

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

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

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Fourteenth Regiment.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours truly, S. F.

*For the Connecticut War Record.*

**From the Twenty-first Regiment.**

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

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

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