

A Young Soldier's Career

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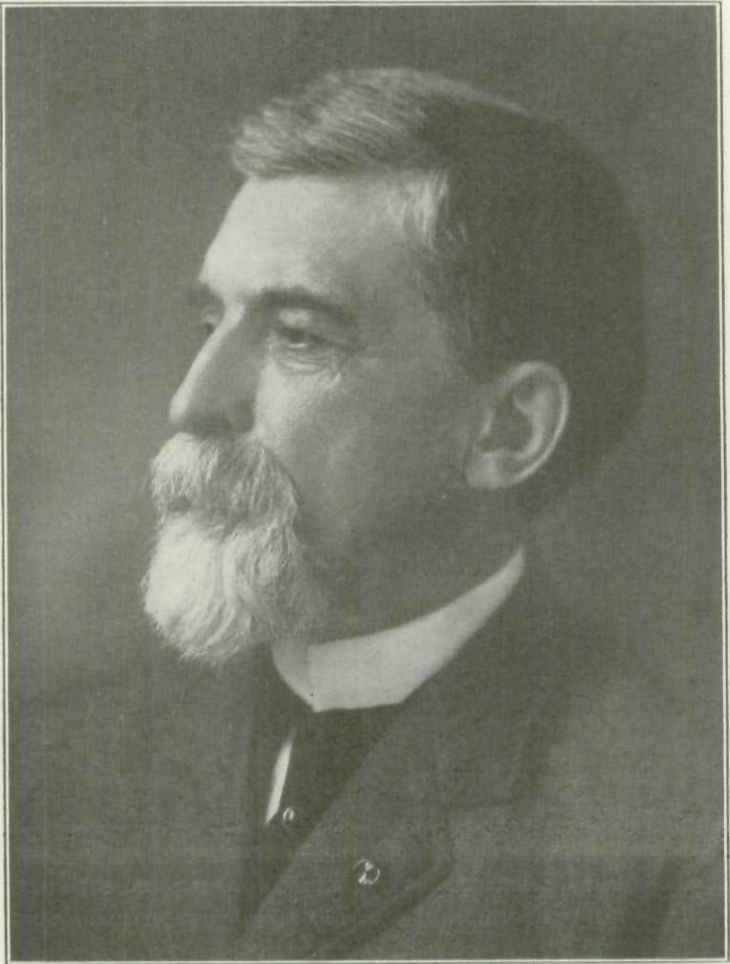
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CAPTAIN E. D. HADLEY
(Aged about seventy years.)

ANNALS OF IOWA

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A YOUNG SOLDIER'S CAREER

By ELBRIDGE D. HADLEY

[NOTE.—Valor in the ranks during the Civil War will never be ascribed more to one state than to another, nor will the valiant be thought less valiant if fortune led him from his native state into a sister state after the conflict. If he confer honor and dignity to the new citizenship corresponding with the brief youth and soldiership in the natal commonwealth, his whole life is the subject of interest equally in both.

Captain E. D. Hadley was a valiant soldier of New Hampshire, removing to Iowa in 1871 and to Des Moines in 1887. While immersed in business he has added an immeasurable portion to the good ends of the Iowa Grand Army of the Republic, to the Loyal Legion, and to the Sons of the American Revolution. Of such men and of the accounts of their contributions, Iowa never has had enough. Captain Hadley continues his patriotic service and THE ANNALS wishes to present his own story of his service in the Union Army.—E. R. H.]

The young soldier was a farmer's son. He had attended the district school and the academy and had been pronounced "fitted for college." He had taught two terms in the country schools of the Granite State. He was studying Greek and Latin between the loads of hay he had stowed away in the big barn, with the hope to enter Dartmouth College at an advanced grade. He had not been moved by any strong emotion toward enlisting till the disasters to the Union armies in 1862 had forced the call for "three hundred thousand more." At the town meeting called to devise means to fill the town's quota of volunteers, when the call for volunteers came, among the eight or ten that stepped to the front was our farmer boy, student, teacher, whose highest hope was to become a college professor. Some said, "He won't go." He was of a class different from the other volunteers,

He hastened to the capital city and secured an appointment as a recruiting officer. He returned and enlisted all who went from his town to fill that call. His good father, the deacon, said he had thought it might come to this, but that he could not object if his son felt it to be his duty to go. In grim compliance he signed the necessary consent for a minor to enlist. The young man was under twenty. His young sisters and older aunts wept. He shed no tears. He never looked back.

The talented dentist in the next town who had enlisted about forty men heard of our young soldier and his squad and forthwith visited him and solicited him to take his squad of young recruits into his camp and, as he was sure of the captaincy himself, he promised our hero the office of first sergeant. Our farmer boy, teacher, student and prospective college professor thought this was better than he had hoped his fortune was to be, so he journeyed to the adjoining town and "fell in" with the Weare boys and learned the "position of a soldier," to "right face," "left face," "about face," "guide right," "guide left," and "mark time, march." Straightway he went back and put his squad through all the evolutions he had learned, on the town common, by day, and spent his evenings assisting academy students of both sexes in their lessons for the morrow, especially the girls.

Then came the summons to camp. Enlistment was August 15, 1862. September 15 found our young soldier at camp about two miles from the city of Concord in a clearing in the scrub pines of the Dark Plains. About one hundred and twenty men, out of which number were eventually culled the soldiers of Company D, were put into one of the ten big barrack buildings built of pine lumber without paint, with double decked bunks on either side of the promenade down the center. The farmer's son and schoolmaster was put in charge of the mob of fellows, many good, sober, and gentlemanly, but mixed up with too many of the hardest drinkers and toughest specimens ever produced among the fishermen of the Atlantic coast.

It was a menagerie, or a bedlam, or whatever you please, for a good part of the early night and our schoolmaster of the adolescent beard was put to a severe test in trying to manage the

collection of human beings of all sorts male, but he did it. The officers that were to be were over in the city at social and convivial functions every night, and our incipient college professor received his parchment warrant as first sergeant of Company D before either the captain or lieutenants got their commissions. But he was not proud. He was just a slave to duty, just diligent to the limit. He must see that the rations were drawn and cooked and served, that clothing was drawn and issued, ditto guns and cartridge boxes and belts, lap pouches, bayonets, haversacks, bayonet scabbards, and canteens. He must attend the examinations of recruits and keep the records and attend sick-call and see that the sick men get their dope. He must call the roll and form the company and act as "right guide," and on dress parade obey the adjutant's command, "First sergeants to the front, and center, double quick, march," make the stereotyped report, smartly saluting, "All present or accounted for," which might or might not be true. And so the merry round of duties went on and the regiment became consolidated, assimilated, unified, and moulded into one strong military machine, ready for every duty, true to its state, faithful to the cause that called it into being, and proud of "Old Glory" whose shining folds it was glad to follow.

And so our farmer's son, schoolmaster, student, and incipient college man won his chevrons as first sergeant and took upon his shoulders the mighty load of duties that to such office appertains. The governor's son, whose chum he had been at a certain literary and scientific institution, said to him, "Here, you ought not to go out to the war in that shape. You can do better." But our patriotic but unsophisticated young soldier did not take the hint and go to the young man's father and "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning," but kept right on calling the roll, making details, keeping the company records, and drilling the company for the munificent pay of \$20 per month in depreciated currency. Had he been wise in his generation he would have gone out as a captain, at least. Thus our country boy won and wore the chevrons of a sergeant of infantry.

Twenty years after the appointment of the farmer's son, schoolmaster, and incipient college professor as the first sergeant of Company D, a history of the regiment was published to which

the captain contributed a sketch of his company's enlistment and organization, in which he stated, "The captain selected _____ for orderly sergeant, which was a wise appointment, as he proved to be one of the best orderly sergeants in the regiment, being able as soon as he became familiar with the company's names to call the roll, make out details for guard and other duties entirely from memory, without reference to his written list—quite a convenience, especially when the roll had to be called before daylight." That was where memorizing at school came to his aid. This recalls some notable roll calls in proximity to Rebel lines when the "long roll beat" and the company had to "fall in" in pitchy darkness, and the daily roll call on Maryland soil before daylight that inclement winter of 1862 and 1863, while the said captain and lieutenants were snug in their blankets.

The captain was a companionable man and sent for his guitar and to his own accompaniment would sing:

There was a rich man, O bress de Lamb!

His name I don't remember 'im, O bress de Lamb!

There was a rich man, and his name I don't remember 'im,

And he dwelt in the country of Jerusalem,

O bress de Lamb! and de glory hallelujerum,

and other diverting melodies.

But to return to the text. Camp Cheshire at Concord must have its "camp guard" to keep out visitors of both sexes prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and to keep in all but the commissioned officers who had immense business in the lively capital city. This camp guard in these primitive days of the regiment's soldiering was made up by detailing a company for a day and the company, under its officers, did the duty of guarding the camp for twenty-four hours. The turn of Company D came and the commissioned officers, reposing great confidence in the wisdom and discretion of the orderly sergeant, laid on his shoulders the burden of running the guard business. Then came the dividing of the company into "reliefs" with a sergeant and corporal to each, and the transfer of orders to the new regime. When the shades of night had fallen the company officers disappeared toward the city and our orderly sergeant had to be officer of the guard till daylight in the morning. Then came the "grand rounds" and other rounds during the night, with no more serious

event than finding one festive boy who had stuck his bayonet in the ground, with his arms embracing his musket in a drunken slumber, stretched on the ground, an empty canteen telling the sad tale. The boy died years ago a helpless paralytic from a wound in the calf of the leg received at Opequon, September 19, 1864.

How anxious the young men were to be accepted! How ready to adopt means of deceiving the examining surgeon! There was Jerome G., of South Weare, who was young, of good physique and healthy, but near-sighted to a serious degree. Our orderly sergeant had to be present at the examination of all new recruits. He had intimate knowledge of the physical outlines and muscular development of a hundred men and more, accepted and rejected. Jerome got along famously with the surgeon and was in high hopes his visual weakness would not be detected. The surgeon did not like the looks of his eyes and asked him to tell what an object outside the barrack was. Jerome pronounced it a man. It was a tree. Jerome was rejected because of his eyes. He was also dejected and a sincere mourner and hung around many days, hoping he might some way be allowed to go and fight for his country. Peacock, with the same defect, slipped in, but in a year was using the same defective vision in a vain attempt to get a discharge. He failed. Then he cursed and cursed again.

The colonel had been an inspector-general of the New Hampshire militia and was an old man with white beard and false teeth. The lieutenant-colonel was also an old man with a white beard dyed brown, and had been at the head of an independent company and a militia rival of the colonel, as well as a political rival. He had been a captain in the second New Hampshire Volunteers and had learned something of the modern drill in the school of experience. There was little promise of harmony between these officers and as little fulfillment. Neither colonel nor lieutenant-colonel gave or could give valuable instruction in the tactics of the day or manual of arms. The company officers were not qualified to drill the men, and those officers who were aware of their incompetency hired a drillmaster and took instruction in the "art of war" from a graduate of a private military school. The orderly sergeant of Company D got instruction

along with the rest, and was required as "right guide" to set the pace both as to regularity and length of step. The second sergeant was an experienced officer of an old-time independent company, and complimented the farmer's son and incipient college professor on stepping off with a pace nearer that required by army regulations than the step of any man he had ever known.

The battalion drill under charge of the lieutenant-colonel was a "corker," and it was worth much to see him get the regiment out of a tangle that was beyond his skill to unravel, by the order, "To your quarters, march," or to see the regiment charge through the ground between the barracks when he could not think of the order to turn or stop them, or could not make his orders heard.

At Camp Cheshire each enlisted man drew a blouse, trousers, two pairs of socks, two pairs of drawers, and two shirts, with a greatcoat and a leather stock. The latter was to be buckled around the neck and insure the "position of a soldier." The men had to contrive a support for their pants, for Uncle Sam did not provide suspenders. They got knapsack, haversack, and canteen, besides ordnance store, and a smooth bore musket of .44 caliber carrying a "buck and ball" cartridge. The stocks were given out liberally but the captain was plagued later to account for them. The men would never wear them, not as free American citizens. They served various useful purposes and about ninety-eight men were later charged each with "1 leather stock O. A. C." (omitted at Concord) at so many cents each on the pay roll.

The orderly sergeant drew all the clothing he was allowed and a non-commissioned officer's sword and sash. The fact that there was a limit of \$42.00 to the amount of clothing a man could draw without paying for it was not heeded. The orderly sergeant could not "stomach" the government clothing and bought store clothes, or went to the tailor in the city for clothes more to his taste. There is extant a tin-type of this young sergeant clothed in all the panoply of war, brass buttons, "Co. D, 14th N. H. V." on cap and that wonderful red worsted sash around his waist and the mighty sword girded at his side. It was a show.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was a favorite tune. The girls in flocks came to camp from the vicinity of the homes of the young men. The orderly sergeant had the glad services of one

black-eyed miss to sew on the loose buttons of his wardrobe and take some missing stitches. Anathemas on any who should criticise the conduct of these pure-minded and patriotic young women. The black-eyed girl in question was buried in a youthful grave more than forty years ago, a victim of the Great White Plague. Peace to her ashes and rest to her pure soul! Other boys with more devotion than sense would hire a livery team and drive twenty miles in the rain to beg for a promise from a beloved creature and get, perhaps, a good-by kiss. And then there were sad-eyed wives and mothers, God help them! There was pathos here on every hand for those who had leisure for observation. But for our farmer's son and student with an ambition toward a college professorship, there was hurley-burley, bustle, constant activity, duties to be learned and performed, and little time for observation or sentimental reflections. He does not remember any tearful parting with any relatives, although there was an affecting wistfulness in the look of his brother and uncle who came to camp to see him. He never looked back.

Packed in coaches the regiment went away on October 18, 1862, to share the hardships and dangers of the war and (the survivors) to share in the glory and exultation of success.

This article is not intended as a history of the War of 1861, nor is it the history of any regiment. It is just reminiscences, and intended to bring out some phases of soldier life in that war of which we do not often read. So it is not necessary to make dates important or to be historically accurate.

Our orderly sergeant was entering upon a new and enlarged experience as a traveler. He had never been more than thirty miles away from the paternal homestead. Hundreds in the regiment were equally untraveled. All was interesting and exciting. New vistas were opening up everywhere. Through Worcester, Massachusetts, and Norwich, Connecticut, the train moved on to Allyn's Point on the Thames River, where another fresh experience was his, a steamboat ride. His knowledge of steamboats was confined to gazing in wonder upon pictures. Now he trod the deck of the real thing and felt for the first time the throbbing of its mighty engines.



ELBRIDGE D. HADLEY
(First Sergeant of Co. D, Fourteenth N. H. Inf., at the age of twenty years)

Daylight brought our untraveled friend to Jersey City where he felt that he was so near Rebeldom that the pies and cakes offered for sale should be viewed with suspicion, lest some villainous southern spy should be trying to decimate this northern regiment by feeding them poisonous food. That shows lack of sophistication, but he was not alone in his verdancy. Off again to Philadelphia, hungry and travel worn, to be feasted at the "Cooper Shop," remembered by so many. Benedictions upon the good people of Philadelphia who understood and supplied so bountifully a soldier's wants. Another stage of the journey and Baltimore was reached, amid apprehensions of violence in the streets of the city where the Sixth Massachusetts so heroically suffered more than eighteen months before. Marching through the silent streets in the after-midnight darkness there were thoughts of ambush and deadly attack. None came and the buck-and-ball cartridge in each gun was suffered to rest in "innocuous desuetude." But the boiled ham, bread, sauerkraut, and coffee, spread for the men in a barn-like hall, received a destructive assault from a thousand men and were conquered in short order. Nobody asked a blessing and no one returned thanks and no hostile hand molested the regiment in Baltimore. The wild Baltimoreans had been tamed.

Coaches were now superseded by cattle cars and flat cars, and a slow approach to Washington was made with unspeakable interest as these Yankees got their first glimpse of the unfinished dome of the Capitol Building. Nearing the magnificent subject of every boy soldier's fancy, the accommodations grew more and more meager until we went to our blankets on the dirty floor of a barrack which must have been daily touched by the shadow of the Capitol. The nearer the War Department and the quartermaster's headquarters we got, the more primitive became the surroundings of the orderly sergeant, and he and his company found themselves bivouacked on the bleak and barren plain east of the Capitol Building where the ground was so hard as to turn the point of the tent pin. And then it rained. Discomfort was reduced to the lowest terms or raised to the highest power, whichever mathematical figure you prefer.

Lee's first invasion of Maryland had been ended at Antietam and the half-licked Rebel army was moving back toward the Rappahannock with hesitating McClellan moving on parallel lines between Lee and Washington. Our regiment did not go to the Army of the Potomac but up the Potomac to the outer defenses of Washington, marching along the track of a new (to the Yankee) species of transportation, the tow-path of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. Sometimes when feet were sore and blistering (all tenderfeet), riding in comparative luxury on the canal boat with the baggage and quartermaster stores was permitted.

But the luxury of that night's bivouac under the bright stars of heaven on a mound of cedar boughs in all their fragrance! The orderly forgot the blistered feet and dreamed of home and military glory.

The next night, October 25, found the regiment bivouacked at Lock 21, or Adder Hill (nicely suggestive name), under the heaven's blue star-bedecked dome with our orderly sergeant sleeping in his place in line with his musket, sword, haversack, knapsack, and canteen, having last heard the old lieutenant-colonel telling the boys they were liable to be attacked before morning and to "trust in God and keep their powder dry." This exhortation is believed to have been a big bluff. Now soldiering for our orderly sergeant has begun in earnest. Hostile cannon are heard every day and from the treetops the smoke of battle can be seen over in Old Virginia. Every man now in a measure became his own cook, after eating a few rations of raw salt pork, and every one, including our orderly sergeant, essayed to do the task of a washerwoman, but he never considered himself a blooming success in either vocation.

As was stated, this article is not intended to be a history of the War of 1861. It may be also truly stated that it is not intended to make any one out a hero. The "young soldier" was merely typical, and yet the things occurring to him were actual events and scenes of soldiering in that war.

Lock 21, or Adder Hill, was about twenty miles from Washington. Looking southerly the eye took in the Potomac, wriggling eastward among the ledges and boulders of its rough bed, and beyond alighted upon the rocky, wooded bluffs and ravines

of the Virginia shore, wilderness features the undisciplined imagination of young soldiers easily filled with Rebels intent on sneaking over to do the Union camp deadly harm. At the foot of the bluff on the hither side ran the canal, the great artery of commerce and of supply to people and army in this part of the Potomac Valley. On the 26th, the next day, the first fatality occurred in the regiment when Corporal Norwood, on duty at the canal, in the darkness of a morning at 2 o'clock, fell into the lock and was drowned. It was an unromantic, unheroic end, but he died a patriotic death for his country's sake as surely as did those who later fell at Winchester and Cedar Creek. He is described as one of the best soldiers of Company F, and he died at his post of duty with his armor on.

Here is what the orderly sergeant wrote to his father the day after the regiment arrived at Adder Hill, called Camp Chesapeake:

October 26, 1862.

Camp of 14th Reg., N. H. V.

Dear Father: We are encamped on the Upper Potomac, about thirty miles from Washington, on a high bluff about twenty rods from the river. Day before yesterday, Friday, we struck our tents on Capitol Hill and started for Seneca Mills, said to be from thirteen to twenty-five miles up the river. We marched down from Capitol Hill, up through Pennsylvania Avenue, past the United States Treasury and President's House, into Georgetown, where we, or some of us, got on board the boat of the Chesapeake Canal and, after considerable bustle, were towed off up along the bank of the Potomac on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal. The canal follows the banks of the river in all its windings, giving a view of the river on the one hand and just no view at all on the other, for there is on the right one continuous ledge. Just above the canal is the aqueduct which extends from a point fifteen miles distant to Washington and supplies the city with water.

Just about nine miles from Washington we encamped in a cedar wood between the canal and river. We had no tents, but the rest of the men got under the trees as best they could. I gathered a bed of cedar boughs and spread it under the open sky, on this I placed my rubber blanket, on this I laid my sword, cartridge box, my belt, and other traps. I then spread down my woolen blanket, one half on the rubber one, the rest lapping over on the ground. I laid myself down on the two blankets, pulling half the woolen one over me, having my knapsack under my head. I slept well until nearly morning, when I began to be cold and moved nearer the camp fire. In the morning early we were up and

marching on our way to Seneca Mills. After marching a few miles my feet began to be sore. So I got on board the boat and rode a few miles, then got off and walked the rest of the way. When we arrived we found we must go back four miles and a half. After resting we started, our company riding. After riding about half way our boys got off and gave the place to others. My feet were sore and I rode. We got our knapsacks out of the boat, climbed up the bluff, were drawn up in line and ordered to lie on our arms. They tried to make us believe that we might be attacked by Rebels during the night. I lost no sleep, however. The captain and I put our means together and were warm all night. We got our tents from the boat this morning and pitched them. Scarcely had we got comfortable in them when we were saluted by a merry rain. Our tents are not perfectly tight and our movables are liable to get moistened.

How long we shall stay here no one knows. Our brigadier-general is General Grover.

Dutifully,

This is realistic and contains first impressions upon the mind of a novice in war only a week away from his native state.

Arranging company streets, pitching tents on the "hogback" between two ravines, and seeking with Yankee ingenuity for comfort, in rain and sunshine and flurries of snow, was now the unaccustomed routine that must be followed and achieved, if the new regiment was to be useful to the government it was organized to help to save.

On October 30 a dress parade was pulled off amid novel surroundings. Novelty, novelty, novelty, was written everywhere these northern soldiers looked. The dress parade, first experienced at Concord, reminded them of native state and home. There were gladdened ears and moist eyes as the band played along the regimental front. And now the muster and payrolls must be prepared. Here the orderly sergeants got their first lesson in making out muster rolls. There seemed to be no unquestioned authority competent to decide knotty points, although the lieutenant-colonel, having seen service as a captain, was supposed to be possessed of the knowledge derived from experience, if the militia service had not qualified him. It is remembered that, puzzled over the term "artificer," our orderly sergeant timidly consulted this oracle as to its application to certain of the men. The lieutenant-colonel looked at the offending word in the blank form and bellowed out, "What in h—l is an artificer." He

was stumped. There wasn't any such in the company any way. Here the orderly sergeant, with a hankering after a college professorship, gratified his ruling passion by obtaining from Washington a copy of Andrews' Caesar. This was a chronicle of strenuous war, but did not enlighten him about muster rolls or morning reports.

The hearts of all the regiment were jubilant over the announcement on dress-parade December 14 that Burnside had won a great victory at Fredericksburg. How soon, alas! came the contradiction and the news that Burnside had sent his army into a deadly trap at Fredericksburg and that the flower of the army had perished miserably without any advantage whatever to the Union cause.

Two weeks the regiment held that camp against all comers and then marched two miles to a beautiful site for a camp, near Offut's Cross Roads, and went through the operation of establishing another camp. Daily drill, dress parades, and picket and guard duty followed here till December 21. It was here that our orderly sergeant's penchant for schools and schoolhouses led him almost to invade the sanctity of a log schoolhouse. It was dilapidated from the exposure to the storms of many winters and its holey openings between the logs had lost much of the mortar, its little panes of glass had thrown off the reproach of putty and rattled in the breeze, its weather-beaten door was locked and no sign of juvenile life appeared. The window yielded to an upward push and the orderly's head was thrust in, when, instead of emptiness and disuse, numerous girls and boys were discovered disposed of here and there upon benches and a little man with big whiskers was behind the rude desk. The urchins looked dumbfounded and the pedagogue not otherwise. A northern vandal invading even the temple of learning! No speech could do it justice. Why speak? The orderly found his voice and apologetically explained, "Beg pardon. I didn't know the thing was running," withdrew his head and closed down the sash and the glass rattled again, and peace again descended on the primitive temple of learning.

A character who lived near the camp was ordinarily called "Old Claggett." He was a wealthy farmer, with a stone house and

barns, and was rich in flocks and herds. He complained that some of his sheep had been stolen and believed the thieves were in our camp. His complaint was made to the colonel. That officer denied the charge and must make good. The orderly saw his "roly-poly" form coming down the cookhouse line and was addressed in a high tenor voice with "Orderly, that d——d Old Claggett says some of the men have stolen a lot of his sheep. I want you to search your cookhouse and company for mutton. I don't want any mutton found in this camp." And there wasn't any found, though perfunctory search was made.

The regiment was going through the school of the soldier, the school of the company, and the school of the battalion with vigor and dispatch at this camp until December 18, 1862, brought them to Poolesville, Maryland, a village of no great size, about five miles from Edward's and Conrad's ferries across the Potomac. The days were cold and the nights were severe and the colonel refused to bivouac his men in the open fields, and put them in churches and schoolhouses, companies D, B, and I being quartered in St. Peters' Episcopal Church, and our orderly sergeant for the first time and, with one exception, the last time, occupied the pulpit. The regiment remained at Poolesville till December 30, when these companies marched down to the camp on the plain east of town, and their desecration of the church came to an end.

The first night in the church Captain H. of Company D slept in the pulpit, Captain Johnson of Company B and his lieutenants were down to the left, and the two lieutenants of Company D were down in front of the pulpit, and the orderly at the bottom of the steps on the right, all within the altar rail. After that the officers slept in Rector Trapnel's study in the rear of the church.

The next forenoon the orderly was strolling down the village street when he found a crowd of soldiers around a store and men, mostly cavalry, hastening away with crockery, hardware, calico, cigars, boots, blacking and about everything one would see in a village store, in their hands. Dan Davis hailed him with, "Have a drink, Orderly," and proffered a candy box full of whisky dipped up from the gutter where it had been emptied

by the officers who had come upon the scene and were proceeding to restore order. Old Colonel Wilson was on the front stoop of the store pitching the thieving boys right and left. He was a giant in size. He was seen to seize a fellow by the collar and seat of the pants and throw him bodily into the middle of the street with the exhortation, "Get out of here, you little cuss." Somebody handed the orderly a half dozen china plates and he kept on in an aimless way holding fast to the plates till he got to the storefront, when an officer with straps said, "That don't look very well for one who wears these," pointing to the sergeant's chevrons. Thinking the observation just and in good taste, he set the plates down on the porch floor and became busy placing a line of well-behaved men across the street as a guard and thus redeemed himself, in his own eyes at least. The pillaging at once came to an end. The boys meant it for a Rebel sympathizer, but by mistake got into the wrong store, and the owner afterwards got an appropriation from Congress that made that a very profitable morning for him.

The fellow who was drinking whisky from the box had a bad case of delirium tremens that night, and saw snakes and devils and howled in terror, until the captain got forty drops of laudanum chasing the liquor down his gullet and he became quiet. He had his tantrum in the "amen corner."

Corporal Blank of Company B had cherished and protected his fiddle all the while and now began to cheer up the boys with those lively tunes, the "Irish Washerwoman," "Money Musk," the "Devil's Dream," and kindred heart-enlivening and foot-stirring melodies. Rector Trapnel, who hovered around watching over the welfare of his church, could not stand for it and said to our orderly sergeant, "I don't like to have those tunes played in the church. I think it is sacrilegious. I wish it could be stopped." The wish was communicated to the corporal and he cheerfully respected the rector's wishes. The violin went into its case and the case into its bag and the merry tunes were heard no more.

The orderly was writing late one night when he heard the window in the "amen corner" to the left go up and, after a little stir, go down again. Soon a red-haired corporal of Company B asked

him for a clean tin cup and soon presented him with a cupful of the most delicious honey, a sweet way, he later thought, of stopping his mouth, lest he reveal how a hiveful of honey had come in at the window. The orderly had not seen it, though. Next day the adjutant with his most severe expression on a naturally bilious face came with Captain H. and said to the orderly, "Have you seen any honey brought into this church? They say the men are marauding the country." The answer promptly came, "No, sir, I have not," with the best salute he could execute. Whether his reply, literally truthful, was truthful in spirit he refers to his old comrades.

December 30 these companies vacated the church and went to camp prepared for them on the rolling plain a mile away, there to remain till April. What do you think of a boy who never in his life stole a chicken or a ham or a bee-hive, secreting in his knapsack when he left the church and taking away and keeping a morocco-bound prayer book? How is that for a souvenir! The writer saw it many years after. It bore on the flyleaf the name of a female member of the family for whom the village was named. Was it worse to steal a prayer book than to steal a spelling book, or the pitcher from the desk, or the rector's favorite tobacco pipe from his study? What casuist can decide? On the fly leaf was written:

Death to the dove is the falcon's love.
O sharp is the kiss of the falcon's beak.

How intense is this! There is nothing cold or platonic here. Where is the hand that penned those lines, and the eyes that read them and flashed back its reply?

In this camp at Poolesville the regiment remained more than three months, the right wing moving April 3 and the left wing the 18th. The tents were set on a four-foot stockade whose cracks were tightly closed with clay mortar and comfortable bunks were made at each side and the open space was floored, while small stoves dispelled the cold. Captain Hodgdon, the orderly sergeant, and the captain's clerk occupied the captain's tent and had a substantial wall of boards and, by bringing the fly out to the front for a roof, the capacity of the tent was doubled, and a floor and a stove gave much comfort. The rations

of two men, improved by what the captain provided from the sutler's or the village store, made a well provided table. Battalion and company drill were industriously followed in all suitable weather. Of weather there was a limited variety, consisting of balmy sunshine, rain, snow, with mud and frozen ground alternating. Sometimes the climate was charming, but often it was beastly. When there was mud, it was fierce.

In the drilling the orderly had his share as "right guide," or "file closer," as company or squad drill master, and he freely confesses that he sickened utterly of company drill in a brief time. Battalion drill he enjoyed, especially if he commanded a company. But the constant drill at Poolesville solidified and unified the regiment and made it an efficient machine for war. Its drill was later perfected in Louisiana in the summer of 1864.

The indifference of the orderly to place or rank was shown at Concord when he turned a deaf ear to the hints of the governor's son. It was not till late in January that any ambition for advancement or promotion mingled with his patriotism, and this was developed by a confidential tip that the second lieutenant of the company had resigned. That the orderly sergeant should not be the logical successor of Lieutenant Brown did not seem to enter into anyone's mind. As the time for the taking effect of the resignation approached the lieutenant held aloof from drill and the captain and first lieutenant assigned the orderly regularly to the second lieutenant's place. The middle of March came and Lieutenant Brown's resignation was accepted and he went home to his family in New Hampshire. So sure was the orderly of being the next second lieutenant of Company D that he was easily induced to buy the lieutenant's valise, sword, and belt, and (let no one laugh) his steel breast plate, which had a combination of straps and buckles to fasten it on so as to protect the vital parts of one's anatomy in front—a brave man needed no armor for his back as he would always face the foe. He never wore the armor and does not know where he rid himself of the same. The succession to the vacancy seemed to be settled by the proper authorities, but incredible as it may seem, it was not determined who should be the next second lieutenant of Company D until January 11, 1864. The duties of the office were per-

formed, however, by the orderly sergeant under a title unknown to the Army Regulations. But we must not anticipate.

In the spring of this year a mild epidemic of measles went through the regiment and our orderly sergeant was unfortunate enough to take the disease. His friends found him a comfortable room in the village at the house of Mrs. Metzger, said to have been the only white Union woman in Poolesville. Here he remained comfortably sick from March 22 to April 3 when he exchanged places with Captain Rhodes, who was threatened with a fever. The after effects of the measles on him were disastrous to health, and he advises everybody to have the measles at home and in childhood. The same day the right wing, including the orderly's own company, broke camp and was posted at points on the Potomac nearer Washington. Having convalesced to a great degree, on the 9th he was taken in the ambulance to the lock at the ferry, and finished his journey to join his company at a point between Seneca Mills and Great Falls by way of a canal boat.

Monday, April 30, the company moved toward Washington, which place it reached the next day and took possession of a camp in Gale's Woods, directly north of the Capitol. A season of heavy guard duty was now entered upon by the regiment, destined to last three-fourths of a year. So settled was it considered that, as a matter of course, the orderly was to be second lieutenant of Company D that he was taken into the tent of the first lieutenant and was set to doing duty as such, and on May 15 the colonel caused an order to be read on dress parade constituting the orderly "acting second lieutenant of Company D, to take effect from May 1, 1863." He buckled on his sword, donned the straps, and for long months discharged the duties of that rank, many of them arduous and responsible in that company, except in case of illness, on the \$20.00 per month as a first sergeant and rations when in camp. He was kept to the work by patriotism and hope. He often commanded large numbers of men, looked like an officer, acted like an officer, and was respected and obeyed as an officer, although only "acting." It was now "Lieutenant ———," not "Orderly ———." Not yet twenty-one years of age by four months, he was the youngest man

in the regiment wearing shoulder straps. At the organization of the regiment he was the youngest first sergeant, and the original roster tells us that there was only one duty sergeant who was younger than he. The promotion that now came to him was not secured by "influence," but was fairly won by a boy in years while two-thirds of those over whom he exercised command were older than he, many twice as old. The writer of this article has often wished that at the gatherings of a certain society of ex-officers an "experience meeting" might be had in which each one would tell just how he got his commission and his promotion if he had any. There would be almost infinite variety of tales of influence, of merit, of intrigue, of patriotic ardor, and gallant deeds. Few would parallel the experience of the subject of this "O'er true tale."

While this regiment is doing guard duty around Washington great events are transpiring, great battles are being fought, thousands of brave hearts are stilled on sanguinary fields of battle, the lifeblood is flowing in the cause of the great principle for which they fought. Great moves are made on the chessboard of war, pawns are captured, and minor pieces are put out of the game, and still the great game goes on. Great generals were mistaken in thinking it was their move, moved and the adversary won the advantage. Hooker in early May, 1863, moved to Chancellorsville, and his adversary's more skillful countermove lost a battle for the Union cause, and eighteen thousand good men and true were killed and wounded. But while Hooker and the Army of the Potomac were not immediately dangerous to the Rebel cause, Grant was at the doors of Vicksburg and the Confederate leaders felt that that stronghold was doomed unless a mighty diversion could be made that would draw off troops from Grant and relieve Vicksburg. Hence the plan of the Confederate commander to steal away from Hooker's front at Fredericksburg and march into Maryland and Pennsylvania. Hence the march by the old route of the Shenandoah Valley, the moving of Hooker on the interior line between Lee and Washington, the relieving of Hooker and transfer of command to General Meade, the concentration of the armies at Gettysburg, the battle of July 1, 2 and 3, and the victory of the Union Army. Here admittedly the

rebellion reached high water mark and the tide gradually ebbed away afterward. At Gettysburg 50,000 men were *hors de combat*. Verily, it cost precious lives to establish the principle in those days that a state could not secede. Nor was Vicksburg relieved.

Doing heavy guard duty in Washington our young soldier's regiment was not seriously touched by the campaign—only called out the night of June 29 to repel an expected attack on Fort Stevens after Stuart had seized a wagon train four miles from Washington. But the labors of the regiment were more onerous than is often the case in an actual campaign in the field.

But what of the active young second lieutenant of Company D? He had ordinary camp duties and company drill till May 27 when he was sent with a detachment of ten men, and a sergeant, and three corporals, to the crossroads near the old tavern known as Drover's Rest, about a mile west of Georgetown, and a half mile up from the Potomac and canal, for picket duty. The roads from Washington in every direction were picketed to prevent smuggling supplies into the Confederacy, to control the transportation of liquors, and to preserve order generally. From May 27 to July 1 he had charge of this post, made many seizures of contraband liquors, and many arrests of disorderly persons. July 1, 2 and 3 were days of anxiety for the soldiers in Washington, and when the news came that the tide of the great invasion had been rolled back gloriously at Gettysburg, there was great relief and inexpressible rejoicing. When it was known in camp on July 8 that Vicksburg had surrendered to the indomitable Grant on July 4, joy was unbounded.

Our acting lieutenant had a tour of duty in command of a guard at the War Department itself July 17 and 18 and each day saw President Lincoln, saluted him, and received his pleasant "good morning" and answering salute. His duties went on in the usual way for an officer in camp, as officer of the day, officer of the guard, and kindred duties until the effects of the measles and the malaria of Washington's beastly climate got in their work, and for the first eight days in August the diary is practically a blank. His memory is distinct of miserable days and sleepless nights in that old tent in Gales's Woods, with oceans

of strong black tea, and the record of August 9 says, "Took physic and feel miserable." Blank then to August 22 when it is recorded, "Started for home on sick furlough." Oh! the agonies of that ride with heavy doses self-administered of quinine, finally reaching the old home in Deering, New Hampshire, August 25, in the easiest conveyance the kind thoughtfulness of his father had provided for the last five miles, back to the old familiar chamber, light and airy, with friends and loving hands to care for him. Then the old homeopathic doctor to feel his pulse, look at his tongue and mutter, "Damn that quinine."

From August 25 to September 13 he did not leave that sick chamber. There was fever (bilious) and delirium. But there was convalescence and slow recovery. October 22 he was ordered from Concord to his regiment and he arrived at the camp at Washington the 24th, and the 26th was officer of the day. In service a year and had measles and eleven weeks of bilious fever!

The office of the acting second lieutenant of Company D was no sinecure. He was officer of the day November 1 and 2, and for the next five days was on a hard trip, night and day, to Cincinnati in command of a guard in charge of forty prisoners, deserters from the Union Army, whose regiments were in the West. The 8th and 9th and 10th of the month he was on duty with heavy details from the regiment receiving Rebel prisoners captured by the Army of the Potomac and escorting them to the military stockaded prison at Point Lookout, Maryland, and the 23d and 24th he was in command of a heavy guard escorting deserters to the Army of the Potomac at Brandy Station, Virginia, riding with guard and prisoners on the footboard along the top of a freight car of the military train from Alexandria down past Fairfax, Warrenton, and Bull Run. General Patrick, provost marshal of the Army of the Potomac, to whom he reported said the army was on the eve of moving and the prisoners must be taken right back to Washington, and it was done.

Then came about forty days devoted to patrolling the streets and slums of northeast Washington, for the gathering in of soldiers without passes, intermixed with service as officer of the day, and camp duties in charge of his company. To summarize: In those forty days he was in charge of a patrol guard twenty-five

times, was officer of the day five times, was on duty at a trial at central guardhouse one day, and was sick two days. Many amusing things occurred on official visits with his guards to the homes of the demimonde in the evenings. Two doors were provided with chains that allowed them to open only two or three inches. The knock on the door was answered by "Who's there?" The reply was "The patrol." The chains fell and the doors swung open wide. It amused our acting second lieutenant to have captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels obsequiously show their passes, while citizens trembling begged to know if he wanted any but soldiers, while the blandishments of the fair and well dressed but frail "attractions" were lavished in vain on one devoted to duty.

But what are the fortunes of a minute unit of the mighty army which was engaged in crushing the rebellion in comparison with the titanic struggle going on for the nation's life? The year 1863 was a strenuous year in that desperate four years struggle. It was ushered in with the Proclamation of Emancipation by Father Abraham. The Battle of Stone River, begun in 1862, was finished three days later in victory for Rosecrans' Union army, January 3. The long campaign for Vicksburg culminated in surrender July 4.

A nation wept at the slaughter of her most noble sons at Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, and the hopes of the lovers of the Union were sorely shaken. July 1, 2 and 3 were days filled with carnage and agony and the crisis of a nation's life at Gettysburg, ending with victory to the Union arms and a staggering blow to rebellion from which that cause never fully recovered. The disaster at Chancellorsville was equalled at Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, when by the heroic steadfastness of Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and his heroic thousands, the Union Army, though defeated, was saved from utter rout and irretrievable disaster. Then came on November 23 to 25 the brilliant series of battles of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and the crowning glory of those three days, the storming of Missionary Ridge. When the balance is struck it will be found that the Union cause made in 1863 decided gains and the Rebel cause was thereafter reduced to the defensive. No more invasion of

the North, no more arrogance of assertion on the Rebel side, no more claim that one Southerner could whip five Yankees. The year 1864 saw great deeds and the compression of the rebellion into smaller space, but no more desperate fighting, no greater heroism.

Having paid tributes to the great events in the great struggle, it may be pardonable to return to the fortunes of the humble unit in the grand army, the acting second lieutenant. During his absence on sick furlough there had been scrapping among the officers of the regiment, which the veracious historian of the regiment assiduously avoided when he wrote his able memorial volume, consigning it to oblivion. As it came to the writer the lieutenant-colonel and some of the line officers became very hostile to the colonel and surgeon, and there came about the formation of two parties among the officers. It was said that charges were preferred against the surgeon accusing him of taking hospital supplies for his own table. The quarrel waxed hot. The colonel had numbers of his foes sent before a board to inquire into their fitness to be officers, and some resignations were secured and the colonel's party was on top. One of his enemies, Captain H. of Company D, friend of the acting second lieutenant, stuck in spite of all efforts. But the colonel could keep the captain's friends, who were out, where they were. It came over the consciousness of our acting officer that he would be older before he would be commissioned by recommendation of the colonel. He made a mighty resolve to get out of the regiment and chose the Signal Corps as a most desirable service to get into.

So he secured works on geometry, surveying, topography, and other branches and studied, if haply he might qualify himself for service with a commission in the branch of the army which did so much "wigwagging," whose officers ranked as officers of cavalry and drew pay and allowances of cavalry officers. And so being prepared for a downfall he was not taken very much by surprise when on January 12, 1864, former Sergeant-Major Bryant came to claim the position of second lieutenant of Company D, by virtue of a commission Colonel W. had procured for him from the governor of New Hampshire.

The colonel used fair and soft words with the quondam acting second lieutenant, now returned to his proper character of orderly sergeant, and tried to turn the tables by saying that owing to the machinations of the wicked Captain H., he could not get a commission for him. The records of the governor's office at Concord, New Hampshire, showed that the colonel had never recommended him to get a commission, nor tried to get him a commission, and proved the colonel a prevaricator. But our orderly sergeant had too much prudence to tell him so. It was now off with the shoulder straps and on with the chevrons. The sword was hung on the wall and the musket was again brought to the "shoulder." It was related that General B. F. Butler reduced officers to the ranks for their military offenses, but it is probable that our second lieutenant had a unique experience as the pendulum of his fortune swung first this way and then that. The pendulum was certainly in the wrong part of its arc for this soldier now.

Before further pursuing this narrative let us glance in a general way at the part our Iowa regiments were bearing in the great conflict during the fierce stress of the war in 1863. We mentioned Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge as battle grounds of immense importance in 1863. The Iowa troops followed the shortest lines of transportation to the points of the impact of the Union and Rebel armies. So we look for records of Iowa regiments in the battles west of the Alleghanies. Not yet had any of them reached the eastern slope, but the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth, and later the Twenty-second Iowa regiments of infantry, followed with distinction the meteoric flag of Sheridan in his valley campaign, and showed what valor western troops possessed. But in 1863 they were in the "forefront of the battle" on the chief and bloodiest western battlefields. Add to the battles above named Arkansas Post, Champion Hill, Black River Bridge, Jackson, Port Gibson, and numerous other engagements and you mention encounters in which Iowa troops bore no insignificant part. Major Byers in "Iowa in War Times" states that thirty regiments of Iowa troops were in the lines of the Union army that encircled Vicksburg. That number was an army in itself, or might have been, as it had the

numbers and every other quality. Look at the lines of men charging up Missionary Ridge! The same authority says that nine Iowa regiments helped win the day in that spectacular battle. The name of Iowa was written in letters of flame all over the western departments, and Iowa soldiers held aloft the red badge of courage on every field. All hail to the Iowa soldiers who fought in 1863, and indeed in every year of the war!

To resume the narrative, the colonel told the young soldier not to do any duty in his reduced rank, and he obeyed for a while, studying hard, but not too hard, vibrating between camp and the city, with time to see the wonders of the latter, filing his application for appointment to the Signal Corps, with the colonel's approval, listening patiently to the exhortations of the colonel and adjutant (afterward the distinguished statistician, Carroll D. Wright) until he submitted to an examination January 25, 1864, to test his qualifications, physical, literary, and scientific, for the signal service as an officer. Then breaking away from the colonel's advice he drew a musket and a full set of equipments, and resumed of his own accord duty as orderly sergeant of Company D.

Now harbingers of a move grew thicker and seemed to confirm the rumors of a move impending that would take the regiment out of Washington. The men drew clothing, and they needed the warmest in the cold winter weather. Rumors came to the young soldier's willing ears that he soon would have a commission. This was the topic of his thoughts. The "bee" of ambition was buzzing. February 2 the regiment was off "for sure." The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was our route and we passed Harper's Ferry, the renowned, in the night. On, on we rode till in the afternoon we were unloaded at the South Branch of the Potomac to guard the bridge against apprehended Rebel raids upon the railroad, a road of greatest importance to the government. We drilled some and were visited with snow and rain in our shelter tents, which were so short that if our heads were under, our feet were out, and vice versa. It was extremely uncomfortable at South Branch. Any change was welcome and we were glad when on the morning of February 7 we were packed on a train headed in the direction from which we had come. The

next forenoon we disembarked at Harper's Ferry, close by old John Brown's fort, and encamped on a high hill or ridge between the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers.

Here we remained several days. On the 11th the young soldier received word from a friend in the signal office that he was reported favorably for a commission in the Signal Corps, and also received a letter from one of the governor's council in New Hampshire stating that he had been commissioned a second lieutenant without the recommendation of the colonel. Here was a double portion of good fortune after his month of gloom. He was elated without a doubt. He had beaten the old colonel who could not help himself. The next morning the colonel's orderly summoned the young soldier to headquarters in a brick house, formerly the residence of the officer in charge of the United States Arsenal. With an unctious smile the colonel said, "Lieutenant ———, here is a commission I have got for you. You have always been a good soldier and I am glad to do this for you." He handed the young man the coveted paper, to the latter's great joy. The new lieutenant knew the colonel lied about having got the commission for him and had the evidence in his pocket, but again was too discreet to tell him what he thought of him. He accepted it and probably would have accepted it at the hands of his Satanic Majesty himself, if it had come that way. So now on February 12, just one month from the time when it was "off with the straps and on with the chevrons," it was "off with the chevrons and on with the straps," and there was no mistake this time. He was a "truly" lieutenant. The pendulum now swung in the part of its arc that gave him great joy.

To show that the newly commissioned lieutenant knew the colonel's claim was false, it is only necessary to call attention to the following letter which the lieutenant had in his pocket at the time of the interview with the colonel:

Council Chamber, Concord
February 2, 1864.

Lieut. ———

Dear Sir: You have this moment been commissioned as second lieutenant of Company ——. You are a stranger to me, but I have been laboring for months to secure this result. You probably understand

the occasion of the long delay quite as well as I do. No recommendation for your promotion ever reached the Council Chamber. I trust you will honor the position to which you are promoted.

Yours very truly,

OLIVER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Pillsbury was a member of the governor's council of New Hampshire, a gentleman whom the young soldier had never met. Whether the young man honored the position the writer will not say, but he was further promoted and honorably discharged. So, on February 12, 1864, at the opening of a year of fierce struggle and decisive battles, at a season when the elements usually compel the inactivity of armies, the promotion came; and there is reason to believe it was unwelcome to the colonel and Captain Ripley of Company F, to which company the lieutenant was assigned—an assignment the writer believes to have been made at regimental headquarters with the fond thought that Captain Ripley would soon finish the lieutenant's career. Captain Ripley had the reputation of being a tyrant and a martinet who aped regular army officers and called his lieutenants "Mister." The reception the young man met at his hands was along that line. The lieutenant slept at the colonel's quarters that night, and the following morning met Captain Ripley in the hall of the headquarters building, just after the latter had come in from picket duty. He presented himself to the captain and in a propitiating way told him he was assigned to the captain's company as second lieutenant. The captain replied in no mild tone and no friendly manner, "Yes, so I understand. I suppose you know I can make it d—d rough for you." The warmth of this welcome was somewhat disconcerting, but the lieutenant managed to reply, "I think I know my duty and I intend to do it, and do not think I shall have any trouble." The old proverb was, "A dog's bark is often worse than his bite," and so it proved. In a short time Captain Ripley insisted on the lieutenant joining his company and sharing his tent and whisky. Ripley and whisky made a compound hard to swallow. There was a trip to Washington for equipments—the sword that had been hung on the wall, a uniform coat, a sash, shoulder straps, and the officer's valise stored away a month before, when the lieutenant had fallen from his high estate.

The lieutenant's advent in Company F was, the writer thinks, rather pleasing to the men, who were credited with detesting the captain, and with frequent declarations among themselves that they would shoot him when a good chance offered. The new lieutenant commanded Company F five months from April 19, and there was harmony and good feeling between officer and men without a break. They were good soldiers and above the average for intelligence and proficiency in drill. February 24 we shipped to Washington, arriving next day, and were quartered in some new barracks on Seventh Street. The 27th we started by rail northward, and reached Concord, New Hampshire, March 1, and all were given ten days' furlough. It was an open secret that we were sent home to vote at the election in New Hampshire. It cost a lot of money, but perhaps was worth the price. The next night found the lieutenant at the old home, and for the ten days he vibrated between the old home and his brother's. He was back at Concord, March 12 ready for a new departure for service in the great war.

On March 14, 1864, the young soldier whom we have followed was mustered into the United States service as second lieutenant of Company F. He had been performing duty as such for more than thirty days, when not on furlough. March 16 we were shipped for our return to the military lines of the war, hardly a man failing to answer at roll call. All thought they wanted to see some real service in the field, where bullets shrieked and where the smell of powder scented the air. March 17 we were quartered in Park Barracks, at the juncture of Broadway and Park Row, New York City, and on the 20th were embarked on the steamer Daniel Webster, bound to finish our voyage at New Orleans. We had been led to understand that we were intended to join in Banks's Red River campaign, which ended so disastrously and ingloriously, but we reached Louisiana too late. Somebody blundered. While the unseaworthy old tub, the Daniel Webster, is steaming up, let us see what is going on in the great war of which this was the most strenuous year.

The advance of Grant toward Richmond by way of the Wilderness had not commenced. Sherman's campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the Sea was yet to be initiated.

But before we sailed on the Daniel Webster the Red River campaign had been inaugurated, and before we reached New Orleans it was all over with that ill-starred campaign except the retreating. We must not forget the Iowa boys under Banks on the Red River expedition. There they were in General A. J. Smith's division, the Fourteenth, Colonel Shaw commanding a brigade; the Twenty-seventh under Colonel Gilbert, and the Thirty-second under Colonel John Scott, with Colonel Eberhart ranking next. Did they not storm and take Fort DeBussey March 14? How grandly the Iowa men resisted greatly superior forces at Sabine Cross Roads! Then see them fighting with utmost heroism at Pleasant Hill under Colonel Shaw! The Thirty-fifth was there, too. Never have we looked on the tall form of that superb fighter, Colonel W. T. Shaw, without a feeling of deepest reverence. Why did the stars of a brigadier-general gleam from less worthy shoulders and not from his?

With the college professorship indefinitely postponed, our young soldier entered upon this sea voyage on the old side-wheel steamer Daniel Webster, during which voyage the storm king was abroad and waves ran "mountain high," or too high for the peace of mind of a "landlubber."

There were seven companies aboard, including Company F, bound for the Department of the Gulf. The farmers' sons were about to have their first experience of ocean life, including the utmost wildness of wind and wave. The enlisted men were stowed away between decks with less consideration than the cattle received on the farm. The food was fairly abundant, but decidedly plain, and served with no variety. We had stewed pork and beans "ad nauseam," with bread and black coffee. For the above delectable combination, after a few days, our lieutenant substituted board at an officer's mess which furnished cream for coffee, butter for the bread, and pie, real pie. His first meal on the boat was taken in the cabin and was palatable, but the chopped sea at the entrance of the harbor produced an upheaval of the stomach that transferred that dinner to the fishes.

The farmers' boys were not, after an experience of a year and a half in the service, "tenderfeet," but the sea had unknown possibilities and terrors. The coming days were to have great

educational value to them all, save some fishermen from the sea-coast of New Hampshire.

We sailed on March 20. The 21st the weather was so bad and the sea so rough that it was the bunk for the lieutenant. The 22nd and 23rd we were in a furious storm off Hatteras, with disabled engines, the ship rolling helplessly, and hearts standing still with fear. The 24th was a quiet day, while the 25th a hurricane of much violence lashed the sea into fury. It was appalling to landsmen. The diary says, "It requires a brave heart to keep the cheek from paling in such a tempest." What if the cheek paled? Would that indicate cowardice? We think not.

We had been running W. S. W. since the 24th and now our prow headed west, so that on the 27th we reached Hilton Head Island at the entrance to Beaufort Harbor. We landed on the island and camped in the sand not far from the town of Sutler's Shops—government warehouses and other temporary structures. We stayed here till April 12, when, having given the men a rest and had some repairs made on the ship, we resumed our voyage down the coast, interested in stormy petrels, dolphins, flying fish and other curious things pointed out by the knowing. April 5 we reached Key West. We lay here till the 8th. The lieutenant got ashore one day and had a square meal, with all the delicacies of that season in a semi-tropical latitude. The contrast between the snowdrifts of New Hampshire and the rank vegetation, with well grown oranges, lemons and bananas, was wonderful.

The 8th we sailed away to the northwest across the gulf for the mouth of the Mississippi. About noon of the 11th we struck the turbid waters of the river far out to sea, where they had not mingled with the blue water of the gulf. We entered the river by Pass de L'Outre and reached New Orleans the morning of the 12th. The trip up the river that morning had been delightful. It was in sight of beautiful groves and avenues of trees forming a fine setting for the spacious houses on the plantations, and the balmy breezes were laden with fragrance of flowers. We had left the terrors of the deep far behind and were ready for the terrors of the land, but it was certain that the boys would not long for

A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep.

They might admire the apostrophe to the deep, included in these lines:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with passion,
But his control stops with the shore.

Lieutenant Chandler, in the height of the storm, would say to his stateroom mates in the night, "The old Daniel Webster can't last long. I wish I could see my wife and babies." He was a prophet of evils that never came. Hundreds felt as fearful as he, but were less frank in giving voice to their terrors.

While we had been sailing and buffeting the ocean waves, the Red River expedition had ended in disaster. April 13, the next day after our arrival, we were moved up to Carrollton, eight miles above New Orleans, and landed and went into camp. Here we remained till June 7. About April 19 Captain Ripley having been detailed as inspector on the brigade staff, and First Lieutenant Blanchard being acting adjutant, our young soldier became commander of Company F and monarch of all he surveyed, with some limitations. He became responsible for all government property in the hands of the company. This command he held till September 19, five months. The time forward from April 19 was full of care, duty, and responsibility. Company drill gave place to battalion drill, which was a part of the service he enjoyed in command of Company F. His men were bright, quick to execute commands, and moved together like clockwork. They had had good instruction. It was a pleasure to the young lieutenant to take them out in this drill. But there was guard duty, picket duty, the duty of the officer of the day, pay rolls, fatigue duty, and plenty for one of his age to do and learn. An occasional visit to New Orleans intervened to vary the scene and experience.

June 7 we embarked on the steamer Nicholas Longworth and were taken to Morganzia, near the mouth of Red River, and encamped in an unhealthy place on a sandbar covered with sapling cottonwoods, inside the old levee, with river water for all purposes, and the sick list grew. Here we were incorporated into the Tenth Army Corps, First Brigade, Second Division. The Twenty-second Iowa was in the Second Brigade, and the Twen-

ty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa regiments were in the Fourth Brigade, and not long afterward were found fighting side by side with the Fourteenth New Hampshire in the valley of Shenandoah. Our lieutenant got so far independent of Captain Ripley that he here had promotion of corporals and sergeants made to his own liking, ignoring Captain Ripley's wishes, and the captain did not say a word. He was less pompous than when the lieutenant joined the company.

Here we remained till July 3 when we took passage on the Grey Eagle and arrived at New Orleans the 4th, bound for new scenes. We encamped at Algiers, across the river from New Orleans and the 16th four companies, including Company F, embarked on the steamer General Lyon and sailed down the river, across the Gulf and up the coast, and after a voyage of thirteen days, were landed at Washington, D. C. The other companies sailed for Virginia a few days earlier. The writer has not, from that date to this, been able to determine in his own mind what advantage to the Union cause our two voyages and land service in Louisiana had been. But we obeyed orders, it not being our province "to reason why." Meanwhile our young soldier had been commissioned first lieutenant of Company H.

The two great movements of the Union armies, Grant's for Richmond and Lee's army in Virginia, and Sherman's for Atlanta and Savannah on the sea, had begun, and mighty battles had been fought, Reseca and Kenesaw and Dallas, Georgia, in the west; Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, Virginia, and the Alabama had been sunk by the Kearsarge. It was the beginning of the end. But great battles were to be fought and brave men must fall, when, to prolong their hopeless struggle was, for the Confederates, a flagrant crime.

The Confederacy had been bisected along the line of the Mississippi. It had lost its biggest city, New Orleans. Its lines had been crowded back at every point. It had no seaport and practically no commerce. The bisection of it in another direction, from Atlanta to the sea, must be well-nigh fatal, not to mention Grant fastened upon its throat at Petersburg and Richmond. This was the outlook when, July 29, 1864, the left wing

of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, including Company F, disembarked from the General Lyon at Washington, after a disagreeable passage of thirteen days from New Orleans. We were on familiar ground. The War Department, Navy Department, White House, Treasury, Post Office, and Patent Office were familiar objects, and so was that cynosure of all eyes, the Capitol building. And there was Gales's Woods, where we encamped so long, where our young soldier had contracted bilious fever and where he had suffered the humiliation of exchanging the shoulder straps for the chevrons. A strange thing was that there was no adequate accommodation in barracks or hall for our five hundred men who landed, and that we should be compelled to march after night through the city, weary and worn from a two weeks' voyage, away out west through Georgetown to a dirty field and bivouac at four o'clock in the morning, suffered to snatch a little sleep, compelled to pitch a new camp, and immediately to be hustled back through Washington to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad depot and left to sleep on hard brick pavements till morning, and then loaded on flat cars. The embarkation was all right, but those two horrid nights! Kind "Old Abe" in the White House did not know our hardships, you may be bound!

Being on the cars we moved along to Monocacy, near Frederick, Maryland, July 31, in the afternoon. We bivouacked in a field, and our lieutenant having no blankets of his own at hand, was permitted to share the bed of Major Gardner, our commander. We stayed here four days in usual uncertainty, and on August 4 were marched alongside some box cars and Company F got places to ride inside and outside a car with the drum corps. The Twenty-fourth Iowa was marched alongside and mixed with us. Then the train was divided just in front of our car, and our company and the drum corps and a company of the Twenty-fourth Iowa and its drum corps, were left in the rear section of the train as the front section moved off. The captain of that company of the Twenty-fourth Iowa rode with our lieutenant to Harper's Ferry that night, the two sitting side by side on the footboard on the top of the car.

It was quite late and dark when we were unloaded on the Maryland side of the Potomac opposite Harper's Ferry. The captain and the lieutenant took command of their respective forces and marched across on the pontoon bridge. We bivouacked well up to the top of the hill in a side street. We were a part of the Nineteenth Corps, and a compact army was soon gathered under General P. H. Sheridan, consisting of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth corps and a cavalry corps. The Rebels had heretofore out-manuevered and mastered our forces in the Shenandoah Valley, but they had now to deal with a Union general of different caliber, and he proved more than a match for the most astute Rebel commanders.

Captain Ripley was on the staff of our brigade commander, and First Lieutenant Blanchard had been left sick at Washington. Our young lieutenant continued in command of his company. It was an unfair proposition to have three officers to some companies and to throw the whole burden of a company on one second lieutenant, the junior of the line officers of his regiment, but it was done. We admit that it was more agreeable than to be a mere subaltern and a "file-closer" under one's captain.

Now commenced a series of military maneuvers which we did not understand then and hardly understand now. Sheridan advanced close up to the enemy, and then, as occasion required, rapidly withdrew, and the marching and countermarching were productive of excruciatingly sore feet and unspeakable bodily weariness. Before the other part of our regiment joined us, our major snapped the young lieutenant up most testily two or three times because he and his men straggled, but as the major recommended the young soldier for promotion to a first lieutenantcy, the apparent gruffness was long since forgiven. We marched up and down the valley between Harper's Ferry and Strasburg until its turnpike and its villages had a familiar look. Many of the men, if taken to any prominent point in that part of the valley blindfolded, would have been able to name the place offhand as soon as the blind was removed.

At length General Sheridan found the Rebel army in the position he desired around Winchester, and on the western side of

the Opequon Creek, and on September 18 he ordered the army to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. Our regiment struck tents early in the day and lay around in suspense till about two o'clock in the morning of the next day, the 19th. We led our companies from behind the entrenchments in a darkness so profound that we had to keep our places by the sense of touch. The major had just been commissioned colonel of the regiment on the resignation of the aged Colonel Wilson. Our lieutenant had with some others at "officers' call," when he announced the fact, tarried to congratulate him, while certain of the other faction turned on their heels and walked off in marked discourtesy. Just before evening of the 18th Colonel Gardner came past the quarters of our lieutenant and asked the latter to go to brigade headquarters with him. He said he expected to draw a lot of ammunition for the regiment; that we were going into battle next day, and he had a presentiment that something was going to happen to him; that he had no ordnance returns and the lieutenant had, and he wished the lieutenant to receipt for the ammunition and enter it on his returns. He went on to say that he thought he had been unjust to the lieutenant, and he did not want anything to remain at odds between them, and wished the lieutenant to overlook it; that he had taken the liberty to recommend the lieutenant for promotion. This opening of his heart left a mellow feeling in the lieutenant's heart toward Colonel Gardner, who was an able officer, and a just and kindhearted man, but one of an unfortunate manner. They did not draw any ammunition. The colonel's presentiment came true. He received a mortal wound next day.

Daylight next morning found us with Sheridan's whole army marching along the pike northwest toward Winchester, the Sixth Corps in advance. There were the usual delays. About 7 o'clock we forded the Opequon and soon Abraham's Creek. Then we advanced through Ash Run, with steep timbered sides, a battery of Napoleon guns jostling us as we proceeded side by side. A badly wounded man brought down from the front on a stretcher was a suggestive sight. We had been marching to the lively music of big guns at the front. Emerging from the defile we saw the Sixth Corps disposed about the little grassy hills to the

left of the pike. They had been "feeling the enemy." We marched off to the right and the Nineteenth Corps was deployed in two lines on some gently rolling ground with a belt of timber in front, from which direction came sounds of artillery firing and of exploding shells, whose white puffs of smoke were visible over the trees.

Our division, Grover's, was formed in two lines, the First and Third brigades in front and the Second and Fourth brigades a little to the rear. In the Third Brigade was the Twenty-second Iowa. In the Fourth Brigade were the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa. Our regiment was in the front line and formed the extreme right of the Union army as then formed. The writer will not try to describe the battle that ensued—only what our lieutenant did and saw, and what happened to him, but it ended in a great victory for the Union army.

The Nineteenth Corps lay in the place assigned about two hours. After a little an "officers' call" brought the company commanders together in the rear of the regimental line where they found Colonel Gardner, who proceeded to say that we were about to advance against the enemy; that we were cut off from Harper's Ferry in our rear and must fight it out. Our lieutenant returned and called his company into line and repeated the story and exhorted them to do credit to their state. Of what he said his memory is indistinct. Being weary, he lay down among some tall weeds with a piece of tent over him to keep the bright sunshine out of his face and went to sleep. Evidently he was not nervous at that time. He had a kind of presentiment that in battle he should get hurt but would survive and go home. About 11:40 o'clock he was aroused by a general stir and the giving of orders. We fell in line and advanced through a narrow belt of timber, in line of battle, keeping our lines as well as possible, across an open glade and through some timber, and to an open field 830 yards across, bounded at the farther edge by another belt of timber. As we emerged from cover we came under fire, and the puffs from the belt of timber at the farther edge showed where an alert enemy was waiting for us. The screeching of bullets was ominous. We here found our regiment's left wing behind another regiment and Captain Ripley of the brigade staff

rode out in front and ordered us to "right flank" and by "the left flank" into place. The captain looked down on his Company F and smiled approval.

Then came the order to charge "double quick." This is said to have been a mistake chargeable to Captain Ripley. Then began a "double quick" advance. The firing from our foes in front became hot and vicious. In our lieutenant's position next the color guard, he first noted effective work of the Rebel bullets as they tore through the silk of the flag. Then the staff was hit. They were getting our range—or we were coming into their range as we ascended the little slope. Next Lumbert, second man in front rank from right of the company and second man from the lieutenant, was hit by a bullet in the shoulder with a blow that could be heard many feet away. With a yell of pain or fright he threw his gun high in the air and went down. Almost immediately Corporal Ball, in the color guard on the lieutenant's right, received a blow with a dull thud and went down. The lieutenant cast his eyes to the rear and saw Colonel Gardner walking along, sword in hand, looking at the ground in front of him. Firing commenced at the right of the regiment and the lieutenant ordered his men also to fire, and they fired as they trotted along. The lieutenant was looking toward the right peering through the smoke to make out the Rebel line from which the firing came in the edge of the woods, when he received a powerful blow on the right side of his face or chin. The blow was terrific and the shock took away all his strength. He settled down in his tracks in a heap as the line, a loose line now, swept on. Some one said, "That's too bad." One of his good and friendly boys, John Moore, passed saying, "Why, Lieutenant, are you killed?" The lieutenant said he guessed not, articulating as well as a broken lower jaw would permit, and asked John to assist him. John was afraid he would get into trouble, but was assured he would not. The lieutenant crawled behind a little hillock that had formed about a rotting stump, and stretched out, where he could look across the part of the field the company had charged over. Dead and wounded were here and there—some still, some trying to rise but falling headlong and helpless. Men with stretchers were removing the wounded from the more

distant parts of the field. The bullets screeched more savagely than ever, and the combined sounds of the battle were like a terrible dirge. John tied up the lieutenant's face after they had put the parts of his jaw in their places and gave him water from a canteen, wiped off the thickest of the blood, and fixed him up as well as possible. The lieutenant managed to say, "We have driven the rascals away." But John looked toward the front and said, "They are all coming back." The lieutenant raised his head and looked, and saw it was even so. They passed our position by hundreds in utmost disorder. The lieutenant did not wish to be taken prisoner and staggered to his feet, got his overcoat and haversack and started unsteadily to the rear. He passed around the right of a brigade of fresh troops to get out of their way, and tried to get behind two or three shelters, but others got the places before him. So he staggered on and reached the timber we had advanced from. As he entered the woods a long line of Rebels came up diagonally to the right of our advance and blazed away.

The twigs cut from the trees were falling around him. He had been under fire all the way back, and screeching minnies and exploding shells and the roar of musketry and booming of cannon made a pandemonium on earth. He got through the first belt of timber along with hundreds of wounded, bleeding boys, faint and weak, and sunk on a stretcher. He was carried some distance to a road and put in an ambulance and in that conveyance soon reached a field hospital at a farm house and mill on Red Bud Run. The wounded were thick all around, arranged in regular rows without any shelter. There was shrieking, groaning, cursing, and praying. He lay down with his overcoat under him and his haversack for a pillow. A doctor looked him over and went away.

He heard the battle raging for some hours, but by and by with declining sun, he heard the shout of victory. He was cared for in a tent with the severe cases that night. With the help of morphine he slept oblivious of the horrors of an operating table just outside the tent. The next day he was carried to Winchester and with several other officers was put into an old hotel, sans cots, sans mattresses, sans carpets, sans straw, sans everything

but their wounds and hopes. In a few days those who could be moved were taken in ambulances to Harper's Ferry, arriving at night after a day of agony.

The lieutenant's fractured jaw did not heal for a year. The bullet has been in his neck to this day. In about a week he received leave of absence and went home to New Hampshire to the old chamber, a permanently disabled young man, destined to be an invalid till after the war. So much of his vigor was gone that the college professorship was given up. The young lieutenant's career as a soldier was forever ended.

SPECULATION IN LONDON IN 1826

A writer in Niles's Register of October 18, 1848, (copy in Iowa State Library) describes speculations in London of nearly a century ago as follows:

"I was in London in 1826, and was a frequenter of the Stock Exchange, and an occasional operator during the fearful excitement and speculation of that memorable year. I well recollect having sold one day for a friend of mine, seven shares in the stock of one of the mining companies (the fancy stocks of that time) for £1,200 sterling, the par being £100, and the purchaser made a large profit on his operation. I was a stockholder in the Royal Metropolitan Umbrella Company, the object of which was to loan umbrellas in the case of unexpected rain. The company had station-houses in all the leading business streets, where, on the deposit of a sum of money, any one might procure an umbrella at the rate of fourpence sterling per hour. The umbrellas were returnable at any of the station-houses, and the deposits were redeemable. On the deposits thus made the company did a very respectable banking business, which lasted about as long as many of the institutions which were organized in that year. I never shall forget the horrors of the crash which succeeded these speculations—the ruin, misery, and despair which resulted from them. As far as I can judge, from reading the accounts of speculations now going on in railway shares, I apprehend that a like result will be produced."—*N. York Cor. of the Nat. Int.*

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