

THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

VOL. I.]

NEW HAVEN, MARCH, 1864.

[NO. VIII.]

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Record of Events.....	Page 153	The Conscript Camp.....	Page 160	The Tenth Regiment.....	Page 166
Review of Events.....	153	The Sixteenth Regiment.....	161	The First Cavalry.....	167
Recruiting in Connecticut.....	154	The Second Light Battery.....	161	Promotions, &c., (official).....	167
The Three Months' Regiments.....	155	The Fourteenth Regiment.....	162	Regimental.....	168
Sermon commemorative of Edward A. Doolittle, Twentieth C. V.....	158	The Twenty-first Regiment.....	163	Home Department.....	170
The Twenty-ninth Regiment.....	160	The Eighteenth Regiment.....	166	Editorial Column.....	170
		The Fifteenth Regiment.....	166		

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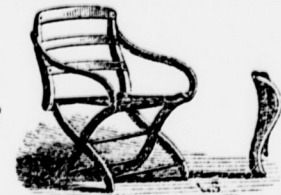
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OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

JOHN M. MORRIS, Editor.
HORACE C. PECK, Publisher. }

NEW HAVEN, MARCH, 1864.

{ VOL. I. No. 8.
{ \$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISEMENTS.

We add to our advertising columns this month. We should prefer not to do this, but we *must*. We print a large sheet in the very best style on excellent paper, and at a very low price. The cost of material and labor has so advanced, that we are spending more than the income from subscriptions.

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Error Corrected.

By the insertion of a figure 5 instead of a 3, by our printer, who is usually almost infallible, page 139 of the February number is made to read 159, and so on to page 146. We shall index these pages by a star, so as to prevent confusion in the bound volume.

For the Connecticut War Record.

Record of Events.

Jan. 26. Successful expedition under Gen. Palmer into Jones and Onslow Counties, N. C.

Jan. 27. Longstreet's advance defeated by Gen. Sturges at Fair Gardens, East Tenn. Capture of two guns and 100 prisoners.

Feb. 1. Repulse of the enemy in New Creek Valley, West Va. Battle of Batchelor's Creek, near Newbern, N. C. Federals retire to their intrenchments at Newbern. Loss of the gunboat Underwriter.

Feb. 2. Patterson's Creek Bridge, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, destroyed by the rebels. Enemy retreat from Newbern to Kingston, N. C. Capture of the Union General Scammon on the Kanawha river.

Feb. 3. General Averill defeats the rebels at Springfield, West Va.

Feb. 4. Colonel Mulligan drives Early from Moorfield, West Va. Successful skirmish at Sartatia, Miss.

Feb. 5. General Sherman captures Jackson, Miss. Capture of Yazoo City, Miss.

Feb. 6. Reconnoissance in force across the Rapidan, from the Army of the Potomac. Unsuccessful advance upon Richmond from Williamsburgh, under Gen. Wistar.

Feb. 6-8. General guerrilla hunt

through the lower part of Middle Tennessee; 33 killed and 102 captured.

Feb. 7. Surprise of a body of confederate and rebel Indians at Quallatown, East Tenn.; 215 killed and wounded, 50 taken prisoners. Repulse of the enemy at Vidalia, La.

Feb. 8, 9, 10. Defeat of the enemy at Camp Finnegan, Fla., and advance of Gillmore's forces to Sanderson; capture of 100 prisoners and 8 guns.

Feb. 11. Escape of 109 national officers from Libby prison. Safe arrival of about 60 within the Federal lines.

Feb. 14. Capture of the rebel Colonel Ferguson and 60 prisoners in Wayne Co., West Va. Meridian, Miss., evacuated by the rebels. Colonel Phillips defeats the rebel Indians and Texans on the Middle Boggy river, Ind. Ter.

Feb. 17. General Smith's cavalry enters Pontotoc, Miss.

Feb. 18. Capture of 28 of Moseby's men at Piedmont, Va. Blowing up of the Housatonic off Charleston harbor by a torpedo. Naval demonstration by Farragut at Grant's Pass, Mobile Bay. Capture of 20 guerrillas in Webster County, West Va.

Feb. 20. National forces repulsed at Olustee, Fla. Capture of 17 of Moseby's guerrillas at Piedmont Station, Va.

Feb. 21. Reconnoissance towards Savannah, Ga.; capture of 20 prisoners. Severe cavalry engagement between General Smith and the rebel General Forrest at West Point, Miss.

Feb. 22. Surprise and capture of 50 Union cavalry at Vienna, Va. Surprise and capture of a battalion of national cavalry near Cumberland Gap, East Tenn.

Feb. 24. Battle at Tunnel Hill, Ga.; capture of 300 rebels; enemy fall back on Dalton.

For the Connecticut War Record.

Review of Events.

NUMBER EIGHT.

The campaigns of eighteen hundred and sixty-four are now fairly commenced in nearly every theatre of the war. It is a matter of general belief as well as of earnest hope, that these campaigns will prove decisive and triumphantly close this great struggle in favor of the Union.

Taking advantage of the temporary depletion of our armies, caused by the re-enlistment and furloughs of the veterans, the enemy, on the 1st ult., threw a strong column against the national position at Newbern. This force was commanded by General Pickett—one of the best of the confederate officers, whose grand charge on the last day of Gettysburg was only equaled by the heroic bravery with which it was repulsed—and numbered about fifteen thousand men. Falling upon the Union outposts at Batchelor's Creek, after a severe and bloody struggle, the enemy succeeded in forcing them back within the strong lines with which Newbern is surrounded. The timely arrival of reinforcements from Beaufort increased the confidence of the Union troops in their ability to hold their position and demonstrated to the rebel commander the folly of attempting to carry it by storm, which probably had been his original intention. Unwilling to commence a regular siege, he accordingly retreated at once to Kingston.

The rebel force engaged in this enterprise had been largely drawn from Richmond and its vicinity, and consequently left that city comparatively defenseless. General Butler conceived the bold design of throwing a portion of his command against and possibly into the confederate capital. The execution of this design was intrusted to General Wistar, who, after a rapid march of forty-seven miles in twenty-seven hours, reached Bottom's Bridge, only ten miles from Richmond. Here the rebels were found in force, having been made aware of the Union advance through the treachery of a deserter. This of course frustrated Butler's plans, although they had been well devised, and although their partial execution had been brilliant. The expedition withdrew in good order and perfect safety.

Simultaneously, and as a part of this movement, General Meade pushed a strong column across the Rapidan for the purpose of preventing Lee from sending reinforcements to Richmond. This object being attained, the force was withdrawn to its old encampment.

Since the opening of the Mississippi river and the separation of Texas from the eastern portion of the confederacy, the rebels have largely relied for their supplies of beef on Northern and Western Florida. To cut off this source of supply and to give employment to a superfluous number of troops, General Gillmore organized an expedition, which, under his own command, ascended the St. John's river, landed at Jacksonville, and at once struck for the interior of Florida. The immediate results were highly flattering. Eight guns and over one hundred prisoners were captured. But, having penetrated fifty-five miles beyond Jacksonville, in the direction of Tallahassee, the capital of the State, the expeditionary force, now under the orders of General Seymour, and through his want of caution, was encountered by the enemy, heavily reinforced from the army of Beauregard, and after a severely contested fight, was obliged to fall back to Sanderson, eight miles to the rear of the battle field. From thence the retreat was continued to Jacksonville.

But the great event of the last month—in fact the boldest movement of the whole war—is the advance of General Sherman from Vicksburg into the heart of the confederacy. His army numbers thirty thousand veteran soldiers and is very ably commanded. He reached Jackson on the 5th ult., and from thence marched directly east. The latest and most reliable reports locate him at Selma, which is but a short distance from Montgomery. His communications with Vicksburg are abandoned, and plainly, therefore, he does not intend to retreat, but rather to establish a new base on the Gulf. Whether this will be at Mobile or at Pensacola can be known only by the event. It is generally believed that a coöperating force from Banks has been sent against Mobile, while the navy under the gallant Farragut will endeavor to reduce the fortifications which protect the harbor of that city.

A heavy cavalry force, under the command of Smith and Grierson, left Memphis on the 11th ult., and after a serious and dangerous delay, arrived at West Point, Miss., on the 21st ult., having thoroughly destroyed the bridges on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad and burned large quantities of rebel provisions. At this point the expedition encountered the combined forces of Forrest, Lee, Chalmers, and Roddy, and, after a severe engagement, fell back to Memphis, hav-

ing failed to effect a junction with Sherman, if indeed such an object had been contemplated. The grand objective of these various operations is the possession and control of the city and bay of Mobile and of the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers. Of this there seems to be no reasonable doubt. How far the failure of Smith to join Sherman may affect the attainment of these results, must be left for the future to determine.

Meanwhile from the immediate front of Chattanooga, General Thomas has marched southward and has driven the rebels from Tunnel Hill back upon Dalton. The apparent object of this movement is to take advantage of the possibility that Johnston may weaken his army at Dalton, to resist the further advance of Sherman, and, should he do so, to force him back beyond Atlanta.

In this Southwestern campaign, now opening, General Grant has skillfully assumed the initiative and seems to present to the rebel commander the alternative of giving up Mobile, and the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers, or of abandoning Atlanta and Northern Georgia. The development of the various coöperating movements will be watched with the most intense interest and anxiety. They have already frustrated whatever plans of invasion the rebels may have based upon the position of Longstreet in East Tennessee, and this officer is now retreating to Virginia, closely pursued by General Schofield. Assuredly the operations of this year have been commenced on the grandest scale, and may the God of battles defend the right.

Recruiting in Connecticut—Its Progress and Results.

Since the first of December last, under the stimulus of liberal bounties from the State and National governments, recruits have poured in rapidly. But these incentives were not the only causes of the influx of volunteers. Recruiting agents—men of energy and business qualifications—were appointed, who received from the State and Nation liberal premiums for recruits, and in some cases a large sum from towns, for men to count on their quotas. With these incentives to exertion, the agents spared no pains to forward the business of recruiting for the army.

Much has been said about the deception and villainy practiced by agents, brokers, and runners, but it is quite possible that these statements may have been exaggerated. The envy of those who could not share in the profits of the business, is entirely sufficient to account for the circulation of reports unfavorable to agents as a class. Brokers brought recruits from other States, not unfrequently boarding and lodging them for a week or more, paying their fares and other expenses for hundreds of miles, running the risk of losing them by the way, or of having them rejected when be-

fore the surgeon, and then were vilified because they expected payment for time and trouble. Agents had to sustain the expenses of an office—rent, fuel, printing, &c.—besides in many instances employing runners, and generally dividing the premiums to which they were entitled with either the broker or the recruit. Credit to whom credit is due. It ill becomes the people to abuse those who, by procuring recruits out of the State, relieved them from the annoyances of a draft. Besides, it must be remembered that the anxiety of the towns to complete their quotas, and of the Government to recruit the armies, which impelled the proffer of large bounties and premiums, was of itself the direct cause of whatever of fraud and deception was practiced, for it is undeniable that there were instances where the recruit was defrauded of a portion of the bounty to which he was justly entitled. But these were probably exceptional cases, at least in Connecticut. As a general thing, the recruiting has been conducted with as much honor and fairness as could have been expected under the temptations of generous bounties and premiums.

The belief that the rebellion is in its decadence, and that one or two vigorous campaigns will disperse the rebel armies and open the way to an honorable peace, has greatly stimulated enlistments. The appearance and reception also, at Hartford and New Haven, of the returned regiments—strong, hearty men, embrowned by exposure, and hardened and developed by exercise, solid ranks of earnest patriot heroes again in a body tendering their services to the country—has been of immense advantage, by awakening a spirit of emulation, and inducing the enlistment of those who before were content that others should wear the honors as well as bear the burdens of the soldier.

The plan of dividing the duty of filling the State's quota and the onus of the draft by making each sub-district responsible for its own quota, and ordering a draft only in those which have failed to furnish their number, will equalize the burden and give each town the proper credit for the men it has raised. If a town has enlisted more than its required number, its citizens will have the assurance that others less enterprising will not reap the benefits of their labors to their own detriment in case of another requisition. Each town now, therefore, must fill its own quota, and cannot supinely depend upon the superior activity of another to make good its shortcomings. Under this ruling of the Provost Marshal's Department, if the total quota of a State should be filled under any call, it would not release a town from the draft which had failed to furnish its proportion of the men. From these considerations it would seem to be the part of good policy for each town to take advantage of the facility of procuring men under the present system of liberal bounties, which will not, in all probability, again be offered, and add as many as possible to its number furnished the Government, and thus be prepared to answer another call, or to relieve its citizens from the severities of a conscription. The citizens of some towns are already at work on this plan, and continue the offer of pecuniary inducements, regardless of the number they may already have raised.

The State may well feel pride at the prompt response of her citizens to the call of the National Executive on the present requisition. Up to the first of February, the number enlisted under this call was four thousand five hundred, to which may be added for that short month to March first, one thousand four hundred and fifty more, making a total of nearly six thousand.

The general re-enlistment of regiments in the field is a still more encouraging fact, the men (those whose period of service will permit) almost to a man coming forward to pledge themselves anew to their country's cause. From the data at hand it appears that of the First Artillery (the members of the original Fourth Regiment) three hundred and ninety-three have re-enlisted; of the Fifth, two hundred and seventy-six; Sixth, two hundred and seven; Seventh, three hundred and thirty; Eighth, three hundred and nine; Tenth,

two hundred and seventy-seven; Eleventh, two hundred and sixty-seven; First Light Battery forty-six; and of the First Cavalry (members of the original battalion of four companies) about one hundred.

Of the Ninth, Twelfth and Thirteenth, we have not yet obtained the figures.

The record is a noble one, and contrasts proudly with the merciless conscription and enforced service to which the citizens and soldiers of the rebellious States are exposed.

It should be the pride of citizens of a Democratic Republic that no compulsory service should be necessary to keep up their armies, but that the ranks should be kept full by volunteers. It can be done by the people of Connecticut, and all drafts avoided, by a determined spirit and a proper display of energy and offer of encouragement.

From the Atlantic Monthly for February.

The Last Charge.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite,—
One blow on the forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightening of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
As the hound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow trumpets, your summons, till sluggards
awake!

Beat drums, till the roof of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced on the blood-sprinkled
roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield:
True honor *to-day* must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red,
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the
moon,

Call back the bright hour when the nation was
born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud paricide down from his
throne,—

His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

For the Connecticut War Record.

The Three Months' Volunteers.

Continued.

THE THIRD REGIMENT.

There is no sight so sublime as the spontaneous uprising of a great people in defense of their rights or in support of a grand idea, which moves every heart with one single impulse. Not seldom in such a popular commotion the resources of the people, as they are thus suddenly evolved, surprise even their possessors.

Such was the spectacle on the issue of the first call for troops. Before the First regiment left New Haven for the seat of war, or the Second was fully organized, such progress was made in the formation of a third regiment, that on the 29th of April it went into rendezvous in Hartford. Owing to delays caused mainly by the unprecedented and increasing demands on the State Quartermaster's Department, about a fortnight elapsed before the regiment could be fully

organized. For a while the companies, as they reported in Hartford, were assigned temporary quarters in various buildings; but the camp was soon established on the race-course, about two miles west of the city. The organization of the regiment and the position of the companies in line of battle was as follows:

FIELD AND STAFF.

John Arnold, New Haven, Colonel.
Allen G. Brady, Torrington, Lieut. Colonel.
Alexander Warner, Woodstock, Major.
Frederick J. Peck, New Haven, Adjutant.
Richard E. Holcomb, Granby, Quartermaster.
John McGregor, Thompson, Surgeon.
Matthew T. Newton, Suffield, Asst. Surgeon.
Joseph H. Alexander, Enfield, Q. M. Sergeant.
William E. Brady, Torrington, Sergt. Major.
Leonard B. Farren, New Haven, Drum Major.
William R. Miller, New Haven, Fife Major.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Co. A.—(Rifle.)
George N. Lewis, Capt.;
Jno. Brennan, First Lieut.;
Lucius S. Bolles, Second Lt. } all of Hartford.

Co. B.
Daniel Klein, Capt.;
Wm. K. Schmidt, First Lt.;
Chas. Rose, Second Lt. } all of New Haven.

Co. C.—(Rifle.)
Samuel J. Root, Capt.;
Lewis C. Allen, First Lt.;
Jos. S. A. Baker, Second Lt. } all of New Haven.

Co. B.—(Rifle.)
Jared R. Cook, Capt., Meriden;
Frederick J. Peck, First Lt., New Haven;
Asa S. Cowdry, Second Lt., Meriden.

Co. E.—Rifle.
Jno. A. Nelson, Capt.;
Harry Finnegas, First Lt.;
Wm. Wright, Second Lt. } all of Hartford.

Co. F.—Rifle.
Albert Stevens, Capt.;
Wells Addis, First Lt.;
Isaac L. Hoyt, Second Lt. } all of Stamford.

Co. C.
Jas. E. Moore, Capt.;
Sam. J. Bailey, First Lt.;
Charles H. Hoyt, Second Lt. } all of Danbury.

Co. D.—(Rifle.)
Edward Harland, Capt.;
Chas. W. Spaulding, First Lt.;
Wm. W. Barnes, Second Lt. } all of Norwich.

Co. A.
Douglas Fowler, Capt.;
Gilbert Bogard, First Lt.;
Step'n D. Byxbee, Second Lt. } all of Norwalk.

Co. D.
Frederick Frye, Capt.;
Sylvester H. Gray, First Lt.;
Elliott M. Curtis, Second Lt. } all of Bridgeport.

The regiment was first organized with Levi Woodhouse of Hartford, as Colonel, and Nelson L. White of Danbury, as Major, but subsequently Col. Woodhouse was transferred to the Fifth Regiment, and Major White to the Fourth, now the First Conn. Vol. Artillery. Other changes were afterwards made, thus:

First Lieutenant Charles W. Spaulding, resigned, May 20, and John E. Ward of Norwich, was appointed in his place. Col. Arnold resigned May 29, and John L. Chatfield, of Waterbury, Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Regiment, was appointed as his

successor. Second Lieut. Charles H. Hoyt resigned June 10th, and Frederick W. Jackson, of Danbury, was commissioned in his stead.

From the 29th of April, when the regiment went into rendezvous, to the 20th of May, about three weeks, the men were engaged in mastering the theory and practice of military science, including the ordinary duties of camp life, which they had better opportunities of practising than either of the two former regiments, their camp ground being farther removed from the distractions of a town, and they having a longer period in which to perfect themselves in their duties. Their arms—the Springfield smooth-bore muskets, flint locks altered to percussion—were received about a week before the regiment was ordered away. The quality of these arms was, of course, much inferior to those issued to the two other regiments, and some dissatisfaction was expressed by both officers and men, but they were the best that could then be obtained.

On the 20th of May the regiment struck tents and marched into Hartford. The regimental colors were presented in front of the State House, by Governor Buckingham, and the men marched at once to the depot and went by rail to New Haven. They embarked the same night on board the Cahawba, and sailed immediately. Arriving in Washington Wednesday night, they slept on board the steamer, and the next morning, the 23d, marched to their camping ground, in close vicinity to that of the First and Second, by both of which they were warmly welcomed. It seemed next to a visit to home friends to see the members of a regiment just arrived from Connecticut. So far as camp rules would allow, the men of the three regiments improved the opportunities for an interchange of visits. At once after establishing a camp, the men applied themselves diligently to the drill. The regiment was favored with excellent officers, who took pride in perfecting the men in the *minutiae* of military practice. Col. Arnold was a superior disciplinarian and drill master, and devoted himself to his work with ardor. His successor, Col. Chatfield, like Col. Arnold, long connected with the State Militia, was unsurpassed as a drill officer. Under these and other officers, scarcely their inferiors in military, the progress of the men was rapid, and their attainments thorough.

The regiment had been here only eight days when the First left them and marched to Virginia, and on the 16th of June the Second also moved, leaving the Third sole occupants of Glenwood, as the locality of the camps was called. On the morning of

that day, which was Sunday, a melancholy accident occurred in the Third Regiment, which cast a gloom over all. A member of Co. A, (Rifle,) Richard Howard of Madison, sat in his tent reading his Bible, when another, playing with a pistol, seeing a fly on Howard's breast snapped the cap of the weapon at the insect, not supposing the chamber to be charged, and shot Howard through the heart. His body was sent home for burial, in charge of Lieut. Bolles of his company.

The ordinary routine of drills, with occasional nightly alarms, caused generally by the too-suspecting vigilance of the guards, or their want of experience, and sometimes by the attempts of delinquents to obtain entrance to the camp without danger of arrest, made up the life of the men while waiting impatiently the orders to march, which were daily expected.

At that time the knowledge of the plans of the rebel leaders and the resources of the rebellion was very meagre, and conjecture and rumor assumed the place of fact to a large extent. Especially was this the case in camp, where a surmise, however absurd, would rapidly assume form and probability so as to deceive the most cautious. Before the First Regiment had been a week in Virginia it was currently reported and generally believed in camp that they had been in a serious engagement, and that crossing into Virginia was equivalent to entering a battle field to face the enemy at once. It was supposed that no sooner would the regiment reach the "sacred soil" than skirmishes would take the place of drills and nightly attacks succeed nightly alarms. And there was much plausibility in these opinions. By thousands at the North the policy of invading the territory of a sovereign state was considered doubtful if not criminal, and it was believed that it would be followed by condign punishment upon the invaders. It was also the general belief that the rebel army in Virginia was large, well appointed, and composed of the flower of the South—"the chivalry"—ardent, fired with the sense of fancied wrongs and flushed with the *brilliant* victory over Major Anderson, and a handful of men in Sumter. At the same time the Union army was made up of men from every condition and calling, who, however conscientiously, had nevertheless very reluctantly left family and business to act for a brief time the soldier. All at the North, the soldier inclu-

ded, hoped that some settlement other than that of the sword would be the result of the first great battle, but all expected a fight as the first consequence of a "movement."

Orders came at length; and early in the evening of Sunday, June 23d, tents were struck, baggage packed on the wagons, and the regiment started, just as the Second had one week before, on a weary march through Washington, across the Potomac, and over rough roads, arriving to within a mile or two of the position of the other Connecticut regiments about two o'clock in the morning, where the men bivouacked by the roadside until daylight, when they joined the others and made their camp in a pleasant grove of oaks and other deciduous trees next the grounds of the Second.

From henceforth battalion movements and skirmish drills occupied nearly all the hours of daylight until the 16th of July, when began the march to Bull Run. That march has been so minutely described in former articles that I shall omit any account of it here, or of the battle of Bull Run in general, merely referring to the part taken by the Third Regiment in the scenes of the conflict.

On first reaching the field of battle the regiment came under a severe fire, but marched promptly against the enemy and routed him from his position. Advancing from the left of Sherman's brigade they were again received by a murderous fire from a battery of eight pieces, and from a body of infantry sheltered by a house, log hut, fence, and a piece of woods. The issue of the battle seemed at one time to depend mainly on the capture and retention of this position. The gallant Sixty-Ninth N. Y. regiment had tried to take and hold the point, but had been repulsed. The Third Connecticut and the Second Maine were then ordered up and moved forward up the ascent about one hundred yards and then by command lay down, to allow the enemy's fire to pass over, but at a word they were up and onward again. They gained the ridge, compelled the enemy to remove the battery and drove his sharpshooters from the shelter of the buildings, but the destructive fire of the overpowering infantry support of the rebels stationed behind breastworks checked the onward movement, and the retreat having commenced in other parts of the field they were ordered back from their exposed position.

General Keyes pays the following de-

served compliment to the behavior of the Third Regiment in his official report: "The gallantry with which the Second Maine and Third Connecticut regiments charged up the hill upon the enemy's artillery and infantry was never, in my opinion, surpassed. I was with the advancing line and closely observed the conduct of Cols. Jameson and Chatfield, which in this instance and throughout the day merits the highest commendation."

After the retreat had commenced the Third twice repelled charges of the enemy's cavalry. Capt. Lewis's company, especially, was closely pressed by a body of horse, but by a well-directed volley sent them to the right about with a number of empty saddles. On leaving the field the regiment brought off two abandoned pieces of artillery, one caisson, several baggage wagons, the wagon of the sappers and miners, with all the tools, and twenty horses, a pretty good evidence of the absence of all panic or disorder in their ranks. In fact each of the Connecticut regiments marched from the disastrous field and back to Centreville in perfect order. Reaching the camps at Falls Church towards morning, the Third for two days labored with the First and Second in saving the military property of the Government, after which the brigade moved toward Washington, arriving at night of the 23d. Here they remained nearly a fortnight, when they were ordered home, and arrived in Hartford by the steamer Elm City from Amboy, N. J., on the 9th of August. Preceded by an escort of military and firemen, they marched into barracks at the Arsenal, where they were soon paid off and mustered out of the service:

The casualties at Bull Run were as follows:

1st Reg't,	Killed—	Wounded 8,	Miss'g 9,	Tot'l 17.
2d Reg't,	" 2	" 5,	" 9,	" 16.
3d Reg't,	" 4	" 13,	" 18,	" 35.

The "missing" were mostly taken prisoners on the retreat. They were kept by the enemy for periods varying from four to twelve months. Some remained in Richmond, some were sent to Salisbury, N. C., Tuscaloosa, Ala., to New Orleans, and other places. Two members of the New Haven Grays, made prisoners at the battle while aiding a wounded rebel officer, were released on their arrival at Richmond by order of Jefferson Davis, and were supported at a hotel until opportunity was offered for their return.

List of members of the Third Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, since become Officers in the United States service, with changes by promotion, resignation, or death, to Oct. 17th, 1863.

NOTE.—“Resigned” denotes discharge for disability or resignation for other causes.

Former Company.	Former Rank.	NAME.	Present Regiment.	Present Rank.	Residence.	Remarks.
F. and S.	Sergt. Major.	Alexander, Joseph H.	8th.	Quartermaster.	Enfield.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Abbey, William H.	25th.	Captain.	Glastenbury.	
C. (Rifle.)	1st Lieut.	Allen, Lewis C.	6th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
F. and S.	Lieut. Colonel	Brady, Allen G.	17th.	Major.	Torrington.	Now Major in the Invalid Corps.
A. (Rifle.)	1st Lieut.	Brennan, John	12th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A.	1st Lieut.	Bogart, Gilbert	12th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
A.	2d Lieut.	Byxbee, Stephen D.	12th.	Captain.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Bassett, Julius	15th.	Captain.	Meriden.	
C. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Baker, Joseph S. A.	13th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
C.	1st Lieut.	Bailey, Samuel G.	23d.	Captain.	Danbury.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Breed, Charles A.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Died July 30th, 1862.
D.	Private.	Branch, Joseph W.	10th.	Captain.	Sprague.	Resigned.
A.	Sergeant.	Craw, John W.	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
D.	2d Lieut.	Curtis, Elliott M.	9th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
D.	Private.	Crawford, Richard R.	U. S. A.	A. A. G.	Bridgeport.	Died Oct. 30, 1863, of wounds rec'd at Gettysb'g.
B.	Sergeant.	Dietrich, Nicholas	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
C.	Corporal.	Daniels, Milton H.	17th.	Captain.	Danbury.	
A.	Captain.	Fowler, Douglass,	17th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Norwalk.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Fiske, Willbur D.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Britain.	Resigned.
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Foote, George A. Jr.	14th.	2d Lieutenant.	Guilford.	
D.	Captain.	Frye, Frederick	9th.	Major.	Bridgeport.	
D.	Private.	Fowler, Royal A.	10th.	Quartermaster	Enfield.	Resigned.
E.	1st Lieut.	Finnegas, Harry	La. Col'd. Regt	Lieut. Colonel.	Hartford.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Gates, Horace P.	U. S. A.	A. A. G.	Norwich.	Resigned.
D.	1st Lieut.	Gray, Sylvester H.	7th.	Captain.	Bridgeport.	
F. and S.	Quartermast'r.	Holcomb, Richard E.	1st Louisiana.	Colonel.	Granby.	Killed at Port Hudson, June 14th, 1863.
B.	Sergeant.	Hoppe, Robert	6th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Harland, Edward	8th.	Colonel.	Norwich.	Now Brig. Gen. Vols.
F. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Hoyt, Isaac L.	10th.	Captain.	Darien.	Died March 20th, 1862.
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Hobbie, Charles A.	17th.	Captain.	Stamford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Private.	Harvey, John	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
C.	Sergeant.	Jackson, Frederick W.	8th.	Captain.	Danbury.	Resigned.
B.	Captain.	Klein, Daniel	6th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
B.	Private.	King, John	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
F. (Rifle.)	Private.	Kellogg, Enos	17th.	Captain.	New Canaan.	
A. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Lewis, George N.	12th.	Major.	Hartford.	
C.	Captain.	Moore, James E.	17th.	Captain.	Danbury.	Killed at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863.
C.	Private.	Main, John N.	23d.	2d Lieutenant.	Redding.	
D. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Moore, James R.	8th.	Captain.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Maples, William L.	U. S. Navy.		Norwich.	Resigned.
E. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	McKew, George	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Simsbury.	Resigned.
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Miller, Theodore	10th.	2d Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Moorehouse, Joseph E.	17th.	2d Lieutenant.	Darien.	
F. and S.	Asst. Surgeon	Newton, Matthew T.	10th.	Surgeon.	Suffield.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Nichols, James R.	14th.	Captain.	Norwich.	
E. (Rifle.)	Captain.	Nelson, John A.	Colored Reg't.	Colonel.	Hartford.	
C.	Private.	Quien, Henry	17th.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	
A.	Sergeant.	Russell, James S.	8th.	Captain.	Norwalk.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Rogers, Joab B.	1st Cavalry.	Captain.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Ripley, Eleazar H.	8th.	Captain.	Windham.	
A. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Seaver, Heber W.	16th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Smith, Henry C.	20th.	Captain.	Hartford.	Accidentally killed by a falling tree, Jan. 28, 1863.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	Sackett, William H.	11th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
A.	Private.	Smith, George W.	10th.	1st Lieutenant.	New Canaan.	Resigned.
C. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Stanley, Henry F.	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	
C. (Rifle.)	Corporal.	Stoddard, Henry	6th.	2d Lieutenant.	New Haven.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Shalk, Frederick E.	14th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	
F. (Rifle.)	Musician.	Sever, Philip	28th.	1st Lieutenant.	Stamford.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Thompson, William W.	15th.	1st Lieutenant.	Meriden.	
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Townsend, James L.	14th.	Captain.	New Haven.	
C. (Rifle.)	Private.	Thirkil, Thomas H.	22d.	1st Lieutenant.	Windsor.	
B. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Upham, Charles L.	15th.	Colonel.	Meriden.	
B. (Rifle.)	Private.	Vorra, John H.	8th.	2d Lieutenant.	Meriden.	
F. and S.	Major.	Warner, Alexander	13th.	Lieut. Colonel.	Woodstock.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Wright, Leverett	7th.	1st Lieutenant.	Hartford.	Resigned.
A. (Rifle.)	Private.	White, John L.	22d.	2d Lieutenant.	Hartford.	
A.	Corporal.	Weed, Thomas S.	8th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwalk.	
C.	Sergeant.	White, Charles H.	11th.	1st Lieutenant.	Danbury.	Resigned.
D. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Ward John E.	8th.	Colonel.	Norwich.	
D. (Rifle.)	Private.	Whittlesey, George W.	13th.	1st Lieutenant.	Norwich.	Resigned.
E. (Rifle.)	2d Lieut.	Wright, William	9th.	Captain.	Hartford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Sergeant.	Waterbury, Marcus	17th.	Captain.	Stamford.	
F. (Rifle.)	Private.	Whitney, William M.	28th.	1st Lieutenant.	Darien.	

Seventy-three Officers from the Third, being nearly one in every ten, of which a very large proportion—sixteen—are Field and Staff Officers, and one a Brigadier General, speaks well for the material of the regiment. Each of the three first regiments has furnished the service with a Brigadier General, a fact of which the State may well feel proud.

CONCLUSION—INCIDENTS, &C.

In my account of the Battle of Bull Run I referred to the fact that Beauregard was well informed as to the intentions of McDowell. In looking over Col. Estvan's "War Pictures from the South," (himself at the time holding a command in the rebel service,) I find this corroborative evidence: "General Beauregard was perfectly well informed of all that was going on in General McDowell's army, and of the intention of the enemy to force their way to Richmond." Again: "This plan of operations [General Scott's order of battle] was no secret to us." "General Beauregard received the very earliest information from a friend of his in Washington and had plenty of time to make all his preparations." "From the very commencement of operations the Confederates enjoyed a decided advantage on the score of intelligence; and so it now happened that while we were informed of every projected movement of the enemy, Scott and McDowell on the other hand were almost completely ignorant of our plans and intentions." In speaking of the behavior of the men opposed to Longstreet, among whom were the Connecticut regiments, he says: "As soon as the enemy's columns had deployed under a heavy fire from their guns, which they did with great coolness, although it was probably the first time these regiments had been under fire, they were formed into an attacking column, and with a loud cheer rushed on Longstreet's position."

Here, however, is an extract from the book of the candid Colonel of a somewhat different character. After mentioning the panic and confusion attending the retreat he says: "A giant Texan throwing away his rifle took out his bowie-knife. With one blow he split the skull of a wounded man who had fallen to the ground; and this became the signal for a general butchery. Like wild beasts the incensed soldiery fell upon their victims, (the Federal wounded,) hewing, stabbing, and slashing like madmen."

Such is the not very attractive picture of "our deluded and erring Southern brethren" by one whose prejudices, judging from his chosen position, would be all in favor of the rebels. Splitting the skulls of prostrate wounded men with bowie-knives, hewing, slashing and stabbing the helpless wounded and dying, sounds like the horrible stories of fren-

zied savages, rather than the warfare waged by "the chivalry" *par excellence*.

The narrow escapes on the battle field are not among the least interesting and surprising occurrences in actual warfare. J. W. Burgess, a member of Co. A, First Regiment, had a Minié ball strike his watch and bed itself completely into the works, yet the glass crystal remained unbroken and the wearer received no injury. A member of the Second was whirled around with the velocity and precision of a top by a shot or shell which took the cap pouch from his belt and tore a liberal hole through his blouse. Sergeant Benjamin F. Prouty of the First, now captain in the Sixth, was taken prisoner near Cub Run, while on the retreat, by two cavalry men. While being led to the rear he shot one with a pocket pistol, and then dodging into a thicket escaped from the other and rejoined his regiment.

From the day of the march toward Centreville and Manassas the interest of the thousands congregated in Washington from all parts of the country was manifested by an unusual degree of excitement, much increased when on the Thursday before the battle of Bull Run the guns of Ayres' battery at Blackburn's Ford could be plainly heard in the metropolis. Hundreds chartered vehicles—hacks, wagons, and anything which would carry—to convey them to witness the unusual spectacle of a real battle between contending armies, and on the Warrenton pike these carriages could be seen bearing gleefully curious seekers after excitement, of which probably they got their fill before their return.

On the Sunday of the battle the city of Washington wore an aspect of quiet or ominous silence which properly imaged the deep solicitude and anxiety which noise could not dissipate. Before the evening had given place to night rumors of disaster were dismally whispered about and few slept well. The next morning was rainy, and the groups of worn out, ragged, dirty soldiers, here and there, some without coats and some without shoes, made the day almost suicidal in its dreariness. Here one so bedraggled that his clothing was insufficient to identify his arm or regiment, was holding forth to an awe-struck group on the terrors of the fight, and there a no less forlorn musician, bearing a dented, misshapen cylinder of brass, detailed the dangers of the retreat, each claiming to be almost the sole representative of that

magnificent army which four days before had marched forth in all the glory of anticipated triumph, and each winding up his narration with the assertion, "and I alone am escaped to tell thee." Ladies stood in the rain at the corners, offering hot coffee and eatables to the miserable men in uniform, most of whom should have been with their commands across the Potomac, instead of receiving sympathy and food in Washington.

The immediate effect of the disaster at Bull Run on the people was chagrin and regret, but the indulgence in these unworthy sentiments was very brief. New regiments and batteries were raised at once, armed, equipped, and put into the field. In this movement the members of the three months' regiments engaged with absorbing interest. They enlisted men, drilled squads, and assisted with their experience in the details of the camps. The lists of those alone who have held commissions since, is the best record of their services. Every week adds to these lists, and "when this cruel war is over," and a broad, general view of its entire progress can be obtained, the men of the three first regiments will occupy no secondary position.

DOMINUS.

 Sermon Commemorative of Edward A. Doolittle of Cheshire, 1st Lieut. 20th Conn. Vols.

Preached at Stevenson, Ala., Dec. 27th, 1863, by
Rev. A. L. FRISBIE, Chaplain of the Regiment.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF HIS BROTHER OFFICERS.

"Shall any teach God knowledge, seeing He judgeth those that are high?"

"One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet. His breasts are full of milk, and his bones are moistened with marrow. And another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure.—Job xxi, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Seven days ago, as the week preceding the last was giving place to the new Sabbath which was to dawn so gloriously upon the world, as the still, dark hours moved on, two men in our midst were living their last of this perishable life. One of them was a stranger to us all. His residence, his circumstances, his destination, were alike unknown. He was cast upon us, crushed and beaten down by a sudden and unexpected casualty, from the fullness of a strong, robust manhood; placed in our hands, unconscious of our pity, to receive our kind attentions, to breathe through a few days, and then to die. His was the two-fold claim, imposed by the fact that he was a fellow soldier with us, and the fact that he was a helpless, suffering stranger.

The other was our friend—known by us all, and by us all esteemed. He had been with you from the first of your soldier life. He had, with you, battled against all the embarrassments of inexperience. He had overcome the unfitness for the stern duties and exposure of war—an unfitness which you all shared with him—arising from the necessary conditions of the peaceful life which he, with you, had been permitted to lead. He heard and heeded the call for men to take the field against the enemy, accepting the dangers, the denials, the sacrifices, which he must unavoidably

make, as part of the price which he was *willing* to pay for his country's deliverance from the danger that threatened it. He endured the comfortless months of that first bitter winter; marched and fought, grieved and rejoiced, with you—patiently, nobly, manfully. And here, removed by additional hundreds of miles from the home of his early years and from the refined and agreeable associations in which he had been permitted to mature his manhood—here, in a land scathed and desolate, eloquent by contrast of the blessings of peace and the sweetness of home—here the brave soldier, the kind officer, the true patriot, the warm-hearted friend, the noble man, falls before insidious and fatal disease. Spared on two red battle fields, he was yet to give his life for the cause which called him forth. With the small hours of that early morning, sickness was hastening the sad completion of its destructive work, and the first sunbeam fell on his countenance cold and motionless, fixed, like that of the other, in the stern rigidity of death.

Cut off in the midst of their days, they died in their full strength, when years of hope and promise lay before them, inviting toward an honored and distant future.

We buried the stranger at the going down of the sun, with others who, like him unknown, had gone before. The softened, departing rays, just being lifted and gathered into the west, lingered still about us as we laid him to his rest, and touched lightly on his lowly bed, as if bearing to the fallen soldier an all-merciful benediction.

All that was left to us of our brother officer and friend—all save his memory—his worn and wasted body, was borne away, to rest side by side with kindred dust, in the place of his nativity.

These that I have mentioned are but two of unknown hundreds who have thus fallen by the way in the prime of their years, with all the promise of a ripened manhood yet to be fulfilled, investing them with an inestimable worth. Our young men, from whom parents and communities reasonably expected much, of whom the army was proud, and who, as soldiers, were strenuous to do their whole duty for their country's sake and for the sake of principles just and righteous, in defense of which they assumed the soldier's garb and accepted the soldier's obligation—these are falling continually all along the vast extent of our lines. Not having lived out half their days; not having exhausted, scarcely having opened, the wealth of their capabilities in the field, or in social stations; scarcely being allowed to prove how much they were to be worth to the world; thus, all too early, as we think, is the silver cord loosed and the golden bowl broken. We think of the loss to the country, to the cause of liberty, of all these brave hearts, impelled by motives of patriotism to a heroic self-devotion. Of these strong arms, ready to strike home when villainous treason showed its hostile front. We feel that every arm is needed; that the moral force of every heart filled with love of country, of justice, of right, *all* is needed. We feel that it was not a mistaken idea of duty which called them or us into the field. We feel, we believe, nay, we *know*, that however imperfectly we have done our work, the mission on which we have come is proper and righteous. We cannot dispossess ourselves of the confidence which inspires us, that we are arrayed as God would have us, opposed to lawlessness, violence, and oppression. And if this be really so, how is it that so many must render up their lives, victims to accident and disease, accomplishing nothing by their fall for the furtherance of a right cause? It is a question which often arises at home as well. Families are broken; children who have merely begun to live, seeming to have come into the world for nought, these are recalled. Men in their early prime, on whom society begins to depend, born to lead by a kind, beneficent authority—these, all unspent, just as they are needed the most, often sicken and die, while, in the expressive language of the text, "their breasts are full of milk and their joints are moistened with marrow." Who shall explain all this? Is it not so much waste? Where is the hand that has the power, or the will that has the disposition, to regulate and restrain all this? Ought there not to be

interposition to prevent such apparent wasteful loss? How is it that there is no such interposition? We cannot make the case clear to our own minds. Do we say that chance rules us? That our birth, our manner of life, our death, are only so many results of a vast lottery of humanity? We are left as completely in the dark by such an explanation as we were before we attempted to explain at all. It is only a grandiloquent style of saying that we know nothing; that we are in the presence of a mystery which we cannot reveal.

Do we, admitting that there is a Supreme Ruler, become bitter in our thoughts of Him, and say, as we look on such untimely deaths, that God is capricious, vindictive, cruel? Do we say, as we see so much all about us that is most manifestly wrong, that He has created the world, set it in motion, and then left it to itself? that He has withdrawn into the impenetrable depths of His own being, finding delight in Himself, leaving those whom He has called into existence to move on without the constant exertion of His care and thoughtfulness for them? Do we avow it as our belief that God has forgotten the world? A thousand providences of mercy—yes, a thousand more providences of mercy than of pain—look us in the face and prove our avowed belief untrue. The most signal instances of suffering, which seem to a hasty judgment to be tokens of cruelty and caprice, are of little moment when compared with the constantly on-going miracles of goodness. A building falls upon its inmates; one out of ten thousand falls. A whole community is appalled by the disaster, and busy tongues too often blame Him who is ever blameless. A train of cars is thrown from its track. We shudder as we gather up the broken, the dying, the dead; but we think not then of the scores of miles of trains, full-freighted with life, which at that very hour are rolling securely along their iron way. And so it is that we pause and hold our breath while the sad, dark events of providence pass before us, and do not remember that it is God alone who causes the happy myriads, whom our thoughts then overlook, to dwell in safety. We look pitifully on occasional instances of want, and forget that "God giveth the beast his food, and the young ravens which cry;" "maketh grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man;" sends out the sun, from whose kindly heat nothing is hid, and causes the rain to fall, without distinction, on the just and the unjust. The apparent exceptions to a rule of benevolence on the part of the Supreme Ruler, are noticeable *because* apparent exceptions. We shrink from them in horror and alarm, overlooking the preserving, sustaining, comforting power, which, with sublime regularity of movement, ministers to creatures without number, health and food and gladness. We are confounded when we attempt to convict God of dealing with cruelty—of acting the part of a capricious tyrant, rather than of a compassionate, thoughtful ruler. Disasters do indeed, in the course of providence, come upon men; but how often do we see, in connection with them, the direct and pernicious agency of a misguided human hand! And in cases of bereavement, such as this which we to-day commemorate, there is certainly a reason for them, a reason which exonerates God from blame, even though we may not be able to bring it within our grasp.

The question with which Job turns upon his friends, who had said that which amounted to an impeachment of the wisdom of Deity, this question is applicable here. It is the only answer, the only explanation, which we can find to our questionings concerning many of the dark and bitter experiences of life. "Shall any teach God knowledge, since he judgeth those that are high?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" We stop with this. It is as far as we can go. It is all that we can know. The mystery is by no means cleared away, but it is left with God. He will do right. None can teach Him knowledge.

We can confidently feel that these varied and adverse events do not fall out suddenly and unprovided for. Our friend is taken away. No more with us to obey and serve, but he has gone in obedience to the "summons of the Great Command-

er." The sparrow may fall to the ground, but he is not forgotten before God. Assuredly, then, He does not forget the interests, nor overlook the destinies, of men.

We will not presume to attempt to teach the All-wise. We accept the fact that He rules intelligently and with benevolence. Clouds now and then obscure the sun, but the sun is not destroyed, is not even dimmed. Only our sight is hindered. And so, while events grievous and darkly mysterious are upon us, if their shadow comes for a time between us and the revealed brightness of God's goodness and mercy, we may *know* that that brightness is all undimmed. "The Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting."

As a people, we are led in a path of pain. It is a strange thing which has come upon us—this waste, and ravage, and wretchedness of war. The insatiate sword feeds on blood—the best blood of the land. Desolation sits by thousands of once happy firesides. Widowhood and orphanage have become sadly common. In almost every hamlet of the land, Rachael, refusing to be comforted, weep for their children. Sorrowful eyes look into sorrowful eyes, and melt into tears, in the speechless sympathy of a common grief. Untold acres, which three years ago were rejoicing in the glory of abundant harvests, now break and swell with rounded graves, where the dead are gathered home. No such sorrow as has fallen upon both sections of our country has ever visited the earth before; none so far-reaching, so terribly oppressive.

Now, might not this, all of it, been avoided? Who says that it was possible to avoid it longer? Who *knows* this to be true? It might have been put by, if men had thought and felt differently, to be sure; but, as circumstances were, they thought and felt that which led them to take up the sword. And that they did so, is a fact in the administration of Providence. Who can show that, with the facts of our history as antecedents, we could possibly avoid this struggle, with all the cruelty, loss, and suffering which it involves? What device to prevent the breaking out of the contest availed? What plan to secure a peace has had a particle of promise of success? None whatever. How was it possible, then, to escape? It has come under Divine rule, and we, unable to escape, must endure. We cannot teach our Ruler.

It has always been true in God's conduct of affairs; it is unavoidably true while men are linked together as they are in families, communities, and states, that crime involves others besides the perpetrators in suffering. The innocent must feel something of the force of the penalty which presses after the guilty. Blameless children feel the reflection of the blow which strikes out a good man's life. The murderer cannot bear his punishment alone. Its cruel shadow falls on those bound to him by closest ties, who utterly abhor his crime. And the same law reaches out into the great matters of States. National guilt will surely bring national punishment—punishment which will not reach those only who originated and fostered a system or policy fatally false, but will gather into its destructive sweep thousands who had nothing whatever to do with the sin whose consequences clothe a land in mourning. There can be no question that our present national suffering is because of guilt incurred. There must be, under the inexorable laws of Providence, some atonement rendered. Many, of past days and of our own, have been instrumental in leading us in the path of sin; but on them, separate and apart, as sinners above others, the strokes of chastisement cannot fall. As the gases and vapors rising from reeking pens charge the atmosphere with impurities and breed the storm and thunder which roll over healthful fields in their far-reaching rage, purifying the air by the jarring tumult, so the pestilent theories of mistaken men and bad men, swaying public action, have charged the political heavens with storms of disaster and death. Calm can only come now after the tempest. The healing of the land, its purification and safety, can only be at fearful cost. We have proved already that this is true. The guilty suffer, but the innocent as well. But the path of deliverance is that of pain. Our offerings must be costly, but

they will not—so our faith in God assures us—they will not be in vain. The price will be paid. It is being paid by the labors, the lives, of our countrymen—of such as was he whom we mourn to-day. By such loss, and by the wisdom which we must learn from such loss, are we to make such atonement and reparation as are possible for the wrongs which, as a people, we have cherished and perpetuated. The way is rough and dark, but God appoints it. "Shall any teach Him knowledge?" Because He rules, there is hope before us.

"The future's gain
Is certain as God's truth; but meanwhile, pain
Is bitter, and tears are salt; our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that never more shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet."

As an offering, under God's Providence, for his country's deliverance, did our friend Doolittle die; not as others, on the battle-field, indeed, but just as truly as they, an offering, self-rendered, for the cause of liberty. You know with what unsparing energy he gave himself to his duties. You know how, when disease was wasting him, he still stood by his post, unmindful of himself, faithful, at the cost of life, as it has proved, to that which was expected of him. You know how his strong, hopeful spirit kept him up day after day, when we who saw him felt that there was danger which he did not fear. He died as a brave, faithful, unselfish man. His friends who have watched his military career with so much interest, will find in that fact a pleasant thought in their hour of bitterness; and how bitter must that hour be, which brings back to the father's roof, to the home circle, the first born son a silent, coffin'd corpse!

How fond hearts anticipated his coming by and by, after victory had blessed us with peace, waiting to do him honor and pay him dearer love, because he had done his part so well! He is borne to them, the poor mortal worn and marred, the immortal altogether departed. But yet, his part has been well done. So do we cheerfully unite in saying. His memory shall live, ever green, in the hearts of his fellow soldiers and brother officers of the Twentieth Regiment. He was a man worthy to be remembered.

It was my province to attend him the day before his death, and to speak with him of the life that is to be. He was weak, but calm and rational. His convictions of the worth and necessity of religion, were as strong as yours or mine. He had in childhood been received into the communion of the Episcopal Church, but on that fact merely he placed no reliance. He said he did not claim to have been a very consistent member; but as he lay there, so near the verge of eternity, he expressed his wish for the help of God, and his desire to depend wholly upon "Him who is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Jesus Christ."

May the life of our friend, by its fidelity, unselfishness and energy, be an example to us all. And may the faith which he, dying, commended, be riveted and dwelling in the lives of all his comrades in arms—so that, whether we die, as did he, with no home ministries of love, we may pass to the better home and the higher ministries appointed for all who have "fought the good fight."

From the Twenty-ninth Infantry, C. V.

IN BARRACKS, U. S. RENDEZVOUS, }
NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 3d, 1864. }

Mr. Editor:—The Twenty-ninth Regiment is a new one in the list of Connecticut troops, marked by only one historic peculiarity, the seeming blackness of its character, and blessed just now with only one sign of promise, the soldierly brightness of its men.

As its career is but begun, its record can be nothing else than brief. It has fought no battles; has not the arms wherewith to earn its laurels. Indeed, all to be chronicled in regard to us is our

diligence in guarding the rendezvous, which is, considering the disadvantages under which we labor, somewhat remarkable. One characteristic of the black troops seems to be their comparative simplicity or honesty. Their fault is in being too confiding. "Who come dar?" "Officer of the day." "Advance, officer of the day." "How do you know I am the officer of the day?" "Case you tells me so." But they are willing to learn, and when once taught their duty, do not neglect it. We hear every few days of black sentinels reporting white bounty jumpers for bribery. To-day a man on post was offered thirty dollars and a watch to pass a recruit across his beat, but arrested the offender, and seemed quite astonished when he received fifteen dollars and the promise of five days' furlough.

To-night there are two men reported by our sentinels, for offering one hundred dollars each in the same way. So our conservative neighbors, who blame the Eighth U. S. for a supposed eke-daddle under such a General as he who has just added thorns to his laurels in Florida, could with benefit, if not with pleasure, look nearer home.

Many are asking, as if anxious to be rid of us, "Why don't the Twenty-ninth leave?" Because we have no officers. All volunteer regiments have started with a full roster of officers, or of men calling themselves such, and afterwards added their men; but we, thanks to General Casey, have to wait in patience, to be at length rewarded always by officers who are capable. The condition of the regiment to-day will prove how great was the loss in the white regiments by not forcing every officer to a strict examination.

One severe bereavement has fallen upon us. On Sunday, February 21st, very suddenly, after an illness of only thirty-six hours, died Lieutenant Jabez A. Tracy, of company I, aged 19 years.

Lieutenant Tracy was remarkable for geniality of disposition, so that as one after another of us joined the command, with which the Lieutenant had been almost from its beginning, the remark went round, "how amiable and affectionate a man he was." It is not often, even at the death of a brother officer, (and none but brother officers know the strong attachment which such relationship creates,) that the mourners shed tears, yet around the dying body of the friend, there were exhibitions of as sincere grief as ever the widowed mother manifested when she reached camp, to find the funeral escort prepared to march.

It seems as if in this fact, the large number of friends in the counties of Windham and New London, which Lieutenant Tracy leaves, must find great consolation.

The officers of the Twenty-ninth, in regular meeting, have adopted the following:

HEADQUARTERS 29TH REG'T INF'Y, C. V., }
U. S. RENDEZVOUS, }
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Feb. 21st, 1864. }

It having pleased God in his omniscient providence to remove by sudden death, Lieutenant Jabez A. Tracy, U. S. A., attached to the Twenty-ninth Regiment Infantry, C. V., his mourning brother officers do resolve:

That we patiently submit to the will of God in this painful event, which has taken from us a friend, remarkable for amiability and excellence of character, and which has deprived the service of one of its most promising young officers.

That we offer our sincere condolence to the bereaved mother, her family, and other relatives of our late friend, and ask for them the sweet consolation which comes only from our father in heaven.

That while we trust that our regiment may not again suffer from such bereavement, we recognize the fact that it is better for him who is dead, even in the vigor of his youthfulness, than if he had been called to endure longer and more trying evils of this life before ascending on high.

That we will manifest our respect for the memory of the deceased by wearing the usual symbols of mourning.

DAVID TORRENCE, Captain Presiding.
J. LEWIS SPAULDING, Lieut. and Adj't.
Yours truly, B. W. E.

From the Conscript Camp.

CONSCRIPT CAMP, }
FAIR HAVEN, March 2, 1864. }

Editor Connecticut War Record:

Waiting for a little while in a restaurant a few days ago, I overheard a noisy conversation in a bar-room adjoining, on the comparative worth of a white skin and a black one. "Well," exclaimed one of the disputants, "I'll tell you what: the meanest white man in the world is more respectable than the best black." This wise doctrine, the spirit of which characterizes a large class now-a-days, was brought to my mind by an occurrence which enlivened our camp one evening of last week.

A vigorous drum-beat, at an unusual hour, attracted everybody to see what was the matter. The drum corps of the Thirtieth Regiment, C. V. were taking an evening parade, improvised by our line commanding officer. In front of them was marched a long line of white deserters, hand-cuffed together and guarded at either end by a musket in the hand of a trusty looking colored soldier. I wished my bar-room friend could have witnessed this guard-house parade, and wondered if he would have held on to his conviction that a white man was always respectable, a black man never.

One of the deserters referred to, to facilitate an escape had blackened his face. The black soldiers are not watched every minute as the white ones are. A group of colored soldiers talking of him I heard one of them say with a chuckle, "spees he'd like mighty well to jine de Twenty-ninth." The individual would need considerable reformation before he could hope for admission into such reputable society. I am not connected with either of the colored regiments, but I believe if the people who are afflicted with such violent prejudice against "niggers" would spend a while in this camp, they would get rid of their delusion, and would admit, if honest, that a white skin is not one of the essentials to a true soldier or a true man.

With regard to the general interests of our camp there is nothing new to communicate. Fresh recruits come in at the rate of sixty-five a day, about eighty per cent of whom are white. Large squads leave every week for the field, yet we are always full. Nearly seven hundred were sent away during the week ending March 2d. This morning's roll call showed two thousand two hundred and twenty-one men. The camp is still commanded by Captain W. B. Sears, Second Rhode Island Vols., and a fitter man for the place it would be difficult to find. To command such a camp and attend faithfully to all its various affairs is by no means an easy job. The rowdy element brought here from the large cities, is of itself enough to require the vigilant care of a full sized man, yet it is well attended to. Our proximity to New Haven presents many facilities for demoralizing indulgence, but Captain Sears is a terror to whisky smugglers, deserters, gamblers, prostitutes, and to evil doers generally. Not that we are enjoying, in every particular, a paradise, quite, but we come about as near it as camps average. Every one notices and admires the many improvements that have been accomplished here within the past month, and the credit of them is due to our commanding officer. He seems to have the faculty which philosophers cannot see into—of being everywhere at the same time; a faculty which affords him rare advantage in the way of constant personal supervision. With the best of business habits—promptness, energy, method, dispatch—habits acquired by long experience in a first-class mercantile house of New York, and adapted by military work by two years of service in the army of the Potomac, he is peculiarly adapted to the command of a rendezvous like this. New buildings are being erected within the lines, and various repairs effected which indicate that it is the purpose of the Government to make this a permanent rendezvous while the war lasts.

Yours,

s.

Back numbers will be furnished promptly to all who desire them. Price ten cents per number.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Sixteenth Regiment.

This letter, too late for the February number, will be heartily welcomed by all as a part of the March number.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., Feb. 1, 1864.

Editor Connecticut War Record:

The "trop tard" of the French Assembly, which, in 1848, when King Louis Philippe abdicated in favor of his grandson, neutralized the hopes of the Orleans dynasty to save themselves by that measure, may now, uttered by your lips, neutralize my hopes of finding this letter in the February number. But if I am too late, impute it not to indolence, though generally you would be correct. This time, my tardiness is the effect of a removal from our old location, near Portsmouth, Va. You must look for our penates at present near Plymouth, N. C.

And shall I tell you, then, dear Chaplain, how we felt, when the dread order reached us? How sorrowfully we contemplated the fine slat and log houses we had been at so much trouble and expense to erect? What a row there was, in that long line of pretty cottages, christened "Matrimony Row," where those, indulging in such home luxuries as wives, resided? And what odious names the fair sufferers gave to the General issuing the order? 'Twere vain to tell. Imagine it, if you can.

For four days the regiment was kept in suspense. Each hour gave birth to a new rumor. Each rumor was founded on circumstances equally telling. At no time was the proverb "straws tell which way the wind blows," brought more in requisition, and never have wishes fathered more thoughts. Now, an aid of the General had said, "you needn't pull those houses down yet," with a peculiar smile—ergo, we were not to go. Then the Adjutant had told his cook to boil a ham, and pack it—ergo, we were to go. Again somebody had been at the Fortress, and heard that the order calling other regiments to Portsmouth had been countermanded—ergo, we were not to go. Then an attaché of the Quartermaster's Department had heard that two vessels were expected daily to take us—ergo, we were to go. But Gen. Getty now intimated to his staff that we were to stay. Finally the paymaster came to pay us, ere we left; and lastly we did leave. The idea prevailed that the new man in command, Gen. Heckman, had thrown sheep's eyes at our fair camp, and designed to quarter his own (former) regiment in the buildings erected by the Sixteenth. The boys had spent very near fifteen hundred dollars on their huts, and the officers about as much more on their houses. Consequent-

ly this finesse of the General roused no small quantity of ire in the regiment, which ire was satisfied by a number of unaccountable accidents. On the night before we left, some rubbish about the camp caught fire, which quickly communicating itself to the dry pine-slat buildings, wrapped the streets in a mantle of flame, and threw its brilliant scintillations far up into the cold moonlighted sky. It was very amusing. Gorgeous tongues of flame leapt up with a peculiar roar, while the unfortunate possessors of the property, with pious resignation in the Lord's will, stood by and chatted and smiled, and laughed and danced. By a like unaccountable accident, the officers were out of wood in the evening, and, no other being at hand, the lofty flag-staff was hewed down to supply them. A queer coincidence it was that many had sold their houses just about this time to men of the adjoining regiments. They came and bore them off bodily in the morning. A high wind threw down every chimney, and spread devastation over the land. Thus when the golden sun of January 21st beamed down on the world, the camp of the Sixteenth Conn. Vols. was a desert, as flat as my grandfather's bald pate. *Fiat Voluntas tua!*

On the broad sea! with fair weather, and a fresh breeze! "rocked in the cradle of the deep," as the poet says; rocked to some purpose too; all the ladies sea-sick; majority of men also; no end of delivering up your insides; dismal moans too; upper deck narrower than lower deck; people on upper deck sick first; those on lower deck receive on their heads offerings designed for the goddess Sea-Sickness; now and then a set of teeth comes rattling down; happy chance they didn't fall into the water; fortunate ones in possession of state-rooms; can have it all to themselves; dinner time arrives; rattling of knives awful; smell of fresh pork exereciating; no guests.

Officers of the Sixteenth gave up their state-rooms to the ladies; officers of the Fifteenth wouldn't; take no interest in ladies, I suppose; take more interest in themselves, perhaps.

We arrive at Morehead City; one hotel which is not kept, and five houses not inhabited; go by rail to Newbern; sweet place; elms enough to furnish a second New Haven; everybody in a fever of friendliness towards us; suppose they are so friendly because they've got nothing else to do; re-embark for Plymouth; down the Neuse, across Pamlico Sound to Roanoke; along Albemarle Sound into the Roanoke river; weather glorious; water quiet; high enjoyment on the voyage; lots of fun; reach Plymouth to-

wards night; set our brass bands blowing; astonished the country; air balmy and warm as in Spring.

Plymouth is a quiet little town; been burnt down to some extent by the rebs; rebs driven back; excellent fortifications; well guarded; General Wessels in command; is a Connecticut man; belongs to the regular army, in which he is a Lieut.-Colonel; good, kind old gentleman, with high military knowledge; makes semi-weekly irruptions in the enemy's country, burning and carrying off the stores of ham, cotton and beef which they accumulate for the Rebel Government in this vicinity. Our men have been on two of these expeditions; carried off some bales of cotton and destroyed many; destroyed also several hundred thousand dollars worth of hams—all for Uncle Sam; carried off sundry lots of poultry and eggs—all for themselves; like to go exceedingly.

Col. Beach is in command of the brigade; looks better than ever, and is heartily beloved by all; Capt. Burke is in command of the regiment, and has been so since we left Portsmouth; manly character and thorough soldier; makes things go smooth; Major Pasco and Capt. Mix detained in Portsmouth to explain the unaccountable accidents that happened to our camp before we left. Weather keeps fine; great thing for Adjutant Clapp; main employment to drive the ladies about in a buggy; very pink of courtesy.

The troops hereabout are going home on furlough; have re-enlisted; when they do, we shall slip into their good quarters in town; high old times in store for the Sixteenth; will soon be in trim to receive the visits of our friends.

Affectionately yours,

HORSE JOHN.

From the Second Connecticut Light Battery.

CAMP BARRY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

After a three months tarry in this camp orders have again come to take up our line of march. A soldier enjoys marching or fighting far better than the dull routine and weary monotony of the camp. The following was the order:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF ART'Y, U. S. A. }
Washington, Jan. 21st, 1864. }

[Special Orders No. 9.]

In compliance with special orders No 32, Headquarters of the army, current series, the following named batteries will hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Baltimore by rail on the 23d inst., to embark there for the Department of the Gulf:

Seventh Massachusetts, Captain Storer; Second Connecticut, First Lieutenant Hotchkiss; First Delaware, Capt. Nields.

Each battery will take a six-gun battery, completely equipped, except the horses, which latter will be turned over to the quartermaster at Camp Barry; each officer will however be permitted to take one private horse. Further special instructions have been communicated by letter to the commanding officer of Camp Barry.

In detaching for distant service these batteries which have been so many months under his command, General Barry embraces the opportunity to compliment the officers and enlisted men for their habitual good conduct, soldierly deportment, and intelligent attention to duty and instruction. He also congratulates them upon the glorious opportunity now offered to acquire fresh laurels for themselves and for the States they represent, and what is of greater importance, upon the opportunity to devote anew their hearts and arms to the sacred cause that has called them away from their peaceful homes.

By command Brig. Gen. Barry,

J. E. MARSHALL,

Capt. and Asst. Adj't General.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP BARRY, }
Jan. 21, 1864. }

[*Official Copy.*]

JAS. A. HALL,

Lt. Col. Me. Lt. Art., Com. Post.

To Com. Officer Second Connecticut Battery.

The Seventh Massachusetts and First Delaware batteries are old campaigners with us, they being the identical batteries which accompanied us to New Jersey last Summer, to test whether shot and shell were necessary to quell the riotous conduct of northern sympathizers with southern treason.

Lieut. Philo B. Sherman has recently resigned his commission and has returned to private life. It is seldom that an officer is found who can give such general satisfaction as he did, and not often that one possessing such easy manners can yet command the respect and obedience of those under him.

It must be chronicled that we have not been forgotten by the Soldiers' Aid and Relief Societies of Bridgeport. Their disinterested benevolence and practical generosity found expression in the shape of numerous boxes and barrels filled with articles suggesting to us the idea of home, and only serving to nerve us anew to bring this war to a speedy close, that we may the sooner return to our homes and have something to live upon besides an "army ration."

The men are in good health and exultant at the prospect of spending the next season among the orange groves of the South, instead of "among the pines" of old Virginia.

We leave but two men behind us, except the recruiting party at Bridgeport, and a few absent on furlough, of those who came to Camp Barry with us this last time—Sergeant John Lewis, wounded by a kick from a horse, and Frederick J. Blackman, in the small pox hospital. We have a number of new recruits.

UNION.

From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 20, 1864. }

The Battery left Washington on the 24th ult. for Baltimore, and there embarked on the 27th on board the steamship Arago, for this department. We were accompanied by the Seventh Massachusetts and First Delaware batteries, each battery being fully equipped, except as to horses. We were favored on our passage with most excellent weather, seeing not even a symptom of the tempest-tossed ocean from Cape Henry to Sand Key Lighthouse. After passing Key West, however, a breeze sprang up and gradually increased to a respectable gale. We had been so long on board that we had got our "sea legs" on, and but a few were compelled to pay the penalty which Neptune is wont to exact from those who for the first time trespass upon his domains.

On the night of the 4th inst. we dropped anchor at the mouth of the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi river. The next morning we crossed the bar, and, after a most charming sail—passing orange groves, and rice, sugar, and cotton plantations—we arrived on the night of the 5th inst. opposite the Crescent City.

We are at present encamped in one of the cotton presses abandoned by those who thought cotton was king, and we have very comfortable quarters, as compared with last winter "among the pines" on the bleak hills of old Virginia. We have just drawn new horses, and have been fortunate in getting a good lot.

The election for State officers, to take place on the 22nd inst., is the all-absorbing topic of private conversation and public demonstration. Louisiana is to be the first free State of the South, the pioneer in the restoration of the Union. After the political campaign is closed, the military campaign may be expected to be opened in good earnest in this department.

UNION.

For the Connecticut War Record.

From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP ON THE RAPIDIAN, Feb. 1, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I merely write you a word to tell you that I have nothing to write. A camp in winter quarters is

about the slowest thing that can well be imagined. The ladies are coming in considerable numbers to break up the dreary monotony of our life, and I received an invitation the other night to a grand ball, which, if I may judge by the splendid style of the invitation billet, (and that is all the data I have to judge from.) must have been gotten up utterly regardless of expense. It is quite common now to see cavalcades of officers with ladies galloping past our camps. Side saddles and riding habits are in great demand. And our camps are wonderfully improved by the rival edifices that are being prepared for the reception of the fair ones.

Logs are piled up in all manner of fanciful shapes, bits of boards command fabulous prices. More queer inventions for hinges and door latches are gotten up than would be registered in the Patent Office in a year.

The streets are better policed, more care is taken in setting out trees and ornamenting our camps, and all our army cities and villages are neater and brighter in appearance, more free from nuisances, less noisy, and more civilized in all respects, for the presence of women in our midst. God bless them.

I was going to write you a brief notice of Lieut. Hart, one of our noblest young officers whom we lost on the 2d of January by that fatal disease, diphtheria, but I see a comrade of mine has anticipated me in that sad office of affection, in your January number.

It seems as if our best and most promising were the ones almost uniformly selected to be taken from us.

We have lost in another way, a painful one, one of our best and most faithful officers. The record of the dismissal from the service of *Capt. James L. Townsend*, as copied from the official order of the War Department, in your last number, may bring dishonor, to some extent, upon that meritorious officer, but in the eyes of his friends and comrades of the regiment, who know his history and services for two years past, never a stain of shame. I would almost gladly submit to a similar sentence, to get a paper like that which went up to the War Department, signed by every officer in his regiment, and approved by his regimental, brigade, and division commanders, as soon as his sentence was known to us, and which I can scarcely doubt, will yet operate to change the verdict of the Secretary of War in this case. The facts in the case are not fairly stated, as we all fully be-

lieve, in the wording of the sentence, and although we find no fault with the Military Commission at Washington, where the trial took place, which, of course, did the officer no intentional injustice, yet we know that there has been some false testimony in the case, and that the decision is an injustice to our friend and comrade, and an injury to the service.

I think no other changes of importance in our regiment are left unrecorded.

Yours truly, S. F.

For the Connecticut War Record.

From the Fourteenth Regiment.

CAMP ON THE RAPIDAN, Va., }
Feb. 12, 1864. }

DEAR RECORD:—I have seen so many and such contradictory accounts of the recent reconnaissance across the Rapidan, that I feel bound to give you a brief sketch of it, that shall have truth enough to leaven the narration at least. At first we saw (in print) that it was the Third Corps which crossed at Morton's Ford and had a severe fight with the enemy, and the Second which came up at night and supported the Third. Whereas, not a man of the Third Corps passed over or was ordered across the Rapidan at all, and only one division of the Second Corps that had any fighting to do. And then the papers were filled with every other kind of erroneous and conflicting statement, the last which I have seen being Davidson's report in the Herald, which summed up the loss of the Fourteenth Conn. Vols. as follows: "113 killed, 6 certainly dead or captured, 19 wounded, and 88 in the hospital;" not stating the particular reason for being in the hospital which these last men had, and misspelling the names and mistaking the wounds of all the officers reported. These are somewhere nearly the facts in the case: The whole of the Second Corps moved up to the vicinity of the Rapidan at Morton's Ford, and at morning one division, at least, of the Third Corps, came up in the rear and encamped within supporting distance. The pontoon train stuck fast in the mud and was not used at all. The Third Division, Second Corps, under command of General A. Hayes, waded the ice-cold stream a little before noon, captured about thirty of the enemy's pickets—the Third Brigade being in the advance as skirmishers, and suffering some loss, as well as the other brigades, in passing up from the banks of the river and to the high ground back from it—and finally took up a somewhat protected position nearly a mile from the river, where it remained, with some shelling on the part of the enemy, (our own artillery had not crossed the river

at all) and some skirmishing, till nearly dark. Just before night, the rebels made a furious attack upon our lines, thinking to break us and throw us back in confusion to the river. But the Division deployed coolly, repulsed the attack and drove the enemy nearly a mile further back from and up the river to a cluster of houses, where a very stubborn, confused, and, in many cases, hand to hand conflict took place, and where our regiment, being at that time in the advance and most gallantly pushed on by Lieut. Col. Moore, who was constantly riding up and down the line in the hottest of the fire, directing and cheering on his men, suffered a very heavy loss. Pitchy darkness came on. The only light to direct the firing was that which poured out of the muzzles of the muskets and of the cannon in the distance. Scarcely a semblance of a line could be preserved on either side. Men called out to each other in the darkness and recognized each other as friend or foe by the State or regiment answered. Men were captured and re-captured and captured over again. Friends were killed by friends' fire. Men fired at each other in rooms of houses not a musket-barrel's length apart, and in a few instances were wounded with thrusts of a bayonet, (and this is the only case to my own knowledge where bayonets have been used in this war for any other advantage than to stack arms.)

Finally having cleared the rebels out of the cluster of houses and driven them into their entrenchments, our boys not being able to fight to much purpose in a strange place in utter darkness, a strong picket line was thrown out to hold the ground as long as might be necessary, our dead and wounded were collected together, and the division about midnight recrossed the river, unmolested by the enemy, on a temporary bridge of logs and rails that had been built, their crossing being protected by a part of the Second Division that were thrown over for that purpose. The loss of the Division was about 225, that of our regiment, just one half of the whole loss, 115—6 killed on the field and bodies brought off, 19 missing, (either killed or prisoners,) the rest wounded and brought off, a few fatally, a good many severely, and a great many escaping with slight hurts. I think only about seventy are now in hospital undergoing treatment. Seven of our commissioned officers were wounded, not one of them so as to be beyond hope of ultimately recovering and returning to duty. The conduct of all the officers, and of the men generally, is spoken of as being beyond all praise; especially that of Col. Moore, who had returned from

leave of absence only the night before, and showed not only the most perfect coolness and contempt of danger, which was only what we expected of him, but also great judgment and skill in the handling of his troops, as to which qualities he had not before been so thoroughly tested. I may speak these words of praise properly enough, although of my own regiment, because a temporary duty elsewhere kept me out of this movement. Capt. Doten, of Co. F, is, without much doubt, captured, and finding the road to the Libby Prison a "hard road to travel."

Such is a brief account of another of the bloody experiences of the old Fourteenth, which seems always to have the luck to be in the advance in every time of danger. We think the record still remains a most honorable and proud record. We have lost a few of our best and noblest men. Orderly Sergeant Norton, of Guilford, was a noble and faithful soldier, and would doubtless have immediately been promoted for his gallant services, but for the rebel bullet which, fired at not more than ten feet distant, has cut short his career and left his comrades, and a large home circle, and a wife and five little children, to mourn his loss. Sergeant Allen, of Co. I, was shot through the breast while bravely holding up the colors. Corporals Orcutt and Chadwick and several other of our bravest and worthiest non-commissioned officers and privates are dead or mortally wounded. But you doubtless have seen ere this correct nominal lists of our loss.

Yours truly, S. F.

For the Connecticut War Record.

From the Twenty-first Regiment.

CAMP TWENTY-FIRST CONN. VOLS., }
NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, }
Feb. 20, 1864. }

When I closed my last letter we were pleasantly situated at Newport News, Va., busily engaged in the usual duties of camp and daily perfecting ourselves in company and battalion drills. Since that time our history has been somewhat varied, both by changes of position and multiplicity of duties, a brief record of which may, perhaps, not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

On Sunday morning, the 25th of January, an expedition, consisting of the gunboats Flora Temple, Smith Briggs, the Gen. Jessup, and the large Government transport steamer George Washington, under the command of Brig. Gen. Graham, accompanied by a force of about thirty of the harbor police of Norfolk, under command of Capt. Lee of the harbor police, and one hundred and fifty of the Twenty-first Connecticut, under com-

mand of Capt. James F. Brown of the Twenty-first, left Old Point to make a reconnoissance up the James River. Proceeding up the river until within a short distance of Fort Powhattan, the troops were landed at what is called the "Brandon Farm." Two small howitzers were also landed and placed in position upon the banks of the river. A small cavalry force, numbering some twenty, were not landed. As soon as the force was landed they made a reconnoissance back into the country some two miles, and succeeded in surprising and capturing a signal station with all its apperaines and appurtenances. Messages deploring the change of sentiment in North Carolina, and the prospect of its return to the old Union; also the movement of a large force through Richmond to North Carolina, with letters relating to the removal of a large quantity of grain and provisions, (now stored on the "Brandon Farm,") to the City of Richmond, were captured, as were the flags, glasses, &c., of the station.

Having secured their prisoners, and all the valuables that could be removed, the force now returned to pay their respects to the stores on the farm, which the rebels expected to transport to Richmond for the use of the Confederate army.

They found the farm in charge of Surgeon Ritchie, formerly of the U. S. Navy, whom they made a prisoner, and succeeded in destroying bacon, flour, corn, oats and hay, and other property, to the amount of from \$250,000 to \$300,000. The above being the estimate made by the rebels, it is not likely to be over-estimated.

The gunboats had not been lying idle during this time, but had captured a schooner laden with tobacco, and a sloop not loaded.

On board the schooner were Jews, with a large amount of money in gold and silver, U. S. Notes and Southern Bank funds, together with a large assortment of jewelry.

The vessels were taken to Old Point with cargo and prisoners, where the flotilla arrived Monday evening. The following is a list of the booty brought back by the flotilla:

Twenty-two prisoners, one schooner laden with tobacco, one sloop (light,) ten horses, one hundred and fifty-three contrabands, and many other articles of less importance.

By some mistake three men of the Twenty-first were left behind on the return of the expedition. Finding themselves alone in the enemy's country, and anticipating a rather unhealthy reception from the rebels, they took to the woods, determined to do or die. Concealing themselves in the woods until night they then resolved to make an attempt to return to Old Point.

They proceeded down the river about eight miles, where they found an old boat in which they undertook to cross the river, but the boat sunk with them and they were obliged to abandon it. They then constructed a raft, but this also sunk and was abandoned.

They again proceeded farther down the river, and luckily found an old boat concealed in the bushes, with which, by constant bailing, they succeeded in crossing.

They then struck across the Peninsula in the direction of Williamsburg, and marching only night and keeping concealed days they thus eluded all pickets and patrols, and after three nights of rapid marching—much of the way through deep swamps and tangled woods, with nothing to eat—they arrived at Yorktown, bringing in with them three refugees from the rebel army.

From Yorktown they proceeded by transport to Old Point, and returned to the regiment at Newport News, where they entertained their comrades with a relation of their sufferings and adventures. Thus ended the expedition which had proved a complete success, and, if we may believe their own reports, was a severe blow to the rebels; and the results accomplished reflect much honor upon both officers and men composing the expedition. The month of January was fast nearing its close, and still enacting the somewhat monotonous routine of daily drills, and growing rapidly fat in the enjoyment of our sweet dreams of peace and the more substantial enjoyment of good living, we had almost, many of us, began to think that after all it was not so bad a thing to be a soldier. How soon those day dreams vanished and gave place to the sterner realities of soldier life, after events will clearly show.

It is often remarked that "coming events cast their shadows before."

To the soldier, however, who, at the dead of night, is startled from refreshing slumbers and pleasant dreams by the sound of the "long roll," or even at mid-day by the less startling but equally unexpected orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice, the remark may well be considered at least a questionable one, and the originator had evidently never been a soldier, and knew nothing of "long rolls" or "marching orders."

He had never experienced the indescribable and *pleasurable* emotions which the beating of the "long roll" at midnight, in the coldest season of the year, tends to awaken in the mind of one who, a moment before, was quietly and composedly sleeping in his bed of army blankets. He never had witnessed the spasmodic awakening of a regiment thus soundly sleeping, or beheld

the laughable and ludicrous expressions upon the countenances of those thus called forth to duty by an event which cast no shadow in its coming.

To the spectator, the scene created by the "long roll" must be decidedly amusing.

Here he sees some starting from their beds with the wildness of the maniac; others but yet half awake, groping about in the darkness for a missing shoe or tugging away at a tight fitting boot, giving expression to all manner of unchristianlike words. Others, taking the matter more coolly, joke and laugh at the expense of those more troubled and excited or less fortunate than themselves; while the majority, being in no very good humor, very affectionately unite in consigning the author of the affair to the warmest portion of his satanic majesty's dominions, though I am afraid (judging from the language they make use of on many occasions) that they, many of them, will some day find that seats uncomfortably near that fire have been reserved for themselves.

Marching orders in the day time, however, is another and very different affair, and is looked upon more as a humane institution, and consequently there is less excitement and a shade less swearing, though there are those in every regiment who seem to think it a duty to swear fluently and profusely at all times and under all circumstances, and it is a lamentable fact that that class of persons are daily growing more and more numerous in our army, which at the beginning of the war was said to be composed of the best men, with the best morals of any army in the world.

To us, thus quietly situated at Newport News, Va., in the best camp we had ever had, and many of us in the enjoyment of the society of our wives, (the greatest of earth's blessings,) those marching orders came, unexpected and preceded by no foregoing shadow.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro, and tearful eyes, and murmurings of distress, and cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago, blushed at the praise of their own loveliness"

Especially was this the case with some of the ladies, unused to such a hurried change of base, and such abrupt partings from husbands and friends.

But this was no time for ceremony, for the steamer S. R. Spaulding was at the dock and we must embark.

Orders came at three o'clock P. M. on the third day of February, and at 8 P. M. we were nearly all on board, and, after having procured board, lodging, and shelter, for the feminine portion of the regiment at what

was called a hotel, "we left them alone in their glory," with the hope that they might on the morrow return to their homes, where, far removed from "war's wild alarms," they might enjoy that rest which is unknown in the life of a soldier, and where marching orders may never come.

During the embarking of the regiment a very sad accident occurred, by which one man lost his life, and which cast a shade of sadness and melancholy over our whole voyage.

In passing on board the steamer, Patrick Mulligan of Co. E, owing to the imperfect light near the gang-plank, stepped from the dock into the river, and, the tide at the time running very swiftly, he was carried beyond the reach of assistance before any could be rendered.

A boat was immediately lowered, but the poor man, unable to hold out, threw up his arms, and uttering one wild and piercing shriek sank down into the cold dark waves and was seen no more. A thorough search was made by the boat for his body, but they returned to the steamer with only his knapsack, from which he had freed himself in his struggles in the water.

At twelve o'clock (midnight) we left the dock and began our voyage to Morehead City, N. C., having a very pleasant voyage until we passed Hatteras, when many of the officers and men began to lose their appetites, which had previously been remarkably good, and soon after many of them might have been seen upon the promenade deck leaning over the side of the ship and throwing themselves away. It happened very well for some of them, however, that their appetites were poor, for it is a bad place for a hungry man in Morehead City, and bad enough for a man that is not hungry.

We arrived here on the morning of the 5th, and disembarking immediately went on duty in the fortifications of the city. Previous to our arrival here the rebels had made an attack upon Newport Barracks—ten miles from the city and on the line of the railroad running from the city to Newbern—the barracks at the time being occupied by the Ninth Vermont, and succeeded in routing the Ninth, who, having in all probability an exaggerated idea of the enemy, made but a feeble stand, set fire to their barracks, the railroad bridge and a large amount of commissary stores, and fell back to the city.

A fort situated near the barracks and commanding the railroad bridge, with several heavy cannon, one a thirty-two-pounder, was also abandoned by its occupants with but a faint show of resistance, the flag being left flying on the flag-staff and the cannon un-

spiked. The rebels, on taking possession of the fort, spiked the cannon and destroyed the carriages and a large quantity of ammunition, cut down the flag-staff and took the flag.

A part of the One Hundred Fifty-eighth New York regiment and a battery were in charge of the fortifications at the city, Colonel Jordeau of the One-Hundred-Fifty-eighth being in command of the sub-district.

On the afternoon of the day we landed, the Twenty-first, the Ninth Vt., a part of the One Hundred Fifty-eighth and one section of a battery, with a small force of cavalry, led by Col. Arthur H. Dutton, of the Twenty-first, started for Newport Barracks, intending to go there or fight for it.

We arrived there about nine o'clock in the evening, having met with no opposition and seeing no enemy.

We found the railroad damaged but little, one bridge only having been burned by them and one by the Ninth Vt. The barracks were one mass of smoking ruins. A train of cars was also run up to the barracks the same evening. We encamped for the night near by the ruins, and Col. Dutton returned to the city on the cars, leaving the command to Colonel Ripley of the Ninth Vt. In the morning we went on picket, where we remained until about two o'clock the next morning, (Feb. 7,) when we received orders from Col. Ripley to fall back to the city, as the enemy had been discovered in our front in large force, and it was feared that they would out flank us and cut off our communication with the city. Accordingly we fell back a distance of five miles to a place honored with the name of Carolina City, (though the city is one of the things yet to be,) where, at the urgent request of Lieut. Colonel Burpee, commanding the Twenty-first, we made a stand and partially awaited coming events.

Having remained here until afternoon and hearing and seeing no signs of an enemy, a company of the Twenty-first were ordered to move cautiously up the railroad towards Newport "on a voyage of discovery," and to immediately report, by given signals, the state of the country and the practicability of an advance. A telegraph operator also accompanied the "forlorn hope," thus bravely periling their lives for the safety of their country. They proceeded *cautiously* along until they arrived at Newport, when they were surprised, *but not captured*, by Assistant Surgeon Charles Tennant of the Twenty-first Conn. Vols., who, being asleep when the forces left to fall back on the city, had, upon awakening and finding himself alone with only an officer's cloak left behind in like

manner, concluded to remain in possession of the place, which he did, until the arrival of the "*expedition of discovery*," when he immediately sent back a dispatch stating that he had held the place twenty-four hours, and thought that he should be able to do so until re-enforcements arrived. Upon the receipt of this despatch it was suggested by some one that we make an immediate advance, and no objection being raised an amendment was offered that we advance by railroad as the quickest way of re-occupying the place. Many of the men being in favor of the amendment, having, as they thought, *marched* over the road as much as was necessary already, it was unanimously adopted and the cars ordered up.

Arriving at Newport, we were received by the Surgeon and the *discovering party*, and a salute of three guns was fired from a cannon they had found and succeeded in removing the spike from and mounting on an old pair of wheels. They reported having seen no enemy, *and we reported the same*.

So we took a little something to steady our nerves and again went on picket, resolved to make a desperate stand if we were attacked and were not ordered back, *and we did*.

Feb. 9th a reconnoissance was made eight miles beyond Newport in the direction and vicinity of Gale's Creek, led by Col. Jordeau, and composed of the Ninth Vt., One Hundred Fifty-eighth N. Y., Twenty-first Conn., part of a battery and a small force of cavalry, and still no enemy was found, they having accomplished all they intended and probably more in their raid upon the barracks of the Ninth Vt., had evidently left as rapidly as they came. On the 11th we returned to Morehead City, having been about eight days, days which will be long remembered by the Twenty-first as the most *gay, festive and gambolious* period of our service.

On the 12th we returned to Newport and bivouacked for the night, and on the 13th left for Newbern by railroad, having shaken the dust off our feet, besides washing a large quantity from our faces.

We arrived at Newbern at two P. M., the 13th, and encamped near the city.

Since our arrival Col. Arthur H. Dutton has been appointed Chief of Staff under Maj. Gen. Peck, who is in command of the forces and defenses of North Carolina.

The weather here is very cold; residents say that it is colder than any weather here last winter.

To-day the boys have been skating on a pond near the camp, and they seemed to enjoy it highly, it being to them the first ska-

ting of the season. Night before last we had quite a large fall of snow.

The health of the regiment is remarkably good, but very few being on the sick list.

One case, thought to be "small pox," is reported to-day. DEL.

Eighteenth Regiment.

MARTINSBURG, Va., Jan. 31, 1864.

The soldiers of this department have been blessed with a beautiful Dixie summer for the past month, almost telling us spring has opened. But to day there is quite a difference in the atmosphere. The cold winds of the North sweep down the bleak Blue Ridge, bidding us to put on our overcoats, and reminding us that winter has not yet departed.

Early this morning we were aroused with the tidings that General Milroy was in town. Such was the love, admiration, and respect borne towards him by all the troops under his command, that the men regarded him as a father. As if by magic, the news spread that "Daddy" was here, and all thought he had come to command us again. Suddenly from the camps of the Virginia Brigade a wild shout of enthusiasm rung out upon the air. The other regiments caught up the joyous sound, and cheer upon cheer resounded from one hill to another. But he is not to be our leader; though it is the greatest wish of every soldier in this division.

Early in the day, while the General was standing on the porch of the National Hotel, General Averill's flying brigade came dashing past to reinforce our troops at New Creek, as fighting was then going on. As the head of the line caught a glimpse of their old leader, they gave a shout, wild and loud, which was continued along the whole line, as they dashed past. General Milroy, with General Olds and staff, visited the various camps to-day, each regiment welcoming his arrival with cheers and other demonstrations of joy. He arrived at our camp about noon. The regiment was drawn up in line, and gave him a hearty round of cheers as he approached. The regiment was then ordered into close column, at half distance, to listen to a speech from the General. The General addressed us as follows:

Soldiers of the Eighteenth:

I am glad to see you once more; I am happy to see you looking so hearty and well; happy to welcome you back again 'neath the folds of your own Stars and Stripes, which you so nobly defended during the three days' fight at Winchester. Since I last saw you, you have suffered captivity in rebel prisons. We have been separated since then, but I have come to see you and to praise you for your gallantry. I saw you in the second day's fight, as you charged the enemy from your rifle pits and drove them back upon their reserves, holding them in check until night, when you fell back, but with your face to the foe. Again I saw you the next morning, facing as hot a fire as I ever witnessed in my life. I looked in

vain to see you waver. Boys, it was a hot place—a hot place. I saw you go where none but brave men dare go; saw you make three successive charges, preserving your line as well as if on dress parade; I witnessed it all; I saw you as you broke the first line of rebel infantry and charged up to their batteries, driving away their gunners, still pressing on and breaking their reserves. But a third line was too strong for you; I knew it was. Only then did you fall back, when your lines were broken and many brave Connecticut men lay bleeding on the field. But you only fell back to reform and give them another taste of your steel. I knew it was madness to order you forward again; it was ordering you to death and annihilation; yet well knowing you would attempt anything for your General. Boys, I watched you with pride as you charged the third time; but when I saw your ranks withering and your comrades falling, it made my heart grow sad within me, and I ordered you to fall back. You know the rest. You were surrounded, and there was no escape. But I miss your noble commander, Colonel Ely; may he soon return to you. Boys, to your valor I owe my safety. You come from a State whose soldiers never disgrace themselves nor their flag. I am proud of you, and ever shall be of such soldiers.

And now accept my wishes for your safe return to your New England homes, when our flag shall wave in triumph over our whole country. Good bye. c. H. C., CO. F.

For the Connecticut War Record.

From the Fifteenth Regiment.

RED HOUSE, NEAR NEWBERN, N. C., }
February 24th, 1864. }

During our short stay at Plymouth, N. C., two successful reconnoissances were made. On the 26th January three companies, with small detachments from the three other regiments then located at Plymouth, after proceeding a few miles up the river Roanoke, landed, and succeeded in capturing eighteen prisoners, besides destroying a considerable quantity of stores. On January 29th the second reconnoissance was made. The force consisted of a detail from each company, under command of Lieut. Colonel Samuel Tolles, with a detachment of marines and a company of "Buffaloes." This time the expedition reached Windsor, broke up and destroyed a rebel cavalry camp and stores, captured several prisoners, and considerably damaged their postal arrangements.

Reinforcements having been sent for from Newbern on the late attack on that place, the Fifteenth again embarked, at 6 P. M. on the 3d February, and arrived at Newbern on the evening of the 4th. The rebel General Pickett having retired with his force, the regiment did not disembark until the following morning, when we went into barracks. The right wing, under command of Major E. Walter Osborn, is now doing picket duty, three companies at Red House (twelve miles from Newbern,) and two companies at Beach Grove, about the same distance from Newbern, and six miles from Red House. The troops here are at present under command of Brigadier General Palmer, who is our beau ideal of a soldier. MASKERY.

This excellent letter was received too late for insertion among the correspondence of the last number.

The Tenth Regiment.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., }
Feb. 1st, 1864. }

The admirable discipline of the Tenth Regiment was abundantly shown during the prolonged siege of the exterior defenses of Charleston, as many times before. Going on to Morris Island on the 18th of July, it remained there until October 26th. Yet, in all that time, while having a full share of picket, guard, and fatigue duty, under the galling and incessant artillery fire from the rebel works, in face of which regular approaches were made to Forts Wagner and Gregg, not a man of its number was killed, and but one, the Lieut. Colonel, severely wounded.

This remarkable exemption from casualties, while neighboring regiments were such sufferers, was manifestly in consequence of the men keeping their places and obeying orders. They worked briskly and effectively while they could, and when the call came to "cover," dropped on the instant, and thus protected themselves from the flying shot and shell. There was no straggling, no fool-hardiness. Each man stood where he was told, and did as he was commanded; and, as in other cases, the place of duty proved the place of safety.

In some regiments many were killed or wounded because they were where they had no right to be, or from their non-compliance with orders. This difference in regiments was so marked that after a time the very ambulance drivers came to understand it, and would, at one time, say, "The 10th Connecticut and the 24th Massachusetts are at the front to-night. We can go to sleep. There will be no call for us!" And, again, "We shall have a busy time to-night! The — Regiment is in advance." Such experiences have confirmed our men in respect for discipline, and increased their attachment to the regiment, having so fairly earned a reputation for superiority in this regard.

On the 31st of October, the regiment reached this quaint old town of teeming memories and eternal summer, to rest for a season after the unintermitted labors of the siege and preceding campaign, which had told severely on the health of its men. Major Greeley was then in command, being the only field officer present. A few weeks later, Col. Otis, who was for several months in charge of the Conscript Camp at New Haven, returned, and was right warmly welcomed by officers and men. The next week brought Chaplain Trumbull from his four months confinement in rebel prisons, and the greeting which he received almost atoned for all he had suffered in his prolonged absence. In yet a fortnight more came back Lieut. Colonel Leggett, who lost a leg at Morris Island. He, also, was received most joyously. Thirty-six recruits have since come in from Connecticut. The sick list has been reduced, the number for duty correspondingly increased, and the regiment becoming steadily more and more like its former self.

Its camp is outside the city gates, a short distance beyond the old Spanish fort. The location is a good one. New tents of the A pattern have been recently secured, and pitched on handsome and regular streets, being lifted some two and a half feet from the ground and curtained with the canvas of the tents before condemned. Good

floors and bunks are being made for all, and in many cases substantial chimneys are erected of the peculiar cochina or shell-marl of the vicinity. Good water is obtained by but little digging, and the wells of the several companies are quite attractive, presenting an oriental appearance, with a barrel shaft sunk in a large earth basin walled with turf or china, having wide steps of the same descending from the street level. Much ingenuity is shown in some of the cook-rooms and kitchens, also constructed of turf or cochina, while exquisite taste and real refinement is often displayed in the interior of some of the tents, adorned with the well arranged arms and military equipments, family photographs, home mementoes, bright, golden clusters of oranges, lemons or limes, and fragrant boughs of the abounding jessamine, or bouquets of the rich variety of Southern roses and other flowers of this land of bloom and beauty.

The regimental hospital is in a commodious dwelling, where the sick have all the comforts and good nursing they can have away from home. The kind attention of our good Colonel secures to them such nourishing delicacies as venison, ducks, small birds, and fish, which they could not otherwise obtain, and nearly all of the inmates now bid fair to regain their wasted energies and be again in active service. The Presbyterian Church of the town is used as the regimental house of worship. There the Chaplain preaches each Sabbath morning and conducts a prayer meeting two evenings in the week. A third prayer meeting is held at camp, in the library tent, on another evening of each week, and a Bible class meets in the same place on Sabbath afternoon. The Chaplain also conducts services in the hospital and guard-house, and is always at dress parade to lead in evening prayer. There is more than ordinary religious interest just now in the regiment. Four were recently baptized and made public profession of faith in Jesus. Others expect to follow their example at our next communion season.

About two hundred and fifty of the men have reenlisted for another three years as "veteran volunteers," and are about going home on leave of absence. The noblest spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to country was shown by many of those thus coming forward to testify anew their readiness to do and dare and endure all that may be demanded of them in defense of the government, for the protection of which they have thus far stood so firmly and fought so gallantly. One of the best evidences of the worth of our free republican institutions is furnished in the character of the brave men who are now in the army of our National Union. They are an honor to our country, an honor to themselves, and an honor to our race.

H. C. T.

For the Connecticut War Record.

The First Connecticut Cavalry.

BALTIMORE, Md., Feb. 25th, 1864.

COL. WM. S. FISH.

We were pleased to learn about the middle of January that the Colonel had positively resigned his position as Provost Marshal and taken up his quarters on the camp. A few days after, to our utter surprise and regret, we were informed of his arrest and imprisonment by the War Department, which

took place on the 24th. It is sufficient to say, we await the issue and hope for the best.

MARCHING ORDERS.

By a special order from the War Department, dated the 17th February, 1864, this regiment is transferred to the Army of the Potomac, and instructed to place itself en route to join that army in Virginia.

THE DEDICATION.

In the February number of the War Record, mention was made of the praiseworthy enterprise of building a chapel on this camp. We call it praiseworthy, but it is more than praiseworthy. Ungodliness and irreligion are supposed to be fearfully prevalent in the army, and so they are; but here is a regiment of soldiers, encamped for a transient period, with their own hands and at their own expense erecting a chapel for the worship of God, and presenting the little sanctuary as a humble offering to the Most High. It is a spectacle of moral beauty and grandeur, and a mark of high moral and religious sentiment, which makes a regiment an honor to itself and the State it represents. The dedication occurred on the third Sabbath in January, and was an occasion of interest to the large number present.

VISITORS FROM CONNECTICUT.

We were very much gratified by a recent visit from the Rev. John M. Morris, editor of the Connecticut War Record. Remaining over Sabbath, he preached to us a very interesting and appropriate discourse. Mr. Morris is well known by his services in the army and through the Record as an ardent patriot and a friend of Connecticut soldiers; and let him go where he will, among Connecticut regiments, warm-hearted, loyal men will bid him welcome.

A few days ago, his Excellency the Governor of Connecticut appeared on the camp, to the delight of the whole regiment. We are always glad to see him. Toward Governor Buckingham there is only one sentiment among soldiers—that of sincere love and respect.

NEW OFFICERS.

Aside from the promotions which have taken place in this command, several new officers have joined us directly from the State and from other regiments, viz.: Major Brayton Ives, Surgeon George A. Hurlburt, Captain A. G. Warner, Lieutenant J. H. Kane, Lieutenant E. M. Neville, Lieutenant W. H. Gore, and Lieutenant A. F. Phillips.

RECENT DEATHS IN THE REGIMENT.

The Connecticut Cavalry has sustained a great loss in the death of Lieutenant E. H. Latimer, of Company C, which occurred on the 15th inst. He passed away very sud-

denly, and the event was the more painful to his friends because the character of his disease remained a mystery until he was dead, when a physician in the city pronounced it the small pox, and his brother, who had come to take the corpse home to be buried, was obliged to lay it in a cemetery far from home, and unattended by father and mother and other kindred; but the deceased had won the love of his comrades, and we, who knew him well, were mourners together, while

The stranger's eye wept that in life's brightest bloom
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb."

Richard Johnson, a private in Company G, and formerly a soldier in the rebel army, arose on the morning of the 17th in usual health and vigor, but in a few moments he fell to the floor, and expired before a physician could reach the room. Heart disease was pronounced to be the cause of his sudden death.

I here record the names of others who have died within the last few weeks: Frederick W. Baker, Co. M; Eugene A. Chaffee, Co. H; Wm. H. Burbanks, Co. K; John Burke, Co. M, and George W. Tillett, Co. M. The remains of Chaffee, Baker and Burbanks were sent home; the others were buried in the soldiers' cemetery near this city, where about one thousand brave men are already sleeping side by side. But few of the graves are marked with marble slabs. They lie near each other, in rows, and give to the place the appearance of a ploughed field. Such furrows are turned by the plowshare of rebellion—such scenery cruel war presents!

ED. RINER.

PERSONAL.

Promotions.

1ST CAVALRY.

Brayton Ives, of New Haven, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 4, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. Manton D. Upson, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Atwater, resigned.

Sergt. Chas. Bradley, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Bliss, declined commission.

Sergt. Edward H. Latimer, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Feb. 5, 1864, vice Gore, declined promotion.

Captain George O. Marcy, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Private Uriah N. Parmelee, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Cavalry, of Guilford, Conn., to be 2d Lieutenant, for gallant conduct at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, vice Latimer, deceased.

2d Lieutenant James R. Straut, to be 1st Lieutenant, with rank from February 26th, 1864, vice Lord, resigned.

Sergt. Benjamin B. Tuttle, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieutenant, with rank from Feb. 26th, vice Straut, promoted.

2D REGIMENT ARTILLERY.

Captain William B. Ellis, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. James A. Coe, Co. A, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Oliver P. Loomis, Co. F, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Wilbur W. Birge, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Wm. McK. Rice, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. John M. Gregory, of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Maj. Theodore F. Vail, of Co. A, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Gad N. Smith, of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Quartermaster Sergeant Edward C. Huxley, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Sergt. Horace Hubbard, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Coe, promoted.

1st Sergt. George K. Hyde, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Loomis, promoted.

1st Sergt. Orlow J. Smith, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Birge, promoted.

1st Sergt. Dwight C. Kellbourn, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Rice, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wm. H. Cogswell, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, vice Gregory, promoted.

1st Sergt. Michael Kelley, of Co. G, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Orsamus R. Tyler, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. James R. McCabe, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. George B. Hempstead, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Calvin B. Hatch, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Hubbard E. Tuttle, of Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. John E. Wheeler, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Sergt. Henry S. McKinney, of Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

Captain James Q. Rice, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. Bradley D. Lee, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

2d Lieut. Edward W. Marsh, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

David R. Norman, of Bridgeport, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 17th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

1st Lieut. James Deane, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

James M. Snowden, of New Haven, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 25th, 1864, to fill an original vacancy.

6TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Jay P. Wilcox, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Prouty, resigned.

2d Lieut. Bennett S. Lewis, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Wilcox, promoted.

Com. Sergt. Charles J. Buckbee, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 5th, 1864, vice Lewis, promoted.

1st Lieut. John Stottlar, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Klein, promoted.

1st Lieut. John P. King, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Boudreau, resigned.

2d Lieut. Clovis E. Hammond, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Stottlar, promoted.

2d Lieut. Wm. T. Bradley, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Dana, promoted in U. S. A.

2d Lieut. Dwight A. Woodruff, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Nichols, resigned.

1st Sergt. Joseph Miller, of Co. C, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice King, promoted.

1st Sergt. Sidney S. Hicks, of Co. B, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Hammond, promoted.

Sergt. Gottlieb Hildebrand, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Woodruff, promoted.

Sergt. Hiram S. Grant, of Co. A, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 19th, 1864, vice Bradley, promoted.

13TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Frank Wells, to be Captain, with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Grosvenor, promoted.

2d Lieut. John C. Kinney, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Welles, promoted.

Sergt. John M. Lyman, of Co. C, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Jan. 29th, 1864, vice Kinney, promoted.

17TH REGIMENT.

Captain Henry Allen, to be Major, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Brady, resigned.

1st Lieut. James H. Ayres, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice McQuahae, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Frederick C. Betts, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Allen, promoted.

1st Lieut. Theodore Gray, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice McCarty, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Albert W. Peck, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Blinn, resigned.

2d Lieut. Joseph E. Morehouse, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Knapp, resigned.

2d Lieut. James E. Hubbell, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Gray, promoted.

2d Lieut. George C. Peck, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Mead, discharged for disability.

1st Sergt. Henry Worth, of Co. D, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Peck, promoted.

1st Sergt. George W. Shaw, of Co. F, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 20th, 1864, vice Morehouse, promoted.

20TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. John H. Doolittle, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Chaffee, honorably discharged.

1st Lieut. Ezra Sprague, to be Captain, with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Burbank, resigned, to enter regular army.

2d Lieut. John E. Royce, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Sprague, promoted.

2d Lieut. Alexander E. Mintie, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Doolittle, promoted.

1st Sergt. Cecil A. Burleigh, Co. I, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Lewis, promoted.

1st Sergt. Andrew F. Barnes, Co. E, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Mintie, promoted.

1st Sergt. Wellington Barry, Co. D, to be 2d

Lieut., with rank from Feb. 6, 1864, vice Royce, promoted.

21ST REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Wm. S. Hubbell, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from Feb. 1, 1864, vice Trumbull, dismissed.

Henry E. Porter, M. D., of Hebron, to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from Feb. 22, 1864, vice Sumner, commission revoked.

1st Sergt. Frederick W. H. Buell, Co. II, to be 2d Lieut., with rank from Feb. 26, 1864, vice Hawkins, dismissed.

2d Lieut. Francis M. Bliss, 1st Cavalry, having declined the appointment, his commission was revoked Feb. 3.

REGIMENTAL.

The Location of Regiments.

The First Artillery is still in the defenses of Washington, with Headquarters at Fort Richardson. Batteries B and M, however, of this splendid regiment are and have for a long time been a part of the reserve artillery of the army of the Potomac, and are now near Brandy Station, Va. A large proportion of the men eligible to reenlistment have reenlisted and are now on furlough in the State. The First and Second are brigaded together.

The Second Artillery is in the defenses at Washington; the Headquarters are at Fort Ellsworth; letters should be directed to Alexandria. This fine regiment has been very rapidly filled to the maximum and is now diligently drilling its numerous recruits.

The First Light Battery remains quietly at Folly Island, in the Department of the South, unless they have been suddenly ordered to form a part of the re-enforcements sent to Florida, which is not probable.

The Second Light Battery left Camp Barry Jan. 24th for New Orleans, where they arrived Feb. 5th and are now encamped near the bank of the Mississippi, opposite the city.

The First Cavalry have had Headquarters for many months at Baltimore. The regiment has been rapidly recruited and is filled to the maximum. Marching orders were received Feb. 17th. The regiment is about to join the Army of the Potomac. At the time orders were received only two companies in the camp and four companies at Harpers' Ferry were mounted. To procure horses and camp equipage will of course require a considerable time, and the whole regiment will not probably be fairly in the field and ready for action before the middle of March.

First Squadron of Cavalry--This detachment of Connecticut men is but little known to the people of Connecticut. It was made a part of the Harris Light Cavalry and has borne well its part in the various fortunes and many splendid achievements of that fine cavalry regiment. Lieut. E. W. Whitaker of the squadron is aid to Gen. Kilpatrick, and the whole squadron are doubtless with that daring General in his bold raid to the rear of Gen. Lee's army. We hope soon to print a history of this gallant detachment of Connecticut men.

Fifth Infantry--The Headquarters in the field of the Fifth are at Cowan, Tenn. They belong to the 12th Army Corps. The veterans of this regiment assembled at Wallingford Feb. 29th, preparatory to their return to active service.

The Sixth Infantry--Headquarters at Hilton Head. The veterans of this gallant regiment left New Haven Feb. 22, and the regiment is ere this again ready for duty in the Department of the South.

The Seventh Infantry--The veterans of this regiment also left New Haven Feb. 22d, and have arrived ere this at St. Helena Island, their former headquarters and perhaps have joined their brave comrades in Florida.

In the engagement at Olustee only the veterans who refused to reenlist and the substitutes were engaged, but the former proved that it was no lack of courage which prevented their reenlistment and the latter that they had caught the spirit which has made the men of the Seventh heroes and their record glorious.

In this fierce and unequal battle the Seventh were thrown forward as skirmishers, and right sternly and sturdily did they do their work.

The testimony of one having certainly no especial interest—the correspondent of the New York Herald—is as follows: "Great praise is awarded by all to the Seventh Connecticut, Colonel Hawley, for their superb conduct in the advance, throughout the fight, as skirmishers. They did not falter or waver, but employed their Spencer rifles so accurately and effectively that the enemy will long have occasion to remember their presence on the field. They lost quite heavily."

No accurate list has yet come to hand, and we forbear to cause needless anxiety by an incorrect list.

The Eighth Infantry is located at Portsmouth, Va., and belongs to the 18th Army Corps, as also the 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st Connecticut regiments. The veterans of this sturdy regiment rendezvoused according to orders at Hartford, but suitable accommodations could not be obtained for any reasonable sum and they were ordered to Wallingford and quartered in a large unoccupied factory.

The veterans left New Haven Feb. 27th on the Transport Daniel Webster, and have joined their comrades in the comfortable camp at Portsmouth.

The Ninth Infantry belongs to the 19th Army Corps, as also the Twelfth and Thirteenth. It is probably in the vicinity of New Orleans. The veterans of the Ninth have been expected home, but have not yet started. The number of reenlistments has not yet been reported officially.

The Tenth Infantry has had quarters at St Augustine, Florida. The regiment was under orders Feb. 15th, to move inland, and was probably at some point on the main coast while the expedition of Gen. Seymour advanced into the interior. The veterans are enjoying themselves as honored soldiers at home alone can. They had a noble reception, and we regret that a full account of it must be postponed until our next number.

The Eleventh Infantry rendezvoused with the Eighth, and returned with them to Portsmouth, and thence to Williamsburg. Their old Headquarters are at Gloucester Point. The comrades they left behind probably will not again join the regiment.

The Twelfth Infantry is all at home. The men who did not reenlist were placed in another regiment and will belong no more to the Twelfth.

The veterans looked finely and are now being honored and feted as unflinching soldiers in a noble cause deserve. A part of their history, very finely written, appeared in our February number, and the remainder will appear in the April number, as also a full account of their reception and perhaps, (though we hope not,) of their return.

The Thirteenth Infantry is at Thibodeaux, La. We have hoped, ere this, to greet the veterans and welcome them to their homes. They have a large number of recruits from Louisiana who cannot properly reenlist and the three fourths requisite to a furlough for the regiment, cannot readily be obtained, unless these are allowed to reenlist.

We trust that the difficulty will soon be obviated so as to enable them to enjoy the pleasant reward of their enduring patriotism.

The Fourteenth Infantry belong to the 2nd Army Corps. They are now on the Rapidan. No Connecticut regiment even of the first three hundred thousand has suffered greater privations or greater loss in battle, and we record it with pride, their record is one of exalted and stainless honor. The letter from the Fourteenth, on page 164, written by a noble officer who did his part

on the spot, abundantly refutes the misrepresentations of the New York Herald.

The Twentieth Infantry has its headquarters at Decherd, Tenn., and is still in scattered detachments guarding the railroad. It belongs to the 12th Army Corps. We regret exceedingly to record the death of Captain Upson, from the wounds barbarously inflicted on him after his capture by our heartless foes.

The Twenty-first Infantry is now at Newbern, N. C. It is one of the finest regiments in the service, and has exhibited recently coolness and steadiness when others seemed half frightened out their wits. A spirited and amusing account of recent experiences will be found among our correspondence. Col. A. H. Dutton of the Twenty-first is appointed Chief of Staff to Gen. Peck, and Lieut. Col. Burpee is in command of the regiment.

The Ninth Army Corps.

GEN. BURNSIDE has made very urgent application to the War Department to restore the 8th, 10th, 11th, 15th, 16th and 21st Connecticut regiments to his command. He has also earnestly requested Gov. Buckingham to second his application. The first three regiments were with the gallant General in North Carolina, and there learned to love and honor him, and to put perfect confidence in him. The 10th remained in North Carolina and the 8th, 11th and 16th were under him at South Mountain and Antietam. The 8th, 11th, 15th and 16th were in the ninth corps at the battle of Fredericksburg. They would at his order have at any time carried St. Mary's heights. Believing him to have been falsely dealt with by envious subordinates, that sad disaster has not weakened their confidence in him or diminished their enthusiastic affection.

There is no doubt that the request of Gen. Burnside will be granted and that the old ninth corps will again be marshaled together, and when the grand old ninth, augmented to forty thousand men, and are led by their own matchless commander, moves against the foe, it will move with swift and resistless force to splendid victory. With trusty generals and his own sturdy veterans Burnside is invincible.

A commissioned officer and ten men, one from each company, have been detailed for recruiting service and ordered to report to Gen. Burnside.

From the First Connecticut Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY,
Near Fort Richardson, Va.,
February 14, 1864.

[Order No. 31.]

It is the painful duty of the Colonel Commanding to announce to the Regiment the death of one of its most talented officers, Captain CHARLES E. BULKELEY, who expired yesterday at Battery Garesche, Va.

Owing to their great anxiety to start for Connecticut to-day with the remains, Captain Bulkeley's relatives have declined the escort and the preliminary funeral service heretofore ordered. They are, therefore, countermanded.

Being thus deprived of the opportunity of paying the usual tokens of respect to his memory, the officers of the regiment are invited to assemble at these headquarters at 7 P. M. to-day, to give expression by some other method to the regret occasioned by his death.

As a testimonial of respect for the deceased, the officers will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

By order of Colonel ABBOT.

B. V. LEARNED,
1st Lieut. and Adj't.

At a meeting of the officers of the First Connecticut Artillery, called on February 14th, 1864, to express their regret at the decease of their associate and friend, Captain CHARLES E. BULKELEY, First Connecticut Artillery, and their sympathy with his parents and relatives in their loss, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the decease of Captain Bulkeley, the Regiment has lost an officer whose energy of character, and whose thorough knowledge of his duties, rendered of great value to the service, and whose genial disposition and mental accomplishment made a valued friend.

Joining the Regiment just before it started for the Peninsula, Captain Bulkeley devoted himself to his new duties until his health failed under his exertions. After the return of the Regiment to the defenses of Washington, he was selected, for his proficiency, to fill the responsible duties of Adjutant of the First Battalion. Only about one month ago, he received his well-earned promotion to the grade of Captain, and now, before his company has had an opportunity to benefit from his well known ability, we are suddenly called upon to mourn his loss—a loss which, whether as an officer or as a friend, we all sincerely feel.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathy to his parents and relatives, in their affliction, which to them must be the more severe from Captain Bulkeley's long absence from home in the discharge of his duties to his country.

Resolved, That Colonel Abbot be requested to communicate a copy of these resolutions to Captain Bulkeley's parents, in the hope that the knowledge of the sincere sympathy of the Regiment may alleviate their grief.

A true copy.

HENRY L. ABBOT,
Col. First Conn. Artillery.

A Beautiful Monument.

In the ancient family cemetery of the Griswolds at Black Hall, in Old Lyme, stands a new monument of most expressive design and elegant finish. It is erected in honor of Capt. John Griswold of Old Lyme, who was killed at the battle of Antietam. The beautiful structure was designed by Mr. Thomas Adams of Hartford, and executed in marble at his works in Hartford.

"Over the top is thrown the Union flag, with the stars and stripes cut in the marble, and each bend preserved by the artist's skill so naturally that we wonder at its perfection. Beneath, on the front of the work, is a representation of a laurel wreath—the garland for victors—in the centre of which is hung an officer's military cap, and beneath a sword, sash, and trappings."

This design Mr. Adams caught from visiting the home of the deceased, and seeing his sword, cap, etc., hung up in the hall, surrounded by a wreath, and with peculiar skill transferred in proper proportion to the marble. Below the wreath are the words "Antietam, September 17th, 1862," and beneath these the words which Capt. Griswold, as he lay in the hospital, mortally wounded, uttered to his honored commander, General Burnside, "I die as I have ever wished to die, for my country." Next is this inscription:

"Capt. John Griswold, born at Lyme, April 24, 1837. Mortally wounded while gallantly leading his company near the bridge at Antietam, September 17th, 1862." And last, near the base, are the heroic words of his message home—"Tell my mother I died at the head of my company." On the reverse side of the monument is a resume of his life after he graduated from Yale College. "He returned from the Pacific Ocean to bear his part in the war; volunteered in November, 1861, and fought under General Burnside at Newbern and Antietam. He cheerfully gave up his young life, rich with health and strength, and adorned with all manly accomplishments, for his country."

This monument—chaste and peculiarly appropriate in design and unsurpassed in execution—is a lasting honor to the artist and a fit tribute to a man of spotless character and matchless bravery.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Our State Militia.

NUMBER FIVE.

We have in previous articles endeavored to show that our present militia system is unjust, unwise, and unpopular. Perhaps we have spent too much time and occupied too much space in seeking to make this fact apparent. For, after all, the whole matter is in a nut-shell. The State, by its legislation on the subject, virtually concedes the importance of a State Militia, and then frames a law which compels poor men to do all the work and bear all the pecuniary burdens, and, as a compensation, permits them to enjoy the inestimable privilege of protecting the persons and property of those who dodge their duty by paying an annual tax of one dollar!

Either any militia system is a transparent farce, unworthy of consuming the time of our liberal and learned legislators, or else the legislation of Connecticut on this subject has been characterized by incredible meanness. We do not believe that this illiberality has been deliberate and intentional. We cannot think that there has been a systematic design to render our Militia contemptible in the eyes of our citizens. The more charitable construction of the conduct of the Legislature is, that they have aimed to frame military laws having absolutely nothing in view but the saving of expense to tax-payers. They have not stopped to think that there were large and inevitable expenses to be met by somebody. It seems never to have occurred to them that these heavy pecuniary burdens were borne by poor men. And, most strange of all, they appear to have lost sight of the fact—staring everybody else in the face—that the sum which they refuse to appropriate, because it would fall too heavily on *all the tax-payers of the whole State*, they expect to be raised and expended by a very small fraction of that portion of our citizens who are least able to meet these expenses. We ask any man, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, gentle or simple, if such a theory and practice as this are not monstrous? Such legislation is either culpably careless, or it is sheer cowardice.

Let the issue be fairly made and fairly met. If we need no militia system, let all legislation on the subject cease, and all existing militia laws be repealed. If, on the other hand, the events of the past three years have abundantly demonstrated the imperative importance of raising and maintaining an effective militia, let such laws be enacted as

shall make equitable distribution of the expenses to be incurred. The fact that the debt of the State is already large and may be increased during the current year, is nothing to the purpose. The fact that some tax-payers may grumble at the additional burden, is equally irrelevant. If we need a State militia, we are bound by every principle of honor and justice to provide some mode of compelling every citizen to contribute his fair proportion of the amount required to make the militia respectable and respected.

Correspondents have suggested in these columns the propriety of calling a meeting of the members and friends of the Connecticut Militia, to decide upon some plan of putting these considerations prominently before the public. It is a wise and opportune suggestion. The people of Connecticut need information upon this important subject. No State has made more liberal appropriations to encourage enlistments in our volunteer army; no State has more carefully or more generously provided for the support of the families of her brave men who are maintaining the honor of Connecticut and the Union on the bloody battle field. An appeal to the justice and the common sense of the voters of the State, will not be in vain. Such an appeal should be made, and made without delay. And the field and line officers of the Connecticut Militia, having the best means of knowing what the facts in the case really are, should assemble at an early day, and make such representations of the present conditions and wants of the Militia as will commend their cause to the intelligence and sense of justice of every true and loyal son of Connecticut.

We had intended to say something in this article about the nature of the provisions required to make our Militia what it should be. These considerations must be reserved for another article.

MILITIA.

For the Connecticut War Record.

MR. EDITOR—I, with a great many others, have carefully perused the articles in the War Record, in regard to our Connecticut Militia. I think with the proper management a very effective militia force might be raised. I like the plan of my friend S., in his correspondence of last month, to call a military convention and devise some means whereby it may be an inducement to every military subject to become a member. In a great many instances persons cannot afford to buy a uniform. I would suggest the propriety of having the State furnish the uniform of the privates, and if to effect this it would be necessary to reduce their pay let it be reduced to one dollar per day, and let the general muster in the fall continue at least two weeks.

Very Respectfully Yours,

LIEUTENANT.

Ridgefield, Ct., Feb. 29, 1864.

THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

MARCH, 1864.

*All communications should be addressed to "THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD," *New Haven, Conn.*

We contend for the great inheritance of constitutional freedom transmitted from our revolutionary fathers. We engage in the struggle forced upon us, with sorrow, as against our misguided brethren, but with high heart and faith, as we war for that Union which our sainted Washington commended to our dearest affections.—*Edward Everett.*

The thorough and well written history of the Three Months' Volunteers is concluded in the present number. The other histories will rapidly follow.

The conclusion of the history of the 12th C. V., and also of the 13th, is unavoidably postponed.

A communication concerning the 28th C. V. is gratefully acknowledged. It was received too late for the present number.

We hasten to inform our subscribers in the city of New Haven of a recent discovery, which must also constitute an apology. The carrier was accustomed to take from the bindery all the city circulation—within three or four days after the issue of each number. We supposed them all delivered within that time. But meeting him in the street with a bundle of the February number of the War Record under his arm—three weeks after its issue—led us to discover that the papers were taken from the bindery to a convenient place and distributed at his leisure. This arrangement, although so neat and convenient for him, we propose immediately to disturb by employing a new carrier for the next number.

If our subscribers hereafter fail to receive the War Record regularly we would thank them to leave word at the Office, No. 16 Exchange Building, or at the bookstore of Horace C. Peck, successor to Peck, White & Peck.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT, BY HORACE GREELEY. —We have just enjoyed some hours in examining specimen pages of this history of the Rebellion. It is printed in first-rate style and will give a foretaste of the rare feast which awaits its future readers. It is not a mere history of the facts, but it will be a history of the progress of opinion before and during the war. It will combine fact and philosophy.

These pages are energetic, thorough and candid, and evince that clearness, force, and appropriateness of style which belong only to a master of the English language.

Capt. H. Atwater, 1st Cavalry, resigned Jan. 19, 1864; Chaplain H. S. Wayland, 7th Regt. resigned Jan. 7, 1864; 2d Lieut. Wm. G. Hawkins, 21st Regt., dismissed Jan. 20, 1864; Capt. B. F. Prouty, 6th C. V., resigned December 31, 1863; 2d Lieut. Philo B. Sherman, 2d Battery, resigned Jan. 13, 1864; 1st Lieut. L. L. Dyer, 14th C. V., dismissed Jan. 11, 1864; 2d Lieut. D. S. Coe, 7th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 25, 1864; Capt. S. H. Gray, 7th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 27, 1864; 1st Lieut. J. C. Nichols, 6th Regt., honorably discharged Jan. 31, 1864; 1st Lieut. Jesse H. Lord, 1st Cavalry, honorably discharged Feb. 17, 1864; Capt. Charles E. Bulkley, 1st Artillery, died Feb. 13, 1864.

NOTICE.

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