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## CHAPTER XXIII THE NINTH REGIMENT.

*Organization—Rendezvous at Brattleboro—Departure for the War—Winchester—Siege and Surrender of Harper's Ferry—March to Annapolis—Journey to Chicago—Guarding confederate Prisoners—Sombre Experiences—Exchanged and Ordered to the Filed—Suffolk, Va.—Yorktown—Mortality from Disease—Newport, N. C.—Battle of Newport Barracks—retreat to Beaufort—Reoccupation of Newport—Expedition to Jacksonville, N.C.—New Berne—Departure from North Carolina—Joins Army of the James before Richmond—Bailey's Cross Roads—Battle of Chapin's Farm—Capture and Defence of Fort Harrison by General Stannard, and Storming of Battery Morris—Battle of Fair Oaks—Sent to New York City—Return to the army—Winter Quarters—Competitive Inspections—Fall of Richmond—Triumphal Entry into the City—Guard duty at Richmond—Return Home.*

The Ninth regiment was recruited early in the summer of 1862. In the first twelve months of the war Vermont had forwarded nine thousand men to the front; and recruiting had ceased in the State, as elsewhere in the North, in April, 1862, because the government had all the men it wanted. That the half million of federal troops in the field would be enough to end the war was taken for granted, and the young men who had been thinking of enlisting turned their attention to the pursuits of civil life. The belief that no more soldiers would be needed was, however, suddenly dispelled by a despatch from the War Department to Governor Holbrook on the 21st of May, directing him to raise at once an additional infantry regiment. This order was followed, on the 25th of May, when Stonewall Jackson had driven Banks out of the Shenandoah Valley, by a despatch stating that the enemy was threatening Washington, and directing the governor to forward at once all the volunteer and militia force

in the State. There were no troops of either kind in Vermont to send; but the State authorities bent all their energies to the effort to raise at once another regiment of volunteers. Recruiting stations were established and recruiting officers appointed as follows: Bennington, Sanford M. Robinson, Jr.; Bradford, John C. Stearns; Brattleboro, Francis Goodhue; Burlington, Reed Bascom; Hyde Park, Charles Dutton; Irasburgh, Amasa Bartlett; Middlebury, Albert R. Sabin; Perkinsville, Charles Jarvis; Plainfield, Albion J. Mower; Rutland, Edward H. Ripley; St. Johnsbury, Edwin B. Frost; Swanton, Albert B. Jewett. The people responded well. Enlistments were promoted by the selection for colonel of Lieut. Colonel Stannard of the Second, who left the field to assist in the work of raising the regiment; and though all the machinery of recruiting had to be reorganized, in six weeks from the receipt of the order the Ninth regiment was in camp.

The companies organized as follows: A, Swanton, June 14th, Captain V. G. Barney; B, Rutland, June 20th, Captain Edward H. Ripley; C, Middlebury, June 24th, Captain Albert R. Sabin; D, Perkinsville, June 25th, Captain Charles Jarvis; E, Irasburgh, June 25th, Captain Amasa Bartlett; F, Burlington, June 25th, Captain George A. Beebe; G, Bradford, June 26th, Captain William J. Henderson; H, Hyde Park, June 27th, Captain Abial H. Slayton; I, Plainfield, June 30th, Captain Albion J. Mower; K, Brattleboro, July 3d, Captain David W. Lewis.

The companies were uniformed at the recruiting stations, and reported at the rendezvous at Brattleboro in the last week of June and first week of July—a period when the mails and telegraph wires were freighted with the exciting news of the seven days' fighting before Richmond and of President Lincoln's call for 300,000 more volunteers.

The regiment was rapidly equipped, under the active exertions of Quartermaster General Davis, and armed with

Belgian rifles—the best gun that could at that time be procured. The men went into camp in wall and Sibley tents (which they took with them to Washington), and were kept busy with squad and company drills, under experienced instructors. The field and staff officers of the regiment were in character and experience second to those of no regiment as yet organized. The colonel was George J. Stannard, a soldier of experience and high military capacity. The lieutenant-colonel was Dudley K. Andross, who had been captain of the Bradford company and under fire in the First regiment. The major was Edwin S. Stowell of Cornwall, late captain in the Fifth, and one of the best line officers in that regiment. The adjutant was John C. Stearns, late the capable sergeant-major of the First regiment. The quartermaster was Francis O. Sawyer of Burlington, whose business training had been that of an express agent, and who speedily demonstrated the fitness of his selection. The surgeoncy was first tendered to Dr. Charles L. Allen of Rutland, who declined it, as he had been offered a higher position, and was then filled by the appointment of B. Walter Carpenter, assistant surgeon of the Second Vermont and one of the most popular and efficient members of the medical staff of the First brigade. The assistant surgeon was Dr. Horace P. Hall of St. Albans. Rev. Lucius C. Dickinson of Cavendish, a worthy clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, was appointed chaplain.

Nearly or quite a third of the line officers had held commissions or served in the ranks of the First regiment. The rank and file were largely farmers and farmers' sons, averaging a little younger than the men of the preceding regiments. Among them were a number of boys of 18; but many also were men of mature years, of education and property and recognized standing in their respective towns.

On the 9th of July the regiment was mustered into the United States service, with 920 officers and men, by Major

Wm. Austine, U.S.A., United States mustering officer for Vermont. The regimental colors were presented by Governor Holbrook in a fitting speech, to which Colonel Stannard responded.

On the morning of the 15th of July the regiment broke camp in the rain and took train for the field, with the usual demonstrations. At Springfield the regiment received an artillery salute from the guns at the United States arsenal; and refreshments were served in the cars by the citizens. At New Haven, in the afternoon, the regiment took the steamer Bay State and landed at New York the next morning, all eyes opening wide as they passed the mammoth English steamer, the Great Eastern, moored in the East River. Landing at the foot of 23d street, East, River, the regiment marched to Madison Square, where the men stacked arms and had breakfast.

As the Ninth was the first regiment to pass through New York for the field, under the new call for troops, its arrival aroused unusual interest, and that city, which always gave a kindly greeting to the Vermont soldiers, welcomed this regiment with especial enthusiasm. Admiring crowds surrounded the boys in Madison Square and line the streets through which they marched, and the New York papers did not stint compliments for the Green Mountain State and its soldiers.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> "The Green Mountain boys are the first to respond to the call of the president for additional troops. \* \* \* The march of this magnificent body of 1000 men through the aristocratic avenues and the grand thoroughfares of trade and traffic excited unusual interest and provoked the most enthusiastic demonstrations. The doors, windows and balconies of the brown stone palaces were graced with fashion, wealth and beauty, and Broadway was lined with vast multitudes of men and women eager to honor the Green Mountain boys as they marched to the music of the Union. A salute was fired as they passed the City Hall and refreshments were distributed from the Astor House. Dr. Marsh supplied the regiment with 1000 of his temperance tracts."—N. Y. *Tribune*, July 17th, 1862.

"The State of Vermont has the prestige of sending the first regiment under the new call of the president to the seat of war. \* \* \* The march down Broadway was characterized by the greatest enthusiasm and we could not help imagining that the early days of the rebellion were upon us. Long and loud were the cheers that went up in encouragement of the soldiers who were hurrying to the defence of the government, now more than ever in danger. The Ninth Vermont is as fine a body of men as has yet left the State."—N. Y. *Herald*, July 17th, 1862.

The officers were dined at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by the "Sons of Vermont," and speeches were made, to which Colonel Stannard and Chaplain Dickinson responded. At four o'clock the regiment marched through Fifth Avenue, Nineteenth street and Broadway to the North river, the men finding the sun hot and the knapsacks heavy. At the ferry Mr. Horace Greeley made them a patriotic speech from the wheelhouse of the boat. Taking train to Jersey City, they arrived at Philadelphia at two o'clock A. M., and had breakfast at the Union Relief rooms. The regiment marched through Baltimore with loaded muskets; and at ten P. M. reached Washington, where it was quartered in the dirty barracks north of the Capitol. Here the regiment spent three days, during which time the Belgian muskets were exchanged for Springfield rifles, and many men fell sick from poor food and worse water.

It was now in the lull of fighting following the close of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign. General Pope had been assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia, and was in Washington directing the movement of the troops around the Capital and in the Shenandoah Valley. On the 19th Colonel Stannard was ordered to take his regiment across the Potomac, and report to General Sturgis, whose division was lying at Cloud's Mills, four miles west of Alexandria. The regiment started next morning. It was Sunday. The day was bright, the sun hot, the men unused to marching; and though the march was one of less than fifteen miles, they suffered severely. Hundreds threw away their knapsacks, which were gathered from the roadside and brought to camp by the wagons, and were returned to the men with an admonition

from the colonel that if they threw them away again they would go without them. The stay at Cloud's Mills was short. On the 23d Colonel Stannard was ordered to report to General A. S. Piatt, who with a small brigade was stationed at Winchester, which position he had been ordered to intrench and hold. He wanted reinforcements, and the Ninth was sent to him, to the disappointment of many of the men, who had hoped that they might join the First Vermont Brigade. The regiment marched to Alexandria on the 24<sup>th</sup>; took boat to Washington; lay in the hot sun during the afternoon; took train in the evening; spent the night in freight cars; reached Harper's Ferry next day; and after various detentions—one occasioned by the derailing of the train which conveyed the advance of the regiment—reached Winchester next day, and went into camp on the heights northeast of the town. A day or two after their arrival General Piatt was relieved by General Julius White, a capable and energetic officer. Here in "Camp Sigel" the regiment spent five weeks, largely occupied in throwing up a bastioned fort, called Fort Sigel, with variations of picket duty, night alarms, and midnight marches to the rifle-pits. The hot days, cool nights and hard work sent many men to the hospital. During the first week in August, Surgeon Carpenter, who had just been released from duty with the Second regiment, joined the regiment, was warmly welcomed, and found enough to do. On the 9<sup>th</sup> of August, Captain George H. Beebe of company F, the youngest officer in the line with one exception, and one of the most promising,<sup>2</sup> and Private Stephen Parker of the same company, died of dysentery, and other deaths followed.

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<sup>2</sup> Captain Beebe was a clerk in Burlington when the war broke out. He enlisted and served with credit in the First Regiment; and was elected captain of the Chittenden County company of the Ninth, at its organization. He was a genial and spirited young officer, and a universal favorite. His remains were taken to Vermont and interred at his home in Highgate.

The activity of the irregular Confederate cavalry on all sides of General White's force; the capture and destruction by them of a railroad train between Winchester and Harper's Ferry, and other threatening indications, caused the work on the fortifications at Winchester to be pressed with all vigor. Fort Sigel was soon so far finished as to have a flag-raising, and the stars and stripes were hoisted over it with due parade and speech-making. The fort was armed with heavy siege guns, and the orchards and timber around it were cleared away, rifle-pits and abatis constructed, and the magazine filled with ammunition. The camp of the Ninth was moved close to the fort, where officers and men were stifled with dust; and though there was a lack of experienced gunners, all felt fully able to hold the position against thrice their number.

Soon after the middle of August, following the battle of Cedar Mountain, Lee began to press General Pope (whose headquarters were now at Culpeper) to the north; and the sound of the artillery duel between Sigel and Jackson near Sulphur Springs, on the 24<sup>th</sup> came distinctly through the gaps of the Blue Ridge to the ears of the troops at Winchester. On the 30<sup>th</sup> and 31<sup>st</sup> Pope fought the second Bull Run. On the 1<sup>st</sup> of September he withdrew within the defences of Washington; and on the 2d of September, in view of the certainty that Lee would throw a heavy force into the Shenandoah Valley, General White was ordered by General Halleck to remove his artillery or render it unserviceable, destroy his fortifications, and withdraw his command to Harper's Ferry. His compliance with this order was hastened by a report, brought in by his scouts, that a Confederate column of 20,000 men was within twenty miles of him.<sup>3</sup> The guns

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<sup>3</sup> The scouting party which obtained this information was commanded by Major Stowell of the Ninth, who at this time was General White's chief of scouts. The party consisted of Major Stowell, Sergeant T. S. Peck, and 30 men in citizens' clothes. They went through Ashby's Gap to Paris, on the road to Salem. Learning that Jackson's advance was at Salem, they returned, followed by Confederate cavalry, to Winchester.

were hastily dismounted and spiked; all stores that could not be loaded in the wagons were piled with the tents, gun-carriages and other combustibles, in readiness for the torch, and a train was laid to the magazine. The men witnessed these preparations and packed their knapsacks in deep bewilderment. At nine P. M. came the order to fall in, and at eleven the brigade moved away from the fort, in the darkness, leaving Captain Powell, U.S. Engineers, with some battery-men, to fire the stores, explode the magazine, and burn the army store-housed in Winchester.

In this sudden departure the men who were too sick to march—some 40 in number—were left in hospital in Winchester under the care of Surgeon Carpenter, who was in charge of the post hospital, in the seminary building. Among those so left were Captain Lewis, company K; Lieutenants Sherman and Jewett, company A, and Lieutenant Dartt, company D. Other invalids and convalescents, officers and men, staggered along with the column. It was a forced march of over thirty miles. When four or five miles on the way the explosion of the magazine of Fort Sigel thundered behind them, and the blaze of the burning store-housed in Winchester lit up the sky.<sup>4</sup> All night the column moved, the men needing little urging to keep the ranks closed up. At daybreak they forded the Opequon, then running breast-high; at seven halted for a short rest, and at nine moved on again till four o'clock P. M., when they halted, exhausted and depressed, at Harper's Ferry.

## HARPER'S FERRY

The place was full of troops, increased by the arrival of White's brigade to 11,500. General White ranked Colonel Miles, commanding the garrison, but waived his right to com-

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<sup>4</sup> The last man in the magazine was Private Charles H. Sweeney, of company H of the Ninth, who was on guard at the magazine and, under direction of Captain Powell, scattered powder thickly on the floor of the magazine and connected the fuse by which it was exploded.

mand, and under Miles's orders took charge of a force of 4,000 men stationed at Martinsburg, ten miles northwest of Harper's Ferry. In a re-brigading of regiments, the Ninth Vermont now became part of a brigade commanded by Colonel Trimble of the Sixtieth Ohio.

Within twenty-four hours after the Ninth arrived at Harper's Ferry, Lee's army was crossing the Potomac into Maryland, ten miles below Harper's Ferry, and the garrison knew that they were cut off from Washington. For ten days the garrison waited in growing anxiety, while six divisions of the Confederate army were converging around them. That they were not withdrawn was the error of General Halleck, who to McClellan's request that Miles be withdrawn and sent to him, replied that Miles was already so surrounded that it was impossible to withdraw him. That, however, was not the case. That the garrison was not marched out of its trap, to ground on which it could have held out till help came, was the fault of Colonel Miles. That no help came to save Miles, was, as has been already noted in the history of the First Brigade, owing to the tardiness of McClellan and Franklin. The omission of any one of this series of blunders would probably have saved the garrison from capture, and made Antietam something better than a drawn battle.

Harper's Ferry, and the heights surrounding it, are divided into three parts by the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, at the point of an obtuse angle made by the latter. The heights on the Virginia side of the Potomac north of the Shenandoah are known as Bolivar Heights; those on the Virginia side south of the Shenandoah, as Loudon Heights; those on the Maryland side, as Maryland Heights.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> "A man may travel far and wide in America without coming upon a lovelier spot than the heights above Harper's Ferry. The town itself is low and unattractive; but one who stands above it may see the beautiful valley of Virginia extending far to the folded hills of the southwest. As he looks to the town the Loudon Heights rise boldly on his right, and between him and them the Shenandoah—a stream that deserves the epithet of "arrowy" as well as the Rhine—rushes to its union with the broad and yellow Potomac. In the hollow before him is the town, with Maryland Heights rising like the Trossachs beyond the river; and there is the canal with 'margin willow-veiled' to give the contrast of utter repose to the vehemence of the Shenandoah and the rugged grandeur of the hills."—Colonel F. W. Palfrey.

To these three heights Lee sent back from Maryland as many bodies of troops, the smallest of which comprised three brigades, the next ten brigades, and the largest fourteen brigades. Stonewall Jackson, with his corps of three divisions, crossing the Potomac above Harper's Ferry, came down upon Bolivar Heights from the northwest. Walker, with his division, crossing below Harper's Ferry, came up to Loudon Heights from the southeast. McLaws, with his own and Anderson's divisions, advanced against Maryland Heights from the east. On the 14<sup>th</sup> of September they had encircled the town, and on the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> their guns were pouring a combined and powerful fire into the Union camps. The following graphic description of the siege and surrender was written for these pages by General E. H. Ripley, then captain of company B of the Ninth:

No sooner had the regiment recovered from the immediate effects of its severe march and got settled in its new camp at Harper's Ferry than it began to study with anxiety the peculiar situation it had been placed in. We were, as it were, in the bottom of a bowl, one portion of the rim being occupied by an inadequate force on Maryland Heights, the rest open to the occupation of the enemy unless we seized it at once. The occupation of Loudon Heights, which alone would make our position in the basin tenable, was discussed; but it was decided that it was not possible to get guns up there, either by us or by the rebels. This was against Stannard's judgment, who wished to be sent there, and who added, with decision, when his offer was declined, that nothing now remained (if the crossing of the river and the place were important to the operations of the Army of the Potomac) but to throw the whole force across upon Maryland Heights, and from there command the entire situation. We should have the entire rebel army to deal with, and concentration on that impregnable mountain would alone enable us

to resist the weight of that army and execute the wishes of McClellan. This was the talk of every company mess, of every camp-fire of the Ninth Regiment. The commonest soldier, sitting there and watching the clouds of dust down the river in Maryland, could see the inevitable disaster as Lee's Corps marched northward behind Maryland Heights, toward Antietam, between us and the Army of the Potomac.

The morale of the regiment was good. We were conscious of a peculiar and highly important duty to perform to our comrades of the Army of the Potomac, who were pressing Lee to a decisive battle but a few miles away, and when, day by day, for ten days, we saw no work done, except a small amount of felling timber to extend the artillery range and afford an obstacle to cavalry, we grew critical and restless and on all sides we heard expressions of distrust in Miles's capacity or loyalty. Everything was going on in a listless, nerveless way, except that Colonel Stannard began a sharp and vigorous system of squad, company and regimental drill. This was the first opportunity we had had since entering the field to undertake any drill. Although on the eve of a great trial of our staunchness we were absolutely raw and undisciplined.

Day by day the rebels were crowding in upon us, the beleaguering camp-fires stretching in a semi-circle around from the Shenandoah to the Potomac. We had established our camp on the southern slope of Bolivar Heights, with our right resting at the little redoubt where the Charlestown Pike crosses them; our color line just north of and running parallel with the pike. There was nothing to interrupt the anxious monotony, until Thursday the 11<sup>th</sup>, when our work began in earnest as the skirmishing broke out on Maryland Heights, and from the plateau below we watched the lines of blue thin smoke as they advanced and retreated along its steep and woody slopes.

McLaw's division was the first of the three columns sent by Lee to surround us, that made its presence felt. Its skirmishers felt of our position Thursday afternoon, its main line more seriously on Friday. On Saturday forenoon with indignation and foreboding we saw our troops slowly pushed off Maryland Heights, Miles abandoning the key of the position to the enemy, instead of throwing us all over there, as we hoped and prayed might be the decision. The roar of our batteries on Camp Hill and Maryland Heights was incessant, and there was wicked waste of ammunition to little purpose.

General Walker, with his brigade, made his appearance far above our heads on the overhanging crest of Loudon Heights on Saturday afternoon, about the time that Maryland Heights was given up. We had no grave apprehensions from his presence there, for it had been repeated over and over again that it was not in the range of human possibilities to get guns up those almost inaccessible heights; so we laughed at their misspent exertions.

From the West, on Thursday, came, driven in from Martinsburg by Jackson, General White's brigade, which bivouacked on the level plateau between us and the bluff dropping down into the Shenandoah. A. P. Hill's division pressed up closely on our left on Saturday afternoon, and the Ninth Vermont was sent out to resist his advances, together with the Third Maryland. We held the line in the woods until dark with some fighting on our right. I was on the extreme left flank and my company, B, was deployed down the side of the bluff overhanging the river, the canal and the river road. As I was in a measure isolated in the darkness, the companies connecting on my right had orders to keep up a careful contact with us. After a while the firing on the right seemed to drop back as though our line had given way, and I heard a confusion to the right of our front. Creeping carefully up in the darkness I discovered our line gone and the rebels pushing in between me and it. Without an instant to spare, I whispered my orders to the men, and we slid silently down the slope and made our way within our new line by the bank of the river, after we were supposed to have been cut off and captured. Upon this ground the enemy placed the two batteries, in the morning, whose fire was so effective against Rigby's and Potts's batteries.

We lay out all night, and at daylight Sunday morning were brought into camp. A little later the right wing under Colonel Andross, was sent out to reinforce the picket line, and Colonel Stannard was detailed as general field-officer of the day for the command.

No sooner had dawn broken over the mountain tops than we saw that the rebels had spent a busy night on Loudon Heights and were working like beavers on batteries in two places. Immediately our batteries on Camp Hill opened an ineffectual fire on them. We watched them uneasily as our shell crawled slowly up toward them but never seeming to reach them, and asked each other anxiously can it be possible they have succeeded in dragging guns up there.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon Major Stowell and I were lying on our backs in the grass behind our tents watching our shell lift themselves up so wearisomely in their long flight toward the hostile working parties, when suddenly I saw two, three, four, half a dozen puffs of smoke burst out in the very centre of them, and we jumped to our feet, clapped our hands, and hurraed in delight: "Our guns have the range, and the rebels have got to go." Suddenly, in the very centre of White's brigade, there was a crash, then another and another, and columns of dirt and smoke leaped into the air, as though a dozen young volcanoes had burst forth. Stowell caught the situation quicker than I, and exclaimed: "It's their guns!" In an instant the bivouac turned into the appearance of a disturbed ant-hill. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry were mixed in an absurd and laughable melee, as the panic increased. The rebel batteries were now in most rapid play, and as the fugitives came streaming towards us, the shells followed them with unerring practice. All at once one dropped into our camp, and Stowell sprang up with the exclamation that it was getting to be no laughing matter and we had better be taking care of ourselves. Then in a cool and quiet way our four companies in camp fell into line, in their company streets; and, as the shelling increased, at the word of command from Stowell, marched by the flank up the slope of Bolivar Heights, and lay down over the crest, where the shells skipped over our heads into the valley beyond. Again we laughed, but only for a moment, and for the last time in Harper's Ferry. We lay peering over at Loudon Heights, and with occasional scannings of the front at our left, where we could see the rebel lines moving in and out of the fringe of woods, and batteries going into action. Suddenly, immediately behind us, we heard new concussions shake the earth, and to our dismay, right across the open ground where the Shepherdstown road entered a fringe of woods, was an appallingly long bank of cannon smoke not over 1,000 yards away. We could plainly see the brass guns as they were run out of the woods. In an instant the air seemed alive with the exploding shells. We were between two fires, and there was no shelter that would protect a rabbit. Of this attack the rebel general, Walker, commanding on Loudon Heights, says: "About an hour after my batteries opened fire, those of A. P. Hill and Lawton followed suit, and near three o'clock those of McLaws. But the range from Maryland Heights being too great, the fire of McLaws's guns was ineffective, the shells bursting in mid air. From my position on Loudon

Heights my guns had a plunging fire on the Federal batteries a thousand feet below, and did great execution. By five o'clock our combined fire had silenced all the opposing batteries."

For a space of time that seemed to me interminable we did the best we could by moving over from one slope to the other, to avoid the shell, and were miraculously preserved. Later in the afternoon we were glad to get orders to march by the flank over to the left to help Colonel Downey, who was being driven in by the steady advance of A. P. Hill's division. Of this movement Colonel Trimble, commanding our brigade, in his evidence before the court of inquiry, convened to try General White for the surrender, says: "When I asked Colonel Willard to send his regiment, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, to support colonel Downey, he said it was no use to march that regiment to meet the enemy, they were so panic-stricken he could not hold them together to face the enemy; and I was compelled to send Colonel Stannard with only four companies of his regiments, I have ascertained since, that had already become panic-stricken and left."

Stannard, as corps officer of the day, conducted us to Downey's support and though a very exposed movement it was executed as coolly and steadily as though we were veterans, and yet we were no more experienced than the other regiments who became terror-stricken and Colonel Willard was an experienced and gallant West Point officer. I do not believe the same number of men from any other Vermont regiment under the same fire and helpless exposure would have been more calm and undaunted.

That night we could hear the rebels very busy across the Shenandoah exactly in rear of our left flank. We were withdrawn from Colonel Downey's line during the night, and lay in a young peach-orchard underneath and perhaps fifty yards from the guns of Rigby's battery, to support it from an attack along the Charlestown Pike. As far as the eye could reach in the circle, from the Shenandoah to the Potomac, was the lurid glare of Jackson's camp-fires, close up around us. The darkness of the night, with the protection it brought us, was so grateful that we wished we might always be enwrapped in it, so inevitable was the hopeless contest to be forced on us with the first streak of dawn. At last it broke; heavy fogs filled the valley, but they quickly rose and stood along the mountain side, enveloping the crest

of Loudon Heights, but bringing into view the dreaded sight of the new batteries in the corn-field across the river.

Quoting General Walker again: "During the night of the 14<sup>th</sup>, Major R. Lindsay Walker, chief of artillery of General A. P. Hill's division, succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah with several batteries and placing them in such a position on the slope of Loudon mountain far below me, as to command the enemy's works. McLaws got his batteries into position nearer the enemy and at daybreak of the 15<sup>th</sup> the batteries of our five divisions were pouring their fire on the doomed garrison. The Federal batteries promptly replied and for more than an hour maintained a spirited fire, but after that it grew more and more feeble until about eight o'clock it ceased altogether, and the garrison surrendered."

Probably no regiment there that morning was so terribly tried as the Ninth Vermont. The hottest fire of the enemy was concentrated on Rigby's and Potts's batteries. We were in a straight line between Rigby and the batteries across the Shenandoah, and in a straight line with Potts and the batteries on either side of the Charlestown Pike, and took much of the fire intended for each, while the sabots from Rigby's guns annoyed us not a little. There was not a tree-trunk in the orchard an inch in diameter, or with foliage enough to make a screen, and we lay on our faces plainly exposed to at least three batteries. All we could do was to lie still and wait till these batteries got the range on us and then Stannard would coolly jump us up and throw us forward at a double-quick as far as he could move to the front and then drop us flat again. When they got this range, we would jump up and double-quick back under Rigby's guns. In this way the regiment was most skillfully preserved from a heavy loss. The movement could never have been made and so often repeated except under a cool, indomitable and trusted commander like Stannard, and with a command made of the same hearts of oak and ribs of steel that made the old brigade.

Rebel and Union testimony since given, confirm my memory that *nine* batteries played on us during those two long hours, with not less than fifty guns, to which we replied with an equal number, making one hundred guns crashing and reverberating against the sides of those encircling walls. We were as helpless as rats in a cage, and when the long-range ammunition suddenly gave out and A. P. Hill's long lines of battle emerged from the woods for the assault, Colonel Miles's heart failed him for the men he had so badly

handled, and he gave up the contest to spare a needless slaughter. Taking out his pocket handkerchief and ordering his staff to do the same he rode up into a prominent place on the extreme east end of Bolivar Heights, nearly a mile away from us and waved it, and then rode along the crest toward us. The valley was much shut in again with fog and cannon-smoke, and the rebels recognized the white flag but slowly—one battery after another, however, ceasing firing as ours ceased. The last to surrender was Rigby, who kept pounding away and held his colors up after word had reached him to haul them down, swearing that if the enemy wanted his battery and his colors they must take them.

When the word reached us that the white flag had gone up Stannard jumped up and swore a bitter oath that he would never surrender without a struggle. At his command, we sprang into line, and rushed at a double-quick step down the ravine to the river road and thence into town, making for the ponton bridge across into Maryland, with the determination to risk the fire of the Maryland and Loudon batteries in crossing it, hoping that once across we could by a bold dash cut our way into McClellan's lines. But Hill had advanced his lines of battle, so that they occupied our camp before we got to the village, and when we were missed from the line General White sent one of his own and General Hill's aids to intercept us and bring us back. They caught us as we were breathlessly entering the head of the ponton bridge. At first Stannard refused to obey the order, but upon being impressed with the penalties which would be inflicted upon the other troops by his attempt to violate the terms of surrender, he yielded with anguish of heart.

While this altercation was going on, I well remember standing with a group of officers about the colors, hurriedly debating what it was best to do with them. I remember taking them from the staff; I remember trying to crowd the men around so as to hide what we were doing from the rebel aid; I remember big, handsome Color-Sergeant Quinn of company I, as he helped take them off; I furnished a knife; I remember a proposition to wind them around his body, and the remark that there was where the flag would first be looked for. Then a proposition was made to cut them up and divide them, as souvenirs, to keep them out of the hands of the enemy. I can look back through these twenty-four years and see the picture of all this—the street, the bank of the stream, the mounted aids, the regiment at the halt, the excited group about the colors. I have always supposed this was

what became of the colors, because I certainly got my share of them, carried the pieces in my pocket all through the war to its end, and have them sacredly preserved as I write. When, years after the close of the war, the colors of the Ninth Vermont were discovered among those found in the rebel archives in Richmond and brought thence to Washington, it was a startling as well as an inexplicable mystery to me. I would swear that I saw those colors slit up; but it is probable this was not wholly done and the remnant fell into rebel hands. We marched back, reaching Bolivar Heights to find the surrender over and a long and melancholy row of stacked arms along its crest, and the troops all dismissed to their camps. We added our arms to the stacks, and then entered our camp, to find it full of rebels, who were pillaging it freely in spite of the terms of surrender.

A group of mounted officers sat on their horses in the road in front of the street of company E. It began to be whispered about that the one with full and sandy beard was the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson. We stood on the side, watching him and not knowing whether to resent the intrusion of his men or not. Suddenly, I saw Lieutenant Quimby of company E, a hot-headed, bold fellow, stride out of his street down to the side of Jackson's horse, and say: "Are you Stonewall Jackson?" Jackson replied, "Yes." Then said Quimby, "Did you not agree to protect us under the terms of the surrender?" "Yes," said Jackson. "Then, by God, sir," said Quimby, "I want you to drive these lousy thieves of yours out of my camp and stop them robbing my men." We were terror-stricken at Quimby's rage and audacity, and looked for a scene; but Jackson said quietly: "This is all wrong and I will see it stopped," and turning to one of his staff he sent him to order the men out of our camp; but this was not done until much damage and loss was inflicted upon us. Lieutenant Samuel Kelley of company B was made to give up his sabre to one of A. P. Hill's staff, in violation of the terms, and the officer strapped his own sabre to his saddle. After a while he dismounted, and leaving his horse with his orderly, the boys of company B watched their chance and stole the sabre, and Kelley wore it to the close of the war and brought it home. It was a finer one than his own.

That night I lay by the side of the road and saw all night long the grimy columns of McLaws, Anderson and Walker come pouring up through from the ponton bridge, hurrying with mad haste to reach Lee at Antietam by the way of Shepherdstown ford. It was a never-to-be-forgotten night,

and the memory of the unceasing, fast-shuffling feet, the rumbling of the batteries, the clinking of canteens, and the jingling of sabres, the spectral and ghostly look of the column as it voicelessly crowded on in the darkness, will never be erased. The next day we took our unhappy march across Maryland, *en route* for Annapolis.

Few disasters of the war exceed that of Harper's Ferry in the folly which caused it. Miles was a man of indolent habits and loose principles, with a mind enervated by past and possibly continued self-indulgence,—on this there is conflicting evidence. His loyalty, if not positively lukewarm, was of the kind that never showed energy enough to injure the rebel cause, and he was too proud as an old West Point officer to seek and follow the advice of his volunteer officers, several of whom could have carried the defence of the place to a brilliant issue.

Two men of my company, B, Joseph Graham and Daniel Sullivan, happened to be on duty at the point where Colonel Miles was killed, and helped put him in a blanket and carry him down toward Rigby's battery. Where an ambulance could reach him. From them I often heard, that as they bore him along and neared that battery, which Rigby was still fighting, and saw Rigby's colors still flaunting his defiance to the enemy, Miles exclaimed to his aid: "Why don't they haul down that God-damned flag—it has been the death of me?" On the other hand there is sworn evidence that he said on his death-bed to an officer who called on him: "It is a fit way for an old soldier who has tried to serve his country to die, and I am contented."

Had General Julius White, or Colonel George J. Stannard, or Colonel Willard had the command of the defense, Harper's Ferry would have furnished one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the war. It would have been held, beyond any doubt, for they would have thrown the entire garrison on Maryland Heights and endured a short siege in the very sight of McClellan's army. Lee, with Longstreet, D. H. Hill, McLaws and Stuart alone in Maryland, would have been crushed out before he could reach the Potomac, and Stonewall Jackson and Walker, the sole survivors, would have fallen back on Winchester, to open Richmond to McClellan by the shorter route, and the war would have ended that summer.

The Court of Inquiry censured McClellan for his want of energy in relieving us; censured General Wool for his folly in selecting so incapable an officer as Miles for so important a

duty; and should have censured Franklin for not pushing up his success on Sunday afternoon instead of going into camp and waiting to complete his work Monday morning, when it was too late. Franklin could have reached us Sunday night had he been a Sheridan. He had Captain Russell with him, who had forced his way out of our lines to tell him to hurry, and that we could hold out but a few hours longer. The court complimented General White justly for his services; they were gallant, patriotic and self-denying under trying circumstances; but in one particular mistaken,—he should have claimed his rank and command.

In looking back to the scenes there enacted, assisted in my judgment by our experience of the succeeding three years, I am, as I was then, entirely satisfied with the part borne by the Ninth Vermont regiment. We were doomed so long as Miles lived. Had he been killed by the first shell instead of the last, there would have been an instant change in the plan of the defense and we should have been saved. The Ninth was cool, steadfast, willing, more than that, always eager for the struggle from which we were held back. Stannard was urgent to go up and defend Loudon Heights, and was denied. After Ford so shamefully abandoned Maryland Heights, Stannard on Sunday morning said vehemently to Colonel Miles in the presence of a group of officers: “Let me go and retake them and I will guarantee to hold them. I do not ask you to send any other regiment with me, though I shall be glad to have some of these gentlemen go with me; give me some guns, and the Ninth Vermont will answer to you for those heights.: Does any man who ever saw Stannard make his pledge to carry a line believe for an instant that he would have failed to keep this one, or that his regiment would have been far behind him in scaling the ridge? There were regiments there to whom the thought of Harper's Ferry should forever bring a blush of shame; but no man of the Ninth Vermont can ever but exult that in that first demoralizing baptism of fire, they stood as a rock.

This comprehensive narrative is confirmed on all material points by General Stannard. In a careful statement, prepared for the historian by the latter, he says that before the investment of Harper's Ferry he had repeated interviews with Colonel Miles, in which he urged him, among other things, to fell the woods west of Bolivar Heights—to which Miles objected, saying that the troops were too tired for such

work and that it was too bad for the farmers to lose their timber. He (Stannard) then urged the occupation of Loudon Heights, which he had inspected in person, offering to take his own regiment and a battery and be responsible for the holding of that important position; but Miles made light both of the argument and offer, insisting that Loudon Heights were neither accessible nor tenable, and in general expressing his belief that Harper's Ferry would not be attacked, as it was not of sufficient consequence to the enemy to warrant any delay of his movement into Maryland. Stannard says that when he learned that the cavalry would leave Harper's Ferry Saturday night, he asked for permission to take his own regiment out at the same time. To this Miles objected that his pickets would not permit the infantry to pass out. Upon Stannard's replying that he would take possession of the picket line with his own men and was ready to take his chances of getting out, Miles became excited, used "very strong language," swung his sabre in the air, and ended all further discussion by saying that he had been forty years in the army and did not care to be lectured by one who had been a soldier but a few months. Stannard further says that on Saturday, the 13<sup>th</sup>, some Confederate soldiers who had been held as prisoners for some days at Harper's Ferry, appeared at Stannard's picket line, he being field-officer of the day, and announced that they had been paroled and were to be permitted to pass outside the Union lines. As the enemy were then close in front, and as Stannard knew that these men had been to and fro among the camps and were familiar with the number and locations of the troops of the garrison, he declined to pass them out and held them under guard till just before dark, when a staff officer came with a written order from General Miles to pass the prisoners out. This order was reluctantly obeyed by Stannard. It is not surprising in view of such facts that he and the Vermonters generally held the opinion that Miles was a traitor. They may have been

mistaken, however. General White, whose opinion ought to be of value, characterizes Colonel Miles's conduct as that of "a brave and loyal officer."

The feeling of mingled surprise, anger and sorrow with which the surrender was received by the men can be better imagined than described. Strong men shed tears, some began to destroy their arms, till stopped by stern orders. Others submitted in sullen silence; all were indignant almost beyond expression.

The fighting on the extreme left, in which the Ninth was engaged in repulsing Archer's brigade of A. P. Hill's division, on the evening of the 14<sup>th</sup>, is worthy of additional note. General White says of this: "Late in the afternoon a division of the enemy, under General A. P. Hill, made an assault upon the extreme left, advancing with great spirit. Colonel Miles not being present, I took command for the time and ordered the Ninth Vermont to support Colonel Downey, [commanding a battalion of Maryland infantry] and subsequently reinforced them with the Thirty-second Ohio and one section of Captain Rigby's battery. The attack continued till after dark,—the firing being very sharp, and the troops engaged behaving very handsomely—when the enemy was repulsed." The portion of the Ninth concerned in this repulse fired over twenty rounds, and the conduct of the Vermonters there, as throughout the whole affair, was highly approved by General White, who in his report mentions as "distinguished for their gallantry" Colonel Stannard, Lieut. Colonel Andross and Major Stowell of the Ninth Vermont—"a regiment," he adds, "though but just enrolled, whose conduct was worthy of veterans."

A few additional incidents of the surrender may be added: Captain Branch, then a corporal in company C, says: "A rebel officer rode up to our lieutenant colonel, who was riding a beautiful bay horse which the citizens of Bradford gave him when he went to the war, and said:

“Colonel I will exchange horses with you.” Andross with tears in his eyes dismounted, exchanged his good horse for a poor old bob-tailed black mare, and as the regiment stood in line (having stacked arms) rode up and down, driving his Mexican spurs into the flanks of his beast, and ordering her with a twitch on the bridle to “Get up here, you ----- Southern Confederacy!” Complaint being made to General Jackson, and under his orders to respect the private property of the officers, the lieutenant colonel's horse was returned to him and in due time he was riding ‘Frank’ again.”

To some of the officers of the Ninth, who were ruefully contemplating the prospect of a march to Richmond, a Confederate chaplain said, by way of comfort: “God's will must be done.” “Yes,” replied Andross, “but you will find that God's will will change in about twenty-four hours; “—and the prophecy was remembered after Lee's retreat from Antietam.

In the cavalry column which made its way out of Harper's Ferry the night before the surrender, was a company of young Vermonters, who while students in Norwich University and Dartmouth College had enlisted in the First Rhode Island cavalry. They had an exciting experience. Pushing out across the mountains into Maryland, under cover of the night, they struck some of the enemy's pickets, which were brushed out of the way. Next they received a volley from a body of Longstreet's infantry, at the point where the Hagerstown road enters the village of Sharpsburg. Recoiling here and making a detour they next struck and pushed through the lines of Longstreet's corps, in bivouac near by. Finally in the early morning they came upon and captured one of Longstreet's ammunition trains, of 85 wagons, and brought it into the Union lines at Greencastle, Pa., where the column arrived that forenoon. In a letter to Mr. S. B. Pettengill of Grafton, Vt., who was one of the company quoted by

him in his monograph, "The College Cavaliers," General Longstreet said of this capture: "The service you refer to was very creditable and gave us much inconvenience."

The Ninth Vermont did not lay down its arms till about two hours after the general surrender, and was the last regiment to surrender at Harper's Ferry.

The varying reports heretofore current as to what became of the State colors of the regiment, illustrate the contradictions and uncertainties which perplex and burden the military historian. The officers and men of the Ninth, with hardly an exception, were confident that the State colors were not surrendered with their arms, and it was on the strength of such belief that Adjutant General Washburn made the statement, often afterwards repeated, that no flag bearing the arms of Vermont was ever left in the hands of the enemy.<sup>6</sup> When the writer of these pages sought answer to the inquiry: "How did the State colors escape capture?" The replies varied. General Stannard's reply was that the flag was cut from the staff by the color-sergeant, who carried it off under his blouse. General Ripley, Captain Peck and others answered that it was torn into strips and distributed among the officers. Captain Kilbourne, acting adjutant at the time, believed that the colors were wrapped around some side-arms belonging to himself and one or two other officers and thrown into the river. Either account was entirely credible had there been no others, and one of the three would undoubtedly have been accepted as correct, but for the fact that among the Union flags found in the Confederate War Department at Richmond after the fall of that city, and sent thence to Washington and preserved by the United States War Department, the writer of this history

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<sup>6</sup> "Our fathers inscribed upon the banner of the State of Vermont, the motto: "Freedom and Unity!" Time and again have the men of the State flaunted the banner bearing that motto in the faces of defiant rebels; never once has it been left in their possession."—General Washburn's Address before the Reunion Society of Vermont Officers, October, 1868.

found the State colors of the Ninth Vermont! The flag, substantially entire, was subsequently sent to Vermont at the request of the Governor, and is among the other flags preserved in the State House. The inference is unavoidable that the flag, the tearing up of which General Ripley remembers so distinctly, was some other flag—perhaps the national colors of the regiment.

The inability to hold or transport to Richmond so large a number of Union captives, compelled Jackson to parole and discharge his prisoners without delay—a process considerably retarded in the case of the Ninth, however, by Stannard, who refused to give his parole. This proceeding delayed their captors for some hours. All that Monday night Jackson's legions were marching past the camp of the Ninth, on their way to Sharpsburg. Next morning the Ninth was supplied with a day's rations and ordered to start for the parole camp at Annapolis. The problem how to obtain transportation for the baggage and private property of the officers was solved by Adjutant Stearns, who at the time was acting commissary of subsistence on the brigade staff. He went boldly to General A. P. Hill, who was left in command at Harper's Ferry; represented to him that the permission to retain private property was valueless without some means to remove it, and used his powers of argument and persuasion so successfully that Hill gave him an order for six wagons and teams, on his word of honor that they should be returned to the Confederate lines nearest to Annapolis. Stearns accordingly selected six good six-horse teams from the wagon train of the Ninth Vermont, and held them in spite of the remonstrance of a Confederate officer, who declared it to be “pretty business giving wagons to the Feds when we need them all, and more too.” The teams did good service, the wagons serving as ambulances for the sick men on the march, as well as conveying all the baggage of the

brigade. At Annapolis they were turned over to Captain G. S. Blodgett, A. Q. M., by whom they were returned to the Confederate lines.

After the plundering immediately following the surrender was stopped, there was little to complain of in the treatment accorded to the Union troops.<sup>7</sup> When the order came to start, the regiments marched down to the ponton bridge crossing into Maryland, past a line of Virginia planters arrayed on the bank, watching for negroes who might try to escape with the troops. All such were at once claimed and dragged from the ranks. In one case a dark-complexioned soldier of the Ninth was claimed and collared by a planter, who discovered his mistake when the soldier's arm shot out. The claimant measured his length on the ground, and arose in great wrath; but the man easily established his membership of the regiment, and passed on with it, unmolested.

Lieutenant Ballard was left sick in hospital in Harper's Ferry.

The sick men left in Winchester, remained in hospital—where they were robbed by Jackson's infantry of all they had worth taking—under the watchful care of Surgeon Carpenter, till they became convalescent, and then were paroled in squads and sent to the Union lines. After the battle of Antietam, Winchester was filled with Confederate wounded, to whom Dr. Carpenter tendered his assistance, till he found that even his professional services were regarded with suspicion, after which discovery he confined his attention to the prisoners. He was kept in Winchester by General Stuart, who occupied the town after Jackson's departure, till any knowledge he had gained of the Confederate movements would be of no value, and then, with the convalescent officers, was permitted to pass north to the Union lines. They

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<sup>7</sup> "We were placed under guard of General Branch's division and were treated very kindly by General Branch and his command, who evinced much sorrow for us."—Colonel Stannard.

went via Harper's Ferry and Washington to Annapolis, and finally joined the regiment at Chicago.

The march of the regiment to Annapolis began on the 16<sup>th</sup> of September, and occupied five days. It was not a triumphal procession. The men were without tents and but few had blankets, and rations were poor and scanty. The only comfort about it was that it was not toward Libby prison. Near Frederick the column met crowds of stragglers of McClellan's army, and among them several men of the First Vermont brigade, following the army to Antietam; and next day, the 17<sup>th</sup>, the roar of the battle there came plainly to their ears. Stannard allowed no wandering from the ranks, on the march, and the regiment moved in noticeably better shape than most of the paroled regiments.<sup>8</sup> It averaged twenty miles a day, and the last hot day made twenty-three miles, arriving at Annapolis Sunday, the 21<sup>st</sup>, at 6 P. M.

The footsore men were glad to halt and go into camp, though there was scanty shelter for the 10,000 paroled prisoners now collected there, and no comfort in the old camps, filled with vermin, in which they were quartered. A fresh disappointment came in the news that they were to be sent to a parole camp at Chicago, instead of being allowed, as they had hoped, to return to Vermont until exchanged. They stayed in Annapolis but three days. On the 25<sup>th</sup> they took boat to Baltimore and thence went by train to Chicago. The railroad journey through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois was solaced by the hospitality of the people, who brought refreshments to the stations. At Fort Wayne the citizens left their church service to feed the soldiers.

## AT CHICAGO

At 9 P. M. of the 28<sup>th</sup>, the regiment arrived at Chicago, and bivouacked in a grove near the grave of Stephen A.

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<sup>8</sup> "We have kept up a splendid column, and have not more than twenty stragglers, while every other regiment is sprawled from Frederick to Baltimore."—Army letter from a captain of the Ninth.

Douglas, for the most part without shelter from the rain, which fell heavily, though a few of the men found refuge in neighboring barns. Next day the regiment marched to the Agricultural Fair ground, which had been assigned as quarters for the brigade, and was quartered in the horse stalls, which when cleaned and deodorized and supplied with fresh straw, made fairly comfortable quarters, in dry weather. In wet weather the rain came freely through the unbattened roofs. The officers took their meals at The Arcade, a small hotel close by. In this camp some 2,000 men were quartered, under command of General Tyler, from whom the camp was named. A much larger number were in parole camp at Camp Douglas, a quarter of a mile away. Soon after their arrival at Chicago, Colonel Stannard was assigned to the command of the third detachment of paroled troops, of which the Ninth formed a part, while Lieut. Colonel Andross took command of the regiment. The officers, of all grades, had their hands full in the endeavor to maintain some degree of order and preserve the command from utter demoralization.

The regiment spent a gloomy month in Camp Tyler. Many of the men were insubordinate, holding that they were Stonewall Jackson's prisoners until exchanged, and so not obliged to obey any orders except from him. Small-pox, measles, malarial fevers and jaundice prevailed. Over 100 men were soon in hospital or sick in their quarters. Deaths occurred in every company and desertions were numerous. The rations were poor and the supply of firewood so scanty that the troops tore down for fuel the fair-ground fence and judges' stand. Rumors that they were to be exchanged and that the regiment was to be sent to Minnesota to fight the Indians—a change which would have been eagerly welcomed—proved false. Camp guard and an occasional regimental inspection were the chief duties. The Vermonters residing in Chicago were attentive and hospitable, and passes were freely given to the well-behaved men to visit the city; but it

was hard for them to find cheer in anything. They chafed and grew demoralized under their exclusion from active service. The contagion of disorder and incendiarism which prevailed at Camp Douglas, spread to Camp Tyler, and on the night of October 12<sup>th</sup> the guard house was burned by some men of a New York regiment. The fire spread to the company quarters of the Ninth, and those of companies B and C were burned, some of the men losing all their clothing, of which there had been a new issue, except what they had on their persons. The Vermont troops were considered among the most orderly in the camps, and were sometimes sent for, from Camp Douglas, to help maintain order there. On one occasion a guard of 125 men of the Ninth, under Major Stowell, was so sent, and was sharply pelted with stones, after dark, by some of the paroled men of other States.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of November the regiment left the horse-stalls for winter quarters at Camp Douglas. Here it found comfortable barracks, with sufficient supplies of fuel and clothing, and here it remained through the winter.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of January, 1863, the morning report showed an aggregate of 704, of whom 147 were sick and 21 "absent without leave." The regiment had lost since its arrival in Chicago, by death, discharge and desertion in about equal proportions, 170 men. Its number was further reduced, during the month, by the efforts of government recruiting officers, who appeared in camp with authority to enlist ten men from each company of the volunteer regiments into the regular army, to be transferred as soon as exchanged. The prospect of such further depletion of the force of the regiment was intensely displeasing to its officers, and in conjunction with the officers of the Sixty-fifth Illinois, Colonel Cameron, they addressed a strong memorial to Congress, protesting against the action of the War Department as being in violation of the articles of war, and as an indignity upon the volunteer service. This, however, had no effect, and about a

hundred men of the Ninth enlisted and were transferred into the regular army.

On the 10<sup>th</sup> of January the regiment was exchanged and armed with new Enfield rifles, and the men were glad enough to get muskets into their hands again. The spirit of the regiment revived, company and battalion drills were resumed with spirit, and Lieutenant Peck of company C had a large class in bayonet exercise and “zouave drill.” Confidence that they would soon return to the field was now high, till it was destroyed by the arrival at Camp Douglas, on the 26<sup>th</sup> of January, of 4,000 Confederate soldiers, captured at Murfreesboro and Arkansas Post—to which number 3,000 more were shortly added—and by the announcement that the Ninth were to remain to help guard the prisoners. The post was now under command of General Jacob Ammen, who had relieved General Tyler in command. He was a trained soldier; and under the stricter discipline enforced by him, the morale of the regiment rapidly improved. Two Illinois regiments, the Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Fourth, were associated with the Ninth in the custody of the Confederates, the daily details for camp guard being 250 men and ten line officers. The Union troops were penned with the prisoners within a tight and high board fence, and the guards were about as much prisoners as the “Johnnies.” The care of these was far from pleasant duty. They were as well fed and as comfortably quartered as their guards; but a large proportion of them were ill-clad, uncleanly, and sickly. The small-pox ran through their ranks, and under the change of diet, unaccustomed climate, with the mercury sometimes at 20° below zero, and inaction of their life in confinement, they sickened and died by hundreds, in spite of all the efforts of their surgeons. The sight of four sallow men, clad in butternut, bearing the corpse of a comrade to the dead-house, was an almost hourly spectacle. The majority of them were Texas and Arkansas troops; but they comprised natives of

nearly every State, Vermont not excepted. They were generally obedient and quiet, and many of them glad to be where they were, rather than in the field.<sup>9</sup>

Various changes among the line officers took place during the stay of the regiment in Chicago. Second Lieutenant Dartt of company D, left sick with pneumonia in hospital at Winchester, rallied on the brink of the grave; but did not return to the regiment, and resigned, in enfeebled health, in November. Sergeant C. W. Haskell was thereupon promoted to be second lieutenant. Captain A. R. Sabin of company C resigned in December, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Herman Seligson, and Sergeant James F. Bolton was commissioned as first lieutenant. Captain A. H. Slayton, company H, resigned in December, and was succeeded by Lieutenant G. H. Guyer, who resigned in February, and was succeeded by Lieutenant L. H. Bisbee.<sup>10</sup> Second Lieutenant J. T. Gorham became first lieutenant, vice Bisbee promoted. Second Lieutenant C. R. Loveland of the same company resigned in March, and was succeeded by Sergeant Stillman Stone. Second Lieutenant O. C. Campbell, company I, resigned in December, and was succeeded by Sergeant A. P. Vaughn. In January, Q. M. Sergeant T. S. Peck was promoted to be second lieutenant of company C, vice E. B. Sherman, resigned. In February, Captain W. J. Henderson, company G, resigned and was succeeded by Lieutenant E. A. Kilbourne.

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<sup>9</sup> "Every State in the Confederacy is represented among our butternut friends, and with them are Indians, negroes, Mexicans, half-breeds, and octoroons—a motley group, ragged, dirty, and covered with vermin. Their clothes are a mixture of cotton and wool, dyed in oak-bark. Some are minus hats, some shoes, some coats; their blankets are red, white, black, brown, or bed-quilts of as many colors as Joseph's coat. They look as though they were clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, doing penance for their sins. Their bill of mortality averages almost fifteen per day. One thousand are receiving medical treatment."—Army Letter from Camp Douglas.

<sup>10</sup> Lieutenant Guyer returned to the service as a lieutenant in the Seventeenth Vermont, and fell in battle, before Petersburg.

In March important changes took place among the field and staff officers. On the 11<sup>th</sup> of that month Colonel Stannard was promoted to be brigadier general, and assigned to the command of the Second Vermont Brigade. He left the regiment a few days later, carrying with him the high respect and esteem of officers and men, which took tangible shape in the presentation to him by the officers of a fine horse, of "Post Boy" stock, which General Stannard rode during the remainder of his service and kept until the noble animal died of old age, many years after the close of the war. The rank and file of the regiment added a handsome set of equipments. Upon Stannard's promotion, which was accepted as testimony that neither he nor his regiment was considered to have been disgraced by their surrender, Lieut. Colonel Andross was commissioned as colonel.<sup>11</sup> Major E. S. Stowell was thereupon promoted to be lieutenant colonel, and Captain Edward H. Ripley of company B,—the youngest captain in the line—was appointed major. Assistant Surgeon Hall resigned about this time.

An end at last came to the tedious and inglorious stay of the Ninth at Chicago. On the 28<sup>th</sup> of March the regiment

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<sup>11</sup> Dudley Kimball Andross was a native of Bradford, and of pioneer Vermont stock, one of his great-grandfathers, Bildad Andross, having been an early settler in that town and a member of the first convention which met to organize the commonwealth of Vermont, and another, Captain Broadstreet Spafford, having been the first settler in Fairfax, in 1783. His great-uncle, Obadiah Kimball, was killed in the Battle of Bennington. He had been a lumberman in his youth; then a railroad builder, as such helping to lay the first rail of the Rutland and Burlington railroad; and afterwards a gold-miner in California. When the war broke out he was in business as a miller in Bradford, and was lieutenant of the Bradford company of militia. In the re-organization of this for service, upon the first call for troops in April, 1861, Lieutenant Andross was elected captain, and served as such with the First Vermont throughout its term. He was considered one of the best captains in that regiment. He returned to the army as lieutenant colonel of the Ninth. He was now in his 39<sup>th</sup> year, tall, straight and soldierly; rough in his ways, but kind in deeds; and a favorite with the men, whom he had commanded most of the winter, Colonel Stannard commanding the brigade of several regiments of paroled troops.

was ordered to escort 2,500 of the Confederate prisoners to City Point, Va., for exchange. They were to be forwarded in five installments, each guarded by two companies of the Ninth. The regiment accordingly left Chicago by piece-meal between the 30<sup>th</sup> of March and the 2d of April. The regiment on the 1<sup>st</sup> of April had 502 men reported for duty; and, subtracting those absent on furloughs and details, about 400 efficient men bade good bye at this time to Camp Douglas. Sixty were left behind in hospital and fifty had yielded to disease in the Chicago camps and found graves on the shore of Lake Michigan. The detachments went with their charges by way of Fort Wayne, Pittsburg and Harrisburg to Baltimore, and thence by steamer to Fortress Monroe and up the James to City Point, the journey occupying a week. At City Point the exchanged Texans, strong, fat and fit for immediate service, were sent within the Confederate lines, and the steamers brought back to Fortress Monroe as many lean, hungry and half-naked men, released from the Confederate prisons, many of whom had been stripped of shoes and blankets on their way from Richmond to City Point.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> of April the regiment was concentrated at Fortress Monroe, with the exception of two companies which arrived later; reported to General Dix, commanding the Seventh Corps; and went into camp at Camp Hamilton across the Hampton river, within ten rods of the spot where the First Vermont regiment camped two years before.

The armies of Hooker and Lee were then facing each other across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. General Dix was in command at Fortress Monroe. Norfolk was held by the Union naval and land forces; and at Suffolk, eighteen or twenty miles southwest of Norfolk, was a heavy force under Major General John Peck. Suffolk was a small village, but an important position, being at the head of the navigable portion of the Nansemond river, and at the crossing of the railroads connecting respectively Petersburg and Nor-

folk, and Portsmouth and Weldon, N. C. General Peck's command here covered the landward approaches to Norfolk. He had fortified the line of the Nansemond for eight miles and was picketing a line to the Dismal Swamp. During the stay of operations on the Rappahannock, while Hooker was preparing for his Chancellorsville campaign, General Lee sent an expedition against Suffolk, hoping by thus threatening Norfolk to cause a heavy detaching of troops from Hooker's army. The expedition, which comprised three divisions under Longstreet, moved by way of Petersburg to the line of the Blackwater, a few miles west of Suffolk, and the corps of General D. H. Hill was brought up from North Carolina to co-operate. In consequence of this movement General Peck had been reinforced in March by Getty's division of the Ninth Corps.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of April Longstreet began to press upon Peck's lines, and there was heavy skirmishing that day and the next, in which four small gunboats which, under Admiral Lee, were co-operating with General Peck, took part. On the 14<sup>th</sup> a gunboat was riddled, and disabled by the enemy's batteries. The sound of the artillery was plainly heard in the camps near Fortress Monroe, and the men of the Ninth were not much surprised to be ordered next day to the front.

#### AT SUFFOLK

The regiment broke camp in haste, was taken to Norfolk by steamer, and thence, next morning, by train, to Suffolk. The regiment was first attached to a brigade commanded by Colonel Dutton of the Twenty-first Connecticut, of Getty's division which was holding the right of the lines, along the east bank of the Nansemond.

The Vermonters found here 20,000 men, their front protected by ten redoubts with connecting rifle-pits and their flanks guarded by the river on the one hand and the Dismal Swamp on the other. Here the regiment had its first experience of shelter-tents. It lay for two days in camp about

a mile north of Suffolk, and then moved to a camp in a piece of woods—christened “Camp Wood-tick” by the men. In front of them was a battery of 20-pound Parrott guns, on the shore of the river. The cracking of musketry between the pickets on the opposite banks of the river was almost incessant, and there were frequent artillery duels between the opposing batteries, making much noise and excitement.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> a portion of the regiment took part in an enterprise, planned by Gen. Getty, which resulted in the capture of a prominent battery, at Hill's Point, called “Battery Huger” by the enemy, the fire from which had been quite damaging to the gunboats. The work was taken by a battalion of 270 men of the Eighty-ninth New York and Eighth Connecticut, who crossed the river in a gunboat, and took the battery by a single rapid dash, capturing seven officers and 130 men of the Forty-fourth Alabama, with five brass guns. Two companies of the Ninth, D, Captain Jarvis, and F, Captain Brooks, with other troops, supported the attacking party, joined them in the captured work, remained in it during the night, worked hard next day in throwing up a breastwork in the rear and were withdrawn after dark of the 20<sup>th</sup>, when the work was evacuated and abandoned.

On the 23<sup>d</sup> the regiment was transferred to a newly organized reserve brigade, commanded by Colonel Wardrop of the Ninety-ninth New York. On the 24<sup>th</sup> the brigade was sent to the left to replace troops with which General Corcoran was making a reconnoissance toward Edenton, but was recalled in haste to the right, in the evening, in consequence of a “scare” in that quarter. For ten days or more, at this time, the service was severe, the troops being ordered out before dawn each morning, on duty in the rifle pits or at work on the fortifications all day, and being occasionally aroused and standing to arms at night. The weather was rainy and the mud deep, and the sick list increased. During the last week in April, the two new assistant surgeons, recently appointed, Dr. Story N. Goss, of Georgia, Vt., and

Dr. Walter S. Vincent, of Plainfield, joined the regiment and entered on their duties.<sup>12</sup>

On the 1<sup>st</sup> of May, when Hooker's movement to Chancellorsville became developed, Lee sent for Longstreet, and on the 3d he withdrew from the front of Suffolk, masking his retreat by a strong picket line, and by free use of his artillery; and after three weeks of constant skirmishing the so called "siege of Suffolk" came to a sudden end. A portion of the Ninth, under Lieutenant Leavenworth, were on the picket line that night and advanced to the enemy's abandoned rifle pits next morning. A strong force of infantry and cavalry followed the enemy to the Blackwater, where the pursuit ended, and the troops returned, bringing in with them several hundred stragglers, from over forty Confederate regiments. On the 5<sup>th</sup>, the regiment was sent out eight miles on the Edenton road, south of Suffolk, on the edge of the Dismal Swamp, to dig down the Confederate earthworks in that quarter. These gave the men four days of hard work, for which they found some compensation in the abundance of chickens, bacon and sweet potatoes which somehow made their way into camp.

May 10<sup>th</sup>, the regiment moved back to Suffolk and went into camp in a field near Fort Union, south of the town. It was here occupied with work on the fortifications, which were still being strengthened in anticipation of a return of the enemy. On the 14<sup>th</sup>, the Ninth was brigaded with the Ninety-ninth and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York and Nineteenth Wisconsin regiments, forming part of the First division of the Seventh Army Corps, and having for its brigade commander Brigadier General Isaac Wistar.

On the 11<sup>th</sup>, Lieut. Colonel Stowell resigned. By the acceptance of his resignation, which had been once before

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<sup>12</sup> Dr. Goss was appointed assistant surgeon in September previous; but had remained till now in Vermont on duty at the State camp and hospital at Brattleboro.

tendered, the regiment lost one of the best field officers in the service, brave, trusty, efficient and popular alike with officers and men. The vacancy was filled on the 16<sup>th</sup> by the promotion of Major Ripley. About this time the regiment lost another of its most patriotic and prominent officers, by the resignation of Adjutant John C. Stearns, on account of ill health. He was succeeded as Adjutant by Lieutenant Josiah O. Livingston, a capable officer. Second Lieutenant Curtis A. Hibbard resigned on the 16<sup>th</sup>.

On the 20<sup>th</sup>, the regiment moved, with the brigade, to Windsor, ten miles out on the Petersburg railroad, Lieut. Colonel Ripley commanding in the absence of Colonel Andross, who was in poor health and had decided to leave the army. Next day the Ninth moved out five miles farther to Barber's Cross Roads, on the Blackwater, and after a week of out-post duty in that quarter, returned to Suffolk. Here it remained twenty days.

Early in June, the resignation of Colonel Andross, tendered May 22d, was accepted, and Lieut. Colonel Ripley was appointed colonel.<sup>13</sup> He was one of the youngest colonels on the roll of Vermont officers, being now less than 23 years old. Tall, straight, handsome, vigorous, high-spirited, a splendid horseman, apt in command and equal to every position, he

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<sup>13</sup> Colonel Edward H. Ripley was the second son of William Y. Ripley, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Rutland. He was in his junior year in Union College, when the war broke out. In compliance with the wishes of his parents, he remained in college—though he would rather have been in the army—till May, 1862, when, under the call for troops to protect Washington, he left college and undertook to enlist a company for the Ninth regiment. He pushed recruiting with great energy, and his company lacked but a day of being the first to be filled for that regiment. He was made its first captain. His enthusiasm and energy and the standing of his company, which speedily took rank as one of the best in the regiment, marked him for promotion, and upon the first vacancy among the field officers, he was recommended by Colonel Stannard for appointment as major. His further advancement, was very rapid, the dates of his commissions as major, lieutenant colonel and colonel, being March 20<sup>th</sup>, May 16<sup>th</sup>, and May 20<sup>th</sup>, 1863,—all within a period of nine weeks.

was a fine type of a volunteer soldier. He was ambitious to have his regiment second to none in appearance as well as efficiency. He was drilled with method and especial care. The men were required to keep their arms and accoutrements in perfect order; and though the colonel was dubbed a "regular" by his men, from his attention to details of discipline and drill, he held their confidence and respect; and they became justly proud of the distinction accorded to the Ninth Vermont for soldierly bearing, thorough discipline and superior appearance on parade.

The promotion of Lieut. Colonel Ripley was followed by that of Captain Valentine G. Barney to be lieutenant colonel, and of Captain Charles Jarvis, company D, to be major. Lieutenant L. E. Sherman became captain of company A; Lieutenant Samuel H. Kelley captain of company B, and Lieutenant Asaph Clark captain of company D. Second Lieutenant E. W. Jewett was promoted first lieutenant, and Sergeant E. F. Cleveland, second lieutenant of company A; Second Lieutenant A. C. Ballard was promoted first lieutenant, and Sergeant W. A. Dodge, second lieutenant of company B, Second Lieutenant C. W. Haskell was promoted to be first lieutenant, and Sergeant A. H. Snow, second lieutenant of company D. Captain L. H. Bisbee having resigned, Lieutenant James T. Gorham was appointed captain of company H, Second Lieutenant Stillman Stone being promoted to first lieutenant, and Sergeant Charles H. Hodge to second lieutenant of that company. Sergeant Patrick Hobon of company C was at this time appointed second lieutenant of company I.

The Ninth, during its two months at Suffolk, saw plenty of powder burned, became familiar with the music of bullets and shells, and gained valuable experience as soldiers. After the departure of Longstreet, 10,000 or more of the Union troops at Suffolk were sent to the Peninsula. Wistar's brigade was among those so withdrawn; and on the 17<sup>th</sup> of

June the Ninth went by rail to Norfolk and thence by transport to Yorktown, where it went into camp, to await the arrival of the rest of the brigade, near the knoll on which General Washington had his headquarters at the time of Cornwallis's surrender.

#### AT YORKTOWN

General Dix was now organizing the movement against Richmond which he had been directed to make from the Peninsula when Lee's movement to the north, on the Gettysburg campaign, became developed. The command of the expedition was entrusted to General Keyes, commanding the Fourth Corps; and had the operation been pushed with vigor while Richmond was largely stripped of defenders, as was the case at the time, the Ninth Vermont would probably have visited the Confederate capital twenty months before it finally marched into its blazing streets. But the movement proved to be a sluggish and fruitless affair. After a week's stay in Yorktown, while five or six thousand men, under General Getty, passed by them up the York river to White House, the Ninth was sent with the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment and Sixteenth New York battery, under General Wistar, to occupy West Point, ten miles below White House. The regiment reached West Point by transport in the evening of the 25<sup>th</sup>, bivouacked on the bank of the river, and next day went into camp half a mile from the landing. Here it spent ten days, doing picket duty, picking blackberries, and waiting impatiently for orders to enter the back-door of Richmond, at which General Keyes was supposed to be knocking, and for news from the armies in Maryland and Pennsylvania. General Keyes got as near Richmond as Baltimore Cross Roads, fourteen miles out from the city; did some skirmishing on the 26<sup>th</sup> of June and 2d of July; and having discovered that Richmond was not wholly undefended, retired as he came. The Ninth re-embarked on the 7<sup>th</sup> and returned

to Yorktown, disgusted at the inglorious result of the expedition. The news of the fall of Vicksburg and the defeat of Lee in Pennsylvania, however, afforded substantial consolation, and the regiment rejoiced especially in the fame won by their old colonel and his brigade at Gettysburg.

Wistar's brigade spent the rest of the summer at Yorktown. The Ninth was quartered in barracks within the formidable fortifications erected by Magruder in the spring of 1862. The chief occupations were drill and guard duty, for which the regiment furnished a detail every third day. Four companies, B, E, L, and K, were drilled as heavy artillery and did duty on the siege guns. The bathing was good, and oysters and peaches plenty in their seasons, but in spite of such alleviations, the regiment as a whole would have been glad to exchange this safe and inactive life for sterner duty with the army of the Potomac.

That the Ninth Vermont stood well with General Wistar was indicated by the number of its officers selected by him for staff duty—Quartermaster Sawyer being detailed as brigade quartermaster, Surgeon Carpenter having charge of the “Nelson” General Hospital, Captain Brooks being provost marshal, Lieutenant Leavenworth inspector General, and Lieutenant Jewett engineer, on the brigade staff. At one time fifteen officers were taken from the regiment by such special details.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of July, in consequence of intelligence that hostile cavalry had been seen across the York River, the regiment was put on a gunboat, before daylight, and taken up the river to Cappahosack, landed there and marched to Gloucester Court House. No hostile force was found, and the regiment returned by way of Gloucester Point to Yorktown, bringing in a number of horses and wagons taken from the farms of secessionists, and a confederate mail-bag with its contents, captured from the carrier. The regiment marched about thirty miles that day, with no straggling, though it was a very hot day.

During August and September the regiment was commanded by Lieut. Colonel Barney, in the absence of Colonel Ripley, who was detailed as member of an Examining Board and Court of Inquiry which sat at Fortress Monroe. Malarial fevers were prevailing and the sick list increased to 163 on the 15<sup>th</sup> of September and to no less than 255, or two thirds of the command, on the 1<sup>st</sup> of October. Colonel Ripley did his best to get the regiment removed from "Fort Malaria" and twice orders to move were obtained. Once the regiment was partly embarked for Portsmouth, Va. But each order was countermanded by a new commander of the department, and the Ninth staid on. It was a time of deep depression of mind and body throughout the garrison. A brigade of 2,000 men ran down with Yorktown fever, till it could hardly supply a detail of 350 men for guard duty. Deaths were less numerous among the Vermonters than among some other troops; but company B of the Ninth lost seven men by death, and twenty-five men of the Ninth died from disease in September and October. The list of effective men ran down to 75, and then to 36; and at last, one day, the entire regiment was excused from duty by Assistant Surgeon Vincent, hardly a man being able to carry a musket. The medical staff were overworked. Dr. Vincent fell seriously ill. Assistant Surgeon Goss resigned. Quartermaster Sawyer and several other officers went to Vermont on sick leave. Many men became permanently broken down by disease.

Finally, through the efforts of Senator Foot and Governor Smith, an order was obtained directly from Secretary Stanton, for the removal of the regiment to some more healthful locality. The order to move came on the 23d of October and put new life into the feeble men. They knew not where they were going, but were glad to go anywhere, away from the pestilential air of Yorktown. A day or two later they found that they were destined for New Berne, North Carolina. On the 24<sup>th</sup>, they embarked, together with part of the Ninety-

ninth New York, on the propeller John Rice. The boat proved to be too small for her load, and stopping in Hampton Roads, Lieut. Colonel Barney with eight companies of the Ninth, numbering 320 men, were transferred to the steamer United States. Vilas Smith, a young soldier of company I, fell overboard from the Rice as she lay tossing at anchor, and was drowned. The two vessels put to sea on the 25<sup>th</sup> in a furious gale which compelled the United States to put back to Fortress Monroe, where the detachment landed and spent three days in camp recovering from sea sickness and waiting for the storm to abate. The Rice kept on, and after a fearfully rough passage, the storm being so tremendous that the probable loss of the steamer with all on board was reported in the New York papers, arrived on Monday, the 26<sup>th</sup>, at Morehead City, N. C., the coast terminus of the railroad leading inland to New Berne and Waynesboro. General Peck was then in command at New Berne, having been sent thither after the evacuation of Suffolk. Colonel Ripley promptly reported to him there with the right wing of the regiment, but was sent back next day to Newport, ten miles up from Morehead City. Here he was joined a day or two later by the rest of the regiment. The men went into old barracks, built of pitch-pine logs and populated with vermin, and were allowed to rest and recuperate.<sup>14</sup>

Colonel Ripley was placed in command of the post at Newport barracks, and of the fortifications guarding the approaches to Morehead City and Beaufort, N. C., from the

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<sup>14</sup> A hundred or more sick men were left in the general hospital at Fortress Monroe. Several remained on detached duty at Yorktown, and were still there when, on December 16<sup>th</sup>, the hospital of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York and the magazine burned. The last man to leave the roof of the burning arsenal—shortly before the explosion took place by which a million dollars worth of ammunition and government property was destroyed, was Sergeant John N. Thomas of the Ninth. Thomas was publicly complimented by General Wistar for his daring service.

west. The village of Newport was on the north side of the Newport river, a deep, unfordable stream emptying into the Neuse. The barracks were on the opposite side of the river, half a mile from the village, and midway between the bridge by which the "county Road, Va." or highway between New Berne and Morehead City crossed the river and the railroad bridge half a mile farther down. The main defence of the camp was a redoubt armed with a 32-pound gun and three 12-pounders. On the coast road, leading along the shore of Bogue Sound, at a point about three miles from the barracks, was a block-house, and the picket line extended from this to a point on Gale's Creek, seven miles west of the barracks, and thence to the swamps bordering the river—a circuit of twelve or fifteen miles. The position was guarded by about a thousand men, comprising besides the Ninth, four companies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island heavy artillery, four companies of New York and Wisconsin infantry and three squadrons of New York cavalry. The nearest hostile force was a Confederate cavalry out-post at Onslow Court House, twenty-five miles to the west. The country around Newport was a level stretch of sandy pine land, intersected by numerous country roads and interspersed with morasses. The moss-hung sycamore trees, the alligators and moccasin and copperhead snakes, the snuff-dipping natives, and the hunting of possums, gave new scenes and occupations to the Vermonters.

Colonel Ripley's first efforts were directed to the improvement of the camp and strengthening of the works, by means of the abundant labor of the colored population. Though General Peck had hitherto discouraged all such employment of the negroes, Ripley organized a force of colored laborers, by whom the rickety barracks were repaired, log-houses for the hospital and post headquarters built, the scarps of the fort revetted with turf, and the camps cleaned. General Butler, who succeeded General Foster in command

of the department in October , soon after visited Newport and gave his approval to such employment of the blacks, and authorized the issue of rations and payment of wages to them. The health of the regiment began to improve slowly and on the 12<sup>th</sup> of November 18 officers and 264 men were reported present for duty.

On the 1<sup>st</sup> day of December the regiment suffered the severest loss that befell it in the death of any one man. Major Jarvis was sent out that day with a squad of half a dozen men of the Third New York Cavalry, to a house on the road east of Newport, to see if the inmates, who had made complaint of pilfering done by a cavalry-man, could recognize the offender in any one of the party. Learning at the house that three Confederate soldiers had passed the house on foot, an hour before, Major Jarvis pushed on after them. A ride of seven miles brought him in sight of the men, who, seeing that they were pursued, left the road for some neighboring woods. Ordering his men to follow, the major put spurs to his horse and dashed after them, firing upon them as he drew near, with his revolver. Two of them reached the woods. The third, overhauled in open ground, turned as the major galloped up to him, and resting his revolver on his left arm, fired rapidly three or four shots. One bullet cut the major's bridle-rein, another glanced from his sword-belt, a third entered his abdomen, and he sank from his horse. The cavalry-men, who were close behind, soon captured the man, who proved to be a member of a North Carolina regiment, returning to the field after a furlough. Realizing that his wound was very serious, Major Jarvis sent word by one of the cavalry-men to Newport Barracks; and Colonel Ripley, Assistant Surgeon Vincent and Chaplain Dickinson hastened to the spot. They met the party, who were bringing in the major on a mule-cart, and as his condition was evidently critical, he was taken into the first house. He was sinking from internal hemorrhage, and already past

surgical aid. He lived till nearly midnight, conversing calmly with those around him, sending messages to his friends, and expressing his resignation to the will of God, and then yielded his brave and true spirit to Him who gave it. He was the first man of the Ninth who fell by a rebel bullet. His death cast a gloom over the regiment, every man of which respected and loved him, and it occasioned deep mourning in the State of Vermont.<sup>15</sup>

The death of Major Jarvis was followed by the promotion of Captain Amasa Bartlett of company E, to the vacancy, and Lieutenant E. M. Quimby became captain and Second Lieutenant Edward L. Kelley, of B company, was made first lieutenant of company E; Lieutenant Eugene Viele, of company F, was promoted captain of company I, in place of Captain A. J. Mower resigned; Sergeant E. L. Brownell was appointed second lieutenant of company F, and Sergeant Joel C. Baker second lieutenant of company K, in place of Lieutenant H. H. Rice, resigned.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> of December a detachment of the Ninth, under Colonel Ripley, accompanied an expedition under

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<sup>15</sup> Charles Jarvis was the son of Hon. William Jarvis, widely known as "Consul Jarvis," of Weathersfield, Vt. He was a graduate of the University of Vermont, and the Cambridge, Mass., Law School. He was engaged in the care of the large property left by his father, when the war broke out. He at once went to Washington and tendered himself to the Government for any service he could render. But he was not called upon; and when the Ninth regiment was recruited, being then at the age of 40 he raised a company and went to the front. To his friends who remonstrated and represented the importance of the interests depending on his life at home, he replied: "There are things dearer than life. I would rather die for my country than live in ease at home." He shared all the varied trying experiences of the regiment, and rendered patient and faithful service to the day of his death. In the words of Colonel Ripley, "he passed away as he had lived, a brave soldier and simple-hearted, devoted Christian; and left an example whose impression will never fade from our hearts." His remains were removed to Vermont and interred at Weathersfield, with extraordinary demonstrations of sorrow and respect on the part of the citizens of his town and of Windsor County. The officers of the regiment adopted resolutions of regard for his memory, and wore badges of mourning for thirty days in his honor.

Colonel Jourdan of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York, to destroy some salt works on Bear Sound, thirty miles south of Newport. The troops were taken thither by two gunboats, landed through the surf in small boats, and destroyed four large salt works and a quantity of imported salt, and returned next day with a large accession of blacks. General Peck, in a general order, extended his thanks to Colonel Jourdan, Colonel Ripley and their "gallant commands," who, he says, "suffered intensely from cold in consequence of having been obliged to wade a long distance from the boats to the shore."

The year 1864 opened for the Ninth, at Newport, with an aggregate of 499 officers and men, 183 being sick and 299 present for duty. The regiment guarded a line about twelve miles long, a company being stationed at each end of it, one at the block-house near Bogue Sound, and one at Gale's Creek.

On the 27th of January, Colonel Ripley with a hundred and thirty picked men of the Ninth, accompanied Colonel Jourdan in a reconnoissance into Jones and Onslow counties. The force comprised 250 cavalry, 250 infantry and a small howitzer. It was a hard march for the infantry. Starting at nightfall they trudged all night through the pine forests and over the swamp roads to White Oak River, near Young's Cross Roads, thirty miles from camp. The cavalry, preceding them, surrounded and captured during the night a Confederate outpost of a lieutenant and 27 cavalry-men, found asleep in and about a house, with thirty horses and their equipments. The expedition returned with their prisoners without firing a shot.

On the 27th an accession of 350 recruits, brought from Vermont by Lieutenant Viele, more than doubled the number of effective men, and increased the aggregate of the regiment to 844. The recruits were distributed among the companies, and had a sudden initiation into duty on the battlefield.

## Newport Barracks.

In the last days of January, General Pickett, commanding the Confederate department of North Carolina, advanced against New Berne with six brigades of infantry, and artillery and cavalry to match. On the 1st of February he attacked the One Hundred and Thirty-second New York, stationed at Bachelor's Creek, eight miles west of New Berne, capturing 230 men, and next day felt of the defences of New Berne sufficiently to satisfy him that they were too strong to be carried by him. While so engaged he dispatched General Martin's brigade of North Carolina troops, to break up the railroad and if possible capture the Union force at Newport. Martin reached the vicinity of Newport Barracks during the night of the 1st with three infantry regiments, a battalion of cavalry and three pieces of artillery, in all some 1,700 men. Colonel Ripley was absent, having gone to Fortress Monroe with some prisoners and dispatches, leaving Lieut. Colonel Barney in command of the Post, and Captain Kelley in command of the regiment. Company B (commanded for the time being by Lieutenant Ballard), occupied the block-house on Bogue Sound, and company H, Captain Gorham, was doing out-post duty at Gale's Creek, with a cavalry picket out beyond. The first appearance of the enemy was at the latter point. About nine o'clock in the morning of the 2d the cavalry picket came in in a hurry, the lieutenant in command of it showing a sabre-cut in his shoulder. The infantry pickets next came in, less a dozen of their number who had been cut off and captured; but not without having inflicted some loss upon the enemy. One of the new recruits, Oberon Payne by name, shot a mounted man, supposed to be an officer, from his horse, and the animal, keeping on, came within reach of the pickets and was brought in with the empty saddle. Gorham at once deployed his company, numbering about forty men with guns (some of the recruits being as yet unarmed) and

fell back slowly, stopping frequently to fire, and holding the enemy's skirmishers in check till he reached some woods with thick undergrowth, under cover of which he retreated through the swamp and an hour or two later joined the regiment in front of Newport Barracks.

The enemy appeared to company B at the block-house about eleven o'clock, making his presence known by a solid shot which went through the block-house. The fire was returned from an old howitzer which had been mounted on a navy carriage, and the block-house was held till the enemy advanced an infantry line of apparently a full regiment. To oppose this, Lieutenant Ballard had sixty-two men, half of them recruits who had received their guns and a pocket-full of cartridges apiece that morning. He had of course no alternative but to retreat, and fell back with occasional halts to fire upon the enemy.

Meantime, the long roll had sounded in the camp, and the regiment fell into line, and after a short speech from Captain Kelley, was marched toward Bogue Sound in the direction of the later firing. It was halted about two miles from camp in a large clearing, extending across the County road and to the railroad track, which ran parallel to the road and half a mile from it. Here the regiment was deployed in the edge of the woods in a thin single line — there being not men enough to form a line of battle for the front which must be covered — with skirmishers thrown out in the open ground in front. Lieutenant T. S. Peck, commanding the skirmishers on the right of the road, was sent forward to ascertain the position of the enemy, and if possible, pen communication with company B. The latter purpose, however, could not be accomplished, as company B had fallen back, pursued by the enemy, along the coast road, to Morehead City. The skirmishers, advancing beyond a strip of woods, came in sight of a strong body of the enemy's infantry, in process of forming a battle line. This soon advanced, firing heavily,

and the skirmishers fell back to the main line. A good piece of service was rendered at this time by Lieutenant Viele, who manned a field-piece, drawing it out from the camp by hand. Stationing this in the road, he opened fire on the enemy's artillery, exploded one of their caissons, and by repeated discharges of grape aided in checking the Confederate advance. Surgeon Carpenter, in the lack of field officers, went to the front, and was active and efficient in watching the movements of the enemy and carrying orders to the various portions of the command. The men behaved well; but the regiment was gradually pressed back towards camp. It halted, however, wherever a strip of woods and bushes afforded cover, and by its repeated stands held the enemy in check for nearly four hours. At six o'clock the regiment had fallen back to the works at Newport Barracks. The Confederate commander was now extending his lines around the right of the position, while on the left the force which attacked company B at the block-house had moved to and occupied the railroad track, cutting off all retreat in the direction of Morehead City.

Had the fort at the barracks and the redoubt north of the river been held by the heavy artillery stationed in them, a final stand might now have been made under cover of their guns; but the artillery-men had spiked the guns, and with the cavalry, who left the infantry to make the best fight they could, retreated to New Berne, spreading the report that the Ninth Vermont had been cut off and again captured.<sup>16</sup>

The only course now open to Barney was to put the river between his command and the enemy. The barracks, hospital and store-houses with a quantity of crude turpentine in barrels belonging to the government, were fired; and

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<sup>16</sup> For this misconduct, the captains of the artillery companies were court-martialed, on charges preferred by Colonel Ripley, and one of them was cashiered.

giving the enemy a final volley from a low crest in front of the camp, the regiment retired across the river by the two bridges. At the highway bridge a rear guard, under Lieutenant Peck, tore up the planks of the bridge and kindled the pine stringers with bunches of dry grass, while others checked the advance of the enemy by firing across the stream. At the railroad bridge Lieutenant Jewett, with company K, took a position on the track north of the river, commanding the approach to the bridge, and kept back all comers by a vigorous fire of musketry till Lieutenant Livingston and Surgeon Vincent had fired the bridge. A number of stragglers and recruits who had lost their way, reached the river too late to cross the bridges, and plunged into the river. It was supposed at the time that some of these were drowned; and the river was subsequently dragged for their bodies, but without finding any. After firing the bridges the rear guards followed the regiment, which was making its way in the gathering darkness, by a long detour around the swamps and inlet, to Beaufort, where it arrived at sunrise next morning.

The feelings of the officers and men of the command, as they halted and dropped in their tracks at Beaufort, may be imagined. They had been driven from their camp, saving nothing but their arms and the clothing on their backs. They were hungry, faint and exhausted by a forced night march of twenty-seven miles. They missed comrades from their number, who were killed, drowned or in the enemy's hands. Yet they had done some fighting; and, considering that half their number were raw recruits, many of whom had never handled a musket, and that they had held their ground for hours against greatly superior numbers, they thought they had done pretty well. They had at least frustrated a well-laid plan for their capture. They had their colors and their arms, and the right to use them. So it might have been worse.

The loss of the regiment in this affair was three killed, 14

wounded, two of whom died of their wounds, and 47 missing. Thirty-five of the latter were recruits, who, when cut off from the rest, being wholly unacquainted with the ground, fell into the enemy's lines while seeking their own. Among the wounded was Lieutenant Bolton of company C, who received a ball through both shoulders, and among the missing was Lieutenant Holman of company G, who was captured early in the engagement.<sup>17</sup> Of the men captured twenty-eight, or about two-thirds, whose names are starred in the list of missing, died in the prison pens of Andersonville and Salisbury. The enemy's loss, as obtained from wounded prisoners and reported by Lieut. Colonel Barney, was a captain and two lieutenants and fifteen men killed, and thirty wounded.

From Beaufort the regiment was ferried across the inlet the same day to Morehead City, where the men of company B, who had retreated thither the previous evening,

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<sup>17</sup> The killed were Joseph Osier of company C, and William Piper and Nathan C. Smith of company D. Peter Osier of company C, and Matthew Riley of company G, died of their wounds.

The rank and file wounded were: company B, Nathan Deforge, leg; W. P. Smith, head; company C, Peter Osier, Charles Van Steenburg; company D, Thomas P. Garry, arm, Guy B. Walker; company F, William Melcher, leg, Alfred Tatro; company H, Stephen Burroughs, hand; company K, T. E. Marcy, hand; Charles W. Stoddard, hip.

The rank and file missing were: Company A, \*Burchard Clough, \*Oscar F. Davis, \*George W. Loud, \*Z. P. Proud, \*H. C. Smith; company B, \*Franklin Caswell, \*John Grant, \*Franklin Ives, \*Thomas Ripley, Thomas Rudd, \*David Weller; company C, \*Peter Barton, \*H. A. Beadle, James N. Dower, Peter Osier, Nelson Steinhower; company D, P. D. Duphinny, Thomas Griswold, \*Patrick Marrion, \*George H. Pearson, E. G. Rounsevel, \*A. D. Whitney; company F, Alson H. Blake, J. K. Clark, W. Melcher, \*Alfred Tatro; company G, \*A. M. Bacon, \*L. Raymore; \*Milo Tucker; company H, \*A. H. Cole, H. P. Chase, \*C. E. Freeman, J. D. Finnegan, \*E. W. Havens, \*Wayne Hazen, Henry Jackson, Patrick McGowan, \*T. H. Pettie, \*H. W. Phelps, †S. M. Reynolds, \*Benjamin M. Smith, J. C. Vosburgh; company I, \*Franklin Averill, \*W. C. Beede, \*J. Bohonan, Henry Cobb, C. S. George.

\* Died in the Confederate prison pens.

† Corporal Reynolds lived to reach Annapolis and died there in Parole Camp.

were found, and all hands were set actively at work digging rifle-pits, in anticipation of an attack from Martin's force. The abandonment by Pickett of the attack on New Berne, however, had necessitated the withdrawal of Martin, and he departed after tearing up portions of the railroad and destroying whatever had been left unburned by the garrison at Newport Barracks. On the 5th the troops at Morehead City were reinforced by the Twenty-first Connecticut, sent down from Fortress Monroe; and the Ninth, under Colonel Ripley who had returned, went back to Newport Barracks. The bodies of the three men killed on the 2d were here bound where they fell, stripped of clothing, together with two severely wounded Confederates, who had also been stripped by their comrades in anticipation of their death. They were, however, kindly cared for by the Union surgeons and both survived. The next night, in consequence of a false alarm, the regiment fell back four miles and formed line across the neck. Next day, the 7th, they returned to Newport Barracks to stay. Out-posts were again thrown out to Gale's Creek and Canady's Mill; a new line of defence was established and entrenchments thrown up; new guns were mounted, the woods slashed and abatis constructed. The position was thus made very strong; but no opportunity to test its strength occurred. About the middle of February the weather became very cold, the ground froze and snow fell. The men had just received some new tents; but suffered much for want of the overcoats, blankets and underclothing which had gone to warm the backs of Martin's men.<sup>18</sup>

On the 23d Colonel Ripley established a new camp for the regiment, on the south side of the railroad track. The

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<sup>18</sup> For these Colonel Jeffords, Fifth North Carolina, made acknowledgment in a letter dated at Burnt Church, February 6th, addressed to the "Officer commanding Yankee forces," and left at an out-post at Gale's Creek when the enemy retired. In this he said: "I am impressed we are equal with your for the capture of our pickets at Young's Mills. Our men are extremely obliged for the hats, boots, overcoats, etc., left by you."

men rafted logs down the river, ran a saw-mill and sawed lumber for floors for the tents and for officers' quarters, and made themselves comfortable. An arrival of 70 more recruits made good the losses of February 2d, and on the 1st of March the regiment had an aggregate of 876, the largest in two years, with 192 men on the sick list—this heavy list being due to an epidemic of measles of a typhoid type, which ran through the recruits and proved fatal in many cases.

The work of strengthening the position at Newport went forward actively under various alarming reports received almost daily from General Peck at New Berne, and occasional appearances of the enemy's cavalry in front. Strong fatigue parties worked steadily day and night, lighting the ground by fires at night. By the 6th of March, about which time apprehension of an immediate attack abated, the fort had been rebuilt and better armed than before; strong breastworks thrown up; the timber cleared from a wide area; rifle-pits dug and approaches obstructed; and the Ninth would have welcomed a chance to try the affair of the 2d over again with General Martin.

On the 16th of March the regiment suffered another serious loss in the death of Major Bartlett. He had recently returned to the regiment after an absence in Vermont, and had just assumed his position as major, when he was stricken down with spinal meningitis, and died after a brief illness. He was in the prime of early manhood, not yet 30 years old, and though quiet and retiring by nature, was a man of decided ability and superior character, and gave promise of distinguished usefulness. He was a general favorite, and his death occasioned deep grief in the regiment. His remains were taken to Vermont for final interment. Captain Brooks of company F, a competent officer, was promoted to the vacancy, and Lieutenant Bascom was made captain of company F. On the 9th of April Dr. Erastus P. Fairman of

Wolcott, who had been serving as a private in the ranks of the Seventeenth Vermont regiment, was appointed assistant surgeon, and joined the command soon after.

For ten days in April, in the absence of Colonel Jourdan, General Ripley commanded the sub-district of Beaufort, N. C., with headquarters at Morehead City, leaving Lieut. Colonel Barney in command of the post at Newport Barracks. On the 26th, on receipt of word that a fishing party was taking fish on Bogue Banks, for the Confederate commissary department at Kinston, Captain Kelley was sent after them with a detail of twenty men, and brought in a sergeant and three men, with 500 pounds of sea-trout, a seine, and three canoes. On the 29th he was sent to capture a rebel cavalry outpost at Swansboro, N.C. Taking fifty men and a pontoon to White Oak river, opposite to Swansboro, he crossed the stream and at night captured a lieutenant and seventeen men of the Seventh North Carolina Cavalry with their horses and arms, a 6-pound howitzer, and several sailboats, and after destroying a quantity of Confederate army stores, returned with his prisoners without the loss of a man.

The last half of April and first week of May were not a quiet time in North Carolina. The enemy, under General Hoke, attacked and captured Plymouth, within one hundred miles of Newport, with its garrison of 1,600 men. Washington, N.C., had been evacuated. There were naval conflicts between the iron-clad ram Albemarle, the terror of the coast, and the Union gunboats. General Beauregard had come up from Charleston to Goldsboro to push military operations in the department. New Berne was again threatened, and communication between Newport and New Berne was broken by hostile batteries planted at Croatan, commanding both the railroad and river. The sound of cannonading at that pint was plainly heard at Newport Barracks, and the regiment prepared for action. But the emergency at Richmond, now threatened by Grant, caused the withdrawal of the Con-

federate forces from the vicinity of New Berne, and comparative quiet again reigned in that quarter.

On the 19th of May, the Ninth accompanied an expedition under Colonel Jourdan, commanding at Beaufort, the object of which was to cut the railroad between Wilmington and Goldsboro. The regiment, with four days' rations, took train to Croatan, whence the column, comprising infantry, cavalry and artillery, pushed into the country to the southeast; halted a while at Evans's Mills, that night; marched all next day, to White Oak River, near Young's Cross Roads, and on the 21st went nearly to Jacksonville, in the centre of Onslow County. The cavalry, after a brush with a small force of Confederate cavalry, occupied Jacksonville for an hour. Having gone half way to the railroad Jourdan's heart seems to have failed him at this point, and he started back. The Ninth returned by way of Young's Cross Roads (where there was a little picket firing at night), Peletier's Mills, and Gale's Creek, and reached camp at Newport Barracks at midnight of the 24th. It had marched about eighty miles in four days and five nights, in hot weather and over sandy roads, and the men were tired and foot-sore.

Three weeks of drill and easy duty in the pleasant camp at Newport followed. On the 11th of July, A, F, H, and K companies, under Major Brooks, were ordered up to New Berne by rail, to replace troops whose term of service had expired; and on the 22d and 26th the remainder of the regiment followed, and was stationed at various outposts within a circuit of ten miles, with headquarters in a beautiful location on the south side of the Trent, near Fort Spinola. Two companies, D and K, were posted at Red House; two, I and E, at Rocky Run; A at Evans's Mills; H at Beechwood, on the railroad; K on the Trent; F in Fort Spinola, and B and C at headquarters.

On August 3d, the regiment paraded to witness the painful spectacle of the execution of a deserter, of another regi-

ment. Malarial fevers prevailed, and the sick list ranged from 130 to 190. On the 29th, companies H and E were sent down from Beechwood to Croatan, where some guerrillas had crossed the Neuse, torn up the railroad and thrown a train from the track, which, however, they did not wait to capture. Company H took five prisoners and two boats.

On the 31st, Colonel Ripley received orders to join the army in front of Richmond as soon as the regiment should be relieved by other troops. This took place two weeks after, and the Ninth gladly bade adieu to the land of tar and turpentine. It brook camp on the 12th of September; embarked next day on the steamers Escort and Winona; arrived at Bermuda Hundred, on the James, in the morning of the 15th; and, marching six miles to the west, bivouacked in the rear of the Union lines, midway between the James and Appomattox rivers.

#### IN FRONT OF RICHMOND.

The Ninth was here assigned to the Eighteenth Army Corps, General Ord, of the Army of the James, under General Butler, who was holding the lines north of the James from Point of Rocks to Deep Bottom. General Stannard was now in command of the first division of the Eighteenth Corps, and the regiment hoped that it might join his division, but it was assigned to the First brigade (Ames's) of the second division. Of this brigade, Colonel Ripley, being the ranking colonel, took command, and the command of the Ninth devolved on Lieut. Colonel Barney, who, as a careful commander, a good disciplinarian and a responsible man, had the confidence and respect of the regiment. In a reorganization of the command, soon after, the Ninth was transferred to the Second brigade of the division.

On the 17th, 170 recruits joined the regiment, carrying its aggregate up to 1,129, and giving it over 700 effective men. In numbers the regiment now actually exceeded some

brigades in the corps. It was in crack condition, as regarded clothing, equipment and appearance; and it was justly regarded as a very important accession to the division. It was put into immediate service, a detail of 100 men under Lieutenant Jewett being stationed in Fort Dutton, an advanced work within half a mile of the Confederate works which guarded the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. Other large details were made for picket duty and supports to the mortar batteries in the trenches. The opposing picket lines were within pistol shot of each other, but by mutual agreement picket firing was suspended. About this time all the hospital stores and books were lost by the accidental burning of a steamer moored at Point of Rocks, on which they had been placed.

On the 20th the First and Second brigades, with three new Pennsylvania regiments, making a force of some 5,000 men, was temporarily detached and sent under Colonel Ripley, to Bailey's Cross Roads, about four miles south of City Point – where a large quantity of Union army beef on the hoof had just been taken by Rosser's cavalry – to support the cavalry of Kautz and Gregg, who were preparing for a counter-raid, and to guard City Point from attack. The position at the Cross Roads was entrenched, the men working night and day for a week. Then Ripley was suddenly ordered back to the Bermuda Hundred front, with the First and Second brigades (leaving behind the Pennsylvania regiments), to take part in a demonstration against Richmond, which General Grant had decided to make with the Army of the James.

As Ripley was ordered to keep the movement of his command from the knowledge of the enemy, his troops were ordered into line at midnight and were marched to their utmost; but the men were worn by hard work on the rifle pits, the straggling was heavy, and it was daylight before they crossed the Appomattox and 10 A.M. before they

reached their former camp. They threw themselves upon the ground and many slept in spite of the artillery firing, till, at 4 P.M., all were aroused by orders to prepare for a grand corps review. The muskets were accordingly cleaned and clothes brushed, though all believed that something besides a review was on foot, and their surmise was confirmed when, in the evening, sixty rounds of ammunition and three days' rations were issued, and other troops began to move past the camp toward the front of Richmond.

General Grant had some little hope that Butler might find Richmond open to surprise and capture; and it *was* so far open that there were that day in the Confederate intrenchments north of the James, only six brigades of infantry and one of cavalry, in addition to the heavy artillery in the forts. Grant's main design, however, was to threaten the city and prevent the sending of reinforcements to Early, who at that time was receiving rough treatment from Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. So far, at least, as most of the members of the Ninth Vermont were concerned, the temper of the Union troops was favorable for offensive operations. The older members of the regiment had long burned for a chance to wipe out the disgrace of Harper's Ferry. They were now animated by the Union victories at Winchester and Fisher's Hill and Atlanta and Mobile; and were ready to welcome any opportunity to show what metal they were made of. Such an opportunity was now at hand.

#### CHAPIN'S FARM AND FORT HARRISON.

The movement was carefully planned. General Ord, with the Eighteenth Corps, was to move up the Varina road, leading north from Aiken's Landing, carry the works which crossed that road at Chapin's Farm, and there dividing, one brigade was to move to the right and attack Fort Gilmer, a strong work half a mile north, while the rest of the division

should move to the river and prevent the sending of reinforcements from Petersburg and the south side of the James by way of the ponton bridge which the enemy maintained at Chapin's Bluff. General Birney, with the Tenth Corps, was to move from Deep Bottom by the Newmarket and Darbytown roads, assault Gilmer in front and force a passage through the works southeast of Richmond. The most serious piece of business assigned to the Eighteenth Corps was the storming of Fort Harrison. This was a powerful work, four miles north of Aiken's Landing, crowning a hill and commanding the approach to Richmond by the Varina road. It mounted sixteen heavy guns, one being an 8-inch Columbiad, and the others 64 and 32-pounders. for the assault upon it General Ord selected his first and second divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Stannard and Heckman. the former was to lead the way along the Varina road, till the open ground near Fort Harrison was reached, then form in column on the left of the road, and assault the works.<sup>19</sup>

Heckman was to follow closely and push through the breach, which it was not doubted Stannard would make. The Ninth Vermont was honored by being selected to lead the column of Heckman's division; and Ripley's brigade, when inside the front line, was to turn to the right and take in reverse Fort Gilmer and the Laurel Hill batteries, farther to the right.

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<sup>19</sup> "General Stannard told me, in after years, that when he received his orders he went to corps headquarters, and was told that General Grant had personally indicated him to lead the attack. He then went to General Grant, who was at Deep Bottom, and said: 'I am told that I must lead this attack, and I have come to protest in behalf of the poor men of my division, who have led every assault of the Eighteenth Corps, from Cold Harbor until now, and are fought down to a skeleton of a division. I have not a word to say for myself – I will freely go wherever you send me; but it is inhuman to give my men so much more than their share of these forlorn hopes.' General Grant quietly replied: 'General Stannard, we must carry Fort Harrison, and I know you will do it.'" – Statement of Colonel Ripley.

The Ninth took into the assault about 700 bayonets. It was commanded by Major Brooks, in the absence of Lieut. Colonel Barney, who was absent on sick leave. It started very quietly at midnight, and at 2 A.M. reached the James, at Aitken's Landing, where the engineers were laying a pontoon bridge, and Stannard's division was waiting to cross. Both divisions were across the river by daylight and moved toward Fort Harrison, the skirmishers under Colonel Donahue of the Tenth New Hampshire driving in the enemy's skirmishers, which were met not far from the river. The scattered firing in front increased as the columns moved on through the pine woods, and as Stannard's division came out late into the open ground near the fort, the guns of Fort Harrison opened heavily. The space between the head of the column and the mouths of the guns was 1,400 yards. In front was a piece of low ground, covered with fallen brush; then came a wide open slope; then an abatis and a deep ditch; then the parapets of Fort Harrison. Retaining his formation in column by division, in order to secure the momentum of a mass, Stannard ordered his Second brigade (Burnham's) forward to the assault, supported by the other two brigades of his division. Stannard had intended to strike the fort at the sally-port on the southeastern side; but the guns swept the approach to this with such a destructive fire that he changed direction to the right, till he was past the eastern bastion of the work; and then, turning at a right angle, charged directly upon this, through a terrible fire of musketry and artillery. General Burnham, leading the charge, was killed, and his successor, Colonel Stevens, fell severely wounded. His successor in the command of the brigade was also wounded; and when the thing was over the brigades which formed the storming column were each commanded by a lieutenant colonel. A third of the men in the division and about half of the actual storming party fell; but nothing could stop the rush of Stannard's men.

They plunged through the ditch, climbed the steep embankment, sprang inside the parapet, and captured a considerable portion of the regiment which defended the fort, with the lieutenant colonel who commanded it. General Stannard rode at the side of his Third brigade, and entered the fort with his men. Three officers of his staff were wounded during the movements preceding the assault. The enemy was next driven from two lunettes, and abandoning that portion of his line, fled to his second line of works, half a mile nearer Richmond.

Ripley's brigade, meantime, was not idle. As Stannard's division emerged into the open ground, General Heckman rode up to Colonel Ripley, who according to the plan was to closely follow Stannard, and directed him, instead, to move his brigade across the Varina road to the right and charge a redoubt and bastion on the north of Fort Harrison. The road, at the spot where they must cross it, was blocked by a light batter which had lost a number of horses from the fire of a heavy gun in the fort, which raked the road at that point. In endeavoring to aid its commander in clearing a way for the passage of the brigade, Colonel Ripley was struck from his horse and stunned by a piece of shell, which clipped the hair on his temple, but did no further harm, and he soon resumed direction of the movement of his brigade. Moving on to the right of the road, the Eighth Maine of his brigade became entangled in the swamp, and when the order to attack came a few moments later, the Ninth Vermont had to go alone. In passing through the swamp and the felled timber beyond, the troops largely lost their organization, but kept on, all spurred to their utmost by the cheers of Stannard's division, which rose above the roar of artillery as they charged. As the men of the Ninth reached the open ground, they could see the First division pouring into the fort. Without waiting to re-form their ranks, they pushed for the works, Felix Quinn, the tall

color-sergeant, leading with the colors. The regiment followed the general line of the Varina road, which, making a sharp turn to the right within 600 yards of Fort Harrison, ran directly past the front of the fort and the entrenchments leading from it to right and left. Fortunately, the guns of the fort were now in Stannard's hands, and were silent; but a few hundred yards to the north, Battery Morris stood squarely across the road, and its guns swept the road for a quarter of a mile. As the regiment started for the latter work, recruits vieing with veterans for the honor of being first over its parapets, the left companies veered to the right to avoid the felled timber, and crowded into the road, which at that point ran through a cut, which soon became filled with men. In vain Ripley, dreading a discharge of grape which might do fearful execution on such a mass, ordered them out of the road. They were too much excited to obey, and kept on as they were. The enemy's cannoneers, however, did not improve their opportunity; and passing out of the cut, the line partially deployed, and all rushed in a wild race for the works in front. Fifteen or twenty of the fleetest runners, among whom was Colonel Ripley, were the first to reach and scramble over the ramparts of the battery. Its defenders withdrew as they sprang in, but halted a few feet away and delivered a parting volley, which knocked over nearly every one inside the work. Lieutenant Dodge of company B received a ball in the leg. Sergeant Major Henry D. Belden, who was probably the first man inside the works, though a dozen sprang in about together, had a ball enter his wrist and come out above his elbow; but with his sound arm he seized the trail of a gun, which Ripley was trying to wheel, saying: "Go on colonel, we wounded men will work these guns." Sergeant Burlingame of company K and John Riley of company B were badly wounded; and others less severely. The remainder of the regiment at the same time piled into the rifle-pits on the right of Battery Morris, taking about forty

prisoners. A lunette on the other side of the fort was taken by other troops, and Fort Harrison and its accessory works on either hand, with 22 guns, were thus carried and held.

It was now ten o'clock, and so far all had gone well. But now Grant's well-arranged plan began to fail of execution. General Ord, exposing himself recklessly with the troops which were to sweep down the works to Chapin's Bluff, was wounded in the leg, and had to turn over the command of the corps to General Heckman, who proved unequal to the occasion. He had already partially modified the plan of the day, by sending Ripley in on Stannard's right, and now, instead of letting him pass inside the captured line to the rear of Fort Gilmer and take that work in reverse, he ordered him to assault it at once from the front. This was madness. The Tenth Corps had not arrived. The brigades of Jordan and Fairchild of the Eighteenth Corps, which were needed for supports, were entangled in the swamps some distance back, and did not get out for hours after. Ripley had but the Ninth and a few men of the Eighth Maine (the rest of the latter regiment being still in the swamp) with which to assault a fort as strong as Fort Harrison or stronger, and fully manned. Nevertheless he reformed his command and started forward. He had not gone far before his progress was impeded by a slashing of oak timber. Shells from the fort began to cut swaths through the regiment, and as it was plain that it would be a waste of life to advance, he ordered the command back to the nearest cover. The regiment, which had kept wonderfully steady under the example and orders of Major Brooks, accordingly fell back a short distance to a road-bed, sunk a foot or two below the surface, and by lying close to the ground obtained partial shelter, while Ripley sent an aid to General Heckman to report the situation and to ask him to examine the position.

About this time Ames's division of the Tenth Corps

attacked the works extending from Fort Gilmer northward, and Brigadier General Birney's colored brigade assaulted Gilmer with great bravery, but without success. Its garrison had been heavily reinforced and nearly all the colored troops that reached its front were killed. The rest came streaming back through the line of the Ninth. After this repulse of a strong division from its ramparts, the order to a single Vermont regiment to attempt to carry Fort Gilmer by storm was not renewed, and no further assault upon that portion of the enemy's works was made. To the left of Fort Harrison, towards the bluff, however, some of Stannard's division were still trying to make headway; and late in the afternoon the Ninth was withdrawn from the front of Gilmer and sent thither. Here the regiment came under the fire of the Confederate gunboats which had come down from Richmond to assist in the defence of the works; and here Lieutenant Jenkins of company E, was mortally wounded by a large fragment of a shell, which cut off his right hand buried itself in his left thigh, making a frightful wound.

Offensive movements soon ended, and the Union generals turned their attention to the task of making secure what they had gained. At nightfall the Ninth Vermont was taken to the south of Fort Harrison to form part of a line which was extended through slashing and chapparal from the fort to the river. The men were worn out with loss of sleep, marching and excitement, and dropped as soon as halted. But they were not allowed to sleep. Shovels took the place of muskets, and the men dug wearily till the dawn.

The loss of the Ninth Vermont this day was seven killed, 42 wounded, six of whom died of their wounds, and 13 missing. Lieutenant Jenkins had his leg amputated near the body and died next day. Lieutenant Dodge received a ball in the leg. Among the slightly wounded were Colonel Ripley, Major Brooks and Acting Brigade Quartermaster T. S. Peck.

Colonel Ripley thus describes a horrible incident, which occurred after the regiment had been halted in front of Fort Gilmer: "I was standing, field-glass in hand, watching the movements of the enemy. Major Brooks, Lieutenant Peck and two or three others were in the group. The shelling was noisy. The men were lying thickly near my feet; and almost under me was a private of a Massachusetts battery who had strayed into the ranks of the Ninth Vermont. He was frightened by the heavy explosions around and at each one would jump upon his feet and stare around as though crazy. I had told him three or four times to keep down; but in a moment, after a louder crash, he sprang to his feet before me. As he did so, I was dashing in the face with a streaming mass of something horrible, which closed my eyes, nose and mouth. I thought my own head had gone. I was helped to sit down and Captain Hart, of Heckman's staff, who had just come up, happening to have a towel in his pocket, they cleaned away the disgusting mass from my face with it, and I opened my eyes. Unbuttoning my sabre-belt, and throwing open my blouse, I threw out of it a mass of brains, skull, hair and blood. The headless trunk of the artillery-man lay between my feet, with the blood gurgling out with the pulsations of the heart not yet stopped. Major Brooks was hit by a spent piece of shell below the knee, and Lieutenant Peck on his belt and leg; but none of us were seriously enough wounded to make it worth while alarming our friends at home by reporting it, so when Adjutant Livingston, at night, asked if he should include me in his report of casualties I refused to allow it. Brooks and Peck did the same. If all the slightly wounded of the Ninth Vermont had been reported, as was done in some regiments, the regiment would have had a much larger list."<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> The killed of the rank and file were: Corporal William Moranville and John Mickman of company E; George W. Patrick, John Nickerson and Leroy L. Bryant of company F; Freeman Baker of company H; Albert E. Newton of company K.

The wounded were: Company A, Nelson C. Roberts, leg; George W. Robbins, heel; Samuel M. Maynard, hand; company B, Corporal Holden D. Baker, leg; John Riley, leg; Orick Sprague, leg; Joseph Lafayette, breast; company D, Corporal Norris E. Edwards, leg; Eben S. Haskell, knee; company E, Corporal George W. Davis, arm; Corporal Henry Warboys, stunned; Edward R. Cook, arm; Allen E. Cutts, lost finger; Daniel Dwyer, arm (amputated) and leg; Edward Hawkins, leg; James Lung, hip; John Keating, side and foot; Charles Phillips, leg; Henry Sias, face; Moses W. White, arm; Calvin Wilson, hip; company F, Corporal Henry Steady, leg; Corporal John L. Newton, hip; Lewis Blair, leg amputated; John E. Jones, leg; company G, Allen J. Dearborn, leg; Hatch Chamberlain, thigh; company H, Octave Bushy, elbow; Oberon Payne, knee, severe; Jeremiah Bishop, leg; company I, William L. Marston, heel; company K, Sergeant Sylvester C. Burlingame, leg; Corporal Edwin R. Smith, head; William Waters, leg, slight; Denny E. Mason back; Harrison K. Bacon, leg.

Of these John Riley, Joseph Lafayette, George W. Davis, John L. Newton, L. Blair and Edwin R. Smith, died of their wounds.

Those reported missing were: Company A, Corporal William P. Yarrington, William C. Hair, Monroe Ingles, Edgar Minckler, James A. North, Emory S. Parker, George Papaw and Edwin Spicer; company B, George W. Mason; company E, Daniel Ash; company F, Eli Sweeny; company I, Benjamin F. Stone; company K, Orlin M. Whitney.

Of the missing Elie Sweeny was never accounted for.

Assistant Surgeon Fairman was the only surgeon with the regiment that day. He was sent by the medical director of the corps, to Fort Harrison immediately after its capture; went thither under fire, was the first surgeon there, and in a little operation hospital established on the grass in a hollow near the fort, he dressed the wounds not only of the men of the Ninth, but of other regiments, performing amputations and operations which some of the surgeons of other regiments did not feel equal to, all day and until it became too dark to operate.

The charge of his old regiment on Battery Morris was watched with gratification by General Stannard from the parapet of Fort Harrison. General U.S. Grant rode into Fort Harrison not long after its capture, and personally complimented Stannard on the behavior and success of his division. The general-in-chief was not as well satisfied with some other officers, and that night General Heckman returned

to his division and General Weitzel was placed in command of the Eighteenth Corps.

Thursday, the 29th of September, had been an exciting day. A scarcely less exciting one was to follow. There was active work that night on both sides. General Lee, who joined General Ewell on the north side of the James soon after the repulse of the Tenth Corps from Fort Gilmer, had decided that Fort Harrison must be retaken next day. He kept the Richmond and Petersburg railroad busy all night bringing troops; and, by morning, ten brigades of Pickett's, Hoke's, and Wilcox's divisions were concentrated at and near Fort Gilmer, to assault Fort Harrison. The latter work was open to the rear when taken; but during the afternoon Stannard's men were set at work with shovels to throw up a breastwork across the gorge of the work, and so change it into an enclosed fort. They were relieved in this work by some colored troops during the night; and by Friday morning a rifle-pit had been dug two-thirds of the way across the rear, which had now become the front. The work was still open, however, for a space on the right. This gap was somewhat lessened, and the breastworks strengthened, during the forenoon, in spite of an incessant fire of shells which was maintained from the guns in the enemy's second line of works, and of "pots and kettles" from his gunboats in the river, while his sharpshooters picked off all who exposed themselves outside the trenches. Meanwhile, behind the screen of woods, some 400 yards from Fort Harrison on its northwest quarter, General Lee was superintending in person the formation of his columns for the assault. These comprised the brigades of Law, Anderson, Bratton, Clingman, and Colquitt, under the immediate command of General Anderson, who now commanded Longstreet's Corps.

To meet this assault, Stannard had simply his infantry; for the siege guns taken in the fort were not available for its defence, and a light batter which had been taken into the

work was found to be without ammunition, and Stannard sent it back to the rear. By a piece of especial good fortune, a small supply of Spencer breech-loading rifles had been received just before the movement north of the James took place, and two regiments of Stannard's division—the Tenth New Hampshire and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York—exchanged their muskets for the improved arms, the night before the attack.<sup>21</sup>

To these breech-loaders, Stannard always attributed in large part the salvation of the day, on Friday. In disposing his troops to meet the expected attack he placed the troops armed with the Spencer rifles in the rifle-pits on his right, where he expected the main assault. The Second division occupied entrenchments thrown up during the night before on the left of the fort, Ripley brigade being on the right of the division, next to the fort. Shortly after noon, two field batteries opened sharply on the fort and the works on its left; and soon after the word "They are coming!" passed long Stannard's lines, as the Confederate masses emerged from the woods and brush. Formed in three successive lines, between 6,000 and 7,000 strong, they moved steadily over half the open space and then charged. The men of the Ninth, lying on the slope to the left of the fort, could not see what went on on the right; but they heard the yell of the charge, followed by a burst of musketry from the fort, the breech-loaders adding a steady unbroken undertone to the familiar rattle of the volleys. They heard and joined in the cheers from the garrison as the charge was re-

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<sup>21</sup> For these and the muzzle-loaders there was fortunately a supply of ammunition, owing to the energy of Captain P.K. Delaney, quartermaster of Stannard's division, who by great exertions got two wagon-loads of ammunition—one for the breech-loaders and one for the ordinary rifles—across the river and up to Fort Harrison during the night following its capture. Next day a wagon-load was brought up to the sally-port of the fort by Captain Bryden, ordnance officer of the division, and lieutenant Burbank of the Seventeenth Vermont and Lieutenant Cook of Stannard's staff distributed the ammunition. General Stannard had a fourth member of his staff wounded this day.

pulsed. The enemy's assault was gallantly made, for they were fighting under the eye of General Lee; but the slaughter was too fearful to be endured. The masses halted and recoiled to the shelter of the woods, and the few who reached the ditch were killed or wounded or threw down their arms and came inside the fort as prisoners. Among these was an Alabama colonel, who with blood streaming down his face looked up to Stannard, who had taken his position on a traverse running through the fort, from which he could look down upon his lines on either side, and asked him if he was the commander of this fort? Upon Stannard's affirmative answer, he rejoined: "Well, you had better get out of this, general, for General Lee is over there" (pointing toward Fort Gilmer), "and he says he will retake these works, if it takes half his army." Stannard's dry reply was that he should be "happy to see General Lee whenever he chose to call." twice more the Confederate lines advanced in successive charges, and twice more the sheet of fire burst from Stannard's front, and they fell back in shattered fragments to the woods. During the second assault, the barracks built of pine logs inside the fort were set on fire by shells and burned furiously for a time, almost scorching the backs of the men in front; but they kept their places while the stretcher-bearers pulled the barracks to pieces and threw earth upon the burning logs, for want of water.

During these exciting hours Stannard paced the parapet, sword in one hand and slouched hat in the other, watching every movement of each side, and cheering his men to their deadly work.<sup>22</sup> Just as the second assault ended, a bullet

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<sup>22</sup> "I have often said that General Stannard held Fort Harrison against desperate odds, of men fighting under the inspiration of Lee's own presence, by the *sheer force of personal character*. And there was not another division or another general of the Army of the James that could have done it. He was an army in himself in such supreme moments."—General E. H. Ripley.

struck his right arm, shattering the bone and whirling him half around. He was assisted from the traverse to the ground and sank back fainting. A shiver passed along the lines, as close upon the cheers of victory came the whispered word: "Stannard is killed!" The news spread at once to the Ninth Vermont, just outside the fort, and was received with the deepest grief by all. But the general was not killed; and though the defence of Fort Harrison cost him his arm, he had the satisfaction of knowing that neither then nor at any subsequent time was that important work relinquished to the enemy. The three assaults upon the fort cost Lee one-third of the storming force, killed and wounded, besides a number captured.<sup>23</sup>

Concerning Fort Harrison and its capture an English field-officer, of rank and experience, who visited it a few days after, wrote as follows to the *London Star*: "I rode to the nearest point to Richmond in possession of the federal army. This is called Fort Harrison. It is about six miles and a quarter from Richmond; a strong earthen fort and so placed that the taking of it is quite unaccountable. It is on a hill with a natural glacis of six or seven hundred yards, which good gunners should sweep against all comers—taking into account an extensive abatis, constructed by felling the trees and pointing them outwards. It should have been toilsome, dangerous work to have traversed that long slope. However, there is the fort in the hands of the Federals, be it attributable to pluck, luck, surprise, treachery, scare, or whatever explanation."

The fort was not surprised—the enemy had several hours after daylight, and after the movement became de-

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<sup>23</sup> The tabular statement in the "Medical and Surgical History of the War" puts the Confederate loss this day at 2,000, killed and wounded, and many were taken prisoners. Bratton's brigade had 377 killed and wounded. The Confederate losses in the two days probably exceeded 2,500. On the Union side they were 1,948 killed and wounded, and 324 missing.

veloped, in which to prepare for its defence. It was not surrendered by treachery, but was ably defended, to the sad cost of Stannard's division, which lost 600 men in killed and wounded in the assault. Its capture was due to simple pluck on the part of the troops, combined with cool, resolute and able handling on the part of their division commander.

For the next four weeks the Ninth remained in the trenches between Fort Harrison and the river, often under fire from the enemy's artillery. This, however, subsided after a week or two, and the relations between the opposing lines and pickets became almost friendly.

#### FAIR OAKS

On the 27th of October the regiment took part in a fresh demonstration against Richmond. The movement was to be simultaneous with a movement made by General Meade against the South Side Railroad. The two movements were alike unsuccessful and each cost the Union army over a thousand men in killed, wounded and missing. General Grant's orders to Butler were to feel out to the right beyond his front and if possible to turn the enemy's left, but not to attack any intrenched position—the main object being to prevent reinforcements from being sent from Richmond to Petersburg. General Butler committed the charge of the movement to General Weitzel, commanding the Eighteenth Corps. This corps was to be moved to the right, behind the lines of the Tenth Corps, and advance against Richmond by the Williamsburg road. Butler and Weitzel hoped to make a dash into Richmond, or at any rate to get behind the second line of works south of Richmond and to flank the enemy out of them. They were encouraged to believe this to be possible by a report that the enemy's lines north of the James were defended by but two divisions—those of Field and Pickett. This, however, was a mistake.

Hoke's division was at this time north of the James as well as those named, besides a force of local militia under General Ewell, and a cavalry brigade; the whole under the capable command of General Longstreet, who, having recovered from his wound received in the Wilderness, had just returned to this corps. Weitzel's advance was delayed, in part through the delays and inaction of the cavalry which was to precede and mask the movement. Longstreet at once divined its purpose and extended his lines to correspond with Weitzel's movement; and when the latter pushed in near Fair Oaks, against a line of breastworks which he supposed to be thinly defended by dismounted cavalry, he found them fully manned; was received by a heavy musketry fire, and was repulsed with serious loss. Upon his right Holman's brigade of colored troops carried some works along the New Bridge road, but was driven out of them. This ended the fighting for the day, and the Eighteenth Corps was withdrawn and returned next day to its former position near the river.

The part of this affair that fell to the Ninth was principally hard and uncomfortable marching, though it lay for a while under fire. The regiment, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Barney, drew out of its lines with Ripley's brigade, after dark on the 26th; moved a short distance to the rear; bivouacked for the rest of the night, and starting early next morning made a hard march of fifteen miles, to the Williamsburg road, near the old battleground of Seven Pines. In the formation of Heckman's division for the attack, in the afternoon, the brigade was placed in the second line on the left of the road, with Fairchild's brigade in front. During the assault made by the latter, the supporting lines were kept down; and though the regiments in front of it—the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York and Nineteenth Wisconsin—lost fearfully, the Ninth suffered the loss of but ten men killed and wounded, most of them by artillery fire. One man,

Alonzo P. Grover of company K, was killed; and one, Stephen B. Wing of company E, a man of 47 years, died of exhaustion from the fatigue of the march. Lieutenant W. A. Dodge of company B received a wound in the leg.<sup>24</sup>

The regiment bivouacked on the Darbytown road, within five miles of Richmond, at three o'clock in the morning of the 28th; slept three hours in the rain; was then formed in line at seven, and expected to charge the enemy's works; but no order to attack came, and during the day it was withdrawn. The march back to the Charles City road that night will not soon be forgotten by any one who took part in it. The night was dark; rain poured in torrents; infantry, cavalry and artillery crowded each other in the narrow and slippery road; and though the progress made was very slow, more than half the regiment straggled or got astray. Towards morning a halt was made; most of the stragglers came up, after daylight, and the march was continued back to camp. The men arrived weary, hungry, covered with mud and depressed by the failure of the movement. Dr. Fairman accompanied the regiment, established a hospital in an old house, about three o'clock PM and dressed the wounds of Vermonters and of other soldiers till dark.

On the 1st of November, in consequence of apprehensions of a renewal of the New York riots of 1863, upon the occasion of the Presidential election, General Butler was ordered to proceed at once to New York, and to take with him some trusty troops from the Army of the James to maintain order in the metropolis. He selected the Ninth as part of the force. On the 2nd of November the regiment marched to deep Bottom and took transports for Fortress Monroe,

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<sup>24</sup> The rank and file wounded were: Corporal David M. Buffum of company B, head, slight; Lewis Bissonette of company F, head, slight; Peter Ladue of company H, hip, slight; Edward B. Bissett of company K, shoulder, severe, Joel Grout of company K, ankle, severe; George W. Smith, groin. George W. Smith died of his wounds seven weeks later.

where, on being transferred to a steamer bound for New York, the men first learned their destination.

An incident of this departure is worth relating. Corporal Charles H. Sweeney was out on picket with fifteen men, when the regiment started for Deep Bottom, and was not recalled in time to embark with it. Hailing a tug which was going down the river, he was taken aboard with his men and carried to City Point. Here he reported to the provost marshal. Sweeney's story that his regiment had left him and gone off he knew not where, seemed suspicious to that officer; and he informed the corporal with some heat that he believed him and his men to be deserters, and that he should put them all in the guard house. An emphatic denial of the charge, by Sweeney, and a refusal to go to the lock-up, evoked an order from the angry officer to his assistants to "hand-cuff this man and take him to the bull-pen." But as it happened, the corporal was in greater force on the spot than the provost marshal, and he did not hesitate to use his advantage. Ordering his men to fix bayonets, Sweeney posted ten of them as a guard over the provost marshal's office, with strict orders to let no one pass in or out, while with the remainder he started for headquarters. He soon found himself in front of the quarters, as he supposed, of the general commanding the post; and, making known his story to the orderly at the door, was ushered into the presence of—General U. S. Grant! The general bade the corporal be seated, inquired what regiment he belonged to, and listened, with a twinkle of the eye, as Sweeney related how he had put the provost marshal under guard, while he came to see what the general commanding would say about locking up in the pull-pen some good Vermont soldiers, who were trying to rejoin their regiment. "We'll see about that," said the general; and, sitting down, he wrote a note for the corporal to hand to the provost marshal. That officer's cheek blanched as Sweeney informed him that he had a line from General

Grant for him, and his hand trembled as he took the note. He at once dispatched an aid with the Vermonters to the commissary, and after being rationed they were provided they were provided with transportation to New York, where they rejoined their regiment, the bold corporal not a little elated over the result of his interview with the general-in-chief of the armies of the United States.

One hundred and forty men who were out on picket, under command of Lieutenant T. S. Peck, were also left behind, and followed the regiment on another steamer.

At New York the regiment was quartered on steamers in the North and East rivers, company K being sent to Troy, N.Y., to protect the Watervliet arsenal. The weather was cold and rainy, and the men had little opportunity to see friends or the sights of the city. The election passed off quietly on the 8th, and the troops were ordered back to the front. While at New York, says Adjutant General Washburn, "the regiment proved themselves worth of the trust reposed in them and were highly complimented for their behavior and their entire reliability. Not a man left his post." The regiment rendezvoused at Fort Richmond, Staten Island; embarked on the John E. Rice, November 15th; arrived at Deep Bottom on the 17th, and by the 18th was back in its old camp at Chapin's Farm.

During the ten weeks after the regiment moved to Chapin's Farm in September the detachment of a hundred men under Lieutenant Jewett which had been stationed at Fort Dutton, remained there on the Bermuda Hundred front, and had some exciting experiences. On the night of September 30th, they were called into the trenches to help repel a Confederate assault, which was repulsed by the artillery in Fort Dutton. During the next two months several attempts were made by the enemy to advance their lines at and near that point; and an attempt was made on the Union side to retake a portion of the line which the enemy had carried.

After these efforts ceased, picket firing became continual, and as the lines were very near each other, the service was dangerous. The ugly feeling between the pickets, however, subsided after a while, and hostilities in that vicinity were confined to artillery duels, which were frequent. November 21st, Lieutenant Jewett resigned, leaving Sergeant Charles F. Branch in charge of the detail. On the 28th the detachment was relieved, and joined the regiment at Chapin's Farm.

On the 4th of November Surgeon Carpenter resigned, and on the 15th the vacancy was filled by the promotion of Assistant Surgeon Vincent, who had been for a time in charge of four wards of the Chesapeake General Hospital, filled with wounded men from the armies of the Potomac and of the James and with wounded Confederate officers; and he now rejoined the regiment.

The men of the Ninth built log huts and settled down for the winter; and the quiet in that quarter was only varied by occasional collisions with the enemy's pickets; by the shotted salutes with which the Union batteries welcomed the news of Sheridan's victories in the valley, and by occasional spells of heavy shelling from the enemy's guns.

On the 4th of December the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were broken up and the troops re-arranged into the Twenty-fourth Corps, of white regiments, and the Twenty-fifth, of colored troops. In this reorganization Colonel Ripley returned to the command of the Ninth Vermont, which now became a part of the Second (Potter's) brigade of the Third (Devens's) division of the Twenty-fourth Corps. A few recruits had been received in October and the regiment was one of the largest infantry regiments in the army, turning out over 600 muskets. The other regiments of the brigade were the Tenth and Twelfth New Hampshire, the Ninety-sixth New York and the Fifth Maryland. On the 10th and 11th of December, a demonstration in force by

Longstreet against the right of the Union lines called out all the troops north of the James. The Ninth at this time lay in line of battle for part of two days, in mud whitened with snow, and from this time on the regiment was required to fall in at 4 o'clock every morning, and stand to arms till daylight.

Various changes of officers in the line took place during the closing months of the year. Adjutant Livingston was promoted to the captaincy of company G, and was succeeded as adjutant by Sergeant Major Belden, Sergeant John Thomas of company F becoming sergeant major; Quartermaster Francis O. Sawyer was promoted to be Captain and A. Q. M. and Commissary Sergeant Franklin E. Rice was appointed quartermaster; Lieutenant Leavenworth of company K was promoted to be captain; Second Lieutenant Cleveland was appointed first lieutenant of company A, vice Lieutenant Jewett, resigned; Lieutenant Dodge, in whose case gangrene had supervened in his wound received at Fair Oaks, was honorable discharged on account of his injuries; Lieutenant James F. Bolton, who had never recovered from his wound received at Newport Barracks, was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and Lieutenant Herbert H. Moore was promoted in his place; Second Lieutenant Joel C. Baker was promoted first lieutenant of company K; Sergeant J. S. Halbert was appointed second lieutenant of company A; Sergeant A. W. Hathaway, second lieutenant of company C; Sergeant R. F. Parker second lieutenant of company H; and Sergeant S. C. Burlingame, second lieutenant of company K. Captain Leavenworth was detailed as assistant adjutant general of the brigade, Captain Kelley as assistant inspector general, Captain Viele as ordnance officer of the third division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, and Lieutenant Peck as aid on the staff of the brigade commander.

The morning report, on the coming in of the New Year, showed an aggregate for the Ninth of 1,136, with 743 men for duty and a sick list of 383.

The remainder of the winter passed for the most part in the usual routine in the trenches and in winter quarters. On the 24th of January the Confederate gunboats at Richmond came down the river, in an attempt to reach City Point and destroy the immense quantities of army stores there collected. They were driven back by the Union batteries, with the loss of the Confederate ram Drury, which was sunk. Some threatening demonstrations on the part of the enemy's infantry accompanied this effort, and the Ninth Vermont was called into line, with the other troops of the corps, in anticipation of an attack; but the affair ended with the retreat of the gunboats.

During these winter months battalion drills were systematically resumed. Colonel Ripley's ambition to have the Ninth second to no regiment in the army in drill, discipline and appearance, was shared by the officers and men, and they entered with enthusiasm into the preparations for the competitive inspections which had been instituted by the corps commander. On the 20th of February the regiment passed a rigid inspection, in competition with the other regiments of the brigade; was pronounced "the best in order" by General Potter; and by general order from division headquarters was excused from picket duty and outside details for a week. The 100-gun salute with which the news of Sherman's occupation of Charleston and Columbia, S. C., was greeted, on the day when this order was promulgated, was appropriated in part by the Vermonters as a celebration of their bloodless victory.

A similar inspection took place March 6th, with a similar result, and again the Ninth was excused from picket duty, as the best regiment in the brigade.

On the 10th of March the regiments which had been

pronounced the best in the respective brigade inspections, competed in an inspection by General Devens; and by a third general order it was declared that "after a careful inspection the Ninth Vermont Volunteers is found to be the best regiment in the division," and it was accordingly excused from picket duty and details for an additional week. In this inspection the regiment competed with other crack regiments which had drawn new clothing for the occasion, while they had only their old clothes; but the superiority of the Ninth in appearance and drill was undeniable. The regiment declined to accept this third release from picket duty, and on the 15th an order issued by General Devens, was read on dress parade, in front of each regiment in the division, reciting the facts and commending the soldierly spirit evinced by the Ninth Vermont.<sup>25</sup>

This action of the regiment was the voluntary proposal of the men, and not of their officers, and it was allowed on all hands that the Vermonters could not be outdone in courtesy any more than in efficiency and in appearance.

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HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION }  
24TH A. C., FEBRUARY 20TH, 1865. }

Special Order No 35.

EXTRACT.

III. The following named regiments having been inspected in accordance with General Order No. 11, Headquarters Twenty-fourth Army Corps, dated January 17th, 1865, and pronounced the best in order, by the brigade commanders of their respective brigades, are, under the provisions of the above mentioned order, excused from all picket and other outside details for one week.

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Ninth Vermont Volunteers.

By order of  
(Signed)

COL. E. M. CULLEN,  
GEO. W. HOOKER  
Captain and A. A. G

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HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, }  
24th Army Corps, March 6th, 1865 }

Special Order, No. 42.

EXTRACT.

II. The following named regiments having been inspected in accordance with General Order No. 11, Headquarters Twenty-fourth Army Corps, dated January 17th, 1865, and pronounced the best in order by the

As the Third division was at this time declared by the Inspector General of the corps to be in "an excellent state of discipline, thoroughly equipped in every respect and as completely fitted for the field as a command can well be," to be pronounced the best regiment in the division was no slight honor.<sup>26</sup>

March 17th, the regiment took part in a review and inspection of the Twenty-fourth Corps by General Grant and Secretary Stanton. On the 26th, President Lincoln reviewed the corps. On the 22nd General Ripley was assigned to the command of the First brigade of the Third division of the Twenty-fourth Corps,—a fine brigade of six regiments—and took farewell of the Ninth as its immediate commander, though never losing sight of it or interest in its welfare. On the 11th of March, Lieutenant T. S. Peck was promoted to be Captain and A. Q. M. of Volunteers, and assigned to duty on the staff of General Ripley.

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brigade commanders of their respective brigades, are, under the provisions of the above mentioned Order, excused from all picket and other outside details for one week.

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Second Brigade, Ninth Reg't. Vt. Vols.  
By order of  
(Signed)

BRIG. GENERAL DEVENS,  
GEO. W. HOOKER,  
Captain and A. A. G.

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HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, }  
24th Army Corps, March 10th, 1865 }

Special Order No. 45

I. In accordance with General Order, No. 11, dated Headquarters Twenty-fourth Army Corps, January 17th, 1865, the regiments selected by brigade commanders as the best in their respective commands, were inspected at these headquarters, and after a careful inspection the Ninth Vermont Volunteers was found to be the best regiment in this division. It is therefore by the provisions of the above mentioned order, excused from all picket and outside details for one additional week.

By order of  
(Signed)

BRIG. GENERAL DEVENS  
GEO. W. HOOKER  
Captain and A. A. G.

<sup>26</sup> In a competitive examination of picked soldiers of the different regiments of the Second brigade, a Vermonter took the palm, and a special order from the brigade headquarters, dated March 15th, directed that Corporal Richard D. Wheeler, Co. H, 9th Vt. Vols., be excused from picket and outside duty for two weeks, "he having been pronounced the best soldier in the brigade."

The last week in March was a period of intense expectation of some decisive movement. Grant's operations against Lee's right, culminating in the battle of Five Forks, were in preparation and progress, and at this time Lee made the for him disastrous assault upon Fort Steadman. The swells and ripples from these commotions extended all along the lines, north as well as south of the James. The men were kept in constant readiness for action, with tents struck, rations ready, and arms stacked. Some minor movements of the brigade, one toward Deep Bottom and another to the right for a mile, took place on successive days, the regiment returning from each to its former position. General Ord, with two divisions of his corps, was moved to the Petersburg front to take part in the final assault, leaven Devens's division and two divisions of colored troops, all under command of General Weitzel, commanding the Twenty-fifth Corps. After this change, Devens's division had to guard the front previously held by the entire Twenty-fourth Corps, and the Ninth did the duty of a brigade.

During the long day of Sunday, April 2nd, when Wright and Ord and Humphreys and Parke were forcing the lines of Petersburg, the men north of the James stood listening to the rapid artillery firing, sounding like incessant thunder, from the left, and seeing the clouds of white powder-smoke roll up from the south of Petersburg. It was plain to all that tremendous and probably decisive fighting was in progress; but how the fight was going, none knew. It was a day of deep suspense, and all stood in expectation of immediate orders to go into battle. The sounds drew nearer during the afternoon, and at nightfall the flashes of the guns in the bombardment in front of Petersburg, with which Grant celebrated the success of the day, were distinctly visible. Then came the news that Grant had broken through the defences of Petersburg, followed by the expected order to make

ready to assault the defences of Richmond at daylight next morning.

#### ENTRY INTO RICHMOND

That night the picket line between the Varina and New Market roads, at the point of the Union lines nearest to Richmond, was held by a detail of 120 men of the Ninth Vermont and 50 of the Twelfth New Hampshire, under command of Captain A. E. Leavenworth, of company K, who had just returned to his company after a long absence on staff duty. With him were Lieutenants Joel C. Baker, company B, and Burnham Cowdry, company G. There was no sleeping on picket that night; every man was intent and watchful, though none expected that Richmond would be relinquished without a last desperate struggle.

But Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were already on their way to Danville, and the Confederate troops in front were noiselessly withdrawing from the works, to follow the sullen and silent column of the garrison of Richmond which was pouring out of its opposite portals. About two o'clock in the morning the unusual stillness of the enemy, which had begun to be noticed, was broken by the sound of heavy explosions, unlike those of cannon, from the direction of the river, where the blowing up of the rebel gunboats had commenced; and soon after the light of the burning tobacco ware-houses, with which the conflagration of the city began, shining dimly through the fog, lit the sky above the city. Before daylight, a deserter came in, and informed Captain Leavenworth that the Confederate troops were abandoning their works. He was at once sent to General Devens, who returned an order to move the whole line forward at daybreak. Sooner than that it was not deemed wise to advance, as the approaches to the Confederate works were known to be planted with torpedoes. The morning was foggy and daylight came slowly; but, as soon as the fog lifted, the picket

line started forward, along the New Market road, led by Major Brooks of the Ninth, inspector general on General Devens's staff, and Captain Bruce of the Thirteenth New Hampshire, provost marshal. The nearest line of works was soon reached and passed, with the loss of but one man killed by a torpedo—the spots beneath which the torpedoes lay having been indicated by the Confederates, for the protection of their own men, by small stakes bearing red rags—and the detachment advanced some two miles further, when it halted in consequence of information received from some women who were met upon the road, that the Confederate rear-guard was only a little way in front. Colonel Bamberger, of the Fifth Maryland, the division field-officer of the day, here joined Captain Leavenworth, and under his orders the latter deployed his men as skirmishers, extending to the left across the Osborn turnpike, and again advanced. Near the junction of the turnpike and the New Market road, the skirmishers halted for a few moments to rest, when General Draper, commanding a brigade of colored troops, which had been holding the line to the left of Devens's division, accompanied by his staff and about sixty of his men, came up, inquired if the road in front was clear, and pushed on by the turnpike. The Vermonters had just begun a hurried lunch, but they did not intend to be beaten in the race for Richmond by any other infantry, white or black; and they were not. At Leavenworth's order, they promptly rallied, and started forward on a run. They were weary with twenty-four hour's duty on picket; had had no breakfast, and were loaded with forty rounds of ammunition and three day's rations, while the darkies had only their muskets; but, led by Leavenworth, coatless and bare-headed, they overtook, lapped, and passed their colored comrades, in spite of the utmost efforts of the latter. At Battery Two of the inner line of Confederate redoubts, they overtook General Draper, who was waiting for his men to come up. He ordered the Ver-

monsters to halt, and threatened to court-martial their officers if they did not obey; but they had started for Richmond and declining to recognize his authority, they pushed on. Soon General Weitzel, with Majors Stevens and Graves and Captain Hooker of his staff and a squadron of cavalry, rode up at a gallop and passed on, amid the cheers of the men, who followed with fresh speed.

As the skirmishers entered the city, a small national flag, which had been kept concealed by loyal hands for years in waiting for this hour, was thrust out of a window and waved in welcome to the Army of the Union. It was snatched by Captain Leavenworth, and held aloft. The effect was electrical. Each breathless and limping veteran became a leaping and shouting hero; and so, with the stars and stripes borne in front of them in triumph, cheered by the loyal blacks, who thronged around the flag-bearer and kissed the National emblem, and cheering as became the first Union infantry to bear the national colors into the capital of the Confederacy, the Vermonters passed on to Church Hill. Here they halted to await the coming of General Devens.

General Devens has thus described the scene as he drew bridle on the hill: "Richmond lay before us. The heavy fog of the river, mingled with the dense clouds of smoke, hung over it like a pall, and relieve against the vapors came up the lurid flames from the burning arsenals and ware-houses which had been set on fire by some unaccountable madness of the rebel commander as he retreated from the here blazing bridges which had spanned the noble James, and from the gunboats, once a formidable fleet on the river. Every moment the earth seemed to vibrate with the explosions of the magazines of the gunboats and the arsenals with which the city had been filled. It was a sight of terrible magnificence, and might well fill the heart of every Union soldier with enthusiasm. We knew that our work was done, fully and completely done, and that it was the Confederacy

that was passing away in the fervent heats on which we gazed." The Vermonters drew up in line, and saluted General Devens as he arrived; were complimented by him upon being the first troops of the line to enter the city; and were directed by him to accompany their comrades, soon to be on the spot, and assist in the task of putting out the fires and restoring order. The column of the division was soon formed, and proceeded in the following order: General Devens and staff; Captain Leavenworth's detachment, leading the skirmish details of the Tenth and Twelfth New Hampshire, Tenth Connecticut, Fifth Maryland and Ninety-sixth and One Hundred and Eighteenth New York; the First brigade, General Ripley; the Second brigade, Colonel Donahue; the Third brigade, Colonel Roberts; and the light artillery.<sup>27</sup>

General Ripley has graphically described, for these pages, the entry into the city, as follows:

At last, at about 7:30 or 8 o'clock in the morning we approached Rocketts, the steamboat landing at the lower extremity of the city, where the rebel iron-clads had been lying. There I received orders to deploy a strong line of guards across from the river up the ravine of Shocko Creek, with orders to permit no one to pass it but to turn everyone back to join his command at once and get ready to make a formal entry of the city. I was also ordered to dress up my own command and put all my regimental bands at the head of my column. I happened to have three of these, an unusual number.

While this was going on an iron-clad which was yet lying in the stream abreast of us, the last of all the river fleet, blew up with a terrific concussion, nearly knocking us off our feet and overwhelming us with a tempest of black smoke, cinders and debris. I do not remember that any one was injured, through part of it went over our heads into the field beyond.

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<sup>27</sup> Brevet Brigadier General E. H. Ripley has command of the forces in this city. His brigade was the first that entered the city. Lieutenant C. B. Gaffney, aid to General Ripley, was met at the City Hall by the Mayor, who, we are informed, turned over the building and contents in his usual affable manner.—*Richmond Whig*, April 5, 1865.

The roar of the exploding arsenals, magazines and warehouses filled with the explosives of the Ordnance Bureau was deafening and awe-inspiring. At this moment Colonel George W. Hooker, assistant adjutant general of the third division, rode up to me and said: "You are in luck today, general. General Weitzel has given orders that you are to have the head of the column in the triumphal entry which we are about ready to make into the city." I was of course elated at this, for it might have been possible that General Weitzel would have chosen to give it to the colored troops of his own corps the place of honor for the pageant, as Horace Greely in his "History of the Great Conflict," erroneously avers that he did. But that would have been a great injustice to General Devens and to me; for my brigade of that division was the first over the main line; the first over the second line, and the first at Rocketts; and Devens's was the only division which kept its formation perfect and could have attacked Ewell had he come to bay. My brigade was at that moment at the head of the column, because we had taken it and kept it. No one got ahead of us but the little group of cavalry from Weitzel's headquarters, which had overtaken and passed us, but which did not pass the enemy's lines until after my message had reached General Devens and been forwarded to Weitzel.<sup>28</sup> It had happened that my own regiment, the Ninth Vermont, furnished a very heavy detail for picket on Sunday night, under the command of Captain Abel E. Leavenworth of company K, one of its most alert, energetic and capable officers, and they went forward with my line of skirmishers. So that through the Ninth Vermont Volunteers was not in my own brigade, I had the extreme gratification of having them alone, of the regiments of Donahue's brigade, share in an equal degree the pride and glory of being first over the works and into Richmond.

At length every preparation was completed that could be hastily made to give the entry of the Union troops an imposing character. No time could be taken for this, as we seemed about to enter a sea of fire or rather the crater of an active volcano, and if any portion of the doomed capital was to be saved it had to be done quickly. I have never known what hour it was, that with my three bands at the head of my column and taking my place behind them, I turned in my saddle and cried "forward!" to the eager troops. The

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<sup>28</sup> This was a message sent to General Devens at daybreak by General Ripley, that he (Ripley) was already pushing over the enemy's works, and asking him to hurry up supports.

bands had arranged a succession of Union airs which had not been heard for many days in the streets of the Confederate capital, and had arranged to relieve each other so that there should be no break in the exultant strain of patriotic music during any portion of the march. The route was up Broad street to the Exchange Hotel, then across to Main Broad street to the Exchange Hotel, then across to Main street and up Main to Capitol Square. The city was packed with a surging mob of Confederate stragglers and negroes, and mob rule had been supreme from the moment Ewell crossed the James and burned the long bridge behind him. The air was darkened by the thick tempest of black smoke and cinders which swept through the streets, and as we penetrated deeper into the city the bands were almost drowned by the crashing of buildings, the roar of the flames and the terrific explosions of shells in the burning warehouses. Densely packed on either side of the street were thousands upon thousands of blacks, till that moment slaves, down upon their knees, throwing their hands wildly in the air, while floods of tears poured down their wild faces, and shouting "Glory to God! Glory to God! the day of Jubilee has come! Massa Linkum am here! Massa Linkum am here!" They threw themselves on their faces almost under our horses' feet to pray and give thanks in the wild delirium of their sudden deliverance. Although the stores had been gutted and were open, the houses were closed, and when we reached the better resident portion of the town the blinds were all tightly shut and none of the better classes of the whites were to be seen, though we saw occasionally an eye peering through the blinds. At the gate of the square, opposite to the east entrance of the confederate capitol, an aid of General Weitzel was waiting with orders to me to halt the head of the column there, and then to report to General Weitzel at the eastern porch. After giving the order "to rest in place," I passed through the gate into the park, followed by my staff and cavalry escort, and made my way to the east front. I found the lawn and shrubbery crowded with the headquarters cavalry of the corps and division commanders. Upon the broad landing at the head of the steps, were General Weitzel and staff and General Devens and staff, and grouped round, making an imposing dramatic scene in this closing act of the rebellion, were the division commanders of the Twenty-fifth Corps of colored troops, together with the Hon. Joseph Mayo, the mayor of the city, and the other city officials. These gentlemen had driven out in a barite to a point where they met the head of the column and ten-

dered with great effect the keys of the fallen city and begged the clemency of the Northern victors.

I dismounted at the bottom and ascended to General Weitzel, who stood the central figure of the brilliant group. I stopped two steps down and saluted him, when he said: "I have sent for you, general Ripley, to inform you that I have selected you to take command in this city, and your brigade as its garrison. I have no orders further to communicate except to say that I want this conflagration stopped and the city saved if it is in the bounds of human possibility, and you have carte blanche to do it in your own way." I do not remember exchanging any suggestions with him then, except to say that I wanted the other troops, especially the colored troops, withdrawn wholly from the city. He thereupon gave orders to the division commanders to march their troops through the city and go into camp along the interior line of works and give no passes into the city. This was done, yet I had more or less trouble from the depredations and disorder of the colored troops, many of whom went directly to their old masters and mistresses to enjoy a triumph over them. It was reported to me that one went into a residence not far from my headquarters down Main street, where his wife was still servant. They made the lady and her daughters bring out their finest clothing and ornaments, play lady's maids to the black woman, and prepare dinner for their former servants. While it was going on, and the ladies were waiting on the table, word was got out to a white safe-guard in the neighborhood, who appeared on the scene to arrest the man. He turned savagely on the guard, who in his turn was obliged in self-defense to use his bayonet on him and ran him through. I never knew how true this report was, in the hurry and confusion of that first week.

Leaving General Weitzel, I returned to my brigade; hurriedly selected the City Hall, opposite the Capitol buildings, for my headquarters; and dispatched regimental commanders, under the guidance of the city officials, to select in the various quarters of the city proper points at which to establish their regiments for effective work. I dispatched other officers with members of the city fire department to get out the engines and hose-carts, but found to our utter astonishment and dismay that, to make the destruction of their Capitol more certain and complete, the Confederate rear-guard had cut the hose in pieces and disabled the engines. The wanton destruction of Columbia by the troops of Sherman's army, even if true—and it is not true—cannot be compared with

the ruthless barbarity of the rebel troops. At Richmond they attempted the destruction of their capital, filled as it was to overflowing with thousands of defenceless women and children congregated from all over the South, and with thousands more of the sick and wounded of their own army, when its destruction could not have the effect to sustain the sinking Confederacy one instant. The burning of Moscow by the stern Rostoptchin, was terrible but effective warfare; yet he first drove the unfortunate inhabitants out. He destroyed a city, but in so doing snatched in an instant away the fruits of Napoleon's great campaign and inflicted on him the greatest defeat which he had ever sustained, which was the beginning of his downward plunge to Elba. There is nothing in the pages of history more wantonly brutal and barbarous than the desperate attempt of Ewell to burn the City of Richmond over the heads of its defenceless and starving women and children, its sick and wounded, without warning them of the fate which was hanging over them. The Confederacy, like a wounded wolf, died gnawing its own body in insensate passion and fury.

The troops quickly marched to their assigned places, and I opened my headquarters in the City Hall, and posted a placard throughout the city commanding all good citizens to assist the military authorities in restoring order by retiring to their houses, keeping closely within doors, and threatening with arrest any citizen who should be found on the streets after nightfall. I ordered the daily papers to be taken possession of, and directed the patrols to arrest the drunken mob of pillagers who were running riot, and to bring the pillaged property to the City Hall, where it was taken by an officer, receipted for, and piled away in the various back rooms of the building, until an immense mass of property was accumulated. My office was at once besieged and taken possession of by crowds of terror-stricken ladies, whose minds filled with the wicked and outrageous calumnies heaped upon the Northern troops by the Richmond papers, expected that the rapine initiated by their own people was but the prelude to the reign of terror which the "Yankee monsters" would inaugurate when settled in possession of the city. Old ladies came and threw themselves on my neck in paroxysms of terror, and implored me to save them; others clung to my arms until I would promise them I would guarantee their safety. One lady, in great excitement, came up to me, and said: "I am the daughter of General —, of Pennsylvania, and I appeal for protection as a Northern woman." I looked up

at her and said quietly: "You are then the aunt of Harry —, of —?" Her joy at finding that her nephew and I were old college friends was inexpressible. I gave her, at random, the first private soldier could put my hands on, as a safeguard, and sent him home with her, to be responsible for the safety of the block in which she lived. Another lady, dressed in the deepest weeds, shivering like an aspen-leaf, with her face concealed by a crape veil, came almost tottering with terror to my side, and whispered in my ear: "I am the widow of General —," (a rebel general killed at Petersburg but a few days before), "and I appeal to you, as a soldier's widow to a brother soldier, to protect me and my fatherless children." She then told me she had a large family of small children, and that they had had nothing but bran soup for several weeks, and that to cook it they had burned up their banister rail and other portions of their house. I sent a safe-guard with her, and promised to send a staff officer to her at the first practicable moment to see what we could do to relieve her pressing wants, and found it was as she had represented it—a case of great destitution—but only one of many cases among the delicately-nurtured ladies of Richmond. I sent her a store of provisions from our brigade headquarters mess, and maintained her until she got help from friends in the North, to whom she finally went. I could enumerate such touching and pathetic episodes by the score, were it necessary to further illustrate the exciting and dramatic experiences of that memorable day. I issued to these crowds of ladies written safe-guards, the violation of which every soldier knew was death, and organized a system for the domiciling of soldiers with the inhabitants, taking the guards almost indiscriminately from the various regimental rosters for duty. I never case the citizens were amazed at them; at their intelligence, their courteous manner, their high character as men, their rigid sense of discipline; and could hardly be made to believe that they were samples of the private soldiers of the Army of the Union—the so-called "scum of the North."

Officers were quickly sent to Libby prison to liberate the Union prisoners there, and the place was used to confine the Confederate stragglers, who were captured to the number of over 7,000. It was so crowded that when on the next morning I first had time to ride by, on an inspection of the city, they had boiled up through the roof and were sitting crowded all over it.

The various regiments at the places assigned to them

worked with desperate courage and energy all day long at battling with the flames. When night-fall came, the fires were checked and held under control and the city was saved. The horrible roar of the flames still went on, with the crashing of falling walls and the detonations of the ordnance stores; but the fire was stopped in its tracks and the troops rested. Had it been for their own homes the exertions of the men of the First brigade could not have been more heroic than they were to save the captured capital of their enemy.

It was after midnight when I got sufficient respite from the exertions of the day to get into my saddle and make an inspection of my command. Accompanied by my staff, I rode through the sleeping city from one end to the other. Not a human being was encountered of all the destroying mob who had filled it to overflowing in the morning. On every alternate corner stood the motionless form of a sentry. Not a ray of light from a house gave hint of life within. The only exception was at a corner grocery, where light was detected through a crack in the shutters. The sharp rap of an aid's sabre on the door brought out a panic-stricken German grocer, who had been too frightened to go to bed and who was sitting up with the few worldly goods he had left. For hours we passed up and down the streets which echoed to the clatter of our horses' hoofs and the jingle of our sabers, astonished at the discipline that had been established in so few hours. It was near morning when we gave ourselves up to rest, in the house we had selected for headquarters, and enjoyed the novel and delicious intoxication of rest in beds with mattresses and fresh linen. So ended the first day of the occupation of the Confederate capital.

To this vivid narrative nothing need be added. By formal proclamation, issued next day, General Ripley was designated to command the troops in the city, and so performed the duties of his responsible position as at once to maintain perfect order in the city and secure the respect of the citizens.<sup>29</sup>

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HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES }  
RICHMOND, VA., April 5th, 1865. }

By command of Major General Godfrey Weitzel, the following rules, regulations and orders are established for the government of the city of Richmond and the preservation of public peace and order.

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IV. Brevet Brigadier General Edward H. Ripley, U. S. Volunteers, is hereby placed in command of all the troops doing provost or guard duty in the city of Richmond. All details of provost and other guards and orderlies will be made by him.

District provost marshals hereinafter designated will report to him.

VI. All officers of the fire department will give the necessary orders to perfect the organization, and render it efficient.

G. F. SHEPLEY

Brigadier General U. S. Vols.

The Ninth was temporarily quartered in Battery C, on the Mechanicsville turnpike, in the eastern limits of the city, where it remained till the 14th. While there a company was sent out to Fair Oaks to bring in a straggling party of Confederate soldiers. On the 14th the troops were ordered into camps outside of the city and the Ninth moved across the river and went into camp at Manchester. Here it was occupied in guard duty on the Richmond and Danville railroad. A detail of 100 men under Lieutenants Haskell, Brownell and Branch, was stationed at the Midlothian coal mines, thirteen miles distant, where a large amount of property was to be protected and the negro miners kept in order. The detachment remained there till the 5th of June.

On the 13th of June the original members of the regiment and recruits whose term of service would expire previous to October 1st, were mustered out of the service, to the number of 633, and all who were well enough to travel started next day for Vermont.

The officers so mustered out were Colonel E. H. Ripley, Lieut. Colonel V. G. Barney, Major J. C. Brooks, Adjutant G. W. Gould, Quartermaster F. E. Rice, Surgeon W. S. Vincent, Assistant Surgeon E. P. Fairman, Chaplain L. C. Dickinson,<sup>30</sup> Captains L. E. Sherman, S. H. Kelley, A. Clark, E. L. Kelley, J. O. Livingston, J. T. Gorham, E. Viele, A. E. Leavenworth; First Lieutenants E. F. Cleveland, C. W. Haskell, W. C. Holman, George N. Carpenter and R. F. Parker; Second Lieutenants J. S. Halbert, L. Smith, J. W. Roberts, J. W. Stebbins and S. C. Burlingame; and Sergeant Major S. J. Church.

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Military Governor of Richmond.

<sup>30</sup> Chaplain Dickinson was the only chaplain of a three years Vermont regiment who remained with his regiment throughout its term of service.

The regiment arrived at Burlington shortly after midnight in the morning of the 19th of June. It was greeted with a national salute was welcomed home in fitting terms by Hon. L. B. Englesby, and an ample collation was served in the City Hall by the ladies of Burlington. After doing justice to this and acknowledging their reception in the customary way, the men marched to their quarters on the Hospital grounds. On the 20th the regiment, Major Brooks commanding in the absence of Lieut. Colonel Barney who was ill, was reviewed by Governor Smith, who was accompanied by Brevet Major General Stannard, who had a warm greeting from his old command, and by Major William Austine, U. S. A., Adjutant General Washburn, Q. M. General Pitkin and Surgeon General Thayer. Next day the men were paid off and dispersed to their homes.

The portions of companies remaining at Richmond were consolidated into a battalion of four companies, numbering 408 officers and men, under command of Captain Seligson, who was soon promoted to be lieutenant colonel. The line officers were Captains P. Hobon, E. L. Brownell, C. F. Branch and B. Cowdry, the latter being commissioned as captain several weeks later, and Lieutenants E. W. Bird, John Gray, J. W. Thomas, J. E. McGinnis, E. B. Palmer, G. N. Briggs, H. K. Bacon and G. C. Chamberlin.

The battalion was engaged in provost duty at General Gibbons's headquarters in Richmond, until August 4th, when it was sent to Norfolk to guard government stores. Thence it was taken by steamer up Chesapeake bay to a point on its eastern shore, in Accomac county, where it landed and marched nine miles to Drummondtown. Here it occupied some barracks erected for Confederate troops in 1862, and had little to do except to guard a jail and telegraph office. During their stay here Captains Hobon and Branch arrested, in that vicinity, Robert Winder, who had been quartermaster under Wirz, the infamous commander



The final statement of the regiment is as follows:

FINAL STATEMENT.

Original members—com. officers, 34; enlisted men, 881 ; total	915
GAINS	
Recruits, 950; transfers from other regiments, 6 ; total	956
Aggregate	1871
Killed in action—enlisted men	12
Died of wounds—com. officers, 2; enlisted men, 10; total	12
Died of disease—com. officers, 3; enlisted men, 229; total	232
Died (unwounded) in Confederate prisons, 36; from accident, 8; total	44
Total of deaths	300
Honorably discharged—com. officers, resigned, 32; for wounds and disability, 2; —enlisted men, four wounds, 11; for disability, 221total	266
Dishonorably discharged--com. Officers 1; enlisted men 10 total	11
Total discharged	277
Promoted to U. S. A. and other regiments—officers, 3; enlisted men, 8; total	11
Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, signal service, regular army Etc	178
Deserted, 126; unaccounted for, 1; total	127
Mustered out—com. officers, 43; enlisted men, 935; total	978
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Aggregate	1871
Total wounded	60