

THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

VOL. II.]

NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

[NO. II.]

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Col. E. S. Kellogg,.....	PAGE 261	The Second Conn. Light Battery,.....	PAGE 267	The Constitutional Amendment,.....	PAGE 278
Chivalry Illustrated,.....	264	The Seventeenth Regiment,.....	267	The Presidential Election,.....	278
Captain Semmes,—his Book,.....	264	The Twentieth Regiment,.....	268	Personal, (Official),.....	274
Sharp Practice,.....	264	The Fifteenth Regiment,.....	269	Casualties, (Official),.....	274
Home Influence,.....	264	The First Conn. Cavalry,.....	269	The Wadham Brothers,.....	276
The Fifth Regiment,.....	265	The Second Conn. Artillery,.....	271	Regimental,.....	277
The Twenty-First Regiment,.....	265	Sanitary Fair at Birmingham,.....	272	Editorial Column,.....	278
The Sixteenth Regiment,.....	266	Bridgeport Soldiers' Aid Society,.....	272	Business Column,.....	278

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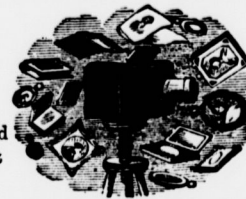
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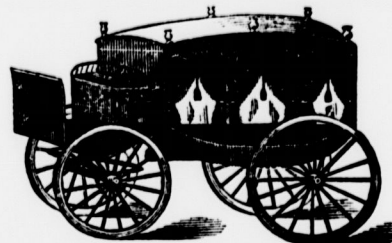
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THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

Office, 2 Glebe Building.
MORRIS & BENHAM, Publishers.

NEW HAVEN, SEPTEMBER, 1864.

VOL. II. NO. II.
\$1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE



For the Connecticut War Record.

Col. Elisha S. Kellogg.

By some mischance, a Young American sailor shipped on board an English merchantman. Early in life he had learned the story of his country's flag—how Washington, and his compatriots bore it through battle fields to victories; how Hull, Perry, and other Naval heroes, had nailed it to the mast, and compelled the "red cross of St. George," to yield to the new-born "ruler of the waves." To him it was the emblem of victory over wrong—the flag of the free—given to the breeze, when tyranny threatened "the sacred rights of man."

Whoever dared by word or deed insult "the flag of stars," failed not to excite the anger of this young sailor. On

"British Oak," or British soil, ignorant prejudice, or persistent malice, could not, if he were present, sneer at the grand old flag, and go unrebuked. For striking in defence of the flag, he was finally thrust in prison, on a foreign shore. The monarch of the realm was not prouder of crown or sceptre, than this young hero of his chains. 'Twas easy for his fancy to connect these links with other chains, which had rusted in the flesh of historic men. When released, the rest of his life on the sea, he sailed under the flag he loved. This young sailor, Elisha Strong Kellogg, was born in the town of Glastenbury, Connecticut, A. D. 1824. A boyish love of adventure led him to choose the life of a sailor. For many years he was buffeted by waves,

and disciplined by hardship, until, like a true son of Neptune, he grew in stature robust and vigorous—in mind honest, sincere, and kind; with a certain brusque roughness, which (as barnacles cling to the noblest vessel,) pertains to the hardy sailor. His sailor life terminated when the California excitement began—thither with the many adventurous spirits, he went in search of fortune, with indifferent success. With maturity, and much experience, came a desire for repose, and domestic enjoyment. In the vicinity of his native village he settled down to one of the mechanical pursuits of busy New England industry. Aptitude for mechanic art, soon made him skillful. He was a cheerful worker at all times. He married the lady he loved, and whose affection he prized more than any earthly thing. Upon a hill, in the town of Winsted, resides the stricken widow, with little Eddie, their only child. In the valley below, there is a mound of earth covering all that was mortal of a loved husband, and affectionate father.

Those who are familiar with the history of our State Militia, will remember Lieut., Capt., Major, and Lieut. Colonel Kellogg—this is the order in which he rose from rank to rank, until he was acknowledged the best drilled soldier in the State. No half or uncertain knowledge, would satisfy his craving for excellence.

Col. Kellogg had been a resident of Derby, about five years, when the "news of Sumter" surprised the nation. He at once set about preparing for whatever part he should take in the fearful drama. His patriotism was not of "the stay at home sort;" nor was it of that discreet kind, which vents all its power in harmless words. He sought the field, and the companionship of heroic souls. The music of battle-fields—the terrible excitements of war and carnage—the danger—all these had more charm for him than to be miserably anxious for the result of war, but too poor in spirit to give himself to its achievements.

A company was soon organized, and he

called on to command; before they were ordered to rendezvous, the call for three years troops was issued; Capt. Kellogg's company immediately tendered service for three years, and was mustered in as Co. B, 4th Conn. Vols., the first three years' regiment from the State. In that ill-fated 4th Regiment, he was the officer most competent to command. Major Birge, (now Brig. Gen. Birge,) was then *studying* to be a soldier. It was a ragged, dirty, undisciplined regiment, when one full company, and parts of others concluded they had served long enough, and would muster themselves out. Capt. Kellogg was ordered to arrest the insurgents, and march them to the headquarters of Gen. Banks. This duty he performed to the satisfaction of all, except the malcontents. To a man like Capt. Kellogg, the management or mismanagement of the regiment brought disgust and anxiety, which was illy concealed. With Col. Tyler came order out of confusion—the military eye of the professional soldier was attracted toward Capt. Kellogg, and his merits were appreciated. In March, 1862, he was promoted to be Major, in the regiment, now changed to "Heavy Artillery." One month after, it went with the Army of the Potomac on the "Peninsular Campaign." The work of disembarking, and mounting a "siege train," was principally under the superintendence of Major Kellogg, a herculean task. At the siege of Yorktown he commanded Battery No. 1, consisting of five one-hundred, and two two-hundred pounder Parrot guns—the only battery which opened on the rebel works. It was the first time guns of this calibre had been used, and the practice attracted much attention. The skill displayed by Major Kellogg, in the management of these great guns, was admired by all the Generals who witnessed the performance, and honorably mentioned in the report of the "Chief of Artillery."

After the evacuation of Yorktown, by the rebels, and the dismantling of the batteries, the regiment was ordered to take the field as Infantry; in this capacity they were at the battle of Hanover Court House, and afterward with the regular troops, near Gaines' Mills. Just before the seven days' fight, the "big guns" were ordered into position.

Major Kellogg had charge of three batteries of 4½ inch Rodman and 4 30-pounder Parrot's guns. These he fought

as field artillery, at the battle of "Gaines' Mills," and "Chickahominy." Trusting nothing to chance, he picketed his own front with his own command in person; and when the chance of war necessitated a change of position he saved his batteries, and drawing them across the Peninsula, placed them again in position at "Malvern Hill." Colonel Tyler directed the action of his regiment on this occasion, and has honorable mention by the Commanding General. The day after Malvern, Major Kellogg came to Harrison's Landing, with his batteries; he was smeared and grimed, and wore a haggard and hungry look, as though the labor had been fatiguing, and the rations scanty. A few weeks after, he was promoted to be Lieut. Col. of the 19th Regiment, a new organization in Litchfield County. The old regiment with which he had been so long identified, had no one in it to rejoice over the promotion which was to take him from it. In obedience to the call, he left for his new command. Realizing the importance of rendering this new regiment efficient soon as possible, he immediately commenced the work—an amusing incident occurred in this connection. A wealthy citizen who "had done something" toward raising this regiment, after witnessing a drill, and dress parade, called on Col. Kellogg to remonstrate against what he termed "putting the men in rows"—he had given of his substance to raise a "fighting regiment," and "did not want their time and strength wasted, by putting them in rows." The Colonel quietly remarked that "no doubt the Governor had made a mistake in placing him in command, but he would willingly give way to the superior military genius of the aforesaid wealthy citizen." His superior officer, a popular man, being deficient in health, and military culture, was unable to aid Col. Kellogg in drilling and disciplining the command.

Justice to the dead here demands an explanation of an event, which, at the time, caused some excitement, and *seemed* to reflect upon the honor of Lieut. Col. Kellogg. It must be understood that hitherto all the responsibility of commanding the regiment had been with Col. Kellogg, but by some grave mistake a large number of men were furloughed by an *inferior officer*, without consultation with him. This he felt to be an insult, which deserved to be resented in a

signal manner. Accordingly, he turned over the regimental property, tendered his resignation, and took an early train home. After a few weeks, orders were issued for his return, by the War Department; he reported immediately "under arrest," but was soon restored to duty without censure, by "grim old Heintzelman," who did not intend "so excellent an officer should be lost to the service." Time wore on, and Col. Wessels resigned. With a reputation for military ability, established by an experience full of trials, since the war began, a reputation, proud as his warmest friends could desire for him, Lieut. Col. Kellogg had an honest claim to the vacant rank, and expected it would be conferred upon him. It was, however, delayed, until an appeal went up from the regiment, which could not be refused. During the suspense he wrote to a friend—"I will make no effort in my own behalf. I abhor wire pulling. If I do not *deserve* promotion, God forbid I should have it. Rumor has it (with what truth is unknown) that the good of the service will be best attained by promoting Major —, (of another regiment) to the vacancy; in that event, my career in this regiment will soon terminate."

"All right, Col., God bless you, and the 19th," was the respond of our noble Governor, to the letter of thanks for executive confidence. With evident emotion, he directed this short, welcome acknowledgment to be placed among his "treasured things." The regiment was soon changed to "Heavy Artillery," and filled to its maximum standard. With indomitable energy, Col. Kellogg set about drilling and disciplining, until his command should be in all respects one of the best in the service. When the Spring Campaign opened, Col. Kellogg was anxious to take the field, and after repeated applications was at last ordered;—his command was attached to the 6th Corps, Gen. Upton's Brigade. On the 1st of June he was ordered by General Upton, to charge the enemy's works, at "Cold Harbor." One of his staff, writing of the action, says: "He was fully impressed with a sense of what was before us—marked out on the ground the shape of the works to be taken—told the officers what disposition to make of the different battalions; how the charge would be made—spoke of our reputation as "a band-box regiment." "Now we were

called on to show what we could do at fighting; he felt confident we would in this, our first fight, establish, and ever afterward maintain a glorious reputation, as a *fighting* regiment."

We were soon ordered to the charge. Col. Kellogg led us in bravely—coolly, and steadily—taking the first line of works near which he was wounded; he pushed steadily on to the second line—charged, and took them with more than two hundred prisoners—mounting these works he ordered the "boys" on after the fleeing rebels." Another officer of his staff writes: "I went to the left of the Battalion, and on the way passed Col. Kellogg; *his face was covered with blood*, from a wound in the cheek; he was *cheering* on the men." On reaching the main works which were protected by a mass of felled trees and limbs piled up in front, our boys could not get over them, and there they halted, firing over the obstructions. The galling fire of the enemy at last forced our line to give way. I went over where the centre had rested, and there my worst fears were realized—on the top of the abattis the Col. lay dead; and near him a score of our brave boys had fallen; he was shot through the head just above the ear—two shots near together—he was also shot in the arm, and face." He fell as did Gen. Lyon, in advance of his command, leading them on, forgetting his own safety, and thinking only of victory over the traitors to his country, and his country's flag. "That flag I know he loved well. I once saw him looking at a beautiful garrison flag, as it floated majestically over one of the forts of his command; the big tears started from his eyes, and rolled down his rough manly cheeks. I asked no questions, but drew my own inferences. Ah well he realized the condition of our once happy and glorious country—what it would cost to restore it again to peace and glory. I read in the expression of his face a firm resolve that his life, if necessary, should be freely laid upon the sacred altar of his country."

Gen. Upton says: "The conduct of Col. Kellogg, during the entire day, June 1st, was under my immediate observation; particularly during the battle. His men owe the preservation of their lives to the high state of discipline in which he had his regiment. That he exposed his own life but too freely is well

known to all. A brave and patriotic officer has fallen in the defence of his country; he has done much for the honor and reputation of his native State."

The officers of Col. Kellogg's regiment say: "He fell a hero at the head of his command, fighting his country's battles. We cherish his memory and hold his honor dear."

Col. Kellogg was a man well known as the world goes—but *few* knew him well—his externals were perhaps uninviting. "I am but a rough man," he often remarked. The few who enjoyed his confidence, were introduced to a world of beautiful thoughts, and gentle emotions, which were unknown to others. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes of a checkered life, the "immediate jewel of his soul" had been preserved untarnished—he was a man of good conscience. What is ordinarily termed "manhood," was his distinguished trait of character. This was the one thing never to be sacrificed. Truth—honor—bravery—sincerity, were, in his esteem, cardinal virtues; these were his idols. Hypocrisy, pretence, and quackery were his abhorrence. There was a vein of quiet humor ever permeating his thoughts, which often illustrated better than argument. His patriotism was unbounded; it was sublime in its massive strength and grandeur. A little party of officers were practicing with pistols, when the question was proposed if any among them "would be willing to go out and be shot down, if by so doing the nation could be saved and the war ended." When this question was proposed to Col. Kellogg, he replied "Yes—I would thank God for the privilege of thus saving my country, and so many lives more precious than mine." Col. Kellogg possessed a quick, ardent temperament—was not "slow to anger"—not choice in expletives or careful of consequences when roused. It was, however, merely anger, not hatred, not malice. He was a man of excellent judgment—knew how to command, and control, without exciting opposition, or tardy compliance. He always manifested a paternal care which endeared him to his men, and a capability which inspired confidence. No commander ever exacted more of his command, or held their hearts in a firmer bond of affection.

Col. Kellogg had his faults. His habits measured by the strictest rules of religion or perhaps morality, were faulty. In the

complete openness of his soul, they were visible to all—such as he was, he was willing the world should see him. Underlying his character, there was a basis of religious faith, simple, and childlike; it had no particular creed to direct it, but looked up from a heart abounding in charity to the Almighty Father of us all. Just before he went to the fatal field, the writer was staying with him at Oak Grove House, the headquarters of the regiment. In a conversation with Col. Kellogg, he repeated a part of Leigh Hunt's beautiful Poem, of "Abou Ben Adem, and the Angel," it struck a chord in the Colonel's soul, which vibrated most musically. "Is it not so," he exclaimed: "Are not the names of those who love their fellow men also the names of those whom love of God has blessed?"

Col. Kellogg was a most unselfish man—the story of his life is replete with tender charities and kindly ministrations. On battle fields, and in hospitals, the dew of his soul fell on the crushed flowers of humanity, to bless and succor. The stern warrior who could tread with unflinching steps, and unblanched cheek, along the fiery front of battle, could also bend with tearful sympathy over the victims. Col. Kellogg had faith in the cause—believed in the ultimate triumph of our arms, and delighted to contemplate the lasting peace which would ensue. Writing to his wife he says: "If Gen. Grant is successful, and *God grant he may be*, the time is not distant when I shall return to enjoy with you, our little home." Russell, Kingsbury, Chatfield, Dutton, Kellogg, Lyon, Mansfield, Sedgwick—these, and more are on our scroll of glory—heroic men, sons of the Old Commonwealth of Connecticut.

G.

The Voice of Nature.

"Calm and patient Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

Still in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

O, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

O, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer,
Ring peace and freedom in!"

Chivalry Illustrated.

When Capt. Winslow of the Kearsage, by hanging chains protects his bunkers, not from the effects of cannon, but simply of rifle balls, the Richmond Despatch raves thus:

"Had such a foul advantage been taken over one knight by another in the days of chivalry, the perpetrator would have had his spurs hacked off by the common hangman, his arms reversed, his name stricken from the roll of honor, and his carcase stretched by the neck, between sun and earth, until the birds of the air had torn his eyes from their sockets."

When the rebels exploded a mine in front of our works, the same sheet quotes with exultation the following from a Petersburg paper:

"Yesterday, (July 5th,) at 12 o'clock was fixed upon to give the enemy a blow up, but the sensation did not take place until half past 6 P. M. At this hour some of our men went out and effected an exchange of newspapers with the enemy, and the latter, to the number of 25 or 30, clustered around the lucky man to hear the latest news from Dixie. The signal was now given, the fuse lighted, and in less time than it takes to write it, up went the solid earth to the height of about forty feet, carrying the news gatherers along with it."

After reading these extracts, and recalling the facts, that Semmes himself decoyed the Hatteras by false signals and sunk her—that the rebel Iron clad Merrimac attacked and sunk the wooden Cumberland—that the rebels repeatedly employ ambuscades and masked batteries—that rebel guerrillas continually skulk on river banks and swarm the woods to fire on unarmed persons, or armed men totally unwarned on the road or in transports: when we remember that the rebels have repeatedly misused the noble flag they profess to hate, to deceive our men and lure them to slaughter—we can readily pen the creed of *Modern rebel chivalry*.

I. Whatever harms the Union or its defenders in property, reputation or life—is *chivalrous*.

II. Whatever harms the infamous rebellion or its reckless supporters, is *unchivalrous* and dastardly.

Revolutionary Patriotism in Connecticut.

Count Rochambeau, commanding the French allies, was on his way to confer with Washington at Hartford. The carriage broke down. The only blacksmith in the vicinity, was ill, and refused the job, declaring that a hat full of guineas would not induce him to undertake it. The officer explained that, unless he did, the Count could not keep his appointment with Washington. "I am at the public service," replied the enfeebled blacksmith. "You shall have your carriage at six to-morrow morning, for you are good people." Money was spurned. The call of patriotism nerved the feeble arm to hard work.

Then, and Now.

"Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!"

Captain Semmes—His Book.

The Army and Navy Journal prints the following pithy selection on the general subject of privateering, from "Service Afloat and Ashore, during the Mexican War," written by Lieut. Raphael Semmes, U. S. N., better known as Capt. Semmes, of the rebel privateer Alabama:

"There is growing disposition among civilized nations to put an end to this disreputable mode of warfare, under any circumstances. It had its origin in remote and comparatively barbarous ages, and has for its object rather the plunder of the bandit than honorable warfare.

The cruisers being private vessels, fitted out on speculation, and officered and manned, generally by unscrupulous and unprincipled men, it is impossible for the government which commissions them to have them under proper control.

In short they are little better than licensed pirates; and it behooves all civilized nations and especially nations who, like ourselves, are extensively engaged in foreign commerce, to suppress the practice altogether."

Verily this is Saul among the prophets. Does the boasted chivalry of Semmes appear in his past or in his present character? Surely not in both.

Sharp Practice.

Among the passengers on the train stopped and burned by the rebels at Magnolia, (July 11th,) was Lieut. Col. M. B. Smith, of the 8th C. V. I. Comprehending the situation, the Col. immediately slipped his pocket book, watch and papers into his boot-leg. His turn soon came, and these articles were demanded. "You are too late," replied the Col. "They were 'lifted' some time ago."

The Johnny, however, espied and took his pocket diary containing \$40, with which he seemed satisfied.

The Col. edged gradually out of the car and started down the bank. Johnny saw him—and fired his revolver, shouting: "Come back, you D—d Yankee." Finding the mud too deep for rapid traveling, the Col. returned.

The prisoners were then formed in line under guard, and outsiders permitted to take from them any portion of their wearing apparel, which they might need or prefer to their own.

Several exchanges of coats and boots were made. The Col. trembled, not for his boots but for what they contained.

As luck would have it, they were demanded by a gruff rebel private.

The Col. refused, declaring it against the laws of war to rob prisoners. The rebel insisted. Col. Smith appealed to the officer of the guard. Only a color sergeant could be found. Sergeant inquires by whose order Johnny is allowed to rob

the prisoners of clothing. Johnny replies, "none of his business," &c. Sergeant dismounts and punches Johnny in the eye. A small row ensues. Pistols are cocked and sabres drawn—black eyes appear. The scene closes by a short speech from the Sergeant, who declares that "he came out to fight not for plunder, but for Freedom and Liberty."

The sergeant is unanimously voted (by the Union prisoners,) to be a gentleman and a scholar.

The Col. saves his boots and all grow decidedly good natured and hospitable.

Cigars, oranges and even *whiskey* are passed around.

The guard were soon busy reading letters and overhauling baggage. Col. Smith slipped by the nearest guards and reached the Headquarters of Maj. Gilmore—and, with his usual coolness inquires, "What is to be done with the captured officers?" Maj. Gilmore replies—"I shall make cavalymen of them. I have some extra horses to take to Richmond."

"We are all," says Col. Smith, "from the hospital. We may cause you some delay—and perhaps it may be advisable for you to get out of our lines pretty quickly." "I am safe enough," says Gilmore, "and you will see Richmond within ten days." "Not if I know it," thought Colonel Smith. As he strolled about the Headquarters, he saw the guards up to their elbows in a huge trunk. Many rebels were clad in the national blue. So passing the guard with a knowing look, as much as to say, "All right Johnny," he walked very deliberately down the Railroad. Turning from the Railroad—he quickly reached a farm house, hired the farmer to carry him to the next station, and left Perryville at 12 o'clock for Philadelphia. This episode the Col. may well remember with pleasure and pride.

Home Influence.

The next seven weeks will be a period of loud, perhaps angry discussion and intense excitement. The animated discussions will doubtless, in spite of all pettifoggery and deliberate misrepresentation, develop and strengthen sound opinions and advance that which is right. Upon the war itself the effect of the vehement agitation or even of the election can not at present be great. Even if the election be adverse to the present incumbent, he remains President for nearly six months, and will continue the policy which he has deliberately chosen and resolutely maintained.

Hence, and let it be remembered, neither the campaign excitement nor the triumph of any candidate will, for the present, change public policy or the attitude of the combatants. The just war for "Freedom in the Union," will be prosecuted vigorously for at least six months, unless the rebels sooner submit, as we trust they will, to the legal sway of the Constitutional President.

This great fact, the people of Connecticut, amid the fascinating events of a spirited campaign of matchless importance, must not forget. The army must be steadily sustained and re-enforced. We will do our full share, hoping, with good reason, that before the close of the present term of our Chief Magistrate, the final triumph will be most gallantly achieved.

If rich, be not elated; if poor, be not dejected.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Fifth Regiment.

CAMP 5TH CONN. VET. VOLS., }
BEFORE ATLANTA, Aug. 15th, 1864. }

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—In reading of the campaigns through which Napoleon and his troops struggled, none of them surpasses in interest or importance the "hundred days," and yet to-day has just terminated a campaign which in duration, number of battles and demand upon human power of endurance, rivals any warlike performance of either modern or ancient times.

In this hundred days, the Division to which this Regiment is attached, has been engaged in four pitched battles, in all of which the command has borne its part and left its traces in fresh mounds and rudely carved head-boards upon every field and skirmish line for a hundred miles.

The duty has been of a character which required all the best qualities of the soldier, to which must be added an immense outlay of physical strength, in the erecting of earthworks, "gopher holes," and all the other means of offense and defense, to the construction of which a liberal use of pick and shovel is necessary.

The Regiment started upon this campaign, with about four hundred and fifty men "for duty," and at this writing, has one hundred and thirty; of the first number, nearly two hundred have fallen in battle, and are either buried on the field of battle and victory, suffering with wounds in hospitals, or enjoying the soothing influence of home and its ministrations.

The particulars of Resacca, Dalloe, Culps Farm, and many skirmishes, are doubtless well known to your readers; therefore I will confine myself to Peach-tree Creek, and its events.

On the morning of July 20th, General Grant crossed the creek and advancing about half a mile halted for the purpose of arranging the line and other details incidental to a change of position. The 1st Division had no formation for battle, when suddenly, and as unexpectedly as an earthquake, the storm of battle broke out upon the left, and rolled rapidly down from the 2d Division upon the left, through the 3d and speedily enveloped the 1st in its uproar.

It was almost a complete surprise, but the men who formed the line of July

20th, were too familiar with the rattle of musketry and odor of powder, to yield to panic, or flee without being driven, and, as the enemy came shouting and yelling from the woods within twenty yards, flaunting their flags in the assurance of an easy victory; the old Division closed sternly in, and the answer to their yells were union bullets and union cheers. For three hours the battle raged, the enemy being repeatedly repulsed, and as often returning to the charge, only to find the wall of fire and steel more impenetrable than before, and to lose increased numbers of their misguided regiment upon the field.

At a little before sunset the battle ceased, and the returns of the 5th Connecticut exhibited a loss of sixty men killed and wounded out of less than two hundred who went into action; among whom were some, yes, many of the best and most valued men of the Regiment.

Many, in fact *most* of the killed and wounded were of the number who composed the rollicking, devil-may-care veterans who left the State in March last, and who then put off the vacation freedom, and entered anew upon the sterner duties of the soldier; how well they have fulfilled their oath to "support and sustain the country against all enemies and opposers whatever," let the record of nameless graves and mutilated limbs answer.

The enemy fell back to the inner line about the long sought city of Atlanta, and to-day our 20 and 32 pounders throw torrents of shell and shot into the beautiful place, and doubtless bring to the remaining citizens strange recollections of happy homes and unbroken faith.

It is hoped that before this reaches you, the city will fall, and the tired army find in its shadow the rest and refreshment it so much needs.

INDEX.

Twenty-First Regiment Conn. Vols.

Immediately after the battle of Drury's Bluff, Col. Arthur H. Dutton, of the 21st Conn. Vols., who had previously occupied the position of Chief of Staff, under Maj. Gen. Wm. F. Smith, was assigned to the command of the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division 18th Army Corps. The Brigade was composed of the 21st Conn., 58th Penn., 188th Penn., and 92d N. Y., and occupied a position near the center of the line of intrenchments stretching from the James to the Appomatax Rivers.

Here we were for several days engaged

in strengthening the works upon our front, while nearly every night we were called out to repel some assault of the enemy, who seemed to be using every endeavor to discover the weak points in our line, as well as the strength of the force opposed to them, along our whole front. Nothing, however, of any great importance occurred until the morning of the 25th of May, when Col. Dutton, having received orders from Maj. Gen. Wm. F. Smith, to reconnoitre the right of the enemy's position, he selected the 21st Conn. for the accomplishment of that purpose.

The following official report made by Maj. Hiram B. Crosby, to the Adj. Gen. of the State of Conn. furnishes a complete detail of the affair, in which the country lost one of the most promising officers, the Brigade a most efficient commander, and *his* Regiment a beloved Colonel, and firm friend:

To Brig. Gen. Horace J. Morse, Adj. Gen. Conn.:

HEADQUARTERS 21ST REGT. CONN. VOLS., }
3RD BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION 18TH ARMY CORPS, }
June 6th, 1864. }

GENERAL:—On the 25th day of May, Col. Dutton commanding the Brigade, having received orders to reconnoitre the right of the enemy's position near our line of intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred, designated this Regiment for that purpose.

The Regiment passed outside of our lines and crossed the deep and almost impassable ravine that runs along the left of our works, until it reaches the Appomattox. On the further side of the ravine the left wing was posted in reserve, and the remaining companies were advanced to the front. Our skirmishers swept along the west bank of the ravine and thence further into the interior, ~~to the~~ on to the enemy's right flank. But night coming on, Col. Dutton recalled the skirmishers, and the Regiment returned to camp with orders to be ready to continue the reconnoissance early the next morning.

On the day following, (the 26th,) Col. Dutton again crossed the ravine with his Brigade, consisting of the 21st Conn., the 58th Penn., the 188th Penn., and 92d N. Y., with orders to push the reconnoissance until stopped by the enemy.

Gen. Devens' Brigade also moved out on our extreme left, along the Post Watthal Road, to cooperate with Col. Dutton, who took up the line of march in the direction of Post Watthal. After an advance of about two miles, through heavy woods, our skirmish line came upon the rebels strongly intrenched and almost hid from view by the thick underbrush.

Line of battle was formed at once, but as our skirmishers were becoming engaged, Col. Dutton, who then as usual, was on the skirmish line, was mortally wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieut. Col. Burpee, 21st Conn., who shortly after received orders to retire, as the enemy were

then massing opposite the center of our entrenched line.

Col. Dutton died from the effects of his wound, on the 5th of June. He graduated at West Point in 1861. Kilpatrick, Custar, O'Rourke, Benjamin and Farquhar, being among his classmates. Bold and chivalrous, with a nice sense of honor, a judgment quick and decisive, an unwavering zeal in his chosen profession, he was in every respect, a thorough soldier.

As an engineer, his talents were of the highest order, and at the time of his death he had attained the rank of Captain of Engineers in the Regular Army. By his companions in arms, he will never be forgotten, and to them his last resting place will be as a shrine commemorating the friendships which not the rude shock of war, nor lapse of time can blight or destroy.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very Respectfully, your ob't servant,

(Signed) HIRAM B. CROSBY,

Maj. Commanding 21st Conn. Vols.

On the 29th of May we received marching orders, and proceeded to White House Landing, arriving there the 1st day of June. We then proceeded to Cold Harbor, where we participated in the engagement of the 3d of June, particulars of which will be found in the subjoined Report.

To Brig. Gen. Horace J. Morse, Adj. Gen. Conn.:

HEADQUARTERS 21ST CONN. VOLS.,
3RD BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION 18TH ARMY CORPS,
June 12, 1864. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to submit the following Report of the part taken by this Regiment in the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 3d day of June, this duty devolving upon me in consequence of the death of Lieut. Col. Burpee, who was in command of the Regiment during the engagement referred to.

At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 3d, our Brigade was formed in close column by division, the 21st Conn. being at the head of the column with fixed bayonets, upon which they were instructed to place sole reliance in storming the enemy's works. The Brigade of Gen. Marston, also in close column, by division, was in the advance. The two Brigades at about daylight made an assault on the strongly entrenched line of the enemy, who immediately opened upon the advancing column with such a rapid and effective fire of musketry and artillery, that the Brigade in front was thrown back with heavy loss, and in great confusion, upon the head of our column, which, notwithstanding, held its ground with the steadiness of Veterans. The 21st Conn. was now deployed in line of battle on the advanced ground we then held, to guard against a threatened assault on the part of the enemy. The Regiment was here exposed to a sharp fire of shot and shell, both direct and enfilading, from the enemy's works, which were barely two hundred yards distant, but protected partly by the formation of the ground, which gave the men some shelter while lying down; the casualties which otherwise would have been very heavy, were comparatively light.

We held this position some three hours, and

were then sent to re-enforce Gen. Burnham's Brigade, in a contemplated charge upon the same work, from another point further to the left. Gen. Burnham's Brigade was formed in close column, by division, the 8th Conn. to lead the charge, and the 21st Conn. to follow in line of battle with orders to rely upon the bayonet alone in carrying the enemy's works. The enemy, however, appearing in such force along that portion of their line, against which our assault was to be directed, the order was subsequently countermanded.

The Regiment behaved with great steadiness, throughout the whole engagement, receiving well-merited compliments from Brigade and Division Commanders. A list of the casualties is annexed.

With profound sorrow I announce the death of Lieut. Col. Thomas F. Burpee, who was mortally wounded at daybreak on the 9th of June, while going the rounds as Brigade Officer of the Day.

He survived only until the evening of the 11th. Lieut. Col. Burpee had borne his part with distinguished valor during the Bermuda Hundred campaign. His coolness and good judgment at the battle of Drury's Bluff, will not soon be forgotten by his comrades in that hotly contested action. At Cold Harbor, he was equally conspicuous for gallantry. While in command of the Regiment, he was able and efficient, always discharging with promptitude every duty, particularly if concerning the comfort and welfare of his men, by whom he was much loved and respected.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your ob't. servant,

(Signed) HIRAM B. CROSBY,

Major Commanding.

Coal Harbor was evacuated by our forces on the 13th of June, and so silently and secretly was the evacuation conducted that the rebels did not learn of our departure until the light of day revealed to their astonished vision the unoccupied works we had so lately held. We embarked on transports at White House Landing, and sailed down the Pamunky and York Rivers, and thence up the James and Appomattox, landing at Point of Rocks. Here we remained one night, when crossing the Appomattox on pontoon bridges, we led the movement on Petersburg, and participated in the engagements of those first few days, which resulted in such decided and complete success, and gave us possession of some of the most advantageous and important positions of the enemy, besides the capture of a large amount of artillery and many prisoners. Had the advantages thus gained been followed up, as they should have been, and the troops pushed on before re-enforcements could have been called to the defence of the city, the Grand Army of the Potomac would not to-day have been slumbering in front of the Cockade City.

But the Corps that had been depended upon to support us did not come to our help as was expected, and so delay was occasioned which furnished opportunity for the re-enforcement of the enemy, and blocked the way for any further advance.

Thus the "Golden Opportunity" was lost, and what would have otherwise been a brilliant movement and an effectually and disastrous defeat of the rebels, became in reality a failure. So that, to-day, just two months later, we find ourselves in nearly the same position that we occupied two months ago, confronted by a force that still resist all endeavors made to dislodge them from their stronghold.

With full confidence in the ability and skill of Gen. Grant, the Army still look for some important movements that will soon change the aspect of affairs here, and I trust that I may soon be able to record the renewal of active and successful operations.

Worn down by constant duty and exposure in the trenches, the Regiment now numbers only about 200 men fit for duty.

The Regiment is at present commanded by Capt. James F. Brown, Lieut. Col. Crosby, and Major Stanton, being at their homes in the North; the former on sick leave, and the latter on account of wounds received at Drury's Bluff during the engagement of May 16th, 1864.

With deep sorrow I record the death of Capt. Frank S. Long, of Co. D, who was instantly killed during the action of July 30, by the bursting of a shell. He was a brave and able officer and greatly beloved by all his companions in arms, and at the time of his death was in command of the Sharpshooters of the Division. He was just in the prime of life, and full of bright promise. Genial and affable, he won friends among all, and his memory with that of our gallant Colonel Dutton and Burpee, whom he has so soon followed, is deeply graven upon the hearts of his associates, in characters which time can never efface. DEL.

From the Sixteenth Regiment.

ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C.,
JULY 25th, 1864. }

In spite of the heat of a Carolina sun in the month of July, we have daily drills, dress parades, regular guard mounts, &c., any of which would be pretty to see if there was any one to look on and admire—but there is not. The citizens of Roanoke Island, with the

exception of the blacks, are few and decidedly unmilitary, seeming to care little for a view of a handful of heated and tired men going through the manual of arms. Lieutenant A. J. Case, who has been on duty in Connecticut for some time, arrived here about the first of the present month, and has taken command of Co. H. He is a good officer, a kind, pleasant man, and is liked and respected accordingly, not only by his own company but by the whole detachment. Capt. Pomeroy has taken command of Co. D., which is composed of recruits and odd members of nine different companies. We have thus a commissioned officer for each company, so that there is no longer need of sergeants to act as Lieutenants in command.

On the 10th inst., 30 men from the 16th, under command of Capt. Pomeroy, 30 men from the 103d Penn., under command of Lieut. Case of our regiment, and 45 men from the 85th N. Y., all under command of Lt. Col. Clark, of the latter regiment, left here on the steamer "Gen'l Berry" and "Ella Mary," accompanied by the gunboats "Ceres" and "Whitehead," and steaming up the Scupperong River to Columbia, Tyrell Co., destroyed the engine of a large saw and gristmill, together with a bridge 300 feet long, over which the rebels were carting large supplies for their army, returning on the morning of the 13th. The success of this expedition may be attributed to Lt. Col. Clark, aided by officers and a full quota of men from the 16th. Dr. Meyer has left the Island where he stopped but a few days. It is reported he takes charge of the Foster Hospital at Newbern. Col. Wardrop, of the 99th N. Y., is in command of this Post; Dr. Frick, of the 103d Penn., Surgeon; Lieutenant Barnes, of the 15th Conn., Quartermaster; and Lieutenant Wilson, of the 103d Penn., Provost Marshal for this district.

ROANOKE.

From the Second Conn. Light Battery.

ALGIERS, LA., July 20th, 1864.

At the date of my communication one month ago, the battery was at this place, awaiting transportation to Morganza. We received orders to go there, and after hitching up, striking tents, and strapping knapsacks, awaited the arrival of the transport. None came, but instead an order from Gen. Arnold, chief of Artillery, to go into camp, and await further orders. We accordingly went into

camp in a large open lot, where we had ample space not only for camp purposes but also for the most extensive evolutions of drill. We had scarcely become well settled in our new quarters before the 19th Army Corps began to make its appearance. Day after day regiments arrived, filed passed us, and encamped around us. Among those which came were the 12th and 13th Conn., whose presence was warmly welcomed by the battery. Since we have been in the service it has never been our good fortune to be stationed with any Conn. Regiment. On our march to Gettysburg we were fortunately with batteries B and M of the 1st Conn. Artillery, but with this exception we have never before been quartered near any regiments from our State since we left Bridgeport, where for a while we were encamped with the 17th. The present occasion has been improved on both sides, each telling the other of the battles, fortunes, sieges passed, not forgetting many a tiresome march and cheerless bivouac. They have gone, and many other regiments with them, some on the promised furlough, and others, it is understood, to Fortress Monroe. Regiments are daily leaving as fast as transportation can be furnished; but there are no indications that the battery will be sent anywhere for the present. We have not been assigned to any army corps or brigade, and still report to Gen. Arnold at New Orleans.

During the past month we have had no opportunity to drill, and have hitched up but once, and that on the 4th of July under orders to participate in the celebration of our National Anniversary at New Orleans. We have improved the opportunity, however, in painting our gun carriages, and thoroughly overhauling every thing pertaining to the battery. Since we have been in camp here, a number have been sent to the hospital, some of whom are now returning to duty, some have been sent North, but none have died. Lieuts. Munger and Gray are now in the hospital but are soon expected to rejoin the battery. The following are the only changes which have occurred during the past month: corporal Wm. E. Francisco to be sergeant, and Fergus Trueman to be corporal.

We are having warm weather, but there are no indications of the appearance of yellow fever. New Orleans is a model city for cleanliness. UNION.

From the Seventeenth Regiment.

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

FRIEND MORRIS:—It is passing strange that a Regiment like the Seventeenth Connecticut, which has cut some pretty elevated niches in the temple of fame, should be unrepresented in the Record. In such a literary crowd, too, it is singular that no one has ventured to give you a synopsis of our fortunes, good and bad, since that affair at Gettysburg. I have thought I would try and do something in a historical line, but reflection taught patience, and patience patiently waited for some one else.

We arrived off Charleston, from Virginia, August 12th, 1863. Three days hard fighting in Pennsylvania, (where I understand every thing but stealing, is laborious,) had reduced our four hundred to a little less than one. The Ohio boys of our brigade, were equally reduced, and take us all in all, we looked wonderfully like an enterprising but somewhat demoralized band of horse thieves, just home from a foray which proved more grievous than golden. All unconscious of these doubtful appearances, General Ames, our commander, presented us for inspection, with calm assurance. Gen. Gilmore rode among us, by us and around us, looking anything but pleased. Then he rode up to General Ames with the cheerful verdict that we were about as poor a section of cut throats as he ever had the happiness of beholding. Besides, he had sent for and required *Regiments*, not *squads*. All the bright expectations of our sanguine General received a decided check by these remarks, and elevating his back he informed his charitable superior, that *those squads*, under his special superintendence, could drive any equal number of Regiments present off the Island. Gen. Gilmore politely declined the delicate challenge, and we heard no more of Ames' squads.

After a due amount of digging and dodging on Morris Island, we were placed in camp on Folly Island, and were joined soon after by the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg prisoners. The winter was passed in picket duty. Feb. 6th we made a raid on John's Island, where, besides getting what we went after, we got a few things we didn't go after—got wet, got cold, got chafed, got mad. Feb. 23d, we sailed for Jackson-

ville, to help Gen. Seymour redeem the Olustee disaster. Reached Jacksonville next day, and marched through the town, which looked as gloomy as a graveyard in November. The first three or four days of our stay at this place were spent in illustrating in a spirited way, several strategical movements, such as shifting camp without warning, getting into line of battle with your mouth full of tack and pork, throwing up earthworks one day, and throwing them down again the next day. Finally, got the place pretty well defended, and having cleared up all the available swamps, were deemed worthy of a rest, and sent to St. Augustine, which, although not the last place on earth, can be made to serve as such. We arrived on the morning of April 17th. Communicated to the boys of the 10th the welcome news that they were relieved, and out of gratitude some of the most intelligent of the aforesaid boys, informed the citizens that we were a set of men accustomed to but little ceremony, had a weakness for "seven up" and "bluff," adored Jack Shepard, and came from an Army, (Potomac,) where every man who hadn't the fortune to have the scurvy, was obliged to catch the itch. Of course the citizens welcomed us with open arms. We had been here about a fortnight, in comparative quiet, when raid No. 1 was agitated. The agitation continued through the night, and in the morning carried us off. This force failed to meet the enemy, but captured a quantity of cotton, sweet potatoes and contraband, and returned with the exception of three companies (B, H, K,) which were left at separate posts on the St. John's river. May 19th, Co. B, Captain Hobbie, was surrounded by Dixon's guerrillas, and captured. Asst. Surgeon Turrell and his aid, Chas. Rhann, were also taken. Total, 45 men. Lieut. Jas. Harvey, and Sergt. Edward Harrison, of Co. B, were fortunate enough to escape. The next day the Regiment started out again to aid Cos. H, and K, who were supposed to be in peril. That week they all returned. Since that time the boys have been out on a more extensive affair—striking up the river to Camp Marion, destroying the earthworks, exchanging shots with the Johnnies, and falling back again to Jacksonville, without the loss of a man, and thence home by way of boat. On the 21st of last month, (July,) Cos. C, D, and K, started

out for somewhere, but exactly where, I am unable to say. The next morning early, Cos. A, E, F, and H, under command of Col. Noble, left here intending to reach and go to Indian river, where it is supposed a large number of cattle and quantity of cotton are hid away. They were accompanied by 30 citizens mounted and armed. We have not yet heard from them.

Major Allen is in command of the Post, and our military affairs are running in a remarkably smooth channel. The old town is quiet and hot, the streets crooked as ever, and the people continue to take after the streets in this particular, with decided success.

Heartily yours, YANKEE.

From the 20th Regiment.

The following extract from an interesting private letter received some time since from the 20th C. V. I., was unfortunately overlooked. It contains a pleasant description of Lookout Mountain and vicinity, which we gladly offer to our readers:

"The evening before we were to begin our ascent we laid in a supply of rations, and got a night's sleep on some bags of corn, to refresh us, as we had been traveling night and day for several days. On Thursday morning, after making coffee, we started, fully equipped and ready to take care of ourselves, as soldiers should always be. We gained the summit at 9½ A. M., pretty well used up, as it was very hot, and we had our blankets and rations to carry. The last 50 or 75 feet we had to ascend by ladders up the face of the rock. After arriving at the top, we spent the rest of the day resting, viewing, and getting posted up on the magnificent landscape which lies spread out 1800 feet below us, and for hundreds of miles in every direction except to the southwest, which is hidden by the ridge running in that direction. The place where I now sit is the northeastern extremity, which forms a narrow and bold abutment, resting at the south bend of the Tennessee river, which here makes a long sweep to the southward and back, inclosing a peninsula just the shape of a man's foot, and is called Moccasin Point. The ankle is at the upper part where the river starts to come this way, and after flowing around the toe and heel, a distance of four or five miles, returns to within a half a mile of the first course. I think it is considered over a mile from toe to heel, so you see it would require something more than Uncle Sam's largest size

to fit that foot. From an elevation near the toe, not one quarter the height of this, came the shells which troubled the rebels so terribly while they could not depress sufficiently to hit our forces at all. The plains of Lookout Valley on the west, Chattanooga Valley on the east, and Mission Ridge beyond Chattanooga, are all in plain sight, as well as the peaks of the Cumberland Mountains, the Pigeon Mountains, Tunnell Hill, and the Mountains this side of Atlanta and Rome, and hundreds of less noted peaks. I cannot help thinking that if the rebels gave up this place because they could not hold it, there is no place this side of the Gulf where they can stop. There are parts of five States visible from here: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky. As we were making our coffee last night, some officers of the signal corps came along, and invited us to stay with them last night, and to breakfast this morning. They are quartered in a house about a half a mile from the point of the mountain, and near the ridge, in a little village called Summerville, and which used to be a summer resort; it is the best looking village I have seen South, and there is good water there too. To day we have been having photographs taken of our party in a group, on and about a very singular rock called Table Rock; it stands balanced on the very verge of the cliff. There is an artist who has a "shanty" right on the point, and has some very fine views of different points and of persons of interest. We had the unexpected pleasure of seeing Gen. Butterfield's Division, to which we belong, come out yesterday, and go through with a sham battle. They had nine regiments of Infantry and two Batteries of Artillery. They threw out skirmishers, pretended to find the enemy, changed fronts, and went at him; expended a good deal of powder and carried the position—nobody hurt—that is the kind of battle. It was a very fine sight I assure you.

* * * * *
D.

From the Twentieth Regiment.

Extracts from a private letter from D. W. Graham, of Portland.

IN THE BREASTWORKS BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., }
July 24th, 1864. }

DEAR MOTHER:—The siege of Atlanta has commenced. As we are lying in the second line of breastworks, with everything quiet, except now and then bullets from pickets, or a shell will pass

over our heads, I thought I would just write a few lines to let you know that I came out of the fight of last Thursday, which was pretty warm for about four hours. As we were advancing to the open field, the Miss. rebel Brigade came charging upon us, but with little trouble we repulsed them, and advanced to a rail fence which they had intended to fall back upon, but we repulsed them so easily, and followed them so closely, that they had no time to stop; they kept on down behind the next rail fence and attempted to charge upon us, but we made it so hot for them, that they could not stand it; they then fell back, except a skirmish line, and these lay quiet through the night. Saturday morning, they came out and fell back to the inner works of Atlanta. We advanced our line within about a mile of their breastworks and commenced to fortify, and now we lie behind *Breastworks*—shot-proof. So let them play away with their artillery as much as they please. Four from our company were wounded. Capt. C. R. Post, who died on the afternoon of the 21st. After we had fallen back, under cover of the hill, to rest awhile, he said he would go back and get his blanket, which was behind a stump—he was struck and fell, throwing up his hands. He was soon carried off the field.

Edward F. Pelton, of Portland, was wounded in the left breast—is still alive. Corp. R. I. Gladwin, in the left temple, he is also alive. The other, Patt Scanlin, not very severely, by a buck-shot in the right wrist. He came up to us to-day. The rest of the boys are all well, and in good spirits.

Our Paymaster has not been around for *six months*. For three days rations, I get only three table-spoonfulls of sugar, and about the same of coffee; but I will not complain, for you are so kind, as to send me money with which I get many things for my comfort.

I will now close by saying our little Brigade of thirteen hundred, captured three stands of colors, one of them being a division flag.

I would say good bye for this time.

From your dear son, D. W. GRAHAM.

Co. D, 20th Reg. C. V., 3d Div., 3d Brig., 20th Army Corps.

From the Fifteenth Regiment.

CAMP OF 15TH C. V., NEWBERN, Aug. 16, '64.

MR. EDITOR:—As you seem to have had no correspondent of late, with this Regiment, I will endeavor to supply the deficiency, and give you an occasional record of incidents as they occur among us. The duty of a provost guard is in many respects decidedly dull and monotonous. Such has been the work of the 15th during the five or six months just past. Hence we can report very little of as thrilling interest, or heroic adventure, as can those who have been called to participate in the dangers of an active campaign, or the glory of a dearly won field. But while we enjoy our good fortune here, we are equally ready to bear our part in the fortunes of the field. And I am confident that should the Lyon Regiment be called to the field, it would demonstrate anew the legitimacy of its title to that name.

On Saturday and Sunday last, the usual monotony was broken in upon by the mournful novelty of a military execution; the first that has occur-

red in this district. Six of them—there were seven in all—were executed on Sunday, at sunrise, on the broad plain to the north of Fort Totten. Sixty men from the 15th, under command of Lieut. Geo. C. Merriam, constituted the shooting detail.

The names of the doomed men were—John Daly, alias Duffy, Co. C, 5th R. I.; Jas. Simmons, Co. C, 5th R. I.; Robt. E. Duncan, Co. H, 99th N. Y.; Robt. E. Clark, Co. E, 15th C. V.; Joseph Collins, Co. E, 15th C. V.; Geo. Berry, Co. B, 15th C. V.

The last three, you will perceive, belonged to our Regiment. They were recruits and bounty jumpers.

At the appointed hour, 5 A. M., the escort, consisting of the shooting party, and two companies of Infantry, arrived at the Crown st. Jail, where the prisoners were confined. When the sergt. entered the cell to notify them that the hour for execution had come, each, in turn, presented himself, and without opposition, submitted to being handcuffed. Then, with the Chaplains in attendance, three in number, they marched to the entrance, and, at the word from Maj. Lawson, Provost Marshal, took seats in two ambulances which were provided for that purpose. The procession then formed in nearly the following order: 1st, the Band; 2d, the shooting detail; 3d, a wagon containing six coffins; 4th, the prisoners; 5th, the company escorts. Thus they marched, to the entrance of Fort Totten. Here the coffins were unloaded, and placed in order, each upon the shoulders of four men. The prisoners alighted, and following their coffins, marched in front of the whole line of troops to where the six open graves indicated that they were to rest. The ground had beforehand been staked off; the coffins were placed in position, and the prisoners seated, each astride of his own. One of the Chaplains then offered prayer; the prisoners were blindfolded; bosoms bared to the shirt; the handcuffs removed; the indictment read. At the distance of about twenty feet sixty muskets stood ready to do their mournful duty. Ready; aim; fire—and the deserters have paid the penalty of their crimes. All the forces in this vicinity were present to witness the execution, and were marched in long procession past the lifeless remains, that all might see and take warning. The field was soon cleared, and the Pioneer Corps proceeded to complete the sentence. Deserters are, by the rules of war, denied the benefit of a Christian burial. The graves are filled and leveled, nor is any monument allowed to mark their resting place.

Such, in brief, is the ceremony of a military execution. In reference to its propriety, I have nothing to say at present. These prisoners were allowed by Gen. Butler, but forty-eight hours' notice of their sentence; a short period wherein to settle their worldly affairs, and make preparation for death. But, to complain, is not my province, or intention, here.

As part of the men belonged to this Regiment, it of course devolved upon me to attend upon them and minister to their spiritual wants. In this I was assisted by Rev. — Rounds, of the Methodist and Lovell, of the Baptist Churches. I was frequently in their cell, and at the prison-

ers' request, spent nearly the whole of Saturday night with them. Two were Catholics. The others, with a single exception, seemed to set about the work of preparation for death, in solemn earnest. And, while I have very little confidence in death-bed repentance, I do earnestly hope that most of them died Christians. Clark, in particular, gave good evidence of being born again. He desired me to remain with him till the end, and "let the last word which I hear be *Jesus*." But for this hope, I am sure he would have given way before the execution. As it was, he and all the rest marched with firm tread, to death, and met their fate with remarkable courage. I hope never again to be called to witness such a scene; one is enough in a lifetime.

There is nothing occurring now among us worthy of special note. Quite a good many are sick with slight fevers, which lay them by for a week or ten days; fever and ague is also getting to be quite fashionable. But these are owing to the warm climate, and the atmosphere from the marshes. Cooler weather will bring health, we trust. So far as I know, none of our sick are considered in danger. Since I joined the Regiment, July 19th, we buried three, making *ten* in all, since the Regiment came to Newbern.

On Aug. 2d, died in Regimental Hospital, Oscar O. Olmsted, of Co. G.; disease, diarrhoea. Monday, Aug. 8th, died of typhoid fever, J. Edmund Hawley, Co. B, of Brookfield, Conn.

In my next I will endeavor to complete the list.

Yours, very truly,

CHAPLAIN.

First Regiment Conn. Cavalry.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR WINCHESTER, Va., }
Aug. 16th, 1864. }

Without alluding now to our operations in the campaign opening in Western Va., I resume our record where it was left in your last. The expectation we so confidently cherished that after the battle at Ashland, June 1st, our Regiment would have rest, proved a vain hope, for they had scarcely halted and indulged in a few hours of unsatisfying sleep, when the order came for another move. On Thursday, June 2d, they were busy with skirmishing work, starting at night on a march for Newcastle Ferry. In this vicinity, near the old site of Patrick Henry's farm, along the bank of the stream where tradition says he used to fish, they picketed on the extreme right of the Army, till the 12th, when they marched via Long Bridge, and Charles City C. H. to White Oak Swamp, arriving there on the 15th, in season for the engagement which occurred with a strong force of rebel infantry. After hard skirmishing for several days, some of the time dismounted, they reached Wilcox Landing, on the James; crossed the river on the 17th, as the extreme rear guard of the army in its change of base. The honor of such a position in a movement that will be remembered in the record of strategy, compensated for all the hardship it involved. The 18th found them in camp enjoying, at last, a season of repose. Very sweet to men who had been for eight days almost constantly in the saddle. About one o'clock on the morning of June 22d, our Division, the 3d, joined by four or five Regiments of Gen. Kautz Cavalry, the whole force under our Division Gen-

eral, started southward, on what might be called a Railroad tour. To tell the whole story of this expedition, as it has been told to me, would fill a paper even of more liberal dimensions than the War Record, and it will be possible to indicate merely its general direction and result, with some of its more prominent features, especially as regards the 1st Conn.

In the absence of Col. Blakeslee, who was wounded at the head of his men, in the hard fight at Ashland, the Regiment was led during this expedition, gallantly and well by Major George O. Marcy.

The force marched via Reams' Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon R. R., stopping near Ford Station, on the Lyfthburg Road. On the 23d, they reached Nottoway C. H., where there was an engagement during the night, of the 22d, picketed Nottoway River. On the 24th moved to Meherrin Station, and thence to Keysville, at both of which places, there was great destruction of Railroad property. Arriving on the 25th at Roanoke Station, a severe struggle was expected in destroying the bridge over the Staunton River, and Capt. Morehouse, Co. H, of our Regiment, with seventy-five men, were selected to perform the task, but, finding it would cost too large a sacrifice of life it was abandoned. On the night of the 25th, Gen. Wilson, finding himself in a precarious situation, from which there must be immediate escape, moved his whole command at midnight, through a ravine within five or six hundred yards of the enemy's guns, planted upon bluffs on either side. The movement from its very audacity, was not suspected nor discovered till our forces were well out of the emergency, started in the direction of Black's and White's Station. On the morning of the 26th, the 1st Conn. was ordered forward to hold the bridge over the Meherrin River, which they did effectually till the main column came up early on the 27th, when the march was resumed to Nottoway River, and thence to Stony Creek. Gen. Wilson, finding a large body of rebel Cavalry and Infantry at this latter point, waiting to dispute his passage, determined to hold them back, with breastworks hastily thrown up, while Kautz Division, with the wagon trains, went towards Roanoke Station. This Division succeeded in making its way through to our lines, but was obliged to leave behind, the trains. The force at Stony Creek was attacked with great impetuosity twice during the night, at 9 o'clock, and at half after one. In the second fight, the 1st Conn. and 1st Vt. bearing the whole brunt, the other Regiments having followed Gen. Kautz. Arriving at Reams' Station, Gen. Wilson found himself surrounded with troops dispatched from Lee's army, which was but a few miles distant. It was here that Capt. E. W. Whitaker, of our Regiment, on the General's Staff, was ordered to attempt, with forty men, the perilous task of opening communication with our Infantry, to the left of Petersburg. He dashed through several bodies of rebel cavalry and infantry, arriving safely with half of his command at Gen. Meade's Headquarters. A portion of the 6th Corps, was sent as reinforcements to Gen. Wilson, but they were so much delayed that before their arrival he was obliged to abandon his trains, and fall back as speedily as possible. A long line of ambu-

lances filled with wounded, were drawn up and left by the roadside, but many of the poor fellows were afterwards re-captured, I am told, by the 6th Corps.

Gun carriages and caissons, army wagons loaded, some with ammunition and stores, some with headquarters property, vehicles of every description confiscated on the march, all were gathered in a field and fired. A large number of contrabands, men, women and children, had to be left to the mercy of the enemy.

When the command started for Reams' Station, hotly pressed by the enemy, the responsible and difficult position of rear guard was assigned to the 1st Conq., and held by them till the Nottoway River was crossed. At one time the rebel cavalry in strong force, dashed through our thinned Regiment, but were soon driven back. During the rush our colors were in danger of capture, but Sergt. Hawley, of Co. K, and Corp. Drake, of Co. F, tore the flags from the standards, hid them beneath their jackets, and bore them to a place of safety. The retreat was continued not always in the best order, across Stony Creek, the Nottoway and the Blackwater, into the Army of the Potomac. So, the raid which was glorious in the work it accomplished, especially in the destruction of more than sixty miles of Railroad, came to rather an inglorious end. Our own loss in the affair was sixty-two killed, wounded and missing, which, though about twenty per cent. of our whole fighting force, was yet small in view of the experiences endured. Some of the time there was keen suffering from hunger. Five days' rations issued at the start, could not be comfortably stretched over ten days. Not more than once was permission formally given to unsaddle and make coffee, though it was possible to nibble at hard tack and salt pork, at odd moments of halting, or in the saddle. All suffered, too, very much, from want of rest. During the ten days, not more than two hours out of the twenty-four, on an average, could be afforded for uninterrupted sleep. One of the chief Surgeons in the Division, told me he had not at one time slept at all in seventy-two hours, and his whole nervous system by the fatigue and excitement, was almost entirely prostrated. It was his opinion that the greater portion of the missing had fallen out from exhaustion, and were captured. Yet it was when the command were in this condition, that they started from Reams' Station on their march of a hundred miles. It is a wonder that, pursued sharply as they were, so large a proportion should have returned in safety. Very many of the horses became worn out, having been almost constantly saddled, marching over three hundred miles, kept on short forage, going sometimes for forty-eight hours without a drop of water. Then to appreciate these sufferings, of horses and men, it needs to be remembered that the ten days consumed by the expedition embraced the very hottest of the hot weather, for which this summer is becoming somewhat marked, and during all the time there was but a single shower, not enough to lay the dust. Some of the men who had been dismounted were fortunate enough, or sharp enough to avoid Libby Prison.

Sergt. F. A. Lamb, of Co. B, Peter Miller, of Co. F, and John Cunningham, of Co. I, with per-

haps others whose names have not been mentioned to me, were three or four days within the rebel lines, hid in the woods, living on berries, with an occasional bite of hoe cake, furnished by friendly negroes, and with the assistance of negro scouts finally got safely back. Wm. F. Clark, of Co. A, a Hartford boy, only about seventeen years old, had a pretty rough experience. Having gone at one point on the march across the fields, to save unnecessary steps, he found himself half a mile in advance of the Regiment, but thought he would go on till they overtook him. Before proceeding far he was halted by six or eight guerrillas, who emphasized their summons by leveling their muskets at his head. They hid him till the column had passed, then captured two others, a member of the 5th N. Y., and a colored servant, and took them all, as they said, towards some prison, but on reaching a very thick place in the woods, they shot the three and left them for dead. Two were killed instantly, but Clark, pierced with eight shots, fell, fainted, and dropt into a profound sleep. Awakening the next morning, he crawled away in search of water, and after bathing his wounds, and taking a refreshing drink, he managed to mount an old horse that had strolled to the brook, using for a bridle a pair of suspenders, and rode him within protection of Fort Powhattan. It was several days before all came in. Major Marcy, on returning to camp, went North on furlough, leaving the Regiment in command of Maj. Brayton Ives, whose soldierly skill and energy had an ample field in gathering the fragments and reorganizing the command.

We have a very small effective force now, compared with numbers accredited to us. Over one hundred rebel deserters, who had joined our Regiment, were detached from us at the beginning of the Spring Campaign, as it was not thought best to put them in the front. Besides these, and besides more than two hundred new recruits, not yet borne on our rolls, we number eight hundred and eighty-two. But this includes one hundred and fifty prisoners. And besides so many are physically disabled by the campaign, or sick, or dismounted, or on detached duty, or shirking somewhere, that the number of effective men at present with the Regiment to-day, is but little greater than two hundred.

Gen. Wilson appears to appreciate Conn. material, if anything can be judged from the fact that he has chosen from our Regiment, a prominent number of his staff. Capt. E. W. Whitaker, the commanding officer, of his escort, Lieut. W. C. Spellman, and in fact the whole escort itself, consisting of sixty men.

We have been reduced greatly this summer, by the casualties of battle. Some of our best soldiers are at home or in hospitals, recovering from wounds. Some are bearing patiently the hard confinement of Southern Prisons. Many of our noblest have fallen. We have had but two officers killed, Capt. A. G. Framer, of Co. I, from Putnam, and Capt. Joseph Backus, of Co. K, from Hebron. It would be difficult to name two others whose loss would have occasioned more sorrow. Though differing in many personal qualities, they were as soldiers very much alike. They were both singularly cheerful in bearing the

hardships and performing the duties of the service; always ready when their time came for the severer tasks of cavalry work, never complaining, never driven from the post of duty by the worst of peril—but brave, both of them to a degree that won the admiration of their comrades, and should secure to their memory the best of love and respect. We mourn, with deepest sorrow, their and other losses our Regiment have sustained, and would mingle our grief with that of the many afflicted hearts of loving relatives and friends. God help them to bear their heavy burden. God help us to imitate the virtues of the noble dead. II.

Second Conn. Artillery.

This Regiment left the fortifications of Washington, for the field, May 17th. On the 15th it was ordered to relieve the Mass. 1st, and the N. Y. 2d, and went into eleven forts, in which it had hardly counted the guns before it had marching orders, and followed those regiments, by way of Belleplaine, to the Army of the Potomac. Well and long will that day, May 15th, be remembered by the Regiment, when it landed there in a hard rain, lugged these heavy boxes of ammunition through deep mud, made its way to the top of that long and steep hill on which it encamped for the night, and from which it started at day-light the next day, loaded down with six days' rations, and one hundred round of cartridges, besides blankets, dress coats and a variety of notions, then thought too valuable and endeared to part with. Excessive was their load even for experienced field soldiers, very much more so for those unaccustomed to marching, and to such burden-bearing. Consequently it was not long before one thing after another, even dress coats, blankets and overcoats, were thrown away, marking its line of march to Fredericksburg. Many thousands of cartridges were lost to Government on that march, when the men would not make pack-mules of themselves to carry ammunition to the front. We reached Fredericksburg that afternoon and encamped on the side hill where so many Union soldiers fell in the unsuccessful charge under Gen. Burnside, a charge remembered and talked about. Early the next morning we were on our way from that desolate city, then one vast Hospital for the front. Reporting at Gen. Grant's Headquarters, Spottsylvania, we were assigned to the 6th Corps, 1st Division, 2d Brigade, then as now, commanded respectively by Gens. Wright, Russell, and Upton. Since that time the Regiment has been with that Corps and army, in the march of the latter toward Richmond, and on to Petersburg.

Saturday July 9th, very unexpectedly, about 9 o'clock P. M., the dreaded pack up call was sounded, and we were soon on our way to City Point; for what, we know not, but conjectured for a Maryland campaign. Two companies were detailed to act as Heavy Artillery, and reported at Division Headquarters. Soon they returned, bringing the joyful tidings that orders had just reached Corps Headquarters, that the whole Regiment was to report to-morrow morning to Gen. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, to be what they desire to be, a Regiment doing Heavy Artillery duty. The order confirming this, immediately followed,

and up went hearts if not hats, and gladly, and with such delighting anticipations of the future, we all turned in again. Soon, however, were our anticipations to be blighted, for before one had fallen asleep, a revoking order came that we were to follow the Brigade.

The latter part of Sabbath P. M., we embarked; sailed from City Point to Washington; marched to the "front," as the region of Fort Stevens, the scene of conflict, was then called; and the second day after reaching Washington, N. C., commenced following the retreating rebels on through Pooleville and Leesburgh, to near Berrytown, Va. From that point, we retraced our steps via Drainesville, Louisville, and Chain Bridge, to Washington.

Monday, July 25th, the Regiment was ordered to report to Gen. DeRussey, and though a soaking rain was prevailing, no march was more gladly and willingly undertaken by the strong as well as enfeebled. We were ordered to five Forts, with Fort Whipple as Headquarters. One purpose then moved all—to have barracks, muskets and traps in former excellent and bright condition; and resolutely was the task entered upon, when, lo! the next day, when we had been there just about 23 hours, orders came to pack up and be ready to march immediately. Then commenced our second Maryland and Northern Va. campaign. We overtook the Corps at Monocacy, and resumed our former place in it. Since which we have marched to Hall Town, just beyond Harper's Ferry, back by stages, to Monocacy; then forward again to Hall Town, and up the Shenandoah Valley to near Strausburgh; then back to Hall Town, where the Regiment now lies, forming a part of Gen. Sheridan's Army, of the Middle Military Department. This army is at present fortifying the heights from the Shenandoah to the Potomac River, with the rebel army before it, both engaging in an occasional skirmish fight.

Since entering the field, marching for a greater or less distance, has been the standing order, halting for a day or more the exception. Those in the field in former years, say that the length of the marches and the continuousness with which they are kept up this year, surpasses all former experience in this war. Certain it is, that in our weariness we thought so; for weary indeed have we been, and have longed for the rest of home, if not that, at least of the fortifications. Nevertheless, weary or not, fortifications or not, we are determined to ~~do our~~ duty steadily, bravely, to the end of our service.

This Regiment began its bloody and real war experience in the skirmish fight on the North Anna, May 24th, when six were wounded, and one killed; on the 31st inst., by sharpshooters, while out on picket, seven more were wounded. June 1st, in the battle of Cold Harbor, as the citizens say, not Harbor, the Regiment lost over 300 in killed wounded and missing. But the list will be furnished. Sickness and exhaustion have produced their usual diminution of numbers.

At the battle of Cold Harbor, the Regiment lost the Colonel, to whom it was so much attached, E. S. Kellogg, who fell lifeless without a groan, while leading the Regiment on the charge of that battle—a charge made at evening, over rifle pits, and an almost impassable abattis of alien trees, and in the face of a strong and reso-

lute foe. Though the Regiment was in the front rank and this was its first experience under fire, it neither broke nor faltered, but did its part to the satisfaction of the Brigade Commander, who was with his command, and by whom the Regiment was afterwards praised, as doing all that could be asked. One after another, by scores, men were shot down from its ranks;—its Colonel had fallen; murderous was the fire it faced,—now and then fierce beyond description; still it kept on, and part of the regiment took possession of a portion of the inner line of rifle pits. The enemy was on either side of them, but they held it until relieved in the morning. In this charge the regiment took some two or three hundred prisoners, and intent upon pressing onward, passed them to a regiment in the rear, who took them to army headquarters, and unjustly received the praise of their captain in a published Order. In this the regiment feels it was wronged.

Another little circumstance is worthy of mention. A member of Co. L, observed a rebel banner leaning over a rifle pit;—he stole along and seized it; but the rebels observed its disappearance, and then commenced a struggle, he to secure it, they to save it. The brave fellow succeeded in capturing a part of it, but even that, some unknown mounted officer took from him, except the tassel, which he still retained.

The saddened feelings of the Regiment, as they looked upon their thinned ranks the next morning, cannot be expressed. Many were the inquiries made and anxiously was the fate of one and another canvassed. The death of the Col., however, was the great and universal lamentation, and is still; for he was *brave, as a soldier, excellent, as an officer*, and kind-hearted as a man.

Upon the recommendation of higher officers, and upon the refusal of Lieut. Col. Hubbard to accept the position, Capt. R. S. Mackenzie, of the Engineer Department of the Regular Army, and a graduate of West Point, was chosen as Colonel.

At Belleplaine, the Regiment was paid off, and in the two ensuing days sent home, through the Chaplain and Christian Commission, \$17,000.

II.

To our Brothers in the Trenches.

"Dear friends still toiling in the sun—
Ye dearer ones, who gone before,
Are watching from the eternal shore,
The slow work by your hands begun.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light."

Alexis J. Seymour was born in Terryville (Plymouth) Nov. 1, 1834, the son of Alexis W. Seymour. He enlisted in the 1st Reg. Conn. Artillery (then known as the 4th Reg. C. V.) in the summer of 1861, and had served a large part of his three years, when he was suddenly stricken down by a somewhat obscure disease, which obstinately affected the brain. He died Jan. 1, 1864, in the hospital near Alexandria, with the reputation of one who had done his duty to his Country, and had not forgotten his God. His remains were brought back to his friends, and buried in Terryville, with religious services at the Cong. Chapel by Rev. F. A. Spencer. Mr. Seymour was unmarried, and of his father's family there remains but one sister.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

For the Connecticut War Record.

Sanitary Fair at Birmingham.

MR. EDITOR:—With a population of about 5000 Derby has furnished the "War for the Union" with 4 Colonels, 10 Captains, 14 Lieutenants, 1 Chaplain, and 640 non-commissioned officers and privates. Their soldiers have made a glorious record on many a hard fought battle field which will brighten with the praise of posterity, while their friends at home have sustained them with a zealous and patriotic will. Derby has now two distinct Sanitary organizations, one in Birmingham, the other in Ansonia, both conducted by a few energetic ladies whose motto and watch-word is "help the soldiers."

The Ladies of the Birmingham Society held a Fair at their village on the evenings of June 15th, 16th and 17th, which proved a splendid success. It was held in a large tent or series of tents which were beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, war relics and specimens of art. Tables loaded with a great variety of rich delicacies and fancy articles were tastefully arranged, and at proper distances stands were stationed for ice cream, strawberries, &c. Four transparencies of Derby's honored dead and living, viz: Colonels Russell, Colburn, Kellogg and Wooster, were suspended in the centre of the tent. The Ladies who engineered the Fair had wisely secured in advance as a "base of operation" \$1700 by subscription from the citizens of Birmingham and its vicinity. This was an encouraging step and gave promise of a success realized far above the most sanguine expectations.

The Fair opened on the first evening by the reception of 40 members from Co. B, Derby, of the 349 returned veterans of the 1st Conn. Artillery. In behalf of the Ladies, Dr. Beardsley addressed them as follows:

Soldiers of Company B—Veterans:

In behalf of the Ladies of this Fair, I bid you a hearty welcome to the hospitalities of this occasion. I would say to you, that from the very first moment you left the borders of your native State at the call of your country, up to your mustering out under Col. Abbott, we have watched with peculiar interest your military career; we have thought of your dangers, your hardships, your privations, your exposures both in the camp and the field, and we now rejoice that you have returned and are once more among us soldiers not merely, but citizens. But while we rejoice, we

also mourn the absence of those who are to return no more. Your first commander, a brave, warm hearted man—a true and fearless soldier, Col. Kellogg, has recently fallen while leading his men upon the enemy, and we shall ever cherish his name with that of Russell and others, as among our most heroic and patriotic dead. When I look back to the first struggles for liberty and call to mind those heroes who have long since gone—gone to reap as you will in due time, the reward of their patriotic labors,—when I think of the hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of our fallen braves, whose blood and bones are now enriching the soil of the Rebellious South—when I see these war-worn veterans before me—fresh from the battle field for three long years, strangers to the endearments of homes—when I consider the momentous issues involved in this mighty conflict between right and wrong, I am compelled to say, that as for me if I ever forget the soldier who has been true to his trusts as you have been in upholding the flag of our Union, "may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Though you have not gone through fully the glorious campaign in front of Richmond because your term of enlistment had expired—though you may not have returned mangled by shot and shell, still it is enough for us to know that at all times and in all places you have been obedient to orders, discharging your duties faithfully as soldiers, thus doing credit to yourselves, honor to your town, and good service to your country. I need not, gentlemen soldiers, go with you over any of the battle grounds of the rebellion. I need not speak of your services in front of Yorktown, at Hanover Court House, Gaines' Mills, Golding's Farm, Malvern Hill, and along the banks of the Chickahomony, nor at Fredericksburgh, nor Mine Run, and farther beyond the Rappahannock, for we all appreciate your services, and are proud to say that on every battle field when you have hoisted the stars and stripes you have nobly sustained the high standard of Connecticut troops.

Welcome then, brave boys of the veteran band of 349! Welcome you who were among the first to shoulder the musket and wear the knapsack in defence of your country's honor! Welcome you, whose names are now enrolled as among the true defenders of the American flag! Welcome thrice welcome, you to these pleasing attractions, made more pleasing by fair hands and willing hearts, aided by liberal contributions, and all for the noble purpose of relieving your less fortunate comrades in tents and crowded hospitals.

Three cheers were then given the veterans by the crowd and returned by them with a hearty good will. Music, vocal and instrumental, tableaux, the "Farmers' Kitchen," with its rare curiosities of olden times, the "Masquerade Dance" which gratified the old and young immensely, and refreshments, constituted the attractive features of the Fair. The Ladies whose efforts were untiring, were amply rewarded for their labors in the nett proceeds of \$3,700. This money is mostly expended in material for hospital

clothing and other wants, and speedily made available by the active industry of loyal ladies, whose hearts and souls are alive to the sufferings of our brave and needy soldiers. The Birmingham Soldier's Aid or Sanitary Society was organized at first with a view simply to benefit Connecticut volunteers, but contributions are now made almost weekly through the Sanitary Commission at New Haven, which are forwarded to the general supply for all the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union.

Noble and God-like is the example and effort of woman in this hour of our country's need. Our sick and wounded soldiers from a hundred battle fields would suffer immensely, cared for only by the vast machinery of government. There should be no lack of labor and interest in the Sanitary cause, which has proved such a fountain of comfort to those who are freely offering their lives to uphold the flag of our Union. X. Y. Z.

Birmingham, July 1, 1864.

Bridgeport Soldiers Aid Society.

During the progress of this horrible civil war, which taxes so severely the resources and energies of the government, the women of the country have been emphatically "the power behind the throne." They have not hesitated to assume responsibilities and to perform labors, the magnitude of which might make those of the sterner sex distrust their ability to bear. To their foresight and instinctive knowledge of the wants of our volunteers, many a brave soldier owes his life. In hundreds of instances it seemed as though these ministers of humanity possessed some secret means of knowing just what was wanting, so exactly has the beneficence answered the need. The gratitude of those who have been the subjects of their attentions is the best evidence of the value of their services.

The Bridgeport Society was organized in July, 1862, and in five days had begun transmitting clothing, delicacies and medicines. During the first year of its existence the cash receipts were \$2,618 21 and the cash expenditures \$1,464 57. To these accounts must be added the fact, that all the articles of clothing and bedding, and most of the delicacies, were made and prepared by the ladies, and are not comprised in the above items. More than one hundred and forty families of soldiers were assisted by the society dur-

ing the first year by gifts of fuel, provisions, cotton cloth, calico, flannel, delaine, beds, bedding, &c., &c., besides money as needed.

Last winter the project was started by the managers of this society to freight a vessel with vegetables and other provisions which would prove to be a rarity to our brave volunteers and a pleasing reminder of home, and send the cargo to every Connecticut regiment on the Atlantic coast that could be reached by any means of carriage. Although the time for making the collection was limited to ten days, yet the supply from donations made from all parts of the State was amply sufficient for the purpose. The different railroad companies, the express company, and the Secretary of the Navy gave free transportation to the supplies. No less than fifteen hundred packages comprising barrels, half barrels, boxes, &c., made up this noble and generous contribution to the soldiers. Portions were transmitted by special agents to the 1st Artillery, 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 21st Connecticut regiments, and to the 1st North Carolina colored regiment. The special report says:

"This attempt has been successful beyond the expectations of many. The enterprise will, it is hoped, receive the approbation of the benevolent and the good. The people of Connecticut, as a whole, have shown their zeal to participate in the glorious work, and the efforts we have made have disposed us the more fully to renew and perpetuate the delightful intercourse with the self-sacrificing and brave men, who have gone from our own State of Connecticut. Many soldiers from other States were heard to exclaim, as the good things came to our 'Connecticut boys,' 'I wish I had enlisted from Connecticut.' and 'If our own States would do something like this, how well off we should be.'"

Connecticut will ever be gratefully remembered for her affectionate and substantial sympathy for her absent ones, by those that witnessed, as well by those that participated in the scenes at the various ports, when these stores arrived at their destination.

In addition to this enterprise, which has been so successfully carried out under the auspices of the Soldiers' Aid Society, we have disbursed of our stores and funds in many other directions. Our members have labored with unabated zeal, and since issuing our annual report we have sent a large number of valuable boxes to various regiments. That most noble organization, the Christian Commission, has been often remembered, and from some

of those in its employ we have received interesting accounts of the manner in which our donations have been received by the soldiers, particularly in the Department of the Gulf.

We have received donations from time to time from our own citizens, and our friends from abroad have also contributed towards replenishing our treasury, so that notwithstanding the great demand upon our resources during the past winter, we have been able to supply many comforts to the destitute wives and children of the soldiers at home. More than *seventy* families have been visited, and assisted with supplies of coal, food and clothing; and the heart of many a soldier's wife has been cheered by the interest shown in the absent one, by caring for those he left at home."

The war has developed the latent energy in the character of American ladies which would scarcely have been known in times of peaceful ease. In every instance these aid societies have been largely managed by that class of our women whose circumstances would seem to have precluded the necessity for any special exertions. But even wealth and refinement cannot obliterate, though it may conceal, the sentiments of admiration for heroism and the desire to do good which is an innate element of the feminine character. No drawing room accomplishments, and no exhibition of brilliancy of attainments and refinement of culture could so command the respect of the other sex as the labors of love which have formed, for the past three years, the employment of our women.

The Constitutional Amendment.

The vote on the amendment to the Constitution, to authorize soldiers to vote, stands as follows:

Counties.	Yes.	No.
Hartford,	4,783	3,520
New Haven,	4,761	3,028
New London,	2,808	1,108
Fairfield,	3,578	2,088
Windham,	1,980	668
Litchfield,	3,102	1,923
Middlesex,	1,795	1,029
Tolland,	1,523	873
Total,	24,280	14,231

Majority for the Amendment, 10,093. The Governor has declared the Amendment to be made by vote of the people, a part of the Constitution of the State of Connecticut.

The Presidential Election.

Notwithstanding the opposition of a powerful party, the right to vote has at last been conceded to the soldiers of Connecticut. We do not now propose to criticise the conduct, or inquire into the motives of those peaceful citizens at home, who have so persistently striven to disfranchise our soldiers. We have thought, however, (and we are glad to find our opinion sustained by a

majority of the people of this State,) that a man who does nothing worse than shed his blood for the old flag ought not, for so small an offense as that, to be disfranchised like a common thief.

We desire now, to say a word to our friends in the army, about the Presidential election. The WAR RECORD is not a political paper. It has no candidate for President. But it stands by the flag. It stands by the flag in victory. It stands by the flag in defeat. It stands by the flag all the time! And in the final triumph of the dear old flag over all its enemies, the WAR RECORD has unwavering faith. Therefore we are opposed to this wicked and cruel rebellion, and we desire the defeat of all parties and candidates, if any there are, who give it aid and comfort. We are not in favor of giving up to the rebels Newbern, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, Atlanta, Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, Fort Pulaski, Fort Macon, West Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Northern Georgia, the Mississippi River, or any one stronghold, or any inch of territory, which we have conquered at such fearful cost of blood. We are not in favor of breaking faith with the army, by refusing to reinforce it. We are in favor of finishing the work, already so far advanced, by sustaining the army in its unconquerable determination to crush the rebellion and save the nation. We cannot consent to a disgraceful peace—a peace which can only be secured by an ignominious surrender of all that our brave soldiers have won by their precious blood.

Three candidates for the Presidency have been nominated. We say nothing against either of them. So far as they are personally concerned, we could be well content to see either of them President for the next four years. But in this great crisis of the country *men are nothing*, except for the *principles they represent*. If one of these candidates represents fidelity to the flag, hostility to the rebellion, and an unflinching determination to sustain the army in its work of crushing out treason; and if the other represents disloyalty to the flag, sympathy with the rebels, a willingness to surrender to them, a spirit of opposition to the army, desire to disfranchise and disgrace the soldiers of the Union, and a determination to prevent them from being re-inforced; if one of these candidates has the confidence of the great mass of the loyal men of the North and is hated above all other men by the chief rebels of the South; and if another of those candidates had been placed upon a political platform upon which no loyal man can stand, and is supported by the great body of Northern secessionists, and is relied upon by the rebels and their friends to make an ignominious surrender to the rebellion if elected; then, *no man who values his honor as a soldier of the Republic, can hesitate in his choice between such candidates.*

So much we cannot refrain from saying—"If this be treason, make the most of it." We earnestly hope that the soldiers of Connecticut will dismiss all partisan prejudices and all personal fancies, and vote for the same good and glorious cause that they fight for. Soldiers of Connecticut—rally round the flag!

Bounties.

Government bounties are continued until further notice.

PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, during the month of August, 1864.

8TH REGIMENT.

Sergt. Marcus L. Pelham to be 1st Lieut., vice Bingham, died of wounds received in action.

1st Sergt. James B. Kilbourn to be 1st Lieut., vice Ford, promoted.

2d Lieut. Samuel S. Foss to be 1st Lieut., vice Broughton, resigned.

All to take rank from the 2d day of August, 1864.

10TH REGIMENT.

Major Edwin S. Greeley, to be Lieut. Colonel, vice Leggett, resigned.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Henry W. Camp to be Major, vice Greeley, promoted.

Both to take rank from the 29th day of August, 1864.

12TH REGIMENT.

2d Lieut. Henry J. Fletcher to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 2d day of August, 1864, vice Smith, promoted.

2d Lieut. Edwin W. Bushnell to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 2d day of August, 1864, vice Case, discharged.

Lieut. Col. Frank H. Peek to be Colonel, vice Colburn, honorably discharged.

Major George N. Lewis to be Lieut. Colonel, vice Peek, promoted.

17TH REGIMENT.

1st Sergt. Charles Smith, Jr., of Co. G, to be 1st Lieut., with rank from the 12th day of August, 1864, vice Denis, resigned.

18TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Israel N. Kibbe to be Captain, vice Spaulding, killed in action.

1st Lieut. Martin V. B. Tiffany to be Captain, vice Palmer, discharged.

2d Lieut. Edward S. Hinckley to be 1st Lieut., vice Tiffany, promoted.

All to take rank from the 12th of August, 1864. Charles H. Rowe of Farmington to be 2d Asst. Surgeon, with rank from the 2d day of September, 1864, vice North, resigned.

2D ARTILLERY.

1st Lieut. Robert A. Potter to be Captain, vice Knight, deceased.

2d Lieut. Henry Skinner to be 1st Lieut., vice Shumway, promoted.

Both with rank from the 12th day of August, 1864.

CASUALTIES.

[Official.] AUGUST, 1864.

1ST ARTILLERY.

July 30—Private Frank Nolan, Co. C, seriously wounded.

Aug. 3—Privates Jacob Dietrick, Co. M, wounded in thigh; Jacob Schlafer, Co. F, wounded in thigh.

Aug. 17—Privates Henry R. Richardson, Co. A, killed by fragment of shell; Edward B. Anderson, Co. A, dangerously wounded; Stephen G. Howard, Co. G, slightly wounded.

Aug. 18—Private Wm. C. Beebe, Co. D, slightly wounded.

Aug. 19—Sergt. Wells W. Reed, Co. D, wounded face and eyes.

Aug. 5—1st Lieut. Wm. A. Lincoln, slightly; Corp. Norman C. Magur, Co. G, wounded in arm.

Aug. 6—Private Elizar H. Harrison, Co. F, wounded in leg.

Aug. 13—Corporal Julius P. Raisling, Co. B, wounded in leg.

Aug. 16—Privates E. A. Fricbag, Co. D, dangerously wounded; C. W. Starkweather, Co. D, seriously wounded; Lambert W. Skele, Co. I, died of wounds received July 14th, 1864.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING, 5TH C. V., PEACHTREE CREEK, GA., JULY 20, 1864.

Killed.

Co. C—E. Duffy.

Co. D—Pat Smith, Jno. McCormick, August Meyer.

Co. F—W. A. Taylor.

Co. G—Sergt. Geo. Wilcox; Privates John Clay, S. Patrieks, John Carr, Geo. Bedford; Corp. M. Hale.

Co. I—Privates James Cunningham, William Meighan.

Co. K—Sergt. M. W. Brown; Corp. Philip Devericks.

Wounded.

Adj. Wm. A. Daniels, Jr., shoulder, slightly.

Asst. Surgeon, Andrew J. Gilson, leg, slightly.

Co. C—2d Lieut. Isaac N. Welden, leg, slightly.

Co. G—2d Lieut. Albert L. Gavitt, ankle, "

Co. B—Sergt. L. M. Snow, finger, slightly; Privates R. Rennin, arm, slightly; G. M. Clark, arm, slightly, E. S. Mott, died on the 21st; Geo. May, over the eye, slight; E. B. Coolridge, side, slight.

Co. C—Robert Bell, groin, severely; Jacob Miller, leg, slightly.

Co. D—Thomas Evans, H. L. Mitchell, shoulder, slightly; Chas. A. Ferran, arm, slightly; John McKenney, John N. Williams, Peter Welch, leg, slightly; Geo. Barnes, side, slightly; W. Hesselbacher, Hugo Oberempt.

Co. E—Sergt. Myron Bishop, leg, amputated; Corp. George Gilbert, leg, severely; Privates John Davis, leg, amputated; Gilbert Saunders, side, severely; P. Thomley, hand, severely; W. Vanvorst, side, severely.

Co. F—Privates George Campbell, knee, severely; C. Sailor, knee, slightly.

Co. G—Sergt. George Briggs, foot, slightly; Corps. Charles Corey, back, severely; P. Howard, side, slightly; Privates Eben Scribner, head, severely; R. Condon, head, slightly; B. Hodge, arm, slightly; Wm. Murray, foot, slightly; James Neval, arm, slightly.

Co. H—Sergts. N. Stone, thigh, slightly; G. N. Cheney, foot, slightly; Private John Young, 1st, died 21st.

Co. I—James Tuttle, face, slightly; James McCabe, head, slightly; H. Schaffer, slightly.

Co. K—Privates Philip Fisher, died 21st; Wm. Corder, leg, slightly.

Missing.

Co. C—Robert Tilo, on skirmish line.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN THE 6TH CONN. VOLS., DURING ENGAGEMENTS AT DEEP RUN, VA., FROM AUGUST 14TH 1864, TO AUGUST 18TH, 1864, INCLUSIVE.

Killed.

Co. C—Private Gustave Friche.

Co. D— " Edward M. Harting.

Co. E— " Patrick Doling.

Co. I— " Charles Perley.

Co. K— " Nicholas Weiss; Amos A. Bunnell.

Wounded.

Co. B—Captain Bennett S. Lewis, side, severely; 2d Lieut. John Waters, arm, slight.

Co. C—Captain John, Stotlar, leg; 1st Lieut. Joseph Miller, back, slight.

Co. D—2d Lieut. George Bellows, leg.

Co. E—Capt. Dwight A. Woodruff, arm.

Co. A—Sergt. Israel B. Winslow, lung, severely; Corp. Henry J. Bemis, leg; Privates Charles Bishop, leg; Myron DeForest, leg; John Bruce, leg; Calvin Perry, severely; John Callahan, hand.

Co. B, Corp. Wm. Ehrsam, left shoulder; Privates Wm. H. Harrison, hand; George Dennis, back; John A. Young, left shoulder; Abner W. Mitchell, lung, severely.

Co. C—Peter Searing, foot; Anthony Puff, arm; Michael Prehm.

Co. D—Privates Alfred Lawrence, groin; Oliver W. Vernal, mouth; Henry Schofield, leg; Clarence E. Searles, arm.

Co. E—Sergt. Luzern Baldwin, arm; Corporal Aaron C. Sanford, foot; Privates John Flanagan, arm; Horace Moulthrop, leg; Wm Pritchard, arm; Charles E. Stebbins, arm.

Co. F—Corp. Mark Bassett, side; Privates Randolph Hall, leg; Chas. W. Hill, leg; Jas. P. McCue, leg.

Co. G—Sergts. John P. Connell, knee; James P. McKinney, side; Corps. Edward Alpress, arm; Edward A. Stone, head; Privates, Lucius D. Leonard, abdomen and arm; Terrence Mulloy, neck; John Wyer, hip; Patrick K. Fitzgerald, side.

Co. H. Sergt. Zimmerman, arm; Corps. Louis Vogel, foot; Chas. Graham, hip; Privates Julius Lehman, leg; George Pfister, leg; Chas. Newman, hip and arm; John Hamburger, shoulder; Gottlieb Stoll, hand; Philip Miller, leg; Rudolph Kombst, severely.

Co. I—Sergt. Samuel C. Thomas, side, severely; Corp. Alfred B. Beers, arm; Privates Chas. H. Burritt, side and arm; Jacob Brolowich, arm; Dennis McCarty, hand; Wm. Salar, side.

Co. K—Corp. Wm. H. Brown, leg; Privates John Smith, both legs; Wm. M. Clark, head; Chas. Green, hand; James Morris, mouth.

Missing in Action.

Co. A—Privates Ambrose B. Seymour, Frank E. Morse.

Co. D—Corps. John E. Clark, Chas. E. Provost. Privates Roper Hounslow, Richard H. Rogue, John D. Ward.

Co. G—Corporal John Brand; Private Charles Bishop.

Co. I—Corp. George W. Huckings; Private Jacob Beck.

CASUALTIES, 10TH C. V. DEEP BOTTOM, VA., AUGUST 1ST, 1864.

Wounded.

Co. K—Edgar Beecher, mortally, since died; James J. Cleveland, severely, right shoulder.

Co. A—Chas. B. Shepard, slightly, leg.

CASUALTIES IN 10TH C. V., IN ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 26TH AND 27TH, AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

Wounded.

Lieut. James H. Linsley, head, severe.

Co. A—Private Howard G. Ford, face, severe.

Co. C—Private James E. Crosley, arm, flesh wound.

Co. D—Private Wm. Evans, left leg.

Co. E—Clarence Wood, face, slight.

Co. F—Privates Chas. Harvey, thigh, flesh wound; Lewis N. Hawkins, head, slight.

Co. I—Private Wm. Lowrey, shoulder and arm, severe.

Co. K—Private John E. Gness, leg, slight.

CASUALTIES IN 11TH REGT. CONN. VOLS. DURING MONTH OF JULY, 1864, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

Killed.

Co. A—Privates George Buckingham, July 4; Homer Barnum, July 12.

Co. C—Jean Paul, July 30.

Wounded.

Co. F—Private Henry McMahon, July 1, arm, slightly.

Co. G—Private John McBay, July 1, head, slightly; Drummer Wm. H. H. George, July 1, foot, slightly.

Co. C—Private Gabriel Labous, July 4, body, mortally, (since died.)

Co. B—Private McMahon, July 12, arm, seriously.

Co. F—Private Joseph Morris, July 26, head, mortally, (since died.)

Co. C—Privates John Kelly, July 30, leg, mortally, (since died); Pierre Poinso, July 30, leg, severely; J. Jackson, July 30, head, severely; J. Dommermuth, July 30, leg, slightly; Sergt. John Hoelles, July 31, arm and leg, slightly.

Co. A—Private Jeremiah Brady, July 30, neck, mortally, (since died.)

Co. D—Corp. Moses Danks, July 30, shoulder, severely.

CASUALTIES OCCURRING ON THE 5TH OF AUG. 1864,
IN 11TH C. V., BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

Colonel Griffin A. Stedman, wounded in breast, mortally, and since died, (Aug. 5, 1864,) Comdg. 2d Brig. 2d Div., 18th Army Corps.

Lieut. Col. Wm. C. Moegling, wounded, foot, slightly, (shell.)

Co. H—Sergt. W. H. Bottom, contusion, shoulder, (shell.)

LIST OF CASUALTIES 14TH CONN. VOLS. FROM JUNE
3D, TO JUNE 20TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. A—Private Wm. Bradshaw.

Co. C—Private Charles A. Beebe.

Co. F—Privates Wm. C. Brown, Ovid P. Shaw.

Wounded.

Co. A—Privates John Ridley, June 4; James Ringwood and Chas. Sullivan, June 7; John H. Fountain, June 19.

Co. B—Privates James Hays, 1st, June 20; John Doyle, June 17.

Co. D—1st Sergt. Elbert F. Hyde, June 17; Corporals Wm. H. Corbitt, June 17; James B. Shepard, June 17,—(since died;) John H. Bilson, June 23.

Co. E—Private Francis Gallagher, June 15.

Co. G—Private Benjamin Stevens, June 5.

Co. K—Private Peter Gray, June 20.

Missing.

Co. G—Private Peter Hughes.

Co. K—Private John Smith.

Hartford, Aug. 10th, 1864.

General—I have the honor to report that the 16th Regiment formed part of the garrison at Plymouth, N. C., which was captured by the rebels in April last. * * * * *

* * * * * The casualties are as follows:

Killed.

Co. F—Ralph Allen.

Wounded.

Co. A—Capt. Thomas F. Burke, right shoulder.

Co. B—Chas. W. Squires, left leg amputated; A. P. Forbes, flesh wound, thigh; Geo. N. Lamphere, left elbow.

Co. C—C. C. Drew, skull.

Co. E—A. L. Cook, scalp, (since died, May 9;) John Laurence, right wrist; Corp. Mills, thigh, (since died, April 28th.)

Co. F—J. E. Martin, flesh wound, thigh.

Co. K—Lawrence Shane, right shoulder; Sergt. Norton, right forearm; Sergt. Robinson, left side. Corp. A. N. Bosworth, Co. D, died at Andersonville, Ga., on the 20th of June.

I am, Sir, Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

JOHN H. BURNHAM,

Lieut. Col. 16th C. V.

LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE 18TH
C. V., AT THE BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG, VA., JUNE
18TH, 1864.

Col. Wm. G. Ely, in throat, slightly.

Co. A—Sergt. Samuel J. Lee, in face, slightly; privates Wm. C. Mitchell, arm, slightly; Dan Carney, hand, slightly.

Co. B—Privates Edwin R. Wood, leg amputated; Albert Hibbard, slightly.

Co. H—Sergt. C. A. Tourtelotte, leg amputated; private Amos Crandall, leg, slightly.

Co. K—Private Otis S. Wade, head, slightly.

LIST OF KILLED, WOUNDED AND MISSING IN THE
18TH C. V., AT THE BATTLE OF SNICKER'S FERRY,
JULY 18TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. A—Corp. G. B. Hartford, and privates John Delaney and Daniel Carney.

Co. G—Private Jno. Carney.

Co. K—Private James M. Smith.

Wounded.

Co. A—Privates James Deming, thigh; Dan. H. Johnson, leg.

Co. B—Private Elmer D. Cook, nose.

Co. C—Sergt. George E. Cormine, thigh and breast; private R. Corey, ankle.

Co. D—Lieut. F. G. Bixby, side; Corp. James Matthewson, thigh and breast; privates Nathan Chase, leg; Thomas J. Leonard, thigh; Patrick Clark, leg; Geo. C. Johnson, thigh.

Co. E—Privates N. G. Gardner, head; Jno. Jones, side.

Co. I—Private Chas. J. Miller, elbow.

Co. F—Private Orrin Cook, arm—amputated.

Co. G—Privates Wm. W. Comins, right leg; Jno. H. Wilcox, thigh.

Co. H—Privates Henry Tracey, arm; E. W. Bingham, breast; Jos. A. Tracey, scalp; Jos. Kenworthy, arm and breast.

Co. I—Lieut. M. Y. B. Tiffany, both ankles; Sergt. Geo. S. Cogswell, thigh.

Co. K—Privates Oliver W. Chaplain, chest; Thomas T. Bates, back.

Missing.

Co. F—Private Geo. Tuft.

REPORT OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH C. V., AT BATTLE
OF PEACH TREE CREEK, ON JULY 20TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. B—Privates Nathan Davidson, and Wm. Brown.

Co. F—Sergt. Geo. V. Buskirk, Corp. Timothy F. Taft.

Co. H—Privates Andrew J. Lord, and James White.

Co. I—Corp. James Fawcett, and Private Wm. Darwin.

Wounded.

Co. A—Private George Benham, leg, slightly.

Co. B—1st Sergt. Edward Root, arm, slightly.

Co. C—Corp. Abner C. Smith, face, slightly; privates Uriah T. Wells, neck, (since died;) Chas. Starkey, arm, amputated; Samuel G. Jagger, arm, amputated; Wilbur S. Churchill, shoulder, severely.

Co. D—Capt. Oliver R. Post, abdomen, (since died;) Corp. Revirah J. Gladwin, head; privates Edward F. Pelbon, side; Patrick Scanlan, arm, slightly.

Co. E—Corp. Wm. H. Slate, arm; private Wm. Loveland, foot, severely.

Co. F—Capt. Horace G. H. Tarr, shoulder, flesh wound; 2d Lieut. Ebenezer B. Fenton, foot; Corp. Frederick G. Aldis, breast, slightly; privates Orrin L. North, face, slightly; Walter R. Bishop, head; John Kelly, 1st, leg; Timothy Hancock, shoulder; Jeremiah Coleman, arm, slightly.

Co. H—1st Lieut. Theodore Jepson, head, severely; Corp. Charles French, arm; private David Carman, back, slightly.

Co. I—Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman, head, severe; Sergts. David Thorncroft, arm, severely; Brainard T. Ives, head, severely; Corporals Geo. M. Clark, head, slightly; Curtis Tuttle, head; privates Peter McKenough, breast, slightly; John F. Bradley, back, slightly.

Co. K—2d Lieut. Wellington Barry, arm, slight flesh wound; 1st Sergt. Edward J. Murray, leg, slightly; Corp. James White, thigh; privates Robert J. Allison, thigh, severely; Thomas Stanbrook, jaw; Wm. McCarty, arm; Lewis Curtis, breast.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH C. V. FROM JULY 21ST
TO AUG. 7TH, 1864.*Killed.*

Co. B—Privates Robert Martindale, July 23; Geo. Tomlinson, July 25.

Co. C—1st Sergt. Albert Pratt, Aug. 6.

Wounded.

Co. A—Privates Jacques Ferrari, July 22, arm amputated; John Bolan, July 22, hand amputated.

Co. B—Private Wm. Baldwin, July 25, arm, slightly.

Co. E—Private Lewis Hitchcock, July 21st, hand.

Co. I—Corporal Wm. H. Welch, July 28th, leg, slightly.

Missing in Action.

Co. C—Corp. Frederick A. Chapman, July 22; supposed prisoner.

Co. H—Private Edward T. Abbott, July 22; supposed prisoner.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed—enlisted men,	11
Wounded—commissioned officers,	6
“ enlisted men,	46
Missing—enlisted men.	2
Total,	65

IN MEMORY OF

Henry L., and Edward C. Blakeslee.

When our country imperil'd sent up the loud cry,
“To the rescue! arouse ye and come!”

When the Northmen by thousands to conquer or die,
Rush'd to battle from many a home,—

These brothers—and none were more ready than they
And none were more loyal and brave,
Went forth to the conflict; they fell; and to-day
They are at rest in the soldier's grave.

The spirit of one with a single bound,
Leap'd across the dread ocean of pain;
In the front of the battle his body was found,
And the stranger has buried the slain.

In that fearful charge of the “gallant seventh,”
Over “Wagner's” terrible wall,
In that desperate charge in the face of death,
’Twas the fate of the other to fall.

There the ground grew red where the stout hearted
trod,

And many a volunteer's head
Was pillowed that night on the slippery sod,
While the pale moon looked down on the dead.

They planted our flag that day with cheers,
On the stronghold of the foe,
But the shouts of the victors were mingled with tears
As they look'd on the carnage below.

For out of the mouth of those terrible guns,
Destruction had issued forth,
And reap'd like a sickle among the sons,
The lion-like sons of the North.

Oh, traitors! look down on the sickening sod,
See the blood you have caused to flow,
And look for the righteous curse of God,
Avenging the Nation's woe.

Oh, Liberty! what a fearful price
Our country is paying for thee,
But however costly the sacrifice,
We will it—tearfully.

Rest in peace valiant soldiers, the battles ye've fought
Are inscribed on the record of fame;
And posterity bless'd by the freedom ye bought,
Shall be proud of each glistening name.

Terryville, Conn., 1864.

George A. Hoyt was born in Plymouth, Dec. 27, 1843, son of George and Sophia Hoyt. He enlisted in the 19th Reg. C. V., in the fall of 1862, and became one of the musicians of Co. K. He died at the hospital near Alexandria on the 6th of June, 1863, of typhoid fever, having acquitted himself well during his short time of service. His remains were brought home, and buried with appropriate services, by Rev. Benjamin Eastwood, at St. Peter's Church. He left a good name among his friends and acquaintances.

Died, in hospital, at Baltimore, Md., June 2d, 1864, private Robert Mayne, of Co. K, Sixth Regiment, Vermont Infantry Vols., of wounds received at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th. He was formerly a member of the 3d Conn. Vols. Bridgeport papers please copy.

OBITUARY.

The Wadhams Brothers.

Three stalwart, healthy, and manly fellows, were the three sons of Edwin Wadhams, Esq., of Litchfield. All enlisted for three years in this great struggle for nationality and freedom. Of all, we now must write, with a reluctant hand,

"KILLED IN BATTLE."

Orderly Sergt. Edward Wadhams, was born in April, 1837, enlisted in Co. E, of the 8th Regiment, in September, of 1860. His uniform cheerfulness and good health enabled him to be at his post constantly. Through all the battles and hardships of his sturdy and dashing Regiment he passed honorably, and till May 16th, unhurt. In the fog and confusion of that disastrous morning, he was struck by the fatal bullet. Captain Sheffield thus writes:

"I did not see him when he was hit. A moment before, he came to me to show his rifle. The ramrod had been struck by a musket ball, while he was loading, and so bent as to render the rifle useless. I obtained another rifle for him and he went forward a few steps to fire. I turned to attend to the rest of the company. When I looked again for him, I was informed that he was shot. I immediately went to him, raised him up, laid him from under fire, beside a tree—cut off his equipments, bared his breast and examined his wound. The bullet evidently struck him when he was stooping. It entered just below the shoulder blade, passing downward and probably penetrated the heart, killing him almost instantly. The fire was so heavy that it was impossible to remove the body without further sacrifice of life. I remained with him for some time—was the last to leave him—and when I retired, they carefully covered the body with boughs."

"His loss is as severely felt in the Regiment as that of any man could be. The line officers of the Regiment wish me to inform his friends that they all deeply regret his fall. In his company every man mourns. To me the loss is irreparable. When I took command of the company, I was, as it were, a stranger. The men knew me only as the former commander of another company. Upon him I placed my whole dependence, giving him full authority. A great part of the time he was actually in command. I found him ever faithful to the trust, and I can truly say that no man in the Regiment was more justly entitled than he to a commission."

The commission to which he had long been justly entitled, would soon have been received.

A brave and trusty comrade with true, genuine emotion, says:

"For more than two years he has held the post of 1st Sergeant in his Company, and he was looked upon by all its members as their real head, because the Company officers have been constantly changing within that time. By his consistent character, unvarying conduct, and fidelity to duty, he won the respect of all who knew him, and now his Company grieve for their loss as those that have lost more than a friend."

His record as a soldier is surpassed by none in the 8th Regiment. He has participated in every engagement in which it has been, and has always by his acts and words battled manfully for his country and the righteous cause in which it is engaged."

As one who knew him in camp and in battle, I too must add my brief tribute. Sergt. Wadhams was a man of sterling common sense, and sound, moral, and religious convictions. His life was never stained by evil word or deed. He was firm and strict in discipline, yet kind, judicious and helpful. The men of his company hastened to

obey him. Patriotism was an inbred and absorbing emotion—an abiding principle. In him it was stronger than selfishness. When his merits were in the view of his comrades, unjustly overlooked, he set the noble example of uncomplaining submission and unabated fidelity and devotion to duty. He never faltered, never doubted the triumphant issue of the high and holy struggle in which he was gladly enlisted.

In battle he was cool, fearless, prompt and efficient. As a christian gentleman, a devoted patriot and a thorough soldier, the memory of him will ever be treasured among my most precious recollections.

LIEUT. HENRY WADHAMS

Was born Aug. 14, 1831. He enlisted as a private in the 14th Regiment, July 4th, 1862,—was made Sergt. Aug. 13—promoted to be 2d Lieut. Dec. 25th, 1862—to be 1st Lieut. Nov. 5th, 1863.

His service, like that of his brother, had been arduous and continuous, yet cheerfully and faithfully performed. No Regiment has fought better or suffered more than the 14th, and he shared it all—and through all passed unharmed, until May 26th. On the 26th, ten days after Edward had fallen, he was called to lead his last charge. All day he had felt dismal forebodings which no effort could expel from his mind. Yet he advanced with alacrity to participate in the hazardous task of a charge with four small companies, on an angle of the enemy's works, upon the south side of the North Anna River. The little band advanced about 7½ P. M., fought their way steadily and bravely, capturing the exterior line of works. Lieut. Wadhams led on his men, stimulating them by cheering words and gallant example. Just before eight o'clock, while still advancing, the fatal bullet pierced his body near the centre, immediately below the ribs. He fell within the enemy's works and lay there while the battle raged. After dark he was borne by Sergt. Goodwin, and Thomas Hannah, to our lines. He suffered intensely—yet murmured not.

Love in him overcame exhercising pain, for forgetting his suffering, he kept saying: "Oh, my poor wife and child." And thus he manifested himself truly. His was a nature peculiarly domestic. Few men loved or had the capacity to love home, wife and child as he did. Few, in enlisting, sacrificed feeling so deep and tender as his. Yet, that modest, industrious, home-loving man had too much character to shirk duty. When duty bade him go, he enlisted at once, as a private. His gentle wife, though it was as severing her heart strings, opposed him not. He thanked her. And now she remembers him as her gift-offering to our country, and bears the irreparable loss in a manner truly worthy a brave man's widow. Equal tribute might I pay to the stricken yet brave hearted widow of Capt. Wadhams. These modest ladies will regret that I have mentioned them because they shrink from notoriety, and because I might justly say similar words of a thousand delicate American women whom these days of sorrow have proved to be matchless in heroism. Yet I can not refrain from mentioning them and bidding our many readers to look upon like cases in their own midst, and confess as they may, with truthful pride, that the

women of our land are well worthy our bravest men.

Lieut. Wadhams was brought to the north side of the river, died about 11¼ o'clock, and was there buried by rough hands, with tender hearts, "as decently as circumstances would admit."

The common hard-ship and frequent common peril of severe service, has, united officers and men of the 14th, in no ordinary friendship, and their words of sincere regard and deep regret express but half they feel.

"I have known him long and well," writes Capt. Hawley, "and can truly say that he was always faithful in the discharge of his duties—always brave and trustworthy—always careful of his men and mindful of their wants." "He had," is the testimony of Quartermaster Dibble, "from long association endeared himself to us all, and by his noble and gallant bearing on the field, where he fought his last fight, made all that belonged to him precious to us." And one of the faithful soldiers who helped at great risk, to bear him from the field, says: "Sacred will be his memory, because he was as good as he was brave."

"He sleeps where the blest of our glorious dead
Were left on the sacred land;
Where the daring deeds, ere his spirit fled,
He led with a bold command."

After what I have written concerning the two brothers, I can but feel as I proceed to write of the third, that some may say—The editor eulogizes, marking excellencies, passing by deficiencies in those who fall, in this great struggle. I can only say, I record what I find;—no more, no less. The noblest and the best of this generation have gone to the field—and, alas, that so many will never return to grace society and ennoble their associates.

CAPT. LUMAN WADHAMS.

Capt. Luman Wadhams, Co. A, 2d Conn. Artillery, was a native of Goshen, Ct., although his father's family many years since, removed to Litchfield. At the outbreak of the rebellion, he served with the three months volunteers, and was at the first battle of Bull Run.

Returning after three months, he re-enlisted with his brother Edward, in the 8th Regiment, and accompanied the Burnside expedition as Lieutenant. In health and the dictates of military etiquette, Capt. Mason informs us, impelled him to resign his commission, and return to his home. A few months later, the 19th Conn. was raised, and hearing that his old friends and neighbors were generally enlisting, Wadhams felt that his time had again come. He joined us at Camp Dutton, Litchfield, and was made 1st Lieut. and assigned to Co. A. Within the year succeeding he was promoted to be Captain of the same company.

Captain Wadhams was one of the few officers in the service, who did not feel that his epaulettes made him a great man. He loved his men and associated with them.

The rigors of military law were unknown in Co. A, and some judged that it was undisciplined, who afterwards discovered that by mutual affection and esteem it was splendidly governed. On a field day, and while on duty, Capt. Wadhams was the officer, at other times the friend of his men.

Captain Wadhams seldom punished his men. He believed that harsh and public punishment destroyed self-respect, which he labored to strengthen. A gentleman from Litchfield, while visiting the 2d C. V. A.,—remarked to Captain Wadhams—"I find none of your men in the guard house, and the boys say that it is always so. How do you manage?" "I talk to my boys," was the reply.

A single instance will suffice. A new recruit in Co. A, who had several times made trouble, was about to be taken to the Guard house. Capt. W. said, "Stillson, just come to my quarters, and I will have a talk with you." He came. He went away with a higher idea of a soldier's duty and a soldier's honor. He became an obedient and faithful man, subsequently having at target practice, made the best shot in the company. He hastened to the Captain, his face beaming with honest pride, and told him with enthusiasm what he had done, adding with evident emotion—"I never should have done it, if they had put me in the guard house. I was discouraged then—now I have beaten them all." The noble boy fought like a hero at Cold Harbor, and by the side of his Captain, fell.

Captain Wadhams was always at his post, and always watchful to promote the comfort, and the moral as well as the physical welfare of his men. While stationed near Washington, he had but three passes to visit the city, during six months. "I came here," he was wont to say, "not to lounge about Washington, but to do my duty." He was thus at once the faithful commander and sincere friend of his men. They in turn felt for him the most enthusiastic affection, and found many ways by which to testify their high appreciation. On one occasion they presented to him a beautiful sword. In speaking of the gift Capt. Wadhams said: "That was given me when I had been with the boys a year and a half, when they knew me and I knew them well. For that reason I prize it."

When the regiment was ordered to Fort Craig, he said to his commanding officer—"I regret only that it is not to the front." Two days later that order came. He was ready, yet regretful thoughts of separation from his dearest friend would rise unbidden, and with playful, loving frankness he said: "I thought it easy to go to the front, but I find the old story still true—I have married a wife and cannot come."

In a letter to his wife, dated the day before the battle at Cold Harbor, he writes—"do not worry about me, I have endured the march well. We have been much of the time on short rations, but that we expect on such a march—so please not worry. You know we have been called the pets because we were so long kept in the defences. We were in the way of duty just as much as here. We are now in the place where there is plenty of work to do, and if I mistake not, the regiment will soon show of what stuff it is made. Keep up good courage. The separation from you is painful, but, you know, when we used to read of our noble Army of the Potomac, I always felt I ought to be there—and now I am there. Keep up good courage, and remember you married a soldier."

With a spirit thus resolute and cheerful, he ad-

vanced with his company, on the first day of June, in the charge on the enemy's stronghold, at Cold Harbor.

"I can never," writes Capt. Mason, "forget his bearing as he led us to the charge. His commanding figure, his determined step and electric glance, told that he was nerved to his responsible work, and his men emulated his example."

"He was," writes Lewis Bissell, "in front of his company, with sabre drawn, perfectly cool and firm, and moved with the martial step we knew so well."

In the moment of success he fell pierced through the body. His devoted men sprang to his assistance. In the absence of a stretcher they made a stretcher of their muskets, and carried him on their shoulders a mile and a half to the hospital. He lingered for two days, and hoping to reach home, determined to attempt the journey, but died in the ambulance on the road to White House. The body was embalmed, forwarded to his home, and buried, with masonic honors. The funeral day was exactly sixteen weeks from his wedding day.

Heartfelt sympathy was manifested by the large concourse assembled to pay just respect to the honored dead.

Rich and satisfying, too, are the touching tributes of his soldier friends to his manliness and worth. One writes—"His loss to us can never be made up. His men all loved him." Another, "When I heard that our dear Captain was dead I could not keep from crying." Precious monuments of real affection, are the tears of soldiers. Another writes to the bereaved wife, "Not alone do you mourn—you have lost a kind, true husband. We have lost more than an officer—a friend—a brother."

Regimental.

Precedence will be given in our next issue to communications from the 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th 13th, 14th 18th, 1st Light Battery, and 1st Artillery.

THE FIRST ARTILLERY

Are still occupying redoubts along the line fortifications, with Headquarters at Bermuda Hundreds.

THE SECOND ARTILLERY

Now acts as infantry, and is with the 6th Corps in the Shenandoah Valley. "The Band-Box Regiment" has proved itself second to none in courage and efficiency.

THE FIRST LIGHT BATTERY

Still remains at Bermuda Hundreds, under command of Capt. J. B. Clinton.

THE SECOND LIGHT BATTERY

Is reported at Frederick, Maryland. A very interesting letter from our correspondent, dated St. Gaines, Mobile Bay, was received too late for insertion.

THE FIFTH AND TWENTIETH REGIMENTS

Are in the 20th Corps, and now in Atlanta.

THE 8TH, 11TH AND 21ST REGIMENTS

Remain in the 18th Corps, as at our last issue. The 18th and 10th Corps have changed places, so that the 18th Corps is at and near Deep Bottom.

The 6th, 7th and 10th Regiments, remain in their respective Divisions of the 10th Corps, under Gen. Grant. We hope that they will be represented in our next issue.

THE 9TH REGIMENT

After some weeks of service before Petersburg, have rejoined their old Division, in (Emory's) the 19th Army Corps.

THE 12TH REGIMENT

Is in Emory's Division, 19th Corps.

A letter was received a day too late, and will be printed in our next number.

THE 13TH REGIMENT

Rendezvoused at New Haven, on the 27th of August, and was ordered immediately to rejoin its old Division in the 15th Corps, and on the 29th started for the Shenandoah Valley. Many of the men supposing that the Regiment would remain at Grapevine Point, as others had, for a number of days, were in no haste to report, and, to the number of nearly one hundred, were left behind. Most of them, veterans, tried and true, will join their Regiment at the earliest practicable moment.

THE 14TH REGIMENT

Has again done sturdy fighting, and suffered heavily in officers and men. Full lists of casualties are not yet received.

THE 15TH REGIMENT

Is still quietly efficiently doing Provost duty at Newbern, N. C.

The following members have been detached on recruiting service:

Capt. R. O. Bradley, Co. H.
Sergt. Wm. H. Jones, Co. I.
Sergt. Joseph Keglemeyer, Co. G.
Sergt. Lyman H. Hall, Co. F.
Corp. F. W. Faulkner, Co. D.
Corp. Delano Ives, Co. K.
Corp. Henry Baldwin, Co. H.

The party have made very little noise, but they have worked steadily and with extraordinary success, having enlisted in less than a month more than 200 men.

THE 16TH REGIMENT.

Co. H, with members of other companies, are still on Roanoke Island, under command of Capt. Barnum.

Surgeon Meyer is now in charge of the Foster General Hospital at Newbern, and fills the position with marked ability and to the general satisfaction.

THE 17TH REGIMENT

Still has headquarters at St. Augustine, and varies the monotony of camp and guard duty by occasional expeditions, more or less hazardous, and successful, into the interior.

THE 18TH REGIMENT

Remains among the West Virginia infantry force. It has borne its part well during the many marchings, counter-marchings and skirmishes, which have characterized recent operations in the Shenandoah Valley.

THE 29TH REGIMENT

Is in the 10th Corps, before Petersburg.

THE 30TH REGIMENT,

Forming a part of the 31st U. S. C. T., has seen severe service in the 4th Division, 9th A. C. We hope to print details soon.

THE FIRST CAVALRY

Is in McIntosh's Brigade, 3d Div., Cav. Corps.

Capt. Alexander Murray, U. S. A., has been appointed a mustering and disbursing officer for this State, with headquarters at New Haven.

EDITORIAL COLUMN.

Delay.

Unavoidable circumstances have delayed the issue of the last two numbers of the WAR RECORD, till past the middle of the month. We shall endeavor to issue future numbers more promptly.

Acknowledgment.

We desire to express grateful acknowledgment for material aid furnished to the author of our biographical sketch of Maj. Gen. Sedgwick, by Rev. Chas. Wetherby, in his excellent sermon, at the funeral, and by Rev. Prof. Wm. B. Clark, of New Haven, the former pastor of the church in Cornwall Hollow.

To our Friends.

We receive many letters of inquiry concerning soldiers who are missing; concerning furloughs, bounties, pensions and many other matters. We are willing to answer these questions so far as we can. We would request that persons writing such letters would make them brief and clear in statement, so that we can comprehend at once just what they desire to know. We will endeavor to give each a brief but accurate reply.

Lost Numbers.

If by any mistake or mishap, a subscriber fails to receive any number of the WAR RECORD due to him, he is requested to inform us immediately. We can always supply deficiencies for a month after the issue of each number.

If notice be not given within that time we cannot rectify mistakes. We are anxious that every subscriber should have a full set, and hence wish to be promptly informed if any number be missing.

Soldier's Memorial.

The publishers of this appropriate and beautiful picture, in anticipation of a very large sale, have reduced the price to one dollar. It is worth twice the money.

To our Contributors.

We earnestly entreat all writers to make their communications as brief, concise, and animated as possible; divesting them of all general remarks—giving us only that which is peculiar to the time, place or subject. Our space is limited; our material almost limitless.

Lyrics of Loyalty.

This volume, by Geo. P. Putnam, is the first of a "Red, White and Blue" series, and purports to present lyrical writings which the present rebellion has called forth. We were, therefore, a little vexed to find poems written many years ago—as Lowell's "present crisis," in 1845. We were also pained to find the effect of the poem named and others, injured by the omission of many—and to us the most elegant stanzas. But on further perusal, we find many a gem which we had not before seen. We have now glanced through the book many times, and shall yet many times.

It is an inspiring book and well suited for these stirring days.

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—o—

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JOHN M. MORRIS.

CHARLES C. BENHAM.

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We have given all our old subscribers opportunity to renew their subscriptions at the old price. We extend this opportunity to the 1st of October next.

But as prices, particularly of paper, which is wholly controlled by heartless speculators, continues to advance far beyond what even "war times" justify, we must also advance our prices. We had resolved by our large list, to go through the year at the old rates. But at one dollar a year, we cannot pay expenses!

After October 1st, our terms will be

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Jan., Feb., March, April, May, and June Nos. of the WAR RECORD. Persons having clean copies of any or all these numbers, can dispose of them for cash, at the office of the CONN. WAR RECORD, No. 2 Glebe Building, New Haven, Conn.

Laws of Newspapers.

We print several of the just laws concerning newspapers—and would respectfully request our subscribers to read them, as we shall act strictly in accordance with the enactment.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and papers are sent to the former direction, they are responsible.

Postage—on the War Record—3 cents per quarter—12 cents a year.

Bound Volumes.

The present high prices, and the fact that we issue a second volume, are sufficient reasons against binding the first volume of the WAR RECORD. Both volumes may be bound up together at a cost but a trifle greater than for one, at the end of the second year. We shall probably be able to get the volumes bound for our subscribers, when it is expedient, at a cost less than they could individually have it done.

Capt. N. P. Ives, formerly Commissary on the staff of Gen. Harland, is now Commissary at Point Lookout, Md.

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AND

MEMORIAL.

—o—

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At the bottom, in a medallion surrounded by a galaxy of stars, one for each State, appears FAME crowning the faithful soldier.

In the centre is a blank form of discharge, to be filled up with name and regiment, and space to record the engagements in which the soldier has participated, with the proper signatures.

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