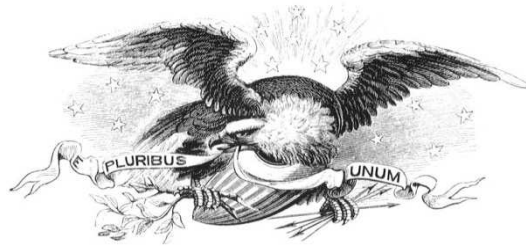




Nathan H. Fogg

PRIVATE
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CO. L - 2ND MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY
"CAL BATTALION"

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If there was one thing about Nathan Fogg - he wasn't afraid of much. This self-assuredness led him to head out from Saco, Maine across two oceans, to seek his fortune at the age of twenty. He landed alone in California in 1858 with no idea how he would support himself.

But now it was six years later, July 7, 1864. On this day, Nate was scared. He was trying to control a frightened horse while John Mosby's partisan rangers charged into his unit with guns blazing. On this day he would be wounded. It was a hot, steamy afternoon at Mount Zion Church near Aldie, Virginia. And Private Fogg and his comrades were in serious trouble.

Fogg was a young San Francisco carpenter while the Civil War heated up. When the call went out for recruits to go east with the California Battalion, he jumped at the chance to enlist. He signed into Capt. Zabdiel Adams' company on Feb. 5, 1863, the first day the company's recruiting books were opened. They would soon be designated Company L, 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry. Private Nate Fogg was 24 years old and a slight 5 feet, 4 ½ inches tall... an advantage for a cavalryman, some would say.

For the next year, Fogg's life was melded with the California Battalion, from training at muddy Camp Meigs to a series of deadly skirmishes with Mosby's Rangers in northern Virginia. He and his company had

only heard tales of the disastrous ambush at Dranesville that took many lives and prisoners from among the Californians. But on July 6, 1864, he and his comrades would



see firsthand, all the action a soldier could ask for. Private Fogg was part of a scouting detail of 150 men under Major Forbes. Near Mount Zion Church outside of Aldie, they were met by an equal-sized group of guerillas led by John Mosby. A small howitzer and an impetuous, well-timed charge straight into the union troopers made all the difference for Mosby and his men. Some Yankees fled. But most of the Californians stood and fought, putting up a stubborn, hand-to-hand resistance – at least for a while. Nate Fogg, revolver in hand, hung in

with his company. But the southern momentum was too much. Fogg was wounded in the close fighting. He eventually fled for safety with other Californians in what could only be called a rout.

That night, Colonel Charles Lowell with members of the Cal Hundred returned to the scene of the ambush to search for the killed and wounded of his command. Eight dead troopers were buried near the little church, and others, still alive, were gathered in and brought back to camp.

After Mount Zion Church, Pvt. Fogg was assigned as the orderly of Lt. Peleg Irwin, the Regimental Commissary of Subsistence. In this capacity, Fogg took part



Mt. Zion Church, located near the intersection of the Old Carolina Rd., and the Little River Turnpike, near Aldie, Virginia.

On July 7, 1864, Nate Fogg fought alongside several men of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry including a number of Californians who were killed or wounded, skirmishing with John Mosby and his rangers. Today, 12 headstones rest among the civilian graves of the small cemetery honoring the dead troopers. Among others, they include Samuel C. Handscom of San Francisco, a Corporal in the Cal Hundred and James McDonald, a Californian of Company F. Pvt. Fogg was wounded during the fight.



in the Shenandoah Valley campaign that helped define the fighting spirit of the California cavalymen. He was assigned to the Remount Camp at Chapel Point, Maryland in December 1864. Here, Pvt. Fogg languished through April 1865, missing the regiment's final, decisive engagements of the war. With hostilities ended, Nate Fogg rejoined the main force of the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry in May and was at long last appointed corporal. Proudly, he was mustered out with the rest of the regiment on July 20, 1865.

When he settled final accounts with the Army, Fogg arranged to keep a couple of souvenirs. For the sum of \$11.00 he purchased the cavalry saber and Colt 1860 Army revolver that he carried for the last 2½ years. After all, these were the trusted tools that helped him out of the scrape at Mt. Zion Church and other encounters. At some point in time Nate had a small silver escutcheon set into the Colt's walnut grip. It was simply inscribed, "Nate Fogg."

Fogg's post-war life reflected much the same sense of adventure as his earlier

years. He never returned to California, possibly because the government refused to pay for the return ticket. Or maybe he had seen enough adventure during the war, and was just ready to settle down. Regardless, it seems that his drive for adventure could not be curtailed.

In an era when the average American spent his lifetime in one township, Nathan Fogg bounced from Boston to Hagerstown, Indiana, to Cincinnati, to Springfield, Massachusetts, to Boston again, then to his hometown of Saco, Maine. Along the way, he picked up a loving 18-year-old bride, three daughters and a knack for working with the new-fangled concept of electric lighting. Like his days in the service, not all was joyful. Nate and Olive Fogg lost their second daughter before she reached her first birthday.

In 1884 the Foggs made one last, bold move. They pulled up stakes and left Maine for sunny Florida. The once-swaggering cavalryman would spend the rest of his life in Altamonte Springs, outside of Orlando. The

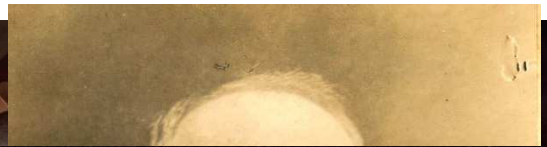
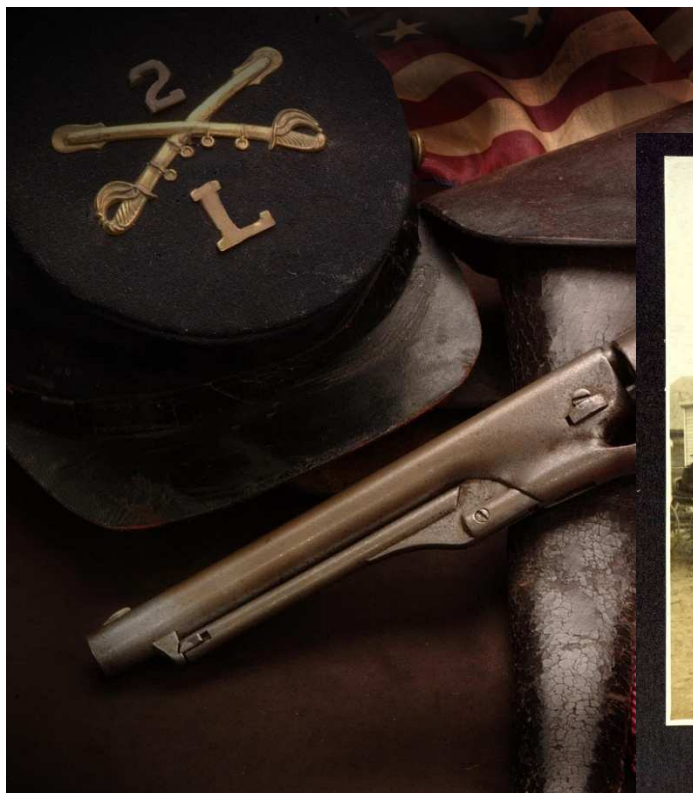
raising oranges, pecans, tropical trees... and a family. Eventually his eyes, hearing and back began to fail him. But not his memory. Fogg was active in the local GAR post and served for a time as post commander. In 1902 a crippling Florida freeze destroyed his fruit crop. Fogg, now in his 60's, finally applied for a soldier's pension from the government.

Cancer finally took 77-year-old Nathan Fogg on a Sunday morning in 1916. He was buried in the GAR section of Greenwood Cemetery in Altamonte Springs. The locals remembered him as a remarkable gentleman, a first-rate citizen and a neighbor who



Above: Model 1860 Colt Army revolver carried by Fogg during the war. Inscribed on the escutcheon embedded in the left grip in simple letters is: "Nate Fogg." **Below:** Nate Fogg in a post-war photograph taken in Florida.

carpenter/soldier/electrician was now always worked for the betterment of his



community. No one at the final ceremonies could picture him as the young, gamecock cavalryman who was willing to wade into a charging enemy. But that was Nate Fogg, too.

Nate Fogg documents, courtesy of Roland Fogg of Saico, Maine. The photograph at left is the barns and livestock at the Fogg family farm around the turn of the century. At right is one of Nate's two daughters, Lottie Fogg (born August 28, 1870.)

Above: Photographs that accompanied the