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# Reminiscences and Record

OF THE

## 6<sup>th</sup> New York U. V. Cavalry.



BY

ALONZO FOSTER,

LATE SERGEANT CO. F.



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Foster, Alonzo, 1841-

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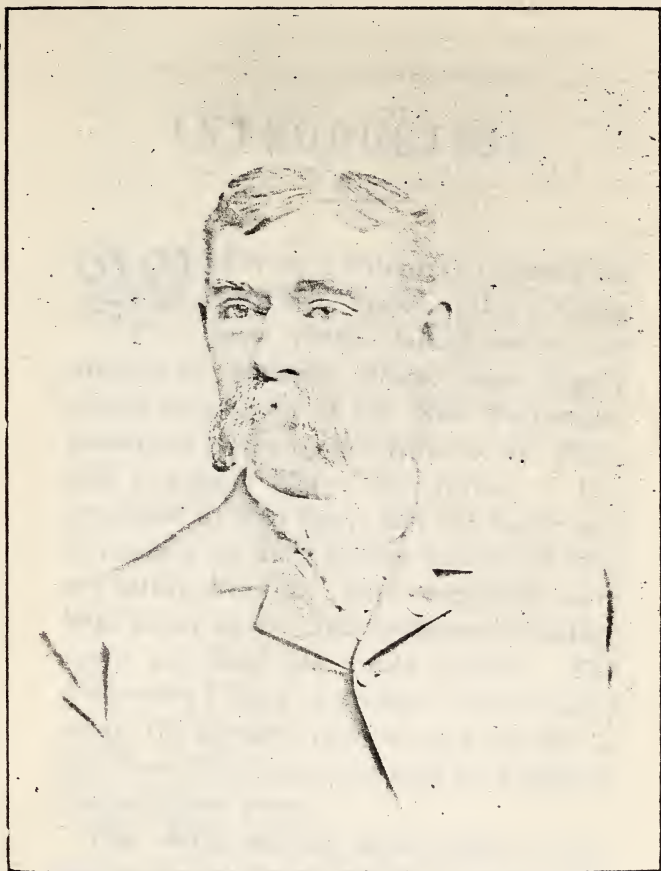
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ALONZO FOSTER.

Co. F, 6th N. Y. Cavalry.



## INTRODUCTION.

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**W**HEN as a volunteer I joined the Sixth New York Cavalry at Camp Scott, Staten Island, among the articles of personal effects most highly prized was a copy of the New Testament, presented to me by the Rev. S. H. Platt, and a pocket diary; the former I had promised to read daily, and the latter was to contain the daily events connected with my future army life; both resolutions were kept so far as the circumstances attending camp and field life would permit. The Testament I have at present, carefully laid away, the choicest relic of my army life; I also have the diaries that kept me company during those years.

The daily entries were made in my diaries in shorthand, mostly in pencil, and many times under unfavorable circumstances; sometimes I would jot down a



previous day's record while resting for a moment with my horse standing by my side, and at other times I have written while in the saddle, when halting in the line of march. Stenography is not universally read, and the kind found in my diaries might puzzle the best shorthand student; the books could therefore be of little interest to anyone but myself. Two years ago I began to translate them into readable English, and copied them into a handsome book which will remain as a sacred heirloom in my family.

While engaged in this work, old and stirring recollections were revived; pictures that had grown dim and obscure were brought into light and retouched with memory's pencil; for a time I lived in the past. My comrades of the old Sixth gathered about me, their faces wore the old familiar look, and their voices had the familiar ring; the camp, the march, the bivouac and the battlefield passed before me in panoramic review, each bringing its train of associations.

With these memories upon me I was in-

the first of these was the discovery of the  
 gold mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which was  
 discovered by a Frenchman, and was the  
 first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The second was the discovery of  
 the silver mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The third was the discovery of  
 the copper mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region.

The fourth was the discovery of the  
 iron mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The fifth was the discovery of  
 the lead mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The sixth was the discovery of  
 the zinc mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The seventh was the discovery of  
 the nickel mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The eighth was the discovery of  
 the cobalt mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The ninth was the discovery of  
 the manganese mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The tenth was the discovery of  
 the boron mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region.

The eleventh was the discovery of the  
 fluorine mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The twelfth was the discovery of  
 the strontian mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The thirteenth was the discovery of  
 the barium mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The fourteenth was the discovery of  
 the calcium mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region. The fifteenth was the discovery of  
 the magnesium mine at Sault Ste. Marie, which  
 was discovered by a Frenchman, and was  
 the first of a series of discoveries which  
 have since been made in the same  
 region.

duced to write a series of articles descriptive of some of the engagements in which the Sixth New York Cavalry bore a conspicuous or leading part, and which were published from time to time in the *Long Island Traveler*.

To comrades who read them they were of interest and frequent requests were made for them which could not be supplied; it was then suggested that these articles be gathered together, and with other matter of a historic nature pertaining to the regiment be published in book form, so that every comrade might have a volume in his possession. This, coupled with the fact that many regiments who bore a far less conspicuous part in the late war have had their histories published, while the Sixth, with all its grand achievements, has been allowed to pass into forgetfulness, induced me to undertake in an imperfect manner the publication of these reminiscences.

It would be superfluous for me to claim for the work any *literary merit*; to that it makes no pretension, it is simply the plain story of a soldier who marched and fought





in the ranks beside his comrades, absolutely unpretentious to any *literary* value, but, I believe, *truthful* in every detail.

I intimated that no effort had been made to preserve the memory of the Sixth New York Cavalry; this statement requires some qualification. The Veteran Association of the regiment, which meets annually in the city of New York, has from time to time appointed committees to write a regimental history, but thus far no practical result has been achieved.

Still another reason for the publication of this volume—and in that I know I will have the hearty concurrence of my comrades, and of their immediate friends—friends who with anxious solicitude and earnest prayers followed them through all those years of toil and danger—I refer to the common pride we have in the history, unwritten though it may be, that was made by the Sixth New York. Without discredit to any other regiment that the State of New York sent to the field, I believe that the records will bear out the assertion that more engagements stand to our credit



than to any other regiment. If there be exceptions to this they are in favor of the other regiments in the brigade, viz.: the Fourth New York, Ninth New York, 17th Pennsylvania, with whom the Sixth was closely identified. In fact, our history is their history as well, and whatever can be said or written of the Sixth New York, can be said or written of these three regiments, constituting (with the Sixth) the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Cavalry Corps.

ALONZO FOSTER,  
133 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### NOTE.

In collecting material for this book, I am greatly indebted to many comrades of the regiment for kind suggestions, and in many instances valuable information that they have given. I am equally indebted to the published record of the military service of General Thomas C. Devin.

A. F.



## The Old Camping Grounds.

---

On the 15th of October, 1861, I entered the Union Army, and having a desire to look at the grounds over which I rode so often, I selected the 15th of October, 1890, or the 29th anniversary of my enlistment, as an appropriate date on which to undertake my journey ; so on the morning of that day, accompanied by my wife, I turned my back upon the City of Churches and my face towards the "sacred soil." The first point of especial interest to me was Perryville, Maryland ; here during the months of March and April, 1862, the Sixth New York Cavalry were stationed, passing the greater part of the time in drilling ; very much attention was given to sabre drill, and the lessons and exercise that we received here, I believe, made us second to no cavalry regiment in the service in the use of that weapon.

The old camping ground can be plainly

## THE HISTORY OF THE

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seen as you cross the river, and reminds me of the days of '62, when our regiment crossed and recrossed at this point—not at the bridge over which the train now passes, but on the old “Maryland,” which then conveyed the cars from Perryville to Havre de Grace. After the bridge was built, the boat was transferred by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to New York harbor, and in September last caught fire and was burned. Arriving in Washington at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we were obliged to wait until 4:45 for the train running to Falls Church, Va., which place I had fixed upon for our first stopping place and headquarters. The afternoon being stormy, we were obliged to remain in the depot and patiently await the hour for departure. I remembered that it was in this building, nine years ago, President Garfield fell, a victim of the crazed Guiteau, and upon inquiry was directed to a brass star in the tessellated floor of the waiting room, as marking the spot on which the first drop of blood fell from the mortal wound. A few feet from this on the wall of the room,





is a small and beautifully carved marble tablet, bearing this inscription:

“JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,  
“President of the United States.  
“July 2nd, 1881.”

Taking the 4:45 train we reached Falls Church a little after 5 o'clock. As we passed over Long Bridge my mind reverted to the first and last times that I had passed over that route.

The first was on a dark rainy night in the month of April, 1862, when the Sixth crossed from Washington to Alexandria, on its way to Yorktown, to join General McClellan's army, then besieging that place. The last time was in February, 1865, when on my way home from Augur General Hospital.

On reaching Falls Church we went at once to the house of Mr. Lounsbury—a name familiar to many of the members of Company H, 127th, New York Regiment. The last hours of Sergeant Riley Penny were soothed by the Christian ministrations of Mrs. Lounsbury, and many of the boys have reason to remember her home and



that of her sister, Mrs. Ives, with the keenest pleasure ; these ladies are still engaged in their labors of love, exemplifying in their lives the true spirit of the Master.

Falls Church is a handsome village, situated on high ground, about ten miles from Washington, and containing about 1,200 inhabitants, many of whom are employed in the different Governmental departments at Washington. The place derives its name from the old brick church which stands near the centre of the village, and which serves as a connecting link between the past and the present. It was built about the year 1765, from bricks brought from England, and what strikes one as most surprising, is its clean and fresh appearance, every brick and seam is as fresh and unimpaired as though it was completed yesterday, instead of having stood for more than a century and a quarter. If churches be an indication of a people's piety, then are the people of this village exceptionally pious. I counted nine churches almost within speaking distance from each other.



From Falls Church we drove to Arlington, and stood for the first time in that city of the dead; the cemetery contains 370 acres, inclosed by a handsome stone wall and shaded by magnificent oak and chestnut trees. As I stood surrounded by the twelve thousand sleeping comrades who had placed their lives upon their country's altar, I instinctively felt that I was on holy ground, for where in all the earth is there a spot more hallowed? Beneath a giant oak stands a large granite stone, before which I stood with uncovered head while I read this inscription:

"Beneath this stone repose the bones of 2,107 unknown soldiers, gathered after the war from the field of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of the country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of the noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace! Sept., A. D. 1866."

I took an acorn which lay at my feet and laid it carefully away, that I might



plant it; the oak that grows from it I will cherish with the utmost care, for its parent shelters one of the sacred spots of earth. I remembered that some of my comrades of the Sixth were buried along the route from which these bones were taken, and doubtless they were here.

On our return we passed by Upton's Hill, and tried to locate the spot on which the 127th was encamped while stationed there. The old Upton house stands just as it did twenty-eight years ago; the hill slopes away to the woods on the south and west and to the road on the north presenting very much the same appearance that it did in '62, and what seemed more natural still the road was a mass of yellow mud, there having been a heavy rain the day before.

From Falls Church we took the road to Alexandria, and from thence to Manassas and Bull Run; there is little here to remind one of the first great battle of the war, or the one that was fought on the same field, with results scarcely more satisfactory to the Union side thirteen months later.





Not far from the railroad station on the right of the Confederate line a monument has been lately erected. It is a plain shaft, 35 feet high, built from brown stone, with a white marble tablet on each of its four sides, three being blank and the fourth bears this brief inscription:

"Dedicated by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Manassas on Aug. 30, 1889, to the heroes of Virginia and her sister States, who yielded their lives on July 18 and 21, 1861, and August 28 and 29, 1862, in defence of the Confederate cause."

Unlike the monument of the unknown dead at Arlington, it was shaded by no tree or shrub, and no thoughtful hand had planted a flower about its base. It stands upon the field where the battle was fought and where the soldiers fell. I gathered some seeds from the nearest shrub, and have planted them beside the acorn from the heights of Arlington. They shall grow side by side and equal care shall be bestowed on both.

From Manassas we visited Thoroughfare Gap and Haymarket. Stopping at Gaines-



ville, we spent the night at the residence of Mrs. Marstella, a lady at whose house I had been entertained while a portion of our army was encamped at Centreville in August, '62. Miss Marstella and a bright little grandson were at the station with a carriage and conveyed us to the house, less than a mile distant. Mrs. Marstella is of one of the best families of Virginia; she gave us a most cordial and hearty welcome; though her friends and sympathies were upon the Confederate side during the war, which swept away the greater part of her property, there is no bitterness in her heart toward the Union soldier, and I left her filled with admiration for one of her advanced years, bearing so nobly and without complaint the losses and deprivations incident to the war.

From Gainesville we took the train for Bealton, at which place we were to take a carriage and ride thirteen miles (in the direction of Fredericksburg) to Pine View, not far from Groves Church, where the Sixth was encamped in Oct., '62. Here we were to visit a family with whom the for-



tunes of war had thrown me in contact while in that vicinity. I will take the liberty to quote a page from my diary which was written at that time. Perhaps some of the comrades of Companies F and H will recall the circumstance. The only one that I distinctly remember as being with me at the time was corporal Rufus Corey, of Company H. Here is the record :

Friday, Oct. 2, 1862.—The day has been very stormy. Have ridden most of the day covered with my rubber poncho, and that has failed to keep me dry. This forenoon Sergeant Grant came from camp with orders for me to withdraw my men two miles nearer camp. The order was a welcome one. We were to establish the post at a farmhouse occupied by three ladies, Mrs. Kellog and her two daughters. Sergeant Grant introduced me to Mrs. Kellog, saying that the family would be under my protection while we remained there. The lady was standing in her doorway and we were sitting on our horses in the drenching rain.

Saturday, Oct. 3, '62.—The storm has



passed and the day is unusually fine. I find the family who are under our protection to be social and inclined to treat us with respect, which under the circumstances, I appreciate most heartily. I have arranged (by Mrs. Kellog's request) to take my meals at her table, turning my rations into the family, which is most satisfactory to me, making an oasis in my soldier life; this is a new experience and recalls my home life, my mother and sisters.

It was under the foregoing circumstances that I made the acquaintance of this family and by inquiry I learned that Mrs. Kellog had died soon after the war and the remaining members had removed to Spring Grove, near Pine View. On arriving at Bealton, Mr. Frank Kellog (a grandson of Mrs. K.) accosted us and after ascertaining that we were from Brooklyn and on our way to Spring Grove, informed us that he had come for us with his team, and after a pleasant, though somewhat rough ride of four hours, reached our destination. From Miss Kellog and her brother we received a most friendly welcome; time has dealt







somewhat tenderly with Miss Kellog, and in the mature woman of fifty I could quite easily recognize the Miss Kellog at whose table I sat while wearing the blue 28 years ago. The fact that Mr. Kellog wore the gray while I was wearing the blue, did not prevent him from extending to me the warmest hospitality. I spent two days at his house, and shall always remember my visit there as among the most pleasant incidents of my journey. From Spring Grove we return to Bealton, after which we visited Rappahannock and Brandy Station. This latter place I had especially desired to see, for with the rest of the boys of the Sixth, as well as the Ninth New York and 17th Pennsylvania Regiments, I have for the past twenty-eight years carried a vivid recollection of that field.

On the 11th of October, '63—just eight days after the incident referred to in my diary—our regiment made two successful charges there. Major Hall, I think, was in command of the regiment at the time, General Devin in command of the brigade, and General Buford of the division. Our



Division was ordered to fall slowly back from Raccon Ford on the Rapidan, through Stevensburg to the Rappahannock, General Meade being well on his way to Centreville, and Kilpatrick with his division was on our right, beyond Culpepper. Coming down from the direction of Orange Courthouse, the Confederate infantry began skirmishing with our rear guard early in the morning; crossing the ford soon after sunrise, we became quite heavily engaged near Stevensburg, from this point we fell slowly back until Brandy Station was reached. Stewart's cavalry in the meantime had engaged Kilpatrick, who being much farther in advance than we, became partially enveloped by the enemy; his left flank was entirely uncovered, and on it swarmed long lines of infantry, while Stewart was pressing him on the right and centre. It was late in the afternoon, our brigade was in the open field just to the north and east of the railroad station; seeing Kilpatrick's danger, and knowing that to fall back from this point, thus open, the gap between our right and his left would in

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crease it, General Devin ordered the Sixth to charge the enemy, who were rapidly advancing and increasing in our front; the charge was made and repeated under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery; but the enemy's lines were broken, and Kilpatrick's men relieved from their danger came charging through, meeting with our right. General Kilpatrick afterward declared that it was this timely charge of the Sixth New York Regiment that relieved him in a most critical moment.

It was my intention to visit Culpepper, and if possible find the spot where our camp was located during the winter of '63 and '64; but the weather was not propitious, and I was obliged to forego that part of my programme. I was told, however, that the old camp was now covered by a good growth of trees, and that there was nothing there to remind one of the days of '64, save the little stream at which we watered our horses and filled our canteens; but it would have been some satisfaction to have renewed my acquaintance with that, for it was a friend that never failed us. It was



here that the Sixth New York Regiment re-enlisted in December, 1863, and from here in May, 1864, we entered upon the campaign that began at the Wilderness and ended at Appomatox.

From this point we retraced our steps to Falls Church, passing through Alexandria. This place has changed but little since the war, a kind of Rip Van Winkle sleep seems to envelop it, and in passing through the streets one is surprised at the Sabbath-like stillness that pervades them. In my conversation with the people whom I met, I was impressed with the same fact that presented itself during the war, viz. : that the better we become acquainted, the better friends we are, and whatever prejudices and heartburnings there may have been in the past, or may be now, they will be overcome when the people of the South and they of the North fully understand each other.

In the course of my journey I met a number of ex-Confederate soldiers, and though I wore the bronze button, there was no lack of cordiality in their greeting or







of hospitality in their entertainment. I found in them as warm-hearted friends to-day as I had brave enemies twenty-eight years before.

War is fruitful of strange and peculiar incidents and I listened to many tales, both pathetic and ludicrous, that had their origin in those dark days. One in particular claimed my attention, from the fact that it took place at Grove Church, a spot familiar to the Sixth New York Cavalry. In that neighborhood lived an old gentleman who was known by his acquaintances as an inveterate Yankee hater. Long before the war he had obtained this reputation, and when the war broke out and the blue-coated Yankees were actually marching on the sacred soil of Virginia, his hatred became almost a mania; the sight of a Union soldier was like gall and wormwood to him. The war was over and another enemy came; his garb was more sombre than the detested blue coats, and his aim was more certain; Death claimed the old man for his own. In the old burying ground near the church his wife had rested for years,



and with thoughtful care he had preserved a space where his body was to rest by her side. When the grave digger had reached near the accustomed depth, his spade was arrested by coming in contact with a wooden box, and upon uncovering and opening it, it was found to contain the body of a *Union soldier*, dressed in his blue uniform; when or how it was placed there no one knew; the body was carefully replaced, the grave enlarged, and the old man's body was gently lowered to its last resting-place beside the detested Yankee.

In closing this letter, already too prolonged, I desire to extend my sincere thanks to the kind friends whom I met, and by whom we were so hospitably entertained during our brief sojourn there, and should any of my old comrades of the Sixth New York Cavalry have any doubts about the hospitality of the people of Virginia, they have only to visit them to have them removed.



## Reminiscence of the Battle of Savage Station.

---

So much has been written and so much said concerning the seven days' battle that it seems presumptive, at this late day, for one who bore but a humble part in that memorable "change of base" to attempt to reproduce any of the momentous scenes then enacted. There is one very marked peculiarity about a battle scene. No man who has ever been under fire, or stood in front of the enemy, whether making or repelling a charge, or standing in line, receiving and giving back shot for shot, that *ever forgets it*, or ever experiences under *any* circumstances a like sensation. A soldier can no more forget his army life and experience than a mother can forget her offspring. So reader, when you hear the old veterans rehearsing to each other the events of the days of '61 and '64—tales that have been more than thrice told—do not



criticise, but remember that these events are interwoven into their very lives, and that every camping ground and bivouac, every skirmish line and battlefield, is photographed upon their memory, not to be erased until the mind itself shall fail. And remember too, that while this photographing process was going on they stood between you and the destruction of all that you and every patriot holds sacred.

After the battle of Williamsburg, which was fought on the 5th of May, 1862, the Confederates fell back until they reached the earthworks thrown up for the protection of Richmond: our army followed and confronted them along the line of the Chickahominy, the Sixth New York occupying a position a little to the rear and centre of the line.

The ground was low and marshy, and to procure water it was only necessary to break the soil and dig to the depth of a few inches when the excavation would be filled with water of a slightly milky color, and highly flavored with the taste of root and decayed wood; but as no other was to be had, we were obliged to use it.





Our lines were at no great distance from Richmond, perhaps from five to six miles at the nearest point. By climbing to the tops of the highest trees we could catch glimpses of the spires of some of the buildings in that city, and occasionally the sound of church bells could be heard. For about six weeks our army lay in this position, anxiously awaiting and expecting the order to advance; but on the 27th of June the army began the retrograde movement, which was popularly known as the "change of base," during which the seven days' battle was fought, beginning with Mechanicsville and closing with the terrible battle of Malvern Hill, fought on July 1, '62.

On the afternoon of the 29th of June Captain Wales (commanding Company F, Sixth New York) ordered me to report to General Sumner for orderly duty, which duty consisted in carrying messages and dispatches from one part of the field to another, and when not thus engaged to be near the person of the General. As General Sumner had command of the rear guard—consisting of the divisions of Richardson,



Heintzelman, Sedgwick and Smith—an excellent opportunity was afforded me to witness the battles in which this corps bore so conspicuous a part.

Being ordered to report at once to General Sumner, I rode to his headquarters at a farmhouse a short distance from Savage Station and found the General surrounded by his aides, making preparations for the anticipated attack. He looked every inch the veteran soldier that he was. Over seventy years of age, his hair and beard was bleached almost entirely white, but his tall form was as erect and soldierly in its bearing as any of the younger men about him. I saluted him and said that I had been ordered to report to him for orderly duty.

"Have you a good horse?" he inquired.

"I have an excellent one," I replied.

Turning to an officer whose shoulder straps designated the rank of captain, he said:

"I want you to ride out upon the road leading past Savage Station, and continue riding until you see something of the enemy, this orderly will accompany you."



Turning our horses' heads to the rear we galloped down the road from whence, in a short time, was to burst the advance of the approaching enemy.

Passing our line of battle, consisting of a part of Richardson's division, then lying on their arms across the crest of a slight rise, we were halted by the skirmish line some fifty or sixty rods farther on. The officer in charge desired to know why we were riding in that direction and cautioned us not to proceed farther, as the enemy were doubtless close at hand. The warning was well meant; but General Sumner's orders were to proceed until *we saw the enemy*.

Riding on a few rods farther we passed the vidette or extreme outpost, beyond were dark woods and the enemy; the former were close at hand, and the latter perhaps almost as near. Reaching the outer edge of the woods some distance from the vidette, and looking off over the wide, open field that sloped away to the west, a sight was presented which sent the blood through my veins on the double quick. Scarcely one hundred rods away, in grim silence



and with steady tread, we saw the long gray lines of the enemy advancing to the attack.

It was in the afternoon, the sun was scarcely an hour above the horizon, and as its slanting rays fell on those long lines of glittering steel, I thought that I had never witnessed a sight more grand; but it was a sight calculated to inspire terror as well as admiration, for with that advancing host came death and carnage; yet in the woods yonder, a few rods to our rear, rested another dark line of men, with nerve as steady and step as firm; in a few minutes the conflict would come, and as we halted there for a moment in the quiet of that June evening, I realized that the stillness which reigned all about us, was but the calm which precedes the fearful tempest.

Hurrying back as fast as our horses could gallop, the aide reported to General Sumner that the enemy were advancing in force, and would soon strike our outpost. Turning to his chief of staff the General said, "Let the aides be mounted," then followed by his staff he rode out upon the field.







Scarcely had we taken our position on the crest of a slight hill just to the east of Savage Station, when from the woods below there came the sound of scattering shots; then a pause; then rapidly from right to left in quick succession came shot after shot; that was the skirmish line; then another pause. Then before the last reports had fairly died away and the smoke was just rising above the tree tops, there came crash after crash, roll after roll of musketry; there were no volleys to be heard there, only one continuous roll surging along the lines from right to left. For fifteen minutes or more this firing continued and then it gradually died away, and only a few scattering shots could be heard. To the right of our position was a large building; to this the wounded were being borne, some on stretchers, some leaning on the arm of a comrade, and others limping painfully alone. But what is the meaning of the ominous silence in the woods yonder? Is the battle over? have the enemy been repulsed? No, these are not the men to retire so readily when they feel that victory



is assured. Away on the left there is a crash, another and another, until the whole line is ablaze; then comes the shouts and shrieks of ten thousand men. It is a charge on our entire line; from the right, along the centre and to the left the battle rages; our left stands firm, but the right is gradually being pushed back toward the field on which we stand. Presently an officer dashes across the field and rides up to General Sumner; there is blood upon his face, showing that a bullet has been uncomfortably near him; it is General Richardson, commander of the division now in action.

General Sumner's quick eye caught the wound and he hurriedly asked the extent of the injury. "Only a scratch, General," was the reply as he wiped the blood from a slight bullet wound in his cheek. "How do your men stand?" was the next question. "Steady, only my right is heavily pressed and need some support."

A few rods to our rear lay a long line of men; they were dusty and bronzed by marching and exposure; they lay on the ground listening to the roar of the battle in



front of them with its volleys of musketry and shouts of the victorious enemy rapidly approaching; their hands were upon their rifles, and they were anxiously awaiting the order to spring to the support of their comrades. That was the *Irish Brigade*; no braver men ever stood upon a battlefield. General Meaghar was in command. Dressed in a suit of dark green velvet, trimmed with gold lace, a broad-brimmed straw hat surmounted with a heavy plume, he looked a fitting leader for those brave men. General Sumner turned to him and said, "General, let your brigade charge on the right, never mind the powder, but let your men go in with the bayonet." Turning to his brigade, General Meaghar shouted: "*Irish Brigade, prepare to charge. Three cheers for the old flag and the Irish Brigade.*" The cheers were given, then came the order, "*Forward! March! Charge!*" Like an irresistible wave that long line of men moved down the hill, past our shattered ranks, now being pressed back by overwhelming numbers; from the position of "trail" their arms were brought to that of



"charge bayonets," and with a shout that drowned the "rebel yell" they rushed upon the shouting and seemingly victorious enemy. That charge was brief, no enemy could, or ever did stand before it. Back, over the field they had so nearly won, over the dead and dying, they were driven, until darkness came on and closed the conflict.

From this point we fell back to White Oak Swamp, where, on the following day, a similar engagement took place. At Savage Station we left about 2,500 wounded men, who fell into the hands of the Confederates. Among them was Dr. Clarke, of the Sixth New York, who rejoined us about two weeks later.





## The Cavalry at Chancellorsville.

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The following is an extract from an article written by Lieut.-Colonel W. L. Heermance, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, for the Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association.

When Colonel McVicar fell at the head of his squadron the army lost a gallant officer and the Sixth New York a commander whom they loved, and in whose leadership they had the utmost confidence. The writer of the article, Captain Heermance, afterward lieutenant-colonel, was seriously wounded and taken from the field to Libby prison. The charge which he so graphically portrays was one of the most dashing and brilliant of the war.

On Wednesday morning, April 30, 1863, about two hundred of the Sixth New York, under command of Lieut.-Colonel McVicar, were ordered to report to General Slocum. We crossed the Rapahannock River at



Kelley's Ford, and soon after were engaged with a North Carolina cavalry regiment, driving them and taking some prisoners, among them a captain, whose lieutenant commanded the guard that a few days later escorted me to Richmond. The lieutenant remarked, when he found out that it was the same command that had captured his captain, "that the captain was in the habit of being taken without much trouble."

We skirmished all that day with cavalry in our front, reaching Germania Ford on the Rapidan late in the afternoon, a heavy force in rifle pits on the other side preventing our crossing. We took possession of an old mill on the banks of the river, exchanging shots with them until the infantry came up, and a battery, put in position, shelled the rifle pits, while the infantry crossed and captured all the defenders of the works. Crossing the ford we again took the advance, capturing some prisoners and baggage of the famous Black Horse Cavalry. We reached the Chancellorsville House Thursday afternoon, having been



engaged more or less all the time since we started, with a loss of three men killed, one officer and five men wounded. Having reported our arrival to General Slocum, who was about three miles back, orders were received from him to go to Spotsylvania Court-house. Colonel McVicar knew full well from prisoners captured that the force we had skirmished with since crossing Kelley's Ford was vastly superior to ours, and that our advance, so far from support, would be attended with great risk; but, as he told the officers with him what we were expected to do, he ordered the bugler to sound "Forward!"

"His not to make reply,  
His not to reason why,  
His but to do and die."

As we marched on a few of the enemy were seen, but they fell back as we advanced. About dark, after marching through the woods, we reached a small clearing: the order to halt and dismount was given; a mounted guard was thrown out to the rear, and Captain Bell, with a few men, was sent towards the Court-



house. The men had been on almost continuous duty for forty-eight hours, and as they rested, holding their horses' bridles, most of them were lying asleep by the roadside. Captain Bell soon returned and reported that there was a heavy force at the Court-house; about the same time the rear guard was fired upon and driven in. The command sprang to their feet, and mounting, very soon formed in line in the open field. It was now very dark, and there was some fear that some of our own troops had come up and, by mistake, had fired upon the rear guard. Colonel McVicar sent Captain Goler back to ascertain the true state of affairs. Going back to the junction of the roads of Todd's Tavern and the Chancellorsville House, he was challenged, and on answering, "The Sixth New York Cavalry," was fired upon and driven back to the main body. Sergeant Carroll was killed by the volley. As the enemy came down the road, which was only wide enough for a column of fours, our men formed in line, fired upon them and checked their further advance. Then Colonel McVicar ordered the com-





mand to draw sabre, break by fours to the right, and cut our way through. As our bugle sounded the charge, it was at the same moment sounded by the Fifth Virginia, and the notes rang out clear and full in defiance of each other, as we rode down to where they waited for us. In the darkness it seemed as though a sheet of fire belched forth from their carbines, and at this first fire the brave McVicar fell, and the rest of the command were mixed up with the Confederates as we rode through them. Besides Colonel McVicar, who was killed, three officers were wounded and about twenty men killed and wounded. These were left behind, and the survivors drove the enemy until the cross-roads were reached, where the Confederates took the one to Todd's Tavern, and our men went on to our own lines at Chancellorsville. The wounded were taken to a house near where they fell, and after a few days were sent to Libby Prison.

I copy extracts from an article written for *Blackwood's Magazine*, published in 1866, at Edinburgh, by Major Heros von Borcke



who was chief of staff to General J. E. B. Stuart at the time of the engagement, and received a bullet through his hat and had his horse shot through the head as we rode through the enemy's ranks. The extract commences at the time of Captain Goler's being challenged :

"General Stuart dispatched Captain White of our staff, to Fitzhugh Lee with orders to send on one of his regiments as soon as possible and to follow slowly with the rest of his brigade. General Stuart and his staff were trotting along at the head of the column, when, at the moment of emerging out of the dark forest, we suddenly discovered in the open field before us and at a distance of not more than one hundred and sixty yards, a line of hostile cavalry, who received us with a severe fire which concentrated on the narrow road. Fully conscious of our critical position, Stuart drew his sword, and with his clear ringing voice, gave the order to attack, taking the lead himself. For once our horsemen refused to follow their gallant commander; they wavered under the thick storm of bullets ;



soon all discipline ceased, and in a few minutes the greater part of this splendid regiment, which had distinguished itself on so many battlefields, broke to the rear in utter confusion. At this moment the enemy's bugle sounded the charge, and a few seconds after we brunted the shock of the attack which broke upon us like a thunder cloud, and bore our little band along with its vehement rush, as if driven by a mighty wave, sweeping us along with it in the darkness of the forest."



## The Battle of Brandy Station.

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On the 11th of October, 1863, the position of our army was somewhat as follows:

General Meade, then in command, was falling back from the direction of Mine Run, towards Centreville.

The bulk of General Lee's army being in the vicinity of Orange Court-house, our three cavalry divisions occupied the following positions:

General Pleasanton was on the left, near the Rappahannock; General Buford's division was along the Rapid Anne, near Stevensburg; and Kilpatrick's division was on the right beyond Culpepper.

On the afternoon of October 10, the Sixth New York broke camp and marched to Germania Ford, on the Rapid Anne; crossing that river at 2 P. M. we marched in the direction of Orange Court-house, going into camp at 8 o'clock in the evening.

The following morning, Sunday, Octo-





ber 11, was an exceptionally bright and pleasant day. Our coffee had been cooked and breakfast eaten before sunrise, and the men were mounted and in line before 6 o'clock. Our line of march was south of Rapid Anne, and in the direction of Orange Court-house. Our object being to feel the enemy and ascertain his position, and at the same time, in conjunction with the rest of the cavalry, hold him in check until General Meade could place his army in position on the heights of Centreville. Soon after 7 o'clock the enemy began to show themselves, coming from the direction of Orange Court-house, and showing a strong inclination to fight. Our regiment fell slowly back to Raccoon Ford, a few miles to the south of Stevensburg; here we crossed—not, however, until we had lost a number of men, among whom was Captain Pierce, who was wounded and made prisoner. After crossing the river we were drawn up in an open field between the ford and Stevensburg, and ordered to prepare to charge a battery that had taken position on a piece of rising ground



a short distance to our left. The order to "*Draw sabre*" had been given, when the battery opened upon us with shells. The first one fell and exploded near the centre of the regiment, killing and wounding three men and three horses; others followed in quick succession, when the order was given: "*By fours, right wheel,*" and the charge was not made. Luckily for us it was not, for supporting the battery was a heavy line of infantry, not perceived by us until the charge was abandoned. Had we made that charge the Sixth New York would not have participated in the battle of Brandy Station a few hours later, for the greater part of the regiment would have been left on that hillside.

From this point we gradually fell back toward Brandy Station, the enemy closely following. Their forces consisted of infantry and some cavalry. Reaching Brandy Station about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we took up a position in an open field just to the south and east of the railroad station, facing toward the enemy.

In the meantime Stewart's cavalry had



attacked General Kilpatrick's division, who was slowly falling back toward the Rappahannock; but our division, being less advanced than his, reached Brandy Station first, thus leaving a wide gap between our right and his left. Into this gap the enemy poured, thus partially enveloping him.

General Buford, seeing Kilpatrick's danger, and knowing that for us to fall farther back would but increase it, ordered a halt, hence our position at this time at Brandy Station.

The Second Brigade was nearest the enemy, who was rapidly advancing, not in regular order of battle, but in irregular lines and groups, exultant with the belief that the Army of the Potomac was in full retreat. General Buford rode up to General Devin, who was near the right of our regiment, and the following conversation passed between them. General Buford said: "General, take your best regiment and charge the enemy in yonder woods" (there were some scattering trees through which they were advancing). General Devin replied: "My regiments are all good, with little choice among them."



"Well, take your old regiment, the Sixth New York," replied General Buford.

Saluting his chief, General Devin turned to Major Hall, and in those clear, ringing tones so well remembered by every man of the Sixth, said: "Major, let the Sixth New York charge. Never mind the *cuts*, but give them the *points*."

Major Hall gracefully saluted and, drawing his sabre, placed himself in front of the regiment and gave the order: "Sixth New York, prepare to charge. *Draw sabre! Raise sabre! Forward, march! Trot, gallop! Charge!*"

Every order was obeyed as promptly as given. There was no hesitation, no wavering; right into that storm of shot and shell and rifle bullets we rode, and right into and over their broken ranks, striking heavy blows to the right and left.

Passing the railroad station, the regiment wheeled to the right, and reformed somewhat in advance of the first starting point, and charged a second time, entirely routing the enemy. Before the second charge was completed, the rattle of carbine and pistol,







with the clash of sabres was heard on our right and in advance of us; a moment more and Kilpatrick's men came dashing through.

This last charge of the Sixth had broken the enemy that were swarming in on Kilpatrick's left, and relieved him in a critical moment.

If I remember correctly the Sixth lost about thirty men in killed and wounded. In my own Company F, Captain Wales was dismounted and injured. Michael Kane was killed, and Corporals Jackson and Osborn wounded.

In speaking of this engagement General Kilpatrick is reported to have said that it was this timely and gallant charge of the Sixth New York that relieved him from a most dangerous position.



## The Sixth New York at the Wilderness.

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### A PRESENTIMENT.

My diary for Saturday, May 7, 1864, shows the following entry:

"Left the Foundry this morning and marched to Todd's Tavern. Our regiment was ordered to gallop to the left and support the troops that were falling back. Went into the fight about 3 P. M. and soon became heavily engaged; drove the enemy back more than a mile, and held our position until relieved by infantry late at night; lost five men. Thomas Carr, of Company F, was shot by my side; we buried him where he fell."

It is to Carr's death that I wish especially to refer in this brief article. Any member of the Sixth New York who may chance to read this will recognize the name of Thomas Carr, as he was the artist who gave us the

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM  
1630 TO 1830

BY  
JOHN H. COLEMAN

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON, FROM 1630 TO 1830, is a work of great interest and value. It is a history of the city of Boston, from its first settlement in 1630 to the present time. The author, John H. Coleman, is a well-known historian and writer. The book is a comprehensive history of the city, covering its political, social, and economic development. It is a work of great interest and value, and is highly recommended to all who are interested in the history of Boston.

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excellent engraving of the battle of Brandy Station, October 11, 1863.

"The Foundry" and Todd's Tavern were located in the "Wilderness," and that terrible battle was raging all around us while the entry in my diary was being made. To better show our position I will quote the entry of the following day:

"Sunday, May 8, 1864.—After being relieved from our position on the line late last night, we went on picket; the second and fifth corps moved to the left and relieved the cavalry; heavy firing on the right, the army slowly advancing; the woods are on fire all about us and many of our dead are being burned; we are obliged to fight dismounted as there is no open ground here; we are certainly in a wilderness."

In the early part of the day, and before we were ordered on to the line of battle, Carr rode up to my side, and in the most impressive manner said:

"If we get under fire to-day I shall be killed."

I made some jesting reply and thought



no more of the remark. A little later Carr came to me with a card on which was written his wife's name and address; handing it to me, he said:

"There is my wife's name and address; if I am killed to-day write to her and tell her how I fell and the circumstances of my death."

Seeing that he was in earnest, and that the premonition had taken a strong hold on him, I tried to reason him out of his fears; but to no purpose. The conviction that he would be killed was upon him, and no words of mine could dispel it.

Soon after noon orders came for us to gallop to the left, where the Sixth New York was in action. After a sharp gallop we reached the point designated, and knew by the rapidly approaching volleys that our men were falling back. The woods were so dense that we could accomplish nothing mounted; the order was hastily given to dismount and prepare to fight on foot. In such cases—the men being in sections of fours—Nos. 1, 2 and 3, after strapping their sabres to the saddle, pass their





bridles to No. 4, and dismount, leaving every fourth man in charge of the three horses belonging to the dismounted men; thus, one-fourth of the regiment is left in the rear to care for the horses, while the others advance on the line of battle. Carr's number was 2; he dismounted and the line was formed; our men were rapidly falling back, and the Confederate infantry was advancing through the woods, firing and shouting as they came; the order was given to advance; the crack of a musket sounded nearer than the others, and Carr fell with a bullet through his heart; his presentiment had been verified; the man who fired the shot—a gray-haired Confederate—fell almost at the same instant with a bullet in his side from Harry Sharpe's carbine; as he lay in the agony of death he said to Sharpe that he was ready to die now, since he had killed a Yankee.

After the battle, late that night, while the fire crackled through the woods and underbrush of the "Wilderness," we dug a shallow grave, and wrapping the body of Carr in his gray blanket, placed it in the



grave and covered it over with sand and sod ; there it rests to-day in company with the nameless dead, who so thickly strew that battle-field.



## The Sixth New York Cavalry at Trevillian Station.

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In looking over my diary which I kept written up from day to day I find the following entry:

"Saturday, June 11, 1864.—Took up the line of march this morning at 5. Sixth New York in advance. The enemy attacked us when two miles from camp, bringing on a general engagement. After a short fight they fell back, losing many in killed and wounded and about 400 prisoners. The Sixth suffered some. Corporal Langs was taken prisoner and McKenny (both of Company F) wounded, the other companies lost in about the same proportion."

"Sunday, June 12.—The Sixth on picket last night. This afternoon our men advanced and met the enemy (cavalry and infantry) in superior force. The Sixth New York was sent in on the right and charged



through the woods on foot, remaining under a heavy fire until dark. Our regiment lost 40 in killed, wounded and missing. Corporal Milton Bennett was killed, with three others of my Company (F)."

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought on the June 3, 1864. On the 7<sup>th</sup> a large force of cavalry, consisting of the First and a part of the Second Division, under command of General Sheridan, started on a rapid march around the right of our lines in the direction of Trevillian Station, to the north and west of Richmond, our object being to tear up the track of the Virginia Central Railroad and possibly unite with General Hunter's forces, then operating in the Shenandoah Valley. Reaching Trevillian Station on the 12<sup>th</sup>. the engagement to which allusion is made in my diary took place. Previous to this time our regiment had been under fire many times, scores of times, and had made repeated charges, both mounted and on foot; but here we were under a continuous fire at short range for a long time, and never in all our experience thus far had we been in a position





more trying or dangerous. In the engagement of the day before the enemy was badly whipped, and it was our purpose to follow up the advantage and complete the work so well begun on the 11th. As we lay on our blankets during the hot June night, we could hear the trains running in and out from Richmond; but we were not aware that these trains were loaded with infantry, and that they were being placed in position in our front, and that instead of meeting the cavalry force that we had encountered the day before, we were to engage a force of fresh troops, far superior to our own, in numbers. We were in no hurry to move in the morning, both men and horses being tired and in need of rest. I think the advance began about noon. Encountering the enemy's pickets they were driven in, and quite a stubborn resistance made by their cavalry; but they were easily pressed back and seemed to be in no condition to offer any serious opposition to our advance. As we followed them, however, a new element appeared, the rattle of carbine and pistol was suc-



ceeded by the more rapid and heavy firing of musketry, and we knew then that we were in the presence of a heavy force of infantry, being as we afterward learned a part of Ewell's corps. This explained the running of the trains that we had listened to the night before, for these were the troops that had been hurriedly taken from Lee's army confronting General Grant at Cold Harbor and thrown in our front, having found that their cavalry was unable to check our advance. Their line overlapping ours on the right, the Sixth New York was sent to meet the flank movement. We galloped half a mile to the right, and hastily dismounting advanced through a thick wood to meet the enemy who were then advancing without opposition on this part of the field. Our skirmish line was soon engaged. A few minutes later the entire regiment was under a close and heavy fire; at close range our breech loading carbines were always superior to their longer ranged rifles, many of them muzzle loaders. Gradually they fell back before us through the woods, across a field



partially overgrown with small pines, then into the edge of another wood. Here reinforcements were stationed, and as our scattered line advanced we were greeted with a perfect shower of bullets, the air seemed to be alive with them. For nearly a half an hour we remained under this fire, returning it as best we could. We were out-numbered two to one, and I have always wondered why they did not charge our line and sweep us from the field. While kneeling beside a low stump, and firing my carbine so rapidly that the barrel was dangerously hot, a bullet passed through the top of my cap cutting the hair from my head close to my scalp. Captain Wales quietly remarked, "A close call, my boy." The cap I still retain as a memento of that day.

The Fourth New York occupied the line on our left. Under the fire of the rebel infantry that regiment gave way and took up a position some distance to the rear, and directly in rear of our regiment. Finding ourselves flanked both on the right and left, the order was given to fall slowly



back. The sun had set, and in the twilight the Fourth New York mistook us for the enemy, and from behind a breast-work, made from a rail fence, opened fire upon us, and it was with much difficulty that we made them understand that we wore blue jackets instead of gray coats. From this point we fell back some distance and took up a second position on a rise of ground skirting a small stream. Our dead and wounded were placed beneath some trees a little to the rear of our line. It was quite late in the evening, and as the moon came up I went to the rear and eagerly scanned the faces of the dead which lay upturned to the light, wondering who of my intimate friends were there. Several of them were missing from Company F and many from the regiment, but those I missed were not there. Late in the night we retired to the point from whence we advanced and where our horses were awaiting us. Some of our missing ones had found their way here; but, when the roll was called in the morning, there were thirty names unanswered. One of these was a comrade especially dear







to me, Milton Bennett, from Amagansett, one of the bravest and noblest boys I had ever known. He had shared my blanket, my tent, and my confidence for three years, and was ever by my side in camp, on the march or in battle, and I mourned him as sincerely as though he were my brother. Whether he was struck by a bullet in the thick woods as our broken lines fell back, or whether he was taken prisoner and died in a Southern prison, I never knew; but the memory of that bright face and brave, loyal heart, will go with me until I enter the eternal camping ground, where I hope to meet him with many more who answered to the roll in the grand old Sixth New York.



## The Sixth New York Cavalry at Beaver Dam.

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A soldier's life is made up of the two extremes, intense excitement and dull monotony. While in the active campaign there is little rest for body or mind, on the march, over roads so worn and dusty that the horse sinks to his fetlocks, and the rider becomes at times invisible to his nearest companion; or what is still worse, through sloughs of mud which would render the roads utterly impassable but for the ever ready engineer corps, and the ever present corduroy road. Then there is the picket duty in presence of the enemy, the reconnaissance, the raid, the skirmish line, the advance and the deadly shock and roar of battle. There is little monotony about this part of a soldier's life; the other extreme comes when the active campaign is over and the army enters into the trying mo-



notony of winter quarters. This, by the soldier, is dreaded more than the dangers of the battlefield. I know of nothing more monotonous than the daily routine of camp life; but in my brief reminiscences I have dealt only with the stirring incidents of campaign life, as I have seen them while riding in the ranks of the Sixth New York Cavalry.

Referring to my diary of Monday, May 9, 1864, I notice the following entry:

Left "Todd's tavern" this morning at five, and took the road for Beaver Dam Station; reached there at eight in the evening in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm. Burned the depot buildings, and a train of cars loaded with bacon, flour and other stores. Recaptured 400 of our men whom the Confederates had captured, and were marching to Richmond.

This is a brief story, but if it falls under the eyes of any member of the Sixth New York Cavalry it will call up one of the most thrilling chapters in the fruitful history of that organization.

Four days prior to this General Grant had



crossed the Rapidan with his magnificent army, and engaged the Confederate army under General Lee in a close and deadly struggle which only terminated at Appomattox, eleven months later. The smoke from the battle of the Wilderness had scarcely cleared away when the order came for us to move around to the right of Lee's army to Beaver Dam Station, where it was understood a large quantity of Confederate supplies were stored.

Early in the morning our haversacks were filled with three days' rations; consisting of 36 biscuits, or in soldier parlance "hard tack," 9 table-spoonfuls of coffee and a like amount of sugar, and before the sun was up we were mounted and on the line of march. The road was dry and dusty, having been traversed by cavalry, artillery and infantry; and as our brigade moved out in columns of four we soon became enveloped in a cloud of dust which transformed our blue uniforms into an ashy gray, giving us the appearance of a body of Confederate, rather than Union cavalry.

About eight o'clock in the evening when





within a few miles of the station, a heavy thunderstorm came up, the rain falling in torrents, and the thunder and lightning exceeding anything of the kind I had ever witnessed. Just as the storm began we came upon a squad of 400 Union prisoners who had been captured at the battle of the Wilderness, and were being marched to Richmond in charge of a guard of Confederates. The guards were captured, their arms were taken from them and turned over to our men, and with their late prisoners were "about faced" and marched back to our own lines. On reaching the station we found it guarded by a small force of Confederates, who fired upon our advance and then retreated into the woods. In the depot was a large quantity of commissary stores for the Confederate army, also on the track was an engine attached to a train of cars loaded with like supplies. These, as well as the buildings, were speedily fired by our men. The scene here presented was one long to be remembered by those present. A portion of the regiment was in the saddle, drawn



up in line a few rods from the building, the men were covered with their ponchos, or rubber capes, which protected them from the rain, others were dismounted and hastily tearing up the track on the right and left of the station, while others with carbine in hand, were posted as pickets, ready to give the alarm in case of an attack by the enemy who for aught we knew might be at hand in force. With the blazing buildings in front of us, the drenching rain falling, the thunder pealing overhead, and the blinding flashes of lightning, the situation can be better imagined than described; and to give a still stronger coloring to the picture, just as the flames had enveloped the main building and seemed to be at their height, the rattle of musketry was heard and bullets whizzed in all directions. For a moment we believed the enemy were upon us, but were quickly undeceived; the firing came from the burning building, the flames having reached a quantity of arms stored there, the same having been taken from the battlefield of the Wilderness a few days before. After



completing the work of destruction, late in the night we went into bivouac in the damp woods not far from the station, and early the following morning resumed our march toward Richmond, of which more anon.



## The Sixth New York at Meadow Bridge.

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My last article left the Sixth New York in the saddle at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, May 10, 1864. I will refer to my diary for the account of this, and the succeeding two days.

"Tuesday, May 10, 1864.—Bivouacked last night in the woods near Beaver Dam Station, were in the saddle at 4 this morning; marched 25 miles going into camp at the South Ann River.

"Wednesday, May 11.—Broke camp this morning before sunrise, and marched toward Richmond. Struck the Central railroad at noon, and tore up many miles of track. About 3 P. M. we reached the outer line of earthworks around Richmond; our regiment charged and entered the works; the few Confederates guarding them seemed surprised at seeing our cavalry here. The Sixth on picket to-night.





"Thursday, May 12.—Took up the line of march this morning at 4, raining hard. Marched toward Meadow Bridge on the Chickahominy; about 8 o'clock the enemy attacked us, coming from the direction of Richmond, they also hold the bridge in our front; our regiment with the Ninth New York, and Seventeenth Pennsylvania was dismounted and sent into the swamp to dislodge them; after a sharp fight they were driven back, the bridge repaired and our cavalry passed over."

This and the preceeding article, refers to one of General Sheridan's dashing raids, which had already placed him in the foremost ranks of cavalry leaders. To us who followed him, his name was a synonym of victory, the enemy whom he had met and vanquished on so many battlefields, had learned to regard him with wholesome fear. None but those who have stood upon a battlefield, who under repeated charges, or the pressure of overwhelming numbers, have felt their hearts grow faint, and the sickening chill from disaster and defeat coming over them, can understand what



power, what magic there is in the sudden appearance upon the field of such a leader as Sheridan. Of him it might be truthfully said: "One blast upon his bugle horn was worth a thousand men."

After the burning of the railroad station as described in my last article, our regiment late in the night, or rather, early in the morning, retired a short distance from the smouldering ruins, and without unsaddling their horses, threw themselves on the wet ground and snatched a few hours sleep. At 4 o'clock the following morning we were in the saddle, and marched all day in the direction of Richmond. We were now in the rear of General Lee's army, and not many miles from the Confederate capital. By how large a force Richmond was defended we had no means of knowing; but up to the present time we had met but few of the enemy. Crossing the South Ann River we struck the Fredericksburg railroad at Glen Allen, and tore up several miles of track; we were now less than ten miles from Richmond, and but a short distance from the outer



defences of that city. While we were engaged in the destruction of the railroad the enemy began to show themselves; the Sixth New York was at once formed in line on Brooks Pike; Captain Heermance's squadron was dismounted and thrown forward as skirmishers, driving the Confederates back, and entering the outer line of earthworks; later in the day General Custer's brigade became heavily engaged with Stuart's cavalry, and while trying to rally his men to resist Custer's charge the Confederate chieftain was killed; General Stuart was one of their best cavalry officers and his loss to them was what the death of Devin or Custer would have been to us. Passing between the outer and second line of defence, we marched until late in the evening, and bivouacked for the night on a plantation owned by a Mr. Stewart; we were now but a short distance from Richmond, so near that the lights in the city could be seen and the ringing of bells could be plainly heard; our appearance there had caused a general alarm, and troops were being hurriedly



pushed from the front to meet this new danger. Before daylight on the morning of the 12th, we were in motion, with the Sixth New York in advance, but while marching in the darkness, we were for a time thrown into confusion by the explosion of torpedoes which had been planted in the road, and exploded when stepped upon by our horses; the column was halted and the men dismounted, and there in the darkness with a drizzling rain falling, we waited for daylight to come before we could proceed. From this time until late in the forenoon, was to me (and I believe that my feelings were shared by most of the command) the most foreboding experience of my army life.

Soon after daylight while we were clearing away the torpedoes, the enemy began to show themselves in force, and shells from one of their nearest forts began bursting over our heads. Turning to the left we took the road which passed over the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge; the bridge was partly destroyed, and a force of rebel infantry was in front of us to pre-







vent our passage. In our rear the enemy were pressing upon us with artillery, cavalry and infantry; in front was the Chickahominy with its swamp, a broken bridge as our only means of exit, and that guarded and flanked by rebel infantry. There was but one thing to be done, the infantry in the woods yonder, must be driven away and the bridge repaired in order that we might cross over and place the Chickahominy between us and the rapidly increasing enemy. Halting a short distance from the edge of the swamp, the Sixth New York, the Ninth New York and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania were dismounted and ordered to clear the woods. The rain was falling, and it was with much difficulty that our ammunition was kept dry; as we entered the swamp—pushing our way through the dense foliage each leaf and bough laden with moisture—the enemy opened a sharp fire upon us, and a number of our men were wounded and taken to the rear; this, however, did not check our advance; gradually they fell back before the quick, sharp fire of our carbines; the bridge was un-



covered and hastily repaired, and the second brigade passed over in safety. In the meantime Sheridan had attacked the forces that had marched out from Richmond and threatened our rear, and after a sharp fight compelled them to retire behind their lines of defence.

From this point we rode unmolested to the old battlefield of '62, where on the 1st of July of that year was fought the memorable and bloody battle of Malvern Hill.

As the head of our column came in view of the James River, our gunboats stationed there opened fire upon us, we being mistaken for a body of Confederate cavalry, several of their shells burst uncomfortably near us before our true character was discovered.

Weary and hungry we pitched our shelter tents and rested the remainder of that and the following day.

Our loss on this raid was not great, but the damage inflicted on the enemy was severe, and according to General Sheridan's official report footed up as follows: 1,500,000 rations destroyed, cars and locomo-



tives burned, an immense quantity of medical supplies for Lee's army consumed at Beaver Dam, 400 Union prisoners recaptured with their Confederate guard, 15 or 20 miles of railroad track torn up and destroyed, and their best cavalry general killed.

On the 21st we reached White House where rations and forage awaited us.



## The Sixth New York at Deep Bottom.

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In the previous articles that I have written it has been my custom to quote a few extracts from my diary by way of refreshing the memory of my comrades who might chance to read them, and who participated in the events recorded; and in this, probably my last, I will not depart from my usual custom.

From my last article, giving an account of our engagement at Meadow Bridge, until the 28th of July, my diary shows two months of continued activity. Our regiment was on the move by day and night, making raids inside the enemy's lines, threatening his communications, tearing up railroad tracks, destroying his supplies, as at Beaver Dam; on the skirmish line, or in the line of battle; wherever there was a blow to be struck or a danger to be encountered, there the Sixth New York was to be found.





General Devin knew of what material his old regiment was composed, and he was never backward in giving us an opportunity to vindicate the high opinion that he entertained of us. General Grant had gradually forced the Confederate army from the Rappahannock to the James, and was confronting General Lee at Petersburg; here the closing scene in that terrible drama was to be enacted, and as usual, the cavalry was to play an important part. I quote from my diary:

"Monday, July 25.—The news comes to us to-night that we are to make an advance to-morrow, where we do not know, but it is to be some how connected with the mine that is being run under the Confederate fort in our front.

"Tuesday, July 26.—Drew four days' rations, struck our tents and packed our saddles; left camp at 3 P. M. and marched to the right and rear of our lines; crossed Matoaca Run at 10 P. M. and reached the James at 2 in the morning; rested two hours."

As indicated in my diary of July 25, the



object of this movement was to work in conjunction with the historic Burnside mines; our part being carried forward with success, but on the part of General Burnside a disastrous failure.

When we broke camp, on the afternoon of the 26th, our cavalry, under the direct command of General Sheridan, moved rapidly to the rear of our lines, and continued marching all that night until 1 P. M., when the south bank of the James was reached. General Hancock, with his fighting corps, was in advance of us, and after darkness set in huge bonfires were kindled at intervals along the line of march, casting their ruddy light far into the dark woods on either side of us, and bringing horse and rider into bold and striking relief.

That, with many similar night marches has been photographed on my memory, and will ever remain there as an imperishable relic of those never-to-be-forgotten times.

Before dawn the bugle sounded "to horse," and mounting, we turned our faces



toward the river, where, stretching away into the darkness, was a pontoon bridge, over which we rode, or rather walked, as each man was obliged to dismount and lead his horse until the opposite side was reached. As we reached the north bank day began to break in the east, and before the last regiment had crossed, the hot July sun was streaming down upon us. We were now on familiar ground; for more than two years we had been riding up and down the Peninsula; not far from this spot, at Harrison's Landing two years before, General McClellan had led the Army of the Potomac into camp, after that memorable "change of base" culminating in the battle of Malvern Hill, in which our regiment was engaged. A halt was ordered, and men and beasts refreshed themselves with food and rest; hard tack and coffee for the men, and a few quarts of oats for the horses; but the latter fared better than their riders, for there was an abundance of grass and clover in the field where we rested, and on this they feasted, while the men reclined upon the ground near them delighted at



the manner in which they enjoyed their morning's repast, for the trooper regards his horse as a part of himself, and when forage was scarce and weary marches were being made I have frequently seen him divide his hard tack with his horse, who seemed to understand and appreciate his master's thoughtfulness.

Up to this time the enemy had made no serious demonstration, save that General Hancock's command had been annoyed by a light battery of four guns, and captured it early in the morning. Mounting our horses we took up the line of march with the regular brigade in advance; in the afternoon we reached Malvern Hill and looked over that famous battlefield, many traces of that terrible conflict being visible; the same field, covered with a rich growth of red clover, sloping away from the crest of the hill on which our artillery was posted; the same woods to the west out of which came those heavy masses of Confederate infantry, charging almost to the muzzle of our guns, only to be hurled back with terrific loss, broken and defeated; all





this brought the picture of that day vividly before us, and we went into camp that night wondering what the morrow held in store for us. We bivouacked that night in an open field near Deep Bottom, our couch the green sward and a rubber blanket or poncho; our covering the gray army blanket, and our pillow our arms and saddle. Our horses stood and grazed near us while we slept.

Early in the morning we were astir; Generals Sheridan, Hancock, Torbet and Devin rode around our picket line to see if everything was satisfactory. No enemy had shown themselves during the night, and there was no indication of any this side of Richmond—so far as we knew.

The men of the Sixth had not saddled their horses, some were giving them their accustomed morning's grooming, others were taking them to water at a small stream near by; some were cooking their morning's rations, while others were lying at full length in the long grass with their thoughts turned homeward: it was an ideal picture, but a storm was at hand.



Suddenly the sharp rattle of musketry was heard in our front and before we could realize that we were attacked, our pickets were coming in closely followed by a heavy force of Confederate infantry; our bugle sounded "*Stand to horse*," but our horses were mostly unsaddled, and had we been mounted we could not have fought to any advantage, for the ground was cut and intersected by ditches, fences and scattering clumps of trees. The First New York Dragoons received the first shock and were forced back by overwhelming numbers: the balance of the regular brigade held their ground for awhile when they too, began to give way; at this time matters began to look serious, one of our best brigades was rapidly falling back, closely followed by a heavy force of the enemy, firing rapidly and flushed with what they felt to be certain victory. The horses belonging to the brigade also seemed in imminent danger of being captured, they were already under fire, and but a short distance from their rapidly advancing lines. The Sixth New York lay directly in the



path of this tide of battle with the Ninth New York, Seventeenth Pennsylvania and Fourth New York on our left. The order was passed along, "*Prepare to fight on foot,*" and before our formation was completed the enemy were within short range, their bullets whistling through our ranks. General Devin rode up to Major Hall and gave him a hurried command, the Major repeated it to his bugler, the "*charge*" was sounded, and our line advanced. As on previous occasions, our breech-loading carbines proved their superiority—at short range—over the muzzle-loading rifles of the enemy, for every shot that they fired we could give two in return. As we advanced their foremost men halted, and those less advanced closed up, thus forming a compact line in our front, and but a few rods from us; our line continued to advance, for a moment they wavered and then broke in confusion, making a cover of a piece of woods just to the right; here for a moment our advance was checked, but for a moment only; our men pressed through the woods, steadily forcing them back toward the



southern point which terminated in an open field. Finding that they could not hold the woods, and that they were being flanked by the Ninth New York, which was well advanced on our left, they broke from the woods and retreated across the open field. We were at close range, and their ranks were terribly thinned; many fell to the ground to avoid our fire and thus fell into our hands as prisoners, while their dead and wounded lay thick on that part of the field. On the farther side of the field was a long line of rail fence, this they gained and using it for a breastwork, made a short stand.

The Virginia rail fence is an institution peculiar to the "sacred soil;" it is made entirely of rails laid one upon another in a zig-zag line, and affords considerable protection from rifle bullets, as every soldier who fought in the Army of the Potomac knows. Throwing themselves over this fence and lying flat upon the ground with their muskets thrust through the crevices, they opened a close and deadly fire upon us; a member of Company H was standing by







my side, a bullet passed a few inches from my face and struck him squarely in the mouth, passing out at the back of his neck; he fell at my feet—dead! I lowered my carbine and was in the act of bending over him when a second bullet struck my left hand passing completely through it and nearly severing it from the wrist, at the same instant a third struck the butt of my carbine, shattering it to pieces. Dazed and faint I was about to fall when the strong arm of Harry Sharp was thrown around me, and the exclamation "Good God! Foster is killed, too," fell from his lips. Corporal Peter Curran was also by my side, and hastily tied a bandage about the wound, and then took me to the rear, where, under the sheltering branches of a group of oaks, lay scores of our boys, mingled with still greater numbers of the enemy—not enemies now—for they who wore the gray were as tenderly cared for as they who wore the blue; a moment before we were struggling in the whirlwind of battle, seemingly with but one thought, and that was to kill; now with our blood



mingling together here, the battle raging yonder, the bitterness has departed, and we are friends; what a strange reaction. Casting my eyes around me to see who of our boys I could recognize, leaning against a tree a few feet from me I saw the familiar form of Captain Philip R. Wales, his left arm was bare to the shoulder and there was an ugly hole completely through the arm near the shoulder, but the bone was not broken. Greeting me with his accustomed friendly smile, though with a pale face, he inquired of the nature of my wound, and requested Dr. Clarke to attend to me before looking after him; that was simply like himself, brave, generous, unselfish.

But what of the battle which we left a few moments ago?

Our line received a temporary check when the Confederates gained the cover of the fence, but it was for a moment only. As I fell the bugle sounded "Forward," and with a rush and cheer our men dashed forward; the enemy broke in confusion and disappeared in the woods beyond, leaving in our hands four battle flags,



several hundred prisoners, beside their dead and wounded; the former were buried near where they fell, the wounded were taken to City Point with our own men and cared for in the hospitals there. In company with about three hundred wounded men I was placed on board a transport and conveyed to New York, and for two months was an inmate of the hospital on Blackwell's Island.



## A Midnight Attack.

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The following account of a midnight attack on our camp near Lovettsville in the winter of 1864-'65 is given by Charles Wormsley, Company E. The facts are substantially as he gives them, having been revised and changed in some trifling points by comrades Isaac Collier and T. H. Kiernan, both of Company M., who were among the first to meet and witness the attack.

After the campaign in the valley, in the fall of 1864, our regiment went into winter quarters near Lovettsville, our quarters consisting of small houses, sided up with logs, and shelter tents stretched over them for roofing, from four to eight men occupying a house. The enemy were also in winter quarters, and there was little for us to do save camp and picket duty, with an occasional scout to vary the monotony of camp life. At the time of this midnight attack, portions of two companies, E and





M, were on picket on the main road leading into our camp; the outpost was near an old blacksmith shop, perhaps a mile from camp, and the reserve, in charge of Sergeant Carpenter, of Company M, was about midway between the camp and outer post. The night was not dark; the ground being covered with a slight sprinkling of snow. Between 12 and 1 o'clock the man on the outpost (J. Dykeman, Company M), noticed a body of mounted men approaching, and in the dim light he could see that the foremost men wore the blue army overcoat. To his challenge of "Halt! who comes there?" the answer "Friend" was given. Thinking that it was a scouting party of our own men, he gave the usual order, "Dismount, one friend, advance and give the countersign," and while waiting for the dismounted man to advance, the whole column dashed forward; the vidette was captured before he could make any resistance or even notify his comrades of their danger. Sergeant Carpenter, hearing the sound of approaching horsemen, advanced to challenge them, and, like Dyke-



man at the outpost, was for a moment deceived by the blue uniform worn by the leaders of the column. At the order to halt, they dashed forward, but not until Carpenter had fired his revolver into their ranks. The eight or ten men constituting the reserve a few rods to the rear were captured, and two of them killed, Campbell, of Company M, and McIntire, of Company E. Leaving a detail of eight or ten men in charge of the prisoners and their horses, the column dashed on toward the camp, less than a half a mile away. The men in the regimental camp were in their quarters feeling perfectly secure, not dreaming that there was an armed foe in twenty miles of their camp. Apparently Carpenter's shot had not awakened any one, and not until the enemy were actually in the camp, were the men aware of their danger. The rebels numbered about 100 men, and their object was to raid the camp and run off as many horses as they could get away with, so while a part of them rushed through the camp firing and shouting, the remainder rode to the lines where the horses were



fastened and began cutting them loose. Our men at first were dazed by the suddenness of the onslaught, and judged by the noise and confusion that the whole rebel army was upon them. Bare-headed and bare-footed, they sprang out into the company streets, and with carbine and pistol began firing upon the raiders. Finding that the camp was becoming uncomfortably warm for them, the "Johnnies" abandoned the horses that they had detached from the lines and a number of prisoners, and decamped as hastily as they had entered, but not until brave Lieutenant Carroll had been killed and several others wounded, beside those killed at the outpost. The officer in charge of the raiders was killed, and two or three of their men. We learned afterward that as they went into the mountains they bore several wounded men upon their horses. Four of the men at the reserve post were made prisoners.



## Some Reminiscences of Company F.

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On the evening of the 15th of October, 1861 (my 19th birthday), at a public meeting held in the old church at Good Ground, L. I., the Rev. S. H. Platt being speaker, the following names were enrolled as members of the Second Regiment "Ira Harris Guard": Chas. A. Jackson, John Devine, Alexander Penny and Alonzo Foster. In the first part of November we received orders to report for duty and muster, to our regiment then encamped at Camp Scott, Staten Island. Arriving at Riverhead we found awaiting us a number of recruits from Southold, Sag Harbor and Amagansett, their names were Henry Preston, Julius Young, George Prince, Robert Leslie, S. K. Satterly, Charles Edwards, John Byron, Elbert Edwards, Oliver Loper, Wm. Polley, Charles Whitney, Milton Bennett, E. W. Taber, E. T. Latham, and some others whose names I do not recall. When





we reached Staten Island we were met at the landing by Lieutenant Robert Crozier, Second Lieutenant of Company F, who took charge of us and marched us into camp, nearly two miles distant. Lieutenant Crozier was about 19 years of age, and exceedingly boyish in appearance; but subsequent events proved him to be in every respect a good soldier, and had he lived, would doubtless attained to a high rank in the regiment or brigade. He was killed while leading our squadron in a charge on the enemy near West Point, Va., in the summer of 1862. Lieutenant D. C. Hannahs was our Second Lieutenant, he also was a young man, and a recent graduate from college. He was killed at Williamsburg, Va., September, 1862. The Captain of Company F was an Englishman who had seen service in the British army, his name was John Carwardine, but he remained with our company only a short time, being promoted to Major in December, 1861.

After remaining at Camp Scott until December, and becoming somewhat familiar with camp life, we were transferred to the



City of York, Pennsylvania, where we remained until February, 1862. Company F was quartered in a large school house, and during our stay there we enjoyed ourselves supremely.

The people were intensely patriotic, and kept us well supplied with rations far superior to those furnished by our commissary. As a sample of their generosity, on New Year's day, the ladies donated to Company F 300 pies with an abundant accompaniment of other good things. As we numbered nearly seventy men this gave us about four pies each, which lasted us well into the new year. But this was not the kind of campaigning out of which the best soldierly qualities are developed — there was little *war* in this.

From York we were transferred to Perryville, Maryland, where barracks were erected and closer discipline was enforced. We were drilled on foot from three to four hours each day, and obliged to practice saber exercise two or three hours more. I believe that in the use of the saber no regiment excelled the Sixth New York



From Perryville we were transferred to Washington, where we were supplied with horses, and at the close of a rainy day in April, 1862, equipped and mounted, we took the Long Bridge en route for Alexandria.

That was our first experience in mounted marching and there were many ludicrous incidents connected with that night's ten-mile march.

Many of the horses had never been ridden before and many of the men had never ridden a horse until that night. When these two conditions meet, the consequences can be readily imagined; so with balky horses, green riders, falling rain and muddy roads, we had an experience not easily forgotten. One member of the Company—George King—was thrown from his horse and received injuries from which he never fully recovered. At Alexandria we took transport for Yorktown, Va, General McClellan then being in front of that place with the Army of the Potomac. We were three days on the transports, and on the second day out, while one of the vessels



was temporarily delayed, a number of us took a boat and rowed to the shore—a short distance away—on a tour of inspection. Seeing a flock of sheep in a field we concluded that some fresh mutton would be an agreeable change in our bill of fare, so bringing our carbines into use for the first time we speedily secured four of the handsomest ones and returned to the transport, being warmly welcomed, of course, by our comrades.

This was our first foraging expedition, but by no means the last, though pursued under more favorable circumstances than any that we engaged in afterward. We subsequently learned that the sheep belonged to a Union man, and that he presented his bill to the Department for payment, but I think it was never paid, our officers having no recollection of any boat leaving the transport, or any men landing, or any sheep being killed, and they had almost forgotten how roast mutton tasted, it was so long since they had had any placed before them.

Arriving at Shipping Point, a few miles





below Yorktown, we disembarked, and were placed on the right of General McClellan's lines.

Here we received our first taste of actual *war*; up to this time we had been playing at soldiering, but now our school days were over, and stern, cruel war was before us.

The first night after we landed we went into camp near the York River, and though tired we slept but little. The continual roar of our guns as they sent their shot and shell over into the enemy's works, was a new experience to us, but to which we soon became accustomed, so that we could sleep comfortably while the heaviest cannonading was in progress. I afterward saw men sleep soundly while lying on the ground a few rods to the rear of the battery that they were supporting, the guns keeping up a continuous firing, and the enemy's shells occasionally bursting over head; but of course these were cases of extreme fatigue.

Our stay here was short; the enemy evacuated Yorktown and fell back to



Williamsburg, where a severe engagement took place, our loss being about 1,500, and the Confederate loss about the same. From this point we marched to the Chickahominy. (See Reminiscence of the battle of Savage Station, page 27.) \* \* \* After the Seven Days' battle we went into camp at Harrison's Landing, and from thence were ordered to Yorktown, where we remained for several months making raids through the counties of York, Gloucester, Surrey, King William and the surrounding country. Connected with these raids were many interesting incidents, the publication of which is forbidden by the limited extent of these pages.

When our troops first landed at this part of the Peninsula they were looked upon by the negroes with mingled curiosity and fear. As we rode past their quarters it was amusing to see the little pickaninnies peer out at us with dilated eyes and open mouths, from behind the doors and window casings, while the older ones were hardly less shy. After we had become better acquainted, they seemed to take great de-



light in visiting our camp and talking with the soldiers, who were always ready to listen to their quaint dialect and peculiar expressions.

Not far from our camp at Lebanon Church, lived a venerable old patriarch, known as Uncle Jake; after we had been located a few days and friendly relations were established, I received an invitation to ride out and take dinner with my newly made friend; so in company with Milton Bennett, one Sunday afternoon I rode out to his house, which was built of logs, but of good dimensions, and a marvel of neatness, both inside and out. Uncle Jake and his wife greeted us with a welcome that was as cordial as it was unique, and seemed to feel that in entertaining Union soldiers they were performing the crowning work of their lives. There was no flooring to their dwelling, but the earth was packed as hard and firm as though it had been cement, and in lieu of a cooking stove, was a large open fire-place, over and around which, simmered and baked the savory morsels on which we were to dine.



Very soon after our arrival the table was spread, but there were covers for *two* only. I suggested that Uncle Jake and his wife be seated at the table and enjoy the meal with us, a request which seemed to them utterly astounding. "Why, Mass'r, I clare dat in de ni on to eighty years I libe 'bout here I nebber hear ob a nigger setin down to de table wid a white pusson—nebber. No, sah! de ole woman an' I will stan' by an' wait on yous gents, but we would feel mighty out ob place to set up to de table an' eat." No amount of argument or persuasion that I could use would induce him to consent to my proposition, so we partook of the meal while our host and hostess served. But the meal—well, the relish of it is in my mouth still, and I have often wondered if I will ever sit down to a table where the food will taste quite as good as it did that Sunday afternoon at Uncle Jake's. The bill of fare was as follows: Milk, cream, corn bread, butter, roast sweet potatoes, boiled bacon and two dishes containing roast and stewed meats. After ample justice had been done to the





meal, especially to the last two dishes, I asked Uncle Jake what kind of fowl they were.

"Bress de Lord, honey, dem is no *fowl*; de stew is made of young possom, an' de roas' meat is a fat young coon dat I catch las' night." I was glad the information came *after* we had eaten. \* \* \*

In the early part of July, 1863, we were transferred to Centerville under the command of General King, and on Thursday, August 17, rejoined the regiment then near Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan.



Record Sixth Regiment New York  
Veteran Volunteers.

(*Second Ira Harris Guard.*)

CAVALRY.

This regiment was organized under special authority from the War Department as the *Ira Harris Guard* at New York City, and was, after having been turned over to the State, November 20, 1861, designated as the Sixth Regiment of Cavalry, New York Volunteers. The companies were mustered into the United States service as follows: A, September 12; B, September 27; D, September 28; I, November 2; L, November 6; E, October 3; F, October 24; H, October 28; K and M, December 19; C, September 29; G, October 24, 1861. At the expiration of its term of service those entitled



thereto were discharged and the remainder retained in the service.

The companies were recruited principally: A at New York City, Cohoes and Boston, Mass.; B and L at New York City; C at Rochester, Cohocton, Geneseo, Hornellsville and Dansville; D at Troy, Cherry Valley, Salt Springs and Cape Vincent; E at New York City, Albany, Watertown, Cherry Valley, Salt Springs and Cape Vincent; F at New York City, Poughkeepsie, Southold, Sag Harbor, Good Ground, Amagansett and Springs; G at Binghamton, Rochester and Hornellsville; H at New York City, Southold, Shelter Island, Dover Plains and Washington; I at New York City, Cuba, Franklinville, Angelica and Binghamton; K at Ogdensburg, Geneseo, Lisbon and Canton; M at Kinderhook and Hudson.

The regiment left the State December 23, 1861, commanded by Colonel Thomas C Devin, and served at York, Pa., from that time. In March, 1862, Companies D and K and F and H forming the Third Battalion were mounted and assigned, two each, to



the Second and Fourth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, respectively; the First and Second Battalions were attached to General Wadworth's command, and mounted in May, 1862. Companies D and K served with the Second Corps until July, 1863; in the Department of Washington until October, 1863; and F and H with the Fourth Corps until August, 1863, when they rejoined the regiment. The First and Second Battalions served with the Ninth Army Corps from August, 1862 (Company A with the Sixth Corps in September, 1862), in the Second Brigade, Pleasanton's Cavalry Division, from December, 1862; in the Second Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, from February, 1863 (Companies B and C with Ninth Corps in January and February, 1863; a detachment with Twenty-second Corps in July and August, 1863); with the Army of the Shenandoah from October, 1864, and with the Army of the Potomac from March 26, 1865.

June 17, 1865, under command of Colonel Charles L. Fitzhugh, the regiment was





consolidated into eight companies, and these, with the Fifteenth New York Volunteer Cavalry formed into a new organization known as the "Second Provisional Regiment, New York Volunteer Cavalry."

On December 16, 1863, while lying at Culpepper the bulk of the regiment (424) re-enlisted for an additional term of three years; and on the 1st of January, 1864, the regiment (from that time known as the Sixth New York Veteran Volunteers) was given a furlough of 30 days and transported to Washington, from whence they were transported to New York City, from which point they separated and went to their respective homes. After the termination of their furloughs they reported at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., and from thence were transported to their old camp near Culpepper, Va.

We will proceed with a brief synopsis of our services, beginning with the campaign of General Pope, in July, 1862, when the regiment was on duty with his army, and assisted in covering the evacuation of Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek.



- Sept. 10.—Engaged the enemy's rear guard at Frederick.
- “ 14.—Engaged at battle of South Mountain.
- “ 16.—Engaged on Sharpsburg Turnpike.
- “ 17.—Engaged at Antietam on left of Burnside's Corps.
- Oct. 6.—Engaged at Lovettsville.

### 1863.

- April 29.—Crossed Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers in advance of the Army of the Potomac.
- “ 30.—Engaged the enemy at Hunting Creek Run and Chancellorsville. (See the cavalry at Chancellorsville, page 37.)
- May 3.—Engaged at battle of Chancellorsville.
- “ 4.—Crossed Rappahannock and encamped at Falmouth.
- June 8.—Marched to Beverly Ford.
- “ 9.—Engaged at battle of Beverly Ford.
- “ 21.—Engaged Stuart's cavalry at Upper-ville.
- “ 30.—Encamped in front of Gettysburg.
- July 1-2.—Engaged the advance of Hill's and Ewell's Corps. (See General Devin's Report, page 121.)
- “ 16.—Crossed Potomac; encamped at Catlett's Station.



Aug. 1.—Crossed Rappahannock and engaged Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry at Brandy Station.

Sept. 13.—Engaged Stuart's cavalry at Culpepper.

Oct. 10.—Crossed Germania Ford of the Rappahannock; retired the following morning across Raccoon Ford and fell slowly back to Brandy Station (see battle of Brandy Station, page 45) and engaged Confederate cavalry; crossed Rappahannock and encamped.

“ 12.—Re-crossed Rappahannock.

“ 13.—Crossed Rappahannock and encamped at Warrenton Junction.

“ 14.—Covered movement of army trains retreating to Fairfax Court House; engaged the enemy in the afternoon and continued under fire until 9 at night.

“ 17.—Encamped near Fairfax Court House; many men dismounted and horses in need of rest.

“ 19-26.—Moved to Bealton; engaged the enemy, both cavalry and infantry; lost a number of men and horses; advanced to Bealton and encamped.

“ 27.—Engaged enemy at Bealton.



Nov. 7.—Marched toward Culpepper and encamped near there.

“ 17.—Moved camp to-day to our old quarters below Culpepper.

“ 20-21.—Engaged the enemy at Mine Run; assisted in covering retirement of infantry across Rapidan.

“ 22.—Retired to camp near Culpepper and erected cantonments; employed in observing the country between the Union lines and the Blue Ridge, picket duty, etc.

Dec. 31.—Muster in Rolls completed to-day; regiment now designated Sixth New York Veteran Volunteers.

## 1864.

Jan. 2.—Took train this morning at 11 for Washington for furlough of thirty days.

Jan. 2 to } On furlough, and at rendezvous; Fort  
Feb. 18. } Schuyler.

Feb. 18.—Embarked on the steamer Cimbria for Alexandria.

“ 24.—Reached our old quarters near Culpepper; in camp, doing picket duty, drilling and scouting until May 3d.





May 5.—Crossed the Rapidan to engage in the Wilderness campaign ; encamped near Chancellorsville.

“ 6.—Left camp early and marched to the front ; regiment under fire.

“ 7.—Engaged the enemy on left of Second Corps. (See Sixth New York at the Wilderness, page 51.)

“ 9.—Started on Sheridan's raid around Richmond and reached Beaver Dam Station. (See Sixth New York at Beaver Dam, page 65.)

“ 10.—Engaged Stuart's cavalry on Brook Turnpike ; crossed Brook Run and carried the outer works of Richmond. (See Sixth New York at Meadow Bridge, page 71.)

“ 11.—Crossed Meadow Bridge ; engaged enemy, who held field works in front ; carried their works.

“ 14.—Reached Malvern Hill and went into camp ; our gunboats fired on us, mistaking us for the enemy. \* \* \*

“ 28.—Crossed the Paumunkey and engaged the enemy in force on the Hanover road ; heavy fighting all day.

“ 30.—Engaged enemy on Cold Harbor road.

“ 31.—Engaged at battle of Cold Harbor.



June 7.—Crossed Paumunkey with cavalry corps on raid to Gordonsville.

“ 12.—Engaged enemy at Trevillian Station.  
(See Sixth New York at Trevillian Station, page 57.)

“ 13.—Marched *en route* to White House.

“ 21.—Engaged enemy at St. Peter's Church.

“ 24.—Engaged enemy at Jones' Bridge.

“ 28.—Crossed the James River to-day on pontoons, the Sixth New York being the last to cross; went into camp at City Point.

“ 30.—Broke camp this morning and marched toward Petersburg.

From June 30 to July 27 the regiment was engaged in doing picket duty for the army in front of Petersburg.

July 27.—Crossed James and Appomattox Rivers.

“ 28.—Engaged the enemy at Deep Bottom.  
(See Sixth New York at Deep Bottom, page 79.)

“ 29.—Re-crossed the James.

Aug. 1.—Embarked for Washington to prepare for Sheridan's campaign in the Valley.

“ 5.—Marched from Washington; camped at Charleston on the 9th.



Aug. 11.—Engaged Jones' Tennessee Brigade at cross-roads on Front Royal Pike.

“ 12.—Pursued enemy on Valley Turnpike.

“ 16.—Engaged Wickham's cavalry at Crooked Run. (Colonel Devin brevetted brigadier general for gallant conduct at this battle.)

Sept. 19.—Battle of Winchester.

“ 21.—Engaged enemy at Fisher's Hill, and pursued them to Mount Jackson.

“ 22.—Engaged enemy at Mount Jackson.

“ 23.—Crossed Shenandoah and engaged enemy's rear guard at New Market on Valley Pike.

“ 25.—Engaged the enemy at Port Republic.

“ 26-27.—Engaged at Brown's Gap and Port Republic.

“ 28.—Marched to Cross Keys.

Oct. 8-9.—Engaged enemy near Tom's Run and chased Lomax to Mount Jackson.

“ 19.—Battle of Cedar Creek; heavily engaged on left of enemy's line of battle; pursued the enemy to Fisher's Hill.

(General Devin commissioned brigadier general for gallant conduct at battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek.)

“ 20.—Pursued enemy to Mount Jackson.



Nov. 22.—Engaged enemy at Milford.

Dec. 1-18.—Raid through Loudon County to the Potomac.

“ 21, 22, 23.—Engaged enemy at Madison Court House, Liberty Mills and in front of Gordonsville.

“ 29.—Returned to camp near Winchester.

“ 30.—Moved to Loudon Valley to cover left flank of the army.

# 1865.

Jan. 1.—Encamped near Lovettsville ; the enemy made a midnight assault on camp and were repulsed ; employed until January 23 in doing picket duty, and with the rest of the brigade in observing the country between the Potomac and the Blue Ridge.

“ 23.—Marched *en route* to Winchester, from Winchester to the James.

Mar. 1.—Occupied Staunton.

“ 6 } Engaged in destroying James River  
to 11. } canal locks, aqueducts, factories,  
depots, etc.

“ 12.—Marched to Louisa Court House and destroyed railroad.

“ 14.—Moved to Fredericksburg.

“ 26.—Joined Army of the Potomac.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
JANUARY 10, 1900  
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CHICAGO  
FROM THE DEAN OF THE FACULTY  
SIR:  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.  
Very respectfully,  
J. H. COOPER, Dean of the Faculty

100



Mar. 28.—Marched to Dinwiddie Court House.

“ 29-30.—Engaged enemy in front of Five Forks.

April 2.—Pursued enemy to Scott's Cross Roads.

“ 3-9.—Continuously engaged with the enemy until Lee's surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

On the 9th of August, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., the regiment was mustered out of the service.



### NEW YEAR'S WISH.

(Written by Colonel Devin while in command of the Regiment in  
the Winter of 1863.)

'Tis happy New Year, and to loved ones at home  
With smiles and kind wishes greet friends as they  
come ;  
With kisses and bon-bons, and wealth of good  
cheer,  
With feasting and dancing they hail the New Year.

Far away in the wildwood, o'er hills and through  
dales,  
In the land of the Southern where Liberty pales,  
The Rappahannock's dark waters flow murmuring  
along  
And the wind through the pines sounds a requiem  
song.

What breaks the lone spell on the forest so still?  
What cracks the dry bough on yon laurel crowned  
hill?  
'Tis the picket, as slowly he steals through the  
brake  
Some vigil to keep 'till the morn shall awake.

No kisses for him as he watches the Ford,  
No mother, nor maiden with kind, loving words,  
As with carbine advanced, and quickening ear,  
He waits for a sign that the foeman is near.

Away from his kindred, his friends and his home,  
For the cause of his country the trooper has come;  
May the battle-rent banner he hails with a cheer,  
Regain its lost stars ere another New Year.

T. C. DEVIN.



HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION, }  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
May 10, 1863. }

[General Order No. 27.]

The General commanding takes this occasion to commend the conduct of the "Second Brigade," and "Martin's" Sixth Independent New York Battery, in the late engagement near Chancellorsville.

The distinguished gallantry of the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment in charging the head of the enemy's columns, advancing on the Eleventh Corps, on the evening of the 2d instant; the heroism of the *Sixth New York* Regiment in cutting its way back to our lines, through treble its force of the enemy's cavalry, on the 1st instant; and the coolness displayed by the Seventeenth Pennsylvania Regiment in rallying fugitives and supporting the Batteries (including Martin's) which repulsed the enemy's attack under "Jackson," on the evening of the 2d instant, have excited the highest admiration.

These noble feats of arms recall the glorious days of "Middletown," "Boonsboro," "Antie-



tam," "Martinsburg," "Upperville," "Barber's," and "Amosville," where the First Brigade shared with us the triumphs of victory; and they will now, while exulting in this success, join in sorrow for the brave who have fallen.

The gallant McVickar, the generous, chivalric Keenan, with one hundred killed and wounded from your small numbers, attest to the terrible earnestness that animated the midnight conflict of the 2d of May.

A. PLEASANTON,  
Brigadier-General, Commanding.





The following Report was made by Colonel Devin after the battle of Gettysburg:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, }  
FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION, }  
August 6, 1863. }

*Captain* :—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this brigade at the Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.

On the morning of July 1st, the pickets of the First Brigade, on the road to Cashtown, were driven in by a force advancing from that direction, and the Second Brigade was ordered to prepare for action, and form on the crest of a hill on the right of the First Brigade.

I immediately formed as ordered, with my right resting on the road to Mummasburgh, and deployed a squadron of the Sixth New York to the front and left as skirmishers, dismounted and connecting with those of the First Brigade, at the same time connecting by skirmishers and videttes with my pickets on the three roads on the right, leading toward Carlisle, thus establishing a continuous line from the York Road, on the extreme



right, to the left of the First Brigade on Cashtown Road.

The infantry not having arrived and the enemy's artillery force increasing, I was ordered to retire gradually as they succeeded in getting the range of my position. This I effected in successive formations in line to the rear, by regiment, in face of the enemy, the troops behaving well and forming with perfect coolness and order.

About this time my skirmishers on the right were forced back by the advance of the enemy's line of battle, coming back from the direction of Heidlerburg. Knowing the importance of holding that point until the infantry could arrive and be placed in position, I immediately placed the Ninth New York in support and dismounted the rest of my available force, succeeded in holding the rebel line in check for two hours, until relieved by the arrival of the Eleventh Corps, when I was ordered to mass my command on the York Road and hold that approach.

While in that position immediately in front of the town, the command faced to the front, and my pickets on the York Road, three-quarters of a mile, a heavy fire of shells was opened upon us by one of our own batteries on Cemetery Hill, immediately in our rear. This fire becoming very



hot and persistent and many of the shells bursting among us, I was led to suppose for a moment that the enemy had succeeded in gaining that position, and I immediately removed my command into the town, the column being shelled the whole distance.

After I had retired the battery turned its attention to my pickets on the road and shelled them out. I was then ordered to the Emmetsburg Road, where the Brigade was formed in line in rear of the batteries of the division, with its right flank resting on the town.

The enemy having gained the York Road, entered the town immediately after my pickets retired, and passing through with their sharpshooters attacked the flank of the Brigade, killing and wounding several men and horses. I immediately dismounted one squadron of the Ninth New York, who with their carbines drove them some distance into the town, punishing them severely. The Brigade was then ordered to the extreme left, where it bivouacked for the night.

The next morning—July 2d—while I was engaged reconnoitering in rear of the enemy's right, our sharpshooters became engaged with a division of the enemy advancing to feel our lines in front of my position. I immediately dismounted and



deployed two squadrons in support of Berdan's sharpshooters (who were engaged in our front) and formed the Brigade into line on the left of the First, with one section of Tidball's battery in position. The enemy not pressing his advance, and the Third Corps coming into position, we were ordered to march to Tarreytown, when we bivouacked, and marched the next morning, July 3d, to West Minster.

(Signed) THOMAS C. DEVIN,  
Colonel, Commanding Second Brigade.





This address was issued by General Devin after the battle of Cedar Creek and the pursuit of the enemy to Mount Jackson:

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE,  
FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,  
MIDDLE MILITARY DIV., *November 6, '64.* }

*Soldiers*: The Brevet Brigadier-General Commanding feels that he should not allow the present opportunity to pass without referring to and recalling the operations of his brigade during the late engagements.

Rapidly transferred from the Army of the Potomac to the Shenandoah Valley, you, on the second day's march, engaged a brigade of mounted infantry, and in one hour drove them from two strong positions in utter rout. Again, at Front Royal, Smithfield, Kearneysville and Shepherdstown, your sturdy arms and keen sabres on each occasion hurled back the serried masses of the foe. At the battle of the Opequan, after charging and routing a superior force of the enemy's cavalry in your front, you whirled like a thunderbolt on the left of his infantry lines, and



rode them down in the face of a withering fire, in two successive charges, capturing over five hundred prisoners and five battle flags.

When detached from the division and in advance, during the long pursuits of Early's army from Fisher's Hill to Fort Republic, your gallantry and daring while pressing the enemy called forth the highest praise. In the action of the 9th of October, taking the advance near Edinburg, you drove Lomax's Division "whirling" through Mount Jackson and across the Shenandoah, capturing his last gun and his train.

On the memorable 19th of October the crowning glory was reserved for you, of pursuing the enemy and reaping the fruits of that brilliant victory. After sturdily fighting from early morn with the gallant old division to which you are attached, in its successful efforts to check and finally drive the enemy's right, you dashed across the bridge over Cedar Creek, under a heavy fire, charging and completely smashing the enemy's rear guard. Darkness did not relax your efforts, but on you pushed, capturing guns, trains and prisoners, until at near midnight, you had reached Fisher's Hill, eight miles from the battlefield.

At early dawn you charged and drove the enemy's cavalry from the hill, and drove on to



Woodstock after the fast flying foe, who could not again be overtaken.

Twenty-two of the forty-three guns captured by the cavalry, fifty-nine wagons and ambulances, over four hundred prisoners, (including a number of officers,) and two battle-flags, were the trophies of your success.

You have captured, during this short campaign, twenty-four guns, nine battle-flags in action, and over one thousand prisoners.

This brilliant success has not been effected without severe loss. One-third of your number, including forty officers, have been killed or wounded. They have fallen nobly at their post of duty.

Praise from me is superfluous. The record of your deeds is sufficient. You have done your duty, and the brigade has maintained its old reputation.

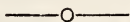
Signed,

THOMAS C. DEVIN,

Brevet Brigadier-General.



SOME men are "born soldiers," and we know of no one of whom this can be said with greater truthfulness than of Thomas C. Devin. His record with that of the other brave men who constituted the officary of the Sixth New York Cavalry, can be found in its designated place in this book, but only those men who came into personal contact with him could understand and appreciate his soldierly qualities. To see him on the battlefield, absolutely self-poised, to see the look of determination on his face as he placed himself in command of his regiment when the charge was to be made, to hear his clear, ringing tones amid the clash of sabres and the rattle of carbines and musketry, was to understand something of his value as a soldier. Among the brilliant officers who led our cavalry squadrons to victory, few, if any, excelled our beloved commander.

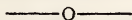


General Charles L. Fitzhugh came to the





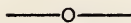
regiment when it was so reduced in numbers as not to admit of the mustering in of a colonel. Through him recruits were brought to the regiment, and he was commissioned as colonel. He had previously been in command of Horse Battery C and E, Fourth U. S. Artillery, where he had served with distinction. Eight days after he assumed command of the regiment he was placed in command of the (2d) Brigade, and retained that position until the close of the war.



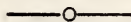
The assertion has frequently been made that the worst men make the best soldiers, but this is not sustained by facts. A notable exception to this was found in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison White. He went into the regiment as a lieutenant, and was successively promoted until he reached the position of lieutenant-colonel. His piety stood the test of camp and army life, and during his four years of service he remained as loyal to his God as he was to his country. It was his invariable custom before retiring to kneel and



offer a silent prayer. No matter what his surroundings might be, he always adhered to this practice; and although his more thoughtless companions in arms were at times disposed to ridicule his devotions, they learned to respect and honor his noble Christian character.



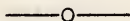
Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan McVicar was also a praying man, a sturdy Scotch Presbyterian. In the absence of the chaplain he would frequently lead the devotional exercises of the regiment or battalion.



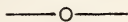
The name of Major Floyd Clarkson appears in the Official Report as having served in the regiment about one year, but when he resigned from the Sixth New York he entered the Twelfth New York Cavalry (Third Ira Harris Guard) as Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet, and served with distinction until the close of the war. His resignation was deeply regretted by the officers and men of the regiment with whom he was deservedly popular.



Capt. Jerome B. Wheeler may be mentioned as one of the most popular young officers in the regiment. In addition to his qualifications as a soldier, he possessed business capabilities which were appreciated and utilized by his superior officers in the brigade.



Among the list of "born soldiers" the name of Major William P. Hall should certainly appear. Handsome and courteous in his bearing, he was the model soldier and officer. Whether in camp, on the march, or under fire he was always "at home." The writer was closely associated with him during the Peninsular Campaign, as well as later in the war. He had seen service in the Mexican war and brought with him into our regiment a practical knowledge of military life which was of great service in that early period of the war.



Among the names best recognized in the regiment, is that of Augustus P. Clarke, Surgeon and Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet. Every surviving member of the regiment



has reason to remember him with thoughts of gratitude. Always at his post, whether in camp or on the battlefield, he was ready to sacrifice *himself* in order to alleviate the sufferings of his comrades. In addition to the gratifying thought that he served his country faithfully and well, he also bears with him the pleasing assurance that he holds the esteem and good wishes of all his comrades.





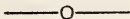
## Personal Incidents.

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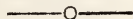
It was not our intention to enter into personal details in this publication, for when we once enter upon the individual record of the men who served, or the officers who led in the Sixth New York, it would be a hard matter to find a halting place. Each man and each officer has a history of his own, and in that are incidents of sufficient importance and interest to grace the pages of any work of similar nature. Since beginning our labors, however, and through the medium of the pen coming into contact with nearly all the surviving members of the regiment, we have received from comrades so many scraps of history and personal reminiscences that we have made a slight departure from our original purpose and selected a few personal incidents from the many at hand, and give them as samples of the experience which is common in some degree to all, and which will be readily recognized by those in whose presence they occurred.



At the battle of Gettysburg, Private John Carroll, of Co. D, distinguished himself for bravery and heroic conduct. He was attached to the Headquarters of the Second Army Corps during that battle, and at a point in our lines where the infantry were giving way, Carroll succeeded in rallying the men and holding them until re-enforcements came, thus preventing what might have been a serious disaster. When President Lincoln visited the battlefield a few days later, Carroll's conduct was made known to him, and the President promoted him to a Second Lieutenancy on the spot. Carroll was afterward killed in the night attack upon our camp at Lovettsville.



On the evening of July 1st, at the battle of Gettysburg, Henry J. Wakerly, Bugler Company G, captured three prisoners and took them into General Buford's Headquarters. General Buford complimented him very highly. He was subsequently made Sergeant.



At the battle of Brandy Station, Corporal F. M. Ackerman returned from the



second charge with three prisoners, which he turned over to the provost guard. His record deserves more than a passing notice.

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At the battle of Cedar Creek, in the person of John J. Main, our regiment lost one of its brightest and most gallant young officers. Adjutant Main was in his accustomed place at the front; the heaviest part of the fighting was over, and young Main was sending prisoners, artillery and caissons to the rear. Many prisoners had been captured, and a number of the enemy's guns were in our hands. At this particular point in our lines the fighting had not ceased. Main, seeing a Confederate soldier nearer to him than his comrades, rode up to him and ordered him to surrender. Without making any reply he raised his pistol and fired, sending a bullet directly through the young officer's heart. Sergeant Morgan D. Lewis was riding by the side of Adjutant Main. A second after the Confederate fired, a bullet from Lewis' pistol crashed through his brain; he fell dead. For this and similar acts of gallantry Lewis was promoted to adjutant.



## NOTE.

The number of battles and engagements in which the whole or part of the Sixth New York Cavalry was engaged is 143. (See Adjutant-General's Report, 1890.)

The number of killed, wounded and missing are as follows :

Number of officers killed.....	9
“ “ “ wounded.....	20
“ “ “ missing.....	12— 41
“ “ enlisted men killed.....	72
“ “ “ “ wounded....	162
“ “ “ “ missing.....	197—431
Total.....	472

Enlisted men to whom Medals of Honor have been awarded by the Secretary of War :

Chief Bugler THOMAS M. WELLS.  
Farrier GEORGE E. MEACH.  
Sergeant PATRICK McENROE.  
Private THOMAS KELLY.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

The first settlement in Boston was made in 1630 by a group of Puritan settlers from England. They came to the city in search of religious freedom and a place to practice their faith. The settlers established a colony that grew into a major center of commerce and industry. The city's location on a harbor made it an important port for trade with the rest of the world.

The city's growth was rapid, and by the mid-17th century it was one of the largest and most important cities in the colonies. The city's economy was based on trade, and it became a major center for the export of goods to Europe. The city's location also made it a strategic point for the British during the American Revolution.

The city's history is filled with important events, including the Boston Tea Party, the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the Siege of Fort Mifflin. The city's role in the American Revolution was crucial, and it played a major part in the founding of the United States. The city's history is a testament to the courage and determination of its people.



# ROSTER OF THE OFFICERS

OF THE

## 6th New York Cavalry,

(Compiled from the Adjutant-General's Report of the  
State of New York, 1863.)

NAME.	DATE OF COMMISSION.	DATE OF RANK.
<b>COLONELS.</b>		
Thomas C. Devin.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 18, 1861
Promoted to Brig.-Gen. Dec. 8, 1864.		
Charles L. Fitzhugh.....	Dec. 24, 1864	Dec. 24, 1864
(Brevet Brig.-Gen'l U. S. V.); trans- ferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
<b>LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.</b>		
Duncan McVicar.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Oct. 23, 1861
Killed in action near Spottsylvania Court-house, Va., April 30, 1863.		
William H. Crocker.....	June 29, 1863	April 30, 1863
Discharged December 29, 1864.		
William P. Hall.....	Jan. 11, 1865	Dec. 29, 1864
Not mustered as Lieut.-Colonel.		
Harrison White.....	May 11, 1865	May 4, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cav- alry, June 17, 1865. Resigned September 5, 1862.		
<b>MAJORS.</b>		
James B. Dailey.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Oct. 15, 1861
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, June 29, 1863.		
William H. Crocker.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 6, 1862
Mustered out as Supernumerary Officer, June 28, 1865.		
George M. Van Buren.....	June 29, 1863	April 30, 1863
Discharged March 21, 1863.		
John Carwardine.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 11, 1861
Mustered out on expiration of serv- ice, October 21, 1864.		
William E. Beardsley.....	June 6, 1863	Mar. 22, 1863
Promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, May 11, 1865.		
Harrison White.....	Nov. 19, 1864	Oct. 24, 1864
Brevet-Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel, U. S. V.		



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George W. Goler.....	May 11, 1865	May 4, 1865
Transferred to 2d N. Y. Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Floyd Clarkson.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 11, 1861
Resigned September 5, 1862.		
William P. Hall.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 5, 1862
Discharged May 12, 1865.		
George B. Farmer.....	Jan. 11, 1865	Dec. 29, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
<b>REGIMENTAL ADJUTANTS.</b>		
James W. Stanley.....	Oct. 14, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862
Dismissed May 5, 1864.		
John J. Main.....	July 12, 1864	May 5, 1864
Killed in action near Stranburg Va., October 19, 1864.		
Morgan Lewis.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 19, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
George A. Crocker.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 11, 1861
Promoted to Captain, July 21, 1862		
<b>BATTALION ADJUTANTS.</b>		
Jacob C. Schaener.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Dec. 14, 1861
Missing since August, 1862.		
Henry Mahuken.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 27, 1862
Promoted to First Lieut. November 7, 1862.		
William L. Mann.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Dec. 14, 1861
Discharged July 29, 1862.		
<b>REGIM'NT'L QUARTERMASTERS</b>		
Hilman A. Hall.....	Dec. 23, 1862	Nov. 11, 1861
Discharged February 8, 1865.		
Riley E. Horton.....	Feb. 28, 1865	Feb. 8, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Henry A. Wetmore.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 26, 1861
Promoted to Captain, June 8, 1865		
<b>REGIMENTAL COMMISSARIES.</b>		
David P. Richardson.....	Dec. 23, 1862	Nov. 11, 1862
Mustered out on expiration of service, November 27, 1864.		
Orville D. Wilson.....	Dec. 19, 1864	Nov. 28, 1844
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
<b>SURGEONS.</b>		
Lawrence McKay.....	Dec. 24, 1861	Oct. 25, 1861
Resigned September 5, 1862.		
Joseph A. Peters.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 1, 1862
Missing since January, 1863.		
Augustus P. Clarke.....	May 21, 1863	May 5, 1863
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		



# ROSTER SIXTH N. Y. CAVALRY.

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## ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

Augustus P. Clarke.....	Dec. 24, 1861	Nov. 22, 1861
Promoted to Surgeon May 21, 1863.		
Richard Curran.....	June 17, 1863	June 13, 1863
Promoted to Surgeon Ninth N. Y. Cavalry. September 18, 1864.		
Simon C. Sanger.....	Feb. 19, 1863	Feb. 19, 1863
Dismissed August 18, 1864.		
Amos H. Brundage.....	Nov. 15, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864
Resigned June 11, 1865.		

## CHAPLAIN.

George D. Crocker.....	April 29, 1864	Oct. 15, 1861
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry. June 17, 1865.		

## CAPTAINS.

Freeman Orne.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 12, 1861
Discharged June 27, 1862.		
George A. Crocker.....	July 21, 1861	June 27, 1862
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
Frank B. Medley.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Resigned April 3, 1862.		
Hulman A. Hall.....	April 19, 1862	April 3, 1862
Resigned December 23, 1862.		
George E. Farmer.....	Dec. 29, 1862	Nov. 11, 1862
Promoted to Major, Jan. 11, 1865.		
Randall Grant.....	Jan. 31, 1863	Dec. 29, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
James W. Stanley.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Discharged September 3, 1862.		
William L. Heermance.....	Oct. 16, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862
Mustered out on expiration of service, October 21, 1864.		
John K. Malone.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 21, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Henry W. Lyon.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 28, 1861
Resigned October 9, 1862.		
Robert E. Ellerbeck.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 9, 1862
Dismissed August 24, 1863.		
Raymond L. Wright.....	Oct. 23, 1863	Aug. 24, 1864
Missing since October 24, 1863.		
J. Hamilton Bell.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Sept. 19, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
William E. Beardsley.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 3, 1861
Promoted to Major, June 6, 1863.		
Henry A. Wetmore.....	June 8, 1863	Mar. 22, 1863
Discharged June 6, 1864.		
George W. Goler.....	Feb. 5, 1864	Jan. 6, 1864
Promoted to Major, May 11, 1865.		
Silas N. Pierce.....	May 11, 1865	May 4, 1865
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		



William Edwards.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 5, 1862
Mustered out on expiration of service, October 8, 1864.		
James Cating.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 21, 1864
(Brevet Major U. S. V.) transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
William H. Crocker.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 15, 1861
Promoted to Major, Nov'ber 7, 1862		
John Pierce.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 6, 1862
Missing since October 4, 1863.		
J. Henry Mahuken.....	April 29, 1864	Jan. 15, 1864
Not mustered as Captain.		
Edward Titus.....	July 12, 1864	May 18, 1864
Discharged January 13, 1865.		
Newcomb J. Weston.....	Jan. 31, 1865	Jan. 13, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Riley Johnson.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Dec. 16, 1861
Mustered out on expiration of service, March 11, 1865.		
Albert J. Hull.....	May 11, 1865	Mar. 11, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
John L. Smith.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 9, 1861
Resigned October 30, 1862.		
William F. Aitkens.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 26, 1862
Mustered out on expiration of service, December 22, 1864.		
David H. Cortelyou.....	Jan. 14, 1865	Dec. 23, 1864
Not mustered as Captain.		
George M. Van Buren.....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 21, 1861
Promoted to Major, June 29, 1863.		
James P. Howell.....	Feb. 10, 1864	Sept. 1, 1863
Not mustered as Captain.		
Jerome B. Wheeler.....	Jan. 14, 1865	Dec. 8, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
FIRST LIEUTENANTS.		
Thomas B. Adams.....	Jan. 14, 1865	Dec. 1, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
Frederick A. Patterson.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 12, 1861
Resigned September 23, 1862.		
Edward Titus.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 23, 1862
Promoted to Captain, July 12, 1864.		
Randall Grant.....	July 12, 1864	May 18, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
Jerome Manley.....	Jan. 31, 1865	Dec. 24, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Hillman A. Hall.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Promoted to Regimental Quartermaster, December 3, 1862.		
James P. Howell.....	April 19, 1862	April 3, 1862
Discharged December 8, 1864.		





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J. B. Wheeler .....	Feb. 10, 1864	Sept. 1, 1863
Promoted to Captain, Jan. 14, 1865.		
Alozo Goodfellow.....	Jan. 14, 1865	Dec. 8, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
John Pierce.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 7, 1862.		
Edward P. McKinney.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 6, 1862
Promoted to Captain, May 24, 1864;		
Brevet-Major, June 12, 1865.		
Silas N. Pierce.....	July 12, 1864	May 18, 1864
Promoted to Captain, May 11, 1865.		
Thomas M. Wells.....	May 11, 1865	May 4, 1861
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 7, 1865.		
Philip R. Wales.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 23, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 7, 1862.		
Raymond L. Wright.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862
Promoted to Captain, Oct. 23, 1863.		
John K. Malone.....	Feb. 10, 1864	Aug. 24, 1863
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 21, 1864.		
James Chilson.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 21, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
William Edwards.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 3, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 7, 1862.		
George W. Goler.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 5, 1862
Promoted to Captain, Feb. 5, 1864.		
David H. Cortelyou .....	Mar. 30, 1864	Jan. 6, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
Thomas Fry.....	Jan. 14, 1865	Dec. 23, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
David C. Hannahs.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 24, 1864
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 11, 1861.		
George A. Crocker.....		Nov. 11, 1861
See Regimental Adjutant.		
Robert Crozier.....	July 21, 1862	June 27, 1862
Killed in action near West Point, Va., May 7, 1863.		
John F. Ramsey.....	Aug. 14, 1863	May 9, 1863
Discharged December 15, 1863.		
William S. Duryea.....	Feb. 10, 1864	Dec. 15, 1863
Promoted to Captain, Jan. 14, 1865.		
Robert E. Ellerheck.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 24, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 7, 1862.		
Henry Mahuken.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Oct. 9, 1862
Discharged June 20, 1864.		
Newcomb J. Weston.....	July 12, 1864	Jan. 15, 1864
Promoted to Captain, Jan. 31, 1865.		
Charles M. Olin.....	Jan. 31, 1865	Jan. 13, 1865
Discharged June 23, 1865.		
William F. Aitkens.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 23, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 7, 1862.		
William Parks.....	Nov. 2, 1862	Oct. 26, 1861
Resigned April 23, 1864.		



Peter V. Haskin .....	Aug. 6, 1864	Aug. 6, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
David P. Richardson .....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 26, 1861
Promoted to Regimental Commissary, December 23, 1862.		
Charles A. Everts .....	Dec. 23, 1862	Nov. 11, 1862
Mustered out on expiration of service, December 22, 1864.		
Hiram E. Freelan .....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 8, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Henry A. Wetmore .....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 20, 1861
Promoted to Captain, June 8, 1863.		
Fergus A. Easton .....	June 29, 1863	Mar. 22, 1863
Not mustered as First Lieutenant.		
John W. Blunt .....	Aug. 14, 1863	Mar. 22, 1863
Promoted to Captain, Dec. 14, 1864.		
Ellison M. Morton .....	Dec. 29, 1864	Dec. 29, 1864
Discharged by reason of consolidation, June 17, 1865.		
Harrison White .....	Dec. 30, 1861	Nov. 9, 1861
Promoted to Captain, Jan. 28, 1863.		
James Cating .....	Feb. 19, 1863	Jan. 3, 1863
Promoted to Captain, Nov. 21, 1864.		
John Muldoon .....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 21, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
William L. Heermance .....	Dec. 30, 1861	Oct. 17, 1861
Promoted to Captain Oct. 16, 1862.		
J. Hamilton Bell .....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 4, 1862
Promoted to Captain Nov. 21, 1864.		
Albert J. Hill .....	Nov. 21, 1861	Sept. 18, 1864
Promoted to Captain May 11, 1865.		
Franklin T. Saunders .....	Mar. 26, 1864	Jan. 6, 1864
Died Dec. 15, 1864, of wounds received in action at Winchester, Va.		
Edwin O. Peck .....	Jan. 31, 1865	Jan. 13, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

David T. Jackson .....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 12, 1861
Resigned October 27, 1862.		
Jerome B. Wheeler .....	Dec. 31, 1862	Oct. 27, 1862
Promoted to First Lieutenant, Feb. 10, 1864.		
James P. Howell .....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Promoted to First Lieutenant, April 19, 1862.		
Frank B. Medley .....	April 19, 1862	April 3, 1862
Resigned June 8, 1862.		
James Cating .....	June 10, 1862	June 8, 1862
Promoted to First Lieutenant, Feb. 19, 1863.		
Richard P. Deuker .....	Feb. 19, 1863	Jan. 3, 1863
Resigned July 12, 1863.		



William H. Ashley.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 25, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Thomas Ryder.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861
Never reported for duty.		
George E. Farmer.....	April 17, 1862	Jan. 31, 1862
Promoted to Captain Dec. 29, 1862.		
John W. Blunt.....	June 29, 1863	Mar. 1, 1863
Promoted to 1st Lieut., Aug. 14, 1863.		
James F. Petit.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 25, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Raymond L. Wright.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Sept. 28, 1861
Promoted to 1st Lieut., Nov. 7, 1862.		
Thomas French.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Aug. 21, 1862
Discharged May 25, 1863.		
Charles B. Harris.....	Aug. 28, 1863	May 28, 1863
Not mustered.		
Thomas M. Wells.....	Dec. 24, 1864	Nov. 15, 1864
Promoted to First Lieutenant, May 11, 1865.		
John G. Cooper.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 3, 1861
Resigned September 24, 1862.		
John F. Ramsey.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 24, 1862
Promoted to First Lieutenant, August 14, 1863.		
Robert J. Eberts.....	Nov. 21, 1864	Oct. 25, 1864
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
Robert Crozier.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 24, 1861
Promoted to First Lieutenant, July 21, 1862.		
Fergus A. Easton.....	July 21, 1862	June 27, 1862
Resigned July 26, 1863.		
Edward P. McKinny.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 24, 1861
Promoted to 1st Lieut., Nov. 7, 1862.		
William Kemps.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 6, 1862
Cashiered November 12, 1863.		
Robert Allyn.....	Jan. 30, 1864	Nov. 12, 1863
Mustered out on expiration of service, October 31, 1864.		
Edward Titus.....	Dec. 9, 1861	Oct. 28, 1861
Promoted to First Lieutenant, November 7, 1862.		
John K. Malone.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Sept. 23, 1862
Promoted to First Lieutenant, February 10, 1864.		
George Moore Rodgers.....	May 28, 1864	Jan. 1, 1864
Not mustered.		
Nounds De Vries.....	Nov. 7, 1862	Jan. 31, 1865
Transferred to 2d Provisional Cavalry, June 17, 1865.		
J. Hamilton Bell.....	May 28, 1864	Nov. 26, 1861
Promoted to First Lieutenant, November 7, 1862.		
Henry L. Johnson.....	Feb. 9, 1864	Feb. 9, 1864
Not mustered.		



## Sixth New York Monument.

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If you visit the field of Gettysburg, do not fail to see the monument erected in commemoration of the part taken in that battle by the Sixth New York Cavalry.

In design and execution it ranks among the first to be found there. The total cost of the monument was \$8,826.90.

It is constructed of granite, 26 feet in height, and bears bronze tablets 6 feet square on three of its four sides. Each of these tablets have characteristic inscriptions and in bas-relief. The life size figure of General Thomas C. Devin in military dress, may be seen on one. A second records the battles in which the regiment took part, and the third contains a realistic cavalry charge.

The foremost figure represents Col. Fitzhugh leading the charge with drawn sabre; it is a splendid representation of the colonel, the artist using his head for a model. Just





to the right of the colonel are two figures, the first representing a mounted soldier falling from his horse, and the other a comrade reaching forward to grasp the guidon as it is about to fall from the wounded soldier's hand. The wounded man represents Charles A. Jackson, of Company F, who was wounded at the Battle of Brandy Station, while carrying the guidon, and the soldier reaching forward to grasp it represents another member of Company F, who caught the falling banner, and who, at the solicitation of the designer, furnished Jackson's picture (he being dead) and his own head for models. The fourth prominent figure, and one that can be readily recognized, is Major J. B. Wheeler. Unbeknown to him the designer secured his portrait and used it for a model, and succeeded admirably in reproducing in face and form that gallant officer.

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