere the chain of an enemy can bind them!”



## CHAPTER XLII.

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### A CONNECTICUT WOMAN AT THE FRONT.

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“She gave her life for the cause.”



THE war of secession was remarkable in many ways, but in none more so than in the action taken by brave, devoted women.

To tell the story of what woman did for the cause of the Union would fill many volumes, but it would be a story of unparalleled devotion to principle, of self-sacrificing labor, of trials and sufferings, all borne willingly and without a murmur. It would tell of women urging their husbands to think first of country, of mothers sending their sons to the war, of sweethearts cheerfully resigning hopes of present happiness for the sake of the country they loved.

At a fair held in Washington for the relief of the suffering soldiers and their families, President Lincoln made the following remarks:

“This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldier. For it hath been said, ‘All that a man hath will he give for his life;’ and while all contribute of their substance, the soldier puts his life at stake and often yields it up in his country’s cause. The highest merit, then, is due to the soldier.

“In this extraordinary war extraordinary developments have manifested themselves, such as have not been seen in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs. And the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America.

"I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying, God bless the women of America."

In the hospitals, where pain so racked the bodies of the wounded soldiers that they could scarcely articulate, each breath seemed to form and re-echo the prayer of Lincoln, "God bless the women of America."

In the fever districts of the far South, where the Northern soldiers felt their blood boil in their veins and their tongues scorch with the fever blast, there rose the cry, "God bless the women of America."

In the schools where old and young negroes were learning the first lessons of freedom, learning how to take advantage of emancipation and become good citizens of the country in which they had been born slaves, the dark-skinned men and women and children learned to love their white teachers who had come from the North to instruct them, and their daily prayer was, "God bless the women of America."

From the very commencement of the war, women felt that they must do their share in the work of saving the nation, and if they could not fight they could minister to the suffering, could tend the wounded and teach the colored people so that they might be better able to assume the rights of free men in a free land.

As far as the laws of war would allow, women followed the armies and even went on the battlefields to minister to those who were stricken down by the enemy.

"On fields where Strife held riot  
And Slaughter fed his hounds,  
Where came no sense of quiet,  
Nor any gentle sounds,  
They made their rounds."

Some of them lost their lives, directly or indirectly, in consequence of their self-appointed duty, while others were crippled or invalided for life through their labors of love.

The comrades of the First Connecticut Light Battery, all the men who left Connecticut—artillery, cavalry and infantry—as well as countless

thousands of the brave boys in blue, have reason to hold in high esteem one of the noblest of Connecticut's loyal daughters, whose life was freely given for the cause of her loved native land.

Harriet Foote Hawley, the beloved wife of General Hawley, reigns supreme in the hearts of the people who knew of her loving, patriotic services, for she was the friend of the Union soldiers during the war, and never, to the last moment of her life, did she lose interest in them. As Comrade Griswold says, she, "like many others of the brave women of the North, kept nothing back, but gave her loved ones to the country, and did more, for she gave her time, yea, her life, for the cause she loved and the men who sustained upon the battlefield the flag of our country."



MRS. HARRIET FOOTE HAWLEY.

Harriet Ward Foote, daughter of George A. Foote, was the oldest of ten children, and was born at Guilford, Conn., on a New England farm—one of those farms on the rocky hillside of which the natives say a man must own 200 acres at least or he will starve to death. "Her position," says a loving sister, "as oldest of the flock developed early the strong will and active brain. She was motherly to the brothers and sisters that followed her. Some of the younger ones were puzzled as to which was mother and which was sister, so thoughtful and painstaking was she with them."

It was in the spring of the year 1854, while visiting the house of Mr. John Hooker, that she met her host's junior law partner, Joseph R. Hawley. The young people were at once interested in each other, and the darts of the sly god Cupid pierced both hearts and an engagement resulted, which terminated in a most happy marriage consummated on Christmas Day, 1855, at her father's home in Guilford. From that time until the breaking out of the war the loving couple dwelt in a paradise of bliss in the city of Hartford.

Joseph Roswell Hawley was among the earliest to enlist in Hartford. President Lincoln's first call was dated April 15th, 1861, and Hawley enlisted in the First Connecticut Infantry on April 18th. He was appointed



Captain of Company A, and at once proceeded to the encampment at New Haven. His wife heartily approved his action, and took upon herself the duties of closing up their house and then returning to her girlhood's home at Guilford.

Her brother George had just enlisted and she wrote to a friend: "He is the best and the dearest, but I believe in no half sacrifices. Give God the best and all. We women have to do the giving, though not the fighting."

Captain Hawley's enlistment was for three months, and he was with his regiment receiving his baptism of fire at the first battle of Bull Run. He wrote his wife that he thought of enlisting for three years more, and she replied: "I am glad that you intend to fight out the war. It is what I supposed you would do. A good captain such as I know you must be by this time must be able to do more good there than here."

She joined her husband in Beaufort, November, 1862, though he had written from Port Royal in the previous winter that it would be possible for her to be with him. She, however, felt that she might be a burden and a care, and so sacrificed her own feelings on the altar of duty.

She had no sooner reached Beaufort than she found some work to do. First it was to the negroes that she gave her attention, teaching them something of civilization and liberty to which they were coming. Incidentally she turned a deserted house into a home, and felt herself passing rich in having three chairs, and using a washstand turned on its side as a seat for an occasional guest. She often spoke of her housekeeping difficulties, having nothing but army rations, with a few sweet potatoes added by way of a luxury. But she stewed the hard bread with cheese and called it macaroni, and then there were coffee and bacon, which were not bad, and occasionally fresh meat when a steamer from the North brought any cattle for the army.

Colonel Hawley's regiment, the 7th Connecticut, was quartered alongside the First Light Battery, and the number of Guilford boys in the Battery made the place seem almost like home to her. "The Battery boys," says Comrade Griswold, "got inspiration from her and encouragement to stand by the flag and the Union. Her presence at the front and the loving, devoted interest she always manifested in the welfare of the Connecticut soldiers did us all good."

After a month at Beaufort the 7th Connecticut was ordered to Hilton Head and from there to Fernandina, Florida. Colonel Hawley was in command and Mrs. Hawley accompanied him, and again converted a deserted house into a home-like place, luckily with a little more furniture than at Beaufort. The house belonged to ex-Senator Yulee and was one of the largest in the place. The regiment was encamped in tents just outside the town, the private houses being occupied as headquarters for such of the officers as preferred houses to tents. Here Mrs. Hawley had the company of some of her own sex, for Mrs. Wayland, wife of the chaplain; Mrs. Gardiner, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel, and Mrs. Dennis, wife of Captain Dennis, were there and constituted the only white female society of the town.

It was at Fernandina that Mrs. Hawley commenced the work with which her name has been associated.

She became a regular nurse in the hospital of the 7th Regiment, and when the regiment was moved to St. Augustine she continued her work. Colonel Hawley, anxious to see active service, was ordered with the gallant 7th to Morris Island, where the regiment did good service in the siege of Charleston. Mrs. Hawley could not accompany him there, and so found a place in the Armory Square Hospital in Washington as nurse. The men who were worst wounded were sent there from the Army of the Potomac. It was heart-rending work, so many dying daily that even the lion heart of the courageous Connecticut woman grew faint, but she continued the work, never flinching, never growing weary in well-doing. Her womanly heart almost bled at the sights she saw, the suffering she witnessed, but with the soft, gentle touch of woman, with that angelic sympathy which leads the soul to heaven's own gates, she soothed the sick, spoke words of comfort to the dying, and her name was often the last word uttered by those whose souls winged their way to the unseen world.

We often speak of heroism on the battlefield, but one can wonder whether she who gave up her ease, her happy life, her freedom from care to endure the revolting sights of the hospital, to spend her days among the dying and hear the groans of the tortured as her lullabies, was not the

greater hero. It must have been heart-rending to spend one's time in the hospitals during the war, where

“Narrow beds by one another—  
White and low!  
Through them softly, as in church aisles,  
Nurses go—  
For the hot lips ice-drops bring,  
Cold and clear;  
Or white eyelids gently closing  
For the bier.  
Strong men, in a moment smitten  
Down from strength,  
Brave men, now in anguish praying—  
Death at length.  
Burns the night-lamp where the watchers  
By the bed,  
Write for many a waiting loved one,  
‘He is dead!’”

When General Hawley was sent, in March, 1865, to Wilmington, N. C., Mrs. Hawley accompanied him. At that time the returned prisoners were being sent in from Andersonville, and the faithful nurse had a terrible experience. Over 9,000 prisoners were sent to Wilmington. The men were half-starved, sick and covered with vermin when they were brought ashore. “No tongue can ever describe their condition,” wrote Mrs. Hawley, and it was true, for not only was their condition so appalling that it was impossible to show mercy later to their jailer, but they had contracted jail fever, and it taxed the noble few to the utmost to attend to them. Chaplain Eaton, of the 7th Connecticut, Mr. Tiffany and five lady nurses sent by the Sanitary Commission did all they could, but they were not half enough in numbers for the work, for in addition to the sick of the regiment and the returning prisoners, General Sherman was sending in scores of refugee negroes, who carried every possible disease into camp. It was a terrible time, and Mrs. Hawley wrote that the only bright moment that dawned on them was when they heard that Richmond had fallen and the end of the war was at hand.

General Hawley was sent to Richmond as chief of General Terry's staff. With her husband she remained in the city for several months. It

was during her stay there that she met with a severe accident while driving with her uncle, Mr. Nelson Parmelee, of Guilford, to find the grave of his son, her cousin, Captain Uriah N. Parmelee, 1st Connecticut Cavalry, who was killed at the battle of Five Forks. The injury she received at that time crippled and invalidated her for life.

After the war she returned home, and then it was that her family learned of the terrible experience she had passed through, and yet even then she never told half her good deeds or of the many sacrifices she had made.

When she was in the Armory Square Hospital at Washington she often wrote to the Soldiers' Aid Society in Guilford for more supplies, and her letters were read from the pulpit of the North Church as a part of the appeal for help from the society.

She was always a great friend and admirer of the First Connecticut Light Battery. "Many a time," writes Comrade Griswold, "have I been sent to meet her when she was with us at the front, to learn from her news of friends at home. For twenty years of her life after the war, while suffering from injuries she received at Richmond, she manifested an intense interest in the crippled and disabled soldiers, acting as their friend with the Government and receiving what had been doled out to them without any pecuniary reward. Well do I remember her at the State encampment at Niantic, in the year 1885, a few months before her death, supported on crutches, going among the veteran soldiers and making inquiries as to their welfare, and being especially anxious about those whose claims upon the Government she was doing her best to have adjusted. Many a crippled and disabled soldier has to thank her for her loving interest and persistent efforts on his behalf. Surely she gave her life for her country as much as any one, and the veterans of the First Light Battery will never forget Mrs. Hawley and her noble career."

Her sister thus describes her: "In appearance Mrs. Hawley was slight in figure, about five feet high, with gray-blue eyes and dark hair. Her movements were quiet, graceful, and her manner and the expression of her face carried out the grave simplicity and dignity of a well-bred person, together with an atmosphere of strength and forcefulness that made people notice her even when they knew nothing of her."



A tablet to her memory was placed on the wall of the Asylum Avenue Congregational Church, Hartford, bearing the following inscription:

BY THE GRACE OF GOD  
HARRIET FOOTE HAWLEY  
LIVED A HELPFUL LIFE,  
BRAVE, TENDER AND TRUE,  
A SOLDIER AND SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST.  
BORN JUNE 25TH, 1831, AT GUILFORD, CONN.  
ENTERED INTO REST MARCH 3D, 1886, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.  
TO HER MEMORY, SOLDIERS OF THE 7TH CONNECTICUT  
PLACE THIS TABLET.

Every Decoration Day her grave in Cedar Hill Cemetery at Hartford is marked as a soldier's grave and always decorated with a profusion of flowers.

She lived not in vain; she fulfilled a glorious mission; and a grateful people will ever revere her name.

"Let angels spread their wings above;  
Let flowers forever bloom;  
Let bays, green bays, spring forth to mark  
This martyr's sacred tomb."



## CHAPTER XLIII.

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### THE MUSTER ROLL OF HONOR.

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THE State of Connecticut is proud of the record of the First Light Battery, and the nation has an equal right to be so, for during its three years and eight months of active service it won the praise of regular and volunteer officers, was frequently mentioned in official reports, and was often selected from the Artillery Brigade to fire over the skirmishers, few batteries doing more of this difficult work than the First Connecticut Light Battery.

General Terry once said of it : "I will not say it is the best battery in the service, but I will say it is the best I have ever seen."

In the "Record of Service of Connecticut Men During the War of the Rebellion," compiled by authority of the General Assembly, it is recorded that "on the department review, General Hunter, commander of the Department of the South, expressed his surprise at the fine appearance of the First Light Battery, and said he was not aware that he had so good a battery in his department."

The muster roll of the members of the Battery will ever be treasured, not only by the veterans themselves, their children and future descendants, but by the State and the nation. It is a muster roll of heroes.

Although taking part in 25 engagements, being constantly exposed on the danger line, and in addition for 45 days under continued fire, both night and day, in the Petersburg trenches, the casualties were remarkably small. The records show two men killed on the field, 26 injured, one of whom died from the effects of the wound, four discharged disabled and 20 died

from disease while in the service—a total of only 52 in the three years and eight months of the Battery's existence.

In the succeeding roster every care has been taken to insure accuracy. The official records have been searched, and every surviving comrade and the descendants of those who have passed away whose addresses were obtainable have been written to, and many have responded, and their own and ancestral military records embodied in the roster.

It has been well said that to give the ancestral family history of the members of the First Light Battery would be to write the history of New England, for so many of them can lay claim to long descent that the same names appear in the records of 1650 as are to be found in the roster of 1861-65.

The historian regrets that he has been unable to procure a portrait of each of the members of the Battery, but has pleasure in publishing, through the pages of the book and in this roster, "counterfeit presentments" of 127 of the comrades.

As the roster stands, with all its unavoidable imperfections, it is a record of which none can feel ashamed, and other nations and future generations will be able to see of what heroic men the First Light Battery was composed.



#### CAPTAINS.

**ALFRED P. ROCKWELL** was born in Norwich, Conn., October 15, 1834. His father was John A. Rockwell, of Norwich, who represented that district in Congress from 1845 to 1849. He had earlier been an efficient member of the Connecticut State Senate. The grandfather of the first Captain of the First Connecticut Light Battery was Captain Charles Rockwell, who was in the merchant service, and while in command of his ship, rendered some important service to the Government during the War of 1812.

Captain Rockwell's maternal grandfather, Major Joseph Perkins, of Norwich, was left fatherless just before the Revolution. He was too young to take the field then and had passed the age

limit when the War of 1812 broke out, but he rendered efficient aid to the State in the militia.

The family traces its genealogy back to Deacon William Rockwell, who came over from England in the schooner *Mary and John* in 1630, and requested admission as a freeman of Boston October 16, 1630. He died in 1640, leaving a widow, Susanna Chapin Rockwell, and a large family. He was also the ancestor of General Grant, through his daughter Ruth, who married Christopher Huntington.

On his mother's side General Rockwell is descended from John Perkins, who landed in Boston in 1631, and was admitted a freeman in 1637.

Captain Alfred P. Rockwell was graduated from Yale College in 1855. Made mining engineering his profession, and to that end studied two years in the Scientific Department of Yale and three years more in the mining schools of England and Germany. He returned in 1860, and on December 3d, 1861, was commissioned by Governor Buckingham 2d Lieutenant of the 2d Connecticut Light Battery. As that battery had not been called for, he was temporarily attached to Captain Tidball's battery in the regular service in Washington, serving without pay until commissioned Captain of the First Light Battery, January 20, 1862. He was promoted Colonel of the 6th Connecticut Volunteers June 18, 1864, proving himself a very able and brave officer. He was promoted Brigadier-General by brevet March 13, 1865.

After the war General Rockwell resumed his profession and was appointed Professor of Mining in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale. In 1866 he was aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Hawley, of Connecticut. Later he became Professor of Mining in the Institute of Technology in Boston. In 1872 he was made chairman of the Board of Fire Commissioners of Boston, reorganizing the department and making it second to none in the country. In 1876 he was chosen president of the Eastern R. R. Co., resigning in 1879 to become treasurer of the Great Falls Manufacturing Co. He resigned



that position in 1886, since which time he has been in no active business.

General Rockwell has a great admiration for the comrades who served under him in the First Light Battery, and was elected president of the Veteran Association at its first reunion held at Meriden in the year 1868.

\* \* \*

**JAMES B. CLINTON**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered Sergeant October 26, 1861; promoted 1st Sergeant February 27, 1862; promoted 2d Lieutenant February 3, 1863; promoted 1st Lieutenant March 13, 1863; promoted Captain July 10, 1864. Mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

Captain Clinton had the honor of being the first captain of patrol in the Confederate capital after its capture by the Union troops.

Captain Clinton is descended from Charles Clinton, a native of Ireland, who settled in Ulster County, N. Y., in 1731. In 1756 Charles and two of his sons served with the English armies in the attack on Fort Frontenac. His two sons joined the colonists and both rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. De Witt Clinton, whose statesmanship has left its impress on New York State, was descended from one of the sons and Captain Clinton from the other.

Captain Clinton's family settled in Wallingford, Conn., where he was born. His father was a veteran of the New Haven Grays, but young James enlisted in the Blues. He was always fond of reading military books, and especially those relating to the artillery.

While down South he joined a Georgia regiment, and on his return North enlisted in the Highlanders, the 79th New York, and received a commission in that regiment, but on hearing that the Governor of Connecticut had authorized the formation of a light battery, he was allowed to withdraw from the New York regiment and enlist in the First Light Battery of his native State. He has the honor of being an honorary member of the Highlanders' Association.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

**SELDEN T. PORTER**, of Andover, Conn., was appointed by Governor Buckingham, on October 1, 1861, as one of four lieutenants to recruit the First Light Battery. On November 14 the Governor appointed him 1st Lieutenant, and he received his commission dated November 26, 1861. After serving with great courage and daring for fourteen months he resigned his commission on January 31, 1863.



Lieutenant Porter was born in Hebron, Conn. His father was a Lieutenant of an artillery company in the War of 1812. His grandfather served in the War of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather and his ancestors served in the Indian wars, the family being among the first settlers of the colony. Lieutenant Porter lost his commission and honorable discharge papers in the Pit Hole fire in the oil region. When Lieutenant Porter left the Battery he drilled the 2d Connecticut Light Battery and marched it to Harrisburg, Pa.

Lieutenant Porter has kindly sent a recent portrait from Orr, Montana, in civilian dress, which will be welcomed by his old comrades, who can best recall him from his military portrait on page 13.

\* \* \*

**JOHN S. CANNON**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 1, 1861. Was one of the four commissioned by Governor Buckingham to recruit the Battery; was mustered in the United States service October 26, 1861, and elected 1st Lieutenant. Resigned October 6, 1862.

Lieutenant John S. Cannon, whose portrait appears on page 13, was born in the city of New Haven, Conn., in October, 1835. His ancestors on his father's side were descended from the French

Huguenots, who came to this country from the French West Indies and settled at Stratford about the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On his mother's side he is descended from old Revolutionary stock, one of his ancestors, Caleb Trowbridge, being a member of Benedict Arnold's company, which, on receipt of the news of the battle of Lexington, marched from New Haven to Boston and joined the Continental army. He was at the battle of Brooklyn, where he and most of his company were taken prisoners. Lieutenant Cannon attributes his love of country to the zeal and devotion inherited from his mother, a woman of rare grace, patience and kindly heart. The breaking out of the War of the Rebellion found him occupying a position of trust in the commercial line at Baltimore, Md. He resigned his position and returned north.

Buckingham, the War Governor of Connecticut, was then about organizing the First Light Battery, and in a personal interview with Lieutenant Cannon offered him a commission as First Lieutenant, which he was loth to accept at first, for the reason that he had not any experience in military affairs; but the affable Governor got over that difficulty by saying he expected to have a West Point officer to command, an expectation that was destined not to be realized, but a competent commander was found in the person of Captain Alfred P. Rockwell. "The recruits went into camp about the 20th of October at Hanover, near Meriden, and it was a busy day long to be remembered. Pitching tents, drawing rations, signing receipts for the quartermasters, and answering questions upon which the interrogated was as ignorant as the interrogator, the day passed rapidly away, and the evening sun was slowly sinking over the hills to the west when the Lieutenant became suddenly aware that he had had no dinner that day," writes Comrade Cannon. From that time his life with the Battery forms part of its history.

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**GEORGE METCALF**, of Hartford, Conn., was one of the four commissioned by Governor Buckingham to recruit the Battery. His

appointment was indorsed by the Battery, the members electing him 2d Lieutenant, he received his commission on November 26, 1861. He was promoted 1st Lieutenant February 10, 1863, and was actively engaged with the Battery until the battle of Proctor's Creek, at which engagement he was wounded, dying from the wound on the same day, May 14, 1864.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE P. BLISS**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; was mustered Quartermaster Sergeant October 26, 1861. He was promoted 1st Sergeant February 3, 1863; 2d Lieutenant May 25, 1863; 1st Lieutenant June 19, 1864. He resigned his commission October 26, 1864, having served the full three years for which he enlisted.

Lieutenant Bliss was born May 18, 1830, at Hebron, where he received a common-school education. He comes of good old patriotic stock, his great-grandfather having served his country as a private soldier in the Revolutionary War. Lieutenant Bliss is a carpenter by trade, and in that, as in everything else he is second to none. Since the war he has served in both branches of the city government of Northampton, Mass., one year as Councilman and two years as Alderman. He is a member of the Wooster Lodge A. F. & A. M. of Colchester, Conn., and a member of W. L. Baker Post No. 86 G. A. R., Department of Massachusetts.

\* \* \*

**HEZEKIAH B. SMITH**, of New London, Conn., enlisted in Rifle Co. C, 2d Connecticut Infantry, April 22, 1861; mustered in the United States service May 7, 1861; mustered out August 7, 1861; enlisted in the First Light Battery October 14, 1861; mustered Sergeant November 2, 1861; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant February 15, 1863; promoted 2d Lieutenant June 12, 1863; promoted 1st Lieutenant August 29, 1864; resigned January 30, 1865.

Lieutenant Smith's record was one of which any man might be proud. He was several times mentioned in official reports for excellent service and bravery. On October 10, 1864, he was detailed to perform the duty of Acting Assistant Adjutant-General,



in addition to his duties as Acting Assistant Inspector-General of the Light Artillery Brigade.

He never lost a day's duty through sickness and took part in many important engagements, always with credit and honor to himself.

\* \* \*

**SYLVANUS C. DICKINSON**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted October 20, 1861; mustered Sergeant November 2, 1861; promoted 1st Sergeant May 25, 1863; promoted 2d Lieutenant June 20, 1864; promoted 1st Lieutenant November 16, 1864. Served with the Battery through its entire existence and shared the honor of entering the Confederate capital with the first troops; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

Comrade Dickinson was born in Milford, November 28, 1832, being the son of Samuel W. and Sarah A. Clark Dickinson. His father was a sailor from his boyhood, and served on a privateer during the War of 1812, when he was captured and later exchanged. His grandfather Sylvanus, for whom Lieutenant Dickinson was named, was an officer in Colonel Sheldon's Light Dragoons in the War of the Revolution.

\* \* \*

**THERON UPSON** is a native of Wolcott, New Haven County, Conn.



His great-grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary War and was in the battle of Saratoga under General Gates, at which engagement the army of General Burgoyne surrendered to the Americans. At the beginning of the Civil War he was residing in the city of New Haven. He enlisted as a private in the Battery at the time of its organization, October 5, 1861, and continued in the service until the muster-out of the organization in June, 1865.

When the Battery was ordered to James Island, S. C., in June,

1862, he was appointed company clerk, in which capacity he served until his promotion to the position of 1st Sergeant in Virginia in June, 1864. On September 4, 1864, he was commissioned as 2d Lieutenant, then on February 13, 1865, as 1st Lieutenant. While in front of Richmond, in July, 1864, he was assigned to staff duty as aid to the Chief of Artillery of the 25th Army Corps. Shortly afterward he was appointed Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of the same officer, which position he held until near the close of the war. While he was on staff duty he was attached to Myrick's Battery of the regular army on the first Fort Fisher expedition and witnessed the bombardment of that fort by the navy under Admiral Porter. When, shortly after Lee's surrender, the Government decided to reduce the artillery branch of the service and the Battery was ordered to be mustered out, he rejoined it at Manchester, Va., and was mustered out of the United States service June 11, 1865.

On May 12, 1865, Capt. Loomis L. Langdon, Chief of Artillery 25th Army Corps, reported that Lieut. Theron Upson was the most meritorious officer in the Light Artillery Brigade and recommended his promotion by brevet.

Comrade Upson has kindly furnished a recent portrait, which will be appreciated by the comrades who served with him when he looked like the portrait on page 17.

Lieut. Upson was the first historian of the First Light Battery, and wrote the brief record of the organization for the Adjutant General's official "Record of Connecticut Men in the War of the Rebellion." Lieut. Upson has filled many positions with honor, and is at present in the Insurance Department of the State of Connecticut, at Hartford.



#### SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

**WILLIAM T. SEWARD** comes from good old stock, his ancestor, William Seward, being one of the earliest settlers in Guilford, Conn., locating there about the year 1640. At that time the

Indians gave the settlers considerable trouble, making raids and destroying property. For the protection of the community military companies were formed, and William Seward was appointed one of the first captains.

Major Seward's grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, participating with great credit in the battle of Long Island. His grandmother's father, Colonel Lee, also served with distinction in the war for independence from its commencement to its close. When the War of 1812 broke out his father was in business in the West India Islands, but patriotically gave up his business, and with six friends purchased a small schooner and reached home before the close of the war. The journey home was fraught with peril and ended in considerable loss, for the schooner was captured off Delaware and the owners only escaped a long imprisonment by the payment of two doubloons each, all the money they were supposed to possess. Anticipating trouble, Seward had suggested hiding the bulk of their money in the old-fashioned cravats or stocks they wore, the least likely place to be searched. He and his companions were landed on the coast of Jersey, and Seward made his way home as fast as possible. On arriving there he joined the Home Guards to protect the town from raids from the British gunboats stationed in the sound.

When the war of secession broke out, William, an only son, enlisted without asking his parents' consent, for he feared they would object; but when they learned of his intention they told him that they were proud of his action and that they considered it a sacred duty. Major Seward in speaking of this says: "No boy ever had a heartier 'God bless and speed you' than I. My parents' faith in the righteousness of the cause made them willing to contribute their only boy. Had I fallen in the strife I know that mother would have been certain of meeting me in the world above."

Major Seward was elected 2d Lieutenant of the First Light Battery, but left it on November 1, 1862, being promoted Quartermaster 7th Connecticut Volunteers. In 1864 he was again promoted,

becoming Captain and C. S. U. S. Volunteers. He resigned from the service July 14, 1865, with the brevet rank of major.

\* \* \*

**ARTHUR E. CLARK**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted in the Battery October 13, 1861, and was mustered private November 2 of the same year. Promoted Corporal July 11, 1862; Sergeant May 25, 1863; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; promoted 1st Sergeant September 4, 1864; 2d Lieutenant November 10, 1864. Mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having had the honor of being with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital.

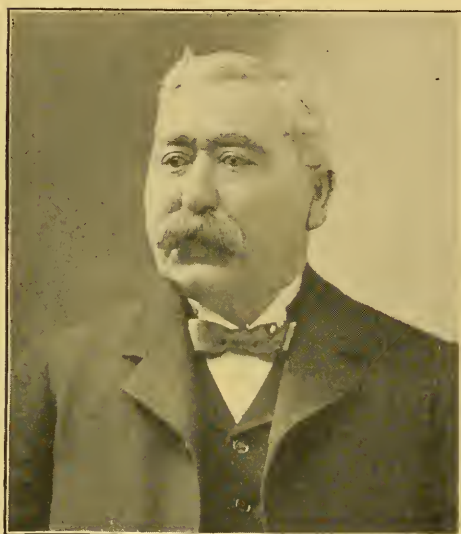
Lieutenant Clark was born April 7, 1839. His ancestors upon both sides settled in Milford early in the seventeenth century. An ancestor, George Clark, was prominent in the affairs of the locality, and received a grant of forty acres of land in appreciation of his courage in building the first house outside the palisades surrounding the village. A portion of that land still remains in the family. One of Comrade Clark's ancestors on his mother's side was Governor Robert Treat, who for several years was Deputy Governor and for 33 years Governor of what is now the State of Connecticut. Another ancestor was Abram Clark, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Lieutenant Clark's father was one of the 1849 California pioneers. Several members of Lieutenant Clark's family died from consumption, and it was frequently said when he enlisted that he feared the same fate. Strange to say he has averted the dreaded curse living and enjoying life in the thriving city of St. Paul, Minn. Comrade Clark wrote very fully and with deep thoughtfulness in his diary during the war, and the historian is deeply indebted to him for the valuable facts contained in the diary, which was placed at his service.

\* \* \*

**SAMUEL WILBUR SCRANTON** was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1836. His ancestors on both sides served in the wars of the Revo-



lution and of 1812 with distinction. When the Governor of Connecticut called for volunteers for the First Light Battery, Lieutenant



Scranton enrolled his name October 27, 1861, and was mustered private November 2; he was promoted Corporal May 20, 1862; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Sergeant September 4, 1864; 2d Lieutenant February 13, 1865, and mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having entered the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.

Lieutenant Scranton has furnished us with a recent portrait which will be highly appreciated. His military portrait appears on page 17.



#### ASSISTANT SURGEON.

**GEORGE A. HURLBUT**, of Glastonbury, enlisted December 11, 1861, and mustered into the organization as Assistant Surgeon December 17, 1861; when the Battery became a part of the Light Artillery Brigade Dr. Hurlbut was promoted Surgeon 1st Connecticut Cavalry February 25, 1864, and was mustered out August 2, 1865.



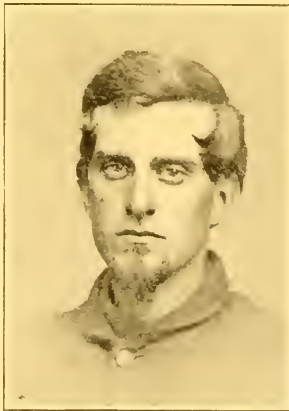
#### FIRST SERGEANTS.

**HENRY GROW**, of Meriden, Conn. (see portrait and interesting experience, page 80), enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered Sergeant

October 26, 1861; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant May 5, 1863; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted 1st Sergeant December 20, 1864; entered Richmond with the first troops, and was mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. Comrade Grow was injured while moving a gun on the *Ellwood Walter* in January, 1862.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES E. JILLSON**, of Hartford, Conn. (see military portrait, page



41), enlisted in Company B, 1st Connecticut Infantry, April 19, 1861; mustered in Sergeant April 23, 1861; mustered out July 31 of the same year. Enlisted in First Light Battery October 8, 1861; mustered 1st Sergeant October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired. Sergeant Jillson was of great service to the organization at Camp Tyler, his previous military experience enabling him to

give the Battery its first instruction in the art of war.

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**ALEXANDER W. WELTON**, of Cheshire, Conn., enlisted October 17, 1861; mustered Corporal October 26, 1861; promoted Sergeant May 25, 1863; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant November 20, 1864; 1st Sergeant April 12, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after seeing the Union flag raised above the Capitol of the Confederate city of Richmond.

## QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

**JOHN CHAPMAN**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 6,



1861; mustered private November 14, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Sergeant October 27, 1864; promoted Quartermaster Sergeant April 12, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., April 11, 1865. He was with the troops who entered the city of Richmond and took an active part in the occupation of the Confederate capital.



## HOSPITAL STEWARD.

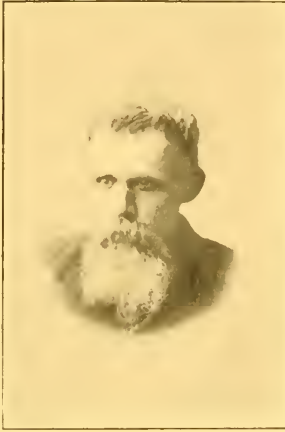
**LORENZO D. McLEAN**, of Glastonbury, Conn. (see portrait, page 424), enlisted January 9, 1862; mustered Hospital Steward February 5, 1862; honorably discharged, time expired, February 5, 1865.

Comrade McLean comes of good old patriotic stock. His father served in the War of 1812 in the State defense troops, and his great-grandfather was one of the first to rally to the standard of General Israel Putnam, and served as one of his bodyguard at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Comrade McLean delights to recall his experiences in the Battery. Once when he was sick with typhoid fever at Beaufort, S. C., he says that he would certainly have died only for the heroic attention given him by Dr. Hurlbut, who worked over him all night. He says he owes his life to this special care and to the tender nursing by Comrade Griswold.

## SERGEANTS.

**MORRISON BACON**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal October 27, 1864; promoted Sergeant November 20, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, rejoicing that he had seen the overthrow of the rebellion and the re-establishment of the United States Government in the Southern States.



\* \* \*

**HORATIO W. EVARTS**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted from Meriden April 18, 1861, in Company F, 1st Connecticut Infantry; mustered out, time having expired, July 31, 1861; enlisted in the First Light Battery from Guilford, October 8, 1861; mustered Sergeant October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time having expired. He went to live in Chicago in 1871, where he resided until his death, at the age of 50 years, March 12, 1890. He was buried at Mount Hope Cemetery, Chicago, with military honors. He was a member of

the George H. Thomas Post No. 5 G. A. R. of Chicago.



\* \* \*

**CHARLES W. GESNER**, of New Haven, Conn. (see portrait and interesting experience, page 110), enlisted November 7, 1861; mustered private November 14, 1861; re-enlisted veteran, March



4, 1864; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; Sergeant April 12, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having been with the victorious Union troops when they entered the Confederate capital.

Sergeant Gesner's father was Orderly Sergeant in the New York State militia, and his grandfather, William H. Gesner, was Adjutant in the War of 1812; his great-grandfather served his country as Colonel in the New York State militia. Sergeant Gesner's brother George served three years in the 6th Connecticut Infantry during the war and rose to the rank of Lieutenant.

\* \* \*

**HETHCOTE G. LANDON**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait, page 320), enlisted October 8, 1861; mustered Corporal October 26, 1861; promoted Sergeant May 25, 1863; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time of enlistment having expired.

\* \* \*

**JOHN H. MERWIN**, of Milford, Conn. (see military portrait and incident, page 239), enlisted October 20, 1861; mustered Corporal November 2, 1861; promoted Sergeant February 15, 1863; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired.



Comrade Merwin is descended from Miles Merwin, who settled at Milford 1645. An ancestor, Samuel Merwin, was commissioned Ensign by order of Connecticut Assembly May, 1778. Up to 1834 six of the direct descendants of

Miles Merwin had graduated from Yale with honor.

\* \* \*

**JOHN MONARCH**, of Manchester, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 106), enlisted October 21, 1861; mustered private November 2, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal October 27, 1864; promoted Sergeant April 12, 1865; mustered

out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having been with the first troops to enter Richmond.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE W. PENHALLOW**, of New London, Conn. (see portrait, page 570), enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered private December 3, 1861; was injured in September, 1862, at Beaufort, S. C.; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal September 4, 1864; Sergeant November 20, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He had seen the flag he so loved raised over the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**EDWARD F. PHELPS**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted November 6, 1861; mustered Corporal November 14, 1861; promoted Sergeant May 25, 1863; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, time expired.

\* \* \*

**MATTHEW RALSTON**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted August 30, 1864; mustered private same day; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; promoted Sergeant February 19, 1865; mustered out June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES A. SYKES**, of Hatfield, Mass., enlisted October 3, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal October 27, 1864; promoted Sergeant November 7, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having been with the victorious troops who entered the city of Richmond and raised the Union flag over the Capitol.

\* \* \*

**REUBEN SPENCER**, of Farmington, Conn., enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered Sergeant November 2, 1861; died of disease at Beaufort, S. C., July 5, 1862, aged 35.

**ANDREW H. TURNER**, of New Haven, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 185), enlisted October 27, 1861; mustered private November 2, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1862; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Sergeant October 27, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having entered the Confederate capital with the victorious Union troops.

Sergeant Turner's father was a native of Virginia, but left that State and settled in Connecticut while a young child. He married a daughter of Joseph Holt, whose grandfather, Edward Goodsell, was in the War of the Revolution, and being taken prisoner was confined on a prison ship in New York harbor for a year. He was paroled or exchanged and returned to his home in East Haven, a walking skeleton; reduced to that condition by insufficient food and cruel treatment on the ship. He only lived two weeks after his return home.

\* \* \*

**ELIJAH C. TUTTLE**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 7, 1861; mustered Corporal; promoted Sergeant June 11, 1862; wounded at the Battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.

Comrade Tuttle was born in New Haven in 1822. He was on the police force at the time of his enlistment, equally brave in civilian life as on the field of battle.

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#### CORPORALS.

**WARREN H. BISSELL**, of Hebron, Conn. (see portrait and interesting incident, page 86), enlisted October 3, 1861; mustered Corporal October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 25, 1864, time expired. Corporal Bissell is descended from an old Huguenot family who fled from France to England to escape religious

persecution, and later to this country. The family seems to have been wedded to the sea, sending forth through each succeeding generation sturdy sailors who were as fearless as their forefathers. Corporal Bissell was one of the founders of the Battery Religious Association and remained an active member until he left the Battery November, 1863, being detailed to the hospital service at Knight's Hospital, New Haven, where he remained until honorably discharged at the expiration of his term of service. He entered the Christian ministry and is a resident of Willimantic, Conn.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE M. BARBER**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted August 14, 1862; mustered private same day; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He was with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.



Corporal Barber was born in Hebron, March 4, 1845. He comes of a patriotic family and is much respected in South Manchester, where he now resides.

\* \* \*

**JOHN F. BLISS**, of Hebron, Conn. (see portrait and exciting experiences, page 243), enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered Corporal October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired. Corporal Bliss is descended from an old New England family, whose members were always ready to fight for their country.



**HERBERT W. BEECHER**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted in the First Light Battery November 29, 1861; mustered private December 6, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; honorably discharged December 6, 1864, time expired.



Corporal Beecher, the son of Abram T. Beecher, spent thirteen years of his early life in Virginia. He traces his family back in direct line to John Beecher, who was one of the company, headed by the Rev. John Davenport, who left England and landed in Boston in 1637. The Davenport company declined to stay with the Pilgrims in

Massachusetts, but explored the coast of New England and became the original colonizers of Quinnapiac, which comprised the towns of New Haven, Guilford, Milford, Stamford and Branford. The family distinguished itself during several generations assisting in arranging treaties with the Indians, defending the colony against unfriendly natives and in social and religious matters. In the records of the Connecticut Assembly, the following resolution is found under date of October, 1776:

“This Assembly do establish David Beecher to be Captain of the 16th Company, or trainband, in the 2d Regiment in this State.”

Captain David Beecher did not enjoy the longevity for which his family was famous. He died young and is buried at Bethany, Conn. He was the great-grandfather of Corporal Beecher, of the First Light Battery.

Comrade Beecher's elder brother was Corporal Franklin K. Beecher, of the 15th Connecticut Infantry, who died from yellow fever, contracted while nursing the sick in the hospital, 1864.

Comrade Beecher's patriotism was very marked. His parents were residing in Virginia, and he therefore knew the state of feeling there. Self-interest might have caused the family to go with the State, even though believing in the federal Union, but patriotism and loyalty triumphed over self-interest, and two of the sons offered themselves as citizen soldiers to defend and help perpetuate the Union.

Comrade Beecher's portrait taken while he was at the front with the Battery appears on page 282.

After the war Corporal Beecher suffered considerable loss by the great fire in Chicago, 1871, losing many valuable war documents, among which was his discharge paper, which bore the signature of General Butler.

He has always felt a deep interest in the First Light Battery, and in presenting this record of its doings during the great War of the Rebellion, he testifies to his sympathy with his old comrades and rejoices with them in the results gained by the nation through the war in which he and they took such an active part.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES G. BURNHAM**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted in Company G, 13th Connecticut Infantry, November 12, 1861; mustered Sergeant December 22, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness, June 1, 1862; when he regained his health he enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery August 13, 1862; mustered private same day; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; discharged by order of the Secretary of War March 6, 1865.



**HENRY A. DODD**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted December 21, 1863;



mustered private same day; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; mustered out June 11, 1865.

Comrade Dodd was one of the first to respond to the call for recruits to fill up the Battery and he proved his patriotism while with the comrades in the field.

Comrade Dodd resides at New Rochelle, N. Y.

\* \* \*

**JOSEPH R. DOOLITTLE**, of Southington, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 141), enlisted from Cheshire in Company C, 3d Connecticut Infantry, April 24, 1861; mustered private May 14, 1861; honorably discharged August 12, 1861, time expired. Enlisted in the First Light Battery October 18, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; honorably discharged through sickness February 17, 1863; re-enlisted January 2, 1864; promoted Corporal November 20, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having fought in the first battle of the war and seen its close when the troops entered Richmond.

Corporal Joseph Doolittle was born May 23, 1842, the youngest of nine children, five boys and four girls. Four of the sons were in the war, serving with credit to themselves and honor to the State. His ancestors were farmers in Cheshire, Corporal Doolittle's grandfather fighting in the War of the Revolution and rising to the rank of Major. Corporal Doolittle was at the first battle of Bull Run with the 3d Connecticut. His brothers Amasa and Horace served in the First Light Battery; his brother Henry was in the 20th Connecticut Infantry.

Corporal Joseph Doolittle obtained a furlough for thirty days in January, 1865, and on the 20th of that month he married Cornelia H. Paddock, of Cheshire. He has two sons who have inherited the patriotic ardor of their father, for the eldest, Lewis Joseph, served five years in the Connecticut National Guard, rising from private in Company G, 1st Regiment, to 1st Lieutenant of the same. During the Spanish-American War he served as 2d Lieutenant, and on his return home was elected 1st Lieutenant of the regiment and received the commission. He is now on the retired list of officers of the State with the rank of Lieutenant.

\* \* \*

**AMASA L. DOOLITTLE**, of Cheshire, Conn., enlisted December 1, 1861; mustered private December 4, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He was proud to the day of his death to recall his entry with the victorious Union troops into Richmond.



Corporal Amasa L. Doolittle was born in Cheshire in 1833, and was the eldest son of Amasa Lewis Doolittle, of Cheshire, and brother of Corporal Joseph and Private Horace Doolittle, of the First Light Battery, and Henry Doolittle, of the 20th Connecticut Infantry.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES E. EVARTS**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted from Meriden in Company F, 1st Connecticut Infantry, April 18, 1861; mustered

April 22, 1861; mustered out, time expired, July 31, 1861; enlisted in the First Light Battery October 9, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal April 12, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He fought for the Union from the first to the last and entered the Confederate capital with the veteran troops.



Corporal Evarts and his brother, Sergeant Horatio Evarts, saw some good service with the 1st Connecticut, for that regiment bore the brunt of a good deal of the fighting at Bull Run, being highly complimented by General Tyler. Corporal Evarts was slightly wounded in the last general engagement in which the Battery took part on the Darbytown road, a sharpshooter's bullet inflicting a flesh wound in his right arm. He was born at Guilford, August 27, 1839.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE GILLETTE**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal October 27, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va, June 11, 1865. He was with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital, and did good service in helping to restore order.



Comrade Gillette served in every capacity during his connection with the Battery, and frequently acted as Sergeant after his promotion to the rank of Corporal.



**WILLIAM L. GRAHAM**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted November 15, 1861, mustered Corporal the same day; died at Beaufort, S. C., April 20, 1863, aged 45 years.

\* \* \*

**TITUS A. HALL**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran March 4, 1864; promoted Corporal December 27, 1864. Was with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital, and did most excellent work in helping to restore order in the conquered city. He was mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865.



Corporal Hall was born in Guilford, Conn., May 3, 1843, and was the son of Drum-major Augustus Pratt Hall.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM HENRY HOLMAN**, of Winsted, Conn., enlisted November 18, 1861; mustered private November 23, 1861; re-enlisted veteran March 4, 1864; promoted Corporal April 12, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.



He tells with honest pride how the Battery was with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital.

Corporal Holman was born June 30, 1840, at North Wayne, Me. His father, Waters Holman, was born in 1796, and though only 16 years old enlisted in the War of 1812. He also served in the Aroostook War. He was the first to make scythes in the State of Maine, and one, on which his name is en-

graved, is kept in the State House at Augusta, Me. One of Corporal Holman's ancestors was Colonel Jonathan Holman, who was born in 1732, and served in the French and Canadian wars and in the War of the Revolution. He was a personal friend of George Washington and was with him at Trenton, Bennington and Germantown. The British officers used to say that they would rather see the devil coming than Col Jonathan Holman on his old white horse.

Corporal Holman's ancestors, Solomon, John, David, Edward and Stephen Holman, served with distinction in the colonial wars, and Colonel Jonathan, John, Samuel, Stephen, Abel, Daniel, Elisha and Jonathan (junior) Holman took active part in the War of the Revolution. Corporal Holman's grandfather was Daniel Holman, an officer of the War of the Revolution.

His ancestors had fought well and bravely to establish the republic, and he was equally patriotic in helping to save it from disruption and dishonor.

\* \* \*

**JAMES HOLLY**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 6, 1861; mustered private November 14, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, time expired.



Comrade Holly proved himself a true hero at the battle of Secessionville (see Chapter VII.). Although he had been ill for some days, he was determined to go with the Battery into its first engagement. He was a driver in the centre section, and his escape from death when the horses were killed was almost miraculous, but through it all he remained calm and collected, never flinching, though men were falling on all sides and the shells were

bursting close to the guns and caissons.

**CHARLES A. HOTCHKISS**, of New Haven, Conn. (see portrait, page 313), enlisted October 6, 1861; mustered musician October 26, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 26, 1863; promoted Corporal November 7, 1864; mustered out June 11, 1865.

No comrade was more joyous over the occupation of Richmond than Comrade Hotchkiss. His experiences are recorded in Chapter XXXVII.

Corporal Hotchkiss was born in New Haven in the year 1831. During his three years and eight months' service he kept a very full and complete diary, which his widow placed at the disposal of the historian of the Battery. It has proved that Corporal Hotchkiss was exceedingly clear-sighted, and his observations have proved of the greatest value to the historian in preparing this history.

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**HENRY M. HUNTINGTON**, of Milford, Conn. (see portrait and exciting incidents, page 245), enlisted November 19, 1861; mustered Corporal the same day; honorably discharged November 19, 1864, time expired.

Corporal Huntington was born in Bethany, Conn., in the year 1832, and was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who graduated at Yale in the year 1806. He was descended from Henry Huntington, who landed at Boston from England in 1633. From that time the Huntington family has been a distinguished one. Savage in his "First Settlers in New England" says: "Descendants of this man Huntington have been of the most reputable character in civil and ecclesiastical and military services, especially in the War of Independence." Up to the year 1834 38 of his descendants had graduated at Yale, 4 from Harvard and 8 from other New England colleges.

Corporal Huntington's grandfather rendered the nation valuable aid on the sea. His father was as distinguished as a preacher as his grandfather had proved himself on the sea. Corporal Huntington was for three years on duty every day, often exposed to the greatest danger, he being detailed to posts where great courage and cool nerve were needed.

When Corporal Huntington's time expired he was commanding a gun in a redoubt directly in the middle of the New Market road, from which he was relieved at sundown and at once received his honorable discharge.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES W. LANE**, of Madison, Conn. (see portrait and exciting adventure, page 689), enlisted November 26, 1861; mustered private the same day; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal February 19, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He was with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital and saw the Union flag raised over the Capitol.

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**HENRY S. LAWRENCE**, of Meriden, Conn. (see portrait, page 166), enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.

Corporal Lawrence was born in Meriden, Conn., January 30, 1837. His great-grandfather, with three brothers, came from England prior to the War of Independence and settled at Rocky Hill, Conn. When the war broke out they all entered the Revolutionary army. Two of the brothers were taken prisoners by the British and were confined in the hold of a prison ship. The ill-treatment they received and the administration of a slow poison so undermined their strength that they died within a few weeks after their return home.

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**ALFRED E. LEONARD**, of Hebron, Conn. (see portrait on page 423), enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; was wounded at the battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; promoted Corporal February 19, 1865; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having been with the triumphant Union troops when they entered the Confederate capital.

**THOMAS M. LORD**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted November 3, 1861; mustered Corporal November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, time expired.



Corporal Lord's grandfather served in the War of the Revolution and was with Washington at Valley Forge, Trenton, and when he crossed the Delaware. Inheriting the patriotism of his father, Corporal Lord's father was Captain of a militia company in the War of 1812, but did not see active service, the company being ordered back to Saybrook to defend the coast against a threatened attack.

Corporal Lord wanted to enlist in the Mexican War, but his family strongly opposed it, and so he waited until the War of the Rebellion broke out before showing his martial ardor.

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**JONATHAN G. NORTON**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and account of his death, page 285), enlisted October 22, 1861; mustered private November 2, 1861; promoted Corporal May 25, 1863; died at Folly Island October 14, 1863, aged 28 years.

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**HENRY RICH**, of Meriden, Conn., enlisted in Company F, 1st Connecticut Infantry, April 18, 1861; mustered private April 22; mustered out July 31, 1861, time expired. Enlisted in the First Light Battery October 26, 1861; mustered Corporal November 2, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 22, 1863; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having been with the victorious troops who entered the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM D. SHEPARD**, of New London, Conn., enlisted October 7, 1861; mustered Corporal November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired.



**HENRY P. SMITH**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 7, 1861; mustered private October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; promoted Corporal October 27, 1864; mustered out of the United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., after having entered the Confederate capital with the victorious troops.

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**CHARLES SMITH**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted November 12, 1864; mustered private same day; promoted Corporal April 1, 1865; mustered out of the United States service June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE VAN HORN**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted in Company D, 1st Connecticut Infantry, April 21, 1861; mustered private April 22, and mustered out July 31, 1861, time expired. Enlisted in the First Light Battery October 20, 1861; mustered private November 2, 1861; promoted Corporal November 23, 1863; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired.



Corporal Van Horn was the first man to enlist from the town of Milford. He often told how he enlisted on Sunday, arrived in Washington with his regiment on Sunday, fought his first battle on Sunday and arrived home on Sunday. He was born in the town of Milford December 25, 1841.

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#### MUSICIANS.

**CHARLES F. HENDEE**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted August 25, 1862; mustered in musician same day; mustered out June 11, 1865.

**ALONZO TAYLOR**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered musician October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out of the United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., after having entered the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.



Comrade Taylor was full of life and vivacity, proving himself a good companion and efficient soldier, giving up the bugle in order to take more active duty in the ranks.



#### ARTIFICERS.

**GEORGE S. BISSELL**, of Vernon, Conn., enlisted November 22, 1861; mustered in December 2, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; honorably discharged August 5, 1865.



**LEEDS BROWN**, of East Granby, Conn., enlisted October 25, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired.



Artificer Leeds Brown came from Quaker stock and was the first member of his family to use carnal weapons in maintenance of right.

Comrade Brown was a deep thinker on religious subjects, and many a pleasant hour was spent listening to his arguments with different comrades. In ball games he proved himself an expert in catching the ball, astonishing and amusing the comrades by his daring and science.

**WILLIAM H. HANNA**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through physical disability, May 27, 1863.

\* \* \*

**JOHN R. HULL**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted October 14, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 29, 1863; honorably discharged July 24, 1865. He had rendered very efficient service to the Battery and proved his patriotism in many ways.



Artificer Hull was born in Sussex County, N. J., August 11, 1830; his paternal grandfather was an American born, but his maternal grandfather was Scotch. A portrait of Comrade Hull taken during the time of his service with the Battery appears on page 196. Comrade Hull holds a responsible position in the Soldiers' Home at Noroton Heights, Conn.

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**HARVEY N. JOHNSON**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.



Comrade Johnson was born June 2, 1835, at Hebron, Conn. His family had long been residents of the town and proved their patriotism in many ways. The comrade was a genial-hearted man, ever ready to take his share in the amusements as well as the serious work of the Battery.

**JAMES J. TAYLOR**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in November 25, 1861; died at Beaufort, S. C., October 8, 1862, aged 23 years.



#### WAGONER.

**JOHN E. ALBRO**, of East Windsor, Conn. (see portrait and account of his being wounded, page 258), enlisted October 10, 1861; mustered in November 14, 1861; was wounded July 16 at James Island, S. C.; reënlisted veteran December 26, 1863; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having seen the triumph of the Union and been with the victorious troops that were first to enter the Confederate capital.

Comrade Albro was born in Winsted, Conn., in 1823. His great-grandfather served in the War of the Revolution from the firing of the first shot to the declaration of peace. His grandfather enlisted in the War of 1812, but saw no service, as peace was declared thirty days after he entered the service. Comrade Albro points to the fact with pardonable pleasure that "there were no Tories in my family."



#### PRIVATES.

**OLIVER K. ABELS**, of East Granby, Conn. (see portrait and exciting incidents at the battle of Secessionville, page 157, also incidents at Fort Stedman, page 566), enlisted November 7, 1861; mustered in United States service November 13, 1861; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, time expired.

After the war Comrade Abels lived for a short time at Ottumwa, Iowa, but later moved to San José, Cal., where he still resides.

During the war he was an excellent soldier, a good companion, an able nurse, ever ready to give his services to those who were in

need. He was very observant, and his diary, placed at the disposal of the historian, has proved to be of the greatest value in compiling this history.

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**HENRY S. ALLEN**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 20, 1861; mustered in United States service November 21, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by exposure, January 8, 1862. Comrade Allen afterward enlisted on August 8, 1862, and was mustered in August 25, 1862, in Company 1, 15th Connecticut Infantry.

He was captured by the enemy March 8, 1865, and sent to Libby Prison, in Richmond, but after two weeks' residence at the inhospitable "Hotel Libby," he and his fellow comrades of the regiment were paroled March 26 and returned to Kinston, and was mustered out at Newbern June 27, 1865.

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**EUGENE ATWATER**, of Plymouth, Conn., enlisted October 23, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired. On the same day he enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Infantry and was mustered 1st Lieutenant of Company E on December 23, 1864; promoted Captain Company D February 13, 1865; mustered out of United States service at Raleigh, N. C., August 21, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CURTIS BACON**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; wounded at Proctor's Creek, Va., May 15, 1864, when the wheel was struck (see page 434); died in hospital, from gangrene caused by the wound, July 10, 1864, aged 25 years.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN S. BAILEY**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 30, 1861; mustered in December 2, 1861; honorably discharged December 2, 1864, time expired.



**GEORGE W. BAIRD**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted August 25, 1862; mustered in same day; transferred to 41st Company, 2d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, December 19, 1863; promoted Colonel 32d Regiment United States Colored Infantry March 18, 1864; honorably discharged August 22, 1865, time expired.



Colonel Baird's experience is unique in the military history of the United States, inasmuch as his is the only case known in our army of a soldier being promoted direct from a private to a colonelcy.

While Comrade Baird was in the Invalid Corps on duty in the hospital at New Haven, application was made to have him returned to the Battery. General Casey's board was in session at Washington, D. C., examining applicants for commissions in the colored regiments. Comrade Baird appeared before the board and was given a Colonel's commission for having passed the best examination of any one they had examined.

Colonel Baird is descended from the widow Martha Baird, or Beard, as the name was originally written, whose husband died on the passage from England in 1638, leaving her to care for three sons and three daughters. She was one of the original settlers of Milford, Conn. Colonel Baird left Yale to enlist in the First Light Battery, and in relating his experiences he says: "Of course the change from the scansion of Greek hexameters and the study of the calculus and such like pursuits at Yale to currying horses, going on guard with a classic Roman sword and camping with the 'so-called left section roughs' marks an era in my personal history." Colonel Baird watched the Battery's work with a great amount of interest, and in a letter written August 6, 1900, he says: "Except the squadrons under Dewey and Schley, I do not know of any force that accomplished so

much with so little loss as the First Connecticut Light Battery did in its history, and the cause was the same in all three cases—the skill of the ‘men behind the guns.’ The ‘men behind the guns’ do not become skillful under incompetent commanders. Rockwell was an exacting officer and a good commander, and he put an impress upon the Battery, especially for rapid and accurate shooting, that was a large factor in its history.” Colonel Baird is now an Assistant Paymaster-General United States Army and resides at Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

**BRADLEY BARLOW**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted November 28, 1861; mustered in December 6, 1861; honorably discharged December 6, 1864, time expired.

\* \* \*

**SAMUEL BARNES**, of Cheshire, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered in December 6, 1861; honorably discharged December 6, 1864, time expired.



Comrade Barnes comes from patriotic stock. He was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1838. His father served in the war of secession as private in Company E, 14th Connecticut Infantry, and his brother, Ansell J. Barnes, was Corporal in the 10th Connecticut Infantry. His grandfather, Josiah Barnes, was a private in the Revolutionary army, and after independence was won loved to talk of the adventures of that war. One day Josiah Barnes and a fellow comrade were standing talking when a cannon-ball came rolling down the road. The soldier who stood close to Barnes put out his foot to stop the ball and lost his foot in consequence.

**ALFRED G. BISHOP**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in the United States service October 26, 1861. At the battle of Secessionville, June 16, 1862, he was in the hottest of the fight, and the severe service and consequent exposure brought on a sickness which led to his being invalided home. He was honorably discharged October 1, 1862.



Comrade Bishop was born in Guilford, Conn., October 19, 1843. His father was Captain of one of the militia companies that formed the escort of General La Fayette when he visited this country in 1824. He was a prominent citizen of Guilford. After the war Comrade Bishop obtained employment in New York City and is now one of its most esteemed business men. He takes the greatest interest in the welfare of the comrades with whom he served during the early part of the war.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES N. BISSELL**, of Hebron (see portrait and account of his being wounded, page 416), enlisted October 7, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; wounded at Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864, losing his right arm. He was honorably discharged October 25, 1864, time expired.

Comrade Bissell's ancestral record will be found under the name of his brother, Corporal Warren H. Bissell.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN O. BLATCHLEY**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and amusing incidents, page 32), enlisted October 17, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.

After the war Comrade Blatchley returned to Guilford and was respected and loved by his fellow townspeople. He died of consumption in 1874, aged 43 years.

Comrade Blatchley, known more generally by his comrades as "Sod," was a unique character. He was a man of large heart, who could never do too much for his comrades. He was untiring in his devotion to the Battery. If a nurse was wanted to tend the sick, if any injured or wounded man needed attention, Blatchley was the first to offer his services. He may have had faults—who is there without them?—but his virtues, his goodness, his great big heart overshadowed his failings. He was as brave as he was large-hearted. Comrade Seward says that "it would require the pen of an angel to put in proper language the good qualities that this big fellow possessed."

\* \* \*

**GILBERT W. BLAKE**, of Madison, Conn., enlisted November 21, 1861; mustered in same day; honorably discharged November 21, 1864, time expired.

\* \* \*

**RALPH BLODGETT**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted October 18, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran March 4, 1864; mustered out of the United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va. Comrade Blodgett was with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital, and he recalls with pride the time when "Old Glory" was raised over the State House. When the second drawing for the Gillmore medal took place, Comrade Blodgett became the happy possessor of this reward for courage. (See page 291.)



\* \* \*

**SAMUEL C. BOSWORTH**, of Berlin, Conn., enlisted August 25, 1862; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., having been with the victorious troops when they entered the Confederate capital.

**LOREN BRADFORD**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 17, 1861; mustered in November 25, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by the severe service and exposure, July 18, 1862.

\* \* \*

**FRANCIS V. BROWN**, of East Granby, Conn. (see portrait and incidents, page 369), enlisted October 25, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, time of enlistment having expired, November 2, 1864.

Comrade Francis Brown was the son of Comrade Leeds Brown. On his father's side he was descended from a good old Quaker family, but on his mother's side his ancestors were more warlike. His maternal grandfather was Ephraim Capron, who was born in 1760 in Massachusetts and enlisted July 27, 1780, from Middlesex, Mass., in Captain Abraham Andrew's Company of Colonel Howe's regiment. He was the father of 21 children. The Capron family was related to the Chase family, of which Daniel Webster and ex-Chief Justice Chase were members.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM BROWN**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 7, 1861; mustered in United States service November 18, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 22, 1863; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865. Comrade Brown saw the triumph of the cause he so loved and was proud to be with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital.



While with the Battery Comrade Brown was the victim of a practical joke which nearly cost him his life and deprived the United States of a good soldier.



**HENRY B. BULLARD**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and account of his death, page 83), enlisted October 16, 1861; mustered in the United States service November 2, 1861; died of disease on the journey to Beaufort February 6, 1862, aged 27 years.

\* \* \*

**FAIRFIELD COOK**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered in the United States service same day; died of disease at Folly Island June 19, 1863. For account of his death and military funeral see page 233.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES COSS**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered in the United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 22, 1863; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. Comrade Coss felt a patriotic pride in the fact that he was with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**DAVID CROSSLEY**, of Simsbury, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 424), enlisted October 23, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; was injured at Proctor's Creek, Va.; honorably discharged, time of enlistment having expired, November 2, 1864.

\* \* \*

**EDGAR G. DAVIS**, of Guilford, Conn. (for portrait and account of his connection with Religious Association and Debating Society, see page 313), enlisted October 26, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, his time of enlistment having expired, November 2, 1864.

During his three years' connection with the Battery Comrade Davis was most active in everything which tended to the physical, mental or religious welfare of his comrades. He was a most excellent nurse, and many a sick comrade was cheered by his patience and tender attentions.

Comrade Davis was born in Guilford, Conn., in the year 1834. His grandfather, James Davis, enlisted in the war of 1776 as a

private, was promoted respectively Corporal, Sergeant, 1st Sergeant, and held the rank of Ensign (2d Lieutenant) when he left the army. He was wounded in his shoulder at the age of 18, and his grandson says that "at the age of 87 he was buried with the bullet where it had been placed by the redecoats."

\* \* \*

**HOBERT M. DOLPH**, of Cheshire, Conn., enlisted October 25, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, time having expired, November 2, 1864.

\* \* \*

**HORACE A. DOOLITTLE**, of Cheshire, Conn., enlisted October 18, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; was with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital with the victorious Union troops, and was honorably discharged August 12, 1865.



Comrade Horace Doolittle was born in Cheshire in 1838 and was the brother of Corporal Joseph Doolittle, Corporal Amasa Doolittle and of Private Henry Doolittle, of the 20th Connecticut Infantry. Like his brothers, Comrade Horace Doolittle was an earnest patriot and rejoiced at being one of the privileged ones to see the Union flag hoisted above the capital of the Confederacy.

\* \* \*

**ALEXANDER DORAN**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted November 6, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 14, 1864, time having expired.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE DUFF**, of Andover, Conn., enlisted November 6, 1861; mustered in United States service November 25, 1861; honorably discharged, his time of enlistment having expired, November 25, 1864.

**GEORGE W. DURGIN**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in the United States service October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, time of enlistment having expired, November 2, 1864.

George W. Durgin was born in New Hampshire in the year 1818. His ancestors were all on the side of the colonies, and many of them fought in the Revolutionary War. His maternal grandfather, Thomas Hill, fought on the side of the patriots at the battle of Bunker Hill. His father, at the age of 18, fought in the War of 1812-13. Comrade Durgin loves to tell how his wife teased him when the war broke out by saying, "George, you dassent enlist," whereupon George went out, saw Lieutenant Seward and signed the roll of the First Light Battery.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES N. ELLIS**, of New Britain, Conn., enlisted November 25, 1861; mustered in same day; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN C. ENGLISH**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861;



mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired. At the battle of Proctor's Creek the horses driven by Comrade English were killed and his kind heart was nearly broken (see page 420). Since the war Comrade English entered the regular army and has held important offices.

The portrait we present to the comrades was taken in Sitka, Alaska, where he is at present stationed.

**EDWARD G. EVARTS**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time having expired.

\* \* \*

**JAMES FARRELL**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted October 11, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM M. FOWLER**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted October 20, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time of enlistment having expired. (See portrait, page 386, and exciting adventures, page 356.)

Comrade Fowler's ancestral military record covers the history of the colony of New Haven, for he traces his genealogy back to William Fowler, who landed in Boston with the Davenport company in 1637. The Rev. John Davenport being importuned to stay in Boston did so until the following year, when he and his company explored the coast and finally settled at New Haven.

William Fowler, the second to bear that name, married Anna Tapp in 1645, the sister of Jane, wife of Governor Robert Treat. He received a commission as Lieutenant of militia in 1666; was promoted to Captaincy in 1673. He served as member of the House of Deputies from 1673 to 1680, inclusive, from Milford. He held many important offices, among them being a membership of the Secret Committee or Council of War commissioned August, 1673, and consisting of six representative men, at the time of the hostilities between the New Englanders and the Dutch on the eastern end of Long Island and the mainland.

Another paternal ancestor was John Fowler, who served in the General Assembly in 1726, 1729, 1734-35, and from 1737 to 1756, inclusive. He was Clerk of the House nearly all that time. In 1739 he was appointed by the Assembly Captain of the First Company Milford Train Band. In 1744 and 1746 he was one of the commissioners, with Governor Treat, Saltonstall, Andrew Burr,

Gurdon, Thomas Welsh, and Hezekiah Huntington, to raise troops and equipments for his majesty's expedition against Canada, also to raise another body of troops in the colony of New York and another in New Hampshire.

His son, John Fowler (5th), was commissioned Captain of the 2d Company, 2d Regiment, and raised troops for the Continental Army. He was elected to the General Assembly and served from 1759 to 1775.

The sixth in direct descent, Joseph Fowler, served in the War of 1812.

One of Comrade Fowler's ancestors built the first mill in the New Haven colony, and the enterprise was considered of such great importance that when the mill was injured by a freshet in 1645 an ordinance was passed ordering every townsman to give as many days' work as might be necessary to repair the property.

The grant of land to the original settlers is still clearly defined, some of it remaining in the hands of the family to this day.

His maternal great-grandfather, Captain Benijah Mallory, and his great-great-grandfather, Moses Mallory, served in the War of the Revolution, on the side of the colonials. On the maternal side Comrade Fowler's mother traces her family back to John Alden, who came over in the first ship as a carpenter, with the privilege of staying here or returning. He arrived in Boston in 1620, and in 1623 married Priscilla Mullins, who with her Puritan husband have been immortalized by Longfellow.

Comrade Fowler is the twenty-fifth on the list of members of the Society of Colonial Wars, of which society he is a life member. His children inherit his patriotic love for the flag.

\* \* \*

**ABRAHAM B. FOWLER**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted August 6, 1862; mustered in United States service same day; transferred to unassigned detachment of Veteran Reserve Corps February 13, 1864; retransferred to Battery July 7, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.



**JOSEPH W. FOWLER**, of Milford, Conn. (see portrait and interesting incident on page 135), enlisted April 16, 1862; mustered in United States service same day; honorably discharged April 16, 1865, time of enlistment having expired.

Comrade Fowler is a brother of Comrade William M. Fowler, to whose record the reader is referred for military ancestral history. When the Battery was organized Comrade Fowler was under age, but was so persistent in his desire to go to the front that he obtained permission to accompany the Battery as an officer's help. When only sixteen he was allowed to enlist, and he served with gallantry and courage through the war. Frequent mention has been made of him through the history, and his record is one of which he has a right to be proud.

\* \* \*

**LEWIS H. FULLER**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted October 14, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; served with great zeal throughout the war and entered the Confederate capital with the first troops; mustered out at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES H. GLADDING**, of Wethersfield, Conn. (see portrait and wonderful escape from death, page 437), enlisted October 26, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; was injured July, 1862; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

After the war Comrade Gladding never tired of narrating the events of the war, and he was most earnest in his devotion to the flag. He died April 2, 1896, aged 72 years.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE A. GOODALE**, of Farmington, Conn., enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; died at Beaufort, S. C., August 5, 1862.

**HENRY C. GILLETTE**, of Avon, Conn., enlisted August 14, 1862; mustered in United States service same day; entered Richmond with the victorious Union troops and was mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*



NATHAN GILLETTE.

**NATHAN GILLETTE**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 12, 1861; mustered in United States service December 4, 1861; died at Beaufort, S. C., August 4, 1862. Comrade Gillette was the first standard bearer of the Battery and was proud of the distinction.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN GRIDLEY**, of Derby, Conn., enlisted November 20, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; honorably discharged November 19, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

**EDWARD GRISWOLD**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; honorably



discharged October 26, 1864, term of enlistment having expired. (See military portrait, taken while serving in the Battery, page 400.)

Comrade Griswold, to whom the historian and editor are under the greatest obligation for his efficient aid in gathering together material for this history, is the son of the late Joel Griswold, of Guilford, whose three sons were all in the war of secession during its whole course and who returned home without a scratch.

His great-grandfather was Captain Samuel Lee, who commanded a company of coast guards in the Revolutionary War, while several of his ancestors were also in that war and in the later one of 1812.

Comrade Griswold was one of the first to enlist in the First Light Battery and assisted Comrade Seward in enlisting others. When he returned from the war he had the proud record of having been in one more engagement than any other member of the Battery.

After the war he was invited by General William H. Russell, commanding the State militia, to meet Governor Buckingham and Colonel S. W. Kellogg, commander of the 2d Connecticut Militia. The Governor said he intended adding a light battery to the State militia and wanted Comrade Griswold to enlist the company and take the command. With that natural modesty of character which characterizes good men, Comrade Griswold offered to enlist as many as he could in his own town, but to leave the question of captaincy to be decided when its quota was full. This was accepted and very soon the quota was enlisted, and Comrade

Griswold elected its commander by a unanimous vote, a position he held for six years, he making it one of the most efficient branches of the State militia and securing the praise of such men as Generals Terry and Hawley. This organization has continued to the present and is a worthy offspring of the First Light Battery. At the commencement of the late Spanish war, through Comrade Griswold's efforts the light battery was selected as a portion of the State's quota, and was in camp for four months awaiting orders to go to the front, where it would have been sure to distinguish itself and add to the glories of the State.

After the war of secession Comrade Griswold entered on a mercantile career and has continued in it to the present. He has twice represented his town in the State Legislature and won for himself a record of which all his friends are proud. He had considerable influence among the members, and it is said of him that he faithfully represented the people who had chosen him.

He was the founder of the Guilford Savings Bank, has held many positions of trust, and has always had a zealous interest in the welfare of his town and the Government for which he fought.

He has been one of the most active members of the First Light Battery since the war in keeping alive the spirit of fraternity and promoting the annual reunions. He has attended every reunion and for ten years has been president of the Veteran Association.

\* \* \*

**JACOB T. GUPTIL**, of Meriden, Conn. (see portrait and incident on page 283), enlisted November 21, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after the proud and triumphal entry of the Battery into the Confederate capital with the first troops.

\* \* \*

**DWIGHT H. HALL**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and interesting incidents, page 339), enlisted April 18, 1861; mustered in Company F,

1st Connecticut Infantry, April 22, 1861; mustered out July 31, 1861; enlisted in the First Light Battery November 7, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 14, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

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**MARCUS M. HALL**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and incident on page 373), enlisted October 6, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; was wounded at the battle of Chester Station, Va., May 10, 1864; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

Comrade Hall was born in Guilford, Conn., in the year 1837, and is descended from a good old patriotic family. His father, Amos Hall, born in Guilford in 1795, while seeing no service in the field, belonged to the Minute Men and was ready to march against any enemy of his country at the call of his State. His grandfather was too young to take part in the War of the Revolution. Being born one year before the Declaration of Independence and dying in 1807, he had no opportunity to take the field.

Comrade Hall's maternal grandfather was born in Madison, Conn., and at the age of 19 entered the Continental army and served all through the war of the Revolution. He was awarded a pension of \$96 a year for his services, which he drew until a very advanced age, dying at the age of 93.

Comrade Hall had a very narrow escape at the battle of Chester Station. In narrating his experience he says: "At the engagement at Chester Station I was at my usual post, that of No. 6, whose duty it is to prepare the shot and shell for the piece. I had served probably a dozen rounds, largely canister, when suddenly a horse standing at my side went down, shot through the breast; almost at the same moment a conical rifle ball passed through my left arm, through the limber chest and into my knapsack, which was on the foot board. One of the comrades found it and gave it to me later. Sergeant Grow ordered me to the rear, but I kept on at my work, cutting one more fuse, and then a minnie ball struck me and broke one of the bones of my left forearm." The comrade's



experiences in the hospitals to which he was sent are graphically told by himself in this history, commencing page 379.

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**GEORGE HANNA**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; discharged, through sickness caused by hard service and exposure, August 31, 1862.

\* \* \*

**ANDREW J. HANKS**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by severe service, October 20, 1862.



Comrade Hanks was born in Mansfield, Conn., March 4, 1841. He took part in the engagements during June, 1862, on James Island, where he contracted a sickness which prematurely severed his connection with the Battery. His great-uncle, Benjamin Hanks, was Colonel of a Connecticut regiment during the War of the Revolution. Com-

rade Hanks' younger brother served in the 21st Connecticut Infantry. His two elder brothers both sent substitutes and aided the Government at home during the war, one by making bullets in New York City and the other manufacturing blue warps for army clothing at Marlborough, Conn.

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**JAMES HAYES**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 22, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; died at Beaufort, S. C., July 18, 1862.

\* \* \*

**ANDREW HOLBROOK**, of Seymour, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 301), enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; honorably discharged December 2, 1864, time of enlistment having expired. He died on the 15th day of June, 1882.

Comrade Holbrook was born in the town of Seymour, Conn., January 4, 1836. He received a common-school education at the Bungay school in his native town, after which he worked on his father's farm until he reached the age of 18, when he went west to Ohio and farmed for two years. He then tried work in the lumber camps of Michigan, where he served as teamster until the spring, when the logs were rafted down the Saginaw River to market. He returned east and went to sea, making one trip on a coasting vessel, but he found that though his father had been a sailor, he was not adapted to "a life on the ocean wave." He again worked on his father's farm until the war broke out, when he tried to enlist in the 1st Connecticut Cavalry, but finding that regiment was full he enlisted in the First Light Battery.

His father, having an intimate knowledge of the coast and from New York to the West Indies, having been a captain and part owner of a merchant vessel which had traded as far as China, was offered the command of one of the United States gunboats, but his age prevented his acceptance, though he was quite anxious to serve his country.

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**SAMUEL H. HULL**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 8, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service, April 22, 1863.



Comrade Hull was a quiet, conscientious soldier, ever faithful to his duties and ready to serve his fellow comrades in any way possible. It was with much regret that he was compelled to leave the service before the close of the war.

While on drill in Beaufort Comrade Hull was injured by having a horse fall on him. He was sent to the hospital and was unable to rejoin the Battery.

For years he was confined to his bed, and although the officers

and comrades tried to secure a pension for him, they did not succeed. He died February 1, 1876.

\* \* \*

**JOHN A. HOLMES**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 8, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service, February 17, 1863.

\* \* \*

**JOSEPH H. HULL**, of Prospect, Conn., enlisted November 18, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; died August 31, 1862, at Beaufort, S. C., aged 36 years.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE R. INGRAM**, of Vernon, Conn., enlisted October 23, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.



Comrade Ingram's grandfather served in the War of 1812, and his great-grandfather was a soldier in the colonial army in the War of the Revolution.

Comrade Ingram was a good soldier and an excellent companion. There is a good story told in Chapter XVIII. of his adventure at Beaufort while bee hunting with some of the comrades, and how they lost a fine opossum, found no honey and narrowly escaped punishment for leaving the camp.

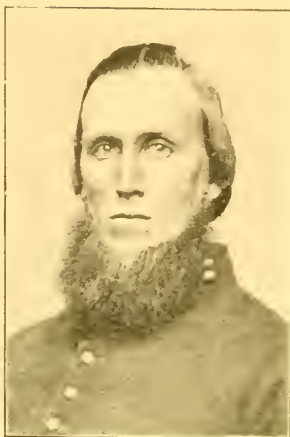
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**LUCIUS H. JAGGER**, of Hebron Conn. (see portrait, page 512), enlisted August 14, 1862; mustered in same day; died at Deep Bottom, Va., July 16, 1864.

\* \* \*

**LUMAN C. JEROME**, of Bristol, Conn., enlisted October 13, 1861; mustered in United States service as Veterinary Surgeon October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, time expired.

**WILLIAM B. IVES**, of Branford, Conn., enlisted October 21, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; transferred to unassigned detachment of Veteran Reserve Corps February 25, 1864; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service and exposure, April 19, 1864.



Comrade Ives was one of the first members of the Religious Association established at Beaufort, S. C., June 1863, and remained a member until it disbanded.

\* \* \*

**GILBERT J. JILLSON**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted August 7, 1862; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, at the practical termination of the war.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM JOHNSON**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted November 19, 1862; mustered in United States service same day; deserted January 14, 1864.

\* \* \*

**FRANCIS E. JOHNSON**, of Bristol, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; honorably discharged, through sickness, October 20, 1862; enlisted in Company L, 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, December 7, 1863; mustered in same day; died in service August 29, 1865, aged 29 years.

\* \* \*

**HART LANDON**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and interesting experience, page 416), enlisted October 20, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; was wounded at the battle of

Proctor's Creek May 14, 1864; honorably discharged, his term of enlistment having expired, November 2, 1864.

Hart Landon was born in Guilford September 28, 1842. His great-grandfather Landon fought in the War of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather Loper was a commissioned officer in the same war. On both sides his ancestors were patriots and used their influence in favor of independence. When the war of secession broke out Hart Landon was in Hartford, learning the trade of carriage-making, but at his country's call he threw down his tools, took off his apron and enlisted in the 3d Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. His mother was sick and felt badly over his act, so he withdrew, but later enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery, fighting in the ranks until May 14, 1864, when he was wounded at Proctor's Creek, Va. He was in the hospital until the expiration of his term of service. In civil life he has held many local offices; has been justice of the peace, member of the General Assembly of the State, Burgess of the borough of Guilford, master and trustee of St. Alban's Lodge, F. & A. M., patron of E. S. C., commander of a G. A. R. Post, etc.

\* \* \*

**JOHN LOOMIS**, of Hebron, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 193), enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; honorably discharged, his term of enlistment having expired, December 2, 1864.

\* \* \*

**HECTOR McLEAN**, of Glastonbury, Conn., enlisted August 19, 1862; mustered in same day; died May 16, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM McNARY**, of Manchester, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 287), enlisted October 23, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; he was slightly injured in the Pon Pon River expedition, 1863; honorably discharged, time expired, November 2, 1864.

Comrade McNary was born in New Hartford, Conn., September 10, 1838. His father, William G. McNary, was also in the Battery.



**WILLIAM G. McNARY**, of Manchester, Conn., enlisted October 23, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by severe work and exposure, March 4, 1863.

\* \* \*

**JOHN MILLER**, of Canaan, Conn., enlisted November 19, 1861; mustered in November 23, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; was with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital and was mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ALFRED MINOR**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in United States service November 25, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865, after having gone with the first Union troops into the capital of the Confederacy and seen the termination of the war.



Ready in time of war to give himself to the cause of his country, he yet loved peace and was pleased when he could again resume civilian duties.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES J. MINOR**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 30, 1861; mustered in United States service December 2, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after marching into the Confederate capital with the first Union troops after the evacuation by General Lee.

**WILLIAM E. MOORE**, of Berlin, Conn., enlisted August 20, 1862; mustered in same day; died August 20, 1863.

\* \* \*

**JOHN J. MOY**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 10, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; transferred to unassigned detachment of Veteran Reserve Corps February 25, 1864; transferred to Company K, 3d Battalion V. R. C.; transferred to 27th Company 2d Battalion April, 1864; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

\* \* \*

**ANDREW NOLAN**, of Milford, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 298), enlisted December 2, 1861; mustered in United States service same day; was wounded at Pon Pon River, S. C., 1863; honorably discharged, time expired, December 2, 1864.

\* \* \*

**EMERY NORWOOD**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted November 20, 1861; mustered in same day; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865, after being with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**EDWARD P. NORTON**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged October 26, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

\* \* \*

**ELIAS O. NORTON**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and incident, page 415), enlisted in United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 14, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

\* \* \*

**STEPHEN H. NORTON**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted November 3, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged, time expired, November 14, 1864.

**WILLIAM B. NORTON**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., after having marched into Richmond with the first Union troops, June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**LEROY B. PEASE**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by exposure and hard service, October 20, 1862; enlisted in Company A, First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, November 23, 1863; mustered out of United States service September 25, 1865.

\* \* \*

**HENRY E. PECK**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted in 2d Connecticut Infantry, April 22, 1861; mustered in May 7, 1861; mustered out August 7, 1861; enlisted in First Light Battery, October 7, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service, September 19, 1862. On recovering his health he enlisted in 1st Connecticut Cavalry, March 9, 1863; promoted Corporal April 28, 1863; promoted Sergeant May 1, 1863; taken prisoner by the enemy June 10, 1864 at Old Church Tavern, Va. Died at Millen, Ga., November 3, 1864.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK A. PETTIBONE**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 22, 1861; mustered in November 22, 1861; died May 4, 1862, aged 23 years.

\* \* \*

**MOSES PHELPS**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted November 6, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service and exposure, May 11, 1864.

\* \* \*

**JAMES H. REYNOLDS**, of Meriden, Conn. (see portrait, page 46), enlisted November 5, 1861; mustered in November 14, 1861; wounded at the battle of Proctor's Creek, May 14, 1864; honorably

discharged November 13, 1864, term of enlistment having expired. Comrade Reynolds had served in the regular artillery prior to his enlistment in the First Light Battery.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE F. REMINGTON**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted October 18, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, on account of disease contracted through hard service and exposure, August 17, 1862.



Comrade Remington was born in Becket, Mass., September 7, 1837. His grandfather served as a private soldier in the War of 1812 and his great-grandfather in the War of the Revolution, proving his patriotism by his devotion to the cause of the colonies.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN B. REYNOLDS**, of Columbia, Conn. (see portrait, page 472), enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through physical disability caused by hard service and exposure, October 20, 1862; enlisted and mustered in 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, Company L, December 7, 1863; mustered out September 25, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES RICHARDSON**, of Bolton, Conn., enlisted October 16, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; was wounded at the battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after marching into the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.

\* \* \*

**LUTHER G. RIGGS**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted October 7, 1861; mustered in United States service October 26, 1861; promoted

1st Lieutenant Company C, 22d Connecticut Infantry, September 2, 1862; mustered Captain September 20, 1862; mustered out July 7, 1863.

\* \* \*

**JONATHAN RIGGS**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; honorably discharged, through disease incident to camp life and hard service, July 18, 1862.

\* \* \*

**EDMUND M. B. ROBERTS**, of East Hartford, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered in October 26, 1861; died June 24, 1862, aged 22 years.



Comrade Edmund Murphy Beebe Roberts was born in East Hartford, Conn., June 11, 1840. His father, Sylvester Roberts, served in the War of 1812. His eldest brother, Samuel H. Roberts, was in the regular army in Michigan from 1839 to 1844. He also served in the war of secession in the 139th New York Volunteers as Lieutenant-Colonel, and was promoted Colonel and after that to Brigadier-General by brevet. Another brother, R.

W. Roberts, enlisted in Company A, 1st Connecticut Infantry, and later in the 25th Connecticut Infantry, where he was promoted Captain.

\* \* \*

**NORMAN A. SACKETT**, of Bloomfield, Conn., enlisted October 15, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; transferred to unassigned detachment Veteran Reserve Corps February 25, 1864; re-enlisted veteran May 3, 1864; transferred to Company C, 11th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps; transferred to Company D, 12th Regiment V. R. C.; transferred to Company A, 9th Regiment V. R. C.; honorably discharged November 10, 1865



**JOSEPH W. SANFORD** enlisted at Meriden, Conn., January 9, 1862;



mustered in United States service February, 1862; honorably discharged October 20, 1862, through sickness caused by hard service and exposure at the battle of Secessionville.

Comrade Sanford was born in Simsbury and received his first instruction in the common school, finishing his education at Woodbridge Hall, Perth Amboy, N. J. His father was a physician and desirous of seeing his son adopt the same profession, but his health would not stand the close confinement. He worked in a wagon shop until he enlisted in the Battery. He served in the right section at the battle of Secessionville and the various skirmishes on James Island. For two years after his discharge he was unable to labor. A cousin of his grandfather served in the War of the Revolution, and often recalled the battle of White Plains, saying "the blood was over the shoe-tops in depth." Comrade Sanford's grandfather served in the War of 1812. His great-grandfather on his mother's side, Abel Adams, enlisted as a private in the 2d Regiment, Colonel Joseph Spencer, May 9, 1775. This regiment was organized on the first call for troops by the Connecticut Legislature.

\* \* \*

**DANIEL F. SCRANTON**, of Guilford, Conn. (see portrait and remarkable experience, page 370), enlisted in Company K, 3d Connecticut Infantry, April 24, 1861; mustered in the United States service May 11, 1861; mustered out August 12, 1861; enlisted in First Light Battery November 6, 1861; mustered in November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.

**JONATHAN SAVORY**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted and was



mustered in the United States service December 6, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after seeing the termination of the war and having been with the first Union troops on their march into the Confederate capital.

Comrade Savory was born in Barre, Vt., in 1818. His father, David Savory, served as a private soldier in the War of 1812.

\* \* \*

**JOHN SHAW**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1861; mustered in the United States service October 26, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He was with the Battery in its march into the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.

\* \* \*

**PATRICK SHIELDS**, of Meriden, Conn., enlisted November 11, 1861; mustered in November 23, 1861; reënlisted veteran December 19, 1863; deserted February 9, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN SHINE**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 15, 1861; was injured May 8, 1862, at Beaufort, S. C.; honorably discharged, through disease contracted by hard service and exposure, February 6, 1863. Enlisted in Company K, 5th Connecticut Infantry, March 10, 1864; mustered out July 19, 1865.

\* \* \*

**LEWIS SYKES**, of Hatfield, Mass. (see portrait and interesting experience, page 420), enlisted October 25, 1861; mustered in November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, time expired.

Comrade Sykes was born in the year 1836 at Hatfield, Mass. After the war he settled at Windsor, Conn., and manifested a great interest in the Veteran Association of the First Light Battery. He saw many ups and downs in life, but was always cheerful, and a short time before his death he wrote the historian: "Since I came home I have been up and down the hill of life, and just now am comfortably fixed, living in my own house, and I thank the Father in heaven for his kindness to me. I love to see those who were out with me during the war and give them a shake of the hand and a 'hello!' when we meet."

\* \* \*

**HARVEY D. SKINNER**, of East Hartford, Conn., enlisted October 23,



1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by hard service and exposure, March 20, 1863.

Comrade Skinner was born in East Granby, Conn., in the year 1838. He has always regretted that he was unable to continue with the Battery to the end. His cousin, Dr. Samuel Skinner, served through the war as Surgeon 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery.

\* \* \*

**LYMAN SOUTHWICK**, of Cromwell, Conn., enlisted November 28, 1861; mustered in December 3, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 26, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after participating in the triumphal march of the first Union troops into the Confederate capital.

**JOHN T. SLOAN**, of New Haven, Conn. (see military portrait and exciting incident on page 170), enlisted October 27, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.



Comrade Sloan is descended from a family which went to England with William, Prince of Orange. His mother's ancestors were Scotch. The family settled in the United States after the Revolution. Since the war Comrade Sloan has engaged in commercial life, traveling as a salesman, after which he succeeded his father in the real estate business in New

Haven. He has established a very successful business in New England. He has been a member of the Municipal Council and held several prominent offices in connection with the Masonic order.

Comrade Sloan has been one of the most indefatigable members of the Veteran Association since its formation, and the comrades owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his earnest work in their behalf. He has rendered invaluable assistance in the preparation of this history in obtaining facts, incidents and data from the comrades. Every one votes him a royal good fellow, and the historian desires to indorse that opinion in this imperishable form.

\* \* \*

**HENRY H. SPENCER**, of Bolton, Conn., enlisted October 31, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; died at Beaufort, S. C., February 8, 1862, aged 24 years.

**GEORGE H. STARR**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted November 7, 1861;



mustered in United States service November 25, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by exposure and severe service, October 20, 1862; re-enlisted in Company I, 14th Connecticut Infantry, April 4, 1865; transferred to Company C, 2d Connecticut Heavy Artillery, May 30, 1865 and served until the end of the war.

\* \* \*

**SAMUEL N. STEVENS**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 17, 1861;



mustered in November 25, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having participated in the entry of the first Union troops into the Confederate capital.

Comrade Stevens' grandfather served in the War of 1812.

Comrade Stevens had an exciting experience when sent by Captain Clinton from Richmond to City Point with a number of condemned horses. He had a narrow escape from being captured by the enemy.



**GEORGE STEVENS**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in July 21, 1862; transferred to the United States Navy April 28, 1864; served on the United States ships *General Putnam*, *Malvern* and *Miami*; honorably discharged October 26, 1865.

\* \* \*

**HENRY H. TALLMADGE**, of Granby, Conn. (see military portrait, taken while serving in the Battery, and incident, page 451), enlisted November 4, 1861; mustered in November 13, 1861; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.



Comrade Tallmadge is descended from sturdy and distinguished colonial and Revolutionary stock on both father and mother's side. He is the eighth in descent from Thomas Tallmadge, who came to this country from Suffolk County, England, in 1630. Nearly every generation has had distinguished representatives in both civil and military positions. General

Benjamin Tallmadge, who was a member of Washington's staff and had charge of Major André from the time of capture until his execution, and who afterward represented the Litchfield (Conn.) district in Congress for nineteen years, was one of the ancestors of Comrade Henry H. Tallmadge, of the First Light Battery.

Another ancestor was Nathaniel Tallmadge, United States Senator from New York and afterward Governor of Wisconsin Territory.

Comrade Henry H. Tallmadge's grandfather, Daniel Tallmadge, was a sergeant in a Connecticut troop of horse in the Revolutionary War and was engaged in the battle of White Plains. He was afterward with General Putnam's command in guarding the Hudson River from the incursions of the British under Sir Henry Clinton. He was actively engaged in resisting the British

attack on New Haven in 1779. At the threatened outbreak of war with France in 1798 Daniel Tallmadge was commissioned Major but did not enter upon the duties of that position. The original seal on his pension certificate granted for his services in the Revolutionary War is in the possession of the family.

Marcus Miles Tallmadge, the father of Henry, was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1798, and was a member of the old Governor's Foot Guards. He was prominent in State and national affairs, and for a number of years was stationed at the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass., where Comrade Henry H. Tallmadge was born in 1837.

During the war Comrade Tallmadge kept a diary, which he placed at the disposal of the historian, aiding very considerably in the compilation of the history. He now resides in Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

**JAMES H. THOMPSON**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 3, 1861; mustered in the United States service November 14, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 22, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865, after having been with the Battery when it entered Richmond with the first Union troops.



James H. Thompson was born in Salem, Conn., December 17, 1822. His great-grandfather, William Thompson, served in the War of the Revolution; his uncle, James O. Thompson, served in the War of 1812.

\* \* \*

**LYMAN N. TUTTLE**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted October 29, 1861; mustered in United States service November 2, 1861; honorably discharged November 2, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.



Nathan Whiting Esq's  
Colonel of the Second Regiment, raised by the Colony of  
Connecticut in New-England, in America.

To David Waklee Greeting

By Vertue of the Power and Authority to me given in and by said Colony  
I do by these Presents ( beposing Special Trust and Confidence in your  
Loyalty, courage and good Conduct ) Comitt and apoint You the said  
David Waklee to be a Sergeant in the fourth Company of the Regiment  
whereof I am Colonel, for the ensuing campaign. you are therefore carefully  
and Diligently to Discharge the Duty of a Sergeant in the Company aforesaid,  
according to the Rules and Discipline of War Pursuant to the trust Resposed  
in you, for which this Shall Be your Sufficient Warrant.

Given under my hand and Seal at Arms,

Crown-Point Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> - 1762

Nathan Whiting Col

**FRANCIS H. THOMPSON**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted November 10, 1861; mustered in United States service November 21, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 19, 1863; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He had the proud pleasure of being with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.



Francis H. Thompson was born in Hebron, Conn., in 1842, and was the son of Comrade James H. Thompson, whose ancestral military history has been recorded under his name.

\* \* \*

**HEZEKIAH TUTTLE**, of Meriden, Conn., enlisted November 8, 1861; mustered in United States service November 15, 1861; transferred to 41st Company, 2d Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps, December 2, 1863; honorably discharged November 16, 1864, term of enlistment having expired. He was a brother of Comrade Lyman Tuttle.

\* \* \*

**EBENEZER WAKELEY, Jr.**, of Bridgeport, Conn. (see portrait on page 368 and exciting incident at battle Chester Station), enlisted October 31, 1861; mustered in United States service November 14, 1861; re-enlisted veteran December 14, 1863; wounded at battle of Chester Station, Va., May 10, 1864; transferred to Company I, Captain Hendricks, 19th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, January 30, 1865; honorably discharged from the service of the United States at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., on August 11, 1865.

Comrade Wakeley is descended from Henry Wakeley, one of the original settlers of Stratford, Conn., whose son Jonathan, who



died about the end of 1742, established by his will primogeniture in the family. David Wakeley, the grandson of Jonathan, received a sergeant's appointment in the 2d Regiment raised in Connecticut, bearing date October 7, 1762. (See facsimile on page 796.) David Wakeley later served in the War of the Revolution and was commissioned Ensign, equivalent to the modern rank of Second Lieutenant. The wording of the commission is so interesting that the historian presents a photographic facsimile of it (page 800).

Ebenezer Wakeley, the son of Daniel and grandson of Lieutenant David Wakeley, was born January 13, 1818, and is still living. When the war of secession broke out Ebenezer Wakeley enlisted in Company I, 6th Connecticut Volunteer Infantry. He was injured by an accident while on board a vessel waiting in the harbor at the time the Army of the South was preparing to take Charleston, S. C.

One of his sons was Comrade Ebenezer Wakeley, Jr., of the First Light Battery, who was born in Trumbull, Fairfield County, Conn., December 17, 1843, the seventh in direct line from the original settler in Stratford.

Comrade Wakeley has always been prominently before the public. At one time he was nominated by the People's Silver party for the office of mayor of Chicago. In 1900 he received the nomination of the Pure Bimetallists for President.

During the war he was a careful observer, and by his correspondence and diary has assisted the editor very materially in the compilation of this history. Throughout the book will be found many interesting experiences and episodes in which Comrade Wakeley was a participant.

\* \* \*

**LEVI J. WARNER**, of Meriden, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 25, 1861; died at Beaufort, S. C., August 8, 1862. He was a native of Long Meadow, Mass.



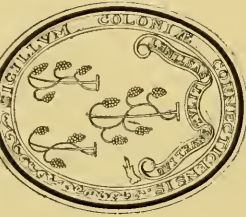
# JONATHAN TRUMBULL, ESQUIRE,

Captain-General, and Commander in Chief, of the State of CON-  
NECTICUT, in A M E R I C A ;

To.

*David Harkness*

Gent. GREETING.



**Y**OU being by the General Assembly of this State accepted to be of the *mouth Company* <sup>*Enough*</sup>  
*of the Alarm List in the 4th Regiment in this State*

Reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage, and good Conduct, I do, by Virtue of the Laws of this State, me thereunto enabling, appoint and empower you to take the said *Company* carefully and diligently to into your Care and Charge, as their *Officers* in the Use of their discharge that Trust ; exercising your inferior Officers and Soldiers in the Arms, according to the Discipline of War ; keeping them in good Order and Government, and commanding them to obey you as their *Officers* for the Service of this State. And you are to observe all such Orders and Directions, as from Time to Time you shall receive, either from me, or from other your superior Officer, pursuant to the Trust hereby reposed in you.

GIVEN under my Hand, and the Seal of this State, in *Amford* the 23<sup>rd</sup>  
Day of *May* Anno Domini, 1778

By his Excellency's Command,

*George Mifflins* Sec'y.

*Jon: Trumbull*

**LOREN A. WALDO**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted August 15, 1862; mustered in the United States service same day; honorably discharged by Special Order No. 86, per order of President Lincoln, March 6, 1865.



Comrade Waldo was born March 14, 1844; his great-uncle, Daniel Waldo, was chaplain to Congress when 96 years old, and lived to be 102.

Comrade Waldo's eldest son served three years as musician in the band of the 21st United States Infantry, and participated in the battle of Santiago, Cuba. When his regiment was ordered to Manila he was too sick with fever to go, and so was transferred to the 7th United States Artillery band. His brother, Comrade Waldo's second son, enlisted in the 10th Ohio Volunteers, and through sickness has been crippled for life.

\* \* \*

**WELCOME E. WATSON**, of Plainfield, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 21, 1861; deserted January 24, 1862.

\* \* \*

**FERNANDO C. WELCH**, of Berlin, Conn., enlisted in Company K, 3d Connecticut Infantry, April 24, 1861; mustered in the United States service May 11, 1861; mustered out August 12, 1861; enlisted in First Light Battery August 20, 1862; mustered in same day; honorably discharged March 6, 1865.



Comrade Welch was born in Bristol, Conn., November 13, 1840, in which town his father was one of the leading men. His maternal grandfather, Captain Norton, served in the Revolutionary War. The family on both sides dated back to the earliest years of Connecticut's history.

**JAMES H. WELLS**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted October 31, 1861; mustered in the United States service November 14, 1861; honorably discharged November 13, 1864, term of enlistment having expired.



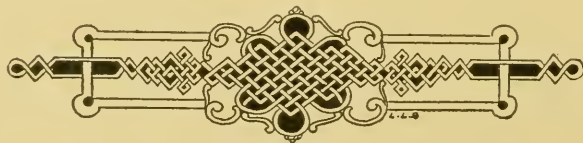
Comrade James Hayden Wells was born June 6, 1843, at Windsor Locks, Conn. He was descended, on his father's side, from a prominent English family which settled in Hartford three generations ago. His mother was Susan Ann Hayden, granddaughter of Isaac Hayden, who served in the War of the Revolution. Her early ancestor was Lieutenant Daniel Hayden, one of the seventeen troopers of

Windsor in King Philip's War, while another ancestor fought in the Pequot War.

Comrade Wells was only eighteen when he enlisted in the First Light Battery. His present residence is Tampa, Fla.

\* \* \*

**HIRAM WENTWORTH**, of New Milford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 16, 1861; deserted January 24, 1862.





## RECRUITS.

Very many of the recruits served with the Battery so short a period of time that they did not establish the feeling of fraternity and comradeship and love for the Battery enjoyed by the original three-year men and the re-enlisted veterans.

Many of the recruits have most excellent records, and the historian deeply regrets that he has been unable to communicate with all of them and so obtain their portraits and ancestral military history.

After the war the recruits scattered over the country and with few exceptions have not attended the reunions, their addresses not being known to the historian or the secretary of the Veteran Association of the First Connecticut Light Battery.

**CHARLES ADAMS**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 26, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; deserted December 9, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM ARMSTRONG**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 19, 1864, and was mustered in the United States service the same day; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by severe service and exposure, September 7, 1864.

\* \* \*

**SAMUEL BAKER**, of Wethersfield, Conn., enlisted from Hartford in Company F, 16th Connecticut Infantry, August 6, 1862; mustered in Corporal August 24, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862; discharged, on account of physical disability, May 26, 1863. His patriotic ardor was not diminished, for he enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery November 17, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, proud of the fact that he was with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES BANCROFT**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted in Company A, 22d Connecticut Infantry, August 23, 1862; mustered in Septem-

ber 20, 1862; mustered out July 7, 1863, time expired; enlisted in First Light Battery February 10, 1864; mustered in same day; died in service June 9, 1864.

\* \* \*

**JULIUS D. BEECHER**, of Glastonbury, Conn., enlisted September 3, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va.

\* \* \*

**GUSTAV BEHRENS**, of Branford, Conn., enlisted September 15, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., at the close of the war.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK BESLEY**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted February 1, 1864; mustered in same day; wounded at Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va.

\* \* \*

**LUTHER BISHOP**, of Southington, Conn., enlisted in Company E, 20th Connecticut Infantry, August 12, 1862;



mustered musician September 8, 1862. Comrade Bishop participated in the sharp skirmish at Key Gap, Md., within a month of being mustered in the United States service; honorably discharged, through physical disability, March 16, 1863; recovering from his sickness he enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery January 4, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond,

Va., proud to have been with the first troops to enter the Confederate capital.

**THOMAS BRADLEY**, of Coventry, Conn., enlisted December 6, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va.

\* \* \*

**JOHN BRENNAN**, of Columbia, Conn., enlisted from Stafford in Company D, 25th Connecticut Infantry, August 15, 1862; mustered in November 11, 1862; wounded at Port Hudson, La., June, 1863; mustered out August 26, 1863; having recovered from his wound he enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery December 1, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., feeling patriotic joy at having seen the triumph of the Union army and taken part with the victorious troops who first entered Richmond.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE BRENNEN**, of Canton, Conn., enlisted November 14, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted December 18, 1864.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE M. BROWN**, of Windham, Conn., enlisted January 26, 1864; mustered in same day; honorably discharged, through physical disability caused by exposure, June 16, 1865.



Comrade Brown was born in Marlboro, Conn., in 1846. His grandfather served in the wars of 1776 and 1812.

Comrade Brown was ineligible to enlist as a private, being only five feet and less than eighteen years old, so he enlisted as a bugler at Fort Trumbull, New London, but he never served in that capacity. He was in Sergeant Lawrence's detachment as "powder monkey" for a time and then became lead driver on the gun. Comrade Brown had several narrow escapes. At Chester Station he was struck by a spent ball and felt so weak from it that he

thought his time to die had come. When in Battery 10, in front of Petersburg, he was struck on the lip by a piece of exploded shell, which caused a cross-shaped scar, and again he was slightly wounded at Fort Stedman, but would not retire. At Light House Point, where the portrait we reproduce was taken, he was laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism and taken to Point of Rocks Hospital with Comrade Wellman, but finding the hospital abandoned he was sent to Fort Monroe, where he stayed four weeks before being discharged. Comrade Brown is now a resident of Melbourne, Fla.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT BROWN**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 21, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged, through sickness caused by exposure and severe service, October 15, 1864.

\* \* \*

**JAMES BURNS**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1864; mustered in United States service the same day; served with the Battery during the occupation of Richmond, and was mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., on June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**OLIVER CHARTER**, of Southington, Conn., enlisted from Bristol, Conn., in Company B, 5th Connecticut Infantry, July 9, 1861; mustered in United States service July 22, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness caused by severe service, May 1, 1862; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery January 2, 1864; mustered in the same day; served with the Battery until it was mustered out at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having occupied the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM W. CHANTLEY**, of Norwich, Conn., enlisted from Middletown in Company G, 24th Connecticut Infantry, November 11, 1862; mustered in the United States service November 18, 1862; transferred to Company D of the same regiment March 1, 1863;

mustered out September 30, 1863; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery August 8, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, having been with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**MICHAEL CHESTER**, of Suffield, Conn., enlisted in the First Light Battery December 7, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM H. CLANCEY**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted September 3, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS CLARK**, of North Branford, Conn., enlisted August 17, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, Va.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM H. CLARK**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 26, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged, through sickness, December 15, 1864.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES CLEVELAND**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 25, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted January 22, 1865.

\* \* \*

**HENRY COGGANS**, of Union, Conn., enlisted November 22, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM H. CONNOR**, of Vernon, Conn., enlisted November 23, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, Va.

\* \* \*

**JOHN CONNER**, of Suffield, Conn., enlisted December 7, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service, at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.



**RICHARD COLLINS**, of Lisbon, Conn., enlisted August 26, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; was with the Battery when it entered the Confederate capital with the first Union troops, and was mustered out of United States service June 11, 1865, at Manchester, Va., after seeing the termination of the war.



Though with the Battery such a short time of active service, Comrade Collins feels proud of his connection with it and has a warm place in his heart for the comrades.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM COPPLES**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted December 29, 1863; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865, after having seen the Union flag hoisted over the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN A. CURTISS**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted August 6, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM DAVIDSON**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES DIXON**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 29, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; was transferred to United States Navy April 28, 1864; served on the United States ship *Commodore Jones*; killed May 6, 1864, in an engagement on the James River.

**JAMES E. DICKERMAN**, of Southington, Conn., enlisted January 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after entering the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.



Comrade Dickerman was born in Southington, November 8, 1845. He was the great-grandson of a Revolutionary hero, Samuel Dickerman. When the war of secession broke out Comrade Dickerman tried to enlist, but was twice rejected on account of his short stature, a defect remedied in civilian life to a

certain extent by wearing very high heels inside his boots. The third time he tried to enlist he was accepted and served with the Battery during the last eighteen months of its existence. He was at one time severely injured by the recoil of a gun he was serving and was in hospital for some time, but he always felt proud that he was able to rejoin the comrades and go with them into Richmond. He died May 23, 1893, aged 48.

\* \* \*

**DANIEL DONOHUE**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 25, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN DOYLE**, of Ellington, Conn., enlisted November 15, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN DOYEL**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out June 11, 1865, at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va.

**JOHN DRAUGHT**, of East Granby, Conn., enlisted November 29, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**XAVERIUS DROESBECK**, of Waterbury, Conn., enlisted August 30, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN DUANE**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted October 5, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ADOLPH W. ECKERT**, of Waterbury, Conn., enlisted August 30, 1864; mustered in same day; was slightly wounded before Richmond, Va., February, 1865; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**STEPHEN E. EVARTS**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted September 3, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS FARRELL**, of Union, Conn., enlisted November 22, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**FRANK FERGUSON**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 25, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted February 1, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN FITZPATRICK**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted November 23, 1864; mustered in same day; transferred to Company C, 4th United States Volunteers, January 16, 1865; deserted May 3, 1865.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE FORD**, of Branford, Conn., enlisted December 1, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

**CHARLES H. FREAR**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES H. FULLER**, of Essex, Conn., enlisted February 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS GALVIN**, of Madison, Conn., enlisted September 16, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged October 8, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM W. GORTON**, of Woodstock, Conn., enlisted September 8, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JACOB HALL**, of Haddam, Conn., enlisted December 30, 1863; mustered in United States service same day; discharged, through disease contracted through severe exposure, December 20, 1864.

\* \* \*

**BYRON C. HARVEY**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted September 19, 1864;



was mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after entering the Confederate capital with the first Union troops.

Comrade Harvey was born in East Haddam, Conn., on October 11, 1847, so he was under seventeen years of age when he enlisted. His grandfather served all through the War of 1812. Abdiel D. Harvey, a brother of Comrade Byron Harvey, served three years in the 10th Connecticut Infantry, was wounded at Kinston, N. C., December 14, 1862, and honorably discharged October 7, 1864.

After the war Comrade Harvey settled in Meriden, where he is much respected. He has served as Vice-Commander and Commander of Merriam Post, G. A. R.

\* \* \*

**LEVI A. HAMLIN**, of Washington, Conn., enlisted February, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

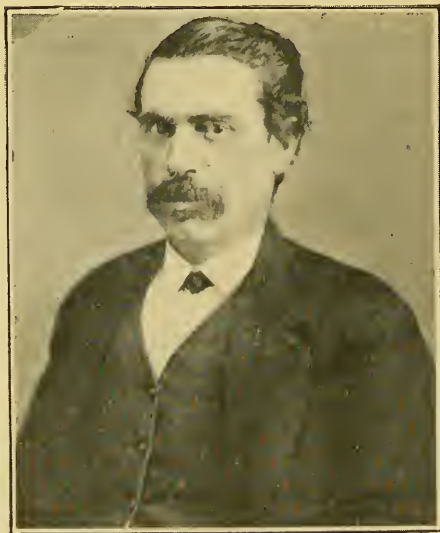
**STEPHEN HANAWAY**, of Hartford, Conn., enlisted November 14, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; deserted February 28, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS HENNESEY**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted November 23, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; transferred to the 4th Regiment United States Volunteers, unassigned, January 17, 1865; deserted February 7, 1865.

\* \* \*

**HENRY E. HOTCHKISS**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted in the 59th



New York Volunteer Infantry August, 1861; honorably discharged February, 1863; enlisted in First Connecticut Light Battery January 4, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after being with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital. Comrade Hotchkiss is the brother of Charles A. Hotchkiss, and

like him was an excellent soldier and a good comrade.



**HENRY G. HOLTZ**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 20, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE JINMAN**, of Suffield, Conn., enlisted December 7, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT JOHNSON**, of Westbrook, Conn., enlisted December 26, 1863; mustered in same day; deserted January 1, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM JOHNSON**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**GEORGE H. KELSEY**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted September 3, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**TRUMAN C. KELSEY**, of New Britain, Conn., enlisted December 12, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS KELLEY**, of Ellington, Conn., enlisted November 16, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM KELLEY**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered in Company B, 8th Connecticut Infantry, September 27, 1861; honorably discharged, through sickness, May 29, 1862; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery November 25, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted March 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**DAVID KENT**, of Union, Conn., enlisted November 16, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted January 21, 1865.

**CHARLES KENYON**, of Hartland, Conn., enlisted November 14, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted December 18, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM H. KING**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 26, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; deserted December 9, 1864.

\* \* \*

**FRANK LA BILLA**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted December 9, 1864; mustered in same day; honorably discharged at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES H. LOCKE**, of Meriden, Conn., enlisted January 26, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; deserted May 9, 1864.

\* \* \*

**EDWIN LOVELAND**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted January 5, 1864; mustered in United States service same day;



mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. He was with the first Union troops to enter Richmond, and saw, with pride and patriotic exultation, the Union flag hoisted over the capital. Comrade Loveland was a good, steady soldier. Ever ready to obey orders cheerfully or to assist the comrades in times of need, his every action proved that he had entered into the war through the highest motives of patriotism.

\* \* \*

**JOHN MAGUIRE**, of Union, Conn., enlisted November 16, 1864; mustered in same day; deserted January 31, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT MARTIN**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted November 19, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

**JOSEPH MARTIN**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted August 27, 1862; mustered in Company F, 22d Connecticut Infantry, September 20, 1862; mustered out July 7, 1863; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery November 21, 1864; mustered in same day; was with the Battery when it entered Richmond with the first Union troops, and was mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN MARTIN**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted November 25, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS F. McCARTY**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted November 15, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES McCANN**, of Manchester, Conn., enlisted November 21, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after entering the Confederate capital with the first troops.

\* \* \*

**EDWARD McCORMICK**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted December 2, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out, after entering the Confederate capital with the first Union troops, June 11, 1865, at Manchester, Va.

\* \* \*

**PETER McGEE**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted November 27, 1863; mustered in United States service same day; was wounded at the battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after having been with the first Union troops to enter the Confederate capital.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT McILROY**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 7, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

**GEORGE MILLER**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted November 30, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged December 15, 1864.

\* \* \*

**ROBERT W. MORGAN**, of Chatham, Conn., enlisted November 21, 1864; mustered in same day; died January 9, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM MULLIGAN**, of Suffield, Conn., enlisted November 21, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES NANGLE**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted December 28, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CALVIN H. NORTON**, Guilford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service on September 1, 1864; was wounded before Richmond, and remained in the hospital until he was honorably discharged June 14, 1865.

\* \* \*

**FRANK W. PATTISON**, of Bridgeport, Conn., enlisted and mustered



in January 20, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865. Comrade Pattison served for some time as company clerk and performed every duty with credit and honor, winning the confidence of Captain Clinton, who felt sure that no clerk could be more efficient or painstaking. He says his confidence was not misplaced.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM E. PATTERSON**, of New Haven Conn., enlisted September 9, 1862; mustered in Company I, 27th Connecticut Infantry

October 22, 1862; taken prisoner at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; paroled May 14, 1863; mustered out July 27, 1863; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery January 2, 1864; mustered in same day.

\* \* \*

**STEPHEN B. PECK**, of New Britain, Conn., enlisted December 12, 1864; mustered in the United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM A. PINNEY**, of Berlin, Conn., enlisted December 1, 1864, mustered in same day; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES A. PLUMMER**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted November 19, 1864; mustered in the same day; deserted January 17, 1865.

\* \* \*

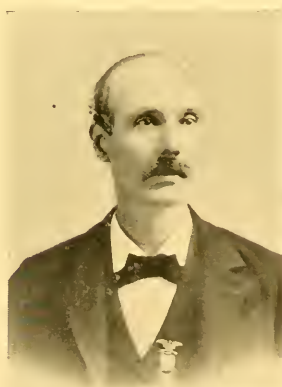
**HENRY B. PORTER**, of Hebron, Conn., enlisted August 24, 1864; mustered in same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**PETER QUIGLEY**, of Union, Conn., enlisted November 19, 1864; mustered in same day; discharged June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ADAM RAMSEY**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted January 5, 1864; mustered in United States service same day; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865, after being with the victorious Union troops on their march into the Confederate capital.



Comrade Ramsey not only proved his patriotism while with the Battery, but has shown a feeling of good fellowship by meeting with his comrades at the reunions, and has maintained the sturdy characteristics of his good old Scotch ancestors.



**JAMES QUINN**, of Simsbury, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service November 26, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**PETER ROACH**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted and was mustered in United States service November 21, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, Va., June 11, 1865.



Comrade Peter Roach was born in Ireland and came to this country when a child. Filled with martial ardor, he ran away from home, and being a well-developed boy enlisted in the 25th New York Infantry, but his father obtained his discharge on proving that he was under age. Two weeks later, in company with three other boys, who all worked in the same shop, he ran away to Hartford,

Conn., and enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery. His father did not find him, and so the young soldier went to the front and participated in the closing scenes of the great war. His father was an Irish patriot and was a distinguished member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; his grandfather served in the English army and retired with a pension. Comrade Peter Roach had two sons in the Spanish-American war; one was with the gallant 69th New York, and the other served with the 8th United States Infantry at the battle of San Juan, Cuba.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES ROGERS**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted and was mustered in United States service February 1, 1864; deserted February 10, 1864.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS SANFORD**, of Suffield, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service December 7, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

**WILLIAM H. SWAN**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted September 1, 1862, and was mustered in Company C, 25th Connecticut Infantry, November 11, 1862; mustered out August 26, 1863; enlisted in the First Connecticut Light Battery August 31, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**EDWARD SCHLOTHEIM**, of Enfield, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service November 19, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**MICHAEL SHAY**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted and mustered in November 25, 1864; deserted January 25, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JOHN SIMPSON**, of Burlington, Conn., enlisted and was mustered in January 13, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, near Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK W. SMITH**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted and was mustered in United States service January 29, 1864; deserted March 13, 1864.

\* \* \*

**FREDERICK W. STOWE**, of East Windsor, Conn., enlisted and mustered in October 14, 1864; honorably discharged June 11, 1865; promoted 2d Lieutenant by brevet June 12, 1865. Comrade Stowe is a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, and his action fully maintained the patriotism of his family.

\* \* \*

**THOMAS SULLIVAN**, of Essex, Conn., enlisted and mustered in February 2, 1864; wounded at the battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM TAYLOR**, of Ellington, Conn., enlisted and mustered in November 15, 1864; mustered out of United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

**LEROY UPSON**, of Wolcott, Conn. (see portrait and exciting adventure, page 698), enlisted and mustered in the United States service September 3, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

Comrade Upson's father, Lucian Upson, served in the 8th Connecticut Infantry as a private. His grandfather on his mother's side, Levi Johnson, served in the War of the Revolution. His mother, Lois A. Upson, was an honored member of the Hannah Woodruff Chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution of Southington, Conn.

Comrade Upson, since the war, has held several responsible positions with manufacturing concerns in Connecticut. He resides at Watertown, near Waterbury, Conn.

\* \* \*

**EDGAR VAN HORN**, of Milford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in January 29, 1864; mustered out of the United States service at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.



Comrade Van Horn was born in Milford April 22, 1846. Comrade Van Horn recalls with pride that though only a recruit, he participated in the engagements at Chester Station, Proctor's Creek, Drewry's Bluff, Ware Bottom Church, and in the battles and skirmishes to the end of the war. He is a brother of Comrade George Van Horn, whose record has been given under his name.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM WALKER**, of Granby, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 29, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**JAMES WALTERS**, of Berlin, Conn., enlisted and mustered in the United States service November 30, 1864; deserted April 15, 1865.

**HENRY WATSON**, of Essex, Conn., enlisted and mustered in February 2, 1864; deserted July 24, 1864.

\* \* \*

**AVRIES WEED**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted and mustered in September 1, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**CHARLES E. WELLMAN**, of Guilford, Conn., enlisted and mustered in September 13, 1864; honorably discharged from United States service June 16, 1865.

\* \* \*

**HENRY L. WILMOT**, of East Haven, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service January 18, 1864; killed at the battle of Proctor's Creek, Va., May 14, 1864.

\* \* \*

**CLAYTON H. WILSON**, of Columbia, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service December 1, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**WILLIAM WILSON**, of Essex, Conn., enlisted and mustered in February 2, 1864; transferred to United States Navy April 28, 1864; served on United States ship *Agawam*; killed in action August 13, 1864.

\* \* \*

**WINFIELD WILMARTH**, of Windsor Locks, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service August 31, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**PETER WOOSTER**, of Vernon, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service December 2, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

\* \* \*

**ALEXANDER WRIGHT**, of New Haven, Conn., enlisted and mustered in United States service January 19, 1864; mustered out at Manchester, opposite Richmond, Va., June 11, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES AND DATE OF  
ENLISTMENT.

Sergeants enlisted .....	1861 .....	17
Hospital Steward enlisted.....	1862 .....	1
Corporals enlisted .....	1861 .....	22
“ “ .....	1862 .....	2
“ “ .....	1863 .....	1
“ “ .....	1864 .....	1
Musicians “ .....	1861 .....	1
“ “ .....	1862 .....	1
Artificers “ .....	1861 .....	6
Wagoner “ .....	1861 .....	1
Privates “ .....	1861 .....	96
“ “ .....	1862 .....	15
“ “ .....	1863 .....	4
“ “ .....	1864 .....	110
Enlisted men (total).....		278

CASUALTIES.

The following list of killed, wounded, injured and of deaths from disease, during period of active service, has been compiled from the official records, Pension Office reports and the records of the First Connecticut Light Battery. It may not be entirely accurate, as many were doubtless injured, but did not report to the doctor, hence their names do not appear in the official report:

KILLED.

Lieutenant George Metcalf,	Proctor's Creek, Va.
Private Henry Wilnot,	Proctor's Creek, Va.

WOUNDED.

(Officially reported.)

John E. Albro,	July 16, '63, James Island.
Marcus M. Hall,	May 10, '64, Chester Station.
Elijah C. Tuttle,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.



Chas. Richardson,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Peter McGee,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Ebenezer Wakeley,	May 10, '64, Chester Station.
Hart Landon,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Alfred E. Leonard,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Frederick Besley,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Chas. N. Bissell,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
James H. Reynolds,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Thos. Sullivan,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek.
Curtis Bacon,	May 15, '64, Proctor's Creek.

## INJURED DURING SERVICE.

(From pension reports and battery records.)

Geo. F. Remington,	December 20, '61, Meriden.
Henry Grow,	January, '62, on <i>Ellwood Walter</i>
John Shine,	May 8, '62, Beaufort.
Geo. W. Penhallow,	September, '62, Beaufort.
J. H. Gladding,	July, '62, no place given.
Samuel H. Hull,	March, '63, Beaufort.
Wm. G. McNary,	July, '63, Pon Pon River.
Andrew Nolan,	July, '63, Pon Pon River.
E. O. Blatchley,	May 10, '63, Chester Station.
H. W. Beecher,	May 10, '64, Chester Station
David Crossley,	May 14, '64, Proctor's Creek
Wm. Davidson,	May 15, '64, Proctor's Creek.
James E. Dickerman,	Injured by recoil of gun.
Chas. E. Evarts,	1865, Darbytown Road.
Calvin H. Norton,	1865, before Richmond.
Adolph W. Eckhert,	February, '65, Richmond.

## DIED FROM DISEASE DURING ACTIVE SERVICE.

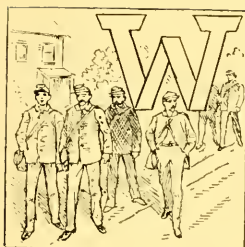
H. B. Bullard,	February 6, '62.
Henry H. Spencer,	February 8, '62.
Fred. A. Pettibone,	May 4, '62.
E. M. B. Roberts,	June 24, '62.

Reuben Spencer,	July 5, '62.
James Hayes,	July 18, '62.
Nathan Gillette,	August 4, '62.
George A. Goodale,	August 5, '62.
Levi J. Warner,	August 8, '62.
Joseph H. Hull,	August 31, '62.
James J. Taylor,	October 8, '62.
Fairfield Cook,	January 20, '63.
Wm. L. Graham,	April 20, '63.
Wm. E. Moore,	August 20, '63.
J. G. Norton,	October 14, '63.
Hector McLean,	May 16, '64.
Chas. Bancroft,	June 9, '64.
Curtis Bacon,	July 10, '64.
Lucius H. Jagger,	July 16, '64.
Robt. W. Morgan,	January 9, '65.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

### THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

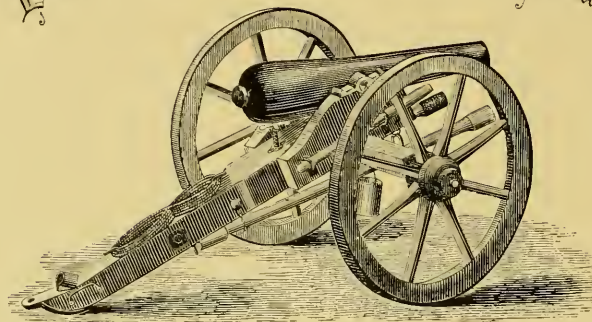


WITH the close companionship lasting through three or more years, the fact that during those years the comrades had been participants in one of the greatest wars the world had ever known, made it a natural sequence that there should be a desire to perpetuate the friendship and keep alive the spirit of fraternity which had made the Battery almost like a social club throughout its existence.

The members of the Battery were scattered, and so met only at rare intervals. The comrades residing in New Haven or Guilford or Milford fraternized and told tales of army life in the long evenings when freed from the cares of business, but something more was needed, and so, in September, 1868, at an informal meeting at which a number of the veterans were present, it was resolved to try and effect a permanent organization so that those who had camped and fought side by side might be more closely banded together, and as brothers in a sacred cause help each other in the spirit of love and charity and patriotism. A Committee of Arrangements was appointed and a notice sent out for the holding of a reunion of the original members of the First Light Battery at West Meriden, Conn., on October 26, 1868. The calling together of the original members was an event of considerable importance, and a *facsimile* of the call is presented herewith.

*First Reunion,*

*First Light Battery, Connecticut Volunteers.*



*New Haven, September 3d, 1868.*

*Mr. Theron Upson*

*At a meeting held this day, it was voted to hold a REUNION of the original members, officers and men, of the FIRST LIGHT BATTERY, C. V., at West Meriden, Conn., Oct. 26th, 1868, at which your presence is respectfully requested. Please notify one of the Committee of your ability to attend or not, and inform any other old members in your vicinity of said Reunion.*

*Very Truly Yours,*

*A. B. Rockwell, New Haven.  
John S. Cannon, New Haven.  
S. C. Dickinson, Milford.  
Chas. F. Jilson, Hartford.  
Edward Griswold, Guilford.*

*Committee of Arrangements.*

On Monday, October 26, 1868, at 11 o'clock, some forty of the original members responded to the call and met at Circle Hall, West Meriden.

Those present temporarily organized by electing Corporal Warren H. Bissell, of Hebron, as president, and Charles E. Jillson, of Hartford, as secretary. Subsequently a permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers:

*President.*

General Alfred P. Rockwell.

*Vice-Presidents.*

Lieutenant John S. Cannon, of New Haven.

Corporal Warren H. Bissell, of Hebron.

Sergeant Charles E. Jillson, of Hartford.

Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith, of New London.

Private Horace Doolittle, of Cheshire.

Private Marcus M. Hall, of Guilford.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*

Lieutenant Arthur E. Clark, of Milford.

*Historian.*

Lieutenant Theron Upson, of Kensington.

After the organization of the association the comrades adjourned to the dining hall of Messrs. Murry & Hall, where an excellent dinner had been prepared. After a blessing was invoked by Chaplain Walker, of the 18th Connecticut Infantry, an hour was spent in enjoying the bountiful repast.

*The Soldiers' Record*, of Hartford, in speaking of the first reunion, said:

It is seldom that a more satisfactory season is enjoyed. The most kind and cordial feelings prevailed; every one was so glad to see his comrades. It was their first reunion. Keen wit and good humor were the order of the day. Army jokes were reviewed, thrilling incidents related, and *important* questions asked, such as "Who killed the goat?" "Who ate the pig?" and other questions of *absorbing* interest were proposed, but few of which, however, were satisfactorily answered, though it was the general impression that somebody could have answered most of the interrogatories if they had been so disposed. Per-



haps at the next meeting these difficult questions may be settled. Almost every one at the table made a *short* speech and asked and answered a question, which was received with the most *decided* demonstrations of approbation.

Before the comrades separated the invitation of Comrade Edward Griswold to hold the second annual reunion in Guilford was accepted, and the date fixed for October 1869.

As the comrades were leaving the hall one of them made the sentient remark, "Every member of the Battery is as near to me as a 'twin brother,'" and it was this feeling which made the first gathering a success.

The second reunion was held at Guilford in October, 1869, and marked an epoch in the history of the Battery Association. When the veterans arrived at the depot they were met by twenty members of the Battery, wearing white badges, and the Guilford Light Battery, Connecticut National Guard, Lieut. Griswold, who, in uniform, were drawn up in line with sabres at shoulder. A line was immediately formed, which moved to the Music Hall in the following order:

Felsburg Band.

Guilford Light Battery, C. N. G.

First Connecticut Light Battery.

Citizens in carriages.

As the procession marched around the public square to the Music Hall a salute was fired from the green by the Guilford Battery. The Music Hall was profusely decorated with flags and banners, with portraits of Lincoln, Grant and Governor Buckingham conspicuously displayed, and in the rear of the platform were suspended upon white shields, the names of those who had died in service and the names of the engagements in which the Battery had taken part.

The Rev. Mr. Weeks, on behalf of the people of Guilford, welcomed the comrades to the town and extended to them the hospitalities of the citizens, after which Lieutenant Upson returned the thanks of the comrades to the good patriotic people of Guilford.

The Guilford Light Battery entertained the comrades at dinner, the beautiful girls of Guilford acting as waitresses for the occasion. After dinner Lieutenant Cannon presided over the meeting and addresses were

made by Chaplain Walker, Comrades Upson, Landon and others. In the evening a collation was served in the Armory, and dancing occupied the time until a late hour.

The officers elected were:

*President.*

General Alfred P. Rockwell.

*Vice-Presidents.*

Lieutenant John S. Cannon.

Lieutenant Hezekiah B. Smith.

Lieutenant Edward Griswold.

Lieutenant Sylvanus C. Dickinson.

Sergeant Warren H. Bissell.

Sergeant Charles E. Jillson.

*Secretary and Treasurer.*

Lieutenant Theron Upson.

While the majority of the people accepted the result of the war, however they may have felt prior to its close, there were some who retained their "copperhead" sentiments, and would not allow themselves to be reconciled to the fact that the Union had been preserved and one nation firmly knit together from the Lakes to the Gulf. A statesman once said that "a copperhead is one, who while he has not the virtue of loyalty, lacks the courage to go to the war," and many of the copperheads of Connecticut, while sympathizing with the cause of the South, remained in the North and made what money they could out of those who were loyal to the Union. When the war was over, they disliked to hear anything about the triumph of the Union and every gathering of veterans was like a red flag held before an angry bull. They would gladly have praised a reunion of Confederates, but had only terms of opprobrium, and even descended to falsehood for a gathering of Unionists. As an instance of this sentiment and in order to make the history one of absolute fairness we quote a letter, which appeared in the New Haven *Daily Lever*, October 29, 1869, the falsity of the statements contained in it are so glaring that no refutation is necessary:

To the Editor: The great gathering of the "veterans" of the Connecticut Battery so flamingly noticed by the press all over the State, has "been and come and gone off"

in this quiet little village without even stirring an echo from the distant hill-sides. A great feast of fat things was promised, but a most lean and beggarly account of empty dishes followed. It was a melancholy and most dejected fizzle in the way of a demonstration. Eight musicians and a corporal's guard of *quondam* soldiers were all that were in attendance. These few dined and supped and "owled" (if not howled) it home on the midnight train. With few exceptions—and these only prominent because few—the people of Guilford showed their obtruding guests but little attention. Anything that tends to keep alive the remembrance of the late war is distasteful to the people here. The high prices of everything they eat, drink and wear is a sufficient reminder of the follies and crimes of the past. A letter was read from Gov. Hawley, saying that he was too much engaged in preparations for Grant's Thanksgiving to be present. One native soldier said something, and then the thing ended like a figure nine with the tail cut off. This is a correct version of the affair—and nothing set down in malice.

T. S. P. D.

The third annual reunion was held in 1870 at Sea View House, West Haven.

The fourth reunion was an enjoyable one at Guilford Point.

In 1872 the comrades gathered at Sea View House, West Haven, to hold their fifth reunion.

Each year the comrades met and dined together, told stories of war-time days, recalled experiences and pledged each other to a long life fraternity. Unfortunately the minute books of those early days of the Veteran Association have been lost, and so no record can be given.

September 17, 1879, known as Battle Flag Day, saw a memorable gathering in Hartford. The Connecticut troops from all parts of the State assembled in the capital city and paraded the streets with bands and banners, and then marched to the new Capitol, where each regiment and battery deposited its battle flag in the hall dedicated to the battle flags of the State, there to be preserved as most precious memorials of the great struggle and the valiant work done by Connecticut men.

The First Light Battery participated in the battle flag celebration and held their reunion in Hartford on the same day.

No record has been kept of the 13th reunion, held in 1880.

The 14th reunion was held in the year 1881, at Sachem's Head, Guilford.

The record of the 15th reunion, held in 1882, has been lost.

The 16th reunion was held at the Surf House, West Haven, when 24

of the comrades attended, many of them accompanied by their wives and families.

The year 1884 was a memorable one in the history of the association, for the good people of Guilford determined that the 17th gathering should take the form of an encampment, lasting the entire week in the pleasant month of June. Most of the comrades within accessible distance of Guilford attended some time during the week, and many a handshake and fraternal grip told how enjoyable it was to meet on the "tented field" once more. General Rockwell and most of the officers of the Battery in its war days attended and guests were welcomed with all a true soldier's heartiness and treated with hospitality.

The records of the 18th and 19th reunions have been lost.

The 20th gathering took place at Waterbury, September 13, 1887, when 24 comrades responded to the call.

The following year the reunion was held at Milford, August 30, and was attended by 40 comrades with their wives and families and invited guests.

On September 19, 1889, the association met at Sachem's Head, Guilford, for the 22d annual reunion.

In 1890 the comrades left the State and assembled in Boston, Mass., for their annual gathering, 17 comrades taking the trip.

The 24th reunion was held on September 9, 1891, at Bridgeport, and was attended by 32 comrades.

The 25th annual gathering took place on August 31, 1892, at New Britain, at which 32 comrades and 24 invited guests were present.

The 26th reunion was held at Guilford, September 13, 1893, and its exercises were participated in by 29 comrades and 28 of their wives and friends.

On October 26, 1894, the association assembled at Grand Army Hall, Hartford, 25 comrades answering the roll-call, and 11 invited guests joining with them in their enjoyable feast and exercises.

The 28th reunion was held in Meriden, October 9, 1895, 28 of the comrades responding to the invitation, accompanied by 16 invited guests.

On August 26, 1896, the association assembled in New London, 21

comrades answering to the roll when the proceedings opened; 12 invited guests participated.

The 30th reunion was held on August 26, 1897, at Sanford Hotel, Woodmont, at which 35 of the comrades and 18 invited guests sat down to a bountiful dinner.

On August 18, 1898, the association met at Mansfield Grove, East Haven, and the gathering was attended by 29 comrades and 8 others.

The 32d reunion was held at the Surf House, West Haven, on September 21, 1899, and was attended by 42 comrades and 32 invited guests, mostly the wives and children of the veterans.

This gathering was a momentous one, the comrades being roused to enthusiasm at the thought that the Battery history would be recorded in enduring type and be thus in a form to be handed down to future generations.

The secretary of the Reunion Committee read many letters from absent members; that from General Rockwell will be found printed in full on page 475 of this history; Lieutenant S. T. Porter wrote from Orr, Montana, saying that "millions should pay tribute to those who in the hour of darkness made sacrifices and shed their blood in order that the republic might be preserved, and that future generations might have such a government as no other nation now enjoys." Some of the comrades came from a great distance in order to take part in the historic reunion. Comrade James Wells brought his wife and family from far-off Tampa, Florida, to participate in the exercises. Historian Beecher explained the scope and nature of the history, of the work he was doing, and Editor De Morgan, who was present as an invited guest, told how thorough the history would be, and showed that it would differ from any other ever written, inasmuch as it would tell the story of the war from the private's standpoint and as far as possible in the comrades' own words. Such a work, besides being unique, would be one of the most valuable state papers ever issued, and future generations would value it and treasure it as an heirloom of priceless worth. Speeches were delivered by a number of the comrades and by Mrs. James Wells, who is an active worker in philanthropic movements in the South, Mrs. Hart Landon and others. A committee was appointed by the president to draw up resolutions of thanks to Comrade and Historian Beecher. After a recess the committee presented the following resolutions,



which were adopted by a standing vote, the comrades gathering round the historian and testifying their appreciation by hearty handshakes:

**Whereas,** The members of the First Connecticut Light Battery assembled at Savin Rock, New Haven, on the 21st day of September, 1899, to celebrate the 32d annual reunion of the Battery, have realized the fact that Comrade H. W. Beecher, by an unstinted use of his money and unlimited time, has through persistent energy and perseverance triumphed over difficulties and caused to be written a full and complete history of the Battery; therefore

*Be it Resolved,* That the members desire to testify their appreciation of his patriotic and loving labors, not for themselves alone, but for their descendants, who will value a record of the part taken by the Battery in the war of 1861-65, making an important chapter in the history of Connecticut;

*Be it Resolved,* That words are inadequate to express the sincere thanks of the members to their beloved fellow-comrade, for the minute and detailed compilation of historical facts and reminiscences related by individual members, making the book unique, interesting and valuable, as well as being an accurate history of the First Light Battery Connecticut Volunteers.

(Signed) JAMES HOLLY,  
WARREN H. BISSELL,  
S. WILBUR SCRANTON,

Committee on Special Resolutions.

Adopted by Battery September 21, 1899.

The officers elected were:

*President.*

Edward Griswold, of Guilford.

*Vice-Presidents.*

Herbert W. Beecher, of New York.

Alfred G. Bishop, of New York.

*Secretary.*

Theron Upson, of Hartford.

*Treasurer.*

John T. Sloan, of New Haven.

*Reunion Committee.*

Samuel W. Scranton, of New Haven.

John S. Cannon, of New Haven.

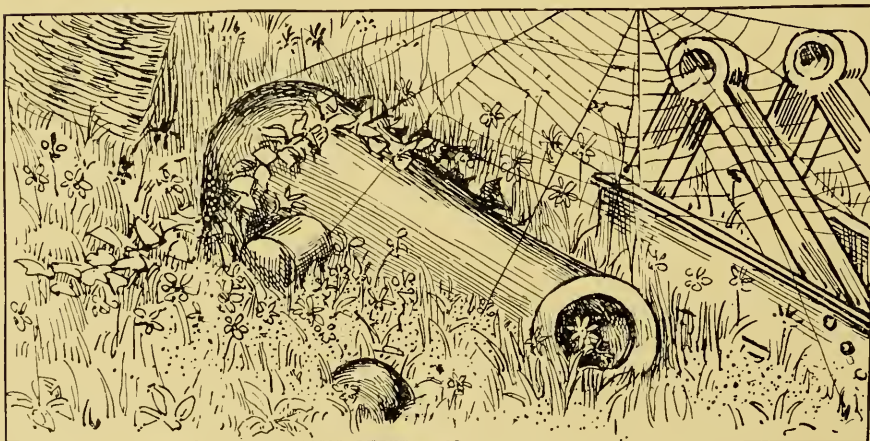
Charles W. Gesner, of New Haven.

John T. Sloan, of New Haven.

The 33d reunion was held on September 6, 1900, at Lighthouse Point, East Haven, and was attended by 45 comrades and 38 others. After the meeting had been called to order by the president, Comrade Sloan read many letters of regrets from absent comrades. General Rockwell wrote :

"I am sorry that my engagements will prevent my attending the Battery reunion. I am glad to know that the record of the Battery is to be so well preserved in the history which Comrade Beecher is publishing. We are all proud of the record."

The same officers were elected for the ensuing year.



## CHAPTER XLV.

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### THE BATTERY'S SUCCESSOR.

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SOON after the Battery returned from the war and its members were mustered out, General Russell, then in command of the State militia, sent for Comrade Edward Griswold, of the First Connecticut Light Battery, to meet him at his home in New Haven. There Comrade Griswold found with General Russell, Governor Buckingham, and his Adjutant, General

Morse, Colonel Kellogg, of the 2d Connecticut Regiment, and other military men.

Governor Buckingham stated that he desired to organize a light battery as a part of the forces of the State, to be under the command of some one who had had experience in that arm of the service, and offered Comrade Griswold the command of a section to be recruited in Guilford.

Comrade Griswold thanked the Governor for the expression of his confidence, but thought that as he had served three years at the front he had done his share, but he expressed his willingness to recruit the men and then allow them to elect their commander.

The Governor accepted the proposition and Comrade Griswold proceeded to carry out his promise. Recruits came in quickly, seven of his old comrades enlisting with him. When the section was full Comrade Griswold was unanimously elected its commander. He remained with it six years and retired with a splendid record, the Guilford section, or Platoon A, as it was officially named, being reported as excellent in every respect

and at the head of the list on State reports. Succeeding Comrade Griswold in command were L. O. Chittenden, John B. Hubbard, William H. Lee, Arthur S. Fowler, William T. Fauld, Edward M. Gillette, Barlow Honce and George T. Fowler respectively.

The military papers have often referred to the Battery as one of the most efficient in the militia of the United States.

The veterans of the First Light Battery, who joined the Guilford Light Battery, Connecticut National Guard, as charter members, with their rank in the new organization, were:

Edward Griswold,	1st Lieutenant.
Hethcote G. Landon,	2d Lieutenant.
Horatio W. Evarts,	1st Sergeant.
Elias O. Norton,	} Sergeants.
Edgar G. Davis,	
Edward P. Norton,	} Corporals.
Stephen H. Norton,	
Charles W. Lane,	Private.

Of these eight veterans four have passed away. Landon, Evarts and Edward and Stephen Norton have answered the last roll call on earth and been mustered into the ranks of the great army of the faithful. Their names are held in grateful esteem by their fellow comrades.

When the *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana and it was felt that war with Spain must naturally ensue, the members of Battery A were filled with patriotic fervor and only waited for the President's call to volunteer as their predecessors had done in 1861. The call was made and Connecticut was asked to furnish a light battery as a part of its quota. It was naturally expected by the Guilford battery that it would be chosen, but the great influence of Yale University and its wealthy friends throughout the State was used in behalf of a battery to be raised from the ranks of the militia, many of whose members had been graduates of Yale.

The Guilford battery had been formed for just such an emergency and for thirty years had been recognized by the State. To ignore it and raise a battery outside its ranks was declared by many citizens to be in the nature of an insult. It was not likely that Lieutenant Edward Griswold would allow

the battery to be ignored, and being a personal friend of Governor Cook and Senator Hawley, he used his influence with them with such zeal and eloquence that an order came from the governor for the battery to report at the State rendezvous at Niantic for inspection, prior to being transferred to the service of the United States.

The veterans of the First Light Battery, realizing that Battery A was the lineal descendant of the old First Light Battery which did such good service in the war of 1861-65, determined to present a flag to Battery A, with the earnest wish that the Battery might win for itself immortal renown.

On May 17, 1898, the veterans assembled at Camp Haven, Niantic, Connecticut, carrying with them a beautiful blue silk flag four and a half feet by five and a half feet, with gold cord, a gilt eagle perched on top of a white oak staff; on the flag was the inscription:

FROM FIRST LIGHT BATTERY C. V., '61 TO '65,

TO

BATTERY A, CONN. VOLS., '98.

A great gathering had assembled at the camp to witness the presentation, and after fraternal greetings President Griswold, of the Veteran Association, in a patriotic speech said:

Captain Honce, officers and members of Battery A, Connecticut Volunteers of 1898—volunteers to uphold the dear old flag. The heart of every survivor of those who stood in line 37 years ago as you do now beats in unison with yours to-day. Sad may be the parting with dear friends, but inspiring is the God-bless-you loyalty with which they bid you go.

He then introduced Lieutenant Sylvanus C. Dickinson, of Stratford, to make the presentation speech. The veteran lieutenant was in good form and addressed the successors of the old Battery with which he had so gallantly served as follows:

Officers and men of the First Connecticut Light Battery: Thirty-seven years ago our nation awoke to find itself plunged into civil strife. The North and South were arrayed against each other, and for four long years the valor and devotion of both sections were poured forth unceasingly, only to be swallowed up by the remorseless maelstrom of war. When the contest was over it had cost thousands of millions in treasure and hundreds



of thousands of precious lives, but national unity, the vital principle of our existence, had been established forever and forever. Among the organizations which had enlisted at that time was the First Connecticut Light Battery. Recruited in October, 1861, at West Meriden, under Lieutenants Seward, of Guilford, and Cannon, of New Haven, it was sworn into the service of the United States early in November, and two months later received its marching orders. Thenceforward for three years and eight months, on many fields in the Department of the South and in Virginia, it answered to the call of duty, and always with credit to itself and with honor to the State. It was mustered out at Richmond in June, 1865, when, leaving the horses and guns, the men returned home and transferred the colors to the custody of the State, and the First Light Battery had passed into history. And now, after this long interval of peace, another war is thrust upon us. Not, like the former, to reunite a divided nation, but to rescue from the clutch of an arrogant and barbarous government a neighboring people who have long struggled for freedom, and under God's providence lead them along the road toward a broader and more enlightened citizenship. To aid in the accomplishment of this object you men of this battery are here. You have chosen the old Guilford organization as a medium around which to rally, and in your zeal have swollen it from a single section to the dignity of a full battery. You have been endowed by the Governor with a name which even now sends a thrill through numerous hearts when it is spoken, and which is yet dear to the men who filled its ranks so many years ago, and believing that you will wear it worthily, and will, so far as you have opportunity, honor the confidence the State has reposed in you, we of the Battery of 1861 greet the Battery of 1898 as the child of our adoption. Our thoughts will follow you. Whatever may be the fortunes of war, be assured that no honor can come to you that will not also bring pride and gladness to the hearts of those who once trod the paths along which you are now marching. Wishing to emphasize our regard for you, we have deemed it good to present you with this flag. As it floats over you, let it be an incentive to noble deeds and a constant reminder of that loyalty which graces most of all the soldiers who serve under its folds. It may be that it shall never wave in the smoke of battle, nor even be kissed by the soft winds of the South. It may be your destiny to guard our coast, and your

flag may never cast its shadows on other than New England soil; but wherever it waves we are confident it will be the rallying-point of men as brave, as patriotic, as self-denying as those who bore your name and manned the guns of the old Battery thirty-five years ago.

Captain Honce, in a few well-chosen words, accepted the flag in behalf of Battery A. Three hearty cheers were then given by the Battery for the Veteran Association.

The Veteran Association, after the presentation of the flag, invited the commissioned staff and non-commissioned officers of the Battery to dine with them at the National House.

Seated at the tables, representing the Veteran Association, were President Edward Griswold, Major W. T. Seward, Hart Landon, W. B. Norton, George Durgin and Edgar G. Davis, of Guilford; Herbert W. Beecher, of New York City; John T. Sloan and Lieutenant John S. Cannon, of New Haven; J. R. Doolittle, of Plantsville; James Holly and William McNary, of New Britain; Lieutenant S. C. Dickinson, of Stratford, and Lieutenant H. B. Smith, of New London.

Representing Battery A were Captain Honce, Lieutenants O'Brien, Weston, Kinney and Honce, Sergeants Lynch, Clancey, Fisher, Massey, Chappel, Twitchell, Spencer and White, Corporals Sanford and Dailey and Private J. F. Wildman.

The dinner was a sumptuous one and enjoyed by all present. It was a memorable day both for the veterans and the new Battery, and the State had reason to be proud of the sons who were ready to stand by their guns as their fathers had done before them.

The battery was in camp for four months, and though not called into active service, it received many words of praise for the good conduct and soldierly appearance of its members, from army and ex-army officers, and much commendation from the other organizations encamped with them. It was the general opinion that had they gone into active service they would have sustained the reputation of the old war organization and once more shown that Connecticut's sons behind the guns were the equal of any under the United States flag.

When it was decided that their services would not be required they

were mustered out of the United States service, and returning home became once more a State organization.

They were filled with disappointment, however, at having to surrender the modern breech-loading guns they had used in camp and to return home with the old muzzle-loaders which they had formerly used. The disappointment damped the ardor of many, but patriotism prevailed, and the battery is sustained by the hope that soon the State will be able to furnish the most modern equipments.

The past officers and charter members of the Guilford Light Battery have never lost their interest in the organization. They have always been proud of it and looked upon it as the direct heir, as it was the natural offspring, of the old First Light Battery of 1861-65. Many times during the past thirty-five years the Battery would have passed out of existence had it not been for the patriotic efforts and pride of its charter members.

In speaking of this battery, Comrade Griswold says: "Thus the child of the old First Light Battery has existed in a country town for thirty-five years, while in almost every city of the State batteries have been organized, only to live a short time and then be disbanded. A farming town seems to me to be the legitimate home for a light battery. The farmer boy is brought up with a knowledge of horses, and in a farming town where the drivers can supply their own horses, the expense to the State is considerably less.

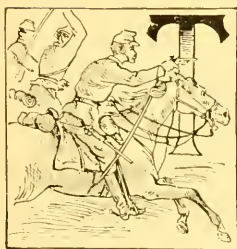
"A new militia bill has become a law, having for its object the reorganization of the State militia, and the battery is awaiting with some anxiety the final decision of the authorities. The Adjutant-General, in his last report, recommends a battalion of artillery, to be located in the cities of New Haven, New London, and Bridgeport, and it is feared that if that recommendation is carried into effect, the country organization, notwithstanding its thirty-five years honorable career, may be wiped out of existence."

The first platoon, stationed at Guilford, is at present under the command of Lieutenant Alton Spencer; the second platoon, at Branford, is commanded by Lieutenant John F. Kinney, and the captain of the battery is William J. O'Brien.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### ADDITIONAL EXPERIENCES AND REMINISCENCES.

RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.



THE history had progressed considerably when many of the comrades remembered incidents, experiences and stories they had heard which were well worthy a place in the pages of this book, but were received too late for insertion in their proper chapters. In order that such stories and reminiscences should not be lost and other valuable experiences and incidents preserved, this chapter has been added.

#### ANTE-BELLUM REMINISCENCES.

Comrade Ebenezer Wakeley tells very graphically the story of the destruction of the office of the *Bridgeport Farmer* on account of its extreme "copperhead" views. Comrade Wakeley was employed in the office and knew the inside facts of this very important event in the history of Bridgeport.

The *Farmer* was active in its opposition to the war, and was as nearly in sympathy with the secession movement as it was possible to be without making an open avowal of disloyalty. There had been many threats to destroy the office, especially when the characters of the "three months' men" were cruelly aspersed, and it was usual for a number of the employees to remain in the printing office during each night. There were several barrels of clubs, something like policemen's clubs, ready to be used in case of emergency, a goodly number of the proprietor's friends being willing to offer their assistance in case they were needed.

The "copperhead" sentiment was manifested throughout New England by the holding of "peace" meetings, at which there would be speaking, singing, feasting and the raising of a great white flag as a sign that the meeting was in favor of unconditional peace. A peace meeting had been extensively advertised to be held at Stepney, a suburb of Bridgeport, and P. T. Barnum, the "great showman," and Elijah Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, determined that the peace advocates should not have it all their own way. A number of carryalls and coaches were engaged and as many loyal men and boys recruited as possible. Comrade Wakeley was one of the boys who joined the Barnum and Howe contingent. He says: "When we reached Stepney green the large assemblage was listening to a prayer at some little distance from the pole on which the white flag was hoisted. We drove up to the pole and took positions round it to protect the man who was to climb up the pole and lower the flag, for it had been intended to let it remain there permanently. As soon as the people realized what we were doing the meeting dispersed, many of the men hurrying home for their guns, which our party tried to wrest from them as soon as they reappeared. This caused several hand-to-hand struggles in the road. The sheriff appeared and tried to arrest those who were found with arms or engaged in fighting, but he was almost powerless. The flag had been taken down, torn into shreds and tied to the wagons of the loyalists. Then orders were given for the procession to return, and the prompt action of the leaders averted a terrible riot."

The loyalists returning to Bridgeport remembered the disloyal *Farmer*, and the procession turned into Wall Street to the office of the paper.

"Some of the men, finding the office closed, entered a new building close by and seized some heavy planks," says Comrade Wakeley. "It was evident that they intended bursting open the door, when Colonel Nobles, an old lawyer and loyalist, walked up the steps and in the interest of law and order bade the men retire. His appeal was unavailing and he had to stand aside. The doors were smashed open and then there was a pause, for even the most excited feared to meet the men who might be armed inside the building. Andrew Grogan, who was foreman in that office, foolishly entered the building and ran upstairs to the proprietor's private office, bidding him escape. The crowd followed him and for two hours occupied the



building, clearing it of everything movable." A bundle of paper was thrown into the basement and Comrade Wakeley saw that it was burning. He knew instantly that it was intended to fire the building. He swung himself down over the iron railing among the papers and rubbish accumulated there and put out the fire before it gained much headway.

Mr. Morse, the proprietor, escaped and went South, where he openly espoused the Confederate cause. His foreman, Andrew Grogan, enlisted in the 6th Connecticut Infantry and rose to the rank of Lieutenant. He was seriously wounded, losing one of his legs, at Bermuda Hundred, June 29, 1864.

The destruction of the *Farmer* office acted as a warning to the disloyal, and Bridgeport gave a good account of itself throughout the war.

\* \* \*

While the feeling was so strong at the North, it can easily be understood that in the South extreme bitterness was manifested by those in favor of secession against those who were loyal. Many a man became a martyr for his principles, and scores of homes were destroyed in pure wantonness because of the expressed or implied loyalty of the owners.

At the time Virginia voted in favor of secession, Comrade Beecher's father lived in the Shenandoah Valley at Front Royal, Warren County, Virginia. Abram T. Beecher was one of the seven men who dared to vote against the ordinance of secession in that county and therefore was a marked man. The excitement was intense, the hatred of the "Yankees" was at fever heat, and but few, even of the old Whig party, dared to vote against secession. Virginia was forced out of the Union by the war party, and those who were in favor of remaining in were marked as enemies and traitors, for it was held that loyalty to the State was of higher importance than loyalty to the public.

One night Mr. Beecher was stopping at a hotel in Milford, Warren County, where some of the fire-eating secessionists were drinking. After getting well warmed up with whisky, these rabid and excitable men conceived the idea that there would be great fun in "chasing all the d—d Yankees out of the country." A man hunt was just to their liking, and as they had imbibed sufficient of the fire-water to make them careless of the consequences, they became more excited and talked openly of their plan.

The landlady, overhearing the discussion, went softly into the parlor, where Beecher was sitting, and in a low voice told him of his danger.

"They will either hang or shoot you," she said, "for they are just drunk enough to do it."

"I guess I had better start for Front Royal."

"Oh, no, don't do that; if you do they will catch you, sure."

Her quick wit saw a way out of the difficulty. She was good-hearted, and, while a secessionist, did not believe in lawless murder. She knew the consequences of failure, but took the risk. She told him that there was but one way of escape—he must hide in the attic of the house, and without waiting for his consent she beckoned him to follow her upstairs.

She had hardly time to get down again before the drunken secessionists entered the parlor, and after looking round demanded in an angry voice:

"Where's old man Beecher?"

"Mr. Beecher? Why, he left ten minutes ago for Front Royal," she answered, without a tremor.

The men looked at her suspiciously, but after they saw that she could look them straight in the eye without even a nervous twitching, they concluded she was telling the truth. And why should she deceive them? they thought, for her family were all loyal to the cause of secession, and she was the mother of grown-up men and women; her boys were all acting with the popular party.

The fire-eaters lost no time getting under way on track of "old man Beecher." They did not find him, but in their desperation, maddened by whisky and disappointment at not catching the man whom they considered the worst of the lot on account of his name, they decided to hunt down some of the seven who were marked as traitors, and they succeeded in finding two or three of them. They took them into the mountains and they have never been seen or heard of since. The general supposition was that they were either hung or shot, though there was no evidence of what became of them. They were said to have been "chased out of the country," according to the threat made to get rid of all the "d——d Yankees."

Comrade Beecher after the war heard his father tell of the heroic action of the lady, and the story was amply corroborated by Mrs. Dr. Compton,

the lady herself, who never regretted the courage she manifested that night. Mr. Beecher went to Front Royal the next day and did not venture into the mountain district until after the war, but his danger was still great, and the adventures he met with were almost enough to weaken the stoutest heart.

On one occasion the fire-eaters seized him and, putting a grapevine around his neck, drew him up once or twice, as if they intended hanging him, saying: "This is the way we treat old cusses like you." Why this was done and yet allow him to live he was never able to find out. It may have been that he was constantly under suspicion and they feared he might aid the enemy in some way, and so they wanted to keep him intimidated or make his life so disagreeable and dangerous that he would leave the country. He did not leave, however, and at the close of the war only two out of the seven men who had voted against secession in Warren County were alive or in Virginia, and Beecher was one of them; all the others were either chased out or killed.

As the war progressed Front Royal was occupied by Union troops, and occasionally Beecher's house was made the headquarters of Generals Banks, Milroy, Custer, and other officers who happened to be in command.

General Custer, in one of his raids up the Shenandoah, passed one night up the Luray Valley through Front Royal with a large division of cavalry. Early on the following morning Mosby's raiders attacked Custer's rear guard and attempted to capture the provisions, baggage and ambulance train.

As Custer's men moved up the valley in the night, Mosby's raiders were deceived regarding his force, which they had mistaken for a small raiding party which they could attack in the rear and capture the provision wagons.

Custer's force was large enough to enable him to deploy his men all over that part of the country, and flanking Mosby's raiders, almost surrounding them, captured five or six.

The boldness and effrontery of the raiders so exasperated the young Union general that he ordered every one captured shot at once. In the rush and excitement two or three citizens of Front Royal were captured on suspicion of belonging to the Mosby gang or for cheering when the raiders passed through the town.

One of those captured as a suspect was Mr. Beecher, who was taken before General Custer, who fairly trembled with rage.

He turned to one of his captains and, pointing to the suspect, said:

"Is this the man?"

"Yes, sir," the captain answered.

Without a moment's hesitation Custer gave the order:

"Take him out and shoot him!"

The guard was about leading Beecher away when a colored man, who knew him to be a stanch Union man, interfered and told General Custer that they had mistaken Mr. Beecher for one of his near neighbors, who, said the colored man, had cheered the Mosby raiders as they passed.

The man referred to was a German music teacher, an enthusiastic admirer of Mosby and his raiders.

Beecher was nearly out of hearing when Custer ordered the guard to halt and to hold the prisoner for further inquiry.

Custer sent for the German teacher, but he had fled. That was looked upon as a proof of guilt, and as both Beecher and the German were about the same size and both wore the same kind of gray homespun suits, Custer took it as evidence that the colored man's story might be correct, and Beecher was ordered released.

A young man named Rhodes, the only son and support of a widowed mother, was one of the innocent victims. Without trial, and merely on the word of the officer who arrested him, Custer ordered young Rhodes shot. Mr. Beecher interfered, telling the general that the boy was innocent. Custer countermanded the order to shoot the boy, but it reached the shooting party too late—the innocent boy was dead.

Five men were shot and two hanged that day by Custer's orders.

Custer's crime that day was murder, not justified by the laws of war, and to the day of his death it was a dark stain on his otherwise brilliant career. A monument has since been erected at Front Royal to the memory of the fallen heroes who were murdered at Custer's command.

One day the Confederate General Jackson marched through Front Royal with a portion of his army. Beecher was working in a cornfield. His brother-in-law pointed him out and intimated that he was a dangerous man to leave in the rear of the army. The hint was enough. Beecher was

arrested and taken before one of the Confederate generals, when an exciting examination took place.

"What is your name?" asked the officer.

"Abram T. Beecher."

"Are you a relation of Henry Ward Beecher?"

"Not that I am aware of," answered Beecher.

"I suppose you are one of his school?"

"No, sir. He is a preacher; I am not."

The general got out of patience and his temper overcame his supposed judicial calm. He snapped out:

"Well, I suppose you are a d——d abolitionist?"

"No, sir, I am not. I am a *Union* man."

The answer was a brave one. Many a man had been shot for less than that, but the sturdy New England stock was showing its grand strength.

"No, no, you are not! You are a traitor!" thundered the Confederate, "Virginia has seceded. You have lived in the State twenty-one years and owe allegiance to the State. You are a traitor! a traitor!"

"No, sir," answered Beecher. "Virginia attempted to secede, but she hasn't got out yet! Until she does, I shall claim protection under the Stars and Stripes."

"You use pretty strong language for a man in your position."

"Well, sir, if you do not want my opinion don't ask for it, for if you do you will get it."

The general closed the discussion by saying:

"Oh, I reckon we'll put you where you can't hurt anybody!"

The guard was ordered to take the brave New Englander away. He was escorted to Winchester, about twenty miles from Front Royal, as a prisoner.

The next day he and some other prisoners were ordered to tear down a fence in front of the cavalry, so that the way might be cleared for a charge. Beecher pitched in with the other prisoners and cleared away the fence. As the cavalry charged over them Beecher dropped behind a log and, in the confusion of the charge was not missed. When he rose no one was near, so cautiously moving along in the shadows, he managed to get clear of the lines.



When Mr. Beecher was within five miles of his home, and thinking that he was safe from pursuit, a man came out of a house armed with a shotgun and stopped him.

"See here," he said. "Who are you, roaming around in rear of the army? You need not stand there looking around. I have a shotgun that will settle your case if you try to run."

Fortunately, about this time Colonel Jacobs, a neighbor of the Beechers, came along, and seeing his friend called out:

"Beecher! What's the matter? What are they doing with you here?"

Mr. Beecher explained how he was taken to Winchester with Jackson's army and there released, and now was trying to get home.

Colonel Jacobs said to the self-constituted vigilante: "This is Beecher, from Front Royal. He is all right; let him go. I'll vouch for him," and so Beecher was permitted to travel on.

After swimming the river Beecher encountered no more difficulties, and got safely home four days after his capture.

These interesting reminiscences are valuable because they show the magnificent spirit of the men who, amid all the excitement and danger, stood firm in their loyalty to the Union. It was men like Abram T. Beecher who made the republic respected and honored at home and abroad; men who would sacrifice their lives rather than be false to principle.

\* \* \*

General Custer tells a story of his march through the Shenandoah Valley which illustrates how brave and daring were the men who had enlisted under Colonel Mosby. He says that one evening half a dozen of Mosby's raiders were lounging on the south bank of the river, when there approached a company of Custer's men, ten times as many as the Confederates could muster. Of course it would have been madness for the raiders to have risked a battle, so the orders were given to retire. But one of the Mosby raiders, who must have been a reckless daredevil, raised his musket to his shoulder and brought down one of the Unionist soldiers. Then jumping into the river, he began swimming across to the bank on which Custer's men were stationed, and was only prevented doing so by the positive command of his officer. On being asked why he attempted to cross in the face of certain death, he replied that he wanted to see where his

bullet struck the bluecoat. Custer says he had this story from one of the officers under Mosby, who often laughed over the overpowering curiosity of some of his men.

\* \* \*

Comrade Cannon tells an interesting story of his experience at the outbreak of the war. It was clearly discernible to his observant mind that the contest, then imminent, would be long and severe, and with a view of gaining what information was attainable from personal observation, he resigned his position in Baltimore early in April, 1861, and proceeded to Norfolk, Va. While in Norfolk he visited the navy yard and saw the ill-fated *Cumberland*. The *Merrimac* was also there, laying at the dock, being put in condition to be towed to Philadelphia. While in Norfolk the news of the fall of Sumter was received, and the secession element was jubilant; a salute was fired and other manifestations of approval evidenced. There was, however, some Union sentiment at Norfolk, incident upon the fact that the United States navy yard was located there, and through the influence of the officers and men had some effect, but on arriving at Petersburg the next day no Union sentiment was observable, and on the advice of a friend Lieutenant Cannon immediately left Petersburg and proceeded to Richmond.

If the secession sentiment was hot at Norfolk, it was hotter at Richmond; and little secession flags floated from the windows of every house, and the talk was all of war. On Friday, the 19th of April, occurred the riot in Baltimore, when the 6th Massachusetts was attacked by the mob. Crowds gathered around the telegraph bulletin and devoured the news with avidity.

It was now evident that all hope of a peaceful solution of the questions in dispute was ended and stern war must be the arbitrator.

Arriving at the depot at Richmond early on the morning of Saturday, the 20th, he was surprised to find that he could not get a ticket without first procuring a pass, and, attempting to get on the train, was met by a guard, who denied admission to any one without a ticket. Calling on Governor Letcher, at the Governor's Mansion, he soon procured the much-desired pass, and hastened back to the depot, only to find that the train had been gone about half an hour. This was a predicament, indeed, but with

characteristic perseverance he began at once to look around for other means of escape, and found one in the steamer *George Peabody*, bound for Baltimore (being the last vessel that left Richmond before the war), arriving in New Haven early in the summer and without further incident.

#### EARLY REMINISCENCES.

Comrade Griswold loves to dwell on the patriotism of the people of Guilford, and he has good reason for the pride he possesses. In writing about the early days of the war he says:

“The patriotism of the fathers and mothers of 1861 has never been excelled in the history of any nation. Their determination to save the Union and their readiness to sacrifice, if need be, their loved sons, is something that should be an inspiration to all future generations, showing how a government relying on its citizens could be saved by its patriotic men and women.

“When the first squad of recruits of the First Connecticut Light Battery left Guilford, escorted by 100 of the ‘fathers of Guilford,’ this firmness and patriotism was shown, and it inspired the boys not only with patriotism, but it gave them courage, knowing how brave their fathers were.

“These aged men who were sending their well-beloved sons to the war kept up a bright, pleasant, cheerful demeanor, intending to give us a pleasant send-off. The depot was reached and we had to wait for another train to pass on the side track. The parents of one of the boys were talking to him at a car window. The tears ran down their cheeks, their bodies shook with sobs, their groans and moans were as loud and heartrending as though they were sure they would never see their boy again. My father, who had stood it as long as he could, stepped up, and in a stern, commanding voice, emphasizing his words by stamping his foot on the platform, said:

“‘For God’s sake, don’t send the boys off in that way!’

“The words inspired me. I resolved that my career should be one that should be a credit to such a father. I had been the first of his sons to enlist, but he knew others would follow, and two more of his sons enlisted and served the cause of the republic three years or more.”

\* \* \*

A comrade recalls a sermon preached by the Rev. E. Warriner, Chap-

lain of 1st Connecticut Cavalry, at Camp Tyler, in which he gave this advice: "When you swing your sabre over the head of a rebel, pray 'God have mercy on your soul!' and then strike; and don't you pray too long, either, for fear you may not hit him."

\* \* \*

On page 46 will be found an account of the election of non-commissioned officers of the Battery and a statement that there was considerable dissatisfaction over the result. In justice to all the comrades, it is deemed well to reprint a copy of a petition drawn up for presentation to the commissioned officers, stating the grounds of such dissatisfaction. The petition was withdrawn after several of the comrades had expressed themselves very strongly that they did not wish it to be inferred that their enlistment had been prompted by an idea of getting an office:

TO SELDON T. PORTER, JOHN S. CANNON, GEORGE T. METCALF and WILLIAM T. SEWARD, lieutenants commanding First Light Battery Connecticut Volunteers:

We, the undersigned, members of the First Connecticut Battery, beg leave respectfully to represent that the late company election (so called) should be set aside and made void, for the following reasons:

1st. That the members were promised that said election should not be held *until the company was full*.

2d. Because it was promised that the election should be by *ballot*.

3d. Because a large proportion of the company were absent on furlough at the time of the late "election" and did not have an opportunity of voting.

4th. Because said "election" was not presided over or sanctioned by a commissioned officer.

We would further represent that the "election" in question was considered so much of a farce by many members of the company that they did not vote at all.

Therefore we would pray that the commissioned officers either declare that a new election by ballot be held at some future time, or that they waive the privilege of the company electing the non-commissioned officers, and appoint such persons as they deem best fitted to fill the positions of honor and trust, as is the custom in all other military organizations in this State.

(Signed)

— — —

Comrade J. W. Sanford contributes a number of reminiscences of the short time he saw service with the Battery, many of which are very interesting.

At Camp Tyler he went over to the cavalry camp to witness some target shooting. One man made an extra good shot. "A friend with me asked me if I would like to try," writes Comrade Sanford. "I told him that I had never fired a gun a dozen times in my life, but would show them what I could do. He handed me his rifle, and without stopping to take aim I fired and hit the bull's-eye. I was looked upon as the best marksman on the ground, but I was careful not to risk my reputation by trying again."

Comrade Sanford says that "a New York regiment had only just vacated Park Barracks when the Battery moved in, and there had been an epidemic of measles among the New Yorkers. We were exposed to the disease, and Fred. Pettibone was taken sick with the measles soon after we left New York. He was sick all the time we were on the *Ellwood Walter*, and died soon after we reached Beaufort. I was very sick on board, and one day, just off Cape Hatteras, Comrade Grow picked me up and carried me to the front of the ship and said: 'Now, Sanford, we are going to the bottom soon, and you will get there first.' At the time I did not care where we went. I think that a combination of all the diseases known to the human race would not make a person feel worse than I did for the four days I was sick. When I began to feel better I was so hungry that I could not get enough to eat. I paid the ship's cook fifty cents for a pint of meal porridge."

\* \* \*

During the time the First Light Battery was at Camp Tyler the comrades had the most pleasant experiences. The people could not do too much for them; they were petted and looked upon as the very cream of the State, and rightly so. The comrades will never grow weary of telling of the pleasures as well as the amusing features of camp life. Comrade Griswold laughs even yet—laughs as only a good, honest, happy man can laugh—over an amusing mistake he made while in the camp. The mistake or practical joke of which he was the victim was taken by all the parties concerned in good part. It appears that the comrade one day thought that he ought to seek a laundress, for his supply of clean clothes was



getting short. Getting permission to go into the village of Hanover, he tied up his soiled linen, and placing the bundle under his arm, started out on his quest. A sutler at the entrance of the camp ground was just the man to know all about the village, and so Griswold asked him if he knew of a laundress anywhere near. "Why, yes, my friend," said the sutler. "You just go down that lane to a big house—see, there it is," and he pointed out what appeared to be quite a mansion. The comrade hesitated a little, but the sutler assured him it was all right, and away went Griswold to the house. He walked round to the back door and timidly knocked. A very nicely dressed lady answered the summons and invited him to enter. It was dark, the shades of night were falling, and Griswold stepped into the back hall. He told her that he wanted some washing done and that he had been recommended to her. She smiled, bit her lips, and then assured him that she was ever ready to do what she could for the citizen soldiers, and bade him leave his bundle. Just as he was leaving she asked his name, and he answered "Griswold." "Where from?" she asked. "Guilford," he replied. She stepped closer and scanned his face in the growing darkness, and then inquired if he was playing a joke on her. He did not know what she meant, and she, fetching a lamp, looked at the comrade closely and said: "There must be some mistake. Our Ed. Griswold came from Guilford." Then it began to dawn on the comrade that he had been taken for his Cousin Edwin, who had worked for this lady's husband. Explanations were made and the lady invited Griswold to call some evening and bring some of his friends with him, when she would introduce him to some friends of his cousin, including the girl he was engaged to marry.

Comrade Griswold says that he was quite a favorite with the comrades after that, for many of the girls of Hanover used to visit the camp and ask him to introduce his friends to them.

One of Griswold's tent mates was of a very susceptible nature, and he fell in love with one lady, whose name Griswold does not remember. So much in earnest was he that he never thought she could be anything but pleased with his attentions; in fact, she invited him and his friends to her house. The invitation was accepted, and on his way to the house he confided to Griswold that he would invite the "widow"—for he was sure she was a widow—to go skating with him; but, alas! that very evening she intro-

duced her husband to the comrades, and the poor fellow's pleasure was destroyed.

\* \* \*

Comrade Wakeley wrote in his diary a description of the first practice with the guns at sea. The *Ellwood Walter* had got past the Narrows and into the open ocean, and on the afternoon of January 28, when out of sight of land, he says:

"Lieutenant Porter tried some of his projectiles—we had considerable trouble in getting one of the guns on the forward part of the ship. First he tried Sault's new shell, which was warranted to explode on striking the water. The first shot went some two miles and struck the water and bounded several rods.

"Only one of the shells which was fired burst when the water was struck. One out of four exploded. One was fired without a cap. Then two solid shots were fired. The solids, like the shells, were very long and not round. This was the first time I ever saw solid shot fired. You can hear the shot hum in the air.

"Then we tried the canister shot. This is a case about eight inches long filled with shot just about the size of the first joint of the thumb. When it had been fired and had gone about 300 rods from the ship it fell and struck the water and the case burst. It seems that the canister shot would work great havoc with the cavalry."

\* \* \*

Comrade Oliver K. Abels desires it to go on record that he was not sick on the *Ellwood Walter*, but that he "acted in the capacity of hospital steward and general helper all around. Do you remember the big dishpans of cornmeal I made for the boys?" he asks. "I helped to get the poor sick comrades out of the forecastle. On one occasion, poor Bullard was delirious and in fighting mood and he struck me below the belt, doubling me up. He did not know what he was doing. I often think of that fat, greasy nigger we had for a cook. He was not, properly speaking, the ship's cook, but was specially hired for the trip to cook for us. He made a fine batch of bread one night, but the next morning it was strewn all over the old ship from deck to hold, and many of the boys felt like throwing the cook overboard. When we were at Beaufort the doctor and I had quite a time with a com-

rade who was suffering with an ingrowing nail and had been off duty for a long time. The doctor told me to get the comrade into the hospital tent, which order I obeyed. We put him to sleep and the doctor pulled the toenail out. Just as he had finished the comrade raised his head and sang out, 'You did that d——n well, doc.' We had a good laugh over it."

## BEAUFORT AND JAMES ISLAND INCIDENTS.

When the Battery arrived at Beaufort the comrades were in a sorry condition. "We were not very presentable," writes Comrade Sanford, "at least Captain Rockwell thought so as he came on board and inspected his men. He said we were very much in need of a good cleaning up and so ordered. Corporal Tuttle told the captain the reason we were so dirty, and also that the men had been on short rations of food as well as water. We soon got all we wanted and then went ashore. I was put on guard at the officers' quarters, to which in a short time Comrade Albro drove up with a quantity of food. It was put into the room and I was left to guard it. I had not had a square meal for three weeks. The sight and smell of that food destroyed all sense of right and wrong. I was weak from hunger after the seasickness, and inside of five minutes after Albro went away I began to fill up and fill out at the same time. I ate all I dared, and when the relief came I told him what my orders were and went away. He told me that he ate half of all I left. But we had no reason to complain about short rations after that."

Life at Beaufort was diversified by fishing, and much fun was got out of the amateur attempts at cooking, but many of the comrades developed into good cooks, and when they returned home were able to give the women of their homes many a hint. Comrade Sanford tells us how they enjoyed eating "sting ray," a fish, he says, which was a dangerous one to handle until you cut off its tail; after that it was all right. It was a very easy fish to dress; we just turned it over on its back, cut out its mouth and all the internal organs at once; then we sliced and fried it, and you had a dish fit for a king. The next fish of importance was the shovel-nosed shark. There was no danger about this shark and he was very good eating, but not as good as the sting ray. "A little later the comrades learned how to cook blackberry pudding. Comrade Leeds Brown had more time than the rest

of us and he used to gather the berries, and then would mix up a mass of flour, soda, water and blackberries and bake it in a big iron kettle. It seemed to me that there could be nothing better than that blackberry pudding. I could always eat more than my share of it."

\* \* \*

The comrades, brought up in New England, were naturally interested in meeting and conversing with the negroes of the South. Comrade Clark writes in his diary under date "Beaufort, February 21, 1862. Sergeant Clinton came to the guard tent and called upon four of us to go with him. We started on a double-quick, not knowing for what we were called. Very soon we came upon an old negro with a back load of pickets he had taken from a fence, whom we were ordered to arrest and march to the guard tent. We did so. He was kept there two or three hours and then released, after having been examined by the Captain and officer of the day. While in the guard tent he gave us a little of his history, saying he was owned by a clergyman who was now upon the mainland. He said he had been treated well, but obliged to work very hard. The reverend doctor, according to his statement, had owned about ninety negroes and two plantations, containing from four to five hundred acres of land. One of my comrades took out a Testament and read to himself; the negro requested to hear some of it. He seemed to love the Bible and to wish to do his duty as far as it was revealed to him. He gave as an excuse for taking the pickets that he saw others doing the same all around without being reprov'd, and therefore concluded that the military authorities did not care, so he thought he would have some." And in another place he says: "The majority of the negroes are like children; they have no idea of providing for the future, and if permitted they would undoubtedly loaf about and live upon what they now have and be in want before long."

Comrade Clark was very much attached to religion, and the happiest hours with him seemed to be those spent in worship. Speaking of one of the religious services in a Beaufort church, he wrote in his diary: "A number of us took seats in the gallery devoted to the use of the choir in former days, and sang in concert. Jack Turner played on the melodeon. The side galleries were filled with negroes; the body of the house was full of soldiers. I enjoyed myself more than I have before in a long time."

He tells of a comrade having to carry a bundle of sticks, weighing fifteen pounds, on his back ten hours a day as a punishment for breaking an order and being the cause of the death of a horse. The comrade, with another, were sent out to exercise two horses and were told not to run them, but no sooner were they out of sight of the camp than the command was forgotten and the horses put to a run. Going down the road they met a baggage wagon; one of the horses became unmanageable, perhaps frightened of the wagon, and rushed at the wagon, the pole of which pierced its stomach and killed it.

On Sunday, March 23, 1862, "Captain Stevens came to our quarters," writes Comrade Clark, "and ordered the Battery to be hitched up and to start immediately for the ferry. You may be sure there was considerable excitement. In eighteen minutes from the time the order was given we were ready to start. We went about three and a half miles out, then we were ordered 'about' and placed in battery in two fields, commanding a small bridge crossing a creek, over which the enemy would be obliged to come; the right and left sections on the left and the centre section on the right. For a few minutes it seemed as if we should be called into action, but after ten or fifteen minutes we were told it was a false alarm, and we were ordered to return home, where we arrived about seven o'clock. It was a trial of the Battery and we have been complimented upon our promptness."

\* \* \*

Comrade Wakeley tells an amusing story about the burial of a horse at Beaufort, near the first camping ground of the Battery. He was on the detail to bury the horse and the carcass was drawn out to the sand at low tide. The job seemed easy enough and the men set to work to dig the grave, but as fast as they worked nature was just as fast and filled up the hole again. With tremendous energy the men threw out the sand, and then, thinking the hole was deep enough, proceeded to drag the horse to its grave. The sand had drifted so rapidly that the hole was filled up before they could get the horse into it, and after several attempts they had to go further inland and dig a grave in the soil or the horse could not have been buried.

Comrade Wakeley was not familiar with horses and their ways, and it was a subject of wonder that he ever lived to leave the service. He was



sometimes detailed as driver, and then his fellow-comrades had considerable cause for laughter, for, as he tells us, he was over the saddle most of the time, expecting to fall off every minute. He would hang on to the horse's mane and to the strap and saddle the best way he could, being bruised and knocked about by his inability to keep in the saddle. Several times he was thrown and had narrow escapes from being trampled or crushed to death. "On one occasion," he says, "at Pigeon Point, I was riding one of the horses back to camp. There was only a strap round the horse's neck and from that the reins, but I had ridden the animal before in that way. On this occasion, however, the horse wanted to go faster than usual and I began pulling at the reins, and as the horse trotted I got gradually forward until I was on his neck, my feet locked together under it, but I rolled round and hung head downward under the horse's neck, and should have been killed had not the animal stopped near a tree stump and allowed me to get down."

\* \* \*

Comrade George M. Barber recalls an incident which has both a tragic and humorous side. "It was when the Battery went to Folly Island," he says. "There were some twelve or more of the comrades sick and convalescent left at Beaufort. After the attack on Fort Wagner the wounded were brought back to Beaufort and placed in Hospital No. 5, the one nearest our camp. The day the boat came up the hospital was not quite ready, and the wounded were laid under the live oaks in the shade. Over at our camp there was a mule belonging to Beaufort that used to come up and help himself to oats and forage. We had driven him away a number of times, but it did no good; that mule would come back again and again. So one day we drove him into one of the stalls and tied three or four cans to his tail, and then backed him out of the stall and gave him a start. There was a streak of tin cans, mule's heels, etc., in the air, till he was out of sight. He steered straight for the wounded soldiers lying in the grass, till almost upon them, when he turned and went around them. The wounded enjoyed seeing the mule go as much as any of us, and perhaps it did them good by taking their minds away from their suffering, though we were afraid that there would be damage done by the mule."

\* \* \*

Comrade Marcus M. Hall tells the story of the coffee-pot episode at

Pigeon Point (see pages 191 and 192) a little more fully and graphically, as follows:

“A barrel of whisky had been placed in the hospital tent for medical use. Its position was such that one head of the barrel rested against the wall of the tent. This state of affairs was at once caught onto by some of the boys, who thought Pigeon Point water would be more conducive to health if mingled with a proportion of the ardent; accordingly a cabal was at once organized to carry out this sanitary measure.

“Canteens were confiscated wherever found, a gimlet was forthcoming from a mysterious source, the wall of the tent was pressed firmly back against the barrel, and the rest was easy. One little convenience, however, was lacking, viz., a proper vessel in which to drain the nectar and fill the canteens. I had that day been to Beaufort and bought a new coffee pot. It was clean, bright and capacious. It attracted much attention and I thought not a little envy. The boys gathered around me and exhibited more interest than the occasion called for; they predicted for the article much distinguished service. They were true prophets. After taps that night I never saw the coffee pot again for two weeks. Meanwhile it *did distinguished* service—a half barrel of whisky had passed through it. It was returned quite rusty, and I asked Tite Hall why it was in such condition, and he replied that ‘it was poor tin and wouldn’t stand the effect of fusel oil half as long as Mun Tuttle’s throat.’ Those in the ring told me afterward that for a time every stump and clump of bushes on Pigeon Point concealed a canteen of whisky. Jim Reynolds and Dwight Hall, while hunting a ‘possum in the neighborhood of the camp, found two gallons of whisky in a hollow tree. About twenty men, one after another, were invited to the guard house and probed for information regarding this matter, but *they were all absolutely innocent*. As for myself—being considered a stiff cold-water man—I could not be trusted, hence was in no wise a party to the enterprise.”

\* \* \*

Comrade Wakeley recalls an incident of Pigeon Point Camp:

“Some boxes of crackers had arrived for the Battery, and were at the time needed by the company. They were piled up so one could get down and look under them. Some of our men pretended to be very inquisitive about the age of the crackers, and requested others as they came up to the

place to look and see, if they could find them, what the marks under the boxes were. I think it was our cook who said, after he looked, that the marks on the boxes of crackers indicated a manufacture before the Christian era began. And being asked upon what he based his opinion, he said that he saw the 'before-Christ marks' on the boxes, evidently referring to the maker's trade-mark 'B. C.'

"Close to where the boxes of crackers had been piled on their arrival at the camp was the cook house. Here a guard was placed every night, and one night when I was on guard duty I had to go into the cook house to relieve my companion. He, and perhaps another, was eating a rice or bread pudding and I was invited to participate. I think an officer of the guard assisted in this feast. It seems to me in some way that Sergeant Horatio W. Evarts was the officer. How the eating commenced I do not know, but it was going on when I went in to relieve the guard, and I inferred the pudding to be a little lunch perfectly authorized by the cook or some one in charge. The next day we, the guards, underwent investigation. Captain Rockwell, I think, was away at this time. Those thought to be most offending were subject to punishment. Now my memory puts Comrade Doran and myself as sentenced to stand each upon a pine stump for two hours. I claimed to be innocent through the fact that an invitation to eat had been given and that the eating seemed to be authorized, but I do not think I got entirely free on the plea.

"These pine stumps were about two and a half or three feet high, and were of different sizes, according to the size of the tree when cut down. It depended on the size and manner of cutting down whether or not it was easy to stand upon them. It is clear in my mind that I joked upon the punishment so far as it was applied to this part of it where the least offending ones stood upon the stumps two hours. It was, I stated, my 'first experience on the stump.'"

\* \* \*

The newspaper correspondents at the front often gave the Battery credit for its excellent work.

The *New York Herald's* correspondent, telegraphing an account of the skirmish near Grimball's Landing, June 8 and 9, 1863, says: "Captain A. P. Rockwell, with his Connecticut Battery, responded to this fire and poured





JAMES ISLAND.

Showing the defenses of Charleston and the line held by the Union forces prior to the battle of Secessionville. Battery Lamar, wrongly called Fort Pemberton on page 139, was the one which Generals Stevens Wright and Williams attempted to capture on June 16, 1863.



percussion shells into the rebels with great effect and much more accuracy than the enemy had shown."

A Lieutenant of the 10th Connecticut Infantry, writing to a New Haven paper an account of the evacuation of James Island, thus referred to the Battery:

"The guns of the First Connecticut Light Battery were served with a rapidity and accuracy that spoke well for our friend, Captain Rockwell, and compared favorably with the rebel fire."

\* \* \*

"Can you recall many incidents about the James Island campaign?" Comrade Andrew Turner was asked. He very characteristically replied: "I can remember one thing about James Island. The order was given to get off the field the best way we could. I know, as I have often told my friends, that it was the only time in my life that I ever ran without getting out of breath, and I was not tired, either. I was not the only one who ran that day." Comrade Turner was as brave as any man in the Battery, and we know that it was not fear that gave speed to his feet, but having permission to look out for himself, he stood "not on the order of his going, but went at once," to slightly alter Shakespeare.

\* \* \*

Comrade Sanford tells his experiences on James Island and reveals a horrible suspicion about the loyalty of a doctor at the hospital in Beaufort. We let him tell his story in his own words:

"In May the right and centre section started for James Island on a small steamer. I think we were about three days and two nights on the boat. We had distilled water to drink. It was very flat and insipid when we got it, but with a little ice to cool it, went very well. One of the horses swam out to sea when he was dropped overboard. I was sent with another man in a canoe to bring him back. We could not get him, as he was frightened, and we could not get any go out of the old canoe—we did not know how to handle it.

"It was a rainy day when we landed on James Island. The right section landed first, and as soon as we could get our horses, guns and equipments into shape, we were sent up about a mile to help drive back some 'rebs' that were coming down upon the landing. We fired a few

shot and shells, and at night we were withdrawn. We were wet and hungry. We returned to the landing and got something to eat, and found places to sleep where we could. The next morning the right gun was ordered to be fired, but when No. 2 tried to swab out the gun he found that there had been a load left in from the night before. Corporal Tuttle ordered the gun fired. I put a primer into the vent, pulled the lanyard, but nothing exploded except the primer. There was a hissing noise and some smoke. Corporal Tuttle ordered us to fall back from the gun, which we did. Soon a solid shot dropped on the ground. When the gun was left the night before the pad was not put over the vent. The powder got wet, with the same results that we get when we wet a lot of powder, form into a cone, and fire it; it will hiss and smoke, but there is not strength enough left to explode. The next day we were moved up about a mile into the island, where we camped as long as I remained with the Battery. The water was very hard and bad. We dug a hole in the ground one day and set in two barrels, one atop of the other. The next morning the bottom barrel was full of water, but it had a yellow scum on it and tasted like water that mackerel had been soaked in, but it was not salt.

“In the springs the water was of a milky color. We did not have any regular drill, but we would have a skirmish now and then. One day the right section was sent about two miles from camp to protect the engineer corps, who were constructing a road through a swamp. When we arrived there we found that the ‘rebs’ had a large gun set on a platform about fifty yards from where we were in the swamp. Lieutenant Porter said that he would make an artillery charge. After shelling the woods on the opposite side and getting no response, the horses were taken from the guns and sent in to draw the big gun out. It was drawn off the platform all right, but when it struck the soft ground the team could not move it. At that time the ‘rebs’ opened fire on us, so we were compelled to leave the gun. One Sunday morning the right section was taken out to shell a church that stood about one mile from camp. We were on rising ground and about one-half mile from the church. The first shell struck the steeple; the second struck the roof, setting it on fire. The meeting was broken up, and as the ‘rebs’ poured out we shelled them as far as we could reach them, but the heavy guns from the fort began to open fire on us and drove us back.





JAMES ISLAND.

Showing the advance of Generals Stevens, Wright and Williams at the battle of Secessionville.

The morning of the 16th of June we were called out and, with the rest of the troops on the island, tried to capture the fort at Secessionville. The Battery was placed in front of the fort and about one mile from it. There was an open field in front of us, and after we had shelled the fort awhile, I think the 8th Michigan charged across this field and over into the fort, but as the men were nearly exhausted from the long run and having no support, they were driven out with some loss. The 79th New York next tried to capture the place, but they had no better success than the 8th Michigan and were driven back for the lack of support. The Battery was then sent up to within 300 yards of the fort, where we shelled it. One of our shots struck a gun, knocking it back of the earthwork. Another shot struck another gun, knocking a piece off the muzzle. The centre section was sent off to the right of us, and did good work, having one horse killed. Comrade Abels carried in the harness. After we had been up to the front for some time our ammunition gave out. Corporal Tuttle being the highest officer on the gun at the time, we had to remain there, exposed to the fire of the 'rebs,' which was decidedly hot. But General Stevens came along and ordered us to the rear.

"The firing at this time was nearly over. The drivers did not wait for all the cannoneers to mount on the gun and caisson, but as soon as they were limbered up they started on a run. I was left for one. Making my way out to the road, I fell in with a man who had seen something which amused him, and while he was telling me and laughing about it he threw up his hands and fell forward, a ball having struck him in the back of the neck, nearly cutting his head off. When we got back we were placed near the field hospital, stocked up with ammunition, and stayed there until the afternoon, when we fell back nearly half a mile and camped for the night. The field hospital was set on fire before we left. The next morning we were taken into camp. I was taken sick. In about a week I, with five or six others, was sent back to Beaufort. We were landed on a long wharf at Port Royal early in the morning of the 2d of July. We had no protection from the sun, no water or food. We were not able to help ourselves, and although I asked for water from all whom I could get at, no one gave us anything. My tongue got so big that I could not talk. One man was very bad. He begged for water and told about a spring at his home (I think in



Plainville) that he wanted water from. He could hear the water against the spiling and see it all around him, and did not understand why he could not have all he wanted. By noon he was quite delirious, so that we had all we could do to keep him on the dock. In the afternoon an officer rode up to where we were and was told of our situation. He soon went away and sent an ambulance for the sick man. He was taken to the hospital, where he died that night, so I was told. The rest of us were put on a boat, where we had good care and water to drink. My tongue was so thick that I could not swallow at first. We lay on deck during the trip to Beaufort. I got lost after leaving the boat and think I must have been a little delirious, as I found myself alone under a tree in the morning. Some of the boys found me and carried me to the camp hospital.

“A few days after I was taken to General Hospital No. 1, where I remained until the last of October, when I, in company with five or six others, was sent home. I remember the names of only two—Comrades Gillette, from Hebron, and Fred Bishop. When I was received into the hospital at Beaufort there were but few beds. I had two blankets; one was laid on the floor, the other covered over me; my coat and knapsack made a pillow. I lay on the floor, sick with dysentery, for three weeks, not as much as a straw tick under me. A man by the name of Hayes, a member of the 7th Connecticut, lay on the floor near me. He had the same trouble I had. After I had been there about two weeks Hayes crawled over to the water pail (that the nurse had just filled with ice water) and drank a big lot of it. Several of us told him to let it alone, but he would not. After drinking he got back to his place on his blanket. In a little while he began to have cramps in his stomach. Then he would roll over and back in great pain, but he rolled over on top of me at last, and I was not strong enough to get him off (the nurse being out of the room). So he lay there for some time until the nurse came in and got him off. He died a short time after. I think the name of the nurse was Hall, from Hebron. He was as good a nurse as you could expect a person to be who had had no training. He treated us kindly and did all he could for us. I think Bishop was brought into the hospital about the time Hayes died.

“We had beds soon after and were made much more comfortable. There was one occasion at the hospital that I will mention. Some of it I

saw and the rest of it I heard. When I first entered the hospital Dr. Holmes was in charge. Before I had been there a month I noticed that there were a good many dying. I could look into the dead-house from where I lay. I have seen as many as ten carried out in one night and day. I saw the provost marshal ride up to the door one day, and in about thirty minutes I saw the doctor leave the hospital, apparently in a hurry, go across the yard to the house of a negro boatman, and together they got into a boat and sailed away. That is what I saw. I was told that the doctor had been suspected of being in sympathy with the South; that his home was in Georgia; that he went North to New Hampshire, got an appointment in a regiment, and was using his position for the benefit of his friends by letting as many die as he could and not get caught. The provost marshal had heard about the death-rate and had called to inquire about it. The doctor, seeing that the game was up, excused himself for a moment to get some papers, and simply made his escape. Dr. Scheets, of a Pennsylvania regiment, was appointed in his place. Within one week after he took charge the death-rate decreased more than one-half, and everything went better afterward. Ed. Davis, of Guilford, was one of the cooks at the hospital; he took good care of us and gave us all we ought to have to eat."

\* \* \*

Major Seward never tires of talking about his protégé Comrade "Sod" Blatchley. To reproduce all the good stories he tells would fill a volume. An incident which occurred on James Island shows the character of the man. "My protégé, Blatchley, was with us during the James Island campaign," says Comrade Seward, "and as usual did his whole duty in the fight. He was No. 6, carrying ammunition from the caissons, which were the usual distance to the rear of the guns, to the front as wanted. I noticed him having a shell in each hand and two or more in the bosom of his shirt. I remonstrated with him about the carelessness of the act, for the bullets were flying all about us very lively, and the shells being percussion, there was great danger if a shot should strike, for they would most undoubtedly explode. 'Sod' looked at me and replied: 'Wal, would not one hurt as much as all?' I had no time to argue, so did not answer.

"On one of my visits home an estimable lady, who taught school in

earlier years, asked after 'Sod,' saying that she had been his first school teacher and that as a small boy she had found him truthful and with many good traits of character. She gave me a copy of the New Testament and Psalms for him, as a token of her remembrance. The joy expressed by 'Sod' at receiving it was more than I can describe. It was not the intrinsic value that he thought of, but the fact that a lady so much above him socially should remember him. 'Sod' kept the book close to him through the war and to the end of his life."

SOME PERSONAL ANECDOTES, COMMENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

At one of the reunions a comrade said: "When we received our first pay, which was four months after enlistment, we received it in gold, mostly in two-and-a-half-dollar pieces; they were worth face value; later we got paid in greenbacks, which the bankers and speculators had caused to depreciate until they were only worth twenty-five cents on the dollar. Did we grumble? Did we rebel? No! *We went to fight for our country, not to quibble about the value of money.*" This showed the patriotism of the members of the Battery.

\* \* \*

Comrade George Durgin, speaking of the spirit that actuated the Battery boys, says: "We were united to preserve the Union or leave our bodies on the battlefield as a sacrifice. We loved the flag; we honor it still; the world acknowledges its greatness; but who made it so honored and respected? It was those who, like the comrades of the First Light Battery, responded to the call of their country and proved that the true citizens were ready to stand by the flag until every drop of blood had been shed."

\* \* \*

The punishments inflicted on the soldiers for some trifling infraction of military rules were often provocative of amusement and the cause of many witty remarks. On one occasion, when the comrades were beginning to feel the long-protracted absence of the paymaster, Comrade Sloan saw a soldier standing on a barrel. "What is he doing there?" he asked.

"Looking for the paymaster," was the reply, and officers and men had to join in the laugh.

Comrade Sloan says that he was highly amused over seeing a private of a neighboring regiment, after the engagement at Drewry's Bluff, who was

obliged to walk the guard line, carrying on his back a large board on which was written in letters which could be read a long distance away the word COWARD.

\* \* \*

Many amusing incidents of the early days of camp life are recalled, and the comrades often laugh over their innocence in those days. Comrade Wakeley, in his diary, tells how at one time he was in a colored man's shanty and did not hear the bugle blow for roll call. He returned just as the Battery was breaking ranks, and found that he had been reported absent and everything was ready for him to be sent to the guard tent, but he was called to the officers' quarters and put through a scathing examination, he pleading that he had no idea of running away, and that he did not really hear the bugle. He was excused, but told that after that time failing to hear the call would not be accepted as an excuse. On another occasion he was sleepy on guard. He wrote in his diary:

“Sunday night on guard I found it not so easy to keep awake. I went on at two o'clock in the morning. I tried to count the stars and everything else that I could do to try and keep from going to sleep. I would keep walking and find myself stumbling along toward the officers' quarters. My beat ran a few paces from my tent. I went to it and got some water, washed my eyes, and after that I kept them open. I did not go out to drill this morning. I was questioned about it by the officers. I told them that I thought any one standing on guard twenty-four hours was freed from duty until afternoon drill. The Captain said that that was a foolish notion that the men had. He said the life of a soldier was a hard life. That standing on guard duty did not excuse one from attendance upon the customary morning drill, and only excused one from extra drills.”

His offense on this occasion was perhaps excusable, as he had been doing double duty, he having taken Comrade Upson's place on the day before, Comrade Upson wanting to be at church, as he was one of the choir.

\* \* \*

Comrade Blodgett writes: “One day when we were in our last camp at Beaufort we had a gun out on the bank firing a salute. We were ramming in grass and weeds to make more noise. I found a broken dumb-bell and we rammed it with the rest and let her go. There were two men out in a boat

fishing, and the missile went so close to them that they were frightened, and the way they paddled out of range was a caution. Corporal Graham said we must not use anything but wads in future.

“When we went to Florida we had lots of fun getting ashore on the old steamer *Neptune*. It took the old tub two hours to get up to the slab wharf at Mayport Mills; then we filed on board and the old thing started and by a great deal of exertion made two miles, I should think, in about four hours. Then we were loaded on scows and rowed about two miles to a landing-place. When we got into the scow Sergeant Grow gave me his horse to take along. Now, that horse knew a thing or two. He was a good horse and stood still while the scow was moving, but as soon as it struck, which was, I should think, all of fifteen feet away from shore, I wondered how wet I should get before I reached land with the horse. I was at the forward end of the scow and was standing on the rail ready to jump as far as I could as soon as the scow stopped. But I did not have to jump, for Comrade Grow’s horse jumped and took me along and we both landed on dry ground. That was the longest fly through the air I ever took. I knew the horse would jump, but I expected he would land in the water about half way to the shore and so give me a good wetting.”

\* \* \*

Every soldier has some story of a narrow escape to tell, and it is certainly remarkable how danger is sometimes diverted from one to fall on another. Comrade Joseph Doolittle says that he was cannoneer on the gun whose wheel was struck at Proctor’s Creek, and had, for some reason, changed places with Curtis Bacon for a few minutes. It was in that brief space of time that the wheel was struck and Comrade Bacon injured so severely that he died in the hospital from his wounds.

\* \* \*

Recalling the small mortality in the Battery during its three years of active service, Comrade Sloan writes: “The Battery lost nineteen members by disease during the war; eleven of these died the first year, five the second, two the third, and one the fourth. I have compared this death-rate with the statistics published of the mortality from malaria and other diseases during the Spanish-American war, and I have come to the conclusion that







*Palmetto on The St John*

the medical profession has not made any material advance in caring for large camps."

\* \* \*

Comrade Huntington facetiously and yet pathetically recalls Comrade Lewis Sykes, who has since then answered his last call on earth and passed over to the majority: "My head driver was Lewis Sykes, a man whose like we shall never see again. May his feet never weary nor his shadow ever be less! He was the only driver I had in my detachment who polished his inside spur for Sunday inspection." Comrade Huntington loves a joke and is an inveterate humorist. He says that "Lieutenant Dickinson was always a lucky fellow, except at poker. I remember he could never distinguish any bugle call save that which summoned us to dinner, but that was his misfortune. We cannot all have music in our souls!"

\* \* \*

Some of the comrades disliked driving and would do anything rather than ride a horse. One, whose name shall be kept secret, could ride very well, but his ambition was to be a cannoneer. One day a comrade was thrown from his horse on parade, the animal being frightened by the firing. "I was ordered to take his place," says the comrade who objected to being a driver. "I had to obey, but it did not take very long to get that team tangled up in such a way that we had to dismount. The officer said to me: 'Get off that horse, and if ever I catch you on a horse again I will have you court-martialed.' I looked very humble, but was glad when I had an opportunity to turn my head and have a good laugh."

\* \* \*

Comrade Griswold recalls an incident of the engagement at Four Mile Creek. He says: "On July 26 the 10th Connecticut and the 11th Maine crossed Four Mile Creek to Strawberry Plain to retake a position from which a brigade of the 19th Corps had been driven the day before. The Battery took part in this, shelling effectively from the Deep Bottom side of Four Mile Creek. It was to this occasion that General Plaisted referred at the reunion of the 10th Connecticut at Meriden in 1895, when he said: 'My signal officer signaled this Battery where to direct their shots, and they sent 200 shells in rapid succession as accurately as if they had been placed.' It was on this occasion that one of our shells proved imperfect and exploded

in the camp of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, encamped below us on the river bank. It wounded several men and tore up the tents. Fortunately, Captain Clinton stood beside me and had directed the cutting of the fuse, so I was exonerated from all blame in the matter."

\* \* \*

Comrade Jonathan Savory recalls the fondness the drivers had for their horses. He says: "I was a driver in the centre section. My 'nigh' horse I drove for three years. When on our way to Manchester I saw that Deacon was giving out, and I told the comrades that the poor, faithful fellow would not be able to stand the march. When I went to see him that night I saw that his hours were numbered. I went up to him and said, 'Deacon, look up and kiss me;' he raised his head and licked my face. It was too much for me; I boo-hooed right out. The next morning I was told that Deacon was to be shot, and I was asked if I wanted to go and see him killed. I could not stand the sight. He had become like a very dear friend, and I could not bear to see the faithful creature shot, though I knew it was the best and most merciful thing for him."

\* \* \*

A thrilling episode of the war, and one tinged with romance, was the capture of Generals Crook and Kelly just before the close of the great conflict. The episode is not found in any history, though absolutely true, and therefore worthy of being recorded in this history. One who knew all the facts and several of those concerned tells the story in this fashion:

"It was in the early spring, just before the fall of Richmond, that the Confederate Government decided to abolish independent commands, otherwise known as bushwhackers. Every independent command was ordered to report for regular duty to the nearest commanding general. McNeal's Rangers had cut a pretty wide swath, and the boys hated to give up the free-lance privilege. But it had to be done. They numbered about 100 brave, ragged, rollicking rebels, commanded by young John, son of the first captain. Young Captain John had learned what was in the wind and had communicated it to his men. 'Boys, the Rangers have about run their course. The days of free and independent fighting are nearly over. We've got to be bossed and ordered around by a colonel and a general just like the common herd. It is proposed that we celebrate the

close of our career by a dash that shall make us remembered. All who are willing to take their lives in their hands in an extra hazardous undertaking, step one pace to the front.' Every man stepped forward. Ten men were selected for the work. Generals Crook and Kelly were in command of the Federal force at Cumberland, Md. There were over 20,000 troops in and around the city. The two generals were living at the Glades Hotel, kept by Mr. Daily. One of the picked ten of the Rangers was young Daily, son of the landlord. The ten Rangers put on citizen's clothes and passed within the Federal lines, four into the Glades Hotel, where they went two to the room of General Kelly and two to the room of General Crook. The two commanding officers were surprised at being awakened from their sleep by strangers, but feeling that discretion was the better part of valor, neither called out, perhaps because of the persuasive eloquence of a pistol which was held close to their heads.

"'What do you want, fellow? Who are you?' General Crook demanded.

"'Not a word, or I shall fire. You are in the hands of the Confederates——'

"'A prisoner?'

"'It looks like it. Make any alarm and it will be the last time you'll ever speak.'

"'What do you want me to do?'

"'Get up and dress. Quick—there must be no delay.'

"'And then?'

"'You will walk between us through the lines, giving the countersign and assuring any one who questions you that all is right.'

"'And if I refuse or give the alarm?'

"'On each side of you, under our cloaks, a pistol will be pressed close to your side. The moment you attempt to betray us you will be shot. We shall be killed, that we know, but we are prepared to take that risk; but do as we say and we shall all leave in safety.'

"As soon as the officers were dressed they walked out of camp, having a disguised Confederate on each side holding a cocked revolver under his cloak and pressing the muzzle tightly against the Union officer.

"The challenge was given, the revolvers were pressed significantly



closer to the officers so that they could feel the muzzles, and the generals gave the countersign.

“Those on duty imagined that some special messengers had been sent for the generals, and as both Crook and Kelly had the right to pass out after giving the countersign, nothing was thought of it.

“The officers were escorted to the Rangers, who were awaiting them a few miles distant, and sent as prisoners of war to Richmond.”

It was one of the most daring episodes of the whole war, one that reads more like fiction, and yet it actually took place as it has been described. The fall of Richmond and the end of the war followed so quickly that little was said of the thrilling incident.

General Crook afterward married the sister of Daily, his captor, and the two were life-long friends. General Kelly, after the war, settled in the country where the incident occurred, and dozens of the men who composed the Rangers were his nearest neighbors and his closest friends to the day of his death.

\* \* \*

A good story is told about the early days of the Union troops in Richmond, at the time when the First Light Battery was taking such an active part in keeping order in the Confederate capital.

On the Sunday after the Union troops entered the city a clergyman was startled at seeing the captain of the patrol enter the church. He was expecting arrest, though for what he did not know. A thought occurred to him that something in the service would have to be altered, so he sought the captain and said:

“Sir, I have been ordered by my bishop to pray for the President of the Confederate States. The United States forces now having possession of the city, I don't know what to do. If I do not pray for Mr. Davis, I break the law of my church; if I do I shall offend against the United States. What am I to do?”

“How long have you prayed for Mr. Davis?” the captain asked.

“Four years, or since the war began.”

The captain hesitated a moment, half inclined to laugh and yet thinking of the responsibility thrust upon him, which had a serious aspect. At last he answered:

"Well, I am not much authority on church matters—I am only a soldier; but as your prayers don't seem to have done Mr. Davis much good or us much harm, I see no objection to your obeying the orders of your bishop. Continue your prayers for Jeff, who certainly needs all the help, spiritual and material, he can get."

The captain, though certainly not posted on church matters, had solved a difficult problem, and as it is a good and meritorious thing to pray for our enemies, he had acted in a Christian spirit and allowed the clergyman to pray for the great enemy of the United States.

\* \* \*

Among the many good stories told of the means made use of and subterfuges resorted to in order to obtain a little whisky, none can equal in originality the following, which is told by a comrade. The stringent order against the introduction of any ardent spirits into camp was, at that time, being rigidly enforced, and some of the comrades who did not think life worth living unless they could have a "wee drop of the crayther," as the Irishman would say, were discussing the ways and means of procuring some. One of them says that he never had the slightest inclination to drink whisky until he was told he could not obtain any. A happy thought occurred to one of the comrades and he said to the others: "One of you must become very sick, get into bed and let us cover you with blankets." The "sick" comrade was speedily tucked in tight enough, and the one who suggested the ruse started off to the hospital steward for brandy or whisky, he did not care which. The hospital steward made many objections and said the doctor would be sent to the comrade as early as possible, but the comrade pleaded so ably and talked of the danger of delay that the steward relented and a bottle was given him. It was only half full, but a little was better than none. The hospital steward knew that the doctors were busy and so did the comrade, and the ruse was successful. But the bottle was not inexhaustible and the comrades had only a small taste each, just enough to make them wish for more. Again the comrade found a way. The place swarmed with flies, and it was only the work of a moment to catch a score of flies and put them in the bottle, which contained about a tablespoonful of the spirits. Then he started back to the hospital, running, and reaching there panting and out of breath. Holding out the bottle he almost shouted: "See here,

I will report you—sending a dying man a bottle like that.” “What is the matter?” asked the hospital steward. “Look for yourself. There isn’t more than a tablespoonful of spirits in it and that is thick with dead flies.” The man took the bottle, looked at its contents, thought it possible he had made a mistake, and handed the comrade another bottle, this time a full one, which was not long in reaching the tent and effecting a cure, for the sick comrade was speedily restored to health.

\* \* \*

Sometimes an officer forgot himself and took the law into his own hands. An officer of the Battery wrote in his diary: “I became out of patience with Private —— for disobedience of orders and compelled him, by physical force, to do as he was told. I might have used milder means to accomplish the same end and at the same time have benefited myself by a careful government of my passion and him by kind treatment.”

\* \* \*

When a comrade reënlisted before his first term expired he had to receive his discharge from the Battery and immediately sign a new enlistment paper. In order that future generations may see how this was effected we copy the discharge certificate given to Comrade Ebenezer Wakeley:

#### TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

KNOW YE, That Ebenezer Wakeley, a private of Captain Alfred P. Rockwell’s Company, First Light Battery of Connecticut Volunteers, who was enrolled on the thirty-first day of October, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, to serve three years, is hereby discharged from the service of the United States this thirteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, at Folly Island, S. C., by reason of reënlistment as a veteran volunteer.

(No objection to his being reënlisted is known to exist.)\*

Said Ebenezer Wakeley was born in Trumbull, in the State of Connecticut, is twenty years of age, five feet seven inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a clerk.

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\*This sentence will be erased should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the army.

Given at Folly Island, S. C., this thirteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

(Signed) ALFRED P. ROCKWELL,  
Captain Com. of the Battery.

(Signed) FRANK REYNOLDS,  
Lt. and Com. of Musters, Dept. of South.

Comrade Wakeley, through his wound received at Chester Station, was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was finally discharged at Buffalo, August 11, 1865. His discharge certificate reads as follows:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

KNOW YE, that Ebenezer Wakeley, a private of Captain F. W. H. Hendrick's Company (I), 19th Regiment of the Veteran Reserve Corps, who was enrolled in Captain Alfred P. Rockwell's Company of First Connecticut Light Battery Volunteers, on the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, to serve three years or during the war, and was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps by orders ——— Gen'l, Jan. 30th, 1865, is hereby discharged from the service of the United States, this eleventh day of August, 1865, at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., by reason of G. O. 116, A. G. O. June 17th, 1865. (No objection to his being re-enlisted in the 1st Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps is known to exist.\*)

Said Ebenezer Wakeley was born in Trumbull, in the State of Connecticut, is twenty years of age, five feet seven inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a printer.

Given at Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y., this eleventh day of August, 1865.

(Signed) JAMES R. REID,  
Capt. Infant., U. S. A.,  
Asst. Com. Musters.

(Seal) Paid in full. U. H. HUTCHINS, Paymaster, U. S. A.

Transferred to V. R. C. from First Connecticut Light Battery———  
to Co. I, 19th V. R. C., by order———Gen'l, Jan. 30th, 1865.

(Signed) F. W. H. KENDRICK,  
Capt. Comd. Co. I, 19th V. R. C

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\* This sentence will be erased should there be anything in the conduct or physical condition of the soldier rendering him unfit for the 1st Battalion Veteran Reserve Corps.

Many of the comrades have led eventful lives since the war, distinguishing themselves in mercantile, professional and political life, but we do not know of any more exciting experience than that of one of the comrades who was condemned to death for an alleged political offense, then sentenced, after appeal, to a long term of imprisonment, only to be liberated within a few months through the interference of the United States Government.

After the close of the war Major Seward engaged in business and was highly successful. In 1888 his health gave way and after a short sojourn in California he journeyed to the Hawaiian Islands. In describing his Pacific island experience he says: "I went armed with letters of introduction to many men of prominence, both white and native, and I had ample means of acquainting myself with the country and its customs. I became acquainted with the king and the royal family. On the death of the king, his sister Lilioukalani became queen; her husband was among my earliest friends. I was with him and closed his eyes when he died in 1893; I saw the growth of the conspiracies that culminated in the downfall of the monarchy. My sympathies were entirely with the Hawaiians as well as three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, and in trying to render them assistance in the recovery of that which had been stolen from them, I was landed in prison, sentenced to be hung, then reprieved within four months, resented to thirty-five years at hard labor in the jail at Oahu, and to pay a fine of \$10,000. I was released eleven and a half months after arrest. I have never regretted the part I took, and had the people of these United States known the true facts and what an outrageous crime had been committed through the agency and assistance of its servants, a howl so loud would have been raised that our Government would have been forced to restore to those lovely, peaceful people their country."

As Major Seward passed through such an eventful experience, the historian deems it only right and proper to allow him to tell it in his own way and to place the record among the archives of his old company, the First Connecticut Light Battery.

\* \* \*

No person who has not experienced the excitement of a battle can begin to comprehend anything like the terrible realities of the conflict. Artists have painted fancy pictures, descriptive writers have sent to their



papers accounts of battles drawn in a large measure from the gossip of the camp, but no one person can tell what a battle really is, and no one but an active participant can understand its excitement. When friends and foes are falling all around and every species of missile is flying through the air, threatening each instant to send one into eternity, there is but little chance for close observation.

When the battle is at its height excitement causes enthusiasm, personal safety is the least concern, fear has but little existence in the soldier's bosom. The intelligent soldier becomes cool and deliberate; he sights his gun and watches the effect of the shots he is firing; cuts the fuse, carries the ammunition, or whatever may be his duty, with just as much coolness as he would have shown had he been engaged in civil employment. It is this absorbing feeling that often deadens the sensibility to pain, and wounded men have repeatedly said that they felt less pain when in sight of the raging battle than when withdrawn to the hospital. Sometimes a man is wounded and scarcely realizes it. A soldier in the 79th New York (Highlanders), speaking of his experiences at the battle of Secessionville, says: "I remember no acute sensation of pain, not even any distinct shock, only an instantaneous consciousness of having been struck; then my breath came hard and labored, with a croup-like sound and with a dull, aching feeling in my right shoulder; my arm fell powerless at my side, and the rifle dropped from my grasp. I threw my left hand up to my throat and withdrew it covered with the warm, bright-red blood."

After the battle of Chester Station, Comrade and Historian Beecher experienced a mental shock and a cold shiver passed down his spine, for the strongest will shudder as they think of the dangers they have passed and the near call they have had. The comrade was wondering why his left foot was so much warmer than the other. Some of the superstitious say it is very unlucky to pull off the left shoe first, but he did not care for or believe in the superstition, and started to pull off the shoe. The leather was hard; his foot was almost numb; he looked down and saw, to his surprise, that the shoe was full of blood. Had he been wounded? If so, when and where? He could not recall being struck; he had no remembrance of any accident. Had it not been for the blood he might have dismissed the thought of injury at once, but there was the blood and that was proof, beyond all

cavil, that he had been wounded somewhere. On undressing he found a nasty gash on his left knee, from which the blood was even then trickling. He looked at it and thought first of reporting to the doctor, then almost laughed at the idea, for the wound seemed so trifling. So, without more ado, he sought out Comrade Clark and got some sticking-plaster from him, and after washing off the blood, put on the plaster and thought no more about it. How had he received the injury? Had he been struck by a piece of shell or had the recoil of the gun caused the wound? He could not tell, and no one could enlighten him, seeing that he did not know at what hour of the day it had occurred. Was it the trifling injury he had thought at first? In all probability it was more serious than he had imagined. A scar remains to this day, so strongly marked that it has been admitted as proof of identity when engaging a safe deposit box. During the compilation of this history he has suffered considerably in his knees and for a time was confined to his room, and for a still longer period had to use a cane when walking. In all probability the injury he received at Chester Station was the indirect cause of his recent suffering.

\* \* \*

The Sunday before the occupation of Richmond by the Union troops the Rev. Dr. Moore, in a sermon intended to cheer the drooping spirits of some of his congregation, said that it was a most curious fact that the two most prominent men North and South had names which, etymologically considered, were a good omen for the Confederacy, for *Davis* means "God with us," and *Lincoln*, when subjected to etymological analysis, means "On the verge of a precipice." A week later the reverend doctor saw his church pews filled with Union soldiers and knew that Davis was trying to evade capture.

\* \* \*

A comrade tells a funny story of a secession clergyman who, hearing of the advance of the Union army toward Richmond, announced that he would have a special service of prayer to God, asking Him to overwhelm the Unionists and bring victory to the Confederacy. Without proper thought

he announced, just before the sermon, the hymn by Dr. Watts commencing:

“ And are we wretches still alive ?  
And do we yet rebel ?  
'Tis wondrous, 'tis amazing grace  
That we are out of Hell.”

The effect can be better imagined than described, and many of his congregation accused him of being disloyal to the Confederacy, and his life was in danger.

### EPILOGUE.

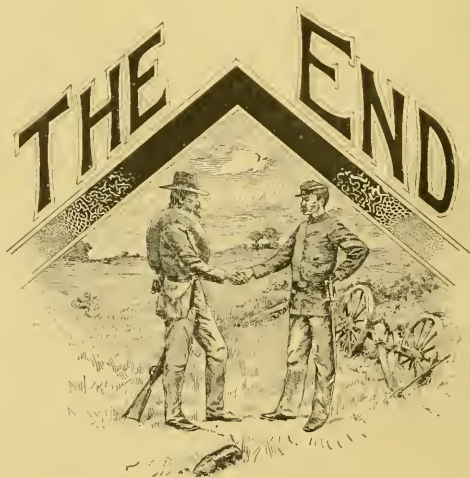
The story of the First Connecticut Light Battery is complete. It has been told by those best able to tell it, those who were in its ranks and shared its hardships as well as participated in the triumphs of its career. It is a story of the life of a soldier in time of war, showing the dark as well as the bright side of camp life, of hardships endured in the trenches and on the march, of the horrors of the battlefield and the heart-rending scenes in the hospitals. The comrades have recalled the adventures in which they were engaged, have narrated personal incidents and described the battles in which they participated, each one telling the story as he knew and saw it from his point of view. Like all brave men, they were apt to underestimate the work they performed, but as they heard the reminiscences told by others they sent to the historian their personal narratives.\* Without their aid the history could not have been written. By patient work and earnest endeavor difficulties have been overcome and the history completed. Its compilation has been a source of pride and labor of love.

No feeling of egotism or pride of section has prompted the work. Not a comrade of the Battery feels any animosity against his brother of the South. Hatred has been buried, the harshness and bitterness of the strife have been forgotten. The men of the North recognize the patriotism, the endurance, the bravery of those of the South, and in the nation's memory the names of Grant and Lee will be enshrined side by side. The Spanish-American War proved that those who had most courageously fought under the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy had been among the first to draw the sword under the Stars and Stripes of the united nation.

But while the bitterness has been forgotten, no sentiment should cause us to banish from our memory the war and its lessons, for to do so would be to cast away from us our dearest experience. There can be remembrance without animosity, but there cannot be oblivion without peril. The remembrance of the war with all its horrors, its miseries, the thousands of graves, the hundreds of thousands of maimed and wounded, the myriads of homes made desolate, will be the best possible preventive of any such calamity in the future.

Over the graves of the heroes, Union and Confederate alike, the remembrance of the war comes, and with it a firm resolve that never again shall the nation be split into sections, but, united in one grand republic, fulfill its destiny and proclaim the truth of democratic republicanism to the world.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Nor the winding river be red;  
We banish our anger forever  
As we laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day,  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.











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