

CONNECTICUT



WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO

DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

VOL. II.]

NEW HAVEN,

MAY, 1865.

[NO. X.

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THE CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

OUR STATE POINTS TO DEEDS, NOT ACRES.

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

NEW HAVEN, MAY, 1865.

VOL. II. NO. X.
\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

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Abraham Lincoln.

On Friday, April 14th, the same flag which four years before, was lowered, in gloom and defeat at Sumter—was elevated by the same hand to the very peak of the staff, and unrolled itself in proud and graceful beauty “on the winds that loved it well.” It rose to the very peak on the ruins of Sumter—the shot-riven and shapeless fragments of the once massive fort, fitly symbolizing the atoms to which shall be crushed any power which lifts voice or hand against our American Republic.

All over the land, the beautiful and battle-hallowed banners, little and great, went to the very peak in exulting gladness, for the Republic that day, by the act at Sumter, typified her hard won and splendid triumph. But on Saturday, April 15th, the starry banners drooping, crept sadly, half-way down the staff—for half the joy and half the value of the triumph seemed lost—

Abraham Lincoln lay dead!—Assassinated!!

We were stunned by sudden horror—then roused to fierce anger—then melted to tears in sincere grief, and are now settled into calm, abiding purpose to bring stern and just retribution upon the assassin, his accomplices in Washington and in Richmond, and upon the accursed institution which in the persons of rebel leaders, inaugurated four years of unparalleled crime by perjury and closed them with assassination.

Abraham Lincoln was of the people and lived for the people of the United States. He was plain, sagacious, practical, patient, faithful, honest, self-sacrificing, pure, paternal in gentleness, and firm as a rock for the right. History will name him the foremost man of this eventful age. None more truly and utterly than he, gave himself for his country. He will be loved and honored while time endures.

And now, in the presence of the martyred dead, who have fallen for us—of whom he is but the foremost—we—with “grim resolve,” pledge anew, ourselves and all we have, for the faithful defense and perpetuity of our magnificent Republic.



Lieut. Stanton Allyn.

BY LEDYARD BILL.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in the northern part of the town of Groton, now Ledyard, in the year 1835. He came of Revolutionary stock, and inherited of right the love of liberty and equality. His father, the late Col. Roswell Allen, was a man of marked traits of character, and was widely known for his rare qualities of head and heart. Large intelligence, with great dignity of person, gave him a commanding position among men. The son inherited these characteristics to a large degree, and these qualities told early in life. Among all his comrades at school, he was without a peer; books were his constant companions and he carried the head of a man on his youthful shoulders.

Time passed on, he half resolved to adopt the law. I fancied I could see him not far in the future, wearing the highest judicial honors, not through *intrigue*, but from fitness in view of his mental composition—but he could not well be spared from the home circle.

During these passing years he was a close student of all the great questions that agitated the land, and when war broke upon the country he was prepared to defend it, and would have gladly joined the patriot legions of the Union, on the first call of the President, had not circumstances beyond his control, prevented. So soon as his deceased father's estate was settled, however, and the family business arranged, he promptly turned his face on the enemies of his country, never looking back, sealing his devotion to the cause he so much loved with his life.

Lieut. Allyn entered the service on the 22d of October, 1861. He rallied around him a number of his friends, who, moved by his

example, were willing to follow where he should lead.

They joined the 12th Regiment, then forming at Hartford, commanded by Col. Deming, and were assigned to Co. K,—on the final organization of this company, Allyn was honored with the post of Lieut., and received his commission from the Governor, bearing date the 4th of January, 1862, with rank from November 20th, 1861.

After spending some months in camp at Hartford, the regiment was ordered to the Gulf to reinforce the expedition under Gen. Butler, which had for its object the capture of New Orleans. Previous to the departure a few of the many friends of the Lieut. thought to present him with some mark of their esteem, and to this end dollar subscriptions were made for the procurement of a sword, sash, and belt, which was done and presented him in camp, eliciting a most feeling response.

In conjunction with a regiment from Maine, the 12th sailed on board the steamer “Fulton,” in last of February, from the port of New York. It seems but as yesterday, that I stood face to face with this gallant man—his form so noble, and mien that of one who felt *true courage*, “not the brutal force of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve of virtue and of reason.” Little did I dream as I stood upon the deck of that noble ship—laden with such precious freight—holding in mine, the hand of that true Spartan soldier, and looking into that earnest, beaming face, which so spoke of sacrifice and duty—sacrifice to friends and duty to his country—that I should never more behold him here again—I could and would not think it then, I scarce can believe it now. Yet, alas! We knew that “death loves a shining mark,” and should have been forewarned.

The good ship sped on over the seas, bearing the armed legions to that desolate island rendezvous in the Gulf.

As the hot days of April came, all was ready—the troops on transports, our Navy led the way—and such a way—through fire and smoke of fiercest battle and death, they went, hewing a path by forts, and over chains, and monsters—iron clad,—up to the very city itself. This glorious work of our gallant old Admiral finished the contest, and the troops on transports were now ordered up, and to the 12th Regiment belongs the honor of being the first regiment to occupy the city of New Orleans.

The movements in this department were of a minor character for some months, the chief object having been so suddenly and so com-

pletely accomplished that little remained but to occupy the State by the establishment of outposts.

The excessive heat of the following summer prostrated the troops and thinned their ranks more than a great battle. Roll-call and regimental drill and review was all the labor of those long summer days in that tropical climate.

With autumn came activity, and omitting the occasional alarms, and the adventures of scouting parties, we come to the first expedition of note in which the 12th Regiment bore an active and conspicuous part. The battle of "Georgia Landing," was of short duration, yet well contested; here the 12th faced the flying shot and shell with the courage of veterans; a single bayonet charge and the enemy fled, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

The next expedition was up the Teche—consisting of a brigade, composed as follows: the 75th, 160th N. Y., and 8th Vermont, together with the 12th Coan. They moved from "Camp Stevens," on the 11th of Jan., 1863, rendezvousing at Brashear City on Berwick Bay. Here they were joined by four Union Gun Boats, and commenced the ascent of the river Teche—having for their object the routing of a threatening column of the enemy, which lay up the river, and the capture of the rebel iron clad gun boat "Cotton," which for a long time had given occasional alarm to our camps and transports below. On the second day they came up with the enemy's skirmishers, who were speedily driven in. An engagement followed; batteries with difficulty maneuvered in that country, but finally secured position to do serious damage to the rebel gun boat, which slowly withdrew up the river firing vengeful shots behind her; darkness put an end to that day's struggle. On the 13th, our lines advanced under cover of a vigorous shelling of the enemy who slowly at first, then rapidly gave way, having lost the battle they set fire to their gun boat and beat a precipitate retreat. The object of the expedition being gained, our forces marched back, re-embarked, and returned to their camps victorious—though foot-sore and stiff from bivouacing and marching in water and through the cane brakes.

Preparations were going forward all this while with tremendous energy, for the re-opening of the Mississippi River. One expedition of no mean proportions was put on foot for this purpose and failed, but the government was not to be balked at one failure. Again were mightier forces gathered and hurled against the armies of the enemy up to the very battle-ments of Vicksburg. At this time a co-operative movement in the Gulf Department commenced. Already had the soldiers of the North surrounded Vicksburg, and soon thereafter those in the Gulf had environed their next great stronghold, Port Hudson—six weeks wore by and as they flew they bore the hot breath of summer on—our gallant soldiers, though all unused, yet not only endured this

but the hotter breath of battle as well. Skirmishing and assault followed each other for awhile in rapid succession, yet without success.

One of the most noted of these was that on Port Hudson on the night of the 10th of June, Gen. Banks in command. Orders were given towards midnight at certain points in the line to prepare for an assault. The 12th C. V. formed part of the assaulting column. Lieut. Allyn, (though wholly unfit for duty—having but ten days prior rejoined his command direct from the hospital at New Orleans, where he had been laying sick of a fever, the seeds of which had been sown in his system the previous season,) hearing of the combat at the front hastened, half restored, to the field of battle, anxious to do his duty to his country and to point the way to the gallant men of his command. The hour of midnight had passed, all was ready. The placid moon-beams shone brightly and benignly on all the combatants. The carnival of death was soon to begin. Could it be that those long solid columns of stalwart men were about to battle with death on this calm and peaceful mid-summer's night, with dreams of peace and home just now flitting across their brain? Yet, even so! The word of command is given, and the music of battle begins, 'mid the roar of cannon and peal of drum, are mingled the shouts of officers and the groans of the dying. On, the assaulting columns go, across one of the wildest and most rugged places the imagination can conceive—over fallen trees, through brush and briars, over stumps, across ravines with precipitous banks where many lose their guns—in the face of musket ball and cannon-shot, they go, a few only reaching the last ravine, which is almost under the guns of the walls of Port Hudson. Here was Lieut. Allyn

calling to the now remnant of his command to come forward, he being the foremost man in that most desperate and signal assault; a few undaunted hearts reached him! The assault was a failure. The obstructions in the face of such a fire were too great. For Lieut. Allyn and his brave followers to retire, was certain death, indeed so near were they to the enemy, that a word spoken would discover them. Screening themselves from view they waited, not knowing what to do; fortunately, the storm that so often and so soon follows a battle, came; the clouds veiled the sky, and they retreated safely to their lines.

One correspondent, in speaking of this assault says: "The casualties of this night were greater in proportion to the number engaged than in any other single engagement during the entire siege." Gen. Banks soon after called for a thousand volunteers in his army, for a special assaulting column under Col. Birge. This was a kind of forlorn hope—they were to be supported by the entire army in the attack, and in view of the perils to this column Gen. Banks in an order declared that all officers who should survive, should be pro-

moted, and the soldiers recommended for commissions, and advanced in rank. Lieut. Allyn was one of the first to volunteer, followed by several of the men in his company. Here we have one of the highest tests of courage; his did not fail him. While the preparations were going forward for this last and final assault, Vicksburg fell and with it Port Hudson, thus saving to the country the gallant men who had welcomed for their country's sake this perilous duty; but I have yet to learn that Gen. Banks or the Department at Washington, have ever suitably honored these men.

The poor satisfaction of medals never gladdened their eyes even!

The great strain upon Lieut. Allyn's nerves during the progress of this siege, was too much for him to bear—entering upon the siege in a state of convalescence he was quite unfit for his trials. A few weeks more of exposure to the rains and scorching suns brought him down, a violent fever seized upon his system and shortly after swept him away. He died on the 28th of August, 1863, in camp at Brashear City, Louisiana, lamented and loved. His remains were afterwards removed to his home, and buried with honors.

This fearful conflict of arms has, in its progress of years, carried mourning and dismay into every village and nearly every household in the land, and in all the long sad "roll of honor," of our commonwealth, there are many names that shine conspicuously in her history, and will long be cherished by her children as of those who have performed eminent service to the State and country; and in this list of heroes the name of Lieut. STANTON ALLYN, will shine with a luster undimmed by that of any other. *Requiescat in pace.*

From the 21st Regiment.

CAMP 21ST CONN. VOLS., April 1st, 1865.

Editor Conn. War Record:

The occupation of Fort Harrison, or Fort Burnham as it was subsequently named, in honor of the gallant leader of the 2d Brigade, who there lost his life, was followed next day, Sept. 30th, by a desperate attempt on the part of the rebels to retake the position. For this purpose a division of fresh troops was ordered up from Lee's army at Petersburg, and scarcely had we completed a temporary breastwork, before the enemy charged upon us with the utmost fury, in three separate columns. One of them struck for the right of our Brigade line, and not being just then engaged, the 21st was enabled to pour a galling fire into their flank, and materially assisted in their terrible repulse with heavy loss, though our men only dropped their picks and spades, and grasped their muskets just as the enemy came in view. Shortly after, another column, consisting of a brigade, charged directly upon our own front. But we were ready for them, and no sooner were they within easy range, than they received a most withering fire, as from rank to rank, volley followed volley in quick succession. Still on came that gallant band, though many bit the dust at each discharge. Their pluck was

worthy of a better cause. And as they swept down the opposite slope on the double quick, till within fifty yards of our works, it looked for a moment as though they would surely reach us. But the most invincible courage could not stand such a fire as our brave boys poured into them. And the next tremendous volley caused them like a certain Dutchman well known to some of your readers, to "change their minds;" and more quickly than I can write it, a portion of the column faced about, and engaged in the "pursuit of happiness" at a much higher velocity than that illustrious seeker of the same, "Capt. Bob Shor-ty." The remainder of the column dropped to the ground and took shelter behind the bushes and anything they could find, unable to retreat or advance. Here and there a dirty handkerchief raised above the bushes, indicated the owner's desire to surrender. Then the order, "cease firing," was given, and the air resounded with "come in, Johnnies, come in," of which occasion a large number took advantage, and found refuge and safety behind the works of the *detested Yankees*. Our picket line was quickly re-established, and being sent out by the flank, completely surrounded those who had not already given themselves up, and gathered them in. Nearly two hundred were thus secured, while the ground in our front was thickly strewn with killed and wounded. It was a sad day's work for the Johnnies, and they evidently thought so, for they made no further attempt to drive us out. As we fought behind breastworks, our losses were comparatively light. Yet a number received honorable scars, though but one was mortally wounded. The regiment here, as everywhere, did honor to its native State. I think the men never fought with more enthusiasm. The remembrance of so many bloody fields where the enemy, protected by heavy works, had us almost at their mercy, was in every mind. And nobly did Connecticut's brave sons revenge themselves. Where all did their duty, 'tis hard to discriminate. Lieut. Wm. S. Hubbell, however, of North Stonington, and A. A. G. of the brigade, was here conspicuous for gallantry, and disregarding the numerous bits of cold lead flying about so freely, was so unfortunate as to run into one of them, which quickly put him "hors du combat." Although a very serious wound and one which laid him up for several months, he is now with us again, and rejoicing in the cognomen of Captain, which promotion has been most justly bestowed.

Our commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Brown, was frequently exposed during the action, on various parts of the line, in the discharge of his duties as Division Officer of the day, but escaped uninjured. Col. Brown was also in command of the Brigade a portion of the day, our Div. Commander, General Stannard, having been severely wounded.

The capture of Fort Burnham ended our summer work, and the hard service and continual exposure of the campaign was followed by a most unusual season of rest and quiet, refreshing alike to officers and men. Comfortable winter quarters were built, and although the picket and fatigue duty was sometimes rather severe, the men on the whole, seemed to enjoy themselves, and appeared bright and cheerful, while the camp rung

with jest and laughter. About the 28th of Oct. the regiment joined with the rest of the Corps in a movement upon the enemy at Fair Oaks, but was not actively engaged, though for some time under a severe artillery fire. After a few weeks, great preparations were made for the approaching Christmas and New Year. The camp was beautifully trimmed with evergreens, the entrance of each street being graced with green arches, the cedar boughs interspersed with red holly berries, arranged in fantastic forms, and each tent was adorned according to the taste of its occupants, some of them presenting a fit subject for the artist's pencil.

I wish I might here record the arrival of the Christmas turkeys so liberally contributed by our friends at home, for the benefit of their soldier friends, fathers and brothers in the field. We had been led to expect a perfect feast of good things. But to our great disappointment, and to the shame of whoever was the cause of it, they failed to reach us. We had received word that a large box had been forwarded expressly for the 21st, from Norwich. And our mouths were all made up for a good taste of mince pies, roast turkeys, &c., &c., and as the day approached, frequent were the inquiries if the box had come. But no box came, and we were compelled to put up with our usual allowance of salt pork and hard tack. And I deem this a fitting occasion to state for the information of our friends, that not one-fourth of the contributions for the regiment as a regiment, have ever been received. I am unable to state at present upon whom the blame should fall. But should the eye of any concerned chance to fall upon this account, it is hoped that they will be careful to conceal all evidence against them, for, should they ever be discovered, their reputation will most decidedly suffer in this regiment. But notwithstanding the loss of our Christmas dinner, the day, though wet and muddy, was given up to festivity. And when the chance is given, one need not fear that "the boys" will fail to make merry. The men were relieved from all duty not absolutely necessary, and "got upon their muscels," and a vast amount of laughter by their sack and hurdle races, greased poles, greased pigs, pursuit of wealth under difficulties, wrestling matches, &c., ending up with a mock dress parade. And Jack Falstaff's crew certainly never presented a more ludicrous appearance, than these Christmas votaries in their improvised rags and costumes, and Christy himself could not surpass the paper collars here displayed.

Mr. Editor, if you ever have occasion to get up a "rag-shag" procession in New Haven, don't fail to call upon the members of the 21st. Their ingenuity in the line of costumes, cannot be surpassed. The band, as it marched down the line, each member playing a different tune, and the base drummer occasionally mistaking (accidentally of course,) the unsuspecting pate of his file leader for the drum, and the huge appendage like a fish's tail protruding from under the coat tails of No. 1, by his side, wagging in unmistakable approval, afforded infinite amusement to the crowd of spectators, although fearfully suggestive of a place called Bedlam.

Altogether it was a day of merriment long to

be remembered. And if any one retired that night without sore sides and an extra pound or two of flesh, it was not from lack of fun. New Year passed in a similar manner, and then followed another quiet spell.

The fourth of January was solemnly marked, however, by the sudden death of Lieut. Fred. H. Buel, of Co. H, the result it was supposed, of a congestive chill. He had been complaining but a few hours. Bullets are not always the death-messenger of the soldier. And the death of this young officer was a warning to us all that we are not free from the destroyer, merely because we are not on the field of battle. 21st.

Recollections of Army Life in the 27th Connecticut.

V.

Let us now return to the little band of prisoners in that woody ravine. As soon as the surrender had been consummated the men threw away their guns, many of them with the cartridges, into a rivulet near the intrenchments, and some cut up their equipments determined to afford as little aid and comfort to the rebels as possible. Our newly made acquaintances exhibited a most remarkable penchant for entery and other conveniences Yankees are always supposed to have in their possession. One of the rebel skirmishers had hardly lowered his gun from an aim, when he walked up to one of our men and said, "Have you got a knife to sell?" "No," and somewhat abashed he went off to try his luck in a more promising field. We were now ordered to fall in, and a part were marched up the road to Gen. Lee's headquarters, where the rebels took away our knapsacks, rubber blankets, shelter tents, and canteens, and registered our names. Quite a crowd of butternuts assembled to view the "Yanks," and prosecute their schemes of trade. Among the crowd was a young man, a member of the 1st Richmond Howitzers, whose father was formerly a pastor in New Haven, and prominently connected with the Southern Aid Society. We advanced to greet our quondam friend. Drawing himself up to his full height he said with a manner characteristic of Southern rebels who have once lived at the North, "I don't wish to shake hands with you. I am surprised that a Christian man should come down and fight against the South." We replied that we regarded it a duty to fight against the South and crush rebellion. Our chivalric friend now retired awhile no doubt to recover from his "surprise," but soon unlimbered his battery and returned to the attack. Said he, "I wish to leave an idea with you and it is this: The South is determined on independence, or annihilation, rather than come back into the Union," a repetition of the old last ditch stories we have heard dinned in our ears ever since the war began. Then followed a disquisition on the superior type of rebel Christianity, and if we may judge by recent developments, it certainly is superior in everything that makes society hideous and savage. He repeated the old argument, worn threadbare in the service of copperheadism, that because the South are unanimous in the desire for independence, the North ought to respect that unanimity and let them alone. Several endeavored to interpose a few

words in reply. "I don't wish to hear anything from you. I am not talking to you," were the answers of rebel arrogance. Thus the conversation terminated, a good illustration of the madness and folly the doctrine of secession has induced in the minds of men otherwise intelligent.

While we were near headquarters a General of high rank rode up, unattended by his staff, and was received among his soldiers with a style of cheering or yelling peculiar to themselves. The rebel chief seemed lost in deep thought, scarcely noticing the squad of prisoners or the cheers of his men. The signs of care were strongly marked upon his iron countenance. Clad in simple garb, with no prominent badge of distinction, calm and determined in demeanor, stood before us the commander of the "Army of Northern Virginia," the military pillar of the rebellion. In personal appearance General Lee is no ordinary man. His qualities as a leader are strikingly apparent in that rough, war worn face, those keen, deep-set eyes, and compressed lips. The General hurriedly retires into his quarters, and our attention is attracted by a motley array of rebel soldiery marching up the road. Could we have forgotten the stern realities of our situation, we might well have regarded the display as a military burlesque. On a closer inspection we find the butternut phalanx to be composed of tall, lank specimens of "poor white trash," with hats slouched in the most approved style, and knapsacks of every conceivable variety. The officers were many of them equipped with swords of a most ancient description, which had already filled a term of service in the olden time. Here is a man with a very good blanket, and we soon see the letters U. S. displayed under the folds, while on another back is strapped an old piece of carpet. A more dirty, seedy, ill-favored, border ruffian, ignorant set of men we had never met before, and this is just the material for an efficient army, marshaled in defense of treason and slavery.

The preparations were now completed, and under a strong guard we start off for Spottsylvania Court House. The roads were full of confederate wounded, moving to the rear. Our route crossed a section of the battle field, but all was now quiet, only splintered trees and lines of breastworks told of the fierce conflicts of the last few days. At dusk we entered the now historic town of Spottsylvania, and passed the night within the enclosure of the Court House. A portion of the regiment remained in the vicinity of the battle ground and did not reach the village until the following afternoon. On the morning of May 4th, we resumed our march for Guinea's Station, a small hamlet on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, important as a depot of supplies for Lee's army. Here seemed to be the general rendezvous of prisoners, and fifteen hundred had already been assembled previous to our arrival. Near the station was the house where Stonewall Jackson lay wounded and afterwards died, an event which clothed the whole confederacy in mourning. Our stay at Guinea's was prolonged until Thursday, May 7th, three days of misery, hardly paralleled in any of the experiences of the whole nine months campaign. Tuesday dawned upon us intensely hot. The broiling rays of the sun seemed to concentrate upon the

large, open lot occupied by the Union prisoners, unrelieved even by a solitary tree. Later in the day a terrific thunder shower burst upon us, passing at length into a settled storm, bitterly raw and cold, continuing all night and the next day with short intervals. The rain poured in torrents, flowing in streams across the lot. A ludicrous sight indeed were the nearly two thousand and shelterless men, emphatically squatter sovereigns, scattered about over the field in speechless resignation, drenched through and through in the pelting storm.

Thus far, we had subsisted on the scanty remains of Uncle Sam's rations. "What a fall was there," when we descended from Joe Hooker's generous hospitality to the frugal fare doled out to us by the rebel commissary. A brief residence at one of Jeff's hotels is an infallible remedy for all who are disposed to grumble at army food. The order is given, fall in for rations. We had almost concluded that this order would never again greet our ears until we should once more stand under the flag of the Union. Immediately our thoughts recurred to Camp near Falmouth, and in imagination floated visions of beef, pork and hard tack, fresh bread; in fact Uncle Sam's army ration loomed up in bolder relief than ever before. In silent suspense we advance and receive—three pints of flour apiece. The inquiry arose, what shall we do with it? Our extremely limited culinary facilities soon settled that question. There was but one alternative, and the men immediately built little fires and were busily engaged in cooking up a bill of fare for the march to Richmond, said bill of fare consisting simply of flour and water mixed together and dried before the fire. A New England farmer would regard it a personal insult if one should offer such stuff to his hogs. Even a swill carrier would indignantly protest.

Many suggestive sights fed our curiosity. Processions of trains were constantly coming and going from the station, transporting supplies for Lee's army. Shabby army wagons, regular Noah's arks mounted on wheels, horses and mules reduced to mere skin and bone, everything fore-shadowed the ruin of the confederacy. Thursday morning, May 7th, we began the march for Richmond, escorted by the 12th South Carolina. The roads were in an awful condition, in consequence of recent rains. On the route we passed through Bowling Green, a few miles east of the railroad, and by evening reached Milford station. Just beyond the village we were obliged to wade the Mattapony river, and halted for the night in a forest near by. After a toilsome march we bivouacked on Friday evening, a short distance beyond Hanover Station. At this place each man received five medium sized crackers and an ounce of bacon. Our guards were very uncommunicative, but occasionally sung out, "git in yer groups of fours dar," or ventured an "I reckon," or a "right smart." May 9th, seemed to concentrate and intensify all previous discomforts. The day was exceedingly hot, and our route lay through a succession of vile swamps, skirting the Pamunkey and Chickahominy rivers, and extending to within four or five miles of Richmond. Here the ground is somewhat higher, and pleasant villages nestle among the trees, now just assuming the

verdure of Spring. As we passed one of these residences the proprietor, an old gentleman, and the women, turned out en masse to view the procession. No doubt we did present a rather sorry plight; at any rate these high-bred F. F. V's laughed exultingly, and were loud and profuse in their remarks complimentary to Yankees in general and us in particular. "Oh well, you have got to Richmond now," screeched out one of them with all the impotent ire she could muster. "Next time we are coming with guns," was the reply. "Yes, yes," chimed in the old man, "we saw a lot of you fellows last Summer over there," pointing with his cane in the direction of the Chickahominy swamps. Thus a running fire of words was kept up all along the line.

We could now see in the distance the spires of the rebel capital. Just outside the city, lines of earthworks, with here and there a frowning cannon, commanded the road. Our flattering reception thus far in the villages along the route from Guinea's Station led us to expect even greater demonstrations from the Richmond populace. As we entered the city it seemed as if all Richmond had turned out to view the Yankee parade. The streets in the suburbs were full of people, men, women and children, whites, negroes, mulattos, all in one confused crowd and swayed for the most part with clamorous exultation; while "her beauty and her chivalry," arm in arm, gloated over the scene with a kind of fiendish delight. One old woman, raising her arms in blank astonishment, screamed out, "Why, all Hooker's army is coming!" We thought to ourselves, she is about right; Hooker's army will be here one of these days, and with guns, too. "What have you come down here for?" demanded one whose very countenance flashed vengeance. "Oh, we are only Hooker's advance guard, come down to act as pall-bearers at Stonewall Jackson's funeral," some one quietly replied. In his rage he answered, "if you were not a prisoner, I'd shoot you down." "You've got to Richmond in a way you didn't expect." "See these Yanks; there's hardly an honest face among 'em all." "What a hang-dog look." These and many other expressions, of all degrees of refinement, were launched at us. It really seemed as if the chivalry had studied for this very occasion, some vocabulary of Billingsgate, and practiced it beforehand so as to get it off in the most approved style of grimace and tone. Although Richmond is the Sodom and Gomorrah of treason and the concentrated essence of rebel villainy and venom, we were not left entirely to this dark view of the picture. While we stood in the street, just before entering Jeff's hotel, a German woman, in the kindness, and I believe, loyalty of her heart, came hurriedly out from a neighboring house with a large loaf of cake and divided it up among the eager men. She then went back, but soon returned laden with a lot of bread, which she distributed in like manner. Several other instances of similar character occurred like flashes of golden sunlight in a dark and lowering sky.

Wearied by the day's march and its exciting scenes, and exhausted through want of food, we were now ushered into a tobacco factory belonging to Crew and Pemberton, and situated on Carey street, opposite the infamous Libby prison,

of which it is a counterpart. In this latter den were quartered the commissioned officers of the 27th, who had preceded the regiment a day or two by railroad. More than a thousand men were stowed away in Crew and Pemberton's factory, an average of nearly three hundred in each story. Two hundred and eighty nine, including the larger part of the 27th, occupied the upper loft, and when all reclined upon the floor almost every square foot was covered. Many were so thoroughly exhausted as to be unable to drag themselves up stairs without assistance from their comrades. The next day was the Sabbath, just one week since we fell into rebel hands.

During this week we received as rations per man three pints of flour, five medium sized crackers, and an ounce or two of bacon. All day Sunday, the men were clamorous for something to eat. The guards about the prison were under strict orders to prevent the people from selling anything to the prisoners, but notwithstanding this, some articles did pass the blockade. At evening, the rebels distributed to every four men what purported to be a four pound loaf of bread and a pound of pork. Less than three pounds of bread would be nearer the truth, making about ten or twelve ounces for each man, and this with three ounces of pork formed the daily ration for one person. As far as it went it was very good. Every morning the prison director with the rank of Major, and his clerk, a renegade New Yorker, precious scoundrels both of them, came into the prison to count us over and see if we were all there. If justice could take its course, these men and others, who have spent the last three years in slowly torturing to death Union prisoners, and have gloated over their hellish work with malicious pleasure, would be thrust into these infernal dens and blown to destruction amid their ruins, while civilization and christianity applauded with an emphatic amen.

Thus affairs continued for several days, the same dull routine of prison life, varied by nothing except the contraband reading of Richmond papers with accounts of Stonewall Jackson's funeral, at which there was great joy in Libby. At length, on Wednesday morning came the glad announcement that United States' transports were at City Point awaiting our arrival. The rebel officers administered to us the following paroling oath: "We, the undersigned, do solemnly swear and pledge our sacred word that we will not, during the existing hostilities between the United States and Confederate States of America, aid or abet the enemies of said Confederate States by arms or otherwise, until regularly and legally exchanged or otherwise released. So help me God. And we do acknowledge our names appended to the same as though signed by ourselves." At half-past three in the afternoon, with gladness indescribable, we left those prison walls to enter upon the march to City Point, a place about thirty-five miles from Richmond. Crossing the James River into Manchester, we took the turnpike road to Petersburg, under the escort chiefly of cavalry. The rebels hurried us forward for miles almost at double quick, without any halt. As Major Turner rode by, apparently somewhat under the influence of whiskey, the men called to him for a rest. He shouted out,

"there is no rest for the wicked," and passed on. The Petersburg road just beyond Manchester, is intersected by heavy lines of earthworks for the protection of the Capital in that direction. Branching off to the left is another road leading to "Drewry's Bluff Battery." The woody and swampy nature of the land for miles in front renders approach to these fortifications extremely difficult.

It was the purpose of our escort to continue the march all night, but a thunder storm of surpassing violence seriously interfered. A darkness, so intense that we could not see a foot before us, enveloped the road. Slowly through mud and rain, and darkness, we straggled along until near midnight. It was impossible to go further. Scattered along the roadside for miles were hundreds too much exhausted to keep up with the column, and finally we all dragged ourselves into the marshy woods, and lulled to sleep by the babbling brooks flowing around us in every direction, forgot a while the fatigue of the march. At an early hour the next day the weary column again moves on, each man sustaining his waning strength by frequent halts. Petersburg is passed and ten miles more of mud. At length the waters of the James River glimmer in the distance; the old flag, floating proudly at the masthead of the Union transports, beckons onward. The men attempt to cheer, but it dies on their lips; nature is too much exhausted to utter the feelings which swell all hearts. With renewed energy we press forward and soon enter the deserted village of City Point, whose shattered roofs told of a former bombardment. That march from Richmond to City Point stands almost unexampled in the whole experience of the 27th. Many were ready to drop on the ground from utter inability to go further. Behind them frowned the grim, historic walls of Libby; dreary months of incarceration moved by in slow procession, crowded full with the records of cruelty, and starvation, and disease; while forward to freedom and humanity, forward to generous care and protection, written on every fold of the old flag, fired them with new determination to toil on. Once more they stand on a Union deck, resolved to strike a heavier blow for country when again they advance to meet her barbarous foes. As soon as the men were aboard the transports a supply of food was distributed to meet their pressing wants. The steamers quietly dropped down the beautiful James River, bordered with high banks, rich in the fresh verdure of Spring, with here and there a handsome villa peering above the trees. We anchored for the night at Harrison's Landing, an important point in the history of the Peninsular campaign. The next forenoon our transports steamed into Hampton Roads. Hampton, once the Summer resort of the Virginia chivalry, Newport News, the distant spires of Norfolk, the top-mast of the Cumberland still pointing skyward, the little monitors and the Rip-raps, and that grand old sentinel, Fortress Monroe, all crowd on the view as we round to, at Old Point Comfort. A brief stop and we are off again for Annapolis, where we arrive on the morning of May 16th, and are quartered in barracks in the rear of the town. An ancient air surrounds everything in this relic of the early set-

tlers of Maryland. Here is the old Capitol building where Washington delivered his farewell address, and among the curiosities a rusty, ill-shaped cannon, brought over by Lord Baltimore, now lies in one of the halls after a long residence at the bottom of a neighboring stream. After three days of rest, we start for Alexandria by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, and on May 21st, are introduced within the narrow precincts of Convalescent Camp. WINTHROP.

Chaplain Eaton, of the Seventh.

Sweet be thy rest; life's battle fought,

And though we weep thy loss,
We know 'twas gain for thee to die,
Thou soldier of the Cross!

And so we calmly give thee up,

To sleep, till Christ shall come
With majesty and glory crowned,
To take His children home.

Earnest thy work while here on earth,

Grand be thy praise in heav'n;
While all eternity shall roll,

To thee it shall be giv'n

To see the wondrous things, that thou

Didst love so well below,
Which heart of man hath ne'er conceived,
And none of earth can know.

But 'round the spot where thou art laid,

Those stalwart men shall tread,
And speak of him who rests beneath,
Their best and bravest dead;

And thou shalt live through coming years,

Though silent thou shalt speak,

Until those heads are silvered o'er,

And cold each war-scarred cheek.

But in thy home is left a void,

The future may not fill,

The dear ones there shall weep in vain,

Shall weep and miss thee still;

And sadly gaze with tear-dimmed eyes

Where stands a vacant chair;

They'll see thee henceforth but in dreams,

And in the hour of prayer.

O! thou the Christ who wiped the tears,

And dost the mourners love,

Guard thou that stricken household band,

'Till all shall meet above;

Be with them in this hour of grief,

Be with to shield and bless,

And guide them o'er life's lonely way,

With love and tenderness.

F. ISABELLE WIXON.

New Haven.

Presentation.

CAMP 7TH REGT. CONN. VOLS., }
Wilmington, N. C., April 14, 1865. }

EDITOR WAR RECORD:—Captain Wm. H. Pierpont, Co. D, 7th C. V., who has recently been appointed Assistant Commissary of Muster, for the District of Wilmington, N. C., was this day presented with a handsome sword, sash, belt and pair of shoulder straps, by the enlisted men of Co. D, 7th C. V., "as a slight testimonial of our respect, and appreciation of his rare qualities as an officer, soldier, and gentleman."

By inserting the above, you will confer a particular favor upon the regiment, and especially upon

MEMBERS OF Co. D, 7th C. V.

WM. A. DENSLow of New Haven, formerly of the 7th regiment, has been promoted to a Lieut. Col.

OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the First Artillery.

ORDNANCE OFFICE, SIEGE ARTILLERY, }
Broadway Landing, Va., April 21, 1865. }

Messrs. Editors—Sirs:—Having very little to do at present, I will write you a short letter.

There is nothing of importance transpiring near here, except the loading of the siege train, which is going on as fast as possible. There are, of course, a great many rumors as to the probable destination of the Regiment. The prevailing one is, that we are going to Conn. to be disbanded, but it seems too good to be true. However, we all hope so, and I think our Regiment ought to be the first one discharged, as we were the first three years Regt. from the State. The country around here is infested by guerrillas, who rob and murder whenever they get a chance. There has been three men killed, two being shot, and one beaten to death, since the evacuation of Petersburg. One of the men was shot only night before last, only about half or three quarters of an hour after your correspondent passed over the spot, and who also heard the shot fired. It was a soldier who was murdered. He was robbed and partially stripped of his clothing, so that he could not be identified. His body was left lying in the road. If the authorities would only hang up a few of them, it would be a good warning to the rest.

Another incident which I saw at Headquarters a day or two ago, I will relate. There has been some six or eight men, residents of the country around here that have been drawing rations from our A. C. S., for the support of their destitute families. The other day, one of them came down as usual, having in his pocket a loaded revolver, which was taken from him and kept by our A. Q. M. This shows what gratitude exists among these professed Union men. I wish I had the disposal of them, I would give them their rations in the shape of Minie balls.

The Regiment occupies the same position, but will probably move in the course of a week or two. If so, you shall be informed as soon as possible after the movement, and I remain,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

WALTER F. SAGE.

The 16th Regiment.

NEWBERN, N. C., April 22d, 1865.

Since writing my last letter, we have been moved from the Provost Guard Station houses that we occupied for a time, and are now encamped on a lot on Middle st., near Johnston. The duty now assigned to the regiment is guarding stores, baggage, &c., at the Railroad Depot. Capts. Burke, Turner and 28 men, exchanged prisoners, captured with the regiment at Plymouth a year ago, arrived here lately, and are looking very well, considering the hardships they have undergone while in captivity.

Col. Frank Beach, the Col. of the regiment, is in town. Major Pasco is daily expected, as well as several of the line officers. The return of the men who were in at the taking of Plymouth is but slow, and it is evident that the mortality among them has been greater than was first sup-

posed. Many reach their homes only to die at last of fever or exhaustion, while others are so crippled from the effects of scurvy that they will never attempt to join the regiment.

Gen. Harland's Brigade Band is in town, as it was the last time we were in Newbern. Jack Bryan, the cornet player, is still with them, and by his inimitable playing sustains the reputation he has won, reflecting a brighter lustre upon the town of Waterbury than can be found upon any of her highest polished buttons.

The health of the regiment is fair, but we may soon expect fevers, &c., for the streets of the city are filthy in the extreme. ROANOKE.

From the 15th Regiment.

The Advance—The Capture—The Parole—The Furlough.

The Regiment left Newbern, N. C., on the 2d day of March, and went to Core Creek, distant about 18 miles, where we halted, for the purpose of organizing the Army, and also to have the railroad built to that point.

The army was designated as the "Army of the District of Beaufort," and at that time was under the command of Gen. Cox. The 15th C. V. formed a part, and a very large part of the 2d Division. The Division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Carter, and the Brigade by Col. Upham of the 15th C. V. The Regiment was divided into two battalions, Lieut. Col. Tolles commanding the 1st, and Major Osborn the 2d. Upon the 6th the advance guard of the army encountered the enemy's pickets, and drove them back to a place known as Wise's Forks, which is about three miles from South West Creek, our forces holding the Forks that night. The day following, the enemy were driven nearly to the Creek. A short time before sunset, Co's A and I of the 1st Bat. were ordered out as skirmishers, relieving a portion of the 132d New York Vols. The skirmish line was established, and advanced to within about four hundred yards of the enemy's line of works; but this was not done without a little skirmish, and a few shells from the enemy's battery. The skirmishers occupied a position immediately in front of the enemy's line of works, which were upon the bank of the Creek, and commanded the bridge across it—the line stretching for quite a distance on either side of the road. Co's D and C, were placed in rear of the skirmishers as their supports, and Co. F, was of the advance picket line, so the whole of 1st Bat. was in the advance. After dark all was quiet on the lines, but our men were busy digging rifle pits to shelter themselves from the fire of the enemy's skirmishers, so that in the morning they had very respectable breastworks to lie behind, and they afterwards proved to be of great service.

The enemy, too, were busy chopping down trees to strengthen their position. The 2d bat. were drawn up as a support to a Battery of the 3d N. Y. Artillery. Thus we passed the night, expecting that in the morning, with the first gleam of day the "ball" would begin in earnest. But to our surprise, "all was quiet," our orders being "not to fire unless the enemy tried to advance—simply hold your ground."

During the forenoon of this day, (the 8th.)

there was some artillery firing, and an occasional shot exchanged by the skirmishers. The skirmisher's reserves, Co's D and C, seemed to be objects of the enemy's particular solicitude, for they shelled us severely, evidently with the hope of driving us from our position. But we were put there to *stay*, and *stay* we *would*, as long as we could. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, there was quite a sharp skirmish between a company of the 12th N. Y. Cav. and the enemy, off to our left, and then all was quiet for awhile. The enemy were busy, however, for early in the afternoon, we found that they had got around our left and in our rear. The 27th Mass. was upon our left, and became engaged before we did. They were not able to stand long before such odds, and soon fell back beyond our battalion. Major Osborn immediately changed his front so as to face the enemy's advance, and at once became engaged. As the enemy worked around, our front was again changed, so that we were facing to what had been our rear. At this time, the contest raged fearfully, our men being determined to fight as long as possible. The musketry firing was very severe—terrific—I think I may safely say that we fought as *bravely* as troops ever fought, but overpowering numbers obliged us to fall back. This we were compelled to do in great confusion, as there were a number of loose horses running through the field—the battery horses cut loose, and the enemy shelling us severely. I might have stated that the enemy numbered *eight to one*. We took a direction to our right, in hopes we might escape being captured. The skirmishers held their line until the enemy were in the road upon the left of which one of our company was stationed. Lieut. Col. Tolles did not like to leave the line until *ordered*, but he did so in the hope that he might withdraw before we were entirely surrounded. It was too late, however, for the enemy had completely encircled us. Some were killed in the rifle pits on the skirmish line, by the enemy in the rear. We lost two officers before the line was abandoned, Capt. Bassett and Lieut. Bishop. Capt. Bassett died on the field near where he was wounded, but Lieut. Bishop lived several days after. After going about a quarter of a mile to our right, we were brought to a stand, having arrived at the edge of the circle. Almost the entire regiment was captured, and at once marched to Kinston, where we remained about an hour, when we were put upon the cars and taken to Goldsboro. While on the way to Kinston, one of the guard says to me, "You all didn't think we all had so many men here, did you?" Not feeling in a very amicable frame of mind, I made no reply. He continued, "We all had 15000 men here that were against you. We got here at two o'clock this morning." At Goldsboro, we were put in charge of the Senior Reserves of the State, Col. McCoy, commanding. They treated us very well, giving us the same ration they gave their own soldiers, one pound of corn meal, and one third of a pound of bacon per day.

Upon the 10th inst. all who were able to march were put on cars and taken to Weldon. The wounded were left in Goldsboro. We remained at Weldon until the morning of the 12th, when we were again put on cars and taken to Ridge-

way, from which place we marched to Wolf Trap, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, a distance of nearly sixty miles, arriving there on the morning of the 15th inst. On the afternoon of the 16th, during a severe rain storm, we were marched over the rickety railroad to Clover Station, at which place we staid over night. The following morning the officers were put on the top of a train and taken to Richmond. The enlisted men had to march there. I think the distance was a little over one hundred miles. Upon the arrival of the officers at Libby prison, Capt. Hatch, the Inspector of Prisons, requested them to give up their green backs and coin of which an account would be kept, and when they left the prison it would be returned to them.

If, upon being searched, any was found, it would be confiscated. Those who gave up any, received it again the morning they left. Officers and men were confined in separate rooms, but in the same building. The officers in charge of the prisons were very civil, as indeed were all with whom we came in contact. We were taken from prison on Sunday morning, the 26th, and put on board the Wm. Allison and another flag of truce boat, and taken down to James River to Cox's Landing, having been previously paroled.

Upon our arrival at Annapolis on the 27th, we were furloughed with but little delay, and permitted to go to our homes. B.

From the 20th Regiment.

CAMP 20TH CONN. VOL. INFANTRY, }
Goldsboro, March 30th, 1865. }

Editor Conn. War Record:

You never said a truer thing, than, when, in the Feb. number of the RECORD, you remarked that "the 5th and 20th Regts. Conn. Vol. Inftry. were too busy making history to find time to write." Others may speak in behalf of the brave 5th; we will try to speak for the 20th.

It is a fact, that we have all been so busy in marching and fighting and performing other duties, during the past year especially, that we have hardly found the opportunity to do the ordinary writing of the regiment, and to keep our immediate friends posted in regard to ourselves. Now, for the space of one year, the 20th can hardly be said to have had any rest. It has been with them, well nigh one continual marching, guarding trains, throwing up defensive works, fighting, making corduroy roads, building bridges, and executing flank movements, by which the enemy were hunted out of their strongholds, and many valuable lives saved. And, when, for a time, there has been a pause in the active campaign, there has been but little rest to either officers or men. For scarcely would the commanders of companies get their official business in regular shape, and the men secure a new supply of clothing, before the ever restless and earnest General Sherman would set the army in motion again, bent on some ill to the sinking Southern Confederacy. And well has the army earned the name of Sherman's "Iron Clads," for it would seem as if none but iron men could endure the privations and hardships which this army has undergone.

THE REPUTATION OF THE TWENTIETH.

It has not been the fortune of the 20th to be mentioned in the papers so frequently as some of our Connecticut regiments. For the year and

a half just passed, we have been "way down in Dixie," and, during no small part of that time, cut off from all communication with the outside world. And, more than that, men who are the most earnest in doing their duty, are the least disposed to sound abroad their own praises. They "point to deeds."

But we claim to have as clear and good record as any of the brave and honored regiments of our State. We are proud to feel that we have never, by our bad conduct, in the face of the enemy, or on the march, or in the camp, disgraced the worthy name of the excellent Governor of our State; for we rejoice in the name of "Buckingham's Legion." And if we may take the word of our commanding Generals, the good Governor has no reason to blush on our account.

When the 20th A. C. was passing in review before Gen. Sherman, a short time previous to our leaving Savannah, the General took particular notice of the 20th C. V. He inquired of one of his attendants, what regiment that was; "20th Connecticut," was the answer. The General then responded in his peculiar, nervous style, "Good little regiment, good little regiment." "They are all good regiments," replied Gen. Williams, commander of the 20th Corps. "Good little regiment, good little regiment," the Gen. remarked again, and passed on. We naturally feel proud of such compliments. And we have received others also.

The guard at the Headquarters of the left wing is composed of men selected from the 20th C. V. They are praised by all, while Gen. Slocum says they are the best guard he has ever had. Then, again, details for especial duty are often called from this same 20th C. V. These things indicate the estimation in which the regiment is held by our superiors. The officers and men, almost without exception, have shown themselves to be true and reliable men.

THE RECENT CAMPAIGN.

The campaign through which we have just passed, has been one eventful and fruitful of good results to the glorious cause of our country. We have endeavored to do our duty, and that is all we ask praise for. We think it may be said truly of the 20th, that they fight and endure the toils of army life, from a sense of duty, impelled by a strong realization of the vast importance of the interests which are imperilled by the rebellion, rather than from a desire for the applause of men. It is not uncommon to hear remarks of that character made by the officers and men of the regiment; and just here, doubtless, is the secret of our success. Conscience, determination, and love of principle are behind our bayonets.

We will not attempt a detailed account of our march through the Carolinas. Our position has been with the left wing of the army, and we have marched more than five hundred miles through the swamps and rivers, over the hills, and sandy plains, and dismal pine wastes of the Carolinas. We have done our part of road making, bridge building, foraging, cotton burning, guarding traitors and marching in the night, through mud and while the heavens were wrathful with thunder and lightning. When it rains in this country, it makes a business of it; it simply pours, as if the fountain of the heavens were broken up; and

such is the character of the soil, that after one hour's rain, it becomes like a quagmire; or one vast quicksand, apparently without bottom. Then we have been compelled to ford many streams, and some of them when the water was so cold that it cut like a razor, and then again, for two or three days in succession, our march has been through pine forests which were on fire, sending up huge masses of thick, black smoke, which the winds would take and waft into our faces, covering us all with a thick coat of lamp black, so that we appeared like a vast army of chimney sweeps marching through the land. During this time also, we have known, like the apostle Paul, "both what it was to abound, and to be in need." Some of the time, the army would be abundantly supplied with food, while at other times, the men would not have more than one quarter rations. And as for clothing, some of them would have been almost destitute of it, if it had not been for the foragers; and when we reached our base, many of the soldiers were clad in the rebel gray instead of Federal Blue. The blue had failed them, and the hated gray was put on out of necessity.

You often have had your heart touched with sympathy while reading of the bare-footed soldiers of the Revolution. It was hard, indeed for them to be without covering for their feet. So it has been hard for our men to be without shoes. More than once have we beheld men walking over rough ways, and through the forests, where were sharp shrubs and angry briars entwined and tangled with strong vines, *without shoes*. Their feet might bleed, but there was no help for it. Their shoes had been worn out, and no more could be obtained. Have you no tears of sympathy for the heroes of 1865, who fight to perpetuate that which their fathers fought to inaugurate—liberty and sound government? Honor the one—enwreath their memories with never fading laurels; but remember, also, the suffering braves of to-day.

While on our march, many rumors came to our ears concerning the designs of the enemy, and our Generals expected to meet with opposition at several points, but none of a very serious character was encountered till after we had crossed the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville. Up to that time, the enemy had made haste to get out of our way. But we had come to press them so closely that they were in danger of losing their train, and they began to hope that they might defeat our tired and hungry army. It was after this, that the 20th was once more brought face to face with their old opponents of the 20th of July, at Peach Tree Creek.

HEAVY SKIRMISHING.

On the 14th of March, our Brigade, and a portion of another was sent out on a reconnoissance. After marching three or four miles, we first met the enemy, and the Brigade was divided, General Cogswell taking charge of one portion and placing the other under command of Lieut. Col. Buckingham, of the 20th. The enemy were gradually crowded back till they entered some works which they had erected. For two or three hours, our forces, skilfully handled by Col. Buckingham, continued to skirmish with the foe, till the object of the reconnoissance had been attain-

ed, when they were withdrawn from the field. The 20th C. V. were in the advance, and the only casualties of the day were from our regiment. Lieut. Murry was severely wounded in the leg near the thigh, and one of the men received a flesh wound in the leg. Lieut. Murry was an officer respected by all, brave beyond question, and ever ready to perform duty. Our march back to camp that night, while darkness gathered around the tired men, was silent and sad. Late in the evening we reached our camp with tired bodies and empty stomachs. Our General expressed satisfaction with what we had done. But, on reaching camp, we learned that our progress had met with trouble. Six of those that went out in the morning were missing, and it was thought that one of the number was killed. One man came in with a sabre cut in the head, and another, a negro servant, with a serious wound in the abdomen.

Early the next morning, the whole left wing was set in motion over the same road which we had traversed the day before. We passed the place of the previous day's fighting, and encamped just beyond the abandoned works of the rebels, in the midst of a pouring rain. We had the opportunity of passing along that part of the enemy's lines which was in front of the 20th on the day previous. It was then evident, from the graves that were to be seen, that some of the foe had been compelled to bite the dust from our bullets.

ACTION OF MARCH SIXTEENTH.

The next day, the 16th, the army was again ordered forward. Soon we began to hear the reports of cannon, and it was evident that Kilpatrick, who was in the advance, was at work with the enemy. In a short time, coming up with the advance guard, we were found in line of battle directly under the eyes of Gens. Sherman, Slocum and Williams. The line soon advanced, and fighting began in good earnest. The 20th was again in the advance, but did not fail to do its duty. A movement of a portion of the 20th Corps, through a swamp, supposed by the enemy to be impassable to infantry, brought them on the flank of the enemy, who were speedily forced to abandon their first line of works, leaving in our possession three pieces of artillery, the most of their wounded, and many prisoners. During the day the foe were driven out of three lines of works, and at night we intrenched on the battle field, the 20th C. V. being still in the advance, and immediately in front of the enemy's works. There they remained all night in mud and water, which was continually increasing from a heavy rain. The enemies of the Republic had been defeated, but it had been attended with severe loss to us. Our Adjutant, C. M. Talcott, was wounded in the arm, as was also Lieut. Johnson, while Lieut. Barry, who was always brave and faithful, was mortally wounded in the breast. He died early on the morning of the 17th. Besides these, two were killed on the field, and one died after having been conveyed to the hospital, and thirteen others were wounded. It was a trying day for the regiment; but all did well, from the highest to the lowest.

The enemy having abandoned their strong line of works during the night, the following morning

our forces pursued them, seeing many evidences of precipitation in their flight. Ambulances and many wounded were abandoned by them. We found one ambulance left in the middle of the road, with a wounded man in it not yet dead. From the citizens and negroes, we ascertained that the enemy admitted a loss of between two and three thousand. Our entire loss was less than six hundred.

We made only a short march on the 17th, encamping for the night at an early hour. Early on the morning of the 18th, we took up our line of march for Goldsboro. The roads being exceedingly bad, our progress was slow, so that our march of that day did not come to an end till 5 o'clock A. M., of the 19th. After a halt of three hours for rest and breakfast, we were on the move again. It was a most beautiful Spring day, and on the march, we were cheered by the songs of birds, and evidences of bursting life in the shrubs and flowers beside the road. But soon we heard cannonading in the distance, and, when about two o'clock P. M., we were ordered to leave the train, which we had been guarding, and to hasten forward, old soldiers began to see the battle in the distance.

BATTLE OF BENTONVILLE.

Not far from 3 o'clock P. M., we found ourselves immediately in the presence of the enemy, who, having ascertained the number of our forces, passing that way, had massed 35 or 40,000 troops, with the determination to annihilate the whole left wing, and capture our artillery and train. Two Divisions of the 14th Corps were in the advance, and having encountered the enemy early in the morning, were unable to maintain their ground against the superior numbers of their assailants, and so had fallen back, during the day, losing three pieces of artillery. The rebels, flushed by the advantages gained by them in the early part of the day, were preparing to reap the full benefit of them, and make sure the defeat of the left wing of the Union Army. Just at this time the 3d Division of the 20th Corps, came to the rescue, and was immediately formed in line of battle. The enemy had their line of battle in a swamp of dense growth of underbrush, with large pine trees. Also in front of this line was a deep pool of water. The right of our line was held by a portion of the 14th Corps, and the 3d Brigade, 20th Corps, was sent to support the right, while the first and second Brigades were ordered to the left of our line. Our third Brigade had been told that there was a Brigade of the 14th Corps in their front, and the men commanded not to fire till ordered to do so. But it appears that this Brigade of the 14th A. C., having been roughly handled in the morning, had moved to the rear, leaving a wide gap in our line. The enemy had discovered that fact, and were executing a flank movement, which, if they had succeeded in accomplishing, would have proved disastrous to our arms. Somebody, high in authority, was at fault in not knowing of this break in our lines; but who it was it would not become the writer to intimate, even if he knew. It is sufficient to know, that such was the true state of the case, and that our fighting 3d Brigade arrived just in time to save the day. The first that our brave boys knew, while advancing

through thick bushes, and in the water nearly up to their waists, was a hot fire from the enemy. Yet, though taken by surprise, they *did* not fall back. Discovering the true situation of affairs, they returned the fire of the enemy, checked their advance, and after a very severe fight of one or two hours in duration, aided by an effective fire from our artillery, drove them back, thus saving the day, and a portion of the 14th Corps from capture, besides cutting off two regiments of the enemy, which were taken prisoners by our forces. The fight was a terrific one, the rebels confident of victory, fighting with great bravery, and our noble heroes resisting with the greatest firmness, the charges of the greatly superior numbers of the foe. Gen. Slocum, in complimenting the Brigade, declared that we saved the day. Prominent in that Brigade was the firm and true 20th C. V. It did not falter, but brave among the brave it fought to the end, and encamped at night, with the rest of the Brigade, on the bloody field, within fifty yards of the rebel lines.

Thus did the Sabbath day close to us, amid a peal of musketry, and the heavy booming of cannon, and scenes of carnage. We had saved the day, and defeated the enemy. But it had cost us much. Three from the 20th were killed on the field, thirty-five were wounded, and six or seven of them mortally. That was a sad night to our men. The stoutest could hardly refrain from weeping, as they placed their comrades in the honored grave or bore them to the rear wounded. Our Brigade lost 78 men in the battle, and the 20th lost 38 of that number. And thus again did the "Buckingham Legion," led by our efficient and courageous Lieut. Colonel, and other brave and true officers of the line, do honor to our native State, and to him, our wise and noble hearted Governor, after whom we were named, at the first. We shed a tear for our comrades, dead, or suffering from wounds, and extend our hearty sympathy to the bereaved ones at home, and then renew our vows to our country, girding on our armor for new conflicts, hoping still to do our duty to our country and our God, and thus help usher in the happy day, when the sunshine of peace shall gladden our land again.

MARCH TO GOLDSBORO.

On the night of the 19th, the enemy fell back a mile and a half, leaving his dead unburied, and our Brigade was ordered to the left of the line, where we threw up works. But it soon having been ascertained that the enemy had retreated again before us, we, having meantime been reinforced largely, were ordered on the march again, according to the General's original plan, for Goldsboro, and here we are now, so many of us as are left. When the regiment left Savannah, it numbered 306 men for duty. Out of that number we have lost, in various ways, 70 men. We have on our rolls now, not far from 560 men.

The regiment is now in command of Lieut. Col. Buckingham, Col. Ross and Major Pardee are both absent—the Col. being detached for recruiting purposes, at Hartford, and the Major being away from ill health.

With this, is sent a list of casualties of the regiment on this campaign. C. N. L.

PERSONAL.

List of Appointments and Promotions in the Connecticut Volunteer Force, for the month of April, 1865.

1ST ARTILLERY.

Major George Ager to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 25th day of April, 1865, vice Trumbull, deceased.

For distinguished services in the recent battles before Petersburg and Richmond, Va., Captain Henry H. Pierce to be Major, with rank from the 25th of April, 1865, vice Ager, promoted.

5TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. James Butterfield to be Captain, vice Whitney, discharged.

1st Sergt. Enos A. Sage to be 1st Lieut., vice Henderson, killed in battle.

1st Sergt. Lowell M. Snow to be 1st Lieut., vice Wilson, discharged for disability.

Sergt. Major John H. Brewster to be 1st Lieut., vice Botsford, declined commission.

1st Sergt. Philander Alden to be 1st Lieut., vice Butterfield, promoted.

1st Sergt. George F. Selceck to be 1st Lieut., vice Redfield, commission revoked.

2d Asst. Surg. Andrew I. Gilson to be 1st Asst. Surgeon, vice Bissell, promoted.

All with rank from the 6th of April, 1865.

8TH REGIMENT.

Major Wm. M. Pratt to be Lieut. Col., with rank from the 20th day of April, vice Smith, honorably discharged.

Sergt. Major Joseph H. Jewett to be 1st Lieut., vice Weed, mustered out.

Sergt. William H. Peck to be 1st Lieut., vice Ives, discharged.

1st Sergt. David A. Baldwin to be 1st Lieut., vice Rathbun, discharged.

1st Sergt. Albert T. Booth to be 1st Lieut., vice Lane, commission revoked.

All with rank from the 1st of April, 1865.

9TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. David C. Warner to be Captain, with rank from the 5th of April, 1865, vice Healy, promoted.

11TH REGIMENT.

1st Lieut. Henry A. Eastman to be Captain, vice Dickenson, discharged.

2d Lieut. Royal V. Paine to be 1st Lieut., vice Metzger, resigned.

Corp. Chas. E. Dibble, 8th C. V., to be 2d Lieut., 11th C. V., vice Paine, promoted.

All with rank from the 6th of April, 1865.

12TH BATTALION.

Samuel H. Granniss of New Haven, to be 1st Lieut. and Adjutant, with rank from the 1st day of April, 1865, vice Peck, declined commission.

13TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. Abner N. Sperry to be Captain, to fill an original vacancy in the Battalion.

2d Lieut. John W. Maddux to be 1st Lieut. to fill an original vacancy in the Battalion.

1st Sergt. Everett E. Dumbor to be 2d Lieut., vice Maddux, promoted.

All with rank from the 1st of April, 1865.

14TH BATTALION.

1st Lieut. and Adjutant William B. Hincks to be Major, with rank from the 1st of April, 1865, vice Broatch, discharged.

16TH REGIMENT.

Gurdon Robbins, Jr. of Essex, is hereby re-appointed 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, with rank from the 10th of April, 1865.

ALFRED B. BEERS, son of Alfred Beers of this city, a member of the 6th C. V., has just been promoted from an Orderly Sergeant to the rank of Captain. Mr. Beers is a young man, not yet twenty years old; has already served one term, and re-enlisted. He was at the taking of Fort Fisher, and has been in a number of other battles. His promotion came to him unsolicited and unexpected, and it is all the more merited.

Capt. Beers has sent to his brother a piece of the mahogany carriage of the Armstrong gun.

presented to the rebels by the citizens of Liverpool, and taken by our forces of Fort Caswell.—Bridgeport Standard.

FIRST LIEUT. GURDON ROBBINS, JR., Quartermaster of the 16th Regiment, has been honorably discharged and re-commissioned.

MAJOR EDWARD B. WEEKS, of the 1st Florida Cavalry, formerly of Colechester, is honorably mentioned by Gen. Newton, for "fighting desperately" at St. Marks, Fla.

LIEUT. JAMES WYLLIS DIXON, of Hartford, is honorably mentioned by Gen. Wright for gallantry, at the battle of Petersburg, on Saturday and Sunday, March 25th and 26th.

MAJOR-GEN. MOWER, of New London, caused a national salute to be fired in the streets of Cheshire, S. C., on the 4th of March, using for that purpose two Blakeley guns which had been given to the enemy.—Norwich Courier.

GEO. N. MALLORY, formerly a Lieut. in the 10th C. V., recently enlisted as a private for the 5th C. V., and on coming into the Conscript Camp was detailed for duty as a clerk at Captain Merrill's headquarters. He has received a commission as a Captain in the 5th C. V.

CAPT. WM. G. DICKINSON, of the 11th C. V., has been honorably discharged from the service. Capt. D. has been a prompt, faithful and efficient officer. He served nearly his first three years in the ranks, rising steadily by decided merit to his position as Captain.

CASUALTIES.

CASUALTIES IN THE 10TH REGT. CONN. VOLS., FROM THE 30TH OF MARCH, 1865, TO THE 10TH OF APRIL, 1865, DURING ENGAGEMENTS AT HATCHER'S RUN, FORT GREGG AND APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.

Lieut. Col. E. D. S. Goodyear, right shoulder.

COMPANY A.

Sergt. Charles W. Granniss, right hand; Corps. Henry C. Smith, left knee; Virgil E. Hitchcock, chest, badly; Privates, Charles A. Jones, right leg; John Wilson, right hand; Jas. Rafferty, chest, mortally; Matthew McCone, back, mortally.

COMPANY B.

Killed: Captain George H. Brown. Corp's. John L. Dutton, right shoulder; Uriah A. Hanover, left hand; Henry B. Hailing, neck; Privates, Thomas Woods, right arm; Teriace Camil, right hand; Carrier Robbins, right thigh.

COMPANY C.

Captain James H. Linsley, right thigh; 2d Lieut. Edward L. Smith, face and right arm; 1st Sergeant Charles L. Taylor, scrotum; Corporals, John L. Dow, right arm; Francis Hoffman, abdomen, mortally; Privates, Adam Wolf, not known; Peter Sundalias, chest; James Williams, not known; Thomas O'Connor, head; Thomas McCaw, foot, arm and back; Jacob Manders, face; Geo. Brown, 1st, contusion; Geo. Brown, 2d, right shoulder; James Gilmore, mouth; Fred. Bahm, right thigh; Thomas Flynn, right knee; Alphons Schaffer, chest.

COMPANY D.

1st Lieut. Julius Neidhart, left thigh amputated; 2d Lieut. Andrew F. Jones, right thigh; Corporal John Fliun, right hand; Privates, George W. Newell, breast contused; Jules Lasalles, right shoulder; Adolphe Lefebvre, not known; Joseph Lee, not known; Fred. Daudt, abdomen and left leg. Killed: Privates James Scheen, H. L. V. Marrel. Missing.—Private James Patterson.

COMPANY E.

Privates, John Klein, not known; Jas. Keeney, right leg; Angus McLawren, not known; William O'Neil, mouth; Frank Gibbons, right arm; William Noonan, not known; John Martin, not known. Killed: Sergeants, James I. Oswald, John A. Buell,

COMPANY F.

Sergt. Daniel Sullivan, right arm; Corp. Hugh Doyle, scalp; Privates Samuel Bartlett, right hand; William Gough, left thigh; John Riger, right leg; John Murphy, thigh; John Smith, chest; William Wilson, neck; Edward McCormick, chest, mortally; Manuel Silver, arm, mortally.

COMPANY G.

Captain Braner Smith, abdomen, mortally; 2d Lieut. Frank G. Otis, right arm; Sergeant Owen H. Stevens, right arm and leg; Corporals, John Haglie, left arm; Charles E. Northrop, right shoulder; Privates, William E. Brown, left arm; Thomas Flannagan, right leg; Edmund Honford, not known; Barney Jennings, left foot; Edward McCabe, right shoulder; Patrick Moran, right leg; John McKeesus, right leg; Henry Pendon, thigh, flesh; John C. Palmer, right thigh; George Potter, right thigh; Thomas Scofield, chest. Killed: Corp. Chas. S. Beers; Private, James Kuneley.

COMPANY H.

1st. Sergt. David F. Chadayne, head; Corporals, Edward Welsh, chest; Samuel Bennett, hip; Privates, James Smith, right knee; John Shay, chest; John Foley, right arm; David Conklin, hip; Isaac Walling, head. Missing, Wm. Jackson.

COMPANY I.

Sergeant John Brennan, left leg; Corporals, Terrence O'Brien, right leg; Francis Cousican, neck; William Mannier, right leg; Privates, William H. Ferris, abdomen; Adolph Mellings, arm. Killed: Private Charles Myer.

COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Walter P. Hovey, leg contused; Sergts. H. Ratzung, chest; George Thompson, leg; John Henruberger, right leg; Corporal J. H. Palmer, head; Privates, F. M. Smith, mortally; Peter Riley, left hand; Thomas Kerrigan, right leg; John Plunkett, right shoulder; P. Kennedy, right leg.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed—Officers,	1
" Enlisted Men,	7
Wounded—Officers,	8
" Enlisted Men,	89
Missing—Officers,	0
" Enlisted Men,	2

E. S. GREELEY,

Colonel Commanding Regiment.

LIST OF CASUALTIES IN 20TH C. V. I., FROM JANUARY 16TH, 1865, TO MARCH 24TH, 1865.

COMPANY A.

Private Anthony Burk, March 13th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

Private John Purell, March 16th, wounded badly left leg, Minie ball.

Private John McLaughlin, March 16th, wounded badly left leg.

Sergt. John H. Platt, March 19th, wounded right arm.

Private Jehial Benham, March 19th, wounded right leg.

Private Frederick Hoadley, March 19th, wounded in neck.

Corp. Harry Brooks, March 19th, wounded slightly in thumb.

Private Jesse Rice, March 19th, wounded badly in the arm.

COMPANY B.

Private Enoch P. Studley, March 16th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

2d Lieut. William H. H. Johnson, March 16th, wounded in arm badly.

Private Frederick Hubbell, March 16th, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

Sergt. Seymour M. Smith, March 16, killed in action, shot in the head.

Private Chas. E. Byington, March 16, killed in action, shot in the head.

Private Frederick H. Smith, March 16, wounded severely in the face.

Private Jesse Moore, March 16th, wounded slightly in the breast.

Corp. Hiland M. Rogers, March 19, wounded in the thigh.

Private James E. Buckley, March 19, wounded slightly in foot.

Private Selden Johnson, March 16, wounded mortally in the side.

COMPANY C.

Private John Burns, March 16, wounded severely in right shoulder, (since dead.)

Private Levi Purple, March 16, wounded slightly in leg below the knee.
 Corp. Abner C. Smith, March 19, wounded severely in leg, (since dead.)
 Corp. Myron Purdy, March 19, wounded severely in leg.
 Private Edward F. Fox, March 19, wounded severely in left shoulder.
 Private Stephen A. Goodrich, March 19, wounded slightly in right arm.
 Private Wm. W. Stebbins, March 19, wounded in chin.
 Private Nicholas Ryan, March 19, missing, supposed captured in action.
 Private Wm. E. Latham, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.

COMPANY D.

Private Patrick Scanlan, March 3, disease, died at Div. Hospital.
 Private Morris Bailey, March 14, wounded slightly in leg.
 Private John Gosman, March 16, killed, shot in the leg, died soon after.
 Sergt. P. Henry Goodrich, March 19, wounded in the foot severely.
 Corp. Richard E. May, March 19, wounded in head slightly.
 Private John M. Ellsworth, March 19, wounded in leg, flesh wound.
 Private George Fletcher, March 19, wounded in finger and shoulder, slightly.
 Private Patrick Calton, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.

COMPANY E.

1st Sergt. Edwin N. Stannard, March 19, wounded mortally in right breast.
 Corp. Elliott W. Nettleton, March 19, killed, shot in the head, in action.
 Corp. Elnathan Atwood, March 19th, wounded through lower jaw, severely.
 Corp. Merwin H. Perkins, March 19, wounded in right hand, severely.
 Private James E. Alling, March 19, wounded in foot, slightly.
 Private Samuel M. Bailey, March 19, wounded in both knees, slightly.
 Private Eli Thorp, March 19, wounded mortally, in the back.

COMPANY F.

1st Lieut. Wellington Barry, March 16, mortally wounded in the breast.
 Private John Brauman, March 16, wounded in thigh and lungs, severely.
 Sergt. Charles Shepherd, March 19, wounded in right hip and back.
 Private John Corcoran, March 19, missing, supposed captured in action.

COMPANY G.

Private Patrick Dillon, March 16, wounded in leg, slightly.
 Private Wm. McMahon, March 16, wounded, in breast, severely.
 Private Chas. O'Connell, March 16, wounded in leg, slightly.
 Private George Sheldon, March 19, wounded in breast, severely.
 Private Charles Lammie, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.

COMPANY H.

Private Josiah Brandeby, Feb. 14, missing while on the march, supposed captured.
 Private David Jones, March 14, missing, supposed captured foraging.
 Musician Wm. S. Ward, March 14, missing, supposed captured foraging.
 Private Edwin L. Downs, March 16, wounded, bruised in the leg, slightly.
 Private Henry Rose, March 19, wounded in arm, severely.

COMPANY I.

Private Howard B. Dorman, March 16, wounded in the toe, severely.
 Private Peter McCannaugh, March 16, wounded, shot in toe, severely.
 Private Edward Young, March 19, killed in action.
 1st Sergt. A. C. Austin, March 19, wounded in nose and eye, severely.
 Corp. Heman A. Weeks, March 19, wounded in hand, severely.
 Private Wm. E. Bailey, March 26, missing, captured while foraging.

COMPANY K.

1st Lieut. Edward J. Murray, March 14, wounded in left thigh, severely.

Private John Scott, March 14, wounded, sabre cut in head.
 Private James Downing, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.
 Private Lewis Curtiss, March 14, missing, supposed captured while foraging.
 Private James Hughes, March 19, killed in action.
 Private James Kelly, March 19, wounded, flesh wound in the leg.
 Private Henry Young, March 19, wounded, arm shattered by musket ball.
 Private Peter Duffy, March 24, missing, captured while foraging.
 STAFF—Adj't. C. Myron Talcott, March 16, wounded in the arm.

RECAPITULATION.

Com. Officers wounded,	4
Enlisted men killed,	6
Wounded,	45
Missing,	15
Died of disease,	1
Total,	71

Gilbert Miles Stocking.

Died, at Jefferson Barracks Hospital, Mo., Jan. 24th, 1865, Gilbert Miles Stocking, Private in Co. B, 20th Regiment Conn. Vols., aged 26 years, one month, and two days.

Such is the brief announcement, which adds another worthy name to the long catalogue of our country's honored dead. Let us look, for a moment, at the record of his faithful and honorable career.

The subject of our sketch was a native of Waterbury in this State, where he was born Dec. 22d, 1838. In 1857, he entered Yale College as a member of the class of 1861, and graduated at the expiration of the course, standing sixth in rank in a class numbering ninety-seven. As a scholar he was distinguished for great accuracy and thoroughness, with a mind admirably fitted for investigation in any department of knowledge to which he directed his attention. He possessed excellent abilities as a writer, receiving the second prize in his division, and was very well acquainted with general literature. After graduation he engaged in teaching during little more than two years at Lyme and Greenwich, Conn., and at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven. Here his duties terminated in Dec. 1863, and at this point begins that part of his history, which more immediately concerns our present purpose.

As we have already stated, he immediately commenced teaching on leaving College, but he felt a constantly growing desire to enter the army, and was only discouraged from following this inclination by the fear that his constitution never the strongest, could not endure the hardships incident to army life. Alas! that fear proved too well founded. Naturally of a very retiring disposition, he seldom expressed his feelings fully even to his most intimate friends, and yet as we look back to our intercourse with him during the last few months of 1863, and at what has since transpired, it is easy to see that he was earnestly debating in his mind the question of his individual duty in relation to the present struggle. With the end of December of that year his duties at the Hopkins Grammar School closed, and he immediately offered himself as a volunteer, was accepted, and in Jan. 1864 joined Co. B, 20th Conn. Vols., at that time in the Department of the Cumberland, engaged in guarding the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. During the winter he acted as clerk in the Quartermas-

ter's Department, but in the following Spring, when Sherman's legions entered upon that unsurpassed march from Chattanooga to Atlanta and through Georgia and the Carolinas, he took the field with his regiment and participated in the brilliant operations of Gen. Hooker's command, which resulted in the triumphant entry of the 20th Army Corps into Atlanta, on the 2d of Sept. last. In all the hardships of this campaign, he bore a faithful, uncomplaining part, notwithstanding his health was gradually failing, before the exhausting effect of severe and continuous service. For a time he was detailed as clerk at Brigade Headquarters, and on this account might rightfully have claimed exemption from the ordinary work of the private soldier; but no, strong in spirit and conscientiously zealous to do even more than what mere routine required of him, he also voluntarily took his turn at duty in the trenches and on the picket line. Sustained by an unflagging purpose not to go to the rear so long as he could possibly remain at his post in the front, he at length passed the limit of physical endurance and was obliged to go into hospital. When Gen. Sherman evacuated Atlanta, to enter upon his march through Georgia, Stocking was sent Northward with the rest of the sick, and for want of accommodations at Chattanooga, remained for two stormy days with little or no shelter from the inclemency of the weather. As soon as possible he was removed, by way of Nashville and Louisville, to Jefferson Barracks Hospital, a few miles below St. Louis. Here under the influence of quiet and care, he seemed to be slowly recovering in strength, and yet it was evident that many months would elapse before he could return to active duty. Accordingly his discharge papers were made out, and in a day or two he was expecting to return to home and friends, but alone, in the still hour of the night, on the 24th of January, 1865, calmly and quietly as in every act of life, he passed away in death. His remains were brought to his home in Waterbury, and now repose in the beautiful Riverside Cemetery.

Such is an imperfect sketch of this short life, a life brief in years, unpretending in experience, and with no brilliancy of rank to shed upon it a transient lustre, or write its name in the public gaze. A long and useful career could not add to the completeness and symmetry of this simple record; the modest, unselfish scholar and Christian patriot, ambitious of no distinction but that which rectitude and unflinching faithfulness could give in the humblest sphere; laying aside the congenial pursuits of a well cultivated mind to enter the ranks of his country's defenders in the heroic position of a private soldier, and at last, after a year of faithful service in the stirring scenes of an arduous campaign, yielding up life itself as the price of his devotion.

We cannot close this sketch without alluding to the true Christian character which he ever maintained. He was always a consistent and unobtrusive example of Christian principles, but when he entered the army, his character as a Christian man assumed a more positive and aggressive form, finding expression in active efforts for the moral and religious improvement of his fellow soldiers in camp and hospital.

This death adds another voice to the multitude

of those who, in the silent eloquence of death for country appeal from a thousand battlefields and hospitals, solemnly demanding of our rulers and of every citizen the utmost vigilance and effort that this expense of life and blood be not neutralized by a false and compromising settlement of the present struggle.

W. D. S.

Private James Dennis.

CAMP OF DETACHMENT, 17TH REG. C. V., }
Picolata, Fla., March 16th, 1865. }

At a meeting held by the members of Co. K 17th Regt. Conn. Vols., the following Resolutions on the death of Private James Dennis, of Co. K was submitted and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an overruling Providence, we are called upon to mourn the loss of a most cherished member, a sincere friend, and a faithful companion, Private James Dennis.

WHEREAS, We feel called upon to give an expression of our deep sorrow at this affliction, and of our sympathy for his widowed mother, and his loving brothers and sisters, upon whom this sad blow must fall.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to this painful visitation, recognizing therein the chastening hand of the All-wise, we are yet forced to realize amid the gloom that has fallen alike upon all, that not only has the service lost in the death of Private James Dennis, a true and faithful soldier, but socially his Company and the wide circle of his friends in the Regiment that have known his genial presence, have suffered a loss which words cannot express or time replace.

Resolved, That in his uniform cheerfulness of disposition, in prompt and uncomplaining performance of every duty, his sympathy for the afflicted, and sufferings of others, ever ready to assist them in time of need, he has shown us an example worthy of emulation and which will always lend a bright charm to his memory.

Resolved, In this deep affliction, we extend our most heartfelt sympathies to his widowed mother, his sorrowing brothers and sisters, and the relatives of deceased, with the hope that they may find a consolation that he died in the service of his adopted country, in trying once more to restore the Flag under whose protecting folds, so many of his countrymen have found a welcome. He who had suffered here, has entered into his rest where sickness and death are felt and known no more. We would also add—far away from his home, laid upon his bed of sickness with no dear mother's hand to press his fevered brow, or tender sisters or loving brothers to watch at his bedside when his spirit took its flight to the God that gave it—still his companions feel a consolation in knowing he was tenderly cared for in his last moments upon earth, hoping against hope, that he might still be spared and restored to health, and at the expiration of the few more months of our term of service be able to return home to his family and friends, but God's ways are not our ways, and we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the mother of deceased; also the Bridgeport Farmer, Bridgeport Standard, and CONNECTICUT WAR RECORD.

Sergt. JOHN H. PORTER.

" CORNELIUS C. WILSON.

" PATRICK WADE.

Corp. TIMOTHY C. SPENCER.

" WILLIAM MORRIS.

Private RICHARD MCGEE.

" DANIEL HUNT.

1st Sergt. MORRIS JONES, *Chairman*.

Sergt. THEODORE NELSON, *Sec'y*.

Lieut. Col. Albert H. Wilcoxson.

St. AUGUSTINE, FLA., March 19th, 1865.

While we bow in humble submission to the blow which our Heavenly Father, in his all-wise Providence, has seen fit to inflict, and acknowledge the wisdom of Him who chastens His people in mercy, not in anger, we cannot but express the anguish we feel on an occasion which deprives us of an earthly friend—one whom we have learned to love and revere, to whom we have looked for counsel, encouragement, and direction; who has guided us with wisdom and judgment, and ever been a cherished, sympathizing friend. Such was he, whose loss we are now called to mourn—

LIEUT. COL. ALBERT H. WILCOXSON.

In the flush and pride of manhood, while his life was being devoted to the holy cause of Liberty, and the maintainance of his country's honor against intestine foes, impelled by no ambition but the promotion of his country's welfare, and the advancement of his fellow man in all that tends to enlighten and elevate with the noble band of heroes who have sealed their devotion to the cause of civil liberty in their blood, he has sunk to rest, to sleep till the last trump shall call him to the mansions of his Father.

To give faint expression to the loss which we, the Officers of the 17th Regiment Conn. Infantry, feel that our Regiment has sustained, and to give to her whose heart-broken grief no human aid can serve to assuage, such assurance as words may convey of the sorrow which fills our hearts, we would adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of our late Commander, Lieut. Col. Albert H. Wilcoxson, we recognize the loss of one who had endeared himself to us by his many virtues, his correct discipline, his bravery as a soldier, and his fidelity to the cause of his country and his God.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted partner of the deceased, our heartfelt condolence, and warmest sympathies, commending her to the care of Him who alone can comfort in the lonely hour of sorrow and distress, and give strength to support the fainting heart.

Resolved, That the colors of the Regiment be draped in mourning, and that the officers wear the usual badge for thirty days; also, that a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to the widow of the deceased, and to the Norwalk, Conn. Gazette, and the Conn. War Record, for publication.

Henry Allen, Major.

Sabin Stocking, Surgeon.

Elijah Gregory, Asst. Surgeon.

John S. Ward, Quartermaster.

Enos Kellogg, Capt. Co. H.

William L. Hubbell, Capt. Co. D.

James H. Ayres, Capt. Co. A.

James S. Hubbell, Capt. Co. E.

John Harvey, 1st Lieut. Co. B.

Albert W. Peck, 1st Lieut. Co. D.

George C. Peck, 1st Lieut. Co. I.

Joseph E. Morehouse, 1st Lieut. Co. I.

Henry McDonough, 1st Lieut. Co. E.

Thomas B. Cave, 1st Lieut. Co. H.

Henry North, 1st Lieut. Co. A.

William L. Daniels, 1st Lieut. Co. C.

Charles Smith, Jr., 1st Lieut. Co. G.

George W. Sharr, 2d Lieut. Co. F.

Charles E. Doty, 2d Lieut. Co. B.

Morris Jones, 2d Lieut. Co. K.

George C. Lees, 2d Lieut. Co. E.

Horace Whitney, 2d Lieut. Co. H.

Henry E. Williams, 2d Lieut. Co. C.

Garrett D. Bowne, 2d Lieut. Co. D.

Edgar S. Wilcoxson, 2d Lieut. Co. I.

Thomas B. Weed, 2d Lieut. Co. A.

REGIMENTAL.

THE 2D ARTILLERY has added new lustre to their bright record. The record of the fierce assault and terrible pursuit which culminated in the capture of Lee's Army has not been surpassed in the world's history.

Full details have nowhere yet appeared. Many will be astonished when the complete history of those grand and awful days is known.

THE 1ST LIGHT BATTERY sends us yet no communication.

THE 2d LIGHT BATTERY was actively and honorably engaged in the successful attack on Fort Blakely. Fortunately but one man, John S. Mills, of East Bridgeport, was killed. A very interesting letter reached us just as we go to press, too late, we sincerely regret, for insertion in the present number.

THE 3D HEAVY BATTERY remains in quiet and good discipline.

THE 5TH AND 20TH INFANTRY are rejoicing in the surrender of Johnston and the probable end of their long and toilsome but magnificent campaigns. We print an excellent communication, with list of casualties, from the 20th, and hope soon for a similar record from the 5th.

THE 6TH AND 7TH INFANTRY are with our gallant Gen. Terry, rejoicing and resting, not far from Raleigh.

THE 8TH, 11TH AND 21ST INFANTRY are at Richmond.

THE 10TH INFANTRY participated in the fierce assault of April 2d, on Fort Gregg—one of the strongest forts along that frowning line. The charge was gallant and most persistent. Final victory was won by hand to hand fight with bayonet and clubbed muskets. Col. Greeley writes that the men fought twenty-three minutes on the parapet, an almost unparalleled stubbornness both of assault and resistance.

The casualties were upwards of one hundred, and will be found under that head.

Chaplain Trumbull writes to the New Haven Courier thus:

"The blue flag of Connecticut was the first on the parapet of the fort. Nothing very strange in that! The Tenth Conn. maintained its former good name, in the assault and hand to hand struggle, losing well nigh one-half of all it sent in, but never lowering its flag for an instant, or giving back an inch once gained. Col. Greeley being at the North, Lieut. Col. E. D. S. Goodyear—well known as from North Haven—was in command. Cheering the men by encouraging words and courageous bearing, he bravely led them across the plain in the face of the deadly fire of grape, cannister and musketry, until he was struck in the face and knocked down by a glancing bullet. Rallying again, he once more pressed forward, but the second time he fell, wounded severely by a shot through the shoulder, and during the remainder of the engagement he lay near the ditch watching with closest interest the progress of the fight, and feeling just pride in his brave boys who were doing their work so nobly. Capt. J. H. Linsley, of Northford, was wounded as twice before, having a ball in his hip, and narrow escapes from three bullets which passed through his clothing. Capt. Brainard Smith, of Milford, was shot through the body, and died on his way to hospital. Coming out as a private, Capt. S. had worked his way up to the command of a company, and was a gallant officer

of character and promise. Lieut. Walter P. Hovey, of North Haven, was hit in the leg by a grape shot. Lieut. Julius Midhart, of New Haven, lost his left leg. Lieut. Edward L. Smith, of Branford, received three wounds, one in the head, and two in the left arm. Other officers, who escaped injury, were not less exposed or courageous than those whose wounds testify to their valor.

"Neither were officers the only brave ones. There were many enlisted men whose deeds were worthy of special mention and praise. Young George Phillips, a New Haven boy, will answer for an example. He is but nineteen now, yet he has been nearly three years in service. He was twice taken out of the army by his father on the score of his age, but the third time he managed to stay in. He was made a corporal and put on the color guard. When just before the assault on Fort Gregg, the sergeant bearing the State flag fell out exhausted, Corp. Phillips took the colors and pressed forward in the advance. Into the ditch, through the water, up the steep bank, on to the top of the parapet he made his way, and there he stood a target for rebel bullets, holding up the flag and counting his life as nothing in its defense. The new flag, never before in a fight, had twenty-six bullet holes in it, and three more were in its staff. Young Phillips was made a Sergeant before he left the field that day. Has he not won his chevrons fairly? When questioned about it, and praised for his gallantry by Lt. Col. Goodyear, who was witness to his bravery, he said, dryly, 'I worried 'em with the flag! I'd shake it in their faces, and then when they'd grab at it, Parmalee would shoot 'em.' Joseph E. Parmalee was another color corporal, a brave boy from Guilford. He stood defending the colors, and Phillips says he saw him shoot five rebels through the head, as rapidly as he could load and fire again. He was finally wounded, but not dangerously. Phillips was hit with a brick, missiles of that kind being freely used in the latter part of the struggle. His escape from bullets was wonderful."

The 12TH INFANTRY, are at Washington, as will be seen by reference to our correspondence. The 13th and 18th will doubtless soon be transferred from the Valley of the Shenandoah to some other point.

The 14TH INFANTRY were at latest dates, at Burksville. We await full intelligence from them with impatience.

The 15TH INFANTRY are divided between Connecticut, Parole Camp, and Kinston, N. C. The fragment at Kinston are doing patrol duty.

The 29TH INFANTRY, was among the first to enter Richmond. They claim to be the first Infantry regiment.

The First Cavalry rested a few days after the capture of Lee, but were soon again on the move. We have not since heard from them.

Fatetia.

A HIGHLAND CABINETMAKER.—A young Highlander was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker in Glasgow, and, as a first job, had a chest of veneered drawers to clean and polish. After a sufficient time had elapsed for doing the work assigned him, the foreman inquired whether he was ready with the dressers yet? "Och no; it's a tough job; I've almost taken the skin off my ain two hand before I'll get it off the drawers." "What?" replied the startled director of plane and chisel, "you are not taking the veneering off, you block-head?" "What I'll do then? I could not surely put a polish on before I'll teuk the bark aff!"

Why should a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

EDITORIAL COLUMN.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863.

A Conclusion Jumped at.

From our remark in the April number, that we should soon finish up our Record—some of our local papers have assumed that the present will be the last number issued.

We thank them sincerely for the kind and complimentary words they have spoken. We have not done all that we would but we have done the best that, with the means at our command, we could; and we are much encouraged to feel that our efforts are appreciated.

But we were not quite ready for an obituary. Our subscribers have paid for some numbers yet, and these at least they will have, and perhaps two or three more. We propose to review the history of every regiment, and make its record complete. There are also many items, incidents, and brief biographies, without which the War Record would not be satisfactory to all.

We propose to collect our materials, and as soon as we can, bring our Record to a close.

Peace.

PEACE IS HERE. We have longed for it, fought for it, and grandly won it. Yet we can hardly realize that the war is ended. But recruiting is stopped, bounties for enlistment are no longer offered; discharges are freely granted,—manufacture of guns and materials of war checked—the purchase of supplies greatly diminished, and the reduction of the navy ordered. All of the old levy of 300,000 men will be mustered out during the summer, and we may fairly expect nearly all of the volunteer infantry will also, within a year, be discharged from service. A force of cavalry may be longer needed for patrol duty, and to extinguish guerrillas.

Business will run anew in the channels of peace. Industry, economy, and enterprise are the qualities now needed to organize and ensure the prosperity of our dear and splendid nation. Let us bend to our work with patriotic and faithful energy.

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.

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To Connecticut Army Officers.

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JAMES B. COIT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Commissioner and U. S. Claim Agent,

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