

11th Connecticut Infantry Regiment
(3 year regiment)
(by W. A. Croffut and John Morris)

Henry W. Kingsbury of Lyme was commissioned to be colonel of the 11th, but he declined the position to accept a command in the 14th regulars and was succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel T. H. C. Kingsbury previously of the 5th. Recruitment remained active all through October and November of 1861. When the regiment was declared full, the activity of drill was redoubled. Charles Mathewson of Pomfret was lieutenant colonel and Captain Griffin A. Steadman was transferred from the 5th to be major.

Captain George M. Southmayd's Company (A) was from Danbury; New Fairfield furnishing sixteen. Captain Timothy D. Johnson's Company (B) was mainly from Stafford; Ashford sending sixteen, and Ellington and Windsor a dozen more. Captain William Moegling's Company (C) was recruited from the Germans of New Haven and Fairfield counties. Captain Edwin R. Lee's Company (D) contained nineteen from Hartford, nineteen more from Canterbury and Winsted, and the rest from the northern range of towns. Captain John H. Dewell's Company (E) received thirty-five men from Norfolk; Winstead, twelve; Salisbury, eight, and Canaan, six. Captain William Clapp's Company (F) was made up from Killingly, Pomfret, Eastford, Brooklyn, and neighboring towns. Captain William I. Hyde's Company (G) were represented by Plainfield twenty-three; Newtown, thirteen, and Thompson, eight. Captain Albert E. Daniels' Company (H) was raised mainly in Windham County. Captain John Griswold's Company (I) received men from North Canaan and adjoining towns in Litchfield County. Captain Charles S. Denison's Company (K) recruited from towns mainly at the mouth of the Connecticut; Danbury furnishing ten.

The regiment left Camp Lincoln in Hartford for Annapolis, Maryland on December 16, 1861 by the steamer 'City of Hartford' having been assigned to the Burnside Expedition. They arrived at New York the next morning and partook of a substantial breakfast provided by the liberal sons and daughters of Connecticut organization, residents of the city. Speeches of encouragement and approbation were made by Governor Buckingham, General Wetmore, Colonel John H. Almy, and others. A handsome set of regimental colors was presented in the Park during the day. Later that day, the regiment embarked on a steamer for Annapolis. While going down the bay in the evening, a revenue cutter (An armed maritime law enforcement service operating under the authority of the United States Department of Treasury, later merging in 1915 with the United States Coast Guard. This was created to enforce the tariff and all other maritime laws) fired a blank shot across the bows of the crowded transports to bring her to. The captain, feeling that he was performing a patriotic service, failed to round to. Fort Hamilton then fired a solid shot, striking the vessel, forcing the captain to stop and explain himself. The boys of the 11th were startled to find themselves attacked so soon.

On the second day, they arrived at their destination and pitched their tents. The 8th and 10th were still there and had established a very picturesque camp; its streets ornamented with young pines. The soldiers shaded their tents and constructed arches over the company streets in which the company letter, shields, stars, and other devices were neatly worked in evergreen with red berries set among the wreaths. The 11th showed a spirit of emulation, and though they had but three weeks to remain, they laid out a camp by going about vigorously at work building a log village after the model of the 24th Massachusetts nearby. The Massachusetts boys also took hold and rendered brotherly assistance. One more flag was unfurled over the soil of Maryland, borne to the breeze upon a tall, straight pine pole, and the 11th began to make itself at home. While drilling, visiting, and trying to keep comfortable, the three regiments plus fifty others waited patiently as General Burnside mustered his fleet of war.

In the cold morning air of November 6, 1861, the last reveille at that venerable capital was heard. Three days meat rations had been cooked, ammunition distributed, and the tents were now struck and rolled, the last article of private baggage compactly stowed. The men now stood in melting snow around their fires waiting for the orders to march. At evening, the orders finally came to embark, and

wearily and tediously the companies plodded through slush and mire, huddling here and there in groups waiting their turn. The 11th stowed away in the propeller Sentinel and barge Voltigeur. Each vessel was expected to carry from two hundred to a thousand men. To accommodate all these soldiers, bunks had been built of rough boards, run in tiers against the sides and through the center, leaving narrow passages between. Into one of these spaces, six feet long, thirteen inches wide, and eighteen inches high, a soldier was expected to stow himself, his knapsack, gun, and trappings. It was supposed by the projectors of the expedition that the troops would certainly be less than a week upon these transports, and that, for so short a time, they might be able to endure without material injury the discomforts of the close crowding.

November 9th the signal rocket gave notice for the departure of the fleet. Most of the vessels rendezvoused at Fort Monroe, Virginia. November 11th and 12th they put to sea to assemble once again off Hatteras, North Carolina. The evening showed "a golden sunset, a long peaceful twilight, and a calm sea, from which the glories faded only to give place to the mirrored stars." The next morning, with little premonition, a fearful storm broke upon the fleet increasing in violence from day to day. Many of the frailer craft were lost. For three weeks, the helpless fleet lay tossing in the storm on eight sides of Hatteras Bar, and the effect of the confinement on both the health and spirits of officers and men was injurious in the extreme. Many in every regiment were on the sick list; some died; and others became permanent invalids, contracting diseases which only end in death.

During the last days of January, 1862, the vessels all passed over, seventy-two remaining afloat there out of one hundred and twenty that had left Fort Monroe. Bearing five hundred of the 11th, with Colonel Kingsbury, the Voltigeur was beached near Hatteras. No tug came to the rescue. They lay there twenty-three days in great distress. When they finally got to ashore, the vessel went to pieces. Here, the regiment lay, to its own great dissatisfaction, while its comrades pressed on up the sound.

The fleet now cautiously approached Roanoke Island, held by three thousand rebels under General Wise. On the 7th, our gunboats attacked the rebel gunboats and bombarded the fort. In the night, a landing was effected; Connecticut's motto of faith and fortitude, "Qui Transtulit Sustinet," ("He who transplanted, sustains"), followed the flag of Massachusetts ashore. The point of debarkation was a kind of marsh, described by Lieutenant H. W. Camp of 10th as "soft slimy mud, several inches deep, with pools and ditches thickly sprinkled in." Having struggled through this, the rebels falling back before them, the men spent the remainder of the night around camp fires in the woods or adjacent cornfield, shivering with cold, drenched with rain, and without blankets. Those in the cornfield cleverly balanced themselves on the rows to keep out of the water which filled the furrows.

Half an hour before sunrise next morning came the order to "fall in", and shivering from their comfortless vigils of the night, the men sprang with enthusiasm for the fight, heartily cheering General Burnside and General Foster as they rode past.

The 8th was posted on an old road leading towards the right flank of the main battery, by which the enemy might turn the left of our advancing forces. The position was one of considerable responsibility, and General Burnside ordered them to hold it at all hazards, but no attack was made.

The 1st Brigade moved down the beach by a wide detour into the swampy road that bisected the island which led them to the rebel position. Before going a mile, the enemy's skirmishers were met.

A second mile was passed when heavy guns boomed and rifle shots shrieked. They heard cheering. The woods illuminated. They heard balls among the leaves, saw men hurry by with medical stores towards the front, and met men exhausted by the roadside. The dead lay beneath the trees on all sides. Surgeons were busy at their vocation.

The 11th pursued an enclosed path through the woods that suddenly entered a broad clearing where thick bushes (like the whortleberry) and tangled vines netted the marshes. Evergreen trees, principally pines, were on either side, and three hundred yards in front of them was the famous redoubt of which they had been told weeks before in Hatteras Inlet. When they escaped the road into the cleared way, it brought them right in front of the rebel guns, and in effective range. They had three pieces of artillery fronting and commanding the clearing and large numbers of riflemen perched in trees, behind walls, and under all possible cover.

The left wing was held in reserve. The right commenced firing with a resolve, and it was immediately opposite this point that the rebels met their heaviest loss. The right stood up and fought

gallantly, though they suffered severely. For an hour they fought on, not a man shrinking from his post. Other regiments marched into the woods on their right and left, but they kept their position. Balls came thicker and faster. They were ordered to lie down under the bushes and stop firing. Down the boys went and sought cover of logs, stumps, and whatever else furnished protection. Bullets and grape shot flew thick over the men as they lay. There were constant musket bullets whistling past cutting twigs from the bushes not two feet above the heads and striking the trees behind which they were sheltered.

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The general ordered an advance by the regiments in front and on both flanks. The movement was executed so rapidly and resolutely, that the rebels left their battery, and fled; while our men stormed into it with a cheer, and planted their colors on the works. There was little more fighting, though the Confederates fired a few Parthian shots into Foster's pursuing columns before the final halt and surrender.

General Foster, in his general orders next day, after commending the coolness and steadiness of all the troops under fire, the New York Commercial wrote, "The Connecticut men maintained their position with the fortitude of veteran troops."

The next day after the battle was Sunday, which was occupied by the soldiers, after religious services, in making themselves comfortable. An inquiry of General Burnside, as he rode past them, as to their "prospect for fresh pork," was construed into a license to kill any of the hogs running at large over the island; and their indiscriminate slaughter was at once commenced. Popping rifles and dying squalls were heard on every side; until it seemed as if Pork Point covered all of Roanoke, instead of being on of its projections.

Next day, many of the men re-embarked; and for a month the fleet of transports were quiet, occasionally making feints towards Albemarle Sound, or coasting along the mainland.

Week after week the Connecticut regiments, with the rest of Burnside's force, waited impatiently upon the transports, drifting lazily up and down Croatan Sound, along the shore of Roanoke Island. All sort of rumors prevailed, and weary days dragged. When orders came, March 11th, for an advance on New Berne, this entry of Colonel Drake of the Tenth Connecticut, in his diary, doubtless expressed the general feeling: "Started in the rain down the sound, away from Roanoke Island, of which we shall ever retain, I have no doubt, very disagreeable impressions. Good-by, dirty, muddy, swampy, brackish, diseased, and deathful Roanoke!"

On the 12th, the entire fleet stood down the sound, and that night anchored in the Neuse River, off the mouth of Slocum's Creek, some eighteen miles from New Berne.

On the 13th came the signal, "Get ready to land!" the second signal, "Pull for land!" A little tug came and took us in tow; and away we started for the shore, the shells of our gun boats showering the woods along the bank. Casting off from the tugs when near the shore, each little boat and launch strove first to reach the land. Nearly every boat of any size grounded within from five to twenty rods off shore; and then what jumping into water, in some places up to their waist! And all, enthusiastic, pressing for the beach. Some of the boats of the Eighth landed on the wrong side of the creek, and had to return.

The land below New Berne is a level, swampy tract, thickly wooded, with occasional clearings, and small, bankrupt plantations. The road is simply a path out through woods, with rarely a bridge, or a road of corduroy. Along this road, soaked with spring rains, splashed the regiments. The gunboats moved up the river, abreast of the head of the column, flinging shot and shell into the woods in front, driving back in terror the rebel vedettes and pickets. These gunboats were simply light draught, stern

wheel towboats, or common ferry boats, with a heavy gun at the bows, and sometimes another amid ships.

All day long the weary men toiled on, and at eight o'clock at night, twelve miles from the point of landing, the regiments filed off into the woods, until the line was substantially parallel to the rebel work in front, and stretched from the river to the Beaufort Railroad. A picket line was soon established, and the force was in bivouac for the night. The rain fell steadily: but fires were quickly started, and the woods were brilliant with the glaring light and weird with moving forms; while the dense smoke, rising slowly into the thick pines, formed a lurid and ever shifting canopy. Many weary ones sank immediately to sleep on the wet ground; others cooked a little pork and coffee, and dried first one side, then the other, at the fire, stirring at intervals the waning embers, and watching the soaring sparks, still others wrapped in their blankets, leaned against trees, and dozed away the dismal night. The bivouac was within range of the rebel pickets who watched the illuminated woods, and were silent.

Next morning, our troops were early astir. Men rose from the ground, where, with faces turned towards the treetops, they had lain all night, the big, pit less drops pelting them, the icy cold ground spread like a frozen sponge under them, and they sleeping deeply, heavily, through the long hours, till daylight roused them. I believe at least a hundred men would grace the sick-list that morning; on the contrary, not one that I am aware of: and they uttered not a murmur.

General Burnside promptly ordered an advance of the entire division. A massive battery, with casemates and heavy guns, on the bank of the river, formed the left of the rebel works, which stretched across the high land southward, in breastworks, for half a mile to the railroad, and thence in rifle pits to a swamp deemed impenetrable. In front was in irregular abatis. Behind the intrenchments were seven thousand rebels.

General Foster's brigade was ordered up the main country road to attack the enemy's left; General Reno up the railroad to attack their right; and General Parke to follow General Foster, and attack the enemy in front, with instructions to support either of both brigades. The Eleventh Connecticut formed the rear of the column; and the regiment was soon detailed to bring up the boat, howitzers, and guns which had arrived during the night. After this service, it acted temporarily with General Foster's brigade. "It had been quiet as the morning of a rainy New England Sabbath; and the only sounds were the low moan of the woods, the dull tramp of the weary troops, and the occasional splash, splash, splash, of a mounting aide; . . . when the roar of a great gun close at hand startled us, and the crash of a huge limb which a rifled ball had lopped off told us that hidden enemy was near." We took the oblique direction, and hadn't gone a hundred rods, when a loud, swift whiz went through the air, sounding as if someone tore a thousand yards of canvas from one end to the other at a single pull.

The Eighth Connecticut had deployed to the left, near the railroad; and Captains Appleman's and Upham's companies were as skirmishers. The Tenth and Eleventh were farther to the right. The Tenth had been ordered to the left of the 23rd Massachusetts; and Eleventh, to the right of the same regiments, deployed upon both sides of the road. The line advanced, under a constant fire, up the slope, in plain sight of the rebel batteries, with their flaunting flags, and approached to within three hundred yards before returning the fire. Then a long line of unwavering musketry, broken here and there by howitzers, flashed and roared in angry response. The line pressed up so close, and the fire was so well sustained and deliberate, that the rebel gunners were shot, and rebel infantry only here and there showed a head above the parapet. Burnside now pressed forward the troops both on the right and left.

Colonel Harland had moved the Eighth, by the flank, along the railroad, and quietly through the bushes to the open ground; and, now with a clear, shrill voice, and the emphasis of coming victory, rant the orders, "B Company in line!" An advancing front of forty men appeared before the astonished rebels. "Fix bayonets!" It was done at a rapid walk. "Forward into line!" Up the embankment, and across the railroad, dashed the rear companies, coming into line within a hundred paces of the works. "Steady, guide center, forward, double quick!"

The Eleventh, which had been firing rapidly, some of the men assisting to man the howitzers, also now advanced. "The woods up and sprang thousands of blue-coats, a glittering wave of steel flashing in front and rushed forward with loud "huzzas", an invincible line."

Only two other regiments mounted the ramparts as early as the Eighth and Eleventh. "The 4th Rhode Island crossed first," says General Foster in his report, "where the enemy's fire had much slackened in consequence of a steady and constant fire kept up by the 23rd Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut. "The Eighth Connecticut, 5th Rhode Island, and Eleventh Connecticut, coming up to their support, the rebels fled with precipitation, and left us in undisputed possession."

Our forces are ordered forward at once in pursuit of the routed army. The boys soon came upon the cozy barracks where servants are preparing dinner for the rebels, expected to return victorious. They pick up the hot corn-dodger, snatch the half boiled steak, and seize hats, swords, guns, trophies of New Berne. The rebels are demoralized by shell from the pursuing gunboats. Many are captured. Their main body, however, impelled by fright, won the race, crossed the Trent, burned the bridges, set the city on fire, and continued their flight to the interior. By this victory, we capture forty-six heavy guns and eighteen field pieces, a large number of small arms, two steamboats, several sailing vessels, the rebels' entire camp equipage, a large quantity of ammunition and general stores, and a city of considerable military importance.

Finding close pursuit impossible, the troops stacked arms, and rested; killed, cooked, and ate some captured beef cattle on the south side of the Trent and at five p.m., the Tenth Regiment was ferried across with the 1st Brigade, and occupied a just deserted rebel camp beyond the city, where they prepared to make themselves comfortable.

The Eighth and Eleventh, with other regiments, fell back to the snug rebel barracks, and took possession in high glee. "Here," says the correspondent of a New York paper, "our privates strutted about in the brass mounted uniforms of rebel officers." They were terribly punished for their audacity. For a single afternoon they strutted in the official attire, for a single night they slept in the warm barracks; but that was enough of both. They had moved in under misapprehension, only to find them already occupied in force by insectivorous "gray backs" left to maintain possession. And these insidious tenants renewed the attack "along the whole line, driving out the invaders in confusion." The members of the Eleventh, in much perplexity, after scratching their heads, and considering what it was best to established a camp above the city, on a promontory that juts out into the Trent, and thrust their white conical tents up into the green pines and cypresses that cast their long shadows on the river. The triumph was dimmed by the lost of brave men.

The Eleventh lost six killed and fourteen wounded. Among the killed was Captain Edwin R. Lee.

June brought much bilious fever, here many men of defective constitutions died, worn out in service. Convalescents obtained furloughs to recruit in the bracing air and kind care of home. The tents were often chilly and very damp. Sometimes matches would not kindle, nor postage stamps cling to letters; and boots gathered mold. Bathing became a great luxury. The regiments had, after dress parade, a regular bathing call; and hundreds ran to plunge into the cooling, and healthful stream. Many bathed at morning also; but none were allowed to go into the water under the burning sun of mid-day.

Every day they watched for the steamer that brought the Northern mails, cheering it as it moved up the river, and waiting with patient hope, sometimes for twelve hours, pending the distribution of a huge mail for ten thousand men.

On July 2nd, the Eleventh moved to Morehead city, and thence on the transport Admiral to Newport News, where a camp was set on an exposed sandy plain. The beach of Hampton Roads, near at hand, protracted the delight of bathing. A few oysters were scattered along the clean bottom, and the boys felt out with their bare feet, dived down, and captured enough of the toothsome bivalves to break the monotony of salt pork and hard tack.

Here died Lieutenant Charles A. Breed, of Norwich, of typhoid fever. He had been in the war from the first summons, and was buried at home with public honors. He was much lamented; and his brother officers sent their condolence to his widowed mother, who had given two sons to sustain the cause of constitutional liberty.

The field and line of the Eleventh were there re-organized. Its Lieutenant-Colonel, a noble and patriotic man, but not of a military turn of mind, had resigned at Newbern; and its colonel, who had never much loved or adorned the service, here also took leave of the regiment. Lieutenant Henry W. Kingsbury of the regular army, who declined the commission of colonel of the Eleventh in October previous, now accepted it; and Captain Griffin A. Stedman of the Fifth, who had been transferred to

be major of the Eleventh, now became lieutenant colonel. The line officers were immediately subjected to a regular drill and severe study; and, at the end of two weeks, all who failed to pass a rigid examination were requested to resign, and complied. Vacancies were filled by deserved promotion from the ranks.

The new colonel daily drilled the battalion in the strictest manner. Severe inspections also began. A spot of dirt secured a reprimand, and an unclean musket was a sure passport to extra duty or the guard house. No man was allowed to step out on his company street unless his coat was on, and every button buttoned. There was fierce commotion for a time, and smothered threats of mutiny; the colonel was master and within two three weeks of stay at Newport News, the regiment improved beyond description. From being the most disorderly in the division, it became perhaps the cleanest and most orderly. Officers and men of other regiments crowded to witness its battalion drills; and the boys began to be proud of their colonel and themselves. Thenceforward, for three years, the Eleventh had few in any superiors.

The first of August, the men got ready and departed for the North. McClellan had been beaten, and rebels were falling upon Pope. On the 5th, the regiment found itself up the Potomac, debarking at Acquia Creek. Baggage was quickly loaded into freight cars, and many of the men clambered in and on top. The track was in wretched order, the sun fierce, the smoke and cinders sickening.

The men on the upper deck will hardly forget the frail trestle bridge crossed at Potomac Creek. The stream rippled a hundred and fifty feet below the track; the old bridge had been burned, and a new one was built up from the very bed of the stream in a continued trellis, with strips of three and four inch pine-scantling. At a little distance, the light structure seemed like a delicate web with which some adventurous spider had spanned the gorge; and, as they crept slowly and softly over its trembling timbers and creaking joints, those who peered into the chasm below shuddered, and shut their eyes. Not a word was spoken till the train reached firm ground, and then even the locomotive could not restrain a shrill cry of relief.

Fredericksburg was soon reached. Few will forget the march from the station on the hottest day the regiment had seen in service.

At Fredericksburg was spent a pleasant month of drill and picket duty. Most of the time; the Eleventh was on patrol in the city; and never was that duty more acceptably performed. Of Falmouth, Lieutenant Joseph H. Converse of the Eleventh graphically wrote:-

“A dirty place, with but a few streets, and these snubbed into extreme limits by fierce hills. We were much impressed on our first visit with the peculiarities of this town, primarily having an idea that it was an insane village on a maniacal march; but were led to consider that it might be a fossilized suburb slightly inebriated. Every thing looks wild and dilapidated: crazy stairs run up the outsides of crazy old barns; chimneys reel as if with sun-stroke; fences twist themselves into exaggerated attitudes, and look blindly for aid from decrepit old posts.”

Battle now threatened along the whole line of the Rappahannock. The greatest vigilance was exercised. The regiments were ready to march. These were felt to be the most critical days of the war. Pope had fallen back on Washington with an army beaten and disheartened, and all available troops were called to strengthen him. On August 31st, the bridges were fired at Fredericksburg; then the depot at Falmouth. In the blaze of these expensive fireworks, the 9th Corps took up its line of march for the menaced capital.

The Eleventh reached Brook's Station at one p.m., the next day. This is a place of easy defense, the road winding along between high hills, Colonel Kingsbury, now on command of the brigade, disposed his forces along the slopes; and a beautiful stream with a dilapidated dam afforded nearly all the men, by turns, a refreshing bath. Some families of Negroes volunteered to bake hot corn dodgers till sundown for the hungry men, and joined the column, when, in the cool evening, it proceeded to Acquia Creek.

On September 3rd, soon after mid-day the regiment embarked, and reached Washington in the evening. The bivouacked on the public grounds south of the White House, near the Washington Monument. Next morning, the marched through the city in their best style, and halted on Capital Hill, and greedily received a large main from home.

On this same day, Lee's advance, pressing boldly northward, crossed the Potomac at Edward's

Ferry, and moved directly upon Frederick Maryland, which was occupied by General D.H. Hill's force. On September 8th, McClelland moved his army northward from Washington with intent to encounter the enemy.

Here, besides the Eight and Eleventh, the Fourteenth and Sixteenth, new Connecticut regiments, joined the army in pursuit.

The weather was hot and dry, and the march exhausting; but the men pressed on. Sleeping as they could, and eating whenever rations were to be had.

This brigade, with the 9th Corps, was still far ahead; and, on the afternoon of September 12th, the column filed out of the road along a fertile ridge, and, facing into battle, saw before them the clustered spires of Frederick.

The entire corps advanced in a long, splendid line; Harland's brigade emerging through the hospital barrack just in time to see the last of the rebel cavalry dash out of the streets pursued by our own. Women blessed God and the soldiers, and rushed out to kiss the old flag; gray-haired men hobbled forth with radiant faces; and the young shouted their welcome; while children capered in holiday glee.

The range of the hills, including South Mountain, and forming the northern spur of the Blue Ridge, now lay directly ahead; and Burnside with the right wing was sent forward to dislodge Hill's small division in possession of Turner's Gap. The 9th Corps, under Reno was still in the advance; and it pressed on, reaching the gap before sundown on the 13th.

This pass is a deep gorge between rough irregular hills rising a thousand feet. Early on the 14th the 9th Corps became warmly engaged; quickly driving the enemy half-way up the acclivity. By two o'clock, the 2nd Corps arrived; but the 9th Corps kept the lead. The Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut Regiments were held in reserve, and were under fire without being engaged. At four o'clock, the whole line advanced, after a fruitless artillery contest.

It was emphatically an infantry fight. Our column, pressing resolutely forward, met with strong resistance. Now the rebel line would be driven up almost to the summit; and before the Union cheers died away, there would be a fresh crack of musketry, and our forces would recoil, while rebel yells echoed along the rocky hillside. The Union reserve was so near, that the bullets chipped the branches overhead. Often the Eighth and Eleventh were called to their feet; but, when the wave of battle receded, they lay down again.

It was now night, and the combat deepened with the darkness. Up and down surged the blazing lines, revealing the hostile hosts. The prolonged roar of musketry, undulating, tossed back from the cliff, and crowding a whole sky with its rattling clangor; the confessed rumble, betokening a fresh advance; the yells and answering shouts, drowned again by the crash of twenty thousand shouts, drowned again by the crash of twenty thousand rifles, - this was the fight for Turner's Pass. At nine, the noise of battle ceased, the rebels fell back for the last time; the Union line advanced near the summit, within a stone's throw of the hostile picket; and the surgeons on both sides were visible passing to and fro with lanterns among the wounded. The night sped with little sleep, and at gray of dawn the rebel pickets disappeared over the hill, the main body having noiselessly slipped away hours before.

The fight was won by soldiers of other States; the Connecticut regiments being in reserve. For the numbers engaged, it was one of the sharpest and bloodiest fights of the war. Not less than sixteen hundred rebels lay along that narrow pass.

The 2nd Corps began early next morning to march by the pike over the mountain. The 9th Corps started late, and marched slowly by the country road; and by night most of the troops were in advance. About sundown it struck the pike, and began passing the regiments in bivouac on both sides of the road. Fires were now blazing; camps were all astir with men setting up sheltered tents, and cooking pork and coffee, chatting, washing, singing, and talking. For miles, the waning fire at least revealing in quaint light and shadow the almost countless bivouacs of a silent and sleeping host. A little past midnight, having passed through the entire right and center to the front, the Eighth and Eleventh turned into a stubble lot for sleep; while the next brigades in order filed by in the ever-moving procession.

Morning found Harland's brigade near Antietam Creek, within easy range of the rebel batteries in

position on the heights beyond; and, several times during the day, shells were dropped near. Lieutenant Samuel Fisk, "Dunne Browne," of the Fourteenth Connecticut, wrote, "I had no disposition to run away; and, indeed, I didn't see any very favorable place to escape from shot which fell in front, on both sides, and as much as a mile in our rear. You can calculate the probabilities as a thousand to one, or ten thousand to one, against your being struck; but somehow, that one chance looms up rather disproportionately in your view."

Here the sixteenth came up after a severe march, and joined Harland's brigade at dark. The wagons had not come within range, and rations were scanty. The hungry soldiers fell upon adjacent cornfields, where corn was in its prime, and made a supper of roasted ears. Green fruits added to the relish. Fences became little piles of ashes. By sundown, the land for miles was naked of every edible. No other crop thrives in the vicinity of a crop of soldiers. This pillage was necessary; and the soldier-marauders will be glad to know that the government has compensated loyal owners for losses incurred.

Harland's brigade moved up, and lay in line of battle all night behind a low ridge in rear of the Rohrback House, and perhaps fifty rods from the creek. At sunrise of the 17th, the enemy opened on the position, which was disclosed by a crowd of curious greenhorns running to the hill to ascertain if they could "see any thing of the rebels." Having thus perfect range, the second shot, a solid 12-pound ball, crashed diagonally through the Eighth, killing three men, and frightfully wounding four, in Company D. Lieutenant Marvin Wait, covered with blood and earth, rallied the men gallantly and held them to their place. The brigade was soon moved to the left and rear, to a less exposed position.

The battle had begun, and the day passed like a shrieking shell. The sky was filled with unearthly sounds, - the howl of fiendish missiles, the crash of falling trees, the horrible discharge of hundred of cannon. Along our entire front, rebel batteries were constantly discovered, till a long line of cannon could be seen through the murky canopy, panting with deadly heat. The brigade of Connecticut troops, on the extreme Union left, was soon advanced to support a battery near the creek, and came again under sharp fire.

Colonel Kingsbury now received orders from General Burnside to march his regiment to the bridge, after the batteries had shelled the works on the other side, and hold it until General Rodman could march his column over. Colonel Kingsbury approached the woods, then through a cornfield, and over a plowed field adjacent to the road. Our skirmishers, advancing, were briskly engaged with the enemy of the opposite side. Colonel Kingsbury gave Lieutenant-Colonel Stedman command of the right wing, with directions to advance, and occupy a hill between the road and the river, overlooking the bridge. Having accomplished this under a heavy fire, the right wing immediately engaged the enemy, and lost very heavily in this position; the sharpshooters of the enemy taking off our men very fast; while the enemy's main body was so concealed, that we had little to aim at. Colonel Kingsbury at the same time brought up the left wing, where he was exposed to the most intense fire while attempting, as at that time supposed, to take up a position very near, if not on the bridge.

All the rebel batteries were now roaring. The air rang with whistling balls, and the ground quaked with the hard breath of artillery. The Eleventh Connecticut descended to storm Antietam Bridge. The rebel guns were pouring in a destructive fire of grape and canister; while continuous volleys from an unseen enemy in the woods were also showered on them. Down the road leaped the Eleventh into this valley of death.

Companies A and B, under Captain John Griswold, were deployed as skirmishers; and they plunged into the swift stream, here some fifty feet wide and four deep, their dauntless commander taking the lead. He was shot through the breast while in mid-river, but struggled forward, and fell upon the opposite bank, among the rebels.

The left wing of the regiment was now near the bridge. Colonel Kingsbury was active, inciting his soldiers to the charge by his gallant bearing and the inspiration of his voice. Many men fell. The colonel was a special mark, and he was soon shot in the foot, and immediately thereafter in the leg; when he was at last prevailed upon to leave the field. While he was being carried off, he received a third ball in the shoulder and fourth in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound.

The men were still fighting; now falling back, and again charging on the bridge. The official report says, "When he fell, the regiment felt their last hope was gone: we have lost the bravest of colonels

and the best of men.” Major Moegling now assumed command of the left wing, and led it gallantly; while Colonel Stedman held the right wing firmly to the support of the battery. Volleys were frequent and effective.

The Eleventh fought stubbornly, for a time without support; but at last other regiments got up. It was afternoon when the 46th New York, with a wild cheer, swept down the hills and charged across the bridge, driving the rebels back, and making a permanent lodgment on the opposite slope. The Eleventh was now relieved; and an hour was spent in gathering up the dead and caring for the wounded.

On the left, Burnside still waited! He had been ordered by McClellan, as early as eight o’clock in the morning, to take the bridge, move on the Shepardstown Road, and cut off the rebel retreat. Hour after hour drifted by, while the battle was raging on the right, and Burnside only pushed forward a regiment here and there to contend alone against a superior force. In the morning, the troops of Longstreet in his front had been shifted to the rebel left; leaving only one division under General Jones, numbering twenty-five hundred men, to dispute the passage of the creek against the whole 9th Corps. Still the commander hesitated and delayed; and no advantage was taken of the amazing disparity of numbers. When at last the order to move at once became preemptory, the rebel division of A.P. Hill came hurrying across the Potomac from Harper’s Ferry to join the main army under Lee.

About two o’clock, Rodman’s division of the 9th Corps was moved down the stream to cross, by wading, a mile below the bridge. Two companies of the Eighth went ahead as skirmishers, and found a ford; the other eight companies supporting a battery which covered the ford while the rest of the division crossed. The regiment soon joined Harland’s brigade under a hill west of the bridge, near the extreme Union left, two or three hundred yards from the creek. The cannonading had become furious. Solid shot swept the crest of the hill in front and tore up the ground behind. Shell burst overhead, and fragments dropped among the men.

When the advance of the afternoon to this point was ordered, an aide of General Rodman, sent to bring up the Eleventh Regiment, misled it through the woods, pretending to be in the search of the ford. After a tedious march of four miles, Colonel Stedman brought the regiment back to the bridge, crossed, and advanced rapidly towards the cornfield where the brigade was fighting. The enemy was pressing down hard upon the left and front; and he now charged upon a battery that had been advanced upon the crest in front of the Eleventh. Shot and shell rained plentifully. Lieutenant Converse wrote in a letter to the Hartford Press, “Twitch had the Eleventh rallied for a charge. Colonel Kingsbury was dead, it might be; Lieutenant-Colonel Stedman was wounded, and weak with the loss of blood; Major Moegling was wounded, Captain Griswold dead. Companies were squads without officers, and officers with broken sword and battered uniforms, but without commands. Burnside called for aid. It was not time to falter; but one did falter, and refused to advance with the colors. There is a man for all emergencies; and a man was now ready to fill that black chasm of cowardice with the impersonation of courage. Corporal Henry A. Eastman of Ashford stepped forth with flashing eyes, and said, ‘Give me the colors!’ and with a burst of cheers, the Eleventh followed the old color-bearer, and the battery was safe.”

The Sixteenth Connecticut and the 4th Rhode Island now broke, and retired towards the bridge; and fearing that it would be difficult to keep his men together in the face of the stampede. Lieutenant-Colonel Stedman, able only from excitement to stand, longer upon a wounded leg, faced about, and led his regiment back. He was then borne off the field, and his men placed temporarily under command of Colonel Beach of the Sixteenth Connecticut; but none of the Connecticut regiments were again engaged.

Fresh troops were soon brought up; and the shattered third division recrossed the creek, and bivouacked above the position of the morning. The hostile picket-line crowded forward till it was posted along the ridge west of the creek. In this neutral ground were many wounded and dying. Within the rebel lines were many more. The terrible yet merciful work of the surgeons went on. Chaplains with squads of detailed men scoured the woods and fields to bring in the wounded. All the early night at risk of life, those able to crawl, worked their way into our lines, and brave men ventured down to bring off the helpless. “Even at midnight,” wrote Dr. Mayer, “the chaplain of the Eighth, who had been under fire all day, recovering and bearing off wounded, brought another squad into the barn.”

Yet thousands lay all night in agonizing pain on the bare ground, with no relief. Drs. Storrs, and Whitcomb, Mayer, and other Connecticut surgeons, toiled till day break, and then rested only for an hour. Bandages failed, and the fresh leaves of corn were bound on many wounds.

The next morning, Lee's pickets retired, and ours advanced. Ambulances moved forward, and Connecticut men rushed with pails of water to succor their wounded. Scores were quickly found.

The wounded cared for, they turned to bury the dead. All day went on the excavation of graves where the martyrs found a truce; and, as the shadows lengthened and faded out, the sad work was ended. The dead of the Eighth and Sixteenth were laid side by side on the ridge just above the point where there the gallant charge began, and those of the Eleventh near the edge of the open woods above the bridge. The graves were marked with pine headboards, to tell where the patriots rested.

All the Connecticut regiments had met with terrible casualties, - no less than a hundred and thirty-six killed outright upon the field and four hundred and sixty-six wounded. Among the latter were the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighth, Eleventh, and Sixteenth. No battle of the war inflicted such losses upon the troops of this State.

The Eleventh had lost thirty-eight killed and ninety-seven wounded.

The soldiers of the whole army expected to move the next morning, - to swoop down upon the over-marched enemy, and give him the coup de grace. Instead of that, a truce was proclaimed, and the rebels permitted to bury their dead. This gracious office was neglected, and the time was occupied by them in getting the trains and guns to the rear; and the sun of September 19th found Lee's army safely across the Potomac, and with some plausibility, claiming Antietam to have been a drawn battle.

Six weeks after the battle of Antietam, McClellan's army began tardily to pursue Lee; moving from camp in Pleasant Valley, Md., across the river at Berlin, just below Harper's Ferry, and passing south-west on the east side of the Blue Ridge. The Eighth, Eleventh, and sixteenth Connecticut Regiments were nearly together, and the Twenty-First now joined the brigade. Little of importance occurred to them until they reached Falmouth on November 19th, having made a hundred and seventy-five miles in twelve days. On November 9th General Burnside assumed command of the army.

Burnside's army was divided into three grand divisions of two corps each; and the 2nd Corps (in which was the Fourteenth) and 9th Corps (in which was the Connecticut Brigade) formed the right grand division under General Sumner. The Connecticut regiments did not enjoy this period. An officer of the Eighth wrote, "We put our little 'dog tents' upon the sticky red mud of Virginia; made smoky fires outside, of wet wood; half cooked our scanty food; warmed and dried ourselves as we could, standing by the wretched fires in the rain; then we spread out blankets on the soft mud, and slept. We slept; for we were tired out: but we awoke stiff, rheumatic, and cross. The weather was damp or rainy for several days, and few of us got our clothing dry under four days. It has rained about five days of the week."

Burnside had marched rapidly to Falmouth; out, before he was ready to cross the river, Lee, whom he had run away from at Warrenton, was in his path again, occupying intrenchments five miles long in the rear of Fredericksburg. At last, every thing was ready. Sumner and Hooker were to cross their grand divisions at Fredericksburg, and Franklin two miles down the river.

Before dawn on December 11th, the pontoon-boats were launched from the teams, and men hastened to build the floating bridge. As soon as the fog lifted slightly they were opened upon at short range by riflemen concealed in houses upon the opposite bank; and this fire became so vigorous, that, by eleven o'clock, the 57th and 66th New York were driven from the works with a loss of a hundred and fifty men. Franklin had crossed the river below. Sumner became impatient: something effective must be done.

At this juncture, one hundred men of the Eighth Connecticut, under Captain W.P. Marsh of Hartford, assisted by Lieutenant Andrew Morgan of Stonington and Roger M. Ford of Meriden, volunteered to lay the bridge, and dashed down the slope to the work. They shouldered board, and pushed out on the wooden pathway; when, as they reached the end, the rebel sharpshooters, who had been silenced for a time, recommenced a rapid and accurate fire, and the men were quickly recalled. After a time, the Union artillerists were able to depress their pieces sufficiently to drive the rebels from their covert, or tumble the buildings about their heads; when, at three o'clock, the 7th Michigan made a splendid dash across the river, and held the opposite bank, while the bridge was laid by the

Eighth Connecticut Volunteers and other regiments. By five o'clock, our forces were in the city.

The night was spent by the soldiers in the city in pillaging (see Eighth Conn.) and skirmishing by turns. Next morning (the 12th), many more crossed; and by noon two-thirds of the right grand division were in the streets of Fredericksburg.

By evening of the 12th, the whole army had crossed the river, and was preparing to move next morning on the heights in the rear, where Lee was still strongly entrenching; Couch's (2nd) Corps occupied the town; while Wilcox's (9th) Corps extended south-east towards Franklin's grand division.

On the morning of the 13th, Burnside opened the battle on the right by hurling French's division against Marye's Heights. Three separate charges were made; in the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Perkins of the Fourteenth Connecticut fell at the head of the regiment. The men rallied around their wounded chief, and fell back with the line of the division.

Hancock now led his division to the charge; and with it, in the front ranks steadily moved the Twenty-Seventh Connecticut, - nine months troops, which met the same fate as French's division.

After this, similar charges were made up the impregnable slope by Howard's, Sturgis', and Getty's divisions, and finally by the divisions of Hooker's corps, all with similar result; while Franklin, after a sturdy grapple with Jackson, had been repulsed on the left.

On the morning of this day, Colonel Harland had, by order of General Getty, placed his (2nd) brigade on the bank of the river below the town, where the troops were concealed from the enemy, and sheltered from their fire. The Eleventh Connecticut, present eighteen officers and two hundred and fifty men, was detached and moved forward to support the pickets of the 1st Brigade. Its casualties were few, and it rejoined the brigade, which had occupied the sheltered position during the day; while Burnside, in a spirit of apparent desperation, was hurling forward his troops to slaughter on the right and left.

Colonel Harland says in his official report, "About five p.m., I was ordered to move forward to the support of the 1st Brigade. I advanced the brigade in two columns, - the Twenty-first Connecticut and the 4th Rhode Island constituting the column of the right; and the Eight, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut that on the left. On the street in front of the slaughter-house, I re-formed the line, and advanced until the right was nearly up with the 9th New York and the left had arrived at the foot of a steep hill about ten rods in rear of the railroad, where the Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers had been stationed during the day." The brigade remained in this position during the night, picketing in front.

After the decisive repulse of Saturday, a return across the Rappahannock was urged on the chief commanders; but Burnside, mortified by defeat, had apparently lost his mental equipoise; and resolved to form the remaining 9th Corps in a column of attack by regiments, the Eleventh Connecticut Volunteers in advance, and lead it in person to scale the heights. He was at last dissuaded from the desperate scheme by his counselors; and the bloody and useless slaughter came to an end.

The retreat over the central pontoon bridge was materially assisted by Major H.B. Crosby of the Twenty-first Connecticut, provost-marshal of the 9th Corps. Major Crosby muffled the bridge with dirt about three inches deep, so as to conceal the retreat from the enemy, whose guns commanded the bridge. It was dark, cold, and stormy while he sat on his horse, and repeated in hushed tones private orders to commanders till near daylight, by which time the army was again in camp.

The morning of the 14th we returned to the location of Friday night. Next morning the whole force was recalled across the Rappahannock and Harland's brigade returned to camp near the Lacey House.

To say that the terrible battle had been a terrible failure is to speak quite inadequately of the results. The magnitude of the blunder seemed to be equaled only by the magnitude of the losses. The Union casualties numbered twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one killed, wounded, and missing; while the Confederate loss was less than half that number. Connecticut suffered less, proportionately, than any other State that had regiments engaged.

The smoke rose, and floated off the hard fought field of Fredericksburg; the wounded were sent home; the dead were buried; and thinned ranks answered the morning roll call. The Eighth, Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut regiments were still brigaded together. Burnside resolved upon another attack on the enemy's works; and the regiments that were to form the right had moved several miles up the river, when a severe and protracted storm rendered the assault impracticable. It consequently abandoned; and the men marched back in rain and mud. The commanding general was

soon succeeded by Hooker; and once more the picket reported, "All quiet along the Rappahannock."

After this the time passed for weeks with only the old daily routine of duty, and nothing of importance to vary the sameness of soldier life, except that now and then the muffled drum sounded out the departure of a comrade to another life. Rations were scanty, the weather was inclement, and disease active.

At last marching orders broke the comparative quiet. On Friday, February 6, 1863, the regiments of the 9th Army Corps bade adieu to Falmouth. The Connecticut brigade evacuated Camp Mud, as they had designated their location, and took the cars for Acquia Creek. Here they embarked on transports. Precisely at noon of the 8th, the signal for departure sounded; and next morning they found themselves at Fortress Monroe. In the afternoon, they proceeded to New Port News, and pitched their tents.

Here a quiet month was passed in log barracks, when on March 13, 1863 they went to Norfolk in transports, and thence by rail to Suffolk. The Connecticut Brigade went into camp close by the town, in General Pecks division. The program was not somewhat changed; for, instead of daily drills with the musket, the men were exercised in the "the manual of the shovel and hoe," excavating rifle-pits and erecting fortifications.

Up till April 11th the regiments had sprung into line at the sound of the long-roll; and the alarm was repeated from night to night. The men slept on their arms. At last the pickets were driven in, and Longstreet began the siege of Suffolk. General Getty commanded the Federal troops. During the succeeding weeks, considerable valor and vigilance were expended on both sides over the possession of a town so utterly without strategic importance as not to be worth either capturing or defending. April 14th, the regiments went into their rifle-pits; and during the night, and every subsequent night, there was more or less skirmishing between the pickets, but no battle. The works of defense were unfinished; and the alarms, watchings, and constant fatigue-duty, were very exhausting and dispiriting. It was not long before the men became pretty thoroughly disgusted, feeling (for even enlisted men frequently took that liberty) the uselessness of the work upon which they were engaged.

About this time, the Twenty-second Connecticut Volunteers left its camp at Arlington, and joined the forces at Suffolk.

A single brilliant episode relieved the dullness of the siege. It occurred on April 19th, - a patriotic anniversary which might stimulate any American to deeds of valor.

The rebels had advanced cautiously to a slight elevation near the west bank of the Nansemond, and re-occupied Fort Hunger, and old but unnoticed work of theirs, known to our troops as Hill's Point Battery, refitting it, and planting five new brass guns, - four 12-pounder howitzers, and one 24-pounder.

The fortification was located at a bend as to sweep the stream from long distances, annoying our gunboats exceedingly, and rendering all operations near that point quite perilous. It was thought best to dislodge the rebels. Late in the afternoon, six companies of the Eighth Connecticut, with six companies of the 89th New York, in all about two hundred and eight men, commanded by Colonel John E. Ward of the Eighth, were embarked on board the gunboat Stepping Stones. A canvas screen drawn up around the boat effectually concealed the men. The orders from General Getty were, "When the boat touches land, get off at once. Do not stop to call the roll or form a line, but let each officer rally all the men he can; and push right forward, and take the battery."

After these orders, the gunboat steamed up the river as if to run past the battery and the rebels made ready to fire. They waited for it to come past a small bluff which sheltered the boat for a short distance from the view and the fire of the enemy. Instead of passing, she quickly turned, and made for shore. As she struck, the gang-planks were shaven off. The boat swung around with the current, making the gang-planks useless; but the men leaped into the mud and water up to their arm-pits, rushed along the side of the friendly bluff and into a small ravine which led around past the rear of the intrenchments. The rebels, discovering the ruse, now opened a sharp fire of musketry. Companies and regiments were hopelessly interspersed and co-mingled. Pausing a moment, they rallied around the officers indiscriminately; then, Lieutenant Andrew Morgan taking the lead, started at full run along the ravine, up the banks, over the rifle-pits, and into the enemy's works, without firing a shot. "We cave!," screamed the astonished rebels. "We cave! Don't fire! Don't fire!" And the boys did not; for the victory was won.

The Connecticut and New York soldiers were side by side. Both battalions dashed into the works together; and the two old standards, torn by bullets in many battles, were planted on the breastworks.

But the task was not ended. "Work quickly boys!" was the word. The prisoners, a hundred and twelve in number, were marched on board the gunboat; and the howitzers were rolled out of the works across a plowed field, and, within fifteen minutes, drawn to the beach.

Hardly were the prisoners secured, when the rebels were seen swarming from the adjacent woods to retake the battery. The guns just captured were ranged as by magic around the bluff, and turned upon them with deadly effect. Meanwhile, the marines had, with great labor and celerity, transferred several howitzers from the gunboat to the banks, and then dragged them up the bluff. They, too, opened on the rebels at the edge of the woods and in the woods with wonderful rapidity and accuracy.

The rebels fell back. By this time, the other four companies of the Eighth were ferried over; pickets were thrown out one-fourth of a mile; and the whole remaining force were set at work vigorously digging rifle-pits in the rear of the intrenchments. The pickets were once drive in, but soon rallied, and again took their position.

To capture a strong battery with two hundred men, while thousands of rebel troops were within a mile, is not common achievement; and the men were proud of the feat.

The Union position in front of Suffolk was still almost incessantly shelled. The men had been without proper rations and those in front obtained little refreshing sleep. On April 24th, the whole division moved south and west on a reconnaissance in force. The Connecticut brigade advanced southward on the Edenton Road, under General Corcoran; the Eighth being left to hold the position if attacked.

The companies of Captains Luther G. Riggs, and E. B. Preston of the Twenty-second Connecticut were placed in support of a Wisconsin battery that did good execution. The Sixteenth Connecticut was deployed to skirmish at the head of the column, and its companies moved forward on both sides of the road. After proceeding half a mile, they encountered the enemy's pickets, and pushed them back steadily for an hour, replying rapidly to the rebel musketry fire. The Eleventh advanced in line of battle on the right, and the fifteenth on the left. The enemy was driven from his rifle-pits and into his batteries. At dark, the force was recalled.

On May 3, 1863, another reconnaissance in force was made to hasten the raising of the siege already begun by Longstreet. A force, including the Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Connecticut regiments, advanced across the Nansemond, north-westward towards the Blackwater, along the Providence Church Road. The enemy skirmished spiritedly, still falling back, and that night departed from the front.

During the siege, the Eleventh, one killed and four wounded.

About the middle of June, General Getty evacuated Suffolk, and fell back north-eastward to Portsmouth, across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk, and almost within sight of Fortress Monroe, rising over the broad James only twelve miles distant. Here they occupied some incomplete fortifications, and fell at work to finish them.

During the last week in June, 1863, while the Armies of Hooker and Lee were going towards Gettysburg, General John A. Dix conceived the idea of moving on Richmond, up the peninsula hoping to draw off Confederate troops from the Army of Northern Virginia. General Getty's division was immediately started from Getty's Station on transports, and moved around to Yorktown. Here the troops remained two days, the few rebels on the peninsula giving them plenty of room. The movement was continued up to the White House, where the Twenty-second Connecticut was detached for provost duty; Colonel Dutton still commanding the brigade.

At six o'clock on the morning of July 1, 1863, the force crossed the Pamunkey River at the White House, on the railroad bridge. The day was extremely hot; but the column moved slowly northward, passing Lanesville and King William Court House, encountering no enemy. The Connecticut brigade bivouacked in a clover patch of a Mr. Pemberton, while the horses were turned loose in a field of juicy oats. Mr. Pemberton was away at a meeting; and every man for miles around was absent, - "gone to mill," "gone to see his sister," gone to an indefinite meeting at some indefinite place for some indefinite purpose.

Next day the force made eleven miles more, passing still westward towards Mongohick. Chaplain

Morris, in a letter to the Palladium on the day said, "There is a general order strictly prohibiting foraging by irresponsible parties, but I regret to say that it is openly disregarded in some regiments by both officers and men. The woods resounded with the crack of rifles; and in all directions men are entering camp loaded with poultry, fresh pork, beef, and mutton. In an adjoining field, while I am writing, there lie as many as fifty sheep skins.

We passed just after mid-day the princely mansion of Dr. Fountain, whose wife is a daughter of Patrick Henry, and is an outspoken and zealous rebel. The planter had gone to Richmond; and the women fled in terror at our approach, leaving the splendid establishment in the hands of the blacks. When we arrived, marauders had been before us. Every chair and table was broken, marble tables and mantels, mirrors, and picture frames, smashed to fragments; an old family portrait was cut from top to bottom, and hopelessly ruined; bureaus were broken open, destroyed, and their contents torn and scattered and trampled by muddy boots; bedposts were split in two by axes; jars of preserves were dashed against the clean white walls; a splendid library was tumbled from the shelves and the books chopped in two and stamped to pieces. Nothing escaped the ax, or the butt of the musket: every room was strewn thick with fragments and tatters, bedaubed and unsightly where every thing had been costly and tasteful.

The indignation of General Getty, and of every decent man, was unbounded. A guard was immediately posted, and every effort made to detect the miscreants. Several were arrested, and tried this afternoon by a drumhead court martial; but I regret to say the evidence was too meager to convict any of the despicable knaves. The perpetrators doubtless were soldiers, I am happy to say, condemn such men, and would deem the death penalty inadequate punishment.

On July 3, 1863, the Connecticut brigade had the advance, the Eighth out as skirmishers. It was fiercely hot, and many fell sun-struck. Surgeon Sabin Stocking of the Eighth, and the chaplain, impressed from the plantations along the march all the horses, mules, carriages, and carts they could discover to transport the loads of sick and fainting men. It was a motley collection of carts and gigs, of colts, toothless nags, and broken-down mules, uniform only in leanness and worthlessness; but they served the purpose to the extent of their feeble ability, and were turned loose at journey's end. At night, the force reached a point due north from Richmond, opposite Hanover Court House, on the Pamunkey.

The next day, the 4th of July, was spent near the bivouac, on the plantation of Mr. John Taylor, one of three wealthy brothers, a keen, cruel, sensual man, and a bitter rebel.

In the meantime, it transpired that the Connecticut Brigade had been left as a reserve to assist Mr. Taylor in a proper celebration of Independence Day; while the other regiments of the division had tried to cross the Pamunkey into Hanover for the purpose of destroying the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. The passage of the river was successfully resisted; and, after burning a bridge or two they returned to Taylor's next day. The expedition was substantially a failure, and the troops felt disheartened as they turned their faces again to the rear; their chagrin being modified, by the exhilarating rumor from Pennsylvania.

Early fruits were in their prime, and the troops lived voluptuously. The soldiers from the hard hills of New England had never before seen such a wealth of berries, especially of running blackberries, as now bestowed the route of march. A man could sit upon the ground, and without changing his position, pick as many as he could eat. An officer recalling this time says, "I picked a water pail three-quarters full from the vines within my tent." These promoted the health of officers and men, previously inclined to dysentery, and the column returned rapidly and in good spirits, five hundred thoughtless, careless, jolly contrabands swarming upon the flanks and rear.

The return through the White House, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, to Hampton, was made on foot, through a region too poor for plunder; and the division crossed the Roads next day, and again quietly encamped for rest and drill, cheering over the news for Gettysburg, and Vicksburg, and resolutely subduing their feelings of pride as they rehearsed the achievements of "The Blackberry Raid."

On October 17, 1863, the president called for an additional force of three hundred thousand to strengthen the regiments in the field.

On the 23rd of November, the governor called for colored volunteers for the Twenty-ninth regiment; and the call was at once enthusiastically responded to.

On January 12, 1864, the Twenty-ninth being declared full, the governor issued a call for colored volunteers for the Thirtieth.

In the mean time, the president called for additional five hundred thousand men.

Recruiting officers were sent to the regiments in the field; and the soldiers having less than one year to serve were offered the veteran bounty of \$702 to re-enlist, with a furlough of thirty days before expiration of their original term of enlistment. The effort was attended with abundant success.

The Eleventh Connecticut Infantry Regiment had 268 men re-enlist and received their furloughs, and came home individually or in squads.

On March 14th, the president called for two hundred thousand more, and the quota in Connecticut was again 5,620. The most strenuous efforts were put forth. Recruiting continued without abatement; individual and collective energy was put forth to fill the quota; and in two weeks the quota was full, with a large surplus to be credited on any subsequent call.

The Confederacy was now environed on all sides with a cordon of triumphant bayonets and it was generally felt that the Rebellion was staggering to its doom. Soldiers and citizen redoubled their energies to hasten the end.

Harland's brigade, the only brigade of Connecticut regiments in the service, remained intact near Portsmouth during all the hot summer months of 1863; the thermometer sometimes ranging a hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Maltby's ice-cream saloon in Norfolk was a popular resort.

The brigade was located at intervals on a military highway extending along and within the line of fortifications from the Suffolk to the Elizabeth-City Roads, which roads converge towards Portsmouth. The distance to Portsmouth varied from two and a half to four miles.

The officers of the brigade were: Brigadier General Edward Harland of Norwich, in command; Captain H. P. Gates of the Eighth (Norwich), A.D.C.; Lieutenant Alfred M. Goddard of the Eighth (Norwich), A.D.C.; Lieutenant N. P. Ives of the Eighth (Meriden), Brigade Commissary; Lieutenant Stuart Barnes of the Fifteenth (Fair Haven), Brigade Q. M.; Surgeon Melancthon Storrs of the Eighth (Hartford), Brigade Surgeon.

The regiments were kept almost constantly at work felling trees, digging trenches, and throwing up breastworks, with the accompanying picket duty. The position in front of the Eleventh and Sixteenth was named Fort Griswold, after the brave captain, killed at Antietam; and was surrounded by a flat, sandy plain, covered with a low stretch of pine and gum trees. The toil on the fortifications served as a conductor to carry off the fire of patriotism, and tended to diminish the soldierly spirit; but they had an occasional review and dress parade with the accompaniment of a fine brigade band, when the weather was fair, which kept the military spark from becoming quite extinct, and reminded the poor fellows, wary with chopping trees, rolling logs, and throwing shovelful after shovelful of dirt all day, that they belonged to the noble profession of arms. The men were required to be neat and cleanly in their persons and accouterments.

During the warm weather, much sickness prevailed, especially diarrhea, diphtheria, and swamp fever; and there were some dead from malaria's diseases. All the surgeons were faithful; and, as the fall and winter months approached, health rapidly improved. The efficiency of Surgeon Dwight Satterlee of Ledyard was also especially mentioned; and by the 1st of October, there were only two members of the Eleventh in the hospital. Surgeon Satterlee was afterwards promoted to be major of the regiment; - the only case of the kind in the regiments from this State.

Our regiments seemed to have won the good opinion of the hostile neighborhood, as the *Old Dominion*, a journal published at Portsmouth, said, -

"The gallant little State of Connecticut is well represented in this vicinity among the soldiery; and, like brave men, they know how to conduct themselves in the busy city and on guard duty, as well as on the field of strife. This has been exemplified in the orderly conduct which has uniformly characterized the members in our midst. We have heard of not a single case of rowdiness or wanton interference with private rights since they have been stationed in our vicinity; but everywhere we hear encomiums of praise bestowed upon them for the rectitude of their conduct and excellent morals which they exhibit."

The Eleventh, about the first of October was ordered to Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown, for a raid into Matthews County but only Lieutenant Krazyński (of Danbury), with twenty-five

sharpshooters, participated. The regiment refitted and cleansed Fort Keyes, a rusty old reminiscence of McClellan, and made it healthful and neat. The uniforms, which the men wore from Connecticut two years before, were brushed to tidiness; and the tattered tents were patched and reefed into winter quarters. The place was not gay.

The noble York River here narrows from two miles to one; and a crazy, decrepit ferry boat hitched across the river a few times a day. The country round about was fertile, but abandoned. The newborn nation freemen were huddled in a neighborhood known as "Slab Richmond," – not a lively spot to hibernate; but the soldiers of the Eleventh had long before learned not to be particular. They established a reading room, and put in attractive order the books and journals from home.

On December 16th, there was a terrible fire, followed by explosions, at Yorktown. The fire began early in the evening and burned its way to the forts. Chaplain Henry S. De Forest wrote, -

"A premonitory flash was followed by bursting shell. The batteries then opened, and were kept playing till the fires were quenched by a rain storm the next day. Like some grand Fourth-of-July display, these loaded sky-rockets cleaved the air, burning often in colored light, and tracing curves, we thought perhaps of death, certainly of beauty. Soon followed the first of the four great explosions. A column of fire and smoke mounted heavenward, wonderful in size and grandeur. It rolled its folds, dark yet luminous, sideward and upwards, till it seemed to half reach the clouds starting from its base; and, using this as the background of the scene, scores of shells were tracing their terrible parabolas in lines of fire. They had not reached the earth, when a second explosion followed, brighter and grander than the first. It was a volcano scene such as is seldom witnessed by man. As the smoke rolled away, fire darted here and there, like lighting running on the ground. It was the bursting of what the plays went on; till at midnight, and especially at four o'clock, an earthquake-shock was repeated, scattering a brick building to the four winds. Two of the regiment – Charles H. Cady of Hampton and Adelbert Spencer of Woodstock – were station as a guard, almost within a scorching distance of the fire. They were not relived; and, amid showers of bricks and bursting bombs from the several explosions of that long night, they stood at their post, Romans in modern times."

Recruits from home mostly substitutes, now came to all the regiments, and were closely guarded and industriously drilled.

General Harland being detailed to serve on a military commission, Colonel Beach commanded the brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel Burnham being absent, Captain Thomas F. Burke commanded the Sixteenth. Major Henry L. Pasco and Captain Edward H. Mix of Terryville had been detained at Portsmouth to explain the accident that happened to the camp of the Connecticut brigade.

The veterans from all the old regiments were received in the State with the most overwhelming demonstrations of gratitude and affection. People from every county rallied at New Haven and Hartford to greet them. The line of march was magnificent with flags, welcome devices, and patriotic decorations. Almost every house bore signals and cheer followed cheer throughout the awakened city. The cannon roared and the bells clanged in jubilee. A double reception was given most of the regiments, - first in New Haven, then in Hartford.

The Eighth and Eleventh, which had always been brigaded together, and were strongly attacked, came home in company. They reached New Haven on January 15th, and were most warmly and cordially greeted. They mustered three hundred men each.

They were escorted to Music Hall by a military procession accompanied by an immense throng. May Tyler was ready to greet them in grateful words; but they had eaten no breakfast, and were straightaway bidden to partake of the bounteous collation there spread. In Hartford, Allyn Hall was elaborately ornamented with flags and eulogistic mottoes.

Governor Buckingham addressed the veterans as follows: -

"General Harland, and officers and men of the Eighth and Eleventh Regiments, - In behalf of the General Assembly and the citizens of Connecticut, I greet you with a cordial welcome, - not as long-lost prodigals who have neglected their duty to themselves and their homes, but as devoted sons who have gone in their manhood from parental roofs, and, after achieving brilliant success through heroic deeds and sacrifices, return, crowned with glory, to receive the blessing of parents and friends.

I remember the time, not long in the past, when a certain race of men declared to the world, that, from the cornerstone of human bondage, they would erect a government of their own in defiance of

law and constitutional obligations; and that they raised to carry out their bold declarations, though the land should be deluged in blood. I remember that they, in their madness, struck at the old flag of their country as it waved over Fort Sumter; and that earnest men, filled with the zeal and patriotism which should animate every true American heart, while on their way to defend the capital of the nation, were shot down in the streets of Baltimore by an infuriated mob stimulated to bloody deeds by the desire to overthrow liberty that slavery might live. Then it was that you stepped out from your workshops and field of labor, and, bidding adieu for the time being to peaceful pursuits and the enjoyments of home, buckled on the amour of brave men, and marched to distant the assaults of a wicked and desperate foe. I remember – and the people of Connecticut remember – your full ranks as you stood shoulder to shoulder, two thousand strong, when leaving the borders of the State; and since that time watchful eyes and prayerful hearts have not lost sight of you. Through all the vicissitudes and dangers of the battlefield, you have been watched with eager anxiety. We remember when, with the indomitable Burnside, you landed on the sands of Roanoke Island through the battling waves of Hatteras, to the securing of a foothold in the old North State. We remember you at Newbern, at South Mountain, and at other fields where your valor had been displayed with untold honor to yourselves and your native State. At Antietam, where your gallant Colonel Kingsbury laid down his life; where the intrepid Griswold led the way across that fatal stream, and died heroically; where the brave Lieutenant Wait would not leave his post, though wounded mortally, - we remember you with particular devotion. It is in that record that we find the names of sixty-nine of your numbers who knew how sweet it was to die for their country, and of over two hundred more that died in defense of liberty. And we owe you who stood at their side a debt of gratitude which can never repay. We would have your names inscribed on the finest marble and granite, but, if that can not be, you may rest assured, that, engraved on the brightest pages of history, the name of the nation's defenders will ever stir the gratitude of those who shall read hereafter the history of this Rebellion.

Though your flags come back tattered and torn, they are crowned with glory, and will ever stand, with names of bloody battle-fields which are inscribed upon them, as faithful witnesses of your struggles in defense of constitutional liberty.

I feel grateful to God that you are here and that you come to us with such a noble record. Your re-enlistment is evidence that you first entered the service of your country from motives of patriotism, and are ready to fight on, giving your lives, if need be, to the maintenance of those principles which lie close to the heart of every true lover of his country. So long as our hearts continue to beat true to liberty, so long will they cherish with gratitude the services of the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut Regiments.”

After another speech by Rowland Swift, Esq., and an excellent dinner, they dispersed, to seek that tendered reception by fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters, in many happy homes.

The veteran regiments received recruits at home; and they marched back again to the front, when their furlough was ended, followed by the benedictions of the State, and made readier by the touch of loving hands for the last death grapple with the Rebellion.

Lee still contended bravely for the possession of Virginia; though no relief came to the armies of the Rebellion with the spring of 1864, while Sherman was consolidating the armies of the West, and Grant getting the Army of the Potomac well in hand, Butler marshaled the Army of the James. The Connecticut regiments had by this time been filled with recruits, until, with one or two exceptions, they again mustered eight hundred to a thousand men each. A large proportion of these soon deserted, leaving the regiments little stronger than when they came.

On the morning of March 1, 1864, the veterans of the Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut, returning from furlough, were on board a transport anchored off Fortress Monroe. The Eighth debarked at Portsmouth, and returned to the old camp. The Eleventh arrived at Williamsburg, March 3rd, constituting the force nearest Richmond. Recruits had been received, so that 1,035 were present for duty. The Eleventh was now in the 2nd Division, of the 18th Army Corps, under General W.F. (“Baldy”) Smith.

On the 4th of May, General Butler's force – the 10th and 18th Corps – embarked on transports, and followed gunboats up the James. The enemy was surprised and the landing at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, on each side of the Appomattox, was unopposed. (Bermuda Hundred is a small cluster of

houses on the extremity of the peninsula formed by the James and Appomattox Rivers. In the early settlement of Virginia, slaves were located at different places and gangs of a hundred at each point. These settlements were usually designated by taking the name of the place from which the slaves were brought, with the word "hundred" affixed. The gang landed here was from Bermuda: hence the name Bermuda Hundred.)

On the 7th, both corps advanced cautiously through the thick woods, toward the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad; and the ground was feebly contested.

Hawley's brigade struck the railroad near Chester Station, on the morning of the 10th; when the Sixth under Lorenzo Meeker, and the left wing of the Seventh under Major O.S. Sanford, moved up towards the station, destroying the track. This was done very thoroughly in the face of an alert enemy.

In the mean time, Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman, with the right wing of the Seventh, moved up the turnpike to destroy the telegraph.

In the battle of Drury's Bluff, of which this advance was a prelude, the First Connecticut Light Artillery Battery took part; also the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut Infantry. More or less skirmishing was kept up until the 16th; at which time the enemy had fallen back to a defensible line, stretching from Fort Darling to the railroad, and our forces had strengthened their position in front.

On the morning of May 16th, the rebels massed, and made a determined dash against our right, under cover of a very thick fog; and, after long and hard fighting in the darkness Weitzel's division was overborne, and forced to the rear. On the left was a simultaneous attack, resisted fiercely; but at last the enemy's massed column made it way, and Terry's division was obliged to retire. To consider more especially the part taken by each of the regiments from this State: -

The Eleventh, in Winstar's brigade, had met a fate similar to the rest. Colonel Stedman, in his official report, says, "No shot was fired by the regiment until the enemy charged in line of battle the immediate front; when, opening fire, the advance of the rebels was checked, and after about an hour their line was driven back. At this time, and within a few moments after the regiment ceased firing, an order reached me from General Winstar to fall back. Facing my regiment about, I reluctantly obeyed, and marched through thick woods to a road a quarter of a mile to the rear. At this point, I was ordered to advance, and re-occupy the breastwork. Moving without delay, the regiment returned, and, under a heavy fire from the rebel line which occupied the fortifications, retook its old position. No other regiment of the brigade was there, nor could any Union troops be seen along the whole line to the right or left. A rebel battery enfiladed the regiment from the left. After twenty minutes, I saw a movement on the part of the rebels, indicating an intention to charge our front; and I saw a column file into the road to the position before occupied by the 2nd New Hampshire, - thirty yards off my right flank. Finding myself unsupported, and in danger of annihilation or capture, I faced the regiment to the rear, constantly obliquing to the right to avoid the enemy, who were following the movement with yells." The regiment came off in tolerable order, with a loss of fourteen killed, fifty-four wounded, and one hundred and twelve missing. Captain Henry J. McDonald of Danbury was among the captured, and Lieutenants Morris Krazynski and Erastus Blackmar were wounded.

All the forces of Butler now fell back to the original lines, and began strengthening their intrenchments, stretching from the James to the Appomattox. The rebels advanced, and again occupied and repaired the railroad from Richmond to Petersburg.

Colonel Stedman of the Eleventh wrote at this time, "We have moved our camp, and now delightfully located upon the banks of the muddy Appomattox in a pine forest and on a dry soil. We look out on a wild country made picturesque and beautiful by varied features of hill, dale, swamp, cultivated fields, and primeval woods, with three plantation-houses at long intervals, giving an air of civilization to the scene. With a glass, we can distinguish the rebels at a distance of two miles, working like beavers at a fort; and they are probably entertained in watching us, for all our men are industriously digging in the attempt to render this position defensible."

No sooner had Grant moved his army south eastward, down the Pamunkey, then Lee withdrew south-eastward along the front of its right flank. The Union cavalry corps was sent to the right to delay the movement of the rebels.

On the night of May 31st, Wright's 6th Corps was detached from the extreme right of the army, and

directed of Cold Harbor, which had now become a point of strategic value. Lee detecting the movement, and divining its purpose, sent Longstreet from his own left to seize the roads in front of Cold Harbor. The movement and dispositions were rapidly made; so that when Wright and Smith arrived, on June 1st, the rebels were behind earthworks in the edge of a thick woods, approachable only across an open plain several hundred yards in width.

The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Connecticut were in the charge with Smith's corps; and their losses had been heavy within those few minutes.

Colonel Stedman had led his brigade bravely in the terrible onset. In a private letter written at the time, he said, "We formed in the woods in solid columns. I gave the command, 'Forward!' We started with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonet. I was the first to enter the open field and see the enemy's lines, - a curve. I bade Farwell to all I loved. It seemed impossible to survive the fire; but I was spared, while the officers of my staff, who followed me closely, were struck down. We reached a point within thirty yards of the enemy's main works; but the fire was too murderous, and my men were repulsed. We left the woods with two thousand men; in five minutes we returned, six hundred less!"

The Eleventh had lost nine killed and seventy-five wounded. The colonel escaped with several bullet holes through his coat. Major Converse, Captain Amos S. Allen, and Adjutant Samuel C. Barnum, were mortally wounded, and soon died.

Major Joseph H. Converse of Windsor Locks was born at Stafford, of vigorous and enterprising New England ancestry. He prepared for college, but did not enter. When the first call came, he enlisted in the first company from the State, and served faithfully as orderly sergeant of Company A. He then prepared himself for an efficient officer, and went out as a second lieutenant in the Eleventh. From rank to rank he rose gradually by his own merits. He was a good scholar, and of refined literary tastes; and his letters to the Hartford Press, descriptive of the battles of Newberne, Antietam, Fredericksburg are among the best war sketches published in the State. He was adjutant to Colonel Kingsbury at Antietam, and was within a month promoted to be major, for skill and conspicuous valor in that occasion. He wished to remain with his regiment, but was frequently detailed to service requiring scholarly attainments. At Cold Harbor he was serving as aide on the staff of General Martindale.

Colonel Stedman (shortly afterwards to fall as suddenly) wrote to the father of Major Converse, after the battle, -

"I was waiting in the edge of the woods, my brigade having the advance. Major Converse rode up, and, shaking hands, said, 'Colonel, the general sends his compliments, and says all is ready.' We parted, - he to rejoin the general, I into the open field. As we appeared to the enemy, a volley was fired at us, and in it the major fell. I was not aware of his fate until my return. I had then seen all my own staff killed or wounded, and five hundred of the gallant brigade fallen. I was told by the general that Converse had gone too! It was a sad blow to me; for, through three years of hard service, we had been comrades and intimate friends."

When told that his wound was fatal, he only said, "I am ready to go."

On the morning of the 4th, regular siege approaches were begun, running zigzag towards the rebel works, nearer and nearer day by day. During the following week, the army saw little rest.

On the 12th, this work was abandoned; and Grant again swung off to the left to join the Army of the James.

"Keep to the left," Grant's constant formula of command; and every swing brought him nearer to Richmond. A change of base, which Napoleon called "the ablest maneuver taught by military art," was achieved by Grant and Meade, after Cold Harbor, with masterly skill and complete success. One by one the corps was withdrawn from the right, and sent to the rear and left. The right was thus gradually and cautiously refused, and the line developed towards the lower crossing of the Chickahominy. In the mean time, Wilson's division of cavalry, which included the First Connecticut, was sent around the rebel right, straight on Richmond. By this ruse, Lee was deceived, and withdrew his army rapidly towards the capital to intercept what he supposed to be Grant's direct advance by the left. Wilson's cavalry, after seizing and holding Long Bridge, on the Chickahominy, dashed towards Richmond, and drove the rebel cavalry and infantry across White-oak Swamp. Here the First Connecticut was in a spirited engagement. Hard and continuous skirmishing followed for several days,

while the infantry corps marched rapidly across the Peninsula to the James.

Smith's (18th) Corps took transports at White House, and arrived at Bermuda Hundred in advance of the rest of the army, on June 14th. Being here joined by Kautz's cavalry division, Smith advanced directly towards Petersburg via Point of Rocks. Hinck's colored division rushed on, and carried the first line of works in a spirited manner; capturing one gun and several hundred prisoners. On reconnoitering, the main position was found to be defended by a strong line of redans, partially covered by formidable rifle pits. The artillery works swept the broad, low valley. Smith determined to charge with a heavy line of skirmishers; which, at seven, p.m., of the 15th, were thrown forward from his three divisions. Under a sharp infantry fire, they carried the line. Hinks' colored troops took four redoubts on the left, while Brooks' and Martindale's divisions captured the important works on the salient. The rebels held their fortifications on the right, and farther to the left.

The Eleventh Connecticut was in Martindale's division in a brigade led by Colonel Griffin A. Stedman, and composed of six large regiments. The division advanced along the Appomattox, in the extreme right of the corps; and the Eleventh Connecticut occupied the left of the brigade line, and was under command of Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Moegling. The regiment rushed forward across the plain, over a creek and numerous ditches, steadily driving back the rebels until within thirty yards of the rifle pits. Here a stand was made; but, after a short engagement, the rebels were driven to their main intrenchments. Just as Colonel Stedman was about to storm the works under a heavy fire, the brigade was relieved, and sent to the left to assist the colored troops to hold the position they had taken.

Every consideration urged a prompt renewal of the assault at early dawn. This was Smith's intention; but, not being properly supported by Hancock, he felt compelled to wait, while Lee hurried forward his army, and threw a large force into Petersburg. It subsequently appeared that Smith might have captured the city with his own corps, had he advanced promptly and resolutely.

In the mean time, Stedman's brigade was again relieved, and returned to the right; Stedman sending a scouting party along the river-bank. During the day (the 16th), being informed that Hancock would attack at six, P.M., on the extreme left. Martindale moved forward as a feint on the right. Colonel Stedman advanced his brigade and, after hard skirmishing, took possession of infantry parapets and a bastion on the left of the road. The Eleventh was again on the skirmish line. After a while, it having become evident that the attack had failed, the division was withdrawn to the position of the morning.

At five P.M., on the 17th, the Twenty-first was ordered, with other troops, to the left, to support a charge on the inner defenses before the city. The next day, Brooks division, containing the Eight and Twenty-first, was relieved, and held in reserve.

It was now resolved to make a more vigorous assault next morning, the 18th, though by this time Beauregard had received heavy re-enforcements. The Union line ran this from right to left: Martindale's and Hincks' divisions of Smith's corps, Wright's corps, Hancock's, Burnside's and Warren's. There were in line of battle the Second Connecticut, the Eleventh, and the Fourteenth.

The right of Colonel Stedman's brigade in the morning reached to the Appomattox, and the left extended nearly to the City Point Railroad. The Eleventh, Lieutenant-Colonel Moegling commanding was deployed as skirmishers to cover the front of the entire brigade. Stannard's brigade followed as a reserve. The 6th Corps joined on the left. The men advanced through the open oat and corn fields, continually exposed to the enemy's artillery, across a most difficult ravine, beyond which a long line of the rebel intrenchments were brought to view. White puffs of smoke, and the sharp crack of rifles, showed that they advanced without firing, a considerable number of wounded falling to the rear; and in a few moments more of the skirmishers rushed into the rebel works as the occupants fled to their second line.

A brisk fire was opened on the retreating rebels, which was returned with spirit and severity. Soon the skirmishers were ordered to charge and advance with a cheer; broke the enemy's line, captured a rebel major and thirty men, and dislodged the rest who retreated in great confusion. The regiment was now far ahead of the 6th Corps, and its left flank was exposed and without support; yet so earnest was the purpose of Colonel Stedman to capture Petersburg that day that he ordered the advance resumed. The spires of the coveted "Cockade City" were now in full view and the men dashed on with another

shout.

They were shortly confronted by a stubborn line of battle. The skirmishers halted under a withering fire, and awaited support. The sixty rounds brought in the morning had long been exhausted, and the want was supplied by ammunition captured at the rebel defenses.

Stannard's brigade came up and the advance was resumed; the enemy's line firing back within the strong defenses. Here a charge was made upon the breastworks at a double-quick, along the whole line until it failed utterly. Night coming on, Stedman's men made a line of rifle pits using as entrenching tools their bayonets, cups, and plates. They constructed a line which covered them from the enemy's fire; and all through the darkness of that night of weariness, but not of sleep, the rebels could be heard busily at work strengthening their intrenchments. Firing was kept up at intervals all night. Hungry and worn with fatigue, the Eleventh kept its place in the advance until ten o'clock next morning when it was relieved and fell back.

In fighting of the three days, ending with the repulse of the 18th Corps, the Eleventh had lost five killed and fifty-four wounded. Among the severely wounded were Captain Randall H. Rice, Lieutenants David A. Hoag, and Smith S. Gilbert, and Sergeants David E. Mansfield, John B. Butler, and Marshall Kenyon.

Among the killed was Captain William H. Sackett of Hartford. He had served faithfully in the three-month service, and was appointed to a second lieutenantcy in the Eleventh. He was promoted after the battle of Newbern, and again for gallantry at Antietam. For several months, he was detailed to Connecticut in charge of recruits, but rejoined the regiment before Petersburg. In the fighting of Friday June 17th, he received a wound in his right arm; "and though (as he says in a letter to a friend) suffering much from it, I shall not allow it to keep me from the command of my company." Chaplain De Forest, in a letter, said, "In Captain Sackett's death we have lost a most heroic, devoted, and efficient officer. He did not expect to survive this terrible campaigning. He seemed to have a presentiment of death. He gave directions for the disposal of his effects, and the embalming of his body. This foreboding, which proved too true, did not diminish his novel courage. He fell in the thickets of the fight, - heroic leader among heroic men. His death was easy: without a struggle, he fell into the arms of a brother officer, and expired."

Colonel William C. Moegling, in a report at this time, said, "Since the 9th of May, the Eleventh had been under fire twenty-three times, and has lost four hundred men in action, and over one-half its officers: it has marched many miles, with but very few stragglers, and has always done its duty without flinching. The health of the command at present is excellent, although the heat is intense, and the duty in the trenches very hard in consequence."

The rebels continued active and aggressive upon the Petersburg front, near the Appomattox, where Colonel Stedman's brigade was located. We quote from the report of Captain J. F. Brown, commanding the Twenty-first: "Early on the morning of June 24th, the enemy opened upon us a heavy artillery fire which was continued for an hour or more when he advanced a strong line to carry the works, supposing, as we learned from prisoners, that our foe had been mostly withdrawn. Our men kept well concealed until the enemy was close upon them, and then opened a most deadly fire, that threw the enemy's line into complete confusion. Most of those who escaped the first fire at once threw down their arms and surrendered. Several hundred prisoners, in addition to the killed and wounded, thus fell into our hands. The enemy never repeated this attempt upon that portion of our lines."

Grant felt, by the first of July, that the hope to carry Petersburg by surprise was futile. A systematic line of intrenchments was begun; and a few days hard labor rendered these strong enough to be easily held, and to permit an extension of the line to the left. The confederate line of defense also became so formidable, that direct assault was pronounced impracticable. Their new chain of redans, connected powerful infantry parapets, stretched from the Appomattox away to the south-west.

In this attitude, a corp de main was projected. Burnside's corps occupied commanding ground within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's line; and in the direct front was a fort on a re-entering angle of the rebel works. Under this, a mine was dug, and a large amount of powder concealed. July 30th was at last fixed upon for the assault.

The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first Regiments remained in the 18th Corps along the Petersburg front. Chaplain Moses Smith of the Eighth wrote on July 20th, -

“A month of siege-work; lying in the trenches; eyeing the rebels; digging by moonlight; broiling sun; shooting through a knot-hole; shot at if a head is lifted; artillery compliments passing and repassing; our lives endangered by shells from both sides; officers falling; comrades dying; everybody wearied by the monotony, and exhausted by heat and watching dull hours enlivened and lonely hearts encouraged by kind words in the main-bag, and good fruits in the sanitary issues; numbers growing less, but hope never dying – such is an epitome of the month since I wrote you before. Here we have remained constantly under the enemy’s fire. Occasionally, for one or two days, the regiment had been withdrawn from the pits, beyond bullet-range, but not from artillery and Rebel sharpshooters and rebel mortars have been busy upon us, both while in the front and when relieved. In return, our men have played the sharpshooter, and burrowed under grounds.”

The experience of the Eleventh was similar, - constantly under fire. Lieutenant-Colonel William C. Moegling reports, as the casualties for July, six killed and nine wounded.

At five o’clock on the morning of July 30th, the mine was exploded; and was followed by a feeble assault, a mournful slaughter, and an utter, terrible failure.

The 31st United States (including the colored battalion: the 30th Connecticut Infantry Regiment) had moved to the vicinity the night before, marched silently to within a hundred yards of our outer rifle-pits, and lay down to a fitful sleep on their muskets, with bayonets fixed. The division of Negro troops lay all about, waiting for the explosion. When the great shock came, Ledlie’s inefficient division of white troops sprang forward to the assault, followed by the blacks. Up to the crater they went in the impetuous charge. Here many sought refuge, and were killed; while thousands pressed forward more than a mile, the Confederates having left the ground clear. Now came the fearful recoil. The rebels rallied, and replied in a counter-charge; the Union troops were not supported and the blacks and whites rushed pell-mell into the vast bowl of crumbling earth where the fort had been. Then the helplessness; then the butchery! Burnside was on another part of the line.

Immediately in front of the mine supporting the First Connecticut Artillery lay Burnside’s 9th Corps (now the weakest and poorest corps in the army), with Smith’s 18th Corps directly up as a reserve. The Eighth and Eleventh lay all night upon the ground ready to spring into the gap after Burnside’s men.

After the disgraceful recoil, - more disgraceful to officers than men, - General Stedman wrote, “Then we asked why we were not sent in? Why is the 18th Corps kept back? We can carry the position, let us go. But it was not permitted.... I do not like to write or talk much of our failures. I feel less a soldier when I do so; for there is much to make one say unpatriotic things... I see today a notice of the death of Captain Reynolds, my adjutant-general, wounded in both arms at Cold Harbor. Poor fellows: - they all die!”

These were, probably, the last words General Stedman ever wrote; for shortly after he was under a fatal fire. August 5th was a dark day for the Eleventh; for the missiles of that day swept down General Griffin A. Stedman, still commanding the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Moegling, commanding the regiment. Both were hit by random shots; and the wound of General Stedman was mortal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Moegling was wounded slightly in the foot. Chaplain Henry S. DeForest wrote of him, “He was at the time indisposed. Ill health followed, and, after a partial recovery, he grew worse again. His sickness finally should visit his home, and try a northern climate. But he went home to Danbury to die. Exposure and hardship during four campaigns had been doing this work. The vital powers were overborne. No care of friends or home-attentions could avail. He had been thrice wounded, and had been in frequent battles and desperate charges; he had escaped them all, only to meet death in another form. To this land of his adoption, to constitutional government and to universal liberty, which is the same in every land, he gave the blossom of his manhood and his life. He had the real Germanic love of liberty, and its opposite, - a keen hate to slavery. He was one of the first to join the regiment from the State. He served faithfully, fought fearlessly, and, having before spilled his blood, finally offered his life in the national cause.”

The chaplain also tells of the death of General Stedman, “He lay in his own tent, within sound of the enemy’s guns, with his face turned towards their line, but his eyes turned heavenward, His staff were about him and others from the Eleventh. The tide of life ebbed away gently at the last. The soul was free, and the body at rest; but the soil which drank that blood is ours, and shall never be

abandoned.”

Richmond and Petersburg were still under rebel flag. The terrific struggles of the summer of 1864 had resulted in a dead lock of the opposing armies. For thirty miles, the parallel lines of earthworks, batteries, and forts, bristling with canon, and well-manned by tired, veteran troops overlooked the hostile camps at a few rods distance. Experience had taught that the attempt to take the rebel line by direct assault was too expensive for frequent repetition. Every shock seemed only to settle and strengthen the defense.

The mine fiasco had left no alternative but flanking; and the plan now was to strike the rebel army upon the extreme right and left simultaneously, and so confuse and bewilder the enemy as to cause him to leave some point exposed. Two corps, the 2nd and 10th, were selected to operate against Richmond from Deep Bottom, under Hancock; while Warren struck for the possession of the Weldon Railroad on the left.

For more than a month did the 10th and 18th Corps lie in the trenches at the east and north of Petersburg, with nothing to break the monotony. There was artillery firing on both sides; and the sharpshooters kept up an intermittent crackle: but even fighting had by this time become monotonous. The siege was little less than one constant, prolonged battle; and half the time the men were under fire. The Eighth, Eleventh, and Twenty-first were still along the Bermuda Hundred front. A soldier of the Eighth wrote, -

“We are in the pits two, and sometimes four days at a time, through night and day, rain and sun, mud and water, when a shell comes howling along, down we all got with a jerk. There is nothing lost, I notice, by being polite. We have to lie low, of course: and when we are relieved, and get behind breastworks, it is not much better; for, if a head or hand is lifted in sight, fifty bullets are sent after it. The enemy’s guns have good range upon our camps, and sometimes open upon us about midnight, supposing us sound asleep after our fatigue in the trenches, and keep us awake all night, and many time drive us into our gopher holes. This we stand the storm; our works growing stronger day by day, and our faith strengthening with our works.”

Chaplain DeForest of the Eleventh wrote. “We lived in ditches and holes of the earth, exposed to the sun and dogstar, the dew by night, and both rebel fire and diarrhea at all times.”

On the afternoon of the 28th, Butler faced his army to the right, and moved in the evening towards the James. At nine in the evening, the 18th Corps had arrived at Atken’s Landing, and the 10th had crossed the Appomattox, and was hurrying forward. At two in the morning, the 18th had arrived at Atken’s Landing, and was hurrying forward. At two in the morning the 18th Corps began moving over the pontoon bridge; and by four they were all over, massed in column by division, and moving up the Varins Road, on familiar ground,. The Eleventh Connecticut, being detached for artillery service, remained at Bermuda Hundred.

On October 7th, the enemy made a vigorous attack on the part of the line held by Terry’s division. The cavalry came rushing in, and the infantry immediately sprang to arms. The Tenth moved from the left around to the right of Hawley’s brigade to strengthen that part of the line where Kaute’s position had been turned. The principal force of the enemy came down from their right, and the Sixth was the first Connecticut regiment engaged. Major H.W. Camp wrote of the action of the Tenth, -

“When the brigade next to us became engaged, including the Seventh Connecticut with its seven-shooting rifles, the crash was beyond anything I had ever heard. We shook our heads, and listened; ammunition could hold out but very few minutes at that rate, and we knew that, as always, nine shots out of ten must be wasted. Yet, as it afterwards proved, that the tenth shot did fearful execution.

We had not long to wait and comment. A rattling volley in our front showed that the skirmishers were engaged; and, in a moment more, they came hurrying back through the dense pine-woods before us – the rebels close upon them. While the bullets of the rebel skirmishers flew among us, their main body was forming in line just behind for the attack; their feet plainly to be seen beneath the low-growing foliage, which concealed their bodies as they dressed their ranks. We opened fire, the rebels opened in return, and bullets flew fast, Colonel Otis stood near the right of the line; I at the left. We had hardly a hundred men in ranks; and the regiment looked like a single company, with a captain and lieutenant to manage it. The men needed little in the way of orders of instruction; they knew just what to do, and they did it. At the fire, the regiment on our right (100th New York) turned and ran. Our men

saw it; knew that their flank was now exposed; nothing there to hinder the immediate advance of the enemy. Nothing is so apt to strike men with panic. Our men paid no other attention to it than to give a rousing cheer just to show the enemy that they had no thought of giving ground; then turned steadily to their work. Each man stood fast. Where a comrade fell, they gave him room to lie - no more. There was no random firing in the air, but rapid loading, cool aim, and shot that bold. It was good to see such fighting. Those whom we met were no raw recruits.

For a while, though unable to advance, they stood their ground. Broken once, they rallied again at the appeal of their officers, and once more tried to move forward through the fire that mowed them down. It was of no use; again thrown into confusion, they fell back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

General Terry was now placed in command of the corps. An attack upon the rebel right was planned; and at four in the morning of October 13th the regiments were on the march. They passed beyond the works, by the Cox Farm, through the woods, across the ravine, thence over the Darbytown Road to the plains beyond. The skirmishers opened fire, and advanced. The enemy's advanced line was pressed back to his entrenched position. The desultory fighting was brisk for several hours.

The Tenth, after a stubborn fight, retired with the line of the brigade. The Sixth and Seventh also fell back, and the assault was abandoned.

As winter approached, Grant made a last effort to turn the Confederate right; and to cover the movement, dispatched the Army of the James on October 27th to demonstrate in force against Richmond. This movement was led by General Butler in person. All the available troops were engaged. The Twenty-ninth Connecticut was attached to Hawley's brigade, and was deployed on the skirmish line of its entire front, commanded by Captain F. E. Camp of Middletown.

Stubbornly was the advance contested; from tree to tree, from bush, rock, and rifle-pit, the rebel skirmishers were driven, until they broke, and fled into their works. The brigade remained in the woods while the Twenty-ninth pushed forward, nearly six hundred strong, until they had made their way close up to the breastworks, from which poured a heavy fire. At this time, the enemy opened upon the Twenty-ninth from a battery in an angle of the works; sweeping the line with shot and shell, and threatening to render it untenable. A well directed rifle-fire silenced it. The gunners fell at their guns. Comrades attempted to crawl up; but they were shot down or forced back, and the guns remained as silent as if spiked. The blacks exhausted their ammunition, but replenished their supply from the dead or wounded. They vied with each other in deeds of daring. In a lull of battle they would call out, "How about Fort Pillow today? Look over here, Johnny, and see how niggers can shoot!" They exposed themselves with the utmost recklessness and indifference; and Captain Camp was obliged to restrain them from useless exhibitions of their courage.

During the afternoon, various points of the rebel works were assaulted, but without success. The Twenty-ninth remained in front, firing until their muskets became so foul that the charge could not be rammed home. Nightfall found the regiment still engaged with unwearied enthusiasm where they had been for fifteen hours, by eight o'clock the firing gradually slackened, and finally ceased; and the regiment remained on the skirmish-line until daylight. A violent storm drenched the men completely; but they were vigilant until relieved.

On the same morning, Warren and Hancock struck Lee's right vigorously. The work assigned to the latter was to swing to the west side of Hatcher's Run, and advance to seize the Southside Railroad. Hancock advanced rapidly, and crossed the run. The direct attack of Warren and Parke failed; and the enemy fell on the right and left flanks of Hancock with great fury, and no inferior numbers. They met a bloody reception.

Next morning, the whole force returned to their original lines before Petersburg; the expedition having resulted in failure, though Hancock had repulsed the Confederates and inflicted on them terrible losses, much heavier than his own.

During the sever service of the autumn, the Connecticut regiments at this point had been partially reorganized. The men who had served the three years for which they originally volunteered went home, materially reducing the strength of the regiments raised in 1861. These men were received in Connecticut with enthusiastic demonstrations of gratitude for their patriotic and honorable service.

Many line officers resigned at this time, having served three years; until a majority of the officers

of every regiment had been promoted from the ranks.

Our regiments along the hostile front now hastily built for themselves winter quarters, and awaited the opening of another campaign. The works were strengthened, and sharpshooters were busy along the line.

On November 3rd, threat of violence at the polls being made by the peace-men of the North, and alarming frauds being discovered having for their object a stuffing of the ballot-boxes of New York State with forged votes, General Butler was transferred to the command of that department; and he was accompanied by a division of troops under General Joseph R. Hawley. The division consisted of two brigades of three thousand men. In the first brigade were the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers under Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel Klein, the Seventh under Lieutenant-Colonel Greeley. Colonel Rockwell of the Sixth commanded the 2nd brigade.

Immediately after the presidential election, the troops returned to the front, and resumed their places in the line.

As the Connecticut regiments were at this time reduced in size by the muster-out of tried soldiers, they were soon increased again to a minimum by the muster-in of large numbers of untried recruits.

The white troops of the 10th Corps were consolidated with those of the 18th Corps, in a new corps known as the 24th; and the Eighth Connecticut was detailed to guard headquarters. The Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Connecticut Volunteers (colored) were now in the 25th Corps, where all the colored regiments were gathered under General Weitzel.

Colonel John H. Burnham of Hartford declined a commission as colonel of the Eleventh; and the regiment, having no field officers, was commanded by Captain Randall H. Rice, who had received a wound at Petersburg, which, it was feared would be mortal. He had been compelled to leave the service from continued ill-health, incurred by continued exposure in the field.

Ulysses Grant was not the man to relax his grip on Richmond. When the spring of 1865 stirred among the sentient roots of grasses, and woke the beauty latent in the hills, he had strengthened his chain of redoubts, tightened his cordon of rifles, and reached farther outward and forward with his armored left, in the death-clasp that was to encircle the enemy's citadel. Every regiment was put in the best fighting trim.

Lee was on the defensive; but he was weak, and appealed earnestly for reinforcements. Mr. Davis saw the peril of the situation, and again he howled with fiercer spur the flanks of the jaded Confederacy. No response came. The South was utterly exhausted, - not in men, but in motive; not in strength, but in effective will. Its master passion was worn out; for a majority of the promoters of secession were dead. Its body was rent sore; and the devils of State supremacy and slave chivalry had been expelled. Lee in front of Grant, and Johnston again in the path of Sherman, had barely eight thousand soldiers while a hundred thousand men hid in the mountains, avoiding the officers of conscription. From the regiment of Lee, a hundred men deserted every day. The end was drawing nigh.

The Eighth, Eleventh, Twenty-first, and Twenty-ninth Connecticut regiments still held the lines north of the James. Lieutenant-Colonel Randall H. Rice had become colonel of the Eleventh; Major Charles Warren had succeeded him as Lieutenant-Colonel; and Captain Henry J. McDonald of Danbury was commissioned major.

On March 1, 1865, the Eleventh was formally presented, by Miss Julia A. Beach of Wallingford, with a stand of handsome and richly-wrought national colors, "in memory of the pure and valorous commander," Colonel Griffin A. Stedman, killed before Petersburg. It bore upon its folds the names of eleven battles; and upon a silver ferrule was inscribed the memorial dedication.

Every sign was ominous of the speedy downfall of the Confederacy, when in March, 1865 Grant and Sherman met President Lincoln at City Point; and the three chiefs decided to launch the final blows fast and heavy, and make short work of it.

Before the middle of the month, Lee had determined to abandon Richmond and Petersburg. The Union line had been constantly strengthened, while his own army had become weaker and weaker every month. Moreover, his right was hard pressed by Warren and Hancock, who had gradually extended their works so near the Cox and Boydton roads as to make them unsafe as a line of retreat.

In the dilemma, Lee ordered a sudden and impetuous assault on Fort Stedman near the Appomattox

(where the fallen General Stedman had fallen); hoping thereby at least to relieve his menaced right. On March 25th, the blow was struck.

At about four o'clock A.M., three divisions of the enemy under General Gordon made a desperate and well arranged attack upon these defenses. It was a complete surprise, and was successful. Their columns simultaneously swept over the parapet between Stedman and Battery 11, joined in rear of the fort, and carried it almost without opposition. From that time to daylight, a hand-to-hand fight raged among the bomb-proofs, and on the flanks of the enemy's position.

General Abbot of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery Regiment reported, "The Confederates assaulted Fort Haskell again and again, but failed to carry it or Battery No. 9. As soon as the light would admit, all my own artillery from Batteries 4,5,8,9, and Fort Haskell, and all the light artillery which General Tidball, chief of artillery, 9th army Corps, could concentrate upon the position, opened and maintained a terrible fire upon the enemy. No reinforcements could join him from his own line, owing to this fire. His captured position was entailing deadly loss upon him. Our reserves were rapidly assembling and finally, about eight, A.M., they made a gallant charge, which resulted in the recovery of our works, of all our artillery, and in the capture of over eighteen hundred prisoners.

The rebels did not have time to spike or otherwise harm any of the guns or mortars. They now commenced retreat towards their own lines; but this was not so easy a matter for them, as some of our forces had gotten between them and their lines. Now commenced the real work of the fight. Our troops charged them and they broke and scattered like sheep. They finally succeeded in their escape, but with only a remnant of their forces. A heavy and continuous fire was kept up on their columns as they retreated, doing great execution.

Lee's assault had not only been wholly unsuccessful, but had entailed a loss of at least four thousand men in killed, wounded, and captured, - a loss which he could ill afford. Moreover, its effect upon his right had been just the reverse of what he had anticipated: instead of recoiling, Grant had sprung suddenly forward upon the left, crowding his antagonist still nearer to the Appomattox.

Sheridan, by a most rapid and skillful combination, had surrounded the Confederates at Five Forks, beaten them and captured more than five thousand. At midnight, a terrific cannonade was opened by the First Connecticut Artillery from all the guns bearing on the enemy; and Grant ordered a simultaneous advance on the morning of the 2nd of April, by the corps of Wright, Parke, and Ord. At one point, the rebels were to make a most stubborn resistance, - in the vicinity of Fort Gregg, which enclosed the Weldon Railroad.

Lee was beaten at every point. Scarcely anywhere did his troops retain a hold upon their intrenchments; and flight was the only alternative. Once more our jaded heroes sprang forward. The enemy's retreat lay up the Appomattox; but Sheridan was already in his path, and had swung the 5th Corps up to Sutherland's, ten miles west of Petersburg, and stationed his cavalry ten miles still farther west. All day (the 2nd Sunday), preparations for retreat went forward rapidly; while Grant's host closed sternly in upon the east and south. All night, the evacuation went silently forward. Richmond was fired; thousands of the panic-stricken people fled with the army; and by dawn of the next day Lee was sixteen miles west, headed for the army of Johnston, which as still facing Sherman defiantly in North Carolina.

Weitzel, pressing near Richmond north of the James, with one division of the 24th Corps and one division of the 25th (colored) Corps, was attracted by the conflagration, and in early morning hurried forward over the vacated confederate breastworks towards the city.

Lieutenant-Colonel Torrance reported, "At sunset of April 2nd, we witnessed the last rebel dress parade in Virginia, from the magazine of Fort Harrison. Early on Monday morning, April 3, 1865, the picket-fires of the enemy began to wane, and an ominous silence to prevail within these lines. Very soon, deserters began to come within our lines, who reported that the works in our front were being evacuated. In a little while, we saw the barracks of Fort Darling in flames; and tremendous explosions followed each other in rapid succession. The earliest dawn revealed to us the deserted lines, with their guns spiked and their tents standing. We were ordered to advance at once, but cautiously. The troops jumped over the breastworks, and, avoiding the torpedoes, filled through the rebel abatis; and then began the race of Richmond.

The Eleventh Connecticut was here and under Major Charles Warren, immediately pushed

forward. Major Warren reported, "The brigade (1st Brigade, 3rd Division, 24th Army Corps) of which this regiment forms a part, was formed in mass on the New Market Road, and immediately advanced towards the rebel capital, preceded by a line of skirmishers. The first line of rebel works was cautiously passed without opposition. Lines of rebel works were passed at double-quick, until the spires of the city of which we had read for years came in view; the national banners were unfurled; bands struck up 'Rally round the Flag' when cheer upon cheer from the soldiers rent the air; and the city of Richmond was entered in triumph by the national army about half-past eight o'clock, A.M. The men were received by the white people with a good deal of enthusiasm; but our reception by the colored people was a perfect ovation. The rear-guard of the enemy passed up Main Street just ahead of our advance. Many prisoners have been picked up in the city. After stationing guards over magazines, arsenals, and other important places, the Eleventh was sent to aid in putting out the fire which rebels had kindled, and which as fast sweeping the city to destruction. The fire being checked, the regiment was detailed as provost-guard for the city, which duty they continue to perform."

Chaplain DeForest wrote, "Our reception was grander and more exultant than even Roman emperors leading back his victorious legions with the spoils of conquest could ever know. We brought government, order, and heaven-born liberty. The slaves seemed to think that the day of jubilee had fully come. How they danced, shouted, waved their rag-banners, shook our hands, bowed, scraped, laughed all over, and thanked God for our coming! Many heroes of this battle are those who broke the rebel lines yesterday, and forced Lee to send a telegram to Jeff Davis, which cut short his devotions, and called him out of church to begin his flight. By the fortunes of war we are permitted to see and feel the long expected day. It is a day never to be forgotten buy us until days shall be no more."

The pursuit was pressed with unparalleled vigor. Swington says that Lee, at the head of his twenty-five thousand fugitives, expected to be able to join Johnston, and "his spirits were unusually light and cheerful on the morning of the 3rd." He was probably thinking of his escape from Yorktown and Antietam; but he was beset by a different adversary now.

The pursuit was conducted along two lines, - Ord with the Army of the James, in which was the Tenth Connecticut, proceeding by the Southside or Lynchburg Railroad; and Sheridan with the cavalry and the 5th Corps, followed by Meade and the 2nd and 6th Corps, along the northerly roads nearer to the Appomattox. Lee's retreat lay north of both; but he must cross both at Amelia Court House and Burkesville, to make sure of escape. With Sheridan was the First Connecticut Cavalry, and with Meade the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, and the Fourteenth, and Thirtieth Infantry.

Before Lee could pass Amelia Court House, Sheridan was before it at Jetersville. Lee declined battle; abandoned the hope of reaching Danville, except by detour, and moved rapidly westward towards Dentonville. Sheridan flung his cavalry forward: and early on the 6th, Custer attacked the wagon train of the Confederate army at Sailor's Creek.

The First Connecticut was in the advance of the division, and was the first to charge. The guard of the train was routed, and many prisoners taken. The regiment then became divided. Colonel Ives led the right battalion into a piece of woods near the rear of the train, where the rebels had a number of guns supported by infantry. The dash of Colonel Ives resulted in a capture by him of five pieces of artillery with their caissons, besides a hundred and forty prisoners and two battle flags. These were the first captures of the day. One of the flags was taken from the color bearer of the 1st Florida by Lieutenant A. S. Lanfare of Branford. Major John B. Morehouse, with left battalion, charged upon the head of the train, took possession, and burned wagons, and captured men and horses.

The rebel infantry soon came up, and after a spirited engagement forced the cavalry to retire; after which they threw up intrenchments, and awaited a renewal of the attack.

The 6th and 2nd Corps soon came up; and about sunset the works were carried: and Ewell, finding himself surrounded, surrendered his whole corps. In this engagement, the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery Regiment and the Fourteenth Infantry had honorable part.

On the night of April 6th, Lee crossed the Appomattox by bridges near Farmville; and in the morning was again closely pursued by the 2nd Corps. The Confederates had but one ration on leaving Richmond; and now lived as they could by foraging within the narrow limits allowed them by the Union cavalry. Those men were fortunate who had in their pickets a few handfuls of corn which they might parch by the wayside; but many had naught wherewithal to assuage the pangs of hunger, save

the buds and twigs of spring, that, with its exuberant bourgeon, seemed to mock the desolate winter of their fortunes. The misery of these famished troops during the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of April, passes all experience of military anguish since the retreat from the banks of the Beresian. Grant's troops were also on diminished and irregular rations; but they were sustained by that which supplements scant food and rest, - the flush of success, and the assurance of final victory.

On the 7th, Grant demanded a surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Lee asked for a meeting looking to "the restoration of peace;" but refused to surrender, and pushed on. Grant declined to confer for diplomatic purposes. The 2nd and 6th pursued on the north bank of the Appomattox; while Sheridan, with his cavalry and the Army of the James and the 5th Corps, pushed straight across the country, forty miles, to Appomattox Station. Here he arrived on the evening of the 8th, in advance of Lee; captured four trains of cars with food for the famished Confederates; and flung his command across the narrow neck of land between the James and Appomattox, directly in their front. The First Connecticut Cavalry and Tenth were present at this point, a hundred miles west of Petersburg.

Lee resolved to cut his way through, and at dawn to the 9th hurled Gordon's division impetuously upon Sheridan's horse. The latter gave ground, retiring to the line of the infantry. Then the rebels, in turn, recoiled. Sheridan instantly mounted his cavalry, and wheeled it along the enemy's left flank; when, just as he was ready to sound the "charge," a letter from General Lee was brought through the lines, appointing a meeting for surrender. A truce followed.

About noon, on Sunday, April 9, in a farm house at Appomattox Court House, sat the rival chiefs, and signed the death warrant of the Confederacy. The Army of Northern Virginia, which had been so potential for harm, was no more.

The following were the terms by Grant:

Appomattox Court House, April 9.
Gen. R. E. Lee, Commanding C.S.A.

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: -

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take arms against the United States until properly exchanged and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully
U. S. Grant
Lieutenant-General.

Lee's Surrender to Grant:

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, U.S.A.

General - I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry these stipulations into effect.

Your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee, General.

Connecticut troops witnessed the capitulation. The First Connecticut Cavalry, under Colonel Ives, acted as an escort to General Grant when he went forward to the conference with Lee. The Fourteenth, under Colonel Moore, was hard by, within sight of the memorable house. The Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery Regiment, under Colonel James Hubbard, was with the 6th Corps, a short distance north; and the Tenth was a mile west, where it had helped to resist and turn back the desperate charge of Gordon.

The armies were foes no longer; and the victors shared their rations with the vanquished. Among the paroled, where was, besides the mortification of defeat, a feeling of relief from a terrible and sanguinary combat. Among the Union troops there was, superadded to the delight of victory and joyful foreshadowing of peace, and exultant consciousness that the Army of the Potomac, often censured and always disparaged, had at last won a title to the nation's gratitude.

Grant turned quickly towards North Carolina, where Johnston still held out, and whence Jefferson Davis was flying southward to be captured in ambiguous apparel, - the baffled leader of a lost cause.

While Grant and Lee were conferring at Appomattox, Sherman's army was resting and refitting at Goldsborough. Twenty thousand men were furnished with shoes, and a hundred thousand with clothing. The two corps of Terry and Schofield joined the column; and on April 10th, Sherman moved out of Goldsborough, at the head of the strongest army ever marshaled on the continent. North-Westward he eagerly pushed, after Johnston's fugitive command. Next day, the Fifth and Twentieth Connecticut Regiments, with the 20th Corps, entered Smithfield in the advance of the army. On the 13th, while moving rapidly upon Raleigh, the soldiers were thrilled with the news of the surrender of Lee's army. Our troops gave cheer after cheer to express their joy; and then, when cheers became too feeble an expression, uttered yell upon yell, until they woke the echoes for miles around. Then the bands burst forth in swelling strains of patriotic melody, which the soldiers caught up and re-echoed with their voices. They joyfully saw the end.

No other great battle was to be fought. Raleigh was occupied; and the pursuers had moved out of the city but a short distance on the track of the fugitives, when Sherman received from Johnston a proposition of surrender. On the 17th, a conference was had: terms of capitulation were drawn, and sent to Washington for approval while an armistice reigned.

On this day came down upon the waiting army, like a thunder bolt, the intelligence of the brutal tragedy in the Washington Theater, wherein Wilkes Booth played his role of atrocity. The blow that convulsed the country nerved every soldier's army with a strange anger; and they prepared to leap upon the foe in front, the only accessible representative of a conspiracy which had showed itself capable of such a cowardly crime. But the armistice was practically unbroken. Grant came, and the amended stipulations were approved and executed; and Johnston's army of fifty thousand men laid down their arms.

National restoration was at hand; and the great martyr who on Good Friday had laid down his life for republican liberty was honored anew, the olive-wreath of peace shining like a crown above the laurel-wreath of victory.

When the main Confederate armies had surrendered, and the war was deemed substantially ended, the troops were stationed for a time in prominent cities and at strategic points to maintain the authority of government; while a considerable force was dispatched to Texas and Mississippi to overthrow Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor, who still maintained a warlike attitude in those States. The 25th Corps (colored) embarked for Texas on June 10th, and included the Twenty-ninth Connecticut (colored) Regiment, under Colonel Wooster, and the Thirtieth Connecticut (colored) Regiment, under Colonel H. C. Ward. They landed at Brazos de Santiago, July 3rd, and marched to Brownsville on the Rio Grande.

The Connecticut regiments in the armies of Grant and Sherman gradually made their way northward, via City Point on the James. Those which had entered Richmond when the rebels evacuated it remained in possession.

The Connecticut soldiers were generally mustered out of service in the summer of 1865; and the

people of the State gathered with spontaneous enthusiasm at the center, and gave them an uproarious greeting.

The veteran Eighth and Eleventh went to Lynchburg, after Richmond was captured, and did a semi-military, semi-police duty in the vicinity for several months. They came home in December, had a reception in Hartford befitting their long and arduous service, and were mustered out. Rowland Swift addressed the Eighth, and Ezra Hall addressed the Eleventh, in terms of grateful welcome; and the companies and soldiers departed to find more personal greetings in glad hearts and homes. The regiments had generally marched, camped, and fought side by side, and shared a twin-chronicle of heroic deeds, and a long list of gallant dead.

Casualties of the Eleventh Regiment

Killed in action	72
Died of wounds	41
Died of disease	165
Discharged prior to muster-out of the regiment	579

(The End)