

Iowa ~~IN~~ War Times





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THIS STORY OF THE WAR TIMES IS DEDICATED
TO

The People of Iowa,

WHOSE HEROISM IN THE FIELD, AND WHOSE SACRIFICES
AT HOME, HELPED TO SAVE THE REPUBLIC.

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TO THE READER.

EVERY State has its heroic age. Iowa, young as she is, has possibly passed the high-tide period of her existence. Scarcely once in a thousand years do states or nations fight for a principle really vital to the human race. All states worth preserving, have wars. Fate stands at the side of the bravest, and in these times, as in all times, nations exist by the edge of their sabres and the calibre of their cannon. Yea, so long as men are human, wars will rage in the world somewhere. But war for the upholding of *Freedom*, for the unchaining of millions of human beings, such wars, are the epochs of the ages.

It is a happy people to whom fate gives the chance to strike a blow for human rights. That people's history is made. Had the Greeks no tale but Marathon, their fame would be complete; the Swiss no names but Morgarten, Winkelried and Sempach, their history would be perpetual. The traditions of heroic deeds outlive all the books of the world, and the sacrifice of life on the altar of liberty is a deed approved by angels. Liberty never saw a war waged in her name on so grand a scale as on the American continent. The battles of the Greeks, the Swiss, the early English and the Holland struggle, were petty encounters when compared with the mighty conflicts of the War of the Rebellion. Many northern states won imperishable renown in the struggle, but the state of Iowa, by common consent, stood first and foremost among them all. Of a population of less than seven hundred thousand, nearly eighty thousand were in the field. Of her arms-bearing men, every other one stood in the ranks of the union army. Two thousand one hundred and fifty-two of them were killed outright in battle; ten thousand two hundred and sixteen died in hospitals and from wounds and sickness; more than ten thousand were discharged for disability and bodies ruined by the service. It was an awful price for young Iowa to pay, in her valor and faith, but it brought her a renown as lasting as history. The soldiers of Iowa marched in columns from the Des Moines river to the Atlantic ocean, and from the Gulf to the interior of every rebel state. Her flags floated at the front in every battle, and points of most awful danger in every conflict in the South were given to Iowa men. From chasing the murderous guerrillas of Missouri, to battling with the trained hosts in the Shenandoah Valley, from Donelson to Shiloh, from Atlanta to Mobile, from Cairo, in Illinois, to the heart of South Carolina, from the beginning of the bloody war until its very end, the history of the soldiers of Iowa has been the story of brave men. Ten thousand miles of marching, a hundred battle fields, and almost never

a defeat. Men who had never seen a fort, went and took a dozen straight by storm. More prisoners were taken than the number of the captors; more cannon charged and captured than would man a dozen Sevastopols; more flags than the North had states. They marched to South Carolina, captured its treasonable capital, tore down its rebel banner, brought it home as a trophy, and hoisted the loyal flag of Iowa in its stead. Their cavalry rode to every town in rebeldom—and on horse or foot, helped to accomplish more harm to a foeman than had ever been done in the history of cavalry before. From the beginning until the end, the story of Iowa valor was the same as that of tried comrades from other states—not greater, for all were brave, but these conspicuously so. Their fortune kept them at the front; they were the first everywhere; at Wilson's Creek, Iuka, Donelson, Shiloh; at Vicksburg, Atlanta, Allatoona, Chattanooga and Mobile. Wherever Grant and Sherman led, they followed, and to victory. They were the heroes—the history-makers of the state. Their deeds will live. It is an impressive thought to realize that a thousand years from now school boys will be taught the story of these men. We owe the future something, we owe it to these men, that, as far as in us lies, the truth as to the heroism of these Iowa patriots, and the sacrifices of Iowa at home, shall be preserved. In this spirit are offered the pages of this book. Its statements have been gathered from the records of the state, and the testimony of hundreds of surviving participants in the scenes it narrates. Scarcely a chapter but, before printing, has been submitted to Iowa soldiers who took prominent part in the war, and, though not venturing to write from memory, the author had the additional advantage of having been a participant in many of these scenes himself. For many months he has lived over the life on the tented field—marched with the soldiers again, by night and by day, rested in the rude bivouac, heard the tattoo and the reveille and the long roll beating the alarm that waked us to the sudden fight. He has heard again the cry “fall in,” and charged with the men across the fields of Corinth, of Champion Hills, of Vicksburg and of Chattanooga. And he has seen the dead and the dying, and has heard the sergeant call again that roll to which so many of his comrades will never answer more. He has seen the end of the long drama, in which these comrades played so great a part—and now holds himself fortunate in being even the narrator of a valor that has shed so much lustre on the state. This book will have served its purpose if it shall help to keep the memory of these comrades green, if it shall help let the youth of the state know that their fathers and elder brothers were heroes and patriots, and if it shall help to teach the boys and girls of Iowa, that loyalty to one's country and true valor, make men revered and states powerful.

EXPLANATORY.

THIS book is not a book of biography—neither is it a book of incidents. The sincere effort has been made to prepare an enduring history of great events of Iowa during the war period. If there is any art in the book it has been the art of *condensing*. Men have been largely passed over—leaving the story of their deeds to speak for them. No other plan for a single volume seemed possible—and a book beyond a single volume could not be issued at a price desirable for the public.

The short-comings of the book are realized by the writer not less than by those who will become its critics. Its statements of facts, however, are based on state and government records, supplemented by data furnished by ex-officers and soldiers all over the state. Where the book fails most, is where the record fails also. The Iowa records of the war, though voluminous, are in no sense complete. Aside from the very correct and valuable record of the personal history of the soldier, made by Gen. Baker himself, the official army papers are one vast jumble of letters and reports from the field, of every quality of merit, from perfection to the sadly indifferent. Our Iowa officers were better at fighting than at making reports.

A very sincere effort was made to obtain all possible data in the state bearing on the war. About 500 circulars were sent to ex-soldiers asking for this, and over 1,000 personal letters have been written on matter pertaining to the book. Officers and privates generously placed at the writer's disposal their correspondence, diaries, etc., and it is believed that there is little of value bearing on the war that has not been examined.

Want of space made it necessary to use smaller type for the Histories of the Regiments. It was a choice between smaller type and shorter sketches. These regimental histories are believed to be accurate, and it is to be hoped will be of valuable service to every Iowa soldier. They are nearly all new, condensed from the records, or written by members of the regiment especially for this book. When written by others, credit has been given in the sketch itself. To the histories of the Cavalry regiments much space has been accorded in the Second Part of the book. The peculiar nature of their movements, often in detachments, and far apart, made it impossible to follow them in the general description of battles.

The chief fault of the book, it is believed, must lie in its omissions—not in what it *says*, so much as in what it does *not* say. Without completer data this could not be avoided, and soldiers noticing important lapses in the book, either as to men or events are kindly invited to make them known to the writer for use in case of future editions. Such corrections should be *authentic*, simple and brief.

S. H. M. B.

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IOWA IN WAR TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN BROWN IN IOWA.

A PRELUDE.

THE bells of the churches were tolling in many northern towns on the 2d day of December, of 1859; for at Charlestown, not far from Harper's Ferry, the Virginians were hanging one of the Warriors of the Lord. John Brown, the friend of the oppressed, was on that day, in the words of Emerson, "making the gallows glorious like the cross." The drama enacted that day at Charlestown, was one of the events that precipitated the mighty War of the Rebellion. Misguided or not, sympathy for John Brown and the idea he represented, was well nigh universal in the North. If slavery were an institution, the mere threatening of which, by a handful of men, could shake the whole South and drive its people to the verge of madness, it was an evil dangerous to the existence of the country. So thought reflecting men all over the world. John Brown's name became a synonym for freedom to the oppressed. In the eyes of many, his death was martyrdom. That point reached, and the South had prepared the way for the destruction of the crime on which all southern policy was built. Slavery was not more dead at the close of the great Rebellion than it was the day John Brown was hung at Charlestown. From that awful hour, its existence was of form only. Not the North alone, but the world, waited to see if the South, in its terror and desperation, would wage a war to perpetuate a crime that most men felt to be already doomed. Thirty years of threatening to destroy the American government whenever it should cease to make slavery its cornerstone, had not prepared the world to believe that the South was

at last in earnest. The ease with which three thousand militia could legally put to death a dozen maimed people at Charlestown, misled the South into supposing that Northerners would not forcibly resist the unlawful spread of slavery, nor by arms preserve the government of the people.

All this, too, spite of a bitter experience they had so recently suffered in their unlawful efforts to force their accursed institution into free Kansas. John Brown had given the friends of slavery a taste of blood in Kansas that was reckoned up against him on that fatal December day at Charlestown. His career, during those Kansas days, when hundreds of freedom-loving men struggled against thousands of oppressors of the weak and wronged, was watched in Iowa as from no other state. He had many friends and sympathizers here. Iowa afforded him his first real refuge place after contest. On Iowa soil were inspired and planned his most daring schemes. It was across her prairies and past her loyal towns he wandered by night and by day, carrying with him liberty for the oppressed. Here he rested from struggle, and here he trained and armed the little band of followers who were to share perils and death with him in a cause deemed sacred as the Wars for the Sepulchre. Those were the days of the "under-ground railroad" in Iowa, by which fugitives from slavery were helped to the land toward the North Star. The posts of this path to freedom were, to the escaping negro, "as a cloud by day, and as a pillar of fire by night," and every one of them was as familiar to John Brown as his own fireside. He was so often and so closely connected with the state that people almost forgot that he was not an Iowa man. He loved Iowa, and he believed that the sin attempted on Kansas, if successful, would inevitably be visited on Iowa as well. He went farther, and with Lincoln asserted that the country could not much longer exist if slavery were not destroyed. If slavery was a sin, a moral wrong, and a danger to the people, for whom the government was made, then any means, however violent, were justifiable in his eyes in order to put it down. He did not believe, either, that a few stray "squatters" had a right to determine laws and government for what might soon be the

populous and mighty state of Kansas; the less so if those laws were the children of sin, and that government a government of fraud and oppression.

When Kansas was thrown open to settlement, the pro-slavery men of the South determined that it should be given over to slavery. The freedom loving people of the North opposed them, and then commenced a mighty war of words outside of Kansas, and of villainous deeds within. Missourians by the thousands invaded the state, mastered the ballot-box, drove off the officials, assumed the government, burned, destroyed and murdered, and all in the name of a slavery detested outside the South, the world over. John Brown, the gray-haired shepherd of North Elba, in New York, recognized in the Kansas struggle that here was to be the first battle ground in defense of human rights, as opposed to outrage and treason. His own sons, free emigrants to Kansas, were crying to him for help to protect their firesides and their lives. The fearless man, strong in the refuge of the Lord, buckled on his armor, went to Kansas, and alone, struck blows that made victory possible in the bloody years to come. Few realized that the war for the destruction of liberty on this continent had already begun. Absolute war could not have made the people of Missouri, Arkansas, and other parts of the South, greater violators of law, and right, and justice, than they became when they marched with fire and sword into liberty-loving Kansas.

Fortunately for this country, the people of Kansas were not cowards. Had they been, they would have been overcome. Human slavery would, like a ghost, have stalked into all the territories. The slave power would have had its way. The War of the Rebellion would not have been heard of, and the great crime that disgraced the Nation in the eyes of the world would have been perpetuated forever. The Lord willed that it should not be so, and the instrument he chose for his purpose, like Saul of old, was found tending the flocks of the field. In all his encounters with the slave-power, and with the southern invaders of Kansas, John Brown was a hero, and his heroism saved the state to freedom. Let that be written on his monument. Had

he failed, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, and the whole Northwest might have been given over to the barbarism of slavery. That would have been the logical and intended sequence of the Dred Scott decision. John Brown's heroism in Kansas made that outrageous verdict of no avail. No wonder that the people of Iowa honored his name, for his success was partly by their help and sympathy, and his victory conferred blessings on their children.

In all the central part of Iowa, there were loyal stations of the under-ground railroad. Many were the brave and true men who, in those days, spite of abuse, and calumny, and loss of property, kept the beacon fires of liberty burning in the state. Men like William Penn Clark, J. B. Grinnell, Suel Foster, Jacob Butler, James Parvin, Senator J. C. Jordan, Thomas Mitchell, George W. Drake, Col. John Edwards, John Teesdale, John Todd, James McCoy, H. M. Hoxie, H. D. Downey, Dr. Jesse Bowen, Ransom L. Harris, and scores of others, faithful to the end, labored without money and without price, serving the cause of the oppressed, feeding, clothing and giving drink to the despoiled, and pointing them to the North Star. They were the first names on the roll of honor of the state.

Very many of the leading men and the Abolitionists of the state knew the hero of Ossawattamie personally. At the fire-side of many he was an intimate friend. The places he most frequented were the towns of Tabor, on the Missouri river, and West Liberty and Springdale, in Cedar county, with occasional visits to Grinnell, Des Moines, and other points, where he was sure of true friends and substantial aid. Tabor was the nearest under-ground railroad-post to the South, and its people were largely freedom-loving Abolitionists from Oberlin, Ohio. There were times in those days, when little Tabor presented more an appearance of war than it ever did during the great Rebellion. It was not a very uncommon thing, of an autumn evening in 1856 or 1857, to see the little public square filled with from a dozen to twenty covered wagons, a little park of artillery, and scores of armed "free state" emigrants, on their way to Kansas.

"The cannon were placed in the center," says John Todd, of

Tabor, an eye-witness, "with the Stars and Stripes mounted on the gun carriage. The covered wagons were arranged in a circle around the cannon—tents were pitched outside the wagons, camp fires were kindled outside the tents, and, outside of all, were placed the sentries. Often, on the following day, a hundred men drilled on the village common. Not infrequently we heard of men killed in the conflict in Kansas, who, but a few days before, passed through our village."

The wounded and the sick of the Kansas emigrants were sometimes brought back to Tabor. So it was that John Brown, bringing a wounded son-in-law, shot in Kansas, made his first visit to Tabor in August of 1856. He made no stay then, but hurried back to the defense of Lawrence against a horde of Missouri ruffians. It must have been an impressive sight, when old John Brown entered Lawrence, armed to the teeth, and accompanied by seven sons and sons-in-law, to help keep Kansas free from the oppressor.

In the following September, John Brown and four of his sons, on a journey eastward, rested in Tabor for several weeks. Again, in 1857, almost the entire summer was spent by Brown in Tabor, drilling his followers in the use of arms, and disciplining them for battle. He had with him Col. H. Forbes, a drill-master, and there were stored in the village quantities of sabres, muskets, cannon and ammunition. It was believed by the people there that Capt. Brown was preparing to resist another suspected invasion of Kansas by the border ruffians of Missouri. Positive knowledge of his plans was not obtainable. "Brown was a man of few words," says one of the townspeople, "and kept his own counsels."

When John Brown, and Lane and their followers had driven the Missouri vandals back into the shadows from which they came, it was in Brown's mind but a step to follow them there, and attempt to take from them the human chattels they held in a bondage bitterer than death. As long as history shall last, John Brown's efforts to free his fellow man from bondage will be remembered with thankfulness and tears. Men will no longer ask whether his methods were wisest, or even protected by laws.

Had he been successful, his name, even at that very hour, would have been linked with the name of Washington, as a benefactor of mankind. John Brown believed in God's Golden Rule. "It were better," he cried, "that every man, woman and child should pass from the earth by violent death, than that one jot of this rule should fail in this country." Such heroism of thought had never been known. "This man," cried Emerson, "is the truest hero-man I ever met." "Do you know," said Theodore Parker, "this is one of the extraordinary men of this age and nation?" "I will put his picture there beside that of Victor Hugo," exclaimed Secretary Seward, "for he struck the boldest and highest of any man who ever breathed American air." If John Brown so impressed the intellectual giants of America, what must have been the impression made on the ordinary people by his heroism? In Kansas, the highest respected and the commonest loved him. If help was wanted, if defense against outrage, John Brown's simple camp in the woods would be hunted up and the story of distress laid before him.

One evening, about the good Christmas time of 1858, a poor slave, named "Jim," slipped over the Missouri line into Kansas, to tell John Brown how himself and some of his friends were the next day to be separated from their families and sold south. He appealed for help. The cry for deliverance was not in vain. That night, John Brown, accompanied by trusted friends, crossed the border and rescued eleven slaves from cruel task-masters. Shortly, he was traveling with them along the under-ground railroad of Iowa toward the North Star. That was his most important journey through the state. Great rewards were offered for his arrest. It was death in those days to be convicted of carrying slaves out of Missouri. James Buchanan, President of the United States, joined in offering rewards for the return of men and women to slavery and for the capture of God's minister. To the children of free America to-day, the story must seem incredible. Spies were sent on Brown's tracks, and officers bearing warrants and offers of reward. He was pursued as only assassins and murderers are pursued; so intent was the government of Missouri, and of the United States, in protecting the

villainy of slavery. No wonder that when he reached his friends in little Tabor, some of them stood back and feared to offer the fugitives the hand. It was the 12th of February, 1859, that John Brown, with his fugitive slaves, and escort of a few armed white men, entered the town of Tabor. To one of the negro fugitives a child had been born on the way, making their number twelve. This child was named John Brown. They stopped at the home of George B. Gaston, the founder of the village, till over Sunday. On that Sabbath morning, as the village preacher was commencing his services, the following note was handed to him, and he read it to the congregation. "John Brown respectfully requests the church at Tabor to offer public thanksgiving to Almighty God in behalf of himself and company, and of their *rescued captives in particular*, for His gracious preservation of their lives and health, and his signal deliverance of all out of the hand of the wicked hitherto. 'Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.'"

That Sunday, the people of Tabor, anxious to know how so many slaves had been freed, set on foot an inquiry, and by close questioning learned of Brown's raid by night into the state of Missouri—that the party had divided on entering the state, had taken away the slaves, and with them certain teams of their masters for their transportation; also, that the party not under Brown's command had killed the master of one of the slaves, just as he was reaching for his gun to fire upon them. The law and the propriety of all this was much questioned by the people of Tabor, and John Brown was invited to explain and justify his course at a public meeting on the morrow. In the meantime, a resident of Missouri, passing through Tabor, stopped over to attend the meeting. Brown heard of the presence of what he believed an enemy, or a slaveholder's spy, and refused to proceed with his address, unless the Missourian were compelled to withdraw. The request was refused, and with feelings of grief, Capt. Brown himself withdrew. The meeting at once passed resolutions condemning the raid into Missouri.

The old hero retired to his quarters greatly grieved, feeling that those in whom he had a right to trust had left him—possi-

bly, would betray him. He called for his arms, made immediate and close inspection, as if preparing for a conflict, and left his old-time friends and Tabor, forever. The march through Iowa with his contrabands was difficult and full of danger. All the enemies of freedom in the state were astir, and watching for him. "John Brown and his niggers" were to be headed off, and captured, dead or alive. Those who offered food, or rest, or lodging, did so at the peril of their lives. Never in their history had the true courage of the old Abolitionists been so necessary as now. They were threatened in advance of his coming. "Feed John Brown, give him shelter, show him the way, and your roofs burning above your heads shall be the penalty," was shouted clear across the loyal state. To her shame, Iowa had men in her borders capable of doing all of this—the same men who in later and fiercer times, sought to cripple her strength, when traitors were at their country's throat.

From post to post, well armed, and sustained by courageous friends, John Brown marched his weary way across the state. The path he went was honor's path, and history should mark its milestones in letters of gold. At Grinnell, the party of fugitives were the guests of the founder of the town, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, himself a devoted Abolitionist of the old heroic school—a man whose name has become linked with all that is noble in the state's history. Here John Brown rested, and at the fireside of his friends fought over the conflicts that have made him famous in Kansas. In an adjoining room were stacked the arms and sabres with which he had been carving a road to freedom. Hidden in the barn were the human beings who for the first time were breathing man's free heritage—free air. Even then, at that quiet fireside, there was planning in his mind the fierce conflict he proposed to enter among the mountains of Virginia. At an antique desk, still the valued souvenir of Mr. Grinnell, John Brown wrote a part of the Virginia proclamation. Sitting by that fireside, he uttered words of heroic wisdom, worthy of the prophets. A price was set upon his head, but he feared not. "It were nothing to die in a good cause," he said, "but an eternal disgrace to sit still in the presence of the barbarities of

American slavery." "Providence has made me an actor; slavery, an outlaw." "An old man should have more care to end life well than to live long." "Duty is the voice of God, and a man is not worthy home or heaven who is not willing to be in peril for a good cause." "One man in the right, ready to die, will chase a thousand." "A man dies when his time comes; and a man who fears, is born out of time." These were the words of a man whom his enemies affected to pronounce "crazy." Of such craziness has come all the heroism, all the virtue of the world.

While at Grinnell, a plan was proposed by Workman, a government official at Iowa City, for Brown's capture. One glance of the old man's fearless eye, one tick of a gun that never missed its aim, and Provost Workman and his slavery-loving squad left the way open wherever John Brown would go. By the middle of March, the contrabands were over the border at Detroit, joined to hundreds of others, saved to their birth-right by the same heroic hand. Later, the old hero was in Iowa again, tarrying mostly at West Liberty, Cedar county, preparing for his attack on Harper's Ferry—and at Springdale. His life here was much as it had been at Tabor—in quiet preparation for the blow that he hoped might end slavery under a government that affected to be free. The people loved him, and the children went out of their way to see his kindly face, and be greeted by the singular stranger in their midst, whose patriarchal words and ways seemed so simple and good. In the rooms of the State Historical Society, at Iowa City, one sees a little brass cannon, presented by Col. Trowbridge, the efficient custodian of the place, and a personal friend of John Brown. So long as state pride shall last in Iowa, so long shall this piece of ordnance be revered as a precious souvenir of the dark days; for it is one of the cannon used by John Brown in his defense of liberty in Kansas.

When the blow at Harper's Ferry was struck, its very haste defeated its proper end. Organized help was probably ready to join Brown, when the telegraph flashed the news of his capture. Had sufficient force joined him to have made that first blow successful, there is scarcely a doubt but a general insurrection on

the part of the slaves of the South would have given them their freedom without the bloody war of which John Brown's history was but the prelude. No man in this country realized so much as John Brown that the Southerners were preparing to destroy the government. His hope was to destroy slavery first, recognizing the crime of its existence as the only possible reason for a desire for secession. He believed proper any and all means that might accomplish the end, and reckoned his own life as nothing, if only the oppressed could be free. Possibly his methods were not the best, but he believed them to be approved by Almighty God. They seemed feeble in their results at first, but there sprang from them the forces that destroyed the most shameful iniquity of the world—slavery, in a land consecrated to freedom.

Possibly John Brown was not worldly-wise in his plans, but in the shadow of the scaffold there rested in his heart that peace of God which passeth all understanding. Of his hero comrades, nearly all suffered the martyr-death that he did—death for a principle made sacred by command of God. One of them, Barclay Coppic, escaped the Virginia massacre, and came to his home in Iowa. His surrender was demanded by the arrogant Virginians, that he, too, might die. Coppic, however, was never surrendered, and the Virginians' hands were saved the blood of one more martyr.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAR GOVERNOR—MUSTERING FOR THE CONFLICT.

A LITTLE before daylight of April 12, 1861, crowds of people standing at vantage points about the city and bay of Charleston, beheld a sudden flash from a land battery, followed by a dull, heavy roar.

The light of a bomb, describing a semicircle in the heavens, was seen to fall upon a fort barely outlined in the darkness. It was the first shot in the war of the great Rebellion. It was another shot "heard 'round the world." It was the signal for the commencement of the greatest events in American history. Two days of heroic defense, and, with a prayer to God and a salute to the flag of Sumter, the loyal little garrison marched out of the citadel. The war to destroy the Government had begun; a war that was to cost a million of human lives, billions of treasure, agony unmeasurable,—a war to end in the disgraceful and utter annihilation of those who brought it about.

In twenty-four hours, news of the event had, by telegraph and post, penetrated to every accessible corner of the American Republic. In the South, it was lightly hailed as the harbinger of dissolution of the Government, and the establishment of a new empire, whose foundation stone should be human bondage. In the North, it was received with mingled sadness and anger, followed by a quick determination to resent the outrage, and to save the Government of the people.

It has been said that President Lincoln never put his name to a paper of greater import than his first message to Congress. In that paper, in calm, dignified expression, he showed to the world what it was that was bringing about rebellion on the part of the South against a government from which the South had derived all the advantages, all the honor, all the prestige, all the glory it had ever possessed. He pointed out how for thirty years the South had been debauched with the heresy of secession, and

how, rather than submit to the voice of an honorable majority, the result of a national election was made a pretext for destroying the Government. The assault on Sumter, he asserted, had in no sense been an act of self-defense, for no Southerner had been attacked, nor his property threatened. It was assaulted simply with a purpose "to drive out the visible power of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution." "Thus," continued the President, "they have forced upon the country the distinct issue—dissolution or blood. The question involved is, whether discontented individuals, too few in number to control the administration according to the organic law, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case, or any other pretenses, or arbitrarily, without pretenses, break up the Government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth."

The issue was thus perfectly clear, and a great war was to be waged to settle it on this continent. President Lincoln knew at that moment, as the world knows now, that his conduct in the crisis, and the conduct of those whom he might control, would settle forever the question of whether a republican form of government could live in spite of internal foes. Whole volumes could not have presented the issue more clearly—but it required a million armed men to decide it.

Within four days of that fatal shot on Sumter, Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, received from Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, the following telegram: "*Call made on you by to-night's mail for one regiment of militia for immediate service.*"*

That regiment was ready to march before guns could be put in the soldiers' hands. That very day the Governor's proclamation announced to the people of Iowa that the nation was in peril, and that the aid of every loyal citizen was invoked.

*This telegram was received at Davenport. The Governor resided then, as now, at Iowa City, but there was no telegraphic communication in those days between the two towns. It was important that the dispatch go to the Governor at once, and Mr., afterward General, Vandever, volunteered to carry it to Iowa City. On reaching there, he drove out to the farm, and found the Governor, like Cincinnatus, working in the field, and in homespun. He looked the dispatch over, read it again, and in a surprised manner exclaimed: "Why, the President wants a *whole regiment of men!* Do you suppose I can raise so many as that, Mr. Vandever?" When ten Iowa regiments were offered, a few days later, the question was answered.

It was a crisis for every loyal state. To Iowa, whose people had ever followed closely in the paths of quiet peace, the possibility of a civil war at her doors seemed well nigh incredible; and yet when duty and danger called, no people in the Union were so ready with sacrifice. But in such a storm as now threatened, where was the mariner to guide the ship? Rocks showed themselves on every hand. There were no arms worth counting in all the state; the treasury was empty; the taxes were unpaid; the cities and towns of the state were in debt—many of them had suspended payment of even interest; the business crisis that marked the years 1857-8 still hung about them like a pall; and amidst it all, treacherous enemies were waiting to hand the state over to ruin.

Fortunately for Iowa, at such a time there was a man equal to the occasion. Like Lincoln, he seemed sent of Providence. The men who once went to a country mill near to Iowa City, and dragged its manager out into public life and important position, were now justified of their faith. Samuel J. Kirkwood, the "War Governor," richly merited the heroic title. He was heroism itself. He embodied in his character the self-poise, the calmness, the unbiased judgment, and, above all, that world of common sense that is the make up of a hero man; and he was a patriot. Before coming to young Iowa in 1855, his life, though honorable, had been uneventful. Born in 1813, in Maryland, of good Scotch-Irish descent, his early years were spent in toil about his father's farm and blacksmith shop. After a limited education, at McLeod's Academy in Washington City, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Richland county, Ohio, in 1843. Two years afterward, he was elected prosecuting attorney for four years, and in 1850 was a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of the state of Ohio. On coming to Iowa, in 1855, he undertook the management of a large farm and mill belonging to his brother-in-law near Iowa City. Within a year, his neighbors discovered his talents, and, spite of much protest, elected him to the state senate in a largely democratic county. It was a "lost hope" he led in that election. No other republican dared to be a candidate. His

success brought him into contact with the political leaders of the state. His abilities and his political integrity were recognized, and in 1859 he was chosen Governor of the state whose name and fame from that hour on were indetical with his own.

Gov. Kirkwood did so many things honorable alike to the state, and to himself, said and did so many that were patriotic, and so many that were heroic, no excuse will be offered for recalling some of them at this stage, while some of the first regiments are getting their knapsacks on, and themselves into training for battle. Other narratives of the War Governor's actions will follow along with the marching of the boys to the front.

Gov. Kirkwood, like Senator Grimes, of good fame, had been a Democrat in earlier days, and now friends and foes alike were watching him in the new role, when his slightest word or act could produce consequences immeasurable. Three great virtues were now needed—calmness, patriotism, great good sense. Fortunately for Iowa, he possessed them all. Some of the things he said and wrote, like the things he did, became state history, and loyal precedent in Iowa for all time. His political opinions varied somewhat, of course, with the progress of the war, the resistance of the Rebels, and his new knowledge of men. He wished for no war, but he would not go as far as Lincoln did to prevent it. He would make some compromises as to slavery, but he would try and keep it out of the territories. "I would make the condition of the territory at the time of its acquisition, its permanent condition until admitted as a state," he wrote to Senator Grimes in January of 1861. "But, first of all, comes respect for the Union and the laws."* "What can I do," he

*Gov. Kirkwood had always believed slavery to be wrong and a curse to the country. Like many others, he had considered "colonization" as about the best method of settling the whole question. Frank P. Blair approved the Governor's ideas on the subject, and hoped that Iowa might become a "great leader" in the movement. That was in the John Brown days. Once, Blair wrote to Kirkwood urging this leadership. "Many of our leaders in the republican ranks," wrote he, "are in favor of colonizing our negroes; but it is in vain to hope that THEY will take a step forward until urged by the people. It is a misnomer to call such men LEADERS. The fact is they never move until forced to do so by the pressure of the masses. If Iowa shall take the first step in this great scheme, she will be justly entitled to the title of Leader of the hosts of Freedom, and of carrying out practically the long cherished plans of Mr. Jefferson." Events were paving a juster, though a fiercer way for ending human slavery in the South.

continued. "Shall I tender the services of the state to Mr. Buchanan?"

This was long before Sumter was fired on. "Some of our people want an extra session. I do not." "But," he adds, "I will see to it, that the last fighting man in the state, and the last dollar in the treasury are devoted to the service of the Government, if Mr. Buchanan wants them." Mr. Buchanan, however, wanted nothing of the kind. Buchanan's study was how to conciliate the South by giving them all they wanted, and more, by truckling to them in a manner too base for belief. There was a "Solid South" before Sumter was fired on first, as there has been a Solid South ever since, and, with it, a truckling, base, conciliatory party in the North, with nothing but its master's contempt as its reward.

There were a few men, loyal ones, too, then in Iowa, who thought the republican party might better die off in the new crisis, and a so-called "Union" party take its place. Reuben Noble, Fitz Henry Warren and others, were quick to see their mistake. When the crash of arms grew louder, Noble's advice to Kirkwood, to bring about a "fusion" of Democrats and Republicans, urging Republicans to resign, that half their places might be filled with Democrats, fell on deaf ears. Kirkwood knew that loyal Democrats would not wait on office, and as for the others, no loyal party in Iowa, at such a time, had any use for them. The dishonest cry for a "new party" went on, however, until, in the later months, it was drowned in a sea of loyal acclaim of the one party whose loyalty and upright intentions no man doubted.

Mr. Lincoln's election and the events threatening, were rapidly driving men to choose once and forever which side they would be on in the coming contest. Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood had no need of a mentor, to show him where right and duty were. Mr. Lincoln's election had gratified him greatly. He had by wise counsel helped to bring it about, for he realized with John A. Kasson, who wrote the Chicago platform, that a conservative, wise man would be needed in the perilous times

already threatening.* Mr. Lincoln, he knew, was conservative and wise beyond other American statesmen.

On the 13th of November, he wrote to the new President at Springfield: "Permit me to congratulate you, as I most heartily do, on your election to the presidency, and to express the hope that your administration may prove as useful to our country and as honorable to yourself, as you yourself can desire." It was not a mere formal courtesy the note implied. Gov. Kirkwood was a believer in the star of Abraham Lincoln. He believed in his straight-forwardness, his pure patriotism, and in his political ability. Shortly, he went to Springfield, Ill., to pay the new President his respects. The visit was one of those not notable events, because not known. The honest, simple republican Governor took no staff of newspapers along, to herald his coming or his going. In plain garb, and with the airs only of an honest man, he sought him who was to be the ruler of millions, and whose fame was to go out into the whole earth. By accident, he met Mr. Lincoln walking in one of the streets of the town, and was requested, after a greeting, to go to the hotel and there wait the President's coming in half an hour. There was not in the crowded corridors of the hotel, perhaps, one other man who bore about him so little of the airs of authority or place as the farmer-looking man in homespun, and with the broad hat, sitting there in the corner, an apparent stranger to every one present. There was a slight winking and nudging of elbows among the congregated politicians in the corridor, when

*DES MOINES, Iowa, 17th April, 1860.

Gov. S. J. KIRKWOOD, *Iowa City*:

Dear Governor: I have your favor of the 13th, and the suggestion is a good one. We will act upon it. Since the election, I feel more than ever anxious about our Chicago nominations. I regard it as absolutely necessary that we secure the so-called conservative vote of the free states, by offering to that element a moderate man, reserving for ourselves the guaranty of a thoroughly republican administration. Pray be at Chicago, if possible, to aid and influence the indiscreet by your counsel. The territorial issues will not again probably be so potential as now. Another lease of four years to democracy may secure them Cuba and secession. I sincerely believe that a failure now will make the next contest more than ever sectional, and its result dissatisfactory. I propose to be at Chicago the last of the week previous to the convention, and should be glad then to meet you there.

Very truly your friend,

JOHN A. KASSON.

it was whispered that perhaps the old fellow in the corner was "waiting to see the President." The winks changed to wide open eyes when President Lincoln entered, passed by the obsequious politicians, warmly greeted the plain old gentleman in homespun in the corner, and escorted him to his private rooms up stairs. Very soon it leaked out that the unpretentious man was the Governor of loyal Iowa.

That hour spent in private interview with Abraham Lincoln was the birth-time of loyal resolutions. Mr. Lincoln was not afraid to trust a man like that. It was a relief to find one adviser who pretended only to plain common sense; a man who knew no policy save that of patriotism, and no politics save duty. In that hour's time, Mr. Lincoln saw that in the coming storm his hands would be upheld. It was like an answer to his prayers for help—the coming of such a man; and the plain words and the common sense uttered were as a bulwark to him in the fierce storms of later days. That Mr. Lincoln learned, shortly, something still more of his Iowa guest, may be seen from the private letter of Mr. Hawkins Taylor, a friend of the new President.* Had Gov. Kirkwood accepted some

*KEOKUK, Jan. 20th, 1861.

Dear Governor: I have been to Springfield again. I spent last week there. And if there is any man entitled to our sympathy it is Mr. Lincoln. He is thoroughly beset on all sides by the friends of different Cabinet aspirants. The moment it is understood that any particular man is to go into the Cabinet, the enemies, or rather the *click*, who want someone else to fill that particular place, at once beset Mr. Lincoln with all sorts of opposition to the appointment *even to the lowest attack on private character*. God only knows how things may be settled, both as to the Cabinet and the troubles of our common country. I will give you my notions of who will constitute the Cabinet: Seward, Sec. of State; Chase, Sec. Treasury; Cameron, War; Trumbull, Interior; Wells, P. M. G.; Bates, Atty. General; Clay, Navy. This, you will see, is not according to the *papers*, and it may be wide of the mark. It is not the intention to make Clay Sec. of Navy at this time, still I think that the war difficulties will either make him or probably continue Holt during the troubles as Sec. of War, and Cameron, Navy. If Cameron insists on being Sec. of Treasury, and will take nothing else, *he will get it*, and thus will be an entire change of the state in the Northwest. Smith and Warren may come in in the place of Trumbull and Wells, and New England will then get the Navy and Clay the War department. There is great danger with the Cabinet. If Chase and Cameron go in there will be at least three Presidential aspirants, and none of the best friends to each other. I wanted Banks; he has more *useful* ability than any man in the Nation, and in my opinion would make the most efficient Secretary of State, Treasury, or Interior, that this Nation has ever had. Do you want anything that I could help you in getting? If you do, command me. Mr. Lincoln asked

I. W. T.—3

appointment away from the state, at the President's hands, as this letter intimates he might have done, Iowa's war record might have read quite differently.

It was a memorable meeting, and vividly recalls to the Iowa patriot that other, later meeting, at Mentor, in Ohio, between Gov. Kirkwood and another President elect—chosen, like Lincoln, for the martyr's glory.*

Immediately on his return to Iowa, Gov. Kirkwood set about putting the house in order for difficulties greater than were ever anticipated by Mr. Lincoln. In Iowa, the house *needed* setting in order, too. As has been said, there were almost no arms in the state, and none to be obtained. The few guns of primitive pattern, owned by Iowa, were in the hands of half organized, and undrilled companies of militia.† The state was so poor, following the crisis of '57, that its warrants could not be sold. It had four hundred thousand dollars of delinquent taxes, and

me if you wanted anything. I told him that I did not think that you did; that I knew that you were not an office seeker; that you was a man who was fond of domestic life; that your honor in Iowa had rather been forced on you than otherwise; that your position was such that you could be U. S. Senator at the next Senatorial election if the party lived, and you desired it, and to be Senator, was, in my estimation, the most desirable office in the gift of the people. (To this proposition Mr. Lincoln fully assented and with much animation, said: "I would much rather be Senator for six years than be President.") And if you looked this way it was important that you should be *with the people*, and consequently would not want to leave the State. I said to him that I did not know your feelings on the subject. If I was mistaken, and in any way created a false impression, let me know, and I will with the greatest pleasure correct it. I frankly told Mr. Lincoln what I honestly believed to be true: that *but few* men rendered him so much service at Chicago as you did. Let me hear from you and you will find me ready to serve you *now or hereafter*.

Yours most truly,

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

Hon. S. J. Kirkwood, Iowa City, Iowa.

*It was again the same, plain spoken, unpretentious man, whom Garfield saw before him, asking not his own, but others' advantage. Like Lincoln, President Garfield recognized the hero-man, and the meeting paved the plain man's way to the Cabinet—to the Council Seat of the Nation.

†The few arms belonging to the State were scattered about in the hands of militia companies. They were hurriedly gathered up, and with few but pointed directions, put in counties where they were most needed. "Get the 55 muskets of J. M. Byers, at Oskaloosa," wrote the Adjutant General to James Matthews of Knoxville, "and another 12 from E. Sells at Des Moines, and place yourself in defense against traitors. Your mission is to defend your country and yourselves against the enemies of your country. I have no doubt but that you know how to do it without special instructions from me."



S. J. Kirkwood.



only seven hundred thousand people. Corporations were in debt, individuals far from prosperous, and the state treasury empty. Add to it all, Indians on the frontier, and the coming storm of war.

The crisis was coming, but a man of nerve was at the helm. In a month, Samuel J. Kirkwood struck the key-note to the tune that Iowa played in the war of the Rebellion. "*The last man and the last dollar will be given, if needed, for the service of the Government,*" was his sentiment, and it became the sentiment of the people. To J. G. Lauman, at Burlington, he wrote, January 16th: "Under the present condition of public affairs, I have concluded to gather and have repaired all the arms of the state. Men may not be needed from Iowa, but I will be ready." "Our southern brethren," he wrote to Senator Grimes, on January 12th, appear really to be determined on the destruction of our government, unless they can change its whole basis, and make it a government for the growth and spread of slavery. Whatever comes, and at all hazards, the Union must be honored—the laws must be enforced." His spirit of loyalty, when others were hesitating, entered into every act and thought. He rejoiced to see the loyalty of others. To the Governor of Maryland he wrote sending his "own hearty thanks" and the thanks of the people of Iowa for the patriotic and manly stand he had taken against treason and disunion. "I have, I trust, an honest pride in knowing that the good old state (it was his native state), stands firmly to the Constitution and the Union in these trying days, when so many are disposed to abandon both." "This, I am satisfied, is in a great measure due to the bold stand you have taken, and when passion shall have subsided, and love of country shall have again resumed the ascendant, your name will stand high on the roll of those whom the people delight to honor."

Kirkwood's key-note was soon taken up in all Iowa by press and people. The best thinking Democrats, alongside of Republicans, old Whigs and Abolitionists, wanted to support the President's hands. To Gov. Kirkwood, J. C. Bennett, a leading democrat, and the friend of Douglas, wrote:

POLK CITY, March 9th, 1861.

HIS EXCELLENCY, SAM'L J. KIRKWOOD, *Governor of Iowa* :

I have just perused the President's Inaugural with great satisfaction, and shall sustain the administration whether my friend Judge Douglas and his supporters do or not; but may God in his infinite mercy grant that Mr. Douglas may see his way clear to sustain Mr. Lincoln. The Inaugural is a better basis of settlement than any compromise yet offered, and I can see no reason why all Douglas Democrats cannot give the doctrines of the Inaugural a cordial support.

I have written Mr. Lincoln to this effect, and requested him to show the letter to Judge Douglas. Since your interview with Mr. Lincoln, what are your views about filling up your staff, and being ready for an emergency? You have probably seen Gen. Bowen since your return home. I received a communication from him during your absence, stating that you would reply to my letter on your return.

Very Truly Yours,

J. C. BENNETT.

You may rely on my support of your entire administration unqualifiedly.

B.

Public sentiment in Iowa, even among Republicans, was scarcely fixed and formed at the beginning of the year 1861. The secession movement was still considered by many as only a threat. But thousands in the North, fearing that threat, advocated the repealing of the "personal liberty laws" all over the country, and the modification of other laws—of even the Constitution itself, in order to quiet the political bullies of the South, who were bent on rebellion. Very shortly, however, public opinion began to crystalize in the state of Iowa, and men rallied around a principle whose first foundation stone was "the preservation of the Union," and "the enforcement of all the laws." At Des Moines, on January the 8th, there was a mass meeting held at the suggestion of the Hon. H. M. Hoxie, to express the opinion of Iowa patriots on the national situation. Leading men attended from all over the state, and their names deserve recalling as among the first to publicly declare in Iowa that the government of the United States was worth fighting for, and should be perpetuated, spite of law-breakers, North or South. Lengthy resolutions were passed, declaring that any laws, in any state, absolutely in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, should be repealed at once. But other compromise was not

to be thought of. Gov. Kirkwood, John Teesdale, John A. Kasson and M. L. Morris were on the committee of resolutions. Hon. Elijah Sells was chairman, and the Hon. J. B. Grinnell was secretary of the meeting. Addresses were made, or parts taken, by patriots like Thomas Mitchell, S. C. Brownell, J. B. Stewart, S. H. Lunt, Stewart Goodrell, W. P. Davis, N. W. Mills, John A. Kasson, F. M. Mills, Thomas F. Withrow, Geo. G. Wright, Lewis Kinsey, Amos B. Miller, J. W. Jones, J. W. Cattell, Elijah Sells, L. H. Cutter, George Sprague, C. Hayden, T. H. Shephard, F. W. Palmer, P. Melendy, H. G. Stewart and J. B. Grinnell.

The resolutions were sent all over the state of Iowa for signatures, and were forwarded to Washington City as a sort of platform of the patriots of Iowa. Some of Gov. Kirkwood's own views of compromise, in January of 1861, are of interest, as set forth in a letter he addressed in that month to Iowa's Senators and Representatives in Washington. It was a letter asking them to attend a meeting or convention proposed by the state of Virginia, to be held in Washington on the 4th of February.

"I confess," he writes, "that the whole thing strikes me unfavorably. The early date set is liable to be construed as trying to force action before the meeting of Congress. The basis of adjustment proposed in the resolutions is one that all the free states rejected in the presidential election—the votes for Lincoln and Douglas being all against it. This indicates an expectation that the free states shall stultify and degrade themselves; or a purpose, by failure of the commissions to agree upon terms of adjustment, to afford excuse, or justification to those who are already determined to leave the Union. If you find the convention in earnest in trying to save the Union, permit me to make a few suggestions that may be of use to you. *First*—The true policy for any good citizen is to set his face, like flint, against secession. *Second*—To call it by its true name, *treason*; to use his influence in all legitimate ways to put it down; steadily and cordially to obey the laws, and to stand by the Government in all lawful measures it may adopt for its

preservation, and to trust to the people and the constituted authorities to correct, under the present constitution, any errors that may have been committed, or any evils or wrongs that may have been suffered. But if compromise must be the order of the day, then that compromise must not be a concession by one side of all the other side demands, nor all for which the conceding side has been contending. In other words, the North must not be expected to yield all the South asks, all the North has contended for and won, and then call that *compromise*. That is not compromise, and would not bring peace. Such compromise would not have become dry upon the parchment on which it would be written, before 'agitation' for its repeal would have commenced. A compromise that will restore good feeling must not degrade either side."*

Conventions for proposing compromise, provided the North

*Speaking of this same convention, Curtis wrote:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1861.

HON. SAM'L J. KIRKWOOD:

My Dear Sir: Since writing you yesterday I was told Senator Grimes, who first said he would not go near the convention, has concluded to attend with me to-day, and Mr. Harlan will, when Grimes is in the Senate. I presume Mr. Vandever will alternate with me. So that Iowa will not appear an obstinate outsider.

A meeting of ultra Republicans was held last night, headed by Wisconsin men. I think some of our extreme North men have got a flea in their ear, about Canada, and really desire a disunion. In that I do not participate. I am for the whole Union, peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must. But this attempt to get a meeting of a portion of the Republicans together as "iron backs," without calling all of us, is evidently designed and calculated to divide our party. Did you ever see such madness? I had supposed in time of danger to the Republic, we should try to unite all parties. Such is my view of our duty. The news from Virginia, this morning, is favorable. If we can get the tide turned, traitors will yet get their deserts. Virginia will have a decided influence in the border States.

I am glad to see some attention has been given to the organization of our Iowa force. If trouble goes on, the volunteer companies should be so reconstructed that in case of necessity the companies would go immediately on a term of service, say six months, or a year's time. I found in Ohio, when we called for volunteers for actual *service*, our finest corps were *non est*. All the arms we have should be in the hands of men *that will use them* if occasion requires. In anything of a military kind, move quietly. I have said this much to others, and such a course is being taken in some quarters of the Union.

The peace conventions and peace propositions all tend to divide the South, and gain time. In view of future necessity for force, *time* is of great military advantage to us. The 4th of March will be a point gained.

Truly Yours,

SAM'L R. CURTIS.

would make all the concessions, were the order of the day in the border states in the winter of 1861. The state of Kentucky also tried one—a purely democratic one, on Washington's birthday, and the Governor of Iowa was invited to attend. He did not go, but wrote a letter. Possibly the "National Convention," as they called it, did not get the advice it cared for, but it did get a letter full of sound sense, calm politics, and honest conviction. Kirkwood was no longer a Democrat. He had become, first of all, a patriot; after that, a Republican. Within a fortnight, February 14th, the Governor strengthened the hands of the Iowa delegation at Washington by writing to them not to yield any important principle at that Virginia Convention.

"I thought it well to have the state represented, but I never would, there or elsewhere, yield the principle for which we have contended. *Concession of any kind, in the face of armed and menacing treason, is very dangerous.* It establishes a precedent that reduces our government to a level with that of Mexico. If the South is 'conceded' back, New England may secede. What will be done then? Time is worth everything. So far as heard, *every military company in the state, except one, has promptly and cheerfully tendered its services when called for.* I sincerely hope our friends will stand together. Either a concession of our principles, or a division among ourselves, hands the country over for the next twenty years to corruption, filibusterism and slavery extension."

But the loyalty of the people was not to be expressed by words alone. By the middle of January already, in that year of shame and disaster, militia companies were offered to the Governor to aid in maintaining the laws. According to the record, *the first to tender their services were the members of the Washington "Light Guards," Captain H. R. Cowles, of the town of Washington.* The Governor's letter of acceptance,* dated January

*EXECUTIVE OFFICE, January 17th, 1861.

H. R. COWLES, CAPT. WASHINGTON LIGHT GUARDS, *Washington, Iowa:*

Sir: In these days, when cabinet officers plot treason, and use their official positions to bankrupt and disarm the government they were sworn to support, when members of both branches of our national council openly engage in endeavoring to overthrow the government of which they are the sworn servants, and retain their places and prostitute their powers to thwart

the 17th, burned with patriotism. On the 24th of January, he wrote to Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, tendering to him the services of the "Governor's Greys," Capt. Frank J. Herron, of Dubuque. This was the first company tendered to the general government by the state of Iowa.* The "Burlington Rifles," Capt. C. L. Matthies, were accepted by the Governor on the 26th of January, though their tender of services was of a few days earlier date.†

the efforts of those who loyally seek to maintain that government; when in one portion of our country, delirious with passion, they regard the firing upon our national flag, the seizure of our national forts and the plunder of our national arsenals and treasuries, as manly, honorable and patriotic service; when in another portion of our country a few men, blinded by partisan prejudice, can be found who *justify* those acts and say they must not be punished,—when, in short, men are found in high places so lost to patriotism as to imitate the treason of Benedict Arnold, and so lost to shame as to glory in their infamy, and find followers and upholders, it is gratifying to know that the gallant yeomanry of Iowa are still determined "to march under the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." I accept with pleasure the services of the "Washington Light Guards" so frankly tendered, and should events render it necessary, shall promptly call you to the field to defend that flag under which our fathers fought so bravely, and to maintain that Government they founded so wisely and so well.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

*EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24th, 1861.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR, *Washington, City, D. C.:*

Sir: I have the honor to enclose a letter tendering to the President the services of the "Governor's Greys," a military company at Dubuque, in this state. The services of other military companies have been tendered *directly to me*. While I deeply regret that the perils to which the Union of the states is exposed arise from domestic, and not foreign foes, I feel a great, and I think an honest pride in the knowledge that the people of Iowa are possessed of an unyielding devotion to the Union, and of a fixed determination that so far as depends on them, it shall be preserved.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

†EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 26th, 1861.

C. L. MATTHIES, CAPT. BURLINGTON RIFLE CO., *Burlington Iowa:*

Dear Sir: Accept for yourself and the company you command, my thanks for the tender of their services, "in case of any public event involving the necessity of arms." Should any such event occur, I shall accept the services so gallantly tendered. I am pleased to know that you and your command believe that the flag of our country is worthy of preservation, and that the men who first upheld the one and established the other did not intend to have both at the mercy of rebels and traitors. I hope to be in your city about the first of Feb., and will endeavor to see you and consult with you in regard to arms.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

[Unfortunately the letter of Capt. Matthies, tendering his company is not among the state records. By persons acquainted with the facts at the time,

In a few days, numerous other companies were tendered; the "Union Guards," Capt. W. S. Robertson, of Columbus City; the "Burlington Zouaves," and the "Mt. Pleasant Greys,"—all within a few days or hours of each other, and this long before Sumter had been fired on.

It was Iowa's answer to South Carolina's secession at that noonday of December 20th. It was the answer to the thousand threats of destruction to the government and people, made at every public mart throughout the South. It was Iowa's answer to the cry that "the South would not submit to the election of Abraham Lincoln, nor to Black Republican rule."

But now the hour had come for fiercer answers. Sumter was fired on. The roar of the rebel guns wakened the loyal hearts from Maine to California. The North was in a blaze of patriotism—though the South, which had not given Lincoln a single electoral vote, sang its pæans of joy that now restraint was ended, and, as it hoped, the government of the United States destroyed. That hour, too, sounded anew the knell of human slavery in the United States of America. Possibly man did not intend it, but the Almighty did.

it was, and still is believed, that that letter antedated the letter of Capt. Cowles. Mr. Frank Phelps, associate editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye* at the time, states that Matthies asked him to tender the company to the Governor, and that it was done about January 1st. If correct, this would make Capt. Matthies's tender not only the *first in Iowa*, but one of the first in the United States.]

CHAPTER III.

THE WAR GOVERNOR—MUSTERING FOR THE CONFLICT—

CONTINUED.

"TEN days ago there were two parties in Iowa," wrote Gov. Kirkwood to the President. "Now, there is only one, and that one for the Constitution and the Union unconditionally." What patriotic days those were in loyal Iowa—those Sumter days! For awhile it seemed as if all party rancor had died out, with but one single sentiment animating every breast alike—the one resolve to avenge the insult at Sumter, and to save the Union.

In the state's financial extremities, Gov. Kirkwood had secured the money for sending the first regiment to rendezvous by his own exertions, and the exertion of two or three personal friends. Money had to be had, and the Governor gave his own personal bonds, pledging all his own property and earnings, many times over, that the first soldiers of the state might have shoes to wear, blankets to sleep on, and bread to eat.

Then came the patriotism of the banks of Iowa. Many of them offered the aid the state needed in its distress, without pledge and without bond. Men like Senator J. K. Graves, of Dubuque, offered loans to the state of many thousands of dollars without a thought as to when, if ever, the money might be returned. That meant patriotism, and Senator Graves was the first to risk his property that Iowa honor might be maintained.* "You are authorized to draw on us for any sum you

*The very morning after Sumter was fired on, J. K. Graves and R. E. Graves, his brother, telegraphed the Governor, saying they would claim it an honor and privilege to honor his drafts to the extent of thirty thousand dollars; leaving repayment to the pleasure of the state, if it could help equip and send the boys to the front. It was the same spirit that later led these same men to hurry a car load of stores to the suffering of Chicago before the houses of the doomed city were done burning down. It was the prompt and splendid example of these men that soon led thousands of others to open their purses for the help of the state and its soldiers. They proved the maxim, too, that "he gives twice who gives promptly."

may need," was a common message telegraphed to the Governor from the branch banks in different parts of the state. W. T. Smith, of Oskaloosa, and other strong war Democrats, also came forward and promptly tendered money to the state. The railroads offered to carry the soldiers free, and private citizens in every town vied with one another in personal sacrifice to aid in the good cause.

Patriotism burned at its very height. The Governor had called for but one regiment; that was on April 17th. Within a week, twenty-one companies were offered, and in a short time every organized militia company in the state, with one single exception, was tendered to defend the flag. Then commenced, too, the organizing of volunteer companies for the war. There was but one sentiment—"the Union." For a while party distinctions disappeared entirely. Even the old sympathizers with slavery were silent, and the moss-back demagogues who had no patriotism in their thin-blooded veins, shouted for the preservation of the Union. Those who were not loyal kept it secret, and publicly cheered for the flag. The newspapers talked of nothing but the war, and many kept flags and patriotic songs permanently at the head of their columns. Their editorials were of loyalty to the country, and the very advertisements teemed with hints to stir the patriotism of the people. Republicans and Democrats met in the same rooms, forgetting their animosities, and talked only of Sumter and the South. In Martinsburg, Republicans and Democrats held a war meeting together and tore their partisan flags in pieces, to splice them in one common banner. At Aledo, the Democrats and Republicans took their party poles, cut them in two, spliced half of each together, and put the Union flag on top.

At little Brighton, \$1,250, cash, was raised in a few minutes from Republicans and Democrats alike, and as much more promised, to help feed and clothe the boys who volunteered. Jesse Bowen presented the state with a brass eight-pounder cannon, and eighty rifles. That was the kind of a present Iowa needed then, as much as money. The Governor thanked Bowen for his patriotic gift, in the name of all Iowa. Those who could not

fight, gave of their substance. The little community of Amana, in Iowa county, sent the Governor a present of a thousand dollars, to help clothe the Iowa soldiers. Later, the same society gave from its scanty means five hundred dollars more. Doctors offered their services to the enlisting soldiers, gratis. The women of the state did even more than the men. No sacrifice of means, of time, of labor of deft hands—no struggle of breaking heart, was too much for those, who, with their blessings and their prayers, were sending fathers, husbands, sons, brothers and lovers to battle to save the country. Wives of Senators, Representatives, and men in high place—women of position, of comfort, left their ease to sew and labor for the enlisting soldiers. In six days, the women of Burlington, with Mrs. Senator Grimes at their head, made three hundred soldiers' coats and haversacks. It was the same in every town and village and hamlet in the state—the "Woman's Relief Corps" being always the first and noblest organization of the place.

The church, with the press, took up the patriotic song all over the state. Ringing sermons of patriotism were preached from every pulpit. Every prayer ended with a benediction on the soldiers going to the front. To serve the state, at that hour, was to serve the Lord. The patriotism of the land was the religion of the land. Sermons were preached by men like William Salter of Burlington, Thomas Merrill of Newton, Asa Turner of Denmark, and scores of others, that made men shoulder their muskets to fight as they had prayed. The anti-slavery clergy saw in the action of the Rebels, the doom of slavery, and thanked the Lord. The Wyoming Conference resolved:—"Whereas, Divine Providence has taken the work of emancipation into His own hands—therefore resolved, that we stand still and see the salvation of God."

There seemed but one sentiment abroad. "How many of the people of your town are in sympathy with this Northern crusade on the South?" wrote a planter to a Northern wholesale merchant; "we purchasers of your dry goods are interested in knowing." The merchant replied by expressing to the planter a copy of the

town directory. The merchant's answer would have been a true index just then to the loyalty of every town in Iowa.

The first regiment was formed and ready for the march two weeks before the time designated by the Government, and many companies all over the state waited anxiously for their opportunity. So far, only the one regiment had been demanded, but Gov. Kirkwood sent Senator Grimes to Washington to urge on the President the acceptance of more Iowa troops. In the meantime, he urged the people at home to keep up their military organizations, and to form from farm and village, bodies of "minute men," as did our fathers in the Revolution—neglecting neither plough nor anvil, yet prepared to march on an hour's notice. Uniforms and even arms were impossible to obtain; nor was there even legal authority for their purchase, were they obtainable by borrowed money. At his own risk, the Governor sent the Hon. Ezekiel Clark, himself a most devoted patriot, to Chicago, to buy cloth for fifteen hundred uniforms. He reckoned on the deft hands of Iowa's loyal women for their making up for nothing. He did not reckon in vain. "Let the material be strong and durable," he added in his official note to Clark. There was to be no shoddy in the coats of Iowa soldiers, if bought by her loyal Governor, and made by her loyal women.

The first regiment was ordered by the War Department to rendezvous at Keokuk. The Governor urged Davenport as the better point, as Keokuk had no direct railroad east in those days, and not even a line of telegraph. The change to Davenport was not made, however. Keokuk's proximity to the distracted, half rebel state of Missouri, made that city a near point to start from southward. It required a letter from three to five days to reach Des Moines, or the center of the state, and its lines of communication were poor in all directions. To reach the interior of the state quickly, the *Burlington Hawkeye* Company advertised for a "pony express" to carry its papers from Eddyville to Des Moines, a distance of seventy-five miles—time to be eight hours.

Never in the history of the state did a Governor have such a burden, such a variety and such a vexation of duties. All fell upon his own personal shoulders. He had no aides, no staff,—not

even a private secretary, at first,—and yet the pressing business, the overwhelming correspondence, permitted of no delay. Stenographers and type-writers were unknown at executive headquarters. Only an exceptionally strong body, and the kindness of a few friends who volunteered to help in the correspondence, made it possible for the accumulating business to be pushed along. A quiet, simple peace establishment had suddenly thrust upon it the burdens of a war footing. The cry for “muskets,” “more muskets,” came up from every quarter of the state, and there were no muskets to send. “For God’s sake send us arms,” wrote the Governor to Simon Cameron on the 29th of April, 1861. “I ask for nothing but *arms* and *ammunition*—we have the *men* to use them. Three regiments are waiting, and five thousand guns are required at once.”

The Adjutant General’s office was as much overrun with the new business as was the office of the chief executive; but fortunately it, too, was filled by a zealous patriot and a competent man. No labor was too great, no sacrifice too much, for the patriotism of Jesse Bowen, Iowa’s Adjutant General at the breaking out of the battle storm.

On the 6th of May, the First regiment of Iowa infantry volunteers was ordered into rendezvous at Keokuk, by the Governor. The Captains of the ten companies were, Matthies, Mahanna, Mason, Cummins, Streaper, Cook, Gottschalk, Wise, Wentz and Herron. Some of these names became famous as the war went on, and scores of the private soldiers comprising the regiment earned honorable commissions at the mouths of rebel cannon. Mr. I. K. Fuller went with the regiment as Chaplain, and Mrs. Fuller was the first regimental nurse to volunteer in the state.

Tenders of volunteer companies reached the Governor daily, and the urgings for their acceptance for the country’s defense were little short of angry declarations, so eager were all for the fray. The War Department thought it had no need for more than a thousand men from Iowa, and the Governor was greatly embarrassed as to what to do with so many companies pressing for acceptance. He had not yet secured proper arms, spite of

efforts made in every direction to buy in the market, or even to borrow of Illinois. The money he was borrowing of the state banks, to meet urgent expenses, was without sanction of law, leaving him personally liable for it all. All over the state, companies were kept together drilling, their subsistence furnished by boards of supervisors or by patriotic citizens, some of whom not only helped subsist the would-be soldiers, but furnished them uniforms at their own expense. Men who could not conveniently abandon business to volunteer, feared no sacrifice of labor and money that could add to the comforts of those who could volunteer. The extent of the patriotism, the sacrifices, the courage, the great loyal-heartedness of the men at home in Iowa, who stood like a bulwark behind the soldiers, cheering and supporting them and maintaining their families, is simply beyond reckoning. Without this phenomenal support, without this loyal holding up of the arms of the soldiers, success in the war would have been impossible. There were as great patriots, as sacrificing men and women, holding the plow and threading the needle at home in Iowa, as there were facing the cannon in the South. Their names should be written in letters of gold. They bore the sacrifice and the heart-breaks of war without the excitement and the glory of the contest as reward. Many of them impoverished themselves that our soldiers might have aid—quiet, duty-doing patriots and heroes, whose names never flamed in the bulletins, who did duty because it *was* duty. Their names in Iowa are legion, and a grateful state will think of them, as it thinks of the sons, husbands and brothers whom it sent to the field.

Under the pressure of the offers of companies, the Governor accepted a second regiment, without waiting on the requisition of the Department of War. It, too, was placed in rendezvous at Keokuk, and without arms. "For God's sake, send us arms," telegraphed the Governor to Simeon Draper, President of the Union Defense Committee, at New York, on the 2d of May. "Our First regiment has been in drill a week, a thousand strong. It has tents and blankets, but no arms. The Second regiment is full, and drilling. *Send us arms.* Ten thousand men can be had, if they can have arms."

By the middle of May, he had the Legislature of Iowa together in extraordinary session. What a session it was! Half of its members seemed to be drunken with mere words. Most of them were patriotic, exuberantly so, but lacking in the common-sense wisdom demanded by the gravity of the occasion. The Governor explained to them briefly the causes of their extraordinary meeting, and in closing his address to them, begged them to be calm, though prompt and thorough. "Let us look our situation squarely in the face, and address ourselves to, and do our duty like men who believe that while we hold to our fathers' faith, and tread in our fathers' steps, the God of our fathers will stand by us in the time of our trial, as he stood by them in the time of theirs."

A resolution and a promise to sustain the Government to the extent of every man in the state and by the pledge of money to any extent required, passed by the unanimous voice of the Assembly. There seemed to be no end at first to the unanimous and jubilant patriotism expressed in every act, and in every resolve of those politicians. Unfortunately for certain of those pretended patriots, their first resolves were dishonest, and their loud speeches as to duty and loyalty, but empty declarations. When the important measure of the session came up, the providing of a loan of \$800,000, to put the state on a decent war-footing, many of the old Democrats, true to their instinct for the protection of slavery and wrong, voted against the bill.

Twenty-four Democrats, and not one Republican, voted to leave the state of Iowa in a defenseless condition, when the slave-holders' Rebellion had the Government by the throat. The opponents of the loan bill were: Beal, Bracewell, Bennett, Campbell, Justus Clark of Des Moines, Conner, Curtis, Doggett, Dunlavy, J. C. Hall of Des Moines, Hotchkiss, Jennings, Jones, Lelacheur, McCullough of Jackson, Reed, Riddle, M. W. Robinson of Des Moines, Stevens, Taylor, Whitaker, Williams, and Williamson of Warren.

This vote was the test of the loyalty of many of the leaders of the old democratic party in Iowa—of men who went to that Assembly under the cloak of patriotism, promising that all

issues—only duty to country—should be buried. As usual, by their votes they were misrepresenting the feeling of the people who honored them with seats in the Assembly, for at that hour the masses of the democratic people of Iowa were disposed to be loyal to their country. For seven days the members of the House kept their senses. Then commenced a series of propositions looking to “conventions”—to “compromise,” supported, too, by not a few loyal Republicans who forgot for the moment that there could be no compromise, no convention with traitors in arms, so long as the laws of the land were set at defiance. A treaty of peace with a band of robbers would have been as proper and just as a convention with Rebels who claimed that the Government no longer existed. Judge Hall of Burlington, though a well meaning man, sought to have a committee sent to Missouri to treat with Gov. Jackson, one of the first men to betray his own state. Hall forgot, apparently, how absolute too, is the clause in our Constitution, forbidding states to enter into treaties and alliances with one another. Senator Duncombe urged the cessation of hostilities entirely, as did numerous of his associates, who lacked but the opportunity to prove that their loyalty was only feigned. The session voted the \$800,000 loan, in spite of the villainous opposition. It re-organized the militia of the state, voted money for the purchase of five thousand stand of arms, five thousand dollars for the building of an arsenal at Des Moines, —and then, fortunately for its own credit, the members adjourned and went home. Its proceedings and debates had sounded more like a “peace” congress than an assembly of deputies of a people bound to preserve the dignity of the law, and the Union of the States—not by compromise, now, but by the cannon and the sword.

It was not a month till the opponents of putting down the Rebellion by force, came out under their true colors in Iowa. They had been patriots none of the time. Shortly the Halls, the Masons, the Palmers, the Byingtons, the Van Bennetts, the Neguses, the Duncombes, the Johnsons, the Mahoneys, the Claggetts and all the rest who secretly or openly sympathized with the traitors who were preparing to slay Iowa’s brave sons in

battle, ranked themselves in line as a wing of the democratic party in Iowa. It was not the true democratic party, for that was loyal still, spite of its suffering for the sins of its allies and bosom friends. By midsummer of 1861, the Iowa snakes commenced to crawl out and spit their venom on the Union soldier. It was a patient, long-forbearing people in Iowa then, that did not rise in its wrath and swing these worst opponents of their country from the nearest gallows. Possibly, the ignominy that was to follow Iowa "Copperheads" (a title they were soon to be known by), through life, was a punishment worse than death. To them, however, disgrace and ignominy seemed nothing. Whatever they could do to discourage volunteering, or to cripple the state or general government, was done. In the very days when our armies were struggling with disaster at Bull Run, the Iowa Copperheads were in council resolving against the loyal actions of the administration. On the 22d of July, when the Bull Run cannon were not yet cool, the branch of the democratic party called the "Mahoney Wing," met in convention at Des Moines, and declared the \$800,000 state loan unconstitutional, any effort at coercion of the Rebels as little less than crime, and denounced the President.

It was in proper keeping with the sentiments of this convention, held in the interests of the Rebels, that a rebel flag-raising by one hundred secessionists should have taken place about the same time in the little town of Ossian. In Marion county, on the 10th of July, 1861, one of these opposition meetings resolved that: "Under the administration of President Lincoln, we behold our beloved country distracted at home, and disgraced abroad.

"Commerce paralyzed!"

"Trade annihilated!"

"Coasts blockaded!"

"Rivers shut up!"

"The Constitution trampled under foot!"

"Citizens imprisoned!"

"Laws suspended!"

"Legislatures overawed by bayonets!"

*"Debts repudiated," and
"States invaded and dismembered!"*

No party in South Carolina could have passed resolutions more treasonable.

The anticipated result naturally followed the expression of such sentiments by party leaders. The more ignorant of the copperhead party, for a party it had really become, now sincerely believed the administration guilty of great crimes. Obstacles were thrown in its way, and in the way of every loyal movement in the state. Disorganizers, and the discontented of every kind, vagabonds and ruffians out of the old democratic party, allied themselves with the traitors' camp, and shortly the copperhead party of Iowa became little better than a band of conspirators. Their meetings were held in secret, and their deeds were more dangerous and venomous, a hundred fold, than the open, armed rebellion in the South. No wonder the survivors of that ignominious band, the copperhead party of Iowa, after twenty-five years, hide their faces in shame at the mention of its name. From their children's children they would ward the stigma attaching to the name of an "Iowa Copperhead."

One day only after the convention of the Copperheads at Des Moines, the so-called "Union" convention met, and proved an utter failure. The real object of this body was to try and rehabilitate the old democratic party, then in bad odor, and in fearful danger of dissolution, owing to the disloyalty of a whole wing of its organization. The few Republicans cajoled into aiding the measure received their reward in defeat and ridicule. The republican party was "Union" enough for real, honest patriots, and the Mahoney Democrats treasonable enough for the disloyal. Only twenty counties were in any way represented at the convention. What the real intentions of the promoters of the so-called Union party were, was pointed out to the Governor in a letter from the Hon. J. M. Beck.*

*FORT MADISON, May 23d, 1861.

HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD, *Des Moines*:

Dear Sir: I humbly conceive that the principles of slavery restriction, which you and I, in common with all republicans, esteem of such vital importance, and to sustain and establish which we have for years labored, and sev-

While the midnight assassins of the copperhead party were holding their first secret conclaves, in July, 1861, the Governor of Iowa was in Washington City begging of the government more and better arms for his brave men. The action of the state's opponents here in Iowa, together with the outrageous

ered all political connections not consistent therewith, are now in more danger of destruction and overthrow than at any time since they have become questions dividing the political parties of the country; and that if we are saved from *non-intervention Crittenden Compromise* or something worse, it must be done by the steady and firm portion of the republicans in a rigid adherence to our platform.

I am well satisfied that a large (very large) proportion of democratic leaders in Iowa are *pro-slavery* in principle and feeling. I judge the whole mass by those around me. Their leading journals plainly indicate it. At this time these papers and politicians advocate a union of parties—the throwing away of party platforms and organizations, and the inauguration of a grand *Union* party, to embrace all of those who now support the government. Such is their talk here and they have enlisted quite a number of weak, kind and aspiring republicans into their way of thinking and talking. Where this is done I am well satisfied that at the first show of a *white flag*, and a demand for a parley by the rebels, every prominent democrat will be for a settlement of the trouble upon any terms favorable to the extension of slavery, be they the Crittenden Compromise or anything even worse, if it can be thought of. They will carry their new formed Union party with them and the war will be ended and *slavery will be nationalized*. I am brought to this way of thinking from the fact that I *know* the hearts of prominent democrats are not in the war—they are continually talking of a *humane, brotherly and defensive war*, and wondering and surmising what will be the state of things when it is ended—they are always ready to criticise unfavorably the acts of the Government and her officers, as they did in the Camp Jackson affair. If a word be said against the evils of slavery, or in favor of slavery restriction, they throw up their hands in horror and charge Republicans with an intention of interfering with the Constitutional rights of the South—they are continually abusing and finding fault with republican officials and prominent republican politicians. Your own case is a fair illustration. They have more abuse for you than they have for Claib. Jackson. Such is the spirit of the papers and leaders of the democracy, and all the time they are advocating union of parties, and such stuff. Now many republicans have been silly enough to be caught in the trap set for them, and are aiding these pro-slavery demagogues to overthrow our party and our principles. This thing must be averted or we will end in being tied hand and foot and delivered over to the Philistines. If our party takes a proper stand and openly declares for the principles of our platform, and that, come what may, we intend to enforce them, the greater proportion of the rank and file of the democracy will be with us, and the leaders will be left on the old rotten hulk to go to the bottom with it. But if we join in union with them our true men will be turned out of positions of public trust and then wire pullers put in, and the end of the matter will be that these pro-slavery leaders of the democracy will have the settling of the vital and most important questions which will be brought forth when the rebels are conquered. I will not be a party to any move which will give power or influence to the rotten pro-slavery politicians of the democratic party.

Yours, etc.,

J. M. BECK.

conduct of some of their sympathizers, led on by the *New York Herald* in the East, had made the sale of Iowa bonds, authorized by the Legislature, an impossibility. The Governor advertised them in all eastern markets—still sales could not be had, and the first regiments in camp were clothed and fed by money borrowed on the personal security of Gov. Kirkwood, the Hon. Hiram Price, and the Hon. Ezekiel Clark. A trio of better patriots never existed. Not in years did the old soldiers in camp forget those who proved benefactors when their state and themselves were in distress.

The difficulties of organizing the new regiments, when only money borrowed on individual security could be obtained, and when the enemies of the country in Iowa were secretly hindering volunteering, continued. To make the matter worse still, numerous disappointed and discontented Republicans joined in the democratic cry for the abandonment of the republican party, and the organizing of the so called "Union" party; as if the old republican party were itself not thoroughly union, and intensely loyal.

"It is a dishonest cry, this 'Union' business, and hypocritical patriotism," wrote a republican leader to the Governor. "The masses of the Democrats may be all right—their leaders are not. De Tocqueville once said; 'There is no patriotism among party leaders in America—that is all confined to the people.' The past few months prove this to be true as to the democratic party. The ungovernable loyal impulse of our whole people has compelled these democratic leaders to make a pretense of loyalty. It is a pretense only; events will prove it. Republicans are now, and always were, loyal to the Union. These democratic politicians have professed the same feeling—yet, now the crisis comes, and they cry, 'Give us the offices; join us in a Union party, or we desert to the enemy.' Down with such hypocrisy! Let us go straight ahead in the right. Let the Democrats follow if they will; if not, let them go down."

The Republicans who allowed themselves to be deceived and cajoled by this dishonest cry of a Union party, lived to see their mistake, and how very near they came to being simply disloyal.

Honest and patriotic Democrats who detested the copperhead wing of their own party, were as little to be deceived as were true Republicans, by this game to advance party hacks at the expense of honesty. They did not wait for the tried and true Republicans to come over to them in some sort of a bastard "Union," but promptly entered the republican camp by thousands, regardless as to party name, or no name, and by thousands acted with them, volunteered with them, bravely fought with them, and by thousands died with them on the field of battle.

On the 4th of July the national Congress assembled in extra session. President Lincoln had delayed calling it together, principally because of vacancies that could not be filled earlier. The pitiable spectacle was soon offered of national Representatives at the Nation's capital, offering to trade with treason. What had been done or proposed, in the Assembly of Iowa, was repeated at Washington, on a larger and more nefarious scale. Many of the Rebels themselves dared to retain their seats in Congress for a time, the better to aid treason, and the Republicans of the North dared to permit the infamy. There is every reason to believe that had the Rebels delayed firing on Sumter until Congress met, there would have been no war, such a crowd of compromising conciliators had the national Representatives from the North become. With such delay, the Rebels might have received all they wished or dared to demand from the United States Congress, and have left the Union in peace. *The hand of Providence was in it all—the Union was to be saved, and slavery was to perish.*

While Congress was paralyzed with fear, and offering to compromise with traitors, the hand of the Almighty was crowding events along to the last appeal. Bull Run alarmed the North, but it also roused the people to the true and awful meaning of war. Two mighty mobs of untrained men had met, and the North had suffered ignominy and defeat. Iowa's answer to the awful tidings, was the quick assembling of more regiments of troops. Within a month from Bull Run, Iowa had seven thousand men in the field, principally in Missouri, and some five thousand in-

fantry and cavalry in rendezvous at Burlington, Iowa City, Davenport, Keokuk and Dubuque. "This," said the Governor shortly afterward to some complainers, "is what your state authorities have done without money to do it with," for the bonds were still unsold. Again Gov. Kirkwood made a vain struggle to find a market for the state securities, so as to have money to pay the debts and to buy arms for those who were defending our western line from the Indians, for by that time the Indians had been instigated to border disturbances. Tired of trying to push the bonds in other markets, he made an appeal to the people of Iowa to step forward and relieve the state by buying them themselves. On the very day of the battle of Bull Run he was writing to Col. John Edwards, to urge the people of his part of the state to buy as many bonds as their means would allow, and so relieve the difficulty. The bonds offered were of the \$800,000 authorized by the Legislature, bore seven per cent interest, and were good; but men seemed more ready to offer their lives to the service of the state, than to lend money. Hence, the embarrassment continued, relieved only by the quick acceptance of the Iowa troops on the part of the General Government, and its assumption *of expenses*.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR GOVERNOR—MUSTERING FOR THE CONFLICT—

CONTINUED.

It was shortly after the Bull Run days, July 25th, that an appointment was made in Iowa that was to reflect honor on the State, and to be of immense bearing on the interests and the happiness of Iowa volunteers. It was Gov. Kirkwood's appointment of Nathaniel B. Baker to the position of Adjutant General of the State. Like Kirkwood, General Baker seemed born for the important place he was about to fill; and his patriotism, and the importance of his career were scarcely second to that of the Governor himself. Adjutant General Bowen had resigned, with the thanks of the Executive for his patriotism, zeal and ability.

From the hour of Baker's entrance to the office till the day of his death, long years afterward, every pulsation of his heart was in unison with the interests of the soldiers of the state. Of his wonderful executive ability, his zeal, his patience, his love of the Iowa soldiers, his fitness for the place, too much could not be written, and his history becomes linked with that of the War Governor and the Iowa soldiers from that day forth. His watchfulness for every single interest of the Iowa men in the war became proverbial. He called the Iowa soldiers his "boys," and no sacrifice of his own, of time, of labor, or thoughtful ingenuity to make their welfare better, was ever spared. What a blessing it was for the men of Iowa in the field, that just such a man, with such a heart, had charge of their interests at home. While the soldiers were in rendezvous, and, to a large extent while at the front, his vigilance seemed endless for their welfare. Many a field officer has been quickly led to repeal some arbitrary rule affecting, unjustly, some Iowa regiment or soldier. Many a military martinet, mistreating some volunteer, has felt the quick, hot anger of General Baker. Many an Iowa officer, forgetting that among Iowa troops a private soldier was as good as an offi-

cer, has been forced by General Baker to drop his arrogance, born of his petty authority, and to treat his soldiers like men and patriots. Many a field general has quaked at the red hot words, the prompt demand for justice to Baker's "boys," telegraphed whenever an injustice or a wrong was heard of. Hundreds of letters on file show that the War Department itself was more than once forced to alter the course of the Department, or of its officers in the field, toward Iowa soldiers.

Baker was a hater of wrong and of injustice, and immeasurably more so if exercised toward an Iowa soldier. Thousands of these soldiers he knew personally, followed them with his heart to the field of battle, cheered them in distress or defeat, applauded them in victory, and, in a hundred directions, strove to alleviate the wants of the loved ones they had left behind. The sons and daughters of the veterans of that war can scarcely realize what a friend their fathers had in him who mustered and sent them forth to the field of battle. His zeal for the soldiers' interests was so great, his heart so warm for them and their cause, his ability for the duties of the post he filled so immense, no failure followed any efforts of his, made for the well-being of an Iowa volunteer. He succeeded always in what he undertook. In the regiments, in the army, in the departments at Washington—everywhere, he was considered the ideal of an Adjutant General; and his business methods and his office were by the War Department itself, pronounced about the most thorough and complete of any managed during that four years' war in the United States.

He was not a tyro in executive affairs, when the war broke out. He had been a man of experience. As a boy of seventeen, he had entered Harvard College, in his native State, and graduated with honor. He had studied law in the office of Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States. He had been a successful journalist, a Clerk of the Courts, a Representative in the Legislature, and twice Speaker of the House, by the time he was thirty-three years of age. Before another four years he was Governor of the state of New Hampshire; and a mere political accident, or rather a feeling of high honor, prevented his securing the democratic nomination for President of the United

States. The Presidency, it was decided, should go to New Hampshire. In a state nominating caucus, the ballots were almost a tie between him and Pierce. Baker held the deciding vote, and cast it against himself. This was the man whom good fortune gave to Iowa to fill her second most important post in the days of peril. No soldier in Iowa ever doubted how well that post was filled. His strong hand was shown in every Iowa event connected with the war. The military generals commanded the Iowa soldiers at the front. Gov. Kirkwood and Gen. Baker held the reserves—supplied the front, and made Iowa's success and honor in the war a possibility.

Baker resolved to have, as far as possible, only fit men in the Iowa regiments—men good and brave, as well as patriotic. About his first telegram to the Secretary of War was a tender of the Second Iowa cavalry. "Do you officer this regiment?" he telegraphed, "If so, send us good men." The request was complied with, for some of the gallant Second cavalry became distinguished officers, and three of them left the army with stars on their shoulders.

Baker watched even the smallest details concerning Iowa troops going to the front. A Mississippi steamboat company carrying soldiers under contract, wished also to take on freight. "Yes," telegraphed Baker, "*take* the freight on if you wish to, but if you do, you take no Iowa soldiers."

It was the middle of July, 1861, before the military men of the North seemed to be commencing the war in earnest. The authorities had been driven and stung by patriotic clamor of press and people to "do something." There had been little engagements with varying results, in West Virginia, at Romney, Fairfax Court House, Falling Waters, Laurel Hill, Carrick's Ford and other points; and slight encounters at Booneville, Fulton and Carthage, Missouri; but none of these would have been called battles a year later. Not battles, and yet such encounters made history in the days of the Revolution. In the civil war they were swallowed up in the greater events to follow. Then came Bull Run. Iowa had not a single soldier in the battle. In two days, Baker stepped into the Adjutant General's

office, and the war tocsin sounded louder and louder over every prairie, farm and hillside in the state. What if Bull Run were a disaster? Even disaster was better than the humiliating, cowardly attitude the Government had been so long pursuing. Its hands had been tied; there was no alternative, no policy.* Now, it was going to fight. Talk of compromise was ended, and the battle brought ten times as many volunteers to the front as had been lost in the defeat.

Baker's first official letter but one was to Col. Add. Sanders, directing him to hurry together the companies then forming in the river counties near Davenport—to consolidate and organize them at once, to meet the President's new call for 300,000 men. At the same time, Wm. B. Allison, then an aide on the staff of Gov. Kirkwood, was ordered by Baker to organize and accept companies as rapidly as possible in all the counties north of Dubuque. The Hon. Caleb Baldwin was aiding loyally and energetically in a similar capacity in the counties along the Missouri river.

Sanders's, Baldwin's and Allison's duties were important, and energetically performed. A little trouble was had by Mr. Allison in buying blankets with Iowa bonds, for use of the men so rapidly volunteering. There was no other money to buy with, but somehow the cold-blooded patriots of a part of the north part of the state declined to act. Possibly they were raising liberty poles at Ossian. Mr. Allison had very good backing, however. His chief, Adj. Gen. Baker, sent him word to ask once more for blankets, and if not forthcoming, some troops would be sent

*DUBUQUE.

Friend Kirkwood:

I think you should have no hesitancy in allowing your name to be used (for Governor) on our state ticket. I am satisfied no one will so well meet the public expectation as yourself, and we may need all the strength possible this fall to carry the election, especially if the administration continues in its present do-nothing policy. The despatches for a few days past seem to indicate that our friends at Washington will do something to stem the tide of dissolution and save us, if not from ruin, from demoralization in the estimation of our own loyal people, and from absolute disgrace in the eyes of the civilized world. We must have a policy of some kind soon, or our party and our country will go down together.

Sincerely, your friend,

WM. B. ALLISON.

at once to that part of Iowa, and "the reason found out." The blankets were soon bought now, in abundance.

By the end of July, 1861, nine Iowa regiments, infantry and cavalry, were either in the field, or in rendezvous ready for going. Many of the companies had been mustered in as early as May, and, indeed, the time of the First infantry regiment of "three-months" men was about expired—its brave men wanting to have a good bout with the enemy in Missouri, before coming home to disband and enter other regiments. The Second and Third regiments were also marching up and down Missouri, skirmishing with the Rebels as often as they could overtake them. The Second regiment had, in fact, been the first to leave the state for the seat of war, though the First left Keokuk and followed to Missouri on the very next day, June 13, 1861, and the Third started from Iowa on the 29th of the same month. Col. John F. Bates commanded the First regiment at this time, Hon. S. R. Curtis, member of Congress, the Second, and Nelson G. Williams, the Third. The Fourth, with Col. Dodge, although scarcely organized, was already chasing Rebels over the line, not far from Council Bluffs, while the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh regiments were drilling in Camp Warren, at Burlington.

Spite of the new call, too many companies were offering. The Governor addressed the volunteers a circular, explaining how Iowa patriotism was overflowing, and begged the unaccepted companies to have patience and only wait. "This war," he wrote to them on the 24th of June, "cannot be put down by passion or excitement, or unreasonable and blind haste, but by patience, calmness, organized preparation and cool, fierce determination. The man who to-day is at home waiting willingly, and prepared to march when ordered, is doing his duty to his country as well as he who, more fortunate, is already in the field." Wilson's Creek had not yet been fought. Iowa patriotism had been tried, but not the heroism of her men.

To Simon Cameron the Governor wrote on the 12th of June, tendering the Second regiment of cavalry. "Iowa is now ready with applications of companies for admission into the national service. Our people are loyal, patriotic and devoted. Their

hearts are with you. Their prayers daily ascend for the President, the Cabinet and glorious Gen. Scott."

Company by company and regiment by regiment, the young men of the state left for the war. There was many a pathetic scene as they left their homes and went forth to encounter the perils of the battle field. Everywhere hearts were wrung and homes left desolate. This picture from the Burlington *Hawk-eye*, May 8th, 1861, is not more touching than scenes that occurred every day all over the loyal state:

"Yesterday morning, a little after 9 o'clock, the whistle of the Kate Cassel was heard as she neared our levee, and, at the tap of the drum, the 'Rifles' were ready, and issued from their armory, to give a last parade on the streets before they left. As the company passed along, they were lustily cheered. When they turned to the levee, the people hurried on before them, and some thousands must have occupied the spacious landing. A passage was opened, and amid deafening hurras, they marched to the water's edge and along the plank, every foot in time, every face sober, as if each was engaged in a struggle with his emotions, and wished to play the man. By order of the Captain, they drew up in double file on the hurricane deck, and as he led, gave cheer after cheer, which was taken up and answered by the thousands on the shore. The feeling was intense, and still repressed; but when silence was restored, and the band poured forth the thrilling notes of 'Home, Sweet Home,' emotions strong and hardly controlled before, could be restrained no longer. Sobs broke from men as well as women, and tears flowed freely, as the thought presented itself to each that perhaps these brave fellows would never again enjoy the endearments of 'Home, Sweet Home.' May the arm of the Highest protect them, and in His shadow may they trust! And if they return, may it be as victors, to receive the laurels which respect and affection will weave.

"So many of the men are young, and closely related to our citizens, that it was impossible to keep the ranks. The hand extended to one was seized by a dozen, and at last soldiers and citizens mingled in that brief, sad parting. We saw many a

mother attempt to say 'good bye,' but the result was a bursting cry of anguish, and a bowed head upon the brave boy's shoulder. The scene was only terminated by the imperative signal to cast off. The men hurried on board, pressed by their enthusiastic friends, some of whom waded to the side of the boat, to shake the hand that love might clasp no more.

"As the *Kate Cassel* moved off, cheer after cheer broke forth again, mingled with the cries of the wives and mothers. One poor creature who had looked long and sadly at the boat as she lay to at the landing, so soon as the ropes were cast off and the boat swung round to the stream, uttered the most piteous cries of 'Oh, my Charley, my child, my child!' But her voice was soon drowned by that of thousands round her who were giving their last adieus and blessings to those on board."

What man or woman then in the state does not call up similar scenes that took place in Iowa in those days of the war. Who does not recall the little grass plot of his native town, and the line of brave boys standing there, mustered to say farewell to mother, father, sweet-heart and wife—while the village pastor reverently invoked God's blessing on their heads.

Oh! the pain and the anguish. The fleeting years have left them unassuaged. That was the coin of heart blood, Iowa paid to preserve the Union. May that one be doubly cursed who now by act or word endangers the ark saved by sacrifice of the anguished hearts of women, and the life's blood of men.

What the anguish of Iowa women was who saw their loved ones pass to the field of battle, and the prison pen, will never be realized; their tears are registered in heaven. The excitement and the glory that hung about the battle like a halo, as their dear ones rushed to their death, was not theirs; but the sorrow, and the pain, as they silently took their dead bodies and embalmed them with their tears.

CHAPTER V.

IOWA AT WILSON'S CREEK — THE STATE'S FIRST BATTLE.

August 10, 1861.

THE time had come for Iowa soldiers to receive their baptism of fire. So far, no Iowa man had met a foeman in battle.

Gen. Nathaniel Lyon had chased the rebel Gen. Jackson out of the little town of Booneville on the Missouri river, and had pursued him in a southwesterly direction almost across the turbulent, guerilla-tortured state of Missouri. Gen. Franz Sigel had been ordered to Rolla by rail, with directions to march and intercept the rebel Jackson, if possible, somewhere in the neighborhood of Springfield, and crush him before reinforcements could reach him from the Ozark mountains.

Gen. Sigel met Jackson at the village of Carthage and, after a most spirited engagement on the open prairie, was defeated and fell back to Springfield. Here, his column was joined to the command of Gen. Lyon, who, with his First Iowa boys, First Kansas, First Missouri, a couple of battalions of regulars, and two regular batteries, had been pursuing Jackson across the state, in forced marches.

Sigel's defeat at Carthage had made possible a junction with Jackson of some ten thousand Arkansas and Texas troops, under Generals Price, McCulloch and Pearce.

Undaunted by the increased numbers of the enemy, Lyon hurried forward on the first of August and dispersed one of the detached columns of the enemy at Dug Springs, seventeen miles south of Springfield.

Returning with his troops to Springfield, he paused to consider the dangerous dilemma in which his army had been placed by Gen. Fremont's neglect to re-enforce him from the surplus troops at St. Louis and the four regiments or more camped at Rolla. The danger of the situation had of course been aggravated by the defeat of Gen. Sigel at Carthage. Gen. Fre-

mont's staff at St. Louis, possessed of more gilt epaulettes than military wisdom, seemed quite unconcerned as to the fate of the unsupported columns they had pushed into the interior of a state filled with secessionists and guerrillas and partially occupied by a large army.

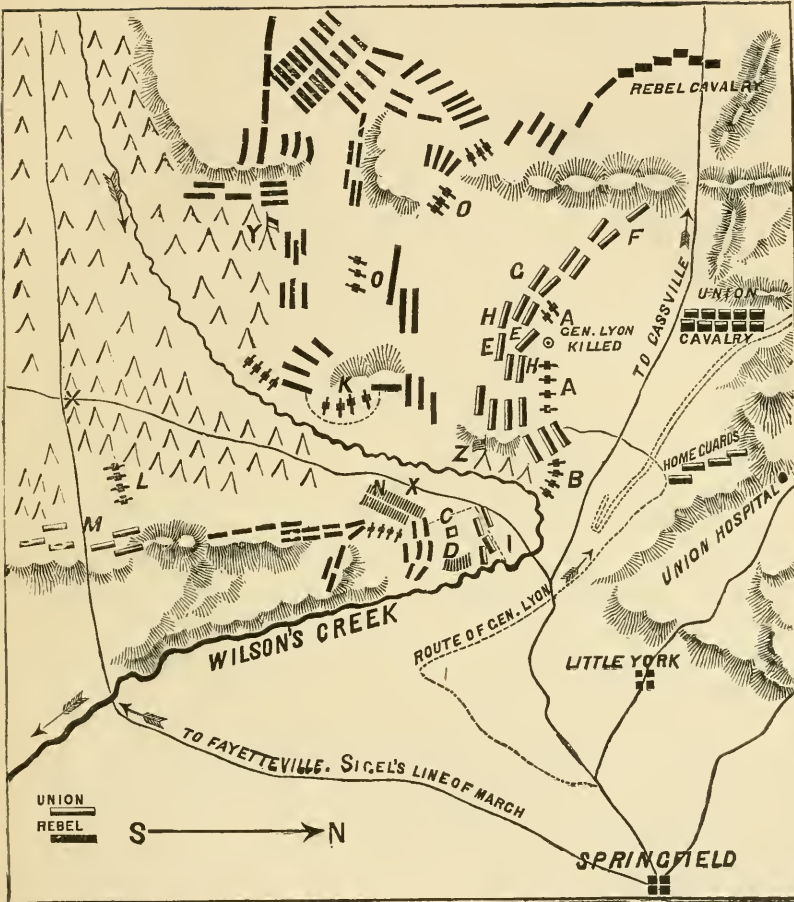
Possibly Gen. Fremont, so recently placed in command of the district, with headquarters at St. Louis, was not altogether responsible for the dangerous situation. Certainly he was a patriot, if not a tried general. But the troops about the city, or arriving, were only half organized, and very imperfectly armed. The city was a city of secessionists, spies, and rebel sympathizers. Chaos reigned, and army headquarters were surrounded and apparently controlled by a species of army robbers and cormorants who thought more of a fat contract than of Gen. Lyon's devoted little army. Lyon's repeated appeals for re-enforcements had been in vain. No help was even attempted. And yet there were in front of him, and preparing to overwhelm him, three different columns, numbering not less than twenty thousand troops. His own little army numbered, all told, sick and wounded included, but five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight men. Rolla, the nearest point for help, was one hundred and fifty miles away. Should he retreat there at once, sacrificing without a blow the immense stores, and the specie piled together in Springfield, for what purpose, no one knew? Should he sacrifice the whole state of Missouri after driving the Rebels so far before him? Or should he deliver battle, and by hard fight make at least retreat possible?

He trusted in the heroism and patriotism of his men. What if the time of service of the Iowa men had expired? One appeal to them and they were ready. It was not a question of time or pay with them, but *country*.

"Will your First Iowa men stay and fight with me?" said Lyon to Lt.-Col. Merritt, in a private interview of the ninth of August.

"Every man of them," replied Merritt.

That very day the order for the battle was arranged. The doubting officers who feared the policy of attacking numbers so



BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

EXPLANATIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| A. Captain Totten's Battery. | I. Captain Plummer's Battalion. |
| B. Dubois' Battery. | K. Rebel Batteries Masked. |
| C. Log House. | L. Colonel Sigel's Artillery. |
| D. Cornfield. | M. Sigel's Brigade. Third and Fifth Missouri. |
| E. FIRST IOWA VOLUNTEERS. | N. Part of Rebel Train. |
| F. Second Missouri Volunteers. | O. Concealed Rebel Batteries. |
| G. Second Kansas Volunteers. | X. Road through Rebel Camp. |
| H. First Kansas, First Missouri, and
Captain Shaler's Battalion. | Y. McCulloch's Head-Quarters. |
| | Z. Rains' Head-Quarters. |

overwhelming, yielded to the prompt spirit, the recognized courage, the positive character of their leader. It was but for Lyon to say the word, and every man in that little army became a hero.

The united rebel army was on Wilson's Creek, but ten miles away. They looked upon Lyon's destruction or capture as but a question of hours. The order to attack him had already been given, but was countermanded, because of rain. Had it been carried out, the two armies would have met in the prairie, between Wilson's Creek and Springfield. Lyon determined to be ahead, and to surprise the Rebels that very night or by daylight of the morrow. He marched at sundown.

Contrary to the original plan of Gen. Lyon, and contrary to the advice of many of the field officers, Gen. Sigel received permission to take his brigade of some two thousand men, mounted and unmounted, with six pieces of artillery, and march for the enemy's rear right flank by way of the road to Fayetteville. This divided the union forces, already too small. Sigel alone was responsible for this mistake. Gen. Lyon was to march with the rest of the army, including the First Iowa, and attack the enemy directly in front.

Quietly, and with muffled drums, the soldiers marched through the darkness. At midnight, Lyon's advance saw the fires of the enemy's pickets. The order to halt was given, and the soldiers stretched themselves on the wet prairie grass to sleep—to many, their last night's rest—and to dream of the combat of the morrow.

The first streaks of dawn were ushered in with the rattle of musketry. Our lines were moving forward, driving the enemy's advance skirmishers before them. In an hour, the rising sun was greeted with the roar of Lyon's artillery. The first real battle, in the West, for the preservation of the Union, had begun, and the forces were as five to one against us.

The First Missouri infantry was immediately pushed forward in line of battle on the crest of a small hill or elevated plateau. To its left, in line, stood the men of the First Kansas, fighting like hardened veterans, while the batteries of Totten and Dubois

hurled twelve shells a minute into the thick ranks of the enemy charging the union lines.

For an hour the First Iowa stood in support of Dubois's battery on the left, but early in the engagement it was hurried to the help of the First Kansas, now being overpowered by superior numbers. The regiment was under command of Lt.-Col. Merritt, Col. Bates being incapacitated by illness. In this move forward, two companies of the regiment were separated from the command by the retreat of troops breaking through their ranks. Two other companies had been left with Dubois's battery, and the remaining six, led by Lt.-Col. Merritt, now entered a storm of battle that lasted for five hours.

The main force of the Rebels occupied the broad valley of the stream, and still others a ridge beyond, running at right angles to the union line of battle. From this ridge and valley poured the masses of troops that charged and re-charged the union lines, hoping by sheer force of numbers to overwhelm and drive back flanks and center. It mattered little that the ground was strewn with their dead—ten times they charged that forenoon, and ten times they were driven back from the position held by the Iowa and Kansas soldiers and the two batteries.

Further to the left, Capt. Plummer, of the First regulars, with a bare handful of men, two hundred and fifty in number, contested hotly for two hours with a force five times as strong as his own. To right and left and front, the Iowa and Kansas regiments, the men of Missouri and the trained regulars contended desperately with masses of fresh troops hurled upon them after every defeated charge.

Sigel's column, at the rear of the enemy, had been ignominiously defeated early in the morning. His guns were captured, his troops scattered, and he himself in flight for Springfield. Unknown to Lyon, Sigel had ceased to be a factor in the contest.

Gen. Lyon was everywhere along his own line, fearless but calm. "Where is Sigel? Why does not Sigel come?" was only answered by the shells of Sigel's captured cannon screaming into the union ranks. Everywhere there was death. Officer after officer fell, the ranks were growing thinner, and not once

was the word retreat even thought of. At nine o'clock, brave Lyon fell, a bullet through his heart just as he was urging a terrific counter charge. Twice before, during the combat, he had received the enemy's bullets in his body, and given no sign of yielding.

The fight went on. Still the Rebels charged, and still were driven back. Then came a lull of battle. There was a hurried consultation of officers on the union line. The gallant Maj. Sturgis had assumed control, and it was now a question if retreat were not only honorable, but imperative. For fifteen hours the union soldiers had not tasted a drop of water.

That moment a force of infantry bearing the American flag was seen coming down the hill from the direction where Sigel should have been. Was it help at last? Sigel's utter rout was not suspected. Could this be he? Closer and closer the column came, and then showing its true colors, it fired a blast of musketry in the very faces of the silent, waiting union line. Then commenced again an encounter more deadly than at any hour of the day. The batteries, the regulars, the First Missourians, the First Iowans and the Kansas regiments, hurled into the rebel lines a most terrific fire. There was no retreat now—only death seemed possible. Fear vanished, and desperation seized on every soldier present, till at last, routed and driven, the enemy abandoned the field. There was a time of silence. The union army, what was left alive of it, gathered up its wounded, and, perfectly unmolested, retired to Springfield. Every man in its ranks had been a hero.

It was twelve o'clock when the union lines retired, and not till three days afterward, when they had fallen back to Rolla, did the crippled rebel hosts dare to come in and occupy the abandoned town. As our troops fell back from the battle field, tired, parched with the hot August sun, wounded and bleeding, they stopped on the way, greeted each other and sang a song of the Union.

That night, while the soldiers slept upon their arms in Springfield, a melancholy scene was passing at the headquarters of the commanding officer. It was a council to decide as to what they should next do. On a table beside them, draped

in a military blanket, lay the bleeding body of Gen. Lyon. It was a scene for a tragic artist. When killed in the field, the body had been placed on an ambulance, but on returning, some soldiers gathering up the wounded, not recognizing the body of their dead commander, threw it to the ground, and filled the ambulance with the living. Missing it, on reaching Springfield, the officers sent an escort for it back to the battle-field. It was delivered to them by the enemy, and now, like the dead body of Hector, lay calm in death, while the comrades of the morning stood wondering what next to do when such a man was dead. The body was buried that night in the private yard of Mrs. ex-Gov. Phelps, a union citizen of the town.

Long before day-light, the little army, unpursued, was on its way to Rolla, carrying with it in perfect safety an enormous wagon train with stores and specie.

Shortly, the First Iowa, the first heroic defenders of the state, the heroes of Wilson's Creek, went home and were mustered out. In the battle they had lost 160 men, nearly twenty of whom were killed, and all the remainder, wounded. The terribleness of the battle was shown by the list of casualties. Out of about 5,000 men engaged, the Union army lost 1,235, without counting but a corporal's guard of Sigel's men.

The Rebel loss equaled 3,000 men. "Probably no two forces ever fought with greater desperation," says the rebel commander, writing to his chief at Richmond. The rebel loss in officers was very great. Generals, colonels, and other field officers, led their commands in person, and fell in the midst of charges. The rebel Col. Clark's little battalion of 200 men had eighty-eight of them killed and wounded. Col. Hughes, with only 650 men had 112 killed or wounded and thirty missing. Cawthorne's brigade of 1,200 men lost ninety-six in dead and wounded. Of 5,221 Missourians engaged on the rebel side, 673 were left on the field wounded or dead.

The First Missouri regiment on the union side lost 295 men and the First Kansas infantry, 284.

There was a moment in the battle when less than 3,000 men

were resisting the attack of the whole rebel army, and there was a time when, for the First Iowa to have faltered five minutes, would have lost the day.

All the soldiers in the union army recognized the supreme heroism of the First Iowa. The state and general government rivaled each other in honoring the regiment. Lt.-Col. Merritt, Maj. Potter and Capt. Herron were complimented in general orders, and almost hundreds of the regiment received later commissions in other commands. The President of the United States ordered a special proclamation of thanks for the heroism of the men at Wilson's Creek to be read before every regiment in the service.

"Remember Wilson's Creek! Remember the deeds of the First Iowa!" wrote Gov. Kirkwood to almost every Iowa regiment in the service. And they were remembered. In the four long, bloody years, no Iowa soldier who fought, but remembered and emulated his comrades, who fought in the first battle of the West.

Six hundred of that gallant band, on being mustered out, re-entered the service in other regiments. Many who served in the line or carried muskets on that day of Wilson's Creek, achieved high rank and military distinction. Five of them became colonels; five became brigadier generals, and three who were captains in the line, became full major generals.

The day was an epoch in the history of a state.

CHAPTER VI.

AFFAIRS IN IOWA.

THE news of the battle of Wilson's Creek produced a great sensation in Iowa. The question as to whether Iowa men could be heroes, was settled; but there was mourning in many homes.

Shortly, the survivors of the First regiment came marching back to the state, and with an ardor and patriotism as great as when they were mustered in. Their tales of real battle—their reception as heroes—their unabated loyalty, soon led other thousands to volunteer. As for themselves, scores of them received commissions in other regiments, then forming.

As an organization, the First regiment passed from history. Gov. Kirkwood declined to allow its reorganization—its glory was too great to risk on the chance of new recruits. Its time was out—its history was written in blood.

Gov. Kirkwood was in Washington City asking for arms to defend Iowa's border, when the news of the battle in which her soldiers had so signalized themselves, reached there. "That day in Washington, it was an honor to be an Iowa man," said the Governor in a speech at Des Moines, afterward. "I tell you, my friends, that was a proud day for Iowa in Washington. It was glory enough for any man there to hail from Iowa." "The First—the glorious First," became a common phrase in executive dispatches to other regiments, in those days. Iowa's first honors were fairly won.

Before going to Washington, early in August, the Governor had been besieged by companies all over the state for arms—especially by companies on the threatened southern border. And still there were neither arms nor money. Col. Dodge's regiment in camp at Council Bluffs was even without shoes, and not a penny in the treasury. Col. John Edwards, then an

aide of the Governor on the southern border of the state, had called troops into the state service to defend it against Rebels daily threatening the peace of the border. They, too, were without arms and supplies, while still other state troops in the northwest border, watching the Indians, were but half armed.

"What can be done?" the Governor wrote Col. Edwards, August 3d. "I have not a dollar to pay even expressage on arms, if I had them. Can't the people in your vicinity buy some of our state bonds, and thus furnish means to get arms? My contract for rifles and revolvers failed, because I had no money to pay for them. Unless I can get some, I don't know what I shall do. Your people will have to furnish supplies to the camp on credit of the state, and wait for their pay, as must the men of the regiment. Let the soldiers know fully how the matter stands—that the money is not at hand, and can't be had until bonds are sold. Our people *must* buy the bonds of the state. What can be done? I go to Washington on Monday, to try to get arms, and make arrangements for the peace of our border. You can get powder at Keokuk, and perhaps lead, on credit."

This financial difficulty, so hard for our soldiers and the state, was caused principally by the unpatriotic, if not treasonable conduct of the Mahoney wing of the democratic party—a class of men who decried the war, discouraged enlistments, and by false representations as to the war loan, injured the credit of the state. Men were afraid to buy bonds pronounced by agitators in the state Assembly and by certain newspapers, as unconstitutional. Confidence in the state's ever paying these bonds was lost, and the secession sympathizers in the state were to blame for it, as they were for the blood of many an Iowa patriot.

All through the autumn months, the organization of companies and regiments for the war went on in Iowa. The Adjutant General's office was the busiest office in the state. Its correspondence, to this day recorded and kept, was immense. Much of the labor was caused by the total inexperience and ignorance of regimental and field officers. The art of the business part of war was naturally not understood by many of the mere political hacks who had wired themselves into the confidence of the



COLONEL W. H. MERRITT.



Governor, and secured commissions they were not fitted to hold. Of the art of war proper—of commanding troops—of tactics—of maneuvers—of discipline—of even the subsistence of soldiers, these gentlemen too frequently knew little or nothing. The *real* patriotism, too, of the state, like its heroic courage, was oftenest in the ranks of the common soldier. The privates had volunteered out of pure patriotism, not to get commissions and glory. Mistakes as to military appointments were made by the Governor constantly. It could not be otherwise. Usually the field officers of a regiment were appointed by him on the recommendation of some prominent man or men acquainted with the applicant, but who could give little further guarantee than that he wanted the office very badly. Many of these unfit officers, by bitter experience learned their trade of war, and at last won deserved promotion. A few were promoted as the war proceeded, spite of continued unfitness. Some were gradually dismissed the service, and very many were compelled to resign the commissions they had only disgraced.

The evils came of a bad system, in the first instance, of commissioning men whose only prominence was in local politics,—and in permitting companies and line officers to elect their favorites to commands just as they elected men at home to the Legislature or Congress, regardless of special fitness. The system was very democratic, but pernicious and unheard of in military selections.

The Governor required a certificate as to the sober habits of all officers elected—but spite of this, drunkenness was not less common among officers than was incompetency. Still, as a rule, drunken officers also fell out of the service long before the war ended. The list of Iowa officers suspended, dismissed, resigned, or forced to go home, is discreditable.

Some of these dismissed officers were wrongly charged, or put out of the service for infractions of petty orders that in common sense were not applicable to volunteers. Many thus dismissed for trivial offenses or for unintended violation of any regulations, were restored to position; but when so, it was always a result of the most zealous urging and demanding on the

part of Gen. Baker and the Governor, whose constant struggle was to keep Iowa's honor bright in the war days.

Numerous officers who came home with leaves of gold or silver, or eagles on their shoulders, had it not been for the enormous zeal of Baker in their behalf, would have had "dismissed and unworthy" written against them on the record.

Though absolute disloyalty could seldom be charged to an Iowa officer, the actions of some of them not infrequently led their men to conclude that the rights of traitors were occasionally held in higher esteem than the rights of private soldiers in the union ranks. Putting loyal soldiers on guard over rebel property was not an uncommon thing, nor the punishment of loyal volunteers for the least infringement of petty rules protecting Rebels against the taking of their forage or food by union soldiers. Officers guilty of such friendliness for Rebels became extremely unpopular with their regiments, and lost reputation at home. As for Gov. Kirkwood, he would not bear that Iowa officers should so mistake their duties, and fiercer letters than the one sent to Col. ——* served to bring certain commanders to a realization of what the terms loyalty and patriotism really meant.

The following letter to another Iowa officer of whom complaints had been made, hints at what many of the boys in blue were being used for in Missouri in 1861-2:

"Our volunteer soldiers have not any very high regard for men of known secession antecedents or sympathies. They *do* and *will* make a distinction between men who are loyal and men who are

*To COL. ——

Sir: Your recent letter reminds me of a matter that justice to you requires I shall mention. Rumors have spread widely through this state, prejudicial to your loyalty. It is said freely that in Missouri, you prefer for associates, men of known secession proclivities—that at one or more places, you have been refused admission to Union clubs for this reason; that upon one occasion when your regiment was on dress parade, a knot of persons hurrahed for Jeff Davis; that after the regiment was dismissed, you went up to this knot of men, asked an acquaintance among them how he liked your regiment; that he replied, "very well, but not the flag it marched under"—that he would "much like to see it under the *Confederate* flag;" that the only notice you took of this, was to laugh, take the speaker by the arm, and go off and take tea with him. I think it but just that I give you this information, and say that these rumors are seriously affecting your reputation.

Respectfully Yours,

S. J. KIRKWOOD.

disloyal in the treatment both of officers and property, and I confess *I participate* in that feeling, so long as the persons and property of union men are outraged and plundered by rebel troops, as *they have been, and are*; so long as the principal occupation of union troops continues to be the guarding and protecting of the persons and property of Rebels, as it has been, so long will there be dissatisfaction among our soldiers.

* * * * *

“I think it would be well to try a more stringent mode of treatment with Rebels and their sympathizers. We have been pelting them in the secession tree with good words and grass for a long time, and *they wont come down*. I think the time has fully come to use *stones*.”

Some of the most scheming and incompetent officers enlisted as privates in the early war days, and went into the ranks only on the distinct understanding that they should shortly be elevated to some office in the regiment. Others, later, moved the political heavens of the whole state to secure commissions that might have a reflex advantage to them whenever they should get ready to resign, come home, and run for office. Most of these tricksters received their just deserts at last, and the Iowa soldiers were soon, as a rule, left to the command of sober, honest, patriotic and heroic men.

Bad appointments, and disappointments of those not appointed at all, and heart-aches of those ambitious to wear epaulettes, caused the Governor extreme annoyance in the early days of the war, and were the means used in a vain effort to defeat him for re-election.

His difficulties and embarrassments inside his own party at this time were constant. Only great good sense could carry him safely between the Scylla of ultra Abolitionism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of too much conservatism on the other. “Firm ground must be taken right now,” wrote a prominent abolitionist adviser. “Better no union at all, than any more kneeling to slavery.” “Our republican party was on the road to ruin,” wrote a different adviser. “Your re-nomination has saved it. (That was in August, 1861.) The effort that is being

made to *abolitionize* it into a *Wendell Phillips* party has already weakened it to that degree that we already see this state '*Union party*' in the field. But your manly and patriotic course under difficulties that perhaps no other Governor ever experienced—being at home without money, and abroad without credit—all admit to be noble. Every where I hear but one voice, 'Let Kirkwood carry us through the war.' What a calamity would have befallen us had Williams been nominated—an out and out Abolitionist who believes the Constitution to be a 'covenant with hell'—who has never been a republican; I frankly believe 2,000 votes in this district would have wheeled off from our ticket in disgust. We have a newspaper here that started out as republican; but it has run off into abolitionism and free love. The editor and Williams are determined that the republicans here shall become followers of Fred Douglass and Lucy Stone, or be broken up. But your re-nomination is a God-send that may save us."



CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF BLUE MILLS.

Sept. 17, 1861.

WHILE the rapid organization of new regiments was being pushed forward in Iowa that autumn, the earlier regiments were making endless marches up and down the distracted and rebel-beridden state of Missouri—chasing murderers, assassins and guerrillas. It was a peculiar kind of warfare, seldom resulting in any substantial gain to the army. Light bands of Rebels rode over the country, killing and destroying unarmed "Unionists," before a regular force could overtake and punish them. Other bands of secessionists, engaged in the same assassinations—the same destruction of union men's property, would suddenly disband, go to their homes and apparently be engaged in the most peaceful avocations on the approach of a body of federal troops. House burning, murder and private vengeance of neighborhood upon neighborhood became the order of the day in the unhappy state that now experienced all the horrors of civil war in its most aggravated form. No man's life was safe an hour, and property had no value. None, save the Unionists of Tennessee, suffered during the great war, as did the unhappy people of Missouri.

Here and there, small bodies of union and secession troops would meet and fight a real battle, almost as if by accident. Such a combat was the affair at Blue Mills, on the 17th of September, 1861. The engagement brought no special honor to Iowa soldiers, though it was fought by the Third Iowa with determination and spirit. Lt.-Col. Scott led 500 men of that regiment with a few Missouri home guards into an ambush that might have resulted in the massacre of the whole command. Once in, however, Scott and his men and officers fought gal-

lantly, until by overpowering numbers they were driven from the field in confusion.

Blue Mills is only a ferry point on the Missouri river, not very far from St. Joseph. About the time of the capture of Lexington by Price, Scott with his Third regiment was ordered to march from Cameron to the town of Liberty, and there meet another column—the two to co-operate against a force of Rebels then retreating from St. Joseph and trying to reach Lexington. Scott's force reached Liberty on the morning of the 17th of September, but the co-operating force had not arrived. Scott waited only till noon, and then, misled by reports of citizens, and becoming impatient to prevent further forces reaching the Rebels at Lexington, pushed on without the re-enforcements into the dense woods and dry sloughs bordering the river at Blue Mills.

His advance was shortly surprised, and, with four men killed, driven back by a large force of the enemy. Scott had sent a courier to hurry up the re-enforcements—but without waiting news of them, committed the fatal mistake of marching his column straight on into the enemy's ambush. He had not even formed a line of battle, but marched in column by flank, and in a short time was surprised and overwhelmed. No line of battle was formed during the whole combat, which lasted for an hour. The confusion and surprise made it impossible. Four thousand Rebels poured a hot fire from front and flank on the devoted little band. Its one cannon was soon useless. Ten out of sixteen of its commissioned officers were already shot. There was nothing to do but to retreat, though every man and officer had fought in a manner worthy of veterans—each as a rule fighting for himself. Discipline or order there was none—the fight became almost a rout.

On falling back to Liberty they met the re-enforcements that night, with more caution, have made a victory instead of defeat. The engagement was improperly brought on, the men burning to obliterate the memory of the retreat from Shelbina a few days previously, for which Col. Williams alone had been responsible. The fight at Blue Mills lasted a full hour, Col. Scott bravely doing his utmost to avoid defeat. Among the severely wounded

were Major Stone, afterwards Colonel of the Twenty-second Iowa, and later Governor of the state; Captains Warren,* Willet and O'Niel, and Lieutenants Hobbs, Anderson and Knight. John F. Lacey, afterwards Steele's Assistant Adjutant General, was captured. Sergt. James H. Lakin received special mention for his gallantry in saving the colors, as well as Capt. Trumbull, Lieut. Crosley and Abernethy, the Sergeant, who, with a few brave men, pulled the cannon away by hand. Seventy of the Federals were wounded, some of them mortally, and nine killed, according to Col. Scott. Company I lost four killed and twenty wounded in the action.† The result of the fight stimulated and encouraged the Rebels in Missouri. It was the Third regiment's first battle—and most unfortunate, save for the gallantry displayed in presence of overpowering numbers.

"It was undertaken," says Lieut. Thompson of the Third regiment, and a participant, "through a lofty sense of honor, and a loftier sense of duty, against eight times our number—beginning in mistake—sustained with desperation—ending in retreat."

Other Iowa regiments were marching up and down Missouri under Gen. Pope in those September days of 1861; but they rarely came in fighting contact with the rebel General Price, whose predilection seemed more for running than for fighting. Misfortunes to our arms had occurred in Missouri beyond a doubt. Wilson's Creek was a drawn battle, and our leader was killed. Lexington, with thousands of good soldiers, was taken from us. Blue Mills was a defeat, if not a rout, and Gen. Fremont received the blame for the whole. His forces had been large, but they were of necessity greatly scattered, and calls on him for help came from every direction at the most critical times. The General's own weakness seemed to be a want of quick conclusions and of proper concentration of his armies. Unfortunately for him, too, he was surrounded by sharks and sharpers, swin-

*Capt. Warren, wounded at Blue Mills, was one of Mahaska's loyal Democrats and a man of few words. When the war broke out he, with others, was called on for a speech at a public meeting. Stepping forward he said simply and impressively, "Gentlemen, I am at my country's service"—and went.

†The rebel commander (D. R. Atchison) reported officially to Gen. Price that about sixty of the Federals were killed and about seventy wounded.

dling contractors and evil advisers. Personally, he was a great patriot and a meritorious soldier. He was possessed of the love of his soldiers, and the confidence of his officers. But the press, and the outsiders, and the jealous aspirants—all wished him killed off. He was too advanced, too, in his measures against slaves in rebel hands. He was blamed for every disaster in the state of Missouri, and his ruin determined on.

Gov. Kirkwood, like most men in Iowa, protested loudly against Fremont's proposed removal. Fremont himself, seeing the public dissatisfaction, resolved to take the field personally and lead his forces to battle wherever Price's army might be overtaken. Gladly the Iowa boys fell in with a grand hurrah for their leader, and on half rations made long marches, passed sleepless nights, and followed the rebel army to Springfield. Then, just as pursuit was successful, and bright victory within their grasp, Fremont, their leader, was removed.

The result was little short of mutiny. Nothing but patriotism, and duty, and discipline, made Fremont's soldiers relinquish the rebel chase, and with disappointed hopes march back with banners drooping over the long, weary roads across the state. It seemed as if Missouri were given up forever.

When Thanksgiving day came, that 28th of November, it was almost a question as to what there was in Iowa to be thankful for. Yet the crops were good, business was better, and prosperity had revived, spite of the horrors of war near her doors. Before the snow fell in 1861, Iowa had twenty thousand men armed for the conflict, and one of her regiments was winning new honors at the battle of Belmont.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT—GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE.

Nov. 7, 1861.

THE 1st of November, 1861, found about twenty thousand union troops in and about the town of Cairo, and under command of U. S. Grant, one of the very new brigadier generals. Cairo was in itself a most important point, controlling the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, while only twenty miles below, on the Mississippi, were the strong rebel fortifications of Columbus, with good commanders and fully as many troops as the Federals had at Cairo.

After Gen. Fremont had taken charge of his army in person, reports reached him that the Rebels were proposing to re-enforce Price, then in his front, by forces from Columbus. To prevent such a move, orders were sent from St. Louis to Gen. Grant, on the 5th of November, to menace, but not attack the Rebels at Columbus. Exactly similar orders were sent to Gen. C. F. Smith, of good fame, who commanded a force at Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee river. Both of these officers had orders to bring on no action, but to deceive the enemy in Columbus by co-operation and demonstrations.

On the night of the 6th, Gen. Grant in person placed two brigades of troops, some 3,000 in all, on four transports, and started down the Mississippi, anchoring for the night at a point on the Kentucky side, six miles above Columbus. The gunboats Tyler and Lexington accompanied the steamers as convoy. Gen. Smith at the same time sent some 2,000 men out from Paducah under Gen. Paine, to demonstrate against Columbus from the rear.

"I had," says General Grant, "no orders which contemplated an attack by the national troops, nor did I intend anything of the kind when I started from Cairo." However, there was a little encampment of Rebels—a regiment and a battery, just

across the river from Columbus, in full sight of the town, and under protection of its heavy guns. This camp was Belmont.

At two o'clock that night, it occurred to Gen. Grant that he could capture that camp, and his resolution to try the adventure was hastened by a report that the Rebels were sending troops across the river to Belmont right then, with a view, as he thought, of pursuing and capturing a federal column recently sent out from Cairo. In that he was deceived. No rebel troops were crossing, but a message from Jeff. Thompson had arrived in Columbus at that very hour in the night, telling of Grant's force having left Cairo. The Rebels were now alarmed, for Smith's movement had also been detected. As a demonstration, the movement had been a success, and Grant might now have returned to Cairo, his orders fulfilled. But his volunteer soldiers wanted a fight.

"I did not see," says Gen. Grant, in his memoirs, "how I could maintain discipline, or retain the confidence of my command, if we should return to Cairo without an effort to do something." As on certain other and later occasions, notably at Vicksburg, Gen. Grant yielded his judgment to the clamor of the men for a fight.

Among the regiments on the steamers burning for a fight that night, was the Seventh Iowa, commanded by Col. Lauman, with Augustus Wentz (one of the captains who had distinguished themselves at Wilson's Creek), as Lieut.-Colonel, and Elliott W. Rice as Major. The Seventh had never seen a battle, but its men had received more drill and discipline than the average Iowa volunteer regiments. They were brigaded with the Twenty-second Illinois, Lt.-Col. Hart commanding; Col. Dougherty of the Twenty-second being in charge of the brigade. The remainder of the force, the Twenty-seventh, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Illinois, with two companies of cavalry, and a Chicago battery, formed another brigade, under command of Gen. John A. McClernand. Col. John A. Logan, afterward so distinguished, commanded the Thirty-first Illinois. Gen. Grant had never yet commanded in a battle, and Col. Logan had never seen a fight. Over both these men, fame was hovering with wings outspread,

waiting events that should bring upon them the eyes of the nation.

Just after daylight of November the 7th, the steamboats crossed over the river to the Missouri side, and Gen. Grant's little force landed in the woods three miles above Belmont. Gen. Grant himself took two companies of the Seventh Iowa and three of the Twenty-second Illinois a short distance down the river bank, and placed them there under Capt. Detrich, as guards for the transports. The infantry now moved forward by flank through a cornfield and into heavy timber, when line of battle was formed with the Seventh Iowa and the Twenty-second Illinois on the left. Now was given the order to advance—and bring on the fight.

The Rebels were prepared to meet them. At daylight that morning a second messenger had reached Gen. Polk, the rebel commander in Columbus, informing him of Grant's crossing the river and landing. Immediately, four regiments of Tennessee infantry under Gen. Pillow were ferried across the river to Belmont, and by the time Grant's line was advancing, a much larger force than his own stood in line of battle, behind felled trees, dense thickets, and heavy woods, to receive him.

All this was unknown to the federal soldiers. After a forward movement of a quarter of a mile, they reached a broad dry slough, where a halt was made, and Captains Gardner and Kittredge and Lieut. DeHeuss, with their companies of the Seventh Iowa, were sent in advance as skirmishers. The other brigade, with its numerous force and battery, was slowly advancing on the right. In ten minutes the skirmishers were engaged, when Rawlins, the aide of Gen. Grant, came up and ordered Lauman, with the remainder of the Seventh Iowa, to advance and engage the enemy. The order was obeyed on the double quick, and a fierce fight there among the dense woods and felled trees commenced, and continued for two hours and a half. The Rebels fought well, but were slowly and surely driven back on their encampment at Belmont, from before all points of the union line. Owing to the brush and felled trees, the advance was slow, and the lines disordered, the soldiers climbing over and around the

obstructions as best they could, continuing the fierce struggle by squads and companies. The right, under McClelland, had fought its way forward under the same difficulties, and during the whole advance the heavy guns at Columbus poured their shot through the timber above the heads of the combatants. The two gunboats were also engaging the batteries above Columbus.

Before noon, the Rebels had been driven so far that the union forces saw the open field about the Belmont encampment, when, with a fierce charge by the combined forces, the abatis was crossed and the Rebels driven from the camp. In this last charge in the open field and into the enemy's encampment, many of our men were shot; Col. Lauman himself shortly falling with a ball through the thigh. It was here that Lieut. DeHeuss, of the Seventh Iowa, sprang forward and planted the company's flag on one of the rebel cannon, and here that Sergt. Wallen, of Co. I, rushed in front of the Seventh with his own flag, and led the huzzahing regiment to the capture of a rebel banner in the camp. A short galling fire followed from behind tents and trees, and the Rebels ran to the embankment of the river and near woods to hide from destruction.

The engagement was over. The victory was complete. The Rebels were "disastrously beaten," according to Gen. Polk's own testimony in a letter of July 22, 1862, complaining of Gen. Pillow to the rebel War Department. "Re-enforcements only," he adds, "rescued Pillow from annihilation."

Then commenced the fatal blundering of the day. The union men dropped their arms and were plundering the rebel camp. Some of the union officers, elated with victory, were riding about making speeches to the men, thinking how it would all count at the polls in Iowa and Illinois. Then came the burning of the rebel tents. Leisurely and jollily the union boys were having a good time, while in the meantime, right there in broad day light, the Rebels were hurrying forces over from Columbus to surround and possibly destroy them. Where was the union battery—where the captured guns, and where the gunboats? that it was permitted to wooden steam-boats, loaded to the

water's edge with soldiers, to ferry back and forth? That was the marvel of Belmont.

Some of the union men were firing the captured guns at empty steamers anchored far out of range below Columbus, and cheering. "I tried to get them," says Grant in his memoirs, "to turn their guns upon the loaded steamers above, and not so far away. My efforts were in vain." The troops, officers and men, it seems, were too drunk with victory to hear orders. The gunboats busied themselves a little with the upper batteries and withdrew, apparently not concerned about the steamboats carrying the Rebels over the river to cut us off. But one Sergeant, at least, was at his duty. Jeff. Crookham, of the Seventh Iowa, with a little squad of men pulling away a captured cannon, stopped and fired it three times into the rebel steamboats. "We were struck several times," says the rebel captain of the steamboat "Charm," "and one of the shots went through the boiler deck prostrating one of the pilots." Had the guns at hand been used by the others as Sergt. Crookham used his that day, no Rebels could have crossed the river.

All this time the defeated Rebels were lying under the river bank, waiting to surrender. Soon the camp tents were fired, and then the batteries at Columbus opened, when the fresh rebel troops, and the defeated ones, too, with new courage, entered the woods to the flank and rear of the laughing, shouting, speech-making union forces. Then came a cry, "We are surrounded."

"We cut our way in," cried Gen. Grant, "and we can cut our way out." "The alarm of 'surrounded,'" says the General, "brought the men under control—and now commenced the new battle for the boats. The same woods had to be fought through that had cost such a struggle on entering—and there were twice as many Rebels to fight as before. Polk had come over himself, with Cheatham, and several regiments of fresh troops. In fact, not less than eleven thousand men were now thrown in the path of the Federals striving to reach the transports. Grant had not 2,500 men in the engagement.

Again the struggle was renewed. The men fought as fiercely as on entering the wood, and, spite of the overpowering numbers,

cut their way back to the boats. "Every other man of my regiment," says Lauman, "was killed or wounded. The confusion was great. Lt.-Col. Wentz was shot dead just as the retreat commenced. Major Rice had been seriously wounded, Lieut. Dodge killed, and Lieuts. Gardner and Ream mortally wounded. Capts. Harper, Parrott, Kittredge and Gardner, and Lieut. De Heuss were also wounded, and the men had fallen by hundreds. It was, in fact, a desperate retreat, and a miracle almost that the whole force was not annihilated. The gunboats were now of immense service, for as the rebel lines followed the union forces to the transports, the Tyler and Lexington, lying a little lower down the stream, poured a terrible enfilading fire into their ranks. The banks of the river were high and the river low. This prevented the fire of the rebel lines doing great harm on the transports.

Gen. Grant was the last man to get on board. He had gone to look after the five companies he had stationed below to protect the boats. "My surprise was great," says Gen. Grant, "to find there was not a single man in the trench." Capt. Detrich, on hearing the second engagement, had simply marched his men to the boats without firing a shot. Had the Rebels known how unprotected the place had been left, they could have burned the boats and captured Grant's army. As it was, the incident nearly cost the capture of the General, who, besides, barely escaped being killed after reaching the boat. A rebel ball passed through the sofa, in the cabin, where a moment before he had lain down to rest.

Slowly the little fleet, protected by the gunboats, steamed away. That night, twenty-four hours after their leaving Cairo in such spirits, they returned. Their loss had been, according to Gen. Grant's memoirs, 485 men, killed, wounded and missing. Of this the Seventh Iowa alone, according to Col. Lauman's report to Gen. Grant, lost 227, or more than one-half its number engaged, showing the fierceness with which it had fought; 54 were dead, 124 wounded, and 49 missing—and this out of a force of only some 400 engaged. In fact the Seventh lost nearly one-half of Grant's total loss. Capt. Crabb, Lieut. Estle,

Adj. Boler and Private Lawrence Gregg were mentioned for special gallantry. Lawrence Gregg, a talented young Oskaloosian, had a leg shot off, and died a hero's death in the hands of the enemy.

Belmont was a defeat for the union forces, and barely escaped being a disaster. It cost many good lives and resulted in very little, or nothing. For the Rebels, it was scarcely a victory, spite the thanks of Jefferson Davis for the "contribution to the cause," as he called it, and of the thanks rendered God by the rebel Congress. Polk and the Rebels had misconstrued the movement to be an attack on Columbus and all its fortifications. He believed that he had rescued the Confederacy from an awful danger, and gave thanks accordingly.

Gen. Smith had made his demonstration on Columbus also, but reading his positive orders more closely he brought on no engagement. Gen Paine, whom he had sent forward in charge of the demonstration, he ordered to be court-martialed for approaching too close to the enemy, and for proposing to bring on an engagement that might have resulted in his little band being "cut up in its retreat." There were not a few at the time who believed that Gen. Fremont ought to have treated Gen. Grant in the way that Paine was treated by Gen. Smith. In later years, and with riper experience, Gen. Grant would have expected as much.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER BELMONT.

AFTER BELMONT, there was no little complaint of injustice having been done the Iowa men in the general reports of the battle. There was an impression that certain Illinois officers labored to convince the public that the battle had been won, if won at all, by Illinois troops. Iowa soldiers felt that this injustice rose largely from the fact that Iowa regiments were usually brigaded with regiments of other states, and commanded by officers from other states who were in many ways partial to the services of their own men. Besides, Iowa had received but one or two brigadier commissions. Her men, during a most inclement winter, were put upon the most laborious and undesirable duties in Missouri, guarding long lines of railroad and policing camps. Regiments were cut and divided into squads distant from each other for the performance of arduous duties; chasing guerrillas and defending unimportant places where honor and promotion were never to be obtained. Nor was it a rare thing to be used for protecting the property of Secessionists.

On the 4th of December, 1861, Gov. Kirkwood wrote to President Lincoln, urging him to remedy these grievances. "Iowa," he wrote, "has some 20,000 soldiers in the field, or in camp waiting equipments, and I am proud to say that so far as they have been tried, either on the battle field or in the scarcely less arduous duties of camp life in Missouri, they have shown themselves to be at least equal to any other troops in the service. But the troops from Iowa have not been commanded enough by their own men. They have been unfairly dealt with, in their opinion, as to assignments to the most laborious duties in Missouri, and injustice is done them in the reports as to Belmont. I am sorry to be compelled to say that, in my judgment, this opinion

is not wholly without foundation. It is an unfortunate state of affairs that should not be suffered to continue."

Certain it was that Iowa soldiers were having a hard, bitter lot of it, that cold and disagreeable winter in Missouri, guarding the state from Rebels, freezing in their tents, sick in hospitals, and all their services unrecognized and unrewarded. One of the remedies urged again and again by Gov. Kirkwood, was the brigading of Iowa troops together, under command of Iowa generals. To the President he urged for promotion to brigadiers, the names of Grenville M. Dodge of the Fourth infantry, Nicholas Perczel of the Tenth, Marcellus M. Crocker of the Thirteenth, and Washington L. Elliott of the Second Iowa cavalry—all these bearing the rank of colonel.

The difficulty of finding places enough in the Iowa regiments for all the good men asking, was not less now than in the first days of the war. Honest John Edwards had expected the colonelcy of the Sixteenth, but another, Col. Chambers, bore away the prize. The Governor was mortified at what might seem neglect of Edwards, for he had promised him this position. Chambers was in the regular army, and the Governor had at an earlier date offered him this regiment; but the War Department would not permit Chambers to accept. Then it was offered to Edwards. Meanwhile the War Department had changed its mind, and the Adjutant General, knowing only of the tender to Chambers, issued his commission at the moment John Edwards was expecting the prize. It was a sample case of the embarrassments that constantly surrounded the Governor, as to the military offices, and that sometimes led to bad blood, misunderstandings and false accusations.

Then came the Seventeenth regiment with Col. Rankin, and the Governor hastened to offer John Edwards the second place. "I extract this from a letter of Rankin's to-day," writes the Governor to Edwards. "I feel sorry for Edwards if Chambers is ahead. He left Des Moines with a light heart, and full of great expectation. If he will take the lieutenant-colonelcy of my regiment, I will be glad to have it tendered to him."

"Now, Colonel, for God's sake, and my sake, accept. I feel

more mortified and embarrassed about your position than I have ever been about anything in my life. You had been so considerate, so modest, so little disposed to be urgent, that it was a pleasure to me to be able to give you a commission, and my mortification at the result, which is so mortifying to you, is great. Do accept."

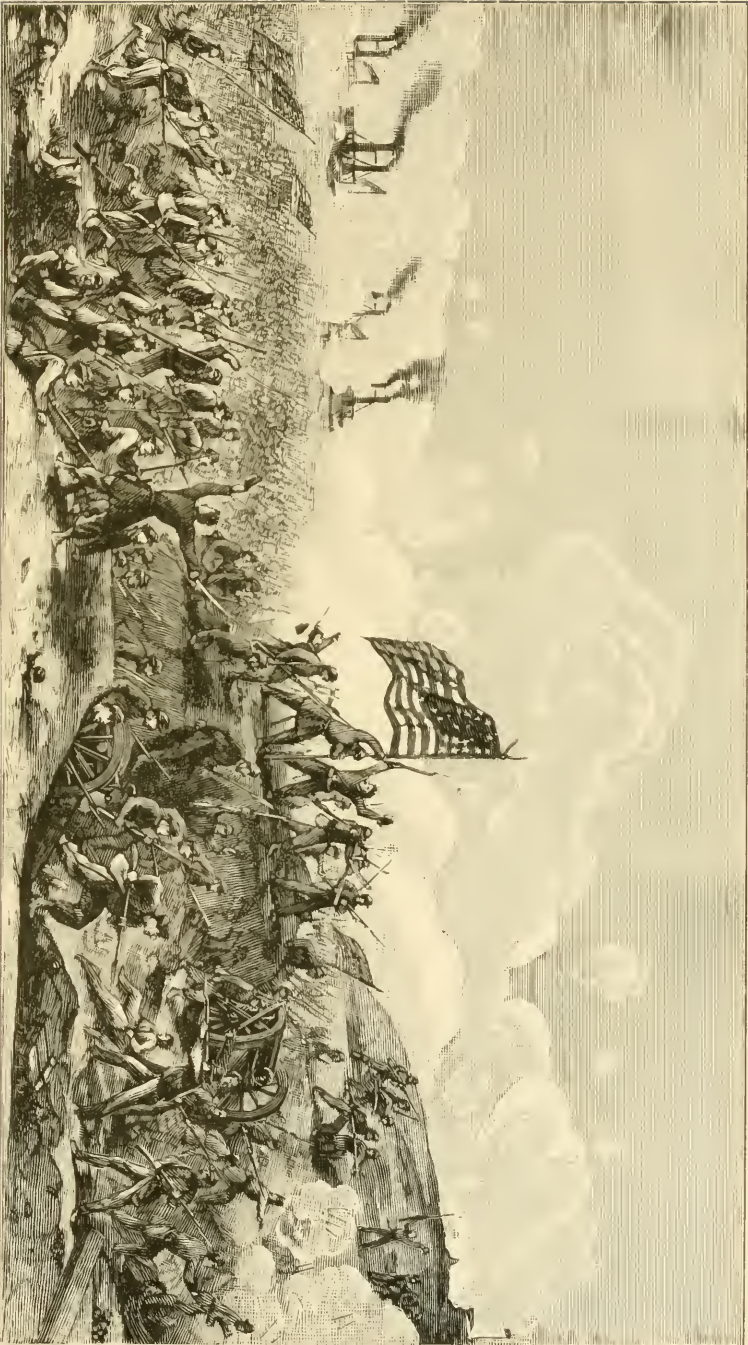
Edwards did not accept, but later was given command of a regiment on the south border, where he did splendid service in a difficult position. Later still he led the gallant Eighteenth regiment, as its colonel, and was made brigadier general for meritorious service.

Very plain were some of the applications for posts, but plainness of speech gave no offense. To Col. Worthington, of the Fifth infantry, who desired promotion to a brigadiership, though it was not possible to secure the favor, he wrote: "Your plainness of inquiry, though, is not offensive to me. I am a plain man myself, and like the same quality in others." Gov. Kirkwood, in all these conflicts for place, strove to be direct and honest, but all could not be pleased. Like Mr. Lincoln, the Governor had more pegs in the shape of friends than holes to put them in.

The year 1861 ended gloomily enough. There had not been many victories for our arms in the field, and dissatisfaction prevailed with officers at Washington, while a war with England was very possible. "I agree with you," wrote the Governor to Senator Grimes, on the 8th of January, 1862, about a war with England. "She is, I think, determined to fight us, and if so, can easily make a pretext. In God's name, can't something be done by our army?"

"It seems to me the policy of the country is controlled by men who twelve months ago opposed 'coercion,' and who six months ago had not made up their minds whether to go for the Union or the Rebels. I have never desponded until the last few weeks, but now it seems to me our generals and the President's outside advisers are more concerned to break down the republican party than to defeat the Rebels."

Those were not cheerful Christmas times in the North; but soon a new star was to shine, and a first new tide in our affairs was to come in at Donelson,—and it was to come largely with the bayonets of Iowa men.



THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON—CHARGE OF THE SECOND IOWA.



CHAPTER X.

IOWA AT DONELSON.

Feb. 16, 1862.

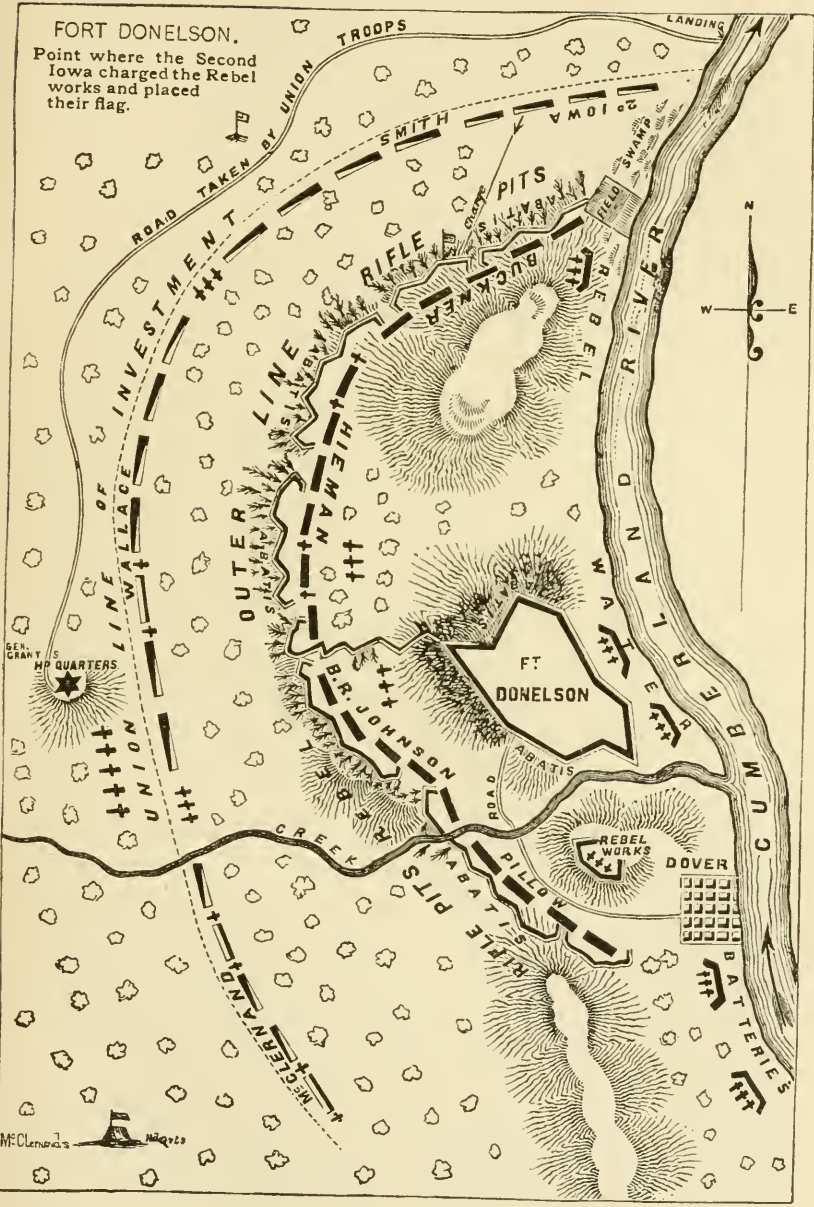
TWO DAYS after the battle of Belmont, Fremont was removed. Gov. Kirkwood protested vigorously against it, and prophesied disaster as a result. Mutiny did very nearly follow among the troops whom Fremont had organized and was at last leading against the enemy in Missouri. The authorities at Washington, however, were not listening then to the loyal Governors as much as they were listening to the political Cassandras who saw only evil in any vigorous conduct of the war. And yet, so far, it must be considered, Fremont had won few or no victories; but the brilliant successes of Ft. Henry, Ft. Donelson and Pea Ridge that shortly followed under Gen. Halleck, were won with the troops Fremont had prepared for battle. Had President Lincoln waited a little, Fremont's history would have been reversed; he would have been promoted, and not disgraced. Fremont was an Abolitionist. Naturally, the conservatives, the pro-slavery men and all sympathizers with secession, opposed him and clamored for his removal. Spite, however, of all opposition, he might have still retained his command, and the cause been benefited, had he possessed the wisdom to surround himself with different advisers, or had he even posed less for effect in St. Louis and pushed from him the men whose hands opened only for the spoils of war. Fremont fell a victim to army contracts. Personally he reaped no benefits, and left the service a poor man.

Gen. Halleck, on coming west to take Fremont's place, found the rebel front stretching across Kentucky and Tennessee in a fortified line: from Columbus on the Mississippi, to Nashville on the Cumberland, with strong posts like Donelson and Ft. Henry midway between. The rebel troops were commanded by Albert Sidney Johnston, whom the Southerners affect to this day

to believe their ablest general. Gen. Halleck directed the western army from St. Louis. Gen. Johnston directed the Rebels from Nashville, the capital of the state, and the right flank of his long line. He concluded to fight for that capital, however, at the strong posts of Columbus, Donelson and Ft. Henry, on his left. Buell faced him at Nashville, but Buell kept headquarters, not in the field, but north in Louisville. Perhaps Albert Sidney Johnston did not fear Buell much. There was a man in immediate command in front of his extreme left, whom, for some good reason, he did fear. It was the hero of the affair at Belmont.

After that November struggle under the great guns at Columbus, until in February, Gen. Grant had been quietly drilling and preparing his forces at Cairo. His troops were mostly raw recruits. Few had ever fired a gun in battle. Besides preparing his troops at Cairo, Grant, with the true military eye that was so soon to distinguish him, was studying the enemy's line of defense. Only fifty miles away from the Mississippi river is another river, running parallel with it, but going north instead of south. Eleven miles further, is another, also running north. The one is the Cumberland, the other is the Tennessee. Ft. Donelson defended the one, Ft. Henry the other—while the powerful works of Columbus barred the Mississippi.

Columbus, if it cannot be taken, can be flanked, thought Gen. Grant, and the capture of Henry and Donelson would open rivers straight into the heart of the Confederacy. In the last days of the first month of 1862, Grant tried to impress on Halleck the expediency of permitting him to try his plan of opening these interior rivers. He met only with rebuff. Fixed in his idea that it was the proper thing to do, he applied at headquarters again. "I can take and hold Ft. Henry, if permitted," he telegraphed on the 28th of January. The permission came. A rapid movement of troops to a position back of the fortress, and Henry surrendered to a galling fire from fifty-four cannon on Foote's gunboats. It was a matter of no time. "I hope that what has been done will meet the approval of the Department," writes Grant to Halleck on the 6th of February, just after Ft. Henry. It certainly did, and of all the country.



"Now, I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th," he adds, in a significant and confident telegram. Events delayed him beyond that date. On the 7th, his troops are hurrying through the cold and mud across the eleven miles to Donelson, on the Cumberland. Among those hurrying troops were some of the men of Iowa, destined soon to add new laurels to the brow of the loyal state.

Donelson stands on the left bank of the Cumberland river, near the town of Dover; only, nowadays men speak of Dover as being near to Donelson. Events have changed the phrase and made the history.

"Gen. Halleck did not approve or disapprove of my going to Donelson," says Grant in his memoirs. "He said nothing to me on the subject." The confident telegram sent to the great man at St. Louis from Ft. Henry received no answer. All the same, the 12th of February saw Grant's little army filling the deep hollows and covering the rough and wooded hills around Ft. Donelson. The mud and the cold, the sleet, the snow and the bitter wind, made it uncomfortable enough for the men who shivered along the lines of investment, with short rations, with no blankets, with no overcoats, without fires or tents, with little or no sleep, and nothing in their hands but their rifles. It was a rough, bad country, back of Donelson, with its deep ravines and scraggy woods. The line of investment ran in a semi-circle, from the back-water of the river near Dover on the right, around to Hickman's Creek on the left. On the opposite side of Fort Donelson was the river, watched by the federal gunboats. The advance rebel intrenchments and light breastworks ran almost parallel with the lines of the investing force, a thousand yards in front of the fort. Behind these were other lines, and, in front of all, a difficult abatis made by felling trees, their tops outward.

Gen. Grant formed his lines by placing Gen. McClernand's division of Illinois troops on the extreme right, with Gen. C. F. Smith's division, including the Iowa regiments, on the left. Gen. Lew. Wallace's division, with its Nebraska, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois soldiers, held the center. It was a great venture, to undertake the reduction of a place so strongly forti-

fied as Donelson was by nature, and by the best of intrenchments; that, too, in mid-winter, the soldiers illy clad, no fires, and even no positive permission of the chief commander for battle. The capture, though, could be of immense importance, for Donelson was the key to Nashville.

Grant had expected to take Donelson in a single day. Events rapidly following showed how much he was mistaken. On the 14th, the lines had the appearance of besiegers. Some of the troops were not yet to the front. The Second Iowa was hurrying up the Cumberland river as fast as steam could carry it, from St. Louis. It was due to Gen. Grant's personal endeavors that the Second Iowa was in the fight at all. From its station in St. Louis, it had been ordered by Halleck to join Gen. Curtis in the west. Had it gone, it would have been at Pea Ridge instead of Donelson. At the time of the order to go to Curtis, Gen. Grant happened to be in St. Louis, when Tuttle, the Colonel of the Second, visited the General and asked him to protest against the order. He found Grant alone, quietly smoking a cigar on the balcony of the Planter's House. There was a long, quiet talk about the prospects in the North—they were not very bright just then, and Grant himself was having difficulty in convincing Halleck that the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers were the right road into the Confederacy. He still had hopes of permission to try the plan. It was, however, not wholly his own plan. Gen. C. F. Smith approved the course; so did Flag Officer Foote, and Sherman and others. "If I can go," said Grant, "I want your regiment with me." It was a big, new full regiment of Iowa boys. The General accompanied the Colonel to Halleck's headquarters. The order to go west was rescinded, and while Grant was marching over from Henry to Donelson, Col. Tuttle was ordered to put his regiment on a steamer and hurry with other steamers full, up the Cumberland, to help him.

The roll beat, and the men assembled at quarters. The Colonel went to the train to start the ladies of his family north and say farewell to them. On his return to his regiment, he saw it, to his utter amazement, marching to the transports with folded

colors and with silent drum. The Second Iowa was in disgrace. Some of the men had violated discipline, and the whole regiment, by the order of the post commander, Gen. Hamilton, was being punished. Tuttle flew into a rage, hurried to Hamilton, hurried to Halleck, and the storm of words had the ardor of a battle. Almost open mutiny was talked of. The harsh order was not revoked. "But go to the front," said Gen. Halleck to the angered Colonel—"Go to the front; Gen. Grant shall give you a fighting chance, and no man shall, if you prove heroes, be so quick to let the country know it as myself."*

In an hour's time the ropes were loosed, and the steamer, crowded with irate men, pulled down the river, using every means to overtake the fleet, to hurry to Grant, and by deeds of valor wipe the stigma from the regimental flag. At the mouth of the Cumberland, the pilot, a secession sympathizer, as were most of the lower river pilots of that day, concluded he would take the boat no further. "I can't, you know. I am not a Cumberland river man. You must get a special pilot." A special pilot was sought for, but none was to be found in Paducah, and none in Smithland. "Now, can't you?" said the Colonel again to the obstinate pilot. "We must go up the river at once." "I can't and I won't," added the man of the tiller. "Won't you," shouted the Colonel, suddenly reaching for something in his breast pocket. "Now take that wheel, and run this boat straight up the river." The whistle blew, the bell rang, the ropes were loosed, and the boat went on her way; while for hours, sitting or standing beside the pilot, was an officer with his hand on his breast pocket, helping the pilot to steer his boat up the Cumberland. It was an incident preparatory to graver events. In sight of Donelson, the fleet is overtaken, the troops get ashore, the pilot breathes easier, and Gen. Grant has put the Second Iowa in Smith's division, and at a point where it will

*The Second Regiment was guarding McDowell College, in St. Louis, at this time. The building was used as a prison for Rebels, but the rooms containing the museum and specimens belonging to the college, remained as in time of peace. Some vandal, possibly of the Second regiment, and possibly not, robbed this museum of part of its contents. As the Second Iowa was guarding it, it was held responsible for the outrage, and the whole regiment was disgraced by orders.

have a "good fighting chance." The very next day, the 15th, the chance is to be given. Already there had been heavy fighting at Donelson, and almost the first battle cries that met the ears of the Second Iowa were, "the assaults have failed."

On the 14th, Gen. McClernand, on the right, had attempted, with a few regiments, to storm and capture a well defended battery in his front. It was a fierce fight, but as the battery was defended by half the rebel army, the advancing Illinoisans were nearly annihilated. Some one had blundered. The same day the federal gunboats approached and shelled the rebel water batteries at Grant's left, and under the rebel fort. The gunboats were disabled and fell back with much loss, while some fighting at the left failed also. That night the rebel commander telegraphed to Richmond news of a victory at Donelson, and the disheartened federal soldiers lay down in the cold without blankets or fires. The wind was so bitter and so merciless, it was feared many of the soldiers might freeze. They huddled together in squads, with perhaps a single blanket over the heads of half a dozen men. In some cases the officers went about and shook the men to prevent numbness, sleep and freezing overtaking them. Some of the Rebels were frozen that night. Gen. C. F. Smith sat the merciless night through, on a log, wrapped only in a small rubber blanket. The exposure was too much, and in a few weeks the gallant soldier who was to lead the Iowa men on the morrow, died near Pittsburg Landing.

At daylight of the 15th, Gen. Grant rode some seven miles over the rough frozen roads, down to the river, to consult with Flag Officer Foote, in command of the gunboats. In that interview it was concluded to send the gunboats back to Cairo for repairs, while the army should commence a siege. On his return, about noon, the commander was amazed to learn that a battle had taken place in his absence, and that disaster was at that moment threatening the army. Shortly after daylight the entire rebel army had made an effort to cut its way out of Donelson. Grant's right wing, under McClernand, had been terrifically assailed, its columns driven to retreat, and doubled back on the center, under Wallace. For hours, the conflict raged with severe

loss to the Union line. Croft's brigade of Wallace's division was sent in to help, but, losing its way in the woods, fell back with the retreating regiments. At that instant Thayer's big brigade was thrown across the path of the rushing Rebels, and drove them back into their intrenchments.

Grant, cool and unperturbed by the din of the battle, rapidly took in the situation. The prisoners and the wounded showed that the rebel regiments went into battle with knapsacks and rations for a march. Plainly they were trying to escape. Being foiled, thought Grant, the enemy must be greatly demoralized. It was one of those moments in war when quick observation and sudden resolution win battles. "The one who attacks first now," said Grant to his chief of staff, "will be victorious, and the enemy will have to be in a hurry if he gets ahead of me."*

An assault on the extreme left by Smith's division, including all the Iowa troops, was determined on at once. The fighting chance had come. The chief of staff rode all along the line toward the left, crying to the soldiers: "Fill your cartridge boxes, quick, and fall in. The enemy is trying to escape."

Gen. Smith, in person, ordered Lauman's brigade to assault. The Second Iowa was at the left of the brigade, the Seventh Iowa next, the Twenty-fifth Indiana next, and the Fourteenth, led by Col. Shaw, at the right. Berge's sharpshooters, though attached to the brigade, were not in line. "The attack was made," says Shaw, "by regiments in double column, left in front." Col.

*That Gen. Grant was not quite sure of the situation, and that the Second Iowa's going straight into, and taking the breastworks at Donelson, was more than was calculated on, the following note to Commodore Foote clearly implies. The brave charge more than "saved appearances." It won Donelson:

CAMP, NEAR FORT DONELSON, Feb. 15, 1862.

ANDREW H. FOOTE, *Commanding Officer Gunboat Flotilla*:

If all the gunboats that can, will immediately make their appearance to the enemy, it may secure us a victory. Otherwise all may be defeated. A terrible conflict ensued in my absence, which has demoralized a portion of my command, and I think the enemy is much more so. If the gunboats do not show themselves, it will reassure the enemy, and still farther demoralize our troops. I must order a charge to save appearances. I do not expect the gunboats to go into action, but to make appearance and throw a few shells at long range.

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Tuttle, with the left wing of his regiment, led the assault, his right wing following with the other regiments in order.

"Can you go into the intrenchments?" said the gray-haired veteran, the trained soldier, Gen. Smith, to Col. Tuttle. "Yes," was the prompt response. "Support us, only, for we are going in there, and don't you forget it."

Smith scarcely believed it possible for his men to absolutely take the fortifications in his front, nor could he be sure that Gen. Grant intended more than a violent demonstration, to mislead the enemy, while his troops elsewhere on the line should make some other movement, before being driven to resort to a siege.

It was no child's play-ground, that—five hundred yards of rough ascent covered with fallen trees, with sharpened limbs, with the long line of rifle pits, and, back of these, a determined, angry foe. Already the rebel troops could be seen rushing back from their left, to defend their intrenchments. The sun had come out brightly, as if to witness a spectacle. The wind and the snow were almost gone, and the birds, frightened from the thundering cannon on the far right all the forenoon, were again chirping in the woods around the assembling columns.

"Fix bayonets! forward, and without firing!" came the order. Col. Tuttle drew his sword and marched slowly ahead, his half regiment following. Not far behind, led by Lt.-Col. Baker, followed the other half of the regiment. No man spoke—no shot was fired. Soon, as the Second regiment reaches the abatis, the line deploys a little right and left to get round the obstacles in its way—extends itself—and then opens from the entrenchments a storm of shot and shell and minie ball. No man falters. Quietly and stubbornly the lines advance, picking their way among the fallen trees. Capt. Cloutman is shot dead. A ball tears through the body of Capt. Slaymaker. "Go on," he cries, "your work is there." Men and officers fall all around. But no one hesitates. The column has started to take the entrenchments. "We are going in, and don't you forget it." Closer and closer approach the union lines. Hotter and hotter grows the rebel storm of shot and shell. No orders are given. Only,

"Steady, boys"—"brave boys." Every man is his own commander, and works his way up, firing still no shot; but with tightly grasped rifle, sharp bayonet and gleaming eye, faces the death in the trenches. Suddenly there is a cry—the lines are reached. "Give them hell, boys," shouts the big Colonel, and the boys of Iowa are over the entrenchments, pouring a flood of bullets after the Rebels, who are flying across a ravine and over to an inner line of breastworks. There they halt, and a pitched battle ensues for the captured ground. It is in vain that fresh rebel regiments hurry to the contest. The men who charged so daringly will not give up the ground. And other regiments are climbing the abatis to help them.

The Fourteenth Iowa being on the right of the brigade, was the last to attack. Shaw led it and advanced upon the enemy's works to the right of the other regiments, Gen. Smith riding part of the way with him. Being separated by fallen timber, the latter rejoined Shaw inside the enemy's works. Here it was that Gen. Smith took his canteen, swung it over his head, cheered, and offered the Colonel a drink. At Shaw's right, the Twelfth Iowa, of Cook's brigade, advanced a little later, but was in the works in time to be severely engaged, and to help prevent the re-enforced enemy from driving our own troops out. Col. Woods led the regiment. It had at first made a feint of attack further to the right, but now moved to the left to Tuttle's support, and charging through the fallen timber, received a galling fire of grape and canister. On reaching the breastworks, the regiment poured a hot fire of musketry into the enemy, who not only met it in front, but opened on it with artillery at the right. Under this cross-fire, the Twelfth fought the enemy for two hours, helping to drive him from and beyond the deep ravine back of the breastworks. The Seventh Iowa, led by Col. Parrott, had promptly advanced, and fought with extreme bravery, adding to the splendid reputation it had won at Belmont. All the Iowa regiments, especially the Second, had won the admiration of the army and the country.

The assault of the Second Iowa, supported by the three other Iowa regiments and the Twenty-fifth Indiana, won the battle of

Donelson. It was an Iowa victory. "There was nothing," says Shaw, "in the history of the whole war, that excels that charge of the Second Iowa."

That night in the cold and dreariness lay the wounded, friend and foe, and all night went orders right and left to prepare for storming the main works on the morrow.

The scene inside the fort was one of melancholy and despair. Cold, and hungry, and defeated, the illy clad rebel soldiers waited and feared the morrow. Some of the rebel officers, with their commands, stricken with cowardice, slipped over the river, deserted their comrades and escaped; among them, their chief commanders, Floyd and Pillow. Gen S. B. Buckner assumed command of the desperate position, and long before morning this little note was sent to a subordinate officer:

"*Have the white flag hoisted on Fort Donelson, but not the batteries.*"
S. B. BUCKNER, *Brigadier General.*"

The officer was directed further to seek communication with Gen. Grant through the nearest federal picket. That was one of the posts of Lauman's brigade. In the gray of the early morning, a truce bugle was heard, and an officer bearing a white flag and a note to Gen. Grant, approached the picket line. Lauman sent the note to Smith, the division commander, who sent it to Grant. The world knows the answer to that little note sent in the gray of the morning.*

Donelson surrendered unconditionally, and by full daylight, white flags all along the rebel line showed that the contest was finished. Gen. Lauman rightly claimed for his brigade the honor of first marching into the captured fort. So on that bright Sunday morning, while the people of the North were

*The well known summons sent into the rebel fort that morning read as below, and was dated Feb. 16, at headquarters in the field, Camp Donelson:

GEN. S. B. BUCKNER, *Confederate Army:*

Sir: Yours of this date, proposing armistice, and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Brig. Gen'l.*

kneeling in their homes and churches to pray for victory, the Fourth brigade, headed by the Second Iowa, marched into Donelson with flags flying, and to the sound of fifes and drums and union cannon. So Donelson was won.

Halleck kept his word. The Second Iowa had had its fighting chance. In the hands of the writer is this telegram:

"St. LOUIS, Feb. 18, 1862.

"ADJUTANT GENERAL BAKER:

"The Second Iowa infantry proved themselves the bravest of the brave. They had the honor of leading the column which entered Fort Donelson.

"H. W. HALLECK, *Major General.*"

In the midst of the gloom that hung over the country that winter of 1861-2, Donelson came like a new light. It was the first great victory of the West. Fifteen thousand men, with sixty cannon, and large supplies, had surrendered at discretion.

But the surrender itself was nothing compared with the immense results that followed. "It was the turning point of the war," said Halleck to McClellan. *The whole rebel line of the West, from Nashville to Columbus, fell back a hundred miles.* The key to Nashville was gone. Columbus was evacuated. "The situation," says Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to Jefferson Davis, "left me no alternative but to evacuate Nashville or sacrifice the army." The blow was disastrous and almost without a remedy. It had cost Grant's troops heavily. The casualties were 2,832 men, the greatest losses being in McClernand's division on the right. The left also lost heavily, for the number fighting.

The Second Iowa, out of only 630 engaged in the assault, lost 197 men—33 killed and 164 wounded. The Seventh Iowa lost 39, the Fourteenth regiment 26 (one of whom was captured), and the Twelfth, 30; but these, except as to the Second, included some losses of the preceding days, when one or two futile efforts were made to dislodge the enemy in front of Smith.* The

*Among other attempts preceding the main assault, had been a very gallant but vain effort of the Fourteenth Iowa and the Twenty-fifth Indiana two days before, to capture a rebel battery in front of Lauman's brigade. The Seventh and Twelfth also engaged in the attacks of the 13th of February.

Second regiment's loss was wholly in the charge of that afternoon.

Many Iowa men made heroes of themselves that day—many filled heroes' graves. Slaymaker, and Cloutman, and Harper, of the Second, fell dead leading their men in the charge. At their sides fell lesser officers from almost every company. Sergeants Doolittle, Doty, Dunn, Journey and Morse, and Corporals Meally, Page and Berkey, with 31 privates, lay dead in their tracks, as our men went over the intrenchments. Major Chipman, and Lieutenants J. B. Weaver, Holmes, Tisdale, Ensign, Godfrey, Huntington and Bing, with many privates, were wounded.* Every man of the little color guard was killed, wounded or injured. Sergt. Doolittle, bearing the flag, fell, pierced with four bullets. Corp. Page grasped the fallen flag and was shot dead. Corp. Churchill seized it and was wounded. Corp. Twombly† sprang forward, and was knocked down by a spent ball, but rising, bore the honored flag to the end of the fight.

The following names are referred to in Col. Tuttle's report as worthy of mention for gallantry: Lt.-Col. Baker, Maj. Chipman, Adjt. Tuttle, Captains Mills, Cox, Moore, Wilkin; Lieutenants Scofield, Ensign, Davis, Holmes, Huntington, Weaver, Mastick, Snowden and Godfrey, and Sergt. Maj. Brawner. Surgeons Marsh and Nassau were complimented for devotion and bravery.

The Seventh Iowa had two privates killed, and two Lieutenants (James B. Sample and Wm. G. Moore), five Sergeants, two Corporals, and twenty-eight privates wounded. The Fourteenth Iowa lost on the day of the charge but eight men—one killed and seven wounded; among them, S. H. Smith, the Sergeant Major, who fell dead at the Colonel's side. The Twelfth Iowa, fighting in the Third brigade, lost one man killed and 27 wounded. Lt.-Col. Coulter, Maj. Brodtbeck, Sergt. Maj. Morrisy and Color Sergt. Grannis were complimented for gallantry in Col. Woods' report; also for faithful duty, Lieutenants Duncan and Dorr, and Surgeons Parker and Finley.

*Col. Tuttle was seriously injured by a cannon ball striking a log on which he was standing inside the breastworks.

†The present State Treasurer of Iowa.

Col. Tuttle, Lieutenant-Colonels Parrott and Baker, Col. Shaw, and Majors Rice and Chipman, were all mentioned by Lauman as deserving honor.*.

The victory made five major generals, while almost every colonel commanding was made a brigadier. Curiously enough, the rifles used by the Second Kentucky at Donelson against our men were the very same six-shooters with which John Brown had armed his followers when in Iowa three years before. They had been captured with him at Harper's Ferry.

Donelson surrendered on Sunday morning, February the 16th, 1861. By noon of Monday the news reached Iowa. The rejoicings and the gladness were as great as they were long afterward when Richmond fell. Many even thought Donelson would end the war. The Legislature was in session in Des Moines, and when the news came, the rejoicings of its members knew no bounds. That afternoon, Gov. Kirkwood gave a loyal men's banquet, memorable for its words and its joyousness in the state's history. Shortly after, accompanied by Dr. Hughes, Surgeon General of the state, Senator Udell, and Maj. Kellogg of Decatur, the Governor went to Donelson, to help and cheer the wounded heroes. He brought back with him the bullet-ridden flag of the Second Iowa, and hung it above the Speaker's desk in the Assembly, as a sign of how Iowa won her honor. It was received by Hon. Rush Clark, the Speaker, in a speech glowing with tribute to the valor of Iowa soldiers.

The following private letters written on the battle ground are interesting and valuable. Two are from Colonel, afterward Gen. Lauman, to his wife and brother, and one is from Colonel, afterward Gen. Tuttle, the hero of the charge, to his father:

FORT DONELSON, Tennessee, Feb. 17, 1862.

Dear Wife: I am again safe. My life is still prolonged. Let me hope it is for some good purpose. We have had a great battle, the fight lasting for three days, but you will hear of it, and the great result to flow out of it long before this reaches you.

I commanded the Fourth brigade of the Second division, and my command made their mark. * * * Poor Jack Slaymaker was killed,

*The losses at Ft. Donelson are taken from the Rebellion Records.

gallantly leading his men to the charge on the last day—indeed, the only day the Second were in the engagement. Capt. Cloutman fell, also bravely doing his duty. Harry was wounded very severely, but the surgeons say he will recover. I left my command to see him and poor Jack last evening. I have ordered Jack's remains to be properly cared for, to send home to his parents, and will see that it is done properly, although my time is so occupied I have scarcely time to write this note, nor do I know when nor how it will leave here. I am now in command of Fort Donelson, and my brigade are quartered in the fortifications. We will be ordered forward soon, I hope, and I sincerely trust our success will be the harbinger of a speedy close of the horrid rebellion. I received your two letters just before we were ordered into action, and I had to laugh over your congratulations at my good quarters in Smithland, when for two nights I had been camped under a tree, and it raining and snowing on me, without a tent. But my health is improving. My cold, under which I have been suffering, is getting better, and I am able to endure a great deal of hardship.

Gen. Smith (Paducah Smith) is a good soldier. The reputation of the Iowa Seventh is as bright as ever, although their loss is trifling. The state may well be proud of their troops.

I lost all my bedding yesterday, and doubt very much if I find it again. We marched out of camp leaving everything behind, and our *friends* helped themselves. I will look after Harry—I think he will do well. Dr. Marsh says the wound in his stomach did not penetrate far enough to do any serious injury. I trust this may be so. He is in good spirits, and bore his flag like a hero. Love to all. Good bye.

Yours affectionately,

J. G. LAUMAN.

FORT DONELSON, Tennessee, Feb. 19, 1862.

Dear Brother: The battle is fought, the dead are buried and the wounded cared for, and we are again settling down to the old routine of military discipline. But what a scene we have passed through, and what a victory we have won! We have already sent off eight or nine thousand prisoners, and we have more yet to send. But such a lot of humanity I never saw before—all butternut color; but they can shoot, as many of our boys can testify.

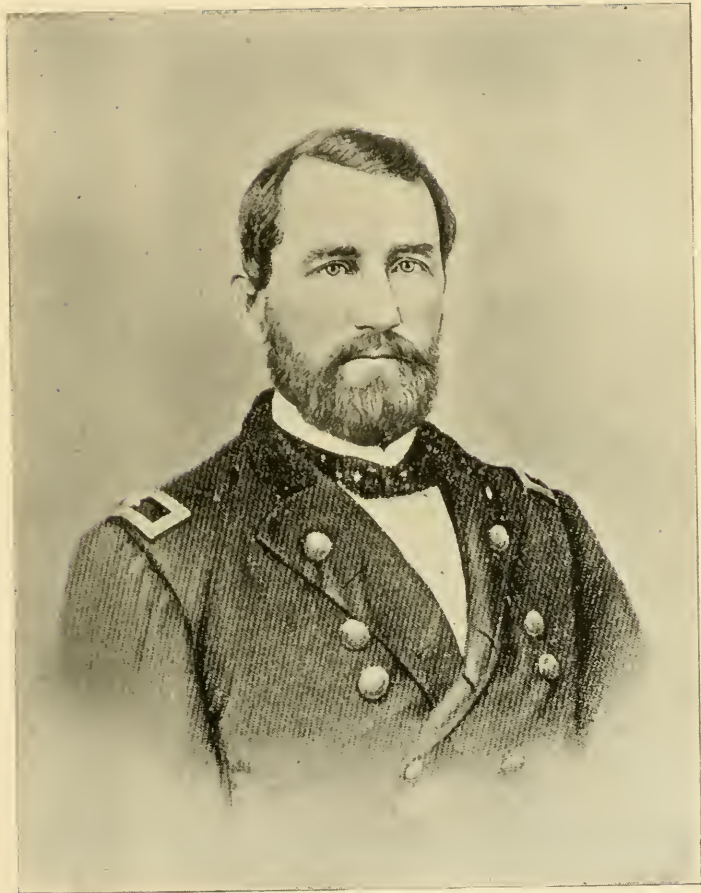
I have made my report to Gen. Smith, which I suppose will be published, and before this reaches you, you will know more about the battle than I do. I have already seen that the Iowa Seventh was all cut up on the first day's fight. I hope you did not let any of these reports disturb you. We had a hard time. For three nights we lay in the open air without tents, and some without blankets, raining and snowing all night. The last night we remained under arms all night, prepared to repel an assault; but when morning came—and oh! how long it was in coming—the enemy attracted our attention to their white flag, and I received proposals for capitulation,

which we promptly forwarded to Gen. Smith, and through him to Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant refused terms and insisted on unconditional surrender, and an hour was given them to consider. At the end of that time the loud shouts of the men gave indications that the surrender was unconditional. Then commenced the rejoicings. I claimed for my brigade the right to enter first, which was accorded; when with drums beating and colors flying we entered the fort. The Rebels were drawn up in line, with their arms in great heaps, and looked quite woe-begone, I assure you, as the victors passed along.

My brigade is in the fort, of which I have command. Gen. Smith's division is quartered all around about. The fortifications extend over the country for miles, and the other division of the army encamped at other points. The greatest loss was on our right, in McClermand's division. The enemy endeavored to cut through at that point, and fought with great desperation—loss very heavy. But you know all this and more, and this will be stale news to you. I found the pistols I lost at Belmont at Fort Donelson, or others just as good.

Capt. R— will return to Burlington, he informed me to-day, for a short time. So he informed me, but he may not be able to get off. If he does, I will send a flag, *secesh*, captured in the fort. They either destroyed or secreted their flags, as none could be found. I have not yet seen the reports of my commanding officer, but Gen. Grant has caused a highly complimentary order to be read to the troops. Gen. Smith is a good officer, and as brave as a lion. I am proud to be under him. I had a good brigade, and I believe they like me. I hope the rebellion will receive such a shock from this that they will not be able to hold up their heads for some time to come. I am obliged to Jenny for her kind and very acceptable letter, and hope she will write again. I received a letter from Gov. Kirkwood covering the resolutions of the legislature of Iowa, and had them read to my regiment last evening. Tell Lou that Harry Doolittle is doing well. I went to the boat to see him, but it had started before I got there. He will remain for the present at Paducah, I suppose. I met, as I was on my way to Dover, where the boat was lying, Drs. Marsh and Nassau of Iowa Second, who gave me this information. Among the hundreds of wounded and dead, it is almost impossible to keep the whereabouts of anyone. I must now bring this to a close. Let Lou see this, and it will be the same as though I had written to her. Capt. Slaymaker's remains were forwarded to St. Louis for preparation to send home. I cut off a lock of his hair and sent it to Betty for his friends, fearing something might occur that the coffin could not be opened when it got home. Give my love to all, and if anything should befall me, take good care of wife and little ones, and believe me to be your affectionate brother,

JACOB.



GENERAL JAS. M. TUTTLE.

FORT DONELSON, Feb. 18, 1862.

Dear Father: Long before you get this, the telegraph will inform you of the particulars of the capture of this very important post, and also the part the Second Iowa took in it. I do not know how the reports will reach you at home, but here we are covered with glory. I have been very busy since the battle, attending to the burying of the dead, and taking care of the wounded. I could find no time to write sooner.

I thought of nothing, while climbing the hill on "double quick" to storm the fort, but to keep my men in order and prevent confusion. When I saw my gallant boys scaling the earthworks and putting the Rebels to the bayonet, and shooting them down with still greater fatality than they had us just before, I felt like clasping each one of our brave boys in my arms. Our loss was very great, but theirs much greater. After the battle was over it was, and still is, terrible to think of. Joel and I were side by side most of the time. He fought bravely, even a little rashly sometimes. He was not touched. I was grazed by a ball which passed through my coat-sleeve and glove, hitting the hilt of my sword and knocking it over my head. The sudden wrenching of it out of my hand, paralyzed my arm during the rest of the engagement. I was afterward standing on a log, beckoning to another regiment behind us to come on, when a cannon ball struck the log, forcing it from under me. I fell backward on a limb, injuring my back very much; I cannot straighten it yet. Tell the Des Moines folks that their company did nobly. Capt. Mills and I were close together most of the time. He fought bravely. Lieuts. Ensign and Godfrey also did bravely. Sergt. Doty was among the bravest of the brave, and died like a hero. George Morse, of Farmington, also died bravely. He was one of the best sergeants of the regiment. We lost some noble young men, one out of every three, either killed or wounded. I was over the battle field to-day, and don't see how any of us escaped alive. * * * * *

J. M. TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XI.

IOWA AT THE BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

March 7 and 8, 1862.

AT THE very hour almost when Gov. Kirkwood was presenting the Legislature with the bloody flag of Donelson, came the news of another great battle in which Iowa troops had behaved like heroes. The Fourth and Ninth regiments were to be added to Iowa's scroll of honor. The battle of Pea Ridge was commenced on the 7th and was won on the 8th of March, 1862. The rebel army under Gen. Sterling Price had been concentrating and wintering at the town of Springfield, only a dozen miles away from the bloody battle field of Wilson's Creek.

All Southwest Missouri was still in turmoil. Arson and murder were still the order of the day. The persecution of union citizens continued wherever a rebel force could get a foothold. Thousands of the loyal people of the state were driven to seek refuge in union camps—old men, women and children bearing the hardships of soldiers, and receiving food and shelter from the hands of strangers. Their own homes were deserted, their farms and crops trampled by the foot of the invader, and thousands of their houses given to the flames. The union people of Missouri verily had no place to lay their heads. They were miserable fugitives in their own state, and in sight of their own burning homes.

The invasion of the state by Price and his rebel hordes brought only misery to the people. Price hoped, with the assistance of heavy forces from Arkansas and Texas, to again overrun the whole state and capture St. Louis and the capital. There was serious danger of his being able to do all this. Halleck, now in command of the department, with headquarters at St. Louis, had his hands full sending re-enforcements and aid to

Grant at Donelson. Every available man was being sent to the army on the Tennessee river, and McClellan was crying for western troops to be sent east to help them there. Halleck was almost in despair. He worked day and night; the tick of the telegraph at his headquarters was never silent. He was patriotic and courageous and competent, but he could not be in all places at once, nor send regiments south and east at the same time. While Halleck was pushing his forces on the Tennessee, Price and his cohorts might overwhelm Missouri and drive his very headquarters into the Mississippi river. "I must leave him to you; I must leave Price to you," wrote Halleck to Gen. Curtis, Iowa's first brigadier. It was early in February. The roads were wretchedly bad, and the winter weather exceptionally severe. In selecting Gen. Curtis to repel and destroy Price's army, Halleck, as the sequel proved, acted wisely. Curtis was educated at West Point—had stood high in his class, and in 1847 had led an Ohio regiment in the Mexican war. He served also on the staff of Gen. Wool.

When the rebellion broke out, Gen. Curtis, a member of Congress from Iowa, was serving on the military committee of the House at Washington, and hastened at once to offer his services as a soldier to the President. On the 1st of June, 1861, he was unanimously chosen Colonel of the Second Iowa infantry. Gen. Lyon telegraphed him at the regiment's rendezvous camp at Keokuk, on the 12th of June, to hurry his regiment to Hannibal in Missouri, "to help put down traitors everywhere." The order came at midnight, and by daylight the Second Iowa was on the boat steaming down the river. It was the first Iowa command to cross the rebel Rubicon of the Missouri border. The First Iowa followed south the next day. Gen. Scott, who knew and appreciated the qualities of Gen. Curtis, had had him made brigadier general, and by mid-winter of 1861-2, Gen. Halleck appointed him "to take care of Price's army."

The rebel General Price entered Springfield on Christmas day, and the next day Gen. Curtis commenced assembling an army at Rolla to meet him. It was called "The Army of the Southwest," and consisted of four divisions, having among its com-

manders men like Sigel and Dodge, Carr and Davis, Osterhaus and Herron. The famous Phil. Sheridan was its Quartermaster General. Osterhaus commanded the First division, Asboth the Second, Col. Jeff. C. Davis the Third, and Col. Carr, of the regular army, the Fourth. Sigel led the First and Second divisions as a wing, and Curtis commanded the whole force. Col. Dodge, of the Iowa Fourth, led the First brigade of Carr's division. The brigade consisted of his own regiment, the Fourth, commanded by Lt.-Col. Galligan, the Ninth Iowa, commanded by Lt.-Col. Herron, and the Thirty-fifth Illinois. Vandever, the Colonel of the Iowa Ninth, led the Second brigade of Carr's division.






That winter in Rolla was intensely disagreeable for the soldiers, the weather extremely inclement, roads scarcely passable and constant sickness in camp. The Fourth Iowa, the only Iowa regiment there, the Ninth coming later, suffered severely. There was "danger of the men of the Fourth all dying," wrote a correspondent. But frequent furloughs and prospects of a real campaign revived the sunken spirits, and the regiment by the middle of January, 1862, was ready for work.

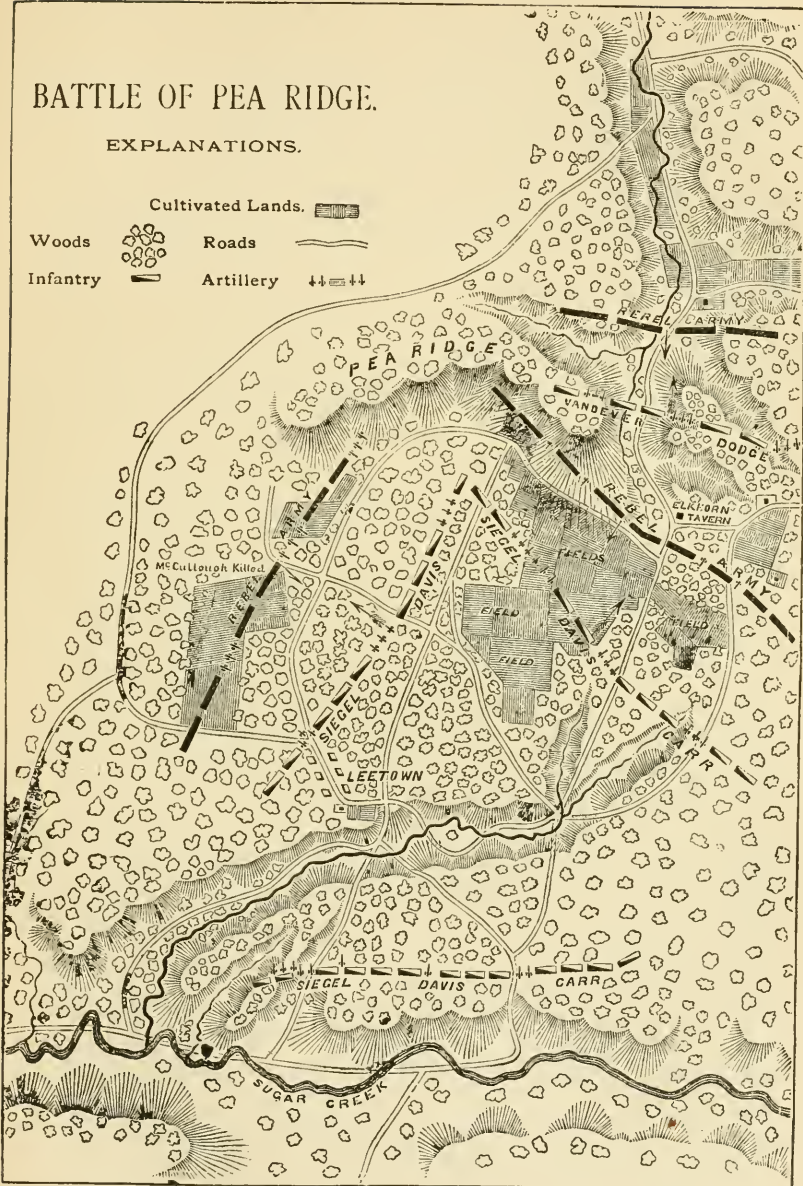
January 14th, the advance of the army toward Springfield, one hundred miles away, commenced. At Lebanon the columns concentrated, and here a renewed forced march commenced. Every pound of surplus baggage was left behind. So were half the tents, and the sutlers, and the bands, the servants and all things that could interfere with quick marching and hard fighting.

"You have already endured much," said Curtis to his troops when they reached Lebanon. "You have moved through the coldest and most stormy period of a cold winter, and brought your trains and equipments through snow, mud, floods and frosts without a murmur." But more fortitude, patience and exposure were now to be required. Tents, stores and all army conveniences were reduced still more, and the army moved on for Springfield. "It looks like work," said Halleck, when he heard how the little army with half its supplies was pushing on in the dead of winter over nearly impassable roads, bridging streams

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

EXPLANATIONS.

- | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|
| | Cultivated Lands. |  | |
| Woods |  | Roads |  |
| Infantry |  | Artillery |  |



and wading through mud and storm to attack an enemy double its numbers on its own ground.

Sterling Price did not wait for an army of such resolution to approach him, but retreated from Springfield on the 13th of February, just as the federal army was deploying its line of battle for the attack. Early on that morning a company of the Iowa Fourth, deployed as skirmishers, entered Springfield in the mist and fog just as the rebel rear guard disappeared in the distance.

Curtis's army on that day numbered 12,095 men, with 50 pieces of artillery. Price had fallen back with largely superior numbers, and was now to seek refuge in the passes of the Boston mountains, and be re-enforced by other generals with fresh troops and bands of Indians.

The pursuit of the retreating Rebels through an almost desolate country on the Arkansas border, was rapid and close. Here and there their rear, overtaken by Curtis's swift cavalry and infantry, would stop and fight a few minutes and again fly. One of these halts occurred at "Sugar Creek," in the hills known as the Ozark mountains. The fight rose to the dignity of a battle. The firing was severe, and many were killed and wounded on both sides; but again, the Rebels, defeated, fell back. Except the First Iowa battery, no Iowa troops took part at Sugar Creek.

In a deep, extensive canyon with natural fortifications, twenty miles farther south, and not far from Fayetteville, in Arkansas, Price halted his army. The place was called "Cross Hollows," and was considered almost impregnable. Here the rebel Gen. Ben. McCulloch had wintered with a large force of Texas troops, and now united with the army of Price, swelling his numbers to perhaps three times those of the army of Curtis.

Price now wrote to the Governor of Missouri, explaining his retreat. He closed with the words, "Governor, we are confident of the future." Possibly his confidence abated a little, for by a flank movement, "Cross Hollows" was soon in the hands of Curtis, and its name changed to that of "Camp Halleck." Bentonville and Fayetteville and other neighboring villages be-

tween the Ozark and Boston mountains, were occupied by the Union army, and the march south halted.

Curtis was now 240 miles from his supplies and communications at Rolla, and while the enemy was re-enforced and secure in the north foot hills of the Boston mountains in his front, it was safe to assume that the re-enforced rebel army might come out from its mountain fastness, and attack at any time an army occupying a position that was indeed perilous. To have a battle ground of his own choosing, Curtis fell back a little on the line of Sugar Creek, the scene of the former fight, and just south of a high plateau known as Pea Ridge. Gen. Van Dorn had now come on and taken chief command of the concentrated rebel forces.

"Beware of Van Dorn," wrote Halleck to Curtis, "he is an energetic officer." Curtis needed the warning, for his divisions, in order to obtain supplies from the country, were too far apart. Davis's division lay on Sugar Creek; Osterhaus's and Asboth's divisions were some fifteen miles in advance and to the right, at Bentonville, while Carr's division occupied the old rebel camp of "Cross Hollows," fifteen miles southeast of Bentonville. Vandever's brigade, including the Ninth Iowa, was still farther in advance to the left at the village of Huntsville, on a reconnoissance. Here on the 5th of March, Vandever was astounded by the intelligence from the village people that Van Dorn's army, 40,000 strong, was rapidly marching for the right flank of Curtis's position. Curtis, too, received the intelligence from a courier of the Fourth Iowa, and his troops were ordered to hurry back to positions for fighting on and back of Sugar Creek. Here nature afforded safe intrenchments to battle behind. Vandever was ordered to march night and day to a point on Pea Ridge back of the creek. It was forty-one miles. The forced tramp, fording streams and wading through a heavy snow-storm and mud, was made in fourteen hours on short rations, and was followed by two days of battle.

The rebel army was really moving as reported. Sigel at Bentonville, moving with delay, as was a custom of his, got himself,

with part of his forces, surrounded, and had to cut his way out. It was a narrow escape, and troops had to be sent back to help him. Another hour's delay would have been fatal to him, and a disaster to the whole army.

That was on March the 6th. The Rebels made demonstrations that afternoon as if to attack Curtis's front in its chosen and well defended position on Sugar Creek. Curtis prepared for battle. That night, in the darkness and by a forced march, Van Dorn threw his whole army past Curtis's right flank and moved down on him in line of battle from the rear. Curtis was virtually surrounded. There was no escape by his flanks, for the country was too uneven; none by the front, for there were the Boston mountains and the country of the enemy; none by the rear, for there was the enemy himself. It had been a piece of grand strategy on the part of Van Dorn, but quick resolve and desperate heroism were to save Curtis's army and turn what seemed full rebel advantage into complete rebel disaster. In the night Curtis learned of the rebel army at that moment passing his flank, and daylight found his whole line about-face and left-wheeled into a new position, facing the coming foe. That, too, was a movement as brilliant as the movement of Van Dorn, and to the latter ten times as surprising. This about-face and wheeling turned Curtis's left wing into his right. The line now stood from the hamlet of Leetown, looking northwest on the left, to a country inn known as "Elk Horn Tavern," on the right. Now the Federals faced north and the Rebels faced south. Carr's division, with the Iowa regiments, held the extreme right, about Elk Horn Tavern. Sigel's two divisions held the left, and Jeff. C. Davis the center. The high ground on which the two armies now faced each other was Pea Ridge. The extreme wings of Curtis's irregular battle line were from three to four miles apart.

Early in the forenoon of the 7th, Curtis sent a detachment under Osterhaus, and the Third Iowa cavalry, with other cavalry detachments under Bussey, to strike the rebel flank while in motion. The movement, had it been made with a greater force, properly supported, and much earlier, might have won im-

mediate victory. It was an opportunity in war, but the force sent out was too small, and the infantry support was too late in getting up. Worse than all, just as two companies of Col. Bussey's cavalry, under Lt.-Col. Trimble, were advancing in columns of fours to attack the flank of a line of rebel cavalry passing in the distance, they ran into an infantry ambushade. The surprise was great, for a whole rebel division was lying there in line of battle, and at short musket range. The two brave companies wheeled instantly into line and fought with their revolvers at short range, but the terrific fire of the rebel division stretched many of them dead on the ground. Trimble himself was severely wounded. At the same moment, and unexpectedly, a rebel cavalry force charged into Bussey's right, riding clear through his lines. This force was, in its turn, charged and driven into the woods by the Third Iowa cavalry. But as other federal cavalry gave way behind, a flying battery was lost, and Bussey fell back upon the infantry coming up at this late juncture. In a few minutes the Third Iowa cavalry was recalled from the pursuit, and were led back to the main line in good order by Maj. Perry. They had lost heavily, and some of their men were butchered and scalped by a band of Indians fighting in the rebel column. Many men, too, of the Missouri cavalry, supporting the battery while the Third Iowa advanced, were slaughtered in cold blood by Texans, or massacred by Gen. Pike's Cherokee Indians, led by Lt.-Col. Quayle. "My command," says Pike, speaking of the capture of this battery, "consisted of about 1,000 men, all Indians except one squadron. They charged full in front, and with loud yells, took the battery." Shortly Gen. Pike found "about forty of the enemy killed around the guns. Around the captured battery was a mass of Indians and others, in the utmost confusion, talking and riding this way and that, and listening to no orders from any one."

"The sight was a sad one, but not devoid of satisfaction," wrote a semi-barbarous officer of Price's army to the *Richmond Whig*. "The Texans with their large knives had cloven skulls in twain, mangling brains and blood and hair. About forty-five men lay in a space of two or three hundred yards behind the

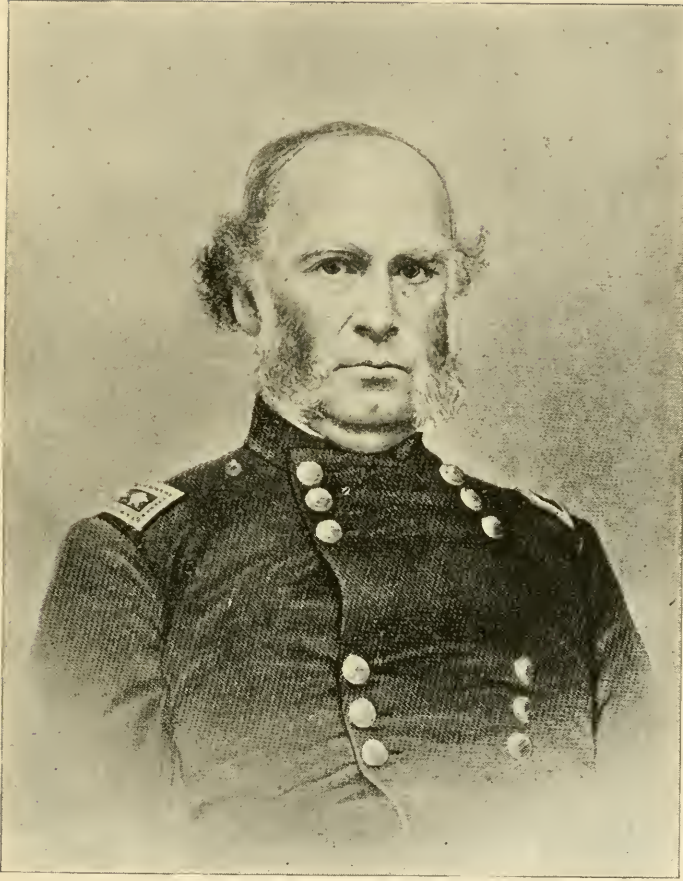
battery, all save one entirely dead, and all but three, Dutchmen. The character of the bloody Indians, as denoted by their countenances, betokened victory for the South."

Quickly following this massacre at the little battery, the rebel infantry advanced and the general engagement opened. At the same moment, while Curtis was still aligning his forces, heavy rebel columns swept down on the Iowa, Illinois and Missouri regiments of Carr's division at the right. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and with the attack on Carr, commenced one of the desperately fought battles of the war.

When the alarm at the right was given, the chief officers of the army were holding a council of war at a little church in the woods just south of the Elk Horn Tavern. Many of the officers proposed retreating. "*But we have come here to fight,*" said Col. Dodge; "to do anything else would ruin us, especially in Iowa." Jeff. C. Davis, too, was for fighting right there. Dodge, sure of immediate battle, on coming to the council, had ordered his brigade to follow him to the little church. Then Curtis, seeing the troops in the road, and hearing the fire in the rear, ordered Carr to hurry them into line, back by the Elk Horn Tavern. So it was that the Iowa men on the right, as in the center, at Pea Ridge, received the first shock of the battle. In twenty minutes Dodge's brigade was fighting at the right of the Springfield road, with the Fourth Iowa infantry and a section of the First Iowa battery in his center, the Third Illinois cavalry on his right, and the Thirty-fifth Illinois infantry on his left. The rest of the First battery was firing from the road near the tavern.

On the left of the Springfield road, and a little in advance of Dodge, Vandever's brigade of the Ninth Iowa infantry, the Dubuque battery, Col. Phelps's Missouri infantry, and a battalion of Illinois cavalry, came up. Vandever, too, was soon hotly engaged in a conflict that lasted till nearly sunset.

Carr's division, with its Iowa, Illinois and Missouri regiments, was bearing the brunt of the heavy battle. Time and again great numbers of the enemy were hurled on Dodge's and Vandever's brigades. Once Vandever's men drove the rebel line back to the very muzzles of their cannon, and in return were over-



GENERAL S. R. CURTIS.

powered, and lost the captured ground. It was desperate fighting in front of Vandever for awhile. He himself was wounded, while Captains Drips, Bevins, Neff and Rice lay among the dead who were scattered everywhere over the field. By five o'clock, Vandever's line had been seven hours under constant fire. He had been forced back nearly half a mile, but his troops stubbornly disputed every inch of ground. Lt.-Col. Herron, commanding the Ninth Iowa, was wounded and a prisoner. He had led his men with a valor unexcelled. So, too, Maj. Coyl of the Ninth, who was shot down and compelled to leave the field. Captains Towner and Bull, and Lieut. Florrello M. Kelsey of the Ninth, and Lieutenants McClure and Wright of the Dubuque battery, together with 190 non-commissioned officers and privates of the Ninth regiment and the battery, were wounded. Four officers and 37 men were killed.* A heavy concentration of the enemy's guns had forced the brigade to fall back a little and re-form, before sundown.

To the right, in Dodge's brigade, where the Fourth Iowa infantry and the First Iowa battery were fighting, the battle was, if possible, even more desperate. The battery fired till its last round of ammunition failed and most of its guns had to leave the field. The Fourth Iowa infantry had skirmished in advance till 2 o'clock, when the enemy ceased firing a little, and a suspicious silence set in. He was preparing for a more general and a heavier attack. Dodge fronted around a little more to the right, and waited his coming across an open field. The attack, by 6,000 infantry, came on front, left and right, and with the terrific firing of eight pieces of artillery, hurling grape and canister at short range. For two long hours, Dodge's command resisted the assaults. His battery, out of ammunition, left the field. A fresh one sent in was flanked and also left.

*The following officers were especially mentioned for gallantry: Lieut. Asher Riley and Capt. Carpenter and Lieut. Jones who recaptured a cannon; Lieutenants Tisdale and Neff, both wounded; Capt. Bull, Lieut. Baker, Capt. Washburn. Lieutenants Beebe, Crane, Magee, McKenzie and Claffin; Captains Moore, Carskaddon, Drips, Bevins and Lieut. Fellows; also Capt. Hayden of the Dubuque battery. Lieutenants Wright and Bradley were mentioned by the commander of the battery, for bravery. The sergeants and corporals of the battery received just praise. Corporal Rowles was shot in both legs while spiking the last gun of the captured battery.

Once, Dodge's brigade ceased firing in order to learn the new position of the Rebels. Instantly, mistaking the cause of the silence, the enemy charged clear up to his lines, when sudden volleys poured into their faces drove them back in confusion. Fresh regiments immediately filled their places. The firing of the enemy grew more terrific, and shortly his lines began to envelop Dodge's flanks. Vandever's Second brigade having already fallen back, Dodge was now left to contend alone against some 12,000 Rebels in his front and on his flanks. It was about sundown. Dodge's men had fought till they were out of ammunition, and, with a fresh rebel battery on the left enfilading their line, there was nothing to do but fall back. This was done in perfect order, the men in straight lines, and dressed on their colors, though the enemy followed close behind with the batteries and infantry. Once the union line halted and unexpectedly poured a last farewell volley into the pursuers, that made them fly in confusion.

Just then the general in charge came up with re-enforcements and seeing the quiet battle line moving to the rear for ammunition, ordered it to about-face and charge the enemy with naked bayonets. The command was quickly obeyed. The line charged back over a field, but the enemy was gone.

Darkness coming on, Dodge's brigade, having lost nearly one-third of its numbers, killed or wounded, fell back for a momentary rest. They had fought largely superior numbers for nearly nine hours. Once, at noon, Dodge had been ordered to slowly retreat. He sent back word that if he did, the day was lost. If allowed to, he could and would, hold his position. So the fight went on. The re-enforcements, that came to the right of the battle field so late, were unable to drive back the rebel lines that had now penetrated close up to the Elk Horn Tavern, and the weary union troops bivouacked among the dead and wounded, and feared the morrow. Dodge's men were taken back into camp just long enough to replenish their ammunition and clean their guns. By midnight they were again in position at the front as a reserve to the division of Davis, and from midnight

till morning the exhausted men stood shivering in the cold night air without fires or food.

At the center of the union army also, the battle had raged furiously from before noon till about three o'clock. There had been furious onslaughts against Davis's division near to Leetown. The rebel commanders, McIntosh, Ben. McCulloch and Slack, were all killed at this point, leading charges against the union lines. Their forces were driven back. Sigel, on the left, had not been engaged, and a part of his troops ought to have been sent earlier to Carr's assistance on the right. Sigel's position was known to have no enemy near it at two o'clock, and yet it was five o'clock before any of his forces arrived on the right, Carr's division in the meantime struggling against fearful odds.

That was a gloomy night for the union army encamped about Pea Ridge. The day had ended in reverses on the right, and the enemy was in their rear. Few slept, and all the night new dispositions were being made for the morning.

At sunrise of the 8th, the First Iowa battery opened fire on the batteries of the enemy near to Elk Horn Tavern. The new union battle line, formed in the night, with Sigel on the left and all facing north and east, soon became hotly engaged. This was preceded by an artillery duel of great ferocity. Once in the morning the division of Davis, enfiladed by a severe fire, fell back on Dodge's brigade, causing confusion to both lines. It was a perilous moment. Dodge's brigade, however, was soon changed in position, and was again put on the extreme right. Sigel was not quite in position, and Curtis, while waiting on him, anxiously asked Dodge what, in his opinion, would be best to do should the enemy not yield? Practically, the union army was surrounded. "Put my command at the head," said Dodge, "and we will cut out to the west. The enemy is certainly weak in that direction." "That is what we will do," said Curtis. The emergency did not come. Soon Sigel's lines were ready, and advanced, fiercely driving the rebel right from strong positions. The fire of artillery became terrific. The Rebels seeming to weaken a little, Curtis ordered a general charge along the whole

line. In half an hour the rebel army was flying in all directions to the mountains, and Pea Ridge was won.

Curtis's victorious army camped on the battle field, and soon moved farther south. The enemy was so disorganized and scattered in the deep ravines and mountains, that pursuit was almost useless. The rebellion, west of the Mississippi river, nearly perished by the blow. The Rebels lost probably 4,000 or 5,000 men. The Union loss was 1,384, of whom 203 were killed and nearly 1,000 wounded, with a few missing. In Dodge's brigade, every single field officer was disabled, and only two officers were left in the battery. The Fourth Iowa infantry lost 160 men. Among its dead were Lieutenants Robert S. Jackson and J. T. Chittenden. Captains E. G. Burgan, Geo. Burton and Lieutenants F. Teal, Geo. A. Robinson and Lyman Parcher, and Adjutant, later Gen. J. A. Williamson, were wounded, as was Lt.-Col. Galligan.* The Ninth Iowa infantry lost 218 men, the Third Iowa cavalry 50 men, the First Iowa battery 17 men, and the Third Iowa battery 22. The total loss of the division was 682, nearly all killed or wounded. Carr and Dodge were both wounded, the latter severely. Three horses were killed under Dodge, and one wounded. One of his horses was struck by twenty rifle balls.

In a few days Col. Dodge was made brigadier general for gallantry at Pea Ridge. It was the first promotion after the battle. All the other commanding colonels were shortly promoted and Curtis was made a major general, as was also Sigel. "It was a most glorious victory," telegraphed Gen. Halleck to Gen. McClellan on receiving the news of the battle. To the

*The following additional names were mentioned in general reports, for gallantry at Pea Ridge: Capt. H. H. Griffiths, Lieutenants J. A. Williamson, V. J. David, J. W. Bell (Adjutant's clerk), Color Sergt. T. Teil, Lieut. L. Shields (aide to Gen. Carr), Lieutenants O. A. Bowen and John E. Phelps (acting aides). Lieut. Wright, of the Dubuque battery; Maj. Coyl, Ninth infantry; Corp. Leebert, a gallant artillery-man, and Capt. Jones, First Iowa battery, wounded. Gen. Curtis commended all his division and brigade commanders, and said: "To do justice to all in this battle, I would have to spread before you most of the rolls of this army."

soldiers of Curtis' army he wrote: "A grateful country will honor you."*

*This note to Gov. Kirkwood, written on the battle field by Col. Dodge, gives a graphic picture of the fight as seen by a leader, who, on that day, was himself, "bravest of the brave:"

PEA RIDGE BATTLE GROUND, March 10th, 1862.

Gov. S. J. Kirkwood: We have fought a hard battle here, lasting two days; the first day's fight was terrible; it was mostly with the Fourth division, composed of Fourth and Ninth Iowa infantry, First and Second Iowa batteries, Thirty-fifth Illinois and Twenty-fifth Missouri. The loss in the division was 600 killed and wounded, mostly among the Iowa troops; *they saved the day* and made the victory the next morning easy; this division was opposed to Generals Price, Rains and McIntosh, with 15,000 infantry and 18 pieces of artillery. The Fourth division had only some 4,000 engaged, while our other forces were fighting McCullough, and the re-enforcements sent to us went to the First division, but we held the ground, whipped the enemy and Iowa got the glory of the fight. The Fourth Iowa lost 160 out of 548 engaged; Ninth Iowa lost 220 out of 700 engaged; First Iowa battery lost 16 out of 110 engaged, and Third Iowa battery lost 18 out of 140 engaged; they also lost 3 of their pieces. The second day we attacked early in the morning with our entire army, driving everything before us, and the enemy fled in all directions in great confusion, leaving several pieces of artillery, great quantities of small arms and at least 500 prisoners. Gen. Van Dorn attacked with 40,000 infantry and 70 pieces of artillery; we had 12,000, and 50 pieces of artillery. The fighting was terrible, especially among our troops. The Fourth Iowa fought all day steadily, and did not give an inch, although they had at one time concentrated upon them 12 pieces of artillery and six regiments of infantry; our ammunition gave out at night; when we fixed bayonets and charged across the field the enemy did not dare again meet us. It was a trying time for the Fourth; no ammunition and still under a galling fire. Every one gives great credit to the Iowa troops. No man from Iowa flinched. I saw some troops run; one or two parts of regiments came to our support, but fell back at the first fire. In my brigade there was not a field officer except one but was wounded. Lt.-Col. Herron, of Ninth Iowa, in Vandever's brigade, was wounded and taken prisoner. Our Iowa batteries did noble service; mine had two officers wounded in the morning. The Third Iowa cavalry suffered terribly in a charge; had 47 killed. They were put into it by a Dutchman, and out of all military usage. Lt.-Col. Trumbull was severely wounded in the charge. They had very few wounded; a large part of my wounded was from canister and grape; those of the Ninth Iowa from bullets. I was better protected from bullets, though under a hotter fire than any of them. I posted my men behind an open field and made the enemy cross it to reach us. They poured their grape and canister from 12 to 18 guns into us all the time, but could not get them to bear as well as on the Ninth Iowa. I never saw men fight as the Iowa troops did. I have sent a list of the killed and wounded to Adj. Gen. Baker to have it published. A large number of my wounded will die; several have already, and it is impossible to get any accommodation; many lay on the field all night.

G. M. DODGE,

Colonel Fourth Iowa Infantry.

CHAPTER XII.

IOWA AT SHILOH.

April 6-7, 1862.

"I MUST save this army," were the first words of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, at Nashville, when he heard of the loss of Donelson. To save it, he marched it and many other troops to Corinth, the best strategic point of the Southwest. When Shiloh was lost afterward, and with it the life of the brave commander, Corinth, virtually, was lost also.

Shiloh became in many senses the most remarkable battle of the war. It was a great battle, and of great consequences. Iowa had especial reasons for pride in her part of the victory there. Eleven full regiments from the state took part in the conflict. Some of them fought desperately in positions that turned the tide of battle and won imperishable renown for men and commanders. The closer the history of the battle is examined, the more accented appears the heroism of Iowa troops at Shiloh. Some of Iowa's oldest and best regiments were there, and there were Iowa regiments in the battle whose men had never loaded a musket before in their lives. They were made soldiers in a day.

It had never been the intention of the union generals to fight a battle at Shiloh, nor even to conduct a great campaign in the neighborhood. On the fall of Donelson, an expedition up the Tennessee river in force was determined on. It was intended only for the destruction of railroads and bridges west of the river. Further plans were left to circumstance. Just after Donelson, Grant lost his command, owing to an apparent neglect of orders as to reports. Halleck had, in a choleric moment, complained of him to the authorities at Washington, and in a

few days the country witnessed the humiliating spectacle of the hero of Donelson virtually under arrest. It was by the order of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan.

The result was, Gen. Chas. F. Smith was sent in command of Grant's troops and the expedition up the Tennessee. Smith directed the army to Pittsburg Landing, putting the troops off, as fast as they arrived by the transports, on the west side of the river, and facing the enemy twenty miles away at Corinth. Shortly, explanations arrived at Washington as to the case of Gen. Grant. He was released from arrest and ordered to resume the command of the army on the Tennessee. He reached the rendezvous of the troops on the 17th of March, and commenced organizing the army for a campaign on Corinth.

Albert Sidney Johnston's concentration of his large army at Corinth had changed the plans of Gen. Halleck, who was directing the armies of the West from his headquarters in St. Louis. The "expedition" up the Tennessee was changed into a regular campaign, and it speedily became the opinion of Gen. Halleck that one of the great battles of the war was approaching, and would be fought at or near Corinth.

The army under Gen. Grant was to be re-enforced accordingly, and Gen. Buell, commanding the army of the Ohio at Nashville, was ordered to march at once across the country and join Grant on the Tennessee. Buell was in no hurry to help a rival commander. His army was in perfect marching condition—fresh and well supplied—but he leisurely came along at the rate of only twelve miles a day. It was apparently all one to Gen. Buell that rebel troops were concentrating in front of Grant from every quarter of the South and West.*

Pittsburg Landing is on the west, or left bank of the Tennessee river, at a point twenty miles north of Corinth. The Ten-

*Toward the close of Buell's leisurely march, Gen. Grant wrote him that he need not hurry; but it was for the reason that the transports were then absent for a day or two; hence an army could not be ferried over till their return. Had Buell marched rapidly in the beginning, he could have been ferried over days before. Grant would have advanced with the combined forces, defeated the Rebels at Corinth, and the battle of Shiloh never would have been fought. When Buell first received orders to march his army to join Grant, he wished to take it away around by water. Had Halleck permitted this, Buell would not have been at Shiloh at all.

nessee here runs north, while the union army landed on the left bank and faced south, or up the river. Savannah, where Gen. Grant had his headquarters, is nine miles down the river, and Crump's Landing, where Wallace's division landed, is a little above Savannah.





The position chosen for the army in front of Pittsburg Landing, is by nature a strong one. The troops lay in five divisions, at unequal distances from the river, their lines looking south and southwest. On their left was the Tennessee river and behind them Snake Creek—a difficult stream to cross, while Owl Creek, nearly parallel to the river, protected their right. The army could only be attacked from its direct front. The existence of these creeks or natural defenses made intrenchments apparently unnecessary, the more so as the army was only awaiting the arrival of Buell's forces before moving forward on Corinth; for Shiloh was selected as a camp—not as a battle ground.

The federal line was about four miles long, reaching from Owl Creek on the right, across to the river on the left. Sherman's division held the right and right center, with McClelland's division to his left. To the left of McClelland was the division of Prentiss, while to the extreme left, holding the ford of Lick Creek, was Stuart's brigade, a detachment sent around from Sherman's division. The division of Gen. W. H. L. Wallace lay three-quarters of a mile from the landing, in reserve. Near it, also in reserve, lay the division of Gen. Hurlbut. Gen. Lew. Wallace's division remained at Crump's Landing, five miles down the river.

Shiloh Church, the little log house so soon to become famous, stood at the Corinth roadside, three miles from the river, and in the center of Sherman's line. The division commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace belonged properly to Gen. C. F. Smith, who had so recently been in command of the army. Smith now lay sick and dying a few miles down the river, and in hearing distance of the battle he had expected to direct. That night, too, of April 6th, saw W. H. L. Wallace, the division's new commander, dead in battle. His was a pathetic case. That morning, just as the drums sounded the alarm, Gen. Wallace was

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

REFERENCES.

- Position of Major-General Grant's forces on the morning of April 6th. 
- Position of Major-Generals Grant's and Buell's forces, evening April 6th. 
- Position of Major-Generals Grant and Buell on the morning of April 7th. 
- Position of Major-Generals Grant and Buell on evening of April 7th. 



dressing to go down to the steamer and meet his wife, who had just come from the North to visit him. He could not see her—duty called him immediately to the front—and his dead body was brought to her the next morning.

W. H. L. Wallace's division contained five regiments of Iowa soldiers—the Second, Seventh, Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth, brigaded together (except the Eighth, which belonged to Sweeny's brigade), and commanded by Gen. J. M. Tuttle. Most of them had been together at Donelson, and now a fiercer day awaited them. The other Iowa regiments present in the army were in the divisions of Hurlbut, Prentiss, Sherman and McClelland.

That a great battle was anticipated at Shiloh so soon cannot be asserted; yet every man in the army knew that a strong enemy was at the front and not far away. The union army on the morning of April 6th, was as ready for battle as it was possible for a great mob of inexperienced, untrained, undisciplined soldiers to be. A third of that army had never fired a gun in battle. Whole regiments had never loaded a musket till that morning. Many had never seen their commanders. Some had no commanders above colonels and captains, and acted in the battle independent of division or brigade. Nobody was to blame for all this. The army was simply in the chrysalis state—a great crowd of patriotic gentlemen, not prepared for battle.

The battle came, all the same, and many were surprised—but their surprise was only in their realization of not being drilled and ready. They were in line, most of them, when the shock came—heroic enough and all that; but they were not soldiers. Many were driven back with the first volleys fired; some scarcely waited for that, but hearing the awful cannon for the first time in their lives, started for the rear. It was easier to call the accident a surprise than to admit it a defeat. A surprise might excuse bad shooting and quick running; but the fact remained that a large part of the union army had been outmatched that Sunday, and fairly whipped. Fuller examination proves that in most instances the *federal regiments fired first*, and in no instance did the Rebels advance without finding a line of battle

ready to receive them. Rebel testimony admits and proves this. Most of those battle lines were driven back by good, hard fighting, and not by any surprise.

Sherman may be said to have held the advance of the union lines, and closest examination shows his division to have been well posted behind a little creek, with strong outposts and parties constantly reconnoitering in his front. The Sixth Iowa, farthest advanced of any of his forces at his right, was not only well posted, but *had made intrenchments*. Its officers were vigilant, and from tree tops near them, had seen the enemy's camps in the distance, the day before the battle. That night they slept under arms.

"*The enemy gave us no time to discuss the question of attack,*" said Gen. Bragg in his report. "Within less than a mile after moving," he adds, "*the enemy was encountered in force in the encampments of his advanced positions.*" "In a mile or more," he continues, "*we encountered him in strong force almost along the entire line.*" The Federals then had not been surprised. Preparations for the enemy's reception were complete. W. H. L. Wallace's division was not hurried to the front until late. *It was nine o'clock when it fired its first shot*, yet almost every soldier in the command knew the firing at the front *had been going on since daylight*. Bragg's report shows that on the morning of the 6th of April no surprise by the Rebels was proposed or even *possible*. "Already at seven o'clock," he says, "my line was unequal to the work before it." The rebel Gen. Hardee, emphasizes the matter by saying, "*My own forces were attacked at early dawn.*" Beauregard said, the day before the battle, that "a surprise of the Federals was now impossible." Bad weather had delayed the Rebels too long, and he opposed going on with the battle. Beauregard's counsels did not prevail, and the rebel army advanced and fought, though on a plan sketched out by Beauregard on bits of paper and backs of envelopes, one night in bed at Corinth.

Strong reconnoissances, with fighting, the day before, on the part of Sherman, convinced that general that the Rebels in their advance at his front were only making demonstrations. Gen.

Grant shared the belief, yet both tried to prepare for the emergency of battle. To Gen. Lew Wallace, special instructions of caution were sent, for it was sensible to suppose that the enemy would strike at that detached division, if anywhere. Gen. Grant anticipated no great battle away from the fortifications of Corinth. "I have scarcely the faintest idea of a general attack being made upon us, but *will be prepared, should such a thing take place,*" he telegraphed to Halleck on the eve of the battle. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace was ordered to re-enforce Gen. Lew Wallace in case of an attack, and Sherman was ordered not only to keep a "sharp look-out," but in case of an attack on Gen. Lew Wallace, to send two divisions, his own and Hurlbut's, to his aid. Grant's own words to Sherman, in his letter two nights before the battle were, "*It is best to be prepared.*"

The Rebels were bolder and more reckless than Grant believed them. In this, he and Sherman and every other man with military knowledge of the situation, was surprised. They left their safe breastworks, and desperately—recklessly, charged his immediate front, and sacrificed their soldiers on his strongest quarter. In this sense only, Shiloh was a surprise—surprise at the hazard the Rebels took. Unmilitary recklessness is always a surprise. Had Wallace or Buell come up, or had Grant had intrenchments thrown up that Saturday night, the rebel army would have suffered an awful defeat.

When the battle did commence at the front, that early Sunday morning, the alarm sounded throughout the entire union camp. In W. H. L. Wallace's division, at the rear, the men were preparing for Sunday morning's inspection of arms and accoutrements. It was nine o'clock before the continued roar of the cannon convinced the officers of the reserve that there was danger at the front—and yet, *firing had been going on since daylight.* Sherman knew it, and was in the thickest of the battle. Grant, miles away, knew it, and was hurrying to the scene. And yet, colonels and captains and many closest to the awful tragedy going on in their front, "were surprised." They would have been surprised had they been attacked a month later.

Gen. Tuttle, commanding the brigade with the Second,

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.



Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa regiments, was ill in bed from a hurt received at Donelson.* "I was," says he, "awakened by the entrance of my servant, when hearing the sound of firing in the distance, I sent for my adjutant who informed me that it had been going on *since daylight*. I immediately ordered the regiment under arms, and mounting my horse, rode to Gen. Wallace's quarters. He was dressing to go down to the steamer to meet his wife, who had just arrived. Poor fellow, he never saw her more! I was, at my suggestion, directed to march my brigade out on the Corinth road, the remainder of the division to follow under Wallace at once. I marched till I came to the forks of the Corinth and Hamburg roads, passing scores of frightened fugitives running to the rear. Passing the road forks, the stream of fugitives ceased, and we marched on toward Shiloh Church. As the main Corinth road shortly ran down through a ravine, where I could have no view in any direction, I led the brigade along an old road on high ground to the left, and was shortly joined by Maj. Cavender, with two batteries of Missouri artillery. Ahead of us lay a small cleared field with some few cabins, and at the edge of that field I halted the column. Maj. Cavender and I rode forward to reconnoitre, and at that moment we saw a line of bayonets glinting in the morning sun. Owing to the formation of the ground, we could scarcely see the men coming, or tell if they were friends or foes. In a few minutes, the appearance of a group of rebel officers in the woods relieved us of all doubt.

"We are in for it now," I said to the Major. "I will form my line of battle. Bring up your guns and you can get a raking fire across the field." The Rebels had seen us, and at once wheeled their guns into battery and formed their line. I, too, instantly deployed my line, taking advantage of an old washed out road that ran at right angles to the main road to Corinth, as well as to the one I was then on, three hundred yards to the left.

*The author is under special obligations to Col. Shaw of the Fourteenth, Col. Bell of the Eighth, and to Gen. Tuttle, all participants in the battle at the center, for much special and important information written for him as to the position and fighting of certain Iowa regiments at Shiloh.

This worn, old road, three feet deep, made a natural breastwork, and farther left I had the advantage of a low ridge and a dense thicket. My line of battle, when formed, extended for half a mile nearly east and west, and I had three thousand bayonets.* I placed the Second Iowa to my right, the Seventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth in successive order toward my left, and extending into the woods, with the thicket in front. Cavender placed his batteries a little to the rear and right of my center. The lines of the enemy extended beyond my own, both right and left. They came on in three distinct lines, and in splendid array, from the woods beyond the field."

It was a splendid sight, but Tuttle felt that his little brigade, with unsupported flanks, stood between the enemy and the landing. It was a trying moment. On the Rebels came. Cavender's batteries opened the ball, and Tuttle's soldiers of the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, against whose line this first charge was made, poured a galling fire from out their breastworks of the old road and from the woods at their left, driving the assailants in disorder.

Heedless of the death that awaited them, the enemy pressed forward again over the field, and a second onslaught was made—more protracted, more desperate than the first, and the lines came nearer. From their natural breastworks in the road, the men at the right easily repulsed the assault, and the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, more in the woods on the left, and somewhat less protected, poured in a storm of bullets that sent the assailers reeling. Once, Shaw discovered a large force moving on his left, and overlapping it. The situation became at once critical. A couple of brass six-pounders were hurried to his relief, but, best of all, another Iowa regiment made its appearance at the front. It was the noble Eighth, led by Col. Geddes, a brave man and an experienced soldier. His command at once formed on Shaw's left with its own left thrown back a little to the rear. It was scarcely in position when the enemy made a tremendous

*The Eighth Iowa, under Col. Geddes, the fighting Scotchman, had been ordered to the support of Tuttle's brigade, at its left, but it was not a part of his command. It fought independently throughout the engagement.

charge on the part of the line now held by the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth regiments. Bravely these Iowa regiments stood their ground and hurled back the desperate assault. But again it came—and again charge after charge was made, and only to meet destruction from the deadly line that stood there like a veritable wall of fire.

Tired of assaulting and tired of repulsing, the enemy at this part of the line at last withdrew beyond the range of the union muskets. A little pause followed, when Geddes moved his regiment by flank to a new position to his left and front, joining the extreme right of Gen. Prentiss's division. After an hour's severe fighting here, Gen. Prentiss put a most destructive battery in front of the Eighth Iowa center, with instructions to defend it to the last. As the guns were creating great havoc in the rebel line, their capture became an absolute necessity, and some terrific charges were made for this purpose. In one of the dreadful assaults that followed, the enemy charged up to the very muzzles of the guns, causing the center of the line to fall back for a moment, while the battery fell into the rebel hands. It was a furious fight; but closing up and dashing forward, the captured cannon were retaken and sent safely to the rear. In the fierce struggle, the Eighth regiment lost 100 men, while almost every man and horse of the battery had been killed.

The Eighth's gallantry was to be still further tried, for shortly the Rebels moved on them from three directions in a heavy *attack*. With a last struggle, with 200 men dead and wounded, and after ten hours of hard fighting, the brave line, now nearly surrounded, attempted to retire. It was too late—a division of Rebels was across its path, and the heroes of the awful charge must either surrender or be annihilated. It was six o'clock that evening when one of the bravest and best regiments at Shiloh laid down its arms. In the meantime, the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Second and Seventh Iowa had been gallantly sustaining their line, never losing a foot of ground until ordered to retire. The hard fighting of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth had for the time saved the left flank of the position. Tuttle's right was still unprotected as far as could be seen

through the woods, and the fierce sound of battle farther on, showed that the divisions of McClernand and Sherman, though desperately fighting, were being overpowered and driven back.

Soon other and still more desperate assaults followed along the line. For two hours and a half the Rebels charged with unabated force. "They came so close we heard their voices," said the men of the Iowa regiments, "and we saw them falling under the terrific fire, while our own soldiers from left to right of that brigade, were being shot down by the scores." Six whole rebel brigades, and one regiment of a seventh brigade, were hurled against the position during the day—and they were the best troops of the South. Generals Hindman and Cheatham, and Gibson and Anderson, leading six brigades and a part of Pond's, dashed against the Iowa regiments, only to be destroyed. The position and the defense were too strong. All honor to the brave men who stood all that day between Grant's army and complete disaster. Many of Iowa's heroes fell that day—but the sight of their dead only strengthened the arms of the living, and fired their hearts to continued valor. At four o'clock the Rebels made a last terrific assault on them with several brigades in column. Massed as they were, advancing under a withering storm of minie-ball, grapnell and shell, the slaughter was terrible, and the assaulting lines gave way in dismay.

At four and a half o'clock, Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, the commander of the division, rode to the front to examine the situation. In five minutes time came the word that the Rebels were flanking Tuttle on the right. The awful charges that had been made to turn Tuttle's left had been repulsed by the most terrible fighting for hours, on the part of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, and other regiments. Now the woods were full of the enemy who, under Polk, had passed through the unguarded space at the right. Many were already to the Union rear, and the brave men who had so gallantly defended their position were rapidly being surrounded. Wallace saw the critical position. From three directions, came whistling the musket balls of the enemy—from front, flank and rear.

Wallace hurriedly concluded to order the regiments to cut

their way out. No other course was possible. Tuttle sent officers to the commanders of the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa to order them to about face and follow after the Second and Seventh, while he and Wallace, at the head of the two latter regiments, moved by the flank for the Corinth road. In five minutes, Wallace was shot from his horse, and men of the Second and Seventh were falling from the enfilading fire. But, shooting as they marched, they retreated through the rebel line behind, and escaped with little loss.

The Twelfth, the Fourteenth and the Eighth Iowa, and parts of Prentiss's division, still fought on, and more desperately now than ever. The rebel lines had closed in behind Tuttle's men as they fought through, and Colonels Shaw, Geddes and Woods, with their brave commands, were left to battle as they could, and were captured by sundown. Better fighting had not been done on the Shiloh battle field than by these captured regiments.*

The officers sent to order the retreat never reached them, though probably if they had, a rescue was now impossible. It was a desperate situation for the battle-scarred regiments left behind, to fight, alone, the flower of the whole rebel army. Bravely and desperately they clung to their ground and fought, and while they fought, Grant's *new line* was forming at the rear a wall of cannon and muskets that would at last save the army from destruction. Had the Iowa men given away earlier, the army would have been gone, and Shiloh lost.

It was sundown, and the men of the Eighth, the Twelfth and the Fourteenth Iowa regiments that had stood so like a wall of fire between the union army and destruction, now surrendered and were marched into captivity. But, as they marched, they heard the battle on Webster's new line, which their sacrifices and their heroism had made possible, and the last gun that echoed across the fields and woods that night in the darkness, told them their persistent fighting had saved the day.

Three hundred and thirty-six brave officers and men of the Eighth Iowa went from Shiloh into horrible southern prisons—

*Just after the Second and Seventh escaped, the Rebels opened a tremendous fire of artillery on the position—"the heaviest I ever heard," wrote Col. Shaw.

while 165 of their comrades were dead, mangled or missing, there on the battle field.* *It was the last regiment to leave the front that day.* Col. Geddes was shot in the leg, and Maj. Andrews severely in the head. Capt. William F. Hogin was killed, and Captains Henry H. Benson and Palmer, and Lieutenants Hays, Tichenor, Craigie and Wells, wounded. Captains Cleveland, Stubbs, Benson, McCormack, Bell, Kelsey, Geddes, and Lieut. Muhs, and Lt.-Col. Ferguson and Maj. Andrews were all deservedly mentioned for gallantry.

For ten hours the regiment had held its dangerous position, and without protection of any kind, had fought desperately. Had Tuttle's flank been turned—had the Eighth Iowa yielded, the field there would have been lost. A couple of brass six-pounders taken to the left by Shaw, and the gallantry of the Iowa regiments, did indeed save the position.

The brave Twelfth paid the penalty of its devotion to duty with a loss of one 127 of its members, 24 of whom lay dead; this out of a total of only 447 in action. The remainder were captured. Among the killed were Lieutenants Ferguson and Moir—brave officers.

Captains Earle, Warner, Stibbs, Haddock, Van Duzee and Townsley, were mentioned for gallantry in the battle; so, too, were Adjt. Duncan and Quartermaster Dorr. Capt. Edgington gallantly led the regiment after the wounding of Col. Woods, and surrendered it only when further resistance would mean a useless sacrifice of life.

The loss of the Fourteenth regiment was 47 killed and wounded, and 236 captured,† though the exact losses of this and

*Col. Shaw, of the Fourteenth Iowa, stated publicly in Des Moines that the hard fighting in front of the Eighth Iowa was the severest of the day. "*Tuttle's brigade owes its salvation to the Eighth Iowa,*" declared Col. Shaw.

†The losses in killed and wounded of these captured Iowa regiments may never be exactly known. Many of the captured were at the same time wounded, and coming from the prison long months afterward, their wounds healed, and almost forgotten, they neglected reporting themselves as having been wounded at all. Add to this the capture of the officers, the impossibility of reports at the time, the absence of company returns long afterward, and the incorrectness of the table of losses in the Adjutant General's report is easily accounted for. This is especially true of the Twelfth regiment, whose losses

the other captured regiments will probably never be accurately known. Many of the captured were wounded.

Col. Shaw was taken to prison with his regiment, as was Col. Geddes, of the Eighth Iowa, though wounded. Col. Woods, of the Twelfth, was wounded three times, captured and left on the battle field, where he was recovered the next day.

The two escaping regiments, the Second and Seventh Iowa, fought on toward the river, and as they approached the forks of the Hamburg and Corinth road, ran into a line of Rebels formed across their way. Instantly the Second regiment was deployed into line, and behind it, the Seventh. The two then charged through the Rebels with a cheer. Tuttle now halted, and was joined by Col. Crocker with the Thirteenth Iowa, which had been fighting elsewhere. A new line was formed, facing the front, while firing was still going on, out where the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa were yet fighting. An advance for their rescue was ordered by Tuttle, but the line had scarcely begun to move when the firing ceased. The three regiments had surrendered.

It was now sundown. A little skirmishing with the enemy's line that had followed it back, and what was left of Tuttle's brigade formed a new front in line with many others, to support the batteries that Col. Webster, the chief of staff, had massed against the enemy's last charge of the day. The Rebels came on in heavy lines and with desperation, but the awful volleys of grape, canister and round shot from the batteries and the gunboats, sent them reeling into the darkness now about to envelop them. The first day of Shiloh was done.

The Second Iowa was led in the fight by Lt.-Col. Baker, and holding the right of Tuttle's brigade, suffered severely. Capt.

were far above the number officially reported. Making the same allowance for the Eighth and Fourteenth, the number of casualties at Shiloh would be proven much higher than has ever been given. Col. Shaw is of the opinion that at least ten might be added to the official report of wounded in the Fourteenth Iowa. The adjutant general's report gives but 50 killed and wounded in the Twelfth Iowa. The estimate given in the text is from a report by Lt.-Col. Edgington of the Twelfth, read at the reunion of the "Hornets' Nest Brigade," at Des Moines, in October, 1887. It is based on information drawn from surviving members of the companies of the regiment.

Littler had an arm shot off, and Captains Wilkins, Mills, Moore and Cox (the latter, the next day), were also wounded.

The brave Lieut. William Brawner was killed. Sixty-two of the privates were either killed or wounded.*

The Seventh regiment was commanded in the fight of the first day by Lt.-Col. Parrott, and on the second day by Major Elliott W. Rice; both brave men and excellent officers. It had 10 killed, 17 wounded and 6 missing. Lieut. Dillon was among the killed.

On the right and left, and at other points of the union line on that awful day, other Iowa regiments were also fighting with a valor that was to add lustre to the laurels of the state.

Braver fighting was not done at Shiloh than was done by the Third Iowa infantry. It formed the right of the First brigade of Gen. Hurlbut's division. Its Colonel, Williams, was in command of the brigade, and the regiment was led by Maj. Stone, afterward Governor of Iowa. The long roll beat the regiment to arms at about seven o'clock. At the front, the battle was already raging, and the brigade was ordered to hurry to the support of Prentiss's division, already being pressed back.

"In just ten minutes from the first alarm," says the Colonel "the line was formed and marching." The distance to the front was quickly tramped by the eager men, and, forty rods north of what was called the "Peach Orchard," the line of battle was formed, while the wounded and the affrighted of Prentiss's men pushed past them to the rear. Once the brigade advanced across the Peach Orchard, in full view of the enemy, and under a severe fire of his artillery, but wiser orders brought it back to the north of the field.† Here for ten long hours—the whole day through—without breastworks or defense, the brave men resisted the assaults of the enemy. Time and again the rebel lines advanced, only to be driven back with fearful loss. The

*No full report of the Second Iowa at Shiloh was ever made.

†The fact that there were two or three little peach orchards near to Prentiss's and Hurlbut's lines, has always tended to confusion in the reports of the battle. The orchard through which the Third Iowa fought was about three hundred yards south of the junction of the Corinth and Purdy roads. There was also a larger peach orchard a hundred and fifty yards south of the Eighth Iowa's second position.

men of the brigade were falling in every direction. Col. Williams was disabled early in the action. Many officers and men were nearly dead with exhaustion, but still fought on. They realized that the fate of the whole army was at stake, and was wavering in the hands of the brave men fighting and holding out at fearful odds here by the Peach Orchard, and farther to the right where other Iowa men kept the assaulters at bay.

At five o'clock, the falling back of troops on both flanks compelled the Third Iowa to retire; but they did it sullenly—turning to fire at their pursuers at every opportunity. On nearing their camp, they found their flanks enveloped. They were, in fact, surrounded. With one voice, they determined not to surrender, but to dash through the murderous lines. It was done with a yell, though many a man lost his life in the fierce gauntlet. Once through, they rallied the remaining few, and in line helped support the big batteries that hurled back the last charge of the rebel right at the river.

On that single Sunday, the Third Iowa lost 187 brave men, of whom 23 were killed, and 134 wounded. Thirty were missing. Maj. Stone was captured with many others. No field officers were left in the regiment, and in the next day's battle, Lieut. William Dodd, and others of the line, commanded.

All had distinguished themselves—many conspicuously so—among them Captains Trumbull and Knight, Lieut. Crosley and Sergt. Lakiu. Lieut. Crosley was called on to command the regiment in the afternoon, and won the admiration and gratitude of his comrades. Sergt. Lakin bore the colors in the thick fight and brought them safely through into camp, riddled with bullets. On the next day the same bullet-torn flag was borne through the conflict by Corp. Edwards. Many of the officers had been killed or wounded on that first day. Capt. Hobbs was killed, and Captains D. Leffingwell, E. J. Weiser, S. B. McCall, A. L. Ogg, J. Tullis and M. M. Trumbull, with Lieutenants P. W. Crawford, B. A. Matthews, P. G. C. Merrill, Simon G. Gary, John P. Knight, Will B. Hamill and John Wayne bore away rebel bullets in their bodies.

While these Iowa regiments with Wallace and Hurlbut were

struggling so fiercely at the center and left, Iowa soldiers were also busy in the conflict far to the right, with Sherman and McClernand.

The first regiment that landed from the boats at Shiloh, was the Sixth Iowa. It was put in McDowell's brigade, far out to the extreme right, on the Purdy road. No troops were farther forward. Two companies of the Sixth, under Capt. M. M. Walden, afterward Lieutenant Governor of Iowa, were still farther advanced, guarding the bridge of the Purdy road over Owl Creek.

Sherman commanded the division, and the whole line of this brigade was protected by hastily constructed breastworks. All the day and all the night before the battle, the line had remained under arms, on the alert, ready for an encounter. That line did not propose to be "surprised."

By climbing trees, the encampment of the enemy had been seen in the distance by some of the officers, twenty-four hours before the battle. Gen. Sherman sent word of this to Grant on Saturday, the 5th, and that he "believed the *enemy to be in force* five miles to his front, on the Corinth road, with a brigade of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and a field battery." That they really proposed battle could not be known, for the rebel army, strangely enough, halted out there a whole day.

McDowell's brigade, however, took it for granted that the Rebels meant to *fight*, and stood to arms at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning. As McDowell, the colonel of the regiment, was in command of the brigade, the lieutenant colonel under arrest, and the major, J. M. Corse, absent on Pope's staff, the command of the Sixth Iowa devolved on Capt. Iseminger.

With the rising sun, their ears were greeted with the roar of musketry and artillery far to the left of the brigade. They flew into line, but no enemy appeared in their front, where they were so ready to receive them. Nearer and nearer to them came the clash of battle at their left, a line of skirmishers was thrown out, but no enemy came on. Then, suddenly, as the battle sounds grew louder and nearer, they learned that our lines had given way, and the brigade was cut off from the main army. The men were quickly about-faced, and their chosen position abandoned.

A move to the rear and by the left flank, for a circuit of a mile or more, brought them face to face with the enemy, who had broken through Sherman's lines and were in force at an open field.

Here, between nine and ten o'clock, they charged across the field, drove the enemy into the woods, fighting them and holding them there for three long hours. Capt. Iseminger, the commander, was soon killed, as were many men. The next to assume command, Capt. Williams, was severely wounded; but the regiment, almost without leaders, fought on. Once, McDowell rode up to the Sixth to give an order, but just as he would speak, his horse plunged from under him, and he fell to the ground, injured and almost senseless. The position of the line was becoming critical; the enemy were trying to flank it on the right, and the regiment was suffering terribly. Then Gen. Sherman rode up and ordered the men, now nearly surrounded, to save themselves as best they could. The firing was already in the rear as the men broke to the left, and saved the remainder of the regiment by grace of good running for half a mile. Safe to the rear, re-collected and organized a little, under Captains Walden and Saunders—the former officer took command and led the regiment into the new line forming to support Col. Webster's artillery at the landing.

Col. Webster rode down the line and requested the Sixth Iowa to move up closer to the support of the guns. Two regiments had refused the duty. "I pledge you my men at the guns will do their duty," said Webster, "and if the Rebels come on, I want you to meet them with the cold steel."

On the Rebels did come, in serried lines, in front of one of the most death-dealing cannonades from artillery and gunboats of the war, but only to reel back, leaving the ground strewn with their dead. It was almost dark. "Now, boys," said Gen. Grant, slowly riding up behind the Sixth Iowa, "put a little more musketry down in there." As he said this, he pointed down into the ravine where the Rebels were last seen. A volley was sent as directed. "Now, that's all right," he continued. "Now give them another one." And our commander rode away as quietly as he had come. His presence re-assured the line.

At the same moment, Nelson's division of Buell's army had crossed the river and passed to our front. We gave them a cheer, and behind us a band played "Hail Columbia." We were re-enforced, and darkness had come to help us. All that night the army lay in bivouac under a fearful rainstorm, with the federal gunboats furnishing thunder. Monday morning late found the Sixth Iowa at the siege guns, but toward noon it was led to the front—first by Col. Oglesby, and then by Col. James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States. It passed the Shiloh Church, passed the cavalry, and once, with Garfield directing it, chased a battery that had unlimbered at its front. That battery fired against the Sixth Iowa *the last rebel shot at Shiloh.*

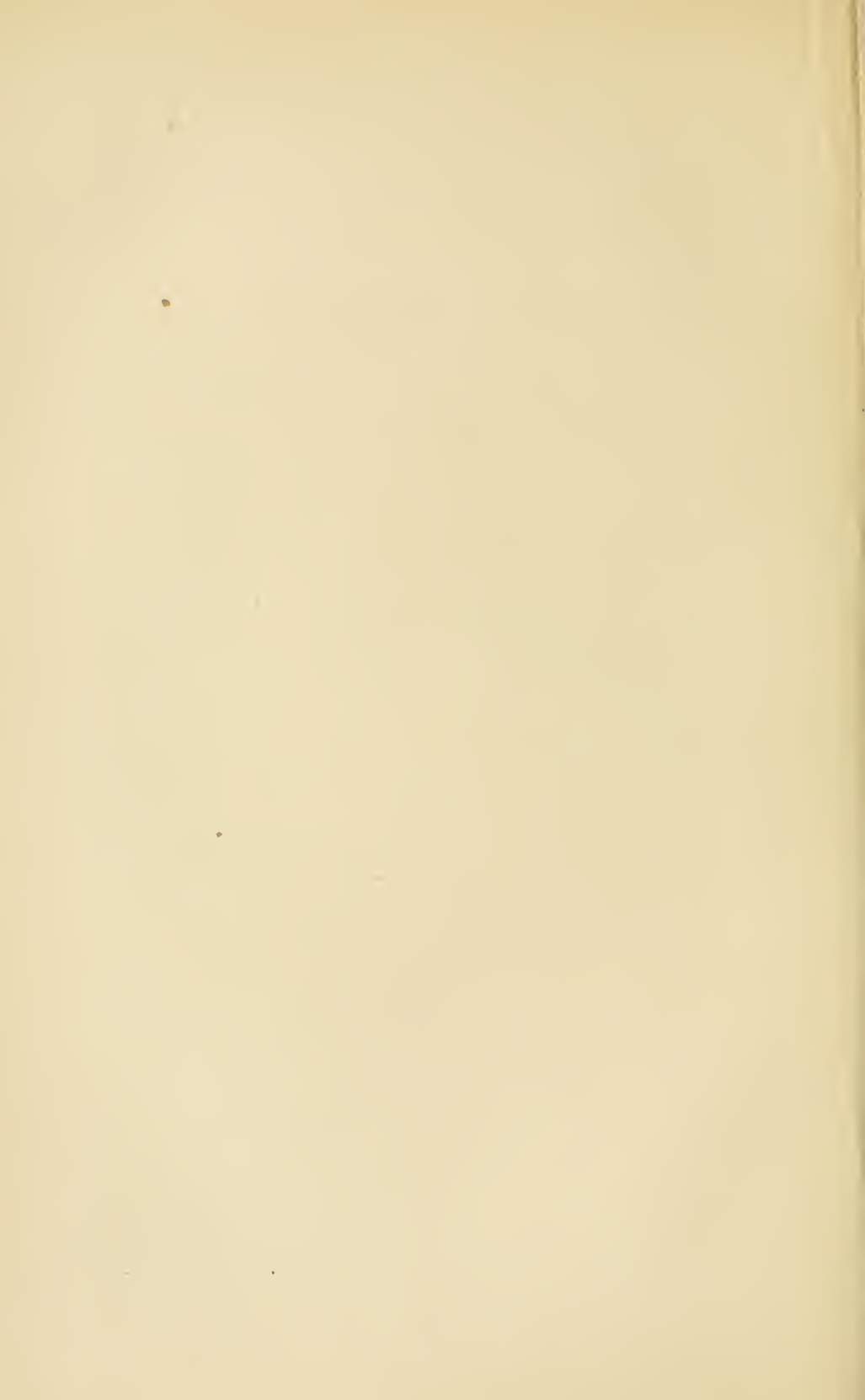
The regiment had fought in the battle with unsurpassed bravery. It had lost 183 men killed, wounded and missing, out of 650 engaged. Among the killed were Captains R. E. White and Daniel Iseminger, while Capt. F. Brydolf and Lieutenants J. S. Halliday, John T. Grimes and John H. Orman were wounded. No record of any regiment was more honorable at Shiloh.

On another part of the battle field, to shift the scene, amid the fierce fighting of that Sunday, no troops were more conspicuous than the Thirteenth Iowa, under Col. M. M. Crocker. His regiment, with the Eleventh Iowa, was in Oglesby's brigade of McClermand's division. As Oglesby was absent, Col. Abraham Hare, of the Iowa Eleventh, led the brigade until he was wounded at 4:30 o'clock, when Col. Crocker took command. Lt.-Col. William Hall led Hare's Eleventh regiment. The two regiments were separated some distance on the line, and did not fight together.

The Thirteenth Iowa regiment entered the fight with 717 men, rank and file, and they were among the best drilled and disciplined men at Shiloh. The command sprang to the front when the alarm sounded that morning, but, owing to the giving away of other troops, it was flanked by the enemy early in the engagement, and compelled to fall back in disorder. A new line was formed, and fronting to the foe, the regiment, with two Illinois regiments, stood its ground under a heavy fire of cannon



GENERAL M. M. CROCKER.



and musketry till noon. Again, by orders, the line fell back, and again turned and fought incessantly till half past four, hurling back repeated charges of the enemy and inflicting on him severe loss. Now, Col. Hare, the leader of the brigade, fell wounded, and was carried from the field, and Col. Crocker took command. Once more, by orders, the line fell back, and once more, rallied by Crocker, the men maintained their position under constant and galling fire of the enemy's artillery, till darkness ended the conflict.

The regiment had been under fire for ten consecutive hours, and had lost 162 men, nearly all killed or wounded. Among the killed were Lieutenants Erasmus D. Duncan and John H. Watson. Lt.-Col. Price was wounded, as was Maj. Shane, Capt. T. H. Miller and Lieutenants Elliott Shurtz and Geo. S. Hampton, Jr. Lient. Buren R. Sherman, afterward Governor of Iowa, was most conspicuous for his gallantry, and was very severely wounded. Col. Crocker made honorable mention of Lt.-Col. Price, of Maj. Shane, and of his adjutant, Lient. Wilson, whom Col. Hare called in his report, "the bravest of the brave." Col. Crocker himself made on that day the foundation for his military fame, by extraordinary courage and cool skill manifested under trial and danger.

While the Thirteenth Iowa was fighting so gallantly in the line, its sister regiment, the Eleventh Iowa, was engaged as bitterly in the contest some distance to the right. There, with its right resting on a pond, and supporting Dresser's battery, the regiment fought heroically against overpowering numbers for over two hours, when it, too, was ordered to retire. In front of its own parade ground, the line about-faced and poured a hot fire into the enemy, causing them to fly, leaving one of their flags in the regiment's hands as a trophy of its heroism.

Out of ammunition, later, the regiment again fell back, but, on the order of Gen. Grant, again advanced at a new front on the line. After skirmishing with the enemy, it moved to the support of the batteries that were to play such an important role in hurling back the last charge of the rebel host that Sunday night. Twelve of the Iowa Eleventh worked some of the

guns that evening, and with good effect. Lt.-Col. Hall's gallantry in the battle was much praised. He had his horse shot under him and was slightly wounded. Maj. John C. Abercrombie and Col. A. M. Hare were wounded. Lieut. John F. Compton was killed, and Capt. Charles Foster wounded. The total of killed and wounded numbered 193. This regiment and the fighting Thirteenth formed the nucleus, shortly after the battle, for Crocker's famous "Iowa Brigade."

On that bloody field the Eleventh Iowa fought a part of the time under the direct orders of Gen. Grant, and its awful losses show with what gallantry it advanced, and with what fierceness it resisted the many charges made on its line. There were no braver regiments at Shiloh than the Eleventh Iowa, and no Iowa regiment lost so many officers and men slain on the field.

Two other Iowa regiments, the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, fought at Shiloh, and lost severely in officers and men. Unlike the Second, Seventh, Fourteenth and others, these two commands had neither discipline nor experience. Rawer recruits never entered battle. Scarcely a man of the two regiments had ever loaded a musket, and yet they had scarcely set foot on the river bank until they were picked up and hurried into desperate battle.

The Fifteenth regiment was led that day by Col. Hugh T. Ried. Its major was W. W. Belknap, later of military fame and secretary of war. The Sixteenth regiment was led by Col. Chambers, who had been an officer in the regular army, and the mustering officer for most of the Iowa troops.

At nine o'clock that morning, the two regiments, unassigned as to brigade and division, were thrown across the path of the fugitives flying from the battle at the front. By 10:30 A. M. they had themselves been hurried to the right front in support of the weakening division of McClernand. "On our way to the front," says Chambers, "we met more numbers of men of all arms returning than belonged to the Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments; but, for the credit of the state of Iowa, *not one of her quota did I meet.*" On reaching the battle front, the two regiments were unfortunately led into a death trap. In front of them was an open field surrounded by woods—these filled with victorious

rebel regiments and artillery. Once, the little line of raw soldiers was deliberately marched into this open field as if on parade, and in full range of the blasts of musketry and cannon that raked them with appalling severity. A new order took the line closer to the enemy and to the wood, where a hard conflict raged for nearly two hours. The loss was extremely severe. The Sixteenth had 131, and the Fifteenth 185, mostly killed and wounded.

Officers as well as privates were rapidly falling, and at the critical moment, an Ohio regiment, supporting the right, gave way. The line was now being flanked, and there was nothing to do but retreat or surrender. In some disorder and confusion the line gave way, and was soon in the rear, mixed with other regiments that had been likewise driven back.

Officers and men had done their best. Maj. Belknap of the Fifteenth had been wounded, but kept in the front, cool as a veteran. Col. Ried was wounded, and, like Belknap, unhorsed. Lieutenants Jesse B. Penneyman and Robert W. Hamilton were killed. Adj. Pomutz was wounded, as were Captains R. W. Hutchcraft, James G. Day and E. C. Blackmar, together with Lieutenants James S. Porter, P. H. Goode, S. W. King, John A. Danielson and J. M. Ried. Special mention was made by Col. Ried, in his report, of the gallant conduct of Lieutenants Studer, Craig, Hanks, Ried, Eldridge, Landstrum, Brown and Herbert; of Sergt.-Maj. Brown, and of Color Sergt. Rogers.

The Sixteenth regiment had lost Capt. John Ruehl and Lieut. Frank N. Doyle, killed, and Capt. Michael Zettler mortally wounded. Captains Alpheus Palmer, E. M. Newcomb, E. S. Frasier, and Lieutenants J. H. Lucas, Geo. H. Holcomb, P. Miller, Louis Bunde and Henry Meyer were wounded. Col. Chambers had also been wounded.

Lt.-Col. Saunders rallied a part of the Sixteenth regiment after it fell back, and this, as well as fragments of the Fifteenth regiment, joined with the forces supporting the batteries in the evening.

When the sun set on that Sabbath evening at Shiloh, our army, though defeated, was not hopeless. Had Gen. Lew Wal-

lace's division, which had been aimlessly moving about all day, come up with its 10,000 men, all might have been different when the sun went down. Gen. Buell's advanced division had been all day marching twelve miles, and all day heard the cannon that were slaughtering their comrades. They came in time to fire a few shots with the setting sun, and sleep on the battle field.

"Night came, Buell came, Wallace came," says Grant, "but except night, all too late to help at Shiloh." So little did Buell help that night, that *only three men of his whole command were hurt*. Gen. Grant's army had all done honorable and hard fighting that day, on every part of the fierce field, and the regiments of Iowa fought with a valor that history will not forget. Their heroism at the Peach Orchard, and with Tuttle's and Geddes's men, doubtless saved the army from disaster. The Rebels claimed a victory, but their only gain was the privilege of sleeping one night in the tents of the union soldiers.

That Sunday night, in the awful storm and darkness that fell on the field, Grant resolved to attack the enemy at daylight. Buell's fresh army was pushed to the front, and fought gloriously, as did many of the tired regiments of Grant's command, till the Rebels, leaving their dead and many of their wounded, fled from the field in dismay.

Shiloh was won.

Buell, with his fresh troops, might have pursued the demoralized Rebels and destroyed them. "He did nothing of the kind, though Grant suggested it. Buell had done for a rival commander all he cared to do. The night before, when the conflict ceased, he had not even gone to see Grant, or asked him for advice or orders. "In fact," he says, "I did not regard Gen. Grant as my commander," and this, in spite of the fact that Gen. Halleck had ordered Grant to take command in case of a battle.

The ease with which the rebel army might have been pursued and destroyed is a lamentable history. "*Our condition is horrible*," writes Gen. Bragg to the commander-in-chief the next day, "*our troops utterly disorganized and demoralized.*" "It is," he

continues in his letter to Beauregard, "*most lamentable to see the state of affairs. The whole road presents the scene of a rout, and no mortal could restrain it.*" What a situation! And Buell, with a fresh army, lies down to rest in his quiet camp!

No wonder the War of the Rebellion was prolonged. No wonder that at last an indignant people dragged such soldiers from their high commands.

The losses on both sides at Shiloh, on the first day's battle, amounted to about 20,000 men. The Union army lost 10,944. Of these 2,381, or nearly *one-fourth of the whole battle, came from Iowa.** It is an honorable record.

In the battle of the 7th, the Iowa troops took no important part, being mostly in reserve, though several regiments supported batteries or skirmished at the front—the Sixth, as already mentioned, *receiving the last rebel shots on the field of Shiloh.†*

The total union losses of both days at Shiloh, according to Gen. Grant, were 13,047.‡

*Not less than five Iowa men led brigades at Shiloh. They were Tuttle, McDowell, Hare, Williams and Lauman. Lauman led with gallantry a brigade of Kentucky and Indiana troops. The losses show that some of the very hardest fighting was done by their commands.

†What the rebel commanders thought of the fighting at the "Hornets' Nest" may be gleaned from their reports. Gen. Gibson, speaking of the assaults by his own brigade, says: "Four times the position was charged, and four times the assault proved unavailing."

"Our brigade," says the rebel Col. Pugh, "repeatedly led to the charge, each time bravely breasting a storm of musketry and canister, were compelled to retire."

Col. Fagan called his command at the "Hornets' Nest" "A Forlorn Hope." "We three times braved a perfect rain of bullets, shot and shell—endured a murderous fire until endurance ceased to be a virtue." * * * "Three different times did we go into that valley of death, and as often were forced back."

"That all was done that could possibly be done, the heaps of killed and wounded left there, give ample evidence."

‡THE HORNETS' NEST.

The Rebels designated a portion of that fierce field the "Hornets' Nest." The *exact* locality styled so, may never be definitely known. Gen. Tuttle believed that the line of his brigade was the Hornets' Nest, and he was so informed by a rebel officer who had been in some of the charges. Col. Shaw, an earnest student of the battle field, and an officer of Tuttle's command, asserts that the right of Tuttle's brigade was not at the Hornets' Nest, at all, but that the "Nest" included the line of the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, at left of brigade, and line of Eighth Iowa, of Prentiss's division. The officers of Col. Pugh's brigade (including the Third Iowa) of Hurlburt's division, fighting fiercely farther to the left than Tuttle, are

NEW MADRID AND ISLAND NO. 10.

Early in the spring of 1862, and just about the time that the union army started up the Tennessee river to what proved to be the battle ground of Shiloh, another army, under Maj.-Gen. John Pope, was sent down to operate against New Madrid and Island No. 10. in the Mississippi river.

Pope, with the aid of a fleet of gunboats, was able to achieve a brilliant victory. When Grant's capture of Fort Donelson

positive *their* position was the dreaded "Hornets' Nest." Col. Bell, at that time a Captain of the Eighth Iowa, and others with him, locate the "Nest" at the point where the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, and Twenty-third Missouri, Eighteenth Wisconsin and Fifty-eighth Illinois, made their last terrible struggle and were captured. This was near the Peach Orchard.

Col. Benham, one of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's aides de camp, places the "Hornets' Nest" at the point where W. H. L. Wallace and Prentiss made their last stand, and near where the one was killed and the other captured.

If union *losses* were to indicate the locality, the order would be as follows:

Right of Tuttle's brigade (Second and Seventh Iowa), 106.

Shaw's position (line of Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa), 329.

Pugh's position (line of Third Iowa, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Forty-first Illinois), 644.

Bell's position: (point of capture of Eighth, Twelfth, Fourteenth Iowa, Twenty-third Missouri, Eighteenth Wisconsin and Fifty-eighth Illinois), 588.

The number of wounded who were captured of the last three regiments is not known. These would increase the losses considerably.

It is possible that the "Hornets' Nest," so feared by the Rebels, included the *whole line* from the Peach Orchard up to and including the left of Tuttle's brigade.

The son of Albert Sidney Johnston, the rebel commander at Shiloh, refers to the Hornets' Nest as at the federal left center—the position held by the divisions of W. H. L. Wallace, Hurlbut and Prentiss. This very nearly corresponds with the line I have suggested above.

It was *all* hot enough, according to rebel reports, and locate it where we will on that line, Iowa soldiers were in it.

The losses in the Iowa regiments engaged at Shiloh, were as follows:

REGIMENT.	Killed.	Wounded.	Total killed and wounded.	Captured and missing.	Total.
Second	8	60	68	4	72
Third	23	134	157	30	187
Sixth	52	94	146	37	183
Seventh	10	17	27	6	33
Eighth	34	112	146	370	516
Eleventh	33	160	193	1	194
Twelfth	24	103	127	320	447
Thirteenth	20	139	159	3	162
Fourteenth	9	38	47	226	273
Fifteenth	21	156	177	8	185
Sixteenth	17	101	118	13	131

made the evacuation of Columbus a necessity, the Rebels resolved to contest the possession of the Mississippi river at the stray position of Island No. 10, sixty miles below. The point was splendidly fortified and defended by 9,000 men, with one hundred and fifty pieces of heavy artillery. New Madrid, a few miles below, was a part of the defensive chain, and was itself strongly fortified and supported by a number of rebel gunboats.

Gen. Pope determined to march his army against New Madrid, while the fleet of gunboats should pound away at Island No. 10. Some twenty-six thousand troops were sent to Pope's rendezvous at Cairo, and, by March the 1st, they were transported to the village of Commerce, thirty miles above Cairo. The plan was to march through the great Mingo Swamp and attack New Madrid from the rear. The troops were re-organized at Commerce and formed what was afterwards known as the famous Army of the Mississippi. Iowa sent two regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and a battery, with this army of Pope's: the Fifth and Tenth infantry, Second cavalry and Sands's battery. In all the operations that followed for the reduction of New Madrid, they bore an honorable part. Under considerable hardships from bad weather, deficient roads, and floods of water, the passage of the Mingo swamp was made, and the siege of New Madrid begun. In that siege the two Iowa infantry regiments were repeatedly under a heavy fire of artillery. This was especially true of a part of the Fifth regiment.

The country all about New Madrid was perfectly level, and as the water was high in the river the rebel gunboats had a full sweep of the union position. Skirmishing, reconnoissances, artillery duels and all the operations of a siege were carried on daily with the greatest enthusiasm. The Iowa troops were complimented by Gen. Pope for their excellent bearing under fire, as were the gallant Col. Worthington and Maj. Robertson, of the Fifth, and Col. Perczel of the Tenth. On the dark and stormy night of March the 13th, at midnight, the troops were led into the advanced trenches, with a view to assault at daylight. Worthington led a brigade. There was a terrific thunderstorm,

and the darkness, said Gen. Hamilton, "was palpable." The water in the trenches was knee deep, but the men bore the discomfort without a murmur. At last, daylight came, but instead of battle, a flag of truce. Expecting the assault, the enemy had fled in the darkness over the river and away. Without waiting to count the enormous war stores captured, the scores of heavy cannon, and all the belongings of an army, Pope, too, crossed the river, and pursued. Near Tiptonville, the whole force, including the troops that had run away from Island No. 10 at the same time, was captured.

To that point at least, the great river was free. The taking of three generals, with 273 officers, nearly 7,000 men, and 158 cannon, made a victory of immense consequence at that early period of the war.

On the banners of all the army, including the Fifth and Tenth Iowa, were inscribed New Madrid and Island No. 10. The victory, great as it was, had been achieved with trifling loss. Gen. Pope's casualties were only half a hundred men; the fact made the victory more complete. The Iowa regiments lost but half a dozen, but the experience of the siege, and the glory of the victory were incentives to their valor on later and bloodier fields.

These two regiments formed next a part of Pope's re-enforcing troops, sent by transports from New Madrid to the army under Gen. Grant, on the battle ground of Shiloh. The great battle was over—the siege of Corinth had begun, and the regiments that had found war but a play-spell at New Madrid, were that summer to wade in their comrades' blood at the fierce battle of Iuka.

CHAPTER XIII.

IOWA AT THE BATTLE OF IUKA.

Sept. 19, 1862.

IN the month of September, 1862, the rebel army under Gen. Bragg, and the union army under Gen. Buell, were having a race northward for the Ohio river.

Lee had whipped Pope in Virginia, and now the rebel army, under Price and Van Dorn, hoped to destroy Gen. Grant at or near Corinth, or else flank him and march to the rear of Buell on his race with Bragg.

The advantage of early victories to the Union had about been lost by the dispersion, by Gen. Halleck, of our great western army after the siege of Corinth. An army of one hundred and seventy-three thousand well-equipped soldiers, capable in a body of marching anywhere in Rebellom, was scattered to the four points of the compass. Gen. Halleck went to Washington as commander-in-chief, and left Gen. Grant with less than forty thousand men to defend western Tennessee, northern Mississippi, two hundred miles of railroad, and the rear of Buell's army. Gen. Grant's line thus had to reach from Florence, on the Tennessee, to Memphis, on the Mississippi. His army fronted to the southwest, with Sherman holding his extreme right at Memphis, and Rosecrans his left near Corinth and the Tennessee. It was a front line, a hundred and fifty miles long to guard, besides a supply line to keep open clear north to Cairo.

In front of Grant's lines, at Tupelo and Holly Springs, and not fifty miles away, lay the rebel armies of Price and Van Dorn, prepared to pounce upon detached portions of Grant's

army and destroy them, or flank him and get north. It was a gloomy period for the country. Many loyal people, in the time before that battle of September, 1862, believed the Union to be lost. Only the faith of the patient President remained supreme. He saw God's hand helping where the courage of men faltered.

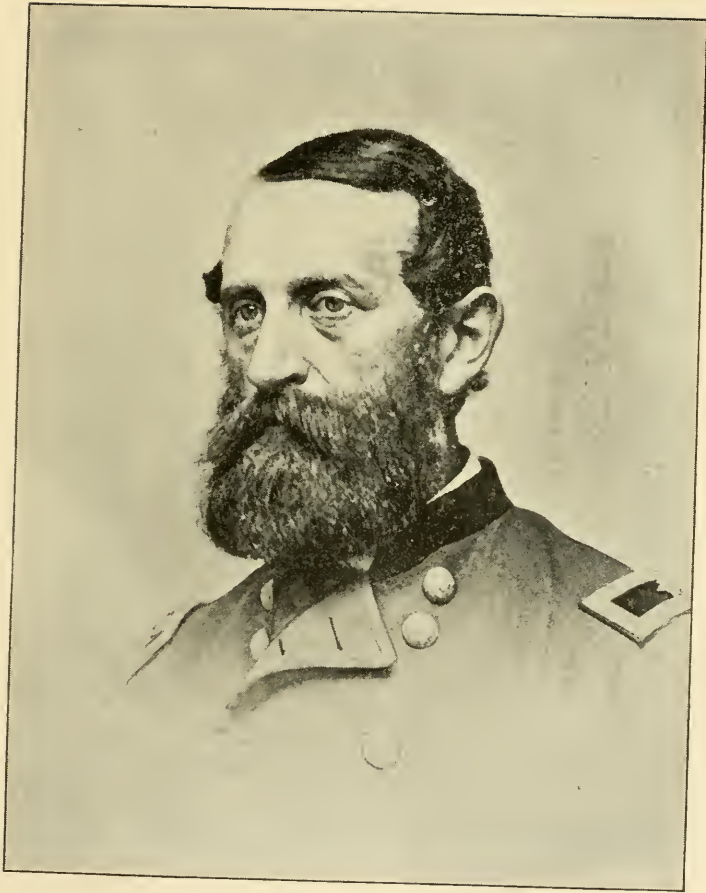
To have crushed Grant's lines at that time would have brought about a disgraceful ending of the war. The rebel leaders saw their opportunity, and Price and Van Dorn moved out their columns for the attack. Price moved up to Grant's left flank at Iuka, hoping to crush him there, and then follow him and Buell north, or else hurry back to Rienzi, join Van Dorn's column there, and make a combined attack on Corinth.

Documents show that Price was not quite determined as to what he should do on September 13th, the day he drove the little union garrison out of Iuka.

Grant and Rosecrans had been watching him closer than he knew, and his every movement was reported immediately by energetic union scouts. In marching into Iuka with a river east of him, and union columns west and north of him, he did not realize the sort of a net he was entering. In fact, Gen. Price did not even know of the position of the union forces. Rosecrans and Grant saw the position Price was in, and marched with a view to capturing his army.

Some unexpected delay of Rosecrans's division, and an unlucky wind that prevented Grant hearing the signal guns of Rosecrans, interfered with a well laid plan. Price ought to have been captured.

Grant, whose headquarters were at Jackson, pushed a column of 8,000 men under Ord out in front of the little village of Burnsville, seven miles northwest of Iuka, with orders to attack Price the moment he should hear the guns of Rosecrans, who was marching from Jacinto to attack the Rebels from the west and south. Grant accompanied Ord's column in person, making his headquarters at Burnsville. Ord was in position on the 18th, between Burnsville and Iuka, ready to attack at daybreak of the 19th. Unexpectedly on that day a courier



GENERAL C. L. MATTHIES.

from Rosecrans brought news of some delay occurring to one of his divisions. He could not be up to attack on the west before 2 p. m. of the morrow. So Grant, who was near Ord's column, ordered his troops to bivouac and wait.

From early daylight of the 19th, Rosecrans's forces marched for Iuka, and at two in the afternoon suddenly ran into the enemy's pickets a few miles out of town. The Fifth Iowa infantry was in advance. In five minutes, skirmish lines were formed, and the men of Iowa were forcing back the rebel veterans of Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi. Five Iowa regiments, the Fifth, Tenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth infantry, and Second cavalry, took part in the battle that raged till dark of that afternoon.

It was one of the battles that made Iowa famous in the annals of the war.

Rosecrans's force consisted of Hamilton's and Stanley's divisions, with some cavalry of the Second Iowa, Third Michigan and Seventh Kansas. Hamilton was in the front at noon, and remained in the front through the battle. Unfortunately, a dense wood, with swamps, and without a road of any kind, lay between the forces of Rosecrans and Grant, making any communication whatever impossible, except by a circuitous route of some twenty miles, ridden by couriers. In fact, a column would have had to march back nearly to Jacinto, to reach Grant from Rosecrans, or Rosecrans from Grant. This was one of the fatalities of the position, not made use of, either, by the rebel commander. His army lay in front of Ord's column, north of the town. Had he been aware of the real situation, he might have overwhelmed Ord, and by a quick move hurried south of the town, and destroyed Rosecrans. He had double the troops of either of them.

Learning of Rosecrans's approach up the Bay Springs road, he simply divided his force in front of Ord, and sent half of it to attack the new enemy. Then was Ord's chance, alike unseen by him or Grant. Of course, Grant, with Ord, was waiting to hear the sound of Rosecrans's cannon. That sound never reached him. An unlucky wind kept him and Ord and his

whole army resting in complete ignorance of a severe battle raging within a dozen miles of them—a battle in which their comrades were being slaughtered for want of help so near—a battle where was wasted one of the opportunities of the war.

Slowly the rebel skirmish line in front of Rosecrans was driven back and back that afternoon. The first Federal killed was a brilliant young officer of Hamilton's staff. The deployed line of the Fifth Iowa kept on its march through the woods for miles, still skirmishing. Here and there a wounded man fell to the rear, and here and there lay the body of some dead Rebel, whose blood added crimson to the beautiful autumn leaves. The woods and the day seemed too beautiful for war.

By half past four o'clock our troops, marching in column, close behind the advancing skirmishers, came to a little country church at the forks of the road, and here halted a little as if to listen, and for breath. We were only two miles from Iuka. Rosecrans rode up to the front, put his hand to his ear and listened, hoping for the sound of battle to the north of town. No signs of Ord were noticeable. Again our little line moved quietly forward, and in a few minutes we were greeted with a blast of musketry. Instantly the Fifth Iowa was thrown across the road in line of battle, and a battery, the Eleventh Ohio, was placed in position on its left. After all, the enemy, not we, were making the attack. In five minutes, one of his batteries was hurling grape and canister through the trees above our heads. "They are flanking you on the right," cried an excited officer, running back from the skirmish line to Col. Matthies of the Fifth.

"Vell, I sees about dat," said our good and brave old German colonel, "I sees." A glance over the ground, and our regiment is wheeled and faced nearly to the north. To the left of the Ohio battery, which unlimbered at the roadside by us, and which we proposed protecting, stood in line the Forty-eighth Indiana infantry, and to the left of it, the Fourth Minnesota. On the right of all was our own Fifth Iowa. This was our line of battle. Not one of us had ever been in real conflict before. We fixed our sword-bayonets on our good Whitney rifles, and

knelt down in line to await the coming foe. The woods and the hill sloping down from our front almost hid us from view. Shortly, we knew the moment of fierce trial was at hand, for we heard the lines of the enemy advancing toward us. We heard the commands of their officers, "Steady, boys, steady! Back in the center; steady; slow!" Those were awful moments, waiting that advance. Nearer they came; we hear their very tramp—and then, there rings out on the air, so that even they hear it, the voice of our own commander, "Attention, battalion!" We spring to our feet and grasp our rifles. "Ready, aim, fire!" and a sheet of deadly flame flashes to the faces of the foe, not fifty steps away. Instantly they reply, and the battle is begun.

From left to right, and right to left, goes the crash of musketry along our lines. In a minute, every man is conducting war on his own method, by loading and firing as fast as he can. No orders can be heard—none are given. It is simply fire and load, load and fire, and never yield your ground.

We have in mind the men of Wilson's Creek. We'll be as brave as they. We think of Iowa. She shall not be dishonored; rather every man in Iuka die than that. What if we are outnumbered? It is death to them to hurry on these swords of ours. These Whitney rifles carry the messages of fate to all in front. The Rebels find that out—the Texans, the Louisianians, the Mississippians, veterans of bloody fields, find that out, and falter in the blast—falter, but only to catch new courage, and charge again. Our own men are falling all about us. Our mess-mates, our bunk-mates of the morning, dead and torn and bleeding, drop unheeded beside us. There is no time for heeding. Their blood crimsons the grass and the leaves as they lie there, but their groans are unheard in the crash of the guns. Poor Shelly of Jasper fell first, and then another and another, till their falling is not noticed. We only close up, touch elbows, and with grim faces fire and fire until we too shall drop in the leaves and blood of that afternoon. There is no one to carry us to the rear. Burning heads and crushed bones must only wait. No man can be spared for helping wounded now. Even the wounded who can stand up at all, stay on the line and tear cartridges for their

firing comrades. Every man seems to feel that the fate of the battle and the honor of Iowa is in his single hands, and spite of repeated assaults and terrific charges, no man of the Fifth Iowa leaves that burning line, or yields one foot of ground.

"Don't yield that ground! Keep your position at every hazard!" cries a staff officer from Rosecrans to our good colonel. "Dat's just vot I calculate to do," is the answer, and the firing and the charging and the deafening roar of the battle go on for an hour and a half. And what an hour and a half! with the lines thinning, the men falling, the cannon crashing! The Blue and the Gray never, in all the bloody war, had a contest more bitter, where lines of musketry stood up within fifty yards of each other and poured a constant flame of battle in each other's faces. Charge is met by counter-charge. We hear a yell. They are coming on us, on the run!

"Charge, double-quick, charge!" cries our colonel.

Down go our bayonets—forward, with a cheer, and we drive the Rebels in retreat. It is only for a moment. Our battery at our side is pouring into them double shots of canister.

In a slight depression, hidden at the front, the rebel ranks reform, and in double lines charge the battery. Still it vomits its bags of shot and canister into the coming line. On they come, spite of the death-dealing missiles. Every horse and almost every man at the battery is shot down, as the enemy swarms over the guns, and for a moment captures them.

A sudden move of four companies of the Twenty-sixth Missouri, to the left of the Fifth Iowa, and right behind the captured battery, drives the Rebels from the guns. Their charge, except to silence the guns, has been in vain. They have managed to carry back but a single gun with them. The Twenty-sixth Missouri has saved most of the battery, disabled though it is, and prevented the Rebels from cutting our line in two and getting in behind the Fifth.

While this charging and storming is going on at the right, a terrific assault is being made on the left of the union battery. The assault, a terrible one, is checked for a moment under an awful fire from the Sixteenth Iowa and Forty-eighth Indiana;

but re-enforced, the Rebels storm on, and partially succeed. For a short distance the Forty-eighth Indiana and its support, the Sixteenth Iowa, fall back, but still fight on. Col. Chambers of the Sixteenth is badly wounded, and some 70 of the regiment are killed, wounded and missing.

"In the storm of grape, canister and musketry, the Sixteenth Iowa stood like a rock," said Rosecrans in his report.

Adj. Lawrence, a gallant officer, was killed. Capt. Palmer and Lieutenants Alcorn, Williams and Lucas, were all wounded. Capt. Smith of Company A, and Capt. Fraser of Company B, were both mentioned for special gallantry. The colonel, after his severe wound, was captured, but afterward left on the battle field. The Fourth Minnesota has also been overwhelmed and falls back a little, but from its new position fights on bravely. The situation for the regiments farthest at the front, is a desperate one. In the words of the brigade commander, "There was no alternative but for the battery, the Fifth Iowa, and the four companies of the Twenty-sixth Missouri, to fight the battle out; and nobly did they do it." Not a battery in all the war held out better than did the Eleventh Ohio under Lieut. Sears at Iuka.

Spite of the re-enforcements to the enemy, and spite of renewed charges, the Fifth Iowa preserves every inch of its battle line. A full regiment of Alabamians is brought fresh on the field to charge the position of the Fifth, but is hurled back as the others have been. A hand to hand encounter, one of the few of the war, ensues. A big, red-shirted Alabamian breaks through our ranks, attempts to seize the colors of the Fifth, and is bayoneted. At the range of but a few feet, the lines fire volleys in each other's faces. Then the Alabamians fall back and continue the fire from the little ridge in front.

So the regiment fought until the sun went down and darkness settled on the battle field, when, with ammunition boxes empty, and half its numbers killed or wounded, it was replaced by the Eleventh Missouri, which had now come up to its support, and which fought till after dark with the greatest valor, on the ground the Fifth had stood on.

Meanwhile, across the road, and on the left of our line, the Rebels are also charging. But the Tenth Iowa infantry and the Twelfth Wisconsin battery happen to be posted at right angles to, and a little in advance of our line, and as two Mississippi regiments charge on the Fourth Minnesota, they receive a raking flank fire from the Tenth Iowa and the battery, that stretches 40 of them on the field in almost as many seconds. Gen. Little, their commander, has just been killed, and the Mississippians leave the field in disorder. Night has closed the battle, and Price's army prepares to bury its dead and retreat before daylight of the morrow. In a few days he will join Van Dorn, and the two march on Corinth, to meet further disaster.

All that night the union surgeons, among whom was Surgeon F. Lloyd, of Iowa City, later medical director on McPherson's staff, with their assistants, carrying candles, might have been seen attending to the wounded and the dying. The field hospital and the yards about were filled with these, while many still lay in their agony where they fell in the afternoon. The sorrow of the tragedy was upon the scene.

"In the hush of that night," writes a participant, "as the prayers of mothers, brothers, sisters and fathers were going up to Heaven from far-away homes, for the dear ones who had gone to battle for their country, the spirits of these brave ones for whom they prayed, mingling with their ascending prayers, took their flight from friends and earthly scenes forever. The smoke of the battle was the smoke of the evening sacrifice ascending from the altar of our country, upon which our dearest friends were the willing victims."

The burden of the fight had been borne mostly by one small brigade of 2,800 men. The union loss was 144 killed, 598 wounded, and 40 missing, probably dead. The Fifth Iowa lost the most of any regiment engaged. *Two hundred and seventeen* of the 482 engaged were killed or wounded, among them 15 officers. This was an appalling loss. Lieutenants Shawl and Holcomb were both killed, while Captains Albaugh and Brown, with Lieutenants Patterson, Casad, Mateer, Ellis, Page,

Jarvis, Lewis, Pangborn, Sample, Huber and Colton were wounded; Mateer, mortally.

The rebel loss fell little less than 1,700 in killed, wounded and missing. Two hundred and sixty-five of his dead were left in the Union hands, while 120 men died in Iuka after his retreat. Three hundred and seventy-one of his wounded were also left in Iuka. Three hundred and sixty-one prisoners were taken from him, and Price states in his report that "many of the wounded were safely brought away." They had fought in the battle in double line, thus accounting for many dead or wounded. In one spot, covered by a tarpaulin, we found 162 rebel corpses laid in a row for burial; in another spot, 19.

Our own dead were from among the best in any land—men of intelligence and character, rich and poor, who had left happy homes to die in defense of principle and country. Many towns and counties were put in mourning by the dreadful list of killed.

Of the 782 union men lost in battle, 693 were of Hamilton's division—608 of these in Sanborn's single brigade. Of these, 217 fell in the Fifth Iowa. There were few battles where so many fell in proportion to the number engaged. Many of the veteran Rebels have since pronounced Iuka the hardest fight they were in during the war.

"It was the hardest fought battle I have ever witnessed," wrote Gen. Price, and the rebel general Maury, pronounced it "one of the fiercest and bloodiest combats of the war."

"The battle was fought along the road," writes Gen. Hamilton, "by the Fifth Iowa, the Twenty-Sixth Missouri, and the Eleventh Missouri and the battery, with a bravery that scarcely permits parallel."

That night, the fame and the glory of the Fifth Iowa were made, and its survivors of Iuka kept the record untarnished in later battles of the war.

NOTE—Rosecrans won a star for Iuka, but Gen. Grant reported officially that a part of Hamilton's division, including the Iowa regiments, did all the fighting, directed wholly by Hamilton in person. "I commend Hamilton to the president," wrote Gen. Grant. Rosecrans had twenty regiments and thirty cannon near the field, and yet allowed three or four regiments to do

all the fighting, and left open the only single road by which Price could escape. Stars were easily earned in those days. Hamilton's men won a victory that day that afterward made the capture of Vicksburg a possibility. It left Grant's hands free to act in Mississippi, and Iowa valor on that Iuka field saved a national disgrace. The awful list of dead and wounded showed that Iowa men held the post of danger and of honor. Owing to its position, as well as its heroic fighting, the Fifth Iowa bore off the greatest meed of honor from Iuka, but the other Iowa regiments engaged had shortly the opportunity to win as great honor on other bloody fields.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH AND THE HATCHIE.

Oct. 3 and 4, 1862.

At a little after midnight of October 2d, 1862, there was great stir at the union camp in Corinth.

At that still hour of the night, a staff officer was noticed going from brigade to brigade, ordering the officers to have their men "fall in." The roll was scarcely over before it was whispered about that a rebel army 40,000 strong was marching on the place, and that daylight would find the forces in line of battle. In truth, Gen. Van Dorn's whole army was at that very moment rising from its bivouac, only ten miles away, to come and assault the position. Tents were struck in the union camp, haversacks and cartridge boxes speedily filled, and wagons were loaded and packed, with the sick of the regiments appointed as guards. The surgeons looked into their medicine chests again; the hospital stewards prepared extra supplies of bandages, and the drummers and fifers, laying their drums and their fifes aside, were told off as litter bearers. Shortly, in the magnificent moonlight of that October night, regiments, and brigades and divisions were marching from their camps at the south of the town, to new positions, out past the village to the north, the northeast, and the west. Out there in the woods, three miles from the town stretched the long line of earth defenses built by Gen. Beauregard, when the Rebels held Corinth after the battle of Shiloh.

Along these lines Gen. Rosecrans now placed his army of 23,000 men. Behind them, and close to the town, the clay on them still fresh, frowned the redoubts and breastworks, built as an inner defense by the soldiers of Rosecrans.

Marching up and down there in the moonlight were not less than thirteen regiments of soldiers from Iowa. They formed a strong part of the army that was to defend Corinth against one of the most desperate assaults ever made on the American continent.

Gen. Rosecrans scarcely expected to hold the long line of outside earthworks against the rebel army. They were built on too extensive a scale, Beauregard having intended them for an army of a hundred thousand men. They would answer Rosecrans as foils, however, and behind them and masked by them, he could prepare for the real defense.

The Columbus railroad entered these fortifications from the north, and the Memphis railroad came in from the west, though inclining south near Corinth. The two roads formed a great triangle out there in the woods, and in this triangle the main part of the rebel army was to concentrate for the battle.

Only in the night of October the 2d, did Rosecrans learn for a certainty that the rebel army was marching on Corinth. Scouts and reconnoitering parties informed him two days before, of large masses of troops in motion. They were coming from Ripley north; but whether to attack Corinth, or to flank the place by crossing the Memphis railroad west of it, and march on Bolivar, held by a union garrison, could not be known. Van Dorn kept his movements well masked.

Price's army, after its defeat at Iuka, united with Van Dorn at Ripley, thirty miles south of Corinth, and on the 29th of September broke camp and marched north. "No army," says Van Dorn, "ever marched to battle with prouder steps, more hopeful countenances, nor with more courage than marched the army of West Tennessee out of Ripley on the morning of September 29th, on its way to Corinth." The greatest importance was attached to the attempt on Corinth by the Rebels. Its capture would redeem West Tennessee from the Federals. It must be taken at whatever sacrifice. "The attack on Corinth," says Van Dorn, "was a military necessity."

Earl Van Dorn marched his army quickly and straight north, till he struck the Memphis railroad at Pocahontas, twenty miles

west and north of Corinth—then he suddenly turned east, and marched for Corinth itself. The night of October 2d, his army slept at the village of Chewalla, ten miles away, and long before daylight of the 3d, he was approaching the outer works at Corinth. Gen. Sterling Price, whom the Iowa soldiers had defeated at Wilson's Creek, and again at Iuka, commanded Van Dorn's left wing, while Van Dorn, leading the right, commanded the whole.

Gen. Rosecrans's troops were little more than in position, when stiff fighting had commenced by detachments under Col. Oliver and Gen. McArthur, far out on the left and toward Chewalla. Nine o'clock found Rosecrans's army lying in a semi-circle, reaching from the west around north and northeast of the town, with C. S. Hamilton's division on the right across the Purdy road, Davies's division in the center, McKean's division on the left and Stanley's division back in reserve.

All of these divisions except Stanley's included Iowa troops, and even that had with it the Second Iowa battery of light artillery. The Fifth Iowa infantry was in Buford's brigade of Hamilton's division. The Tenth and Seventeenth were in Sullivan's brigade of the same division. The Second and Seventh Iowa and the "Union brigade"* were in Hackleman's brigade of Davies's division,—while Crocker's whole brigade, comprising the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa regiments was in McKean's division on the left. The Second Iowa cavalry was also on the ground, under Maj. Coon and Col. Hatch, while the Third Iowa infantry, under Hurlbut at the Hatchie, gallantly fought the enemy later on his retreat. There were some fifty regiments or parts of regiments in the battle of Corinth. Of these, thirteen and a battery, or nearly one-third, were from Iowa.

Ten o'clock found heavy fighting going on in front of the division of Davies, near the Columbia railroad, where the Second and Seventh Iowa and the "Union brigade" were hotly contest-

*The detachment known as the "Union brigade" consisted of such fragments of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, and the Fifty-eighth Illinois regiments, as had not been captured at Shiloh. They fought well at Corinth, and lost heavily considering the number engaged.

ing the field. Just at their right, were fighting the Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa in Hamilton's division.

It was a hard battle day. The rays of an almost tropical sun poured an intense heat straight down on the unprotected heads of the soldiers. Scarcely a breath of air moved. The thermometer registered 108 degrees in the shade. Water was scarce, and almost too hot to drink from the tin canteens. Added to all, were the heat and the smoke of tons and tons of burning powder, the awful explosions of massed artillery, the heated crash of musketry, men and horses crushed and bleeding and dying—mangled human beings begging for a drop of water, and no one to hear. But that was war, and this was a battle!

At the hour mentioned, the whole rebel army was trying to drive Rosecrans's division out of the advanced breastworks. Many of the Rebels charging on these works knew them perfectly. They had helped to build them—now, they would take them.

The Seventh Iowa had been out feeling for the enemy in the swamp beyond the breastworks in front of Sullivan's brigade, and it had scarcely gotten back in line when solid columns of Rebels came charging out of the woods and on to the breastworks.

The principal storm of the moment was against Oglesby's brigade at Hackleman's left. The double-shotted discharges of grape and canister from the artillery and the blasts of union musketry never checked the charging columns. On they came, and with a yell were inside the works in front of Oglesby. His brigade gave way. Sullivan's line, with the Iowa men, was instantly flanked, and Davies's whole division fell back half a mile. A new line of battle was scarcely formed when again it was flanked, and again the division retired to a point known as the "White House." Here the Second and Seventh Iowa, with the Union brigade, formed the center and left of Sullivan's brigade. In this position the men lay down, waiting another onslaught of the enemy.

At two and a half o'clock the shock came. In front of the White House was an open field, and into this, in grand style, in columns of divisions, the Rebels moved in solid mass. Fairly

in the field, and in the face of a deadly fire of artillery, the rebel columns deployed in line and dashed swiftly forward into full range of the union musketry. At this instant the federal line rose, and, as one man, poured a deadly blast into their faces. The Rebels reeled and fled, but only to renew courage and advance again. Again they reeled and were followed and forced back into the woods at the point of the bayonet. In this charge of our men fell Col. Baker, gloriously leading the Second Iowa. "I die content," he cried: "I have seen my regiment victoriously charging the enemy." What soldier would not die as Baker died!

But the field was not won. Re-enforced with fresh troops, the Rebels returned instantly to the conflict. The Second and the Seventh Iowa, with their comrades of Illinois in the same brigade, fought fiercely, and lost many officers and men. The Union brigade, on the left, gave way—so, too, did Mower's brigade just as it was brought up to the rescue. In trying to rally them, the gallant Gen. Oglesby was shot down with an almost mortal wound—and Hackleman, the brave and loved commander of the brigade, laid down his life. "I am dying for my country," were his last words on the battle field. "If we are victorious, send my remains home; if not, bury me on the field." Heroic heart!

The command of the brigade immediately fell to Gen. Sweeny. Shortly the order came to fall back, and the division retired at five in the evening to a position at the right of "Fort Robinett," one of the redoubts to become famous on the morrow. Many brave officers and men of Iowa, in the division of Davies, had fallen during the day, but Corinth was still ours.

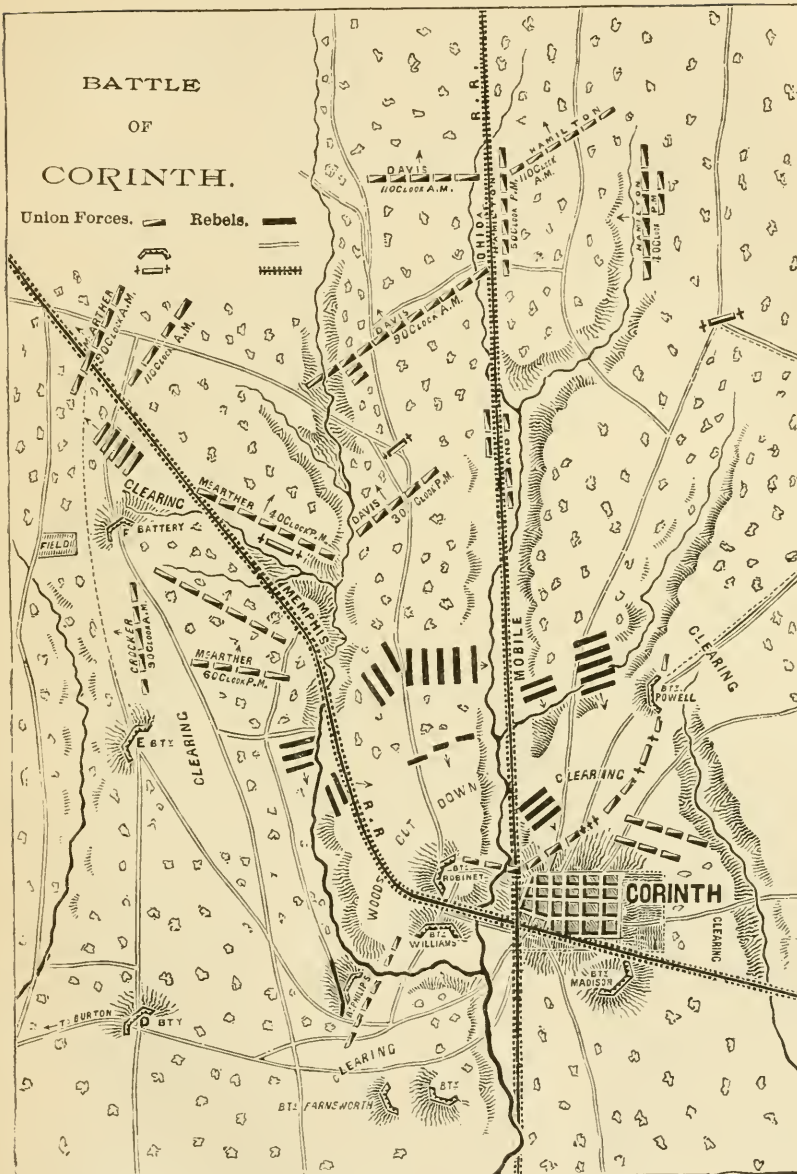
The Tenth and the Seventeenth Iowa in Hamilton's division just to the right, but fronting the other way, had been only listeners during the day to this combat of their comrades, under Davies. Toward evening, however, when Davies was driven back so far, came Hamilton's opportunity. The Rebels were now past his left, and his whole division commenced a grand wheel on its center fronting the line west instead of east and directly on to the left flank of the rebel columns. Thick brush

and timber made the movement difficult and hazardous. Hamilton's right brigade, under Buford, shot off at a tangent, got out of place, too far to the right, and the movement nearly failed. Successful, it would have resulted in the destruction of the rebel left wing and ended the battle in an hour. Even as it was, it checked the rebel pursuit to the town, and shortly brought the battle to a close for the day. Hamilton's left brigade, in the move, threw forward the Seventeenth and Tenth Iowa and attacked the Rebels, doing some harm and capturing a lot of prisoners; but lacking support from their right, they fell back and bivouacked in the darkness.

At the very hour that day that the Rebels attacked Davies so hotly in the center, they marched against McKean's division on the left. The attack was equally severe—the result much the same as in front of Davies; the union forces gallantly fighting most of the day, but falling back from position to position. In the forenoon, a very severe conflict took place at the front of this division, at the point where the Memphis railroad crosses the outer fortifications. Many men were lost on both sides. Gen. McArthur commanded the brigades fighting so gallantly at this point.

So far, no Iowa troops had been engaged at the left, but at 3 p. m. the Crocker brigade was ordered to cover another movement to the rear. Col. Crocker commanded the brigade, Lt.-Col. Belknap the Fifteenth Iowa, Col. Reid, being sick; Lt.-Col. Sanders the Sixteenth, Lt.-Col. Hall the Eleventh, and Lt.-Col. John Shane the Thirteenth.

Crocker was directed to attack the Rebels and drive them back, while the rest of our line should retire. "He executed the order in fine style," said the division commander. "The brigade conducted itself with conspicuous gallantry, and maneuvered with all the coolness and precision of an ordinary drill." It was fine praise for gallant regiments. Belknap and Sanders were especially mentioned in the report. The prompt military action of the brigade enabled the new line to be formed with success, and sundown saw the whole division of our left grouped about the breastworks at College Hill in the west edge of the town.



The Rebels had not pursued. The firing had ceased. The battle for that day was done, and Corinth was barely ours. The union army was driven into the inner breastworks, and with the early morning they, too, would be assaulted.

That night, the two armies lay under arms in the bright moonlight within six hundred yards of each other. The Rebels believed Corinth already won. In the town, the houses, the hospitals and the two hotels were filled with the union wounded. Many were dying. The writer will not forget leaving the bivouac in the moonlight that night, to soothe, for an hour, a friend lying in the little Tishimingo hotel with a rebel bullet in his breast—nor the horrible scenes by the dim light in the room, where the surgeons' knives were busy cutting away the arms and legs of the poor victims of the day—nor the groans and cries of men mangled beyond help of knife or medicine. The scene was worse than the battle, and it was a relief to get out into the peaceful moonlight where lay other thousands only waiting the daybreak to rush together and come from the deadly conflict mangled and torn like these.

Tired and exhausted as the army was, the moon shone so brightly that the men lying in the long lines of the bivouac could scarcely sleep. Many hearts there in the lines turned to northern homes that night, feeling it was the last time their thoughts could ever be turned to them, as with a prayer they bade them a silent farewell. And the brave soldiers of the South, lying there in lines but six hundred yards away, and in the same peaceful moonlight, had they no hearts, no homes, mothers, fathers, sweethearts, wives and sisters, toward whom they, too, were silently wafting prayers and farewells? Ah! cruel, cruel war!

All the night long the pickets and sentries paced their beats. Not a shot was fired, scarcely a loud word spoken, but in the quiet was heard, far on the flanks, the rumbling of artillery wheels and the tramp of regiments getting into position for the morrow. Rosecrans's lines had all been drawn in to correspond with the semi-circle of the inner forts. Hamilton's division still held the right, with its left at Fort Powell. Stanley was now at the

center, holding Forts Williams and Robinett, and the Memphis railroad. McKean's division was at the left about College Hill and Davies's men were between Stanley's and Hamilton's divisions. The whole battle line was a mile long. The forts were rather strong, protected by abatis. They were well armed and their defenders were brave men accustomed to battle. The Rebels were not less brave—and their numbers that night were as two to one. So far, they had been victorious at Corinth.

Van Dorn arranged his lines to assault in three columns. Lovell was to charge in on Rosecrans's left, Maury at the center, and Hebert on Rosecrans's right. Hebert was to attack first and give the signal for the others, while artillery in abundance was placed to fire at short distance.

Maury was to charge straight into Corinth from between the two railroads where so much of the rebel army was now massed.

At three o'clock in the morning, Rosecrans lay down for an hour's rest, but the first morning twilight brought with it the boom of rebel cannon planted in the night close to the union lines. The great moon went down, and the red battle sun rose on Corinth. Hasty and last breakfasts were snatched from haversacks, canteens were filled with water and the union lines fell in; but there was a halt. The rebel commander at the left was sick—his division did not move as ordered at daylight, and the signal was not given. The rebel center, however, advanced and became engaged, and by nine the whole rebel army was moving, and the battle of Corinth was again in progress.

The thundering of the artillery of the two armies was terrific. In the smoke about the redoubts and the batteries, the white tongued flames could be seen spitefully darting, while the sound of many metals and many calibered guns drowning the crashes of musketry, seemed for moments like the clanging of a thousand great bells. Then there would be a momentary hush, only to be followed by the sudden thunder of some fierce battery whose guns, fired in concert, were as suddenly answered by others fiercer and louder still.

In the midst of the awful cannonade, the rebel columns were massing and moving to the charge. The first shock struck the

division of Gen. Davies and the left of the line of Gen. Hamilton. The Rebels, four brigades of them, had come in solid columns from the woods, deploying and lengthening their line, as with bowed heads they advanced in the storm of bullets. Most of Davies's division gave way in confusion, and the batteries and redoubts they were supporting were captured by the enemy. Only Sullivan's brigade, in which was the Tenth Iowa, stood its ground and poured a fierce fire into the assaulting column. The union line retiring for two or three hundred yards, the contest with the Rebels, now in possession of the redoubts, was continued under a heavy fire, until the Seventeenth Iowa and other regiments, also of Sullivan's brigade, rose from where they had been lying in line, advanced, and with a charge and a yell drove the Rebels back. It was in this charge that the Seventeenth Iowa captured the flag of the Fortieth Mississippi. Corporal King, of Company "G," captured the flag, and its bearer.

This flag was sent to the Governor of Iowa, and is one of the proud trophies of the state. The Tenth Iowa received for its gallantry in this crisis of the battle the honorable mention of the commander of the brigade, as did the Seventeenth.

The Fifth Iowa, the heroes of Iuka, also fought that day in Hamilton's division, but farther to the right and with trifling loss. Maj. Banbury of the Fifth led the Seventeenth in its splendid charge.

None of the regiments of Davies's division fought better under the fierce assaults of the enemy than did the Second and Seventh Iowa—the latter commanded by Col. Elliott W. Rice, and the former by Lt.-Col. Mills. Both regiments stood their ground when others were flying, and for a time held their line without support. "Brave men"—said the commander of the brigade—"I could not bear to see them slaughtered, and so ordered them to fall back." Even then they rallied again, charged the enemy, and the victory, on their part of the line, was won.

In this charge the brave Col. Mills of the Second received a wound that cost him his life. A nobler man Iowa never lost in battle. A brave soldier, a Christian gentleman, and one of the

sincerest patriots that ever lived, his loss was universally lamented in his command and among the thousands who loved him at home.*

While the terrible assault was going on in front of the divisions of Davies and Hamilton, the union center, under Stanley, was repelling a still fiercer storm. Some of the rebel Maury's troops in the first onslaught toward the right had not only taken Battery Powell, but had charged into the town itself. They were as quickly driven out by the left of Hamilton's division and put in retreat with terrible loss. Two of Maury's regiments stormed straight against Battery Robinett, where Stanley's men defended. They not only stormed against it—they gallantly went into it, when a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued for its possession.

Such fighting scarcely took place elsewhere during the war as was witnessed inside and around Battery Robinett. The rebel Gen. Rogers, his flag in one hand, his revolver in the other, leaped the ditch and was shot dead, calling for his brave men to follow. They did follow, and the parapet, the ditch, and the ground about the breastwork, were covered with their slain. Brave Ohio troops rose up from behind the works as one man, and with hot volleys and piercing bayonets drove the Rebels out of the fort down through the abatis, trampling their own dead as they ran, pursued by the crashing cannon balls that followed them into the woods. The terrific assaults had failed, and the battle of Corinth was won to the union armies.

The losses of the Rebels had been very great, numbering not less than 6,000 killed and wounded, and over 2,000 prisoners. They lost besides some 3,000 stand of arms, 2 cannon and 14 battle flags.

The union army had 27 officers and 328 enlisted men killed, 1,841 officers and men wounded, 324 missing.

The state of Iowa lost in the battle of Corinth 531 officers and men, mostly killed and wounded. Of these losses, 40 fell to the

*Mrs. Col. Mills's was one of the most pathetic cases of the war. Gen. Hackleman, commanding the brigade, was her father, and the message that Corinth brought to her was that her father, her brother and her husband had fallen in the battle.

Tenth regiment, to the Seventeenth 22, to the Second 101, to the Seventh 122, to the Eighth 37, to the Twelfth 39, to the Fourteenth 14, to the Eleventh 21, to the Thirteenth 15, to the Fifteenth 86, to the Sixteenth 27, to the Second battery 6, and 1 to the Second cavalry.

The Second Iowa battery commanded by Capt. N. T. Spoor, with Lieutenants Walling and Reed in charge of sections, did splendid service, firing the last ball of ammunition in the chests. The Second cavalry was everywhere about Corinth in every conceivable sort of service. "Hatch's cavalry is the eye of our army," said Rosecrans. By night and by day they were in the saddle. It was a trusted regiment, with energetic officers and dashing men. Once they had been brigaded with the gallant Sheridan. Perhaps they took on his dash and his vigor.

Many Iowa officers fell at Corinth. Many, for heroic action, received honorable mention in the reports of commanders. The Second infantry not only lost Colonels Baker and Mills; Lieutenants Huntington, Snowden, Bing, and Neal, were also left cold in death on the battle field. Lieutenants Parker, Blake, Twombly and Suiter and Capt. Howard were wounded. So too was every member of the color guard—Doolittle, Norris, Phillips, Seiberlich, Wise and Stewart. Col. Weaver complimented in high terms Lieutenants Parker, Duffield, Marsh, Wilson, Tisdale, Suter, Hamill, Hall, Blake, Duckworth, Ballinger, Twombly and McCord; and Captains Cowles, McCullough, Mastic, Howard, Ensign and Davis; Surgeon Pyle, Sergt. Campbell and Lieut. Lynde. Capt. Ensign captured a battle flag, and was the first to reach a battery captured in a charge. Adjt. Geo. L. Godfrey received especial praise from Col. Weaver for gallantry. Sergt. Lewis, in charge of his company, rendered good service, as did Sergt. James Terry.

The losses in the Seventh Iowa were severe. The men, as ever, had fought as heroes. Lt.-Col. Parrott, who received the highest praise from his commander for coolness and bravery, was wounded. So too were sturdy, gallant Maj. McMullin, Capt. C. F. Conn, and Lieutenants B. B. Gale, J. B. Morrison, J. B. Hope, Frank A. Irvin and Geo. J. Bennett. Capt. Benton K.

Smith, a gallant and noble young man, was killed in the last hour of the battle. Many of the officers received the special mention of Col. Rice. Among them were Captains Hedges, Mahon, Irvin and Reineger, as well as Lieutenants Dillin, Sergeant, Hope, Loughridge, Irwin, McCormick, Bennett, Bess, Gale and Morrison. Sergt. Maj. Cameron also received special notice for bravery, being wounded, and Color Sergt. Aleck Field, and Akers and Craig of the color guard. All of the color guard, with a single exception, were either killed or wounded. The competent surgeon of the regiment, Lake, was also praised in the report of the battle for having nobly done his duty, helping the wounded, with his assistant, day and night. "More than one-third of those taken into action," says the colonel in his report, "are wounded, or lie dead beneath the battle field." A noble record!

Among the wounded in the "Union brigade," were Capt. A. E. Webb, and Lieuts. J. R. C. Hunter and A. L. Palmer of the Twelfth Iowa. Lt. Tichenor, a meritorious officer of the Eighth, was killed. Adjt D. B. Henderson, later colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa, was distinguished for his bravery at Corinth, and lost a leg in the battle.

The Tenth Iowa lost no officers at Corinth, though it had fought bravely. Acting Lt.-Col. Holson, Acting Maj. Jackson Orr, and Adjt. Manning, received especial mention from the commander of the regiment, Maj. McCalla, for gallantry, and the men of the regiment were much praised.

Lieutenants Garrett and Morris of the Seventeenth Iowa were wounded. Lieut. Hall was complimented by his commander, and the whole regiment received just praise from Gen. Rosecrans himself. Maj. Banbury of the Fifth, who led the Seventeenth Iowa in the battle, was highly complimented.

Crocker's Iowa brigade lost 149 officers and men, 86 of whom were from the gallant Fifteenth, under Lt.-Col. Belknap. Of 11 killed in the regiment, 3 were officers—Lieutenants John D. Kinsman, Wm. Cathcart and Rufus H. Eldridge—gallant officers and good men. Better young officers were not in the service. Lt.-Col. Belknap mentioned for gallant conduct the names of Captains Kittle, Hanks, Madison, and Seevers; also

Adj. Pomutz, Lieutenants Wilkins, Whitenack, Porter, Rogers, Throckmorton, Miller and King. Maj. Cunningham, wounded, received especial mention, as did Corp. Black, who was wounded while bravely clinging to the colors, and Color Corporal Wells, Surgeon Gibbon, Quartermaster Higley and Sergeants Brown (wounded) and Elliot, were likewise mentioned by Lt.-Col. Belknap.

Lt.-Col. Sanders, of the Sixteenth Iowa, was badly wounded while most gallantly leading his command, and was succeeded by Maj. Purcell. Color Sergt. Samuel Duffin was honorably mentioned for great gallantry in saving the flag, as were Color Corporals McElhany, Eighnoy and Kuhn. One lieutenant, in striking contrast to the bravery of his regiment, was seized with a panic, deserted his company and ran from the field.

The Eleventh Iowa did its duty under fire, though only a part of the regiment was actively engaged. Captains Kennedy and Walker, with their companies of the Thirteenth, were praised for gallant fighting. Gen. McKean gave high praise to Lt.-Col. Belknap of the Fifteenth, Lt.-Col. Hall and Maj. Abercrombie of the Eleventh, the latter a hero of the Mexican war, and of Wilson's Creek; to Lt.-Col. Shaw, commanding the Thirteenth, Maj. Van Hasen, of the same regiment, and Col. Ried, of the Fifteenth, who left a sick bed to be with his regiment. He also complimented for special service Capt. W. T. Clark, assistant adjutant general, Lieutenants M. A. Higley and G. S. Hampton. The Crocker brigade lost 146.

Col. Crocker, commander of the brigade, spoke in the highest praise of Lt.-Col. Belknap, always brave and always competent to command. Crocker also complimented Col. Sanders in high terms, as well as Majors Cunningham of the Fifteenth and Purcell of the Sixteenth regiments, for gallantry and duty well done. Adj. James Wilson and Lient. Lanstrum received especial mention.

The division commander reported Crocker himself as entitled to the highest credit for skill and bravery, and for the splendid discipline in battle of the Crocker brigade. The battle made Crocker a brigadier general.

That night, among the dead and dying, the union soldiers kept watch over the battle field. Early on the 5th the pursuit of the Rebels commenced. Owing to McKean's division taking the wrong road, and overburdening itself with trains, delays occurred that were fatal to perfect success, though the roads were strewn with deserted arms, ammunition wagons and guns of the flying army.

Gen. Hurlbut hurried from Bolivar with a large force of troops to head the Rebels off at the crossing of the Hatchie river. A seven hours' battle was fought at the bridge. The Rebels were driven back, but by quick marching escaped over the river at another point. It was the old story of our war—somebody had blundered.

With a victorious army on its heels—a fresh army, and a deep river at its front, why were not the demoralized and flying Rebels captured or destroyed? As it was, the fierce battle at the Hatchie had been in vain.

Among the heroic regiments that had marched from Bolivar to the battle at the river, was the Third Iowa—heroes of Blue Mills and Shiloh, now fighting in the brigade of Gen. Lauman, of Iowa. The noble regiment with its ranks thinned down to three hundred men on duty, was commanded by Capt. Trumbull. For its heroism in the battle it received the warmest praise of brigade and division commanders.

Once during the conflict it charged across the Hatchie bridge under a terrific fire from the enemy on the opposite bluffs. Once it was led just over the river into a small crowded space swept by the fire of the enemy—without room to deploy, or opportunity to defend from the raking, enfilading fire over, around and about. Yet the heroes bravely held their ground, and suffered rather than retreat. No cavalry charging at Balaklava did duty more nobly, knowing that some one had blundered, than did the Third Iowa at the Hatchie river.

Once out of the death-trap and deployed, the little line flanked the bluffs and charging the enemy, shared in the victory. Had Rosecrans's pursuing troops been properly up at that moment, the rebel army would have been lost.

In the charge over the Hatchie bridge, many were shot down; among them, one, a friend of the writer, the memory of whom long years and change and circumstance and death have not been able to obliterate. Noble, chivalrous, Christian soldier, falling at the very cannon's mouth on the Hatchie river!*

Like other thousands of the subordinate officers and soldiers of the union army whose names the trump of fame may never sound, he was a hero—bravely dying because it was his duty. Let a saved country cherish the memory of them all!

The Third regiment lost in a few minutes 60 killed and wounded—including more than half the commissioned officers. Though it had but few killed, many were badly wounded. Among the latter were Capt. E. J. Weiser, Capt. Kostman of Company C, Lieutenants D. W. Foote, W. B. Hamill, C. L. Anderson and Simon Gary. Lieutenants McMurtrie, Burdick and Cushman, with Sergt.-Maj. Montague and Color Bearer Edwards, received honorable mention from the regimental commander, as did also Lieutenants Scobey, Garey, Lakin and Abernethy.

The struggle on the Hatchie river was the closing scene of the battle of Corinth. "The history of this war," said Gen. Sterling Price, the commander of the rebel left wing, "contains no bloodier page, perhaps, than that which will record this fiercely contested battle of Corinth."

*Lieut. Wm. Dodd was killed by a cannon ball striking him on the head just as the regiment was charging at the bridge.

CHAPTER XV.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

1862.

"THANK GOD, and hurrah for Gen. Burnside!" wrote the Governor of Iowa to Asst. P. M. Genl. John A. Kasson, on November 12th, 1862. Gen. McClellan was at last removed from command in Virginia, and that was something to be thankful for, though Burnside himself within a month laid down his command, after signal defeat and appalling losses. But Gen. McClellan was no longer to lead the eastern armies to defeat—and this the North and the state of Iowa especially, regarded with sincere thanksgiving.

The splendid victories in the West, of Ft. Henry, Donelson, Pea Ridge and Island No. 10, were almost overlooked in the presence of continued disasters in Virginia. It seemed that all progress made with the war in the West was to be overbalanced by defeats in the East. No wonder that in the West, and especially among western soldiers in the field, the feeling against Geo. B. McClellan ran high and bitter. He had, in their opinion, been guilty of delays—of procrastinations unbearable, in the face of an enemy. When chided by the President for his delays, his answers had been insubordinate. "I tell you plainly," he dared write to the War Department, "if I save this army now, I owe no thanks to you, nor to any person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

It seemed as if the government feared the man who was leading its armies to disaster in the East. Private citizens saw the rocks ahead, but the administration seemed paralyzed. The soldiers of the West looked on in astonishment. Why was such a colossal failure left in command?

"There is an impression abroad out West, Mr. President, that you do not *dare* to remove Gen. McClellan." This was said to Mr. Lincoln by Gov. Kirkwood of Iowa, at the time of the Altoona meeting of governors. "I would remove him to-morrow, if convinced it were for the good of the service," responded the President. Mr. Lincoln would not act on mere clamor for the removal of even an extremely unpopular man. He wished sincerely to do justice. Later, he too saw, and was convinced of the unfitness of McClellan to command.

It was an October midnight of 1862, that McClellan was wakened from his sleep, and by the light of the dim candle in his tent read the letter from the President ordering him to turn his command over to Gen. Burnside and to report himself at Trenton, New Jersey. He was virtually under arrest. That midnight ended Gen. McClellan's career with the army of the United States, and no wonder the Governor of Iowa thanked God and that the people of Iowa were glad. Now victory at both ends of the line was hoped for. So far there had been little in the East but discouragements. Great battles there had been—but small victories. In the West with leaders like Rosecrans,* Grant, Pope and Curtis, the tide flowed steadily to victory for the North.

Political feeling was changing. Not a few genuine war democrats began to realize, as Col. Crocker had, that, after all,

*Gov. Kirkwood had great confidence in the star of Rosecrans. On November 4th, of 1862, he wrote:

General: I have heard so much of you from the Iowa boys you led so bravely and so successfully at Iuka and Corinth, and from my old friend Maj. Hepburn, I scarcely realize that we are strangers, and that it is necessary I shall apologize for the liberty I have taken in addressing you. Please accept the fact for the apology. The eyes of the people of Iowa, General, are upon you, and their hearts are with you. They believe and they rejoice in the belief that in you they have an active, earnest fighting soldier. They know that the salvation of the country depends upon having such at the head of our armies. They confidently trust that your glorious and gallant deeds at Iuka and Corinth will be equalled (they cannot be surpassed) in your new command, and that your example will stimulate others to like action.

Never in the history of our people have they so prayed for the "coming man" as they have for many months past, and now, as they have found him, I ardently wish you had with you, to share your dangers and your glory, the Iowa boys who have just left, and the many thousands more as good as they, just marching to the field.

Your obdt. servant,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Louisville, Kentucky.

slavery was the cause of the war, and as such should be put forever beyond doing harm. It was the words and the encouragement of brave, true conservatives like Crocker,* not less than the patriotism of his own party, that helped sustain the hands of the governor. The time was rapidly coming when he could turn for help to every man in the state, provided that man were loyal.

In Iowa, the fires of patriotism still burned, if not quite with the zeal of the Sumter days, yet with a faith and a fervor that were willing to bide their time. The leading men of the state labored with but one thought—the upholding of the hands of Abraham Lincoln in his effort to save the government of the United States. Almost every public act related in some way to the war. Almost every individual act, if of a patriot, had in its bearings something to do with the welfare of the soldiers in the field or with the regiments marching to quarters in the state.

Iowa had already furnished more men—many more, than its quota for the new regiments; but soldiers were called for to fill up the old regiments now depleted by battle. On this call, the state

*CAMP OF THE 13TH REGIMENT IOWA VOL'S, JEFFERSON CITY.

Dear Governor: I have received your "Inaugural" and while I may not from my standpoint altogether agree with you in regard to the causes immediately producing this war, I certainly do agree with you fully in respect to the objects to be attained and the manner of conducting it.

I do not think that the restoration of the Union as it has existed since 1854, is at all desirable. And unless the slavery question can be "forever placed at rest" so that it cannot be the subject of legislation, or the theme for speech making in the national congress *we had better have no Union*. Men who claim to be conservative, talk about the easy restoration of the government as it was before the revolt of the South. And I suppose by that they mean that all the parties shall lay down their arms, and that the old congress, composed of Jeff. Davis, Toombs, Slidell, Benjamin, Wigfall & Co., shall resume the discussion of the Dred Scott decision, and the right of the South to carry their slaves into the territories. If such a peace was possible I do not regard it at all desirable. Such a peace could not be permanent, and the scenes of the present *crisis* would soon be re-enacted. The government must adopt some policy in conducting this war that will accomplish the end of placing the slavery question where there can be no apprehension felt about it, so that it may be emphatically a domestic and not a national institution. Anything short of this will be a failure.

The regiment is now in fine condition; the boys have about recovered from the measles and mumps, and consider themselves ready for service. We do not wish the people of Iowa to understand or believe that we are at all uncomfortable or unhappy. Certainly we are not. If they will visit our camp of an evening they will find as jolly a crowd as they ever visited and will be astonished at the immense amount of music and fun. * * *

Your friend,

M. M. CROCKER.

was behind, owing to the unpatriotic action of certain counties and precincts in not having furnished their proper number. In these laggard districts, many men were staying at home reaping the advantages that came of inflated values and new competition—their loyal competitors being mostly at the front with guns on their shoulders. Some of these laggards, too, were disloyal. It scarcely requires saying to recall that the precincts so backward in volunteering were usually politically democratic. It was an unpleasant comment on democratic loyalty that so few proportionately of the party were in the army from the state of Iowa.*

At an election held in November, 1862, the Iowa soldiers voting in the army, cast 14,874 ballots on the republican ticket, and only 4,115 on the democratic ticket. At the election a year later, 16,791 republican soldiers voted, to 2,904 democratic. The figures are startling and speak for themselves.

Gov. Kirkwood determined to compel such districts to furnish their quota of men by volunteering, or else enforce the draft law by the first day of the new year. It was not fair that the patriotic should bear all the state's burdens of the war, and the disloyal reap all its advantages.

"The matter now rests with your own people," wrote the governor to the dilatory districts, Nov. 19, 1862. "All and every means have been exhausted to avert conscription."

For the sake of the state's honor, the governor hoped that all

*MAQUOKETA, August 7, 1861.

HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD:

Dear Sir: * * * During my whole political life I have never before now felt like being disheartened in the cause. I have just returned from Dubuque and Linn counties. The people are excited to the highest pitch on the war, and enlistments by scores are being made every day. By a careful examination of the roll compared with the poll book, as far as we could do it, we find *ninety per cent republican*. And if these regiments leave the state before our election, I have fears that the legislature will be democratic. Already the democrats are boasting that the republicans are leaving the field open for them, and should they be so fortunate as to get a majority in the next legislature, I fear we cannot gain the position we now occupy for twelve years. They will have the next senator, and what will be still worse they will squander the appropriation made by our last legislature * * * and the republicans will have to bear all of the responsibility of issuing the bonds. I am still of the opinion that if we can keep those regiments at home till after election, and Mr. Harlan and Grimes will take the stump, all is right; but if otherwise, we must depend on the south part of the state to gain the victory.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH P. EATON.

quotas would be filled by volunteering—but 7,000 men were still wanting for the old regiments. The various calls on the state up to this date made a total of 49,405 men. By an earnest effort in the districts that were backward, the 7,000 volunteers were partly raised. It transpired, too, as has been said, that the state had been ahead on its former quota of troops; hence Iowa was, for the the time at least, excused from the draft.*

It was probably fortunate that it was so, for by this time the disloyal of the state were thoroughly organized into associations known as "Knights of the Golden Circle," as well as into other bands. Their purpose was to oppose the war, to resist the draft, to encourage desertion, and to prevent volunteering. They rapidly became secret assassins and were despised, hated, and feared. There was nothing fair or honorable in their purposes, their methods, or their history, and they did great harm by their secret and venomous ways of discouraging the war. Not a single noble impulse stirred among them, nor a loyal heart-throb. They were not only traitors to their country and to their neighbors—they were destroyers of order—and, when opportunity offered, were murderers. That they acted in secret, made them ten times more dangerous.

Though the state had furnished more men than were required up to 1863, technically she was a little behind and a draft was still possible. This, the disloyal element secretly resolved to prevent, and armed for the purpose. Its designs were well known by the governor, through the department of H. M. Hoxie, the efficient provost marshal of the state, by whose zeal and patriotism, more than by that of any other man's, the base designs of these secret assassins were frustrated. He was as honorable as zealous, and as able as patriotic. By him and his agents, every move of the secret conclave of state scoundrels was watched and usually check-mated. Spite of it all, a feverish dangerous excitement was kept up. The compromising letters of the "Knights of the Golden Circle" fell into the hands of the executive. The names and deeds of many of its members were matters of record, and the affidavits as to their baseness are still

*At a later date.

in the state's archives. A full knowledge of their intentions did not make them less dangerous to good order and peace.

"If a draft is to be ordered in this state," wrote the governor to the authorities, "there should, as a precaution, be arms in the hands of all loyal men." The governor not only asked for arms, he demanded regiments—so great in his opinion was the peril to which Iowa was subjected by these treasonable assassins, while her loyal soldiers were absent, fighting for their country. Many of these "Knights" were the paid agents of the Rebels in the South. Many were simply desperadoes seeking adventure. Many were broken down political aspirants who were no longer trusted by their neighbors, and many were the ignorant scum of the democratic party, misled into wrong doing. But all were Democrats. There was not a Republican among them.

Gov. Kirkwood not only demanded arms and permission to organize special regiments to meet these miscreants in case of resistance and collision; he begged that the United States laws might be enforced in Iowa—that men should be arrested for treasonable conduct and, if guilty, quickly and severely punished. He protested vigorously against the arbitrary arrest of men, if only to be followed by sudden dismissal without conviction or trial. Such indecision had been common, as in the case of Mahoney. But protests by the governor never thoroughly awakened the government at Washington into a full knowledge that bands of traitors hung like a pest over some of the counties of loyal Iowa. The people of Iowa in general were so devoted, so patriotic, so loyal, it seemed impossible.

Not the strong, prompt hand of the government at last made Iowa traitors hide away in fear and shame—but the victories of her soldiers in the field. In the roar of the victorious guns of Vicksburg and Gettysburg that coming summer, the Iowa traitors began to look for a day of reckoning.

That Thanksgiving day of 1862, saw forty Iowa regiments of infantry either in the field or preparing to march. There were besides, five regiments of cavalry and three batteries of artillery. For all this the state gave thanks, for better soldiers never marched to the sound of drum and bugle.

As in the year before, all the loyal men in the state were bending their energies to the aid of the soldiers at the front or their families left at home. Counties, towns, townships and villages levied taxes to raise funds for bounties and aid. Societies for the relief of soldiers' families existed everywhere in the state. Private men and women strained every nerve and economized in every direction, to help the soldiers. Many a soldier's widow's flour-barrel was filled by invisible hands. Many an orphan's feet were clad, and no one knew by whom. All loyal men gave of all they had. The state officers knew no limits of time or labor of their own that could advance the good of the common cause.

"I will do all I can so long as my life lasts for our Iowa soldiers," wrote Adj. Gen. Baker to Hon. James Harlan. His was the noble spirit animating every loyal heart in the state.

Gov. Kirkwood's sympathies for the soldiers were unbounded. Their interests were always preferred to his own. Once the governor of Wisconsin started a movement for doubling the pay of the hard working war governors. "But," said Kirkwood in a note to Senator Grimes on the subject, "though we have all been doing labor as great as belongs to officers much better paid, and our work is as important as any done for the government, yet I know that our regiments require more medical aid. I much prefer that Congress should give an additional surgeon to each Iowa regiment than any pay to its governors."

Again writing to Capt. S. M. Archer, referring to certain injustice and wrongs done himself, he says: "I shall bear it—and you should bear yours. Captain, there are thousands of men in the ranks as good as either of us, and when I am disposed to complain of the extent of my labors and the injustice I at times receive, I think of these poor fellows, and try to bear all cheerfully."

The labors of the executive's and adjutant general's offices were as astounding in those days as after Wilson's Creek, and were increased as then by the ignorance and neglect of many officers. To this day, proper reports of some of the regiments and of many events are wanting. To one of the colonels, Gen.

Baker wrote: "I have no official information of even the *existence* of your command"—so seldom and so imperfectly had this officer reported. Descriptions of certain battles were disposed of by certain officers in less space than is usually required for depicting a cock fight. One colonel reporting a battle forgot mention of all participants except himself. Another, depicting an insignificant skirmish to the governor, mentioned as worthy of distinguished honor the name of every single officer in his command. "They were all heroes." His list of casualties, however, showed but four men injured. Many of these reports, blameless of discrimination or sense, or justice to subordinate officers and soldiers, filled the office of the adjutant general, and had to be amended and added to from other sources in order to make a record. This and the endless questioning for instructions and interpretations of rules, and the constant letters asking for favor and promotion, made the chief offices anything but beds of roses.

But Baker and the governor bore it all, with the added reproaches for things that nobody understood, with perfect suavity, great patience and patriotism.*

The governor arranged a set of rules for promotion to office. They were just and simple, but pleased nobody. Politicians in shoulder-straps, who had never in their lives been bound by a rule, and seldom by a principle, saw no sense in doing things under order, and chafed under the restraint.† Some wanted their commissions dated away back, to outrank their comrades. Some wanted to name all the officers themselves, when they had no right to name any. Some "pocketed" the commissions sent them for their subordinates, and some used old grudges against fellow-officers to warrant themselves in defeating such comrades

*Speaking of his own labors and anxieties, Kirkwood writes to a private in Company H, of the Second Iowa: "I would be content if I could earn, as a result of it all, a name as honored as that of the humblest member of the gallant Iowa Second."

†The Governor sought to carry out these rules in good faith, though promotions under them often annoyed others and embarrassed him. His own plan was to do as he directed Gen. Bussey to do in case of a certain promotion: "The position, you find, is a delicate one, but do just what you think is right, and let the consequences take care of themselves."

for place. Men who were heroes in battle, were often entirely ignored, while favorites would figure in the reports as deserving honor and promotion. The governor's "rules" tended to check some of these evils; but they made their violators his enemies. He was accused of favoritism himself. He had numerous relatives. Some of them were fit for office; but for granting them place, he was accused of nepotism. Mistakes of all kinds occurred as to original appointments, because, of necessity, the governor, in his selections, relied largely on the judgment of others.*

All the little politicians wanted to be brigadiers. They could not be—and they blamed the governor for hopes blasted, and plans short of fruition.

While the greatest efforts to sustain the government were progressing in 1862, business in the state fell behind. Iowa then, as now, was eminently an agricultural and grazing state. The crops were good, but the markets were very low, and currency scarce. Eastern manufacturers were growing rich by the war, while Iowa farmers were compelled to accept for their products such prices as were dictated in other states. There were few railroads, and freights were dear, and, though the harvests yielded extremely well, the strain of the war was being visibly felt. Few in the state were prospering.

Adj.-Gen. Baker hoped to relieve the situation somewhat by demanding some of the army contracts for people in the state. Beef, pork, wool, flour, corn, oats and hay, Iowa had in surplus. "Why not let our citizens furnish part of these," wrote Baker. "We are furnishing as many men, and as good men, to fight our country's battles, as any state in the Union; why not let Iowa have some of the contracts? We can fill them as well and as cheaply as others. This is a matter of importance to the government itself, and of vast importance to every man, woman and child in Iowa."

*Somebody wrote urging the governor to promote some boy in the cavalry—asking him to remember the mother of the boy of Athens. "It's all right" replied the governor, "only I have neglected the classics so long, I don't remember who in the—the mother of the boy of Athens' was, or who this boy was either. Please enlighten me all around."

Few army contracts, however, came to Iowa's citizens, spite of her ability to supply the country cheaply. Rings of politicians and eastern hangers-on about Washington usually secured the government's wasted millions for bad supplies and shoddy clothing. Iowa farmers were not tricksters enough to get fat army contracts.

That autumn of 1862, for the first time, saw Iowa grain fields reaped by women, and her broad meadows mown by girls whose brothers and lovers were in the war. It was a primitive age again, with women in the fields and the men off fighting their country's battles. The old men were in the companies of the home guards, and drilled on the village green—the very green on which their sons were mustered before going to battle. Those sons! Many of them were heroes already, leading battalions to the mouths of rebel cannon—charging squadrons—storming forts—marching through swamps and over plains, bearing aloft the starry banner. But many, ah, how many! were already in soldiers' graves. Thousands lingered their lives out in southern prisons—thousands sickened and died in hospitals, and thousands left their life blood on the red battle field. They were worthy of their country—worthy of their gray-haired patriot sires drilling there on the village green.

What recollections spring up to him who was sometimes in an Iowa town or village in those War Times! Who will not instantly recall the relief corps, the sewing circle, the home guards, the martial band, the girls working in the fields, the gray-haired men who gave all they had and talked only of their hero sons, the village post when the mail came in, the letters from the battle field—the eager, waiting people and the messages quickly opened? and ah, how often the dim eyes, the tears, the broken heart—for some one dead in battle.

Who will not recall the furloughed soldier, fresh from war—the hero of the hour? There's nothing in the town that is not his. Every voice greets him, every hand is in his own.

What a hero the lowest private in the ranks has become when home on a furlough! His experiences are all detailed to eager listeners. What dangers he has seen! How he is loved for hav-

ing seen them! Each listening maid's a Desdemona, and he who talks a greater than Othello. The canteen he wears was taken from a Rebel at Iuka, and the pin on his breast is a piece of Shiloh church. That sabre, bent and scarred, talks aloud of the Hatchie Bridge, and the piece of a rebel flag was taken from a battery where every horse was dead, and every cannoneer shot down or wounded. And that bible—his mother gave it to him on the village green, with her blessing. There it is, indented and torn by the ball that, but for it, would have pierced his heart. Look at that furlough, signed by Gen. Grant himself, and dated before the battle—and the hero had fought with it in his pocket, because he would not leave his comrades in a crisis. No wonder he is a hero! No wonder that when his twenty days are up, the people go with him to the depot, and with cheers, kisses, good byes and blessings send him back again to war!

And that other scene, who will not recall?—the plain pine coffin coming on the cars—the solitary guard; some soldier boy killed in battle—sent home to sleep in the little grave yard behind the village. The gray-haired home guards' steady line falls in. There are the muffled drum, the shrill fife, the drooping flag, the open grave—the broken hearts. The hero soldier sleeps—and this is war!

When in the future the children of Iowa shall stand by these green graves, marked with the names of Iowa soldiers, let them reverently recall the sacrifices of that day—the patriotism, the broken hearts, the noble dead—and thank God that in such an hour, Iowa had such men ready. Let these sacrifices, these heart-breaks, these graves inspire them to stand by our common country in whatever peril may come.

CHAPTER XVI.

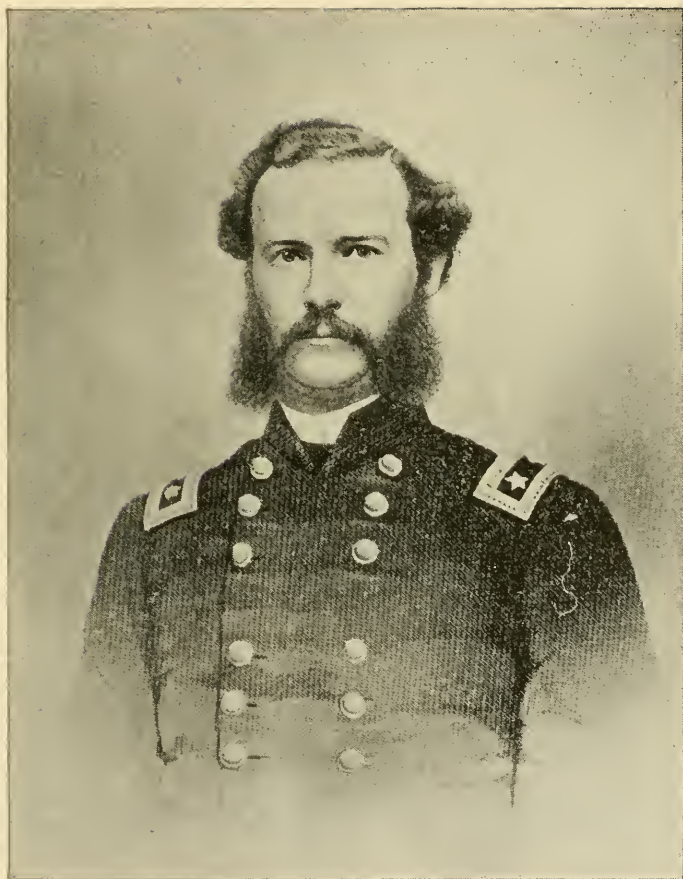
BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

Dec. 7, 1862.

THERE were few severer struggles in the war than the hotly contested field of Prairie Grove. It was fought, on the union side, against great odds. The battle was directed by an Iowa general, and two Iowa regiments, the Nineteenth and Twentieth, won lasting renown there by splendid heroism. With a command numbering less than 5,000 men, Gen. Herron left 1,000 dead Rebels on the field. The battle took place on the 7th day of December, 1862, and the Iowa regiments engaged had not been six months in the field.

All of that autumn of 1862 the union troops of southwest Missouri, led by Generals Schofield, Blunt and Herron, had been chasing the Rebels up and down the wide mountainous stretch of country between Springfield, in Missouri, and the Boston mountains in Arkansas. There had been many and many a hard, forced march by day and by night, over execrable roads, the soldiers on short rations, and, at times, almost without shoes. The hardships of that autumn and early winter campaigning can hardly be over-estimated. The result was much sickness and many deaths, and yet the two Iowa regiments, participating in the worst of it all, had scarcely seen a battle. Their exposures and their hardships seemed almost in vain.

During the last of November, Gen. Blunt defeated the Rebels at Cane Hill, and their army fell back southward. A time of rest and peace having apparently come, the union troops commenced preparing to enjoy it. Gen. Schofield was called to another field of duty. Gen. Blunt succeeded to the command,



GENERAL F. J. HERRON.

and with a division of troops camped near Cane Hill, the place of the recent victory. Gen. Herron, with two divisions, including the Nineteenth and the Twentieth Iowa among his other troops, marched all the way back to "Camp Curtis," twelve miles south of Springfield. This put the command of Blunt at the front and Herron at the rear, 125 miles apart.

Herron's soldiers were barely settled down to the routine of camp life up there by Springfield, when the sudden and unexpected news came that a large rebel army, variously estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000 men in numbers, had been organized beyond the Boston mountains and was rapidly marching against Gen. Blunt's single division in his camp at Cane Hill. Gen. Blunt's appeal to Gen. Herron and his two divisions for immediate help was not in vain. Instantly Herron's command was on the rapid march.

Cane Hill is eighteen miles southwest of the town of Fayetteville and ten miles northwest of Van Buren, the point where the rebel army, Gen. Hindman in command, was crossing the Arkansas river. Hindman's forces had approached Gen. Blunt's position, and, by skirmishing with his advance a couple of days, misled that general into supposing that he was about to give him battle. The astute Rebel knew, however, that Herron was a hard marcher and would soon join his column to that of Gen. Blunt. He determined to flank Blunt's little army, move past its left, rush on to Herron, overwhelm and defeat him, and then turn and serve Blunt in a similar way. It was a neat little military plan, but it was not a new one, and, besides, the rebel general was, as often happened in those Arkansas days, reckoning without his host. That host was Gen. Herron, of Iowa, formerly a young captain of militia in the city of Dubuque.

Herron's soldiers did some incredible marching, in hopes of reaching Cane Hill in time to save Blunt's army. Soldiers, guns and trains pushed along day and night twenty to thirty miles a day. They entered Fayetteville before daylight of the morning of December 7th, 1862. Herron had, from a point farther back, sent some cavalry across the country to Blunt's aid. Very great was his surprise that morning, a few miles out of Fayetteville,

to meet some of this same cavalry coming back on the run, panic-stricken and dismayed.

These valiant horsemen had run into the advance guard of Hindman's rebel army, and had apparently got the worst of it. Gen. Herron at once brought his men in order, got his regiments well in hand, and for a few miles drove back the rebel cavalry. At last, approaching a little stream known as the Illinois river, he discovered the infantry and the artillery of Hindman's army. They were drawn up in battle array along a heavily wooded ridge beyond the opposite bank of the stream. The position was a strong one, and Gen. Herron's little army was outnumbered as four to one.* He was not long, however, in deciding what to do. In fact there was but one choice: either to retreat and lose his trains, leaving Blunt's division ten miles away to be destroyed, or take the chances of a battle with the odds all against him. His command numbered less than 5,000 men. The enemy on the hills beyond the stream had possibly 25,000.

Gen. Herron at once pushed a regiment of infantry and a battery across the stream, to feel the enemy's position. These were immediately driven back. His next move was to cut a way through the timber to the river at a point half a mile off, and there, under an artillery fire, make a feint of crossing. The ruse succeeded. The enemy's attention being attracted to this new point, Herron seized the opportunity and dashed over the river at the ford with both his divisions. Protected by his massed artillery, he placed his command in line of battle and was charging the rebel lines almost before they were sure of his being over the river.

This movement had been extremely audacious—perhaps unwise

*Gen. Herron, in a private letter, said: "For four miles we fought their cavalry, driving them back to Illinois creek, where I found their whole force strongly posted on a long ridge, with magnificent positions for batteries. For one mile in front it was clear ground, and my road lay right in the center of their line. From a prisoner taken, I learned that Hindman was on the ridge, with his whole force, and intended to whip me out before Blunt could get up—in other words, to take us one at a time. The case looked tough, with Blunt ten miles away, and 25,000 men between us; but I saw at a glance there were just two things that could be done; namely, fight them without delay, and depend on the chance of Blunt's hearing me and coming up, or retreat and lose my whole train. It required no time to make a decision."

and unsafe. He had put his army in a critical position with a stream and a single crossing behind him, and a powerful, well posted enemy, greatly exceeding him in numbers, at his front. The least mishap, and his army would be captured or destroyed. However, once over, he was there to fight. It is said that he purposed relying for safety and success on his good artillery. However that may be, certain it is his excellently manned batteries served him well. They kept up an extraordinary and galling cannonade on the enemy's position. To silence these massed guns and to avoid their fire, the Rebels made a charge against his division on the left. He instantly sent Orme's brigade to meet this attack, and at the same time charged heavily on the rebel center. His batteries moved forward over the open slope, supported by the Nineteenth Iowa and the Twentieth Wisconsin, pouring a flood of shell and canister into the rebel lines. They were met by a fire from opposing batteries and a heavy musketry fire of infantry.

Suddenly, the advancing union batteries halted and the Nineteenth Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. McFarland, and the Twentieth Wisconsin, rushed forward in one of the very fiercest charges of the war. The line was to take a battery that from its position just back of an orchard and farther up the hill was pouring destruction into the union ranks. On and forward the two regiments went under a terrible fire, took the battery, and plunged, with fixed bayonets, into Fagan's rebel brigade, that was supporting it. Suddenly from their concealed position, and three ranks deep, the Rebels rise, and from three different directions pour an increased and awful fire into the gallant regiment. It wavered and fell back down the slope, its course covered with its dead and wounded.

It had been a gallant, though a fatal charge. Its leader, the brave McFarland, was shot dead, as were other good officers and not less than forty of its men. Five of its daring officers and 140 of the little line, only 500 strong, were wounded. Two were missing—probably dead—making a total loss in the regiment of *one hundred and ninety-two*. Beside the lieutenant colonel, Lieutenants Smith and Johnson were killed. Captains Jordan,

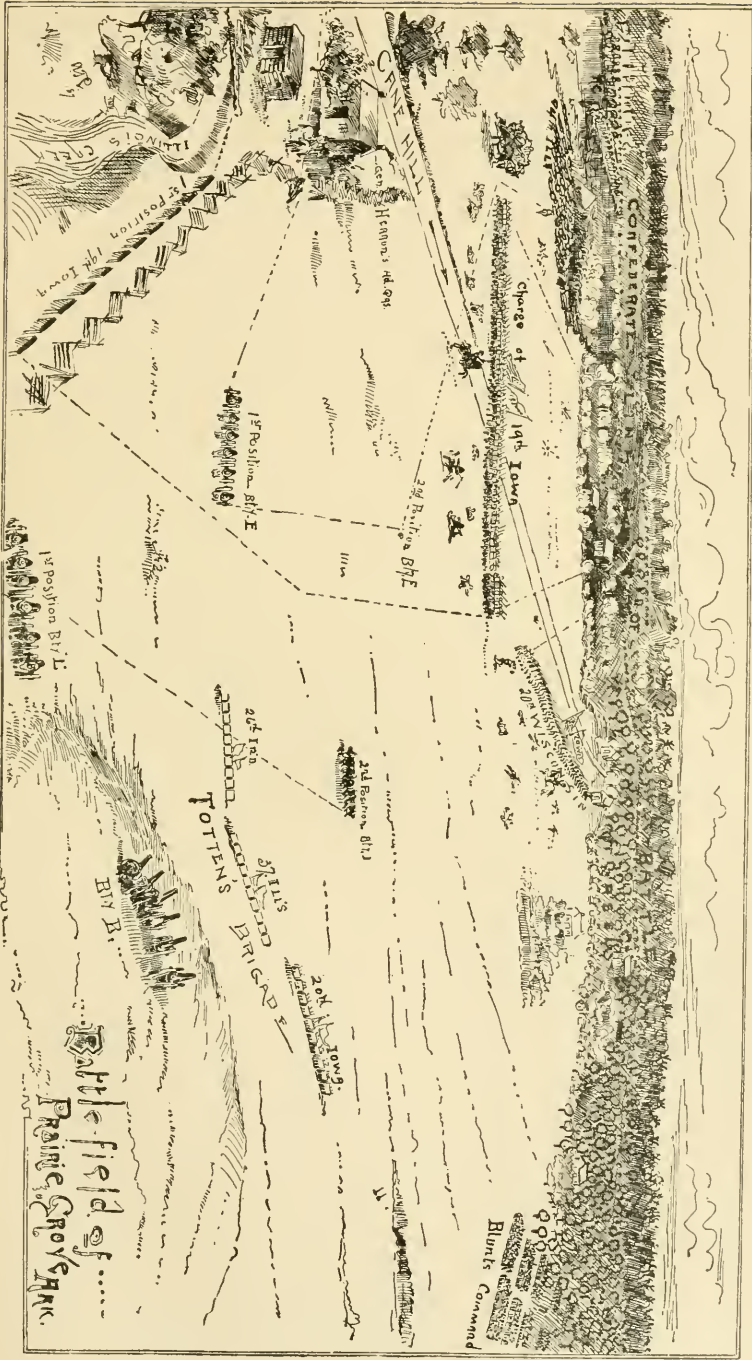
Wright and Paine, and Lieutenants Brooks and Harrison Smith were wounded. Capt. Richmond was captured.

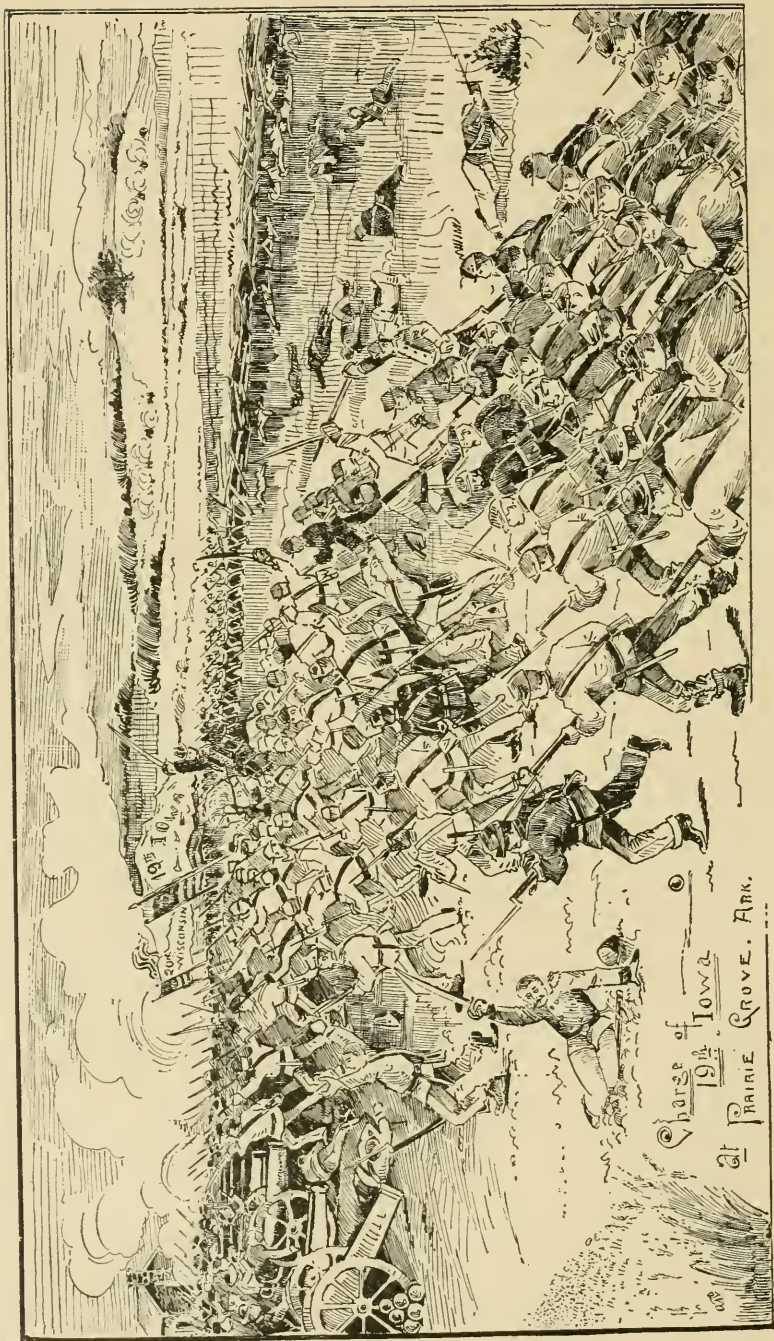
Yet the regiment's fighting was not over. Col. Orme, commander of brigade, rode up shortly after the charge, and rallying the shattered remnants of the regiment, led it and the Ninety-fourth Illinois once more against the enemy. Once more the Nineteenth Iowa did some gallant fighting, until ordered to fall back and re-form.

After the death of the noble McFarland, a man loved not only by his soldiers, but by all Iowa, Maj. D. Kent took command. In the report on the battle, Maj. Kent mentions for gallantry the names of Captains Roderick, Richmond, Bruce and Taylor, and Lieut. Brooks. Lieut. Brooks was badly wounded in saving the colors, and Lieut. Root and Capt. Bruce led on one of the hottest skirmish lines of the war.

The Twentieth Iowa also had its full share of battling against odds, that at different periods in the battle seemed overpowering. For hours the conflict raged with charges and counter-charges, and the union artillery in the battle of Prairie Grove accomplished as much as the infantry. Possibly in no conflict had cannon been so skillfully manned, so constantly used, or with such results. At times, as the brave lines advanced or were driven back, it seemed as if the odds were too great. The position at last became extremely critical and in the pauses of the battle, the officers vainly listened for the sound of Blunt's cannon. At two o'clock the rebel left wing prepared for a charge on Herron's right and an attempt to flank him. Scarcely were their lines advancing, when to their astonishment they ran into fresh troops and well posted batteries. Blunt had arrived. The almost disheartened soldiers of Herron's division took cheer and the battle was renewed.

By a forced march Blunt's division had hurried from Cane Hill to the sound of Herron's artillery, and now were in position in front of the strongly posted rebel left. They hurriedly connected with Herron's extreme right, held by the Twentieth Iowa, and sixteen of Blunt's cannon poured shell, ball and canister into the rebel line at short range, shortly driving two rebel bat-





Charge of Iowa
19th at PRAIRIE GROVE. Ark.

teries and the infantry supports into the edge of the woods. "Charge them," was the order to the union infantry, and the brigade, which included the Twentieth Iowa, under Lt.-Col. Leake, moved to the assault. It was led by Col. Dye of the Twentieth. Under a severe fire, they rapidly crossed up the slope through an open field and as rapidly drove the rebel line through the orchard beyond, and into the woods. Once a body of the enemy, wearing blue overcoats, deceived a part of the line who supposed they were firing on their friends. A sudden volley from the same force, however, soon undeceived them and created a little confusion in the left of the union line. Some of the supports having fallen back, the Twentieth Iowa was also directed to retire to the lower fence of the orchard and to hold the position. This was done under a galling fire, the men lying down behind the fence and pouring a flame of musketry between the rails. Again the concentrated fire of the union artillery did its fatal work, and when night came the rebel army wrapped its wagon and artillery wheels with blankets and retired from the battle field.* Prairie Grove was won—and Iowa courage and Iowa blood had helped to win it.

In the charge by the Twentieth Iowa, Lt.-Col. Leake, one of the bravest men on the field, had led the regiment. Forty-seven men of the Twentieth were lost in the action. Lieut. Harrison Oliver was killed. Lieutenants R. M. Lytle, J. G. G. Cavendish, F. E. Starck and E. Stone, were wounded. So, too, was Maj. Thompson, who had acted on the field with exceptional valor. Sergt. Maj. G. A. Gray and Acting Adjt. J. C. McClelland were complimented for gallantry. Col. Mc. E. Dye, who had led the brigade in the memorable action, was always competent and courageous,—in short, all the Iowa men in that battle, from Gen. Herron down to the humblest private, did the state of Iowa honor.

*One of Gen. Hindman's orders to his troops reads as follows:

"Do not break ranks to plunder. If we whip the enemy, all will be ours; if not, the spoils will be of no benefit to us. Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death on the spot. Remember that the enemy has no feelings of mercy or kindness towards you; his ranks are made up of Pin Indians, free negroes, northern traitors, Kansas jayhawkers, Dutch cut-throats and bloody ruffians, who have invaded your country, stolen and destroyed your property, murdered your neighbors, outraged your women, driven your children from their homes and defiled the graves of your kindred."

The federal loss at Prairie Grove was 1148. The rebel losses, though never definitely known, were probably not less than 3,000.

Whatever the odds against Herron and Blunt may have been, there was no question as to where the victory belonged. Iowa was very proud of her two regiments in that battle, and in his words of praise the governor echoed the feelings of the whole state.*

PARKER'S CROSS ROADS.

The year 1862 closed in the West with a little battle in which an Iowa regiment took a conspicuous and heroic part. The Thirty-ninth Iowa was on its way to join Gen. G. M. Dodge at Corinth, and had only reached the town of Jackson, when the post commander there in great alarm ordered the regiment to dismount from the railway train and help defend the city against Forrest's cavalry.

Forrest was not near Jackson, as it transpired, and so after some days' delay, and frequent false alarms, the Thirty-ninth Iowa, the Fiftieth Indiana and the One-hundred-and-twenty-

*EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, }
IOWA CITY, January 5th, 1863. }

Colonel: In the hard fought battle at Prairie Grove, the Nineteenth regiment Iowa Volunteer infantry did nobly. It fully sustained and added to the honored and well earned fame of the soldiers of Iowa.

I mourn with you for the brave men who died there, and sympathize with you for those suffering from wounds received there, to sustain the flag and the cause of the Union!

Please convey to the gallant men of your command my thanks and the thanks of the people of Iowa for their good conduct and their devotion to the cause of our country.

Very respectfully your ob't serv't,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Col. B. Crabb, 19th Reg't. Iowa Vol. Inf., Springfield, Mo.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, }
IOWA CITY, January 5th, 1863. }

Colonel:—I have learned with pride and pleasure the good conduct of the Twentieth Regiment Iowa Volunteer infantry in the hard fought battle of Prairie Grove.

They have nobly sustained the good name of the Iowa troops and have given earnest that the record of the Twentieth shall be as proud a one as that of any other Iowa regiment.

Please convey to them my thanks and the thanks of the people of Iowa for their gallantry and good conduct.

Very respectfully your ob't serv't,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Col. Wm. M. E. Dye, Twentieth Reg't Iowa Vol. Inf.

second Illinois, all under Col. Dunham, were marched off in the direction of Red Mound, to hunt Forrest up.

They found him with 5,000 men, well posted in timber, not far from a place known as Parker's Cross Roads. This was just at the time that Van Dorn was riding around the rear of Grant's army and destroying his depot of supplies at Holly Springs. Gen. Forrest had proposed destroying some railroads and towns in another direction, but his plans must have been materially interfered with by what occurred to him at Parker's Cross Roads. Had Van Dorn met such a foe as Col. Redfield and the Thirty-ninth Iowa at Holly Springs, instead of Col. Murphy, that town would not have been taken. Grant's army would have marched straight on to Vicksburg in 1862, and thousands of human lives would have been saved.

Col. Redfield was shot and badly wounded, leading his regiment at Parker's Cross Roads, but from the hospital, later, he was able to tell Gov. Kirkwood some interesting details of the battle.

"December 31st, at 4 o'clock, we resumed our march toward Lexington," says Col. Redfield. "At 8 o'clock we came within a mile of Parker's Cross Roads. Our advance had a sharp skirmish with a body of the Rebels and drove them off. Our regiment was ordered to take position in the road on the east of the field, where the skirmishing took place. Col. Dunham advanced to the Cross Roads, and drove a body of the enemy back on the road leading west. Our artillery, two guns of the Wisconsin battery, were planted on a knoll near the corner, and felt of the woods toward the west with shells. This scattered all the Rebels in sight. Our artillery was then moved west about half a mile, on a ridge near the edge of the woods, and the whole brigade moved up to support it. The first fire from the rebel battery, stationed about half a mile north, killed five horses and one man belonging to one of our guns.

"Our commander concluded to change his position and marched us back east to the Cross Roads, and thence south on the Lexington road, a little over a mile. Our regiment took the extreme left and was stationed on the east side of the road on a high

piece of ground and in front of a house occupied by a Mrs. Small.

"Soon the rebel cavalry made its appearance, emerging from the woods. On they came in a string that seemed to have no end. Our artillery played upon them and produced some scattering in their ranks, but without impeding their progress.

"A portion of them came up the road, but were kept in check, and finally driven back by two companies stationed behind a rail barricade. The main body moved to the left and took possession of a piece of woods, which it seems to me we ought to have occupied before then. But I will not criticise. I will simply relate facts.

"They formed line on the south side of these woods, adjoining a field, and planted their cannon in several places along the line. We were ordered up on the double quick and formed line on the south side of the above mentioned field behind a rail fence, and also in the edge of a piece of woods. Their cannon played on us at a fearful rate, and it seemed for a while we would be cut to pieces. But our men fired with such precision with their Enfields, that it soon became quite difficult for them to manage their artillery. The distance across the field was from 600 to 700 yards. Their infantry (dismounted cavalry of course) was stationed along their regular line and also in the field behind a knoll a little to our left. Other bodies or detachments were sent to our right and a large force came up on our rear almost surrounding us, and exposing us to a galling fire from the front flanks and rear. I shall not attempt a description of the screaming of shells and the deafening roar of artillery and the furious discharges of the small arms. I can only say it was a hot place; only 1,500 men with 2 pieces of artillery, not very well handled, fighting at least 7,000 with 12 pieces of artillery. But our men fought bravely and stood up like veterans, with perhaps a few exceptions.

"While rallying our men to resist the attack on our rear, I was wounded, and fell, but got up after a little and did what I could, until the loss of blood rendered me too weak for further effort.

“The tide of battle seemed to be turning strongly against us, and then Gen. Sullivan came up with the brigade of Col. Fuller, and, after a very short engagement the Rebels broke and the victory was ours. We took 6 pieces of artillery and something over 400 prisoners, 500 horses, many wagons, etc.

“The real, solid, fierce battle raged for about two to three hours. Our regiment lost 3 killed and 37 wounded.”

CHAPTER XVII.

ATTEMPTS ON VICKSBURG—ARKANSAS POST.

Winter of 1862-3.

COMBINED MOVEMENTS OF GRANT AND SHERMAN—CHICKASAW BAYOU.

VICKSBURG was the Richmond of the Southwest. Its natural position and its splendid fortifications made it the key to the Mississippi river. Its importance was appreciated in the South as well as in the North. It was, in the words of Horace Greeley, the natural center and chief citadel of the slaveholders' confederacy.

On the 2d of November, 1862, Gen. Grant, at Jackson, Tennessee, commenced a grand movement against Vicksburg, by land, marching with a well organized army by way of Holly Springs. Shortly afterward, December 8th, he ordered Gen. Sherman to co-operate with him by starting a force of 30,000 men down the Mississippi river in steamers; these to be supported by the entire federal flotilla of gunboats on the river. It was intended by the government that Gen. McClernand should command this river expedition. To add to his river force, Gen. McClernand was himself in Iowa and Illinois, seeking, with the aid of the governors, to raise additional troops for this purpose. Grant, however, had prejudices against McClernand, and without waiting for his coming, hurried to place Sherman in command.

There were many Iowa troops with the river expedition and there were quite a number of regiments marching with Grant,

by land. Grant pushed his own army down the great southern railroad from Grand Junction through Holly Springs and to Oxford, repairing the road as he went. Holly Springs he made his base of supplies, and he accumulated there vast stores for his commissary and quartermaster departments. His advance cavalry, 2,000 strong, pushed on to Coffeeville, and was there met and defeated by a large force of rebel infantry.

Just before Christmas Grant's advancing columns were brought to a sudden halt. Gen. Van Dorn, with a large force of rebel cavalry, rode around the flanks of Grant's army to his rear, crossed the railroad at Holly Springs, captured the town with its garrison, and destroyed its vast stores of supplies. This single blow ruined the whole campaign, and Grant's army was compelled to make a forced march on half rations clear back to the Mississippi river. The expedition had proved hard and useless and six months' time was lost. The Iowa regiments patiently took part through the long marches in mud and rain.

On the very day after the capture of Holly Springs, Sherman, not knowing of the disaster to the co-operating army, boarded his steamers and started for Vicksburg. Grant's failure by land had released the rebel army in his front, and it was hurried on to join the confederate forces waiting to receive Sherman at Vicksburg. Now followed the short but disastrous campaign of Chickasaw Bayou. By the 27th of the month the federal army, consisting wholly of western troops, was landed on the south side of the Yazoo river. In his front, and to contend with, Sherman had not only the well-manned batteries and forts of Vicksburg, but deep lagoons, bayous and swamps—all protected by rifle pits, trenches and batteries. Chickasaw Bayou, encircling and protecting the rebel front, was passable but at two places, and these two thoroughly defended by rifle pits and bluffs. Vicksburg, from the direction in which it was now being attacked, was simply impregnable. It was, as the Rebels had boasted, the Gibraltar of the West.

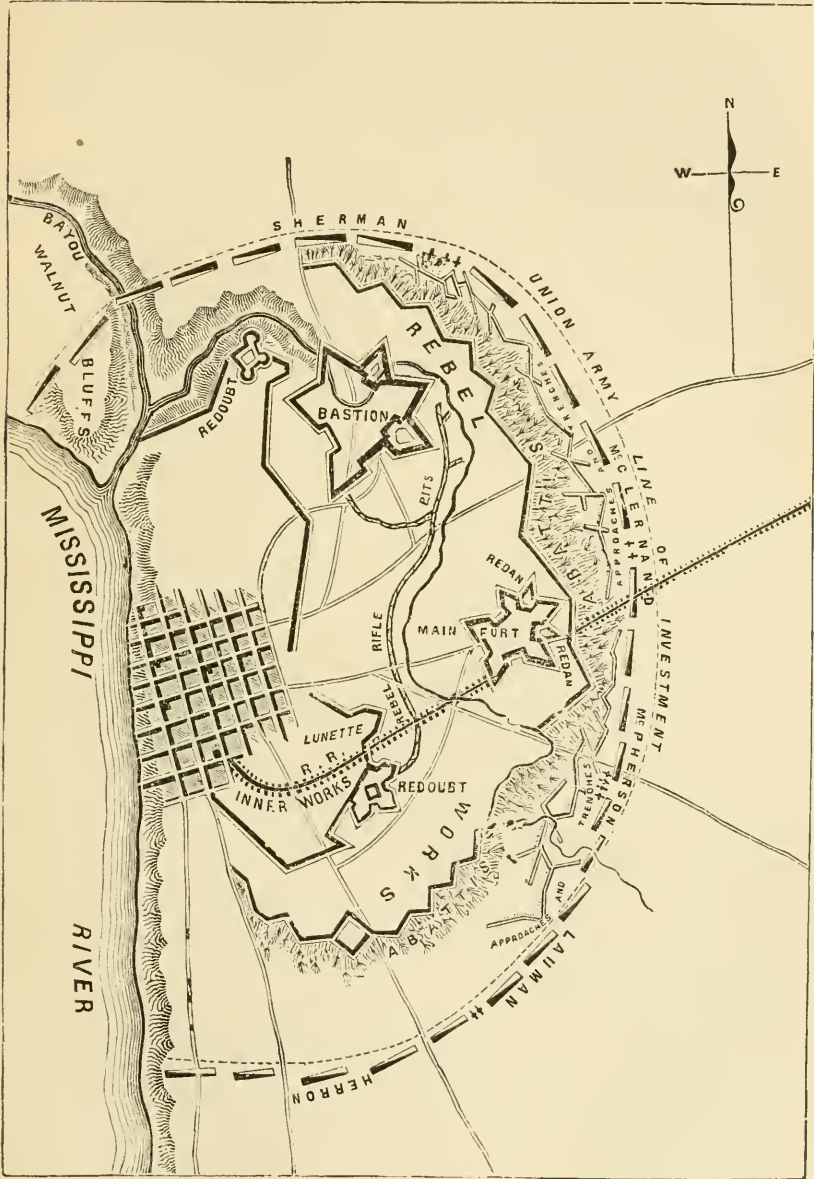
Spite of it all, Sherman, still trusting that Grant's army was coming up in the rebel rear, hurled his devoted divisions on the enemy. Greater heroism or severer fighting are seldom seen in

war, than followed in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. In mid-winter, men waded through water waist deep, to storm rifle pits and trenches that scarcely could have been entered had no enemy been there to protect them. At noon of Dec. 29th Chickasaw Bayou was crossed at two points, a mile apart, under a terrific fire from rifle pits and earthworks. It was an heroic undertaking, but the positions gained by our storming battalions could not be held, and in the night the federal forces were withdrawn to the transports.

It was surely time. Another enemy had that day re-enforced the Rebels at Chickasaw Bayou. It was the heavy rains that in twenty-four hours could have made fifteen feet of flood on the very ground where the union troops stood firing. The army would in all probability have been compelled to surrender or drown. It escaped without either.

All of the Iowa troops at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, were attached to the division of Brig. Gen. F. Steele. Gen. Thayer of Nebraska commanded the brigade (the Third) that did the hardest fighting among them. His command consisted of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-fourth Iowa regiments and the First Iowa battery of light artillery. Gen. Hovey commanded the brigade that included the Twenty-fifth and the Thirty-first regiments. This brigade did not take part in the assault. Gen. Thayer's regiment, however, crossed the big bayou, and joined the other troops in the storming of the works. They fought gallantly and received the thanks of their superior officers. Especially conspicuous was the Fourth Iowa, under Col. Williamson. No other regiment on the field occupied so perilous a position on that day. The brigade led by Thayer, the Fourth Iowa ahead, crossed the bayou over a narrow crossway, exposed to a concentrated fire of musketry and cannon, and stormed into the enemy's works. By some blunder during this charge, or right at its beginning, three regiments of the brigade had been ordered to move to the right.* Thayer, leading the charge, looked back and saw his regiments all gone but the Fourth Iowa, which was in the works unsupported and

*The Twenty-sixth had previously been detached.



SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

alone. Other troops, that had stormed into the left of the Fourth, were overwhelmed and falling back, and the concentrated fire of the enemy was now directed on this devoted regiment. In thirty minutes the little command of 480 men lost 7 men killed, and 104 wounded.*

Among the killed was Lieut. E. C. Miller. "No braver officer," said Col. Williamson, "has fallen in his country's cause." Lieut. Leander Pitzer was mortally wounded, and Capt. R. A. Still severely, as was the gallant Col. Williamson himself.

Later, Gen. Grant, in appreciation of the gallant conduct of the Fourth Iowa in this assault, ordered that the regiment place on its colors the words "*First at Chickasaw Bayou.*" All the other Iowa regiments and the Iowa battery at Chickasaw, did their duty, but to none as to the Fourth fell the opportunity of writing its name in the blood of so many of its gallant men. The war department record shows the Iowa losses at Chickasaw Bayou to have been in killed and wounded as follows: The Fourth Iowa, 112; the Ninth, 8; the Twenty-fifth, 10; the Thirtieth, 4; and the Thirty-first, 2.

Gen. Sherman promptly withdrew his army to the transports. If the assaults had been a failure, neither he nor the brave men he led to battle were to blame. He had obeyed his orders. The fault lay in the cowardly surrender of Holly Springs, behind Grant's co-operating army. Some day it will be asked, how did Grant, the astute general, happen to leave his base of supplies, of immense value and untold importance, in the hands of only 1,000 volunteer recruits, commanded by an officer of no experience—a man who had failed in duty once before, and who was, as it turned out, a coward?

Gen. McClelland, who was to have commanded the river expedition originally, now appeared at Sherman's headquarters and took supreme command. It was a strange sight—a great military genius being relieved of his command by Gen. J. A. McClelland!

*Rebellion Records.

CAPTURE OF ARKANSAS POST.

The river army now, at Gen. Sherman's suggestion, was carried by steamers up the White and Arkansas rivers, to attack Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, fifty miles from the mouth of the river. All the Iowa regiments then near Vicksburg went along.

Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, was a strong, star-shaped fort on the left bank of the Arkansas river, forty miles above its mouth. It was solidly built, well armed, and situated in a position naturally strong. Its commander, on the approach of the Federals, received from headquarters the order to "hold out till the last man was dead." The defense made by its 5,000 garrison was a gallant one.

On the evening of the 9th of January the federal army landed from the transports and proceeded to surround the fortifications from the land side. The flotilla of gunboats under Admiral Porter took position on the river and cannonaded the fort most furiously until dark. The investment was not complete before 10 A. M. of the 11th. Gen. Steele's division, containing the Iowa troops, took position on the extreme right of the army. At one o'clock the grand assault was to commence. The gunboats opened a terrific fire, soon followed by the fire of artillery of the entire right and left wings of the investing army. At half past one, Hovey's and Thayer's brigades, the latter all Iowa men, and the brigades of Giles A. and T. K. Smith charged over the open ground to their front. They were supported by Blair's brigade as a reserve, and all advanced under a fire of musketry and artillery. In the advance, which was at first made in column of regiments, Gen. Hovey and many officers and men were wounded. In the battle line, as it now deployed, the Twenty-sixth Iowa, under Col. Milo Smith, occupied the left, suffered much and did very great execution. "No officer or regiment behaved better, or did better fighting on that battle field, than Col. Milo Smith and his regiment," wrote the brigade commander to Gov. Kirkwood. "They advanced to the front under a most galling fire," he continues, "and in the most

exposed part of the field, and held it till the action was over. Col. Smith remained at his post till carried wounded from the field."

Lieutenants P. S. Hyde and J. S. Patterson, with 17 men of the regiment, were killed, and 98 officers and men were wounded. Among them were Lieut. James McDill, mortally; Adjt. Thos. G. Ferreby, Capt. N. A. Merrell and Lieutenants Edward Svensden and W. R. Ward.*

The Thirtieth Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. Torrence, Col. Abbot being ill, was also well advanced and warmly engaged. It was gallantly supported by the Thirty-fourth Iowa under Col. Clark, while the Fourth and Ninth Iowa, though under fire, were held in reserve.

In Hovey's brigade on the extreme right, the Twenty-fifth Iowa, under Col. Stone, and the Thirty-first Iowa, under Col. Smyth, marched with the Missouri and Ohio regiments to the assault. The Twenty-fifth Iowa gallantly supported the Seventy-sixth Ohio, and the Thirty-first Iowa the Third Missouri. "This column," says Gen. Hovey, "moving over open ground, and in advance of all others, drew the concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery and rifle pits." At Hovey's right flank, a charge was ordered by the Third Missouri, supported by the Thirty-first Iowa, under a galling cross-fire of infantry and artillery. The charge was gallantly made, but failed.

At other points along the line, especially in front of the division of A. J. Smith, the union troops were meeting with better success. Smith had advanced with twelve regiments, and steadily drove the enemy into his intrenchments. Led by Smith personally, the regiments advanced almost close enough to shake hands with the enemy across the rifle pits. Burbridge's, Landrum's and Sheldon's brigades dashed forward under a deadly fire almost into the enemy's works. All along the line the union troops were successfully assaulting.

At 4:30 o'clock, and after three hours of hard fighting, the white flag was run up on the fort, and the loyal troops of the Northwest marched into Arkansas Post. Five thousand pris-

*Rebellion Records.

oners and large stores of arms and supplies were captured, and 200 Rebels had been killed or wounded. The federal loss was 1,061 officers and men killed, wounded and missing.* Sixty-five officers were wounded, and 6 killed.

The Thirtieth Iowa fought hard and lost severely. It lay in one position for three hours, successfully silencing some field-artillery, supported by musketry from rifle pits. James M. Smith, a private of the Thirtieth, was complimented for gallantry by his commander. The loss of the regiment was 43 killed and wounded—among the latter, Captains Creamer and Burk, and Lieutenants Creighton and Alexander.

Col. Stone, of the Twenty-fifth, was complimented by Gen. Hovey, as was his regiment, with the exception of its major, who was accused of "leaving the field in the face of the enemy." The loss of the Twenty-fifth regiment was 61 killed and wounded, showing the severity of the fighting. Adj. Samuel Kirkwood Clarke, one of the most esteemed young officers, was mortally wounded. Less wounded were Captains Palmer and Bell, and Lieutenants Stark and Orr.

Capt. Dan. H. Lyons, of the Thirty-fourth Iowa, was mortally wounded, and 15 others were slightly wounded.

THE YAZOO PASS EXPEDITION.

The capture of Arkansas Post had been but an interlude in the various vain efforts to reduce Vicksburg. These efforts had been by gunboats, by "cut offs," by bayous, canals, and assaults. Many weary months had passed with armies marching hither and thither, trying this thing and that, and yet Vicksburg was not ours.

Most unique and most picturesque of all the vain attempts to capture the coveted city, and with it the key to the mighty Father of Waters, was the expedition to the "Yazoo Pass." Gen. Grant cut the great levee of the Mississippi at a point near Helena.† The river was very high, and shortly the low lands,

*Rebellion Records.

†Much of the severe labor of clearing Yazoo Pass was performed by the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry, and the privations and fatigue of the labor will never be forgotten by the men of that regiment.

the little streams, the plantations and the woods, for a hundred miles, were flooded so deep as to look like a vast inland sea. Here and there, high ground and houses and tree tops stood above the water, as reminders that here in times of peace, had been the homes and habitations of men.

Grant's plan now was to reach the rear of Vicksburg, transporting a small army escorted by gun boats through the Yazoo Pass, via Moon Lake, and thence down the Coldwater and Tallahatchie rivers toward Yazoo City and Haines Bluff, north of Vicksburg.

February 24, under Gen. Ross, seven gunboats and eighteen transports, bearing soldiers, many of them from Iowa, entered the sea of swamp and flood and forest. The descent into Moon Lake was rapid and dangerous, and the boats, loaded to the water's edge with the cheering soldiers, dashed on and were whirled about like toys. Slowly the little fleet now picked its way down the deepest streams, along bayous and swamps, across fields, wherever the obstructions of the forest trees might prove the least.

It was a strange spectacle—this fleet of steamers and gunboats and cheering soldiers among the forests, swamps and plantations of the Coldwater. At night, the boats were tied to the trees, and the men left their cracker boxes, with novel inscriptions and bits of canteens and broken swords, far up in the tree tops. The darkeys, left on the plantations here and there above water, thought the Year of Jubilee had come. Some, seeing the rising waters, looked for another flood, and regarded the gunboats as possible arks of safety.

At the junction of the Tallahatchie and the Yallahusha rivers the expedition came to a sudden halt. The Rebels had built a fort and obstructed the stream with rafts so completely as to make further advance impossible. The gunboats tried it and were badly crippled. So too did some batteries. The rebel position was too strong, and there was nothing for Ross to do but to return, if he could. On his way back from the remarkable voyage, he met Gen. Quinby's division, including more Iowa troops, crossing to aid him.

Quinby assumed command, and the expedition was sent forward again to the rebel front. It was of no avail, and shortly the whole command slowly steamed back through the woods to the Mississippi, its commanders thankful that the whole force had been neither captured nor drowned.

The men of the Iowa regiments, and they included the Fifth, Tenth, Seventeenth and Thirty-third, will never forget the days when they were all mariners in the Yazoo Pass, nor the adventures of a campaign the most novel of the war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IOWA AT VICKSBURG.

May-July, 1863.

AT last, Vicksburg's hour was coming. The great Mississippi river was subsiding, and the endless and tortuous bayous, creeks and lagoons through which Grant's army had been wading and swimming in mid-winter—they, too, were subsiding, and dry land was to be found about Vicksburg. The army infantry were to be mariners no longer. The crocodiles and the alligators of the swamps and the lagoons were to have a rest.

Gen. Grant's army was to be marched down the west side of the Mississippi to a point below Vicksburg, and there, under the protection of the gunboats, cross over and attack the rebel stronghold from the rear. Gunboats and transports, manned mostly by volunteers from the army, some of them from Iowa, ran past the fierce line of batteries in the night. That was one of the great scenes of the war. "It was a magnificent sight," said Gen. Grant, "but terrible."

At ten o'clock at night on the 16th of April, eight gunboats and three transports, their boilers and decks protected by bales of cotton and thousands of sacks of grain, started on the perilous undertaking. Each vessel dragged at its side barges laden with bales of hay and army supplies, all to be used when the fleet and the army should meet below. In the dark holds of each vessel stood volunteers, ready to stop with cotton and boards any holes made in the sides by the cannon balls of the enemy. Gen. Grant, from a tug in the river, watched the brave men start. At a point farther down, right opposite the batteries and among the swamps, Gen. Sherman, with a yawl and a few sol-

diers, awaited their coming, determined to aid the wrecked, if the boats should sink. The upper levees toward Milliken's Bend were thronged with soldiers eagerly listening for the shots that would tell that the danger was on.

Prompt at the signal from the shore, the fleet started into the darkness, the flag ship Benton ahead, and the brave Porter commanding. Sullenly and slowly, with lights hidden, and as quietly as possible, the boats drifted down the mighty river. Sullenly they slipped along the river's bend, till suddenly the watchful pickets of the foe sent up a burning rocket, and that moment came the boom of mighty cannon. All the shore suddenly blazed with torches and burning houses.* Gun after gun, battery after battery, let loose a thunder of explosions and bursting missiles. Every boat in the floating line was hit, and the iron sides of the gunboats rattled and shivered with the awful hail that struck them. The roaring cannon, and the shells bursting like balls of fire in the air, one of the boats on fire and sinking, and the Rebels running and yelling on the half lighted shore, made a terrific spectacle.

All this time the soldiers, in the dark holds of the boats, stood waiting with the cotton in their hands. It took two hours for the boats to pass the awful storm of all the batteries. What hours for the men down in the holds! One boat only was lost. The fleet was below Vicksburg and the army could cross the river.

A similar feat with the batteries at Grand Gulf, and daylight of April 30th saw 10,000 union soldiers landed on the east side of the river, ready for battle. Other thousands were hurrying across, and all now in full view of the amazed defenders of the forts at Grand Gulf. Only yesterday, these same forts, after an awful bombardment, had driven back the federal gunboats and prevented a landing above the position. That night while they were loading their guns and preparing for the morrow, the "Yankee" boats passed their batteries and were now ferrying their thousands across the river.†

*The Rebels made bonfires and fired the buildings along the levee, to light up the river and enable their artillery to attack the gunboats.

†"When the troops got over the river," says Gen. Grant, "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equaled since." * * * "I was on dry ground, on the same side of the river with the enemy."

Among those thousands now marching on Vicksburg from the rear, were twenty-nine regiments and batteries from Iowa. It was to be another great Iowa victory. Again Iowa troops were to hold key positions, and Iowa blood was to again seal her people's devotion to the Union. The honor to be achieved by these Iowa regiments, crossing over the river on the gunboats that bright morning, was not the same to all. Some were placed in unimportant or subordinate positions—some in reserve—some were hurled into the hottest vortex of the battle; but, in its place, each and every Iowa regiment at Vicksburg did its duty. Two hundred miles were to be marched by day and by night, on short rations, and five battles were to be fought in almost the same number of days.

A letter received by Grant from Gen. Banks led him to *change the plan* of his campaign the moment he was over the river. Banks was to have co-operated with Grant from Port Hudson; New Orleans, instead of Milliken's Bend, was to have been the base of supply. Banks could not act with the required celerity, and Grant, regardless of war department wishes, abandoned the plan, cut loose and entered the enemy's country, determined by quick marches and fierce battles to whip the rebel armies in detail and as suddenly march on the fortifications of Vicksburg. The plan was in design, as in execution, Napoleonic.

PORT GIBSON.

The point where the army was mostly ferried over the river was known as Bruinsburg. McClelland's corps, containing several Iowa regiments, marched in advance with the Second brigade of Carr's division, commanded by Col. Wm. Stone, ahead. Stone had with him in this brigade, the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa infantry, and the First Iowa battery. The course was east, and that midnight the head of the column struck the enemy eight miles from Port Gibson.*

The Rebels, 8,500 strong, lay along two roads running a mile

*It was a strange comment on the changing events of those battle days, that the guide who was leading the advance of the army that night through the woods and darkness, was an old negro—a slave of the neighborhood.

apart, and on high ridges, back to Port Gibson. Osterhaus's division was advanced on the north road, and Carr's, Hovey's and Ross's divisions, including several Iowa regiments, were pushed against the enemy on the southern road. There was a deep, impassable ravine between the two roads, completely separating the two wings of the union army and preventing co-operation.

At midnight, four companies of the Twenty-first Iowa, under Lt.-Col. Dunlap and Maj. Van Anda, and a part of the First Iowa battery, under Capt. Griffiths, led as skirmishers. Being fired on in the darkness, the rest of the Twenty-first, led by Col. Merrill, was brought up. As the line reached a little church at the roadside, they were met by a tremendous volley of musketry.

So commenced the first battle in the new campaign for Vicksburg, and the first union volleys were fired by Iowa men. The full Iowa battery opened, as did other field guns, in reply to several guns of the enemy, whose shells and balls and canister crashed through the trees and fences for an hour. Then a pause came, and both sides waited for daylight.

With the rising sun, the rebel batteries again opened, and their infantry sprang to the attack. The conflict was soon raging along both roads, and with success on the union side at the right, though Osterhaus, on the north road, made little progress. For hours the fighting was severe. Grant, himself, came on the field at ten o'clock, and soon parts of Gen. McPherson's corps came forward to help.

By eleven, Stone's brigade in the right center had orders to charge the enemy's lines in their immediate front. The men advanced for the purpose in double lines of battalions, through a deep hollow whose sides were covered with heavy cane and underbrush. On reaching an open field they delivered a fire so steady and so withering that the enemy gave way and ran. The union line followed slowly, the Twenty-third Iowa in advance; but, in another mile found the enemy heavily re-enforced and again awaiting it. Again heavy fighting occurred in Stone's brigade, and the battle raged to right and left, until the enemy, fairly defeated on his own ground, withdrew.

McPherson had materially aided in the victory, by getting one of his divisions along a difficult ridge to the enemy's right flank. The whole country was ridges and ravines, cane brakes and hollows—"stood on edge," in the words of Gen. Grant. It was an awful place to fight in, and gave the enemy great advantages.

Col. Stone, in his report, complimented highly the leader of the Twenty-third Iowa, Lt.-Col. Glasgow, Col. Merrill of the Twenty-first Iowa, Maj. Atherton, commanding the Twenty-second Iowa, and Lieut. Waterbury of the Twenty-third Iowa, who acted as aide. Col. Stone, himself, received the warm commendations of the division commander. He gave out in the afternoon of the battle from exhaustion, and was succeeded in command by Col. Merrill—but lived to fight again and to become governor of the loyal state whose men he had been leading.

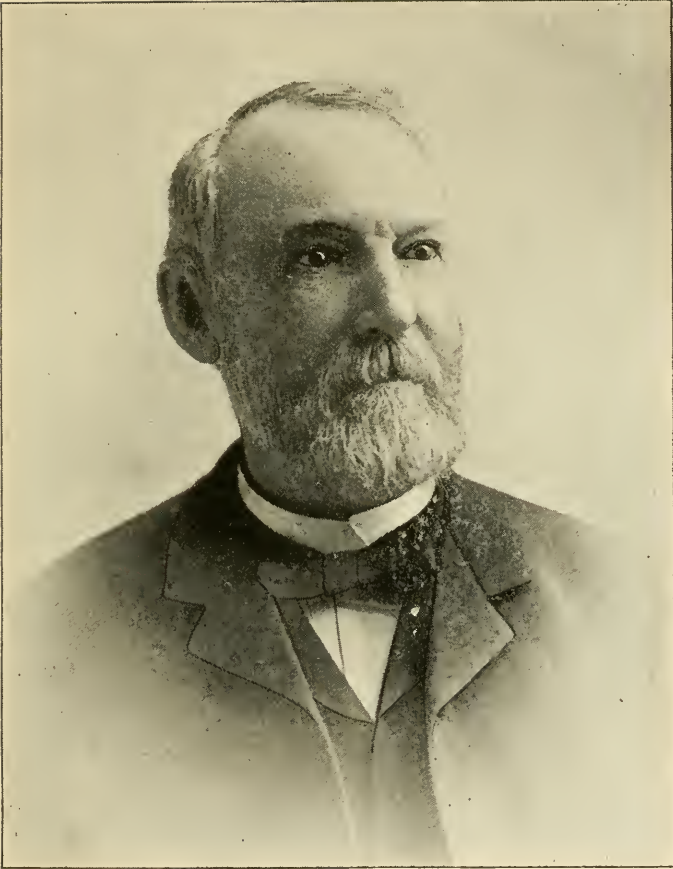
"Col. Merrill," says Gen. Carr, "was wounded, and he was the first in battle and the last to leave the field." He was the second hero of the day to become a governor of Iowa. No regiment was truer or braver than his. Captains Jacob Swivel, J. M. Harrison, E. Boardman and J. M. Watson were complimented for gallantry. Capt. Croke, with Co. B of the Twenty-first Iowa, was the first to receive the fire of the rebel pickets. Sergeant Kihst of the regiment captured a rebel dispatch bearer.

The Twenty-third Iowa led the brigade advance in the afternoon, fought gallantly and lost more heavily than any other Iowa regiment engaged. It and its gallant leader, Lt.-Col. Glasgow, were highly complimented by Gen. Carr, division commander.

Sergt. Wm. R. Leebart, of the First Iowa battery was wounded and mentioned for gallantry.

Among the wounded of the brigade were the brave Lt.-Col. Dunlap of the Twenty-first, Lieutenants Wm. De Camp, John Francisco, D. W. Henderson and Adjt. D. J. Davis of the Twenty-second, and Capt. Wm. R. Henry and Lieut. D. P. Ballard of the Twenty-third.

The Twenty-eighth Iowa also fought heroically at Port



GENERAL JAMES WILSON.

Gibson, but in another division and farther to the left. It was their first engagement, but "they fought" says Col. Connell, their commander, "with fearless spirit and determination." The other Iowa regiments present, the Fifth, Tenth and others were held in reserve or participated but slightly in the battle.

The losses of the Iowa regiments were as follows: the Twenty-first Iowa, 17 wounded; the Twenty-second Iowa, 2 killed and 13 wounded; the Twenty-third Iowa, 6 killed and 27 wounded and the Twenty-eighth Iowa, 1 killed and 16 wounded.

That evening Grant's army marched into Port Gibson. The first act in the new drama of Vicksburg was finished.

RAYMOND AND JACKSON.

Port Gibson had proven an important victory for Grant, for the way toward Vicksburg was now open, and on "dry land." The Rebels immediately abandoned the strong post of Grand Gulf, with its armament of heavy guns and batteries, leaving Grant's left flank clear and ready to advance. He determined to grasp the advantages before him at once, and to hurry his army along the Big Black river toward a point half way between Vicksburg and Jackson, the state capital, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was already assembling a second rebel army. In this position, Grant could strike right or left, and whip the enemy in detail.

McPherson's corps moved well to the right, slightly in advance, in the direction of Raymond. The rest of the army moved north, parallel with the Black river, and all troops were kept within supporting distance.

To cover Jackson and to threaten Grant's right flank, a rebel force had been advanced to Raymond. On May 12th, at four o'clock in the morning, McPherson's corps struck the videttes of this force in front of the town. Gen. John A. Logan, commanding a division, was in advance, and by eleven o'clock, the battle of Raymond was being fought. Quinby's division, commanded by Crocker of Iowa, was ordered to the front as supports. It contained the Fifth, Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa regiments, but as the enemy gave way after two hours hard fighting, they were but little under fire.

At five p. m., McPherson's troops marched into Raymond. The enemy fell back on Jackson, toward which point Grant suddenly turned his whole army, marching by nearly parallel roads. It was his chance, and he saw it. The Rebels under Pemberton were marching out of Vicksburg, expecting to be attacked at Edwards station. While they were waiting Grant's shock in line of battle, that general was wheeling his divisions toward Jackson, and on the 14th, at ten o'clock a. m., in the midst of an awful thunder storm, the cannon of the union army opened on the capital of Mississippi.

Grant advanced on Jackson by two lines—the right, under Sherman, from Mississippi Springs, near Raymond, and the left under McPherson, marching from Clinton. The two lines were nearly parallel, but were from three to five miles apart.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in command of the Rebels in the city in person, and had about twenty-five thousand men with him. When McPherson's advance ran on to the enemy's first lines outside his fortifications, a terrible rain was falling. When, shortly, the fight opened, the shocks of thunder were so sudden and explosive and so commingled with the artillery, the soldiers could not tell the thunder from the cannon.

On McPherson's line, in Quinby's division, which was led by Crocker, the Iowa men had the advance, and the post of honor. They were the Fifth, Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa regiments. The outer lines of the Rebels were some distance outside of the city and encircled it from Pearl river on the north around to the same river on the south. Crocker's division was all deployed in line of battle by 11 a. m., with John A. Logan's troops as a reserve. Between the line and the rebel works was a creek, lined with thick brush and willows, with an open field beyond, and woods on right and left. The creek was quickly crossed under a heavy artillery fire; but at the edge of the open field that sloped up to the rebel works, the line was checked.

Suddenly the whole division was ordered to charge. The advance, under a fire of artillery and musketry, was magnificently made, as the line reached into the woods on either hand, with its center moving straight up through the open field.

Steadily forward, firing as they went, the long line moved on, not heeding the withering fire that thinned their ranks at every volley. Half way up, and the charge so earnest alarms the rebel front. They yield and run, leaving their entrenchments, their field batteries, and their heavy guns, in the hands of the assaulters. Jackson, the capital, has fallen.

Sherman's advance on the right had been easier, and a flanking movement by Gen. Tuttle had forced the rebels there to desert their cannon and fly back over the river.

In McPherson's advance, Crocker's assaulting column had suffered severely. The brave Seventeenth Iowa, in its fierce charge, lost 80 men, out of only 350 engaged. It was led by Col. D. B. Hillis, and its advance was the first inside the rebel works. Capt. Houston, though wounded, alone captured three Rebels and took them with him to the hospital. Captains Hicks and Johnson, together with Lieutenants Kenderdine, Skelton, Browne, and Woodrow were all wounded, and Lieut. John M. Inskip was killed. The colonel commended Lt.-Col. Wever, Adj. Woolsey and Captains Craig, Houston and Walden for coolness and duty, though the entire command was conspicuous for extreme gallantry that day.

The losses in the other Iowa regiments engaged were small. The Fifth lost but 4 men, while the loss of the Fourth is not given. The Thirty-fifth, fighting at the right, lost 2. Yet all were in line, and did their duty.

The Fourth Iowa cavalry was constantly on the move at front or flanks, and its service was valuable and recognized. "It was composed of as good men," said Gov. Kirkwood, "as Iowa ever sent to the field."

When Grant rode into Jackson with Sherman that afternoon, he found thirty-five pieces of cannon, and much public property as trophies.* He was scarcely dismounted, when he learned that Pemberton was to march and attack his rear, while Johnston should swing around northwest from Jackson, and the two

*On entering the town, Grant and Sherman looked into a cotton factory, where the men and women had unconcernedly kept at work during the battle as if nothing were happening. They were making cloth for rebel uniforms. That night the buildings were burned down.

attack and try to destroy the union army somewhere near Clinton, fifteen miles away. The order was sent to Pemberton by Johnston, by three different couriers. One of these happened to be a loyal man, and *he took the dispatch straight into the federal camp*. Grant at once set all his divisions in motion, facing Vicksburg, proposing to concentrate in the neighborhood of Bolton, about half way between Jackson and Vicksburg.

Pemberton was all at sea as to Grant's movements and was himself not following the orders of his commander. Defeat and danger threatened every movement he made. At last he commenced to turn south a little, to strike Grant's base of supplies and so cut him off. But Grant had no base—he was loose from everything. All communication with the North was gone. His army slept in fields and on roadsides, and lived on whatever it could pick up on the nearest plantations. A new kind of war had commenced and Pemberton did not know it. So he marched for the base that was not. Swollen creeks and broken bridges checked his movement, and at the last moment, he changed his plan and started north again to try to join Johnston at Clinton, as he had first been ordered to do.

This movement brought on the important and hard fought battle of

CHAMPION HILLS.

May 16, 1863.

Grant's divisions moving west from Jackson and in almost parallel lines, struck Pemberton's front well posted on the high, wooded hills of Champion's farm, some twenty-five miles east of Vicksburg. It was a strong position, and one dangerous to assault. Pemberton decided to fight, and possibly to settle the fate of Vicksburg among the woods, rocks, and ravines of this commanding position. The hill was wooded and in many places stood very large magnolia trees in full bloom.

The day was exceedingly hot, and Grant's troops, since crossing the Mississippi, had done nothing but march and fight. Much of the marching had been done at night, and every road in the great triangle of Port Gibson, Jackson and Vicksburg, had constantly been filled with marching soldiers. The union divisions,

without a base, with the great river behind them making retreat impossible, and without headquarters—cut off and wholly in the enemy's country, were tramping wherever ordered. Some were foraging for food and feed, and some hurrying to cover threatened points. The rebel army had been doing much the same thing at the same time,—and now, in the hot woods of Champion Hills, with empty stomachs and emptier canteens, the two armies met in a decisive battle.

It was the 16th of May. Hovey's division, including two gallant Iowa regiments, the Twenty-fourth and the Twenty-eighth, marching from Bolton, was the first to strike the Rebels on their left center, and bring on the engagement. Their position was across the road from Jackson to Vicksburg, near to Champion's house. They captured a battery, but could not hold it, and were hard pressed though desperately fighting, when Logan's division, and then Crocker's, with several more Iowa regiments, were pushed in to their aid. Grant was at the front in person.

When Hovey's division, with the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa, first entered the engagement, the fighting was terrific, as the fearful loss in those regiments shows. They fought in Slack's brigade. The Twenty-eighth was first at the left, where a determined flanking movement of the enemy was defeated—then at the right of the brigade, and though once overpowered and driven back, they rallied and helped to chase the enemy from the field. The regiment lost 100 men, mostly killed and wounded, and the number severely and mortally wounded was astonishing. Four companies of the regiment came out of the fight without a commissioned officer. Capt. Benj. F. Kirby was killed, as was Lieut. John J. Legan. Lieut. John Buchanan lost a good right arm, and many of the men died from their wounds. Capt. John A. Staley was taken prisoner. "Of this regiment and the Twenty-fourth Iowa, (the Temperance regiment) what shall I say?" writes Gen. Hovey. "Of them the state of Iowa may well be proud."

The Twenty-fourth, in the same brigade, fought like veterans, and dashed past and over a well defended rebel battery. In the daring charge many brave officers and men fell, killed or

wounded. Among the killed were Captains Wm. Carbee, Silas D. Johnson and Lieut. Chauncey Lawrence. The gallant Maj. Ed. Wright was wounded, as were Captains Leander Clark, J. W. Martin and Lieutenants S. J. McKinley, J. C. Gue, and S. J. Dillman. One hundred and ninety-five out of the 417 who entered the fight, were killed, wounded or missing. That meant nearly every other man, and the men of that noble regiment who so heroically gave life and limb for their country that day were of Iowa's best blood. Nowhere, in all the dreadful four years' struggle, was the state of Iowa more honored by the patriotic valor of its sons than at Champion Hills by the Twenty-fourth regiment.

The Seventeenth Iowa fought in Crocker's division, Holmes's brigade. Inch by inch this regiment drove the Alabamians in their front through woods and ravines, up hill and down hill, re-capturing the battery that had been taken and then lost in the earlier part of the fight. Three times in two hours this Alabama battery changed hands. In the charge for these guns, the Seventeenth also captured many prisoners and a battle flag. Five times the Seventeenth Iowa charged the Rebels at Champion Hills, and each time under a murderous fire of musketry and artillery. The regiment lost 57 of its men in the short fight. Among its wounded were Captains A. A. Stuart, J. F. Walden, and Lieutenants Daniel W. Tower and Jas. W. Craig. Lieut. Tower lost a leg. He, with Lieutenants C. W. Woodrow, Geo. W. Deal, Sergt. Swearingen and Corp. A. S. Trussel, who captured a flag, were all mentioned for great gallantry. Lt.-Col. Wever, who led in one of the charges, and Adjt. Woolsey were also much complimented by Col. Hillis for bravery. Both had their horses shot under them.

The Fifth and the Tenth Iowa were in Boomer's brigade of Crocker's division. The Fifth Iowa fought as desperately at Champion Hills as any regiment on that memorable field. It entered the fight with its division and on the run, at about eleven o'clock, and under the vertical rays of a boiling sun. The regiment had marched hard, and for twenty-four hours had little sleep, water, or food. It was led to the front by Lt.-Col.

E. S. Sampson, and in the bloody battle that followed, lost more than a quarter of the number of its men engaged. On its right, in the same brigade (Boomer's), were the Tenth Iowa and the Twenty-sixth Missouri, while the Ninety-third Illinois stood like a blazing rock on its left.

Just as Crocker's division, with these and other regiments, came up, Hovey's hard fighting division, overpowered, was falling back—its lines pushed out of the woods down the slope over the open, and almost up to Champion's house. Disaster seemed inevitable. Hundreds of wounded men, with faces begrimed with powder and blood, met Crocker's re-enforcing lines as they hurried into the wood. The crashing of the musketry was simply appalling. Such terrific salvos from infantry were seldom heard in battle.

A few moments before the Fifth Iowa started in on the double quick, Grant, the commander, rode up behind the regiment.* Grant was brave spite of the bullets that were whizzing past and through the ranks, and though occasional men were falling where they stood, the quiet and unassuming general dismounted from his bay mare and calmly leaned against the beast's shoulder smoking a cigar, as seemed a necessity with him. It was not bravado. In quiet tones he gave orders to mounted aides who dashed off to other parts of the battle field. Certainly few words were uttered by him, though our position at that point, at that moment, seemed perilous. Once a poor soldier, wounded and torn and groaning, was borne close by him on a litter. A glance of pity seemed to change his countenance—but for a moment, only. Then the face, so apparently unconcerned as to the dreadful surroundings, quietly turned to an officer waiting near him. His voice could not be heard. He was dressed in half uniform, wearing his general's yellow belt, but not his sword. His countenance seemed handsomer, more business-like and more *soldierly* than in any of his pictures, save that of Marshall's. How we all wished that Grant would leave the spot, and ride away from the danger. Yet spite of the bullets

*The writer, acting sergeant major of the Fifth Iowa at the time, happened to be near Gen. Grant. He permits himself to record some of the incidents of the battle witnessed by himself.

whizzing past our heads, how many faces turned to glance at him, feeling that he was to see the regiment of which we were so proud start in on the charge. We forgot our own danger in our fears for him. Ah! many a man of that noble regiment was looking on Grant for the last time.

"Forward"—the order came—"double quick"—"fix bayonets"—and on the brigade went—over the open, into the sloping woods and ravines, up to the very front, charging and yelling as we ran. How we yelled! Once at the ridge's crest, in the woods, the line halts, and for an hour and a half stands facing a fearful musketry, answering back volleys that made the hills roar as if the elements were in commotion.

Other masses of Rebels poured over on to the front of the Fifth and Tenth, when some regiments to the left breaking away, and cross fires reaching the left flank and even rear, the line gave way. It was a fearful race in the hot sun; and with the hotter bullets following, till the men rallied in a new line, protected by batteries. The color bearer had fallen, but in the chase rearwards Corp. Teter picked up the bullet-ridden flag. At that instant, a comrade cried to him, "Let's halt and give them another round." With an oath the corporal lifted the flag in air: "I'll stay here so long as a man of the Fifth Iowa will stay by me,"—and he waved it in defiance of the increasing hail of bullets, and of the fierce line of rebels advancing and yelling: "Kill those men—capture that flag." There the two comrades stood, screaming to the powder begrimed and blood covered men, passing rearward, to stop and help save the flag. A few braved to halt in the storm of bullets and answered the rebel yell with the crack of their rifles. Nearer came the yelling line, firing as they ran. Never will the writer of this forget that little group of men with the flag, standing there in the broiling sun, the rushing, blood stained men, and the bullets cutting down our flying comrades. It was of no use. The little group guarding the flag also fell back, but they took the colors with them.

Farther back the regiment formed a new line, from which no soldier of the Fifth yielded a step that day. The Rebels came on,

but it was to meet the rallied and solid lines that could not be moved. The men fired till the last round of ammunition was spent and then, still holding the Rebels at bay, took the cart-ridges from the bodies of the dead and wounded, and shot them into the faces of the now dismayed and retreating enemy. It was by such terrible fighting that the battle of Champion Hills was won.

Once, before the line left the front ridge, just when the firing and the roar of battle were the greatest, a boy, a stripling of perhaps sixteen, came running up to the writer at the left of the regiment. "My regiment is gone," he cried, "my regiment has left! what shall I do?" His face was black with powder, and his eyes were filled with tears. "Stay here. Fire right here, with us," was answered him. To the last moment, that boy stood in the battle and loaded and fired his musket. When our line, overpowered, fell back, and the Rebels pursued, I saw him no more, but after the battle an officer of the Seventeenth Iowa found a boy near the same spot, with both legs shot off, and dead.

The trees where that hero boy stood and fired so long at the left of the Fifth Iowa were filled with thousands of bullets. On the sides of one large oak the scars of more than two hundred balls were counted that evening. Near by, Capt. S. B. Lindsay and Lieut. Jerome Darling, with many men were killed, and Lieutenants J. Limbocker and Thompson were wounded. It seemed almost a mystery that any man escaped from that line alive. The loss of the Fifth was 19 killed and 75 wounded, out of only 350 engaged. Maj. Marshall, then adjutant, received just praise for his gallantry, as did Captains Lee and Pickerell.

What the Fifth Iowa had been doing in that hot battle, that had the Tenth Iowa been doing equally well. They were in the same brigade and fought together on the same fierce line. They suffered, besides, a severe enfilading fire on their flank. Their losses were very great in both officers and men, and attest the heroism of that brave regiment. Thirty-four were killed and 124 were wounded. The Christian gentleman and the gallant soldier, Capt. Poag, was shot dead, and lay there among the

leaves, a bullet in his forehead, and his feet to the foe. So, too, fell Lieutenants Brown and Terry, while Captains Holson, Swallow, Hobson, Kuhn and Lusby, with Lieutenants Meekins, Wright and Gregory, were wounded. It was a sad day for the noble Tenth—so many of its men left dead on the field of battle. But to the Iowa regiments that battle field was especially a field of honor. The battle was the important one of the whole campaign, and it had been fought by Hovey's, Logan's and Crocker's divisions, McClelland's forces coming up on Grant's left too late to be severely engaged. Had McClelland been up as promptly as others, Pemberton's whole army would have been captured, as Logan's fighting division had flanked it and well nigh cut it off from all possible retreat. Even as it was, Champion Hills was one of the most complete union successes of the war. It was fought against superior numbers, and on the enemy's chosen position, and without rifle pits or aids of any kind. It was a well planned, hard fought battle, and the Rebels were fairly and terribly beaten, with a loss of 24 pieces of artillery, some 3,000 killed and wounded, and 3,000 prisoners. The union loss was 2,441.

By McClelland's failure to get his divisions into the fight earlier, more than half the union army was not engaged. Loring's division of Rebels was cut off, only escaping capture by a circuitous and flying night march southwards, not getting back to Vicksburg at all. Pemberton's army, badly beaten, fled that evening to the railroad crossing of the Big Black river, a few miles nearer Vicksburg, closely pursued by the victorious troops of Grant's army.

BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

May 17, 1863.

Before nine o'clock of the morning of the 17th, another battle had been fought. Once more Iowa regiments were put to the post of danger and once more won a victory.

Pemberton had thrown up breastworks in the open field, nearly a mile east of the river, and in front of the bridge he proposed defending. These breastworks, crossing a peninsula formed by a big bend in the river, were filled with rebel regi-

ments and field batteries. Carr's division, in which was Lawler's brigade, with the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa regiments, came in sight of the rebel works at daylight, having marched several hours in the night. The semi-circle of rebel breastworks was made of cotton bales covered with earth—the kind of works that were so effective against the British under Packenham, at New Orleans. Lawler's brigade was put at the extreme right of the union line, its right resting almost on the river, then a high, rapid and turbulent stream.

The treeless and open bottom across which the rebel works ran, was so covered by guns from both sides of the river as to make an assault seem impossible. To add to the danger, a deep, narrow bayou with two feet of water in it, stretched around in front of the rebel breastworks, serving as a perfect ditch or moat. Spite of it all, Grant's forces were preparing for a general assault.

At that very moment, as Gen. Grant tells us, a staff officer rode up, bringing from Halleck a peremptory order for Grant to abandon the campaign and take his army to Port Hudson, to help Gen. Banks. Halleck, of course, knew nothing of the recent victories. All communication with the North had been lost by cutting loose at the Mississippi river.

"I think it is too late," said Grant, while the officer expostulated and felt that Halleck's order should be obeyed. The words were scarcely spoken, when Grant, glancing to the right of his lines, saw a dashing officer in his shirt sleeves, leading his brigade to the assault. It was Gen. Lawler and the men of the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa, and the Eleventh Wisconsin, rushing into a hailstorm of bullets, in an assault on the works.

Lawler's brigade, like the rest of Carr's division, had been partially covered at the right by a cluster of woods near the river. Close inspection had convinced Lawler that by appearing from the woods and pushing close along the river, a sudden assault might be made, and the works entered.

At a given signal, the charge across the open bottom and the assault was commenced. "It was," said Gen. Grant, "a daring

movement." Lawler's men, mostly from Iowa, left the woods with a loud cheer, and spite of a terrific fire of musketry in their faces, crossed the open bottom on a run, waded the dangerous bayous under murderous fire, and in five minutes were inside the enemy's works.* The Twenty-third Iowa, led by Col. Kinsman, was in the advance. The Twenty-first Iowa and the Eleventh Wisconsin followed. The Twenty-second Iowa, nearer the river, moved close along its banks, flanked the enemy, and took a great number of prisoners.

When the assaulting column, yelling and firing, reached the ditch in front of the rebel lines, the enemy dropped their guns and rushed for the rear. Some escaped, hundreds were cut off by the Twenty-second Iowa and captured, and scores jumped into the river and were drowned in their effort to get across.† The works and eighteen cannon were in possession of the assaulters. The charge of Lawler's brigade was one of the brilliant events of the war. It cost, however, the life of many a gallant Iowa man. Two hundred and seventy-nine Federals were killed or wounded, and nearly all in this assaulting column.

The names of the Twenty-first and the Twenty-third Iowa were that morning written high on the scroll of Iowa's military honor. With the commander in chief and half the army looking on, they had successfully assaulted a position that might have stood in Grant's path to Vicksburg for a month. Col.

*G: Grant, as already stated, witnessed the brilliant charge in person, and there on the battle field wrote the following note in pencil on a bit of torn paper. It has never before been printed.

MAY 17th, 10:30 A. M.

"Dear Gen'l: Lawler's brigade stormed the enemy's works a few minutes since; carried it, capturing from 2,000 to 3,000 prisoners, 10 guns, so far as heard from, and probably more will be found. The enemy have fired both bridges. A. J. Smith captured 10 guns this morning, with teams, men and ammunition. I send you a note from Col. Wright. Yours,

U. S. GRANT, Maj. Gen'l.

T: Maj. Gen'l Sherman, Comd'g Seventeenth Army Corps.

‡ "Now's your time to give 'em hell, boys," cried Gen. Osterhaus to some of his battery men, when from another point on the field he saw the success of the charge, and noticed hundreds of Rebels running back along the high trestlework approaching the bridge at the river. Twenty cannon were instantly turned on the trestlework from different points, and the bodies of scores of the flying fugitives were dashed to the ground below, or into the foaming river.



E. A. Winslow

COLONEL 4th IOWA CAVALRY,
BREVET-BRIG. GENERAL,
U. S. V.

Kinsman of the Twenty-third, bravest of the brave, and one of the state's most esteemed officers, was shot dead. It was a noble life, sacrificed on his country's altar. Capt. McCray, and Lieutenants S. G. Beckwith, J. D. Ewing and Washington Rawlings, of the same regiment, were wounded—the first three mortally. The total loss of the Twenty-third in killed and wounded in this charge was 87—a fearful loss considering the number engaged.

In this charge, too, fell, severely wounded, Col. Merrill of the Twenty-first Iowa. He fell at the head of his noble regiment, in the midst of a shower of bullets. A braver man never rode into battle. Lt.-Col. Dunlap took his place, and in his report of the assault, speaks of the great bravery of Maj. S. G. Van Anda, of Captains Harrison, Swivel, Voorhees, Watson, Boardman, Wilson and Crooks,—and Lieutenants Dolson, Childs, Jackson and Roberts. Acting Adjut. Howard was shot down, mortally wounded in the charge. Lieutenants Andrew Y. McDonald and W. W. Lyons were wounded. The brigade that made this memorable assault was composed of the same troops that had fought so well under Col. Stone, at Port Gibson. In their charge, they had captured a number greater than their whole command. The loss of the Twenty-first in the battle was 83 killed and wounded, out of less than 300 engaged.

That day and the next night, Grant's army marched up close to the walls of Vicksburg. On the same day, the Fourth Iowa cavalry, under Col. Swan, having crossed the Big Black with Gen. Sherman, was swung off to the right to reconnoitre in the direction of the fortifications at Haines's and Snyder's Bluffs on the Yazoo river. Advancing a few miles the report came that the road and the fortifications were occupied by six or seven thousand Rebels. Col. Swan believing it imprudent for his small force to proceed, at once about-faced. Capt. J. H. Peters of Company B protested, and obtained permission to take a select company of volunteers, and proceed close to Fort Snyder. He went forward on a quick gallop, and capturing a number of Rebels on the way, appeared suddenly at the very entrance of the rebel works. The rebel garrison was mostly gone, and a quick charge on the guard left behind, and Peters, with his Iowa cav-

alry, was in the fort. The fort on Haines's Bluff, evacuated, was also taken possession of, and a federal gunboat happening to be in sight down the river, it was signaled to, and the works and cannon of Snyder's Bluff turned over to its officers. Capt. Peters and his daring men hurried back to Grant's army with the news, and daylight of the next morning saw mule teams hauling supplies from the Yazoo river to the hungry soldiers. Grant's right wing now touched water again and the line to his new base of supplies on the Yazoo river was open. An Iowa regiment had been the first to march from the Mississippi river below Grand Gulf—an Iowa regiment was the first to water its horses in the Yazoo above Vicksburg. The siege of Vicksburg had begun.

THE SIEGE.

Twenty Iowa regiments were present at the siege of Vicksburg. The same troops that had sailed or waded through endless bayous and lagoons—that had marched two hundred miles in a little over a fortnight, and fought and won six battles in as many days, were now ready to take Vicksburg by siege or by storm. The attempts to take the city and let free the waters of the Mississippi, had already cost the union army 10,000 men killed or wounded. Other loyal lives were ready for the sacrifice, and Grant's soldiers urged him to assault the lines at once.

The morning of May 19th saw the union army forming a semi-circular line outside the Vicksburg fortifications. Sherman held the right, McClernand the left, and McPherson the center. The investment was not quite complete, as there was a gap on the left for a few days, but later, when that was closed, the union line was nearly eight miles long. Confronting it, were fortifications pronounced by Gen. Sherman to be stronger than the works of Sevastopol. The soldiers defending them were veterans, and on their own soil. Outside the line of the investors, the Rebels, under Gen. Johnston, were rapidly collecting along Black river a second army to attack Grant's rear. It was a boast in the South that Grant, blindly placing himself between these two armies, was lost.

In fact, the gathering of this second army at Grant's rear was an important factor in determining him to assault the seemingly impregnable works at two o'clock of that same 19th of May. They were brave men who marched to storm such lines. The main redoubts were ten feet high, with ditches in front seven feet deep, making the top of the parapet seventeen feet high. They were twenty-five feet thick. From fort to fort, on the long line, ran intrenchments ten feet thick and five feet high, with ditches four feet deep. One hundred and twenty-eight cannon defended these strong positions, not counting the many siege guns and the many strong batteries on the side next the river, for defense against the gunboats. The country about was all hills, cane brakes and deep ravines. Nature vied with the Rebels in making Vicksburg the most defensible position on the continent. It was pronounced by Pemberton the most important point, too, in the confederacy.

Grant believed that the recent defeats of the Rebels had alarmed them, and that they would possibly not fight much on the 19th. He was mistaken. The assault took place and only resulted in getting better and nearer positions; no work was taken.

Sherman's troops on the right did most of the assaulting and did it fiercely—planting flags on the enemy's parapets under a dreadful fire; but it was of no use. They withdrew at dark.

Many of the Iowa regiments were under fire that day, but few joined in the immediate assault. The Fourth, however, lost considerably, and during the whole siege some 80 of its men were killed or wounded. The Twelfth also lost a few. Capt. W. W. Warner was wounded.

The failure on the 19th did not cool the ardor of either soldiers or commanders. The position of Johnston's army in the rear was becoming a terrible menace. If Vicksburg could be taken by assault, the union army could suddenly turn on Johnston and destroy him.

Ten o'clock of the morning of the 22d of May was set for the second attempt to storm the works. From daylight of that morning till the moment for the assault, every cannon of the

besieging line poured its thunder of shot and shell into the forts in front. Then the union lines advanced from the near ravines where they had lain secreted, and long and desperately assaulted the forts and the intrenchments that now blazed with rebel musketry.

The soldiers of Iowa were in the van of that awful charge. They only, and but few of them, ever reached the inside of the rebel forts—and of that few but a handful came out alive. There were Iowa regiments in almost every division of the investing line. At the given signal 35,000 men had rushed from cover to the assault. Such a storming of fortifications had never before been seen in America. On the right, some of Sherman's troops advanced under a fearful fire of musketry, reached the ditches and planted the union flag on the parapet of the fort. The enfilading fire, however, was too severe to permit of progressing another inch. Many of the men lay close up to the forts, or in the ditches, till night permitted them to withdraw.

Among the Iowa regiments either advancing or supporting under Sherman that day, were the Fourth, Eighth, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first and Thirty-fifth. The Twenty-fifth was on the advance line and gained the heights and the ditch, but not the fort. Capt. J. D. Spearman was among the badly wounded. Private Isaac Mickey was mentioned in reports for special gallantry in carrying an order along an exposed line. The regiment lost about 30 in killed and wounded. Col. Charles H. Abbott was killed in the assault while gallantly leading his Thirtieth Iowa through a storm of bullets. Among the wounded of his regiment were Lieutenants S. J. Chester, David Letner and J. P. Millikin (the latter two mortally), and some 60 non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Twenty-sixth Iowa, led by the gallant Col. Milo Smith, had 45 officers and men killed or wounded in the two days assaults. Capt. A. D. Gaston, Lieutenants John W. Mason, Lewis Rider, Wm. M. Magden and N. W. Wood were all wounded, and so, too, was the gallant Col. Smith himself. Lieut. Pearson was captured.

The Ninth Iowa, in this dreadful assault, lost nearly 80 men. Seven officers were killed or mortally wounded, viz.: Captains Kelsey and Washburn, and Lieutenants Martin, Wilburn, Owen, Jones and Tyrrell. Among the wounded were Captains McSweeney and Little, and Lieutenants Sutherland, Bartholomew and Kemery. To this fatal list was to be added another 20 killed and wounded during the siege or the assault of the day before. All the color guard who bravely planted the flag on the enemy's parapet were shot down. J. M. Elson, a color bearer, especially distinguished himself for bravery in trying to scale the works, and was shot in both thighs. The flag was saved by the extreme gallantry of Adj. Granger.

The other Iowa regiments were slightly engaged, or used in support. Lt.-Col. Jenkins and Lieut. James G. Dawson of the Thirty-first and Lieut. Jas. C. Maxwell of the Eighth, were among the wounded. Lieut. Robt. Anderson of the Twenty-first, was killed.

At the center of the line, where McPherson's troops were charging up to the works, Iowa was represented by the Fifth, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth regiments. Some of these were pushed forward as supports — some were led right up to the rebel forts under an appalling fire of musketry. This was especially true of the Fifth and Tenth Iowa. These brave regiments not only charged up in front of their own lines, but in the afternoon made a second assault in front of McClernand at the left. They were among the re-enforcing regiments which Grant sent to the left that afternoon, under the impression that McClernand had taken part of the rebel lines. That second assault cost the Iowa regiments not only great losses in killed and wounded, but the competent commander of the brigade, Col. Boomer, was shot dead. Adj. Delahoyd of the Tenth was wounded severely, and so too, was the gallant Capt. Head. The losses in the Fifth were 17; in the Tenth, 18 killed and wounded. Certain regiments of McClernand's wing of the army had come nearer capturing the fortifications in their front that day than did any others.

Lawler's brigade of Carr's division, including the Twenty-

first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa regiments, charged just south of the Jackson railroad.* Benton's brigade of the same division charged with them. The principal fort in front of Lawler occupied a prominent hill close to the railroad. Up this hill the Twenty-first and the Twenty-second Iowa went with a cheer, defying the hail storm of bullets that met them on the way, and the awful enfilading fire from other angles in the intrenchments that struck them just as they reached the very ditch of the fort. It was a hot, dangerous time, when thirteen men of the Twenty-second Iowa, led by Sergt. Joseph E. Griffiths, climbed out of the ditch over the shoulders of each other and right into the rebel fort Beauregard, killing or dispersing the enemy within. Such valor is seldom witnessed in battle. The comrades of Griffiths in peril were John Robb, M. L. Clemmons, Alvin Drummond, Hezekiah Drummond, Wm. H. Needham, Ezra L. Anderson, Hugh Sinclair, N. C. Messenger, David Trine, Wm. Griffin, Allen Cloud, David Jordan and Richard Arthur.†

Brave as the deed was, it resulted in little. The enemy's guns so covered this captured fort as to make it untenable. Spite of the heroism of the whole regiment that day, the work was retaken by night. In the assault, many brave men fell. The total loss of the regiment was 164. Capt. James Robertson and Lieut. M. A. Robb of the Twenty-second were killed while leading in the charge. Lt.-Col. Graham was captured. Col. Stone, leading the regiment, was slightly wounded, while Capt. John H. Gearkee, and Lieutenants John Remick and Mullins were severely wounded.

In this gallant charge the Twenty-first Iowa lost heavily.

*Detached from its brigade after the charge at Black River Bridge, to conduct prisoners to Memphis, the Twenty-third Iowa distinguished itself at the battle of Milliken's Bend, June 7th, and then rejoined its brigade before Vicksburg.

†It has been claimed by friends that Sergt. N. C. Messenger, now of Marshalltown, led the assaulting party into the fort. Maj. Atherton, of the Twenty-second Iowa, reporting the affair (page 472, Adjutant General's report for 1863), gives the credit to Griffiths and asks his promotion for the brave act. Gov. Stone, who was in command of the regiment until wounded, assures the author that Messenger, not Griffiths, entered the fort and earned the honors due extreme heroism.

More than a hundred of its brave men never came back with the line. Lt.-Col. Dunlap came up just after the charge, and was shot dead while talking with Col. Stone. He had been wounded at Port Gibson, and could not keep up with the line. His loss was severely felt. Maj. Van Anda, Captains J. M. Harrison and D. Greaves, with Lieutenants Allan Adams, G. H. Childs, Wm. A. Roberts and Samuel Bates were wounded—the last two mortally. Lieut. Bates was also captured.

All that day the flags of the Twenty-second Iowa and the Seventy-seventh Illinois floated from the parapet of that rebel stronghold, while the soldiers of Lawler's brigade held the ditch and with hand grenades thrown out by the enemy conducted a hand to hand contest.* All along Grant's lines, troops from almost every state in the Northwest, had made terrific assaults, and in different places union flags were planted by brave hands on the parapets of rebel forts. In almost every regiment there were acts of individual heroism that day. Usually in front of the assaulting columns, a small band of soldiers would spring ahead with ladders to throw over the ditch of the fort. In each case these men were *volunteers, and few of them survived the peril of their heroic deeds.* While officers received promotion for the gallantry of the day, these heroic volunteer privates found only a shallow grave.

In front of one of Sherman's divisions, 150 brave men volunteered in the forlorn hope of going in advance with the ladders to the rebel ditch. "Their dead bodies," says an eye witness, "soon obstructed the way." *Most of them were killed within five minutes after starting.* The writer witnessed a band of these heroic men with ladders advancing to the rebel ditch in front of the Fifth and Tenth Iowa. The men who volunteered to do this perilous duty were the bravest heroes in all Grant's army. Their names are not of record, though they deserve to be written on shafts of marble and in letters of gold.

*The belief that Vicksburg would have been taken that day, had McClelland promptly received stronger re-enforcements, was entertained by very many at the time and by many more since then. It is, too, rather generally conceded that Gen. Grant did McClelland injustice in relieving him from command. President Lincoln himself thought so later.

The assaults of the 22d of May, spite of the heroism of the army, were failures. The rebel works were too strong to be taken by storm, and in the darkness the lines were withdrawn, and the siege by sapping and mining commenced. In the two assaults, more than 4,000 of Grant's army had been killed and wounded.

Now commenced a kind of conflict unique in the history of warfare. Every man in the investing line became an army engineer. Day and night the soldiers worked at digging narrow, zigzag approaches to the rebel works. Intrenchments, rifle pits, and dirt covers were made in every conceivable direction. When intrenchments were safe and finished, still others, yet farther in advance, were made, as if by magic, in a single night. Other zigzag, underground lines were made, and saps and mines for explosion under forts. Every day the regiments, foot by foot, yard by yard, approached nearer the frowning, strong-armed rebel works. The soldiers burrowed like gophers and beavers—a spade in one hand and a musket in the other. The pickets were not squads of soldiers only; whole regiments filled the extremely advanced trenches all the time, being relieved only in the night. These regiments poured a constant fire of musketry into the embrasures and over the parapets of the forts. Day and night were heard the ceaseless firing and roar of musketry, whole batteries of artillery often joining in the midnight chorus, while the shells from the gunboats rose into the air like burning comets and fell into the devoted city. It was a wonderful spectacle.

The rifle pits of the two armies were now so close that the pickets talked with each other and nightly traded tobacco for coffee. Sometimes, as if by sudden impulse, a fierce bombardment with all the artillery would take place—or a mine beneath a fort explode, throwing its occupants into the air, while whole regiments would dash into the fearful crater only to be driven out. Forty-two days and forty-two nights the singular siege went on, and they were bold Rebels who dared to show their heads in all that time above the parapets of their forts, or over the sand bags of which they made little breastworks outside the ditch.

Inside the city, the rebels lived in caves and holes in the ground. No other life was possible, so frequent were the storms of shot and shell from the gunboats and the batteries, and the musketry from the rifle pits now right under the slopes of the forts.

The history of one regiment during that historic siege was almost the history of all. In front of each the same perpetual skirmishing by day and by night went on—the same sapping and mining, the same slow advancing on the enemy's works, the same dangers that were scarcely second to battle. It was hard work for the union soldiers there, digging under the almost tropical sun of Mississippi. They lived in the deep ravines back of their lines, or in their rifle pits, forever loading and firing their muskets. Once Gov. Kirkwood and his adjutant-general, with Surgeon General Hughes, came down to visit the boys, and were serenaded by a storm of rebel cannon balls. They made speeches to the brave boys—the boys cheered a little, and, divining what was going on, the Rebels turned their batteries on the scene.

Kirkwood honored and loved the soldiers. He knew what their sacrifices meant. He knew that they stood between the state and destruction—that there would be no state, no governor, no liberty, no life, but for these men in the ditches at Vicksburg. "The heroism of our soldiers has made it a high privilege to be a citizen of Iowa," said he. So it had.

The forty-two days of fighting, burrowing and besieging, were drawing to a close. Meantime, other troops were added to Grant's investing army. With them, came more from Iowa, until at last the proud state had thirty regiments besieging Vicksburg, or helping to keep back Joe Johnston's army in the rear.

Then came that memorable day, that fete day of a nation, that victory day—Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena,—that dawning of new light all over the North, that ringing of bells from sea to sea. With the joyous clangor of those bells, the knell of the rebel confederacy was sounded. From that 4th of July, the fate of the lost cause was sealed. Invasion of the North was a thing no more to be thought of—the confederacy was in

twain. The men came out of the trenches that day, for Vicksburg had fallen, and the waters of the great river "flowed unvexed to the sea."

SIEGE OF JACKSON.

A sequence of the victory at Vicksburg, was the rapid pursuit of Gen. Joe Johnston's army now flying toward Jackson. Since the 22d of June, Sherman, with a large force, had been at Grant's rear on the Big Black, prepared to follow and attack Johnston, the moment the city should surrender. The writer happened to be with his regiment, the Fifth, on the Big Black, at this time, and recalls with exceeding pleasure reading there an order to the regiment. That order announced the surrender of Vicksburg an hour or so before. The men did not wait for the command to "break ranks," but simply shouted, fell on the grass, rolled, stood on their heads, shook hands and turned handsprings. The little liquor in the commissary was divided out, and everybody drank to Gen. Grant.

Suddenly the march forward was begun, and over dusty roads, in an almost tropical heat, with almost no water fit to drink, the rebel army was pursued clear to Jackson. There, behind strong works, well manned, Johnston made a stand, and for a week was besieged by the forces of Sherman's army. There were many of the Iowa regiments from Vicksburg present with Sherman at Jackson, but two of them only were very severely engaged.

The Sixth Iowa, under Col. John M. Corse, afterward major-general, was in Smith's division, and occupied with its brigade a position north and west of the town. On the 16th of July, Col. Corse was ordered to take command of a grand skirmish line, and to move up to the enemy's works along the whole front of the division, for the purpose of uncovering their position and batteries. At a given signal, the line, with the Sixth Iowa on the right, and the Ninety-seventh Indiana on the left, gallantly advanced, supported by two Ohio and Illinois regiments. The left of the line charged through open fields under a withering fire of musketry and batteries, holding their place long enough to accomplish their object. The advance turned out to be not only a

slight reconnoissance, but rose almost to the severity of a battle, with the odds all against the union line.

Corse himself led the Sixth Iowa on the right. "At the signal," says Corse, "the men dashed forward with a shout, met the line of the enemy's skirmishers and pickets, and drove them back, capturing eighteen or twenty and killing as many more. Clearing the timber they rushed out into the open field over the railroad and fence, up a gentle slope, across the crest, down into the enemy's line, when two field batteries of four guns each opened a terrific cannonade. The enemy were driven from two pieces at the point of the bayonet, our men literally running them down." At that moment, two rebel regiments lying behind the batteries opened a blazing fire of musketry, while a large gun battery at the right opened an enfilading fire along the Sixth, throwing its grape and canister about them until "the corn fell as if by an invisible reaper." The bugler sounded the "lie down," until the observations of the locality were made and the "retreat" sounded. In steady order the men fell back as they had advanced — in splendid line, though under the steady fire of three regiments and seven cannon, half the latter enfilading the line. "Few of the men," says Corse, "who had so gallantly charged the battery, got back." Capt. Minton and Lieut. Rarick were both wounded. It had been a notable reconnoissance, and was of extreme use to the army. In the affair the Sixth Iowa lost 28 men, though during the seige its loss was about 70. It was such fighting that shortly put a star on the shoulder of Col. Corse.

Maj. Miller, Adj. Ennis, Captains Minton and Bashore, with Lieut. Holmes, were all honorably mentioned in Corse's report. "In short," said he, "*there is no officer of my command, but that has in some way rendered himself worthy of honorable mention during our advance on Jackson.*" "The valor of your noble regiment," says Smith, the division commander, "has been conspicuous."

During this little siege of Jackson, the Third Iowa infantry, led then by Maj. G. W. Crosley, suffered in a conflict pronounced by participants the severest in its history. At nine o'clock on

the morning of the 12th of July, Gen. Lauman, in accordance with orders of Gen. Ord, who commanded at the right, proceeded to move his division farther to the front, to be in line with Hovey on his left.

Pugh's brigade—the Third Iowa, Forty-first, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-third Illinois and Fifth Ohio battery, were ordered to cross over the New Orleans and Jackson railroad south of the city, thus bringing the right nearer Pearl river. They were a mile from the rebel works, but were at once ordered to advance, dressing the troops up to Hovey's line on their left. In half an hour they came under the rebel fire. Their own battery opened, but was instantly answered by the guns from the forts. Gen. Lauman came up at the end of the first half mile, looked the situation over, and ordered the men to still advance. The rebel pickets and their reserves were driven in, and the advancing line moved up in full view of the rebel forts three hundred yards away. The order was "still to advance," when a terrible fire from three rebel brigades and twelve pieces of artillery was opened on them.

No one in the line seemed to understand the reasons for such a move. All Sherman's army was there at hand. Was one small brigade to assault the works alone? There was no demonstration right or left—no supports were in sight. Every man in that line felt that he was about to be slaughtered—and for no purpose. "Forward" was still the order, and the brave men advanced under the volleys of grape, canister and musketry.

Steadily forward they went on over the open field—climbed through and over the abatis, only to meet a merciless fire. Within seventy-five yards of the fort, the line halts and suffers the converging fire of cannon and musketry for twenty minutes—an eternity in such a place. At last, they fall back. Their flag and their banner they have brought with them—their dead and wounded are left in a scorching sun, on the hot battle field. No appeal by flag of truce could induce the enemy to permit our men to care for their hero comrades lying there bleeding and perishing for thirst in that burning sun. Almost every other man of the 241 of the Third Iowa who entered that

charge, was lost. Capt. J. L. Ruckman was killed, as were also Lieutenants E. W. Hall, Joseph Ruckman and A. H. McMurtre. Col. Brown, Lieutenants C. L. Anderson, Jacob Abernethy and Capt. Simon G. Geary were all wounded. Lieut. Earle was taken prisoner. The other regiments suffered equally.

It was the Third Iowa infantry's last battle. The unwarranted and uncalled for assault looked like a massacre of brave men. The blame of the tragedy was placed upon Gen. Lauman. He was at once relieved of his command, and his military career ended. But he was never permitted an opportunity of explanation or justification. He asserted that he had only obeyed the verbal orders of Gen. Ord. The truth, nearer than this, probably never will be known. That brave men's lives were lost without a purpose, never was doubted.*

Jackson fell for the second time. Johnston's army was scattered into the interior of the South, while the victorious soldiers of Generals Grant and Sherman returned to Vicksburg to enjoy their honors.

*Gen. George A. Stone, of Iowa, witnessed this terrible assault, and spoke with Lauman just before it was made. Lauman assured him that he was obeying the orders of his commander and would make the assault, cost what it might. Stone felt confident that Lauman, wisely or not, was acting under positive orders.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF HELENA.

July 4, 1863.

THE 4th of July, 1863, was a great battle day. Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena, were victories that told to the world that the beginning of the end of the war had come. The importance of the battle of Helena was somewhat obscured by the glory of the other great victories on the same day. Nevertheless, it was a battle gallantly fought by western soldiers against great odds, and, as a victory, was important and complete.

Helena is a town in Arkansas, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and about one hundred miles below Memphis. It had been occupied by the union troops ever since the arrival of Gen. Curtis, in July of 1862, and was well fortified by a line of four forts occupying prominent hills of the high ridge just west of the town. Inside of this line of works, and nearer town, stood a formidable redoubt known as Fort Curtis.* The outer forts were known as A, B, C, and D, running from north to southwest. The situation was well adapted for defense, as the ridges where the forts stood were high, rough, and broken by nearly impassable ravines. The roads leading into town over these ridges were blockaded by fallen timber. Altogether, Helena was a bad place to attack, but the fact did not seem to be very well known by the rebel commander in Arkansas.

While the siege of Vicksburg was going on, it occurred to the rebel authorities at Richmond that a grand diversion could be made by the troops in Arkansas, and hints were given accordingly. "I believe I can take Helena—please let me do it,"

*The outer forts were open at the rear and Fort Curtis commanded them all.

telegraphed Lt. Gen. Holmes from Little Rock to his superior commander, Kirby Smith, on the 15th of June, 1862. Kirby Smith kindly said "yes" to the ardent request, "most certainly, do it," and by the evening of the 3d of July, Gen. Holmes stood in front of the ridge and the forts with some 10,000 men. He had not heard of what was going on at Vicksburg, and, evidently, he had not heard of what was going on right in front of him, and behind the forts on the hills.

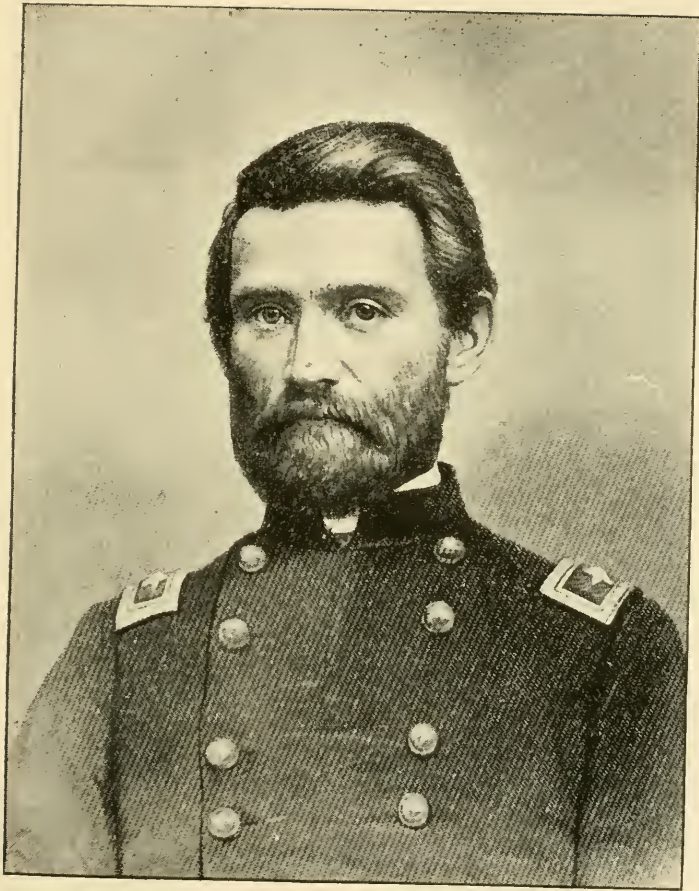
Midnight saw great commotion in the camps at Helena. There were not many troops there—a trifle over 4,000 only, but the little command was rather glad that daylight would probably bring on a battle. Among those soldiers were three regiments from Iowa—the Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third and Thirty-sixth infantry, and the Third battery, all waiting there in the darkness to add a new leaf to the chaplet of Iowa's military glory. Maj.-Gen. B. M. Prentiss was in command of the post of Helena, but the division of troops was that of Brig.-Gen. Salomon. The Iowa troops were brigaded together, with them the Thirty-third Missouri, and commanded by Col. Samuel A. Rice, one of the state's best soldiers and an able man, beloved by his troops as by his people at home. His assistant adjutant general was John F. Lacey, then a rising young officer of unusual merit. As Col. Rice was commanding the brigade, his own regiment, the Thirty-third, was led into the fight by Lt.-Col. Cyrus H. Mackey. Col. Thos. H. Benton, Jr., led the Twenty-ninth Iowa, and Col. C. W. Kittredge the Thirty-sixth. The Iowa battery, doing splendid service, was commanded by Lieut. M. C. Wright.

Long before daylight of July 4th, the troops were in positions assigned them. The Rebels had intended to surprise Helena and capture it at daylight. Some delay in the march had occurred, and the surprise part failed, as Gen. Prentiss was aware of the whole movement. The Thirty-third Missouri regiment was distributed among the four outer forts to man the guns, with a part of it in reserve as sharpshooters. The Thirty-third Iowa was placed in the trenches on the left, flanking and defending Batteries C and D, while a part of the Thirty-sixth was in the rifle pits at Battery A on the right. The Twenty-ninth Iowa,

with a reserve from the Thirty-sixth, was sent in front of battery A, with its line reaching to the Sterling road.

Just as day was breaking, a rebel column came with a yell against batteries C and D. Regiment after regiment was hurled on, only to be met by an appalling fire from the well defended forts and rifle pits. Still they came, and in closed column, fighting desperately. By overwhelming numbers, regardless of loss, they succeed in forcing back our lines at the left, and Battery C for a short time is in their hands. So, too, are the rifle pits at Battery D. It is a short time only, for the guns from four forts, including Curtis's, hurl a terrific fire of grape and canister into their ranks, while the rallied men of the Thirty-third Iowa and the Thirty-third Missouri drive them back with blazing musketry. The fort is again ours, and with it many prisoners, while the rough ground and the tangled abatis are full of dead and dying Rebels.

While this was going on in the center, a less determined contest raged at the right, near Batteries A and B, where the rebel Gen. Marmaduke was trying to force his way in. It was here that the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-sixth Iowa, with the Third Iowa battery, won their first laurels in battle. "They were cool and brave," said Col. Rice, "and behaved in a manner worthy of all commendation." They were confronted by four regiments of infantry, a brigade of cavalry, and batteries. So close were the assaulting columns, the voices of their officers could be heard as they rallied their men to the front. It was all in vain. Gen. Holmes soon saw that his troops were being massacred uselessly. His assaulting columns at the union right had no success at all. Price and Fagan on the left had been driven from their captured positions with great loss. Price, when he forced his troops into Battery C, hoped to take Battery D from the rear, and then enter the town. But all had failed. His loss was very severe. The hills and the ravines were full of his dead and wounded. So was it with the column under Gen. Fagan in the ditches, at Battery D. His dead and wounded lay everywhere. "Price's charge, with his Missourians," said Staff Officer John F. Lacey, who witnessed it all from a height at Bat-



GENERAL SAMUEL A. RICE.

tery A, "was a terrific one. It was gallantry itself, and for a little time it looked as if all were lost." It was one of the great sights of war—"to one who has no friend or brother there." Price's army was good at charging when the pinch came, just as it was good on the retreat, and a view of a column of several thousand of his men storming a position under a blaze of musketry and artillery, was a rare but terrible sight.*

When Price took Battery C in that storm of bullets, swarms of his men, without apparent command or order of line, moved to the assault of Fort Curtis. Five 24-pounder siege guns, a 32-pounder columbiad in Fort Curtis, a roar of musketry from rallied infantry and the big cannon balls from the gunboat "Tyler" down at the river, soon sent the attackers to right-about. These were things Gen. Holmes had not counted on—and they were very dangerous things. He had apparently never heard of Fort Curtis till that moment, and did not know that the "Tyler" was so uncomfortably near in the river.

The advance company that charged up and hurled the Rebels out of Battery C was led by Capt. John Baugh of Oskaloosa. Capt. Yerger of Sigourney and his company also charged in driving the Rebels from the captured guns which they had not been able to use—they having been spiked as our line fell back.†

An incident of great heroism was the capture of five Rebels by Sergt. Moore, Co. G, Thirty-third Iowa. At one point of the battle he found himself alone, at the front, and menaced by five of the enemy. Springing behind a stump, he brought his rifle to bear on one of them, and demanded the surrender of all. The whole squad wilted, and were marched back by the sergeant as prisoners of war.

There was but one thing left for Lt.-Gen. Holmes to do, and he did it. His bugle sounded the quick retreat, and his brigades,

*At the battle of Corinth, it was the fortune of the writer to witness a similar charge by this same general and with some of these same troops. The result was as disastrous to the brave men there as at Helena.

†This retaking of Battery C was one of the heroic incidents not mentioned in the reports, though vouched for by men like W. R. Cowan of the Thirty-third, who was present and himself wounded in the charge.

what was left of them, marched back to Little Rock. As Gen. Holmes rode along the dusty roads at the head of his shattered columns on that retreat, he must sometimes have thought of that June telegram and wished that he had not asked Smith to "please let him take Helena." The conflict ended that day an hour before noon, but Holmes had lost over 1,500 of his command and had suffered a bad defeat. The battle had been undertaken as a diversion in favor of Pemberton at Vicksburg, but at the very moment when Holmes's regiments were being slaughtered on the hills and among the ravines of Helena, Pemberton's army was surrendering its arms to Gen. Grant.

The cannonading that tore Holmes's little army to fragments that forenoon was so severe as to be heard beyond Little Rock, a hundred miles away. All the union troops behaved with great gallantry; notably so the Thirty-third Missouri and the Thirty-third Iowa. The latter regiment captured two battle flags and as many prisoners as it had men in action. The different companies of this regiment were much separated in the fight, and were hurried about from one point of danger to another under a hard fire. Lt.-Col. Mackey was conspicuously able for his task. His regiment lost 25 men killed, 52 wounded and 17 prisoners. Most of the time the enemy in his front numbered three to his one. Maj. H. D. Gibson, Captains J. P. Yerger, John Lofland and L. W. Whipple were complimented for gallantry, as was Lieut. Cheney Prouty. Lieut. Sharman, too, who had been badly wounded, received notice for especial gallantry.

Col. Rice, on whose command fell the brunt of the battle, and who was himself cool and efficient, was quick to recognize the ability and bravery of his fellow officers and men. To Colonels Benton and Kittredge he gave special compliments for efficiency and bravery, as also to Lieutenant Colonels Mackey, Patterson and Heath, with Majors Gibson, Van Beck and Shoemaker. His competent A. A. General, John F. Lacey, was also mentioned in reports. Neither did he forget honorable mention of the brave men of Kansas, Indiana and Missouri who stood beside his own brigade and by gallant fighting beat off the attacking columns.

The men of the Twenty-ninth Iowa were under a severe fire for more than five hours, and, says Col. Benton, "no flinching or wavering was seen on that day." Some of Benton's men rose from sick beds to shoulder their muskets and help defend the town. The regiment lost 13 killed and 18 wounded.

Col. Kittredge, in a laconic report of a few lines as to the Thirty-sixth Iowa on that day, says, "every officer and man did his duty," while Chaplain Hare and Quartermaster Morrill were thanked for valuable services. They were the only field officers beside the colonel present, the others being sick. The regiment lost but one man killed and a few missing.

The Iowa battery was of great service in the battle, and its commander, Lieut. Wright, spoke in warm terms of the courage and efficiency of Lieut. Lyon and Sergeants House and Denge, and Corp. Folsom.

In every sense the battle of Helena had been a gallant fight; the defenders vying with each other in acts of heroism, while the Rebels attacked with that desperation for which their charges were famous. It was, too, the last fighting for the possession of the Mississippi river.

STERLING FARM.

A few weeks after the fall of Vicksburg and the defense of Helena, a mishap occurred to one of the Iowa regiments concerning which the chroniclers have had little to say. Gen. Herron, with a division of troops, was operating for the defense of the Mississippi river in the neighborhood of Morganzia, Louisiana. The troops usually on outpost duty were much scattered and liable to be overpowered. On Sept. 12th, the Nineteenth Iowa, the Twenty-sixth Indiana, and two pieces of artillery, all under command of Lt.-Col. Leake of the Twentieth Iowa, were sent out in the performance of heavy picket duty. There was daily skirmishing with the enemy either along the banks of the Atchafalaya or between there and the Mississippi. This force took Sterling Farm, seven miles back from the transports, for headquarters.

On Sept. 29th the enemy in large force attacked the little
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brigade of Lt.-Col. Leake in front, flank and rear. They met with a volley which caused them to recoil, but being in overwhelming numbers, they bore down our gallant force and captured it entire. Many of the men, however, refused to surrender until their guns were forcibly taken from them by the Rebels. A history of the Nineteenth Iowa, by J. I. Dungan, one of its members, and one of this captured force, describes the command as in a state of constant vigilance, prepared to spring to arms at a moment's notice, and with pickets and guards watching the outposts at as many points as their small numbers permitted. Lt.-Col. Leake was aware of the critical position he occupied, and did the most a soldier could do to hold it. The length of time that our troops held the Rebels in check is given as two hours and ten minutes—our force being about 500—the rebel force 5,000. The Nineteenth Iowa was commanded by Capt. Wm. Adams, Co. E, Maj. Bruce having been ordered shortly before to New Orleans. Maj. Bruce's report gives 260 as the number engaged in the action. Fortunately, about two-thirds of the regiment, from various causes, had been prevented from joining with this force at Sterling Farm, and thus escaped capture. There were two officers and eight enlisted men killed, one officer and sixteen enlisted men wounded, and eleven officers and two hundred and three enlisted men captured. Lieuts. Kent and Roberts were among the killed, and Capt. Taylor mortally wounded. The Rebels lost 50 killed and many more wounded.

Our captured were carried to Texas and kept in the prison camp at Tyler, undergoing as much hardship and cruelty as fell to the lot of any of our prisoners in the South. After about ten months of this experience they were exchanged, rejoining their regiment at New Orleans, tattered, emaciated and suffering.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME MINOR ENGAGEMENTS.

Milliken's Bend—Springfield—Hartsville.

MILLIKEN'S BEND.

June 5, 1863.

DURING the siege of Vicksburg, and shortly before the surrender of that stronghold, the rebel authorities tried by various means to distract Grant's attention, and, if possible, to mend their desperate fortunes. One of these means was to be the capture and destruction of some of the garrisons along the Mississippi river and in Grant's rear.

The attempt on Helena and its utter failure are narrated elsewhere. By some means the Rebels learned that the little post at Milliken's Bend, almost in sight of Vicksburg, had been nearly denuded of troops, and was garrisoned by only a few hundred negroes. Here was an opportunity, not only to capture a weak garrison, but to massacre a lot of inoffensive black men—and with a cry of "*no quarter* to the d— niggers or to their white officers," they marched on the position.

It was the 5th of June, 1863, that after some skirmishing a few miles in advance, the rebel force, 3,000 strong, led by Gen. Henry McCullough, approached close to the little union line. Gen. E. S. Dennis, who commanded the garrison of the post, had not over 800 troops, all colored, and unused to arms. The Rebels, however, did not attack that evening, and a passing steamer carried to the union officers at Young's Point the news of the critical situation. Immediately, the Twenty-third Iowa, under Lt.-Col. Glasgow, was put on a transport and hurried to Milliken's Bend. They were just in the nick of time to take part in one of the most ferocious engagements of the war. The reg-

iment remained over night on the steamer, and daylight revealed to their astonished eyes long lines of Rebels dashing for the breastworks and yelling "No quarter." Quickly as possible, Col. Glasgow got his men off the boat, and they, too, ran for the breastworks, but for the river side of them. These defenses were simply the high levee of the river, built some distance back, but well suited for the purpose.

Over this wall of defense the battle raged. Men fought with their bayonets and their clubbed guns, and the officers with their swords. There were instances of men bayoneting each other to the very death on top of the levee, and of men's brains being beaten out with the butts of each other's muskets. There was nowhere in the war such a hand to hand conflict. Each realized that it was to be success or massacre. The negroes, seeing how merciless was their foe, showed no mercy themselves. White and black indiscriminately and without order, fought for dear life. Once, the Rebels gained the inside of the breastworks, where the hand to hand contest continued—the Rebels apparently gaining ground. A little more success, and the position would be lost and the garrison massacred, as at Fort Pillow. No Indians of the wild West ever fought with more ferocity and more determination to end the fight with a massacre, than did these exasperated Rebels, filled with rage at seeing their former slaves in arms. It was a combat for the extermination of one command or the other, and the blacks and their brave white supporters were being overpowered and driven under the banks of the river.

Utter destruction seemed inevitable, when, at the critical moment, two union gunboats, whose commanders had been forewarned, steamed up to the banks, and with shot and shell riddled the rebel ranks and drove them back over the levee. There again they rallied, but so, too, did the union line. The "no quarter" attack that followed was quickly repulsed with slaughter, and the discomfited and defeated Rebels took their black flag and leaving their dead, hastened to the woods. They had learned a fearful lesson, and that was that bayonets and bullets were as dangerous in the hands of the ex-slave as in the hands

of a barbarous master. The North, too, learned something. It was that the President's policy of arming the freedmen was a wise policy, and a gain to the nation. Whether the ex-slaves could fight or not, was no longer a question.

The cry of "no quarter" to black men fighting their country's battles, came near proving on this occasion a most disastrous one, for it was a knife with two edges. Not less than 500 of the men crying "no quarter" on that field were killed or badly wounded. The union loss, too, was large. Out of only 110 men engaged of the Twenty-third Iowa, at least 50 were killed and wounded.* Capt. John C. Brown, a good man and an excellent officer, was killed, as was Lieut. Wm. H. Downs. Thomas Free, an Iowa man, then adjutant of one of the colored regiments, was conspicuous for his gallantry. Col. Glasgow won the warmest encomiums from the commanding officer in the battle, and Gen. Grant expressed his great satisfaction with the courage of the colored troops and the splendid defense of the post.

It has been said that Gen. Hugh T. Reid, of Iowa, more than any other officer in the service, had urged on the government the employment of colored troops, and had practically tested their fitness by using them in conflicts at Lake Providence, where he was a commander. His loyal heart must have been overjoyed at this new justification of his faith in the patriotism and courage of the colored people. In a battle where the odds were as three to one, they had resisted one of the fiercest attacks of the war. It was the commencement of a new chapter in the history of their race.

DEFENSE OF SPRINGFIELD.

Jan. 8, 1863.

There were two engagements in which Iowa troops took an heroic part, and concerning which history has said but little.

In the midwinter of 1862-3, and not long after the battle of Prairie Grove, an army of some 5,000 Rebels entered Missouri

*A number of officers of the Twenty-third were wounded, but there is no report of them in the books of the adjutant general. The number of the Twenty-third engaged has been stated at from 110 to 160. Whatever the number; certain it is that Glasgow and his men were very heroic.

and marched on the town of Springfield. They were led by Gen. Marmaduke, who had been cunning enough to pass the flank of the main union army, with the hope that by quick marching and quick, brave fighting, he could destroy Springfield and evade successful pursuit. Springfield was the union base of supplies, and was of great importance to the union army in many ways. What Chattanooga was to Sherman's army at Atlanta, that Springfield was to the union army under Blunt. It was held by Gen. Brown of Missouri, with a small garrison composed of Mississippi militia, a few hundred hospital convalescents and the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry. Col. Crabb of the Nineteenth Iowa, detached, was in immediate command of the post. These, with a few union men of the town who took arms, did not number, all told, over 1,500 for duty, a part of the Eighteenth Iowa being on outpost service.

On the evening of January 7, 1863, Gen. Brown's scouts brought him word that the rebel army was rapidly approaching the town. That night was spent by the little union force in preparing for battle. All the soldiers were mustered, and the half sick men of the hospital, formed into the "Quinine brigade," took their guns and went to the front.

At ten o'clock of the 8th, the rebel army, in battle array, were seen three miles outside of the rude intrenchments of the town. They seemed to have an abundance of cavalry on either wing, and some artillery in the center. By noon, the skirmishers of the union line were all driven in, and by one the engagement had grown into a battle. Some of the Missouri militia cavalry soon made a handsome charge on the advancing line, but aside from inflicting some injury, scarcely checked it. Some union guns in breastwork No. 4, poured a warm fire into the Rebels, which at times checked their ardor and pushed them back.

By two o'clock, the Rebels massed their forces several lines deep and made a determined effort on the union right and center. It was then that Capt. Landis of the Eighteenth Iowa, with a piece of artillery, was pushed forward into an exposed and dangerous position at the right. Three companies of the Eighteenth Iowa under Captains Van Meter, Blue and Stonaker, were

sent along as supports. By a bold dash, with overwhelming numbers, the Rebels succeeded in capturing the gun, but not till Captains Blue, Van Meter and Landis were wounded — the two former mortally. At their sides fell many of their brave comrades. At the same moment the Rebels got possession of a strong stockaded building south of and near to the town, and from this vantage point poured a heavy fire into the union line. In another hour Brown's forces were being heavily pressed, and the position seemed extremely critical. Then the "Quinine brigade," led by Col. Crabb, rushed to the front. They were real soldiers, if they were sick ones. In an hour's fighting they drove the enemy back on their left center, but an immediate and very nearly successful assault by the Rebels followed at the right. Some of the militia were giving way. Gen. Brown hurried to their front to re-form them, but was shot from his horse in the endeavor. It was now four o'clock, and Col. Crabb assumed the command. Again the battle was resumed at the center, and for another hour continued with varying results. Once more some of the militia faltered and for a time all seemed lost, when others, also militia, charged for the lost ground with a cheer. At the same time Lt.-Col. Cook, with the remaining companies of the Eighteenth Iowa, who had hurried from outpost duty to the scene, came up, and they, too, charged the rebel center with a shout, and drove it rearwards. Darkness soon ended the contest, and that night the defeated rebel army withdrew. Of less than 200 men engaged of the Eighteenth Iowa, 56 had been killed or wounded.

This handful of brave men and the sturdy, heroic militia of Missouri, had saved Springfield with its enormous stores, and it had saved a disaster to the union army. History may heed it little or heed it much, but considering the length of the battle and the forces engaged, there was not better fighting at Bunker Hill.

THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE.

Dec. 11, 1862.

Gen. Brown, on hearing of the advance of the rebel army on Springfield, had sent to Gen. Fitz Henry Warren at Houston for help. Houston was eighty miles away, but Warren, who was himself ill at the time, immediately sent a column under Col. Merrill of the Twenty-first Iowa toward Springfield. Merrill's little force scarcely counted a thousand men, all told. They were a part of his own Twenty-first Iowa under the brave Lt.-Col. Dunlap, a detachment of the Ninety-ninth Illinois, a part of the Third Missouri, and the Third Iowa cavalry, with a couple of pieces of artillery.

The battle of Springfield, unknown to Warren, was fought and won even before Merrill's column started, and the chagrined rebel army had marched past Springfield in the general direction of Houston, hoping for better luck next time. Merrill, too, was on the move, but in the opposite direction, and hurrying for Springfield to aid Gen. Brown and Col. Crabb.

On the night of January 10th, Merrill's little column camped in the woods only one mile away from the camps of the rebel army. The fact was not known till morning, when large rebel forces were discovered to be coming from the direction of Springfield. This escape of Merrill's command from surprise, was at a little creek eight miles west of the village of Hartsville. Some severe skirmishing now took place, when the Rebels moved off the field and Merrill's column started for Hartsville. On approaching the village, he discovered the enemy in his path, occupying the place, and possibly 5,000 strong. Merrill might have run. With such a disparity of forces there would have been abundant excuse for instant retreat. Merrill and his men, however, had started out to fight, and here, apparently, was a good fighting chance. The battle line was at once formed with the Ninety-ninth Illinois at the right, a little artillery in the center and the detachment of the Twenty-first Iowa and the cavalry to the left. The position was a good one, somewhat protected by a screen of low, dense brush. The enemy occupied the village and an open

field at Merrill's front, where his movements were easily watched. It was about noon. The enemy opened the affair with a little artillery firing, and then with 700 cavalry charged on Merrill's line. Quietly his men lay on the ground till the coming horsemen were in close range, when at the order, they gave them a deliberate, but fierce blast of musketry that sent them reeling from their horses. The little battery at Merrill's center had also played a part in the repulse, and the rebel line fell back in utter confusion. Then came numerous attacks of rebel infantry, but they were poorly made and promptly repulsed. Nearly all the afternoon the rebel assaults continued, only to be defeated.

At three o'clock, Merrill's ammunition failing, the order was given to fall back on the road to Lebanon. Had Merrill only known it, the Rebels, too, at that very moment were preparing to retreat. For some reason, Lt.-Col. Dunlap did not receive the order to fall back, but bravely continued his fighting on the left, himself wounded and many of his men *hors de combat*. His position was naturally very strong, and two or three charges made by the Rebels as parting salutes, were easily repelled.

Darkness found both armies retreating, but in opposite directions. The Rebels, however, had been fairly whipped before dark, and their losses had been great in officers and men. One rebel general and several colonels and other field officers were killed or wounded. Not less than 300 of their army were lost. Merrill's little force had inflicted a severe drubbing on the enemy, whether he staid to hold a barren field or not. His total loss had been about 75 in killed and wounded. Both Merrill and Dunlap, together with their brave men, received the warmest praise from Gen. Warren for the victory at Hartsville, where they had defeated a foe whose numbers were five times their own. An officer, Capt. Black, leading the Third Missouri cavalry detachment, had thirteen bullet holes in his coat, attesting to the severity of the engagement on his part of the line. Merrill's prudence, firmness and good disposition of his forces in the battle, were especially commended by the commanding general, and certain it is that not often during the war did a small command so heroically battle against numbers so superior.

CHAPTER XXI.

IOWA AT CHATTANOOGA.

THE STORMING OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

November 24-25, 1863.

“I WILL try Missionary Ridge to-morrow morning, November 24th, at daylight; no cause on earth will induce me to ask for longer delay.” So wrote Sherman to Grant on the evening of November 23d, 1863. A little delay had already occurred by high water preventing the advance of one or two of Sherman's divisions, but now, all were about up and ready. Sherman's Fifteenth army corps, including many of the Iowa regiments, had already made a forced march of 330 miles from Memphis, to be there in time for the battle.

At Chattanooga, as elsewhere, Iowa soldiers were to figure conspicuously. Nine Iowa regiments were at the battle, and the Fifth, Sixth, Tenth and the Seventeenth regiments especially, were to do some very hard fighting. The Fifth and Tenth were brigaded, together with others, under Gen. C. L. Matthies of Burlington. Matthies first went into the service as a gallant captain of the First regiment at Wilson's creek, then became colonel of the Fifth and was made a brigadier for splendid service at Iuka. John E. Smith led the division. The Sixth regiment, led by Lt.-Col. Miller, was in Corse's Second brigade of the Fourth division, led by Hugh Ewing. John M. Corse was also of Burlington, and one of the state's bravest and most distinguished generals. He entered the service as major of the Sixth, afterward was made its colonel, and received his commission of brigadier general for gallantry. The Seventeenth regiment was in the Second brigade, Raum's, of Smith's division, and was led by its own Colonel, Clark R. Wever.

Midnight of the 23d of November found all these Iowa regiments with the troops under Sherman, waiting the signal to cross the Tennessee river at the left of Grant's army, and assault Missionary Ridge. Many other Iowa regiments, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first, were at the same time with Hooker's army scaling the heights of Lookout Mountain on the right. They were in the division of Osterhaus.

On that evening of the 23d of November, Sherman's whole army corps, including his Iowa regiments, lay in bivouac and in a concealed position close to the Tennessee river. Over on the opposite bank stood the pickets of the enemy, calling to and chaffing our own occasionally across the water. They little dreamed that 20,000 men lay there in the dark wood and brush, only waiting the midnight signal to cross over and attack. That night on the Tennessee was one of the memorable occasions of the whole war. All the soldiers of that army corps knew that something was about to happen. There was an ominous silence in the air, and officers moved about mysteriously, saying but little of the unusual danger about to be encountered. To cross a river in the face of an enemy at any time is hazardous, but to attempt rowing an army over a broad, rapid stream in rude boats, in the darkness of midnight, and with a strong and victorious army on the opposite shore, is a hazard even veterans contemplate with great misgivings. Many a pulse beat fast that night when at two o'clock the low signal came and the soldiers stepped noiselessly into the waiting pontoons. With living freight, the rude square boats were loaded to the water's edge. Each contained from twenty to thirty soldiers who sat in the darkness holding their trusted rifles on their knees, in momentary expectation of a blast of musketry or a cannon ball that might sink them to the bottom of the river. They were not aware that some of their comrades that night had silently crossed the river farther up, and taken the rebel pickets by surprise. That some of these same pickets had escaped, however, was well known to Sherman, and, that they would raise the alarm at rebel headquarters in half an hour, was altogether probable. The alarm, if given, came too late to Gen.

Bragg, for the boats landed without the loss of a man, and daylight found whole brigades, some 8,000 men of Sherman's corps, on solid ground, and busy as beavers throwing up intrenchments. Never in the world were spades and shovels handled more rapidly than by Sherman's men that morning on the Tennessee river. Long before noon of the 24th, the pontoon bridge was down, and the rest of the left wing of the army, with its artillery, was crossing over.

Sherman's soldiers had successfully taken the river, but now they were called upon to assault a mountain—and that mountain bristling with the bayonets of the enemy and marked all over with rifle pits and breastworks for batteries. A stronger position than Bragg occupied along the crest of Missionary Ridge, and over the rugged top of Lookout Mountain, protected as both were by a rapid river, could not easily be conceived. His army, too, was flushed with recent victory.

All the day of the 24th was spent by the troops of Sherman skirmishing and maneuvering for position, and by Hooker in advancing up Lookout Mountain. That night, whole regiments stood on picket in the cold, wet woods, without fire and with short rations. The teams of the army had no feed at all, and were fairly dying of hunger.

At last, at the end of that long, chilly, uncomfortable and expectant night, daylight came. It brought only the sullen and desultory firing from batteries half secreted along the jagged spurs of Missionary Ridge, or the spurting musketry of skirmishers, as the lines at times approached too near together. All the night Sherman's pickets had watched the rockets of the enemy on Lookout Mountain and heard the roar of Hooker's cannon as they shot their flames out through the fog and clouds.

The slope of Lookout Mountain had been taken by Hooker's soldiers. Thomas, with his army of the Cumberland, had advanced, on the 23d, a mile in front of Fort Wood, at the union center, fighting a severe battle for the enemy's outer intrenchments, while parts of Sherman's army were now up to and across the western point at the end of Missionary Ridge. Grant now had his forces well in hand, and advanced ready for the battle.

CHATTANOOGA.

REFERENCES.

- | | | | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|----------------|--------------------------|-------------|--|
| 1 | Sherman's first position, | Oct. 23, 1863. | Gen. Grant's Head-Quar., | Nov. 23-24. | |
| 2 | Hooker's Corps at Lookout Mt., | Nov. 24. | Gen. " " | Nov. 25. | |
| 3 | Sherman's Corps morning, | Nov. 24. | Gen. " " | Nov. 26. | |
| 4 | Sherman's Corps evening, | Nov. 24. | Rebel Retreat, | Nov. 25. | |



At Washington, the President anxiously sat at the telegraph wire, waiting to hear the result.

"That morning," says Gen. Grant, "opened clear and bright, and the whole field was in full view from the top of Orchard Knob (where he stood during the battle), and remained so all day." What a sight that vast army marching into the battle must have been! What profound emotions must have stirred the breast of him who stood there viewing that scene and, for the moment, holding in his hand the lives of thousands of human beings! Whatever his emotions may have been, Grant was silent.

At daylight, or a little after, the bugle had sounded. Sherman's soldiers were to move first to the attack, and, as the sun rose through the hill gaps, brave Corse of Iowa, and Loomis of Illinois, and Morgan L. Smith advanced to the conflict at Sherman's right center. Between the hills and woods held by Sherman, and Missionary Ridge proper, a low depression or valley ran. Across this, the troops charged and assaulted the steep, wooded and intrenched position of the enemy. The Sixth Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. Miller, was with Corse. It held the center position, and in the terrific fighting that ensued for the possession of the hills, none were more desperately engaged than they. Sixty-five of its officers and men were killed or wounded. The first hill was taken by Corse, and then with additional troops he assaulted the main position. For nearly two hours the hard fight lasted at this point, Corse gaining and losing ground, but still hanging like grim death to the first hill. "At ten o'clock," says Sherman, "the fight raged furiously," and in its midst the brave Corse was severely wounded and borne to the rear. Col. Walcutt took his place, and the terrific assaults went on.

In the meantime, Morgan L. Smith's soldiers had gained ground on the left spurs of the ridge, and the men of Loomis's brigade had fought close up to the ridge and abreast of Tunnel Hill, where the railroad ran through the mountain. At 2 P. M., John E. Smith's division, including among other troops, the Fifth, Tenth and Seventeenth Iowa regiments, was pushed up to where Loomis's men were fighting against fearful odds. The

brigades of Matthies and Raum formed in line of battle under a tremendous fire of artillery and started across the open, sloping field on the double quick. A furious cannonade and musketry greeted them the moment the line came in sight of the batteries and the massed regiments of rebel infantry. It seemed as if every cannon of the whole rebel army had concentrated its fire on that little band, moving in battle. So close were the contending lines that at times the butts of guns, swords, and even stones were used. For an hour it was a deadly, doubtful conflict.

Once the cry came that the Rebels were forcing their way through the tunnel and its deep gorge, and were flanking the advanced line. It was too true. A courageous effort on the part of some companies of the Fifth Iowa, to drive them back, failed, and Maj. Marshall and the adjutant, with the little force at the tunnel, were overpowered and mostly captured.*

We wondered why Thomas did not attack; it seemed as if our single line were to be wholly sacrificed in storming the fearful ridge alone. Added to the fierce roar of the rebel batteries, was the cannonade from the hills on the union side, where the guns fired over the heads of our advancing line. The officers, screaming commands at the top of their voices, could scarcely be heard a dozen yards away. But the line moved steadily, rapidly on, reaching the base of the hill and entering into the closer fire of the rebel musketry, where the struggle became a close, almost hand to hand conflict. Temporarily, the line gave way, but the pursuing foe, struck in the flank by a brigade of the union line, reeled and were followed again by the Iowa, Illinois and Missouri men.

This flanking fire came from the ranks of the Sixth Iowa. It had been facing toward the ridge, but now, seeing that the Rebels had passed the tunnel, the regiment wheeled to the right and

*The writer, then adjutant of the Fifth, was among the captured at the tunnel. As he was taken up on the ridge, a prisoner, he witnessed the grand advance of the union army and the flight of Bragg's forces. The imprisonment he and his comrades endured for fifteen months was a horrible experience. Of the 60 captured from his regiment, only 16 lived through it. Of the nine of his old Company B, of Newton, taken up that ridge with him, *only one* besides himself survived to tell the tale.

poured a blasting fire into the enemy's flank. "Few of that rebel line," says Col. Miller, "ever got back to the ridge alive."

It was three o'clock, and from every hill, apparently, the rebel batteries turned on Sherman, while along the whole crest of the ridge in his front, were massed clouds of hurrying infantry. They were fighting for the key of that great battle field.

Grant, on Orchard Knob, witnessed the concentration. It was the supreme moment of the battle, and in twenty minutes Gen. Thomas's splendid army of the Cumberland was thrown forward like an avalanche on to the center of Bragg's army. It came with the force of a thunderbolt, storming rifle pits, intrenchments, and breastworks on its way. Hooker, too, and with him the Iowa men of Osterhaus's division, had crossed the Chattanooga valley and was storming up on the rebel right.

Before sundown that November night, the union army was in full possession of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The great battle of Chattanooga had been won. Bragg's army was in disastrous retreat, and the President of the United States, still listening to the tick, tick of the telegraph, in the white house at Washington, sent to the armies of Hooker, of Sherman and of Grant, the thanks of a grateful nation.

The whole nation was glad. Iowa rejoiced especially. Of those gallant regiments storming the heights of Mission Ridge, none had fought better or more courageously than the troops from Iowa. The men of Sherman's corps, and the men of Iowa knew that they were at the key-point of the grand battle, and they fought accordingly. The Fifth Iowa lost, including quite a number captured, 106 officers and men out of its 248 engaged. Several officers, and the color guard were among those captured in the assault. The flag, too, though torn nearly to pieces, was lost. At the moment it was about to fall into the rebel hands, it was seized by some of those nearest to it, its stars torn out, and secreted about their persons. One of these stars was saved by John Whitten, now deputy state treasurer. He was captured a few moments later and carried the star with him through many horrible months of rebel imprisonment. That star, worthier than any star of the Order of the Garter, framed and

preserved, is in the capitol at Des Moines. Lieut. Chas. S. Miller of the Fifth, from Sigourney, was killed, and Gen. C. L. Matthies, commanding the brigade, but formerly the beloved colonel of the Fifth, was wounded.

The Sixth Iowa lost heavily in its assaults. Among the killed was Capt. Robert Allison. Maj. T. J. Ennis, Captains Calvin Minton, Leander Allison and George R. Nunn were wounded.

The Tenth Iowa men were heroes at Missionary Ridge. Harder fighting than theirs was not done in the whole army on that eventful, history-making day. Their severe losses, 52 out of 250 engaged, proved how dangerous were the points they assaulted. Lieutenants Isaac Sexton, Geo. H. Conant and John W. Stiffler were all killed while leading their men. Maj. Nathaniel McCalla was wounded. So, too, were Lieutenants David H. Emry, Mahlon Head, John S. Smith, Hubbard W. Bunker, and very many non-commissioned officers. It was a fierce two hours' record.

Col. Clark R. Wever led the Seventeenth Iowa in the battle, and its loss of 58 men out of a small number engaged shows that that part of the Iowa contingent at Chattanooga was not flinching from its duty. Lt.-Col. Archer was captured in the breastworks of the enemy. Captains Houston, McNeal and Stuart were wounded. Adj. Woolsey and Lieut. Deal received the commendation of Col. Wever for coolness and efficiency on the field.

The Iowa regiments under Osterhaus, with Hooker, suffered comparatively little, but they played their part in the demonstrations and maneuvers, which, not less than hard fighting, helped to chase the Rebels out of their wonderful position. It will long be a cherished memory of the Iowa soldiers in Osterhaus's division, that they fought with Hooker on Lookout Mountain. At Ringgold, in the pursuit, the regiments of Williamson's Iowa brigade did good fighting, and suffered their severest loss.

The Twenty-fifth Iowa lost 29 wounded at Ringgold, and every third officer was struck. Col. Geo. A. Stone led the regiment.

The Twenty-sixth Iowa also fought very gallantly at Ringgold. The losses were few, but among them was Capt. John L.

Steele, killed, and Lieutenants N. D. Hubbard and W. Nickel, wounded. Lt.-Col. Ferreby was already *hors du combat* from a wound received at Lookout Mountain, though the regiment had been commanded there by its Colonel, Milo Smith.

The Thirtieth Iowa had its heaviest loss of the campaign in the approach to Chattanooga. At Cherokee, Alabama, the Iowa brigade, led by Col. Williamson,* met a body of Rebels in a dense fog. A severe musketry battle ensued. The Rebels were driven, but Col. W. M. G. Torrence was slain. In his death, the state of Iowa lost one of her bravest and best officers. Capt. W. H. Randall was also killed, while Captains H. C. Hall, Joseph Smith, Matthew Clark, and Adj. Clendenning were all wounded. Some 30 officers and men fell in the short battle — a battle that was one of the preludes to the greater contest at Chattanooga.

Gen. Grant had 60,000 men at Chattanooga, but the position in front of him had been deemed impregnable. The victory was a very great one and ought to have ended the war. Gen. Grant believed that if the Southern press had had the liberty to speak, the war would have been ended then and there. From that hour on, the Rebels fought without spirit or hopes of success. Great rejoicings were caused in the North by the great victory. "God bless you all," telegraphed President Lincoln to Gen. Grant. "I tender you and all under you my profoundest gratitude."

The battles at Missonary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, viewed from a height, must have been a military spectacle of surpassing grandeur. Col. Stone of the Twenty-fifth Iowa, who with his regiment supported a New York battery on a high point on Lookout Mountain, says: "Nothing could exceed the grandeur of this battle, from the point at which we viewed it. Every gun from the Raccoon Mountain batteries to those of Moccasin Point was in plain view, and our lines of infantry so close that acquaintances were easily recognized. At 12 m., the grand attack began, and soon the battle-smoke hung over and enveloped the mountain like a funeral pall, and the whole battle, like a panorama, passed around and before us."

*After the battle of Chattanooga, Gen. Sherman urged that the colonels, among them J. A. Williamson, of Iowa, who had been leading brigades, be promoted to brigadier generals.

CHAPTER XXII.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

1863.

THE year 1863 was the greatest year in American history. On the first day of that year, President Lincoln, by the single stroke of his pen, abolished the cause of the great war. The high sounding declaration that this was a land of "liberty to all men," was no longer to be a burning lie. To break the chains of three millions of people, was an opportunity seldom vouchsafed to man. Abraham Lincoln understood the importance of his act, and invoked upon it "the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

In Iowa, the appearance of the Emancipation Proclamation was hailed by loyal men as a proof that the hand of God was guiding our country, and men gave thanks that Providence had raised up a man with the courage to perform the crowning deed of centuries. Nobody believed or expected that freeing the slaves could end the war. Indeed, for a time, it strengthened the hands of the Rebels with a desperation bordering on madness while their sympathizers in the North found new and bitterer reasons for opposing the government. Now, indeed, the war on the part of the South, was to be waged to the bitter end. With slavery gone, there was nothing more to lose—there was something to win still—their bare lives, for at this period most just men believed that the suppression of the rebellion would be properly accompanied by the execution of many of the leading conspirators.

Outside the rebel aiders and abettors in the state, there were few men who did not think the President had done right. The better class of Democrats in the state joined the Republicans in

giving praise for the heaven-inspired deed. At an immense mass meeting in Des Moines, the Hon. C. C. Cole, a life long Democrat and partisan, stood up and delivered a triumphant argument in vindication of the proclamation. If men were to be divided now, said he, into Abolitionists, or Secessionists, as the newspapers charge, why then he knew which way to go. He was not a Secessionist. God and his countrymen knew that. If the President had the power to shoot Rebels in arms, he had the power to confiscate their slaves. The greater power includes the less.

In his earnest appeal to support the government, Mr. Cole represented the feelings of the more intelligent, and the better class of Democrats in all Iowa. They were not disloyal—they were not Secessionists; but they were opponents of many of the administration's measures, measures which time found to be necessary, wise and best. Though the class of Democrats for whom Cole spoke cheered him for his words, that other class of Democrats, the Mahoney wing of the party, as it was called, worked itself into a rage and an indignation that was boundless. The press of that party teemed with assaults on the President, and on his advisers. Its leaders, in their violence of speech, were scarcely less reckless than were the men in open rebellion in the South. They pretended to be for the Union, yet opposed every single measure that looked toward putting down the rebellion. They were, in short, traitors. Had the union men of the South been as bold as were the Copperheads of Iowa, the outraged Southerners would have hung them all. It was the weakness of the administration that their ravages were permitted in a loyal state.

August 27th, only a few months after the patriotic and loyal speech of C. C. Cole, the extremists and the disorderly of the democratic party met at Iowa City and in open convention declared the prosecution of the war to be "unconstitutional, and oppressive" and "a prolific source of usurpation, tyranny and corruption." Of course, the sensible and loyal members of the democratic party were not responsible for the ravings of their disloyal comrades, but they were guilty of a grave wrong in so often permitting those disloyal elements to speak in the name of



James W. Linn

the whole party. In the election that followed in the autumn, the people of Iowa, by their votes, charged up the wrongs that had been done in the states to the whole democratic party.

On the 17th of June, 1863, the Republicans held their state convention at Des Moines. It was the largest convention ever held in the state. Two counties only were not represented. Gov. Kirkwood was not a candidate for re-election. There was much friendly sparring for his place by the friends of Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, Elijah Sells and Col. Wm. M. Stone. Other able men, like H. C. Caldwell and Col. M. M. Crocker, were also urged upon the convention and received some votes. The race, however, was between Fitz Henry Warren, Elijah Sells and Col. Stone.

By a majority of 4 votes, Col. Stone was declared nominated, and the convention proceeded in warm terms to express to Gov. Kirkwood the thanks of the people of Iowa for the able, fearless, and patriotic manner in which he had discharged the duties of governor during two terms of office.

Col. Wm. M. Stone was one of the brilliant men of the state. He was a young man of bright promise, of fine address and of talent. He possessed in him the elements of popularity. He was a strikingly good speaker, a patriot and a zealous partisan. When the war opened, he abandoned a lucrative and an honorable position — a judgeship, to enter the army. He raised a company of volunteers for the Third regiment, was soon appointed major of the same, and was afterward made colonel of the Twenty-second infantry. In the army, as in civil life, his versatile talents, his hale fellowship and his gallantry withal, made him a popular companion. He led a dashing brigade in the struggle at Port Gibson, and was wounded while charging with his regiment, in the assault of May 22d, at the forts at Vicksburg. How many patriotic votes that bandaged arm gave the gallant colonel, when he entered the convention hall, fresh from the field of carnage, may not be guessed.

He had able and brilliant competitors for the honors he bore away from the convention, and the ablest of them, without waiting for a definite and sure decision of the close ballot, rose,

and, in the most loyal, and in the happiest speech of his life, urged on the delegates the unanimous nomination of Col. Wm. M. Stone. That was the gallant and the patriotic general, Fitz Henry Warren, the leader of some of the finest cavalry in the service of the Union.

Shortly, the democratic party also held a convention. It resulted in one of the saddest things in Iowa politics. Its platform was against the prosecution of the war. The leaders who controlled the convention were members of a disloyal wing of the party whose daily utterances were expressions of deadly hatred for the soldiers at the front, and for the administration and its supporters at home. Maturin L. Fisher was nominated as the convention's candidate for governor. For some reason, he saw fit to decline the questionable honor. It then struck the managing committee, inconsistently enough, that a *soldier's* name on their ticket might prove a winning card.

In looking about, their eyes fell on the gallant hero of Fort Donelson. Gen. Tuttle was home on leave of absence and in a moment of weakness permitted the committee to place his distinguished name on their banner as a candidate for governor. It was a novel spectacle—one of the war heroes running for office on a platform opposed to the war. Gen. Tuttle's loyalty, patriotism and devotion to country, were known to all men. Even in his letter of acceptance, these things were all reiterated. He was for the prosecution of the war and for nothing else.

It was just as thoroughly known that the people nominating him were not favorable to the prosecution of the war. His loyal letter they did not make public, except when goaded to it, and then only in occasional instances. It was charged that this letter was only intended for distribution in the army, while the opposite sentiments should be spread among their followers at home. In the army, the feeling became intense. There was deep regret and astonishment that a patriot, and so good a soldier, should be misled by designing men to occupy so equivocal a position. "He is by far too good a man," wrote Gov. Kirkwood, "to be sacrificed by such a scurvy lot of politicians

as Dean, Mahoney and Byington. I am sorry for the course he has taken." Mahoney was on the same ticket for sheriff at Dubuque, and union soldiers from that district received tickets with the name of the honored soldier at the top, and the hated Copperhead at the bottom. The most emphatic and sometimes the most violent resolutions and addresses were adopted by the men in the regiments. Tuttle's own regiment, the gallant Second, condemned him in the fiercest tones and without a dissenting voice. The men of the Seventh Iowa, while expressing the keenest regrets at Tuttle's acceptance, published in most of the newspapers of the state their detestation of the party leading him, and declared the general, himself, unworthy of further confidence. Public feeling ran fearfully high.

Most men felt that to defeat Stone at such a time would be an awful blow to the loyal cause in Iowa. "It must not be—Stone must not be defeated," wrote Judge Dillon privately to the governor. "He has committed the great and inexcusable blunder of coming home. He is now at home. We are of the belief that some good man must be sent among the soldiers at once. The army vote is the pivotal point in the campaign. A stampede there would defeat Stone, and his defeat would be *worse than the loss of a battle*. No man has a deeper interest in the result of this election than you. You have kept the state right, *gloriously right*, and you must turn it over to loyal successors."

Later, probably no man saw the extent of the mistake more than Tuttle himself, but it was too late to remedy the harm. He recognized that he had been made a tool of, and in after days manfully abandoned the party.

At the election that autumn, Stone received in the army 16,791 votes — Tuttle 2,904. The total vote for Stone was 86,122; for Tuttle 47,948. In some of the Iowa regiments, Stone received almost the unanimous vote — Democrats and all must have voted against the strange alliance. In the Graybeard regiment, Tuttle received but 44 votes. In the soldiers' hospital, at Keokuk, out of 595 votes, only 15 were for the democratic ticket. In the single Iowa company in the army of the Potomac, every single vote was cast for Stone.

It was a tremendous rebuke of the men in Iowa who opposed the war.* Elsewhere in the country the loyal spirit manifested was about the same. Vallandigham in Ohio was defeated for governor by an overwhelming majority. The soldiers voted against him everywhere. In Hamilton county, out of 4,435 soldiers' votes he received but 128, and in one of the large hospitals but a single vote was cast for him. And yet Vallandigham's election had been worked and maneuvered for, as no other man's had in the history of the country. The Copperheads in the North not only worked and prayed for his election — the Rebels in the South, believing his election would mean aid to the rebellion, encouraged it, sent agents and money north to work for it, and undertook military campaigns to encompass it. Their concentration of troops on Chattanooga, and the awful battle of Chickamauga, were precipitated in order to influence Vallandigham's election. The winning of a battle by the Rebels south was to mean the winning of a victory by the Rebels north. Enlistments in the union army were discouraged, the draft interfered with, and the union columns left, as a result, without proper additional aid. The plan of the Rebels north and south was partially successful. Chickamauga was lost.

That was the great War Summer — the summer of 1863. It was the summer of great events in this country; and, it was the period when Iowa stood noblest to the front. Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Port Hudson, Helena, and the retreat of Lee from Pennsylvania, were great historic mile stones. The summer was not over before President Lincoln asked all loyal men and women to give thanks to God for so many victories. August 6th was set apart as a special day of praise. It was observed in Iowa everywhere, and out of the dark clouds sweeping above the country, men saw tokens of further victory. In that year, and up to that day, the Rebels had lost 91,000 men. Our own losses, we scarcely dared to count. Our regiments were being thinned down.

*Gen. Tuttle's loyalty was so unquestioned, his gallantry so distinguished, that the indignation of the soldiers passed off with the occasion, and in later years, we see the same leader almost unanimously chosen by thousands of the same soldiers, to be the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in Iowa.

to skeletons, while volunteering was discouraged, and when possible, prevented by the great Peace Party, made up of all the bad elements of society, of the haters of human liberty, and the collected opponents of the administration. There are usually more men on the wrong side than on the right—on the bad side than on the good. In the North that year it sometimes seemed, spite of the brilliant victories of our soldiers, that a majority of the people were bent on letting the government go. Many union men halted when they thought they were fighting for the slave. To enforce the emancipation proclamation was to free the negro, and thousands preferred the Union with slavery to no Union at all. Many, however, rose to the height of the occasion—Democrats alike with Republicans, and by act and word upheld the hands of the loyal governors and determined that not only slavery, but every thing else in the South, should be sacrificed, rather than that the government should perish.

Many events of interest were taking place that summer. In Ohio, the President had, in May, sent the traitor Vallandigham outside the union lines. In Iowa, some of the traitors were put in arrest, or sent to places of confinement. Jones, an ex-U. S. senator, was already in an eastern fortress, and Mahoney and Henry Clay Dean, W. M. Hill and others of that ilk, were locked up in safe places only to escape justice by taking the oath of allegiance to the government. Henry Clay Dean was mobbed at Keokuk, by soldiers just then home on furlough, and was turned over uninjured to the provost marshal. Mahoney, the Dubuque editor, was seized by Marshal Hoxie, and immediately wrote to the governor, professing a degree of loyalty unheard of in all his public utterances.*

*BURTIS HOUSE, DAVENPORT, Aug. 15, 1862.

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD:

Dear Sir: I have received and read your letter to me of this date. I am more than disappointed in it. You not only withhold consolation, but, like my enemies, assume that I am disloyal to my country. This from you has been a poignant allegation, knowing in my soul how unwarranted it is in fact: I shall have to take care that I am not driven against my will into disloyalty, for it seems that those who charge me with being so, are laboring with might and main to make me feel and act so. Their labor will be in vain. I shall not let any outrage that may be inflicted on me, nor any indignity to which I might

T. W. Claggett, the editor of the Keokuk *Constitution*, a sheet devoted to vile abuse of the administration, had his press and types seized by irate soldiers and thrown into the Mississippi river. The very general regret seemed to be that he had not been thrown in with them. He, too, wrote to the governor, suddenly finding the evil that resulted from no government or order when applied to himself.

In both these cases the governor declined to interfere, pointing to the courts as a remedy for damages.*

While this was going on at Keokuk, the Copperheads were carrying things with a high hand elsewhere, and usually at points where there were no furloughed soldiers at home to interfere. Mahoney's types came near following those of Claggett into the Mississippi river. Stilson Hutchins was Mahoney's partner in printing copperhead songs and copperhead abuse of the government.

In Appanoose county, a copperhead mob threatened to drive a respectable citizen out of the country for the unpardonable crime of giving employment to a black man. This was not an uncommon sentiment in that section of the state. In Taylor county, negroes were refused residence, and were threatened with mobs.

yet be subjected drive me from the path of duty to my country. If the constitution be outraged, it shall be still my constitution. If the government be subverted, I for one shall adhere to it and do my best to restore it to its legitimate condition. This is disloyalty though, unfortunately for me, and I must suffer the pains, the indignities, the taunts and probably the penalties, with a trial of being a disloyalist. Governor, my friend, a government, or rather an administration, which was loyal to the constitution would not do this. But pardon my digression; I set out to write you an acknowledgment of your letter and to tell how poignantly its tone and assumed criminality in me pained me; you would not have so written if you had known my heart. But for the expression of regret in your letter at my situation, I would have concluded that you too had become my enemy, and thus broken one of the few props remaining of my faith in the uprightness of man, and in the purity and stability of human friendship. Leaving to other times and opportunities the vindication of my conduct from reproach and the re-establishment of my person in its rights and liberty, I take my leave of you as my official superior and fellow citizen, to hold such a relation towards you hereafter as it will be more in your honor than mine to establish. You have set me the example
I am yours respectfully,

D. A. MAHONEY.

*Discipline may have been a little loose just then in Keokuk, for Robert Bain, one of the soldiers charged with throwing Claggett's rebel types into the river, was brought up by his officers for *punishment* the next morning, and received, amid the cheers of his companions, a promotion to drum major

These negroes were mostly slaves escaped from thralldom in Missouri, or had been set free by their masters. Gov. Kirkwood gave the civil officers and the people of Taylor to understand that black men had a right to live in Iowa, and that any attempt to drive them out would be met with the bayonets of the state militia. It was a serious and a critical time in many portions of the state, where Copperheads openly and violently threatened disorder and mobs, in resistance to any attempt that might be made to enforce the draft then pending again in the state. At Dubuque, serious alarm was felt concerning mobs on the very point of organizing and striking. Gov. Kirkwood wrote to the citizens of Dubuque as he had written to the people in Taylor county, that the first disturbance would be met by force of arms, by the militia from other and more loyal districts. His firm attitude checked open outrage and violation of law; yet in Keokuk, Poweshiek and Mahaska counties, disturbances with loss of life took place. The force of the state was immediately brought to bear and quiet was restored. Many disturbances were caused throughout the state by the Copperheads wearing their badges of treason in the shape of copperhead breast-pins, on public occasions. It was no uncommon thing for these breastpins to be torn from their wearers, who were beaten by indignant soldiers home on furlough. Not infrequently, too, there was an accompaniment of bloodshed.

In the countries bordering on Missouri, constant disorder, violation of law, and murder were rendering all government a mockery. Rebels, bandits, thieves and murderers would escape from Missouri and fly to the congenial fellowship to be found in these border counties of Iowa. The governor organized the militia in every southern county, and prepared for open rebellion against law in that region. He also asked the government that a general officer be sent to the state, and that Iowa be made a military district, where martial law could be enforced when necessary. The government responded by appointing Brig. Gen. Roberts to the command, with headquarters at Davenport. Now, in case of great disorder, not only the state militia, but the union soldiers, could be called out for protection.

The rebel aiders and abettors in Iowa took the hint, and the loud threatenings remained threatenings only.* All these troubles and disorder in loyal Iowa were the direct result of the treasonable teachings of the press and leaders of the so-called "Mahoney Democrats." Not one Republican—not one decent loyal Democrat, was among them. It was the dark side of the medal, in the picture of Iowa for 1863.

Spite of disorders at home, and great battles in the field, the prosperity of the nation at large, and of Iowa in particular, was extremely noticeable. Forty million dollars worth of United States bonds were sold in New York in a single week, and six millions in a single day. In the East, at least, men were making fortunes, and in the West, except for the wounded and the dead, there was little to tell that the government was struggling with one of the greatest wars of all history. Spite of all discouragements in the early part of the year, the sacrifices for country by men and women in Iowa, went on.

There was no halt in doing good, while the wreck and ruin in many an Iowa home was sorrowful in the extreme. The maimed and the dead belonged to almost every household, and not a few were the cases of Spartan courage, where father and son and brother followed in quick succession to the bloody altar of their country.†

*Among other outrages proposed that summer was the assassination of Gov. Kirkwood. On July 6th, J. Q. Detwiler wrote to the governor, relating a conversation that had been overheard in the bedroom of a hotel in Osage. In this midnight conversation, it transpired that a plan was arranged for the assassination, within six weeks time, of both Gov. Kirkwood and Gov. Yates. An attempt was made shortly on the life of Yates, but Gov. Kirkwood pursued his loyal way undisturbed.

†Here is a sad extract from a letter urging the governor to go to Vicksburg to look after the sick and wounded soldiers. The governor did go to Vicksburg, and the sanitary agents were looked after:

Dear Governor: Wm. Hopkirk, mentioned already, died on boat before reaching St. Louis. Mr. Hopkirk, sen., had *one son and two sons-in-law* in the army. *One died, one lost his right leg, and whilst absent lost three children from diphtheria, and now William, the son, is dead—yet with all this desolation in the family, Mr. H., his wife and daughters, were here yesterday with a wagon load of provisions to send by Mrs. Woods to the Iowa soldiers at Vicksburg, and they worked all day here helping to pack the stores. Theirs was a quiet, sad, earnest devotion to the cause—their manly sons were gone but their comrades in the field needed help, and they gave freely. Yes, Governor, go and see that your agents do not neglect their duty towards the poor invalid, disheartened and homesick soldier: they will all thank you, and their friends at home will never forget your kindness.*

In haste, respectfully and truly yours,

CHAS. S. CLARKE.

The spring had opened with great depression of public feeling bordering almost on despair. The midsummer saw that despair turned to hope, and the change had been wrought by loyal bayonets of which Iowa claimed an honorable share.

"The state of Iowa is proud of your achievements," wrote Gov. Kirkwood to the soldiers of the state, at the fall of Vicksburg. She renders you her homage and gratitude, and with exultant heart claims you as her sons. You have made it a high privilege to be a citizen of Iowa, to share your renown, and it will be a proud remembrance to you while life shall last, and a rich legacy to your children, that you were members of the Army of the Tennessee."

Thanksgiving day of 1863 was ushered in, in Iowa, with the news of the glorious victory of Chattanooga—truly one of the great battles—one of the greatest victories of modern times. Iowa soldiers were there, too, whole brigades of them, and the pride of the state in the heroism of her sons in the battle knew no bounds. Everybody realized that from that moment on, the Confederacy of the Rebels was doomed. Many brave Iowa men left their hearts' blood on that battlefield—many went into southern prisons to die; but, while mourning her sacrifice, the state of Iowa held up her face in conscious pride that her sons had been foremost in the victory.

In all the towns of the state there was praise and thanksgiving.* In the larger towns, union services were held and all

*The governor's proclamation of that Thanksgiving day is of interest. It reads: I, Samuel J. Kirkwood, Governor of the State of Iowa, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 26th inst., as a Day of Thanksgiving, Prayer and Praise to Almighty God, for His manifold mercies to us as a people, during the year that is past.

Let us thank Him for the great victories of our arms over the foes of civil and religious liberty.

Let us thank Him for the heroism, fortitude and enduring patriotism of our people, as shown by our soldiers in the field, and by our people at home, in their unshaken determination to preserve the glorious institutions of our fathers unimpaired, for themselves and their children after them.

Let us thank Him that our domestic peace has been unbroken, and the first budding of internal violence has been quickly crushed, without the shedding of human blood.

Let us thank Him for the general health and prosperity of our people, while we remember with earnest prayer and liberal hand the widow and the fatherless victims of this cruel and wicked war.

Let us repent of our manifold sins as a people, for which we are now

things forgotten save that the soldiers had won a great victory. No doubtful sentiments, no half loyal utterances were tolerated. At Burlington, the selected speaker at the services, Rev. Westerfelt, failed to rise to the occasion. He saw only gloom ahead, blamed the Abolitionists almost as much as he did the Rebels, and threw a very chill into the hearts of the assembly. He was no sooner seated than the Rev. Wm. Salter rose to his feet and in words of burning eloquence and patriotic fire, turned the chilled audience into a cheering, fervid mass of praising men and women. He pictured the difference between humanity for the slave, and the treason of the Rebels—between the white snow of the Alps, and the black curse of the rebellion. He pictured the camp and the battle-field, the wounded and the dying—and all for country, in words so burning and in thoughts so intense as never to be forgotten by those who heard them. Burlington never saw so loyal a moment, so intense a feeling, as when the news came of Chattanooga, and when William Salter stood up and talked of the soldiers and country.

Words like Salter's found an echo everywhere in Iowa. Outside the abettors of the South, the people of Iowa were proving themselves worthy of the best government on earth. They proposed to keep that government, and it was kept at the cost of the blood of her sons.

In this war summer of 1863, Iowa was not only represented well in the armies of the country—her representatives in the national council were alike patriotic and prominent. In the senate, Gov. James W. Grimes exercised a power and influence surpassed by few of the statesmen of his day. His excellent sense, sound judgment and great ability were recognized by the

experiencing His chastisements, and humbly implore His gracious spirit to turn us therefrom, and His pardoning grace for that which is past, that we may cease our haughty pride in our greatness and prosperity, and recognize Him as the author of "every good and perfect gift," that we may cease to oppress the "poor and him that hath none to help," that we may remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people," and that peace may again soon prevail in all the borders of our once happy land.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Executive Office, Iowa, Nov. 2, 1863.

country and by a body of senators seldom if ever excelled in statesmanship in the history of the country. He was a strong man, a true patriot and a firm upholder of the right. His position in the senate, as chairman of the committee on naval affairs, gave him great opportunities to serve the country, and great responsibilities. Those opportunities were not wasted—his responsibilities not shirked. No great measure passed the senate in which his hand was not seen—no great occasion offered, when his voice was not heard and listened to. The navy was strengthened and improved under his hand, and with his direction and counsel was built a fleet of river and coast gun-boats, iron clads, unique in warfare, and so powerful as to almost change the naval methods of the world. "He had," said Senator Anthony, "the greatest knowledge of naval affairs of any man I ever knew."

He was one of the very first statesmen to insist on arming the negroes that they might help to defend a country in which, from that hour forth, they were to exist as men and not as slaves. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, in a speech in the senate declared that if the sentiments of James W. Grimes and Charles Sumner had been the sentiment of the President and Cabinet, the rebellion would have been crushed long before it was, and the trouble ground to atoms. "These two statesmen," continued Senator Wilson "have, from the beginning, comprehended this rebellion, and advocated the proper remedies."

On every momentous subject in the senate his advice was asked. He was more than able; he was good, honorable, manly. He hated back-door politics, secret statesmanship, and every policy that was not frank, open and before the country. He urged that executive sessions of the senate be public, at least while acting on nominations of the President. "I know nothing of diplomacy," he once said in the senate, "but, my idea has always been that matters of state should be made public." Public duty was, with him, above all other considerations, and the state of Iowa had in him a pillar of fidelity and support that helped to make the state regarded throughout the Union.

At the side of Gov. Grimes in the senate, stood James Harlan,

able, upright and esteemed as a public man. His sound sense and statesman-like abilities soon placed him in the Cabinet among the personal advisers of the great President. It was an honor to Iowa to have her senator selected as one of the few to help guide the ship of state through such storms as have seldom overtaken any country.

In the lower house at Washington, there were men of more than state fame from Iowa. J. B. Grinnell, James F. Wilson, John A. Kasson and Hiram Price were able and true representatives of a people who had become accustomed to being represented by able men. On some of them, too, the higher honors of statesmanship waited. John A. Kasson, in later years, became an adviser of presidents and a prince among diplomats. James F. Wilson, after valuable and long experience, stepped into the chamber of the senate, where his ability and true statesmanship brought honors to himself and to his state. He was a patriot in the War Time, and a man on whose cool judgment and great sound sense as a statesman, the loyal men of Iowa relied.

When the war ceased and great questions of reconstruction came up, President Grant offered Mr. Wilson the most important place in the cabinet. He was not seeking office, and preferred, for the time, the quiet of home, and the work that came of attention to his own affairs. Twice, cabinet positions were urged upon him, and twice declined. Except Elihu Washburne of Illinois, perhaps no man living had so largely possessed the confidence and esteem of Gen. Grant.

In that same summer, too, of 1863, was first heard in the national council hall the voice of another son of Iowa, whose name and whose fame were to become broad as the nation. William B. Allison and James A. Garfield entered public life in Washington together. Both trod together the paths of political fame. Both were elected to the senate, and when Garfield became President, it was his sincere wish to have with him in his cabinet and as an adviser, his distinguished and able friend. As with Senator Wilson, so with Senator Allison, private affairs deterred him from accepting the highest position in the gift of the President. Senator Allison's great abilities as a statesman, have been and are



H. B. Allison

recognized throughout the country. His politics and his policies have been considered from the war times on, conservative and safe. He has been an authority on great subjects, and a counselor for distinguished statesmen. Mr. Chase himself, the father of the war system of finances, probably possessed no broader views, no profounder knowledge of our money system than did Mr. Allison, and no man in the councils of the nation has a deeper insight into general legislation.

When Mr. Allison was elected to congress in 1863, he was on the military staff of Gov. Kirkwood, and to his constant and patriotic energy was due much of the success and rapidity with which troops were raised in the counties of his district. On the ticket opposing him for congress, was the name of D. A. Mahoney, the leader of the anti-war party in Iowa. Mr. Allison was elected by a great majority and entered on a career of fame and usefulness of which his state will ever be proud. Both Senator Allison and Senator Wilson, by their great abilities won the regard of the whole nation, and both have been suggested for the highest place in the gift of the people.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IOWA IN THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

Spring of 1864.

MANY Iowa troops took part in the campaign for the possession of the Red River country. In that campaign of disaster and defeat, no soldiers came off with so good a record as they. If Banks's army had been defeated, Iowa soldiers, anyway, had not been disgraced, and not once in the whole campaign, either under Banks, or with Steele, was an Iowa regiment pitted against numbers that were not greater than its own. The fact is worthy of record.

In the early spring of 1864, Gen. Banks, commanding at New Orleans, was directed by Gen. Halleck to move an army against Shreveport, a little town at the head of navigation on the Red river. Shreveport was the center of an enormously rich cotton district, and among other objects of this expedition, it was proposed to secure all this cotton for the half famishing mills of the North. It was no uncommon thing, before the war, for Shreveport to ship 40,000 bales of cotton down the river in a single year.

But there were other more important objects connected with this campaign, the greatest of which was to get full military possession of all that part of Louisiana and Arkansas, and be in a position for the immediate occupation of Texas, thus saving to the country and giving protection to, all the large population in those districts that had remained loyal. There was also to be a political significance attached to the campaign. The occupation of Texas, especially, was to have a bearing on public sentiment in Europe.

Altogether, great hope was based on a successful issue. Great plans were laid—great preparations made. Banks's army, some

17,000 strong, was to move toward Alexandria early in March. A portion of Gen. Sherman's old army, some 10,000 men, under Gen. A. J. Smith, was to come down from Vicksburg and proceed up the Red river from its mouth. Another army of 7,000 men under Gen. Steele, was to march south from Little Rock, co-operating with and joining Banks, at Shreveport, while a splendid fleet of gunboats was to patrol the river. None of these separate columns were half equal in numbers to the rebel force in front of Shreveport—a force that, as the sequel showed, was capable of being concentrated and hurled on to either of them. Gen. Banks had been an able politician, and was a prominent leader in civil affairs. He had not been tried much as a soldier.

On the 12th of March, 1864, the iron fleet started up the Red river, escorting the transports bearing the command of Gen. Smith. After a little diversion with an old rebel encampment and fort at Bayou de Glaize, Smith's command marched overland to Fort de Russey, a strong, bastioned and bomb proof work on the south side of the Red river, and seventy miles from its mouth. It was an absolute necessity that this fort should be stormed and taken before the columns could proceed. Its strength and position made it a complete bar against any progress of the gunboats up the river, and the presence of this fleet with the army was to be of vast importance. Fortunately, Fort de Russey was not strongly garrisoned.

On the 14th of March, Smith's command, including Col. W. T. Shaw's brigade of the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa, with the Twenty-fourth Missouri, and Third Indiana battery, marched nearly thirty miles in ten hours, and then, after a little skirmishing, stormed and took the fort in twenty minutes. The federal loss was small—some forty-nine all told; but that was one of the brilliant feats of the war and it was Iowa's first fighting in the Red river campaign.

For their gallantry at Fort de Russey, Colonels Gilbert, Scott, and Lt.-Col. Newbold received the thanks of the brigade commander. So, too, did Capt. Granger and Lieut. Buell of the Twenty-seventh and Fourteenth Iowa, who were on his staff.

To take Fort de Russey, was to take Alexandria—as that was left now without protection. On the approach of the gunboats, two days later, it surrendered without a struggle. This splendid gunboat fleet met with many difficulties and many dangers in that campaign. The water in the river was often too low for vessels of such draft, and constant attempts were made to capture it. Nothing short of great ingenuity and severe labor in dam building saved it from loss by low water, and nothing but the bravery of Admiral Porter and his men saved it from destruction by the enemy's batteries along the shore.

Alexandria taken, and occupied as a depot for provisions, the army moved on to Natchitoches, eighty miles farther up the river. Gen. Banks's column from New Orleans had joined this army at Alexandria, but as a part of Smith's command was recalled to Vicksburg, and 3,000 men were left to guard Alexandria, the available fighting force was reduced to 20,000 men. Shreveport, the destination of the army, was still a hundred miles away, and the iron fleet could not, on account of low water, pass farther up than Grand Ecore. Another large detachment had now to remain by the river, protecting the transports.

The remainder of the army was pushed on to a point known as Pleasant Hill, where the enemy was met in force on the 7th of April. He was pushed back that day and the next morning to *Sabine Cross Roads*, some twelve miles from Pleasant Hill, where he made a stand and fought a hard battle. The Rebels numbered over 20,000, and were commanded by Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Mouton and Green.

Banks was at the front, and so too were his wagon trains. His fighting men, too many of them, were in Franklin's division, miles in the rear. Messenger after messenger from Banks failed to get them to the front till nearly night, and till after Gen. Ransom and others, gallantly fighting, had been outflanked, overpowered, and driven back. A new line was formed, and the union men fought desperately; but, flushed with victory and superior in numbers, the Rebels charged and flanked again, and again our lines were driven back in dismay. A panic seemed to seize the troops on finding the single road to the rear blocked

with wagon trains. The defeat speedily became a disaster; many good officers were killed or wounded. A thousand prisoners were lost, 10 guns captured, and all efforts to check the flying troops were made in vain. The army fell back and halted at Pleasant Hill, marching all night to get there.

Only two Iowa regiments shared in this fight and flight. The Twenty-eighth and the Twenty-fourth Iowa formed a part of Col. Raynor's brigade of the Third division. Only a part of the Twenty-fourth, however, under Maj. Wright, was present. The remainder, under Capt. Martin, was guarding trains at the rear. The Twenty-eighth was commanded by Col. John Connell. The brigade was hurried to the front, on the double-quick most of the way, for five miles, passing two miles of wagon train that was out of place. At the edge of a field skirted by a wood on the left of the Mansfield road, the line halted and engaged the enemy. The whole Third division then on the line numbered but 1,200 men. In front of them, and approaching their flanks, were not less than 7,000 Rebels occupying good positions and supported by several batteries. Here the brigade stood and fought till its ammunition was almost expended, and the enemy had with a strong cavalry force flanked the division on both sides. The whole line speedily gave way, each regiment fighting its way to the rear as best it could. The retreat past the trains blocking the way was most difficult, and the flying column found no safety until it reached the line of the Nineteenth army corps, forming several miles at the rear. Ransom's troops and the Iowa regiments had done the hard fighting on the field, and they were the very last to fall back, Ransom himself being severely wounded.

The Twenty-eighth lost some 80 officers and men in killed, wounded and missing.* Col. John Connell was badly wounded, and captured. So too were Adj. Strong and Lieutenants O. F. Dorrance and H. Weaver. The Twenty-fourth lost 34, many of whom were wounded and captured. Among them was Capt. W. C. Dimmitt, severely wounded, and left on the field. Surgeons Witherwax and Lyons were also taken prisoners.

*No official report of the Twenty-eighth at Sabine Cross Roads seems ever to have been made to the governor.

The morning of the 9th of April, 1864, saw Banks's defeated army collected around the little hamlet of Pleasant Hill. It had marched all night in the hard retreat, but there had been no pursuit from Sabine Cross Roads. Not until the early morning of this day did the Rebels know that Banks had fallen back. They at once marched against him, but it was late in the day before their army was sufficiently formed to commence the real attack.

Banks's army in the meantime had been strengthened by A. J. Smith's force of veterans. It was fortunate for Banks that this was so. Gen. Emory's division of Banks's army was at the front, and soon skirmishing with the enemy. It was the division that had checked the Rebels in their last attack at Sabine Cross Roads the evening before.

Sometime before noon Gen. Banks directed Col. Shaw, with his Iowa brigade of Smith's command, to go forward to the assistance of Emory's division. Col. Shaw had with him the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa infantry, and the Twenty-fourth infantry of Missouri. By order of Emory, his brigade was placed at the extreme front, and across the Mansfield wagon road, relieving a force under Gen. McMillan that had already been engaged. The brigade of Gen. Dwight was at Shaw's right and rear, supposed to be supporting him, but as the sequel proved, doing nothing of the kind. Benedict's brigade and other small forces were at his left rear, but badly posted, and when the pinch came, of little service, though Benedict gave his life in leading that command in the battle. There was a commanding ridge at Shaw's right which could protect the rebel advance. This he speedily occupied with the Twenty-fourth Missouri, and thus extended his right, but Emory failed to make a corresponding move of Dwight's brigade; hence a gap to the left of Shaw where stood the Thirty-second Iowa. Emory, in fact, did not, according to Shaw, appear on the field again during the battle. In front of Shaw's main line, was an old field dotted with small straggling pine trees; behind him was a dense thicket and timber. A little in his advance, to the right and nearer the ridge, was posted a section of the Twenty-fifth New York battery.

It was now three o'clock, and heavy skirmishing had been going on constantly. Then Gen. Stone, chief of Banks's staff, rode up, looked at Shaw's line, and pronounced the position "well chosen" and the point one "to be held at all hazards." Supports for right and left were promised, but did not come. Dwight's brigade was now out of position to be of use, and all efforts to find that officer and have him move his brigade up, proved vain.

It was a few minutes to five o'clock when the Rebels opened a heavy fire on Shaw's line. The battery with him, the Twenty-fifth New York, fired a few shots in return and fled to the rear, leaving a gun as they ran. A tremendous cavalry dash was made by the enemy, to catch this flying battery, but it was met by volleys from the Fourteenth Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri, so close, so withering, that almost every man fell dead from his saddle. Some of the men and horses of this fierce charge fell within the ranks of the Fourteenth Iowa. Among them was the bold and dashing leader, Col. Bagley. So fatal a cavalry charge had not been made during the whole war. This was immediately followed by a charge of the enemy's infantry in double lines, reaching beyond both flanks of Shaw's command. They were met by a steady, constant fire, and the first line of the enemy fell back, but not until great losses had been inflicted on Shaw's brigade.

At the same time, heavy fighting had been going on at Shaw's left, and the union line was driven back in disorder. Shaw was now flanked on both sides, and in danger of being surrounded, when Gen. A. J. Smith, seeing the critical situation of the brigade, ordered him to withdraw at once and form a new line at the rear.

Col. Shaw attempted to deliver in person the order to his regiments to retire, as his officers were off, seeking support. Owing to the thick brush, it was nearly impossible to ride to the left of his brigade, and before he reached there, the enemy were in the rear of the Thirty-second Iowa. Shaw at once wheeled, and got the remainder of the brigade off in good order, but Col. Scott,

with the Thirty-second, was of necessity left to cut his way out as best he could. The ammunition of the whole line was about expended, and many brave officers and men lay dead before the retreat commenced. Lt.-Col. Mix of the Thirty-second, and Lt.-Col. Newbold, leading the Fourteenth, were already slain at the post of honor, and other noble officers and patriots sacrificed their lives on that fierce line, rather than give one inch to treason.

Shaw's line was only back in its new position, when a combined attack of the union army drove the Rebels from the field. The victory, dear as it was, was won. Shaw's brigade had made it possible.

The long list of dead and wounded officers and men in that brigade proved how desperate had been the conflict on his line. Like a wall of fire his soldiers had stood between Banks's army and an overpowering foe. The reward Col. Shaw received for his heroism, and the sacrifices of his brave men we shall see later. Each regiment in that "Iron brigade," as it was soon called in the army, proved itself worthy of the state from which it came. Harder fighting than theirs was not done on that bloody field. Many brave officers laid down their lives and were mourned by a sorrowing people in Iowa.

Shaw lost 500 officers and men from his little command. The Thirty-second Iowa, under Col. John Scott, with half its officers and men killed or wounded, surrounded, and alone, heroically cut its way through the rebel lines, and in half an hour was again in proper line and anxious to meet the enemy.

Scott and his men had been rather isolated from the brigade all the time, owing to the nature of the ground. In a sense, the Thirty-second fought a battle of its own, and alone — and this with unparalleled skill and heroism. Facing in three directions, to meet the exigency, Col. Scott's little band fought fearlessly on. As an evidence of the kind of fighting, company B, with 46 engaged, had every officer and 26 men either killed or wounded. Fiercer fighting than occurred on front, flank and rear of the Thirty-second Iowa at Pleasant Hill, is scarcely recorded in history.

It was the Twenty-seventh Iowa's first fight after the gallant

charge at Fort de Russey, but led by their wounded Col. Gilbert, there was no officer in that army but would have thought them veterans.

Lt.-Col. Newbold's Fourteenth Iowa added new fame to a history already brilliant in war, and sealed its devotion to honor with the blood of its leader, and many of its officers and men.

Col. Shaw praised the gallant Missourians who bravely held his right, as brave soldiers, worthy of every honor. "My men," said Shaw, "*were the first in the fight — the longest in the fight — and in the hardest of the fight, and were the last to leave the battle field.*" All of his officers were complimented, and especially Capt. Granger and Lieutenants Berg and Buell, of his staff, and his brave orderly, Frederick Nolan. The Thirty-second Iowa lost 210 officers and men in the battle, mostly killed or wounded. Among the killed or those who died of wounds, were Lt.-Col. Mix, Adjt. C. H. Huntley, Captains Amos B. Miller and Hubert F. Peebles, and Lieutenants Thomas O. Howard and Abiathar Hull. Lieutenants John Devine, John F. Wright, Wm. D. Templin, and Capt. M. Ackerman were all dangerously wounded. Capt. Jonathan Hutchinson, whose brave son was killed at his side in the battle, received from Col. Scott special thanks for gallantry.

The Twenty-seventh Iowa, led in the battle by Col. Gilbert, lost a total of 88 officers and men. Col. Gilbert was himself slightly wounded. Capt. J. M. Holbrook and Lieut. J. W. Granger were severely wounded, while Lieutenants Samuel O. Smith and Frank A. Brush died of wounds in the hands of the enemy, as did many of Banks's army when the retreat commenced.

The Fourteenth Iowa lost in killed, beside its commander, Lieutenants Logan, Hazlett, McMillen, and Shanklin—all valuable officers. Lieut. A. E. Holmes was wounded. On the death of the commander, Capt. Warren C. Jones took charge of the regiment and led it through the rest of the battle.

The Thirty-fifth Iowa was also engaged at Pleasant Hill, but on a different part of the field. Its Colonel, S. G. Hill, led the brigade in Mower's division of which it was a part, and Lt.-Col. Keeler led the regiment. Only a few days before, the command had achieved a splendid and almost bloodless success in the prompt

capture of Henderson's Hill. Again at Pleasant Hill it was thrown to the front and shared the hard fighting and the victory of the day. Capt. Henry Blanck was killed and Lieut. Dugan mortally wounded, as were many of the privates.

Gen. Banks did not realize that his troops had won a victory at Pleasant Hill and that the Rebels were checked. Apparently frightened by the disaster at Sabine Cross Roads, and by the fierce opposition at Pleasant Hill, he sounded the grand retreat—a retreat full of hardships and some fighting on the way, and that did not stop short of the Mississippi river.

In one of the conflicts on the way, called the fight of the "Yellow Bayou," the Thirty-fifth Iowa lost nearly 40 of its numbers. Among the killed were Capt. Burmeister and young Frederick Hill, son of Col. S. G. Hill, commanding brigade. The latter fell dead at his father's side, pierced through the head by a bullet. Later, at Nashville, the father, too, laid down his life for his country.

At Pleasant Hill, one-half of the killed and wounded had fallen to Shaw's Iron brigade. The bravery and skill of Col. Shaw in holding that force to the front as he did, was appreciated by the country; but, among the general officers of Banks's army there sprang up at once a feeling of envy and hatred of the man whose troops saved the army from defeat. They determined on his destruction. Injudiciously he gave them a basis to work on. In a letter to a public journal, printed under his own name, he published several of the officers of Banks's army as incompetent and drunken imbeciles on that day of Pleasant Hill. There were many reasons for believing that he stated the simple fact. But he stirred up an awful hornet's nest of sting and hate. Technically, he had transgressed the military law in printing his letter. Not less than twenty-five of Banks's officers, as well as Banks himself, joined in charges against the fighting colonel. They did not stop with citing this violation of law in the printing of the letter. They charged Shaw with incompetency, with fear, with cowardice, with ordering his men to run, while terror had seized upon himself. The Secretary of War accepted these outrageous falsehoods, and Col. Shaw was dismissed the army in

disgrace. That was his reward for gallantry at Pleasant Hill! Gen. A. J. Smith, Shaw's corps commander, who witnessed his gallantry and his perfect obedience of orders at Pleasant Hill, testified to it all in an official letter. Shaw demanded that this justification be printed in the official military journal that had contained the order of dismissal. The Secretary of War refused it, and yet knew that Shaw had been dismissed without even a hearing.

Shortly, however, the authorities at Washington, including the President, realized that an outrage had been committed on a gallant and meritorious officer. On December 23d, 1865, the order of dismissal was revoked, and Col. Shaw was given an honorable discharge from the service, to date from the 16th day of the previous November, the date on which his noble old regiment had left the service.*

*It was not an uncommon belief that Shaw's peremptory dismissal without a trial, was to preclude the possibility of his proving the truth of the charges he had made in the newspapers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STEELE'S MARCH ON CAMDEN—BATTLES OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Spring of 1864.

IN accordance with the general plan for co-operation with Gen. Banks, in the Red river expedition, Steele's army, known as the Seventh army corps, and 7,000 strong, marched out of Little Rock in the direction of Shreveport, a hundred miles away. It was the 23d of March, 1864. About the same time, another force, 5,000 strong, under command of Gen. Thayer, left Fort Smith with a view of uniting with Steele's column at Arkadelphia. Owing to swollen streams and bad roads, Thayer's column failed to come up, and Steele marched on without it. It was on hand, however, in time for some of the battles of the campaign.

There were with Steele some of Iowa's most excellent regiments; notably, the Eighteenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third, Thirty-sixth, and Fortieth infantry, and First cavalry. The greater number of these Iowamen had marched with Steele from Helena in the previous autumn, in his successful campaign against Little Rock. Brig. Gen. Samuel A. Rice of Iowa had commanded the division, and the capture of the Arkansas capital with its arsenal, stores, etc., had been a brilliant exploit. Many of the troops had been stricken down with sickness in the fearfully unhealthy hole of Helena, and hundreds of them fell by the wayside from exhaustion in the arduous march to Little Rock. But after a winter's partial rest and recuperation, the command was willing and anxious to be again led against the enemy.

In blissful ignorance of what was happening to Gen. Banks on the Red river, the troops under Steele pushed along in the direction of Shreveport, meeting with heavy resistance at every

river crossing and at every swamp. The bridges were usually destroyed in advance of them, and the roads through the desolate and unhealthy section were horrible.

Gen. Rice, in this movement, commanded the First brigade of the Third division, comprising the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-third Iowa, Fiftieth Indiana, and Ninth Wisconsin infantry regiments. The Thirty-sixth Iowa, under Col. Kittredge, was, with the Seventy-seventh Ohio and Forty-third Indiana, in McClean's Second brigade of the Third division. It was the second largest regiment of the entire force. The Fortieth Iowa, led by Col. Garrett, was in Englemann's brigade of the Third division and had as brigade comrades the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin and the Forty-third Illinois infantry.

The Eighteenth Iowa, under Capt. Duncan, was in Col. Edwards's First brigade of Thayer's division. This regiment had passed a horrible winter, doing hard duty on poor rations, and making the severest marches through mud and snow in mid-winter, and without shelter of any kind. Spite of all their past sufferings, these heroic men were, patriotically and without a murmur, marching to new fatigues, new dangers, and hard fighting.

What was true of the Eighteenth Iowa, as to that winter's suffering, was true of other regiments of Steele's command. In fact, Valley Forge in the Revolution scarcely witnessed more deprivations—more suffering, and more patriotism, than that of numerous of the Iowa regiments in that winter of 1863-1864 in Arkansas. Now, the spring had come, and with new hopes the column left Little Rock.

TERRE NOIR BAYOU.

The first opposition met with, of real importance, was near the Terre Noir bayou, where the rear guard, under Col. Thos. H. Benton, Jr., with the Twenty-ninth Iowa, was attacked by Shelby's cavalry. Shelby had counted without his host, for spite of courageous fighting, and a desperate charge on his part, Col. Benton's Iowa men were able to give him a rather severe thrashing.

The Fiftieth Indiana infantry, too, had come up in the nick of time, and, directed by Gen. Rice, helped to chase Shelby out of the way. The Twenty-ninth lost, in the affair, 27 in killed, wounded and missing. Among the wounded were Lieutenants John S. Miller, Allen J. Chantry, John McFarland, and Robert R. Kirkpatrick. This was on the 2d of April.

ELKIN'S FORD.

Two days afterward, on April 4, a much severer contest took place at a point known as "Elkin's Ford," on the Little Missouri. A part of McClean's brigade, the Thirty-sixth Iowa under Lt.-Col. Drake, the Forty-third Indiana under Maj. Norris, and Lieut. Peetz's Missouri battery had been sent in advance to secure the passage over the river.

Lt.-Col. Drake, with three companies of the Forty-third Indiana, and as many companies from his own regiment, together with the battery, was placed on the farther side of the river. Here they were attacked by a strong rebel force at 6 o'clock in the morning. The pickets, composed of a part of the First Iowa cavalry, were rapidly driven in and a determined effort made to turn Drake's left flank. The Rebels were driven back through an orchard and into a wood, but immediately, and before re-enforcements could get up to Drake's feeble command, they vigorously attacked his right flank. This charge, too, by dint of hard fighting and good maneuvering on the part of Drake and his 300 men, was held in check. At the same time the enemy opened with four field pieces against the union line. Peetz's battery gave them back as much as they sent, though the engagement continued for another hour.

It was a tough struggle for the little band of men fighting Marmaduke with his 2,000 soldiers. Once, after a momentary pause, Marmaduke prepared for a charge, by placing artillery at front and right and left, in position to rake the woods, and up and down Drake's lines, with solid shot and canister. In a few moments the ball opened, and to the sound of their rapidly firing guns, the Rebels made the charge along the whole line. Drake's men resisted as long as possible, giving ground only

inch by inch, until the left gave way and fell back on Col. Kittredge's six companies of the Thirty-sixth Iowa. These came up in time to hurl the yelling, half-victorious Rebels back. On Drake's right, his men held their ground and fought till the enemy were repulsed. Gen. Rice came to the front with the Twenty-ninth Iowa and Ninth Wisconsin, but too late to be of service. He was in time, however, to receive a slight wound in the head from a rebel grape shot.

This was pre-eminently Lt.-Col. Drake's battle, and he and his brave subordinates and soldiers fought it gallantly. "Too much praise cannot be given Col. Drake for his distinguished gallantry and determined courage in this contest," says the brigade commander in his report. Col. Kittredge, too, and Maj. Norris and Lieut. Peetz of the battery, all received the deserved thanks of the commander.

Drake lost some 31 men in killed and wounded out of his little band. Eleven of these were from the First Iowa cavalry. Lieut. Dow of the First cavalry was slightly wounded. Drake mentions the name of each one of his company officers as worthy of high commendation for bravery, and his two orderlies, George Barr and Henry J. Clingfield of the First cavalry are referred to as good and brave soldiers. The brigade commander also mentioned for gallantry Col. C. W. Kittredge, Lt.-Col. Drake and Capt. W. E. Whitredge.

Elkin's Ford was a hint to Price's and Marmaduke's men, who were hanging about the flanks of Steele's army, that their obstructing process was one of great danger; yet before another week they were drawn up in line of battle across the way of the advancing column at *Prairie d' Anne*. Engelmann's brigade found the Rebels in force at this place at 4 o'clock of Sunday afternoon, April the 10th, 1864. A force of rebel skirmishers were found waiting at the edge of the big prairie, while on the ridge behind, running east and west, a large force of rebel cavalry, with some artillery, was deployed as if for battle.

Col. Engelmann immediately brought forward an Illinois battery, and placing it in position, ordered the Fortieth Iowa, Col. Garrett, to the right of it, and the Forty-third Illinois to the

left, with the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin brought up as a reserve. Shortly, the two first regiments were deployed as skirmishers and pushed on to the second ridge. The Forty-third got there first, but closely followed by the Fortieth Iowa. A fire of rebel artillery was at once opened on the line, but it was steadily advanced, and with it came Rice's brigade to its left and a cavalry force to its right. Darkness now came on, but skirmishing and artillery firing were kept up along the line till 10 o'clock in the night, when suddenly the Rebels made a charge on a union battery. It was met by the Fortieth Iowa and the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin, together with Vaughn's battery. It lasted but a few minutes, and the Rebels were sent flying for the night.

The union line lay down in ranks and slept as best they could on the open prairie, without fires, and the night cold and frosty. Morning brought a clear field and the Rebels gone. The Fortieth had lost a number of men in the engagement, and among the wounded, though slightly, were Lieutenants Ward and Amos. Maj. S. G. Smith led the skirmishers at Prairie d' Anne, assisted by Lieut. Edmundson.

It was at Prairie d' Anne that Gen. Steele first heard rumors of the utter defeat and failure that had overtaken Banks's column on the Red river. Why he did not immediately turn and march his army out of the trap that was now preparing for him, is a matter of astonishment. Instead of retreating, when there was nothing but danger and possible disaster in advancing, he simply deflected from his course a little, and marched his army on, fighting by the way, to the town of Camden. Here, with abundant news of the disaster to Banks, he delayed two weeks, doing little else apparently than furnishing wagon trains and supplies to the Rebels, now active and operating in every direction on front, flank and rear.

Once, before reaching Camden, and near the village of Moscow, his column was attacked in rear. Col. Edwards of Iowa happened to be there with his brigade, including some Arkansas regiments, the Second Indiana battery, and the Eighteenth Iowa infantry. Capt. Duncan led the Iowa boys,

and this regiment, with the battery, fought the Rebels, though several times outnumbered by them, and held them in check till the division came up to the front. The regiment was engaged several hours, but its loss, fortunately, was small. One of its captains, J. K. Morey, was complimented for bravery in the action, while acting on the brigade staff as assistant adjutant general.

During the stay at Camden, the soldiers suffered for want of proper rations—making what had the appearance of a rest really worse than the march. There was, too, a universal feeling of uneasiness among the men. Something, nobody knew what, was about to happen, and everybody realized that Steele's army was probably in a very tight place. It was, in fact, in a strange section of country, far from its base, without food and very nearly surrounded by an enemy daily increasing in numbers. It was a sorry and disquieting outlook. Large details were made daily to hunt forage and to run country mills and keep them grinding corn for the army, while all the time the wagon trains with supplies were being lost by capture and the enemy constantly becoming bolder and more dangerous.

POISON SPRINGS.

On the 18th of April, one of the trains sent out for forage met with a dreadful mishap and a sad loss of heroic lives. This train, guarded by a regiment of Kansas colored troops under Col. Williams, was some fifteen miles from the town. On being threatened by the Rebels, an additional guard, consisting of the Eighteenth Iowa infantry and a section of the Second Indiana battery, was sent to its aid. The colored regiment was placed in front of the train and the Iowa regiment at its rear. A couple of hundred cavalymen also formed part of the escort.

Suddenly, like a clap of thunder, the whole force, train, men and all, were attacked by a rebel column supposed to be 6,000 strong. In the first shock, the colored regiment at the head of the train, though fighting bravely, were overwhelmed and being shot down and murdered. They gave way and retreated in disorder.

On came the yelling Rebels against the Eighteenth Iowa,
I. W. T.—19

hoping to overwhelm and destroy them in the same way. Inch by inch they, too, fell back, but fighting so stubbornly as to stretch hundreds of the enemy dead on the grass. With a terrible desperation, as determined to have that train as though their existence depended upon it, the Rebels continued to fight on over the dead bodies of their comrades. Rod by rod, the men of the Eighteenth Iowa were being driven back, resisting not less than seven charges. Then seeing themselves surrounded and about to be lost, they fixed their bayonets and with a rush cut their way through the rebel line.

Of course the train was lost, but had the Eighteenth Iowa never fired another gun, its heroic fight for the forage train at *Poison Springs* would entitle its name to be written high on Iowa's scroll of honor.*

The regiment got back to Camden with a loss of some 80 men. All of its officers and men had been heroes. Capt. Thomas Blanchard, though wounded, seized the colors and rallied the men about them under a heavy fire. Captains Clover, Stonaker and Conaway, with Sergeants Bowers, Oleson, Dean, Mardis, Bullock and Kirkpatrick, were all mentioned for gallantry.

Who the commander was that could send a great forage train out among the enemy, guarded by only a few hundred inexperienced colored soldiers, does not appear. The act was on a par, however, with many other acts of this campaign of mud, blunder, and supreme heroism. Possibly had Banks, around on the Red river, had more competent commanders on his expedition, and fewer dandies and drunkards, he would not have failed, and left Steele's forces to wander about aimless and surrounded in an enemy's country. Every hour that Steele was now staying in Camden was a sacrifice of brave soldiers' lives.

*In this onslaught, many of the colored troops were butchered in cold blood and the colored servants of captured officers were shot down before their eyes. All protest against this southern barbarism was met with threats of similar fate to the officers themselves. Some of our private soldiers were killed after surrender, because they had been captured "fighting with the d-d niggers."

MARK'S MILLS.

Four days after the loss of the train at *Poison Springs* another large train of 240 wagons was started out, this time for Pine Bluff, to bring supplies. McClean's brigade and a small body of cavalry formed the escort. As McClean and the other colonels were not able for duty, and possibly saw little honor in being slaughtered merely in defense of a lot of wagons and mules, Lt.-Col. Drake was put in command of the force. Maj. Hamilton of Ottumwa went in command of the Thirty-sixth Iowa, Maj. Norris of the Forty-third Indiana, Capt. McCormack of the Seventy-seventh Ohio, Maj. McAulley of the cavalry, and Lieut. Peetz of the battery.

The roads were simply horrible — almost impassable, and in many places had to be corduroyed before a single wagon could cross. Toiling along in the mud and mire of Moro swamp, the train and escort were attacked by 6,000 Rebels in the early morning of the 25th of April. Lt.-Col. Drake was not wholly unprepared. He had suspected mischief every step of the way, and his little band of cavalry had been flying in all directions guarding against surprise. Special precautions had been taken the night of the 24th, as the train had to halt while the pioneers worked the whole night through, endeavoring to make the road through the muddy bottom passable. A train of two or three hundred heavy army wagons, with six mule teams to each wagon, is no light thing to march with, in a strange country, over wretched roads, and with a mounted and desperate enemy prowling by thousands on right, left and in front, only waiting a favorable moment — an ambush — bridgeless stream, or a dark night, to pounce on the train and capture or destroy its escort.

And yet it was by means of such wagon trains that the armies of the West and South were usually supplied, when away from their base of operations. No greater heroism ever was displayed in battle — not in the fierce bayonet charge, nor in the storming of rebel forts, than was displayed a thousand times during the war by small detachments of men fighting, often hand to hand, and always against superior numbers, in defense of the supply

trains of the army. To lose a train was to leave the army to starve—to invite defeat and disaster. Bullets were not so necessary as “hard tack” and bacon, and the fights in defense of the wagon trains in the war, though unrecorded, were not less heroic than many of the fiercest battles.

Lt.-Col. Drake must have felt himself complimented on being selected by Gen. Steele to take a train several miles long back to the Arkansas river, for food for his army. His escort however, was far too small. Whether Steele feared to spare more men from the front, or whether it was one of the usual blunders of that campaign, is not clear. It is only certain that Drake was sent out with bare 1,600 men, to guard a train several miles in length and protect it on the move, against a force of 6,000 strong.

At daylight of the 25th, the long train started on its way out of Moroswamp. The Forty-third Indiana and a section of artillery marched ahead. The Seventy-seventh Ohio and another section of artillery followed behind, while Maj. Hamilton, with his Thirty-sixth Iowa, marched along the flanks of the train. They had not proceeded far, when the advance ran on to a line of rebel skirmishers, on a ridge known as the “Red Lands,” at the junction of the Warren and Camden roads. Drake, who was nearly at the rear of the train, hurried to the front, bringing with him the Thirty-sixth Iowa and some detached companies of the Forty-third Indiana. All the troops were ordered to double-quick to the front, and good skirmish lines were scarcely engaged before two whole brigades of Rebels made a charge on the Forty-third Indiana. They were met with a shout and a blaze of musketry that drove them from the rear. Hamilton, with his men, was ordered to support the advance, and was barely in position when the enemy started on a second charge. The Forty-third Indiana now opened its line to right and left a little, to make room for the guns shotted with grape and canister, quietly waiting the Rebels’ approach. All at once they came in a storming column, and at seventy-five yards the battery unloosed its fire, while the Thirty-sixth Iowa, rising from where it lay in line, poured another hot fire into the compact rebel columns.



GENERAL F. M. DRAKE.

They staggered, halted and fell back, leaving many dead and wounded, but only to rally and to charge again. They knew their own numbers, and the weakness of the union column. For some time the conflict raged, with the Indiana regiment, the Iowa regiment, and the battery bearing all the brunt of the battle. The Seventy-seventh Ohio had not yet reached the front, and Drake, while placing some of the companies in position for a charge, was shot down, almost mortally wounded. Soon other rebel regiments and brigades were seen crowding to the front, but the Iowa and Indiana men, though discouraged and driven back, fought single-handed and individually till their cartridge boxes were empty.

Surrounded, outnumbered, out of ammunition, and many of their comrades stretched on the field, what was there to do? The story is soon told. They surrendered. The train for which they had fought so gallantly was lost. Only 150 of the entire command escaped. Eight to nine hundred dead and wounded lay upon the battle field, half of whom were Rebels and many were negroes, train followers, etc., whom the Rebels, with the atrocity of devils, inhumanly butchered. Col. Drake and Maj. Hamilton were captured with the rest, but Drake, on account of his wounds, was shortly paroled. Maj. Hamilton and the rest of the captured column, among whom were Chaplain Hare, Surgeons Strong and Smith, and the gallant and accomplished Adjt. Mahon, were marched off to Tyler, in Texas, where they endured, for long and weary months, the sufferings of horrible rebel prisons. Many of the men sickened and died, or, as in other southern prisons, simply starved to death. Maj. Hamilton escaped, at last, and, after enduring numberless fatigues and sufferings, reached the union lines. Captains Miller and Lambert who escaped with him reached home only in time to die.

About 300 of Drake's command were killed or wounded. Among the killed was Lieut. John May of the Thirty-sixth, while Lieut. John A. Hurlbut was severely wounded, and Lieut. John N. Wright and Capt. John M. Porter slightly. Lt.-Col. Drake's wounds crippled him for life. Maj. Hamilton's action on the field was noted for great coolness and courage.

"Drake," says Horace Greeley, speaking of this battle, "made superhuman efforts, and was everywhere at the point of danger." No wonder that later, at the suggestion of his brother officers and superiors, he was breveted brigadier general for services. He had earned his star. Col. Drake, in his report of the battle, highly complimented the officers and men of his command. Some of them were staff officers from other commands who happened to be with the escort on their way to Little Rock. Among them was Capt. Townsend, whom Drake lamented as a brave and gallant officer. This fight by Moro swamp is oftenest known as the battle of Mark's Mills.

BATTLE OF JENKINS' FERRY.

The disaster of Mark's Mills led the Rebels into boasting that now Steele's whole army would be destroyed. Its early capture was considered by them a certainty. They forgot one important factor—the valor of Steele's soldiers. Gen. Steele now saw, however, that an early retreat from Camden was imperative, and at "taps" of the night of April 26th, the soldiers were quietly, but quickly, marched out of the town over the Washita river, and started on the miserable retreat to Little Rock—a retreat, the importance of which was, at the time, not realized, so much was the country excited over the great battles under Grant in the East, and Sherman fighting for Atlanta.

Kirby Smith's whole army having nearly destroyed Banks's column on the Red river, was now free to concentrate with Gen. Price and pounce on the retreating, half-starved troops of Gen. Steele. A small force had been left in front, or rather behind Banks's column, to deceive him, and the remainder of the victorious Rebels were now here in hot pursuit of Steele. In spite of hard and forced marching they were overtaken in three days.

On the evening of the 29th of April, Engelmann's brigade, guarding the rear of Steele's army, felt the pursuers on its heels. It was at the low bluffs bordering the bottom of the Saline river, and near to the crossing known as Jenkins' Ferry. Steele had on that day made a quick, well-managed flank

movement, to reach the Saline river, intending to put that stream as a barrier between himself and the enemy. His army commenced crossing that night on a pontoon bridge, but the long trains, the perfectly horrible roads, the beating rain, the darkness, the starving teams, and the almost starving soldiers, made the movement hard and slow.

Steele saw that he was too late. The army and the trains could not be over by daylight, and a hard battle with overpowering numbers was imminent. That night, at 2 o'clock, he sent for Gen. Samuel A. Rice to meet him at his quarters in Mrs. Jenkins's log cabin near the ferry. "The enemy," said he to Rice, "will attack us at daylight, and I look to you to hold them in check until the remainder of the army can get across on the pontoon."

The Thirty-third Iowa, of Rice's brigade, had already been sent back to the rear to remain on picket with Engelmann till daylight. All that night, men and teams floundered along in the storm and mud and darkness, trying to get over the river. The whole Saline bottom, some two miles wide, and full of dense timber, was overflowed, and like an interminable swamp. Where there was no water, there was mud, and the darkness was utter, save where an occasional friendly flash of lightning revealed to the pickets a strong foe, close by, waiting on the daylight.

It was a perilous situation, for when daylight came, the army and trains were not half over the river. After daylight that morning, the picket men of the Thirty-third saw a whole brigade of Rebels in full sight, quietly and in perfect line marching to their left. The pickets were not seen by the Rebels, and discretion bade them not to fire. Gen. Rice rode to the rear, to see his hard-worked, half-famished regiment, the Thirty-third Iowa, and in an effort to bring them back a little from their too advanced position, wakened the wrath of the enemy, who immediately attacked with skirmishers. Another regiment of his brigade, the Fiftieth Indiana, was hurried up to the left of the Thirty-third Iowa, and the remainder of his brigade formed a new line half a mile farther back. To this second line, the Thirty-third

and the Fiftieth retired. The Thirty-third having been on duty all night in the rain, and without fires, was permitted to fall back a little to prepare some breakfast, a task quickly done, as the men's haversacks contained absolutely nothing more than a little black coffee. Even that was scarcely prepared before fresh skirmishing commenced, and the regiment was hurried back into line, this time to the left of the brigade.

They were scarcely in position, when, with a vigorous assault from the enemy, the battle of Jenkins' Ferry commenced. Cox's creek is a little stream coming in through the bottom at nearly right angles to the river. This creek was to Rice's right, and on its opposite side and on his right flank, the first attack was made by the enemy on two companies of the Twenty-Ninth Iowa, and a detachment of Engelmann's brigade that happened to be there. The attack there was light, and a feint, to cover the severe assault on the Thirty-third Iowa and the Fiftieth Indiana at the left. Col. Mackey was leading the Thirty-third, and the regiment met the shock like veterans; but the attacking force was too strong, and the left of the regiment fell back some 250 yards, the enemy having got on the left flank and rear. Immediately Rice led the Twelfth Kansas infantry up to the position yielded, and the Kansas men went in with a yell. The ground was regained. The Thirty-third not only got back on its line, but the whole brigade advanced 300 yards.

All this time, the Twenty-ninth Iowa and the Ninth Wisconsin had been firing on the right until their ammunition boxes were nearly empty; and, worst of all, the enemy, again concentrating his forces there, was rapidly flanking them and pouring a raking enfilading fire into that part of the line. Another Kansas regiment was hurried to the front to support this right wing; it was the Second colored, and its coming checked the rebel fire. Other regiments were sent to the left also, and one more to the right; and at that moment the Rebels came on to the right in a furious charge, accompanied by a few rapid shots from a section of artillery.

The struggle lasted some time, when the enemy's line fell back, and the colored regiment, with the Twenty ninth Iowa,

charged and took his guns. It was a brave struggle, this capture of the guns, and brought just honor to both regiments. With the capture of this battery, and the repulse of this attack on the right, there came a pause in the battle. It was only a lull in the storm, for Steele's men had barely replenished their cartridge boxes, when the enemy, after a little feinting on the right, rushed on in a fresh assault at the left.

Here the Thirty-third Iowa, part of the Fortieth Iowa, the Fiftieth Indiana, the Twelfth Kansas, and a part of the Second brigade, stood in the mud and water and did such fighting as had never been seen in Arkansas. Every man standing there in the mud and water, firing his two hundred rounds that day, realized that for their line to break, was to lose the whole of Steele's army. Nobody waited now for orders. Every man loaded and fired as fast as he could, regardless of the comrades dropping beside him in death, or moaning with their terrible wounds. Only to cool their heated muskets in the water at their feet, did the men ever pause in the steady constant fire of that fierce battle.

There was no sound of cannon. No artillery, except the captured battery, had been used, but there was a crashing of musketry that came like the falling of some mighty forest. Standing there in the mud and water, facing death, and desperately fighting, the privates in the ranks were saving Steele's army. Not quite 4,000 of the army were engaged; many were with the artillery across the river. The greater part of Thayer's brigade were not engaged at all. The Rebels were three, if not five, to one against them. There was, possibly, not a battle in the whole war, where more individual heroism was displayed than was shown by the subordinates and privates of Steele's army, fighting there in the swamps and woods at Jenkins's Ferry.

Owing to the re-enforcing regiments reaching the field being led into position by Gen. Rice, that able officer was virtually in command of the whole. It was fortunate, for Rice was a cool, courageous and competent commander. Steele trusted him; better, his own men trusted him. Every moment saw him in the post of danger, encouraging the men, or leading them into

better positions. He was everywhere in the battle swamp, until, shot down by a minie-ball, he was borne from the field and sent home to die. Gen. Rice was taken from the field by a young officer of his staff who had himself been noticeable for gallantry in the thickest of the battle—coolly riding up and down the lines, placing regiments and companies as directed, and never for a moment away from the post of duty and danger. His qualities as a gallant young officer soon brought him deserved promotion to the staff of Gen. Steele. This was Maj. John F. Lacey, of Oskaloosa.

Gen. Rice's place was immediately taken by Col. Salomon, of the Ninth Wisconsin. Steadily the men stuck to the fierce work. There was no yielding, spite of superior numbers. Hunger and thirst, and weariness and danger were forgotten. The brave men only remembered that they were there to hold that line, and they held it. Every assault was repulsed, every advance of the enemy driven back. Three flags, a battery and numerous prisoners had been captured. The swamp was full of the rebel slain, and his force was driven back nearly to the bluffs.

Noon came, and with it a pause in the conflict. Knowing that heavy re-enforcements would reach the Rebels in an hour, Steele wisely ordered the little army to withdraw across the river. Leisurely and unpursued, the tired heroes, begrimed with mud, powder and blood, crossed the stream and camped close by on the other side.

The battle was over, and Steele's army, by the supreme heroism of its men, had saved itself. The sacrifice to the lists of dead and wounded was large for so small a force. Iowa, especially, lost heavily in the battle. That afternoon, the rebel commander sent in a flag of truce, to ask permission to bury his dead and care for the wounded. The act proved his recognition of a lost battle. Three of his generals and many lesser officers laid down their lives in the attack. Of subordinates and privates he probably lost not less than 1,500. The losses in one of his divisions (Walker's) was never reported. Our own loss was proportionately large.

Col. Garrett, who, with only a hundred of his Fortieth Iowa

fought long and gallantly on the extreme left, lost almost every other man killed or wounded. The companies of the Fortieth Iowa on the right also fought gallantly, but lost fewer men. These fierce fighting companies of the Fortieth were B, E, H, K and G, led by Captains Campbell and Sennett, and Lieutenants Amos and Christie and Sergt. Baird; Maj. Smith commanded their skirmishers, aided by Lieut. Edmundson. Sergt. Baird was severely wounded, and was complimented by Col. Garrett for bravery, as was Color-bearer Mortimer W. Nelson—"as brave a man as ever bore a flag," says the colonel. Color-guards Davis and Bare were both wounded; noble Sergt. Simmons, shot in the breast and dying, heard that the foe were beaten, waved his hand, and with a smile on his lips, breathed his last.

Col. Benton's Twenty-ninth Iowa had signalized itself for its hard fighting at the right and center, and in connection with the Second Kansas, for its capture of the rebel battery. The regiment lost 108 in killed, wounded and missing—among them three commissioned officers. Maj. Shoemaker and Adjt. Lyman received the special thanks of Col. Benton for distinguished gallantry.

The Thirty-third Iowa, led by Col. Mackey until he was severely wounded in the arm, lost 123, including six officers wounded. On Col. Mackey's leaving the front, the command of the regiment fell to Capt. Boydston, who continued with it in the engagement, and brought it from the field with honor. Col. Mackey, in his report, declared that all his officers and men did their duty in the battle, but he gives no special names, not even the names of the wounded officers. They were himself, Capt. A. J. Comstock, Lieutenants O. J. Kindig and Wilson W. Garmo. Lieut. Thomas R. Conner was killed and Capt. P. P. Totten died of his wounds. Braver and better officers than the wounded and the killed of the Thirty-third never drew sword on battle field.

The Rebels had the advantage of fighting in massed lines in the battle. Their greater number permitted this, but it involved great loss, as almost every union bullet would likely hit some one in that crowded field. When a regiment would fail of

ammunition, they simply would send in a new regiment, whereas on the union side, the two single lines at the front kept their places and had ammunition carried to them by cavalrymen of the general's body-guard. The front line would fire its supply, lie down and let the rear line pass over it, re-fill its boxes and pass to the front again over the other line lying down for the same purpose. By this means, a steady, constant fire was kept up throughout the battle.

In three days, the worn, weary, half starved men of Gen. Steele's army reached Little Rock. The miserable Camden campaign was finished. After crossing the river, a large part of the trains and stores had been destroyed. The mud and mire, and starvation of man and beast, made the destruction a necessity.

One of the most lamentable results of the battle at Jenkins' Ferry was the wounding of Gen. Rice. He was one of the most popular and best beloved men of the state. He was attorney general of Iowa when he entered the army, and there was no post to which he might not aspire. He was recognized as cool-headed, patriotic, intensely so, brave and very able. He was liked in his own command, and its interests and his own he made identical. There were great hopes for Rice's promotion and greater usefulness among those who knew him best. He had commenced at the lowest round of the ladder in life, and by his own energy and ability had won position and universal esteem in his state. Not one supposed the wound, though severe, would prove fatal. He was shot in the foot, a part of his spur being driven into the wound. He lived and suffered some weeks, and died among his family and friends at home. His life was one of the many sacrifices for the victory on the Saline river.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLES FOR ATLANTA.

Summer of 1864.

FIFTEEN regiments of Iowa infantry took part in the battles that resulted in the capture of the Richmond of the Southwest.

Atlanta was more than a Richmond. It was of more importance every way. It was by nature ten times as well fortified. It was better fortified by man, too. It was the industrial center of the South. War material was made there in great quantities. To capture it would be like capturing the blood and the iron center of the South. It was the heart of the South. It was to be protected accordingly.

The winter of 1863-4 saw Grant's armies the victors of Chattanooga, resting on the Tennessee river with Chattanooga for a base, though Gen. Grant himself had his headquarters back at the city of Nashville. That spring, Gen. Grant was called east to receive the command of the armies of the United States, and on the 18th of March, 1864, Gen. Sherman assumed command as Grant's successor in the West.

The two generals had met in Nashville and concluded on a plan of operations that was to result in the fiercest campaigns of the war, and to embrace all the armies of the Union. About May day, Grant was to move forward from the Rapidan and attack Lee's army in Virginia. At the same time Gen. Sherman was to concentrate his entire forces at Ringgold, in front of Chattanooga, on the Tennessee, and move against the rebel army protecting Atlanta.

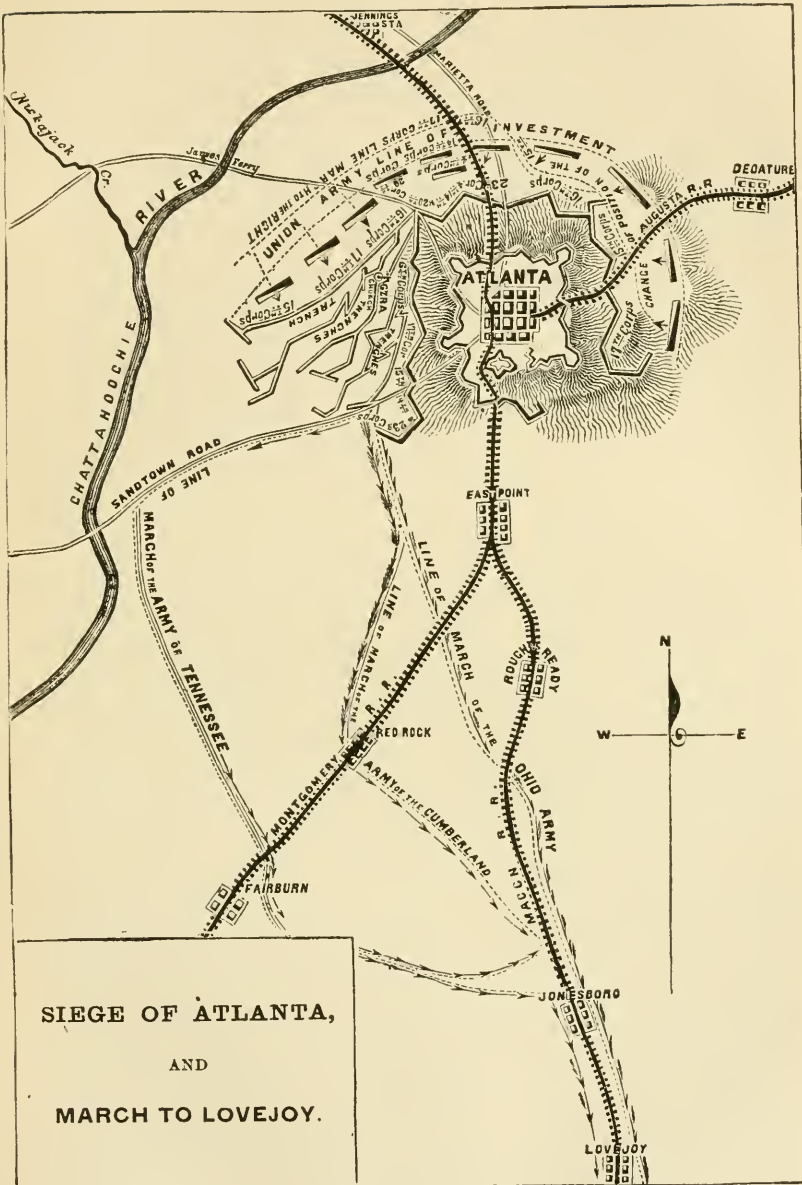
By the 7th of May, Sherman's three armies, led by McPherson, Schofield and Thomas, marched to the front near Ringgold. They were the armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Cum-

berland, named for the rivers along which they had done so much hard fighting. Besides the famous commanders already mentioned, there were leaders in that army such as Logan and Slocum, Hooker and Dodge and Corse, Hazen, Butterfield, Stanley and Davis, with numbers of lesser commanders who were to earn lasting fame in the campaign before them. Many of Iowa's best fighting men led brigades and regiments.

Sherman had 100,000 soldiers and 254 cannon. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in command of the rebel army at his front, mustered perhaps 60,000 men, and as much artillery as did Sherman. But Johnston had, as aids and bulwarks, the rugged mountains of northern Georgia, the rapid rivers, the deep and almost unexplored forests, deep defiles and long stretches of country so easily obstructed as to make a single soldier the equal of three foemen. A strong, valorous army, well led, and protected as Johnston's army was by rude nature, might well hope to hold a city a hundred miles in its rear safe from all invaders. No wonder the South thought Atlanta invincible.

Over the gates of Calais was written in letters of brass, "When the French besiege Calais, iron and lead will swim like cork." The South might have had a similar inscription above the gates of Atlanta, so certain did it seem to them that no northern army could ever reach it, besiege it, and take it.

Sherman found Johnston's army in front of Dalton and occupying the rocky heights of Taylor's Ridge and Buzzard's Roost Gap, the only pass near there. The ridge front at Dalton was a formidable wall of rock, five hundred feet high, and the mountain extended for many miles. With the single gap well fortified, and held by rebel bayonets, the position was about impregnable. To the southeast, however, below the town of Vilanow, there was a second deep defile through this long mountain ridge, known as Snake Creek Gap. Sherman at once determined to throw the right wing of his army, under McPherson, quietly but quickly through this deep valley, while Thomas and Schofield should make heavy demonstrations on the front of Rocky Face at Buzzard's Roost Gap and on the slope of the mountain at Johnston's right. The demonstrations were made and pushed with an ardor



SIEGE OF ATLANTA,
AND
MARCH TO LOVEJOY.

that almost turned them into severe battles. Much fighting took place which could only result in our forces failing in assaults on such a place. But the fighting served its purpose. Johnston's army was kept busy by it, and on the night of the 9th, Dodge's corps of McPherson's army pressed through the Snake Creek Gap and flanked the rebel position. The Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Ninth Illinois were the first troops through the gap.

It was Sherman's intention that McPherson should seize the town of Resaca at the end of the gap and in Johnson's rear. The place was found too strong for assault, and McPherson waited till Sherman sent the most of his army through the same gap after him. Johnston flanked, at once fell back, and prepared for battle within the defenses of Resaca. Gen. Dodge was greatly surprised to find that Snake Creek Gap was absolutely unoccupied, and left like an open gate to the rear of the rebel army. He pushed ahead on the 9th according to orders, drove the Rebels in front of him and seized a strong position on a hill only three-quarters of a mile from the town. He chased the rebel line of battle from this hill, and it was his belief that McPherson's troops could take Resaca then and there. Had it been done, Johnston's army might have been captured or destroyed. McPherson feared the responsibility of trying, and Dodge's column was ordered to give up what it had gained, and withdraw eight miles to the mouth of the gap.

As the Iowa regiments had nearly all marched in McPherson's army through the gap, they had no hand in the fighting at Rocky Face Ridge. Eastern troops and soldiers of Thomas's army of the Cumberland had done the attacking on the front, in this first move on the Atlanta chess board. The town of Resaca, surrounded by rugged hills and well fortified, sat at a bend, and in front of the rapid Oostenaula river. McPherson's troops were placed at Sherman's extreme right, resting on the river, with Stanley far to the left on the railroad, and Palmer, Hooker, Cox and others occupying the center. In front of them, protected largely by a little stream known as Camp Creek, stretched the rebel army, formed in a line like a great horse shoe, bending

around from the river at its left to another river at its right and rear. After some very severe fighting at different points of the line, especially at Schofield's front, on the 14th, the enemy at about three o'clock made a desperate effort to turn and overwhelm Sherman's left. For awhile success seemed possible, as Stanley was flanked and beaten; but at the critical moment, Hooker's divisions were moved in, and by brave fighting saved the day.

At the center, too, some hard fighting took place, as well as with Logan, and one of Dodge's divisions, now at the extreme right, where a strong position held by the rebel general Polk was carried and held, spite of a fierce effort to recover it that evening. The following day, the 15th, Hooker made a fierce attack on the enemy, with several divisions. He carried the outer intrenchments, but was not able to take the stronger breastworks in front of him.

During the day, Sherman had sent Sweeney's division of Dodge's corps to Lay's Ferry on the Oostenaula, and in rear of his extreme right, with a view to bridging the stream, and preparing the way for a flank movement. Among other troops the division included the Second, Seventh and Thirty-Ninth Iowa. The movement was a complete success. The division crossed over the river in the face of a strong force and fought a battle before rebel re-enforcements could arrive. Other troops came to the aid of Sweeney's division, and Johnston, seeing he was flanked again, evacuated Resaca in the night.

In the little battle at the bridge on the Oostenaula, the Seventh Iowa men fought with conspicuous valor. Col. E. W. Rice led the brigade of which the Second and Seventh Iowa formed a part. Maj. J. W. McMullen commanded the Seventh and protected the pioneers in putting down the pontoons. Once over the river, the skirmishers, under the gallant Capt. Mahon, moved forward and encountered the enemy, when the whole line came up and a spirited fight ensued, the Iowa men rushing on to the Rebels with a cheer, and driving them. The regiment lost 7 killed and 45 wounded in ten minutes time. Officers and men acted bravely, says Maj. McMullen. Capt. T. L. Mont-

gomery was wounded. The Second Iowa was also slightly engaged at the river, and the Thirty-ninth Iowa had a sharp encounter near the same place that evening; but details concerning it were never reported. In the fighting before Resaca the Second, Sixth, Seventh, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first and Twenty-sixth Iowa regiments took part, but except with the Twenty-sixth, the losses were not severe. This regiment was, on the morning of the 14th, ordered to cross a creek at the front, and push the enemy. The men waded through the water and advanced to an open field, when, being left without support, they were met by a severe enfilading fire from right and left. Six of the men were killed and 17 wounded. Among the latter were Adj. D. G. Butterfield and Capt. W. H. Hall. The Thirty-first also skirmished severely with the enemy, and among its wounded was Lt.-Col. Jenkins.

Out of Resaca, the rebel army next made a stand at Adairsville, and fought quite a battle with a part of Howard's corps on the 17th; but the morning of the 18th found the rebel army again falling back and taking strong position at Cassville at the Etowah river. It remained here but a day, and after a little hard fighting, crossed over the river and fortified itself in the strong defenses of the Allatoona pass. The left of the rebel army reached along the Allatoona ridge to Lost Mountain, and was facing nearly west. Stronger and better positions for defense could not have been chosen, and it was only at the sacrifice of much blood that the possession of the pass was to be secured.

A series of battles soon followed that made the campaign illustrious. In these battles the Iowa regiments took an honorable part. Owing to the rapid movements of the army of Sherman in the whole Atlanta campaign, and to its being usually, when resting, in bivouac, and not in tents or camps, regimental records were brief and incomplete. They were made only monthly and sent to the rear for consolidation, seldom containing the casualties of single battles. Hence, it is almost impossible to know the numbers or names of Iowa men lost in some of the severest engagements of that campaign.

Sherman rested his troops at Kingston a little, and, realizing

the almost impregnable position held by Johnston's army, resolved to flank its left by marching the greater part of his army on Dallas, a town in front of, and a little south of Lost Mountain. On the 25th of May, while his columns were in motion for Dallas, Hooker's corps, leading the column of Thomas, struck the enemy in force at Pumpkin Vine creek, and pushing him into his intrenchments, fought the severe battle of New Hope Church. The union loss was very heavy and the troops were repulsed. The battle was fought during a terrific thunder storm, and all that night, in the woods and storm, the thousands of wounded lay moaning in the darkness. The knives of the surgeons were busy the long night through, and hundreds of men, with candles and torches, moved about in the woods and darkness, gathering up the maimed. They were to be found only by their pitiable groans. Many were not found at all. It was a ghastly battle scene.

On the 27th, Sherman ordered Howard to move for the enemy's left, which he did, and at Pickett's Mills assaulted him, meeting with an experience similar to Hooker's at New Hope Church. Howard fortified his new ground, however, and held it.

Shortly, Sherman's right wing under McPherson started on the move, to follow Howard around to the rebel left. He was instantly attacked, and the battle of Dallas was fought by the troops of Logan and Dodge. The Rebels were repulsed with terrible loss, and, after a little delay, a part of Sherman's infantry was across the railroad and at the right wing of the rebel army, though fighting hard by the way.

In the Dallas battle, some of the Iowa regiments, notably the Sixth and the Ninth, fought heroically and lost severely. Among other Iowa regiments engaged, were the Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-first. The Sixth infantry lost 7 killed and 15 wounded—among the latter Lt.-Col. A. J. Miller and Lieut. Rodney F. Barker, while Adj. Newby Chase and Lieut. Baldwin were killed. Baldwin was killed while heroically trying to save some guns of the First Iowa battery from being captured.

It was at daylight of May 27th that the Rebels made their

first onslaught at Dallas. On the line where the Ninth Iowa was, the dash was sudden, and the whole brigade was pushed back. The ground was soon regained, however, and the Rebels fell back. The next day a fresh attack was made on the same line by the Rebels, and with great fury.

It was four in the afternoon when a perfect storm of Rebels rushed for the union lines, yelling and screaming like demons. The union skirmishers were shot down and run over. But when the confident rebel host pushed up to the quiet union line, waiting there in its intrenchments, it received a blast of musketry that stretched hundreds of its bold and hardy soldiers on the earth. Twice, under the withering fire, the rebel line vainly tried to rally and advance. It was of no use. They were beaten, and the wood was full of their slain.

Fighting behind good intrenchments, the union loss at this point was small. The Ninth itself lost less than a dozen men—among them, Lieut. J. L. Wragg, mortally wounded. The other Iowa regiments were slightly engaged at Dallas, though daily taking part in the skirmishing and fighting that occurred in the movement of McPherson's army around to the left. Williamson's brigade of Iowa men participated in all these flank movements of Gen. Sherman, and always with credit to the state. It is related that on the 28th, a division at its right was giving away, pressed by overwhelming numbers, when the Iowa men rushed in, and by a bold charge saved the position. This brigade was composed of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Iowa infantry regiments, and was in Osterhaus's division. No brigade of troops did better fighting in that great campaign than this.

The fighting at Dallas cost the Rebels nearly 2,000 men, and they had gained nothing. By the middle of June, Frank P. Blair's corps, the Seventeenth, joined the army at the front and brought with it some more Iowa regiments—noticeably the Third infantry, and the famous Crooker brigade, then commanded by Col. William Hall. It consisted of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa regiments of infantry. Allatoona pass fell, but Johnston's army retired only to refortify at Pine Top and Lost Mountain.

Constant skirmishing and minor combats followed. The troops were almost never from under fire, so constant was the musketry or the roar of artillery. On the 22d of June, a part of the rebel army under Hood made a terrific assault on the union line in front of Schofield and Hooker, at Culp's Farm. A stout battle followed and the Rebels were bloodily repulsed.

Again the rebel commander changed his position, and stretched his lines over the cannon-bristling heights of Kenesaw Mountain. Stronger positions probably were not assumed during the whole war than that now held by Johnston's army. Fiercer fighting is scarcely recorded than took place for the possession of Kenesaw mountain. Gen. Sherman considered the position the key to the whole country about, and risked some fearful assaults by our troops for its capture. McPherson, Thomas and Schofield agreed to the necessity for these assaults, useless and frightful as they proved in results.

On the 27th of June, a line of Sherman's army ten miles long, was ablaze with musketry and artillery. The assaulting columns marched to the work like lions, and here and there reached the trenches of the enemy, but only to be hurled back with frightful loss. The great assault, witnessed from a high hill-top by Gen. Sherman in person, was a failure. Well on to 3,000 of our union soldiers were killed or wounded in less than two hours' time. Many gallant officers were slain, among them Gen. Harker, and Gen. Daniel McCook, Gen. Sherman's old law-partner. Iowa, too, lost in the assault some of her bravest men.

During the twenty days and more that Sherman's army operated in front of and around Kenesaw Mountain, the Iowa regiments with the army were engaged, nearly all of them. From Big Shanty on, close up to the embattled heights of Kenesaw, these western regiments held their ground, or advanced under a constant skirmish fire. The sound of cannon was heard day and night, and many a man of these Iowa regiments was mangled and borne to the rear to fill a nameless grave. Constantly, officers and men were being shot down, not in battle only, but in the daily and nightly skirmishes, or by the crash of cannon balls, forever shrieking through the woods, seeking a victim. So it was that

even without battle, at times, the Iowa ranks, like all others of that brave army, grew thinner and thinner. Most of the regiments were constantly bivouacked close by the frowning mountain, firing more or less every day.

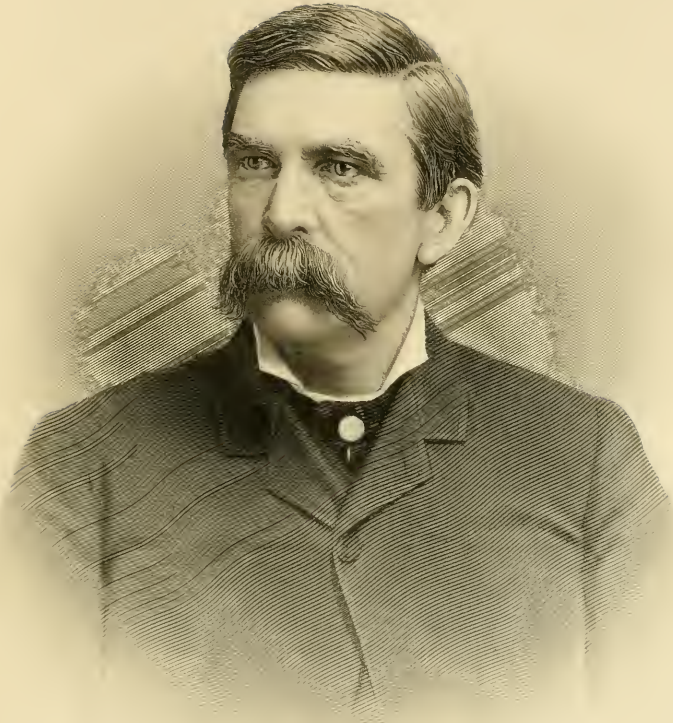
In the charges that took place right up against the rocks of Kenesaw, on the 19th and 27th of June, Hall's Iowa brigade was at the very front, and on the latter day it went into the rebel fortifications and for half an hour held them in the hard conflict. Their heroism was useless; Kenesaw could not be taken by assault. Williamson's brigade, as well as other Iowa troops, was also in the charge of the 27th, but its losses were small.

The Sixth Iowa, in that fierce assault of Kenesaw, lost 56 men out of its already thinned ranks.* The Sixteenth lost a score and more—among them Lieut. Duffin, who won a gold medal for bravery at Vicksburg, and Lieut. Thomas A. Burke. Nearly all the Iowa troops in the army joined either in the assaulting or supporting columns at Kenesaw.

During the assaults on Kenesaw, some of Sherman's divisions moved well to the right and secured a position threatening the rebel line of retreat. Other troops were being pushed toward Johnston's rear on the 2d of July. The Rebels detected the movement, and that very night abandoned Kenesaw mountain, impregnable as it was to assault, and moved back to strong intrenchments they had prepared in front of the Chattahoochee river.

On the 4th of July, near to Nickajack creek, a part of Gen. Dodge's troops, including the Second Iowa, made a splendid fight, storming the enemy's rifle pits in the face of a fierce resistance. Dodge's loss was heavy, but the position was gained, and the army again pushing forward at the river. A broad river, even with intrenchments and batteries at every crossing, was no

*As heretofore stated, the reports of regimental officers in the Atlanta campaign were so few, so irregular, and so incomplete, as to make a complete narrative of the actions of their commands an impossibility. The hard campaigning made proper reporting and record-making out of the question. "It is impossible," says Gen. Sherman, "to state accurately our losses in any one separate battle; for the fighting was continuous, almost daily, among trees and bushes, on ground where one could rarely see a hundred yards ahead."



Engr. by J. H. Feltche

G. M. Dodge

new thing for the grand army that had fought every mile of the way from Chattanooga to the Chattahoochee. An army that through a wilderness of forest, across streams, by day and by night, and under almost constant storms, had pushed along almost impassable roads, fighting battles as it marched, was not now to be checked so near its goal. Almost before the Rebels knew it, Sherman's army was across the river at different points and marching directly on Atlanta.

For a month the armies in the neighborhood of Kenesaw mountain had been fighting almost a continuous battle. That June battle month cost the federal army 7,530 men. The Rebels lost but a thousand less.

Peach Tree creek is a little stream just north of Atlanta, and running west into the Chattahoochee river. Just as a part of Sherman's army had crossed this creek, on July 20th, and had halted to rest, it was furiously attacked by the enemy, moving out in great force. There had been a change of commanders in Atlanta. Gen. Johnston was superseded by Gen. J. B. Hood, and the latter was supposed to be a fierce fighting soldier. He was, however, attempting to carry out Johnston's plan for the destruction of Sherman's army at a moment when it might be divided and moving for position about Atlanta. The burden of the battle of Peach Tree creek fell on Hooker's corps of Thomas's army, and the Rebels found it equal to the occasion. They were repulsed with a loss of 6,000 men. Hooker's own loss was severe.

That day, too, McPherson's army of the Tennessee, including all of the Iowa regiments, was pushing along the railroad from Decatur to Atlanta. McPherson's rapid and decisive movement to the enemy's right flank that day, possibly saved Sherman's army an awful defeat. The whole rebel force was attacking with a resolve to end the campaign by a tremendous defeat of the union army. The rebel orders to make a desperate, decisive battle, were positive, and obeyed by their generals to the letter. Only McPherson's pressing the right flank so closely, prevented a greater onslaught. Troops had to be sent there to meet him, and the general rebel attack was weakened. Had it not been,

McPherson's soldiers would have been in Atlanta that night, or Sherman's army would have been on the retreat.

Gen. Gresham, leading McPherson's advance division, in which there were not less than five Iowa regiments, was shot down, badly wounded, but the troops pushed back the rebel lines, and night found them close up to Bald Hill in front of Atlanta. The siege had begun.

Bald Hill was a formidable position, well fortified, and held by some of the bravest troops in the southern army. It was the prominent and salient point of the rebel right wing. Its capture was a first necessity, and the Iowa regiments selected to aid in the dread assault were among the flower of Sherman's soldiery. The gallant Crocker brigade was again to be put on its mettle. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 21st of July, the order was given for Force's brigade of Illinois troops and the Iowa brigade in Gresham's division to move forward and storm the hill.

The Thirteenth Iowa, led by Maj. Walker, held the right of the brigade line, supported by the Sixteenth Iowa, Col. Add. H. Sanders, in its rear. Joined to its left, commanded by the gallant Belknap, stood the Fifteenth Iowa, with the frowning hill directly in front of it. It was supported by the Eleventh Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. Abercrombie. To the left of the brigade stood Gen. Force with his five brave regiments, and all waited the signal to advance.

Promptly at the order, Gen. Force's regiments moved on the enemy. The resistance was strong, and in a few minutes came the signal for the Iowa brigade, led by Col. Shane, also to advance on the double-quick. Promptly the men sprang over the light intrenchments at their front, and dashed forward under a heavy fire of grape, canister and musketry. Spite of the withering fire, the line pushed on to a hill crest in front of well protected and well manned batteries, when they saw that Force's line had reached the rebel parapet. The enemy had withdrawn to his inner works, and the hill was ours.

In that short thirty minutes' charge, the Thirteenth Iowa lost 113 men in killed and wounded. The Fifteenth Iowa lost 51

killed and wounded, and the Sixteenth Iowa 65. The Eleventh regiment, protected somewhat by the nature of the ground, lost less; some 17. It was a brief, but bloody conflict. Owing to the strong inner works of the enemy, the right of the line marched back under a heavy artillery fire to its own intrenchments. The brigade lost in the charge some of its most gallant officers. Lieutenants Ridge and Hudson of the Thirteenth were killed, and Lieut. White badly wounded. Lieut. Geo. H. Holcomb of the Sixteenth had been killed on approaching the hill the night before, and Capt. Hugh Skilling was wounded at Nickajack creek. Sergt. Starkweather, the color bearer, distinguished himself by his gallantry, bearing his flag aloft far in advance of his Thirteenth regiment.

That night the Iowa brigade changed position and was moved to the extreme left of Sherman's army, intrenching itself in lines almost at right angles to the union left wing.

That night, too, the southern army withdrew from the line of Peach Tree creek and fell back to the fortifications immediately surrounding the city. At the same time a movement was set on foot to flank, and, if possible, destroy Sherman's army. A large part of the rebel army, led by Gen. Hardee, quietly slipped out of Atlanta that night, marched first south and then north-east toward Decatur—a distance of 15 miles, and by daylight the next morning, July 22d, stood in the thick woods in battle array, at the rear of, and along the left flank of the union army.

It was to Sherman and all his generals a perfect surprise. That morning on finding the Peach Tree creek line at his center and right abandoned, Sherman believed for a time that the Rebels had evacuated the city. He pushed his right and center closer up, and was soon undeceived. He was stopping at a point called the Howard House, near the center of his lines, and, while sitting there on the root of a tree, discussing the situation with Gen. McPherson, the firing of cannon was heard in rear of the left of his army. That left comprised the army of the Tennessee, and McPherson was its commander.

Sherman's army now lay east and north of Atlanta and within two miles of the city. Palmer's corps was on the extreme right,

with Hooker, Howard and Schofield along the center and McPherson's army to the left. Logan's Fifteenth corps of McPherson's army lay across the railroad running to Decatur. To its left was Blair's Seventeenth corps, with Giles A. Smith leading the division of Gresham (wounded), at the extreme end of the line.

At the moment the cannon-firing was heard at the left rear of the union army, Gen. Dodge's corps of two divisions was marching along a country road, proposing to take position with Smith's division at the extreme left. Shortly, the cannonading heard back in the distance changed to musketry near at hand. The rebel line had approached unseen through the thick woods to the flank and rear of Smith's division, and had fired on Dodge's column in motion. Dodge's right was still half a mile from Smith's division at the union left, and through the woods in this gap, the Rebels poured in masses. It was in these woods, and in this gap that the gallant McPherson met his untimely death. He had ordered a brigade from Logan's corps to come and fill the vacant line, and then starting from Dodge across to Smith he rode right into the advancing rebel line and was shot dead.* The battle of Atlanta had begun.

The absence of Sherman's cavalry on a grand raid had made it possible for the enemy to get to McPherson's rear unseen. It was a greater surprise than Shiloh. Every body was surprised.

Dodge instantly halted his line that was marching by the flank, left-faced it, and poured a hot fire of musketry into the approaching enemy. Dodge's troops, though but 4,500 in

*In a few minutes, the brigade McPherson had ordered to the spot came up, charged, and drove the Rebels back a little; it also captured a few prisoners. One of them had McPherson's sword and pistols, another a letter taken from McPherson's body, from Gen. Sherman, containing complete instructions for Sherman's plan of battle. Its recovery was of vast importance. An hour later, it would have been in the hands of the rebel commander in Atlanta. The recovery of Gen. McPherson's body was accomplished through the bravery of two Iowa boys, Geo. J. Reynolds of the Fifteenth regiment, and C. J. Dodd of the Third. Gen. Blair ordered that each should receive the medal of honor of the Army of the Tennessee. They had found McPherson shot from his horse and dying. The news they carried to some officers, whom they piloted to the spot where the general lay, where, amidst a storm of bullets, they assisted in getting the body into an ambulance and with it galloped from the field.

number, now fought a desperate battle with half the rebel army, receiving and repelling the first fierce onslaught—an onslaught that had been intended to destroy the Army of the Tennessee. Supreme hard fighting, and cool-headed generalship in the moment of peril, helped to save a disaster. Dodge's men captured 8 battle-flags and killed more than 500 of the enemy. They had been fighting commands representing 49 rebel regiments.

Smith's division was bitterly attacked in rear and flank at the same moment, and the left was forced back with a loss of some artillery. Leggett's division held Bald Hill, right there, that they had captured the night before, and as other brigades came up, Smith's division turned its back on Atlanta and fought with heroic desperation. Shortly, the general battle line stood almost at a right angle to the line of the morning, and from noon till night there raged the fiercest battle of that fierce campaign. Dodge's division, well handled and heroic in the extreme, fought like lions. So did the divisions of Smith and Leggett. Terrifically, and from three directions, the conflict raged right at the left. Smith's division fought first on one side of its breastworks, and then, being attacked in rear, sprang over them, reversed their lines and fought from the other side.

Part of Smith's division and the Iowa brigade fought in that battle in seven different positions, so often did the direction of attack change.

It was a part of the well laid rebel plan that at the proper moment Hood, with a large force, should dash out from Atlanta and strike McPherson's lines from the other side. At 4 p. m. the dash was made with a large force directly against Bald Hill and along the railroad to Decatur. The union troops at the hill held their ground, and drove the Rebels back with fearful loss, but the line along the railroad, the left of Wood's division, was swept back, and one of the finest batteries in the whole army captured.

The defeat was of short duration, for by a skillful flank movement of Wood's division, under the personal direction of Gen. Sherman, and by a terrific cannonading from batteries of Scho-

field's army, massed at the Howard House, where Sherman stood and watched the battle, the enemy was hurled back to Atlanta. At the same moment, too, Logan had rallied the yielding line along the railroad, and the men came back on to their old ground with a yell. The battle was done, and leaving their thousands of dead and wounded in the union lines, the Rebels sullenly returned to the city.

Iowa's part in the great battle had been a nobly conspicuous one. Her soldiers were the first fired on in the battle, and only darkness put an end to the conflict on their part of the line. All that long, fierce afternoon the Iowa brigade fought with desperation. So, too, did the Iowa soldiers with Williamson and Rice and Corse.

The Iowa brigade, that morning, stood at the extreme left of the army. It was across the Flat Shoal, and along the McDonough wagon road, with the Eleventh Iowa at its right, well up to Leggett's force on Bald Hill, and the Fifteenth Iowa to the left. The Sixteenth was in the center, with the Thirteenth behind as a support. The line was as an arc of a circle, and in this position the Iowa men received the first shock of the great battle of Atlanta.

Belknap led the Fifteenth, Add. H. Sanders the Sixteenth, Shane the Thirteenth, Abercrombie the Eleventh and William Hall, colonel of the Eleventh, led the brigade. The state did not furnish better officers than these, and harder fighting regiments never entered the service. Each regiment had good intrenchments in front of it, and the Thirteenth had breast-works. The brush that the troops were in was so thick that the men could not see from one regiment to another. Only in front, for a distance of fifty yards, was the brush chopped away, and over this opening the Rebels had to charge.

The skirmishers were driven in, and the blazing hot sun of that July day pointed noon just as the first line of Rebels sprang to the attack. They were met by volleys of musketry so severe as to strike the whole line to the earth, those not instantly killed or wounded falling to the ground for protection. Two federal batteries, between the regiments, joined in the havoc in

front. In the face of it all, a second line of brave foemen entered that open space, to be, like their comrades before them, shot to the earth.

Two Arkansas regiments with a couple of Texas companies got in so hot a position close to the front of the Sixteenth Iowa, that they could not advance and dared not retire. They lay close to the ground, raked by cannon and musketry. While in this position, they raise the white flag, and the firing stops a moment, while they run over the rifle pits and surrender. The Sixteenth now has more prisoners than it has soldiers. But at that very moment the breastworks where the Thirteenth stood battling has been taken, and a fire in the rear meets the brave Sixteenth. With their bayonets the men compel their prisoners to stand up as a bulwark behind them, while they continue firing at the front.

Just at the left, other prisoners come in, but refuse to surrender their guns. Col. Sanders's demand for instant laying down of guns is met by a demand for his own surrender. Refusing and hurrying to get back to his right wing, a rebel captain snatches a gun and fires on him. Instantly Capt. Lucas shoots the rebel officer dead. A hand to hand conflict is about ensuing. Sanders thinks to cut his way out to the Eleventh Iowa on his right. It is of no use, for already the rebel flag floats over the works of the Eleventh as well as on those of the Fifteenth. There is nothing to do but surrender, and the Sixteenth, with the companies of the Thirteenth that had been helping it, are marched between rebel bayonets across the open space and among the heaps of rebel slain.

The Thirteenth Iowa, stripped of half its strength to aid the front line, after a gallant resistance is ordered from its post to the outside, or west of the breastworks, now in their rear, and is again instantly whirled around with its face to the south, to greet the enemy now pushing it from three directions. The same fire that struck the Sixteenth also struck the Eleventh and the Fifteenth Iowa regiments, compelling them, after heavy fighting to change their position to the right of the main road,

making the Fifteenth the right of a new line, with what was left of the Thirteenth to its left.

For a moment, no foe is seen in the opening, and a company under Capt. Whitenack goes forward, to sound the wood. Instantly a new rebel line is run into, and 12 of the captain's men are lost by a single volley. Again the whole line falls back, and fires from the reverse side of breastworks erected for the Third division.

Again the enemy comes moving on, and, at close range, so close that the very eyes of the Rebels can be seen, the Iowa men let loose their musketry. The Forty-fifth Alabama advances to the very muzzles of the Iowa guns, fighting and firing as they come, till every man of them is shot down or captured. Private Crowder shoots down the rebel color bearer and takes the flag. Col. Lampley, leading the desperate rebel regiment, is seized by Col. Belknap and hauled over the breastworks by the collar.

So it was in all the brigade—fighting first on one side of their intrenchments and then on the other. All sides and all directions became the points of danger to every man fighting there at Sherman's left.

The Thirteenth has lost, in the storming of the hill the day before, and in its fighting of this day, 262 officers and men out of 400 engaged, a part of whom were captured. Its gallant major, Wm. A. Walker, who led the charge on the hill the day before, has been killed.

The Sixteenth is all lost—mostly captured, officers and all.

The Fifteenth has among its wounded its heroic and accomplished Lt.-Col. J. M. Hedrick, Lieut. Gephart is killed, and Lieutenants Evans, Muir and Crawford, with Capt. Thomas Hedrick of Co. K, are also wounded. There are 49 of the regiment killed and wounded, and 82 missing. Many of these also will prove to have been slain.

The Eleventh Iowa has lost 129 men and 8 officers, and among its slain are the faithful Maj. Foster, and Capt. Neal; so, too, Lieut. Caldwell. Lieutenants Pfoutz and Wylie are wounded. Capt. Barr is captured. Brave Sergt. Maj. John Safley is also wounded, and Sergt. John A. Buck is killed. Together,

with a handful of men, these two sergeants sprang over the breastworks of the enemy, captured a number greater than their own and brought them in—among them a rebel colonel and a captain. Private George Haworth springs over the intrenchment and captures a battle flag, and Private Edward Siberts of Co. G has brought in a rebel banner. So it has been all through the battle—heroic men doing heroic things. Capt. John Anderson of the Eleventh has, with a handful of men, less than a hundred, been sent to hold a little fort at the hill. Bravely he does it against ten times his number, battling to get in. All alone the line of the divisions of Smith and Leggett the enemy has been so close that at times it has been a hand to hand conflict. Bayonets have been used, and muskets clubbed and beaten over the heads of men right in the rifle pits.

Four o'clock has come, and the scene shifts a little farther toward Sherman's center. Hood's army in Atlanta is breaking out and violently attacking the Fifteenth army corps. A part of it also makes an attack on the side of Bald Hill next to Atlanta. Leggett's division, that a moment before was fighting the enemy in the rear, springs over its breastworks, meets this new foe from the opposite direction, and at last hurls him back with bloody loss.

In front of the Fifteenth corps it is different. The enemy has swept back a division and broken through the lines. A deep cut in the railroad toward Decatur has been of service to them. In their advance they have seized the guns of an Illinois battery, and farther back they have captured De Gress's splendid battery of 20-pounder Parrott guns.

Gen. Sherman, as already stated, witnessed the rebel success from the Howard House near by, and massed Schofield's artillery on their advancing flank. He saw the seriousness of the situation. "That battery must be retaken," he said, and Williamson's brigade of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, and Thirtieth Iowa (the Thirty-first detached) was selected for the purpose. With his Fourth Iowa on the right, the Ninth on the left, and the Twenty-fifth in reserve, Williamson passed down through a wooded ravine, and, gaining the opposite slope, struck the enemy

a blow that sent his flank reeling. De Gress's battery was instantly in his hands and its guns turned on the flying Rebels. The losses of the brigade were slight, for other troops of Logan's corps and the Sixteenth corps had rallied to the scene, and the enemy, with severe loss, was driven back into Atlanta.

Among other Iowa troops fighting in Smith's or Gresham's old divisions that day, was a little battalion of veterans of the Third Iowa. They were few in number, but almost fought that few out of existence. Lt.-Col. Abernethy, leading the little band, was slain. He received his commission but the day before. Capt. Griffith, one of the former brave color bearers of the old regiment, was mortally wounded, and many of the little battalion were killed, wounded or captured. There was nothing left of it. They had perished, fighting around the flag the historic regiment had borne on many a field. While some of the captured were being led away, back of Atlanta, they saw their dear old flag in the hands of the Rebels. It was the resolve of an instant. With a bound they sprang to the flag, and, in the face of their captors, tore it into shreds. The noble Third regiment and its flag perished together.

The Second, Sixth and Seventh Iowa also did some good fighting in their respective commands at Atlanta, but it was not their fortune to be assaulted and battled as were some of the other Iowa regiments. Yet Elliot Rice, leading the brigade in which the Second and Seventh Iowa fought, repulsed the onslaught of one of Hardee's whole divisions. Col. N. B. Howard, leading the Second regiment, and Capt. Geo. Heaton, were wounded. The regiment held a position between two batteries, and in the fight captured numerous prisoners and a battle flag. The Twenty-sixth and Thirtieth Iowa were also engaged, but lost slightly.

The day's battle of the 22d, at Atlanta, had been a destructive one to the southern army. Nothing had been gained, while their losses had been nearly 10,000 in killed and wounded and missing. Gen. Logan, commanding after Gen. McPherson's death, estimated the enemy's dead alone to number over 3,000. One thousand dead bodies were delivered to the enemy under

flag of truce by one single division of Blair's corps. What a funeral train was that! Gen. Dodge buried well on to 500 in front of his corps, and 700 were buried in front of Logan's corps. The woods were full of the dead and dying.

The federal army's loss was 3,722. It had fought largely behind intrenchments and was on the defensive. Counting the losses of both armies, there were over 13,000 human beings, wounded or dead, lying about Atlanta as the result of that one day's battle.

In less than a week, Gen. Sherman, having destroyed the railroad leading to Decatur, commenced moving his army around Atlanta to his right. At Ezra Church, Hood, thinking Sherman's army in motion, or at least not yet in good position, rushed out, and for the third time made a furious attack.

To their chagrin, the Rebels found Logan's Fifteenth corps, on which the main assault fell, in good position, and already behind intrenchments. Logan held the crest of the wooded ridge that sloped with open fields toward Atlanta. Up this open slope charged the rebel columns, only to meet a murderous fire and be hurled back. Time and again the brave men were led to the useless slaughter. At three o'clock in the afternoon, after a loss of nearly 5,000 men, the rebel army recoiled and fell back into Atlanta. Sherman's divisions, owing to their excellent positions, lost but 600 men.

In the battle of Ezra Church, the Iowa soldiers present on the line of attack did their duty well, though there was, with them, none of the desperate fighting witnessed on the 22d, at the left of the army. The Fifteenth Iowa, with the Thirty-second Ohio, was sent under the lead of Col. Belknap to the assistance of Morgan L. Smith's division, then heavily attacked. Here they repulsed several charges, the men fighting nobly. The loss was 2 killed and 8 wounded. Among the latter was Lieut. Henry Schievers. The regiment received the thanks of Gen. Smith.

The Thirteenth and the Third, what was left of it, a mere handful, were sent to the aid of Gen. Harrow's division in the Fifteenth corps, and by good firing from behind a breastwork of logs and rails, drove the enemy from their front, with little

loss to themselves. Two men were killed and six wounded. Col. Shane, who led the regiment, complimented Captains J. C. Kennedy and John Archer for gallantry and efficiency in battle.

Other Iowa regiments were slightly engaged at Ezra Church but with small losses.

In the month's siege of Atlanta that now commenced, with its constant skirmishing and petty conflicts, some of the regiments lost as many officers and men as though they had been engaged in important battles. The Second Iowa, in the month's skirmishes about Ezra Church, lost not less than 20 in killed and wounded. Among the former was Lieut. Rausch.

Just as the Iowa regiments had lost scores and scores of men and officers in skirmishes all along the way in that campaign from Chattanooga, where the sound of battle was heard by day and by night, so here, in the siege, every day saw its victims. Not falling in the fierceness of some mighty battle, their names were usually unheralded, but their heroism, their patriotism, their duty done, day by day and hour by hour, in darkness and in light, made their sacrifice as great as the sacrifice of those who died in hard battle. They were the heroes of the skirmish line.

On the 25th of August, Sherman decided to abandon the weary siege of the city, and to drive Hood out of Atlanta by a grand movement by the right flank and to Hood's rear. His army marched for Hood's lines of communication, the West Point and the Macon railroads. The movement brought on the battle of Jonesboro.

Hood, alarmed by the movement of Sherman's cavalry on the railroads at his rear, had divided his army in Atlanta, and sent half of it, under Hardee, to Jonesboro, retaining the remainder in the city.

The army of the Tennessee, under Howard, after considerable resistance, lay intrenched in front of Jonesboro, on the morning of Aug. 31st. Its position was good, and with deployed lines Howard's divisions waited Hardee's attack.

As on the 22d of July, the rebel army came on with a rush. Howard had the Fifteenth corps in the center, and the Sixteenth and Seventeenth at his flanks, and met the dashing enemy with



J. M. Dethman

BVT. MAJOR GEN'L. U. S. VOL'S.

a solid blaze of musketry and artillery. The fight commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was over by five, the enemy being driven back into Jonesboro.

The next day, Sept. 1st, Sherman's Fourteenth corps, led by Davis, closed down on Jonesboro from the north, and at 4 o'clock dashed on to, and captured the rebel works, and with them the whole of Govan's hard fighting brigade and 10 cannon.

Here, as at Ezra Church, the Iowa regiments engaged did their measure of duty, but the fighting that fell to them was not especially severe. The Iowa, or "Crocker" brigade, as it was so often called, after its first commander, now led by the gallant Belknap, was active in the engagement, and repeatedly moved from position to position under heavy fire. It fortunately suffered little.

Once, during the advance, the Second and Seventh Iowa ran on to a body of rebel cavalry, posted behind a barricade of rails. They were ordered to charge the position, and did so in splendid style, driving the enemy to flight. Maj. Hamill led the two regiments till he was wounded, when Capt. Mahon took the lead in the pursuit, charging and driving the Rebels from two other positions.

Night came on, and Hardee escaped.

That night, walking up and down at his bivouac, Gen. Sherman heard explosions in Atlanta, twenty miles away. Hood was leaving the city. The great campaign was done, and over all the loyal North went the glad tidings, "Atlanta is ours." All the bells of the North, and all the cannon joined in the chorus, "Atlanta is ours, Atlanta is ours."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THANKSGIVING DAY, 1864—GOV. STONE'S ADMINISTRATION.

ON the last day of August, 1864, the democratic party and all its treasonable allies met in Chicago, and nominated Geo. B. McClellan for the presidency. He had been a failure as a loyal soldier; what he might be as a disloyal or "peace" candidate, was now to be proven. The people who set this military toy up as a rival of Abraham Lincoln, declared the war was a failure. It was an extraordinary spectacle—a major general of an army throwing up his hands to cry *enough*, right in the midst of a successful war. "Peace is wanted," cried the friends of McClellan. "The war has failed."

Instantly, as an answer to the infamous lie, there came a shout from east and west that Atlanta had been won. "Atlanta is ours—Atlanta is ours," was rung from every loyal church bell in the land. A thousand cannon in thunder tones echoed the tidings at every post and military station in all the North, and in the lines of the union army over all the South.

Sherman, with a victorious army, stood within the strongest citadel of the heart of the South. In the valley of Virginia, Sheridan had almost annihilated the rebel army at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, while Farragut and his mighty ships of war passed the walls of fire and rode straight into Mobile bay. It was a victory autumn, and every soldier in the land gave the lie to the convention at Chicago that had declared the war a failure.

Shortly before that convention met in Chicago, some of the leaders of the democratic party in congress, and they were friends of McClellan, stood on the floor of the House of Representatives and cursed the government, mocked its leaders,

shouted treason and defied the hand that should be raised against them. The speeches of Long who pronounced the war "an infernal and stupendous folly," and of Davis, and of Fernando Wood, were too infamously disloyal to be thought in earnest. Knowing these men, however, knowing their disloyal public utterances, and knowing that they were the country's enemies, Geo. B. McClellan, a union soldier, basely accepted a nomination from their hands.

In the campaign that followed, the American people taught McClellan and his treasonable followers their mistake. In the autumn elections, he received the electoral vote of but *three* states; New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky. Abraham Lincoln's electoral majority was *one hundred and ninety-one*. The same fall election turned some thirty of the rebel sympathizing congressmen out of their seats, leaving in the lower house but 41 Democrats to 143 Republicans.

In loyal Iowa, there was no limit to the joy over the splendid union victories, or over the total and disgraceful discomfiture of Geo. B. McClellan and the party he had represented. The result of that year's elections in Iowa was a monument to the state's loyalty. The union ticket received some 40,000 majority. McClellan carried but *two* counties in the state—Dubuque and Appanoose, and the latter by only 43 votes majority.

Among the Iowa soldiers his name was received with scorn. The voice in the field against him was almost unanimous. In the Thirty-sixth Iowa regiment, out of 234 ballots, he received but four. In the gallant Third regiment, McClellan received *no votes at all*. He had been a union soldier, and this was how the union soldiers loved him. The result must have stung him to the heart.

Possibly McClellan's ambition did not make him a traitor. Possibly he did not at heart want the Union destroyed. No one will ever know. But his party, the men in whom he trusted, the men at whose hands he accepted honors—these were northern traitors, conspiring to end the war by dishonorable peace. At Chicago, he became their spokesman and banner bearer. The country so judged him, and he was politically buried forever.

The same elections saw the state candidates of the republican party in Iowa elected by enormous majorities. The presidential electors chosen were C. Ben. Darwin, W. G. Thompson, John Van Valkenberg, Samuel S. Burdett, B. T. Hunt, Daniel Anderson and Gilman C. Mudgett. William B. Allison, James F. Wilson, Hiram Price, J. B. Grinnell, John A. Kasson and A. W. Hubbard were elected to Congress. What names many of them have become since then on the state's roll of fame! Some of them have now long been familiar to the whole nation and have been crowned with honors. Hon. C. C. Cole, formerly a distinguished and loyal Democrat, was chosen supreme judge in Iowa at the same election. James Wright was made secretary of state, John A. Elliott, auditor; Wm. H. Holmes, treasurer; J. A. Harvey, register of the land office and Isaac L. Allen, attorney-general.

Since the last Thanksgiving day in Iowa, great events had taken place. There had been great battles, victories and defeats. Thousands of Iowa men lay dead on southern fields, thousands were starving to death amid the horrors of southern prisons, and other thousands lay mangled, sick, suffering and dying in army hospitals. It was a time to make men think. Loyal Iowa did think, and the pulse-beats of her whole loyal people were as one. The war should go on, treason should be trampled in the earth, the Republic saved,—if all should die. That was the patriotism worthy of the Greek that wished no life, if without a country.

Not the young blood of Iowa only was offered at its country's altar. A thousand men, whose age exempted them from war, had shouldered their muskets and joined the army. Possibly history affords no parallel to Iowa's "Gray beard" regiment, the band of organized men, many of them sixty years of age, who mustered with their sons for battle. That regiment of patriots had already sent thirteen hundred sons and grandsons to the war. When the fathers themselves marched with steady step, with earnest eye and loyal heart, it was a scene for an epic poet or a tragic artist. Iowa alone had the honor of such a band of patriots, and on the scroll of history their fame will be written with the fame of the old Continentals of the Revolution, the soldiers of Cromwell and the heroic Greeks.

That late summer of 1864 witnessed the decree that abolished slavery forever in Maryland. It was a great day, and as if some divine fate itself were directing events, that very hour, Roger B. Taney, the judicial upholder of human bondage, died. The old era passed away as the new was coming in. There were not wanting thousands of pious patriots who saw in this, as in other events of that awful War Time, the hand of Almighty God. The awful crime that the Republic had fostered under the Stripes and Stars was doomed, but the people, north and south, guilty of this outrage on their fellow men, were paying the penalty in their hearts' blood.

“VENGEANCE IS MINE, AND I WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD.”

And on that Thanksgiving day of 1864, more than at any time during the dreadful conflict, the people of the North realized that God's hand was in the war. The close of that great year saw the retirement of Gov. Kirkwood from the gubernatorial office. He had served the two terms usually accorded governors, and with distinguished honors and with the universal respect of the people, he transferred to his successor the state government—not in bankruptcy and unarmed as he had found it, but rich, loyal, and equipped for war. His retirement, however, was a source of almost universal regret. He and Iowa soldiers had been as one—one impulse, one interest, one intense loyalty. His parting message to his people was one of wisdom and encouragement. He left the house that he had governed in good order. The state's credit was now better than before, her schools were flourishing, her public institutions numerous and largely paid for. Business pursued its even way, spite of the war. Iowa's fields yielded abundantly, her people were honored, and her soldiers were heroes.

“I must say a word still to them,” he exclaimed in parting. “These men whom Iowa has sent to the field have been at least second to none in soldierly qualities. When the war began, ours was a new state without a history. To day, her name stands on one of the brightest pages of our country's record, graven there by the bayonets of our brave soldiers, and that page is all glow-

ing with proofs of their heroism and devotion. We have sent to the field no regiment of which we do not feel greatly proud, and the bare mention of the names of many of them stirs the blood and warms the heart of every Iowan. It may perhaps be permitted me to say that I trust that when the history of the gallantry and devotion of these men shall be written, the position I have held will of necessity connect my name kindly and not discreditably with theirs, and that this trust affords compensation for somewhat of toil and care which have attended that position, and should be sufficient to satisfy an ambition greater than mine."

Kirkwood's name *is* connected with the names of the Iowa soldiers "kindly, and not discreditably," and no monument to their heroism, however grand, will be complete that does not link with their names, inseparably, the names of Kirkwood and of Baker. To their loyal hearts and patient virtues are due many of the successes that have handed down to history the fame and the deeds of Iowa soldiers in the war for the Republic.

The beginning of 1864 saw Iowa 12,000 men ahead of her quota, but ready for any and every new demand for men or money. Patriotic zeal, coupled with the love of adventure, had even entered into the breasts of the boys, scores of whom, far under the proper age, left their homes and presented themselves at recruiting offices for enlistment. "One thousand boys," wrote Adj. Gen. Baker in March, "have been sent home by us at the expense of the state.

Both the general government and state continued to give splendid bounties to men enlisting, whether to fill up the old commands, thinned by war's ravages, or to enter new organizations.

Discharged soldiers who re-enlisted, received \$400 in bounty from the general government, and frequently large sums from towns, counties and cities in addition. The county of Dubuque, previous to that Thanksgiving day of 1864, had paid out \$115,000 for bounties. Other counties, in proportion to population and wealth, had paid even more.

The state had but 700,000 population, and one-ninth of it

was in the battle field. *Every other arms-bearing man in Iowa was at the front.* It was a remarkable showing. It seemed as if every family in the whole state had some member fighting for his country. The husband of Mrs. E. W. Atmore was in the ranks of the Fifteenth regiment, and sick in hospital of a fever. Two of her sons were in the army, and two other sons were dead for their country. "I have four brothers fighting in the army," wrote a young lady of Iowa—four brothers, a father and several cousins.

Every mail brought sorrow to some wounded heart at home. A message by telegraph was followed by a dress of mourning. "I think Capt. Smith of the Sixteenth Iowa is killed," telegraphed Adjt. Gen. Baker to a friend. "Break the news as lightly as possible to his wife." That was the kind of message the wires brought daily from Atlanta and the South.

Up at the arsenal in Des Moines, one reads in the record book, where every soldier's name is given, these words:

<p style="text-align: center;">ISAAC N. YOUNT, TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY, <i>Shot in the heart by a musket ball.</i></p>
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It is but one record of ten thousand. This is the dead patriot's history. Above the record books, festooned together with others, hangs the flag that this man's heart's-blood saved. All the immense room is hung with flags and banners that other men's hearts' blood has saved. Tread softly and with bared head enter, for in this room, around, above, are the sacred relics of a holy war. The spots on yonder banner are your father's blood. That bullet-riddled flag lay on the dead body of your brother at Vicksburg. That other banner, torn and gray and ragged, was the first union flag to float on a rebel rampart. That other waved "Liberty's" welcome from the dome of South Carolina's capitol. These flags are the certificates of Iowa's heroism in a mighty war. Those blood stains are from the hearts of Redfield at Allatoona, McFarland at Prairie Grove, Mills and Baker at Corinth, Kinsman at Black River, Cloutman at Donelson, Rice at the Saline river, Wentz at Belmont, Hill at Nashville, Newbold

and Mix of the deadly line at Pleasant Hill. They are the blood of Torrence, of Abbott, of Dunlap and of Wilds. Not of these alone. Ten thousand hearts ceased beating when these flags were borne across the ramparts of the foe. The best young blood of all this noble state turned into scarlet the gold of the stars of yonder banner. That flag staff, broken and pierced with rebel balls, was borne in the deadly charge of Mission Ridge. Five brave men were killed or crippled bearing that other flag at Donelson. That bit of bunting, faded and torn, wrapped the cold clay of Iseminger at Shiloh.

Look up, if there thrills in your breast one drop of the patriot's blood, and know that here you stand in the presence of the spirits of heroes and martyrs. Here is the Pantheon of your heroic dead. Here are the emblems of our honor. Before these emblems, how small are we! We hear but the voice of man; these hero martyrs heard the voice of God. Spirits of the dead, we call you back, that we may swear again within this patriot shrine that no base act of ours shall make your deeds in vain. Cursed be the man who does not honor these torn flags, and doubly cursed who does not prize the liberties their defenders saved!

These flags and these banners that the state of Iowa has preserved within walls of stone and iron, are not the colors of triumphant armies that have marched over human right to victory. They are the honored emblems of free government and of man's rights. Not since the crusades to the Holy Sepulchre, have armies fought in a holier cause than did the union troops, striving to preserve free government on the earth. The flags of Napoleon, exhibited under the dome of the Invalides in Paris, are the signs of French conquest. The banners of Frederick the Great, gathered above his tomb at Pottsdam, are signs of a personal and victorious tyranny. The flags of the loyal North are the symbols of a war for human rights. So long as Iowa shall have a record among men, these flags will be the emblems of her heroic age.

Iowa had another reason to be thankful in 1864. It was for the gallantry of some of her regiments that had been sent east to fight by the side of soldiers from the Potomac against the vet-

erans of Lee's army. In no section of the country was there fiercer war than in the Shenandoah valley of Virginia. Its people had sinned much in disloyalty. "I will fight treason wherever I find it," wrote Mr. Lincoln to the Virginians. He found it all over the old state, and Sheridan, in the September days of 1864, fought it in the valley, and fought it very hard. Iowa men marched through the town and past the gallows place of old John Brown, and with sword and bayonet and musket helped destroy Early's Virginia army. There were great union victories in that valley, and Iowa had reason to be proud of her share in them.

Yet, notwithstanding the great victories of the union army, there was no cessation of continued preparation in Iowa, as, indeed, all over the nation. Then, as in the years before, Adj. Gen. Baker was the soul of the military system of the state. His great work never grew less. He wanted nothing less until the country should be surely saved. "I am always with you for the country and its preservation," he wrote to a public man. "I am just where the democratic party used to be—a party for the defense of the government in any peril, danger or emergency—a party whose doctrine used to be *unalloyed loyalty* for the defense of the Stars and the Stripes. I am there still, and shall be there forever. Your kind expressions of approval are better to me than anything that could be furnished by any person, power or state. I try to do my duty, and the approval of such men as you is an incentive to try to do better, if I can. I want no office. I try to do my duty for the state and nation, and if I have done it well, I shall leave that record for my children."

The state now knows how well he kept his word; his record was long since made up, and the soldiers of Iowa who were the children of his care, recognize how loyal and how true he was. Not in many years will Iowa have such a servant of the state again. Such men are only here and there the product of a country. They are the souls born of an emergency, and fate only gives them for some great demand.

With the beginning of the new year 1864, Col. William M. Stone had become governor of Iowa. The transfer of executive

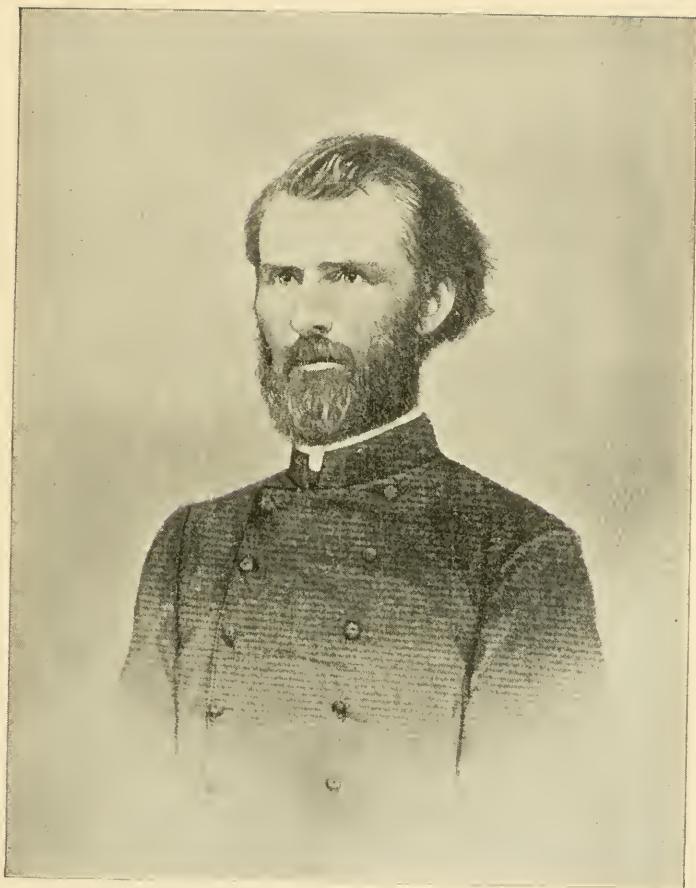
power in no way changed the patriotic course of the state or its determination to furnish the last man and the last dollar, if need be, to continue the prosecution of the war. The new governor was personally a zealous patriot, a determined man, an experienced military officer and an executive who recognized that in Iowa, perfect loyalty to the wishes of the people was the only possible political road to travel.

With intense energy he took up the just cause where his successful and popular predecessor had laid it down. Apparently, no change of state officials had taken place—so one-purposed, so one-handed and one-hearted did the people of Iowa continue to strive to save the bulwark of liberty.

The improved condition of affairs in Iowa at the close of Gov. Kirkwood's administration, has already been alluded to. Gov. Stone proposed no steps backward. His administration proved to be broad, patriotic and successful. Brilliant as were his endowments, it was no easy task to achieve popularity, following a predecessor of such conspicuous ability, such political insight, and such preeminent statesmanship. But both had the same aims and purposes—the honor of the state—the prosecution of the war; and Stone's administration was a loyal marching on in the course which had already rendered Iowa conspicuous for patriotism.

Among his noted services to the state and nation, in the summer of 1864, was his earnestness in urging on the government the Hundred Days volunteers. With two or three other governors of northwestern states, he believed that in the great campaigns about to be inaugurated for that summer, the hands of our generals could be strengthened by the use of several thousand men enlisted for short terms. These men, he maintained, could garrison posts, hold interior lines, guard railroads, care for the thousands of prisoners in our hands, and so release for duty at the front a whole army of veteran soldiers.

It was a splendid conception. The plan, however, was not so readily adopted as would have been expected. It met, indeed, with extreme opposition at its very inception. Gov. Stone was on intimate terms with President Lincoln, and at an interview



GOVERNOR WM. M. STONE.

between the President and the governors who wished to offer the troops, appealed to the President in deep earnestness for their acceptance. Mr. Lincoln's whole cabinet was present. So, too, was Maj.-Gen. Halleck. "Let us have your opinion, Gen. Halleck," said Mr. Lincoln. "No faith in it at all! Volunteers won't earn their clothes in a hundred days," answered the general, emphatically. "But look at Wilson's Creek," interrupted Gov. Stone; "Iowa's hundred days men won that battle; look at Donelson, stormed by men who never fired a gun before." "You are right," cried the President, slapping his knee as he spoke. "Mr. Chase, can you raise the money, and how much will the venture cost?" turning to the finance secretary. "Yes," was the quick answer, "the money can be had. The proposition is excellent, and there are the figures." Secretary Stanton also favored the proposition, and before the meeting closed, the governors were authorized to raise the regiments.

Stone hurried home and in a stirring and patriotic appeal asked young Iowa again for men. His letter to the people was one of the best expositions of the critical situation of public affairs that had appeared anywhere. In language burning with eloquence and patriotism, he urged the immediate raising of the hundred days regiments. All the young men in the stores and shops were begged to enroll themselves and connect their names with the names of the heroes at the front. The young women of the state were urged to do as their sisters in Mt. Pleasant and Burlington—volunteer to supply the places of young men enlisting to be soldiers. All over the state, in fact, the women were as anxious as the governor himself to see the armies at the front strengthened for renewed conflict.

At the city of Des Moines, 40 young ladies volunteered together to go to work as clerks in shops and stores and to accept soldiers' pay, wherever men should enlist. In a published card, under their own names, they closed with these words to the employees: "We prefer to be *invited* to take your places, but if not, we will in a body proceed to your places of business by Tuesday next, to say to you, *go*."

Rapidly the regiments were filled up, and in quick time Iowa

had nearly 4,000 more men marching toward Dixie. Nobly these regiments of Hundred Days men served the purposes for which they volunteered. The veteran armies were relieved from post, garrison and guard duty in the South, and marched to new victories, while the Hundred Days men, picketing and guarding the lines of supplies, holding the forts, and watching the roads in the rear of the armies, were performing often as arduous, as useful and as patriotic duties as the men farther forward in the smoke of the battle.

Just as Stone was hurrying to organize his Hundred Days men, the draft was proceeding in other states, and the War Department also ordered a draft in certain derelict districts of Iowa, unless the governor should object. Stone did object, until all other states should do what Iowa had done—fill their quotas—and, in any event, until the state should have failed in raising the Hundred Days men. A few men, in certain districts, had been drafted in Iowa, but had the full number of volunteers been credited on the books of the War Department, no draft at any time would have been necessary in the state.

Another of the noticeable and patriotic acts of this administration was the loyal stand taken by Gov. Stone as to the state militia. He ordered its organization to be completed in every district, under the leading of true and loyal men, but soon found it in certain portions of the state on the Missouri border being turned into an instrument, not of defense, but of treason. There were 33,000 organized "Sons of Liberty" in the state, whose aim was opposition to the government of the state and the nation. These detestable and treasonable comrades of house burners, assassins and midnight murderers, labored to secure the offices in the militia companies of the border counties, and thus cripple them for patriotic use against invaders from Missouri, or still worse, turn them at some critical moment against the state. Stone knew of their machinations, and accepted the challenge thrown to him by a lot of banded villains intent on crippling the arm of the state. He publicly informed them of his knowledge of their doings, forbade the issuing of commissions of any kind to them, whether elected officers or not, and, in case any

strife should be brought about by them in revenge, threatened them with powder and ball. It was a wholesome lesson, and the governor was sustained in his purpose by the whole state.

Possibly the "Sons of Liberty" in Iowa never realized how near to death's door they stood before the war days passed. Their secret assemblies were watched, their aims known, and their open outbreak was waited for. One open blow from them then, and public indignation would have justified their being swept from existence.

During Gov. Stone's administration of state affairs, Iowa, spite of the great war raging, made marvelous strides in growth. His public papers, messages and documents, teemed with praises of the state, the resources of her soil, the riches of her fields, the advantages of her institutions, the intelligence and patriotism of her people—the heroism of her soldiers. His zeal, and the zeal of those like him, drew emigration to the state, and with it riches, till, before the war ended, Iowa was richer, more prosperous, more powerful than when the war began.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

December, 1864.

HALF the people of America have grown from childhood to manhood since the country was electrified by the news that Sherman's army had marched from Atlanta to the sea. Twenty years have gone, and we begin to know better the significance of the most picturesque as well as the most important campaign of the Civil War.

Not less than seventeen Iowa regiments took part in the brilliant campaign.

The Ninth Iowa infantry, commanded by Capt. McSweeney, severed the last link of the railroad that connected Sherman's army with the North. The last train had passed northward from Atlanta, when, on the 12th of November, the Iowa boys tore up the track and filled in the cuts behind it—when, without a base, without communications, and with a three hundred miles march in front of it, the army swung loose for the sea.

The battle of Chattanooga had proved the most crushing disaster that had happened to the Confederacy during the war; but a greater disaster still was waiting the South. Grant had gone to the armies in the East, and Sherman was threatening to cut what was left of the Confederacy in two. Of course that could not be done without first destroying or crippling the rebel army in his front. It was a long and perilous journey for an army from Chattanooga to Atlanta, the "gate city of the South." Nature had fortified the country against invasion almost every foot of the way, and a well commanded army of veterans occupied intrenchments, and river banks, and bridges, and mountain heights, in such force as to make almost disheartening any

attempt at a forward campaign. Sherman's campaigns, however, had all been of the forward kind. He had seldom fought twice over the same ground, and he led an army accustomed to victory. In himself was represented a type of soldier that comes not once in a century; courageous, original, blest with great resources of intellect; a trained soldier with the heart of a civilian, perfect in knowledge of the conduct of wars, cool in judgment, audacious in action, enthusiastic in the cause he was fighting for; an intense patriot, and possessed of the universal affection of his troops. Only such a leader could undertake with hopes of success a campaign so difficult as the 120 days' battle that lay between him and Atlanta. This 120 days' fighting was more than preliminary to the march to the sea; in a sense, it was a part of that march. To destroy the armies in front of him, to take Atlanta, the central furnishing depot of the South; to destroy the lines that fed Lee's army; to show the Confederacy that their very interior and strongest places were not invulnerable; to put a victorious northern army right in the heart of the South, and show the world that it could stay there; this was what Sherman set out to do. To do it, the Atlanta campaign became a necessity; so did the march to the sea. Throwing the same army that marched to Savannah right into Lee's rear, and later compelling him to surrender to Grant or flee to the mountains, was the additional possibility planned for, and believed in, long before the march seaward was commenced. The plan to strike Lee's rear with Sherman's army from Atlanta, 1,000 miles away, developed slowly. Its execution meant a tremendous move on the military chess board. Lee saw the fatal danger, ere the campaign was half done, and mentally resolved, as we see later, on *leaving Richmond* the moment Sherman's columns should get as far toward him as the Roanoke River.

The terrific events in Sherman's campaign, between the Tennessee River and Atlanta, had never been surpassed on the continent. They were scarcely surpassed by the great single battles of Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor. It was not so much one very great battle, as a constant succession of heavy battles and fights in the woods. Day and night were heard the

roar of cannon and the clash of musketry. Those not engaged in the perpetual conflict on the lines could scarcely sleep when the cracking of musketry ceased at times, so accustomed were they to the continued sound of guns. It was like a constant siege, filled up by never ending assaults, charging breastworks, taking bridges, maneuvers, reconnoissances, skirmishes, and battles; then the siege, and the assaults on Atlanta itself, the flanking movements, and, at last, the end. "Atlanta ours, and fairly won," flew across the wires to Washington, and the first act in Sherman's campaign was finished. It had been a tremendous succession of hard fighting—a constant battle for four months. The great commander on the James realized the magnitude of the events. "You have accomplished," said Grant, in a letter to Sherman, "the most gigantic undertaking of any man in this war."

And what next? Grant wrote from Virginia. And he, too, asked what next. What had Sherman gone to Atlanta for? Could he stop there? "It is now my opinion," wrote Sherman to Grant, "that I should keep Hood employed, and put my army in fine order for a march on Charleston (the sea)." These are the first written words about the "march" to be found in the records of the war. And again he wrote: "I would not hesitate, were there a new base in our hands at the coast, to cross the state of Georgia with 60,000 men." The possibility of a march somewhere seaward had, as said, been looked forward to when the army left Chattanooga. Where he should strike, when he should strike, or whether new events would permit a march at all, were left wholly unsettled in his mind in the beginning; but at Atlanta, Sherman conceived the true plan, and adopted the direction he would take, if only Hood would be foolish enough to march his confederate army north into Tennessee, where Thomas stood waiting to welcome him. At last Hood did move, and northwards, and, to make the blunder more visible, Jefferson Davis himself rushed out to Palmetto, near Atlanta, and approved the plans of his general. Addressing the soldiers and the public, he pictured Sherman's army as now about to be lost. Advance he could not; and the retreat of Napoleon from

Moscow was child's play compared with what would happen were the federal general to attempt to fall back. A scout took the speech to Sherman, and that moment he determined on his "march to the sea." Davis was commander-in-chief of the confederate armies, and his speech had convinced Sherman that the confederate President was as weak in generalship as he was strong in boasting.

All surplus material and men were at once sent to the rear, and arrangements for another move in the brilliant campaign completed.

The origin of the plan of marching to the sea was Sherman's own, as much as was the execution of it, spite of certain malevolent critics who sought to rob him of this part of the glory. "The honor is all yours," wrote President Lincoln, when success had crowned the march; "none of us went further than to acquiesce." Nothing but the overzeal of one of Gen. Grant's admirers, or the malice of some jealous enemy, could have thought to put the origin of the march in doubt.

To Halleck, Sherman now telegraphed: "I prefer for the future to make the movement on Milledgeville, Millen, and Savannah;" and almost the same day he telegraphed Gen. Grant: "If Hood goes north, why will it not do for me to leave Tennessee to Thomas and his forces at Nashville, and for me to destroy Atlanta and march across Georgia to Savannah or Charleston?" Grant advised him first to follow Hood, destroy him, and afterward move toward the sea. Thomas opposed the idea of moving south entirely, as did others. In no direction was the undertaking much encouraged. Events were drifting slowly; Hood was starting northward, and then Grant telegraphed to Sherman on November 2d, 1864: "I say go on, then, *as you propose*." Being authorized to act, Sherman wrote to Thomas, speaking of the march: "I want all things bent to the plan. I purpose to demonstrate the vulnerability of the South, and make its inhabitants feel that *war* and *individual ruin* are *synonymous terms*." And again, to Thomas: "The only hope of a southern success is in the remote regions, difficult of access. We have now a good entering wedge, and should *drive it home*. We must preserve a

large amount of secrecy, and I may actually change the ultimate point of arrival, but not the main object." Still again to Thomas: "Let us keep Beauregard busy, and the people of the South will realize his inability to protect them." Beauregard was kept busy—very busy. He, like Hood, and all the rest of the Confederates there, had, in fact, been having a busy time of it for many months, opposing soldiers like Thomas, Schofield, Logan, Howard, Hooker, McPherson, Dodge, Blair, Morgan L. Smith, Cox, Gresham, and others of the great fighting heroes of the Atlanta campaign.

To Stanton, Sherman now wrote: "I will wait a few days yet to see what head he (Hood) makes about Decatur, and may yet turn to Tennessee, but it would be a great pity to take a step backward." On the same day, learning more of Hood's starting north, he telegraphed again to Washington: "I am pushing my preparations to march through Georgia." He had telegraphed to Thomas that "things must be bent to his plan," and they were bent. Messages were sent in every direction to urge haste in getting the trains and the sick to the rear; no neglect, no delay of any kind, would be brooked for a moment. Even apparent delays, and the temper of the commander flew to a white heat, no matter who might be at fault. Certain condemned horses and cavalry trains had been ordered sent back. Somebody had blundered, or not been prompt. "I gave ten days' notice," exclaims the general, in a furious telegram to the chief of cavalry, "and I want to know who is responsible for this outrageous delinquency? I hope all will be killed or captured. Be ready for the saddle at an hour's notice." Here is the laconic order for the final destruction of Atlanta:

"CAPT. POE:

"You may commence the work of destruction at once, but don't use fire until towards the last moment.

"SHERMAN."

In burning Atlanta, he was *fighting* the Rebels, not *conciliating* them. Of course, a roar followed all over the South, finding a little echo, even in the North. It did not disturb him. "If my reasons," he wrote to Washington, "are satisfactory to the

United States, it makes no difference whether it pleases Gen. Hood and *his* people or not." He was now ready for the start. Jefferson Davis was apparently doing his best to aid him on his way. Cotton was no longer to be "king" in the South. Jefferson Davis had said it. "Corn" must grow on every field. It must have been with a grim smile that Sherman wrote to Secretary Stanton: "Convey to Jefferson Davis my personal and official thanks for abolishing cotton, and substituting corn and sweet potatoes in the South. These facilitate our military plans much, for food and forage are abundant."

Just then came the news of Sheridan's victory in the East. Sherman had been killing men all summer, and he liked to see war of just the killing kind, the more desperate the better, and the sooner ended. The kindest hearted man in the world, he still liked Sheridan's way. "I am satisfied," he wrote the latter, just before leaving Atlanta, "and have been all the time, that the problem of this war consists in the awful fact that the present class of men who rule the South must be killed outright, rather than in the conquest of territory. Hard bulldog fighting, and a great deal of it, remains yet to be done." Sheridan was one of the men he believed capable of doing it. The South had thrown down the desperate gage of battle. It was kill or *get killed*, and while Sherman, as his course always proved, pitied the South and would have given his life for honorable peace, nothing to his mind could bring that peace so quick as fighting in dead earnest; peace restored, no man in all America so prompt to offer the hand of reconciliation.

Sherman's first thought, after Atlanta had been taken, was to march on Augusta, connecting with the coast by the Savannah river. "If you can manage," he writes to Grant, on September 10th, "to take the Savannah river as high as Augusta, or the Chattahoochee as far up as Columbus, I can sweep the whole state of Georgia."

In fact, *three* routes seaward had been considered by Sherman: the line direct south, striking the sea at Appalachicola; the line to Augusta, and the middle, or southeast one to Savannah. Events proved the last the best in many senses; that route fol-

lowed, Lee's army could be hurt the quickest, and it was *Lee's* army now, not Hood's, that Sherman was striking at. It was also time to choose. The whole Confederacy was waking to the danger of leaving him longer at Atlanta. The time had come, possibly, to drive him to death. Davis said it had come. Hood was reaching his lines of communication, and quietly putting an army between him and the North. Grant telegraphed Sherman on the 27th September, that an awful effort was being made to crush him at Atlanta. Three courses were open to him; to remain at Atlanta, and risk losing his supply lines; to turn back and follow Hood's army northwards; or to cut loose, march south, and destroy Lee's chances from his far rear. He had already determined, however, not to fight the old ground over again—to take no step backward, but leave Hood and his northern invasion to the competent hands of Gen. Thomas.

The gigantic labor of supplying large armies from distant points can scarcely be realized. To feed Sherman's army about Chattanooga, from its supply base at Nashville, had required the labor of thousands of men and teams, and the use of one hundred and forty-five railway cars daily. That meant the use of a hundred locomotives and a thousand railway cars. The risk to supplies, with thousands of well-led hostile cavalry in the rear, was too serious to contemplate. A move somewhere from Atlanta was rapidly becoming not only the best thing to do, but a necessity, if the fruits of the last campaign were not to be lost.

The *reveille* beat at four o'clock in the morning of November 15th, 1864, and waked the sleeping soldiers about Atlanta to break camp and start, many of them, on their last campaign. Daylight saw sixty-two thousand two hundred and four men, with sixty-five cannon, moving in separate, but nearly parallel, columns seaward. The orders had been carefully given; every officer, every soldier, knew his place, and something in the very air told them they were starting on a march that would end with the closing of the war. Sixty-two thousand men was no small army to cut loose from a base and enter the lines of a hostile country, with no foothold but the ocean beyond. The last mile

of the railroad behind had been destroyed; the last message, a good-bye and an "all right," had been telegraphed back to Thomas; the wires were cut, the last link lost communicating with the North.

Passing the city in flames and ruin, Sherman rode forward, joined one of his columns, and the "March to the Sea" had begun.

Three hundred miles southeast lay Savannah and the ocean. Toward this point all columns were headed, though greatly diverging at times, threatening important positions, like Macon and Augusta, right and left, and, by mysterious movements on the flanks, leading the enemy at the front to concentrate to-day in one place and to-morrow forty miles away.

Two great wings, almost equally divided as to numbers, formed the marching army. The right was led by Maj.-Gen. Howard, and Maj.-Gen. Slocum commanded the left, with soldiers such as Blair, Davis, Williams and Osterhaus,* directing army corps, and veterans like Corse, Geary, Force, Ward, Mower, Morgan, Woods, Hazen, Smith, Leggett, Baird and Carlin, leading divisions, fighting men, every one of them, and the soldiers were veterans, hardened by scores of battles.

Sherman's cavalry, kept under his personal direction, was commanded by Kilpatrick—but in numbers, it was inferior to the cavalry of Wheeler in his front, and hanging on his flanks. The enemy possessed strong garrisons all along the seacoast and in the interior towns. Columns from these were liable to be concentrated and thrown in front of Sherman at any hour; troops from Virginia, even, might be hastening, by train, to stop the invaders' way. If there had been audacity in conceiving the movement, and entering on the march, the utmost caution and vigilance were necessary to prevent surprise, detection of routes and concentrating of hostile forces at unexpected places, and at unexpected times. Possibly for safety, the cavalry force seemed inadequate, but the weakness was made up by a force never before known in war—the mounted "foragers." Every twen-

*Maj.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, commander of the Sixteenth army corps, who had played so important a role in the battles of Atlanta, helping to make the march to the sea a possibility, was wounded, and home on leave of absence. Logan also was absent on leave.

tieth man in the army was regularly detailed to scour the country right and left, and sometimes front, for food and forage. In three days' time the greater number of these foragers had mounted themselves on some species of horse or mule, and the "foragers" became a sort of irregular, or partisan cavalry—flying hither and thither, at all times, and in all places. They confiscated horses, mules, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, grain, fodder, potatoes and meat in such enormous quantities as to supply the whole army. Only occasionally were the regular rations in the supply trains touched at all. The army was living completely off the country. The corn Jefferson Davis had ordered planted in the cotton-fields was feeding Sherman's soldiers. The "foragers" were becoming the historic personages of the campaign. They were men accustomed to danger, to improvising defenses, to fighting on foot or mounted, to ambuscades and open fields; soldiers of infinite resource, and it is doubtful if any cavalry in existence could have been half so useful to the army as Sherman's mounted "foragers." Their irregularities, and they were not great, for discipline met them when they came to camp, were overlooked in the good that they accomplished.

At times on the march, the whole army concentrated, as at Milledgeville, Millen, and at the approaches to Savannah, and diverged, or else marched in parallel lines, seldom more than twenty miles from flank to flank, keeping to the right and to the left of them, as protectors, the Savannah and the Ogeechee rivers, leading seaward. Sometimes the columns, as at Duncan's farm by Macon, met the enemy, and with a sharp battle hurled them back; or, as at the crossing of Briar River, where the cavalry met in severe engagement, fighting for a bridge, or when the advance ran on to the hidden intrenchments in the swamps outside Savannah. Unexpectedly, however, there was little fighting on the march; but fighting, of a desperate kind, too, might still occur at any moment. Once, the enemy's wires were tapped, and a dispatch captured saying that Bragg, with ten thousand men and part of Wade Hampton's cavalry, was leaving Augusta for Sherman's rear that very night. Day after day the

invading army tramped along through the unknown country, their very whereabouts a mystery to the waiting North, whose anxiety, fed by false reports from Richmond, became intenser every hour.

For twenty days the columns swung along with a steady step, and then, in the distance, they beheld the sea. The swamps, the woods, the intrenchments and the well-manned forts guarding the city of Savannah had been reached. Sherman's eyes strained for the white sails of the friendly fleet. They were not to be seen. His army lapped almost around the city, but there was no possibility of reaching the sea-side or the union ships. On his left, lay the swamps, the forts, and a rebel army; on his right, bristling with heavy guns, and armed with heroic men, frowned Fort McAllister. That captured, communication with the fleet were possible. Different troops begged the privilege to assault. Just before sundown of December 13th, a division of blue coats under Maj. Gen. Hazen, appeared from the thick wood skirting the approaches to the fort. From the top of a rice mill across the river, Sherman, glass in hand, was watching the movement. In front of these men whose guns glistened in the slanting rays of the setting sun, stood a strong fort armed with heavy guns, protected by a deep ditch, by continuous palisades and abatis, and by veteran soldiers.

Sherman looked at the setting sun and feared the approach of night. "Signal Hazen to assault at once," he ordered. The little signal flag at his side fluttered a little, and was answered by Hazen's whole line advancing to the palisades. That moment the fort belched forth its artillery. Steadily the line advanced, spite of hidden torpedoes exploding under their feet, spite of the musketry and shells from the fort, and in a few moments entered the cloud of smoke made by the battle. For a minute, only the rattle of musketry was heard; all was darkness there, and then the cloud-vail lifted, revealing the Stars and Stripes planted on the fort. In fifteen minutes, Fort McAllister had been taken by assault. Such quick work had hardly been done in the war. That night communication was established with the fleet, and Sherman slept in Fort McAllister alongside the dying and the

dead. The second step of the march to the sea was finished, and from the whole North went up a prayer of thankfulness. The end of the war was now in sight. The resources of the South were gone; Lee's lines of supply were cut in two, and the confidence of the South in her leaders was turning into hate. For Sherman to serve South Carolina as he had served Georgia, to march his army to the Roanoke, demolishing Charleston and Columbia on the way, would be to end the war. In a sense, Richmond was already taken by a force 500 miles away. Gen. Lee saw what Sherman's movements were resulting in. "It was easy to see," he writes in a private letter three years later:

"WARM SPRINGS, VA., July 27, 1868.

"GENERAL WM. S. SMITH:

* * * * *

"As regards the movements of Gen. Sherman, it was easy to see that unless they were interrupted, I should be compelled to abandon the defense of Richmond, and with a view of arresting his progress, I so weakened my force by sending re-enforcements to South and North Carolina that I had not sufficient men to man my lines.

"Had they not been broken, I should have abandoned them as soon as Gen. Sherman reached the Roanoke.

"(Signed)

R. E. LEE."

Sherman *did* reach the Roanoke or its neighborhood, and was but eighteen miles away when the evacuation of Richmond began.

If the hopes of the South failed when Sherman reached Savannah, the spirits of the North were correspondingly buoyant. Grant himself, so reticent usually, hastened to lay a tribute at the feet of his friend:

* * * * *

"I never had a doubt of the result when apprehensions for your safety were expressed by the President. I assured him that with the army you had, and you in command of it, there was no danger, but you would strike bottom on salt water some place; that I would not feel the same security—in fact, would not have intrusted the expedition to any other living commander. I congratulate you and your army upon the splendid results of your campaign, the like of which is not read of in past history."

Now, more than ever, Sherman and his army felt they were striking Lee's army from behind. Hood was no longer a factor

in the game, and the force between Sherman and the Roanoke river was not a force to fear. It was Lee, Sherman was thinking of only. To Halleck, he wrote on the 24th of December: "I think my campaign of the last month, as well as every step I take from this point north, is as much a direct attack upon Lee's army as though I were operating within the sound of his artillery;" and to Grant, three days before Christmas he wrote: "I have now completed my first step, and should like to join you *via* Columbia and Raleigh. If you can hold Lee, and if Thomas can continue as he did on the 18th (referring to his battle of Nashville) I could go on and smash South Carolina all to pieces, and break up roads as far as the Roanoke." Grant *did* hold Lee, and Thomas *did* do as well as on the 18th, and Sherman *did* smash things all to pieces in South Carolina. He went to the Roanoke and Lee went from Richmond.

The war was done, and Sherman's victorious soldiers tramped on another 400 miles to Washington. The fighting had commenced on the Tennessee river, the marching ended on Pennsylvania avenue, and whole divisions of the soldiers who saluted the President that afternoon of the grand review, had marched with their rifles on their shoulders a distance of almost 3,000 miles.

Iowa's part in the grand march to the sea, in its adventures, in its skirmishes, and in its occasional fighting, had been prominent and honorable. The Iowa soldiers there were mostly veterans of many marches and of many battles. To them, the campaign was one grand holiday. The weather was good, rations, by foraging, were abundant, and the stimulus was theirs of a great excitement—a marching to new victories, and, in a sense, to new discoveries. The far interior of Georgia was like a sealed book to many of them, and they were about to open it with their swords.

Fortunately for all concerned, there was but little hard fighting on the way. The boldness of the movement paralyzed the enemy, and Sherman's columns marched along as they chose. The opposition the South seemed capable of making at river crossings and other points of vantage was trivial in the eyes of

Sherman's soldiers. The experiences of all the Iowa regiments were much the same—to-day in the vanguard, tramping and skirmishing along—to-morrow at the rear, looking after the trains and the stragglers, of which there were few, and warding off the almost impotent blows of some stray squadron of rebel cavalry.

When Sherman's right wing swung off to Macon and fought the little battle of Duncan's Farm, some of the Iowa soldiers were there as supports to Kilpatrick's cavalry. When the troops were tearing up the railroad, Gen. C. R. Woods's division, containing, among other troops, the Fourth, Sixth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Iowa, was placed as a rear guard. On the 22d of November, a rebel division came out of Macon and attacked a part of Woods's troops, led by Col. Walcutt. A severe little battle ensued and the Rebels were beaten. Many of the rebel soldiers constituting this attack, were students in a Macon college—young boys, sons of the aristocratic families of Georgia and the South, who had been sent to that quiet interior town to be far from the dangers of war. In an unexpected moment, war was on them. They were pressed into the service, and in the attack on Woods's division many of them were slain.

Brave Gen. Corse of Iowa, of Chattanooga and Allatoona fame, led a division in the marching army, and his boys, among them the Second, Seventh and Thirty-ninth Iowa, achieved no little distinction for their rapidity in destroying the enemy's railroads. Gen. Elliott W. Rice also led a brigade in the victoriously marching army, where the soldiers tramped their fifteen and twenty miles a day as lightly as on some promenade. The famous Crocker brigade under Gen. Belknap, was there too, and on reaching Savannah was the first to strike and destroy the railroad running to Charleston. Three miles back of Savannah the brigade was under a heavy fire of artillery, but by wading through a swamp and advancing on the enemy, Belknap's men soon silenced the skirmishers and the batteries that had been doing no little harm. One company of the Fifty-third Illinois, in the Fourth division, lost 11 men in killed and wounded by the explosion of a single shell from these same batteries.

In two or three days the brigade found itself in a position protecting a road at the left of the Seventeenth corps, with a strong eleven-gun fort in front of it. Here the Fifteenth Iowa acted as advance skirmishers, and, under a severe fire of artillery and musketry, the brigade drove the Rebels back and beyond a pond within three hundred yards of the fort. Arrangements were made to pass through the pond, and the order was given to assault the works on the morrow. The first advance of the skirmish-line on the 25th revealed the enemy gone, when the fort and its cannon fell into union hands.

The Ninth Iowa had broken the last rail at Atlanta connecting Sherman's army with the North, and the Sixteenth Iowa was about the very first to strike the works of the enemy at Savannah by the sea. The Seventh Iowa, the Tenth, Fifteenth and Thirty-first, had all been slightly engaged in skirmishes by the way, and when Gen. Hazen's division assaulted and took Fort McAllister, the Tenth Iowa held and defended the road over which the enemy had hoped to get re-enforcements into the fort. All the Iowa regiments that had participated in the march, also engaged in the short siege of the city, and when Savannah fell, they marched on that more arduous campaign with Sherman through the Carolinas.*

*During the march, and for many long months previous, the writer had been a prisoner at Columbia, South Carolina. The gaining of any news as to Sherman's army marching through the interior of the South was most difficult. Newspapers were not allowed in camp. The prisoners all knew from rumor, however, and from the excited condition of the guards about the prison, that "great things" were going on outside. A friendly negro who was allowed entrance to the prison camp was finally persuaded to secrete the morning newspaper in a loaf of bread which he was permitted to sell to one or two of the prisoners. Hungry as my little mess always were, the newspaper was more welcomed than the loaf of bread. It was always read to our little coterie in secret, and then destroyed. There was no difficulty in gathering from its troubled columns that Sherman's army was hitting the Rebels to the very heart. One chilly night, while tramping up and down the prison pen, there suggested themselves to the writer, the words of the lyric poem of Sherman's March to the Sea. They were adapted to music by a fellow prisoner, and sung daily by the prison glee club, along with the "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Yankee Doodle," etc; the singing of Southern songs being imposed as a condition in granting permission to sing the others. We didn't mind it, though. Rebel songs were better than no songs in such a place. One day an Iowa officer, Lieut. Tower of Ottumwa, who wore a wooden leg in place of the better one lost in battle, was exchanged. In the hollow of that artificial limb he bore many secret missives North from his comrades in prison, and among the papers was the "March to the Sea." In

theaters and public places north, the lines attained to an unexpected approbation. As the lyric gave its name to the picturesque campaign it celebrates, and as it is the production of an Iowa soldier, it seems appropriate to reprint it in a book about Iowa men:

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
But we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O! proud was our army that morning
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOOD'S INVASION—OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1864.

ALLATOONA, TILTON, RESACA, FRANKLIN, AND THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

ONE of the most desperately contested conflicts of the whole war, or of any war, took place at Allatoona, October 5th, 1864.

When Atlanta fell and Sherman proposed marching seaward, the Rebels under Hood resolved on an invasion of Tennessee. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, came to the Southwest and in a public speech at Palmetto, Georgia, heralded to the world that Gen. Hood was about to do some great thing. How great, language almost failed the President to describe. It soon became a matter of belief among the southern soldiers, however, that Hood was to lead them to the fair fields and the rich granaries of the North.

By the 27th of September, 1864, the rebel army, 40,000 strong, had passed Sherman's flank and was marching for his railroads in the rear. It was also marching for something else, farther north. Forrest, with some 8,000 cavalry, was already on a grand raid in middle Tennessee, doing much harm. There was nothing left for Sherman to do but to about-face and follow Hood, drive him away from the railroad, the federal line of communication, and, if possible, overtake him and give him battle.

On the 5th of October, Sherman was at Kenesaw, and from its heights saw the smoke and flame indicating the destruction of his railroads for many miles rearward. Near here, too, he had learned that the fort of Allatoona, held by a small brigade under Col. Tourtelotte, was about to be attacked by 4,000 or 5,000 troops led by the rebel general French.

Sherman had on the day previous signaled across the hill tops

and over the heads of the enemy to Gen. J. M. Corse at Rome, to hurry across to the help of Allatoona. By the most remarkable energy, Corse reached Allatoona at 1 A. M. of the 5th of October, just as French was about to move on the works. Allatoona consisted of two redoubts, close together, on opposite sides of the deep railroad cut. These guarded the road, and the warehouses filled with army rations. Corse being the senior officer, took command. His whole force for defense numbered but 1,944 officers and men.

Among these defenders of Allatoona were eight companies, some 284 men, of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, under Lt.-Col. James Redfield. These Iowa companies, with others of Rowett's brigade, were a part of the force Corse had in the night brought with him from Rome.

Skirmishing outside the forts, in different directions, had commenced long before daylight. Then came a little pause, when the rebel commander sent Corse an insolent demand for his surrender within five minutes, intimating that unless he did surrender at once, no mercy would be shown were the place taken by assault. Corse instantly replied, inviting the Rebels to take the forts if they could.

The little force had already been distributed in and about the two forts in the manner best suited for defense. At daylight the Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Seventh Illinois were in battle line on the slope outside the west fort some distance, and facing west. Others held the fort on the opposite side of the railroad cut, and some were skirmishing on the slope east of the east fort. Close together as the two forts were, the cut between them for the railroad was a hundred feet deep and the light foot bridge over it, connecting the two redoubts, was soon under a concentrated rebel fire.

By 9 o'clock the Rebels had Corse's position about surrounded, and in half an hour the battle storm broke forth in a tremendous assault on the Thirty-ninth Iowa and the Seventh Illinois. The Rebels stormed up the slope, to where these two regiments stood with terrible determination, but by heavy volleys were struck and driven back. Again they charged on to the blazing line of

musketry, and again and again. The Ninety-third Illinois rushed to the assistance of the two regiments so nearly overwhelmed, and for two hours the fierce battle raged there outside the fort, with the Thirty-ninth Iowa desperately fighting. Then fresh troops of Rebels—a whole brigade, dashed on to front and flank of the devoted line, and drove it back toward the fort.

The companies of the Thirty-ninth Iowa had been so stationed across the Cartersville road as to form a semi-circle, though their positions were separated by deep gullies and ravines. Capt. Chas. A. Cameron, with three companies only, was ordered to hold his position in the center and across the road at all hazards. His men occupied some hastily constructed rifle pits. Charge after charge was made on the companies at the right and left, till at last they are driven rearwards. Then with a concentrated force, and coming with a yell, the Rebels dashed for Cameron's position on the road. They passed over the rifle pits like a hurricane, and turning upon the men there, killed, wounded or captured all but nine. The color guards were all shot down or bayoneted before they would give up the flag. Color-Sergt. Armstrong beat the Rebels nearest him over the head with his flag-staff, till shot down and captured. Cameron, with his handful of men, escaped to the main fort to join the remainder of the regiment in the conflict to ensue for its possession.

"Had not the Thirty-ninth Iowa fought with the desperation it did," says Gen. Corse, "I never would have been able to get a man back inside the redoubt, as it was their hand to hand conflict and stubborn stand that broke the enemy to that extent he must stop to re-form, before undertaking the assault on the fort."

Under cover of the blow given the enemy by this desperate and hand to hand conflict, what remained of the little fighting band fell back into the fort.

It was now eleven o'clock, and "the fighting," says Corse, "had been of a most extraordinary character." For two hours and a half, three thin regiments attacked in three directions, had held nearly a whole rebel division at bay—not only held them at bay, but had inflicted very heavy loss on them. It had been done at a terrible sacrifice to the brave heroes who held

the line. Col. Redfield, the gallant leader, was slain, his body pierced by four rifle balls. Dead too, were Lieutenants Oliver C. Ayres, Newton P. Wright and John P. Jones, of the Thirty-ninth Iowa and many brave officers and men of the Seventh Illinois. Many of the brave men of that fiery line fell in death as heroes, many with bitter wounds. "The *extraordinary valor of the Thirty-ninth Iowa and Seventh Illinois*," says Corse, "saved to us Allatoona."

The breathing spell required by the enemy to reorganize his lines after the valorous fight, gave Corse a little time to fill his trenches and line his parapets with brave men, before the fort could be assaulted. Every protected spot, every hollow, every hole and trench at some distance from the fort was filled by Rebels. Every tree, every log and every stump in sight hid an enemy, and soon a constant, withering fire was poured into the fort from three different directions. It was almost impossible for a union soldier to look over the parapet and live. The ditches were raked by an enflaming fire, and the little fort was being filled with the dead and dying. Once an assault was made on the fort in force, but the well manned guns of Corse poured out such loads of grape and canister as to make it impossible for a column to approach close to the fort and live. The union officers, brave to rashness, urged their men above the parapets, and setting the example themselves, were shot down in their tracks.

Amidst it all, Sherman, away off on Kenesaw mountain, knowing that the battle was raging, for he heard the cannon and saw the smoke of conflict, was waiting and watching in extreme suspense, and vainly trying to catch a view of the signal flag at Allatoona. "Once the tell tale flag," says Gen. Sherman, "was seen through an embrasure." It was only a faint glimpse through the smoke of battle, but at last were read the signal words, "Corse is here." Quickly was signaled back, far over the valley, the tree tops, and over the heads of the assaulting foe, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."*

Already troops from Kenesaw were hurrying by forced march

*Sherman's signal, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," gave origin and title, later, to one of the most famous Gospel Hymns of the English language.



MAJ. GEN. JOHN M. CORSE.

from Sherman to the rescue, and the little band fighting inside the fort, though their leader himself was shot down, and though their comrades by scores lay about them dead and dying, took cheer and held the works. Fierce and murderous, the concentrated fire of the enemy swept round the fort, but the men held on, fighting and firing as best they could. Once the ammunition for the artillery gave out, when a brave man volunteered to cross the cut and the foot bridge under a heavy fire and carry his arms full of ammunition from the other redoubt. Once the enemy concentrated behind a house on the ridge in front. Before a cannon in the fort could be brought to bear on them, piles of dead and wounded had to be carried away from behind an embrasure, when the grape shot and the balls the volunteer carried over the cut, were hurled into the enemy. The confusion following among the Rebels was great, and the men in the fort, jumping to the parapet, so filled the ridge with bullets that the enemy failed to reorganize. Their line weakened, and leaving their dead and wounded, they shortly fled from the field. Allatoona was saved—saved by heroism.

While all this fighting had been going on, in and around the west redoubt, Col. Tourtelotte had held the east redoubt, and not only repulsed the assailants, but had brought troops across the cut under a concentrated fire, to the aid of Corse. Both Gen. Corse and Col. Tourtelotte were badly wounded. Indeed, almost everybody there seemed to bear off the scars of that hard conflict.

Out of the 284 men engaged of the Thirty-ninth Iowa, *one hundred and sixty-five*, or nearly three-fifths, were killed wounded or missing. Out of 10 officers with Redfield's little command, 5 were killed and 2 wounded and captured, leaving but three for duty. These were extraordinary losses, but the sacrifice of Iowa men on that day helped to make the name of Allatoona famous in the annals of war; while with its glory will be connected the names of Redfield and Corse—representative examples of the valor of Iowa.

TILTON—OCTOBER 13.

Still determined on destroying Gen. Sherman's communications, Hood kept a part of his forces busy attacking the union block houses along the railroads, and the little bands of railroad guards, wherever he could find them. The desperate affair of Allatoona had not been enough for him, and on the 13th of October, a large rebel force under Gen. Stewart was directed to capture, if possible, the block house at Tilton.

The place was defended only by the Seventeenth Iowa infantry under Lt.-Col. S. M. Archer. He placed 75 men in the block house and left the remainder, less than 300, to defend the ditches outside. The block house was built of heavy logs, and could resist musketry, and light, but not heavy artillery.

At daylight, the pickets were fired on, and slowly fell back to the trenches and block house, from which they kept up so steady a fire as to hold the Rebels well at bay. Before noon, a summons to surrender was sent in by flag of truce, coupled with the threat that no prisoner would be taken alive, if the post were not yielded at once. Archer courageously declined the summons, and invited the Rebels to take the place, if they wanted it. He had erroneously believed the rebel column of attack to be without artillery. The fighting was resumed, and, shortly, some rebel guns, placed in a favorable position on a hill near by, sent some cannon balls crashing into the timbers of the block house. This producing no visible effect, the resistance being as strong as ever, other cannon were placed in reach, and the work hotly shelled, the roof and timbers being knocked about like play-things. Once a bomb shell came through a port hole and exploded, killing, wounding or stunning nearly every man in the place. The smoke, too, was so great that it was impossible for the men to see each other.

Longer defense was useless, and at 3 o'clock, after a gallant fight, Archer and his men surrendered. Capt. Horner, with some 30 men, had escaped from the position, before it was entirely surrounded. About 25 of Archer's men were more or less wounded and were nearly all carried to prison with the rest of the garrison. Though Tilton fell, its defense had been gallant in the extreme.

RESACA.

The post of Resaca, where Col. Clark R. Wever of the Seventeenth Iowa was in command, also attracted Hood's attention. There were no Iowa troops at the post, but Col. Wever kept up the state's fair fame by a hot contest that resulted in the saving of the position. Hood was present in person, and a threat to butcher the garrison in case it refused to surrender was signed in Hood's own name. All the same, Col. Wever did not surrender.

"If the place is carried by assault, no prisoners will be taken.

"J. B. HOOD, General."

This was the kind of warfare the defeated Rebels were reaching in their desperation, at the close of the year 1864. It proved how base a coin was the pretended *chivalry* of the South—a chivalry that led Indians into battle at Pea Ridge; that starved prisoners to death in the loathsome hells of the South, and purposed the massacre of resisting garrisons.

Col. Wever, always a competent and a brave officer, disposed his little force in such a way as to mislead the enemy as to his numbers. He fired the same cannon from different embrasures, hung out flags at every point, and spread his garrison along many trenches. For hours, the Rebels kept up a constant fire of artillery and musketry, but feared to assault. The fight went on into the night and was renewed the next morning. But, as reinforcements had reached Wever, and as Sherman was rapidly approaching, the Rebels sullenly withdrew. Their chance to massacre a brave little garrison had failed them. Col. Wever justly received the warmest praise from the great commander for his noble defense of Resaca.

Gen. Sherman, reaching the neighborhood of Resaca with his forces, began to wonder what Hood really meant, raiding railroads and zigzagging over the country with an army of 40,000 men, apparently not daring to stop and give battle. Scarcely thinking it worth while to follow his erratic movements farther, he determined to leave him to the care of Gen. Thomas, in Nashville. To Thomas he sent additional troops. The whole of the Twenty-third army corps under Schofield, the Fourth

corps under Stanley, and Wilson's cavalry, were all ordered to move to Thomas by way of Chattanooga. Thomas was to receive, also, beside the troops he could gather up in north Tennessee, three divisions of troops led by Gen. A. J. Smith, who was just finishing up a campaign in Missouri. Among Smith's troops, there were several Iowa regiments, but his command reached Thomas only in time for the battle of Nashville.

Seeing Thomas so well supplied, and believing him strong enough to defeat Hood, should he cross the Tennessee northward, Sherman turned his back on the rebel army. He destroyed the railroad his men under Corse, Archer, Wever and others had so gallantly been defending, collected his scattered army, burned Atlanta, and started on the wonderful march to the sea. Hood, seeing him gone, moved north, crossed the Tennessee river at Florence, and at the crossing of the Harpeth river fought the battle of

FRANKLIN—NOVEMBER 30,

a battle that was, in some senses, the fiercest conflict of the war. Seventeen thousand Federals under Gen. Schofield, fighting behind slight breastworks, defeated, with fearful loss to the enemy, the whole of Hood's army of more than 40,000 men. There were no Iowa regiments at Franklin, but, as Iowa men were soon to engage the same desperate enemy, a glance at the conflict will not be out of place.

Gen. Thomas, in contesting Hood's way north toward Nashville, did not expect to fight a great battle in the open field. He preferred to have ground of his own choosing, with his troops concentrated, and his defenses in order. A. J. Smith's corps had not yet reached him, so he instructed Schofield to check and delay Hood as much as possible, while slowly falling back. At Duck river and other points this had been done, and much maneuvering and no little fighting had taken place at different points as Hood pressed forward with a large army confident of victory. Thousands of his Tennessee troops rejoiced at the hope of again putting their feet victoriously on the soil of their native state. Whole regiments of Hood's army were to fight and be *slain* within sight of their very homes.

Thomas was at headquarters in Nashville, while Schofield, leading the army at the front, had fallen back to Franklin, a village lying in a great bend, and on the south bank of the Harpeth river. He halted there, threw up a semi-circular line of breastworks, and commenced crossing his trains over the river. The ground in front of Franklin, over which the rebel army was to attack, was either nearly level, or, near the village, a gentle slope southward. There were no woods, trees, nor near hills to obstruct a perfect view of what was to become that October evening one of the terrific battle grounds of history.

By 3 o'clock, the rear guard of Schofield's force beheld from some hills south of the town the whole of Hood's army rapidly marching forward in martial array. Schofield, himself, stood in a little fort on a hill on the north bank of the river, and with field glass in hand anxiously waited the assault. The whole line of the rebel army soon passed the hills and came out in the open fields, in full view of every union soldier there. With ranks formed, their rifles in their hands, the union soldiers watched in anxiety and suspense the rebel army passing into position on the line for attack. In almost breathless silence they looked on the long divisions of infantry marching and forming to right and to left in their very front, and so close that they could almost hear the voices of the rebel commanders. They saw the lines part and the batteries of artillery driven into place to unlimber and load, and could almost hear the words of the battery sergeants telling their men to drive home in the cannon's mouth the double charge of grape and canister.

A little in advance of the center of the union lines, shielded by some slight intrenchments, stood a couple of Schofield's brigades under Wagner. They were to fall back the moment an attack should commence. Back of Wagner, on the line proper, stood the brigades of Opdyke and Reily, in reserve.

At 4 o'clock, in double and triple lines of brigades, the long lines of the enemy, at a double-quick step, approached Wagner's position. Contrary to orders, Wagner opened fire on them with his infantry, instead of falling back. There was a momentary repulse, when the overpowering numbers of the rebel line

flanked him right and left, and with a yell charged over his works, driving his intrenchments to the rear. Pell mell they came on the run, infantry and artillery, foot and horse, flying toward the intrenchments. After them, like an avenging avalanche, came the columns of the exultant Rebels. For a moment, it looked as if the center of Schofield's army were broken in, and all lost.

There was other mettle on that union line, however. Quick as thought, and without waiting for orders, Opdyke, at the head of his brigade, and White, leading Reily's second line, sprang to the front. "Forward, men—Charge," cried Opdyke, and the union men, with fixed bayonets, rushed on with a yell, driving back the fierce assailants. In an almost hand to hand conflict, they retook the ground, retook the lost cannon, left no Rebel within that line who was not dead or wounded, replanted the union colors upon the breastworks, and restored the center of the union line.

On right and left and center the rebel assaults continued. Such recklessness of life, such desperateness, had scarcely had a parallel in the war. Rebel generals, commanders of divisions, of brigades and of regiments, rushed on to the fiercely defended breastworks, to certain death.

Thirteen rebel generals were killed or wounded, and nearly 6,000 lesser officers and private soldiers, dead or mangled, filled the ditches or the slopes by the parapets. Gen. Adams dashed on to the works at the head of his brigade, jumping his horse over the ditch. Rider and horse lay dead on the very top of the parapet. Pat Cleburne, the fighting Stonewall Jackson of the West, led his division close up in the slaughter and died among his men.

"Take those lines," cried Hood, when the battle first came on, "and there is nothing to stop you this side of the Ohio river." His men believed it, and fought as if the life of the whole Confederacy were hanging in the balance. Night came, but the darkness brought no lessening of the battle. Close together, in places but twenty-five yards apart, each protected by slight barricades, the lines of men stood, and, by the flash of the muskets, fired into each other's faces. The little space between those

barricades that night was a sea of constant flame. The noise and the din of the battle were deafening. Still the useless assaults went on—but not a foot of union ground was yielded on the line. At last, worn out, dispirited and defeated, the brave men of Hood's army ceased their firing.

It was 9 o'clock. In the darkness that night, the union army quietly crossed the Harpeth river and rapidly retreated on Nashville. Toward morning the Rebels discovered the union lines gone, and the torchbearers and the surgeons filled the ditches and the plain, hunting their dead and wounded comrades. Touching were the incidents of that early morning, for some of the rebel officers were found dead at their own door-yards. The carnage among Hood's army was so great as to move the whole Confederacy; and the desperateness of the conflict was a proof of what the hot blood of the South could do for the cause it defended. Schofield's loss was a little over 2,000.

A more heroic defense had not been made by northern soldiers, and with them, as with the soldiers of the South, the name of Franklin became a synonym for deadliest conflict. Thirty-three battle flags were carried back to Nashville by the federal soldiers as proof of their heroism in the battle.

THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE—DEC. 15 AND 16, 1864.

Spite of the result of the awful combat of Franklin, Hood's army pursued Schofield's soldiers to the walls of Nashville. Gen. Grant, in Virginia, had desired Thomas to halt and fight Hood far in advance of Nashville, and was greatly provoked, as was the President, that Thomas, with a force of 70,000 men, should now sit still and permit himself to be besieged. Thomas waited, however, first for shoes for his horses; next for more re-enforcements, and lastly for better weather.

Grant feared that Hood might flank Nashville and lead his army to the Ohio river. When Thomas still delayed, spite of his orders to move out of Nashville and attack the enemy, Gen. Logan was started West to relieve him of his command. Grant also started for Nashville, fearing the delays there would bring on a disaster.

Logan had got as far as Louisville, and Grant as far as Washington, when the news came that Thomas had at last moved. It was the morning of the 15th of December, that, taking advantage of a fog, Thomas's splendid lines advanced for battle. His re-enforcements had all reached him. Among others, was the command of Gen. A. J. Smith—three whole divisions, fresh from chasing Price out of Missouri.

Smith brought with him several of the hard fighting Iowa infantry regiments. And there were, already at Nashville, three regiments of Iowa cavalry and an Iowa battery. This cavalry entered the battle dismounted, and fought as infantry. It included the Second, the Fifth and the Eighth regiments.

Col. Gilbert of the Twenty-seventh Iowa infantry, afterward a brigadier general, led a brigade of Indiana and Illinois troops and the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa. Col. Hill of the Thirty-fifth Iowa led a brigade in which was included his own regiment and the gallant Twelfth—the regiment that with the Eighth and the Tuttle brigade at Shiloh, had stood like a rock till sundown; the regiment that had fought with such daring at Tupelo, and was now again ready for the charge.

Smith's troops were given the place of honor, at the right, in the battle of Nashville. At Thomas's center stood the troops of the Fourth corps, commanded by Gen. Wood, while Gen. Schofield, with his Twenty-third corps, was at the left. To Smith's right was a part of the cavalry of Gen. Wilson.

Hood's army occupied the hill, forming a semi-circle immediately south of the city, with an advanced salient at "Montgomery's Hill," only 600 yards in front of the union center.

There had been a week of wretched weather—cold, snow, ice and sleet, and the troops of both armies, but especially those of the South, thinly clad and poorly fed, suffered intensely. Now a thaw had come, and mud took the place of the ice on the hill sides.

On the evening of December 14th, the troops at our left attacked Hood's extreme right and pushed it back. It had only been a feint, however, for the real movement of Thomas was to be the advance of A. J. Smith's divisions including the Iowa

regiments, on the right, the next morning. Early on the 15th, Smith's lines pushed out on the Hardin pike, to flank the rebel left wing. Hatch's dismounted cavalry, moving with Smith, first struck the enemy and by a quick assault, and with the aid of McArthur's division of Smith's command, carried two redoubts, capturing artillery and prisoners. At the same time the Fourth army corps, under Wood, had advanced at the center. At noon, Sidney Post's brigade of Wood's command gallantly stormed and carried Montgomery's Hill, while, reaching over and joining with Smith on the right, the center troops assaulted and carried Hood's entire line of breastworks.

It had been a great victory that day, but the battle was not over. Much artillery and many prisoners had been captured and sent to the union rear, and there had been hard fighting, charging and storming from one end of the line to the other. The Iowa regiments, too, had done their share of the work.

By the next morning, when the battle was renewed, Schofield's corps was moved around to Smith's right. Wood, in the center, promptly advanced that morning and drove the Rebels at his front eastward over the Franklin pike. Then, in conjunction with Smith at his right, he pushed on to Hood's new lines at Overton's Hill, five miles below Nashville. Gen. Schofield's troops at Smith's right were now in position to strike the rebel left flank, and the union cavalry, fighting dismounted, was rapidly passing to the rebel rear and threatening all their lines of escape.

Far to the union left, Gen. Steedman was also closing up with the main line, and with a brigade of colored troops would soon assault Overton's Hill on the left, while Wood's men should assault it directly in front.

The whole union line advanced to within five hundred yards of the new rebel breastworks. At the given signal, Post's brigade made the charge on Overton's Hill. Met by a terrible fire of grape and canister, the assaulting column, cut all to pieces, and its leader badly wounded, had to fall back. The charge had failed.

Instantly, however, the lines of Smith and of Schofield and of

Wilson's cavalry, charged farther to the right, and went over the rebel works with a yell. Again the rallied troops of Wood and of Steedman pushed to the assault of Overton's Hill, and spite of a terrible resistance crossed the abatis and took the works. In five minutes time, Hood's army of the Tennessee was defeated, demoralized, and flying for the Harpeth hills. It had lost in the two days battle, 53 cannon and 4,500 prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded is not definitely known. Hood's invasion of Tennessee had come to a tragic end.

Thomas's losses in the battle were 3,057, not quite 400 of these being killed.

The part of the Iowa regiments in the fight had been a most creditable one. They were on the hottest positions of the field of battle, and participated in the heroic events of the two days.

Col. Gilbert's brigade, including the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa, were at the left of Smith's line. On the first day of the fight it moved forward, skirmishing under a heavy artillery fire, and followed close on the Fourth army corps when it carried the enemy's works at its fort. The next day at four o'clock, after having been under a heavy artillery fire for hours, the command received the order to charge the works. It was done in gallant style, Lt.-Col. Jed Lake leading the Twenty-seventh Iowa, and Lt.-Col. Eberhart the Thirty-second. In this charge over the enemy's intrenchments, the Thirty-second Iowa captured a battery of five guns and many prisoners. Its own loss was some 25 in killed and wounded. The Twenty-seventh lost 12 wounded.

Col. S. G. Hill's brigade, including among other troops the Twelfth Iowa under Lt.-Col. Stibbs, and the Thirty-fifth Iowa under Maj. Dill, also moved forward early on the 15th. After much skirmishing during the day it pushed close up to a well armed redoubt of the enemy on the Hillsboro pike, five miles from town. At four o'clock, the brigade was ordered to advance and storm the work. The men of the command started up the slope of the hill with a yell. Before reaching the crest, the enemy retired with his guns to a second redoubt, to the right and rear, and from this position poured a raking fire into the

charging line. Just as the brigade entered the first fort, the noble Col. Hill, leading it on, was struck by a minie ball and instantly killed. His death was a severe loss and created some confusion; but Lt.-Col. Stibbs of the Twelfth instantly assumed temporary command, re-formed the line and kept up from the fort a heavy fire on the enemy. At the same moment, a part of the Seventh Minnesota under Col. Marshall, and a part of the Twelfth Iowa under acting Adjt. Reed, both of Hill's brigade, pushed forward and captured the enemy's second redoubt with its five cannon and its defenders. Part of the line, of Hill's brigade also, reached the rear of some rebel works, at that moment being charged by the Fourth army corps, and the withering musketry poured into the ranks of the breaking rebel line helped the Fourth corps to win its splendid victory. The loss of the brigade during the day had been 38 in killed and wounded.

Early on the morning of the 16th, Col. Marshall of the Seventh Minnesota, now senior officer and in command of the brigade, led his command to a position on the line perpendicular to the road known as Granny White's Pike. After some skirmishing, they found the enemy in force and strongly fortified and meeting the union line with musketry and artillery.

By four o'clock, Col. Marshall noticed the brigades on his right moving to assault the works, when without waiting orders he, too, sounded the charge. A terrific fire of grape, shell and musketry met the line as it dashed forward; but with a bravery and a persistence unsurpassed, it took the rebel works. Five guns were captured, with 2 battle flags and 400 prisoners. The loss of the brigade in the charge had been 11 killed and 89 wounded.

Twelve of this loss fell to the Twelfth Iowa. The battle flags were captured by Corporal Kaltenbauch and Private A. J. Sloan of the Twelfth. Two other battle flags had been captured by Privates Wivinas and Flint of the same regiment, but they threw them aside in order to pursue the enemy. The Twelfth Iowa had almost no line officers in the battle, the companies being commanded by sergeants. The splendid fighting of the regiment under such circumstances was worthy of record. Acting

Maj. Knee, Acting Adj. Reed, and Acting Quartermaster Moorhead were mentioned for valuable services on the field. So, too, was the chaplain of the Twelfth, Frederick Humphrey, and Color Sergeants Grannis and Clark, who were first to plant the colors on the enemy's intrenchments.

The honors of the victory of Nashville were not to be borne by the infantry of the army alone. Hatch's cavalry formed at Gen. Smith's right, and fought through the heat of the conflict on foot. The Second, Fifth and Eighth Iowa cavalry regiments were among Hatch's fighting columns that day, and the Second, under Lt.-Col. C. C. Horton, won just renown. The gallant Col. Datus E. Coon of this regiment led the brigade. During the forenoon of the first day, the brigade, on foot, moved along, keeping time and line with the regiments on Gen. Smith's right, and subjected much of the time to a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery. Four miles from town they came in front of the strong works of the enemy posted on a difficult hill.

"*Charge and take that fort,*" cried Gen. Hatch. These were not strange words to the men of the Second cavalry, nor to any other of the brave soldiers of that division, "With a shout," says Col. Horton, "the men sprang forward, and with a shout the fort was carried." Four brass Napoleon cannon, 60 prisoners, and 30 dead and wounded Rebels lying in the fort, were the trophies of that quick charge.

There was another fort seven hundred yards to the front and right, strongly defended on a high, conical hill. "Take that, too," came the orders to Col. Coon. Again, with the rest, the Second Iowa is on the run, facing a terrible fire of shot and shell. The resistance is great. The Rebels fight with a heroism unsurpassed. A hand to hand conflict ensues over and within the breastworks, and the fort is taken. The Second Iowa cavalry's flag is first to float there, but Hartman, the brave sergeant who planted it, lays down his life.

"Major," he whispers, lying there dying inside the rebel fort, "Major, tell my friends I die doing my duty." It was only an Iowa cavalryman—a private soldier who lay there dying, but he

was one of the heroes—martyrs, whose life blood has made famous the valor of Iowa men in battle.

The regiment lost in the two charges 26 men and officers killed and wounded. Lieutenants Watson and Griffith, with two companies, made a brilliant charge of their own to the left of the fort, capturing almost as many prisoners as they themselves numbered; while Sergt. Beeson, Bugler Anderson and Privates Truesdale and Winn made a sabre charge, killing and wounding several Rebels, and capturing seventeen. There was no fighting at long range about that. It was a hand to hand fight with naked sabres.

Again the next day the Second cavalry engaged in the battle with its division. In the pursuit of Hood, they overtook him in the Harpeth hills, and at the obstructed points fought hand to hand conflicts. At one point, Sergt. Colter, with Privates Heck, Black, and Anderson charged the rebel color guard in a desperate hand to hand struggle. Heck and Black were killed and Colter and Anderson badly wounded; but the colors were taken and eight dead Rebels left lying on the ground. It was by such fighting and by the storming and carrying of almost every hill and fort in front of the city, that the battle of Nashville was won and Hood's army nearly annihilated.

Adj. Sydenham, Maj. Schnitger and Captains Foster and Bandy of the Second cavalry, as well as many others, received honorable mention from their immediate commander. The commanders of regiments and brigades all through the army received from their chief officers the thanks they had earned by heroic fighting.

The results of the victory and the pursuit were very great. Hood was not only chased out of Tennessee, his invasion a failure, but the unlucky campaign northward had cost him altogether, according to the report made by Gen. Thomas to Gen. Grant, not less than 13,000 prisoners of war—among them seven generals and a thousand officers of lower grades, 72 pieces of artillery, hundreds of battle flags, thousands of killed and wounded, including 13 generals, and over 2,000 men deserted. His army, in short, was about annihilated.

The whole country gave thanks for the glorious victory, and Iowa had just pride in the part taken by her heroic men.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TUPELO AND THE DEFENSE OF MEMPHIS.

Summer of 1864.

TUPELO.

ON the 14th of July, 1864, there was fought a battle to which historians have scarcely given a passing notice. It was the battle of Tupelo in Mississippi. The town giving the battle its name is some 60 miles south of Corinth on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, or 90 miles southeast of the city of Memphis.

In the midsummer of 1864, the rebel general Forrest, with a strong column of troops, was exceedingly active in central and west Mississippi, and was threatening the federal garrisons on the Mississippi river. To check and defeat him, Gen. Sherman telegraphed for an army corps under A. J. Smith at Memphis, to proceed to La Grange, Tennessee, and march against the bold and dangerous raider wherever he might be found. Several Iowa regiments marched with Smith's column on the expedition. They were the Twelfth, Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh, Thirty-second and Thirty-fifth infantry, with the Second, Third and Fourth Iowa cavalry, aiding in protecting the flanks of the marching army. The Eighth Iowa infantry, which properly belonged to the column, was left behind as a provost guard in Memphis, where it performed, later, valuable and heroic service. The Twelfth and the Thirty-fifth Iowa formed a part of the brigade led by Col. J. J. Woods, with Col. Hill commanding the latter regiment and Lt.-Col. Stibbs the Twelfth. The Fourteenth Iowa led by Capt. W. J. Campbell, the Twenty-seventh by Capt. A. M. Haslip and the Thirty-second by Maj. Jonathan Hutchinson, were all in the brigade of Col. James I. Gilbert.

For a week after leaving La Grange, all proceeded very well,

but as the column with its long train marched by Pontotoc, the enemy commenced to give trouble. Forrest had a large command, and, seeing Gen. Smith far away from his base and burdened with a valuable train, determined to attack him. At three in the afternoon of July 10th, a raid was made against the flank of the train, protected by the Twelfth and Thirty-fifth Iowa and Seventh Minnesota, but though the engagement was hot for a little while the assailants were driven off with loss. The Twelfth Iowa had one killed and 11 wounded—among the latter, Capt. Sumbardo. The Seventh Minnesota had as many wounded, and its surgeon killed.

On the morning of the 14th of July, Gen. Smith, expecting to be attacked in force, arranged his troops accordingly. Promptly at nine o'clock the rebel assault was made with musketry and artillery. "Without once wavering," says Col. Gilbert, whose line received the shock, "our men returned the fire." A fierce engagement was kept up for three hours, when the whole brigade charged the enemy, driving him and getting possession of his dead and wounded who lay thick upon the field. Some prisoners and a flag were also captured in the action. The fighting had been steady, and the veterans of the line showed the courage that had won them glory on many battle fields.

The Twelfth Iowa lost a valuable officer in the death of Lieut. A. A. Burdick. The regiment's entire loss was 7 killed and 39 wounded. The Thirty-fifth Iowa lost 3 killed and 33 wounded. The Twelfth had fought till its ammunition was exhausted, and being relieved by the Seventh Minnesota for a short time, filled its cartridge boxes and marched back coolly on to the line of battle. "The men of this brigade," said Col. Woods, "proved themselves worthy of the highest praise for their heroic conduct, and the commanders of the regiments displayed the utmost coolness and bravery." His staff officers and his brigade surgeon were all complimented for their devotion to duty. The losses in Woods's brigade, nearly all killed or wounded, numbered 197.

Col. Gilbert's brigade, including the other Iowa regiments, was not heavily engaged, though its services guarding the train during the day and moving to re-enforce threatened positions

were valuable. Its entire loss was some 25, half of whom fell in the Twenty-seventh Iowa. Among them was Lieut. Wm. Sims. The brigade advance was attacked once in the night, but it promptly drove its assailants to flight.

Tupelo was a complete union victory over a famous general with a well equipped column of veterans. Early on the morning of the 15th, another slight attack was made on a part of the union line, with some loss to several of Woods's regiments; but a sudden charge by his brigade put the Rebels on the run.

That day, Smith's column marched to Old Town Creek, and as Gilbert's brigade was going into camp in the early evening, it was suddenly assailed with artillery and musketry. Instantly Gilbert's men were in line, and without waiting for further advance of the enemy, moved to the attack themselves. Close to the Tupelo road and in a field of growing corn, the line deployed with the Fourteenth and the Twenty-seventh Iowa in advance, the former led by Capt. Wm. J. Campbell and the latter by Capt. Haslip,—the Thirty-second Iowa and the Twenty-fourth Missouri following in the rear. The order came to forward double-quick, in line of battle. A line of skirmishers was sent ahead, and with yells the men of the Twenty-seventh and Fourteenth Iowa rushed through the corn-field, scaled the fences, waded two streams of mud and water nearly waist deep, pushed on through tangled brush and wood, and finding the enemy advancing beyond another field of corn, met him with cheers and blasts of musketry. Strong as the enemy's position was, at the top of a sloping hill, with the rough way between him and Gilbert's men, he soon yielded and gave way, when at another charge and with another yell, the union line went up and over the hill strewn with the rebel dead. The sun was intensely hot, as it was in all the campaign, and in the long charge through the close corn and the sultry wood, many fell from sun stroke or exhaustion, while the bullets of the enemy stretched 34 of Gilbert's two charging regiments dead or wounded on the ground.

By the 21st of July, Gen. Smith's column was back at La Grange. Forrest had been defeated, and the soldiers had experienced one of the hottest summer campaigns in their history

Tupelo and Old Town, like many other conflicts of the war, had possibly been of little service to the cause one way or the other. They were simply collisions, with no noticeable results save the lists of the dead and wounded.

DEFENSE OF MEMPHIS.

Shortly after the fight at Tupelo, Gen. Forrest, with three brigades of rebel cavalry, slipped around Gen. A. J. Smith, and made a midnight dash on the city of Memphis. It was the 21st of August, 1864. Forrest knew that most of the garrison was absent with Smith, and so counted on an easy victory and a sacking of the city. He had counted without his host. Among the few troops left in Memphis on provost duty was the Eighth Iowa, then under command of Lt.-Col. Bell. What happened that night in Memphis can best be drawn from the narrative of the commander himself.

By 4 o'clock A. M., Forrest had made his way into the very center of the city. The Eighth Iowa was quartered in barracks, by companies, throughout Memphis. All the streets were patrolled. Now commenced one of the most singular fights that occurred during the war. The morning was very foggy. One could not see, after daylight, more than a few rods, and there was fighting in every direction between patrols of the Eighth and the enemy. Lt.-Col. Bell, with two companies and the headquarter guard, attacked the main body of the enemy, then on Main street a little south of Court square. As the battle increased, the companies of the Eighth, one by one, were added to Bell's forces, as well as *detachments* of some other regiments. Soon the enemy gave way and retired to the outskirts of the city and gave battle again. Col. Bell now had from 600 to 700 men. A sharp and spirited engagement took place, lasting about 30 minutes, with loss on both sides, and the enemy was again driven, but after retiring to the edge of the woods, again made a stand. Col. Bell, after sending an officer to report the situation to Gen. Washburn, pushed on after the enemy, and met him in the woods where a severe fight occurred. The Eighth suffered a loss of 18 to 20 in killed and wounded, includ-

ing Lieut. Irwin, killed. The enemy being fully five times our strength, the Eighth was compelled to fall back to protect its flanks. Soon after a large force from the provisional camp, sent to the support of the Eighth, arrived, and when the united force moved forward, the enemy had mounted and left. It was now nearly noon and the Eighth went to breakfast. This was a brilliant affair for the Eighth, and was so regarded by the citizens of Memphis, for they presented a costly flag to the regiment, a pair of shoulder straps to Lt.-Col. Bell, and subscribed money to buy him a horse in place of the one captured. Among the wounded in the defense of the city were Capt. C. P. Searle, Lieutenants J. A. Boyer and J. L. Tinkham. Lieut. J. S. Irwin was killed while bravely doing his duty. Capt. Searle, and Mrs. Searle, who was visiting him, were awakened in the night by the yelling of Forrest's dreadful cavalry. They occupied rooms across the street from where some of the captain's men were quartered. A rebel cavalry yell at midnight was no pleasant thing to hear. The captain sprang from his bed, hurried on his clothes and ran into the street just in time for Mrs. Searle, on the balcony above, to see him captured and carried off by the bold invaders. Forrest's reputation for murder of prisoners was well-known, and it was with feelings of horror Mrs. Searle saw her husband disappear in the darkness. During the conflict of the morning, however, the captain managed to escape, though at the expense of a sabre cut across the head. While Mrs. Searle had seen more of the adventures of war than is usually accorded to even soldiers' wives, she had been courageous enough to go down into the street herself, and helped to disguise some of the convalescent soldiers in civilians' clothes, and secrete their watches and money in safe places. Memphis was Forrest's home, but he never essayed returning in that unannounced manner at midnight again.

CHAPTER XXX.

IOWA IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Summer and Autumn of 1864.

THE Shenandoah was and is the richest valley in Virginia. It was the garden spot of the rebel Confederacy. There were times when Lee's whole army had been fed from there. It was, besides, so conveniently located for Lee, so thoroughly defended by nature, and so easy of approach from Richmond that it became from the very outbreak of the war a refuge place for rebel armies. It became, too, for the union army, so repeatedly operating there, a veritable "valley of humiliation." Post after post had fallen, general after general had been sacrificed, army after army defeated. All efforts to occupy the line, to cut off the great store house of Lee's army, had been futile, and the mountain-walled valley remained for three years as a fortress from which the national Capital could be threatened, and the south-eastern states be made liable to invasion and fire. It was a safe place to invade from, being easy to dash down to Harper's Ferry, cross the Potomac, march with fire and sword into Pennsylvania or Maryland, and when pursued, dash back into the fortress of the long, deep valley where only defeat waited the troops that dared to follow. The valley was equal to an army in itself. It protected Lee's flank, it helped to feed him, and it was a constant threatener of the North. It had been the grave of union generals and the disgrace of union armies.

One Sunday morning, it was July the 10th of 1864, the bells of Baltimore rang out—not for holy service, but in a wild alarm. Once more a rebel army had broken out of the Shenandoah valley, had dashed across the fords of the Potomac and was knocking at the gates of the city. Every man was called to the

trenches for defense. Early's rebel army had not only crossed the Potomac river and met and crushed Lew Wallace's little army of defense on the way; it was at that moment marching straight on Washington city. There was great consternation in the North, for the capital was well nigh denuded of troops. Early had twenty thousand men. In Washington City there were not ten thousand effective men, not counting the armed quartermaster clerks and the drove of brigadiers who usually hung about the capital on one pretense and another. As may be supposed there was much alarm, for Gen. Early's advance was not three miles from the breastworks. His men might almost have ridden down Seventh street on the street cars, so close were they to the city.

Fortunately for the country, a part of the Sixth army corps, under Maj.-Gen. Wright, hurrying by steamer from City Point, and a few of the Nineteenth corps from the West, reached the wharves at one end of Washington almost as soon as Gen. Early and his Rebels reached the north breastworks at the other end. Gen. Early hesitated a little as to assaulting. His troops were not all up, nor in position. In the meantime, about noon of the 12th of July, one of the hottest days in the Washington calendar, Gen. Wright, supported by the batteries and forts, moved out against him. The rebel skirmishers were driven back a mile, and quite a battle was fought outside the city walls.

It was a strange spectacle, too, for standing there on one of the parapets at the side of Gen. Wright, was the tall, gaunt form of Abraham Lincoln, watching the ebbing and the flowing of a fight that, if lost, might leave him dead, or a prisoner, and Washington in flames before night. Behind the parapet was Lincoln's cabinet, waiting and anxious, and scores of society ladies of Washington, excited and alarmed at the roar of the battle. Passing the parapets constantly, passing the President and passing the cabinet and the ladies, came ever and anon the litter-bearers carrying the bodies of the dead and the mangled forms of the living defenders of Washington to safe places in the rear. Such a review no president and no cabinet had ever witnessed before from the capital of their country in America.

Outside the forts in the lines of the enemy was another tall form watching and helping events. It was the form of John C. Breckenridge, ex-Vice-President of the United States, standing there with his hands bathed in the blood of his countrymen, and in sight of the very dome under which but a few short years before he had taken his solemn oath to serve and defend the United States. History affords few parallels of so black a treason.

Some 500 of the boys in blue were stretched on the grass, dead or wounded, outside the Washington intrenchments that blazing afternoon, and their sacrifices told to Early and to his traitor lieutenant standing there that Washington City could not be had for the asking. Believing that still other troops had reached Washington from Grant's army, Gen. Early sounded the retreat and that night marched for the fords of the Potomac river. Very shortly he was back safe in the Shenandoah valley. The country had had a very narrow escape. Gen. Wright had pursued Early, but the pursuit had been a failure.

"Let us try Philip Sheridan in the Valley," said Grant to the advisers of the President. "I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death," wrote the great commander to Gen. Meade on the 1st of August. Early's cavalry was already out of the valley over the Potomac again and raiding and burning Pennsylvania and Maryland towns whenever they could not instantly respond to the demands for enormous sums of money.

Grant at once ordered a concentration of troops at Harper's Ferry at the mouth of the Shenandoah valley. He came back from City Point personally, to look into the situation, and at midnight of August the 5th, this telegram was sent to Halleck: "Send Sheridan by morning train to Harper's Ferry. Give him orders to take command of all the troops in the field within the military division." It was signed by Grant and dated at Monocacy, Maryland.

Among those troops concentrating at Harper's Ferry, were three brave regiments from Iowa, the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth infantry. They had been sent east

by ocean steamer from New Orleans. When they marched through the streets of Washington they created a sensation, for the fame of the fighting regiments of Iowa had preceded them. Now they were to march and fight and win new and grander fame with Sheridan in the valley. They were a part of the Nineteenth army corps under Emory. Gen. Grover commanded the division which included them all. It was the Second. The Twenty-second regiment was in the Second brigade, led by Col. Molineux of the One-hundred-and-fifty-ninth New York—the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth in the Fourth brigade, led by Col. Shunk of Indiana. The first battle in which they engaged on the new scene was at the Opequon, or the battle of Winchester.

The Shenandoah valley is one hundred and fifty-five miles long and twenty wide, and the river giving the valley its name is the principal tributary of the Potomac, entering it at Harper's Ferry. The valley is walled in on one side by the Blue Ridge mountains, on the other by the Shenandoah range. The principal towns following up the valley from Harper's Ferry are Winchester, Strasburg, Woodstock and New Market. In marching to Winchester, the troops passed through Charlestown, notorious as the place where Gov. Wise and his frightened Virginians hung John Brown, and so helped to precipitate the war. This fertile valley, this Virginia granary, was no longer to feed Lee's army. Its mountain fastnesses were no longer to serve as safe points from which rebel armies could invade the North. This outer wall of Richmond was about to fall. The disloyal people of the valley were soon to see their armies crushed, their rich fields desolated, their own roofs burning. War's heavy hand was to settle on the beautiful valley with a grimness and a ferocity seldom witnessed in America.

To the Iowa soldiers marching and fighting there, the scene, though a fierce, was a picturesque one. They had tired of the slimy, snake-inhabited water of Louisiana and of the fatal malaria of its swamps. The purer air, the fresher water and the new scene stimulated them and they marched to battle as they always did, in the full assurance of victory. They were not used to defeat; so it was with them a quantity not counted on.

By the middle of September, Sheridan, who had been waiting and watching in front of Winchester for the rebel general to detach a portion of his troops to aid Lee at Richmond, saw that the time to strike Gen. Early was at hand. "Our time had come," wrote Sheridan, later, and Gen. Grant had simply said, "Go in." The two armies, numbering, perhaps, from 25,000 to 30,000 each, lay on opposite sides of the Opequon creek at Winchester. Early's position was naturally very strong and he was besides well fortified. Notwithstanding all this, Sheridan determined to attack. By 3 o'clock of the morning of September 19th, the army was drawn out and marching for position. The troops had to make their way through a long narrow defile before getting into line proper, and then Early's front was to be attacked violently, while the Sixth army corps should move rapidly around and strike his left flank. His strong right flank, too strong for attack, was to be menaced.

It was almost noon before the divisions could be wholly ready for the assault. Twenty minutes after noon the lines moved to the work, and a deadly battle, lasting most of the remainder of the day, raged on all the front. Advancing out of the woods and hills, the union army found an open uneven valley over half a mile wide before them, and the enemy posted behind woods and rocks on the opposite side. Spite of a heavy artillery fire and a nearer fire of musketry, Grover's division, including the Iowa regiments, charged and stormed on Early's first line, completely carrying it and killing and capturing many. The rebel general saw the day was lost unless the line could be recovered, and with tremendous ferocity, two fresh divisions were hurled on to the victors, while troops hitherto concealed, opened with musketry on their flank. Gen. Grover's line, and with it the division of Gen. Ricketts, gave way, falling back with very great loss. Whole brigades went to pieces, and regiments melted for a little time into mere squads of flying and wounded men.

The day seemed hopelessly lost. And yet these were not the men to run from a battle field. Hot as the fire was under which they fell back, the re-forming of the line at once commenced. Among the broken pieces of regiments falling slowly rearwards

was a squad of a dozen men under Capt. Rigby of the Twenty-fourth Iowa. Coming up to a battery, the little line halted, about-faced, and gave three rousing cheers. Instantly others were on that line—and others, and soon whole battalions were rallied and ready to move back over the valley from which they had been driven.

On the left, the Sixth corps also had been repulsed, but were now holding the enemy at bay. At 3 P. M., the Rebels made a tremendous onslaught on the center and right, but were hurled back with great loss. Again, by 4 P. M., another heavy rebel line massed preparatory for an assault. Destruction seemed waiting the federal line, but at that moment was seen the column of Gen. Crook and his Eighth corps moving to strike the Rebels on their left flank and rear. Crook's column and a great body of cavalry came with a rush. There was a crash of musketry, and then again the lines of Grover's division and the rest of the Nineteenth and the Sixth corps sweep over the valley like an avalanche. In twenty minutes, Early's fierce fighting Rebels are on the run. The guns of the union army vomit a storm of iron into the retreating columns and the victorious cavalry follow the flying masses and hurl them beyond Winchester. Darkness ends the pursuit.

The losses at Winchester have been very bloody on both sides. Sheridan has had nearly 5,000 killed and wounded, including many high officers. The brave Nineteenth corps alone has lost 1,956 men killed and wounded. Shunk's and Molineux's brigades, with the Iowa men, only 2,462 strong, have lost 859, or more than a third of their force.

The rebel loss is estimated at 4,000. Early, too, has lost several of his best commanders, and with them he has lost the battle of Winchester.

At Fisher's Hill, eight miles back of Winchester, Early halted in a position known to be the strongest in the whole valley. In two short days Sheridan's victorious army was at his throat again. The same tactics were pursued as before—a strong assault on the center and a tremendous infantry and cavalry dash on the left flank. It was only a matter of a couple of

hours, and the rebel army at Fisher's Hill suffered the fate of Winchester.

Early, defeated and demoralized, with great loss of prisoners, artillery and trains, left the valley and fled to the mountains. Fisher's Hill had only been the culmination, or crowning point of the battle of Winchester. Sheridan lost some 400 men at this closing fight. Early had lost 1,400.

The union cavalry pushed on up the valley all the way to Strasburg, and when it returned to camp at Winchester, there was nothing left of the rich garden of Virginia, the granary of the Confederacy, but desolated homes. The barns, the mills, the factories, the foundries—everything in short, that could in any possible way aid in supporting Lee's army, was given to the flames. One more stroke, and the Shenandoah valley, as a war factor, was to be done for.

Iowa's three regiments in that bloody battle of Winchester had done some terrible fighting. Their losses were very severe, but their valor won on new fields additional renown for the state they hailed from.

The Twenty-second Iowa occupied one of the most desperate positions on the field. It charged for almost a mile through an open field under a galling fire and without protection of any kind, while others of the troops were more or less shielded by the nature of the ground. Though driven back, like its comrades, it rallied under fire and helped to drive the enemy in fearful rout. Its losses were 108, mostly killed and wounded. Captains D. J. Davis, B. D. Parks and Sergeant Major Remley were instantly killed at the post of honor. Lt.-Col. E. G. White was wounded in the face by a piece of shell, and Lieut. James A. Boarts received a death wound. Lieutenants Hull and Jones were taken prisoners. All the officers of the regiment were mentioned for gallantry or for duty well done.* And the privates, whose names seldom figure in the rolls, were not less

*These included Col. Graham, Lt.-Col. White, Maj. Gearkee, Captains Mullins, Humphrey, Cree, Clark, Shockey, Hartly and Morsman; Lieutenants Turnbull, Davis, Needham, Messenger and Chandler, as well as Surgeon Shrader, Quartermaster Sterling, Hospital Steward Ealy and Commissary Sergeant Brown.

distinguished for their valor. They were the men who, of all others, had climbed over the fiery walls of Vicksburg in the previous year. Col. Harvey Graham had the honor of leading these brave men in the battle of Winchester.

Fighting in the same division with the Twenty-second, were the Twenty-fourth and the Twenty-eighth Iowa, the two latter brigaded together with the Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana, and all led by Col. Shunk of the Eighth Indiana. The charge made by these regiments and the terrible fighting they experienced did not differ much from the charging, the retiring and the advancing again experienced by the Twenty-second. The whole division was led into the same galling fire that poured out from the rebel lines on the opposite side of the valley. After the charge over the valley, the recoil and the second advance, these regiments held their ground for two long hours under a terribly destructive fire of artillery on front and flank. A more difficult position cannot be imagined than a line of troops too far away to greatly injure the enemy and yet subjected to the constant and terrible fire of his cannon.

Four of the line officers of the Twenty-fourth, Captains Rigby, Smith and Martin, and Lieut. Lucas, with their commands, had been posted at a dangerous point near the enemy and ordered to hold the place at all hazards. In the recoil, they were not relieved, but they were Iowa soldiers and the place was held. Seventy-four officers and men killed and wounded was the penalty the Twenty-fourth Iowa paid for unusual bravery at Winchester. Capt. Joseph R. Gould and Lieut. Sylvester S. Dillman, two of the bravest and best of Iowa men, were killed. Capt. S. J. McKinley and Lieutenants W. W. Edgington, Royal S. Williams, and Adjt. Dan. W. Camp were all severely wounded.

Lt.-Col. B. W. Wilson led the noble Twenty-eighth Iowa into the battle. It fought under one of the most withering storms of shot, shell and canister the regiment had ever known,—and it was a veteran regiment, victor in many battles. Nearly 90 of the brave officers and men of the Twenty-eighth Iowa were killed and wounded. Half the line officers present were shot

down in the fierce charge. "Not an officer flinched—not a man gave way," said the brave lieutenant colonel in his report, and the list of the slain shows how nobly they fought. Capt. Scott Houseworth and Capt. John E. Palmer were killed—brave, noble, much loved men. Their death cast a pall of gloom over the whole regiment. Adj. Joseph G. Strong, Capt. J. W. Carr, Lieutenants Chas. E. Haverly, D. S. Dean and J. C. Summers were all severely wounded. Less severely, were Capt. J. B. Wilson and Lieut. M. O'Hair.

All of these Iowa regiments did their full duty in the fight at Fisher's Hill that followed so quickly on the heels of Winchester, but Fisher's Hill was a short contest and an easy victory. Only a few—barely a dozen men, were lost in the three regiments, and yet the Twenty-eighth had made a dashing charge on the enemy's works, driven him and captured a battery.

For a month almost, Sheridan's army had a rest—a time to write letters, to read letters, to get supplies, to drill, and to rejoice over the waning hopes of the Confederacy. It had fallen back to the left or north side of Cedar Creek, and Sheridan had gone to Washington on an important errand.

Early, full of chagrin at all his recent disasters, resolved on a desperate effort to wipe out the disgrace to his army. Lee, too, felt keenly the discomfiture of his Valley commander, and sent him some re-enforcements. Early himself had rallied and completely reorganized his whole army, and now occupied the old lines about Fisher's Hill, some five or six miles in front of Sheridan on Cedar Creek. Every day brought its skirmishes and reconnoissances on the part of one or the other of the two armies. By accident, Early learned of Sheridan's absence from his army, and now was his moment to strike. He had it given out that he was about to retreat up the valley, and, in fact, a reconnoissance of some of the union forces on the 18th of October showed one of his positions deserted. Gen. Wright, commanding in Sheridan's short absence, determined to know definitely as to Early's retreating, and ordered a heavy reconnoissance to take place at daylight of the 19th.

Sheridan's forces lay on the ridges just north of the creek—

the Sixth corps to the right, the Nineteenth in the center and the Eighth to the left. The lines were in echelon, the Sixth corps being considerably advanced on the left. Just before daylight on the cold and misty morning of the 19th of October, while the troops of a part of the Nineteenth corps that were to march out on the reconnoissance stood shivering in the ranks, some of the pickets of the Sixth corps at the left heard a mysterious tramping in the woods that sounded like the marching of thousands of feet. Word was hurried to the rear.

It was too late—the union army was surprised. Instantly the battle commenced on the left, and the Sixth corps men, whose guns, many of them, had not been loaded even, were soon in a rout flying rearwards. Part of the Nineteenth corps, Grover's division, including the Iowa regiments, was hurried over to the left to the aid of the Sixth, with orders to hold a ridge there at all hazards. The panic-stricken men of the Sixth corps and, soon, the noise of the old rebel yell, were not pleasant things to meet a body of soldiers going into battle; but heedless of panic and heedless of rebel yells, the division advanced and opened a heavy fire on the gray lines rushing and yelling through the grayer fog. It was of no use—the position was soon flanked, and the rebel yell was soon changed to a cry of "Surrender!" Instantly the order was given to fall back, and the line went rearwards through an enfilading fire, so terrific, said an Iowa participant,* "that it seemed as if it would sweep us off the earth. Men fell like grass before the sickle, but the retreat continued and grew into something like a rout. Half a mile to the rear of our first position we made an attempt to rally, but the flanking column were upon us again and the retreat continued. In crossing a small stream with high, steep banks and filled with mules, wagons, etc., our disorder was complete. While thus retreating, the rapid firing of our batteries in our camp told us of a desperate conflict there—and now the silence told of the capture of the guns. It was a dark hour."

So indeed it was. But soon the Sixth army corps from the

*M. W. Cook, of the Twenty-eighth Iowa, to whom the author is indebted for valuable information.

right, with 45 regiments of infantry, and 24 cannon, were seen moving up to the battle in splendid array. The defeated Nineteenth corps moved back behind these fresh troops, and hurried to reorganize their lines. In half an hour the crash came against the splendid Sixth corps, which, spite of some fine fighting, was gradually beaten back with a loss of half its artillery. It took its new position at the right of the Nineteenth, and soon the whole line then suffered from a terrific cannonading by 40 rebel guns massed at the point from which the Sixth corps had just fallen back. Then came a lull in the battle storm. The fighting of the Sixth corps had checked the enemy. The battle of the morning was over.

At that moment Sheridan dashed on to the field from his race of twenty miles from Winchester town. The night before he had got as far as Winchester on his return from Washington, and all that night, while Early's rebel columns were creeping up on to the flanks of the union army, and all that early twilight of the 19th, when his brave men were being routed and driven in disaster, Sheridan was peacefully, unconsciously sleeping. No wonder he mounted his charger when, at 9 o'clock, the sound of distant battle was heard. No wonder his galloping steed still hurried when the leader met the fugitives flying from his defeated army. Once on the field, his very presence reassured the men; but there was no sudden about-facing—no terrible oaths—no hurling of columns on the victorious foe. All that is the romance of the poet. The battle had been lost; but the foe was checked, and Sheridan simply prepared to fight again. Up and down the lines he rode, cheering the men and counseling the commanders. A new line was formed, a little rearward, and this time with the Nineteenth corps and the Iowa regiments at the right. At noon there was still the lull in the storm, save the occasional skirmishing, or the heavy artillery firing of the Rebels on Sheridan's men moving into position.

It was about 1 o'clock, and Sheridan's lines were sufficiently in order to repulse an attack on the Nineteenth and a part of the Sixth corps. By 4 o'clock, Sheridan was ready to advance and deliver the attack himself. The signal sounded and the whole

union line responded with a charge. The new battle had begun. Every division, every brigade, every regiment, confident of victory, dashed on to the rebel lines, drove them from the stone walls and fences where they stood, and before night had them in a panic, routed and flying with a complete loss of trains and artillery. Not since Bull Run had such a rout been seen.

Sheridan's army, so defeated in the morning, were by evening the victors of one of the most famous battles of the war. They had been surprised—but they had been heroes all the more, in plucking victory from such defeat. Gen. Early lost everything, and retreated with a single cannon. The annals of war seldom relate a completer victory than fell to the union arms. The valley was free.

And what had the Iowa regiments done at Cedar Creek? They were a part of the hardest fighting division on that bloody field. It happened that they were in line when the alarm was given, before daylight that morning. They staid in line and at the fighting front all that battle day, and joined in the pursuit of the panic stricken rebel army in the evening.

The Twenty-second, led by Col. Harvey Graham, lost 72 officers and men that day—some 50 of whom were killed and wounded. Among the latter were Captains Lafayette F. Mullins, Alfred B. Cree, Charles Hartley and Geo. W. Clark, and Lieutenants Edward J. Dudley and Nicholas E. Messenger. Lieut. Robert W. Davis and Capt. W. W. Morsman were captured.

The Twenty-fourth Iowa was led in the battle by Lt.-Col. J. Q. Wilds until a mortal wound took that brave officer and noble man from the field. He was at once succeeded by Maj. Ed Wright, one of the bravest, best known and most esteemed officers of Iowa. Wright himself was shortly wounded in arm and hip, and for a short time was *hors de combat*. Temporarily, Capt. L. Clark was in command, but Maj. Wright soon resumed his post and led the regiment through the vicissitudes of that fierce day. Both in the early morning and in the afternoon the Twenty-fourth Iowa fought bravely on the front line, gathering to itself new laurels dimmed only by the grief for many fallen

comrades. Ninety-three of the regiment were dead, wounded or captured at the close of the contest. Among the wounded were the following officers: Lt.-Col. John Q. Wilds (mortally), Maj. Ed Wright, Captains Abraham R. Knott, Edwin H. Pound, Aaron M. Loomis, Lieut. Christian H. Kurtz. Capt. Wm. W. Smith and Lieut. Charles Davis were captured.

The Twenty-eighth Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. Wilson until wounded, then by Maj. John Meyer, of Newton, one of the state's sincerest patriots and bravest men, was on the battle line before daylight. It was marched to a hill beyond the Winchester turnpike with orders to hold the crest, if possible. It was not possible. The regiments sent to support the Twenty-eighth on the right could not rally to the line under the heavy fire, so that Meyer's men were soon flanked by a heavy force and in utmost danger of capture. For one-third of a mile, the regiment double-quickened to escape destruction, passing through a terrible fire of musketry. In this retreat of but a few minutes duration, 6 men were killed and nearly 40 wounded. Half a mile to the rear the line rallied and for a moment checked the oncoming foe, but it was at the sacrifice of Capt. Riemenschneider slain and the gallant Lt.-Col. Wilson wounded.

In the fight of the afternoon, the Twenty-fourth and the Twenty-eighth Iowa form the connecting link between the Sixth and the Nineteenth army corps. "The awful scene opens," says Maj. Meyer. "We notice nothing except our own commands, and the enemy in front. No officers ever did better, nor any soldiers ever fought more bravely than did those of my command in that hour which turned our defeat into a glorious victory. We press forward—the enemy yields—he flees. The victory is won. The rout transcends all others of the war. It seems so cruel, yet so satisfactory to the loyal heart, to see our boys drop the running foe, and when he gets beyond the reach of the rifles of the infantry, to see the cavalry plunge with their carbines, revolvers and sabres right into the disorganized mass of traitors, to kill, to terrify, and to scatter them in all directions. But the battle is over at last—the men reach camp.

It is cold and dark. The mind grows calm. Sadness and solemnity come over all. The last struggles of our heroic dead—our brave comrades, are forever engraved on our memories. In after years we invite all interested in the Twenty-eighth Iowa, as they pass on the hill on the right of the pike, just before they cross Cedar Creek, to pause and read the names over the nine graves of the killed of the regiment on that day. They, with those mortally wounded, and the crippled and scarred for life, are some of the tokens of the unflinching fidelity of the regiment to an undivided nationality." So it was with all the Iowa regiments on that battle field. So it was on all of Iowa's battle fields—the slaughtered sons, the untold graves, were the signs of the state's devotion to the Union.

The total loss of the Twenty-eighth was 93—9 killed, 73 wounded and 11 missing. Among the officers killed or wounded were the brave Lt.-Col. Wilson who led until shot down severely wounded while trying to hold the enemy in check after the first recoil, and Capt. Riemenschneider killed at the same moment. Lieut. Charles P. N. Barker was also wounded. So many behaved bravely, special mention was made of none.

Cedar Creek was a great victory but it had cost us dearly. Sheridan lost 5,764 men in the battle and very many valuable officers. The Nineteenth corps alone, where the Iowa men fought, lost nearly 2,500. There was a total of 569 killed on the union side. Early's losses will never be known exactly, but his army was nearly destroyed. The victory made Sheridan a major general in the regular army, and stamped him as one of the great captains of the age. All over the North, cannon were fired, bells rung and thanks given to God for the victory in the Shenandoah valley. Iowa was justly proud of the honors won for her by her three brave regiments—the only Iowa regiments that had ever fired a gun in the eastern army.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH SHERMAN IN THE CAROLINAS.

January-April, 1865.

THE same Iowa regiments that had marched with Sherman to the sea, also marched with him in the campaign through the Carolinas. It was the closing campaign of the Civil War; a campaign, not so much of hard battles, as of hard marching, great exposure and of extreme hardship. It was a march five hundred miles long, made in midwinter of an extraordinarily inclement year. It rained nearly all the time. The hundreds of creeks by the way were swollen into rivers—the rivers reached over their boundaries and often resembled lakes. The swamps, innumerable in number, and always difficult of passage, were deeper and broader than ever, bridgeless and almost impassable. The roads, never good, were quagmires for the whole five hundred miles. Scarcely a rod in the lowlands but had to be covered with corduroy bridges before being passable for trains or artillery. Add to it all, every river-crossing, every swamp and every vantage point of any kind was obstructed and defended by an alert and active enemy. Sherman was marching for the rear of Lee's army. Lee knew it, and every obstacle at the disposal of the South was to be thrown in the invader's way. Sherman's army, besides, was marching on to the sacred soil of South Carolina. This fact alone was enough to fire the last drop of blood in the southern Confederacy—a Confederacy born on the very soil, and within a hundred miles of the very spot where Sherman's soldiers were about to bury it out of sight forever.

Once more the cry, "Sherman's army must be destroyed," went up in all the South, and superhuman efforts were made to collect an invincible army in his front. Gen. Joseph E. John-

ston, the capable leader in the Atlanta campaign, was shortly restored to command. Wade Hampton, the true blue cavalryman of South Carolina, was hurried out of Virginia to rush home and save his state from the hands of the barbarian. Hardee, Beauregard and other generals famed in the South, were to collect and rally their commands and lead a forlorn hope. They had, in fact, reached "the last ditch." It was right there behind them, and they were about to wave a farewell to the world and fall into it.

On the 1st day of February, 1865, in the rain, the mud and the storm, Sherman's army, with a cheer, started from the neighborhood of Savannah for South Carolina. Gen. Slocum, commanding the left wing, crossed the Savannah river at Sister's Ferry, where the stream was three miles wide, owing to the floods of rain. Howard, with the right wing of the army, had gone to Pocotaligo, and was to start from there. The two parts of the army were to unite at Branchville—this with a view to marching first on the capital of South Carolina, and next on Goldsboro and the capital of North Carolina. Gen. Grant had sent other troops to garrison Savannah, while Sherman's men, spite of the tempestuous weather, waded into the swamps and jungles of the South with light hearts. They marched with the same spirit as their general, believing that the end was nigh.

The Iowa regiments, and there were eleven of them, were mostly in the right wing with Howard, marching in the Fifteenth corps under Logan, or the Seventeenth corps under Blair.

"All the roads northward," says Sherman, "had for weeks been held by Wheeler's cavalry, that had, by details of negro laborers, felled trees, burned bridges and made obstructions to impede our march. But so well organized were our pioneer battalions, and so strong and intelligent our men, that obstructions seemed only to quicken their progress. Felled trees were removed and bridges rebuilt by the heads of columns, before the rear could close up."

On reaching the Salkahatchie river the opposite shore was found to be strongly held by the enemy's infantry and artillery in intrenchments. This was especially the case at the crossings

known as Rivers' and Beaufort's bridges. Sherman, however, not proposing to be checked, ordered both crossings to be carried by Blair's Seventeenth army corps and the Fifteenth corps of Gen. Logan.

The work of taking Rivers' Bridge fell to the divisions of Mower and Giles A. Smith—the latter containing the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments from Iowa under Belknap. There was but one way to reach the other side. Cold and bitter as the weather was, the soldiers, after receiving an extra twenty rounds of ammunition, entered the swamp. The water was from two to four feet deep and nearly two miles wide, running amidst a dense cypress forest with thick underbrush and myriads of tangled vines. The river was simply a two mile jungle with water waist deep, and an alert foe watching on the other side. The commanders of the divisions and the brigades dismounted from their horses and waded into the water at the heads of their columns. The crossing lasted an hour and a half and under a fire of artillery from the rebel guns at Rivers' Bridge.

The Fifteenth Iowa, at the head of the wading column, had scarcely reached the shore when it was attacked by a force of cavalry and infantry posted at the edge of a field. Without waiting orders, the regiment formed ranks and wheeling toward the enemy, opened a fire that soon drove him from the field. Rivers' Bridge had been flanked by this movement through the swamp, and that night the whole line of the Salkahatchie was abandoned. In the movement crossing the swamp, 1 officer and 17 men had been killed and 70 wounded.

At about the same time the crossing at Beaufort's Bridge had been flanked and secured, and the Little Salkahatchie was waded through by part of the Fifteenth corps, in the same manner as the Seventeenth corps had crossed near Rivers' Bridge. Twelve hundred Rebels were in intrenchments defending the crossing at Beaufort's Bridge, but the Third division, with the Tenth Iowa at its head, deployed as skirmishers, waded through the stream and drove them to flight. The loss had been very slight.

Stone's Iowa brigade of the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth Thirtieth and Thirty-first regiments performed a similar feat on the 15th of the month by wading through a cypress swamp and securing the fort and bridge at the crossing of the Little Congaree, not far from Orangeberg.*

In this encounter, the Fourth Iowa, led by Lt.-Col. Nichols, plunged into a bayou waist deep in water and three hundred yards wide. At the same time a strong outpost of the enemy was charged and driven by a part of the Fourth and Ninth Iowa regiments under Maj. Anderson and Capt. Bowman. Nichols, Bowman and Anderson, all received mention by the brigade commander for gallantry.

By the 16th of February, Sherman's whole army was in front of Columbia. The pulses of the soldiers beat high to know that there at their feet, almost, lay the city where had been hatched all the treason of half a century. Columbia, of all the places in the South, had cried for "war." She was about to receive war, and in a very full measure. So far, Columbia had never seen a union soldier except as prisoner of war—and these, her citizens, her militia and her soldiers had treated with a barbarity that would have shamed savages. The writer was one of those who had shared Columbia's hospitality to her prisoners captured in honorable battle. Many months, and with a thousand comrades, he had endured in a prison pen, an open field at Columbia, all the horrors of an exposure to rain and cold; had suffered there, shelterless, without proper clothing, and almost without food—suffered the insolent guard, the shameful indignities, the dead line and the murderous intent that starved human beings to death while parading itself in the guise of chivalry. He had seen and experienced it all, and witnessed now something of the fear and trembling with which the citizens of

*One of the funniest of these aquatic military exploits was performed a little later by a party of the Second Iowa at Lynch Creek. The stream was broad and deep. "Cross it in your own way," said the commander, "but *cross* it and keep your powder dry." Stripping stark naked, the men buckled their cartridge boxes about their necks, tied their clothes in bundles on the points of their bayonets and waded into the water. Reaching the opposite shore, they were attacked by some rebel cavalry. There was no time for putting on clothes, and, with a yell, naked as they were, they charged and routed the coming Rebels.

Columbia waited the coming of Sherman's army—not as poor, starved and naked prisoners of war whom they could insult and murder, but as armed and victorious soldiers, with steady tread, with serried lines of steel—the stern avengers of their comrades' wrongs.

The hurrying to arms and the planting of cannon at vantage points behind her broad rivers, availed little against the veterans marching on the city. A broad river with burning bridges and armed intrenchments had ceased to be obstacles to the advance of that victorious, marching army. The Saluda river was quickly crossed, and at daylight of the 17th of February, Stone's Iowa brigade was over the broad river on pontoons, when, after charging the enemy and driving him from his position in a bayou, it secured the immediate surrender of the town. Stone's regiments, he was colonel of the Twenty-fifth Iowa, formed the Third brigade of the First division of the Fifteenth army corps, and to his soldiers belongs the proud distinction of receiving the formal surrender of Columbia.

To the men of the Thirteenth Iowa of Belknap's brigade, however, belongs the honor of hoisting the first union flag on the state capitol. Early that same morning, Lt.-Col. Kennedy of the Thirteenth Iowa, in the Seventeenth army corps, rigged out an old flat boat, and with a few men crossed over the river to Columbia from the west. With his handful of men, he bravely marched through the streets of the town and planted the glorious flag on top of the old and the new capitol buildings. It was a brave act and won distinguished honor for men and commander.

Stone's Iowa brigade soon entered the town and bivouacked in the streets, and then the greater part of Sherman's army, with flags flying and bands playing, marched through Columbia. Never so long as life lasts will the writer forget the prayer and the thankfulness with which he and a comrade who had just escaped with him from the prison pen, greeted and embraced the flag of Stone's brigade when they found it thrown over some muskets stacked in the street.

That night Columbia burned to the ground. How it hap-

pened and the scene that followed was related by the writer some years since in an eastern magazine. After running the guards of the prison, my comrade and I, finding a loyal negro, and such were not hard to find, were taken in charge at his hut, until Sherman's army, which we believed to be coming, should approach and capture the city.

Few words were spoken, but we were soon loyally, silently hidden away in the little garret of the good man's house. There, among bean-vines and straw, we again waited and watched, thankfully feasting on the poor fare the old negro shared with us. "If Mr. Sherman only gits in, and I b'lieves he bound to, gemmen, you is safe," the old man assured us.

We believed Sherman would get into Columbia, and, although there were ominous signs in the air and hurrying of regiments to and fro all the night and the following day, we never lost hope. We could not tell whether the cannon we heard were Sherman's or Wade Hampton's, and once we thought the sounds were gradually getting farther and farther away. Our friend was sent into the city to observe. "Gemmen, they stands round on the sidewalks," he reported, "and they looks mighty sullen. I's bound to b'lieve they's gwine to run away." Soon we saw troop after troop hurrying past our hiding-place. Gen. Chestnut had his headquarters in the yard right below us, and we saw him bid farewell to his servants and ride off. Five minute afterward one of those same servants brought us a bowl of bread and milk from the general's kitchen. "Ha! ha! massa, we jest knowed you was thar all de time! and how we jest hoped you get clean gone!"

The cavalry continued pouring by, and we could scarcely restrain ourselves from springing into the street. In a moment the black face of good old Edward Edwards peered up through the square hole into the garret. I shall never forget the picture as he stood there upon the ladder—an old gray army-coat on his shoulders, a broken cylinder hat on his head, and his eyes glowing. "Gemmen," he shouted, "gemmen, thank the Lord Almighty! The stars and stripes am wavin' above the capitol of South Carolina!" At one bound we were down the ladder and stood with

hands clasped in those of the old slave, and thanked God that not only we, but this man also, were from this moment free.

But our joy and our haste nearly cost us our new liberty, for, as we left the cabin, we were seen by the rear-guard of the retreating cavalry. They were, however, too busy just then to look after us. No federal troops had yet reached our quarter of the town; but, at the risk of being picked up by stragglers of the rebel army, we marched down toward the market-house and the square. The whole street was lined with rows of cotton-bales, cut open and on fire. There was no question as to *why* they were there, or *who* had put them there. It was in order that they should be destroyed before falling into Sherman's hands. Soon our eyes rested on the blue uniforms of the soldiers of the North. They had just marched in and stacked arms, and there, hanging over the bayonets, was the dear old flag of the Union. We kissed and embraced it. I don't know what the veteran soldiers must have thought on seeing strong men shed tears at the sight of a flag. To us, the ground seemed almost too good to walk upon, the open air too dear to be breathed carelessly.

What a sight it was for us to see the grand old Fifteenth army corps marching into the city with steady tramp, the bands playing, and brown old Johnny Logan riding at their head!—Johnny Logan, with whom we had stormed trenches and forts in the days long gone. I fear he did not hear our feeble cheers among the multitude of loud hurrahs. And then came Sherman—glorious, victorious Billy Sherman. His keen eye soon recognized the prisoners struggling through the crowd to thank him for their delivery, and a press of the hero's hand seemed to recompense us for the weary days since, on the night before our capture, he had encouraged the boys at the storming of Missionary Ridge.

We two lived a month in that short 17th day of February, 1865. I think we shook hands with a thousand soldiers, with many even whom we had never seen before. It seemed to us that everybody must be as glad to see us as we were to see them; and I don't doubt but we were at least partly right.

The wind had been blowing a hurricane since noon, and flakes from the burning cotton-bales we had seen in the streets had set numbers of the houses on fire. Probably enough, too, some of the escaped prisoners who had joined Sherman down about Branchville on the march, did their part in aiding the conflagration. Certain it was that the city was on fire at dark.

The broad, beautiful streets were lighted as if it were day. The heat in almost every direction was overpowering. The thousands of shade trees that adorned the city were twisting and twining like serpents. All around, buildings were falling, and here and there loud explosions, followed by a sudden darting up of fresh flames, made the scene as splendid and terrible as a battle. We met gray-haired men and women, followed by little children, hurrying toward the fields, leaving everything they had in the world burning up behind them. Had Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs and Wade Hampton heard the imprecations of their own distressed people on them that night, they would have wished themselves under the burning houses.

One white-haired old man was wandering along the street perfectly insane. Whole groups of men, women and children stood, like frightened deer, in spots farthest from the fire or huddled in the shadow of some unburned church. Many believed that the elements had combined with the invading army for their utter destruction. They thought of their Confederacy lost, their proud state ruined, their beautiful city, their own homes, destroyed, and their brothers and sons defeated and flying. Certainly it did not seem as if daylight could bring to Columbia much worth living for. In fact, the people, in utter despair, were abandoning everything.

I did not see a citizen make an effort to save property or to extinguish the flames. Had it not been for the night-long exertions of Gen. Sherman and many of his troops, not one house in Columbia would have been left as a relic of its existence.

I think neither of us had slept for four days and nights; so we were little inclined to resist. Nature was tired out, and, in spite of the excitement of our release and the dreadful surroundings, we slept till 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

When I went out of doors, there were the smoking ruins of Columbia. Hundreds of people, homeless and without food, sat in front of the charred ruins of their old homes. The sight would have moved a barbarian to pity. Five hundred houses, five churches and a convent were lying in ashes. I could not help thinking of what their own Vice-President had told Georgia and South Carolina would happen should they attempt to destroy the government. All the wretchedness he had pictured was upon them. Their fields were wasted, their homes desolate, and their sons were dead. As the army moved off to the North, it was followed by great trains of wagons, filled with men, women and children. They were the people of Columbia, whom Sherman's army was rescuing from the results of their own folly.

Gen. Sherman naturally and rightfully disclaimed any agency in the burning of Columbia, much as his soldiers and the outraged prisoners of war would have been justified in its destruction. "Without hesitation," he wrote, "I charge Gen. Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia—not with malicious intent nor as the silly manifestation of a silly Roman stoicism, but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint, tinder and cotton."

The arsenal, depots, foundries, etc., of Columbia once in ashes, Sherman's columns turned their heads toward Cheraw on the Peedee river, threatening as they marched, Charlotte to the left, and leaving Charleston cut off to their rear. Nobody in all South Carolina knew any more where Sherman's columns were going. It was not known in the North even, for all communication was gone. It was only known that probably Sherman was "smashing things" in the interior of South Carolina, as he had smashed them in the interior of Georgia. The rebel army at his front, in which there were more generals almost than soldiers, believed him capable of going anywhere.

Cheraw, with its fine defensive position and its great park of heavy artillery, fell almost without a struggle, and the victorious army pushed on through the mud and rain, over the bridgeless streams and the dark bayous, corduroying the road beds as they went. Hardee, seeing himself cut off in Charleston and fearing

the crisis of a surrender, had in the meantime blown up and burned up his beautiful city which he had been sent to protect, and taken his flight to join Beauregard in front of Sherman.

Fayetteville on the Cape Fear river did as Cheraw did—surrendered at discretion. Its capture, however, had an air of the serio-comic. Fayetteville, the home of chivalry, was captured by Sherman's "bummers." Its defenders fought a little, of course, but daring foragers of Sherman's columns, riding through the country in advance of the army, organized into a strong body and took the town, presenting it to Sherman on his arrival, in the name of the brave bummers of the best army in Christendom. Ignominious fate for a proud chivalry! Fayetteville was an important town, too, with a splendid arsenal and great stores of arms and ammunition and machinery.* The main column had hardly entered the town when the soldiers heard the whistle of a little steamer in the river. A couple of bold men had run up the Cape Fear river from Wilmington in a tug. It was the first news from the North since the army had cut loose from its base at Savannah.

That night an officer of Sherman's staff † ran down the river in the tug, and by ocean steamer carried the news of Sherman's success in the Carolinas to Grant at City Point, Virginia. Instantly the bonfires blazed again in the North, and the bells rang for the victories of Sherman's tramping soldiers. By the same messenger, the commanders at Wilmington and at Newbern received orders to move forces and supplies in the direction of Goldsboro, where Sherman hoped to be in less than a fortnight. By the most stubborn and heroic fighting, Wilmington and all its forts had been taken by the union forces a fortnight before, and this was among the good news brought to Sherman in the tug boat up the Cape Fear river.

On the 15th of March, Sherman's columns entered on the last stage of the campaign; but he was soon aware that by this

*The splendid arsenal at Fayetteville contained the machinery, arms, etc., stolen from Harper's Ferry at an earlier date. It belonged of course to the United States government. Sherman destroyed it all, as well as every foundry, machine shop, etc., in the town. It was a loss of millions.

†The writer.

time the enemy was succeeding in concentrating large forces at his front. By quick marches on inner lines, a part of Hood's army from Tennessee had reached North Carolina, and all the forces from Charleston, and the Virginians from Wilmington under Hoke, had joined those that had been falling back before Sherman for a month. A column of 40,000 men, under skillful leaders, was now thrown across Sherman's path. The hardships of the campaign, the constant fatigue duty in building roads, the incessant rains and the long marches, had told hard on the army, and the soldiers needed rest and better clothing. Some of the men had worn the shoes from their feet by constant use over the wretched roads.*

Sherman, while threatening to the left, marched his main army northeast toward Aveysboro. On the 16th of March the left of Slocum's wing, and Gen. Kilpatrick's splendid cavalry that had constantly been acting as a curtain of protection to the army, were violently attacked. A severe engagement followed, the Rebels fighting behind intrenchments; but by night-fall they were beaten and left the field in the darkness. The engagement, however, cost Sherman some 600 killed and wounded. No Iowa troops were engaged.

Two days afterward, the rebel leaders discovering Sherman's wings to be several miles apart, resolved to attack Slocum again, and, if possible, to destroy him before Howard could come to his help with the right wing of the army. The assault made in force, was at first successful, and it brought on the almost last important battle of the war. It was on the road leading into the town of Bentonsville. Gen. Sherman was a few miles off, riding through the woods toward Howard's army on the right, when Lieut. Foraker, a young officer on Slocum's staff, and the present governor of Ohio, galloped up to tell him of the battle on the left.

Slocum's army had halted and thrown up slight barricades, and from behind these had repulsed six distinct and heavy assaults of the enemy. It was a determined effort to crush him.

*The Seventh Iowa had 75 men entirely barefooted before the close of the campaign.

Slocum's troops bravely held their ground till night fell. That night two of his own divisions came up, and morning brought with it Howard's troops of the right wing of the army. Among them were the regiments from Iowa.

That night Johnston, too, intrenched, and with his army occupying the lines of a large triangle, the apex at the front, waited the attack. By four in the afternoon of the 20th of March, Sherman's whole army confronted the rebel position. Nevertheless, Sherman was in no hurry for a battle and brought none on, but spent the evening in pressing up with his skirmishers and shelling the enemy's position.

On the day following, one of Sherman's divisions, under Gen. Mower, on the right, pushed so far around the enemy's flank as to almost cut off his only line of retreat. Fearing a concentrated assault on this division, Sherman ordered a general attack by his skirmishers along the whole line. It brought on an engagement in which the union line was successful, and that night, in the darkness, the last of the great rebel armies slipped away. There had, however, been some good fighting during the day by different divisions, and in it all the Iowa troops bore an honorable part.

The Iowa brigade under Belknap not only skirmished with the line in its front; it dashed forward, drove the enemy from his first intrenchment and charged a heavy line of battle, retiring only when overpowered. In that short charge, 25 of the brigade were killed or wounded. Lieut. Goodrell, who led the skirmishers in the fight, received the thanks of the brigade commander for skill on the battle field, and Lieutenants Mitchell, Rynearson and Williams, as well as Capt. Bye of the Fifteenth Iowa, all received the personal thanks of Gen. Smith for gallantry.

While marching over from its camp near Cox's bridge to connect with the Fourteenth corps, the Iowa regiments under Stone became, with some other troops, severely engaged. Three miles out from Bentonville the enemy became stubborn and threatened fight, holding the road along which the union line was marching. Stone received orders from Logan, to whose corps he belonged, to advance and clear the road. The Twenty-fifth Iowa,

Lt.-Col. Palmer, and Sixth Missouri, supported by the Thirtieth Iowa, Lt.-Col. Roberts, and Thirty-first Iowa, Lt.-Col. Jenkins, charged into the woods and drove the enemy back to their works behind a swamp. The movement was a success, and communication with the Fourteenth corps was established.

But the Twenty-fifth Iowa had lost severely. Among its wounded was Capt. Allen, the acting major, who lost a leg. Both he and Lt.-Col. Palmer received the thanks of the brigade commander for gallantry.

On the next day, when Sherman ordered the general attack by all the union skirmishers, Stone's men, especially the Fourth, Ninth and Thirtieth Iowa, did some gallant fighting. What was intended by Sherman as a demonstration only, turned, at points, into a battle. Different charges made on Stone's line of intrenchments which he had taken from the enemy, were signally repulsed.

That night, Stone's advanced line was relieved by the Thirty-first Iowa under Lt.-Col. Jenkins, and in the rain and darkness other more advanced intrenchments were thrown up so close to the enemy that their voices could be heard. Of the officers who had led in the severe skirmish that day, Inman of the Ninth Iowa, Shields of the Fourth, Sharp of the Ninth, Reffley of the Thirtieth and Bowman of the brigade staff, received mention. Capt. Teale of the Fourth Iowa, who had held the most exposed and dangerous part of the line, was severely wounded, and was specially commended for gallantry.

As already related, the enemy withdrew that night in the darkness. Early in the morning, while it was still dark, some of Stone's vigilant patrols discovered that the enemy was gone. Stone notified the division commander, and with the Thirty-first Iowa gave instant pursuit. At sunrise, his skirmishers fired a few shots at the retreating rear guard of the rebel army. Johnston was gone, and a squad of Iowa men had fired the last shot in the last battle of the campaign.

In a short time, April 26th, the whole rebel army in Sherman's front surrendered to the victorious forces that had followed them during the war for thousands of miles and defeated

them in scores of bloody battles. It had been a brave foe, and worthy of a better cause. Sherman, recognizing all this, and knowing the war to be practically over, gave his prostrate foemen generous terms—terms disapproved in high quarters then, but such as the judgment of time has pronounced soldierly and eminently wise.

The signatures to the treaty of surrender were not written when Sherman's army was shocked by the awful news of the assassination of the great President. Language fails to picture the feelings of Sherman's soldiers. It is a monument to their honor, discipline and pure patriotism, that vengeance was not instantly wreaked on the rebel army about to fall into their hands. With bowed heads, though victorious, they marched on to Richmond and to Washington, to the great Review.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BATTLES FOR MOBILE.

April, 1865.

THE last place of importance in the South to surrender its arms was the city of Mobile. It held out even longer than Richmond. Mobile was one of the best fortified cities in the South. It was also one of the rebel army's best feeders, being a great and safe port for blockade runners. Mobile was about the last city to leave the Union in 1861; but once out, it determined to be in no hurry to get in again. The city, situated on the beautiful bay of Mobile and at the mouth of the Mobile river, was by nature well defended. The Richmond fortifications were trifling compared with the fortifications built to protect Mobile. Gen. Johnston pronounced it the strongest place in the Confederacy, not excepting Vicksburg. Not less than 72 forts surrounded the city, with miles and miles of breastworks between. This included the two enormous walled forts of Morgan and Gaines at the entrance of Mobile bay, and the series of fortifications east and north of the city, known as "Spanish Fort" and "Fort Blakely."

It was with these two latter works, immense in size, and deemed about impregnable, that the Iowa soldiers had to do in the spring of 1865. The whole world knows of the famous passage of the forts guarding the entrance to Mobile bay, in the autumn of 1864. It was one of the famous naval victories of history, when Admiral Farragut, himself tied to the mast-head of the Hartford, ran past the fearful batteries of Forts Gaines and Morgan, destroyed the rebel fleet in the bay, and eventually received the surrender of the two frowning citadels. The story of how one of his gallant ships went down with almost every

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soul on board; the desperate conflict with the terrible rebel ram, and the awful bombardment his fleet received from Morgan's walls of fire and from Gaines's dreadful cannon, is a story that will be remembered by Americans with pride so long as a history or a tradition of our land remains.

That was in August of 1864. The two great guards to Mobile bay had fallen, the gallant fleet rode safely in the harbor, but the city of Mobile and its splendid land defenses did not yield.

On the failure of the expedition of Banks, or the Red river campaign, that general was succeeded in command of his department by Gen. E. R. S. Canby. In May of 1864, Canby received instructions to attack Mobile, but owing to the increased activity of the rebel army in the Southwest, and the absolute necessity for Canby's forces there, the movement on Mobile was postponed almost a year. In all these long months the authorities at Mobile did little but fortify their city against what they well knew would some day be a formidable attack. The place contained 30,000 people, and its strong redoubts and its long lines of breastworks were garrisoned now by many of the courageous veterans of Hood's army—men who had become hardened, brave soldiers in such campaigns as Chattanooga and Atlanta.

But the rebel Confederacy was reeling to its end, and at last Mobile's fatal hour was coming, too. The middle of March saw an army concentrated under Gen. Canby, waiting on Dauphin Island, at the mouth of Mobile bay, for the orders to march on the works of the city. Another strong column under Maj. Gen. F. Steele, who had been the first colonel of the Eighth Iowa infantry, had concentrated at Fort Barrancas, at Pensacola, in Florida, for the purpose of co-operating against Mobile. This column under Gen. Steele was first of all to make a feint north, toward Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, and then, at the proper moment, wheel eastward and march on Mobile.

Canby's army at Dauphin Island was divided into two army corps—the Thirteenth, commanded by Gen. Granger, and the Sixteenth army corps, commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith. The plan of operations adopted was for this army to move up and around the east side of Mobile Bay and attack the formidable

works of Spanish Fort, while a small force should make a feint on the west side of the bay.

Steele's column, leaving Pensacola three days later, was, after feinting north as far as the town of Pollard, to turn sharp to its left and march direct on Fort Blakely, some six miles above Spanish Fort. This would throw Steele's army to the right-flank of Canby's forces, when once in front of Spanish Fort. The line of march from the mouth of Mobile bay to Spanish Fort was about 70 miles in length. The east shore, along which half of Canby's troops marched, was that spring time a constant series of swamps and tangled woods. The roads were bottomless in mud and water, and not infrequently the soldiers had to pull not only the mired wagons out of the mud, but the horses and mules themselves. It was a hard and disagreeable march. Some days the army advanced only five miles—one day, only four miles. The Sixteenth corps had gone half way up the bay by transports and landed at Fish river, where it joined the other corps that had been struggling through the mud and swamps.

On the 25th of March, the united army advanced, and in three days, after much maneuvering and some little fighting, it stretched in a three-mile line along the semi-circle of the works of Spanish Fort. The fort and its line of outworks was on the bay shore, seven miles due east of Mobile. Gen. Maury commanded inside the fort, and, as it proved, led a force of brave and reckless men.

Gen. Smith's Sixteenth corps took its position on the right of the investing line, and the Thirteenth corps continued the line around to the extreme left. Carr's division held Smith's right, and Bertram's brigade the left of Gen. Granger. It so happened that the extreme right and the extreme left regiments in the investing army were composed of Iowa soldiers. Geddes's brigade at the right of Carr's division contained the Eighth Iowa, the One-hundred-and-eighth and the One-hundred-and-twenty-fourth Illinois regiments, the Iowa command being led by Lt.-Col. Bell. Bertram's brigade, away around at the extreme left, with Granger, included among other troops the Nineteenth and the Twenty-third regiments from Iowa.

Immediately at their front stood the high, bare bluff known as Fort McDermett, armed with ten heavy cannon. Following the semi-circle of the rebel line from Ft. McDermett on the bay at the left around to the position of Geddes's men at the right and also near the bay, one saw only frowning breastworks, well armed, and batteries on every spur of ground, rifle pits in front of these, and, in front of all, the trees cut down and slashed up in a way to make a dangerous abatis to cross under a heavy fire. This line of works was over two miles long. It did not seem possible to take it except by the slow methods of a siege.

By noon of the 27th of March, the investment was nearly complete. There was heavy skirmishing and much artillery firing as the federal lines drew up to position in front of the rebel works. There were some losses, too, among Iowa troops, notably in the Eighth and the Nineteenth regiments, and some in the Twelfth and Thirty-fifth. The Eighth, under Lt.-Col. Bell, pushing its way up on the extreme right and in advance of its brigade, lost 13, half of whom, nearly, were non-commissioned officers. The extreme advance on the left of the army that day was led by Lt.-Col. Bruce and his Nineteenth Iowa. In approaching the works, they crossed an open field under a heavy artillery fire, and on reaching the fallen trees beyond the field, the enemy's musketry met them, killing and wounding some 16 of the regiment. The Thirty-fifth Iowa and the Twelfth, in Marshall's brigade, of McArthur's division, advanced at the center, opposite to, and almost right under the rebel redoubt known as the "Red Fort." The Twelfth was led by Maj. Knee, and lost 5 men; the Thirty-fifth, under Lt.-Col. Keeler, lost less. The Second Iowa battery, Capt. J. R. Reed, with his splendid twelve-pounders, joined in the shelling of Red Fort. The other Iowa regiments, whether in the reserve or on the front lines, lost few men that day in completing the investment of the rebel works. When darkness came on that 27th of March, the siege had begun.

Then commenced the work of the pick and the spade along the whole line of the union army, and all that night the busy work of intrenching in front of the rebel breastworks and forts

went on. "The enemy has established himself in heavy force from our extreme left to the right," telegraphed the rebel commander to his superior officer over in Mobile.

Iowa was strongly represented in the forces moving on Mobile. Eleven Iowa regiments and a battery, the Eighth, Twelfth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-eighth infantry, and the Second battery. This was a little army in itself, and as we shall see later, a part of it was to figure conspicuously in the reduction of the city.

The siege of Spanish Fort lasted just thirteen days and ended in an assault. During these thirteen days, the skirmishing and the artillery firing were almost constant. Rod by rod and foot by foot the union lines approached the rebel works. The whole army became burrowers in the ground. Every regiment had its rifle pits, its holes in the ground, its parallels, its saps, its galleries, its trenches, its gabions and its bomb proofs. Every single soldier became a miner and an army engineer. Each day of the siege saw some little fighting at the advance or some incident worthy of record.

At daylight of the second day of the siege, a detachment, including some men of the Thirty-third Iowa, of Benton's division, was sent to the front to relieve some skirmishers. On their way out they passed through a ravine full of felled timber and commanded by the cannon of Fort McDermett. The rebel sharpshooters also had full range on this dangerous ravine. Spite of the dangers, the men pushed on, and drove some of the Rebels from their advanced rifle pits. Of the little detail of the Thirty-third Iowa, 8 were wounded seriously—one of them mortally. Captains W. S. Parmlee and G. R. Ledyard were among the wounded. It was a wonder all were not killed.

On the evening of that same day some other Iowa men at the front had an experience worthy of relating. Capt. Noble, with 100 men of the Twenty-first Iowa, Slack's brigade, was sent to the extreme front, to build works for a battery. He also had with him 300 unarmed men from other regiments, to assist in the work. Approaching cautiously to the spot, the labor was

commenced, part of the men sticking their bayonets and muskets the meanwhile in the ground. Toward midnight, and in the midst of a dark rain storm, Noble's handful of pickets in his advance were attacked. The Rebels had heard the noise of the tools, and a party of them sallied out, to drive off or capture the bold Yankees. It was a surprise to Noble, and a hand to hand conflict ensued there in the darkness. Some of the unarmed men ran back to camp and gave the alarm and soon help came; but in the meantime Noble and his men had kept the Rebels out of his earthwork. He lost 1 man killed and 5 wounded. The Rebels had 7 killed and 14 wounded. The attack resulted in heavy firing all along the skirmish line of the army.

Capt. L. K. Myers of the Twenty-ninth Iowa also met with an incident and a mishap on the following night, while out on the skirmish line. He was acting as brigade officer of the day, and, by mistake, in the darkness walked inside the rebel lines. By much presence of mind, he managed to escape, together with a small squad of unarmed men who were with him, but not until he had himself been badly wounded.

Slowly the union approaches extended, each day seeing some advance and some incident. Once the Nineteenth Iowa, digging its advance trenches forward, came into a rifle pit of the enemy, and found abandoned there the dead bodies of 3 Rebels whom our sharpshooters had killed. Some of the enemy inside the forts were the same men whom our Iowa boys had fought at Nashville and elsewhere in the West. This was notably so of Holtzclaw's brigade, some of whom had even helped to capture the Eighth Iowa at Shiloh.

By Sunday morning April 2d, cannon were also heard up in the direction of Fort Blakely. Steele's column had marched from Pensacola and was now closing in on Blakely. At Spanish Fort, however, the soldiers still had enough to entertain them with the batteries' constant fire and the rattling musketry in their front. Their enemy did not purpose leaving without a struggle. He was active, vigilant and brave, even desperate at times. It was unsafe for a man to show his head above the breastworks for a single moment. Many men were shot through

pure carelessness or recklessness in exposing themselves on the line, and many were shot in holding the skirmish lines at the extreme front. The Thirty-third Iowa lost several in this duty.

In every direction and at every available vantage point, the union men had brought up batteries till every spur and every high near Spanish Fort bristled with Yankee cannon. Ninety-six guns and many mortars and howitzers were in position to pour a storm of iron into the rebel works. By April 8th, Gen. Canby, seeing all in readiness, our lines closed up, and every battery manned, resolved to assault the works at daylight of the 9th. Preparatory to this, a ferocious bombardment of the rebel works by all the batteries of the union line commenced at five on the afternoon of the 8th. It was a splendid spectacle—the tremendous storm of shot and shell belching from a hundred cannon at the same instant, and replied to from half as many more in the forts.

Gen. Carr on the extreme right concluded to take some advantage of the excitement of the evening's bombardment to advance his line a little and take possession of a pine covered crest at his front. The Eighth Iowa infantry, led by Lt.-Col. William B. Bell, was selected for the work. Col. Geddes, commanding the brigade, directed Col. Bell to let two of his companies move outside of the breastworks well to his right, advance to the little crest, drive in the rebel sharpshooters, and intrench themselves there for the night. This was the full extent of the movement as planned by Carr and Geddes.

"How long will it take you to have the men ready to assault?" asked Geddes. "Just fifteen minutes," replied Col. Bell. At the appointed moment his two companies, led by himself, moved from behind the right gabion out into full view of the rebel sharpshooters, and into the slashed trees and the mud and the swamps that for a hundred yards lay between them and the rebel works. Capt. Henry Muhs of Company A, and Lieut. Henry Vineyard of Company G, rapidly deployed their men and advanced. Muhs led the skirmish line. Col. Bell accompanied the advance until he felt sure the men could gain the crest, and then returned to the rest of the regiment behind the bastion.

From the enemy's rifle pits and from behind stumps and logs and trees came the unerring musketry into the faces of the little band struggling to climb through the felled trees and abatis. The men of Carr's division back in the trenches cheered, in order to give the impression that the whole division was about to assault. The cheering only put the Rebels the more on the alert and the advancing line was being rapidly shot down. Col. Bell, fearing the result of the overpowering numbers at the front, at once sent another company, H, under Lieut. Bell, to the aid of the men so rapidly falling. At the same moment he hurried Lieut. Clark rearward, to secure permission of Col. Geddes to advance with the whole regiment.

With anxiety he saw the critical position in which these three companies were now placed, if left without support. To be driven back would mean annihilation of the line. Orders or no orders, it was time to act, and without waiting a reply from Geddes, Col. Bell shouted to his regiment to spring over the breastwork and follow him to the front. Instantly the men, eager to avenge their comrades, crossed over the gabion, and with Bell in the center, advanced into the storm of bullets that was already decimating his advanced companies. Once to the crest, and it taken, the fire became too hot to endure. Retreat could not be thought of, nor was it possible. With the cry of "forward," the whole line dashed for the main rebel works and with bayonet and bullet took the rifle pits and the intrenchments. The charge had been so sudden, the line scarcely had time to form, till it was bitterly engaged with the Texas men inside the fort. Once inside the works, there could be no halting, and by a right flank movement, the gallant colonel led his regiment down the inside of its rebel works, taking at the point of the bayonet the intrenchments for a distance of five hundred yards.

Heroically and stubbornly, even stoically, the Rebels defended their rifle pits. Many, with the bayonet at their breasts, refused to surrender and were killed. Col. Bell and the Eighth Iowa had taken Spanish Fort. It was one of the most heroic actions of all the war, and reflected just honor, and new lustre, on the name of Iowa soldiers.

The regiment now formed on the outside of the rebel intrenchments, using them as a defense against an attack soon made by some rallied Texans, in a vain effort to drive Bell and his regiment from the fort. The attack was quickly repulsed and the Eighth held its ground. After a whole hour's fighting, and after darkness had set in, other troops of the brigade were sent to its aid. But the battle was over. Bell's men were the only men who did any fighting of importance inside of Spanish Fort. They had captured 3 battle flags, 5 cannon, and nearly 500 prisoners.

Shortly, our troops advanced at all points of the line. By midnight, all the long line of fortifications, with their immense array of artillery and munitions of war, were in the union hands.

Gen. Canby was not slow to recognize the gallantry of the Eighth Iowa. As a special honor, it was directed to camp in the fortress the following day, and gather trophies of the victory, while the other troops marched toward Blakely. Lt.-Col. Bell was at once brevetted full colonel of volunteers. Sergt. Edgar A. Brass who had captured a flag out of a Rebel's hand as he entered the fort, received a medal from congress, and the legislature of Iowa passed resolutions of thanks to the men and officers of the brave regiment. Fortunately, the losses in the assault had not been noticeably severe. Its very rapidity and the nearness of the works saved many lives. Yet quick as the work was, 25 of the brave little command were killed or wounded. Capt. F. P. Kettenring and Lieut. Spencer Smith were among the wounded. The heroic Lieut. Henry Vineyard, though lying with a mortal wound, in front of the rebel works, refused help and urged his men to the charge. That was the kind of fighting that made Iowa's name famous in the annals of the Civil War.

Far around to the union left and the center that night, other Iowa regiments, like the Nineteenth and the Twenty-third, were at the front, pressing the enemy and preparing for assault. At Krez's brigade front, in Benton's division, the Thirty-third Iowa under Maj. Boydston was the first to enter the rebel breastworks. The rebel commander, on seeing the success of the

Eighth Iowa in beating back his Texas regiments on his right, and in taking their intrenchments away from them, resolved on retreat and evacuation at once. When the sun rose on the morning of the 9th of April, it greeted the Stars and Stripes floating on the heights of Spanish Fort.

CAPTURE OF FORT BLAKELY.

The troops that had taken Spanish Fort were now free to march to the aid of Gen. Steele's column besieging Blakely, a village ten miles northeast of Mobile, on the east side of the Appalachian river, and less than six miles distant from Spanish Fort.

Gen. Steele's column had made a hard march from Pensacola to Blakely, coming away round by the town of Pollard for the purpose of making a feint toward Montgomery. The roads were horrible much of the way, and miles and miles were corduroyed before the trains and the artillery could pass over them. Canby's main column of troops, marching through the wilderness and the mud around Mobile Bay to Spanish Fort, scarcely had worse times with impassable roadways than did Steele's men on their way from Pensacola to Blakely.* Steele had 13,000 soldiers with him, 5,000 of whom were the colored troops forming the brave and hard-fighting division of Gen. Hawkins. The white troops were the Second division of the Thirteenth army corps and a body of cavalry. Among the infantry were two Iowa regiments, the Twentieth and the Thirty-fourth, in Moore's brigade. Capt. John F. Lacey of Iowa, formerly of Gen. Rice's staff, was now Steele's competent assistant adjutant-general. He was one of the youngest officers in the army, and won his responsible position by courage and competency.

Steele's column struggled along on its way through woods and mud and mire without incident of note, until it ran onto a rebel force at Pringle's creek. Here quite a brilliant little engagement

*Bottomless roads were not the worst thing Steele's men had to contend with. There was not enough to eat. Part of the time on that march the troops were on *one-third* rations. Once they were reduced to one cracker a day. "Our supper to-night," writes one of the privates, "and we are cold, tired, muddy and hungry, consists of sassafras tea and a little parched corn, which we picked up from the ground where our cavalry fed."

took place, resulting in the capture or rout of the rebel force. Its commander, Gen. Clanton, was himself taken prisoner, together with 130 of his officers and men.

By the 2d of April the hard march was over, and Steele's column had stretched itself in a semi-circle around the fortifications of Blakely. In approaching the works, the colored troops on the right had a severe combat with the Rebels a mile or more outside the enemy's rifle pits. Some 40 men of the colored division were killed or wounded, but the Rebels were driven back to their outside works, and the division went into line for the investment of the forts. Gen. C. C. Andrews, leading the Second division, took position to the left of the colored division; Moore's brigade, including the Twentieth and the Twenty-fourth Iowa, in advance, in line of battle, and skirmishing under a fire of artillery. Later in the day the positions were changed a little, Moore's brigade being sent to the left, with the Thirty-fourth Iowa, Col. G. W. Clark, at its front.

Night found Steele's whole line busy as beavers, with axe and spade, intrenching their position a thousand yards in front of the rebel works. They worked to the music of exploding shells and random musketry. Blakely was well situated for defense, and was almost as strongly fortified as Spanish Fort. It had a line of strong breastworks extending from the river on its right around to the river on its left, while interspersed along this semi-circular front were nine powerful redoubts armed with 40 cannon. In front were felled trees, three lines of abatis, and, between these, loaded torpedoes buried in the ground, prepared for explosion whenever touched. Here, as at Spanish Fort, the defenders were veteran soldiers of many battles.

Rapidly the men proceeded with advancing their rifle pits, cutting galleries and trenches, parallels and approaches. The siege, and all that pertains to a siege, was begun. In a day or two, Veatch's division from Spanish Fort, and Garrard's division joined the besiegers and took position on the left. Every day witnessed skirmishing at the rifle pits; every day saw some advance of the union lines. By the evening of the 5th of April, some of Steele's regiments had advanced to within eighty yards

of the rifle pits. Here and there the garrison would make a sortie—a sudden dash on the union lines, only to be driven back with loss.

On the 5th day of the siege, an Iowa officer, Maj. Hutchinson of the Thirty-second, performed a gallant act by advancing his line three hundred yards under a heavy fire. With spades in one hand and rifles in the other, the major and his men of the Thirty-second advanced in a line as perfect as on dress parade, and when the distance was stepped off, stopped and fortified.

Among the incidents of the siege were the little truces occasionally arranged for between the advanced sharpshooters and the men in the pits outside the rebel forts. It was not uncommon for these to meet half way, trade coffee for tobacco, exchange newspapers, take a smoke and talk about the war. The half hour's truce ended, each sprang to his rifle pit or cover and the firing commenced again. All that went on in the curious sieges of Vicksburg and Atlanta, went on here.

By Sunday morning, April the 9th, Steele had many cannon bearing on the rebel forts, while close by he had, if need were, the assistance of whole divisions fresh from the victory of Spanish Fort. Blakely was doomed. The besiegers had now carried their parallels to within five hundred yards of the rebel works. Some were nearer still. That Sunday, it was resolved to assault the works. Certain signs and movements misled Steele's officers into supposing that the enemy were about to retreat and leave the forts. From an observatory built in tree tops behind the union line, steamboats full of troops had been discovered moving away from the Blakely wharf. Instantly, the soldiers burned for an advance. Gen. Steele set five-and-a-half o'clock that evening for the assault.

Previous to the general attack, though for what reason does not seem clear, some of the colored troops at the left of Hawkins's division on the right, were ordered over the breastworks and engaged in a fearfully unequal combat at the front. Better fighting, however, never was done in war than by some of the colored men of Hawkins's division, left without proper support that afternoon.

At 6 o'clock, the signal sounded and the general assault commenced. Thirty-five regiments, or some 16,000 men, charging at once in a line nearly three miles long, was a sight to try the nerves of a garrison, however brave. On all the union front, select regiments had been placed as skirmishers, who, at the given moment, leaped over their intrenchments and with cheers dashed forward. From right to left of all that long line came the crash of musketry, the roar of cannon, the cheers of charging men. On right and left the brave regiments advanced under a fearful storm of shot and shell and rifle balls. Through the thick and dangerous abatis, under a hail of bullets, they charge over hidden torpedoes into the rifle pits of Rebels who die rather than surrender. They mount the parapets over the breastworks, and fight with bayonets and hand to hand, till every enemy within that fiery line is wounded, dead or a prisoner.

In front of every division the battle is the same. It is the last ditch of the Rebellion—the last charge of the mighty war. Regiments have vied with regiments, divisions with divisions, color with color, in the ferocious combat, and all come off with honors alike. All have been heroes. Blakely is in the hands of the loyal army, and the union flag waves a greeting to its sister flag on the walls of Spanish Fort.

Those of the Iowa regiments present at the front when the assault was made, did their whole duty and did it well. The Twenty-seventh and the Thirty-second regiments were in Gen. James I. Gilbert's brigade. They had as brigade comrades the Tenth Kansas, and the Sixth Minnesota. Maj. G. W. Howard led the Twenty-seventh, Lt.-Col. Eberhart the Thirty-second. The distance from their position to the rebel works was over a thousand yards, and the way was filled with felled trees, lines of abatis, and with wires stretched from stump to stump.* At the signal, the brigade left the rifle pits and, advancing with a shout, in spite of the resisting fire, carried the works in their front. They captured nine pieces of artillery and nearly 600 prisoners in front of their own line. Company B of the Twenty-

*Barb wire was not invented then. Its use in front of forts would have made an approach well nigh impossible.

seventh Iowa, that had been on the extreme advance as skirmishers, was a band of heroes, said the brigade commander, and so was his Tenth Kansas. Maj. Hutchinson of the Thirty-second Iowa distinguished himself in the assault, and later in the capture of prisoners. The brigade lost 27 men, among the wounded being Lieut. Eisenhart of the Twenty-seventh Iowa. The Rebels had been pursued through their works into the range of their gunboats in the rear. As these were about to fire on the pursuers, Maj. Hutchinson checked them by holding a squad of prisoners in a position to make it impossible to fire without killing their own men. Gen. Gilbert of Iowa distinguished himself in the command of his brigade in the assault and added to the just honors he had won on many fierce battle fields.

The Twentieth Iowa under Lt.-Col. Leake, and the Thirty-fourth, consolidated with the Thirty-eighth, and led by Col. Clark, were in Moore's brigade of Andrews's division at the center.* Harder fighting was not done on all that storming line that day than was done by the men of Moore's brigade. The obstacles in the way of the charging men were fully as great as in front of the brigade of Gilbert, and the enemy defending the redoubt comprised one of the hardest fighting brigades of the rebel army. Over the lines of abatis, Moore's line of blue charged—over the lines of stakes driven into the ground and over the rebel redoubts—fighting and firing as they went. Eight hundred prisoners were taken, and Andrews's division became masters of a line of breastworks three quarters of a mile in length, with many cannon and battle flags. The Thirty-fourth Iowa lost 15 men in the charge—the Twentieth fortunately none, though its flag was shot through. The other Iowa regiments present were either but slightly engaged or were in the reserve.

The assaulting and storming of the works had taken place at every point along the line and the regiments of many states won

*The Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth Iowa had also been present and had assisted, though with small loss, at the reduction of Forts Morgan and Gaines by Farragut in the previous year, and Col. Clark had the honor of receiving the formal surrender of the former citadel. His regiment at Mobile was one of the very largest and best drilled in the whole army. Later, Clark was brevetted a brigadier for gallant services in the field, his commission dating from the day of the splendid charge at Blakely.

honor for their charge on Blakely. The whole loss in the assault had been 127 killed and 527 wounded. Forty cannon, nearly 4,000 prisoners and many battle flags fell into the union hands.

Gen. Steele, it is said, rode into the fray with the main line of Moore's brigade, and witnessed the lines of blue scale the rebel works. "We have stormed the entire line of works, and our troops are in full possession," was the word Gen. Steele directed Asst. Adjt. Gen. Lacey to send to Canby straight from the battle field. Quickly came the answer, "God bless you, and God bless your brave command."

That night some of the Iowa regiments camped inside of Fort Blakely. The remaining forts in the rivers and about the waters soon yielded, and on the morning of April the 4th the union flag, after an interval of four years, was again waving over the city of Mobile.*

*No mention has been made in describing the events at Mobile of the part taken by the union navy at Spanish Fort, nor of the acts of the rebel gunboats near to Blakely. Owing to shallow water and the presence of torpedoes, the federal ships could only occasionally reach within range of the forts, and two or three were destroyed by torpedoes in the attempt. The rebel vessels in the rivers annoyed our troops some, but their action had no effect on the progress of events.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOME IOWA COMMANDERS.

THERE were some military names that stood out so pre-eminently in the state as to attract even national attention. Names like Dodge and Curtis and Crocker were well-known state names even before the cannon sounded the alarm of civil war. Generals Corse, Belknap, Elliott, Hatch, Vandever and Herron rapidly attracted attention, not from the state alone, but from the most eminent commanders in the field.

Among the generals who led in the fierce struggle for Atlanta, there was one whose military genius and striking military successes reflected additional luster on the name of Iowa.

It was fortunate for the Army of the Tennessee on that morning of July 22d, when a large part of the rebel army of Atlanta struck the rear of the union lines, that Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, with a part of his Sixteenth army corps, was there to give it instant battle. Only two divisions of the Sixteenth corps were in the campaign, and one brigade of these was at Decatur during the battle of Atlanta, gallantly defending the trains, and another stationed at Rome. Hardee, the rebel commander of that assault in the rear, had not anticipated such sudden and such heroic resistance as Dodge made the moment the rebel column appeared in sight. Of course it was mere accident that three of Gen. Dodge's brigades happened to be marching along through the woods close in the rear of the point the rebel army was about to attack. It was heroism, however, and rare generalship, not accident, that enabled this part of the Sixteenth army corps to meet the rebel surprise with a surprise of its own, and hurl back and hold in check an enemy that outnumbered it five to one. It is painful to think what might have happened to

a part of, if not all of Sherman's army, had Dodge and his men been anywhere else than along that old wagon road just when the attack commenced.

The corps was marching for its new position at the extreme left of the army, and at the moment of attack was resting at the roadside in the rear of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps. It numbered but 4,500 men, but its own valor, and the cool-headed sagacity of its leader made it appear a host to the rebel assailants. Dodge had been to the extreme left front of the army, selecting a position to fortify. He found the outer works of the enemy deserted and noticed the ominous stillness that portends a sudden storm. It was time, for at that very moment the rebel army was quietly and rapidly approaching his lines through the woods in the rear. He was scarcely back to the old roadside when the battle storm came on. Hood's army advanced out of the woods in three columns, and very shortly the attack was made along Dodge's whole line. Once the enemy's advancing line struck a pond and was obstructed. Dodge noticed the seeming disorder, and, quick as thought, ordered a charge on the embarrassed columns, drove them back, and prevented what in ten minutes might have been a disaster. Still the battle raged furiously, and passing to Dodge's right, the overpowering numbers of the enemy were attacking the rear of the Seventeenth corps.

The course of the fierce battle that followed that day till darkness ended it, has already been described in the chapter on Atlanta. Dodge's troops fought their full share of it, and while part of his Sixteenth corps struggled so gallantly at the front, one of his brigades, under Gen. Sprague, was back at Decatur saving the wagon trains of the Army of the Tennessee. The valor of Sprague's men, on that occasion, was not surpassed in the whole campaign. With a single brigade they repulsed two whole divisions of rebel cavalry, charging them from different directions, and saved almost every wagon and horse of that enormous train.

The men of one of Dodge's brigades, Mersey's, fighting under his eye, had served their time and were waiting the train to take them north. There was no power to compel them to enter this

awful battle, but, with patriotic hearts, they staid and laid their lives and mangled limbs as a sacrifice upon their country's altar. What must be thought of such loyalty! What must be said of a leader for whom brave men would court death recklessly! Had Hood known of the valor of the men on that line, or of the heroic deeds of its leaders, he would have paused long before hurling his battalions to their own destruction.

Four hundred and twenty-two of the enemy were killed and five times as many wounded that day in front of Gen. Dodge's little command. Eight battle flags were taken and many prisoners. The command itself suffered fearfully. Nearly every field officer was killed or wounded, and out of the 5,400 men engaged, 854 fell wounded or dead on the field.

The military life of such a leader as Dodge proved himself to be in the battle of Atlanta, and elsewhere, is worthy of record. Born in Danvers, Mass., in April of 1831, he was barely thirty years of age at the outbreak of the rebellion. Young as he was, however, his life had already been one of note and usefulness. He had received considerable military training as a boy at Norwich University, and had as a classmate the brilliant young Gen. Ransom. Maj.-Gen. Terry was also a graduate of the Norwich institution. On coming to the West in 1861, young Dodge secured a position on the engineer corps of the Rock Island railroad. His education at Norwich had been of the most practical and scientific character, and, in his chosen career, fitted him for important trusts. He had, besides, great native skill and talent as an engineer, and was soon entrusted with the survey of the Rock Island road to Peoria. While here at work he prophesied the building of, and the route for, the first great Pacific railroad, a line to which, in later years, he was to become so potently related. His Peoria survey finished, he was for some years in Iowa in the employ of the Mississippi & Missouri Railroad Company. Afterwards he had a month's residence in the Elkhorn river region of Nebraska, where his life was almost nomadic, adventurous as that of the Indians with whom he was in constant contact.

The hostile attacks of the Indians on the white settlements,

soon led Dodge, who was now married to a most estimable lady of Peru, Ill., to seek a quieter home at Council Bluffs. Here he was engaged in the manifold interests of a real estate dealer, a banker and a freighter across the plains. Amidst all the enterprises which he successfully controlled, he also found time to exercise his military tastes by drilling a company of militia, of which he was the captain. No sooner was Sumter fired on than Dodge, like thousands of others in loyal Iowa, hastened to tender his sword, and, if need be, his life, for the preservation of the government. The state being out of arms, and no money to purchase with, Dodge was sent to Washington by Gov. Kirkwood to appeal to the government for guns and ammunition. By his immense zeal and energy he succeeded where Iowa congressmen had failed. The War Department, recognizing his ability and push, offered him a captain's commission in the regular army. He declined it, preferring to serve Iowa. Then an additional regiment of Iowa volunteers was accepted from the governor on the express condition that Dodge should be its colonel. The Fourth Iowa infantry was immediately organized at Council Bluffs, and in two weeks' time Col. Dodge was leading it against the Rebels in northern Missouri. It was the state's first great military campaign, and it was quick and decisive. By October of 1861, Col. Dodge was stationed in Rolla, Missouri, as commandant of the post, and by mid-winter he was leading a brigade in Gen. Curtis's army of the Southwest, marching for Springfield. The rigors of that mid-winter march, and the extraordinary promptness with which it was executed, have been related in a former chapter.

Dodge's own regiment, the Fourth, must have had breathed into it the strong, patriotic military spirit that animated its commander. It became one of the hard-fighting regiments of the state; and some of the officers, like Williamson, the adjutant, and Dodge, the colonel, rose to high positions of trust and honor. When the regiment was organized, Dodge at the same time recruited a battery, which did excellent service through the war. He did not wait for the government to slowly clothe and equip his regiment and battery, but pledged his own credit, and

they were promptly fitted for the field. Gen. Curtis, in assigning officers to command of divisions in the southwest campaign, inconsiderately, and in violation of military usages, selected Davis and Carr, who were in fact outranked by some of the brigade commanders, notably Dodge. One of the brigade commanders refused to serve, as a result, but Dodge loyally waived his own rights and served his inferiors in rank with the same zeal he would have manifested had he led the whole army. There was some courtesy, tact and gratitude due Dodge from Curtis at the time, had he known, as possibly he did not, the circumstances relating to his own appointment as brigadier general. Certain influential people in Washington in whom the Secretary of War confided, were not friendly to Curtis, and urged that Iowa's first general's commission be given to Dodge. The Secretary of War favored the selection, but Dodge, himself, mistrusting his own ability, declined the commission. It was then that he was made colonel of the Fourth Iowa infantry.

But as narrated, Dodge, in command of his brigade, forgot his grievance, whether intended by Curtis or not, and zealously struggled on for the good of the army. That was a horrible winter for an army, whether at the sickly post of Rolla, or on the hard campaign through mud and cold and storm. Dodge's men (the Fourth Iowa) first entered Springfield, and his brigade bore its part in the minor battles of the march south. In the fierce battle of Pea Ridge, Dodge's gallant brigade saved Curtis's army from disaster. A cooler head, a more competent general, a braver man, was not on that battle field. No soldiers amidst that awful storm of bullets, grape-shot and cannon ball were more heroic than the soldiers of Dodge's brigade. There they stood in the fearful range of battle, their leader wounded and bleeding, a third of their number dead, dying or wounded, their supports driven back, an enemy five times their own number in their front, and when the order came to retreat and save themselves, Col. Dodge fought on, and simply sent back the word that to retreat was ruin. Only when every cartridge box was empty, and the line flanked, did that brigade of warriors move a foot. Meeting Curtis, the chief commander, on their way, they

turned again at his order, and with their bare and glistening steel drove the pursuing enemy to cover. Such fighting and such a leader as Dodge, saved disaster, and won the victory of the battle of Pea Ridge.

No wonder Gov. Kirkwood wrote to the Washington officials—"This man is emphatically a fighting man." No wonder a grateful government hastened to confer on the brave soldier the commission of a brigadier general. It was one of those cases where promotion had been earned, not by political trickstering, but by capacity and bravery in battle, a capacity and bravery recognized by every officer and soldier in the Pea Ridge conflict, and by every one who believed that the art of war consisted in cool headed, hard fighting.

Dodge was badly wounded at Pea Ridge. So, too, was every field officer in his brigade. Four horses had been shot under Dodge, three of them killed, one of them with twenty rifle balls in his body. It was a wonder he had escaped alive. Recovering from his wounds a little (he had also been shot once in the winter at Rolla), he was assigned to duty at Columbus, Kentucky, with the task set before him of rebuilding the Mobile and Ohio railroad, recently destroyed. With characteristic energy, the great work was undertaken of building a railroad through a long stretch of the enemy's country where every mile had to be watched, and every stream and bridge guarded from guerrillas. But Gen. Dodge had the ability and the courage for just such a work. That line of road was an absolute necessity to Grant's army at Corinth. It was his road back to his provisions. With such earnestness was the work pushed, the 26th of June saw trains running from Columbus to Corinth. Gen. Halleck so appreciated the important work done that he at once, as a reward, promoted Gen. Dodge to the command of the Central division of the Mississippi. The great problem he now had to deal with, was the murderous guerrilla warfare waged against all railroads in his department, and against all wagon trains, and all detachments of troops wherever surprised. It had been a custom to treat these outlaws as soldiers. Gen. Dodge cut the Gordian knot of the dilemma by shooting and hanging guerrillas as fast

as captured. Many of these gentlemen of the road, not relishing his method, soon went out of the business, and the great highway which his troops had built, became safe for military uses. In every direction, his vigilance and his energy were such that in his department order came out of chaos. Expeditions were fitted out against raiders, and their commanders were captured or dispersed. Such skill in administration of the tangled affairs of a large military department had scarcely ever been witnessed. It soon attracted the attention of Gen. Grant, who very shortly (November 15, 1862) appointed Dodge to the command of the important district of Corinth.

Complex and multifarious in an administrative and military sense as his new duties became, he managed them in such a manner as to bring honor to himself and great good to Grant's army. All sorts of business talent, and in perfection, were required in his position of general, engineer, judge, railroad manager, collector of news, chief of corps of observation, etc., etc. A dozen talents were necessary, and the physical strength of a giant. Dodge's corps of scouts, spies and informers covered the left flank of Grant's army at Corinth, and reached to the army of Rosecrans at Chattanooga. Both these armies relied on him for all information as to the movements of the enemy, and they never relied in vain. Everything with him was reduced to a system. Though his troops were of necessity scattered all over his department, they were almost never defeated by dashing raids of the enemy. They were kept too well in hand, but woe to the raiding party discovered on his territory, for pursuit and destruction almost surely awaited them. Forrest tried it, and Ferguson and Roddy and others, only to come to grief, while a dozen towns with their garrisons submitted to his call to surrender. His successes were owing to his great energy, his perfect momentum in pursuit and his thorough knowledge of the enemy's movements.

It has been well said that his enterprise embraced every phase and feature of successful warfare. He built all railroads needed in his own department, and those that could be of use to the enemy, he destroyed. He turned the refugees and the contrabands

into soldiers and supported thousands of their families from the proceeds of their labor. He had scouts and spies everywhere within the rebel lines, and hung the rebel spies whenever captured. He was of great assistance to the raiding parties sent around the flanks of the enemy. In one of these raids, started under his protection, \$20,000,000 worth of supplies intended for Bragg's army was destroyed. He seemed never to rest. It was work, constant work, and being forever wide awake. It is extremely doubtful if such military and administrative activity was witnessed elsewhere during the war.

About this time, President Lincoln, aware of Dodge's great business qualities, asked him to come to Washington to consult with him touching the building of the great Pacific Railroad, and as to the proper starting point of that national highway, a highway with which he was to become most intimately connected in later years.

Vicksburg fell, and Gen. Grant recognized the hands and the heads that had, though acting at distant points, aided in the subjugation of the key to the Mississippi river. Dodge was promptly recommended for important promotion. Then came Chattanooga, and as the crisis approached, Gen. Grant, who had been selected to succeed Rosecrans, knew the men on whom he could rely. First, was his great lieutenant, Sherman, and the vigorous commanders that general might bring with him across the country from Memphis. "Bring Dodge along," he wrote, "he is an officer on whom you can rely in an emergency." Dodge went because Grant knew he had few equals as a fighting general; but he was little over half the march to Chattanooga when Grant saw he must have another railroad or his troops might starve. There was no other such railroad builder and bridge builder in the United States as Dodge, and reluctantly Gen. Grant ordered him to halt and rebuild the railroad from Decatur to Nashville. It was a Herculean task to be performed in the presence of an enemy, and the road was one hundred and two miles long. Dodge had no tools to work with save the axes, picks and shovels of the pioneer corps; no mechanics save those detailed from his army; no food save that to be gathered from the enemy's country. He

promptly stretched his command along the railroad, built block houses for defense, gathered in all the blacksmith shops, mills, iron and steel, etc., from the surrounding country, moved all the mills and the shops within his lines, put them all to work with detailed soldiers, and the tremendous task commenced. In a night attack, Decatur and its garrison were captured, and in forty days, with the aid of 12,000 soldiers, the road with its 182 bridges and trestles, was rebuilt, guarded, and ready for use. It had been built over deep chasms and rapid rivers. Such rapid work in railroad building, and under such circumstances, the world has never seen. It was the labor of giants. It was such labor and such generalship that made the victories of Chattanooga, Atlanta and the March to the Sea possibilities.

In the Atlanta campaign, Dodge's corps was the first through the famous Snake Creek Gap; it had fought hard at Dallas, at Kenesaw and at Ruff's Mills. When the army reached the rapid Chattahoochie river, the bridges and the ferries were all destroyed. Again Dodge was called on, and the old zeal, the immense vigor and wonderful skill of adaptation were as ready as before. In three days' time, Dodge's men, working in the mud and the water, built a substantial double-track bridge, fourteen feet high and 1,700 feet long. It was the military marvel of the time. Three days before, the material for that bridge was growing in the forest. Now over it crossed in perfect safety the whole Army of the Tennessee, with all its wagons and trains of artillery. This bridge was one of the great factors that made it possible for Sherman's army to close so suddenly on Atlanta.

In a few days, Gen. Dodge, leading his corps to the left of Sherman's army, was attacked, and there followed the battle of Atlanta, as fierce a struggle as was witnessed in the war. Dodge's part in it has already been narrated. Gen. McPherson, a few minutes before his death, rode up, and, with a staff officer, witnessed a part of the bloody conflict, and then silently rode out in the woods to his untimely end. "That battle in front of Dodge," says a staff officer who was with McPherson, "was grand and impressive; the columns of the enemy closed up under

our storm of lead and iron hail that mowed great swathes in their lines; but it was too much for blood and flesh to stand, and before reaching the center of the field in our front, their columns were broken and confused, when Dodge's men with fixed bayonets drove them back. Had the Sixteenth corps (Dodge's) given way, the rebel army would have been in the rear of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth corps, and would have swept like an avalanche over our supply train."

Possibly here, as at Pea Ridge, Gen. Dodge saved the union army from disaster, for the attack had been a surprise and the force overwhelming. In the hard battle of that July day, more men were killed and wounded in Dodge's command than in any other organization of equal numbers on the field, and he lost few prisoners. On the 19th of August, while inspecting the enemy's works about Atlanta, Gen. Dodge was wounded in the head by a rebel sharpshooter. It was his third wound, and he was borne to the rear, to the regret of every soldier in the army.

After recovering from his serious wound, the President, at the special request of Gen. Grant, appointed him to succeed Gen. Rosecrans in the command of the department of Missouri. Later, the command was extended to include Kansas and Nebraska, where Curtis had been relieved, and where a great Indian war was already breaking out. Dodge, who had long since been made a major general, found a field of duty almost as difficult and as complex in the rebel-beridden state of Missouri as he had once governed at Corinth. The same energy and zeal, however, enabled him to bring order out of chaos even in Missouri, and the close of his career in the service of the government was marked with the same degree of loyalty, zeal and success with which it had begun. The country captain who had drilled his little company of rifles in Council Bluffs at the outbreak of the war, and who had led but a single regiment into Missouri, ended his military career as a major general, a commander of departments and a leader of many thousands of brave soldiers.

It was not in his own state alone that the great military abili-

ties of Gen. Dodge were appreciated. The leading commanders in the war recognized what the country owed to his services. "While I was in Washington," wrote Gen. Grant to Gen. Halleck, "I urged the removal of Rosecrans and the substitution of Dodge in his place. I would like you to urge this upon the President."

Later, it was a wish of Grant to have Gen. Dodge at the head of the War Department, but important private business interests interfered. "Dodge," said Gen. Sherman, "was one of the generals who actually fought throughout the civil war, and with great skill, and with great honor; but for the blood of just such men as Gen. Dodge, the government might have perished."

Gen. Dodge's career, since the war days, has been one of great business and political importance. His friends insisted on his being a candidate for congress from Des Moines. He was elected over a rival possessed of as many and varied accomplishments as any man in Iowa, and on going to Washington was recognized as an authority on all great national questions. Great capitalists and railway magnates were speedily attracted to the bold and sagacious leader who had accomplished tasks in railway construction that had astonished the country. His important duties in connection with the completion of the Union Pacific—a directorship and the executive position he held in that great corporation, led him to decline re-election to congress. In Iowa he is still a great projector and constructor of railways, and is credited with near association with the first capitalists of the nation. His home is still in Council Bluffs, though a large portion of his time is spent in New York City, where his counsel is sought by capitalists and organizers.

Maj.-Gen. Samuel R. Curtis was another of Iowa's most conspicuous figures in the war time. He was Iowa's first brigade-general, and as a member of congress from the state had brought both it and the nation advantage, and himself national reputation. His name will always be linked with the Pacific railway as an earnest first advocate of the scheme, as a life long promoter of its interests, and as the great first promoter of lines

that should bind the extremes of the continent together with bands of steel. The commerce and the trade of America owe to his name an unusual recognition.

When Samuel R. Curtis first advocated on the floors of congress the building of a Pacific railroad over the Rocky mountains, the proposition was looked upon as the scheme of visionaries. All the same, Curtis pursued the even tenor of his way, working in committee of congress and out of committee, to secure attention, until at last a bill was proposed. Later, the mighty work was undertaken. A railroad to China would not have been thought less practicable by many of the wiseacres in congress than this proposed railroad to California.

Columbus, at the court of Spain, showed how an egg could be made to stand on end, and then all the king's courtiers found the trick easy. Curtis showed American engineers how to build a railroad over the Rocky mountains, and since then all the engineers in the country are busy with stretching lines across the plains and over the mountains to the western sea.

Curtis had been educated as an engineer officer at West Point. His education served him well later as harbor engineer of St. Louis, and later still as engineer of the American Central railway, and chief engineer of the Des Moines river improvements.

But most of all, this education and these experiences served him in his great battle for the Pacific road.

He had served in the Mexican war as colonel of an Ohio regiment, and also on the staff of Gen. Wool. Even before the Mexican war, he had been a successful lawyer. As a business man, reliable and honorable, his name was well known all over Iowa in the years preceding the great rebellion. When the war signal sounded at Sumter, Curtis resigned a seat in congress and on the 1st of June was unanimously elected colonel of the Second Iowa infantry. He was the first officer to lead an Iowa command out of the state.

Shortly, Gen. Scott secured for Col. Curtis the appointment of brigadier general, and that autumn of 1861 he held the most important and delicate commands at St. Louis. This was especially the case at the time of Gen. Fremont's removal. He had

also formed and commanded the camp of instruction at Benton Barracks, and thousands of Western soldiers received there their first training in war.

In the early winter of 1861-2, Gen. Halleck selected Curtis to command the army of the Southwest. He was to march against the rebel general Price, then collecting a large army at Springfield. His great success in that campaign and his brilliant battle of Pea Ridge have already been related. For subordinates he had such officers as Sigel, Carr, Osterhaus, Herron, Dodge and Davis, a galaxy of commanders who won reputation on many fields.

The campaign was a brilliant one, and justly attracted the notice of the whole country. It made Curtis a major general and Dodge and Sigel brigadiers. After a needed rest on the field of his victory, Curtis and his army set out on one of the severest and most difficult marches of any war. It was the march from Boston Mountains to the Mississippi river. Rolla, the main base of supplies, was left hundreds of miles behind, and Curtis with his bold army plunged into the desolation, the swamps and the wilderness of Northern Arkansas. Over primitive roads, where there were any roads at all, on half rations, sometimes on almost no rations, the column marched in the direction of Little Rock, intending to capture and hold the town. But endless rains and bottomless mires at last made the way simply impassable. The column fairly stuck fast in the swamps and cane brakes of an inhospitable region. The campaign for Little Rock was abandoned and the half famished army returned as far as Batesville. After a long delay, waiting a cessation of the almost tropical rains and an improvement of the roads, the column again moved—this time in search of something to eat, and a new base that might connect them with the outer world. A hundred miles and more away was Clarendon, on the White river. To this point the union gunboats sometimes ascended, and, once there, thought Curtis and his army, we may find supplies. Communication with the North was absolutely cut off, and the roads in front, on flanks, and in rear, were watched by murderous bands of guerrillas.

On the 4th of July the column started with fresh hopes on the long road to Clarendon. There, there would be rest, and food, and, perhaps shoes for the bleeding feet. In the mid-summer heat of an Arkansas climate, through the endless cane brakes and cypress swamps, fighting guerrillas by day and swarms of mosquitoes by night, the column trudged on and reached White river only to find the gunboats gone a few short hours before. It was a bitter, disappointing time for the foot-sore, ragged and hungry army. But not for one moment was the soldiers' confidence lost in their brave leader. Gen. Curtis could not control the elements, nor time, nor accidents. Turning to him, they only asked what they should now do.

Almost another hundred miles away, as the roads run, is the Mississippi river. "We will try that," said Gen. Curtis, and with brave hearts the tired and hungry little army once more started on the march. There was almost no water for man or beast on the thinly populated route. Where it had, a few weeks before, been nothing but water, now there was none at all, or the little that there was, was not infrequently poisoned by the bands of rebel murderers who retreated hour by hour before the advance of the union army.* A few days more of dust, heat, rags and hunger, and Curtis's army beheld the Mississippi river at Helena. It was a glad sight for the half famished column. It was like getting into "God's country" cried the soldiers, just to see a great, free river, union gunboats, and well-fed union boys in blue. In a sense, the army had for weary months been prisoners in the desolation of central Arkansas. The severe march proved how uncomplainingly the American soldier could bear privation, hunger and hardship, when his country's honor was at stake. It proved, too, the soldiers' confidence in their leader.

Gen. Curtis was soon called to St. Louis and placed in command of the Department of Missouri, at that time the most difficult department to govern of any in the country. The city was a city of secessionists. Union soldiers were murdered

*Gen. Curtis had reason to guard against these infamous bands of outlaws, for one of them (Quantrell's) had barbarously murdered his own son who was his chief of staff.

nightly, and sympathy and aid for the Rebels fighting all over the state were openly and defiantly extended. Spite of the thousand difficulties surrounding his position, Gen. Curtis governed well. He not only managed the rebel element of St. Louis and put to rout the enemies of the country in that secession center; he also won battles with his armies in the field. He kept the leaders of his Missouri armies well supplied with troops and the munitions of war, and with information as to every movement of the enemy. Though at a distance from the field, he directed everything, and it has been said of him that he never lost a battle.

But his dealing with Rebels in Missouri was too radical and too successful to please the conservative, half loyal element of Missouri. In an evil moment, President Lincoln listened to the counsels of men who did not have the country's interest half as much at heart as Gen. Curtis did. He was simply too loyal, too vigorous, too much of an American patriot, too good a union soldier. For political reasons, the President relieved Curtis of his important command. Lincoln had to make his peace with the conservative element of Missouri, or lose the state's vote in the convention for the presidency. He lost the vote, notwithstanding his sacrifice of one of his best commanders.

Curtis was now sent to the command of the Department of Kansas, also an important one, including most of the former, except that the rebel state of Missouri was left out. His headquarters were at Leavenworth, and there he exhibited the same military capacity, the same loyal zeal as before. When the rebel general, Price, and his army strode clear across Missouri in the fall of 1864, and approached Leavenworth, swearing to take it, its defenses and its vast supplies, Gen. Curtis, with a vastly inferior force, took the field and drove the bold invader clear away from Kansas, out of Missouri and far into the hidden swamps and mountain fastnesses of Arkansas. In half a dozen battles and twice as many skirmishes, he beat the rebel army and compelled its leaders to admit a loss of 10,000 men in the campaign. In the pursuit of Price and in the return, Curtis's men had made a march of 900 miles, and in the battles he had gained,

but 1,800 union men had been killed and wounded. It was of such leadership the state of Iowa had just reason to be proud.

Gen. Curtis was a military man who had great pride in his calling, great ambition for success. He was a man of grand personal appearance, possessed of great self control, unruffled temper, calm judgment—good sense. Iowa may wait long for a man capable of conferring greater honor on the commonwealth.

Another of the brilliant military galaxy of whom Iowa was proud in the "War Times," and whose name and deeds shed lustre on the state, was brevet Maj.-Gen. Wm. W. Belknap, who entered the union service as major of the Fifteenth infantry, and who ended his military career as Secretary of War, in the cabinet of the greatest captain of modern times. He was the beau ideal of an American soldier—a man of finest physique, courageous to an extreme, trained in the art of war, in love with his profession, of popular manners—and a patriot. Nature and education had combined to make him a successful soldier. His father before him had been a distinguished officer in the regular army, and served with honor in the earlier wars of the republic. For personal gallantry he had been brevetted brigadier general at the battle of Buena Vista, and he died in Texas while in his country's service. His son, born in New York state in 1829, and graduated at Princeton College in 1848, partook of the father's love of country, and later of his love of war. As a young man he studied law at Washington City and entered upon his profession in Keokuk, Iowa, as a partner of the Hon. Ralph P. Lowe, later supreme judge and governor of the state. As a Douglas Democrat, Belknap was elected to the Iowa legislature in 1857.

When the war tocsin sounded, Belknap was successfully practicing his profession at Keokuk, where, as captain of a company of Rifles, he found exercise for his military tastes. Gov. Kirkwood promptly made him major of the Fifteenth regiment, a command of which his brother-in-law, Hugh T. Reid, was colonel. His personal gallantry and his coolness in danger won for him the attention of his chief commander in his very first battle.

Belknap was brave at Shiloh, as he was in every battle where his sword was drawn. Courage, presence of mind in posts of danger, and cool sense in leading men in peril were the qualities he possessed. Shortly he became colonel of his regiment, one of the distinguished organizations that reflected credit on Iowa in the war. He led this brave command in the battle of Corinth and won for himself the praise of his brigade commander for gallantry. All through the Vicksburg campaign, his history and that of his regiment were one, though for a time he had served on the staff of the accomplished Gen. McPherson.

In the great Atlanta campaign, a campaign more noted for constant battles and for eventual success than any campaign in the war, he bore a conspicuous part. In the terrible struggle of the 22d of July, when the left wing of the union army was surprised, and for a time overwhelmed and almost beaten, there was no braver man than Belknap in hurling the Rebels back. It was a day noted for personal and individual valor. The key points were held, and the supremest conflicts waged, not by whole army corps nor by solid marching divisions, but by single regiments and fractions of regiments, led to deeds of awful daring by the valor of men like Belknap. He and the noble and now lamented Hedrick, were at their midday lunch when the unexpected and terrible assault was commenced on front, flank and rear of their command. Instantly they buckled on their swords, and instantly the brave Iowa brigade, the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments, led by Col. William Hall of the Eleventh, was in the midst of one of the terrible engagements of the war.

Belknap's personal valor on that fierce afternoon of battle brought him just renown. The whole division in which the Iowa regiments served, fought like heroes, and a disaster to the left wing, if not to the whole of Sherman's army, was averted largely by the fighting of Iowa soldiers, whether under Giles A. Smith or the intrepid Gen. Dodge. To the Iowa brigade and Belknap's Fifteenth Iowa, fell some of the severest fighting of the war. There was no battle front. Every post and every direction was the post and the direction of danger. The rear

and the front were synonymous terms, and the flanks became centers and the centers flanks. There was no safe spot to fly to on all that battle field. If the front were dangerous, the rear was more dangerous still. The gallant Lt.-Col. Hedrick, shot at the front, was borne rearwards only to be shot again. At the very commencement of the conflict, the beloved McPherson was shot dead, at a point where no enemy was thought to be. The same line of breastworks was used for friend or foe, fighting now on this side, now on that, and sometimes, at different parts of the breastwork, fighting from both sides at once. There were few commands from general officers. There could be only few. Each regiment, each part of a regiment, fought for itself—each officer, each soldier, doing the work right before him, trusting to sword, to musket or to bayonet, to save his life and the army.

Once during the fight the enemy advanced in solid column, three lines deep, and was driven back in confusion by Hall's and Potts's brigades. "It was not five minutes," says Gen. Smith, "from the repulse of this last assault, when another desperate attempt was made from the opposite side of Hall's brigade. Again the men jumped over their works, and the most desperate fight of the day now took place. The enemy, having the cover of the woods, could approach in many places within fifteen or twenty yards of our works without discovery. Rebel commanders, with such men as would follow them, would not infrequently occupy one side of the works and our men the other. Many individual acts of heroism here occurred. The flags of two opposing regiments would meet on the opposite side of the same works and would be flaunted by their respective bearers in each other's faces. Men were bayoneted across the works, and officers with their swords fought hand to hand with men with bayonets. Col. Belknap took prisoner Col. Lampley of the Forty-fifth Alabama, pulling him over the works by his coat collar, while being several times fired at by men at his side.

Several times during this hot battle that lasted from noon till seven in the evening, the union line changed position. Four times during the battle the men were compelled by attacks in their rear to change from one side of the works to the other.

The loss of Smith's hard-fighting division where the Iowa brigade stood, was 1,040 men, but the enemy lost 4,000 on the same short line. "Col. Belknap," in this fight, says the division commander, "displayed all the qualities of an accomplished soldier." Nowhere in the history of warfare on this continent did opposing soldiers fight with greater desperation than did the soldiers fighting that day for the victory at Atlanta. Belknap, throughout the engagement, say his comrades and commanders, showed a complete disregard for personal danger. He not only cheered his men by his voice, but nerved them by fighting himself in the hottest of the conflict. His valor and his ability justly won him the regard of his superior officers, and a promotion over which his whole command rejoiced.

On the 30th of July he was made a brigadier general, and was put in command of the famous Crocker brigade. To lead such a command was an honor to any officer, however high his rank or valorous his deeds. In the succeeding battles about Atlanta, Belknap won additional reputation as a clear-headed man in battle, and in the autumn following led his gallant brigade with Sherman to the sea. In the short siege of Savannah, at the taking of Columbia and at Bentonville, Sherman's last battle of the war, this command occupied, as ever, responsible and arduous positions.

When the great review of the armies at Washington was over, Belknap was placed in command for a while of a division, and then of a corps, being at the same time brevetted major general of volunteers. His career drew to him the confidence and friendship of Gen. Grant, who gave him a valuable civil appointment as a revenue collector in Iowa, and later called him to a place in his cabinet as Secretary of War.

One of Iowa's brigade commanders who won distinction, was Marcellus M. Crocker. He was a man of note in Iowa, even before the war demanded its volunteers and its victims. There was possibly not a better known criminal lawyer in all the state in the spring of 1861 than he who soon became captain of Company D, of the Second Iowa infantry.

From his home in Des Moines he was called to many of the noted criminal trials all over Iowa. He possessed a wonderful zeal for his clients' interests and seldom lost his case. He was a bold and magnetic speaker and full of resources. The effect of his jury arguments was often magical. He never knew the word "fail" in anything. Even as a boy he had exhibited the qualities that were to mark him a man among men. His father, Col. James G. Crocker, died in 1847, while the boy was a cadet at West Point. A large family of young children was left for a mother in poor circumstances to support. The young cadet, the oldest of the children, realized the situation, threw up his appointment at the military institution, and hurried home to aid in earning bread for the family. Near to the little village of Lancaster, in Keokuk county, was the home farm, a bit of land and a rude cabin on the prairie. "As long as I live," said Gen. Williamson, a friend of Crocker's, "I shall remember the manly struggle and the heroic conduct of the boy in that cold, bad winter of 1848-9, when his utmost endurance was tried just to keep his mother and the younger members of the family from starving and freezing." And this was the brilliant, the successful, the heroic Crocker's start in life.

In another year the boy moved the family into the village and supported it there by teaching school, while his spare hours were spent in studying law books. There were no law schools, no law lectures, no strong colleges in the prairies of the West in those days to educate and hold up the hands of young aspirants to the bar. Iowa's most brilliant criminal lawyer educated himself largely by the light of a tallow candle, in a cabin of a frontier village. How well he did it, his wonderful success in his profession proved.

Crocker was born for success, but not the success of accident. Every step he took upward in life was carved by the strength of his will and the fire of his zeal.

When the war came, he was a man of note. He did not wait to be appointed colonel of a regiment before answering to his country's call in its distress, but promptly marched to the soldiers' camp with his little band of a hundred men—and with the

zeal of his boyhood did the work that lay nearest, trusting to his own sword and his valor for the rest. He was shortly promoted to be major of his regiment (the Second) and in a few months Gov. Kirkwood selected him to be colonel of the Thirteenth Iowa infantry. In the great battle baptism of Shiloh, there was not a cooler nor a braver colonel on the field. His opportunity had come, and with one of the bravest of regiments he prove the mettle of the man. As has elsewhere been stated, Crocker, on that day, by coolness under fire and by personal valor, made the foundation of his military fame. His regiment was a brave one, and before the conflict ended, its colonel was leading the brigade.

Many of the Iowa commands and Iowa commanders won fame in that awful battle, but few of the regiments more deservedly than the regiment led by Col. Crocker, and none of the commanders more deservedly than Crocker himself.

The battle over, the famous "Crocker" brigade was shortly organized and placed under his command. It was a command of Iowa men alone, composed of the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth regiments. The brigading of these Iowa regiments together, to be led by an Iowa man, was the work of Col. W. T. Clark, later brevet major general. He had long planned for it and the heroism of the Iowa men at Shiloh and the military abilities of Crocker exhibited there, at last moved Gen. Grant to listen to his appeal. What a brigade this became in the history of the war! "Crocker's Iowa brigade will ever hold a place in the history of the Civil War," said Gen. Sherman. "It is a brigade," said Gen. Grant, "renowned for its marches, its battles, its losses, and for the high soldierly qualities of its first commander." It became the Third brigade of the Fourth division of the Seventeenth army corps, but it was shortly known to the army as "The Iowa, or Crocker brigade." It was the only one in the army of the Tennessee, or in the army of the Union, that held its original organization to the end of the war.

For many months, Crocker's history and the brigade's history were one. Owing to Crocker's perfect and thorough discipline, the command became renowned for promptness of movement,

soldierly demeanor and gallantry in action. The army inspector found no regiments better trained, no camps so clean and well-ordered, no arms so well prepared for battle, no braver men. In the terrific conflicts about Atlanta, the brigade, now led by Col. Hall of the Eleventh, not only helped to save disaster to the army, but its hard fighting won the warmest encomiums from a brave foe. Not less than 20 rebel regiments assaulted it in turn, in a vain hope of capturing its position. It was in this assault that a single shot from young de Gress's battery in the Fifteenth corps, killed or wounded every man but one in a rebel cavalry company of 18 men. In a few short minutes this single battery placed 140 men *hors de combat*. The rebel attack on our position was certainly one of the fiercest ever made by an army, and its repulse as fierce as the onslaught. The hand and spirit of the trainer were in every movement of the brigade.

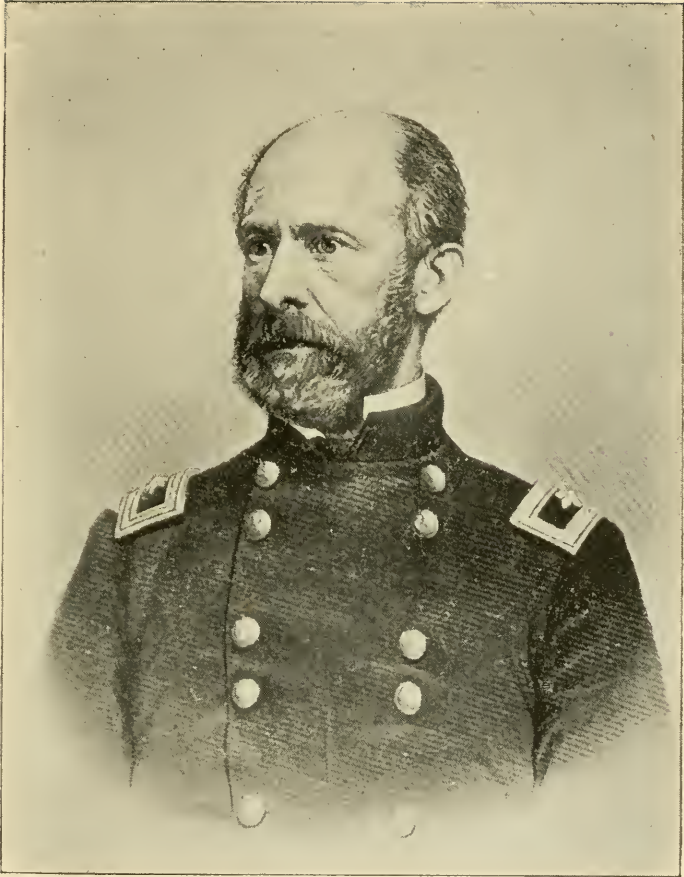
Crocker himself had long before been given the command of a division. When the last and successful campaign on Vicksburg was begun, in the spring of 1863, Gen. McPherson directed Crocker to lead the division of Quinby, who was then in the North on leave. This was one of the hard fighting divisions of the army. Its regiment had seen many battles and Crocker found the men the very best type of the western soldier. They were well trained, inured to hardship, and they would fight. Earlier chapters have recorded the heroism of Crocker's men at Jackson, at Champion Hills, and in the assault on Vicksburg.

But Crocker was a sick man. He had never been strong, the rigors of the last campaign had been severe and constant, and consumption had already marked the brave soldier as a victim. There was no choice but to come north, rest, and, if possible, recuperate. Gen. Grant urged this course on him personally. It was in the summer of 1863 that Crocker came to his home in Des Moines. It happened that the "Union" convention to nominate a governor was soon in session. He was the choice of those present for the nomination and he was urged to accept the honor. "No," said he, "if a soldier is worth anything, he cannot be spared from the field; and, if he is worthless, he will not make a good governor." Such was Crocker's exalted idea of

patriotism and of duty. Shortly he returned to the army and was made commander at Natchez, and in the following autumn he went with Sherman on his Meridian campaign. Ill health was gradually breaking-him down, so that by the spring of 1864, he accepted a command in New Mexico in the vain hope that the milder climate might restore him to health and usefulness. Once more he started for the field of active duty, but his frail body was not equal to his courageous spirit. He went east to Washington City, and on the 26th of August, 1865, died at Willard's hotel. He was given a state funeral and all Iowa lamented the loss of so brave a soldier and so distinguished a citizen.

Major General Frederick Steele was not an Iowa man, though for a short time colonel of an Iowa regiment, the Eighth. He was a captain of large experience in the regular army, had seen service in Mexico and had been promoted for personal gallantry at Chapultepec and Contreras. His company happened to be in Missouri when the war broke out, and it formed a part of the Regulars who did such gallant fighting at the side of the First Iowa at Wilson's Creek. His bravery on that occasion led the governor to give him command of an Iowa regiment, from which post he was soon promoted to be brigadier general, leaving the leadership of the Eighth Iowa to the accomplished and brave Col. Geddes. Gen. Steele was a meritorious commander and promotions and important posts followed rapidly. There was seldom a time when Iowa troops did not form a part of his command. He led them at Chickasaw Bayou, at Arkansas Post, at Vicksburg, at Jackson, at Helena, at Jenkins' Ferry, and at Mobile—and usually he led them to victory. He was a kind hearted and a humane officer, and the laurels he won as a general were earned by his military talents.

Francis J. Herron was the youngest officer from Iowa to be made major general. Not only this, his company was the first Iowa command tendered by the governor to the secretary of war. This was Jan. 24th, 1861. Herron was a young Dubuque



GENERAL FITZ HENRY WARREN.

banker when the war trumpet sounded, and his "Governor's Greys" soon became company I, of the First Iowa infantry. He was one of the gallant captains at Wilson's Creek, where every man was brave, and by the following September Gov. Kirkwood made the boy captain lieutenant colonel of the Ninth infantry. At the splendid victory of Pea Ridge, Herron's gallantry again won deserved recognition, for he fought desperately in a hand to hand conflict, was wounded and taken prisoner. The battle made him a brigadier general.

For the victory of Prairie Grove, one of the noted and hard won victories of the war, a victory his own, the government promptly made him major general of volunteers, and his advancement to important commands shortly followed. No one seemed to win promotion so rapidly, but the history of his battles shows the promotions to have been deserved.

Brevet Major General Fitz Henry Warren was one of the ablest and most accomplished men of the state, when the war came on. He came west to Burlington, after a business career in Massachusetts, in the summer of 1844, and in 1849 President Taylor appointed him assistant Postmaster General. The excellent judgment with which he performed the important duties of his position attracted very general attention, and his name and character rapidly became a credit to the state. When Millard Fillmore signed the Fugitive Slave law, Warren threw up his appointment and left the service of the administration. His refusal to be a party to a policy so inhuman and so liable to drift the country into eventual disaster, made Fitz Henry Warren a popular man, and he was soon selected as one of the prominent managers in the campaign for Gen. Scott. In the campaign of 1860, also, he became prominent, and was one of the most eloquent supporters of Mr. Lincoln before the people. After the election, his former position in the cabinet as assistant Postmaster General was tendered him, but declined, he preferring to enter the military service of his country as a cavalry officer of volunteers.

He was given the command of the First cavalry regiment of

Iowa, and during the winter of 1862-3 campaigned in the state of Missouri under Gen. Curtis. In the early autumn of 1862, he had received the rank of a brigadier general. When the rebel general Marmaduke entered Missouri with 5,000 men, Warren divided his little army and sent half of it under Col. Merrill against him. This force fought the unequal battle of Hartsville and drove the rebel army in disgrace. Up and down the rebel state of Missouri, the cavalry of Warren rode by day and by night. There was almost never any rest from chasing guerrillas, clearing roads, holding outposts, protecting the flanks of the infantry and skirmishing with bands of the enemy who would suddenly swarm out of the mountains of Arkansas and, when pursued, as suddenly disappear. For man and for beast the hardships of such irregular yet constant campaigning were untold. Eighteen long hours at a time in the saddle, and almost without food, was not an uncommon occurrence. To-day here, to-morrow almost a hundred miles away—that was cavalry life in Missouri in those days; all the dangers, all the hardships of battle, and little of its glory. Constant skirmishing and restless pursuit of guerrillas, though of immense use to the army and to the country, made little fame.

Once in the summer of 1863, Gen. Warren came home on leave of absence, and while here was a most popular candidate before the republican convention for the nomination for governor. But for his withdrawing his name at the most critical moment he might have succeeded. After one of the most graceful speeches ever made to a body of politicians, he retired from the convention with new friends and went back to his post in the army. That autumn he was sent to New Orleans, and thence to the command of the First division of the Thirteenth army corps operating in Texas. The following spring he was ordered to the command of the district of Baton Rouge, in Louisiana, where, it is said, his excellent administrative qualities, his good judgment and his radical loyalty accomplished much good, and corrected many abuses. The close of the war found him serving in New York city.

In the early war days of 1861, Gen. Warren was an associate

editor of the *New York Tribune*, and as author of the "On to Richmond" letters, achieved national reputation. The letters proved him a vigorous writer, a loyal editor and a man of ideas. It is believed the excitement his letters created hurried the march toward Richmond and the Bull Run defeat. It cost Warren his position on the *Tribune*, and made a soldier of a man who, had Bull Run been a victory, would doubtless have remained one of the strongest, most versatile and useful writers and speakers of the war period. More, it would have called such attention to Gen. Warren's name as to have assured to him the high promotion his cultivated mind and unusual gifts would have warranted. "His speech was eloquent," said a life long friend, "his pen vigorous for the cause that he espoused; and his was the courage of a brave man in a grand purpose."

Another noted Iowa officer of high rank was brevet Maj. Gen. John M. Corse, the hero of Allatoona. With the history of that battle alone, his fame would be secure. His gallantry, however, was not confined to that alone. At Chattanooga, in the storming of Mission Ridge, in the famous reconnoissance of Jackson, and other bloody fields, Corse exhibited the qualities of a fearless soldier and a bold leader. He was repeatedly wounded in battle, and for heroism on the field was repeatedly promoted. Every step in his brilliant career upward, from his post of major in the Sixth infantry, to the command of the division of a major general, was the result of hard fighting and soldierly ability. A braver man than Corse never led Iowa soldiers to battle. Since the war, he has lived first, in Chicago, as a man of important affairs, a collector of the port and a constructor of railways and public works. Later, he went to Boston to live, married there a niece of President Pierce, traveled for several years in Europe, and returning home was appointed postmaster of the city of his adoption. There were many others of the Iowa commanders, both colonels and generals, who, though lacking the opportunity to acquire national fame, were nevertheless distinguished men in Iowa and, as officers, popular with their soldiers and successful with their commands. At once, the reader recalls Gen.

Vandever, the first colonel of the Ninth infantry, who with his regiment won such honors at Pea Ridge; Geddes, the Scotchman, the bravest man at Shiloh, whose regiment more than any other single command, stood between Grant's army and destruction; Tuttle of Donelson, who with a single regiment stormed the works, did what whole brigades had failed to do, and won the first important victory of the war; Hatch, the brave cavalry rider who, entrusted with large commands, helped to keep Hood out of Tennessee, and whose daring men dismounted, marched into the battle of Nashville as infantry, stormed the rebel works and led the right wing of Thomas's army to certain victory; the brothers, Samuel A. and Elliott W. Rice, heroes of Jenkins' Ferry and of Belmont; Matthies of Iuka; Winslow, the daring rider, whose brigade saved the army at Guntown, and whose troopers never lost a battle; Bussey, Sherman's leader of cavalry at Vicksburg; Gilbert, the first officer to enter the rebel works at Fort de Russey; Stone, leading the first command into Columbia; Hill, leading his last charge at Nashville, and Add H. Sanders, one of the heroes of Corinth and Atlanta. He commenced his soldier career as an aide on Gov. Kirkwood's staff, and as second colonel of the Sixteenth led that regiment in some of the fiercest conflicts of the war. At Atlanta, overpowered, captured, but fighting to the last, both colonel and regiment were taken to the horrible prison pens of the south. At Corinth, while rallying his regiment, Gen. Sanders received an almost mortal wound. Since the war, among other important posts he has held, is that of acting governor of Montana territory.

Then there are Coon and Benton and Clark, the gallant Hedrick, and a dozen others—names cherished by their soldiers and their state. With them, troop into memory's line the names of gallant officers from almost every Iowa regiment, just as heroic and deserving, but whose shoulders never were graced with the insignia of high promotion. Often they led brigade commands, or, like Shaw and others, even commanded divisions. Their deeds are their histories, and are recorded in the pictures of the hard battles they helped to win. Their manhood, their heroism,

their sacrifices, were known to the brave men whom they led into the conflict, and their best eulogy is that these men of the ranks loved and remembered them.*

*LIST OF IOWA GENERALS.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Samuel R. Curtis.	Frederick Steele.
Frank J. Herron.	Grenville M. Dodge.

BREVET MAJOR GENERALS.

W. T. Clark.	James I. Gilbert.
Cyrus Bussey.	James A. Williamson.
John M. Corse.	Jacob G. Lauman.
Wm. W. Belknap.	Edward Hatch.
Wm. Vandever.	W. L. Elliott.
H. H. Heath.	Elliott W. Rice.
Fitz Henry Warren.	

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

James M. Tuttle.	Samuel A. Rice.
Charles L. Matthies.	John Edwards.
Marcellus M. Crocker.	Hugh T. Reid.

BREVET BRIGADIER GENERALS.

S. G. Hill.	Thomas H. Benton.
Samuel L. Glasgow.	Clark R. Wever.
Francis M. Drake.	Datus E. Coon.
George A. Stone.	George W. Clark.
W. W. Lowe.	J. M. Hedrick.
James L. Geddes.	Matthew M. Trumbull.
John Bruce.	Addison H. Sanders.
D. B. Hillis.	William McE. Dye.
Alex. G. McQueen.	Joseph B. Leake.
Geo. M. O'Brien.	John M. Noble.
John Pattee.	James C. Parrott.
George Pomutz.	R. F. Patterson.
W. M. Stone.	John H. Stibbs.
James B. Weaver.	Wm. Thompson.
James Wilton.	John Williams.
Harvey Graham.	Edward Wright.
Alex. Chambers.	John O. Hudnutt.
Edward F. Winslow.	Samuel M. Pollock.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SOME SOLDIER CIVILIANS.

PROBABLY no army in the world was ever organized with so many men of intelligence among the rank and file as the great army fighting for the Union. There were men carrying muskets who had the genius for commanding armies. There were men fit to be judges, sounding bugles for the infantry; there was the material for governors swinging the sabre of the private soldier in the cavalry. It was distinctively and especially an army of patriots, of men of intelligence—it was the army of the people of the Republic.

That Iowa had its share of intelligence in the lower ranks, or in subordinate positions, is evidenced by the number of men who on leaving the army rose to preferment, to places of state distinction, gaining honorable repute. A few of them may be mentioned by name, not more to show that republics are not entirely ungrateful than to recall that the experiences of the army did not unfit the Iowa soldier for the honorable duties of civil life.

Harry O'Connor's name springs fresh to the page. He was a private in the ranks of the First Iowa at the battle of Wilson's creek, and his own graphic pen furnished one of the best descriptions ever given of the heroic fight. The war over, his own talents, his thrilling oratory, his legal attainments and his genial ways, hurried him to posts of honor. He became not only a popular attorney general for his own state, but later a trusted adviser of the department of state at Washington. Possibly no man in the country has a more thorough knowledge of international law, or a better acquaintance with the relations of this country to foreign powers than private Harry O'Connor.

Buren R. Sherman, a lieutenant of the Thirteenth regiment, shot nearly to pieces at Shiloh, is another of the men rising almost out of the ranks to honor and position in Iowa. For honorable wounds received in battle he was discharged the service in 1863. He was the first president of the famous Crocker Brigade society, and became a member of the Loyal Legion of the United States. On returning home, the people made him first a county judge, then a clerk of courts, then an auditor of state and at last twice elected him governor of loyal Iowa. He was the twelfth incumbent of that high position, and performed its duties with patriotic courage. During his terms of office important questions of state were agitated, notably the law as to "prohibition," the public schools and the question of increased comforts to the inmates of the state's charitable institutions. All of these measures he favored by speech, letter and official recommendation. He was the only state officer who had the courage to openly espouse by public addresses the cause of constitutional prohibition in the state. He had ever the highest ideas of official probity, and was in his public acts fearless in condemning wrong-doers, whether in private life or in public place. He left office with clean hands, a splendid record and an honored name.

Another subordinate soldier who became a governor of Iowa was C. C. Carpenter, later a member of congress, and a man of high regard wherever known. He had been a commissary of subsistence on the staff of Gen. Logan, and on returning from the army was twice elected register of the state land office. In 1871 he was made governor of the state. During his two terms as chief executive, he maintained the high character he had already won for official probity, uprightness and justice. Probably no higher-minded man, no more unselfish officer, or purer politician ever filled Iowa's executive chair. He was the firm advocate of the people as against monopolies, and his arguments addressed themselves to all parties, looking only to the public good. He was an orator of repute and a chief executive who sought to do the right as he knew it.

Col. Samuel Merrill was another of Iowa's wounded soldiers

who attained to the governorship of the great state. He had led with Kinsman and been shot down in the celebrated charge at Black River Bridge. His wounds finally compelled him to leave the army. He entered upon his four years' service as governor in 1868, and his administration witnessed a degree of activity in public affairs seldom surpassed in times of peace. Every movement for the public advantage received his earnest support. Chief among his earnest proposals were cheap transportation and slack water navigation between the great river and the lakes. Iowa was exporting 15,000,000 bushels of wheat per year then, and owing to dear freight it was worth but 50 cents a bushel at home. To cheapen freights, to make produce bring its proper value, was a worthy undertaking, and Gov. Merrill gave to the problem the full weight of his official power. Under his administration was commenced the movement for Iowa's new and splendid capitol building, one of the finest edifices in America. Gov. Merrill laid the corner stone and delivered an address replete with historic worth, and of burning patriotism. He was a noted philanthropist and a patron of learning. Among his gifts was that of \$20,000 presented to Iowa College—an institution noted for its worth, and the patriotism of its founders, teachers and pupils, at a time when the state was in peril.

The halls of congress at Washington have resounded with the voices of more than one Iowa soldier who had occupied but a subordinate position in the army. Sampson and Thompson and Weaver, Hepburn, Henderson, Lyman, Walden, Conger, Holmes and others—all were promoted not more on their political merits than on their soldier record.

D. B. Henderson, as a lieutenant in the Twelfth, had a leg shot off at Corinth, and though young in years when the war closed, he was speedily selected for public place. He became one of the noted orators of a state rich in public speakers, and from his place in congress, as from every tribune in the state, he has, in words of burning eloquence, advocated the interests of his comrades in arms. By his brilliant abilities, he has attracted the attention of the whole country, and his name stands for eloquence and patriotism.

Another of the patriotic soldier orators of the state whose patriotism did not expire with the donning of civilians' clothes, is William Peters Hepburn, a noted member of congress from the Eighth district. Hepburn had been an officer in the Second Iowa cavalry, one of the best and bravest regiments of that arm of the service in the United States. It was noted for hard fighting everywhere, and its charge at Farmington, led by the brave Elliott, under a terrific storm of musketry and massed cannon, was as brave and as terrible as the charge of the English troopers at Balaklava. Hepburn was a daring officer and was given important posts both on the staff of Gen. Sheridan and of Gen. Rosecrans. January of 1863, found him on the staff of the latter, as inspector of the cavalry of the Cumberland and with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Later, at his own request, he was sent to his regiment, and in February of 1864, was placed in command of the Second brigade of the Sixteenth army corps. Hepburn, like Gov. Stone, had resigned a good position to enter the army; in fact he had been a man of much political experience before the war commenced. His services done in the army, the people soon elected him again to position. He was three times chosen unanimously by his party as its representative in congress, and while in that body proved himself one of the most able and courageous debaters of public issues in this country.

Not less than five of the ex-soldiers, Scott, Campbell, Newbold, Walden and Hull, became lieutenant governors of the state. Some of these same lieutenant governors were also active in the legislative halls of Iowa and made names for themselves worthy of record. Walden served in congress with advantage to himself and state, and Campbell barely lost the honors of a seat in the lower house at Washington, by the success of Gen. J. B. Weaver, another soldier and a politician of great note throughout Iowa. Weaver had been a gallant officer of the Second regiment which was at one time under his command, and his political associates since the war have been proud of the career of their brilliant and successful leader. He has had the distinguished honor of being the nominee of his party for the presidency of the United States.

Still another of Iowa's soldier representatives in congress is Joseph Lyman. He was a student in Iowa College when the war broke out, and one day unexpectedly rose in his class and announced his resolve to drop his books and seize a musket in defense of his country. He was first a private in the Fourth cavalry, and then an adjutant and major of the Twenty-ninth infantry, serving still later on the staff of Maj.-Gen. Steele. Out of the army he resumed his books and became a successful lawyer at Council Bluffs. In 1884, and without solicitation, he was appointed to a district judgeship, later elected to the same position by the people, and the same summer was chosen to the congress of the United States. While ably serving in his place at Washington, he was nominated by acclamation for a second term. He is one of the truest and best representatives of republican government from a state that honors itself in honoring him.

With Lyman, as an officer of Steele's staff, was John F. Lacey of Oskaloosa. He had entered the army as a private in the Third, was later an officer of the Thirty-third, and has honored the old commands by the distinguished position his talents have won him at the Iowa bar. Successful as a compiler of railroad laws and decisions, well known, and his services sought in the higher courts of the state, his abilities and industry have brought him fortune and position.

It was a great change from leading a battery in battle to the supreme bench of the state of Iowa, but, in Judge Joseph R. Reed, if the artillery had a gallant commander, the state, later, has had an able and upright judge. He went out as a lieutenant in Dodge's battery, the Second, in the summer of 1861, was thirty-eight months a lieutenant, about eight months a captain, and commanded his battery in many of the hard conflicts of the war. Immediately on coming home from the army, his people sent him to the state senate. In 1869, he removed to Council Bluffs, and was in three years elected to a district judgeship, a post he had held by appointment. Several times re-elected to like positions, he was chosen for the supreme court of Iowa in 1883. Judge Reed's promotions have been constant and

deserved, ever since the days when his loyal little battery flung canister and grape into the Rebels' camp in the war times.

Another of the soldiers on the supreme bench is James H. Rothrock, one of the oldest and most experienced judges, in fact, of the state. He had been an officer of the Thirty-fifth regiment, and immediately on the close of the war was elected a judge for the Eighth district, was twice re-elected, and during his third term in 1876, was chosen for the supreme bench, where for twelve years nearly he has served, bearing ever the high character of a good man and an upright judge.

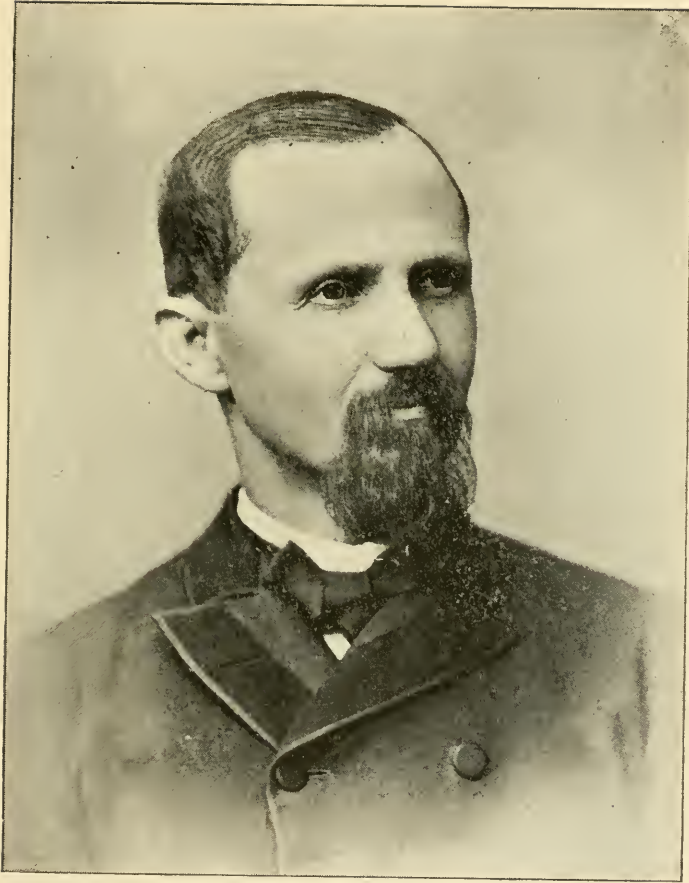
Of other soldiers who rose to judicial honors in the state, one readily recalls the names of E. S. Sampson of the Fifth, L. C. Blanchard of the Twenty-eighth, David Ryan of the Eighth, W. F. Conrad of the Twenty-fifth, Judge John Shane of the Thirteenth, the able and well known Judge Caldwell of Arkansas, who left the First Iowa cavalry to wear the ermine, and Judge Thompson, a private in the gallant Third regiment, who presides as one of the superior judges of the city of St. Louis. Along side of the grave soldier judges in supreme court is the Hon. Gilbert B. Pray, the chief clerk. He was one of the bravest of Iowa's sons on the field of battle. As a mere boy he went as a private in the fighting Sixteenth regiment, and remained with it in all its marches, sieges and battles to the very end of the war. Home again, he studied law, became a most successful practitioner, and in 1882, and again in 1886, was chosen by the people to the most responsible position of clerk of the supreme court. He is reputed the most capable official that has ever filled that post. He is popular as an orator, appreciated as an accomplished officer, and liked as a man.

In an educational way, some of the ex-soldiers have occupied the most honorable positions. State Superintendent Abernethy was a subordinate officer in the Ninth infantry and a hero at Pea Ridge. All through the war times, he was, with his command, on march and battle field. A few years after the war, he was three times in succession chosen to the highest educational post in Iowa, and when years afterward he retired

from office, it was with an honorable record for efficiency and high manly character.

Hon. John W. Akers was another of the soldier superintendents of instruction whose career was one of note and honor. Akers enlisted as a private in the noble Iowa Seventh, led by the gallant Col. Lauman. He shared the fortunes of that brave regiment clear through the war, and on coming home entered as a student at Cornell college at Mt. Vernon. Not favored by fortune, he made his own fortune, passing through college and soon gaining notice by his industry and abilities. He became superintendent of the city schools at Vinton, then at Waterloo, then at Cedar Rapids, and in 1880 he was elected to the high position of state Superintendent of Instruction. It has been said of him by common consent that he has given to that responsible office a prestige and a power which in all its past history it never possessed. For three successive terms the people returned him to his post. When declining the offer of a fourth election he left to his able successor the continuance of a work ably begun. He was the state's greatest advocate of free text books for the public schools, and in the near future, when that measure shall be adopted, it will be a monument in the state to his intelligence and heart.

Other subordinate soldiers who reached state distinction were Capt. Lyons, the capable and genial auditor of state, a self-made man, a gallant soldier and a popular official; so, too, his predecessor, Auditor Brown, one of the one-armed heroes of the battle field, and V. P. Twombly, treasurer of state, who as a color sergeant, carried the flag of the Second Iowa over the walls of Donelson in one of the celebrated charges of the war. He has lived to see that flag supreme and honored everywhere in all this land, and in times of piping peace to carry it again at the head of his regiment at "reunions," where, in story and song, are fought over again the fierce fights of Donelson and Shiloh. Still among the state's officers, too, is Ed Wright, ex-Speaker of the House, ex-Secretary of State, and one of the bravest men in battle of the Twenty-fourth infantry—a glorious, hard-fighting



CAPTAIN V. P. TWOMBLY.

regiment. Wright's name is known all over Iowa as that of a brave soldier, a successful officer, a faithful, genial man.

Major Jefferson T. Anderson is another of the successful ex-soldiers who has acquired name and position among his fellow men in Iowa. Talented, genial and eloquent, he has become a deservedly popular character in the state, and within six months has been the banner bearer of his party as a candidate for the governorship of Iowa. Capt. Merrell of Clinton, of the same party faith as Anderson, is another of the able and conspicuous ex-soldiers who play prominent roles in the affairs of state, and P. Gad Bryan of the First cavalry, a name long since familiar all over Iowa.

Warren S. Dungan's is another of the familiar soldier names known and respected throughout the state. His regiment, the Thirty-fourth, was one of the best drilled commands in the volunteer service. Dungan was one of the officers promoted for gallantry at Mobile, and his versatile talents, great energy and unswerving honor, have given him distinction and place. At his side in the senate is Lieut. H. C. Hemenway of Cedar Falls, risen to legal distinction and widely honored for his abilities and character. Then, too, Josiah T. Young of Albia, an ex-soldier of the Thirty-sixth, an able republican politician, ex-Secretary of State and a man greatly regarded for his honor and uprightness of life.

Still in the public service, too, is W. L. Alexander, once a brave, hard fighting officer of the Thirtieth infantry and now since many years the able adjutant general of the state. His service in the army proved a great advantage to him in his civil post, and possibly the national guard of no state stands better trained and better equipped for war than the regiments of Iowa under the supervision of Gen. Alexander. "In time of peace prepare for war," has become a practiced maxim in Iowa, and were traitors to fly into rebellion again, they would be accorded a fiercer reception than was given at the start to the Rebels of 1861.

Some of the privates in the union army lead regiments in the national guard now, and some of them command brigades.

H. H. Wright of Centerville long since dropped the musket and put on the stars of a brigadier; Gilchrist's chevrons have been succeeded by the uniform of a colonel, and Lieut. Byron A. Beeson, as a general, now leads one of the fine brigades of the National guard.

Albert W. Swalm, the enthusiastic boy of but sixteen years, who, burning with patriotism, shouldered his musket and fought the long day through at Jenkins' Ferry as a private in the Thirty-third, standing in mud and water, firing his two hundred rounds of cartridges, has become a popular lieutenant colonel of the national guard. He is one of the zealous officers of the service, looking ever for the good of the command and the honor of the state. Since the war times, he has stepped out of the ranks into high position as a gifted and successful state journalist, and a politician of note and honorable influence. For many years his political insight has been recognized and his strong character felt in the moulding of important state affairs. Many of the ex-soldiers have met with noticeable success in the journalistic field. One recalls the name of Henry C. Leighton, the predecessor of Swalm, of the Oskaloosa *Herald*, a vigorous writer, a strong thinker, and, as chairman of the state central committee of his party, a powerful factor in Iowa politics. Other successful soldier editors are Hamilton, Aldrich, Evans and Langley. Richard P. Clarkson was a private in the old Twelfth regiment. He and his brother, Jas. S. Clarkson, became editors and controllers of the *State Register*, the most powerful journal west of the Mississippi river—a journal built up by superior talent, extraordinary business energy, immense pluck and great political foresight. No other single factor in Iowa, not in all its history, has exercised such influence and power in the great affairs of the state as the *Register*. Its course has, in itself, become a part of the state's history.

In business circles, one recalls names like private Thomas J. Potter of the Seventh Iowa cavalry, who after years of successful railway management was promoted to the control of the Union Pacific, one of the great railroads of the world. D. W. Haydock, a subordinate officer of the Thirty-third infantry, is

another of the soldiers noticeably successful in business. In the city of St. Louis he owns and manages one of the largest carriage manufactories of any country. His success has been achieved not more by business foresight than by extreme uprightness of character. Still another of the Thirty-third soldiers successful in St. Louis, is C. H. Sharman, the competent manager of a southern railroad. The list of subordinate Iowa soldiers succeeding since the war in politics, business, or in professions, might be multiplied by the hundred. Speakers Head, and Redman, and Stone, and business men like Maj. Perkins of Burlington, Representative Scott of Cedar, J. Q. A. Campbell of the old Fifth, journalist, and his comrade, Corporal Herron, the retired banker, only swell an honorable list that shows how in Iowa the material that helped make up the union army was composed of young men of talent and energy, and that the sentiment of the motto on the Soldiers' Home is a sentiment of true feeling:

“IOWA FORGETS NOT THE DEFENDERS OF THE
UNION.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

CITIZEN PATRIOTS.

IOWA had two armies serving the nation—the great column, 78,000 strong, of boys in blue at the front, and that other army of men and women who furnished the muscles of war here at home—that army of brave and loyal hearts who sent their sons to the field and sacrificed of their scanty means, for young Iowa was not rich then; who gave of their fields, and of their time, and of the toil of their hands and the hope of their lives to save the nation in its peril. Armies would not have been possible but for that intense force; that patriotic impulse of the men and women of the state at home; that loyalty that placed all at the altar of the country. Nations are not saved by muskets alone, but by the great, strong hearts that beat in one impulse, and whose sacrifices are not in the smoke of the battle, but in the loyal duty that lies nearest, and without visible reward.

Such hearts are the hope of the Republic. When the peril came, Iowa, to her honor, had them in abundance. The state's record for loyalty was made as much by these men and women as it was by the heroism of its soldiers. The man who patiently followed his plow and gladly gave the yield of his harvest to his country, was as much a patriot as the soldier who carried the musket. The woman who mounted the reaper while she wept for her husband and sons in the battle, was a patriot whose sacrifice was sublime. In a thousand ways the people of Iowa sustained the soldiers in the field, strengthened their hearts, fired their courage and helped them win their battles.

This was almost the first reason why Iowa soldiers won so much glory in battle—the patriotism and the sacrifice of the people at home. This army of men and women did not shine on

the bulletins of victory, they received no promotions, no brevets, wore no stars on their shoulders, received no pensions. No cannon were fired in their honor, no strains of music welcomed them to fame. Only *duty* called them, and they heard. Few remember now how much these patriots did. The army and the brigadiers had the glory—only honest patriotism recalls sometimes the names of these true men and women. Their names and their deeds would fill a volume.

Every town and village had its company of this true army of patriots. A chapter will not permit recalling a hundredth part of the names or the deeds of women like Anna Wittenmeyer who organized, controlled and led at home and in the field the great sanitary measures of the state for the aid and relief of soldiers. Her constant devotion, her energy, her patriotism that carried help and balm to ten thousand bleeding hearts will not be forgotten so long as an Iowa soldier breathes; nor that of the little army of men and women who helped her in all her aims. With her were closely connected names like those of Mrs. Senator Grimes, as patriotic as her distinguished husband; a woman noble in all the fairest attributes of life; a woman of position, of wealth and ease, devoting her time to making bandages for soldiers, and in the daily relief corps meetings and aid societies working and helping the widows and the orphans made by the battle field. At her side was Mrs. Salter of Burlington, wife of the patriot minister whose distinguished abilities and eloquent voice sounded in all the length and breadth of Iowa the one intense strain of perfect loyalty. Like other preachers of the state, he saw no religion where there was no loyal faith. He preached the rights of man black or white, and, to him, the soldier fighting at the front for his country was as faithful as the crusader struggling for possession of the Sepulchre.

There, too, was Mrs. James Harlan, a senator's wife, leaving the peace and luxury of position and home, to carry medicine and bandages to the soldiers in the army hospitals. It has been said of Mrs. Harlan that she was in fact the very first woman in high position in this country to go among the sick and wounded soldiers at the front. Like an angel of pity she came to the

tents of the suffering and brought aid and comfort. Her high position soon led other noble women to follow her, until there was a Florence Nightingale from every state and from almost every district in the Union. Mrs. Harlan not only gave all of her surplus means to help the soldiers—she sacrificed her own health in devotion to the cause.

Another of these noble women was Mrs. Joseph T. Fales, wife of Iowa's patriotic state auditor at the time. Like Mrs. Harlan, she was one of the very first women to visit the army hospitals. Mrs. Fuller, whose husband was chaplain of the First infantry regiment, went with him to the field and was the first official army nurse appointed from the state.

Among the women who undertook the hardships of nursing soldiers at the front, none were nobler, more devoted or more self-sacrificing than Mrs. Col. Simmons of Clinton. "It is a satisfaction to know," writes Gen. Baker in an official letter to her, "that in heroism and self-abnegation, the lofty spirit that inspired the matrons of '76, is emulated by the women of our own day. Many a soldier, stretched on a cot of suffering, has been solaced and his pains alleviated by the tender ministrations of noble women who, like yourself, have given up the comforts of home to smoothe the pillow and cool the burning brow of our brave soldiers." "Aunt Becky" Young was another of the noble women who gained reputation and the love of the soldiers as a devoted self-sacrificing army nurse throughout the entire war. She is still one of the noticeable figures at army reunions, where the boys in blue testify their love for her loyal devotion in many pleasant ways.

Every Iowa town, in the army days, had its Soldiers' Aid society, or later its local branch of the state sanitary commission, and the value and blessed use of the sanitary and hospital supplies sent to the front by them was almost beyond computation. Thousands of brave Iowa men were saved from unknown graves by the comforts and aids furnished by these hardworking, patriotic men and women.* The poorest women in the

*At the organization of the Iowa Sanitary Commission at Des Moines, November 18, 1863, the following patriots appeared in active roles: Mrs. Gen. Curtis, Mr. F. E. Bissell of Dubuque, Judge Baldwin, Mrs. Judge



HON. J. B. GRINNELL.

town and the richest worked side by side in the aid societies making garments for the sick, bandages for the wounded, and extra comforts for the well. The poorest woman gave of her mite alongside of the contributions of the rich, and an approving God smiled on them both and blessed their gifts. The deeds of these legions of noble women, giving of all they had in labor, money and love, like the deeds of many of Iowa's heroic soldiers, are recorded only in heaven.

At the time of the convention in Des Moines, the patriots of the state from farm and town had already given a quarter of a million dollars to aid the soldiers. A few months later, June, 1864, the great sanitary fair of Northern Iowa was held at Dubuque, and money and goods contributed to the amount of \$86,000. Considering the small population of that part of Iowa, it was pronounced the most successful sanitary fair ever held in this country. To the loyal men and women who took part in it, it was a time never to be forgotten. Patriotism glowed at its whitest heat. Nothing else than the fair was talked of while it continued. Every loyal man and woman in Dubuque and in that part of Iowa, surrendered of time, money and goods to make the undertaking a success, and the great fair became a mile-stone in the history of the city. H. A. Wiltse was its president, and among its active officers or greatest helpers were F. E. Bissell,

Grey, Senator Harlan, Rev. Truesdale, Miss Knowles of Keokuk, Mrs. Col. McFarland of Mt. Pleasant, Rev. Norris of Dubuque (traveling agent), Mrs. N. H. Brainerd, Mrs. Anna Wittenmeyer and Mary E. Shelton. Senator Harlan was president of this convention, composed of both men and women from every section of Iowa. Among those who had brought about this organization were loyal people who had for two years been active in the good work in local soldiers' aid societies. Noticeable were the names of good Dr. Magoun, then of Lyons, who became the recording secretary of the society; Rev. A. J. Kynett, who started the idea of a state sanitary commission, and induced the governor to appoint the first board, becoming its corresponding secretary; Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Edwards of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Darwin of Burlington; Rev. James Knox, Mrs. Givin, Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Knox of Clinton; Mrs. Ely and Mrs. P. Humphries of Cedar Rapids; Rev. J. E. Ennis of Lyons; Rev. Truesdell, Mrs. Simmons and Dr. A. S. Maxwell of Davenport; Rev. E. S. Morris and N. H. Brainerd of Iowa City; Mrs. James F. Wilson of Fairfield; Miss Mary A. Mathews of Knoxville; Mrs. C. C. Nourse of Des Moines; Miss Knowles of Keokuk; Mrs. W. H. Simpson of Muscatine; Mrs. Gov. Stone, Mrs. J. B. Grinnell and Mrs. Col. Mills of Des Moines. They were allied with the officers of all the aid societies in the state, in every town and village. A whole volume would not contain even the names of these doers of good.

Mrs. Davis, Geo. L. Mathews, Austin Adams, D. K. Cornwell, Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mrs. J. Clement, Mrs. D. N. Cooley, Mrs. D. S. Cumings, Mrs. Markell, Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Vandever and Mrs. Langworthy; O. P. Shiras, J. K. Graves, H. W. Sanford, R. Bonson, J. T. Hancock, Wm. Westphal, William Larrabee and William B. Allison. Gifts were handed in by all classes of people, from one dollar up to a hundred. Mrs. Booth and Miss Bissell collected a thousand dollars in a single day. The fair was simply a culmination of the patriotic desire of the people at home to help the soldiers.

Conspicuous among the patriotic men of that day was the eloquent Rev. George F. Magoun, then preaching at Lyons, but called later to the presidency of Iowa College. He was active as a patriot in the sanitary corps and in all movements for the aid and comfort of Iowa soldiers. His speeches and sermons were numerous, and burning with patriotic eloquence. He was one of those whose inspiring words largely helped to mould the loyal patriotic feeling of the state.

The Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of the town named for him, and a prominent member of congress, was another of the extremely popular state patriots whose hand and heart went together in every loyal movement in the state. He had been one of the men who helped to build the proud, young state, and to keep its institutions free as the air of its prairies. There was almost no public movement for the advancement of Iowa in which J. B. Grinnell did not play a noble, loyal and patriotic part. His name was linked with everything that made the state better or lifted it up to an honorable position among its sister states of the republic. His name was not hemmed in by state lines—it was national. He was known as a philanthropist, an educator—as an Abolitionist, when it cost a struggle to be an Abolitionist, as a forcible writer, as a politician and as a war patriot whose zeal knew no bounds. He was the friend of John Brown, and of Wendell Phillips, and none in Iowa knew better than he, or watched closer, the storm cloud brewing in the years before the war. When that war came, his hand, his purse and his heart were open to the union soldiers. The cause of the common

country had no better friend—the slave struggling for liberty, no truer defender. He lived to see his principles, once defamed, succeed, and knew that the loyal zeal of himself and the faithful Abolitionists and philanthropists who labored with him had borne noble fruit.

Judge Samuel F. Miller of Keokuk was also one of the prominent and faithful patriots in Iowa in the times of her doubt and peril. He was the aid and stimulus of his accomplished partner, Rankin, and like him was extremely loyal to the national cause. He was a Kentuckian by birth, but knew no lines that did not loyally include the Republic of the fathers. He was appointed to the supreme court of the United States early in the war days, and for twenty years has been the leading mind of that high tribunal. His address in Philadelphia in 1887, at the Centennial of the Constitution, has been pronounced a masterpiece of originality, a bold, broad platform, worthy of the founders of the Republic itself. His attainments and his trained intellect have brought national honor to him and reflect repute on the state that claims him as her citizen.

Of an entirely different mould, but like Miller, of national repute, and of unqualified patriotism, was John A. Kasson. An eloquent speaker, an original thinking statesman, and a born diplomat, he was of the mettle that insures political success. He was a party leader in Iowa, serving as the extraordinarily competent chairman of the republican state central committee. As a delegate to the national convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, he was entrusted with the drafting of the memorable platform on which Mr. Lincoln was elected; a platform that, to Mr. Kasson's honor, became the declaration of principles of a party whose influences for the rights of man have been more far reaching than the influences of any other party in the history of the republic. Mr. Kasson's abilities soon secured him the important position of assistant postmaster general,—a post which is in fact the political post of the department. In 1862, he was elected to congress from Des Moines, where he speedily became a potent member of his party and an acknowledged leader in great measures. His star of political for-

tune followed him and he has been the chosen representative of his country at some of the most brilliant courts of Europe. During his active service in congress the soldiers of this country had in John A. Kasson a sincere and able supporter.

Judge John F. Dillon was another of the more prominent Iowa patriots in the war times. He was and is one of the most remarkable men in the state. He was of the powerful law firm of Cook and Dillon of Davenport; was twice chosen judge of the district court, was Chief Justice in Iowa and was later elevated to a federal judgeship. He was called to Columbia College as professor of law, and later resigned and became the chief counselor and legal adviser of Jay Gould, the millionaire. Commencing life as an orphan boy in Davenport, by his own abilities and tireless zeal he has risen to one of the most lucrative positions in the United States.

William Penn Clark was well known as among the strong supporters of the union cause in Iowa. He was a dashing and successful lawyer—was a member of the constitutional convention of 1856, and a genuine John Brown Abolitionist. He was a man of high culture, fond of the fine arts, and liberally indulged his cultured tastes. For many years this zealous patriot has lived a life of ease in Washington City.

Lt.-Gov. John R. Needham of Oskaloosa, the quiet gentleman, the noble man, stood high among the Union's zealous friends in Iowa. As editor, writer, legislator, he had but one voice—the voice of true loyalty. His patriotism, like his honor, was spotless. He did not think of a dissolution of the Union as impracticable merely, he believed it impossible. The very thought of disunion, to his mind, was a crime.

Another prominent and extremely patriotic lieutenant governor, was Enoch W. Eastman. Born a Democrat in New Hampshire, bred a Democrat, in his own graphic words, he "shouldered his axe and marched out of the Democratic party." He was one of the truest of men in council, one of the boldest in speech and action. Hon. C. F. Clarkson, too, later a state senator, was one of the best and bravest patriots of the great army in Iowa that was sustaining and upholding the soldiers at the

front. He was eminently patriotic and active in encouraging enlistments, and aiding in securing sanitary supplies for our wounded soldiers.

Hon. Lyman Cook, W. F. Coolbaugh, Senator Foote, C. Hedges and Hon. E. D. Rand, all of Burlington, were among the patriots there—patriots who shrunk from no sacrifice of time, money and active influence that could help save the Union or be of benefit to our soldiers in the field. Burlington also had the Hon. John H. Gear, a wealthy merchant, who was extremely liberal of means and active in all loyal measures for Iowa's good. Later, the people of the state rewarded him by making him speaker of the house, and later, governor—a position he filled with great ability and honor. Later still, his district sent him to congress as a representative of a section of Iowa that had in every sense been extremely patriotic in the war times. There, too, was Mr. Robert Donahue, and his partner, Mr. Thompson McCosh, who patriotically gave a marble monument to the township of Des Moines county (outside of Burlington) that should raise the most supplies for the relief of soldiers. Yellow Springs township got the monument, one of the first soldiers' monuments built in the country, and on its sides are carved the names of 73 soldiers of that township who died for their country.

Another of Iowa's distinguished war-time patriots was the Hon. William Larrabee, one of the most trusted and earnest men in his part of the state. He was loyal and true in every impulse of his nature, and hesitated at no sacrifice that should help preserve the government and the bright honor of the state. It was his wish to enter the army and go to the front. With this in view he organized a company of volunteers, but owing to defective sight he failed to be accepted by the mustering officer. With straightforward common sense, patriotism and ability, he did earnestly whatever loyal duty lay before him, and years afterward the people, recognizing his sterling worth, his long experience as a state senator, his untiring zeal, his uprightness and his ability for great affairs, gave him the first honors of the state. Since elected governor, he has proven the wisdom of the people

in their selection. The same loyal feeling that led him to be a great giver, an active patriot and a soldiers' friend in the war times, still animates him in all his public acts. The soldiers have no better friend than their governor. His administration has witnessed the revival and rapid growth of the society of the Grand Army of the Republic in Iowa, valuable legislation in the interests of soldiers' families, and the establishment, by the state, of the "Soldiers' Home," one of the proudest monuments to Iowa's honor and a proof that in fact and deed, the state will not forget its defenders.

Jasper county gave to the list of men noticeable for patriotism the names of honest, good Judge Edmundson, patriotic Harvey Skiff, E. N. Gates, William Vaughn, the active and zealous Horace S. Winslow, later an able and conscientious judge, and Stephen B. Shellady, the astute politician, once speaker of the house and in many senses one of the noble men of the state. There, too, were patriotic Caleb Lamb, John Meyer and Senator S. G. Smith, all zealous and faithful patriots, active in the cause Iowa had so much at heart.

In Linn county, Dr. J. F. Ely and his patriotic wife, Mrs. Ely, were first in all good works for soldiers. So, too, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Stevens, Maj. Thompson and Banker Weare. Time nor labor nor money were considered by these people when a good deed for the soldiers was waiting to be done. Prominent there, too, was Judge Hubbard, who with speech and deed aided his country in its perilous time, or labored for the interests of its defenders.

Muscatine possessed in Hon. Jacob Butler, once speaker of the house, one of the brightest, most eloquent and most active citizens of the state. Faithful in his loyalty, true to his state's honor, he exerted his unusual talents for the public good. He was reckoned one of the most efficient organizers of the state. There, too, was the Hon. John A. Parvin, honored all over Iowa, a member of the constitutional convention, a patriot, and a noble man and senator. So, too, Chester Weed, the enterprising man of affairs, the loyal, pushing citizen; and Suel Foster, the noted horticulturist. The last four are dead, but the state will

long remember how like a valiant guard they stood, always fighting for its honor, knowing no right and no left, as they walked the straight, loyal path of patriotic faith.

Muscatine had also men and women like Dr. J. S. Horton, D. C. Cloud, Mrs. Horton, Rev. A. B. Robbins, Hon. R. M. Burnett, Hon. John Mahin, Mrs. Washburne, Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Madden, all of whom devoted time and money to the cause all had at heart. One of Muscatine's expedients to raise money for the soldiers was the cultivation of a great field of potatoes by the ladies and gentlemen of the town. The land was donated by a loyal farmer, and side by side the lawyers, store keepers, editors, doctors and ladies toiled, turning the products of the field over to the sanitary commission.

Marshalltown had many active, patriot citizens, notably men like G. M. Woodbury, whose whole heart was with the soldiers in the field, and whose generous purse opened at every call for aid; Thos. B. Abel, and Hon. J. L. Williams, too, were prominent among the patriots of the district. With them, to be reckoned foremost in every movement for the prosecution of the war, was Deloss Arnold, a state senator of high reputation and a most active patriot.

Clinton county, generous as its soldiers were brave, did marvels for the support of the families of the men at the front. Its loyal board of supervisors gave out not less than \$75,000 in bounties, and many men, noted among them Rev. A. J. Kynett, Wm. Familton and R. J. Crouch of De Witt, spent almost their whole time and energy in aid of the sanitary commissions. Laboring at their sides were the greater number of the good men and women of the county, bent only on patriotic endeavor.

Mahaska had its scores of men and women patriots who, during the war times, almost gave up all things else for the advantage of the soldiers. Not many were rich, but of what they possessed, they gave to their country in abundance. The list included names like John White, the ardent Democrat but true patriot, W. T. Dart and Mrs. Dart, Judge Loughridge, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Street, Dr. D. A. Hoffman, who doctored the soldiers free of charge, and J. M. Byers, whose home was a veritable free boarding

house for boys in blue, and whose time was spent, without compensation, in raising recruits and helping men off to the war. Charles Beardsley, John R. Needham, W. T. Smith, "Uncle Ben" Roop, M. L. Jackson and scores of others gave constantly of time and money to the good cause. Mahaska's sons went to the war in many regiments, and their fathers and mothers at home gave of their goods, of their time, of their harvests. With their giving they had one constant prayer for the preservation of their common country. The proudest history of the county is its recollection of its supreme loyalty and devotion to the common cause.

What Oskaloosa did, that did many other towns. Mt Pleasant, Iowa City, Council Bluffs and Davenport were all rivals in giving help, as they had been in giving men, to preserve the Union. Notable among them all were Judge Caleb Baldwin and H. C. Nutt of Council Bluffs, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Brainerd, and Rush Clark, Ezekiel Clark, and Mrs. Edith McConnell of Iowa City, and the Amana Society of Iowa county. These people were all patriots who found their pleasure and their duty in aiding the cause of the soldiers. There, too, at their sides were Rev. J. A. Reed, and Hiram Price, the brilliant member of congress and treasurer of sanitary commission, from Davenport; Rev. J. H. Merritt of McGregor, Judge George Green of Cedar Rapids, Clark of Mount Pleasant, Hon. S. T. Caldwell of Eddyville, Jacob Rich of Dubuque, Seth Richards of Bentonville, Banker Hanby of Ottumwa, Mrs. Joseph E. Horner of Knoxville, Hon. E. S. Williams of Clayton county, Dr. Geo. Shedd of Denmark, and the famous Rev. Asa Turner of the same place, whose voice and deeds were known all over Iowa. Scarcely less known was S. P. Adams, the brilliant orator, the zealous patriot of Davenport, who, with Judge Burt and Judge Cooley, kept the fires of patriotism burning wherever their voices were heard in the state.

Knoxville had its most prominent loyalist in Provost Mathews, whose name, like Marshal Hoxie's, became a terror to Copperheads and rebel sympathizers. Ed. Manning of Keosauqua was not only a patriot, aiding the soldiers at home; he was the first

man in the state of Iowa to have sufficient confidence in the general government to buy its war bonds and trust its ability to put down treason and pay its debts. Maj. North, the governor's secretary, was another of Iowa's true men and best patriots in her hour of peril, and Rush Clark of Iowa City, a speaker of the house, and true in every way; and Norris of the *Ottumwa Courier*, whose loyalty was as warm as his paper was strong. Last mentioned, but not least in patriotic ardor, was the Rev. P. P. Ingalls, to whose constant zeal and patient, patriotic labors is due the Home for the Soldiers' Orphans. Such men and such women were of the salt of the earth.

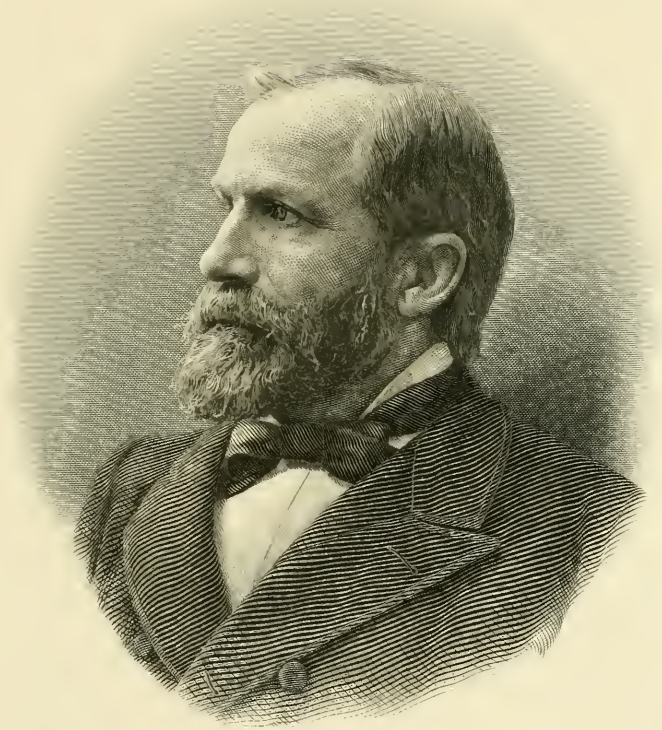
Sioux City, though having its hands full with the Indian troubles on the borders, was nevertheless loyal enough to furnish men and means and patriotic words for the suppression of rebellion in the South. Prominent among many of her citizen patriots were Judge Pendleton, N. C. Hudson, S. T. Davis, Wm. H. Biglow, Wm. L. Joy and the ever active and zealous patriot, Wm. R. Smith. Judge A. W. Hubbard, one of the city's foremost patriots, had a name wide as his state. He was a man of note in many ways, of great abilities, firm loyalty, and trusted in high places. Gov. Kirkwood believed him to be one of the most unselfish, patriotic, able and worthy public men in the service of the state of Iowa.

Polk county gave of money as it gave of men, and many of its patriots were of repute in all Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. James Callanan gave of their abundance in all directions, assumed the total support of various soldiers' families, and by word and deed set a noble example of patriotism that found rivals in every direction in the capital city. There were the patriotic Mr. and Mrs. Savery, the Mills families, the Palmers and a hundred others leading in society at the capital, engaged in organizing methods to help the Iowa soldiers or the cause for which they were fighting. Men of high political position like the Hon. Geo. G. Wright, Chief Justice, and senator of the United States, and Hon. C. C. Cole, also a supreme judge later, brought all their influence and power to bear in ways that made their names familiar to patriots in Iowa. Hon. Jonathan Cattell, too, Mrs. Cattell, I. W. T.—30

John N. Dewey, Stewart Goodrell and Thomas Mitchell were prominent in everything pertaining to the soldiers' or the country's interests. It would require a volume to even mention the names of the men and the women of the capital and of the state at large who labored for the cause of the Union all through the weary days of the war. Rich and poor alike, high and low, wherever there was a truly loyal man or woman in Iowa, that man and woman placed the soldiers' interests before all other interests, and handed down to their children the proud record of true patriotism.

The most powerful influence of all, working at home, was the loyal newspaper press. An acknowledged power always, it became especially so when the bright honor of the state was in peril and the life of the republic threatened. There is simply no estimating the good the leading Iowa journals did in the war times. It was an exceedingly loyal class of men who controlled them—loyal and able. First, and most influential of all the Iowa journals then, was the Burlington *Hawkeye*. Clark Dunham, its editor, represented in his fiery editorials the most advanced and patriotic sentiment of the state. In his eyes, traitors and their sympathizers were odious, and every day of the war saw from his pen burning philippics against Rebels and rousing, cheering huzzahs for the union soldiers. The columns of the paper glowed at a fever heat of patriotism from the firing on Sumter till the abolishment of slavery and the annihilation of the rebel armies. Dunham believed from the very beginning that slavery would and ought to be destroyed, and that the union flag would be victorious.

There, too, was the Des Moines *Register*, later grown into one of the most powerful journals in the Northwest. Already in the war times, with Teesdale at its head, it gave signs of its coming greatness. Patriotic, vigilant, and true to every principle for which the Iowa soldiers were fighting, it never took one step backward. Its position at the capital made it a power, and the ability and patriotism of many of its writers made it respected in the state. The Marshalltown *Times* was another of



W. Larrabee

the able supporters of the union cause—its editor, Chapin, a strong, dashing and patriotic writer.

The *Gate City* had at its head the Hon. J. B. Howell, an able, patriotic writer, later a senator of the United States, while the assistant editor was Samuel Clark, one of the most vigorous thinkers and the best editorial writers of the whole West. Extreme loyalty was the watchword of the two strong editors, and the paper's editorials blazed like a beacon light of loyalty to all the patriotic people of the south part of the state. The Davenport *Gazette* was another of the exceedingly strong, active journals of the day, its editor and founder, Sanders, being second to no man in Iowa for his devotion to the Union, or for his ability to guide an important journal in a perilous time. Ed. Russell was another of the unusually strong writers on the press whose ability and patriotism went far to mould the public sentiment of the state. So, too, Frank Palmer, then of Dubuque, and later editor of the Des Moines *Register*, whose ready pen and splendid abilities were seconded by a patriotic impulse that knew no limit. His later career, as member of congress, as manager of great newspaper interests in Chicago, and as supporter and friend of the great Logan, was honorable in the extreme. He laid the foundation of his reputation as editor of the *Register*.

John Mahin of the Muscatine *Journal* was another of the forcible writers and important factors of that day, and his *Journal*, like the *Nonpareil* at Council Bluffs, was among the very foremost, and most active in upholding the hands of state and nation, and in warm devotion to the interests of the soldiers in the field.

L. D. Ingersoll's was a name known in all Iowa as that of one of the very first writers in the state. Possessed of an active and brilliant mind, an extremely ready pen and a patriotic heart, he dashed off editorials and letters that commanded attention wherever read in Iowa. His book on Iowa in the Rebellion, written before the cannon were cold on the battle field, was a graphic and successful account of the doings of Iowa regiments, and as complete and full as the time of its appearance and the

want of complete records would allow. There, too, were the patriotic and able writer, Z. Streeter of Cedar Falls, and Peter Melendy, whose ability and patriotism were recognized all over the state; Wm. H. Sessions, the perfect embodiment of loyalty, ever active and foremost in all loyal things, and Brainerd of Iowa City—fine, bold writers, all of them, and of extreme influence. Brainerd was also the accomplished secretary of the War Governor, and imbibed of the patriotism of his great chief.

Booth of the Anamosa *Eureka* had no superior in Iowa for loyal activity and efficient, wide-awake ability. He led, more than he followed, public sentiment, and was a strong support to the administration of state affairs. The Fairfield *Ledger*, under the loyal J. F. Junkin, was also for the people of its district ever a true beacon light, and a patriotic leader of public opinion. G. W. Edwards of the Mt. Pleasant *Journal* was another of the noted loyal editors whose faithful patriotism and constant activity encouraged the Iowa people to march straight forward to the end of the Rebellion in the loyal path they had entered on. His was about the best weekly newspaper in the state, and its influence was very great. Another of the prominent weeklies was the Oskaloosa *Herald*, edited by Hon. Charles Beardsley, a true patriot, an honorable man, and a pure politician. From a period previous to the war till the spring of 1865 the *Herald* was in his charge, and every issue of it was marked with the earnest, patriotic writing that not only encouraged the soldiers at the front, but their co-workers, the loyal men and women of Iowa at home. Just before the close of the war, Beardsley assumed editorial control of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. He was a worthy successor to the earnest and patriotic Dunham. For nine years he led that able journal, a part of the time serving the state in the Iowa senate. His tastes led him to the study of national politics, especially the question of finance. His able discussion with pen and voice made him an authority in the state, and later led to his appointment to the position of fourth auditor of the United States treasury. On his retirement from office in 1885, he became a leader of his party in his statesman-like management of affairs in his position as chairman of the

republican state committee—a position to which he has twice been chosen.

The men and women mentioned at random in this chapter, like the hundreds of other men and women who were like able, patriotic, and self-sacrificing for our common country, and whose names space forbids recalling, formed the legion of Iowa's patriots at home. They were the *active Army of the Reserve*.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CHAPTER OF MISCELLANIES.

THE first Iowa soldier wounded in battle was H. C. Darrah, a private of the First infantry, who had an arm shot off at Wilson's Creek. The last shot fired at Shiloh was by the Sixth Iowa infantry, at the time under the lead of James A. Garfield, later President of the United States. The last shot fired against the Rebels in the war was by members of the Third Iowa cavalry, not far from Macon. The first shots fired in the great Vicksburg campaign were by the Twenty-first Iowa, and the only troops to enter the works of defense of Vicksburg during the fearful assault of May 22d were a small squad of the Twenty-second Iowa infantry. The first troops to enter Columbia, South Carolina, the birth-place of the Rebellion, were Iowa troops, and the flag of an Iowa regiment was the first union flag placed on the capital. The city of Montgomery, the first rebel capital, was first entered by Iowa cavalry, and an Iowa flag was the first to float over the steps where Jefferson Davis took his oath of office as President of the Southern Confederacy. The first rebel flag of note, the "Palmetto" flag, made by the ladies of Charleston, was captured by Iowa soldiers, and is a trophy of the state at the present time.

The first slaves armed in defense of the Union were enlisted by an Iowa officer. Eleven anti-slavery Quaker boys of Cedar county, Iowa, resolved to enter the regiment of the noted Col. Montgomery, in Missouri. They had been schoolmates and friends of the Coppic boys who had engaged with John Brown in the raid on Harper's Ferry. One of these was hung with

Brown—the other, Barclay Coppie, escaped to Iowa, but was never surrendered to Gov. Wise's gallows. He, too, started to join Montgomery's regiment, but was killed on the way in a railway accident caused by rebel guerrillas. The rest of that Quaker band of boys marched through the rebel lines from St. Louis to Springfield in October, 1861. They raided many plantations on the way, giving the slaves their liberty, receiving, as a recompense, their tears and their blessings. It is said that that band of brave Quakers never cheered but once in the war, and that was on the news of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. One of these Iowa boys was Ransom L. Harris, later a lieutenant of the Seventy-ninth United States colored troops. In recruiting for a colored regiment, he enlisted 28 slaves, and started with them for Fort Scott. Gen. Halleck heard of it and sent a company of cavalry in pursuit. Ransom was overtaken and by Halleck's orders was thrown into prison. Later, he was released, and Senator Lane, learning of the facts, secured Ransom's appointment as a lieutenant. With some of these same slaves, he fought the Rebels later, in the severe battle of Poison Springs, and at Saline River.

One of the bloodiest conflicts of the war was the battle of Franklin, yet no union regiment engaged there lost so many as did the Fifth Iowa at Iuka. The Forty-fourth Missouri lost heaviest of all at Franklin, viz., 163. At Iuka, the Fifth Iowa lost out of only 482 engaged, 217 killed or wounded. At Pleasant Hill, the Thirty-second Iowa, also a small regiment, lost 210. At Allatoona, the Thirty-ninth lost three-fifths of its numbers, including its brave colonel.

What became of the Iowa soldiers in the regiments may be imagined from a memorandum of the Fifth infantry. It mustered at Burlington, with 967 officers and men, and received 70 recruits. Of this band of patriots—all young, healthy men, from office and shop and farm—89 were killed in battle, 90 died of disease, 281 were wounded, 221 were broken down in health and discharged for disability, and 96 were captured and nearly

all starved to death in rebel prisons. The little remnant left of the regiment was at last transferred to the Fifth cavalry.

Many of the Iowa regiments marched all the way from the Des Moines river to the heart of the Confederacy, and later, clear on to Richmond. Some traveled a distance of 10,000 miles; a few, a distance equal to a journey around the world.

The captor of Gen. Pillow, A. L. Burnell, is now an Iowa man. At the time of his gallant act he was a sergeant of the Second Illinois cavalry. At the battle of the Hatchie he was one of but two of a body of 26 orderlies who remained mounted all day—all the remainder being killed or wounded. He is now one of the best officers of the national guard.

The cost of living in Iowa in the war times, as compared with the prices in Richmond, is interesting to recall. Of course confederate notes were at a terrible discount. The first price list is for Burlington, February 28th, 1863. The second is for Richmond at a little later date:

BURLINGTON.

Sugar.....	\$.12½	Hay	\$8.00
Coffee.....	.32	Eggs.....	.06
Salt.....	3.00	Whisky.....	.43
Rice.....	.09	Coal Oil.....	.60
Flour.....	6.50	Wheat.....	1.25
Corn.....	.25	Rye.....	.60
Oats.....	.43	Chickens, per dozen.....	1.00
Butter.....	.15		

RICHMOND.

Flour, per barrel.....	\$350.00	Meal, per pound.....	..\$ 1.00
Calico, per yard.	15.00	Boots, per pair.....	300.00
Corn per bushel.....	50.00	Sugar, per pound.....	1.00
Coffee, per pound.....	18.00		

Gold \$23 for \$1. Greenbacks, \$18 for \$1.

Rebel privates in the army were getting \$11 per month, or enough to buy a couple of pounds of tobacco.

Beating a war Secretary did not occur often, especially when that secretary was E. M. Stanton, of Lincoln's cabinet. Hon. J. B. Grinnell, on being elected to congress, insisted that the gallant Col. E. W. Rice, who had been promoted for gallantry at Donelson, be made a brigadier general. Mr. Stanton refused to talk with civilians on the subject. He would not permit interference with army appointments. Mr. Grinnell still importuned, urged that Rice deserved this, that all the officers of his command approved it, wanted it, and, that he, Grinnell, personally had come to Washington to demand it. "No use, sir," answered the Secretary. "Your case, sir, is like thousands. What we want now is victories, not brigadiers. We are in a crisis. I refuse, sir, to make a promise even to *consider* the wish of a civilian at such a time. I am sorry. My desk is loaded with business; I must say good morning." A second call ended as abruptly as the first. "No use in a civilian's talking to me on the subject, sir." "Neither can I waive a civilian's rights," added Mr. Grinnell. "Then go to the President," said the Secretary sharply. "That would be an offense; my regard for the Secretary of War would make that step a last resort." "Get your request granted and I will resign," said Stanton angrily. One more trial, and Mr. Grinnell did see the President. After returning from a walk and hearing the full details as to Rice's strong endorsements, Lincoln asked for a bit of paper, leaned against one of the pillars of the White House and wrote "Without an if or an and, let E. W. Rice of Iowa be made a brigadier general. A. Lincoln." The bit of paper was handed to the Secretary. "I will resign," he said, crushing the paper and tossing it into the waste basket. Mr. Grinnell was about to go. "Wait," said the Secretary, smiling for the first time in a month; "Wait, Mr. Grinnell; come over and take dinner with me." Mr. Grinnell was compelled by engagements to leave the city at once, but shortly he was tendered the colonelcy of a regiment. Elliott W. Rice was made a brigadier; was later made brevet major general and continued what he had always been, a brave and competent officer, whose deeds added luster to the state. His commission, by mistake, was made

out in the name of his brother, Samuel A. Rice; but, as the latter was also being urged for promotion at another part of the army, no harm was done. The brothers both got the stars they had earned, and both were popular officers, the elder brother *giving his life for the cause.*

The Copperheads of Iowa were as good as their word when they threatened in secret conclave to oppose the state government in its support of the administration, and, if need be, to resort to violence and bloodshed. The first open outrages were attempted at South English, in Keokuk county. On the 1st day of August, 1863, a band of Copperheads held a public meeting and afterward rode through the village wearing copperhead badges, shouting treason, and brandishing arms. The bystanders shouted "cowards" at them, when they fired on the people. The fire was instantly returned and Tally, the copperhead leader, was shot dead. The governor sent some companies of militia to the scene and the desperadoes dispersed to their homes. Fremont county, on the Missouri border, also witnessed violence the same autumn. On October 30th, suspected characters were noticed on the road near Sidney. Provost Marshal Van Eaton and a few assistants started after them, but the party was soon ambushed from the roadside and the marshal murdered. Shortly afterward, the fine court house at Sidney was blown up with gunpowder—probably by the same desperadoes who had murdered the marshal. In the following autumn, October, 1864, outrageous murders were committed in Sugar Creek township, Poweshiek county. The neighborhood was the home of disreputable scoundrels of all sorts—Knights of the Golden Circle, draft evaders, deserters, and, as it proved, of murderers. On the last day of September, Provost Marshal James Mathews sent two officers, Josiah M. Woodruff, a special agent from Oskaloosa, and Capt. John L. Bashore, into the disreputable neighborhood, to arrest some deserters. Fifteen miles south of Grinnell on the road to Oskaloosa, the officers were waylaid and brutally murdered.* Woodruff was not only killed—his body was dragged

*About this time bands of ruffians and disloyal subjects organized themselves into what was called the "Skunk river army." They were mostly

into the bushes and filled with bullet holes, and Bashore's brains were beaten out with the butt of a rifle. In the woods near by, bands of Copperheads had been assembled to resist the law. The bloody bodies of the murdered officers were taken to Oskaloosa, where nothing but cool judgment and regard for law, prevented the people from taking vengeance on the whole malodorous Sugar creek neighborhood, most of whom were held to be accessories of disloyal assassins.

Other foul murders of union men occurred in Davis county at about the same time as the outrages in Poweshiek. A band of 12 men disguised in federal uniforms, well mounted and armed, entered Davis county from Missouri on the 12th of October. They rode through the county, robbing the farmers and committing the most horrible murders. Passing a team in the road, they would demand the horses. The least hesitancy on the part of the owner, and he would be shot from his wagon. Union soldiers, home on furlough, when found among the farmers, were deliberately and foully murdered. The assassins were pursued day and night by Col. J. B. Weaver and others, but with fleet horses they escaped into Missouri. Lt.-Col. S. A. Moore, an aide of the governor and one of the state's heroic soldiers, living at Bloomfield, was active in attempts to capture the outlaws. He wrote a graphic and detailed account to the governor of the outrages and murders committed in Davis county, which was printed in the reports of the adjutant general for 1864. All these outrages and murders in Iowa in 1863-4, were the result of copperhead teachings, and when not committed directly by themselves, were committed by their associate and allied outlaws, from Missouri. At a disloyal Peace meeting, styling itself the "Democracy" of Davis county, one Wm. A. Rankin proposed resolutions declaring the war "a wicked abolition crusade against the South;" "that the draft should be *resisted to the death*; that free negroes brought into Iowa should be *driven out*, and those who brought them be driven with them, or given *hospitable*

denizens of the villages and woods contiguous to the two Skunk rivers, and from Mahaska, Keokuk and Poweshiek counties. They made frequent demonstrations, but were too cowardly to fight, and their so-called army dissolved in disgrace. They had intended much harm, and doubtless the whole of them were as scaly a lot of scoundrels as ever missed a gallows.

graves." The resolutions were adopted unanimously. They afforded a true view of the infamous principles of the copperhead party, and were fit accompaniments of the murders that disgraced the state.

There is a page of history connected with the war days too infamous for utterance. It concerns the treatment of union prisoners captured by the South. Were the dreadful facts not vouched for by thousands of witnesses, and under solemn oath, the world would pronounce the horrible tales of starvation and murder in the South the inventions of monsters. Union soldiers were huddled together by thousands, even tens of thousands, in the sickly sand pens of Georgia, and there starved to death. Around these infamous prison holes, stockades of logs were built, on top of which rebel soldiers stood sentinel, waiting to shoot down any poor wretch who might wander too near the fatal dead line. Thirty thousand union prisoners were penned up in Andersonville alone, and left in the filthy sand without clothing, except the rags left after the robbery of their clothes at the time of their capture; without clean water; without opportunities of washing either their rags or their bodies; without even the usual army trenches for the demands of nature; without medicine; without food, except the half-rations of half-cooked corn bread, and without hope. They lay on the scorching sand and filth by day, and slept uncovered in the dews and malaria of the sickly swamp near by at night. Thousands literally starved to death, thousands died of the dreadful exposure in sand pens reeking with foul disease, rotting with untold vermin and poisoned with accumulated filth. Human beings had never in the history of the civilized world been treated so before. Sixteen thousand men died in Andersonville alone. They were our brothers, fathers or sons. Iowa had hundreds and hundreds of her children die miserable deaths in that hole, fit for the damned. The wagons that brought in their miserable feed of unwholesome bread and dumped it into the filthy sand, went out loaded with the dead bodies of their comrades. Month in and month out, the union men sat there in the burning sun, starving to death and praying for release. As

in this awful place, so in other places—Tyler, Belle Isle, Salisbury, Libby, Columbia; all filthy, cruel pens, running over with vermin and disease. In all the southern prisons the outrages differed only in degree. They were all a disgrace to the human race, a crime on manhood. Who was to blame? Whose hands were guilty of these fearful atrocities? There is but one answer. The President of the rebel states and the leading Rebels in power about him. They alone could by a word have stopped them, and they did not. Perfect official proofs show that they knew of and approved the atrocities, if they did not directly order them. The finger of time will point to these men as monsters, and the hand of the Almighty will, in due time, place the curse where it belongs. It is a farce on government, a travesty on justice, a lie on history, that the very men who instigated this starving of prisoners, the burning of unarmed cities, and the wholesale poisoning of innocent people in the North, should, twenty-four years afterward, sit in high places in the South, and by outrages on the ballot box, and the murder of negro citizens, attain to honors and position in the North. Well may the thinking pause and wonder whether the country that raises its enemies to power and puts traitors and criminals in high place, is not building its own road to destruction.

That the soldiers of the North and of Iowa do not propose that their sacrifices nor their dead comrades of the war shall be wholly forgotten, is evidenced by the hundreds of active, loyal posts of the Grand Army of the Republic scattered all over the state. The society is organized to keep alive the memories and the comradeship of the days that tried men's souls, and to inculcate anew the lessons of loyalty to the country. Almost every ex-soldier in Iowa is a member, and to wear its badge is to wear the badge of honor. Different soldiers have been instrumental in placing the society on strong footing in Iowa. The names are recalled of Add. H. Sanders, the first commander, and Col. J. C. Stone, Philip M. Crapo, J. N. Caldron, Col. J. C. Parrott and Geo. B. Hogin. But first of all for earnest endeavor, and in the interest of the society, is the name of Maj. A. A. Perkins of Burlington. In the army days he had been an active and an excel-

lent officer on the staff of Gen. Osterhaus, and a few years after the war he was made department commander of the society of the Grand Army of the Republic for Iowa. Owing to a variety of causes the order was well nigh extinct, but with a zeal that was characteristic he labored for its interests, and the Iowa branch of the order so flourished as shortly to become one of the most successful departments in the country.

Another outgrowth of the loyal sentiment in Iowa is the erection by the state of the "Soldiers' Home." No state and no country gives to its defenders who may have been unfortunate in the affairs of life a better reposing place for their declining years. Within the walls of this elegant structure are comfortably cared for, without money and without price, every dependent soldier who has served the Union, if living within the state. It is a generous bounty that Iowa has manifested and one that will for centuries redound to her honor. Its chief promoters were the Iowa society of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the same feeling that led them in the war days to subscribe \$90,000 from their slender pay to aid the women of Iowa in building a home for soldiers' orphans also led them to urge this larger home for their brave but unfortunate comrades. Many civilian patriots also labored for the founding of this just enterprise, most prominent of all being Senator Preston M. Sutton of Marshalltown. The Home was opened December 29, 1887, in the presence of the governor of the state, the department commander, the national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, many distinguished state characters and thousands of patriotic people. Gov. Larrabee accepted the Home on the part of Iowa, and the Hon. Philip M. Crapo delivered an eloquent address on behalf of the soldiers. The Home at Marshalltown is not merely an asylum for decrepit Iowa soldiers; it is a *monument* of the state's gratitude to the defenders of our country. Long years after these soldiers have all passed to the silent tenting ground, and after these citizens who built the Home are all dead, the building will stand there on the banks of the beautiful river, a silent monument to Iowa's honor, and a witness to the truth of the patriot words writ upon the corner stone of this her noblest public edifice.

PART II.

HISTORIES OF IOWA REGIMENTS.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

THE President's call for 75,000 troops, of which Iowa's quota was one regiment, went forth April 15, 1861. Gov. Kirkwood's proclamation calling for the raising of volunteer companies, dates the 17th. In the first of May, the companies sworn in at home, reported at Keokuk, the rendezvous. On the 11th, they elected their field officers, and on the 14th were mustered into the United States service as the First Iowa infantry. John Francis Bates was made colonel, Wm. H. Merritt lieutenant colonel and Asbury B. Porter major. June 13th, the regiment, with the Second, was transported to Missouri to engage under Gen. Lyon. It arrived at Macon City and was sent to Renick, fifty miles northeast of Booneville. As the First Iowa approached Renick, horsemen of Jackson's defeated state troops were seen flying in all directions. June 19th, the regiment was marched to Booneville, reaching the Missouri river opposite that point on the 21st. On July 3d, Gen. Lyon brought his army by forced marches to Camp Sigel, ten miles northwest of Springfield. After some days, it marched twelve miles south to Camp McClellan. Six companies of the First, together with other troops, were sent to Forsythe, near the Kansas line. They returned, after dispersing a band of Rebels and capturing prisoners.

August 1st, Gen. Lyon moved his army, and on the 2d, defeated Ben. McCulloch at Dug Springs. The Iowa First acted as skirmishers on the right wing of the army. Lyon pursued the Rebels and on the 4th returned to Springfield. He then planned to surprise the enemy, and the battle of Wilson's Creek ensued. (It is described in chapter 5.) The soldiers of the Iowa First, notwithstanding their term of enlistment had already expired, entered the battle with alacrity and ardor, won for themselves imperishable renown, and established the military honor of their state. They were led in battle by Lt.-Col. Merritt, Col. Bates being incapacitated by illness. The regiment returned home 800 strong. About 600 re-enlisted, many becoming officers in other regiments.

Capt. Frank J. Herron of the First Iowa became, later, major general, and Capt. Chas. L. Matthies brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the First Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJOR.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAIN.
John Francis Bates.	Asbury B. Porter.	Wm. H. White.	J. K. Fuller.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEON.	QUARTERMASTER.
Wm. H. Merritt.	Geo. W. Waldron.	Henry Reichenbach.	Theodore Guelich.

SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the United States service at Keokuk for the term of three years, on the 27th and 28th of May, 1861. It was in response to the President's call of May 3d for 300,000 men. Samuel R. Curtis was elected colonel, James M. Tuttle, lieutenant colonel, and M. M. Crocker, major. The regiment left for Missouri June 13th. Headquarters were at St. Joseph. It remained to guard the railroad eastward and keep the country in order till the latter part of July. It was then ordered to Bird's Point for similar duty in Kentucky and Missouri. There was an immense sick list. In the latter part of October it returned to St. Louis, with only 400 men fit for duty. Its colonel, Samuel R. Curtis, became brigadier general, and Lt.-Col. James M. Tuttle succeeded in command. Maj. M. M. Crocker first became lieutenant colonel, and then was commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth Iowa. Following this promotion, Capt. James Baker of Company G became lieutenant colonel. Adj. Chipman became major, and was succeeded in the adjutancy by Lieut. T. J. McKenny. During the winter the regiment was in St. Louis. For an offense in discipline on the part of the guard then in charge of a public building, the entire regiment was ordered to march to the steamer on its way to join Grant at Fort Donelson, Tenn., without music and with colors furled. It arrived at Donelson February 14th, and was placed in Gen. C. F. Smith's division. On the 15th, in Lauman's brigade, it charged the works and covered itself with glory. (Described in chapter 10.) Gen. Halleck named the Second Iowa "the bravest of the brave."

The regiment remained nearly a month at Donelson, then embarked for Pittsburg Landing, where, on Sunday morning, April 6th, it was suddenly called to take conspicuous part in the battle of Shiloh, which continued two days. (Its action in that battle is described in chapter 12.) Col Tuttle was in command of a brigade. Lt.-Col. Baker led the regiment.

The Second joined in Halleck's Corinth campaign which followed. It was in pursuit of Beauregard after his evacuation of Corinth, and it was then in camp near that place. It was marched to luka, but did not take part in the battle of Sept. 19, '62. Col. Tuttle being promoted brigadier general, Lt.-Col. Baker became colonel, Capt. N. W. Mills of Company D, lieutenant colonel, Lieut. James B. Weaver of Company G, major, and Lieut. Geo. L. Godfrey, adjutant. The latter succeeded Adj. Tuttle, who had died of disease.

On the 3d and 4th of October, 1862, the regiment took a brave part in the battle of Corinth, and suffered severely. Its brigade lost one-third of the number engaged. (For description of this battle, see chapter 14.) Col. Baker was mortally wounded on the 3d, and his successor in command, Col. Mills, on the 4th. The regiment now encamped near Corinth. There were a number of marches after raiders, and on Nov. 28th, 1862, and in April, 1863, engagements with the enemy at Little Bear Creek and Town Creek, Ala., Col. James B. Weaver being in command. In the summer of 1863, the regiment moved to Lagrange, Tenn., and in the last of October to Pulaski, where it went into winter quarters. In the year following Corinth, under Gen. G. M. Dodge, it kept open communication between Middle and West Tennessee, preventing raids while Grant was operating around Vicksburg. Col. James B. Weaver had succeeded Col. Mills, Capt. Henry R. Cowles of Company H had become lieutenant colonel, and Capt. N. B. Howard of Company I, major.

At Pulaski, the time of enlistment having expired, the Second became by re-enlistment a veteran regiment. The non-veterans were mustered out.

From Pulaski on April 29, 1864, the regiment began its march to take part in the campaign of Atlanta. It was in Gen. Elliott W. Rice's brigade, attached to the Sixteenth corps, commanded by Gen. G. M. Dodge. The regiment began skirmishing with the enemy May 9th, just after passing Snake Creek Gap in Georgia. On the 15th, it crossed the Oostanuala at

Lay's Ferry, where Gen. Rice turned the enemy's position, causing him to evacuate Resaca the next morning. At Rome Cross Roads, May 16th, the regiment was deployed as skirmishers. At Dallas, Georgia, commanded by Lt.-Col. N. B. Howard, it assisted, on May 27th, in establishing and intrenching our most advanced line, with severe skirmishing. On the 28th it participated in the defense of that position, when furiously assaulted by the enemy. On the 29th, it assisted in the defense during a sharp night attack. From June 10th to 30th, 1864, it took part in the siege of Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia. At Nick-a-jack Creek, July 4th, in the line of skirmishers of the Sixteenth corps, it became engaged in the afternoon and evening.

On the 22d of July, it engaged in the battle of Atlanta, which is described in chapter 25, and took part in the siege. August 4th, led by Maj. Hamill, the regiment had a heavy skirmish. Till near the end of the month it was then in the trenches. August 30th, the army marched on Jonesboro. On the 31st, while supporting Kilpatrick's cavalry, it encountered the enemy and repulsed him. Maj. Hamill commanded and was among the wounded. During the whole of the Atlanta campaign, the Second Iowa lost, in killed and wounded, 55. It captured 25 prisoners, one stand of colors, and 196 stand of small arms. Among its wounded were Lt.-Col. N. B. Howard, Maj. M. G. Hamill and Adjt. Voltaire P. Twombly; Lieut. Thomas K. Raush was killed. The regiment had now only six companies, and with these were consolidated three companies remaining of the Third Iowa; Lt.-Col. Howard became colonel.

The regiment now belonged to the Fourth division commanded by Gen. John M. Corse of the Fifteenth corps. It started, November 16th, on the "March to the Sea." At Eden Station, Georgia, December 7th, the regiment, under Col. Howard, was the first thrown across the great Ogechee on the pontoons laid for the passage of the Army of the Tennessee. After skirmishing along a causeway for a mile, it formed in line, assaulted a barricade, drove therefrom a battalion of the enemy and occupied the station. Two were killed and 2 wounded.

December 10th to 20th, the regiment took part in the operations against the enemy's position along the Little Ogechee River. December 21, 1864, it entered Savannah with the army. January 28, 1865, it began the difficult march northward. February 15th and 16th it participated in the operations which resulted in the capture of Columbia. February 26th, at Lynch's Creek, South Carolina, the regiment being in advance of the division and corps, forded the stream three-quarters of a mile in width, and encountered the enemy's cavalry before completing the crossing. Lively skirmishing followed for three hours, when the enemy retreated. At Bentonsville, North Carolina, the regiment was in reserve.

The Second then marched with the army by Goldsboro, Raleigh, Petersburg and Richmond to Washington, where it participated in the grand review. Shortly afterward it moved to Louisville, where in midsummer it was mustered out with the Army of the Tennessee. It returned to Davenport, being welcomed publicly by Congressman Hiram Price. A brief history of the Iowa Second was furnished the adjutant general by Col. N. B. Howard.

No regiment could have a more glorious record, and none produced so many distinguished men. Maj.-Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, Brig.-Gen. James M. Tuttle, and brevet Maj.-Gen. Marcellus M. Crocker, went first out in this regiment. The first adjutant, Norton P. Chipman, also rose to distinction during the war, as Chief of staff to Gen. Curtis, with the rank of colonel in the regular army. He was Judge Advocate in the court which tried Wirz of Andersonville. Col. Jas. B. Weaver was brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Second Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Samuel R. Curtis. James M. Tuttle. James Baker. Noah W. Mills. Jas. B. Weaver. Noel B. Howard.	Marcellus M. Crocker. Norton P. Chipman. Jas. B. Weaver. Noel B. Howard. Mathew G. Hamill. Oliver C. Lewis.	Wells R. Marsh.	Andrew Axline. Thos. Andis Jas. A. Wilson.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Jas. M. Tuttle. M. M. Crocker. Jas. Baker. Noah W. Mills. Henry R. Cowies. Noel B. Howard. Geo. S. Botsford. Geo. L. Wright. Chas. W. Gurney.	Norton P. Chipman. Thos. J. McKenny. Joel Tuttle. Geo. L. Godfrey. Wm. M. Campbell. Voltaire P. Twombly. Albert A. Barnes.	Wm. W. Nassan. Elliott Pyle. Wm. H. Turner. Prentiss B. Clark. Robt. H. McKay.	John T. Stewart. Alonzo Eaton. Jesse C. Wickersham.

THIRD IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment sprang to arms at the outbreak of the war. It was sworn into the United States service on the 8th and 10th of June, 1861, at Keokuk. Nelson G. Williams was commissioned colonel; John Scott, lieutenant colonel; Wm. M. Stone, major. June 29th, it left for Hannibal, Missouri. July 1st, before the arrival of its colonel, destitute of all equipment but empty muskets and bayonets, and without means of transportation, the regiment was hastened westward more than half way across the state. Two companies were left at Chillicothe, one at the bridge over Grand River, and the others at Utica. Col. Williams arrived at this juncture. July 8th, Capt. Herron, with three companies of the Third, moved toward Hannibal, forming a junction at Monroe with a detachment of the Sixteenth Illinois under Col. Smith. This force marched after the Rebels, skirmished at Hager's Woods, and retreated back to Monroe, where they found their train in flames and the track destroyed. The Rebels besieged the place, only retiring when union re-enforcements came up. From near the middle of July till August 7th, headquarters were at Chillicothe, where were seven of the companies. The remaining companies guarded the railroad in the vicinity. There was now great hope of successful action. The regiment proceeded to Brookfield, and Lt.-Col. Scott started with it on an expedition against Col. Martin Green, in force near Kirksville, which place Scott was ordered to hold. Gen. Hurlbut came up with the Sixteenth Illinois soon after, but the men were disappointed as to a fight. Gen. Hurlbut tried pacific measures by proclamation. At the expiration of the five days granted for consideration, our force marched after the Rebels, but it was too late. They were beyond reach, and the regiment returned to Brookfield, September 3d. One man, Corporal Dix, had been killed while scouting.

Col. Williams in the meantime had received orders to move south with the remnant of the regiment which had remained with him. At Hannibal, he increased his force to between 600 and 700. He moved to Paris, but after a day retreated. At Shelbyna, where, on September 4th, the enemy attacked him, he kept up his retreat. At Macon City he found Gen. Hurlbut, whom he had expected earlier, on his way to re-enforce him with 250 men. Col. Williams had lost one man wounded. Under such unfortunate leadership, the men of the Third Iowa were greatly discouraged. The arrival of Gen. Pope on the field led them to hope that something would now be accomplished. Gen. Pope immediately ordered Gen. Hurlbut and Col. Williams to St. Louis in arrest. He then began concentrating troops at Hunnewell,

where Lt.-Col. Scott, as soon as he had returned to Brookfield from the Kirksville expedition, was ordered with the Third. Gen. Pope marched his troops by night against Green, near Florida, with the intention of surprising him. In this object he completely failed, and the disappointed army marched back.

In reading Lieut. S. D. Thompson's "Recollections with the Third Iowa Regiment," from which much material has been drawn for this sketch, the sympathies are warmly engaged for this brave regiment, continually suffering exposure, fatigue and disappointment, without even a chance to meet the enemy—this for want of a competent commander. The regiment went, September 12th, to Macon City, where was Brig. Gen. S. D. Sturgis. The men felt again encouraged to hope for something. The Third was now removed westward to Cameron. On the afternoon of the 15th, 500 of its number, with about 70 home guards and some artillery, all under Lt.-Col. Scott, were marched to Liberty against the enemy. Scott reached there early on the 17th, and took position on the hill commanding the town at the north. Then followed the battle of Blue Mills. (Described in chapter 7.) Col. Smith having arrived with re-enforcements, the combined force moved on the enemy, who was already off to re-enforce Price. After two or three days, Scott got his troops on a steamer for Fort Leavenworth, and then passed down to Wyandotte, Kansas. Gen. Sturgis's headquarters were now three miles distant, at Kansas City. In October, the regiment was united at Quincy, Ill. After a rest, it proceeded to Benton Barracks, at St. Louis, remaining till the day after Christmas. Under Maj. Stone, it spent the winter guarding the North Missouri railroad, with headquarters at Mexico. Col. Williams being relieved of arrest, arrived near the close of February, 1862, and assumed command.

Early in March the regiment was on its way to join Gen. Grant's forces in Tennessee. It was assigned to the division commanded by Brig. Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, which disembarked March 17th at Pittsburg Landing.

At the battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, the regiment took part with distinguished bravery. (Described in chapter 12.) The Third joined in the siege of Corinth, and after the evacuation, went into camp near town. Afterward, it went to Memphis. Sept. 6th it marched to the vicinity of Bolivar. It engaged with great honor and great loss in the battle of the Hatchie River Oct. 5th, in Lauman's brigade (described in chapter 14). Lt.-Col. Trumbull commanded. The regiment now returned to Bolivar and early in November joined in the march southward. It performed its part in the expedition into Central Mississippi, and on its return went into camp near Moscow, about the middle of January, 1863. Here it remained some time, then removed to Memphis.

During this time, Col. Williams had resigned, and Lt.-Col. Trumbull still earlier. Aaron Brown was now colonel. Capt. James Tullis had been promoted lieutenant colonel, and Lieut. G. W. Crosley, major. May 17th the regiment embarked for Vicksburg, repelling severe attacks from land on the way, during which 14 were wounded. It took part in the arduous duties of the siege, taking its place May 25th in the investing line. It shared in the frequent conflicts with the enemy and the resulting losses.

In the second siege of Jackson, in the division of Gen. Lauman, the Third fought heroically and suffered cruelly and needlessly. In the reckless assault to which its brigade was ordered, it was led by Maj. Crosley. About one-half of its number was left upon the field. (Described in chapter 18.) After Jackson, the Third Iowa, with ranks so sadly thinned, returned to Vicksburg. Soon afterward it moved with its division to Natchez. It returned to Vicksburg in December and went into camp for the winter near the Big Black. Re-enlistment for veteran service having taken place, from February 3d to March 4th, 1864, the regiment engaged in the famous Meridian raid under Gen. Sherman, during which 12 men of its number were lost. On March 17th, the veterans of the regiment under Maj. Crosley went home on furlough. The non-veterans under Lt.-Col. Tullis joined in Gen. Banks's Red River

expedition. At the close of that disastrous enterprise, the time of their enlistment having expired, they went home to Iowa, and were honorably mustered out of the service. Their comrades in the dangers and glory that had marked the proud career of the Third, the veterans, returned to the field to participate as a part of the Seventeenth corps in the Atlanta campaign. But the Third was now too few in numbers to admit of its remaining a regiment. It was formed into a battalion of three companies with one field officer, Col. Brown remaining with it for a time. At the battle of Atlanta, July 22d, 1864, it again suffered severely—so severely, that as an organization it could not longer survive. "In that fierce conflict," says Ingersoll, "the Third Iowa fought itself out of existence." The remnant of this brave regiment was consolidated November 8th, 1864, with the Second Iowa infantry, serving with it under Sherman till the war was ended. It had supplied from its numbers no less than nine colonels and lieutenant colonels for other regiments in the service. Col. Wm. M. Stone, afterward governor of Iowa, was its first major.

Field and Staff Officers of the Third Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Nelson G. Williams. Aaron Brown.	Wm. M. Stone. Aaron Brown. Geo. W. Crosley.	Thos. O. Edwards. Daniel M. Cool. Benj. F. Keables.	Prosper H. Jacobs.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
John Scott. Matthew M. Trumbull. Jas. Tnllis. Jacob Abernethy.	Fitzroy Sessions. Gustavus H. Cushman.	Daniel M. Cool. Benj. F. Keables. David R. Martin. John W. Schooley. Edward W. Evans. Stephen E. Robinson.	Geo. W. Clark. Phineas W. Crawford. Wm. Burdick.

FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Camp Kirkwood, Council Bluffs, August 8, 1861, with Grenville M. Dodge as colonel. John Galligan was lieutenant colonel, and Wm. R. English major. August 9th the regiment embarked for St. Louis. A detachment from the various companies, under Col. Dodge, had previously made a march to the southern border of Iowa to repel a threatened rebel invasion. August 24th the regiment went into camp at Rolla, Missouri. Gen. Curtis took charge, December 27th, of the "Army of the Southwest," concentrating there. January 23, 1862, the force marched toward Springfield. During this march and the campaign ending in the battle of Pea Ridge, Col. Dodge led the brigade of which the Fourth formed a part, and Lt.-Col. Galligan commanded the regiment. Springfield was approached February 12th, when a skirmish took place and the enemy evacuated the town during the night. For three days the army pursued Price. At Sugar Creek, Col. Dodge's brigade supported the cavalry and artillery in a considerable engagement. The Rebels retired, and our army rested for a few days.

March 7th and 8th, the brilliantly fought battle of Pea Ridge took place. (Described in chapter 11.) In this engagement the Fourth bore a conspicuous part. The army remained nearly a month in camp near the battle field. Col. Dodge was promoted brigadier general, and Lt.-Col. Galligan resigned. Adj. James A. Williamson succeeded the latter, and a month later became colonel, when Capt. Burton of Co. D became lieutenant colonel. The little army of Gen. Curtis now made one of the hardest marches of the war. (Described in sketch of Gen. Curtis, chapter 33.) The intention was to move on Little Rock. After incredible suffering, Helena was reached July 18th. From there, an expedition resulting in no advantage was undertaken

up the Arkansas river. Another was made into Mississippi, destroying railroads and bringing back rich supplies of cotton, horses, etc. Much of this time Gen. Curtis had remained in command of the district, but to the regret of his attached command, he was succeeded by Gen. Schofield. The regiment remained at Helena till the departure of the army under Gen. Sherman for Vicksburg. On December 29th it bore so gallant a part in the disastrous battle of Chickasaw Bayou that Gen. Grant ordered to be inscribed on its banner, "The first at Chickasaw Bayou." (Described in chapter 17.) The army remained a few days near the battle field, caring for the wounded and dead. January 2, 1863, it embarked for down the river. At the mouth of the Yazoo it was met by Gen. McClelland, who superseded Gen. Sherman in command.

The regiment took part in the battle of Arkansas Post on the 10th and 11th of January, 1863. (Described in chapter 17.) It was led by Lt.-Col. Burton, Col. Williamson being wounded and sick. The regiment went into camp January 22d, opposite Vicksburg. April 2d, it embarked with its division under Gen. Steele for 150 miles up the Mississippi river to Greenville, whence it went on the celebrated raid of Deer Creek Valley. The object of this expedition was to get supplies and to divert attention from Grant's main movement at Vicksburg. The division returned, and at Grand Gulf, Miss., rejoined the army. It marched thence to Jackson, which city the Fourth Iowa was one of the first regiments to enter. Its division then spent two days destroying railroads, and arrived at Vicksburg May 18th, to participate in the siege. The regiment was in the assault of May 22d, and at various times engaged, losing in the siege 80 men. July 4th, the regiment took part in the second movement against Jackson, returning to Vicksburg, and then going into camp on the Black river. September 22d, it embarked for Memphis, and at once started on the march for Chattanooga.

The regiment arrived at Chattanooga November 23d, and participated in the battle of Lookout Mountain on the 24th, Missionary Ridge on the 25th, and Ringgold on the 27th. December 3d, the regiment with its division went into camp at Bridgeport, Alabama, and then moved to Woodville. It remained there until February 26th, 1864, when re-enlistment having taken place, the veterans started home on furlough. By May 1st the regiment had rejoined the army, and was participating in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. (Described in chapter 25.) It was in the Iowa brigade of Col. Williamson, soon made brigadier general. In this series of battles, the Fourth made a gallant record, and its losses reduced it to less than 200 men. Up to this period a brief history of the regiment is furnished the adjutant general by Col. Williamson. Following this, Maj. Nichols was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy, and Capt. Anderson appointed major. October 4th, the regiment joined in the pursuit of Hood.

The Fourth now took part in the brilliant "March to the Sea," and afterward in the march through the Carolinas northward, in Col. Stone's gallant Iowa brigade. At Bentonsville, it was actively engaged. It marched on from Raleigh to Washington, participated in the grand review, and repaired to Louisville, Kentucky, where it was mustered out of service in July, 1865. In the farewell address of Col. Williamson, when promoted to brigadier general, touching allusion is made to the 1,000 volunteers who marched out as the Fourth Iowa, and the more than 300 added recruits,—while at that time less than 400 survived. *One thousand* had given their lives to our country!

Grenville M. Dodge, first colonel of the Fourth, was made brigadier general March 31, 1862, and major general June 7, 1864. James A. Williamson, second colonel, was brevetted brigadier general December 19, 1864, and commissioned January 13, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fourth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Grenville M. Dodge. Jas. A. Williamson. Samuel D. Nichols.	Wm. R. English. Joseph Cramer. Samuel D. Nichols. Albert R. Anderson. Randolph Sry.	Myron W. Robbins. Dan'l C. Greenleaf.	Thos. M. Goodfellow. John G. Eckles.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
John Galligan. Jas. A. Williamson. Geo. Burton. Samuel D. Nichols. Albert R. Anderson.	Jas. A. Williamson. Robt. A. Stitt. John E. Sell. Lemuel Shields.	Wm. S. Grimes. Lewis Bailey. Alex. Shaw. J. H. Rice. Dan'l C. Greenleaf. David Beach. Isaiah J. Whitfield.	Phineas A. Wheeler. John A. Mills. John W. Tracy.

FIFTH IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment rose to arms when Fort Sumter was fired on. It was sworn into the service at Burlington, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of July, 1861. Wm. H. Worthington was appointed colonel, Chas. L. Matthies, lieutenant colonel, and Wm. S. Robertson, major. It was ordered to Keokuk August 2d. There, a detachment under Lt.-Col. Matthies was sent to northeastern Missouri, to help put down the Rebels under Green. Returning to Keokuk, the regiment embarked, August 11th, for St. Louis. On the 14th it went to Jefferson City. August 25th, Col. Worthington, with a detachment, made some arrests at Booneville, and confiscated rebel property. On the 28th, a detachment was sent to guard, for a time, the bridge of the Pacific railroad over the Osage river. September 1st, the regiment engaged in an expedition toward Columbia. September 14th, it embarked to re-enforce Home Guards at Booneville. It remained at that place ten days, when it continued up the river to Glasgow, returning to Booneville in a week. October 4th, it joined in the march of Fremont's army toward Springfield, arriving there November 3d, and remaining till the 8th. It was in the brigade of Col. Kelton, in Gen. Pope's division. During the winter, seven companies were at Booneville under Lt.-Col. Matthies, and three companies at Syracuse, guarding the railway. Col. Worthington commanded the brigade with headquarters at Otterville. Feb. 6th, 1862, the Fifth started for Cairo, Illinois. Its next stopping place was Benton, Missouri, where it became a part of the Army of the Mississippi, under Gen. Pope. March 1st, the march on New Madrid was begun, the Fifth being in the First brigade, commanded by Col. Worthington, and in the Second division under Gen. Schuyler Hamilton.

In all of the operations about New Madrid, Island No. 10, and against Fort Pillow, the Fifth bore an active and honorable part. From there, the regiment moved to Hamburg Landing, Tennessee, to participate in Halleck's movement against Corinth. May 22d, while at Farmington, occurred the death of Col. Worthington, who, while visiting at night the grand guard of the division as general officer of the day, was shot by a startled picket of our own army. Some months later Lt.-Col. Matthies succeeded to the colonelcy, Capt. Sampson became lieutenant colonel and Capt. Banbury, major. Maj. Robertson, a popular and beloved officer, resigned. On the evacuation of Corinth by the Rebels, May 30th, the Fifth engaged in the pursuit, till on reaching Booneville it went into bivouac. June 10th, it returned to near Corinth and camped on Clear Creek. June 27th, it started for Holly Springs, Mississippi. June 30th, the expedition was abandoned, and the regiment returned to Rienzi, Mississippi. July 10th, it returned to Clear Creek. At this time, Gen. Rosecrans succeeded Gen. Pope in command of the Army of

the Mississippi. Gen. C. S. Hamilton also succeeded Gen. Schuyler Hamilton in command of the division in which was the Fifth.

August 5th, the regiment marched to Jacinto, Mississippi. September 18th, it broke camp and marched for Iuka. In the late afternoon of the 19th of September, in the battle of Iuka, one of the hottest fights in history, the Fifth Iowa made a record for heroism, and won a glory which will last as long as the great deeds of the war are remembered. (Described in chapter 13.) "The glorious Fifth Iowa," said Rosecrans, "bore the thrice repeated charges and cross fires of the rebel left and center with a valor and determination seldom equaled, never excelled, by the most veteran soldiery." "The Fifth Iowa," said Hamilton, "held its ground against four times its number." "It made every step a battle ground and every charge a victory." It was led by the brave Matthies. The regiment returned to Jacinto and October 1st marched for Corinth. On the 3d and 4th of October it participated in the battle of Corinth. (See chapter 14.) On the 5th, it joined in the pursuit of Price. Gen. Rosecrans had been succeeded in command of the Army of the Mississippi by Gen. C. S. Hamilton. The division in which was the Fifth, was placed under Gen. Isaac F. Quinby. November 2d, the regiment marched to join Gen. Grant's Central Mississippi expedition, preparatory to the fruitless movement by Holly Springs. On returning, it was ordered, with its division, to Memphis, to march in advance with a train for supplies. Arriving there, it started back with the train on the 31st, but on the way was relieved and stationed a short time at Germantown. The division was now assigned as the Seventh to the Seventeenth army corps, Gen. McPherson commanding.

January 31st, 1863, the regiment returned to Memphis. March 2d, it began its work on the Vicksburg campaign, and from that time till the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th, its acts form a creditable part of the events of that period.

The regiment participated in the novel and adventurous Yazoo Pass expedition, returning April 5th to its previous camp near Helena. April 13th, it embarked for Milliken's Bend. Here the enthusiasm of the men was at such a point that it was difficult to restrain them from volunteering to run the blockade of the Vicksburg batteries.

April 25th, the regiment entered on Grant's campaign around Vicksburg. May 1st, it crossed the Mississippi river at Bruinsburg, Mississippi, marching then for Jackson through the interior, being at Port Gibson on May 2d, Raymond on the 12th and Clinton on the 13th. The regiment participated in the battle of Jackson, May 14th. At the battle of Champion Hills, on the 16th, it distinguished itself anew by its gallantry and determined fighting, and lost heavily. (See chapter 18.)

From May 19th to June 22d, the regiment was in front of the enemy's works at Vicksburg. It participated in the terrible, but fruitless, assault of May 22d, Col. Boomer, its brigade commander, being killed in the second charge of the afternoon. June 22d, the brigade moved off to the Big Black river, to aid in preventing Johnston's re-enforcing Vicksburg. Brigadier general Matthies, who had been promoted from the colonelcy for gallantry at Iuka, commanded the brigade after Col. Boomer was killed. Lt.-Col. Sampson had been most of the time in command of the regiment. On June 5th, Col. Banbury, promoted from major, assumed command. His official history of the regiment is the principal source of information for this sketch. Adjt. Marshall was made major. Quartermaster Sergt. S. H. M. Byers received his commission as adjutant, accompanied by the gift from Gen. Matthies of his own sash, in token of personal esteem. Adjt. Byers read his first order to the regiment on July 4th, announcing the fall of Vicksburg, which news was received by the brave Fifth with unbounded demonstrations of joy. Among esteemed officers of the Fifth Iowa who will be remembered with attachment by its members, was Chaplain Thos. Merrill, one of the very best Christian men in the United States service; numbers of whose "boys" from his school at "College Farm," near Newton, were in the regiment. Also,

Surgeon Henry C. Huntsman, whose loyal service, whose skillful hand and humane and kindly acts awakened recognition and gratitude among the sick and wounded. The regiment was at Champion Hills and Black River Bridge from the 17th to the 24th of July, when it returned to Vicksburg. September 12th, it started for Helena, with the object of re-enforcing Gen. Steele, but that general's success in the meantime rendered this unnecessary. While the troops awaited transportation back, the division in which was the Fifth, was transferred to Sherman, to re-enforce the Army of the Cumberland. The Fifth therefore was sent to Corinth, arriving on October 4th, the anniversary of the battle. Here the regiment was stationed at points on the railway, preparing for the march to Chattanooga, which was begun October 29th.

The regiment arrived opposite Chattanooga, November 20th. It was now a part of the Third division, Fifteenth corps, and, with its division, crossed the Tennessee river in the night of November 24th, in the face of the enemy on Missionary Ridge. November 25th, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, it fought with desperate courage and lost heavily. (See chapter 21.) Among the captured were the major and adjutant. The regiment joined in pursuit of the enemy, returning to its old camp on the west bank of the Tennessee. December 3d, it was ordered to Bridgeport, later to Larkinsville, and on January 7th, 1864, to Huntsville. On April 1st, re-enlistment having taken place, the veterans of the Fifth started for Iowa to enjoy veteran furlough. On its expiration, they rendezvoused, May 7th, at Davenport, and started for the front. At Decatur, Alabama, they rejoined the brigade. A few of the Fifth knowing the regiment was ordered to Madison Station, went there in advance, and were captured with other troops in a rebel raid upon the railway. The regiment now guarded the railroad till June 15th, when it was ordered to Huntsville, and June 23d to Kingston, Georgia. It soon moved to the Etowah river, guarding several fords and a bridge till late in July. While there, one man was killed and one wounded by guerrillas.

July 30th, the non-veterans of the regiment received an honorable discharge from the service. So battle-thinned were the ranks of the Fifth Iowa that this virtually closed its existence as a regiment. Its remaining members, too few to maintain a distinct organization, were transferred soon after to the Fifth Iowa cavalry, in which they afterward did gallant service. Charles L. Matthies, first lieutenant colonel of the Fifth, was made brigadier general November 29, 1862.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fifth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Wm. H. Worthington. Charles L. Matthies. Jabez Banbury.	Wm. S. Robertson. Jabez Banbury. Wm. S. Marshall.	Charles H. Rawson. Peter A. Carpenter.	Addison B. Medeira. Jas. C. Sharon. Thomas Merrill.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Chas. L. Matthies Ezekiel S. Sampson.	John P. Foley. Robt. F. Patterson. Wm. S. Marshall. Sam'l H. M. Byers.	Peter A. Carpenter. Henry C. Huntsman. Wm. H. Darrow.	Robt. F. Patterson. Robt. A. McKee. Wm. S. Marshall.

SIXTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into service at Burlington, July 17 and 18, 1861. John Adair McDowell was made colonel, Markoe Cummins, lieutenant colonel and John M. Corse, major. August 3d the regiment was ordered to Keokuk. A detachment was sent on the 5th about twenty-five miles to Athens, Missouri, to help repel the Rebels under Green. On its returning, the regiment left, August 9th, for the seat of war. It remained in St. Louis

till September 19th, when it went to Jefferson City. October 7th, the regiment started out on Fremont's campaign. It tarried four days at Tipton, where Fremont's army had concentrated, 30,000 strong. October 13th, the army was reviewed by Secretary of War Cameron, and Adjt. Gen. Thomas.

The Sixth Iowa was among the troops under Gen. McKinstry, and made the trying march to Springfield of seventy-five miles in two days, over rough roads, with short rations. It arrived November 3d. Fremont was now relieved by Hunter, and a retrograde movement was commenced November 9th. At Sedalia, Mo., the regiment remained till December 9th, when it was marched to the Lamine Bridge, and on January 22, 1862, to Tipton, to perform guard duty. Meanwhile, Lt.-Col. Cummins came into command of the regiment, Col. McDowell being absent on leave, and Maj. Corse being on detached duty on the staff of Gen. Pope, as inspector general. The Sixth was ordered on March 7th to Pittsburg Landing, and arrived on the 16th. It took up position on our extreme right near Owl Creek. Company D was detailed to perform picket duty at the bridge on the road to Purdy. It remained on this duty till recalled to take its place in the battle opening April 6th, by a messenger from Gen. Sherman. Maj. Walden of Centerville, at that time captain of Company D, relates that while on duty at the bridge, Charles Stratton, musician in his company, was shot in the hand early on the morning of the battle, by the enemy in advance, and that this was the first gun and the first blood in the battle of Shiloh. A brief sketch of the Sixth Iowa by Maj. Walden has been of great value in preparing this article. The Sixth was in the First brigade, Fifth division, in the command of Gen. Sherman. Col. McDowell commanded the brigade, Lt.-Col. Cummins the regiment. Later in the day, the latter was placed in arrest during the progress of battle, and was succeeded in command by Capt. Iseminger, who was killed. Capt. Williams then had charge of the regiment until severely wounded, when the command devolved on Capt. Walden. The regiment thus losing leader after leader in succession, still fought with a courage and persistency never surpassed. (See chapter 12.) On the second day of the battle, it was in the brigade of James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States.

After Shiloh, the Sixth joined the army under Gen. Halleck in the siege of Corinth, and was present when the Rebels evacuated the place, May 30th, 1862. Lt.-Col. Cummins had been mustered out of the service by order of court-martial and had been succeeded in rank by Maj. Corse. The latter having been released from duty with Gen. Pope, was now in command of the regiment. Capt. John Williams of Company G, was promoted to the majority. During June, the regiment camped at various points. In the last of the month, it went on a reconnoissance to the interior of Mississippi. July 2d, it skirmished with Forrest's cavalry, driving them from the way. It returned to Memphis July 24th, where it remained till in the autumn, its brigade doing duty as provost guard. November 17th, it was on a four days' scout to Holly Springs. In November, when Grant's campaign against Vicksburg, by attempting to secure position in the rear, commenced, the regiment, with the rest of Sherman's division, marched with the forces under Grant as far as the Yohnapatafa river. The army then being forced to return, the Sixth went into camp at Grand Junction, Tennessee, and during the winter of '62 and '63, being mounted, took part in several important raids in that vicinity. It was at this time attached to a division under command of Brig. Gen. Wm. S. Smith. March 12th, Col. McDowell resigned, and at the same time, Lt.-Col. Corse was made colonel. Maj. Williams had resigned October 22, 1862, and had been at once succeeded by Capt. Alex. J. Miller, Company G. On March 14th, Maj. Miller was promoted lieutenant colonel, and Adjt. Thos. J. Ennis major. June 14, 1863, the Sixth was assigned temporarily to the Ninth army corps, and stationed with two divisions of that corps at Haines's Bluff, to keep off Johnston. When Vicksburg fell, July 4, 1863, the Sixth was hurried away to the siege of Jackson. There, on July 16th, occurred the reconnoissance under Col. Corse, in which the Sixth

distinguished itself by the most extraordinary valor and coolness. (See chapter 18.) Gen. Corse says: "I cannot speak in too extravagant terms of the officers and men of the Sixth Iowa on this occasion." Brig. Gen. Smith wrote a glowing congratulatory letter to their colonel. In this campaign and siege, the Sixth Iowa lost between 60 and 70 men. Col. Corse had so distinguished himself as to lead to his promotion to brigadier general. The regiment was now assigned to the Second brigade, Fourth division, Fifteenth army corps.

In Sherman's famous march to Chattanooga, the Sixth was an active participant. In the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25th, Maj. Ennis was severely wounded. (See chapter 21.) The regiment now marched with Sherman's army toward Knoxville, to relieve Burnside, marching over frozen ground, with scanty rations, some of the men barefooted. Gen. Sherman says of this march:

"Seven days before, we had left our camps on the other side of the Tennessee river, with two days rations, without change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat to the man, from myself to the private. We had no provisions, save what we gathered from the roadside; but we knew that 12,000 of our comrades were beleaguered in Knoxville, eighty-four miles distant, and must have relief within three days. This was enough; it had to be done."

The way thither was contested by the enemy, but the siege was raised on the night of December 4th, in anticipation of Sherman's arrival. The Sixth went into camp at Scottsboro, northeastern Alabama, early in 1864, and remained during the winter. Here the re-enlistment of most of the men made it a veteran regiment. The veterans went home for furlough. April 27th, they left Davenport for Chattanooga, where the regiment entered on the Atlanta campaign, being again in the Second brigade, Fourth division, Fifteenth army corps. It participated in all the battles and many of the skirmishes of this campaign. (Recorded in chapter 25.) Col. Miller was wounded at Dallas, Major Ennis then assuming command. Adj. Newby Chase was mortally wounded. At Big Shanty, Acting Adj. Lieut. John S. Grimes, was killed. At Atlanta, July 28th, Maj. Ennis, commanding the regiment, was mortally wounded. Capt. W. H. Clune led the regiment through the rest of this hot fight. From Resaca to Lovejoy, the regiment lost in killed and wounded 159, nearly half of the number with which it commenced the campaign. At the close of the campaign, it went into camp near Atlanta with 120 fit for duty—scarcely more than a company! In a month came marching orders. The regiment started northward, to help drive away Hood's threatening forces, had a week's rest, and then, about the middle of November, started on the march to the sea.

At the battle of Griswoldville, November 22d, the Sixth lost 4 killed and 20 wounded. Arrived in Savannah, it remained three weeks. Major Clune was promoted lieutenant colonel and Capt. David J. McCoy major. The difficult march through the Carolinas northward began the middle of January, 1865. At Columbia, South Carolina, in skirmishing with the enemy, the regiment lost 1 killed and 7 wounded. It participated in the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, and, with the army, made the march from Raleigh to Richmond, 150 miles, in five days. At Washington it took part in the grand review. Of this scene, L. D. Ingersoll writes in "Iowa and the Rebellion."

"It was my fortune to witness that magnificent spectacle, and I shall never forget the emotions of pleasure with which I heard the shout of applause that greeted this thinned regiment, as it wheeled into Fifteenth street, in front of the grand colonnade of the Treasury Department. Its colors were torn into shreds, its number was small; but the men marched with a free, steady step and that elastic spring which only belongs to veteran troops. The Sixth then marched to Louisville, Kentucky, where it was mustered out of the service, July 21st, 1865. No regiment in the service marched more, endured more, suffered more, fought more battles, or lost more killed than did

the Sixth Iowa, and none should be more gratefully remembered by the people of the state."

Gen. John M. Corse, first major of the Sixth, was made brigadier general August 11, 1863, and brevet major general October 5, 1864. Major John Williams was later brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Sixth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
John A. McDowell. John M. Corse. Wm. H. Clune.	John M. Corse. John Williams. Alex. J. Miller. Thos. J. Ennis. Wm. H. Clune. David J. McCoy.	Albert T. Shaw. Wm. S. Lambert.	John Ufford.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Markoe Cummins. John M. Corse. Alex. S. Miller. Wm. H. Clune.	E. B. Woodward. Willard H. Harland. Thos. J. Ennis. Newby Chase. Andrew T. Samson. Robert A. Stitt.	John E. Lake. Wm. S. Lambert. Norman M. Smith.	James Brunaugh. Peter A. Crichton. Orrin P. Stafford.

SEVENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was organized in Burlington, and the first companies mustered in just after the battle of Bull Run, the last company on August 2, 1861. J. G. Lauman was made colonel. Like other western regiments, the Seventh was hurried to Missouri with all the haste possible. August 6th, it embarked for St. Louis, but soon left there for Pilot Knob. In two weeks more the regiment commenced its first regular campaigning. In a division under Gen. B. M. Prentiss, in the last of August, it moved to Jackson, Cape Girardeau county. In a week more, it left for Cairo, Ill. Here it crossed the Ohio river to Fort Holt, Kentucky, and after two weeks moved to Mayfield Creek, and established Camp Crittenden. Here it was joined by the lieutenant colonel, Augustus Wentz. The command soon moved to Fort Jefferson, on the Mississippi. A strong picket guard had been kept up at Camp Crittenden, where occurred a skirmish in which 1 man was wounded. From Fort Jefferson, the regiment now moved to Norfolk and Bird's Point, then again to Norfolk. Here, Sergt. Elliot W. Rice, being promoted major, entered upon duty. The regiment soon returned to Bird's Point. November 6, 1861, the Seventh, forming with the Twenty-second Illinois the Second brigade of a detachment led by Gen. Grant in an expedition toward Columbus, left Cairo by steamer and passed down the river about half way to Columbus, stopping over night at Lucas Bend. At daylight of the 7th the troops proceeded and debarked about two or three miles above Belmont. Col. H. Dougherty of the Twenty-second Illinois commanded the Second brigade. The troops were immediately drawn up in line of battle, and in the battle of Belmont which ensued, the Seventh distinguished itself by heroism, and lost the most heavily of any regiment engaged. (See chapter 8.) Lt.-Col. Wentz was among the killed. Iowa was indeed proud of the bravery of the Seventh in its first battle. On the evening of November 7th the shattered regiment arrived at Bird's Point, and was shortly ordered to St. Louis. About the middle of January, 1862, it was ordered to the South. Via Cairo, Fort Holt and Smithland it moved up the Tennessee river to attack Fort Henry, which fort it entered upon the surrender to Commodore Foote, remaining one week.

February 12th, the regiment marched for Fort Donelson, arriving the

same day. At 5 p. m. it was ordered to the front, to support a battery. The night was spent without shelter or blankets. On the morning of the 13th, Company C, Capt. McMullin, was deployed as skirmishers. Orders soon came to join the brigade going into action. The regiment fell into line, double-quick to position in front of the rebel works and remained till after dark in line—then withdrew. The rain had changed to snow. The troops suffered greatly in the night. On the 14th, several companies were deployed as skirmishers. Another inclement night was endured. Several inches of snow fell. On the 15th, skirmishers were again deployed, and at 2 p. m. the Seventh was ordered to join in the charge on the rebel works—a charge gloriously executed. (See chapter 10.) After the surrender, the regiment remained some three weeks within Fort Donelson. It was next ordered to Pittsburg Landing.

When the battle of Shiloh opened, April 6th, it was summoned from parade for inspection, to take its place at the front. It fought in the Iowa brigade under Gen. J. M. Tuttle. (See chapter 12.) Lt.-Col. Parrott was in command, Col. Lauman having been promoted, for gallantry at Fort Donelson, to the command of a brigade. Maj. Rice was afterward promoted to the colonelcy, and Capt. James W. McMullin of Company C to the majority. On the 8th, the regiment was marched forward some miles after the enemy. Finding nothing, it returned. April 27th, the army, under Halleck, was moved forward to the siege of Corinth. When Corinth was evacuated, the Seventh, with its division, was ordered to pursue. The pursuit was terminated at Booneville, Miss. In a few days, the regiment retraced its steps, and, with its brigade, formed Camp Montgomery, near Corinth. It remained here the rest of the summer. September 15th it was ordered to Iuka. In the battle of the 19th, the Seventh took no direct part, and immediately after returned to Camp Montgomery.

In the battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th, the Seventh bore a conspicuous part, and maintained its high reputation. (See chapter 14.) Gen. Sweeney commanded its brigade. On the 5th, the regiment pursued the enemy. On the 7th, it was ordered to Rienzi, and shortly to Boneyard. After a month, it returned to Corinth, and passed the winter of '62 and '63 in tents. In March, it was ordered to Bethel, Tenn., and on June 1st returned to Corinth. Here the regiment built good quarters, but was unexpectedly ordered away immediately to Moscow, Tenn., to remain a month. From there it was ordered to Lagrange, Tenn., for a few days. From Moscow and Lagrange, the command made two or three expeditions into Mississippi, one via Holly Springs, when it was absent two weeks. The regiment returned from Moscow to Lagrange, and commenced to prepare winter quarters, but was again ordered to leave on October 31st. It was cold weather, and the men rode on the top of box cars to Iuka, where they went into camp for a few days. They then took up line of march, and crossing the Tennessee river at Eastport, arrived November 11, 1863, at the wealthy and beautiful little city of Pulaski, Tenn. Here they went into camp, and, in the absence of tents, constructed huts, or "shebangs," as they were styled in army phrase. The supplies had to be wagoned from Smith's Station, thirty-six miles distant. It was the duty of the Seventh, in inclement weather in December, to escort a train of 150 wagons on this errand, after which the "shebangs" seemed doubly luxurious. About December 20, 1863, orders were received to allow the men who had been in service two years, to re-enlist as veterans. About three-fourths of those present with the regiment re-enlisted. The veteran portion of the regiment started for Iowa to receive furlough, January 7, 1864. February 20th, they rendezvoused at Keokuk; and by the 25th had 200 new recruits. The regiment now started for the front. Reaching Prospect, Tenn., it garrisoned that post till near the close of April. April 27, 1864, the Seventh set out on the famous Atlanta campaign. This glorious march was a succession of skirmishes and fights. Brig. Gen. E. W. Rice, former colonel of the Seventh, led the advance of the Army of the Tennessee, and at Oostanula river, Lay's Ferry, the Sev-

enth distinguished itself in a brief but brilliant conflict. (See chapter 25.) It was led by Maj. McMullin. This movement resulted in the Rebels abandoning Resaca the same day. The men were so full of enthusiasm and ardor it was difficult to withdraw them from the enemy and restrain them within proper bounds. Fighting went on till September 1st, and the Seventh Iowa bore an honorable part in all. At Rome, the Seventh cast its vote for president. There were 320 voices for Lincoln, and 2 for McClellan. November 15th, the regiment joined the column moving forward in the march to the sea, arriving at Savannah December 21st.

At the close of the Georgia campaign, according to the report of Lt.-Col. J. C. Parrott, who commanded it, the regiment numbered 549 men. It had not been increased by the draft, neither by recruits since the time of its becoming a veteran regiment. The losses of the regiment on the march to the sea were only 3 men wounded—2 slightly in a skirmish December 7th, and 1 severely on the 11th, in front of the works at Savannah.

The Seventh remained five weeks in Savannah, and then with hopeful spirits began the difficult march northward through the swamps of South Carolina, in mid winter, amid hostile surroundings, and in rain and snow. It was 480 miles to Goldsboro, and *thirty-nine miles corduroy road* were constructed. Through Goldsboro, Raleigh and Richmond, the regiment marched to Washington, where it took its part in the grand review. It then moved to Louisville, where it was honorably mustered out of the service it had so bravely shared. Jacob G. Lauman, first colonel of the Seventh, was made brigadier general March 21, 1862. Elliott W. Rice, first major, became brigadier general June 20, 1864, and later brevet major general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Seventh Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Jacob G. Lauman. Elliott W. Rice. James C. Parrott.	Elliott W. Rice. James W. McMullin. Samuel Mahon.	Amos Witter. Calvin B. Lake. Jos. Everingham.	I. Harvey Clark. Isaac P. Teter.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Augustus Wentz. James C. Parrott. Samuel Mahon.	Daniel F. Bowler. Allen D. Cameron. Wesley W. Sapp.	Asa Morgan. John Ashton. Jos. Everingham.	Stiles E. Forsha. Chas. H. Trost. Wm. W. Birdsall.

EIGHTH IOWA INFANTRY.

To the courtesy of some of the surviving officers of the gallant Eighth Iowa, the author is indebted for material for this sketch, Judge Ryan having prepared one dating from its organization to the battle of Shiloh, and Col. Bell having completed the same to the mustering out of the regiment. The Eighth was mustered into the service at Davenport, in September, 1861. Frederick Steele was made colonel, James L. Geddes, lieutenant colonel, and John C. Fergusou, major. Several of the companies had already been away four days in Northern Missouri, to aid against the Rebels. September 24th, at 11 P. M., the boys were aroused by the appearance of Adjt.-Gen. Baker with the orders to march next day for St. Louis—an order received with wild demonstrations of joy. Preparations for the march lasted all night. It is a query what they were packing all this time, having neither arms, uniforms, nor camp or garrison equipage, except a few iron camp kettles. At 4 o'clock in the morning, the regiment, with all its "plunder," appeared at the wharf and waited with impatience to be received on board the "Jenny Whipple," which steamer bore it to St. Louis. At Keokuk, arms were supplied, "Belgian muskets"—and such muskets! Uneven caliber, some crooked barrels, locks out of repair! The boys called them "pumpkin slingers" and pro-

nounced the crooked barrels adapted to shooting around hills. At St. Louis, the Eighth marched to Benton Barracks where drilling was vigorously pursued. Every orderly sergeant will bear testimony with the first adjutant that the most *exasperating* duty was the "morning reports." Col. Steele not having taken command, Lt.-Col. Geddes took his place. The clothing and camp and garrison equipage were distributed in the following generous manner: Being drawn by the regimental quartermaster, they were deposited in a pile on the parade ground, and each company commander directed to march his men to the place, where they were supplied. Company officers made no requisitions and the quartermaster took no receipts. It is needless to add that the quartermaster had difficulty in settling his accounts with his department.

October 15th, came marching orders. The knapsacks of these young recruits, marching out on that first campaign, were swelled out with their contents till they resembled pack peddlers. The first issue of hard tack had nearly created insurrection. Some of the boys sent for their officers, exhibited this "staff" on which they afterward learned to lean, and protested that they would not submit to such treatment. How many lessons were yet to be learned by the volunteer!

The regiment left St. Louis on flat cars, with rations of "hard tack" and the historic "sow bosom." On the trip it rained almost continuously. To cook the meat on the train was impossible. It had to come, and as well now as later! So it was on this trip that the men learned to eat their pork raw with their hard tack. Later, those men learned to bless their stars when they *had* it to eat. The regiment moved via Jefferson City to Syracuse. Now Col. Steele had command. Being a regular army officer with high ideas as to discipline, the colonel found much to contend with in drilling his young Iowa volunteers. Here, Secretary of War Cameron reviewed the troops. It was the first "review" for the Eighth, and like the other volunteers just from home, they were more intent on reviewing than on being reviewed. The sensitive ones recall that Col. Steele was not elated with the appearance of his regiment at that time.

October 21st, the regiment started for Springfield. Each company was allowed two six mule teams with three for regimental headquarters. Company mess chests contained tin plates, cups, spoons, knives and forks for each man. Tents, axes, hatchets and the knapsacks of the weak were piled into these wagons till they could hold no more. The third day brought the regiment to Warsaw, on the Osage river, with rations exhausted. After one day without supplies, the regiment crossed the Osage and spent five days in a memorable camp called "Pommedeten," subsisting upon fresh beef and unbolted wheat, without salt for either. The supply train then arrived, and "hard tack" and its companion piece were no longer despised. On the 30th, the regiment resumed its route. Lt.-Col. Geddes was in command, Col. Steele having been assigned to the command of a brigade. A messenger from Fremont, at Springfield, brought intelligence that Price was threatening an attack on that place. At early dawn, a forced march was undertaken for its relief, and 38 miles marched. At daylight the march was resumed and continued to within four miles of Springfield. But a large portion of the men did not reach camp that night. They were strewn along the line of march for miles. Knapsacks, with their contents, lined the road.

Gen. Fremont was now relieved, and about November 4th Springfield was evacuated. The Eighth took up line of march for Sedalia. The terrible forced marching and the lack of proper rations began now to show their results in sickness and death, which continued through the winter. Five men died on the return march. About November 21st, Companies E and K were detached and sent as escort for a wagon train and drove of 1,200 cattle destined for Fort Leavenworth. These companies spent the entire winter on the border. They returned to Sedalia about March 1, 1862, and then mustered as many men fit for duty as all the remaining eight companies, among whom sickness and death had made alarming havoc. Some of the

convalescents in the hospital were poisoned by pies bought from a rebel woman.

March 11th, 1862, the regiment was ordered to St. Louis and thence to Pittsburg Landing. On the Tennessee river the boat was fired into by Rebels and two men killed and three wounded. Arriving about March 21st, the Eighth was attached to Sweeny's brigade. In the battle of Shiloh, April 6th, it bore a conspicuous part, fighting with heroism and endurance, till surrounded and cut off, together with the Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, it was compelled to surrender. (See chapter 12.) The regiment endured a six months' imprisonment in the South—the enlisted men at Macon, Georgia, and the officers, for the most part, at Selma, Alabama, and Madison, Georgia. The latter were paroled at Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia, October 16th, 1862; the enlisted men being paroled a short time previously. All were sent to St. Louis. (For a record of the members of the Eighth who escaped capture at Shiloh, see "Union Brigade.")

The Eighth Iowa was reorganized at St. Louis, during the winter of 1862-3, and was sent to Rolla. It returned in the spring and was ordered to join Grant's forces near Vicksburg, where about April 1, 1863, it was assigned to the Third brigade, Third division, Fifteenth army corps, commanded by Gen. W. T. Sherman. May 2d, it moved, with its corps, around Vicksburg, and crossing at Grand Gulf, moved by way of Port Gibson and Raymond to Jackson, Mississippi, where it took part in the assault on that place. It assisted in destroying the railroads, and then moved with its corps to Vicksburg. It was in the bloody assault of May 22d, and served through the entire siege. After the fall of Vicksburg, July 4th, the regiment, with its corps, moved under Sherman in pursuit of Johnston, and joined in the second siege and battle of Jackson. When Jackson was evacuated it joined in the pursuit and the fight at Brandon. Sherman's army now set out for Chattanooga, the Third division of the Fifteenth corps being left to guard the railroad. The Eighth Iowa was stationed at Pocahontas, Tennessee, from about October 30th to January, 1864. During this time, re-enlistment for veteran service took place.

January, 1864, the Third division took part in Sherman's raid into the interior of Mississippi. That campaign closed, the non-veterans of the Eighth regiment joined the Red river expedition under Gen. A. J. Smith, while the veterans went home to Iowa on furlough. After 30 days stay they returned South. At Memphis, Tennessee, under Lt.-Col. Bell, the regiment performed the difficult service of provost guard, Col. Geddes being provost marshal of the district of West Tennessee, commanded by Gen. C. C. Washburn. During the summer of 1864, at Memphis, the Eighth Iowa was inspected by Gen. Marcy, Inspector General, U. S. A. He requested Lt.-Col. Bell to drill the regiment through the park and streets, and after thorough inspection said to him: "I have inspected the Army of the Potomac and all the troops in the Northwest, and your regiment has done what no other regiment has. It is fully equal to any regiment in the regular army. It is a wonder to me how you have learned it." Well may the gallant Eighth have been gratified with this unusual tribute to its soldierly acquirements! August 21st, 1864, occurred the brilliant repulse of Forrest's cavalry, winning the highest recognition from the city of Memphis. (Described in chapter 29.) Again in January, 1865, when the Eighth Iowa was ordered to New Orleans, the citizens of Memphis manifested, in a marked manner, their regard for this gallant regiment.

The Eighth camped for a time on the old battle field eight miles below New Orleans, and then took passage for Mobile. It moved with Canby's army against Spanish Fort. In the reduction of that stronghold (described in chapter 32), the regiment, led by Col. Bell, won the first honors. After the fall of Mobile, the Eighth was ordered to Montgomery, Alabama, and was assigned to provost duty. This city had been the scene of imprisonment for some of the regiment, now revisiting it under such widely different circumstances. In the autumn the regiment was sent to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and

during the winter to Selma. April 29, 1866, it was mustered out of the United States service. It had been nearly five years in the field, and was the last volunteer regiment from Iowa to leave the government service.

Its first colonel, Frederick Steele, was made brigadier general in February, 1862, and major general November 29, 1862. His successor, Col. Jas. L. Geddes, who was wounded and imprisoned at Shiloh, served again, after his release, with distinction, and was brevetted brigadier general June 5, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Eighth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Frederick Steele. Jas. Loraine Geddes. Wm. Stubbs.	John C. Ferguson. Joseph Anderson. Fredrick S. Palmer. Wm Stubbs. Samuel E. Rankin.	James Irwin. Aug. W. Hoffmeister. Samuel D. Cook.	Cyrus G. VanDerveer. Wm. Poston.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Jas. Loraine Geddes. John C. Ferguson. Wm. B. Bell. Andrew Geddes.	Geo. H. McLoughlin. Samuel E. Rankin. Marion Campbell. George W. Marsden. Joseph C. Stoddard.	P. B. Clark. Aug. W. Hoffmeister. S. D. Cook. Isaac M. Houston. Geo. H. Noyes. W. D. Hoffman. Chas. McGovern.	Wm. McCullough. Wm. Downard.

NINTH IOWA INFANTRY.

HON. WM. VANDEVER, member of congress from Iowa, obtained special permission the day after the battle of Bull Run, to raise a regiment in his district. The Ninth infantry responded to the call. It was organized at Dubuque, and mustered into the service September 24, 1861. Wm. Vandever was colonel, Frank J. Herron lieutenant colonel and Wm. H. Coyl major. The regiment was immediately sent to St. Louis, and October 11th, moved to Franklin to guard the railroad. The great Army of the West was now preparing for a grand forward movement. At Lebanon, the regiment joined the Army of the Southwest, commanded by Gen. Curtis. It was placed in Vandever's brigade, and in Carr's division. Curtis hoped to capture Price in Springfield, and marched for that point. It was too late. Price had evacuated. Curtis pursued rapidly, halting at Cross Hollows, Arkansas. On Sugar Creek the Ninth had its first skirmish, behaving with coolness and courage, charging upon an enemy three times as numerous as itself, and under the fire of a battery of artillery, driving the enemy before it. March 7th and 8th occurred the memorable battle of Pea Ridge, whither the Ninth was hastened from Huntsville where it had been sent in a detachment under Col. Vandever. No historic march ever exceeded that—forty-two miles in fourteen consecutive hours. In the engagement the regiment won brilliant renown. (See chapter 11.) The regiment now went with Curtis's army through Missouri and Arkansas. After a march of 600 miles of hardship, it arrived at Helena, July 17, 1862. (See sketch of Gen. Curtis, chapter 33.) At Helena the Ninth remained five months, and had the pleasure of receiving as a tribute to its bravery at Pea Ridge, a stand of beautiful silk colors embroidered in gold. It was presented by ladies of Boston through Miss Phoebe Adams. These colors were afterward borne over many a proudly won battle field. Later, they were given back by unanimous voice—one to the donors, and one to Gen. Vandever, the first colonel of the Ninth. In December of 1862, the regiment was assigned to the Fifteenth army corps, and placed in Thayer's brigade of Steele's division to aid in the attack on Vicksburg. December 23th and 29th, it shared in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. (See chapter 17.) It took part in the assault and capture of Arkan-

sas Post, January 11, 1863. Col. Vandever soon parted from his regiment, being promoted brigadier general. Capt. David Carskaddon was appointed to the colonelcy. During February and March the regiment was at Young's Point, a wet, malarial and dismal region, where sickness and death made fearful havoc in its ranks. April, 1863, was occupied in the Deer Creek expedition under Steele. May 2d, the regiment started on the march to the rear of Vicksburg. On the 14th it reached Jackson and took part in its capture. On the 18th it took position at the right of our lines before Vicksburg. It was in the assault of May 19th, and in the terrible one of May 22d, where its bloody colors were drawn out from under the last of the guard who fell within a few feet of the enemy. July 4th, when Vicksburg fell, the total loss of the regiment in the siege had been 121. That same night, the Ninth was again on the march for Jackson and participated in the siege. When Johnston retreated, July 16th, the regiment followed to Brandon, where 1 man was killed. By July 31st, it was in camp on Black river. Gen. Osterhaus was now placed in command of the division in which was the Ninth Iowa, and Col. Williamson, Fourth Iowa, of the brigade. This brigade was composed of Iowa troops, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, and Thirty-first, and remained under Col. Williamson until the close of the Savannah campaign, when his promotion called him to another field. September 22d, the regiment was ordered to move to Corinth, Mississippi, from whence, later, the march to Chattanooga was begun. The regiment halted at Lookout Mountain, November 23d, just in time to take part in "the battle above the clouds," November 24th. On that day, among the rocks and amid the mist, its command made prisoners of a rebel brigade. On the 25th, it was at Mission Ridge. It was also at Ringgold. This closed the campaign. The loss of the Ninth had been 3 killed and 16 wounded. The regiment established winter quarters at Woodville, Ala. It had marched in the year, 870 miles on foot, 1,300 by water and 100 by railway, and numbered now 510. January 1, 1864, 287 of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans and went home to enjoy furlough. At Nashville, an elegant new silk flag, to replace the battle-torn one which had been given back after Vicksburg, was received from the ladies of Boston. The regiment re-assembled at Davenport, March 15th. Capt. George Granger had been promoted to the majority, Maj. Carpenter having died on January 12th. Under Maj. Granger, the regiment arrived at Woodville, Ala., April 10th. Col. Carskaddon, returned from sick leave, now led the regiment, May 1st, to the Atlanta campaign.

The regiment took its place in the line of battle made up of the armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio, confronting the Rebels under Gen. J. E. Johnston. In the four months following, in this brilliant campaign, the Ninth participated actively and gallantly with the Fifteenth corps. It marched 400 miles, largely by night, crossing three rivers and many streams in the enemy's face. It constructed numerous lines of works and it participated with honor in that long series of engagements. By September 8th, the campaign over, the regiment was at East Point, Ga. It had lost, since May 1st, 14 killed, 70 wounded and 6 captured. At Ezra Church, July 23th, Col. Carskaddon was slightly wounded. The non-veterans were mustered out September 23d, and furloughs granted to five per cent of the men. Before much advantage had been taken of this leave, Hood showed signs of activity, the furloughs were suspended, and by October 4th the Ninth was again on the move. After the pursuit, the regiment returned to Atlanta. November 12th, it helped tear up and destroy the railroad and fill up the cuts. On the 15th, commanded by Capt. McSweeney, it followed Sherman on the march to the sea. It reached Savannah without loss. During the year the Ninth had marched 1,400 miles, and traveled by steamer and railroad 1,900. The number in the regiment was 442. After a short stay in Savannah, the Ninth, in its brave Iowa brigade, joined in the march northward. Col. Carskaddon returned, and was honorably mustered out of

service, his term of enlistment having expired. Maj. Abernethy, promoted from captain of Co. F, in place of Maj. Granger, who had died, took command of the regiment. The Ninth participated in the grand review at Washington, and about the middle of July was mustered out of the service at Louisville, Ky.

Wm. Vandever, the first colonel of the Ninth, became brigadier general November 29, 1862, and was brevetted major general June 7, 1865. Frank J. Herron, first lieutenant colonel, became brigadier general July 30, 1862, and major general November 9, 1862.

Field and Staff Officers of the Ninth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Wm. Vandever. David Carskaddon.	Wm. H. Coyl. Don A. Carpenter. George Granger. Alonzo Abernethy. Chester W. Inman.	Benjamin McClure. Edward J. McGorrick.	Amos B. Kendig. Alanson Barbour.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Frank J. Herron. Wm. H. Coyl. Alonzo Abernethy.	Wm. Scott. Chas. McKenzie. Chas. H. Lyman.	Henry W. Hart. Chas. A. Reed. Geo. W. Carter. Lewis H. Cutler.	Ferd'nd S. Winslow. Jerome Bradley. Franklin A. Morton. Henry H. Gray.

TENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment was organized at Iowa City, August, 1861. Nicholas Perczel was made colonel, Wm. E. Small lieutenant colonel, and John C. Bennett major. It was sent to St. Louis, and October 1st to Cape Girardeau, against the Rebels under Hardee and Pillow. October 10th at Bloomfield it dispersed Jeff. Thompson's band. The regiment was ordered, November 12th, to Bird's Point, from whence expeditions were frequently sent out. January 8, 1862, one of these, under the colonel, was fired on from ambuscade, and though the enemy was finally dispersed, 15 of the Tenth were either killed or wounded. March 4th, the regiment departed for New Madrid. In less than four months in its unhealthy camp it had lost 96 men. The regiment was the first to enter New Madrid, March 14th. At Island No. 10 it participated in the capture. On April 7th and 8th, the Tenth was also at hand in capturing at Tiptonville between 5,000 and 6,000 prisoners, lately the force of Island No. 10. April 10th, the New Madrid forces, styled the Army of the Mississippi, were moved down the Mississippi, to attack Fort Pillow, which was bombarded. The bombardment was cut short by orders from Gen. Halleck to join in the siege of Corinth. In this siege, the reconnoissances and skirmishes, the regiment performed its duties faithfully and with spirit. This was especially the case in the skirmish of the 9th of May, and another at Farmington on May 26th, where the Tenth had 8 wounded. Corinth was evacuated May 30th. The pursuit ended at Booneville, Miss. Returning, the regiment camped on Clear Creek, near Corinth. On the 29th there was an expedition to Ripley. There was much sickness in camp and many died. The regiment moved to Jacinto July 29th. September 18th, the command moved to Iuka. It participated in the battle of Iuka, September 19th. (See chapter 13.) The following day, it joined in the pursuit. In the battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th, the Tenth was in the second brigade, Gen. Sullivan, Third division, Army of the Mississippi. Maj. McCalla commanded the regiment. It bore a gallant part in that gallant engagement. (Described in chapter 14.) The Rebels were pursued toward Ripley and the Tenth returned to Corinth. November 1, 1862, the division left on a reconnoissance to Holly Springs, which was occupied a short time. December

12th, the regiment joined in the movement under Gen. Grant into central Mississippi, having for its object the attack of Vicksburg from the rear. When this movement was frustrated, the army turned and commenced the march back, December 22d. At Lumpkin's Mill, Quinby's division, in which was the Tenth, was sent to Memphis, in charge of a train for supplies for the army, consisting of several hundred wagons. These were loaded and on January 1st and 2d, escorted to Lafayette on the railroad, where the army awaited them. After guarding the railway a month, the regiment went to Memphis, where it remained till spring. Col. Perczel had resigned before the march into Mississippi. Maj. Bennett had resigned a short time before the close of 1861, and early in 1862, Capt. McCalla, who commanded at Corinth, had been promoted to his place. March 4th, Quinby's division embarked for down the river to Louisiana Bend, and, on the 8th, returned to Helena. The regiment, with Quinby's command, was in the novel expedition of the Yazoo Pass. (Described in chapter 17.) The Tenth had for a time been attached to the Third brigade of the Seventh division, Seventeenth army corps, Gen. McPherson. In the Vicksburg campaign, following this, the Third brigade was commanded by Col. Boomer.

April 25th, this great campaign opened. It was the destiny of the Tenth to take conspicuous positions in bloody battles, and through desperate fighting win laurels by its valor. Gen. Quinby being sick, Gen. M. M. Crocker had command of the division. May 1st, the division crossed the river at Bruinsburg, and was present at the battles of Fort Gibson and Raymond. The Tenth fought at the battle of Jackson, May 14th. Then followed the bloody battle of Champion Hills. (See chapter 18.) Among the different Iowa regiments that distinguished themselves, the Tenth fought heroically—desperately. Such fighting, and at a critical juncture of battle, turned a prospective defeat into brilliant victory. It carried assurance of the fall of Vicksburg. On the 19th, the division took position in the line investing Vicksburg. The regiment participated, with its brigade, in the fearful assault of May 22d. Here fell its gallant brigade leader, Col. Boomer. He was soon succeeded in command by Gen. Matthies. The Third brigade was in the force detailed to hold Johnston in check and was ordered out on the defensive line on Black river, June 22d. When Vicksburg surrendered, it joined in the hasty pursuit of Johnston, and in the campaign of Jackson, returning to Vicksburg July 19th. Early in September, the division was ordered to go to Little Rock, to re-enforce Gen. Steele. At Helena, the order was revoked, Gen. Steele having already succeeded. September 29th, the division was ordered to Memphis, to be united with the Fifteenth corps under Gen. Sherman which was to march to Chattanooga, to re-enforce the Army of the Cumberland. It arrived at Chattanooga November 19th. In the battle of Chattanooga, which ensued, November 24th, 25th and 26th, the brigade of Gen. Matthies well sustained its high reputation won on hotly contested fields. (See chapter 21.) The Tenth and the Fifth were still comrade regiments, together with the Ninety-third Illinois and Twenty-sixth Missouri. The Tenth fought with heroism. After the victory it joined in the pursuit. January 9, 1864, it went into winter quarters at Huntsville. A reconnoissance to Mooresville, Alabama, had taken place. Early in February, nearly 300 of the Tenth had re-enlisted, and March 30th it became a veteran regiment. February 11th, the Tenth, under Matthies, formed part of a detachment accompanying Thomas east of Chattanooga, with the object of holding Johnston from re-enforcing Polk, while Sherman was marching on his destructive Meridian raid. April 30th, the brigade was ordered to Decatur, Alabama. June 15th, the veterans of the regiment were ordered to Iowa on veteran furlough. They returned to Kingston, Georgia, August 1st. Shortly after, there was an expedition to Mill Place.

The Tenth now served in a movement of great importance in connection with the simultaneous movements of Sherman in the Atlanta campaign. It was directed against the rebel raiders under Wheeler, who were threatening the lines of army supplies. It was under Generals Steadman, Rousseau,

Granger and Milroy, and was a trying march of nearly 1,000 miles. The regiment returned to Kingston. The old Third brigade, which for two years had fought together, sharing the fortune of camp and field, was now disbanded. The remnant of the Fifth Iowa was transferred to the Fifth cavalry; the term of enlistment of the Tenth Missouri had expired, and the Seventeenth Iowa had been nearly all taken prisoners at Tilton; so that the remnant of the Third brigade was merged into the First and Second brigades. The brave Tenth, with the Twenty-sixth Missouri, was attached to the latter, commanded by Gen. Raum. Sept. 28th, the non-veterans of the regiment were mustered out; but 150 new recruits were mustered in, early in October. The Tenth Iowa, as a part of the Second brigade, Third division, Fifteenth corps, joined in Sherman's "March to the Sea." The regiment participated in the attacks preliminary to its entering Savannah, Dec. 21, 1864. Jan. 9, 1865, the command began its march through the swamps of South Carolina. There was incessant rain. Feb. 5th, at the passage of the Salkahatchie, the Rebels were entrenched on the opposite of the swamp. The Second brigade, Third division, being in advance, the Tenth Iowa was delayed as skirmishers. With the Fifty-sixth Illinois, it waded the stream waist deep, and charged upon and drove the Rebels from their intrenchments. The regiment had two wounded. An engagement in which the Tenth was warmly engaged occurred March 19th, at the Cross Roads near Cox's bridge on the Neuse river, where the Second brigade destroyed the bridge. The Tenth lost 1 man killed and 4 wounded. The sanguinary battle of Bentonville had taken place on the same day.

The Fifteenth corps entered Goldsboro on the 22d. At this time, according to the complete and valuable official history of the regiment, by Wm. H. Silsby, lieutenant colonel commanding, the Tenth Iowa had 22 officers and 456 men. It had marched in the last four months, over 800 miles of hostile territory. In its whole career, it had traveled 8,175 miles, and had served in ten states in rebellion. The regiment continued its march to Raleigh and Washington City, participating in the grand review. It then went to Louisville, Kentucky, but mustering out was delayed until August 15th, at Little Rock, whither it had been ordered. Thus closed the gallant record of the Tenth Iowa.

Field and Staff Officers of the Tenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Nicholas Perczel. Wm. E. Small. Paris P. Henderson. Wm. H. Silsby.	John C. Bennett. Nathaniel McCalla. Robert Lusby. Aaron W. Drew. John M. Cochran.	Wm. P. Davis. Richard J. Mohr.	David W. Tolford. Wm. G. Kephart.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Wm. E. Small. Paris P. Henderson. Nathaniel McCalla. Wm. H. Silsby. Aaron W. Drew.	Thos. W. Jackson. John Delahoyde. Wm. Manning. Henry S. Bowman.	Andrew J. Willey. Richard J. Mohr. Wm. C. Cummings. John O. Skinner. Wm. Everett.	James Trusdell. Frank W. Crosby. Geo. G. Lindley.

THE CROCKER BRIGADE.

The Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Iowa Regiments.

THIS brave command, brigaded together after the battle of Shiloh, and fighting together till the end of the war, is the oldest brigade organization in the great army of the Union. From Shiloh on, the history of each regiment is almost the history of all.

The Eleventh was organized at Davenport November 1, 1861, with Abraham M. Hare as colonel. Wm. Hall was its first major and also its first lieutenant colonel, being succeeded in the majority by John C. Abercrombie. Abercrombie was one of the best men in the service, and his abilities, and courage, brought him the highest promotion in his regiment. When the body of Lt.-Col. Wentz, of the Seventh, killed in battle at Belmont, was sent home to Davenport, it was the sad duty of the Eleventh to attend it to the grave with military honors. The regiment was sent to St. Louis, and December 8th to Jefferson City. December 14th, with a battalion of the Third cavalry, it started campaigning to Booneville, capturing gunpowder. There was an expedition to Providence and one to Boonsboro, which place was captured. December 23d, five companies under Lt.-Col. Hall went to California, Missouri, scouting—the other five, under Col. Hare, to Fulton. March 10, 1862, the regiment moved for Pittsburg Landing. At the battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, it fought with honor. (See chapter 12.) It was led by Lt.-Col. Hall, Col. Hare taking the place of Brigade Commander Oglesby. It was in McClelland's division.

The Thirteenth Iowa was mustered into the service at Davenport, November 2, 1861, with Marcellus M. Crocker (lieutenant colonel of the Second) as colonel, Milton M. Price as lieutenant colonel and John Shane as major. The regiment was sent to St. Louis, and December 13th to Jefferson City. In the spring of 1862, it was ordered to report to Gen. Grant at Pittsburg Landing, arriving there March 23d. It was assigned, with the Eleventh, to Oglesby's brigade (First) and McClelland's division (First). At the battle of Shiloh it at once entered the fight, was ten hours under fire, bore itself with coolness and courage, and suffered severely. The lieutenant colonel and major were wounded. (See chapter 12.) April 16th, Lt.-Col. Price resigned and Maj. Shane was soon promoted to his place. Capt. Geo. M. Van Hosen became major.

The Fifteenth Iowa was organized at Keokuk, February 22, 1862. Hugh T. Reid was colonel, Wm. Dewey lieutenant colonel, and Wm. W. Belknap major. It left for St. Louis, March 19th, and was ordered at once to Pittsburg Landing. April 6th, it reported to Gen. Prentiss, while the cannon of Shiloh were thundering and the wounded and flying seeking the rear. It was ordered into the hottest of the fight. Without training, without experience, in this fiery baptism the men bore themselves like true soldiers. Colonel, major and adjutant were wounded. April 29th, a beautiful silken flag from Iowa was presented to the Fifteenth in recognition of its valor at Shiloh. The "old flag," still so new, riddled by eleven bullets, with the staff nearly severed by four balls, is preserved by the state.

The Sixteenth Iowa was the last regiment raised in response to the President's call for volunteers the first year of the war. It left Davenport March 20, 1862, but its organization was completed March 24th at St. Louis. Alexander Chambers, a regular army officer who had mustered in many of the preceding regiments, was made colonel. Col. Chambers' name was familiar to every soldier in Iowa. He was not only a well drilled officer; he was a competent officer, and a brave man. He was twice wounded while gallantly leading an Iowa regiment. He later attained to important rank in the regular army, and died in the service of his country. Addison H. Sanders was lieutenant colonel and Wm. Purcell major. The regiment was immediately dispatched to Pittsburg Landing. Like the Fifteenth, it arrived April 6th,

when the battle of Shiloh was raging, and was ordered into the thickest of the fight to fire its first gun in the service. It passed unflinchingly through the fierce ordeal.

April 27th, these four regiments were united in the "Crocker brigade." Later, it was usually spoken of as the "old Iowa brigade of the Seventeenth corps." In the absence of Col. Crocker, and at his promotion, the brigade was commanded by others; by Col. Reid of the Fifteenth; by Colonels Hare and Hall of the Eleventh; by Gen. J. M. Tuttle; by Col. Chambers of the Sixteenth, and by Col. Shane of the Thirteenth. July 31, 1864, Gen. Belknap was assigned to the position. While this general temporarily commanded a division in the pursuit of Hood, in the autumn of '64, the brigade was led by Lt.-Col. Abercrombie of the Eleventh, and later by Maj. Pomutz of the Fifteenth. Finally, Gen. Belknap being assigned to a division, Lt.-Col. Beach of the Eleventh was in temporary command, till brevet Brig. Gen. Hickenlooper was assigned to the position, June 17, 1865.

The brigade joined in the siege of Corinth and, when the Rebels evacuated, helped garrison the place. June 27th, the Fifteenth was detailed as provost guard, Maj. Belknap being provost marshal under Gen. Ord, commanding the post. The brigade was moved to Bolivar, Tenn., to re-enforce Gen. Ross. Considerable reconnoitering took place here. Col. Murphy, in Iuka, attacked by the Rebels, sent for re-enforcements, and the Sixteenth was detailed from its brigade to form a junction with Rosecrans. It thus participated alone in the battle of Iuka, September 19th, where the Fifth Iowa so distinguished itself. Of the Sixteenth, Rosecrans says: "The Sixteenth Iowa, amid the roar of battle, the rush of wounded artillery horses, and a storm of grape, canister and musketry, stood like a rock, holding the center." The remainder of the brigade was marched to Corinth September 13th, while Iuka was being taken by Price. It was then, in its division, placed under Ord, to co-operate with Rosecrans in retaking Iuka—thus not engaging in that battle, fought by Rosecrans alone. October 3d and 4th, the brigade took gallant part in the battle of Corinth, and lost many. (See chapter 14.) It joined in the pursuit, returning from Ripley to Corinth. Gen. McArthur now succeeded Gen. McKean in command of its division (the Sixth). Previous to this, Lt.-Col. Dewey of the Fifteenth had become colonel of the 23d Iowa, and Maj. Belknap had succeeded to his place in the regiment. Adj. Pomutz, a highly accomplished officer, rendered efficient aid as assistant adjutant general, and at the same time as engineer in connecting and strengthening forts, constructing short interior lines, etc. October 28th, Gen. Hamilton succeeded Gen. Rosecrans in command at Corinth. November 2d, Hamilton's command, including the Crocker brigade with its division, joined in Gen. Grant's Mississippi Central railroad campaign. On the 28th, the Third corps was put in motion for the winter campaign in the rear of Vicksburg. December 19th, passing through Oxford, Gen. Grant reviewed the division while marching. When the disastrous surrender of Holly Springs put an end to the expedition, the brigade guarded the railway till January 12, 1863, when it returned to Memphis. It was the coldest winter known for years. In the Thirteenth regiment, Maj. Van Hosen had resigned January 21st, and was succeeded by Adj. Jas. Wilson, who was in turn succeeded by Lieut. Henry H. Rood. Adj. Wm. T. Clark had been promoted assistant adjutant general, and rapidly continued to rise in rank until finally brevetted major general.

January 18, 1863, McArthur's division was embarked to engage in the project of connecting Lake Providence with the Mississippi river by canal. Gen. McPherson was now placed in command of the Seventeenth army corps, to which the divisions of Gen. McArthur and Gen. Quinby, previously under Gen. Hamilton, were united. The Crocker brigade (the Third) encamped on the north side of Lake Providence, and the work commenced. Much sickness ensued. Early in March, the Seventeenth corps was rigidly examined by the inspector general. The records of the Fifteenth Iowa met with special approbation, from their completeness and correctness. At

night, on March 16th, the cutting of the dam of the Mississippi was announced by minute guns. The waters of the river were twelve feet higher than the surface of the lake, and rushed in with a roar like Niagara. April 8th, McArthur's division was addressed on the subject of the President's emancipation proclamation by Generals Thomas, McPherson, McArthur and Crocker, and Col. Reid. Officers and men generally regarded the matter favorably, and the officers of the Crocker brigade transmitted resolutions of approval to the governor of Iowa.

The brigade now entered on Grant's Vicksburg campaign. Gen. Crocker was in command of a division, and the brigade was now under Col. Hall of the Eleventh, his regiment being led by Lt.-Col. Abercrombie. Col. Reid of the Fifteenth, being promoted brigadier general, was succeeded in his regiment by Lt.-Col. Belknap, just returned from staff duty. Joining the Vicksburg army, on the left of McClernand's corps, the brigade participated in heavy skirmishing. May 26th, it was ordered on a reconnoitering expedition to Mechanicsville. Returning, the brigade reached Haines' Bluff, the night of the 31st. Col. Chambers of the Sixteenth now rejoined his command, and led the brigade. In the Fifteenth, Maj. Hedrick was now lieutenant colonel, and Adj. Pomutz major. June 4th, the brigade marched to the rear of Vicksburg, taking position in the center of McPherson's line. By day it furnished heavy details to the skirmish line, and at night to advance the trenches. Here the brigade was drawn up to listen to words of cheer from Gov. Kirkwood and Adj. Gen. Baker, visiting their 29 Iowa regiments at Vicksburg. June 23d, the brigade was ordered to the Black river line, engaged in watching Johnston. It was at the siege of Vicksburg that Lieut. Samuel Duffin, Company K, Sixteenth Iowa, was given the gold medal designed for the "bravest and best" soldier of the Seventeenth army corps. This brave lieutenant was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. After the surrender of Vicksburg the brigade performed the important duty of guarding the subsistence and ammunition train toward Jackson. July 27th, it was ordered to Vicksburg. It engaged about the middle of August in the melancholy expedition of Gen. Stevenson to Monroe, Louisiana, sharing in the forced marches, the thirst, heat and exhaustion of that profitless and painful enterprise. The Eleventh was led by Maj. Foster, and the Thirteenth by Maj. Walker. The command returned September 3d. After this there followed occasional minor expeditions.

In January, 1864, the four regiments became by re-enlistment veteran regiments. They participated in the Meridian raid of Gen. Sherman, and in the spring went home to Iowa on veteran furlough. During their absence from the field, the non-veterans of the brigade were formed into the Iowa Battalion of the Seventeenth corps under Maj. Geo. Pomutz of the Fifteenth, with officers detailed from each regiment. It went to Cairo and garrisoned Mound City and then, with strong re-enforcements, joined in the expedition under Gen. Gresham to Clifton, on the Tennessee river. It arrived at Huntsville, Alabama, May 20th, having in charge 900 cattle for Sherman's army. Here the brigade was reunited. Maj. Pomutz became corps provost marshal on the staff of Gen. Frank P. Blair, now commanding Seventeenth army corps, Gen. McPherson being placed in command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee. The Crocker brigade was now the Third under Col. Hall, of the Fourth division, Gen. Crocker.

The Atlanta campaign opened. This gallant brigade took conspicuous and distinguished part in that long series of battles. (Described in chapter 25.) In the hot battle of July 22d the brave Sixteenth was captured and with it the greater part of four detached companies of the Thirteenth. The men suffered imprisonment at Andersonville, though the greater part were exchanged in two months. The officers remained much longer. The brigade joined in pursuit of Hood. October 10th, the Fifteenth was detailed to escort the corps supply train of 247 wagons by way of Allatoona and Kingston to the Army of the Tennessee. November 15th, the brigade

started with the army on the "March to the Sea." There was attached to it the Thirty-second Illinois. Arrived in the vicinity of Savannah, the brigade with its division was engaged in fighting before the city was entered. (See chapter 27.) Then Fort McAllister fell, and Commodore Dahlgren's boats arrived bringing subsistence, heavy guns and the first mail for six weeks.

January 6, 1865, the brigade left Savannah with the army for the North. This difficult march, with the gallant part taken by the Crocker brigade is described in chapter 31. February 16th, the army, nearing the Congaree river, saw Columbia lifting herself proudly on the heights of the opposite bank. The Thirteenth Iowa, under its lieutenant colonel, J. C. Kennedy, enjoyed the honor of being the first to hoist the Stars and Stripes over the capital of South Carolina, where the first banner of secession had been unfurled to the breeze. This regiment had succeeded in the daring enterprise of making irregular entrance into the city about three hours before the formal entrance of our troops. At Goldsboro the command was reviewed by Gen. Sherman, with Generals Schofield and Terry of the eastern army. In the Fifteenth regiment, Lt.-Col. Hedrick, absent from wounds received at Atlanta, was mustered in as colonel, Maj. Pomutz as lieutenant colonel and Capt. Porter as major. At Raleigh the troops were again reviewed by Gen. Sherman, in presence of Gen. Grant. April 29th, Sherman's army was started north. In Washington, May 24th, the brave Iowa brigade was a conspicuous feature at the grand review. June 1st, the Army of the Tennessee was ordered to Louisville, and July 14th, Gen. Sherman reviewed the troops and bade them farewell. During the same month the different regiments of the brigade were mustered out of the service in which their bravery and fidelity had shone so conspicuously.

In the Thirteenth regiment, its first colonel, Marcellus M. Crocker, so distinguished and beloved, was made brigadier general November 29, 1862. Col. Jas. Wilson was brevetted brigadier general March 13, 1865. In the Fifteenth, Hugh T. Reid, first colonel, became brigadier general March 13, 1863. Wm. W. Belknap, first major, was made brigadier general July 30, 1864, brevet major general March 14, 1865, and Secretary of War in Gen. Grant's cabinet, 1869. John M. Hedrick, captain, was brevetted brigadier general March 13, 1865. Lt.-Col. Geo. Pomutz was also brevetted brigadier general. In the Sixteenth, Col. Chambers was brevetted brigadier general, and Col. Sanders on March 16, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Eleventh Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Abraham M. Hare. Wm. Hall. John C. Abercrombie. Benjamin Beach.	Wm. Hall. John C. Abercrombie. Chas. Foster. John C. Marven.	Wm. Watson. John G. Miller.	John S. Whittlesey. Chauncey H. Remington.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Wm. Hall. John C. Abercrombie. Benj. Beach. John C. Marven.	Cornelius Cadle, Jr. Oliver D. Kinsman. John G. Safey. Frederick P. Candee.	Frederick Lloyd. John G. Miller. D. P. Johnson. J. C. Batdorf. Frederick Meyer. Joseph D. Miles. J. R. Duncan.	Richard Cadle. Henry Le Jarboe.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Marcellus M. Crocker. John Shane. James Wilson.	John Shane. Geo. M. Van Hosen. Jas. Wilson. Wm. A. Walker. Thos. P. Marshall. Alonzo J. Pope.	Joseph McKee. Moses W. Thomas.	John Steele. John Elrod.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Milton M. Price. John Shane. Jas. Wilson. Justin C. Kennedy.	Wm. T. Clark. Jas. Wilson. Henry H. Rood. Chas. A. Myers.	Jas. H. Boucher. Seneca B. Thrall. John C. Morrison. J. D. McCleery.	Horatio G. Barner. Stephen Purdy. Richard Kennedy. Newel C. Keyes.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Hugh T. Reid. Wm. W. Belknap. John M. Hedrick.	W. W. Belknap. Wm. T. Cunningham. John M. Hedrick. Geo. Pomutz. Jas. S. Porter.	Wm. H. Burnham. Saml. B. Davis. Wm. H. Gibbon.	Wm. W. Estabrook. Ensign H. King.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Wm. Dewey. Wm. W. Belknap. John M. Hedrick. Geo. Pomutz.	Geo. Pomutz. Ensign H. King. Wm. C. Suddger.	Wm. H. Gibbon. Wm. W. Nelson. Hezekiah Fisk. John C. Johnson.	John M. Hedrick. Mortimer A. Higley. John D. Shannon. Elisha W. Elliott.

Field and Staff Officers of the Sixteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Alex. Chambers. Josiah T. Herbert.	Wm. Purcell. John Henry Smith. Josiah T. Herbert. Peter Miller. John F. Conyngham.	Jacob H. Camburn. Frederick Lloyd. Josiah L. Phillips.	
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Addison H. Saunders. John H. Smith. Josiah T. Herbert. Peter Miller.	Geo. E. McCosh. Geo. Lawrence. Josiah T. Herbert. Oliver Asson.	Josiah L. Phillips. D. C. McNeil. Freeman McClelland. Dixon Alexander.	Chas. W. Tracker. Fred. Hope, Jr. Smith Spore.

TWELFTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was organized at Dubuque in October and November, 1861, and mustered into the service Nov. 25th, with Joseph J. Woods, a West Point graduate, and of military experience, as colonel, John P. Coulter, lieutenant colonel, and S. D. Brodtbeck, major. It was sent to St. Louis. In the winter, the regiment suffered severely from sickness, about 75 dying. Jan. 27th, it was ordered to report to Gen. Grant at Cairo, Ill. There, it was sent to the mouth of the Cumberland river, and established its camp in the field. Feb. 5th, it joined the expedition against Fort Henry. It finished its hard march just in time to see the Rebels retreating toward Fort Donelson. Feb. 12th, the regiment was assigned to Cook's brigade, Smith's division, and ordered to Fort Donelson. It was engaged in the front line in the battles of Feb. 13th, 14th and 15th, fighting gallantly. (See chapter 10.) After the surrender, the regiment remained in the fort till March 12th,

when it moved to Pittsburg Landing. It was now brigaded together with the Second, Seventh and Fourteenth Iowa, under Col. J. M. Tuttle of the Second. Gen. W. H. L. Wallace commanded the division. In the sanguinary battle of Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, the Twelfth fought desperately. (See chapter 12.) Entirely surrounded, it was, with the Fourteenth and Eighth, compelled to surrender about sundown. Col. Woods was left upon the field severely wounded. Capt. Edgington had taken his place. A painful captivity of nearly eight months followed. Officers of the rank of captain and upward were imprisoned at Selma, Ala., and the remainder, with the men, in wretched prisons in various parts of the state. About half of the men were paroled in May and sent to St. Louis. The remainder, with the officers, were only paroled and united at St. Louis late in November, their ranks thinned and enfeebled by the sufferings of prison life. The record of the members of the regiment who from various causes had escaped capture at Shiloh, will be found in the sketch of the Union brigade. In the latter part of March, 1863, all of the Twelfth were re-assembled at St. Louis, and reorganized under Col. Woods, Lt.-Col. Coulter and Maj. Brodtbeck having resigned. S. R. Edgington was made lieutenant colonel and J. H. Stibbs major.

April 9, 1863, the Twelfth was ordered to join in the Vicksburg campaign. Brigaded with the Eighth and Thirty-fifth Iowa infantry as the Third brigade, under Col. Matthies of the Fifth, it was assigned to the Third division, Brig. Gen. Tuttle commanding, and the Fifteenth army corps under Gen. Sherman. With this command the regiment marched from Duckport, La., May 2, 1863, to Jackson, Miss., where it engaged in the battle of May 14th, resulting in the capture of the city. After the destruction of railroads and rebel property, the march for Vicksburg was resumed, Gen. Sherman's corps taking position May 18th. The regiment was engaged in the assaults of the 19th and 22d of May. (See chapter 18.) June 22d, it was sent to the line of Black river to guard against Johnston. After the fall of Vicksburg, July 4th, the regiment joined in the siege of Jackson, which ended by the enemy's evacuating the city. It was in the pursuit and in the skirmish at Brandon. The regiment went into camp on Black river, July 25th. Here Lt.-Col. Edgington of the Twelfth having resigned, Maj. John H. Stibbs was appointed to his place, Capt. Van Duzee of Company I being appointed to the majority. Oct. 15th, the regiment was in an expedition to Brownsville, Miss. November 7th, it embarked for Memphis. Here its division, the Third, was detached from the Fifteenth army corps and assigned as First division under Brig. Gen. Tuttle, to the Sixteenth army corps under Maj. Gen. Hurlbut. Its brigade, the Third, was placed under the command of Col. J. L. Geddes of the Eighth Iowa. The division was assigned to guard duty on the railroad, the Twelfth Iowa being stationed at Chewalla, Tenn. The re-enlistment of the men took place at Christmas time. The skirmish of Goose creek transpired early in the morning of December 29th. Companies I and G, commanded by Capt. Sumbardo of the former, surrounded, surprised and captured 19 of the Rebels who were enjoying themselves at a dance. Our detachment sustained no loss. The enemy had 1 killed and 4 wounded, and among the captured were a captain and lieutenant. The railroad from Corinth to Memphis was abandoned Feb. 1, 1864. The Twelfth now joined its command at Vicksburg, to enter on Gen. Sherman's Meridian raid. Arriving too late, it went into camp on Black river. In March, Col. Woods proceeded to Iowa with the veterans of his regiment to receive furlough.

Reassembling at Davenport, April 22d, the veterans started south and went into camp near Memphis. On the 14th, six companies under Lt.-Col. Stibbs were ordered to the north of White river, Ark., as garrison. On the 28th, four of these companies were ordered to return, leaving two at the post. About the middle of June, the veterans of the regiment were joined by the non-veterans, who had been engaged in the Red river campaign under Gen. A. J. Smith. They had served in the entire expedition, had

been in the battle of Old River Lake, where the Rebels were defeated, and had lost a number in killed and wounded.

The Twelfth was now assigned to its old place in the Third brigade, First division, Sixteenth army corps; Gen. Woods commanding the brigade. Gen. Mower the division, and Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith the right wing of the corps. With this command the regiment started June 16, 1864, on an expedition through Mississippi. On July 6th, the army turned from the railway and marched to the vicinity of Tupelo. Here, in continued fighting on the 13th, 14th and 15th of July, 1864, the Twelfth distinguished itself anew by its valor and endurance. Lt.-Col. Stibbs commanded. (See chapter 29). The regiment returned to Memphis July 22d, and in a week started for Holly Springs. Lt.-Col. Stibbs took command of that post and remained there with his regiment. During incessant rain, Companies A and F, which had distinguished themselves by a most gallant defense of their post at the mouth of White river, Arkansas, arrived to rejoin the regiment. Commanded by Capt. Hunter, their post had been attacked at daylight on June 22d, by from 400 to 600 of Marmaduke's men. Springing half dressed to arms, at the alarm, they were met by a bold and spirited attack of the assailants. Protecting themselves behind their slight stockade, the little garrison of about 40 repulsed the enemy, he leaving 20 killed and mortally wounded on the field. The garrison lost 1 killed and 4 wounded. Capt. Hunter and his command were highly complimented.

The Twelfth returned to Memphis August 23d. September 1st, Mower's division, including the Twelfth, was ordered to the White river, to clear out rebel blockading. This force proceeded to Duval's Bluff, disembarked September 7th, and started northward in pursuit of Price and his forces who were invading Missouri. It marched via Cape Girardeau, Missouri, to Jefferson City, and westward in pursuit of Price to Harrisonville, Missouri, where the infantry abandoned the pursuit. October 30th it turned back, arriving at Jefferson Barracks November 15. According to Maj. Samuel G. Knee's official history, the regiment had marched within thirty days 543 miles; within two months 879 miles, and since June 16th, 1,409 miles. November 23d, the regiment embarked for Nashville, Tennessee, arriving December 1st, and taking position in Gen. Thomas's line of defense. November 24, 1864, the original term of enlistment having expired, the non-veterans, including Col. Woods and all but four of the line officers, fell out of the service and were honorably mustered out December 1st. In the battle of Nashville of the 15th and 16th of December, the regiment, commanded by Lt.-Col. Stibbs, was gallantly engaged on the front line, and conspicuous for valor. (See chapter 28.) Its brigade commander, Col. S. G. Hill of the Thirty-fifth Iowa, was killed. It followed in pursuit of Hood to Clifton, on the Tennessee river, arriving there January 2, 1865. It now proceeded with the Sixteenth corps to Eastport, Mississippi, where the men were ordered to erect winter quarters. Here Lt.-Col. Stibbs went to Washington City in the service of the government. Capt. Samuel G. Knee was promoted major, assumed command of the regiment, and retained it during the remainder of its service. The only rations issued to the regiment during part of the time in this camp consisted of corn in the ear.

February 6th, the Sixteenth army corps was ordered to report to Gen. Canby, in preparation for the Mobile campaign. The regiment, with its brigade, arrived at New Orleans, February 25th. March 5th, it proceeded to Dauphin Island, and thence against Spanish Fort, Alabama, which place was invested March 27th. The regiment was in the front line during the siege. (Described in chapter 32.) April 12th, Mobile was evacuated, and the Sixteenth corps was ordered to Montgomery, Alabama. Here came the first news of the surrender of Gen. Lee. May 11th, the Twelfth was ordered to Selma, Alabama, to remain on garrison duty through the summer. The Sixteenth army corps was discontinued August 8th, and the troops assigned to duty in the district of Montgomery. Still the welcome order to return home did not come to the Twelfth. September 23d, it was ordered to the

district of Talladega, and December 26th, to Memphis. January 28, 1866, was the joyful day of mustering out, and the Twelfth was ordered to Davenport, Iowa, for final pay and discharge, thus closing its chequered and brilliant military career. Col. John H. Stibbs was later brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twelfth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Joseph J. Woods. John H. Stibbs.	Saml. D. Brodtbeck. Saml. R. Edgington. John H. Stibbs. Ed. M. Van Duzee. Saml. G. Knee. David W. Reed.	Chas. C. Parker. Sanford W. Huff.	Albert G. Eberheart. Fred. Humphrey.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
John P. Coulter. Saml. R. Edgington. John H. Stibbs. Saml. G. Knee.	Nathaniel E. Duncan. Sylvester R. Burch.	Wm. H. Finley. Myron Underwood. Edwin Kirkup. James Barr.	Joseph B. Dorr. Geo. H. Morrisey. Homer C. Morehead.

FOURTEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into service at Davenport, November 6, 1861. Somewhat previous to this date, three of its companies, A, B and C, were detached and sent to Fort Randall, Dakota Territory, to perform garrison duty. Though for a long time technically a part of the Fourteenth regiment, they were never under command of its colonel, and were eventually formally detached from the regiment, which organized other companies in their stead. The three original companies eventually became a part of the Seventh cavalry regiment. Wm. T. Shaw was made colonel of the Fourteenth. He had served as a volunteer in the Second Kentucky during the Mexican War. Edward W. Lucas was lieutenant colonel and Hiram Leonard major. In the last of April the regiment left for St. Louis. February 5, 1862, it embarked for Fort Henry. At Cairo, it had seen our victorious gunboats on their way to Fort Donelson. Arrived at Fort Henry, it took up the line of march for Fort Donelson, and participated in the battle of Fort Donelson, February 13th, 14th and 15th. (Described in chapter 10.) March 7th, it embarked for Pittsburg Landing.

In the battle of Shiloh, April 6th, brigaded with the Second, Seventh and Twelfth Iowa, the brigade led by Col. Tuttle of the Second, it was one of the devoted regiments that fought on, till surrounded and cut off, it was compelled to surrender at sundown. (See chapter 12.) The captured officers and men were held prisoners in the South until the following autumn. October 12, 1862, they were released on parole and sent to St. Louis, where, November 19th, they were declared exchanged. Here they were joined by the members of the regiment who had escaped capture, most of whom had served since Shiloh in the Union Brigade. (See sketch of same.) A reorganization now took place. April 10, 1863, the Fourteenth embarked for Cairo, and on June 22d, for Columbus, Kentucky. Here, the chances of war kept the regiment in irksome performance of garrison duty for seven months, officers and men longing to share the active campaign of Vicksburg with their comrades of Donelson and Shiloh. January 22, 1864, the regiment left for Vicksburg, well prepared by efficient drill for action in the field. It was assigned to the Second brigade, Third division, Sixteenth army corps, Col. Shaw commanding the brigade. It took part in the month of February in the famous Meridian raid under Gen. Sherman. Lt.-Col. Newbold was in command of the regiment. Returning to Vicksburg, Gen. A. J. Smith's command, being two divisions

of the Sixteenth corps, one of them the Third, was immediately ordered to assist in the Red river expedition under Gen. Banks. Proceeding up the Red river to the Atchafalaya, Col. Shaw's brigade, including the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri, was conspicuous for gallantry at Bayou de Glaize, and at the successful assault of Fort de Russey. At Alexandria, Gen. Banks was concentrating his forces, preparatory to moving on Shreveport, and took the campaign under his direct command. It proved a melancholy series of failures, the brilliant episode of Fort de Russey not being repeated.

April 9th, Pleasant Hill was fought—and desperately fought. Col. Shaw's brigade met the greatest shock of the battle, and bore itself with unflinching endurance and marvelous courage. Lt.-Col Newbold of the Fourteenth was slain. On the following day Gen. Banks began a retreat, Gen. Smith with his troops continuing to the Mississippi. The retreat was harassed by the enemy, there being much skirmishing and some loss on our side. At Centerville, April 23d, the Fourteenth had 4 wounded, and at Moore's Plantation, May 5th to 7th, 3. May 18th, at the battle of Yellow Bayou, the Fourteenth, commanded by Capt. L. A. Crane, lost 12 wounded and 1 killed. The promptitude of the officers commanding the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-second Iowa regiments secured the safety of the army, says Col. Shaw. The regiment with its command was in the battle of Lake Chicot, Arkansas, June 6, 1864, and arrived at Memphis June 10th.

Gen. Smith's army started now on an expedition into Mississippi, against Forrest and Lee. At Tupelo, where the Twelfth Iowa so distinguished itself in the battle of the 12th, 13th and 14th of July, the Fourteenth, being with its brigade assigned to duty as train guard, did not actively participate; but being under fire, lost on the 14th of July, 2 killed and 2 wounded. It participated at Town Creek on the 15th. (See chapter 29.) The Fourteenth now returned to Memphis, and after a few weeks marched into Mississippi again as far as Oxford, occasionally skirmishing with the enemy. It returned again to Memphis, and went after a time with its command to Cairo. Thence Gen. Smith was ordered to St. Louis to aid in repelling Price. A detachment of four companies of the regiment was taken to Pilot Knob to re-enforce Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., in command of that post. After two days' defense, the post was blown up, and Gen. Ewing, cutting his way through the enemy, retreated with his force to Rolla, fighting on the way. The part of the regiment not at Pilot Knob, engaged in the meantime in chasing Price across Missouri. The regiment reassembled at St. Louis November 2d. Not enough re-enlistments having taken place to enable it to retain its organization as a veteran regiment, it returned to Davenport and was mustered out of the service. Thus passed out of existence one of Iowa's best regiments. Two companies remaining of veterans and recruits whose time had not expired, they were formed into the "Residuary Battalion," moved to Springfield, Illinois, and performed guard and provost duty till after the close of the war. In August, 1865, the battalion was honorably mustered out of service.

In reading the military record of Col. Shaw, it would be naturally expected that he should rise to a high rank in the service he so adorned by his military merit. But on a charge preferred by superior officers our government dismissed him from the service in the autumn of 1864, while in command of a division. The cause of enmity was a letter of his, indiscreetly published, reflecting in strong language on the management of the Red river campaign, amid whose sombre reverses the deeds of himself and the Iowa men threw the only lights. The government, seeing later its injustice, revoked Col. Shaw's dismissal, making it an honorable mustering out, to date with that of his regiment.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fourteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAINS.
Wm. T. Shaw.	Hiram Leonard. Leander C. Noble. Wm. W. Kirkwood. Edgar A. Warner.	Geo. M. Staples.	Saml. A. Benton. Frederick F. Kiner.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTER.
Edward W. Lucas. Jas. H. Newbold. Warren C. Jones.	Noah Noble Tynor.	Saml. N. Pierce. John H. Stephens. Shadrack Haskins.	Clinton C. Buell.

THE SEVENTEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment was mustered into the service at Keokuk, April 16, 1862. John W. Rankin was made colonel, David B. Hillis, lieutenant colonel, and Samuel A. Wise, major. It was sent to St. Louis, and embarked May 5th for Hamburg Landing, Tenn. From here it joined the army engaged in the siege of Corinth. May 28th, the regiment was occupied in an affair of two hours, with the intent of developing the strength and plans of the enemy. Corinth was evacuated the next day, and the Seventeenth joined in the pursuit to Booneville, Miss., then retracing its steps to Corinth, where it went into camp on Clear Creek. June 27th, the regiment left camp on a scout in the direction of Holly Springs, Miss. At Ripley it received orders to return, and arrived at Clear Creek July 1st. August 15th, it marched to Jacinto. Here, making occasional scouts into the vicinity, it remained till September 18th, when it marched toward Iuka.

September 19th, the regiment took part in the battle of Iuka. In this, its first battle, it was commanded by Col. Rankin, whose resignation, previously offered, had not taken effect. He furnished no report of the part taken by his regiment in this engagement. The Seventeenth had the misfortune here to incur the censure of Gen. Rosecrans, but it is believed that this censure was unjust. Col. Wever, later commanding the regiment, in his official history of the same, says: "The regiment conducted itself in a manner of which all engaged feel as truly proud as of any subsequent engagement." Capt. Stuart, in "Iowa Colonels," states that confusion in the regiment was caused by a portion of Rosecrans's body guard. These, in reconnoitering in front, being surprised and alarmed by the terrible fire which met them, rode hurriedly back and dashed through the lines of the Seventeenth Iowa, drawn up across the road, knocking down and injuring several men. This separated the regiment. About the same juncture, Col. Rankin's horse, being wounded and unmanageable, threw his rider against the roots of a tree, where he lay insensible, supposed to be dead, till late that night. L. D. Ingersoll, in "Iowa and the Rebellion," says: "The censure of Gen. Rosecrans was unjust; for, though the regiment was thrown into confusion, it was because of the break-neck stampede through its lines of the general commanding, himself, and his prodigious staff." The Seventeenth joined in the pursuit, returning to Jacinto and remaining until October 2d, when it marched to Corinth.

On the 3d and 4th of October, the regiment, led by Col. Banbury of the Fifth, participated in the battle of Corinth, winning high distinction for its daring fighting, capturing the colors of the Fortieth Mississippi, and eliciting from Gen. Rosecrans the following congratulatory order: "The general commanding cannot forbear to give pleasure to many, besides the brave men immediately concerned, by announcing, in advance of the regular orders, that the Seventeenth Iowa infantry, by its gallantry in the battle of Corinth, on the 4th of October, charging the enemy and capturing the flag of the Fortieth Mississippi, has amply atoned for its misfortune at Iuka, and

stands among the honored regiments of his command. Long may they wear with increasing brightness the honors they have won." The regiment joined in pursuing the enemy. Arrived at Corinth October 14th, it went into camp and prepared winter quarters, but, November 2d, was ordered to take up line of march. It arrived, via Grand Junction and Davis Mills, at Moscow, Tenn. While here, the regiment had charge of a forage train of 175 wagons, which were loaded in the enemy's lines and brought safely back to Moscow. November 30th, in Gen. Grant's first effort against Vicksburg, march was resumed toward Grenada, crossing the Tallahatchie river and pressing closely the Rebels who retreated daily, skirmishing with our advance. The regiment remained on the Yohnapatafa river on heavy picket duty till December 21st. The expedition having been abandoned, the Seventeenth Iowa was ordered to Holly Springs. December 26th, with its division, it went to Memphis with a supply train of 625 wagons to procure food for the needy army. Guerrillas harassed the way. Arriving at Memphis on the 29th, on the 31st the division started back with the loaded train. At Collierville, Tenn., it was relieved, and the Seventeenth Iowa was assigned to duty at Bray's Station, guarding railroad. From Helena, March 22d, it engaged in the Yazoo Pass expedition, returning to Helena April 11th.

April 17th, the regiment embarked on the last and successful Vicksburg campaign, reaching Grand Gulf May 1st. It arrived at Port Gibson just after the battle, and engaged in pursuit of the enemy. It approached Raymond on the 12th, in time to participate in the close of the engagement. May 14th, it led with its brigade the advance toward Jackson. When the battle opened, the Seventeenth joined in a gallant charge, before which the Rebels fled through the city which our troops entered. The Seventeenth lost heavily. The next day our force marched toward Vicksburg. At Clinton, the Seventeenth was detached to remain for picket and personal guard duty for Gen. Grant, at his headquarters, but early the next morning, May 16th, the booming of cannon announced the opening of the battle of Champion Hills. Gen. Grant ordered the Seventeenth on, and it hastily marched for the front. In this hot contest, the regiment was distinguished for its bravery, and lost heavily. (See chapter 18.) It was left to bury the dead and care for the wounded, while our army pursued the enemy. It was then ordered, May 20th, to Vicksburg, and participated in the assault of the 22d.

June 26th, it was one of the two regiments designated, in its division, to assist Gen. Logan's division in holding and defending Fort Hill, now mined and in readiness for blowing up. It was blown up early in the afternoon, destroying the center of the fort, which was immediately occupied by troops of Gen. Logan.

These, within a few feet of the enemy, maintained a peculiar contest in the effort to expel them. Eleven o'clock at night came, the time for the Seventeenth to enter and carry on the fight, which it did till two in the morning. Half of the regiment sat on the broken parapet, reaching over and aiming down at the enemy, within six or eight feet of them, while the other half loaded and handed them the guns. The Rebels threw many hand grenades which exploded, wounding and killing in a fearful manner. In these three hours, the Seventeenth lost 37 men killed and wounded.

On the fall of Vicksburg, July 4th, the regiment camped in that city until September 9th, when it was ordered to re-enforce Gen. Steele, operating against Little Rock, Arkansas. On arriving at Helena, information being received of the occupation of Little Rock by the federal force, the regiment awaited orders to rejoin its corps, the Seventeenth, at Vicksburg. September 29th, orders were received to proceed to Memphis and there join Sherman's Fifteenth corps that was preparing for the Chattanooga campaign. October 12th, the Seventeenth, with its new command, started for Chattanooga, arriving November 19th. On the 25th, the regiment was engaged at the battle of Mission Ridge, and the next day joined in the pursuit. (See chapter 21.)

December 2d, the regiment marched to Bridgeport, Ala. On the 22d, it was again on the march to Huntsville, Ala., where it was engaged in an occasional scout, and in guarding large forage trains, collecting grain and other products for shipment to the rest of the army corps and to the Army of the Cumberland. February 1, 1864, Col. Wever was appointed to take charge of the post at Huntsville, and the regiment performed provost duty. April 1st, the veteran re-enlistment took place. Nearly all re-enlisted, but the Seventeenth was so thinned in its ranks that the number was barely sufficient to enable it to retain its organization.

In June, the regiment, being on its way to join its division, concentrating to be taken to the front, was met at Kingston by the order to proceed to Tilton, a place on the railroad on the line of Gen. Sherman's communications. It reached there July 2d, and under Lt.-Col. Archer passed the summer patrolling the fifteen miles of railway between Dalton and Resaca. In the first of October Gen. Hood, operating offensively against Gen. Sherman's line of communications, after being defeated at Allatoona by Gen. Corse, turned and directed the corps of Lee on Resaca, that of Cheatham on Dalton, and that of Stewart on Tilton. Then followed the attack on Tilton and the capture of the brave Seventeenth. (See chapter 28.) Col. Wever of the Seventeenth, commanding a brigade at Resaca, was enabled to hold his post.

In the winter of 1864-5, Col. Wever accompanied to Iowa on veteran furlough the little band remaining of the Seventeenth. They numbered 45. The pathetic scene of their reception at Keokuk is thus given by the *Gate City*: "There were few of them. Their battle flag was worn and faded, and torn by bullets, and still it waved in front of them, and still the noble few clustered round it."

After the expiration of their furlough, under Col. Wever, they went by way of New York and joined Sherman's forces at Savannah, from which point they participated in the perilous march northward, and joined in the grand review at Washington.

Col. Wever was brevetted brigadier general February 9, 1865. Col. Hillis was also made brigadier general by brevet.

Field and Staff Officers of the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
John W. Rankin. David Burke Hillis. Clark Russell Wever. Sampson M. Archer.	Samuel M. Wise. Sampson M. Archer. John F. Walden. Wm. Horner. Harry M. Kenderdine.	Nathan Udell. Jacob H. Ealy. Christopher C. Biser.	Wm. Wilson.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
David B. Hillis. Clark R. Wever. Sampson M. Archer. Wm. Horner.	Southwick Guthrie. Fletcher Woolsey. Geo. A. Jones.	Ed. J. McGorrick. Christ. C. Biser. Wm. F. Coleman. Wm. D. Barclay.	Edwin J. Aldrich. David N. Gorgas.

EIGHTEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was organized at Clinton, Iowa, and mustered into the service August 6, 1862. John Edwards, a man of state prominence, and an aide to the governor, was made colonel, Thos. Z. Cook was lieutenant colonel, and Hugh J. Campbell major. Like the Seventeenth, this regiment was received by the United States government by special order, the Sixteenth having completed the quota of Iowa under the President's call for 300,000. August 11th, the Eighteenth was sent to Sedalia, Mo., and from there ordered to Springfield, where it arrived September 13th. There Gen. Schofield organized the Army of the Frontier, and the Eighteenth Iowa was assigned to the First brigade, Col. Husted of the Seventh Missouri calvary commanding, and to the Second

division, Brig. Gen. Totten commanding. Gen. Schofield now proceeded to operate against the enemy in southwestern Missouri. There was a rapid pursuit of the Rebels to Fayetteville, Arkansas, with frequent skirmishing, during which the regiment lost 1 killed and 3 wounded. The Army of the Frontier returning to Missouri, the Eighteenth was ordered again to Springfield, arriving November 14th. The young regiment having been thus rudely initiated into campaigning, without previous experience, lost heavily by exposure and fatigue. Measles also broke out, so that during the campaign, from both exposure and disease, it lost 90 men.

The winter passed monotonously at Springfield, but on January 8, 1863, the Eighteenth Iowa, aided by a few hundred militia, distinguished itself by a conspicuously gallant defense against 3,500 Rebels under Marmaduke. (See chapter 20.) The regiment still remained at Springfield on garrison duty. In April of 1863, Col. Edwards was placed for a time in command of the post. During spring and summer, portions of the regiment under Maj. Campbell made three marches of 110 miles each, two of them forced. In the last of the marches, the regiment was ordered to Cassville, Missouri, to co-operate in heading off the retreat of Shelby, who had invaded Missouri and penetrated nearly to the Missouri river. October 9th, Springfield being in danger, part of the regiment was ordered back by forced marches. October 16th, Companies D and F, under command of Capt. Ray, marched from Cassville to Fayetteville as escort to a supply train. At Cross Timbers they were attacked by 500 of the enemy who were routed with loss after a sharp contest. Col. Edwards was now in command of the District of Southwest Missouri. He pursued Shelby, who was making a raid into the state, and October 17th, at the head of his regiment, excepting Companies D and F, continued the pursuit into Arkansas, forming a part of the force under command of Brig. Gen. John McNeil. October 31, 1863, he arrived with his force at Fort Smith, Arkansas, they having marched night and day in the vigorous pursuit, fording deep streams and crossing the Boston Mountains. Here the Eighteenth was again placed on garrison duty.

In December, Col. Edwards was placed in command of the post, and in January, 1864, was put in command of a brigade composed of the Eighteenth Iowa, Second Kansas cavalry, First Arkansas infantry, and the Second Indiana battery. Soon after, the Second Arkansas infantry was substituted for the Second Kansas cavalry in this brigade. In January, 1864, an attack was threatened upon a supply train bound for Little Rock and guarded by a detachment of the Eighteenth Iowa under Capt. Clover. A portion of the regiment under Lt.-Col. Campbell was sent January 2d to re-enforce him. It returned January 8th to Fort Smith, after marching seventy-five miles in the depth of winter, through six inches of snow, without tents or shelter. The remainder of the winter was spent in excessive labor in fatigue, escort and guard duty, all on half rations.

March 22, 1864, the Eighteenth, commanded by Capt. Duncan, moved with the Third division, under Gen. Thayer, to join Gen. Steele. This general was moving on Camden, Arkansas, with the Seventh army corps to co-operate with Gen. Banks in the Red River expedition. Col. Edwards commanded the First brigade. The junction with Steele was made at Elkins' Ferry. (The campaign is described in chapter 24.) The regiment participated in the various battles of the campaign. April 18th, in a desperate encounter at Poison Springs, the Eighteenth fought with a bravery and determination never exceeded.

May 15, 1864, the regiment returned to Fort Smith, having marched 730 miles through swamps and over mountains, wading whole days and nights in mud and water, and having part of the time only raw corn for rations. An official history of this regiment, by Col. Hugh J. Campbell, shows a record of endurance, privation and hardship almost incredible. The life at Fort Smith during the remaining summer and the autumn of 1864, and the ensuing winter, was a variation of severe marches, with intervals employed in severe labor on the fortifications and heavy guard duty. Plenty was

unknown. The rations never went over two-thirds, and were much of the time down to one-half. One march was begun May 25th by the regiment and some Kansas troops, all under Lt.-Col. Campbell, to Clarksville, Arkansas, to keep open the navigation of the river, which was necessary to supplying Fort Smith with provisions. Two men were killed by guerrillas. While here, Sergt. Vance, Company C, Eighteenth Iowa, with 28 men in charge of a forage train, was attacked by 40 Rebels, but repulsed them and saved his train, losing 1 man wounded, and the enemy losing 4. August 6th, Gen. Thayer ordered Clarksville to be evacuated, and the troops marched back to Fort Smith, continually harassed by the enemy.

From August 11th to December the regiment was on four expeditions under Lt.-Col. Campbell. On November 23d, it started for Fort Gibson to meet a large supply train of 400 wagons destined for the needy garrison at Fort Smith, but detained by the enemy. Arrived there, it was ordered with re-enforcements to march still a hundred miles to Neosho Crossing. The men had for rations on the way a peck of raw corn each, and a little coffee. A little fresh beef was killed on the way, and gunpowder was substituted for salt. The men suffered more from exhaustion than in any preceding campaign. The train was met, and, under charge of Lt.-Col. Campbell, conducted via Fort Gibson to Fort Smith, reaching there December 11th. The regiment had marched 320 miles, making night marches, and fording two rivers and numberless streams.

February 26, 1865, four companies under Maj. Morey were ordered to Van Buren, Arkansas, to perform garrison and escort duty until July 6th, Maj. Morey being in charge of the post. At Fort Smith, as regarded provisions, they were generally "in a bad fix," as Gen. Edwards wrote. But in January of 1865, four loaded steamers arrived, and plenty again reigned. In September of 1864, Col. Edwards was promoted brigadier general, and December 1st, Lt.-Col. Campbell became colonel. Joseph K. Morey had been for some time major. July 6, 1865, the regiment was ordered to Little Rock, where it was mustered out of the service, returning home for final discharge. Fortune had placed the Eighteenth Iowa during the war in localities where the most decisive battles were not fought. But no regiment in the service, at Donelson or Shiloh or Atlanta or any other battle field, did harder fighting, nor held out more valiantly than this regiment in some of the engagements in which it took part; and none suffered more hardships, nor more cheerfully.

Col. Edwards received his commission as brigadier general September 26, 1864.

Field and Staff Officers of the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
John Edwards. Hugh J. Campbell.	Hugh J. Campbell. Joseph K. Morey. Wm. Ragan.	John H. Allen. Henry M. Lyons. Edwin Kirkup. Henry Clay Sanford.	David N. Smith. Adams Burris.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Thos. Z. Cook. Hugh J. Campbell. Joseph K. Morey.	Chas. Bracunlich. Elias J. Pike.	James Harvey. Henry H. Maynard. Wm. C. Finlaw. Henry Clay Sanford.	Sidney S. Smith.

NINETEENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was the first one in Iowa's quota to respond to President Lincoln's call of July 2, 1862, for an additional army; and it led the way for 22 new regiments. It was mustered into the service August 25, 1862, with Benjamin Crabb, formerly captain in the Seventh infantry, as colonel; Samuel McFarland, likewise captain in the Eleventh, as lieutenant colonel, and Daniel Kent as major. It was sent to St. Louis. September 11th, attached to a brigade commanded by Frank J. Herron, it went to Rolla. September 16th, it took up line of march for Springfield. October 11th, the regiment moved via Wilson's Creek battle ground to Cassville. Here was organized the Army of the Frontier. The Nineteenth formed a part of the Third division under Brig. Gen. F. J. Herron. October 17th, was undertaken a violent march in search of the enemy. The second night's camp was near the Pea Ridge battle field. On the 20th, the command marched 25 hours without halting for food or sleep. As the regiment had left the camp before supper, and without time to prepare rations, the men were thirty hours without food. They had waded the White river, three feet deep, clear and cold. From White river to Bloomington the regiment marched much of the time on double quick. From November 14th till the 24th, the regiment was commanded by Lt.-Col. McFarland, Col. Crabb commanding the brigade. On the 17th camp was near Ozark. It had rained for a number of days, the roads were very bad, the night dark, and the baggage train did not arrive till the next morning. The troops spent the night without food or shelter, and exposed to a heavy storm. The next day, nine miles were marched through the rain and mud to James river. Here a part of the companies had again to stand through the night in the rain.

In all the severe campaigning of the Nineteenth nothing had proved so fatal as the last two days exposure. Seventy-four of its number were rendered sick or disabled, and very many died from the effects. On the 22d, the regiment moved on to Twin Springs. November 24th, Col. Orm took command of the Second brigade. December 2d, Col. Crabb was ordered to Springfield, to take charge of that post, thus being separated from his regiment, and missing the battle of Prairie Grove, December 7th, where the so far unremitting marches and countermarches of the campaign were varied by a hard fought battle. Col. Crabb, however, had the opportunity to participate in the gallant defense of Springfield, January 8th, 1863, where the Eighteenth Iowa so distinguished itself. (See chapter 20.)

December 3d, intelligence received from Gen. Blunt, commanding the Army of the Frontier, with headquarters at Cane Hill, Arkansas, caused Gen. Herron to move the Second and Third divisions at Twin Springs rapidly forward to re-enforce him. Gen. Totten of the Second division was absent. Arriving December 7th at Illinois Creek, the enemy, who had interposed himself between Blunt and Herron, was met, and the battle of Prairie Grove fought. (See chapter 16.) The Nineteenth acquitted itself with high honor. Lt.-Col. McFarland was shot dead at the head of his regiment. December 23th the regiment participated in the capture of Van Buren, Arkansas, and the march across the Boston Mountains. December 31st, it returned to Prairie Grove. January 2d, 1863, Gen. Schofield reviewed the division. Marching was again resumed. February 15th, the Nineteenth, with two companies of the First cavalry, was left to hold Forsyth, Missouri. April 22d, the regiment marched toward Springfield. On the 23d, at Ozark, it received orders to proceed by forced marches toward Hartsville, Gen. Marmaduke threatening that portion of the state. April 25th, it arrived at Hartsville, crossed Gasconade river, and arrived May 2d at Salem, Missouri. Here it was temporarily attached to the First division under Gen. Ewing.

June 3d, the regiment received orders to report at Rolla. Here, having rejoined its division, it was sent to Vicksburg, where it took its place in the line of investment and joined in the siege. July 4th, the regiment marched

into the captured city. July 14th, Gen. Herron's division, co-operating with the gunboats, took Yazoo City. The regiment then joined in a raid across the Black river, bringing back negroes, cattle and mules. July 23d, it left for Port Hudson, Louisiana, where much sickness and many deaths took place. August 12, the division embarked for Carrollton, Louisiana, arriving on the 13th, and encamping in a beautiful live oak grove, with lemon and oleander interspersed. The health and spirits of the men were regained. The entire Thirteenth army corps, under Gen. Ord, of which Gen. Herron's division was the Second, was here reviewed by Gen. Banks and Gen. Grant. September 5th, Gen. Herron's division embarked for up the river, to disperse rebel forces threatening to obstruct navigation. On the 8th, the division debarked near Morganza, Louisiana, driving the enemy back across the Atchafalaya, when it returned to the transports.

September 12th, the regiment, with the Twenty-sixth Indiana and two pieces of artillery, under Lt.-Col. Leake of the Twentieth Iowa, was sent out to Sterling Farm, where a battle occurred, and all present, after a heroic resistance, were overpowered and taken prisoners. (See chapter 19.) October 10th, Gen. Herron's division, including the uncaptured portion of the Nineteenth Iowa, left Morganza for Carrollton. Here an expedition to Texas was fitted out, and October 23d, the regiment, with troops under Gen. Banks, embarked for Brazos Santiago, arriving November 2d. The Nineteenth was the first to unfurl its colors on that desolate island. November 6th, the troops advanced, marched two days up the Rio Grande, and crossing the battle fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, entered Brownsville. Lt.-Col. Kent being much of the time on court martial duty, Maj. Bruce was in command of the Nineteenth Iowa. The brigade, commanded by Col. Dye of the Twentieth Iowa, was the Second, of the Second division, Thirteenth army corps. Col. Dye, keeping his brigade, was placed in command of the post. The last of July the regiment embarked for New Orleans, arriving August 7th. Three companies which had been left at Brazos Santiago, remained till August 16th and then rejoined the rest of the regiment. At New Orleans, the prisoners taken of the Nineteenth Iowa at Sterling Farm, who had suffered in Texas prison pens, now exchanged, returned to their comrades. Capt. Wm. Adams died here, from the effects of his imprisonment.

August 14th, the Nineteenth Iowa embarked with other troops on an expedition to Pensacola, Florida. Tents were pitched in a grove near Barancas. Frequent expeditions were made up the bays and inlets, in one of which one man was killed. During this time the other three companies arrived from Brazos Santiago. December 6th, the regiment was taken to Fort Gaines, Dauphin Island. Here Mrs. Woods of Fairfield came, bringing with her sanitary stores. An expedition was sent out under Gen. Granger to Pascagoula, Mississippi. The command made an extensive foray toward Mobile, the cavalry being daily engaged with the enemy. January 31st, 1865, the expedition returned. In the latter part of February our troops began to gather preparatory to the Mobile campaign. March 17th, the Nineteenth, with its brigade, moved in advance. The weather was wet, the roads were bad and the ground was marshy. Corduroy roads were constructed, and the artillery was often dragged by hand. At Fish river the Sixteenth army corps was joined. March 26th, the army arrived in front of Spanish Fort, which was at once invested. The Nineteenth Iowa had an honorable share in the siege which was terminated April 8th. (See chapter 32.) Till May 4th, the regiment was employed in dismantling rebel defenses and then was ordered to Dauphin Island. June 14th, it moved to Mobile. July 10, 1865, it was here mustered out of service, and on the 17th left Mobile for Iowa, closing a military record full of honor to itself and the state. Col. John Bruce was brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Nineteenth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Benjamin Crabb. John Bruce.	Daniel Kent. John Bruce. Harry Jordan. Simeon F. Roderick.	Philip Harvey. Lewis M. Sloanaker.	Dennis Murphy. John D. Sands.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Samuel McFarland. Daniel Kent. John Bruce. Harry Jordan.	Granville G. Bennett.	Lewis M. Sloanaker. Dennis A. Hurst. Stephen F. Balch. M. C. Lathrop. Thos. S. Bell.	Jos. H. Downing. James Bennett.

TWENTIETH IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment was mustered into the United States service at Clinton, Iowa, August 25, 1862. Wm. McE. Dye, who had been captain in the regular army, was made colonel, Joseph B. Leake, lieutenant colonel, and Wm. G. Thompson, major. A beautiful flag was presented to the Twentieth by the ladies of Lyons. September 5th, the regiment left Davenport for St. Louis. Shortly it proceeded to Springfield, arriving September 24th. Gen. Schofield now organized what was known as the "Army of the Frontier," in which the Twentieth Iowa, under Lt. Col. Leake, was assigned to a brigade commanded by Col. Dye, and to the division of Gen. Totten. There was severe and rapid marching and great exposure, the enemy always retiring or eluding. November 18th, the troops were again within 25 miles of Springfield. The character of the campaigning had been discouraging in the extreme. While there had been excessive suffering from cold, wet, hunger and fatigue, the enemy had never been brought to an engagement. The men's shoes were torn and worn out by the fearful marches; many bound on pieces of rawhide to their feet, and many left the prints of their feet in blood. Measles broke out, and fevers were brought on by exposure. By December 4th, the regiment had lost from the active list, 230 men.

On the evening of December 3d, came a courier from Gen. Blunt, commanding the First division, asking immediate re-enforcement. Before day had dawned, the Second division was on the move. Joined by the Third division, both under Gen. Herron, Gen. Totten of the Second being absent, by the morning of October 7th, it was deploying in line of battle at Prairie Grove. Of the brave and conspicuous part which the Twentieth Iowa bore in this engagement, a description is given in chapter 16. It had marched about 110 miles in three days, and at once engaged in the fight with alertness and enthusiasm. Its losses were severe. After the battle an interval of rest came. December 27th, a pursuit of the enemy toward Van Buren, on the Arkansas river, was undertaken, and continued over the Boston Mountains. By December 31st, our troops were again at Prairie Grove. January 2, 1863, tents were struck, and the 18th found the troops encamped eight miles from Huntsville, Arkansas. Here they remained till the 22d, the roads being impassable. Added to the mud, the weather was cold, with rain and snow, and the men on quarter rations. January 22d, the troops moved to Elk Creek, arriving there February 15th. "The roads were without perceptible bottom," says Col. Dye. April 24th, St. Louis was reached. Till May 15th, the Twentieth was engaged in guarding the arsenal and in other duties. Two companies, A and F, under Lt. Col. Drake, were at Cape Girardeau during the successful defense of that place. Companies D and G were also detached to quell mutinies at Benton Barracks. May 1st,

the regiment was at Pilot Knob and remained there till June 3d, leaving for St. Genevieve.

A part of the infantry and artillery of the Second and Third divisions having been detached from the Army of the Frontier and organized into a division of two brigades under Maj. Gen. Herron, was now sent on, June 6th, to join in the siege of Vicksburg. The Twentieth Iowa was in the First brigade of this division. On the 14th, the command took its place on the left of the investing line. It remained here engaged in the arduous duties of the siege till the capitulation of Vicksburg, July 4th, the loss of the Twentieth Iowa being 6 men wounded, 3 of them mortally. At the head of a part of its division the Twentieth entered the city and planted the union flag on the extreme fort at the right of the rebel works. In Vicksburg about a third of the regiment was prostrated with fevers. July 13th, Yazoo City was captured by Gen. Herron's division, with the co-operation of the gunboats. On the 16th, the force left, to open communication with Gen. Sherman at Canton, Mississippi. This being established, it returned to Vicksburg on the 22d. The expedition had been short but severe, with intense heat, little to eat and water scarce and bad. Two hundred and eighty men were on the sick list. During the siege of Vicksburg Gen. Herron's division had been attached, as the Second, to the Thirteenth army corps. It embarked July 24th, for Port Hudson, which location, from bad water and heavy dews, produced a fearful sick list. The division left August 16th, for Carrollton, Louisiana, at which time about three-fourths of the Twentieth were under medical treatment. Here the spirits and health of the regiment revived, although many deaths occurred from protracted diseases of the summer.

September 7th, the division again embarked with six days' rations and without tents or knapsacks, for up the river, to free it of threatened rebel obstructions. It debarked at Morganza, driving the enemy over the Atchafalaya. It returned to Morganza after two days. Many men had been sun-struck, the heat being intense and water scarce. The men bivouacked till October 10th. September 12th, Lt.-Col. Leake of the Twentieth Iowa was placed in command of the Nineteenth Iowa regiment, the Twenty-sixth Indiana and two pieces of artillery. This force was sent out on heavy picket duty, and there resulted, September 29th, the combat of Sterling Farm, where the whole of this little force was captured and carried into captivity. (See chapter 19.) Two of the Twentieth Iowa were also captured, and with Lt.-Col. Leake, who was slightly wounded, shared the imprisonment at Tyler, Texas. Col. Dye being in command of a brigade, the command of the Twentieth Iowa now devolved on Maj. Thompson. October 11th, the division was again at the old camp at Carrollton, La.

October 24th, Gen. Herron's division embarked in an expedition under Gen. Banks for the coast of Texas. A severe gale was encountered, and in an attempted landing four men were drowned, two of them members of the Twentieth Iowa. November 4th, a landing was effected on Brazos Santiago. The regiment was stationed in Texas at various points—Brownsville, Point Isabel, and Mustang Island. At the latter point the regiment remained seven months, garrisoning the works. A number of expeditions were made up the bay. A detachment of the regiment under Capt. Barney captured the blockade-running schooner "Lizzie Bacon." In the spring of 1864, Maj. Thompson resigned, and the command of the regiment devolved on Capt. M. L. Thompson. June 24, 1864, the regiment left Mustang Island and sailed to Brazos Santiago. In the latter part of June, the regiment moved to Brownsville, remaining there on garrison duty. August 2d, it embarked for New Orleans. Arrived there, it embarked, August 7th, under command of Capt. E. Coulter, for Mobile Bay. It disembarked August 10th on Mobile Point, in rear of Fort Morgan, and took an active part in the siege of that place, losing 1 man wounded. The surrender took place August 23d.

September 7th, the regiment proceeded via New Orleans to Morganza, La.

During the passage five men were badly scalded by an accident with the machinery. Three of them jumped overboard and were drowned. At Morganza the regiment was rejoined by Lt.-Col. Leake, who had been exchanged with the other prisoners of Sterling Farm. October 12th, the command moved up the Mississippi and disembarked at Duvall's Bluff, on the White river, Ark. Here and at Brownsville the regiment remained till January, 1865. As early as August, from lack of proper diet, and from long exposure to salt atmosphere, scurvy had appeared in the regiment, and prevailed for some time. After it abated, the health of the men still suffered from its effects. Sanitary stores were now received from Iowa, and the health and spirits of the men underwent great improvement.

In January, 1865, the regiment left Arkansas for Louisiana, and in the middle of February embarked for Florida. It went into camp at Florida Point, and remained till the Mobile campaign, in which it participated from first to last. On the fatiguing march to Mobile, the Twentieth Iowa had read to it, March 28th, an order from the division general, Brig. Gen. Andrews, the last of which is: "The general particularly thanks Lt.-Col. J. B. Leake, commanding the Twentieth Iowa volunteers, for the valuable and rapid service of his regiment this morning, showing by the amount done, how much can be accomplished by officers giving their personal interest and attention to their duty." The regiment was in the siege of Blakely and in the assault which carried the works April 9th. Its loss in the campaign had been 1 man wounded. April 14th, the regiment moved to Mobile, and was placed on provost duty. July 8, 1865, it was mustered out of the service and proceeded to Clinton, Iowa, receiving an ardent welcome from citizens and friends. July 27th, it was disbanded.

Col. Dye and Lt.-Col. Leake were brevetted brigadier generals U. S. V.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twentieth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Wm. McE. Dye.	Wm. G. Thompson. Edward Coulter.	Henry Ristine. Harris Howey. Abram O. Blanding.	Uriah Eberhart. Richard King.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTER.
Joseph B. Leake.	Constante S. Lake.	Abram O. Blanding. Keisey S. Marlin.	Jasper H. Rice.

TWENTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Dubuque in August of 1862. Samuel Merrill, a future governor of Iowa, was colonel, Cornelius W. Dunlap lieutenant colonel, and S. G. Van Anda major. The regiment embarked for St. Louis, then went to Rolla. Moving to Salem, it was placed in October in a brigade commanded by Gen. Fitz Henry Warren, together with other infantry regiments and some cavalry and artillery. In November, Gen. Warren moved his force to Hartsville, halting at Houston on the way. At this time a supply train on its way to them from Rolla, with but a small guard, was attacked by a mounted force of the enemy, destroyed, and the guard killed or captured. A good part of this guard belonged to the Twenty-first Iowa. When the news reached Hartsville, the regiment made a forced march to the scene, but the enemy was out of the way. In December, Gen. Warren's command moved to Houston.

In January, 1863, a message from Gen. Brown at Springfield, asked for immediate re-enforcements. Marmaduke was advancing toward Springfield with a large force. Gen. Warren promptly responded by sending Col. Merrill of the Twenty-first Iowa, with a force of some 880 men. Lt.-Col. Dunlap

commanded the detachment of the Twenty-first. Starting at noon, January 9th, the little army encamped at Beaver Creek. At midnight it moved on till near Hartsville, when it was drawn up in line of battle, it having been learned that a rebel force under Porter had occupied the town the night before. At daylight it was ascertained that Porter was no longer there, and Col. Merrill halted his men until afternoon. At 3 o'clock they moved on toward Springfield, the Rebels under Porter in advance of them. At dark, they encamped at Wood's Fork in line of battle. At 3 o'clock in the morning they were ready for the march, and soon learned that the Rebels were in force in front. Col. Merrill rapidly and skillfully adjusted his forces, and that morning, January 11th, the battle of Hartsville commenced. (Described in chapter 20.) The little army fought with such valor and success, that in the afternoon the Rebels began to retire. Col. Merrill now deemed it necessary to also fall back. The order to retire did not reach the gallant Twenty-first, which kept fighting on alone till about sundown. And this was its first battle! Lt.-Col. Dunlap, its gallant leader, says:

"Between Friday afternoon and Monday morning the Twenty-first Iowa regiment marched 100 miles, and fought two battles—one of three, and one of eight hours duration. And for three hours, and until the enemy fled from before us, 250 of them held their position against the combined force of the Rebels, 4,000 strong."

Presuming that Col. Merrill had withdrawn toward Lebanon, Lt.-Col. Dunlap followed; but not until left in absolute possession of the field by the retiring Rebels.

The brilliant manner in which the Twenty-first Iowa acquitted itself in its first ordeal of war, was an earnest of its gallant record in subsequent campaigns. The rest of the winter was spent like that of other of our Iowa regiments in Missouri. There was severe suffering from wet and cold, from hunger and exposure. There were bleeding feet, when shoes could not be had. There were the terrible marches through the cold of morning and evening and the mud of noon, over roads barely passable. These sufferings left their mark in sickness and death. The regiment was at different times at West Plains, at Eminence, at Iron Mountain and at St. Genevieve. It had been assigned to the Second brigade and Second division of the Army of Southeast Missouri. At West Plains, the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa regiments were united in the same brigade under Col. Stone of the Twenty-second. They remained long together, sharing the same campaigns. April 1st found the Twenty-first in the army organizing for the Vicksburg campaign, at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana. It was now a part of the Second brigade, commanded by Col. Harris of the Eleventh Wisconsin, Fourteenth division, Gen. E. A. Carr, Thirteenth army corps, Gen. McClermand. Its comrade regiments, the Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa, shared with it the honors of the opening campaign. No complete history of the marches and intermediate movements of the Twenty-first Iowa being accessible, the sketch of its comrade regiment, the Twenty-second, drawn from an interesting history furnished by the adjutant general, will supply many additional connecting links.

The Thirteenth corps being in the advance, entered May 1st into the battle of Port Gibson, in which the Twenty-first played a conspicuous and brilliant role. Capt. Crooke with his company had received the first fire of the enemy. Gen. Carr praised in the highest terms the gallantry of the men. The engagement is described in chapter 18. After Raymond and Jackson, the regiment was slightly engaged at Champion Hills. At the battle of Black River Bridge, following, the Twenty-first with the Twenty-third, signally distinguished itself in Lawler's splendid charge, not surpassed for brilliancy in the war. The gallant Col. Merrill was dangerously wounded. The loss of the regiment was great. (See chapter 18.) Engaged then in the line of investment around Vicksburg, the regiment took part in all that pertained to the siege. In the terrible assault of May 22d, it was

conspicuous for its dashing courage and its heavy losses. The brave Lt.-Col. Dunlap was slain. Maj. Van Anda was wounded.

Col. Merrill still suffering from his wound, the regiment now came under the command of Capt. W. D. Crooke. After the fall of Vicksburg, it followed, with Sherman, Johnston's army to Jackson, and in the skirmishing before the city lost 15 men. Jackson fallen, it returned to Vicksburg.

The regiment removed to Carrollton, near New Orleans, about the middle of August, much improvement in the health of the men resulting from the change. Up to the latter part of November, it was engaged at various points in Louisiana, guarding bridges and performing picket duty. November 22d, it embarked on an expedition to Texas, where it remained about six months. While there, 14 of the men were captured by mounted Rebels while they were engaged on a scout. They were sent to the prison yards at Tyler, Texas. In June, the regiment returned to New Orleans. Maj. Van Anda had become lieutenant colonel, and Capt. Crooke, major. There was now guard and provost duty performed at various points. In the latter part of July, the regiment embarked for Morganza, and remained there about six weeks. Some time was then spent between points up and down the river, when the regiment proceeded to Memphis. There was a march into Tennessee in December, and on New Year's day of 1865, the command embarked for the South.

February 5th, the regiment sailed for Dauphin Island to engage in the Mobile campaign. It was now a part of the First brigade under Gen. Slack, of the First division, Thirteenth army corps. It engaged in the laborious march for Mobile, and in the taking of Spanish Fort and Blakely by our troops, rendered brave and valuable service. (Chapter 32.) On April 12th, it entered Mobile and camped near the city. It was still some months more in the service before it was finally mustered out with honor, leaving a record of brilliant achievement. Col. Merrill's wounds at Black River bridge were the cause of his discharge for disability; but he was reinstated December 21, 1863, by special order of the War Department. May 27, 1864, he was honorably discharged. Later, in remembrance of loyal and gallant service, he was elected governor of Iowa.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-first Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Samuel Merrill.	Cornelius W. Dunlap. Salme G. Van Anda. Wm. D. Crooke. Elisha Boardman.	Wm. A. Hyde. Wm. L. Orr. Dwight W. Chase. Hiram H. Hunt.	Samuel P. Sloan. Lorenzo Bolles, Jr. James Hill.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Cornelius W. Dunlap. Salme G. Van Anda.	Horace Poole. George Crooke.	Lucius Benham. Richard A. Barnes. Hiram H. Hunt. E. H. Harris.	Chas. R. Morse. John S. Platt.

TWENTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment was mustered into the service at Iowa City, September 9, 1862. Wm. M. Stone, formerly major of the Third Iowa, was made colonel; John A. Garrett was lieutenant colonel, and Harvey Graham major. The regiment was sent to St. Louis, and then moved to Rolla. It remained here four months as garrison. January 27, 1863, it was ordered to join the army under Gen. Davidson at West Plains, Mo., and was there brigaded with the Twenty-first and Twenty-third Iowa regiments under Col. Wm. M. Stone in the Army of Southeast Missouri. February 9th, the whole army marched to Iron Mountain. In the official history of the Twenty-second, by Adjt.

Pryce, is found the sorrowful account of the regiment's life in Missouri, the same as that of so many others of our much-enduring, patient and long-suffering Iowa regiments. There were the roads barely passable, the delayed trains, scarcity or utter absence of rations, the difficult marches over mountainous ways, the worn-out shoes—the tired and bleeding feet.

March 9th, orders came to join Gen. Grant for the Vicksburg campaign. In the new organization of the army, the Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third Iowa still remained brigaded together. With them was the Eleventh Wisconsin, and the brigade was commanded by Col. Harris of the last. Gen. Carr commanded the division and Gen. McClelland the corps (thirteenth). April 12th, the brigade was ordered to Richmond, La., to meet some rebel cavalry. In the meantime our gunboats ran the blockade at Vicksburg, and April 23th, the Thirteenth corps embarked for Hard Times. On the 29th, our fleet bombarded the rebel works at Grand Gulf, but without avail. The army was now ordered to move down below Grand Gulf, and bivouac. The fleet passed Grand Gulf successfully in the night, and on the morning of April 30th, the army embarked to land at Bruinsburg, whence it marched toward Port Gibson. Col. Harris's brigade, now led by Col. Stone of the Twenty-second, led the advance. Just after midnight, the advance guard, a company of the Twenty-first Iowa under Capt. Crooke, received the first fire of the enemy. It was three miles from Port Gibson. How that battle was fought and how gallantly the Twenty-second Iowa bore itself, is described in chapter 18. May 2d, the pursuit of the Rebels began. Col. Stone's brigade was halted, to replace a bridge destroyed by the enemy. May 13th, the brigade, now under Gen. M. K. Lawler, arrived at Mississippi Springs.

On the successful completion of Sherman's move on Jackson, line of march toward Vicksburg was resumed. In the desperate battle of Champion Hills, fought May 16th, Gen. Carr's division remained in reserve; but in pursuit of the defeated enemy, the Twenty-second Iowa was active and successful. At daylight of the 17th, the army moved on toward Black River Bridge, with Carr's division in the advance. The famous charge of Lawler's brigade on the enemy's works is described in chapter 18. The Twenty-first and the Twenty-third Iowa, with the Eleventh Wisconsin, were in this fierce assault. The Twenty-second Iowa was ordered to move down the river and assault the enemy's right, and succeeded in cutting off the retreat of most of the Rebels flying before the charge of its comrade regiments.

This brilliant feat of arms, resulting in the capture of between 15 and 20 pieces of artillery, more prisoners than the brigade numbered, and several thousand stand of small arms, covered the brigade with glory. Soon the Thirteenth corps took up its march for Vicksburg. The Twenty-third Iowa had been detached from its brigade, to take the prisoners of Champion Hills and Black River Bridge to Memphis. On the 19th McClelland's troops reached the hills surrounding the city. The siege was actively entered on, firing was opened and skirmishing commenced. In the fierce assault of May 22d, Lawler's brigade bore conspicuous part. A little band of the brave Twenty-second were all of the union army to force a way inside the enemy's works. This was at Fort Beauregard, and nearly all paid for their temerity with their lives. (See chapter 18.) Col. Stone was wounded and was succeeded in command by Lt.-Col. Graham. During the whole siege, the brigade did its full part in the arduous duties of the enterprise ended on July 4th, by the capitulation of the city. The Twenty-third had previously rejoined its brigade. July 5th, the command marched with Sherman's pursuing army to Jackson. Suffering like many other Iowa regiments from the exposures and vicissitudes of the campaign, the Twenty-second had now less than 150 men fit for duty. It participated in the fighting at Jackson.

After the evacuation of the city by the Rebels, the brigade was engaged in destroying railroad, and July 24th returned to Vicksburg. Following this, Col. Stone, who had recovered from his wound and rejoined the army,

bade farewell to his command and returned to Iowa, to become governor of the state.

July 31st, the division, now the First of the Thirteenth army corps, was placed under Maj. Gen. C. C. Washburne. The brigade was again under Col. Harris. August 13th, the command moved down the river to Carrollton, where preparations were made for a campaign under Banks in Louisiana. This expedition led through Bayou Bluff, Brashear City, Berwick, Iberia, Franklin, St. Martinsville, Vermillionville, and Opelousas. It lasted over two months, and there were several skirmishes, though no important results. The enemy was temporarily driven from the region. The division was now ordered to accompany Gen. Banks's expedition to Texas. It embarked in two divisions—Companies A, C, D, F and I, under Col. Graham, and the remaining companies under Maj. White. The part of the regiment under Col. Graham, landed November 27th on Mustang Island. On the 29th, it joined in an expedition against Fort Esperanza, which was taken. December 2d, the troops went into camp at DeCron's Point, where they were rejoined by Maj. White with his detachment of the Twenty-second.

January 3, 1864, the division embarked for Indianola, forty miles up the bay. The enemy retired as our army approached. Later, the brigade was ordered to Old Indianola for winter quarters. Here Gen. Fitz Henry Warren of Iowa took command of the brigade. The division was commanded successively by Generals Washburne, Dana and Benton. It was at this place that the enemy captured a small force of our mounted infantry. The loss of the Twenty-second Iowa was 6. March 13, 1864, the troops returned to Matagorda Island. Col. Graham being in Iowa on recruiting service and Maj. White on leave of absence, the Twenty-second was commanded by Maj. Houston of the Twenty-third Iowa. April 21st, there was a successful expedition under Gen. Warren, to Port Lavaca. The First division was now ordered to report to Gen. Banks at New Orleans. From there, May 4th, the left wing of the Twenty-second Iowa, under Capt. A. B. Cree, with the Twenty-third Iowa, and accompanied by Gen. Warren and staff, embarked for up the Red river to join Gen. Banks's army. After delay as to transports, the force proceeded to Semmsport on the Atchafalaya, joining Banks on his retreat from Alexandria. The army then marched to Morganza. June 9th, Capt. Cree was ordered to rejoin the rest of the regiment at Baton Rouge, and he arrived there June 10th.

The Twenty-second Iowa was now transferred to a totally new field of action. Brigaded with New York and New England regiments, and with the Eleventh Indiana, under Col. E. L. Molineux of the One-hundred-and-fifty-ninth New York, and placed in the Second division under Gen. Grover of the Nineteenth army corps, it was ordered to report at Washington, D. C. It reached there August 1st, and was ordered to join the forces of Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Its division included the brigade in which were the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa. The three Iowa regiments in the hot battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, distinguished themselves anew, and their gallantry brought added honor to their state. The events of the Valley campaign are recorded in chapter 30. November 30, 1864, the strength of the Twenty-second was 24 officers and 547 men. At the beginning of the year 1865, the command was again transferred to a widely different scene—Savannah, Georgia. In March, it was at Morehead City. It returned to Savannah, and early in April the brigade was reorganized. It was now formed of the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa regiments, with two from New York and one from Connecticut, and was commanded by Col. Harvey Graham of the Twenty-second Iowa. April 11th, the command moved to Augusta. July 25, 1865, the Twenty-second Iowa was mustered out of the service at Savannah. Col. Stone was brevetted brigadier general September 17, 1862, and became governor of Iowa January 1, 1864. Col. Harvey Graham was also brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-second Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Wm. M. Stone. Harvey Graham.	Harvey Graham. Joseph B. Atherton. Ephraim G. White. John Henry Gearke.	Wm. H. White. Alfred B. Lee. John C. Shrader.	Richard B. Allender. Martin Bowman.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
John A. Garrett. Harvey Graham. Ephraim G. White.	Joseph B. Atherton. John W. Porter. David J. Davis. Saml. D. Pryce. Oscar B. Lee. Taylor Pierce.	Alfred B. Lee. Oren Peabody. Wm. A. Dinwiddie. John E. Stanbury.	Chauncey F. Lovelace. James W. Sterling.

TWENTY-THIRD IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Des Moines, September 19, 1862—the day made glorious to Iowa by the battle of Iuka. Wm. Dewey was made colonel, Wm. H. Kinsman lieutenant colonel and Samuel L. Glasgow major. It was sent soon to Missouri, that great marching field and school of bitter experience. Longing for active warfare, it was kept in the rapid pursuit of an enemy always disappearing before it and awaiting only its departure to appear again. The roads were usually as bad as mud and rain could make them, supply trains were delayed, if indeed they were provided; the men's shoes were torn and worn by the violent forced marches; the nights were cold and much of the time spent in bivouac; rations were reduced to the lowest ebb, and often absolutely wanting,—in short, nature, climate, and the circumstances of war conspired to sow disease and create suffering in the ranks of our young regiments burning with loyalty and with ambition to distinguish themselves in battle. The Twenty-third experienced the usual round of duties—garrisoning and guarding, and marching on expeditions involving almost incredible fatigue and exposure, though apparently with no important result.

About the 1st of February, 1863, at West Plains, it was brigaded with the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Iowa, under Col. Stone of the Twenty-second. This brave brigade, long associated together, was destined to win honor for itself and its state by its brilliant achievements in future bloody battle scenes. Exposure and hardship lost many lives to the regiment. Col. Dewey died in November. Lt.-Col. Kinsman was promoted to his place, Maj. Glasgow became lieutenant colonel and Capt. Clark of Company B, major. With its brigade, the regiment was at Eminence and Iron Mountain, remaining for a time at the latter place and then marching to St. Genevieve on the river. In the marches and movements of the Twenty-third, as a part of the brigade, some interesting additional items may be found in the sketch of the Twenty-second Iowa. No official history has been furnished the adjutant general of the Twenty-first or the Twenty-third.

The brigade, including also the First Iowa battery, Capt. Harry Griffiths, was now ordered to join Gen. Grant's army around Vicksburg. It arrived March 22, 1863, at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana. Reorganized in this new army, the brigade was increased by the Eleventh Wisconsin, and was designated as Second brigade, Fourteenth division, Thirteenth army corps. Col. Harris of the Eleventh Wisconsin commanded the brigade, Gen. Carr the division, and Gen. McClernand the corps. On the 12th of April the brigade went on a short expedition to drive out some rebel cavalry at Richmond, Louisiana. Accomplishing this, it awaited at Perkins Landing the arrival of its corps.

The Thirteenth corps embarked April 23th on the transports which had run the blockade at Vicksburg, and moved down the river nearly to Grand Gulf, debarking on the opposite side.

On the 29th, a grand bombardment of the powerful rebel fortifications of Grand Gulf by the union fleet, was witnessed by our army from the river bank. The interest was intense while the brilliant spectacle lasted, but our fleet finally withdrew. The army was now moved down to a point below Grand Gulf, where it bivouacked for the night—but not to sleep. The soldiers were awakened by the roar of the guns, as our gunboats conveying the transports, successfully ran under and out from the batteries of Grand Gulf. When morning came, our troops embarked for Bruinsburg, and then was begun the march inland which was to make the way to Vicksburg a line of battle fields.

First came the battle of Port Gibson, where the brigade, now under Col. Stone, led the advance. It fought earliest and latest, and signalized itself by its gallantry. The Twenty-third Iowa led its brigade advance in the afternoon, and its loss was greater than that of any other Iowa regiment.

The next battle field on the march to Vicksburg was Raymond, where the brigade, now under Gen. Lawler, did not participate.

The division awaited here Sherman's return from Jackson. When the capital of Mississippi fell, it marched on to the bloody field of Champion Hills. But Carr's division was here held in reserve, and Lawler's daring brigade marched on to create one of the most brilliant episodes of the war in its dashing charge at Black River Bridge, where its daring, alone, purchased the victory.

The sacrifice was great. The Twenty-third Iowa led in the charge, and Col. Kinsman was among the killed. The Twenty-second Iowa had been detached to co-operate by another way, and succeeded in capturing the greater part of the escaping Rebels. These brilliant engagements in which the brigade was conspicuous are described in the chapter on Vicksburg.

The Twenty-third Iowa was now for a time detached from its brigade, to conduct the many prisoners of Champion Hills and Black River Bridge to Memphis. On the return it reached Milliken's Bend in time to re-enforce the small colored garrison when attacked by the Rebels, June 7th. (See chapter 20.) The brave Twenty-third had already been reduced by its short career of service to less than 200 men fit for duty, and now again lost heavily. It was commanded in the fight by Lt.-Col. Glasgow, and with him received special recognition. The regiment now rejoined its brigade in the siege of Vicksburg. That concluded, with its command it hastened with Sherman to Jackson, where it participated in taking the city. It then returned with its command to Vicksburg, and in August was transferred with its comrade regiments and its entire corps, under Gen. Ord, to the Department of the Gulf.

In the Louisiana expedition, the Twenty-third participated with its brigade (the Second), which was now commanded by Col. Harris of the Eleventh Wisconsin. The division had been consolidated with the Ninth, was designated as the First division of the Thirteenth corps, and was commanded by Gen. C. C. Washburne. After moving to Iberia, Franklin, Martinsville, Vermillionville and Opelousas, with some skirmishing on the way, the First division was ordered to return to Algiers, opposite New Orleans, and embark in an expedition to Texas.

Arrived in Texas, it was a part of the force which captured Fort Esperanza. It passed its winter at Indianola, and about the middle of March, 1864, went with the Twenty-second Iowa to Matagorda Island. Here its major, Leonard B. Houston, for a time commanded the Twenty-second Iowa, whose regimental officers were absent. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren had been for some time in command of the brigade. The First division of the Thirteenth corps was now ordered back to New Orleans to re-enforce Gen. Banks, who had met with reverses on the Red River. May 4th, the Twenty-third regiment and a detachment of the Twenty-second, with some other troops,

started from New Orleans up the Mississippi, under command of Gen. Fitz Henry Warren. They proceeded to Fort de Russey, where navigation was obstructed. Returning to the mouth of Red river, the arrival of transports enabled the troops to proceed, May 15th, to Semmsport, on the Atchafalaya, to join Gen. Banks's troops. The army then marched to Morganza and went into camp May 22d.

About this time, the Twenty-second Iowa was ordered to the East, to join Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. The Twenty-third was now in a new brigade with the Twentieth Iowa and other regiments. The brigade was commanded by Lt.-Col. Leake of the Twentieth Iowa, and was in the Third division of the Nineteenth army corps. The remainder of the year was spent by the command in Arkansas, in difficult marches and in arduous work on fortifications. In the beginning of the new year, 1865, the command returned to New Orleans to join in the approaching Mobile campaign. Col. Glasgow being much of the time in command of the brigade, Lt.-Col. Clark led the Twenty-third Iowa. It participated in the laborious marching over muddy roads and in the operations of the siege, and in the storming of Spanish Fort bore a gallant part. Remaining some time at Mobile, it was again sent to Texas, encamping at Columbus, where Maj. Houston commanded the post. July 26, 1865, it was honorably mustered out of the service and returned to Iowa, thus closing its brilliant military career. Col. Samuel L. Glasgow was brevetted brigadier general, December 19, 1864.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-third Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
Wm. Dewey. Wm. H. Kinsman. Sam'l L. Glasgow.	Sam'l L. Glasgow. Chas. J. Clark. Leonard B. Houston.	Alvis H. East. Oren Peabody.	Arthur J. Barton.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Wm. H. Kinsman. Sam'l L. Glasgow. Chas. J. Clark.	Chas. O. Dewey. Matthew C. Brown. Ebenezer B. Nelson.	Smith V. Campbell. Chas. B. Bosbyshell. L. M. Tidrick. Norman R. Cornell. W. H. Ward. Timothy J. Caldwell.	Robt. W. Cross. Wm. Merrill. Plimpton E. Greer.

TWENTY-FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS was the "Temperance regiment." Its colonel, Eber C. Byam, was a Methodist preacher, as were other of its officers. It was mustered into the service at Muscatine, September 18, 1862. John Q. Wilds was lieutenant colonel, and Ed Wright, major. It is to the courtesy of the major, now Gen. Wright, that the author is indebted for the material for this sketch of the brave Twenty-fourth. In camp at Muscatine the regiment lost many of its men from measles. It was ordered to report at Helena, Arkansas, and arrived there October 28th, where it was placed in the brigade of Col. McGinnis of the Eleventh Indiana. November 17th, the regiment formed part of an expedition, under Gen. Hovey, to the mouth of the White river. In another to Coldwater, Mississippi, to aid in a movement by Gen. Grant, the Twenty-fourth heard for the first time the greeting of hostile cannon. January 11, 1863, it participated in Gen. Gorman's expedition up the White river. The exposure to rain, cold and frost proved fatal to many.

Helena, except for beauty, had become a Venice. Rain was almost incessant, the back waters of the Mississippi formed lakes on either hand, while the streets were canals, threaded by canoes. Camp was removed to the hills and the road thither raised and piked. When the flood finally subsided, a bottomless mud remained. Disease ran riot. The Twenty-fourth alone

buried each day a comrade, and the hills became dotted with graves. February 15th, in Gen. Fisk's brigade, the regiment was part of the force which cleared out the obstructions in the Yazoo Pass. When spring appeared, it entered on Grant's active Vicksburg campaign. It was in Harvey's division of McClernand's corps. Its brigade included the Twenty-eighth Iowa and Forty-seventh Indiana, and was commanded by Col. Slack of the last named regiment. The damps of Helena had left it but 600 well men.

April 28th we find the Twenty-fourth embarking at Perkins' Landing, on the steamers which had run the blockade at Vicksburg. Near Grand Gulf the gunboats advanced alone to engage the enemy, the troops waiting on the transports to land and assault when the batteries should be silenced. It was a magnificent bombardment of five hours—but fruitless. The plan was changed. The soldiers landed at Hard Times, opposite, and marched to a point below. That night the fleet ran the blockade and morning found the army crossing to Bruinsburg.

The battle of Port Gibson, the first of the brilliant series leading up to Vicksburg, opened at daylight of May 1st. (For battles of this campaign see chapter 18.) The regiments vied with each other in seeking the posts of honor. Col. Byam of the Twenty-fourth left the field from illness, but his regiment acquitted itself like one skilled on the battle field—in a way to make our untried Iowa boys equally sought for to lead charges and assaults with the veterans of many fields. Skirmishing, guarding, advancing and fighting, bivouacking in rain and in mud, May 16th found Hovey's division leading the advance to Vicksburg and meeting the enemy at Champion Hills. The contest was fierce and bloody. Hovey could not find words to express his admiration of the two brave Iowa regiments of his division. "What shall I say of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa!" But it was a gloomy night for the heroes of the day when at roll call only half responded to their names. Company B of the Twenty-fourth was body guard of McClernand and not in the fight. May 24th, the regiment took its place at the left of the line investing Vicksburg, and shared fully and patiently in the arduous duties of the siege. July 4th, when Vicksburg fell, it joined in the swift pursuit of Johnston.

August 2d, the Twenty-fourth embarked for a new field—the Department of the Gulf, under Gen. Banks. It engaged in a campaign in Louisiana which led through Brashear City, Berwick and Vermillionville. During its progress, Capt. J. C. Gere was shot by guerrillas. Maj. Wright took command of the regiment, Col. Byam having resigned June 30th, and Lt.-Col. Wilds being home on recruiting service. The expedition lasted more than two months, but little was accomplished. March 13, 1864, the Twenty-Fourth with its command entered on Gen. Banks's unhappy Red river expedition. (See chapter 23.) Col. Raynor commanded the brigade (the Third), Gen. Cameron the division (the Third) and Gen. Ransom the two divisions (the Third and Fourth) detached from the Thirteenth army corps. Reaching Pleasant Hill the evening of April 7th, the brigade was ordered to support our cavalry which was skirmishing with the enemy. But the enemy fell back. At daylight, line of march was resumed, and at 2 p. m. was fought the disastrous battle of Mansfield or Sabine Cross Roads. Cameron's division was ordered to oppose about ten times its number. Five companies of the Twenty-fourth, under Maj. Wright, fought and lost heavily. The other five companies were escorting a train. Retreating, Pleasant Hill was reached about sunrise of the 9th, and the divisions of the Thirteenth corps were ordered to immediately take the trains to Grand Ecore, on the Red river. It was but the advance of a grand retreat entered upon by Banks with his entire force after Pleasant Hill was fought on April 9th. This mortifying retreat was continually harassed by the enemy, till with skirmishing and fighting and daily losses, the Mississippi river was reached May 21st. A part of this time Maj. Wright had commanded his brigade. Lt.-Col. Wilds also returned to the regiment. The expedition of Gen. Banks had been signally unfortunate.

July 6th came orders to "embark for an unknown destination." On board the ocean steamer "Star of the South," the sealed orders were opened. The destination was Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and the purpose, to join the army of Gen. Phil. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. The role that the Twenty-second, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa regiments played in that brilliant and bloody Valley campaign, and the glory these brave soldiers won for themselves and Iowa at Winchester and Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek are depicted in chapter 30. It was a brilliant ending to their gallant fighting record. January 6, 1865, the Twenty-fourth was transferred to another scene, Savannah, Georgia. With the other two Iowa regiments from the Valley it was in the rear guard of Sherman's northward marching army. At Morehead City, Goldsboro, Savannah, Hamburg and Augusta, it served vigilantly till on July 17, 1865, at Savannah, it was mustered out of the service.

Col. Ed Wright, first major, was brevetted brigadier general to rank from March 13, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-fourth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Eber C. Byam. John Quincy Wilds. Ed Wright.	Ed Wright. Leander Clark. James W. Martin.	John F. Ely. John M. Witherwax. Henry M. Lyons.	Felix W. Vinson. Elias Skinner. Gerge R. Carroll.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
John Quincy Wilds. Ed Wright. Leander Clark.	Charles L. Byam. Daniel W. Camp. Wm. H. Smouse.	Henry M. Lyons. John M. Witherwax. Sylvanus S. Cook. J. Meek Lanning.	Luke Baldwin, jr. Albert B. Eshleman.

TWENTY-FIFTH IOWA INFANTRY.

FOR material for this sketch of a brave regiment the author owes thanks to the courtesy of Col. D. J. Palmer and Quartermaster J. W. Garner. The Twenty-fifth was mustered into the service at Mt. Pleasant, September 27, 1862. Geo. A. Stone, former lieutenant in the First infantry, and major in the Fourth cavalry, was made colonel; Fabian Brydolf, former captain in the Sixth infantry, who lost his right arm at Shiloh, was made lieutenant colonel, and Calvin Taylor major. The regiment was sent to St. Louis and then to Helena, Arkansas. Here, detachments of the regiment participated in the expedition in aid of Gen. Grant's movement, to Cold Water, and also in the memorable White river expedition. In the winter of 1862, in Sherman's co-operative movement against Vicksburg, the regiment was placed in Gen. Steele's division, the First, of the Fifteenth army corps. It remained a part of the same to the end of the war.

It participated in the disastrous engagement of Chickasaw Bayou, where it was first under fire. (See chapter 17.) The first man killed from its ranks was Corporal Yount, Company B. (See page 329.) Again, January 11, 1863, the Twenty-fifth fought at the capture of Arkansas Post, and with conspicuous valor and severe loss. (See chapter 17.) Adj. S. Kirkwood Clark was mortally wounded. Now the regiment was located in the unhealthy camp at Young's Point. Early in April it was sent in Gen. Steele's expedition to Greenville, Mississippi, whose object was to attract the enemy's attention from Grant's principal movement. When the advance of Grant's army for Grand Gulf took place, the Twenty-fifth Iowa and Thirtieth Missouri were sent, under Col. Stone, to Richmond, Louisiana, to guard the pontoons at that place. When relieved, they marched to Hard Times Landing, Col. Stone being placed in command of the transports ferrying the army to

Grand Gulf. After crossing, the regiment escorted a supply train to the front, overtaking the army corps at Clinton, Mississippi, and taking its position with its division. Capt. W. F. Conrad was captured at Raymond and was held prisoner till near the close of the war, escaping then to our line at Knoxville, Tennessee. He was thus never able to rejoin his regiment. He is now a well-known judge in Des Moines.

In the advance of the Fifteenth army corps the regiment reached Vicksburg and took position at the extreme right of the investing line. It participated in the bloody assault of May 22d, losing heavily. Day and night, the regiment took its part in advancing the lines, in digging, in fortifying, in skirmishing,—in all pertaining to that famous siege. (See chapter 18.) It gained a position for its sharpshooters, commanding the famous water battery with the gun, "Whistling Dick," in trying to work which the Rebels admitted losing large numbers of men. In the meantime, Lt.-Col. Brydolf of the Twenty-fifth had resigned, and was succeeded by Capt. David J. Palmer of Company A. Maj. Taylor had left the service and was succeeded by Capt. J. L. Perkins of Company D. When Vicksburg fell, July 4th, prompt were the orders to move by 3 o'clock next morning in pursuit of Johnston. While Jackson was besieged, the Twenty-fifth with its brigade and with the cavalry under Gen. Bussey was sent to Canton to destroy railroad property. Returning, the entire Fifteenth army corps went into camp at Black River Bridge. In September the division embarked for Memphis. Gen. Osterhaus had succeeded Gen. Steele in its command. Route was then taken for Corinth, and then a march to Iuka and Cherokee Station.

The regiment was in the engagement of Cherokee Station and Tuscumbia. (See chapter 21.) Line of march was now taken up for Chattanooga. The obstructed roads preventing its division from arriving to take position in its corps, it was temporarily assigned to Hooker's command, and fought under him at Lookout Mountain, at Mission Ridge and at Ringgold. (See chapter 21.) Col. Stone, the gallant commander of the gallant Twenty-fifth, furnished graphic and full reports of the many engagements in which his regiment figured. The division was sent to Bridgeport, and then to Woodville, Alabama. The Fifteenth corps was now under Gen. John A. Logan, with headquarters at Huntsville. Following the battle of Chattanooga, the Twenty-fifth was for a time detached from its Iowa brigade and brigaded with four Missouri regiments, Col. Stone being senior and commanding officer. Two of these regiments, the Third and Twelfth Missouri, had at one time been commanded by Sigel and Osterhaus respectively, as colonels. The regiment with its brigade was in several expeditions, one to Lebanon, Alabama, and one to Cleveland, Tennessee.

May 1st, the regiment set out for the Atlanta campaign. It had resumed its place in Williamson's Iowa brigade, the regiments of which, the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Iowa, remained comrades till the end of the war. For the part played by this command with its Fifteenth corps in the brilliant campaign following, its long series of marches, skirmishes and battles, see chapter 25. The regiment engaged in the pursuit of Hood and then under Sherman's banner marched to the sea. (See chapter 27.) At Savannah, Col. Stone of the Twenty-fifth took command of this Iowa brigade to which the Thirtieth Iowa was attached, and led it on its march northward. (See chapter 31.) At Columbia, South Carolina, to Col. Stone and his gallant brigade fell the distinguished honor of taking possession, in the name of our army, of this stronghold of the Confederacy, the mayor delivering the city into their hands. At the battle of Bentonville the Twenty-fifth lost heavily. It marched on with Sherman's army to Washington and joined in the grand review. It was mustered out of the service at Washington, June 6, 1865.

Geo. A. Stone was brevetted brigadier general March 13, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-fifth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Geo. A. Stone.	Calvin Taylor. John L. Perkins.	Wm. S. Marsh. Henry M. Farr. Chas. F. Marsh.	Thos. E. Corkhill. Abraham Hollems.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Fabian Brydolf. David J. Palmer.	S. Kirkwood Clark. Saml. W. Snow. Jas. P. Wightman, jr.	James D. Gray. Henry M. Farr. Chas. F. Marsh.	Frederick J. Clark. J. Whitfield Garner.

TWENTY-SIXTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Clinton, September 30, 1862, with Milo Smith as colonel, Samuel G. Magill as lieutenant colonel, and Samuel Clarke as major. Being sent South, it joined the Twenty-fourth at St. Louis and speedily moved with it to Helena, Arkansas, where it was attached to the Army of the Southwest. Its stay at Helena was an unhappy one, like that of so many of our regiments. The rain was almost incessant and the mud difficult to traverse. Drilling could not be pursued and sickness and death followed the exposure. The spirits of the men fell low and Helena became hateful from association. Two expeditions varied the monotony of camp life. One went up the White river to Duvall's Bluff, and the other was into Mississippi in support of a movement of Grant.

Following this came Sherman's movement to Chickasaw Bayou to co-operate with Grant. Without directly engaging, the Twenty-sixth was under fire at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, where the Fourth regiment won such distinction. At the capture of Arkansas Post by McClernand, January 11, 1863, among many brave fighting regiments, none more distinguished itself than the Twenty-sixth. (See chapter 17.) Gen. Thayer, proud of his Iowa brigade, wrote glowing words of tribute to its bravery to Gov. Kirkwood. He "wanted nothing better than to lead such soldiers." The brigade was in Steele's division of Sherman's corps. The regiment suffered heavy loss.

In the great Vicksburg campaign, the regiment was in Steele's Deer Creek raid to Greenville and the interior, to draw attention from Grant's movements. It was present at the capture of Jackson, May 14th. On the 18th, it was skirmishing in the investing line at Vicksburg, two officers and three privates being wounded that day. Col. Smith was wounded in the assault of the 19th, and in the bloody charge of May 22d, the regiment lost severely. (See chapter 18.) Lt.-Col. Magill and Maj. Clarke had resigned in the latter part of 1862, and Adj. Ferreby having been severely wounded at Arkansas Post, Capt. Roe acted with the colonel as field officer, until the return of Adj. Ferreby as lieutenant colonel. When Vicksburg capitulated, July 4th, the Twenty-sixth was in Sherman's pursuing army, in the siege of Jackson and the subsequent pursuit to Brandon. Col. Smith led the brigade. Lt.-Col. Ferreby the regiment. At the Black River Bridge in August and September, chills and fever thinned the ranks.

October 10th, the regiment is at Iuka to guard the railway. From October 21st to 29th, there is a running fight between Tusculum and Cherokee, where one man is killed and one severely wounded. November 23d, in the First division, Fifteenth army corps the regiment is at Chattanooga. See chapter 21.) On the 24th, it fights with Hooker on Lookout Mountain, follows the path of victory to Mission Ridge on the 25th, and to Ringgold on the 26th. Lt.-Col. Ferreby is again wounded. At Woodville the day after Christmas the regiment numbered 502. It was commanded by Capt. Roe, and the brigade by Col. Smith. A reconnoissance on the Tennessee river

took place, the enemy being met and repulsed. In March, 1864, the regiment established an outpost at Vienna, Alabama.

May 1st, it started on the Atlanta campaign. Its history here is more fully recorded than at any other time of its career, by Maj. John Lubbers. It was a hard-fighting regiment in the brigade of Gen. Woods, as was also the Thirtieth Iowa. It was in Osterhaus's division, as was Williamson's Iowa brigade. The Twenty-sixth was engaged with the enemy at Resaca, losing 1 killed and 2 wounded. The next day it crossed the creek by wading and on logs, fighting as it crossed. It drove the enemy, but had 3 killed and 21 wounded—4 mortally. Three of the wounded were commissioned officers. At Dallas, on the 29th, the regiment lost 1 mortally wounded and 1 missing. From June 10th to 26th, it was daily engaged at Big Shanty. Seven were wounded, 1 an officer, and 1 killed. In the Kenesaw valley, constantly under fire, 2 were killed and 3 wounded. Continuously engaged in sharpshooting, July 1st, 1 was killed and 1 wounded. From the 5th on, at the Chattahoochee river, it was skirmishing. Its division recaptured De Gress's battery, where the Twenty-sixth had 5 wounded. At Ezra's Chapel, where the whole Fifteenth corps was engaged, it had 1 officer and 1 man severely wounded. The intervals were filled with marching, intrenching, guarding and picketing, and supporting other forces. July 30th, worn out with action, the Twenty-sixth was ordered to the reserve. August 9th, it was thrown again to the front, and a man was killed on the skirmish line. Till the 26th, in continuous duty and skirmish, 1 officer and 2 men were killed and 9 severely wounded. At Jonesboro, August 31st, 1 officer and 4 men were wounded. September 1st, re-enforcing a brigade in the Seventeenth corps, 1 officer and 3 men were wounded. At Lovejoy, throwing up works and skirmishing, 4 were severely wounded. Marching to East Point, 1 man was wounded. October 4th, the regiment joined in the pursuit of Hood. On the Etowah, some of its men sank down, exhausted by the forced march, and were either killed or captured by guerrillas. October 16th, the regiment aided in assaulting and driving the enemy at Ship's Gap, on Taylor's Ridge, losing 1 killed and 4 wounded. In this we have a brief outline of the experience of a hard-fighting regiment.

November 15th, the Twenty-sixth marched with Sherman's army for the sea. Forage was abundant, health good and spirits high. Reaching Savannah, the regiment, with its brigade, escorted a forage train forty miles into the interior. On its return it found our army occupying the city.

The author is indebted to Lient. E. Svendsen for interesting particulars concerning the regiment in the march through the Carolinas. The brigade commander, Gen. C. R. Woods, now led the division, and Gen. W. B. Woods the brigade. The Thirtieth Iowa was attached to the Iowa brigade of the same division, led now by Col. Stone. At Dick Taylor's farm the Twenty-sixth skirmished with rebel cavalry, driving them. At Columbia, it passed through the city after the Iowa brigade. That evening it relieved the Thirtieth Iowa as provost guard in the burning city. March 18th and 19th, the regiment waded creeks waist deep, but all in good spirits. At Bentonsville, guarding supply and ammunition train, it left its camp for the front, to fight with the division, losing 1 killed and 8 wounded. April 12th came the news of Lee's surrender. Gen. Logan passed down the columns and asked "if they felt a little better." Cheers went along the whole line. The Twenty-sixth marched on to Washington and shared in the grand review. It was there mustered out of service, June 6, 1865.

Col. Milo Smith became, long years afterward, first commandant of the Iowa Soldiers' Home at Marshalltown, built by a grateful and generous state for its noble defenders.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-sixth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAINS.
Milo Smith. John Lubbers.	Samuel Clark. Charles M. Nye. John Lubbers. Nathan D. Hubbard. Wm. H. Hall.	Abijah T. Hudson.	John McLeish, jr. John Van Antwerp.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTER.
Samuel G. Magill. Thos. G. Ferreby. John Lubbers. Nathan D. Hubbard.	Thos. G. Ferreby. Joseph D. Fegan. Dennis G. Butterfield.	Wm. MacQuigg. Geo. F. Wetherell. Cornelius Teal.	Joseph H. Flint.

TWENTY-SEVENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Dubuque, October 3, 1862. James I. Gilbert was commissioned colonel, Jed Lake lieutenant colonel and George W. Howard major. The regiment was ordered to St. Paul, Minnesota, to report to Gen. Pope, commanding the Army of the Northwest. Here Col. Gilbert, with six companies, was assigned as an escort to guard a paymaster and train from Fort Snelling to Mille Lacs. Accomplishing this, Col. Gilbert proceeded to Memphis, Tennessee, whither Maj. Howard with the remainder of the regiment had preceded him.

As a part of Gen. Sherman's army, the regiment was then advanced against the Rebels under Price, strongly intrenched on the Tallahatchie river on the railroad below Waterford, Mississippi. Gen. Grant's army was at the same time moving down the railroad, with base of supplies at Holly Springs. The enemy retreating from the Tallahatchie, the Twenty-seventh was soon assigned to guarding railroad on the river. In the meantime, Holly Springs was lost to us, and Gen. Grant's expedition, with Vicksburg for its object, was abruptly brought to a close. December 31st, the regiment, except Company G, serving as train guard, was sent with reinforcements to Gen. Sullivan, operating against the Rebels under Gen. Forrest near Lexington, Tennessee. But Forrest was defeated that same day by the victory of Parker's Cross Roads, where the Thirty-ninth Iowa fought so nobly. The Twenty-seventh joined in the pursuit. At the close of the year 1862, the Twenty-seventh had lost 69 enlisted men. Nearly 200 more were lying in hospitals in seven different states.

Until June 2, 1863, the regiment was at Jackson, Tennessee, performing provost, guard and picket duties. There were a number of marches into the country. One was to Corinth, where the regiment remained twenty days, while the troops, previously there under Gen. Dodge, made a successful raid to Tusculumbia, Alabama. A detachment of the regiment went once as train guard to Burnsville, Mississippi. From February 3d to the 28th, five companies were at Henderson Station as railroad guard. May 6th the companies were all distributed at various stations between Corinth and Memphis. Early in June, Jackson was evacuated, when the regiment moved to Moscow, again guarding railway. June 6th, Lt.-Col. Lake was made commandant of the post at La Grange. Maj. Harvard took command of the regiment and until August 15th, Col. Gilbert of the brigade. August 20th, the regiment marched for Memphis.

The next expedition was to Arkansas. At Brownsville the brigade joined the Army of Arkansas under Gen. Steele. This army captured Little Rock, September 10, 1863. The battery of the brigade was engaged, the infantry being in reserve. The regiment started November 15th for Memphis, reporting to Gen. Hurlbut of the Sixteenth army corps. Here it did picket duty the remainder of the year 1863.

January 28, 1864, the regiment moved to Vicksburg. In the brigade of Col. Shaw of the Fourteenth Iowa, together with the Fourteenth and Thirty-second Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri, it participated in Gen. Sherman's Meridian raid. March 10th, with this gallant command, it embarked under Gen. A. J. Smith for Gen. Banks's Red River campaign. (See chapter 23.) Approaching Fort de Russey, the regiment was doing duty as provost guard in Marksville, until the army should pass. Accomplishing this it moved rapidly after the column, Col. Gilbert hurrying word forward that if a battle were in prospect, the Twenty-seventh wished to be in it. Permission being accorded, the regiment joined in the charge, crossing the field, springing into the ditch, mounting the parapet and compelling surrender. Again at the hot battle of Pleasant Hill on April 9th, the Twenty-seventh bore an active and gallant part, suffering severe loss. Col. Gilbert was among the wounded. With its brave brigade it did the hardest fighting of the day. Covering the army on the grand retreat, there was continuous skirmishing and fighting. May 18th, occurred the battle of Yellow Bayou or Old Oaks, where Shaw's brigade was actively engaged. "It saved the army," said Col. Shaw. The Twenty-seventh lost 3 killed and 14 wounded. Among the latter was Capt. Chas. A. Slocum. The command arrived at Vicksburg May 24th. June 4th, it embarked for Memphis, but on the 5th debarked to dislodge the enemy at Ditch Bayou on Old River Lake, Chicot county, Arkansas. Col. Gilbert led the brigade and Maj. Howard the regiment. Routing the enemy, the command moved to Memphis.

Next, the regiment was engaged in the expedition under A. J. Smith to Tupelo, Miss. In the battles of Tupelo and Old Town Creek, it was an active participant. (See chapter 29.) In August, the regiment was in the Oxford expedition of Gen. Smith, returning to Memphis August 30th. September 5th, it was ordered to Missouri, where in October, in the army of Gen. A. J. Smith, it joined in the pursuit of Price, returning to St. Louis November 18th. November 25th, still in Gen. Smith's army, the regiment moved to Nashville, Tenn., debarking December 1st. In the battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, the regiment participated. (See chapter 28.) It was led by Lt.-Col. Lake. Col. Gilbert commanded the brigade, which was conspicuous for bravery. He was promoted brigadier general for gallantry. December 17th, the regiment joined in the pursuit of the enemy. January 5, 1865, found the regiment at Eastport, Miss. On the 9th, it made a reconnaissance to Iuka. February 9th, it left to enter on the Mobile campaign. Leaving Dauphin Island on March 20th, on the 25th, with its command, it joined in the march with the Thirteenth and Sixteenth army corps, arriving near Mobile on the 26th. April 3d, the march was resumed to Blakely. The regiment engaged with honor in the siege and in the assault. (See chapter 32.) It was led by Maj. Howard. With its brigade, under Gen. Gilbert, it occupied Blakely on the 10th. On the 13th, it marched for Montgomery.

July 14th, 122 recruits, whose terms of service would expire later than October 1, 1865, were transferred from the Twenty-seventh Iowa to the Twelfth Iowa Infantry. After this, the Twenty-seventh was ordered to Vicksburg to be mustered out of the service. This was, however, delayed until August 8, 1865, when it was finally mustered out at Clinton, Iowa. Its record had been one of constant bravery and constant fidelity to the cause it had served.

Col. Gilbert was made brigadier general February 9, 1865, and was brevetted major general March 26th, for gallantry at Blakely

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-seventh Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
James I. Gilbert. Jed Lake.	Geo. W. Howard. Sam'l W. Hemenway.	John E. Sanborn.	Daniel N. Bordwell. Frederick F. Kiner.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Jed Lake. Geo. W. Howard.	Charles A. Comstock. P. J. Harrington. Chas. H. Lewis.	Albert Boomer. David C. Hastings.	Solon M. Langworthy. Oliver P. Shiras. Geo. P. Smith.

TWENTY-EIGHTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service October 10, 1862, at Iowa City. Wm. E. Miller was made colonel, John Connell lieutenant colonel, and Hugh B. Lynch major. A history of the regiment by its chaplain, J. T. Simmons, has been the principal source of data for this sketch. Setting out for the field, the Twenty-eighth reached Helena, Arkansas, November 20th, and pitched its tents on the banks of the Mississippi. A detachment of 300 under Maj. Lynch was in the expedition of Gen. Hovey into Mississippi, in aid of Gen. Grant's movement toward Vicksburg. Private Wm. M. Hall was shot by guerrillas. The expedition returned to Helena, December 7th. The experiences now suffered by the Twenty-eighth in its wet and malarial camp were so bitter and depressing as to form the darkest picture in its whole career. They are a recapitulation of those of the Twenty-fourth. Sickness and death made fearful ravages. Typhoid and intermittent fever, measles, mumps and small-pox, all infected the camp.

January 11, 1863, an expedition under Gen. Gorman was undertaken up the White river with the object of co-operating with McClernand against Arkansas Post. It was one of unprecedented exposure and suffering. At St. Charles the troops debarked in a severe rain, being ordered to take possession of the town which had been evacuated by the enemy. It required four hours to unload the transportation. Two hours later, at ten in the evening, without any apparent change in circumstances, they were ordered to reload. This labor occupied them until after daylight. About two in the morning, the rain changed to snow, with cutting northwest wind. The men worked in freezing mud and water over their shoe tops, their clothing wet through and frozen. At eleven in the forenoon they were aboard, on the open, icy decks. The day and night following were spent in this condition, and then they were permitted to land at Clarendon and thaw and dry their clothing. From Duvall's Bluff the troops returned to Helena. The only result of this expedition was the suffering and loss among our own men. Some died on the way, others sickened to die in camp, and very many bore through life enfeebled health and ruined constitutions. February 14th, the regiment aided in the arduous labor of clearing out the obstructions in the Yazoo Pass. February 27th, Col. Miller resigned and Lt.-Col. Connell was promoted to the vacancy. April 11th, in preparation for the new Vicksburg campaign, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa, Fifty-sixth Ohio and Forty-seventh Indiana were brigaded together under Col. Slack of the last named regiment, being designated as the Second Brigade, Twelfth division, Thirteenth army corps. Gen. Hovey commanded the division, Gen. McClernand the corps.

From the transports which had run the blockade at Vicksburg, the troops witnessed the unsuccessful bombardment of Grand Gulf by our gunboats. Debarking, they marched to a point below. That night the fleet successfully ran the blockade, and the next morning our army embarked and moved down to Bruinsburg. At the battle of Port Gibson, May 1st, the Twenty-eighth fought with gallantry—more like tried veterans than young volunteers. (See

chapter 18.) It was the promise of the heroism soon to be displayed on one of the bloodiest battle fields of the war. May 9th, Gen. Grant reviewed Hovey's division. The Thirteenth corps was now constantly marching, maneuvering and skirmishing to hold the enemy's attention while Sherman and McPherson were pressing toward Jackson.

May 16th was fought Champion Hills, that fierce battle where Hovey's command engaged with such marvelous courage and desperation. (See chapter 18.) Gen. Hovey exclaimed: "What shall I say of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa!" These young regiments fought with a bravery never surpassed, and with fearful loss. May 25th, the regiment took its place in the line investing Vicksburg, doing its full share in the siege. Frequently one was killed in the trenches or even in camp. More were wounded; many sickened and died. Capt. B. W. Wilson had become lieutenant colonel at Helena. Now Capt. John Meyer became major, Maj. Lynch having resigned. July 4th, when Vicksburg fell, the regiment joined Sherman's army in pursuit of Johnston. It numbered only 250. When the siege of Jackson was concluded, it returned to Vicksburg, and in August, with its command, went to Carrollton, La.

September 12th, the troops were reviewed by Generals Grant and Banks, and the next day an expedition under Banks into Louisiana was entered upon. It led up Bayou Teche to Opelousas and Vermillionville. The force included the Thirteenth and Nineteenth army corps and some cavalry. Christmas found the troops again in camp at Algiers, opposite New Orleans. The expedition had had little result. From January 19th, there was a six weeks' pleasant stay at Madisonville.

February 26th, the division, the Third, under Gen. Cameron, was ordered to report at New Orleans, preparatory to joining in the Red river expedition. (For this campaign, see chapter 23.) The Third and Fourth divisions were detached from the Thirteenth army corps and commanded by Gen. Ransom. Via Alexandria and Natchitoches, the troops arrived on the evening of April 7th at Pleasant Hill, where they were hurried into line to support our cavalry, which was engaged. But the enemy had fallen back. On the morning of the 8th, the divisions moved forward, and in the afternoon took part in the battle of Mansfield. In this disastrous engagement the Twenty-eighth Iowa lost heavily. Col. Connell was wounded and captured, and lost an arm. Adj. Strong was wounded. Lt.-Col. Wilson and Maj. Meyer being absent on recruiting service, Capt. Dillin took command. Gen. Ransom was severely wounded, and was succeeded by Gen. Cameron. The troops retreated and reached Pleasant Hill at daylight of the 9th. A battle being imminent, Cameron's divisions were hurried to Grand Ecore with the trains. This forced march followed twenty-four hours of marching and battle without sleep. The booming of cannon told of the fight at Pleasant Hill. It was 2 p. m. on the 10th when the worn-out troops went into camp. They had had *one hour's* sleep that morning.

Banks soon followed with his whole army. April 24th began the general retreat. The Twenty-eighth, with its command, waded Cane river waist deep. No rations and night marching were the rule. Near Alexandria, the regiment, being thrown forward as skirmishers, had several wounded. Skirmishing continued two weeks. Morganza Bend was reached May 22d, and June 13th the command embarked for Carrollton. Here Col. Connell returned to the regiment from imprisonment. Lt.-Col. Wilson had rejoined it during the retreat. July 4th, a stirring celebration was enjoyed at Thibodeaux.

July 6th, the regiment received orders to prepare for transportation to an unknown port. Out on the ocean the sealed orders were opened, and Virginia proved to be the destination. The news was hailed with joy. It was going *northward* from the swamps and rebeldom of the South. The fame of our brave Iowa regiments had preceded them. The Twenty-second, the Twenty-fourth and the Twenty-eighth went from Washington to the Shenandoah Valley, and in Gen. Sheridan's army, in the hot battles of the Val-

ley campaign, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, added to the luster of their former achievements. In chapter 30, devoted to that campaign, their deeds are recorded. It was a glory purchased with blood, and the record of their dead and wounded saddens the memory of their brilliant deeds. The Twenty-eighth Iowa was led in these battles by Lt.-Col. Wilson, till early in the engagement of Cedar Creek, he was borne severely wounded from the field, and was succeeded by Maj. Meyer.

About the beginning of 1865, the three Iowa regiments were transferred to the South, where, united later in the same brigade, they served at various points; Savannah, Morehead City, Newbern, Augusta and Hamburg. They were finally mustered out at Savannah—the Twenty-eighth Iowa on July 31, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-eighth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
Wm. E. Miller. John Connell. Bartholomew W. Wilson.	Hugh B. Lynch. John Meyer. John W. Carr.	John W. H. Vest. Wesley A. Daniels.	John T. Simmons.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTER.
John Connell. Bartholomew W. Wilson. John Meyer.	James E. Pritchard. Joseph G. Strong. J. Wright Wilson.	Wm. B. Lathrop. Emanuel J. B. Statler. David Stewart. Robt. E. Canfield. Wesley A. Daniels. Leroy S. Groves.	Thomas Hughes.

TWENTY-NINTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Council Bluffs, December 1, 1862. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., was its colonel, R. F. Patterson, adjutant of the Fifth Iowa, lieutenant colonel, C. B. Shoemaker major, and Jos. Lyman adjutant. The official history of the regiment is by Adjt. Lyman. The Twenty-ninth was sent to St. Louis and assigned the duty of guarding, for a few days, the military prison. On Christmas, it embarked for Helena, Arkansas, reporting for temporary duty at Columbus, Kentucky, Lt.-Col. Patterson was in command of the regiment, Col. Benton being detained in St. Louis. January 8, 1863, the regiment proceeded on its way to Helena, being assigned to the brigade of Brig. Gen. C. B. Fisk. Without disembarking, it was ordered on the expedition up the White river under Gen. Gorman—the same participated in by the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-eighth Iowa, resulting in suffering and in fatal consequences to many. During the excessive cold and exposure of this trip, measles broke out in the regiment, so that 200 men were rendered unfit for duty.

The Twenty-ninth engaged in the novel and picturesque expedition through the Yazoo Pass and Cold Water and Tallahatchie rivers to Fort Pemberton. After the felled trees obstructing the pass were cleared out, the steamers started on their venturesome voyage, the overhanging trees so dismantling them of everything affording a hold, that they came out as though from a fierce whirlwind. After this, the regiment remained at Helena, on post, garrison or scout duty, until the Little Rock expedition.

On July 4th, the day made famous by three great victories, the regiment bore a gallant part in the battle of Helena, Arkansas. (See chapter 19.) Gen. Samuel A. Rice gives high praise to the Twenty-ninth Iowa, mentioning especially Col. Benton, Lt.-Col. Patterson, and Maj. Shoemaker, and Col. Benton commended highly his lieutenant colonel and Adjt. Lyman. The regiment thus proved itself of the same true mettle by which num-

bers of our Iowa troops fresh from their homes won laurels in their first battle. Between August 11th, and September 10th, in the army of Gen. Steele, the regiment was on the march from Helena to Little Rock. Gen. Rice commanded its division and Col. Benton its brigade. The command halted a week at Clarendon where it crossed the White river. The route then led up the river to Duvall's Bluff, where a depot of supplies and a hospital were established. Grand Prairie, destitute of water, stretches between Duvall's Bluff and Brownsville. The excessive heat and dryness were fatal to the men. Many were sunstruck. The ambulances, unable to contain the sick, would carry as many as possible some distance along the route, deposit them under the heat of the sun and return for more. This lasted the greater portion of two days. At Brownsville, there was a halt of a few days. Gen. Rice's division made a rapid march to Bayou Metoe to cover a movement of Gen. Davidson's cavalry, in another direction. After some skirmishing, both commands returned to the main army which now advanced toward Little Rock. The Rebels under Price retreated and the city fell into our possession.

In November, the regiment, with its brigade, under Gen. Rice, was sent out to intercept Marmaduke who had been repulsed, with heavy loss, in an attack upon Pine Bluff. The command proceeded to Rockport on the Washita river, without overtaking him. During the winter of 1863-4 the regiment remained at Little Rock.

March 23, 1864, the regiment, in Gen. Steele's column, moved to the southwest, with the object of co-operating with Gen. Banks's force, moving up the Red River. This was called the Camden campaign, and during it, the Twenty-ninth Iowa was in five engagements—Terre Noir Bayou, Elkin's Ford, Prairie d'Anne, Liberty and Jenkins' Ferry. Col. Benton was in command. (For campaign, see chapter 24.) At Terre Noir Bayou April 2d, the regiment was rear guard to the supply train, and had with it a section of battery. While passing through a narrow defile, there was a sudden dash on the rear by the enemy's cavalry. They were held in check by the rear guard and left wing of the regiment, till Col. Benton, by skillful disposition and use of his force was enabled to operate with effect against the enemy. A spirited engagement followed and lasted an hour and a half. The regiment lost severely. At Elkin's Ford, April 4th, the regiment lost 1, and at Prairie d'Anne, April 10th, 2. After resuming line of march toward Camden, one company of the Twenty-ninth was thrown forward as skirmishers, while the remainder of the regiment took position in the rear of Capt. Stranger's battery. The enemy having opened fire at Liberty, Col. Benton threw out a company of sharpshooters, to disable, if possible, his gunners and horses. At this point the regiment lost 4. After the enemy retreated, line of march was resumed. In the sanguinary engagement of Jenkins' Ferry, April 30th, the regiment fought bravely and lost heavily. The loss was increased by the capture of Asst.-Surgeon Nicholson and 16 men who were left with the wounded—the aggregate loss being 108.

At the close of the campaign, on returning to Little Rock, the regiment remained there nearly a year; except one month in July and August, when it was stationed at Lewisburg, fifty miles above, on the Arkansas. In November it became city guard of the post of Little Rock. When Gen. Reynolds assumed command of the Department of Arkansas, the army was re-organized. The Twenty-ninth was assigned to an organization known as the "Detached brigade of the Seventh army corps," Brig.-Gen. Carr commanding. About February 1, 1865, Gen. Carr received orders to proceed to New Orleans, where the regiment went into quarters at Algiers, across the river.

The Twenty-ninth was destined for the Mobile campaign. On the 20th, it moved to Mobile point, Alabama. On the 23d, it debarked without tents or baggage and bivouacked on the sands at Navy Cove, three miles in the rear of Fort Morgan. March 17th, the army began the toilsome march on Mobile. On the 25th the regiment fell into line in the investment of Spanish Fort. It bore its part in the siege with courage and credit, and suffered a

loss of 22 men. After the capture of Spanish Fort, it was in the forces that marched to the aid of our army besieging Fort Blakely. It arrived in time to witness the grand assault by Gen Steele's army, on Sunday evening of April 9, 1865. Fort Blakely was carried. April 12th, the regiment entered Mobile, and the next day marched with its division to Mt. Vernon Arsenal, on the Tombigbee river, forty miles above the city. On the way, it participated in its last skirmish with the enemy—among the last of the war. Col. Benton assuming command of the arsenal with his regiment as garrison, set to work at its renovation, the Rebels having before their retreat destroyed the beauty of this fine government property.

May 1st, the regiment returned to Mobile, and June 1st sailed for Texas. Brazos Santiago was reached June 9th. Gen. Sheridan having assumed command of the military division of the Gulf, ordered the immediate muster out of the Twenty-ninth Iowa. In pursuance of this order, the regiment sailed for New Orleans in the latter part of July, and August 10th, was honorably mustered out of the United States service. Returning home it reached Davenport August 19th, numbering 765 officers and enlisted men. But of this number only 415 men were originally attached to the Twenty-ninth, the remainder being recruits of the Nineteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-third Iowa regiments, who had been assigned to Col. Benton's command a few weeks previously, when their regiments had returned home for disbandment.

The regiment left an honorable record. Always prompt in duty, brave in action, cheerful in enduring hardship and well disciplined, it was never found wanting, and did its full part in winning respect and admiration for the soldierly qualities of our Iowa regiments.

Col. Benton was brevetted brigadier general, December 15, 1864. Lt.-Col. Robt. F. Patterson was also later brevetted brigadier general.

Field and Staff Officers of the Twenty-ninth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Thos. H. Benton, jr.	Chas. B. Shoemaker. Joseph Lyman.	Wm. S. Grimes. Alex. Shaw. Wm. L. Nicholson.	John M. Conrad. David Worcester.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Robt. F. Patterson.	Joseph Lyman.	Wm. L. Nicholson. David F. Eakin. Wm. Street. John H. Rice.	Wm. W. Wilson. Chas. W. Oden.

THE THIRTIETH IOWA INFANTRY.

To Adjt. Gen. Alexander the author is indebted for this complete sketch of his regiment:

The Thirtieth Iowa Volunteer Infantry was recruited in what was then the First Congressional District. Companies A and I were from Lee county, E and K from Washington, B and F from Davis, G and H from Jefferson, C from Des Moines, and D from Van Buren. A glance at the ages of the men at the time of the enlistment will account, in some measure, for the frequent use of the expression "the boys," among veterans. In an average company twenty-seven were not of age; the average age of the entire company was twenty-five years and the average age of ninety members was but twenty-three years. The command was rendezvoused at Keokuk by September 2, 1862, was mustered into United States service September 23d, and left by steamboat for St. Louis October 25th, where it was almost immediately armed and equipped and took a transport direct for Helena, Arkansas. A detachment of the regiment formed a part of an expedition up White

river, which started November 16th and returned to Helena on the 22d. On the 27th another detachment went with Gen. Hovey's expedition into Mississippi to the mouth of the Cold Water on the Tallahatchee river. On December 21st, the regiment embarked on that never to be forgotten steamboat, the Stephen Decatur, and joined the fleet which moved under Gen. Sherman against Vicksburg. Disembarking December 25th, ten or twelve miles up the Yazoo river, the holiday week was spent in the Chickasaw Bayou campaign, where the regiment was, on December 29th, first under fire, and where it met its first casualties in battle. January 5, 1863, the command embarked for Arkansas Post, where it took part in the battle of January 11th, losing 5 killed and 40 wounded. After this engagement the regiment returned to a point on the Mississippi opposite Vicksburg, known as the Briggs plantation, which was its camp during the dreadful winter's work in the attempt to change the course of the Mississippi river by means of a canal. This work was interrupted only by an expedition to Greenville, Mississippi, which extended into the interior about fifty miles. On the 2d of May the regiment left its camp for the campaign against the rear of Vicksburg. It took part in the fight at Jackson on the 14th, and reached the enemy's works at Walnut Hills on the 18th, skirmished the 19th, 20th and 21st, and on the 22d made the memorable bayonet charge, resulting in a loss in not to exceed fifteen minutes time, of 64 killed and wounded. The gallant Col. Abbot and brave Maj. Milliken were among the killed. Following this engagement the investment of Vicksburg was begun and the work of the siege carried on until the surrender of Pemberton, July 4th. Without an opportunity to see the captured city, the regiment hastily marched to Jackson and Brandon, skirmishing and destroying railroads, after which it returned to Black River Bridge, where it went into camp, remaining till the 27th of September, when Sherman's army started via Memphis to the relief of Chattanooga. Corinth, Mississippi, was reached October 8th, Iuka on the 10th, and Cherokee Station, Alabama, on the 21st, where in a sharp skirmish the regiment lost 27, killed and wounded. The able and much beloved Col. Torrence was among the killed. Chickasaw, Alabama, was reached October 31st, and left November 3d. A march of seventeen days via Florence, Pulaski and Stevenson, brought the regiment to Bridgeport, Alabama. After a short halt the march was resumed and Lookout Valley reached November 23d. Gen. Osterhaus's division, to which the regiment was attached, owing to a broken bridge at Brown's Ferry, was here temporarily assigned to Gen. Hooker's command, with which it fought at Lookout Mountain, November 24th, Missionary Ridge on the 25th, and at Ringgold on the 26th.

In these three engagements the loss was 3 killed and 25 wounded. The breaking of the bridge that sent the First division of the Fifteenth corps with Hooker instead of Sherman in these three fights, should make the survivors of the First division kindly considerate at sight of a broken bridge. From Ringgold the regiment marched back, via Chattanooga and Bridgeport, to Woodville, Alabama, which point was reached December 27, 1863. During the entire term of the regiment's service, the camp at Woodville was the only one it ever occupied under any other conditions than to be ready to move at short notice. Here it remained continuously until May 2, 1864, except a short period spent in guarding a ferry southwest of Huntsville. Starting May 2d, the march was via Stevenson, Bridgeport, Chattanooga, Gordon's Mills, Villanow and Snake Creek Gap, arriving at Resaca on the 13th. In action that day and the two succeeding ones, the loss was 5 killed and 23 wounded. The march being resumed, the Oostanula river was crossed at Calhoun Ferry, Adamsville and Kingston, Ga. passed, and Dallas reached on the 25th. In repelling the assault at this latter place on the 28th, the loss was 1 killed and 1 wounded, the regiment fighting behind as fine a line of earthworks as it ever constructed. Moving from Dallas, June 2d, skirmishing continued all the way to Kenesaw Mountain, which was reached on the 10th, from which time until the abandonment of the position by the Rebels, July 3d, skirmishing was continuous. The next

movement was via Marietta, Roswell and Decatur toward Atlanta, made memorable by the great battle on the left wing of the army, July 22d, followed by the one on the right wing, July 28th. The month of August was occupied with skirmishing and building earthworks, ending on the 31st with the unsuccessful attack by the enemy at Jonesboro. That night, Atlanta was evacuated. The campaign from May 2d to September 6th, cost the regiment 16 killed and 65 wounded. The most of September was spent at East Point. October 4th, the regiment joined in the pursuit of Hood, marching via Marietta, Resaca and Gaylesville to Gadsden. Sharp skirmishing occurred on the pursuit, but there was no serious engagement, and November 4th the command again reached Atlanta. Next came the "march to the sea," beginning November 15th, and ending by the occupation of Savannah, December 21, 1864. The regiment was on provost duty in the city until January 10, 1865, when it embarked on an ocean steamer for Beaufort, S. C., going into camp at Pocotaligo, from whence, on February 1st, the march "through the Carolinas" was begun, and Columbia, S. C., occupied on the morning of the 17th, after a most uncomfortable night in the passage of the Broad river and a sharp skirmish to get possession of the city. Cheraw was reached March 5th. On the 20th and 21st, at Bentonsville, N. C., occurred the most important action of the march, in which the regiment lost 1 man killed and 7 wounded. Goldsboro was reached on the 27th, and Raleigh, April 14th, where, on the 26th, occurred Gen. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman. Then came the glad march to Washington, passing through Petersburg, Richmond and Fredericksburg, reaching Alexandria May 10th.

On May 24th, occurred the grand review at Washington, by the President and Gen. Grant. Then came the camp at Crystal Springs, where active preparations began for the return home. The muster out occurred June 5th, and the journey toward beloved Iowa was soon begun. It proved to be a journey with a dreadfully sad feature to it. On June 8th, about one-half mile east of Summer Hill, Pennsylvania, on the Pennsylvania railway, the train upon which the regiment was traveling met with an accident resulting in the death of Sergt. C. P. Bradshaw of Company H, and the wounding of 5 members of the same company, 3 members of Company E and 1 of Company C. It seemed doubly sad that death and serious injuries should come to these poor fellows who had lived through three years of danger and hardship and had apparently got safely through all their trials. During the regiment's service, its commanders were: Col. Charles H. Abbott, Col. Wm. M. G. Torrence and Lt.-Col. Aurelius Roberts. The brigade commanders were Brigadier Generals John M. Thayer, James A. Williamson and George A. Stone. The division was practically, for the entire period, the First of the Fifteenth army corps, and was commanded by Major Generals Frederick Steele, P. J. Osterhaus and Charles R. Woods. From the start from Helena down the river in 1862, till the final muster out in 1865, the regiment was never from under the command of Gen. Sherman, except the few days above noted when it was with Gen. Hooker. The following is a summary of the engagements in which the regiment took part:

Chickasaw Bayou, Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, Jackson, Brandon, Cherokee Station, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, Resaca, Dallas, Big Shanty, Kenesaw Mountain, Nickajack, Atlanta, Left of Atlanta, Lovejoy Station, Savannah, Columbia, Bentonsville, Raleigh.

In the first and third of these engagements Col. Abbott was in command; in the second, fourth, fifth and sixth Col. Torrence, and in the remainder Lt.-Col. Roberts. In addition to the above battles there were very many skirmishes, which in an extended history would merit considerable attention. The Thirtieth had more field officers killed in battle than any other Iowa regiment. It had, of officers of all grades, killed and died of wounds, 9. The only regiments losing more heavily, were the Fifth, which lost 10, the Second which lost 12 and the Ninth which lost 13. From all the Iowa troops there were, of commissioned officers, killed and died of wounds, 223.

Of that number the Second, Fifth, Ninth, and Thirtieth infantry lost 42, nearly one-fifth of the entire loss. Of the regiments organized in the fall of 1862, the four losing most heavily in "wounded in action" were the Twenty-second which lost 267, the Twenty-fourth which lost 260, the Twenty-eighth which lost 262 and the Thirtieth which lost 222. Of the regiments organized in the fall of 1862, those having the greatest "total casualties" were the Twenty-eighth which had 696 and the Thirtieth which had 646. The Thirtieth took 973 men into the service and received afterward 57 recruits. The brief though partial summary of the regiment's history is that it participated in twenty-one battles; that it had 73 men killed and died of wounds, 235 died of disease, 222 wounded and 19 captured.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirtieth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Charles H. Abbott. Wm. M. G. Torrence.	Lauren Dewey. Jas. P. Milliken. Robert D. Creamer.	John W. Bond. David B. Allen. Nathan L. Price. Saml. C. Rogers.	John Burgess. Thos. W. Hyde.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Wm. M. G. Torrence. Aurelius Roberts.	Edwin Reiner. James H. Clendenning. Jas. M. Smith.	Peter Walker. Chas. G. Lewis. J. C. Stoddard. Nathan L. Price. Saml. C. Rogers.	Saml. Townsend. John C. Lockwood.

THIRTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Davenport, Iowa, October 13, 1862. Wm. Smyth was made colonel; Jeremiah W. Jenkins lieutenant colonel, and Ezekiel Cutler major. It was sent to Helena, Arkansas, arriving November 20th. November 27, it participated in the expedition of Gen. Hovey to Cold Water, Mississippi, in aid of the operations of Gen. Grant. In Hovey's brigade of Steele's division, it engaged in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 27th, 28th and 29th. (See chapter 17.) January 11, 1863, it was actively engaged at the capture of Arkansas Post, and bore itself with courage and credit. From January 22d to April 2d, the regiment was in the unhealthy camp at Young's Point. Then it engaged under Steele in the expedition to Greenville and the Deer Creek raid which was to divert attention from Gen. Grant's main movement against Vicksburg. May 7th, in Grant's army, the regiment moved from Grand Gulf toward Jackson, Mississippi. It was under fire at Raymond on the 12th, and assisted in the capture of Jackson the 14th. It followed up the enemy after Champion Hills and on the 18th reached the rear of Vicksburg.

The regiment was in the fierce assault of May 22d. Lt.-Col. Jenkins and Lieut. Jas. G. Dawson were among the wounded, and Lieut. Robert Anderson was killed. It took its full part in the labors and dangers of the siege, and when Vicksburg surrendered, July 4th, it joined with Sherman's army in the siege of Jackson and subsequent pursuit of Johnston. It was in the skirmish at Canton. From July 27th to September 22d, it was in camp at Black river. It then moved with Sherman's Fifteenth corps to Memphis. September 29th, it moved to Corinth, Mississippi, whence, on October 11th, it marched to Iuka and then to Cherokee. Here on October 21st, the regiment was severely engaged with rebel cavalry, and on the 26th and 27th, in a running fight with the enemy, driving him beyond Tusculum. On the 28th, the Tennessee river was crossed

at Eastport, and with Sherman's entire corps the regiment marched eastward, reaching Lookout valley on November 23d.

In Osterhaus's division, the Thirty-first was conspicuously engaged, under Hooker, at the battle of Lookout Mountain, November 24th. On the 25th, it fought at Mission Ridge, Lieut. Thomas C. Bird being among the wounded. Again, pursuing the enemy, it fought at Ringgold, suffering much. (See chapter 21.) December 1st, it moved to Bridgeport, and on the 22d to Woodville, where, with its division, it went into winter quarters.

May 1, 1864, the regiment started out on the great Atlanta campaign. (See chapter 25.) In Williamson's Iowa brigade it fought with conspicuous valor in the brilliant series of engagements now opening. The division was commanded by Osterhaus, and the corps, the Fifteenth, by Logan. May 13th, at Resaca, Col. Jenkins was severely wounded. At Dallas, at Big Shanty, Kenesaw, Jonesboro and Lovejoy, and in all the intervening marching and skirmishing, the regiment was brave, active and faithful. From July 14th to August 2d, it was detailed from its brigade for guard duty. October 4th, it moved with the army in pursuit of Hood, skirmishing at various points. November 15th, with its command, it joined in Sherman's novel and successful march to the sea, entering Savannah December 21st. (See chapter 27.) The regiment had been led variously by Col. Smyth, Lt.-Col. Jenkins and Maj. Stimming, the first two officers being at times in charge of a brigade. Col. Smyth resigned December 15, 1864, when Lt.-Col. Jenkins took command.

January 19, 1865, the march northward was begun. (See chapter 31.) The gallant Col. Stone of the Twenty-fifth now led the Iowa brigade, which included the Fourth, Ninth, Twenty-fifth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first Iowa regiments. Through the courtesy of Maj. S. S. Farwell of the Thirty-first Iowa, the author has obtained interesting particulars of this march, some of which he quotes as they are given in the major's interesting narrative. It was on the Edisto river that Private Oliver Welch of Company H captured alone four armed rebel veterans, bringing them two miles to our lines, they under the belief that they were *surrounded*. At Columbia the principal role fell to Col. Stone's brigade. The capital of South Carolina rose in beauty above the banks of the Congaree and in front of the union army, drawn up in line of battle only a mile away. To reach here, our soldiers had passed Camp Sorghum, where the Rebels had kept 1,600 union officers imprisoned. The stakes which marked the dead line were still standing, and the holes were there, where, without shelter, they had burrowed in the earth, covering the holes first with branches of trees and then with earth. The graves of eight officers were seen, who had been wantonly shot. Instead of crossing the Congaree, the army moved up above where the Saluda and Broad unite, crossing first the Saluda. At 2 A. M. of February 17th, two boats were lashed together, and 60 men of Col. Stone's brigade, under Capt. Bowman of the Ninth and Capt. Farwell of the Thirty-first Iowa, crossed the Broad river, took position and were soon followed by the brigade. At sunrise the line advanced and drove the Rebels. Three of the Thirty-first were wounded.

"The brigade was ready for another advance, when the cry, 'The white flag is coming!' was heard. Looking toward the city, we beheld a carriage approaching, bearing two large white flags. Col. Stone advanced a little way to meet it, and an old man, alighting, announced that he was mayor of the city of Columbia, and that he came to surrender a defenseless city of old men, women and children into our hands. Col. Stone accepted the surrender, and, taking the Thirty-first Iowa flag, unfolded it to the breeze on top of the carriage over the mayor's head. Then forming his brigade, the Thirty-first in advance, he started to occupy the nest egg of the Rebellion. Upon entering the city, crowds of negroes greeted us with the most extravagant expressions of joy. As we advanced down the crowded street, the scene was simply indescribable. On all sides were heard shouts of 'Glory! Glory!' 'The year of jubilee has come!' 'We are all free now!' accompan-

ied with snatches of song, dancing and hugging one another. One young woman, so white that only an experienced person could detect African blood, seized Col. Jenkins by the arm, shouting, 'Yesterday I was a slave; to-day I am free! We are all free now!' This is but a sample of what was being enacted all along the line. It seemed as though we were an army of deliverers (as in fact to the slaves we were) instead of hated conquerors and invaders.

"While the scenes above described were being enacted, the flag of the Thirty-first Iowa was being unfurled to the breeze on the State House. The soldier is seldom enthusiastic, but at this moment I saw none but were crazy with delight. To think that that old emblem which had been torn down, despised, spit upon and subjected to every indignity by these people for four long years, was now vindicated and waving in glory and triumph over their heads and on the very State House in which treason first became an accomplished and awful reality, was so grand and inspiring we could only wish that every lover of the old Stars and Stripes could have witnessed the sight and shared in our triumph and exaltation. While the excitement was at its highest pitch, Gen. Sherman entered the city accompanied by Howard and Logan. Our brigade received them with rousing cheers, which Gen. Sherman acknowledged by raising his hat and riding along the lines with uncovered head.

"When the city surrendered, the rebel flags were all taken down and secreted; but in a few instances they were discovered, and one of them, a large Palmetto banner, is still in the possession of Maj. Farwell of Monticello. Col. Jenkins was now appointed provost marshal, and the Thirty-first Iowa detached as provost guard.

"We found that nearly 2,000 captured union officers had been confined in a stockade in the very heart of the city up to within two days of our arrival. Before the surrender of the town it was attempted to remove these prisoners to other prisons. Quite a number escaped, and with the assistance of negroes secreted themselves till our arrival. Their joy as they met the boys in blue, and realized that they were again under the Stars and Stripes, no pen nor tongue has the power to describe. It mattered not from what army they came or where captured, their arms were around us in fraternal embrace, and old soldiers who had faced death on many a battle field, wept like children."

The tales of captivity, of cruelty, insult and starvation roused the fiery indignation of the union soldiers. The writer of this book can testify to the fidelity of this vivid narration. He was one of these escaped union prisoners. Columbia burned down and the march was resumed.

"A great many negroes came with us from Columbia, and their numbers reached thousands before we got to Fayetteville. Clothed in rags, barefoot, the women carrying their beds and little household goods on their heads, babies in their arms, and little children trudging along by their sides, all walking through the rain and the mud by the side of the marching troops, they went out into the great, unknown world to find freedom."

At Cheraw, several of the regiment were injured by the explosion of the powder magazine. At Bentonsville, Col. Stone's brigade was hotly engaged, the Twenty-fifth Iowa especially losing heavily. The Thirty-first Iowa lost 5. At night, sent out as advance pickets, while the line was being determined by Capt. Farwell, a Rebel rose and fired, seriously wounding Lieut. Maloney. The Rebels withdrew the next morning, and the battle was over. March was resumed. At Goldsboro, the sick and wounded were cared for, and the army was relieved of its vast following of negroes. April 12th, while the army was marching, the roar of thousands of voices was heard in the rear. "It came nearer and nearer, when a rider appeared going at full speed and shouting as he passed each regiment, 'LEE HAS SURRENDERED TO GRANT.' The boys all took up the shout till the whole army joined." Then followed the news of Lincoln's death, and Gen. Grant

came to the army at Raleigh. The march went on to Washington, where the regiment took place in the grand review. It was mustered out of the service at Louisville, Kentucky, June 27, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-first Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
Wm. Smyth. Jeremiah W. Jenkins.	Ezekiel Cutler. Theodore Stimming. Sewell S. Farwell.	Garretson L. Carhart. Horace H. Gates.	Daniel S. Starr.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Jeremiah W. Jenkins. Theodore Stimming.	Edwin C. Blackmar. Joseph C. Carr. Moore Briggs. Joseph Rosenbaum.	Lucius H. French. Christopher I. Dawson Elisha T. Taylor. Abram B. Hershø. Horace H. Gates.	Albert J. Twogood. Levi H. Mason. John W. Gilman.

THIRTY-SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Dubuque, October 6, 1862. John Scott was made colonel, Edward H. Mix lieutenant colonel, and Gustavus A. Eberhart major. The regiment was sent to St. Louis. There Gen. Curtis ordered six companies, B, C, E, H, I and K, to proceed to New Madrid, where regimental headquarters should be established—and four companies, A, D, F and G, to Cape Girardeau. These detachments remained separate until March 4, 1864.

At New Madrid, a large part of the duty was to prevent the furnishing of contraband goods to the Rebels. Col. Scott entered upon its prosecution with vigor and fidelity. Lieut. Converse was provost marshal. December 17, 1862, Companies C and I, under Capt. Peebles, started on an expedition west of New Madrid, during which they captured from the enemy 5 commissioned officers, 3 enlisted men, 35 horses and 50 head of cattle. The expedition returned on the 22d. Col. Scott also, with 20 men, examined the various points on the river between New Madrid and Cape Girardeau, where trade or smuggling was practicable. On his return, he brought a scouting party, 50 strong, from Cape Girardeau to Lane's Landing, from which place they returned to Cape Girardeau through the interior, making a successful reconnoissance. They had prisoners and some captured stock. The party was under command of Capt. Roszell.

December 29th, New Madrid being evacuated by order of Gen. Davies, commanding the district of Columbus, the detachment moved to Fort Pillow, Tenn. April 1, 1863, Company B was ordered to Fulton, Tenn., and June 20th, the entire detachment to Columbus, Ky. Here the regiment was sent on an expedition to Union City. July 11th, Col. Scott was placed in command of the post. Company C, Capt. Peebles, was here attached to the Fourth Missouri cavalry as mounted infantry, and engaged in arduous duties. They were in the expedition of twenty days to Jackson, under Gen. A. J. Smith, in the extreme cold of December and January. Company E, Capt. Jones, was placed on duty at Fort Quinby, near Columbus, and Companies H and K, under Capt. Benson, were sent to Island No. 10. The duties at Island No. 10 were largely in protecting the contraband colony and in guarding public stores. There were expeditions to either shore, and some fighting. In one of these affairs, October 22d, Private John D. Baker of Company H was killed by guerrillas. Only Companies B and I remained on duty at regimental headquarters. Capt. Miller was in command in the absence of Lt.-Col. Mix, who was president of court martial at Cairo, Ill.

About January 20, 1864, the six companies of the detachment were collected and embarked for Vicksburg. There the detachment was assigned to

the Second brigade, Third division, Sixteenth army corps. Col. W. T. Shaw commanded the brigade, Gen. A. J. Smith the division, and Maj. Gen. S. A. Hurlbut the corps. This detachment of the Thirty-second participated, with its command, in the famous and successful Meridian raid of Gen. Sherman into Central Alabama, in which the railroads were torn up and destroyed. The enemy was constantly near—sometimes skirmishing, often threatening a battle. Rations were often deficient, and there was much marching by night. February 28th, near Canton, a forage train of 22 teams, guarded by 25 men of Company C, under Capt. Peebles, was attacked by mounted Rebels 300 strong. A gallant resistance was made, the fight lasting over half an hour. Private Edward Flood was killed. The Rebels admitted a loss of 25 killed and wounded. The train escaped with a loss of eight teams captured—due to a panic among the teamsters. The campaign lasted from February 3 to March 4, 1864.

The detachment of the Thirty-second Iowa under Maj. Eberhart, which had been sent to Cape Girardeau was attached to a cavalry division under Gen. Davidson. His appreciation of its courage and fidelity was expressed in a special order when the detachment left for Vicksburg to rejoin the regiment. The first expedition undertaken by this detachment, under command of Capt. Roszel, has been noted. March 14, 1863, and April 21, there were expeditions to Bloomfield. Returning from the latter to Cape Girardeau, our troops were attacked on the 25th. The enemy was repulsed. Patrick Burns, Company A, of the Thirty-second, was captured while on picket. March 25th, there was another expedition toward Bloomfield, and July 11th, still another. The regiment was then attached to Reserve brigade, First cavalry division, Department of Missouri. On the 19th, as guard to the supply train, it made a severe march of 10 days to Arkansas. Arrived at Wittsburg the detachment remained until August 1st. It then marched to Clarendon, arriving on the 8th.

August 12th, orders were received to accompany the gunboat fleet on an expedition up the White river to be commanded by Capt. Bache, U. S. N. Companies A and D, under Capt. De Tar, embarked on the gunboat Cricket, and Companies F and G, under Capt. Roszell, on the Marmora. At Des Arc a few prisoners were taken, and a warehouse full of confederate stores destroyed. The Cricket was ordered up Little Red river in search of rebel transports, and came back with two prize steamers which she had overtaken and captured at Searcy. Finding there a pontoon bridge, Company A destroyed it, thus severing the two parts of Marmaduke's army. Company D assisted by deploying as skirmishers. On their return the boats were attacked by about 300 of the enemy. Company D lost Private George Fox, killed. The Rebels were repulsed and lost severely. Our force disembarked at Clarendon August 15th. Here, August 16th, the detachment aided in covering the crossing of its division. A slight skirmish took place. On the 25th, it marched to Duvall's Bluff with supply train, and returned with the same to Brownsville.

August 27th, the detachment had 160 men fit for duty. Mounted in wagons, these advanced with the division to feel the enemy at Bayou Metaire. Within four miles of there, the enemy being met by our advance, the detachment was thrown forward with three squadrons of the Third Missouri cavalry dismounted. Skirmishing through the thickets three miles, a line of works was discovered, charged on the double-quick, and taken. After skirmishing across the bayou till near evening, the detachment of the Thirty-second Iowa covered the rear of the division on its return to Brownsville. Company D lost 1 man killed and 2 wounded. In the night, the men were drenched by a heavy rain. All of this exposure, fatigue and fighting resulted in leaving only 50 men of the detachment fit for duty, when it was ordered, September 1st, to escort the supply train to White river. On entering Little Rock, September 11th, two months after leaving Cape Girardeau with 250, there was scarcely an able-bodied man. The detachment had in this time marched five hundred miles with cavalry.

January 31, 1864, the detachment started for Vicksburg, where it went into camp to await the return of the other part of its regiment from the Meridian raid. March 4th, the regiment was reunited. March 10th, the Thirty-second Iowa entered on the Red river expedition. In Gen. Smith's division and Col. Shaw's brigade, it bore a gallant part in the marches and the battles of the campaign. (See chapter 23.) At the storming of Fort de Russey, the brigade played a brilliant role.

April 9th, in the battle of Pleasant Hill, Gen. Smith's division was ordered to the front, and Col. Shaw's brigade, including the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh, and Thirty-second Iowa and Twenty-fourth Missouri, was in the advance. This brigade did the hardest fighting of the day. It seems almost incredible that the Thirty-second, cut off from its brigade and entirely surrounded, with nearly one-half of its numbers killed or wounded, not only held its own, but near dark fought its way through, and joining our advanced troops, the Thirty-fifth Iowa under Col. Hill, in less than thirty minutes was ready to meet the enemy again. Lt.-Col. Mix and Adjt. Huntley were among the slain.

On Gen. Banks's retreat, Col. Shaw's brigade was ordered to fall in and cover the retreat of the army. Bringing up the rear, skirmishing and fighting, the long retreat continued. At the battle of Bayou de Glaize during the retreat, on May 18th, the Thirty-second was actively engaged. Maj. Eberhart commanded. The casualties were 5 wounded, among them Lieut. Wm. D. Templin of Company E. To the promptitude of action of Capt. Crane of the Fourteenth Iowa, Col. Gilbert of the Twenty-seventh, and Maj. Eberhart of the Thirty-second, Col. Shaw attributed the safety of our army at this point. May 23d, the command arrived at Vicksburg. Here Col. Scott resigned his position, thus far so gallantly filled.

June 6th, at Point Chicot, in a sharp engagement of only a few minutes duration, the Thirty-second Iowa lost 4 killed and 4 wounded. This point or peninsula between Vicksburg and Memphis was occupied at its neck by Marmaduke, who from this vantage point could obstruct the passage of boats at two points by attacking above or below. Gen. Smith moved suddenly against him and dislodged his force. Col. Gilbert of the Twenty-seventh Iowa commanded the brigade. June 10th, the command reached Memphis.

In the Tupelo campaign under Gen. Smith, the Thirty-second participated. (See chapter 29.) It returned to Memphis July 24th. August 4th it joined in the Oxford expedition, reaching Memphis again on the 30th. In Gen. Smith's command the regiment was now transferred to Missouri, where it was kept constantly marching to different points in pursuit of Price. October 25th it left St. Louis for Nashville, Tennessee. Arrived there, it immediately engaged in intrenching. In the battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, the regiment participated, in Col. Gilbert's brigade and Gen. Smith's division. (See chapter 28.) In the final charge on the afternoon of the 16th, the regiment captured Borguchoud's battery of 5 guns with 50 prisoners, losing 1 man killed and 25 wounded. December 31, 1864, the entire command of which the Thirty-second formed a part was on the march toward Clifton, to embark for Eastport, Mississippi.

Next we find Gen. Smith's command on its way to take part in the Mobile campaign. The regiment was thus present at the siege and capture of Spanish Fort. (See chapter 32.) After the storming of Blakely and the fall of Mobile it remained in Alabama till sent home to Clinton, Iowa, where it was mustered out of the service August 24, 1865. It left a proud record for gallantry.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
John Scott. Gustavus A. Eberhart.	Gustavus A. Eberhart. Jonathan Hutchinson. John R. Jones.	Stephen B. Olney. Philander Byam.	Lorenzo S. Coffin. Joseph Cadwallader.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Edward H. Mix. Gustavus A. Eberhart. Jonathan Hutchinson.	Charles Aldrich. Charles H. Huntley. Wm. L. Carpenter.	Jesse Wasson. Wm. B. Waters. Philander Byam. Wm. L. Huston. Wm. B. Church.	Thos. C. McCall. Morrison Bailey.

THIRTY-THIRD IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Oskaloosa, October 4, 1862 Samuel A. Rice, attorney general of the state, was made colonel, Cyrus H. Mackey lieutenant colonel and Hiram D. Gibson major. An interesting history of the Thirty-third Iowa, by A. F. Sperry, musician in the regiment, furnishes a large part of the material for this sketch.

November 20th, the Thirty-third set out for the war. At St. Louis, marching by Gen. Curtis with soldierly step, it finds favor in his eyes and he compliments it highly. It is placed on duty in the city. Early December 21st, the Thirty-third was on its way down the river. It landed on the 24th at Columbus, Kentucky, to aid in repelling an expected attack. New Year's day the regiment was ordered to Union City, Tenn., returning January 3, 1863, to Columbus. January 8th, it set out for Helena, Arkansas, which city did not prove more agreeable or healthful than to our other Iowa regiments. It was a question whether it *always* stormed at Helena. There was a brief view of the "glory of war," when Gen. Grant passed down the river toward Vicksburg with a part of his army—colors streaming, bands playing and the men shouting. The boys longed for more stirring scenes—a wish soon realized.

The Thirty-third was a part of the force engaged in clearing out the obstructions in the Yazoo Pass, in pursuance of Gen. Grant's plan to thus communicate with the Yazoo river, and approach Vicksburg. The pass is a narrow channel connecting the Mississippi with Coldwater river, about seven miles below Helena, and on the opposite side of the Mississippi. The channel passes through Moon Lake. The Coldwater flows then in a southerly direction till it enters the Tallahatchie, which river pursues a similar course and flows into the Yazoo. The Yazoo river empties into the Mississippi a short distance above Vicksburg. Our troops had cut through the levee on the Mississippi, and the high water of the river rushing into the pass, flooded the adjacent region. The trees which the Rebels had felled into and across the channel, to impede the enterprise, had now to be removed by fastening ropes around them and dragging them out. In this swampy region, with mud and water underfoot, and a rainy sky overhead, with only woolen blankets for shelter, "active service" was experienced. Company B lost several by capture. This labor accomplished, the command returned to Helena to join at once in the Yazoo Pass expedition. (See chapter 17.) The regiment was in Gen. Fisk's brigade of Gen. Ross's division. The channels of the streams were narrow and deep, the branches of the trees raked the steamers as they passed, and the current was swift, with abrupt bendings. The Tallahatchie is so crooked that standing on one boat and looking at the others, it was hardly possible to tell whether they were in advance or behind. It was an adventuresome trip. Helena was reached again on April 8th.

May 1st, the regiment was ordered out after some rebel cavalry, returning next day. May 6th, under Lt.-Col. Mackey, it formed part of a reconnoitering force under Col. Rice, returning on the 13th. May 23d, Gen. Prentiss held a grand review of all the troops at Helena. Col. Rice was made brigadier general August 4th, and was succeeded in the regiment by Lt.-Col. Mackey.

July 4th, at the bravely won battle of Helena, the Thirty-third Iowa fought its first fight and fought it valiantly. (See chapter 19.) The battle lasted from 2 in the morning till 11, and our garrison was attacked by more than four times its number. The Thirty-third, in this baptismal battle, lost heavily. The regimental colors planted on the breastworks were cut by 27 bullets. Companies B and G were in a charge that captured three or four times as many prisoners as there were captors. Private Moore of Company G captured 5 prisoners alone. Sickness from malaria and loss in battle had reduced the number of the regiment to 285 effective men.

August 11th, the division under command of Gen. Rice took up line of march in the expedition of Gen. Steele against Little Rock. It was a trying march, but when Little Rock was reached, the joyful news of its capture and occupation by Gen. Davidson's cavalry was received. September 15, Gen. Rice's division entered the city. At Little Rock rations were reduced to one-quarter. On home-made graters the men grated corn for bread. Log barracks were constructed for winter, and chimneys made of brickbats, sticks and mud. October 26th, the Thirty-third participated in an expedition to Benton, 25 miles south. The brigade now comprised the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-third Iowa and the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Wisconsin. The ranks of the Thirty-third had been greatly thinned by sickness. November 15th, Capt. Loffand, with a party, went to Iowa to obtain recruits. Christmas was celebrated in camp by a more liberal bill of fare, "Mashed potatoes" were much enjoyed. Company C was treated by its officers to roast pig and oysters.

March 23, 1864, the Camden expedition under Gen. Steele was undertaken. It was intended to join Gen. Banks at Shreveport. (For campaign, see chapter 24.) It was a hard march, with light clothing, cold nights and half rations. The Rebels continually harassed the march, and light skirmishing took place. April 4th, the regiment was in hearing of the engagement at Elkin's Ford. At Prairie d'Anne, it played its full part in the brilliant military pageant. Private Wm. P. Funk, of Company I, was mortally wounded. April 14th, Gen. Rice's brigade was ordered on a forced march to a cross road. Rations were drawn and distributed on the move. Darkness drew on and it was nine when the command camped. It was too cold to sleep without the blankets which were left behind, but rails were plentiful for fires. At 4:30 in the morning reveille sounded. There was advancing and fighting all day. This is called the battle of Camden. At 6:30 p. m., the command entered the place.

The dismal outlook at Camden and the combats at Poison Springs and Mark's Mills are given in chapter 24. Rations were reduced to one-quarter. April 20th, a supply train from Little Rock, under Col. Mackey of the Thirty-third, came in. The colonel took command of his regiment. Maj. Gibson, who had led it in his absence, resigned and left Camden with the return train under Lt.-Col. Drake of the Thirty-sixth Iowa, being captured with that force at Mark's Mills.

On the night of April 25th, came orders to prepare to march. It was the beginning of the retreat—a retreat fraught with danger and great suffering from cold, hunger and fatigue. It was interrupted on April 30, 1864, by the sanguinary battle of Jenkins' Ferry. The Thirty-third Iowa was in the hottest of that long fight and displayed unsurpassed bravery and endurance. Col. Mackey was wounded and Maj. Boydston took command. On the further retreat, Gen. Rice's division was in the front and the Thirty-third Iowa was train guard. After almost incredible suffering Little Rock was reached. The regiment was again in camp, with enough to eat, time to rest and letters

from home. Capt. John Lofland, Company D, was promoted lieutenant colonel and assumed command of the regiment. Acting Adjt., Lieut. C. H. Sharman of Company G, now began preparing an entire new set of regimental books, they having been burned during the retreat from Camden. June 6th, Maj. Gen. Sickles reviewed the division, and June 20th Col. Marcy of the regular army reviewed the brigade. July 3d, Maj. H. D. Gibson, released from rebel prison, where he had endured much, reached Little Rock on foot, and was soon home in the North.

The news of the death of Gen. Samuel A. Rice from wounds received at Jenkins' Ferry was received on the 21st. Half-hour guns were fired during the day in honor of his memory. Details were now frequently made to guard boats taking provisions to Fort Smith and other points. On one of these trips 1 man of the Thirty-third was mortally wounded. Col. Mackey, now sufficiently recovered, returned and resumed command of his regiment. October 30th, the Thirty-third Iowa, with a section of the Third Iowa battery, started to Fort Smith as escort for a train of supplies. Re-enforcements were met on the way. The expedition returned in twenty-nine days, bringing 40 prisoners. January 20, 1865, the regiment was inspected by Maj. Gen. Reynolds, commanding the department, and was complimented. January 21st, it participated in an expedition under Gen. Carr, to Mt. Elba, Arkansas, on the Saline river, returning February 4th.

February 14th, the regiment left Little Rock under orders to report to Maj. Gen. Cauby at New Orleans for the Mobile campaign. At Navy Cove, the regiment was transferred to the Thirteenth army corps, and attached to the Third brigade, Third division. Col. Krez of the Twenty-seventh Wisconsin commanded the brigade, Gen. Wm. P. Benton the division and Maj. Gen. Granger the corps. March 17th, the Thirteenth army corps moved through the pine forests interspersed with lakes along Mobile Bay. Miles of corduroy roads were constructed for the trains. When Fish river was reached, every band played "Out of the Wilderness," as it marched over the bridge. Spanish Fort was invested and was taken on April 8th. (See chapter 32.) April 9th, the regiment moved with its command to Fort Blakely, arriving just as the assault had succeeded. The command then left for Mobile. The following day at Whistler's station there was a slight skirmish. April 19th, the command went to McIntosh's Bluff, leaving the Twenty-ninth Iowa at Mt. Vernon. It then returned to Mobile and was ordered to Texas. Brazos Santiago was reached June 7th. The regiment moved to the Rio Grande. July 4th, it re-embarked for New Orleans, where on July 17th, 1865, it was mustered out of the service. Arriving in Iowa, the regiment quartered on Rock Island till August 7th, when it was finally disbanded.

Samuel A. Rice, first colonel of the Thirty-third, was a man beloved and esteemed in every relation of life. He became brigadier general August 4, 1863, and died at home July 6, 1864, of wounds received at Jenkins' Ferry. His regiment erected at Oskaloosa an appropriate monument to his memory.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-third Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Saml. Allen Rice. Cyrus H. Mackey.	Hiram D. Gibson. Cyrus E. Boydston.	Arad Parks. John Y. Hopkins.	Robt. A. McAyeal. Frances M. Stusser.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Cyrus H. Mackey. John Lofland.	Frederick F. Burlock. Chas. H. Sharman.	John Y. Hopkins. Wm. M. Scott.	Henry B. Myers. Eugene W. Rice.

THIRTY-FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THIS regiment was mustered into the service at Burlington, October 15, 1862. Geo. W. Clark was made colonel. He was one of four brothers who, with a brother-in-law, enlisted in the Thirty-fourth. The last died in the service, and the oldest brother later, in consequence of injuries there received. Warren S. Dungan was lieutenant colonel, and Racine D. Kellogg major.

While in camp at Burlington, measles broke out, there being six hundred cases. Pneumonia followed and was often fatal. The regiment was ordered to report to Gen. Steele at Helena, and arrived there December 5th. There, small-pox appeared, notwithstanding which the regiment was placed in Thayer's brigade of Steele's division. In this command it participated in the disastrous battle of Chickasaw Bayou under Gen. Sherman. (See chapter 17.) The regiment, with its command, now took part in the capture of Arkansas Post, acquitting itself with honor. Capt. Dan. H. Lyons was among the mortally wounded.

The small-pox had by this time appeared in many cases and together with the exposure by having been crowded on transports, had greatly reduced the strength of the regiment. Col. Clark was ordered to take it with five companies from another regiment, and guard the prisoners, 5,000 in number, to Chicago. Six thousand five hundred men were crowded on three poor boats, these so unserviceable that two weeks were spent getting to St. Louis, and so crowded that the small-pox spread among the prisoners. It was mid-winter and the suffering was great. Leaving the sick at St. Louis, Col. Clark proceeded with the regiment to Chicago, returning again February 5, 1863. Nearly all the officers and men were sick. The regiment was totally broken down, and the mortality was frightful. So many died and were discharged that it was fearfully reduced in numbers. As health improved, it was put on duty. About April 1st, it was sent to City Point, Virginia, with prisoners.

April 20th Col. Clark was sent with his regiment, now numbering 300 for duty, to Pilot Knob, Missouri, which was threatened by Marmaduke. Col. Clark was put in command of the post and soon after of the sub-district, leaving the regiment to the command of Lt.-Col. Dungan, at present esteemed state senator, of Chariton. Frequent assignment of Col. Clark to similar important duties left the regiment much of the time in command of the efficient and brave lieutenant colonel, whose skill and effort in drilling his regiment made it one of the most proficient in the service. Both in regimental and in brigade drill, and in training his officers to their duties, Lt.-Col. Dungan distinguished himself as a commander, and brought his regiment during the service to a high degree of perfection. At Pilot Knob the sanitary condition of the regiment improved greatly.

June 3d, Col. Clark was ordered to embark the Thirty-fourth with Gen. Herron's army to join Grant in the Vicksburg campaign. He had now 400 fit for duty. The Thirty-fourth took its place June 15th at the extreme left of Grant's investing line. Though during the siege some were killed or wounded, the men stood the exposure better than most of the regiments, holding their numbers and strength. The regiment in Gen. Vandever's division (Second) and Gen. Herron's corps (Thirteenth) was designed to reinforce Gen. Banks, but, diverted from that purpose, was with Herron in the capture of Yazoo City, July 14th. On the 16th and 17th it marched under Herron toward Canton, where a diversion was to be made in favor of Sherman who was engaging Johnston at Jackson. Canton and Jackson both having been taken, it returned to Yazoo City and Vicksburg. The march had been severe, numbers falling from sunstroke.

July 25th, the division started for the Department of the Gulf. After three weeks stay at Port Hudson which proved alarmingly unhealthful, the division moved to Carrollton, Louisiana, arriving August 26th. The men recuperated rapidly. The corps was twice reviewed by Gen. Banks and once by Gen. Grant. September 5th, the division, lightly equipped, was ordered to

Morganza on the Mississippi river, remaining there till October 9th. It was during this time that the combat of Sterling Farm took place, where the Nineteenth Iowa, with other troops of this division, were captured by the Rebels. (See chapter 19.) The Thirty-fourth lost Lieut. Walton and 5 privates captured and 1 man mortally wounded. After five weeks absence, the command returned to Carrollton, and on October 24th, the division embarked for Texas. The island of Brazos de Santiago was reached November 8th. From there the troops marched to Brownsville, whence they were shortly ordered back to the Gulf. In an expedition under Brig. Gen. Ransom, they sailed 110 miles up the coast to Aransas Pass. Joined by another brigade under Gen. Washburne they landed on St. Joseph's island, crossed to Matagorda island, and after a preliminary engagement in which the Thirty-fourth took prominent part, captured Fort Esperanza.

Remaining in this vicinity until April 20, 1864, they re-embarked for New Orleans. Immediately on arriving, they were started to re-enforce Gen. Banks on the Red River campaign. Banks's army was joined at Alexandria April 27th. He had fallen back thus far on his retreat. After about three weeks of skirmishing in this vicinity the retreat was resumed to the Mississippi river. Col. Clark commanded the brigade which formed the rear guard most of the way, and the Thirty-fourth, with the other regiments of the brigade, was frequently engaged with the enemy. Arrived at Morganza, the division was ordered to Baton Rouge, remaining there six weeks as garrison.

In July, Col. Clark had notice that his regiment was to be transferred to the Potomac, but while waiting at Algiers to be transported thither it was attached to Maj. Gen. Granger's expedition against the forts at the mouth of Mobile Bay. Here the gallant Thirty-fourth played a conspicuous role. Col. Clark's official report has a graphic description of the engagements. The troops disembarked at Dauphin Island July 28th, and marched that night to within two miles of Fort Gaines, immediately commencing the siege vigorously. August 5th, Admiral Farragut ran his fleet by the forts, and the next morning Fort Gaines surrendered. The Thirty-fourth had lost 1 man killed. Immediately operations were begun against Fort Morgan. The intrenchments were gradually advanced until the guns were within 500 yards. The bombardment commenced at daylight of August 23d, from the north and the south by the gunboats, and from the east by the land batteries. Till daylight of the 24th, the stream of shot and shell was incessant. Then the Rebels ran up the white flag. At the formal surrender, to the Thirty-fourth Iowa was assigned the place of honor. At the designated time, 2 p. m., the regiment marched up in front, the band playing "Hail Columbia." Line of battle was formed in front of the sally port through which the prisoners soon issued. They formed in line parallel with and ten paces in front of the regiment. The rebel officers were ordered to the front and center and while their men stacked arms they surrendered their swords into the hands of a staff officer, detailed for the purpose. During the ceremonies a national salute was being fired, and just at this juncture the rebel flag was hauled down and the Stars and Stripes unfurled to the breeze.

About the middle of September, the regiment was ordered to report to New Orleans, whence it proceeded immediately to Morganza. It was then four weeks on the Atchafalaya, on outpost duty. Lieut. Walton and 1 private were severely wounded in a skirmish. Later, it was at the mouth of White river, Arkansas, returning December 6th to Morganza. The varied experiences of the Thirty-fourth Iowa, since enlistment, had reduced it to below one-half the maximum. It was formed into a battalion of five companies, and by January 1, 1865, there was consolidated with it another battalion of five companies, formed of the Thirty-eighth Iowa. Col. Clark now found himself at the head of as fine a regiment as there was in the United States service. It was a large regiment of trained and tried veterans.

In preparation for the Mobile campaign, it was made a part of the Third brigade, Second division, Thirteenth army corps, under Gen. Andrews. The command was ordered to Barrancas, Florida. It was a beautiful and health-

ful camp. Lt.-Col. Dungan wrote his wife: "Our camp begins to assume the appearance of a neat village nestling among foliage as green and beautiful as our maturer towns at home can boast." The Thirty-fourth Iowa received first honors in a contest in regimental drill. March 12th, the command was moved to Pensacola. Lt.-Col. Dungan was now, by order of Gen. Canby, detailed as acting inspector general of the Second division, Thirteenth army corps, on the staff of Gen. Andrews, a position which he held till the close of the war. March 20th, in Gen. Steele's army, the march on Mobile was commenced. April 2d, Blakely was reached. Of the march, Lt.-Col. Dungan wrote: "The country is a flat, sandy swamp, covered with pine forests. The roads, even when dry on the surface, are a mere crust, with quicksand underneath. When the wheels of the provision wagons and gun carriages would cut through this crust, a hundred men would drag them by ropes to the road corduroyed by the army. Horses and mules would break through and sink to their bodies. A whole brigade would be detailed to corduroy, while the pioneer corps would be repairing in the rear of the column. More than a fifth of the distance was corduroyed. Only 8½ miles a day were marched. Such a country furnished no forage and the army was reduced to one-third rations. Scattered grains of corn left by horses and mules were picked up and eaten by hungry men."

The regiment was engaged in the siege of Blakely, and in the magnificent charge of Steele's army April 9th, the Thirty-fourth was among the first to plant its colors on the fort immediately in its front. (See chapter 32.) April 19th, the regiment moved to Mobile and then to Selma, where Col., now Gen. Clark, was in command of the post. May 12th, it left for Mobile, and was ordered to Texas. From Galveston it went to Houston, where Gen. Clark was in command of the post and sub-district. Capt. C. H. Miller was efficient provost marshal. August 15, 1865, this gallant regiment was mustered out of the service.

Col. Clark was brevetted brigadier general for gallantry at Blakely, April 9th, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-fourth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
George W. Clark.	Racine D. Kellogg. John Kern. Hinkley F. Beebe.	Charles W. Davis. Victor H. Coffman.	Uri P. Golliday.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Warren S. Dungan.	Wm. W. Bryant. Chas. F. Loshe.	Henry W. Jay. Victor H. Coffman. John D. McCleary. John B. Hatton. Joseph R. Jay. Ichabod King. M. A. Dashieil. John M. Peebles.	John D. Sarver. Josiah McLeod. Henry A. Maydole.

THIRTY-FIFTH IOWA INFANTRY.

This regiment was mustered into the service at Muscatine, September 18, 1862. Sylvester G. Hill was made colonel, James H. Rothrock lieutenant-colonel, and Henry O'Connor major. The regiment was sent to Cairo, Illinois, arriving November 24th, and there performing guard duty. December 19th five companies were sent to Columbus, Kentucky, under Lt.-Col. Rothrock. On Dec. 29th, the remainder of the regiment followed. February 3, 1863, danger being apprehended at Island No. 10, seven companies were sent thither, but on the 5th were relieved and ordered to Cairo. On the 10th, Companies B and D were sent to Illinois to arrest deserters

from an Illinois regiment. They returned to Cairo March 24th. March 14th, six companies at Cairo were ordered up the Tennessee river as escort to Gen. Asboth, to re-enforce Fort Heyman. They returned March 19th.

April 12th, by orders of Gen. Grant the regiment set out for the Vicksburg campaign, at Duckport, Louisiana, reporting to Brig. Gen. J. M. Tuttle, commanding the Third division of the Fifteenth army corps, under Gen. Sherman. It was assigned to the Third brigade of his division. The regiment participated in the battle of Jackson, May 14th, having 1 man killed and 1 severely wounded. It crossed Big Black river on the 18th and arrived that evening in the rear of Vicksburg. Here it engaged in the severest duties of the siege, at work in the trenches, sharpshooting and on picket. June 22d, the regiment was ordered out in the Army of Observation near the Big Black river, on severe picket duty. In the siege of Vicksburg it had lost 2 killed and 1 wounded. July 4th, when Vicksburg capitulated, it was ordered by a circuitous route to Jackson, arriving on the 10th. When the city was evacuated by the Rebels, it engaged in destroying railroads in the vicinity. At Jackson it had lost 1 officer wounded and some men captured. The regiment left July 20th, with about 600 prisoners of war, for Clinton, Mississippi. When its division arrived, July 23d, it left to go into camp at Bear Creek, 18 miles from Vicksburg. Owing to severe marches and duties from May on, in that southern climate, many of the Thirty-fifth sickened and died during August and September. In the meantime, Lt.-Col. Rothrock and Maj. O'Connor had resigned. Capt. Wm. B. Keeler succeeded the first, and Abraham John became major.

October 15th, the regiment left on a scout under Gen. McPherson beyond Brownsville, returning October 20th. November 7th, the regiment left Vicksburg for Memphis, and marched from there to La Grange, Tennessee, arriving November 21st. January 25, 1864, with its command it moved to Vicksburg to take part in Gen. Sherman's Meridian raid. Arriving too late to join that expedition, it remained in camp till March 10th, when in Gen. A. J. Smith's column it started to join Gen. Banks's Red River expedition. Col. Hill commanded the brigade consisting of his own regiment and the Thirty-third Missouri, and Lt.-Col. Keeler led the Thirty-fifth Iowa. Gen. Mower commanded the division. At the taking of Fort de Russey the regiment was in reserve. While at Alexandria, Col. Hill's brigade, with a battery, was ordered against Fort Henderson. The brilliant manner in which their mission was accomplished is thus narrated: The enemy were in readiness for an attack. The march was through marshes and a dense pine forest, and many were exhausted from fatigue. It was cold and rainy, and darkness set in. Noiselessly, and quickly, the brigade, with the Thirty-fifth Iowa in advance, felt their way to the enemy's lines. Eight pickets were successfully captured, three couriers, one guidon and an ambulance with horses, and sent to the rear of the first regiment, without the firing of a gun. At midnight the main camp of the Rebels was reached. The horses, hitched to a section of the enemy's battery and caisson, were mounted by our men and a number of the enemy surrounded in a house before our presence was discovered. Both regiments then charged with fixed bayonets through the camp, capturing another section of battery with caissons and horses complete, and a number of mounted Rebels. Moving to another point, about 40 more prisoners with horses were taken. With this rich prize, 222 prisoners, artillery, horses and arms, the brigade returned to Alexandria to receive high commendation for its brilliant exploit.

At the battle of Pleasant Hill, Col. Hill's brigade fought valiantly, the Thirty-fifth Iowa alone losing 64, 4 of them officers. This was out of seven companies, three being on picket duty in the rear. (For campaign, see chapter 23.) On the retreat of Banks's army, Col. Hill's brave regiments had their share of the fighting constantly taking place. May 16th, at Mansura, Louisiana, the Thirty-fifth Iowa lost 3 wounded, and on the 18th, at Bayou de Glaize, 3 killed, 17 wounded and 1 missing. Capt. Geo. C. Bur-

meister was severely wounded and Col. Hill had the inexpressible sorrow of seeing his own son, Fred. Hill, acting orderly, shot dead by his side.

After returning to Vicksburg, the regiment was in Gen. Smith's force which fought the battle of Point Chicot or old Lake, to clear the river of Marmaduke's blockade. Maj. Abraham John commanded and fell mortally wounded from his horse. Capt. William Dill was also severely wounded. In a few minutes the regiment lost about 20. It then proceeded to Memphis, and with its command was engaged in Gen. Smith's Tupelo campaign. With the Twelfth Iowa, it formed a part of the brigade of Col. Woods of the Twelfth, and participated in the battle of Tupelo, July 14th. (See chapter 29.) After returning to Memphis it was again engaged in the Oxford expedition. By the last of August, it was again in Memphis.

Early in September, Gen. Mower's division was ordered to leave Memphis for the White river, Arkansas, to clear out threatened rebel blockading. Landing at Duvall's Bluff, it marched to Brownsville and then pursued Price northward to Missouri—a severe march of 350 miles in 19 days. Moving to St. Louis, the command was ordered to join Gen. A. J. Smith in pursuit of Price in Missouri. The enemy constantly eluded, and the violent marching ended about the middle of November. In about a week more Gen. Smith's army was on its way to re-enforce Thomas at Nashville. The Third brigade consisted of the Twelfth and Thirty-fifth Iowa, with the Seventh Minnesota, Thirty-third Missouri and a Missouri battery, and was commanded by Col. Hill of the Thirty-fifth Iowa.

At the battle of Nashville, December 15th and 16th, this brigade fought with conspicuous gallantry and great loss. (See chapter 28.) In the course of this brilliant engagement, in assaulting a fort which they captured, the brave Col. Hill was shot dead. Col. Marshall of the Seventh Minnesota succeeded him. The Thirty-fifth engaged in pursuit of the Rebels, and then marched to Clifton. Early in 1865 it moved to Eastport, and on February 5, 1865, to Vicksburg.

The regiment was soon transferred to the South, still in Gen. Smith's army, to enter upon the Mobile campaign. Lt.-Col. Keeler commanded. It was still in Marshall's brigade and was in McArthur's division of the Sixteenth army corps. (For campaign, see chapter 32.) At Spanish Fort it did its full share of duty in the siege. When this closing act of the war was concluded and Mobile occupied by the union troops, the regiment moved first to Montgomery and then to Selma. July 21st, it received the order to start for home, and was mustered out of the service August 10, 1865, at Davenport, thus closing its faithful and gallant career. Col. Hill was brevetted brigadier general, U. S. V.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-fifth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Sylvester G. Hill.	Henry O'Connor. Wm. B. Keeler. Abraham John. Wm. Dill.	Chas. L. Chambers. Stephen M. Cobb.	Francis W. Evans. Wm. Bagley.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
James H. Rothrock. Wm. B. Keeler.	Frederick L. Dayton.	Stephen M. Cobb. Emanuel C. Reigart. Chas. Fitch. Wm. M. Glenny. Saml. E. Jones. Emanuel J. B. Statler. Newcomb S. Smith.	Heiskell Lofland. Robert B. Baird.

THIRTY-SIXTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THE Thirty-sixth Iowa infantry enlisted in the month of August, 1862. Companies B, D, H and E were enlisted in Wapello county, Companies C, F, G and I in Appanoose county, and Companies A and K in Monroe county. It rendezvoused at Keokuk, Iowa, in September following, and was regularly mustered into the United States service October 4, 1862. The colonel, Chas. W. Kittredge, had formerly been captain of Company F, Seventh Iowa infantry. He was severely wounded at the battle of Belmont, which rendered him unfit for service for many months, and upon the organization of the Thirty-sixth he was made its colonel. He was the only member of the field and staff who had seen previous military service. The regiment left Keokuk about the 10th of November, going down the river on two steamers, making its first landing at Columbus, in the night, to assist in repelling an expected attack of the enemy. The regiment remained here only 24 hours, all the while under arms. It then proceeded to St. Louis and was in Benton Barracks until December 19, 1862. Then it descended the river, landing at Memphis December 22d, and remaining until the 30th, when it proceeded to Helena, Arkansas, arriving there on the last day of the year 1862. It remained there until the latter part of the following February, when it embarked on steamers in the Yazoo Pass expedition, returning to Helena April 8th, the expedition comprising just 40 days and nights in the wilderness. (For account of this expedition, see chapter 17.)

The regiment remained here, making occasional forays into the country, until August 11, 1863, when it made part of Gen. Steele's army in his march on Little Rock, Arkansas. Helena was the chief burial place of the Thirty-sixth Iowa. Its stay in that charnel house of death and the Yazoo Pass expedition, so spread disease among the men that few escaped sickness, and the mortality was large. The health of the regiment improved at once when it set out for Little Rock. This is the experience of all troops on the march. Little Rock was captured on the 10th of September and the regiment entered the city two days after, encamping in the outskirts on the north side. March 27, 1864, it was in the expedition under command of Gen. Steele. Its objective point was Camden, at the head of navigation, on the Oucheta river. How arduous that expedition was, and how well the regiment conducted itself in emergencies and in battle, have been fully described in the chapter on the Camden campaign. The Thirty-sixth Iowa bore the brunt of the battle on this march, at Elkin's Ford, where Lt.-Col. Drake commanded our force.

It took part also in the battle at Prairie d'Anne. There the advance of the army skirmished for twelve miles and finally found the Rebels so strongly posted as to require three days to dislodge them. It was there that our soldiers learned of the awful disaster to the co-operating column under Banks, and that a new and strong enemy would soon be in their front. The army entered Camden about April 14th. On the 22d of April the regiment was in the brigade detailed to guard 240 wagons back to Pine Bluff. The brigade was commanded by Lt.-Col. F. M. Drake, and the regiment by Maj. A. H. Hamilton. Col. Kittredge had been taken down very sick two days before and was unable to accompany the expedition. The battle of Mark's Mills (see chapter 24), and the capture of the regiment occurred April 25th. About 100 of the Thirty-sixth Iowa left behind were in the battle of Jenkins' Ferry under command of Lieut. Huston of Company I. About 225 of the regiment captured at Mark's Mills were taken to Camp Ford prison, 4 miles from Tyler, Texas, where those who did not escape in the meantime remained until about the 1st of March, 1865, when they were exchanged, rejoining the regiment at St. Charles, on the White river, Arkansas, in April. After the return of Gen. Steele to Little Rock the regiment was 250 strong. It remained at Little Rock till early in March, 1865, when it was removed to St. Charles, on the White river, and

from thence in May, to Duvall's Bluff, Arkansas, where it was mustered out August 24, 1865. From thence it went to Davenport, Iowa, where it was paid off and disbanded September 8th. The regiment received some 70 recruits in March, 1864, at Little Rock, and had in it from first to last 1205 officers and men. Its fatalities in the battle of Mark's Mills, Arkansas, exceeded its casualties in all other actions combined, and Helena was its charnel house from disease.

Many of the regiment attempted escape from the prison at Tyler, but few were successful. Among the successful were Lieut. W. F. Vermilya, afterward captain of Company C, who reached New Orleans, and Maj. A. H. Hamilton, Capt. Allen W. Miller of Company C, and Capt. John Lambert of Company K. The three latter made their escape together on the 23d of July, 1864, reaching the union lines August 24, at Pine Tree Bluff Arkansas. Miller died in about three weeks after, and Lambert on the 6th of January following, from the exposure of the trip. Some time after his escape from prison, Maj. Hamilton, who, with his captured comrades, had undergone nameless sufferings and indignities at the hands of the chivalry, was placed in command of the regiment until the return of Col. Kittredge in the early winter. It was a compliment, for Hamilton had been among the bravest of the brave at the battle of Mark's Mills, where he had led the regiment and where he did the most heroic fighting on the field. He was appointed lieutenant colonel later, but want of vacancy prevented his being mustered.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-sixth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
C. W. Kittredge.	T. C. Woodward. A. H. Hamilton.	Moses Cousins. S. H. Sawyers. C. G. Strong.	M. H. Hare.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEON.	QUARTERMASTER.
F. M. Drake.	A. H. Hamilton. S. K. Mahon.	P. A. Smith.	S. W. Merrill.

THIRTY-SEVENTH IOWA INFANTRY.

The Graybeard Regiment.

It was a wonderful expression of loyalty and patriotism that Iowa furnished to the states in the going forth of this regiment of men who had already sent their sons and grandsons to the war. History furnishes no parallel—where the fathers of the soldiers, themselves too old to be received as volunteers, buckled on their armor, and asked that the government take them into the ranks of the army. They were all above forty-five—some were over sixty. In response to this appeal, a special order was issued by the Secretary of War, to permit their entering the federal service, and stipulating that they should serve in performing only guard and garrison duty.

The regiment was organized at Camp Strong, Muscatine, and mustered into the United States' service, December 15, 1862. Geo. W. Kincaid was made colonel, Geo. R. West lieutenant-colonel, and Lyman Allen major. Capt. Caleb Lamb of Company E kindly furnishes the writer with material for this sketch. The Thirty-seventh Iowa was made up of good men from every portion of the state. Sturdy, healthy and able-bodied, the regiment made a fine appearance, and from its unusual history attracted much attention in St. Louis. It arrived there, January 1, 1863, and was quartered in Benton Barracks. January 5th it was ordered to Schofield Barracks in the city, and placed in charge of two military prisons, except Com-

pany E, Capt. Banks, which was placed on provost duty in the city. In April, when the forces of Price and Van Dorn threatened St. Louis, Gen. Curtis, who was in command, ordered six companies of the Thirty-seventh Iowa to the arsenal, where they remained a week on duty, until the rebel forces had been turned in another direction. About this time, Capt. Lamb, Company I, and Capt. Crane, Company K, were detailed to serve on court martial, remaining on that duty till August 13th.

May 1st, the regiment was ordered to guard bridges on the Pacific railroad west of St. Louis, with headquarters at Franklin. It guarded the road from St. Louis to Jefferson City, and remained on this duty till July 29th. The regiment was then ordered by Gen. Schofield to Alton, Ill., where it relieved the Seventy-seventh Ohio, in charge of the military prison at that place. It remained here on duty till January 17th, 1864, when it was ordered on similar duty to Rock Island, Ill., where, on the island, about 10,000 rebel prisoners were kept.

June 5th, the regiment was ordered to Memphis, Tennessee, and placed on picket and guard duty. The Thirty-seventh Iowa furnished the guard every other day for the provision train from Memphis east to La Grange, Tennessee, and Holly Springs, Mississippi. While engaged on this duty, the train was fired into by guerrillas in ambush. Two men of the regiment were killed and two slightly wounded. The time spent at Memphis was a trying one to the regiment.

The tents furnished were such as are known as "dog tents," giving very insufficient protection, and as it rained frequently, the men's bedding and clothing were much of the time damp. This occasioned much sickness.

August 27, 1864, the regiment was ordered to Indianapolis, Indiana, arriving August 31st. From here five companies under Col. Kincaid were sent to Cincinnati to guard prisons. The remaining five companies guarded for a time the 9,000 rebel prisoners at Camp Morton, when three companies under Lt.-Col. West were sent to Columbus, and the remaining two under Maj. Allen to Gallipolis. About the middle of May, 1865, the regiment was reunited at Cincinnati. Some of the officers of the Thirty-seventh Iowa, stationed at Cincinnati, had been detailed on special duty. Lieut. Stephen B. Shelladay who had been a colonel of volunteers in the Black Hawk war, and United States marshal for Iowa under President Taylor, was placed by Gen. Willich in charge of a military office. In recognition of his efficient service the general presented him with an elegant gold-headed cane.

During the stay of the three companies at Columbus, where from 10,000 to 16,000 rebel prisoners were guarded at Camp Chase, Company I, Capt. Lamb, was detached January 7, 1865, to perform guard and provost duty in the city. Capt. Lamb with the two lieutenants, Havens and Belknap, were detailed on the special service of conducting recruits from the draft rendezvous at Columbus to the regiments in the field. They continued in this service until they rejoined their regiment in May, at Cincinnati.

Gen. Willich, the commanding officer, expressing to Adj. Gen. Thomas the highest commendation of the loyal and faithful service of the Thirty-seventh Iowa, suggested that with the fullest acknowledgment of its grand example, it be mustered out of the United States service. His suggestion was complied with, and on May 24, 1865, the regiment was mustered out at Davenport, the first of those enlisted for three years. In Gen. Willich's letter to Gen. Thomas, he states that many of these men were over sixty, and that they had sent *thirteen hundred* sons and grandsons to the war. He says:

"They have received the commendations of their former post commanders. At this post they have performed very heavy duties, to perform which would have been difficult for even an equal number of young men. The high patriotism displayed by these men in devoting a few years of their old age to their country's service is unparalleled in history, and commands the respect of every true Republican. I, therefore, most respectfully recommend that the Thirty-seventh Iowa Volunteer Infantry may be mustered out of the

service immediately, with the honors and acknowledgments of their services due to the noble spirit with which they gave so glorious an example to the youths of their country."

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-seventh Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJOR.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAIN.
George W. Kincaid.	Lyman Allen.	John W. Finley.	Jas. H. White.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTER.
George R. West.	David H. Goodno.	Geo. S. Dewitt. Saml. C. Haynes. Edward Dorn. Joseph Orr.	Prentice Ransom.

THIRTY-EIGHTH IOWA INFANTRY.

THE story of this regiment is short and melancholy. As an organization it never saw a battle, and yet no Iowa regiment in the service lost so many soldiers in so short a time. Out of a full strength of 910, not less than 311 were dead within a year and a half, and another 110 had been discharged as broken down too much to serve. This was well on to every other man, and without a battle. Death in war times comes in more forms than one, and disease is usually more fatal than the bullet; the weary march destroys more men than the cannon. It is doubtful if any command in all the United States service suffered as this command did. It died at its post fighting the deadly malaria of a southern swamp. No regiment entered the service with higher hopes than did the Thirty-eighth Iowa, at Dubuque, on November 4, 1862. The city where it rendezvoused was beautiful, the scene was fair, and Post Quartermaster Graves surrounded the men with comforts and conveniences, such as soldiers seldom knew. His Camp Franklin was a model place for soldiers to prepare for war. With a cheer the regiment bade farewell to Camp Franklin and Iowa, on December 15, 1862, as it started for the South, as it hoped, for war. In two days it was at Benton Barracks near St. Louis. On the 28th of December, the regiment, on board the steamer Platte Valley, started down the Mississippi river for Columbus, Ky., and in three days was being led by Col. Moore, of Missouri, against the supposed enemy at Union City. January 1st the command was ordered back to Columbus, and down the river to New Madrid. Col. Scott of the Thirty-second, under orders, had recently evacuated this post, spiked the cannon, and burned the barracks. The regiment now had nothing to do but rebuild the barracks, unspike the cannon and guard Fort Thompson, at the post, for nearly six months. The duties here were neither arduous nor dangerous. In June the command went by steamer Daniel Taylor to Young's Point, near Vicksburg, and by the 15th of June, 1863, had crossed over the Mississippi and was under the guns of Vicksburg, forming a part of Gen. Grant's extreme left line. The regiment was placed in the First brigade, Second division of the Thirteenth army corps. Now commenced a hard, soldier life, by day and by night, digging trenches, rifle pits and advances—and doing a guard and picket duty that was incessant. The location where this particular regiment lay was extremely unhealthy. It was on the edge of a dismal cypress swamp, whose miasmatic vapors poisoned the blood of the whole command, sending to their graves, later, hundreds of the noble men who had gone there willing to sacrifice life and limb in assaulting the works of a foeman, less to be dreaded, as it proved, than the sickly vapors of the swamp. In fact the guns of the rebel forts killed but a single man of the Thirty-eighth during the siege. The 4th of July came, that victory Fourth, and Vicksburg surrendered. Then the regiment started for Port Hudson at once, but hearing of its fall,

went with Gen. Herron to the capture of Yazoo City. Shortly it was back at Vicksburg, and then for a few days in Yazoo City again, bringing in cotton, mules and negroes. The 27th of July, 1863, found the regiment at Port Hudson, La., and here commenced the awful and fatal fevers inherited by the men at that cypress swamp by Vicksburg. The whole command was sick, very sick, and dying. On August 13th, so many men were down with fever that the morning report showed but eight officers and twenty men of this big, fine regiment fit for duty. On the 7th of August, Col. D. H. Hughes, the regiment's loved commander, was carried to the grave. He was greatly lamented both with his regiment and in Iowa, for he was a noble man who died as much a hero as if he had been killed by charging a cannon. So, too, went to the grave scores of others of that martyr regiment. Every day saw its victims, and the firing of the death squad was more frequent than the call to meals. Everybody was on the sick-list, and the camp was only a hospital. Many officers resigned and came home to escape the death that seemed waiting them. The privates could not resign—death only mustered them out, but they left the service as heroic in their cause as were their more fortunate comrades, falling in the din and the glory of battle.

By the 15th of August the feeble little command had a change in scene by going to Carrollton, Louisiana, where shortly many of the convalescents joined it, and on October 23d, the regiment sailed for New Orleans with Gen. Banks in his expedition to Texas. There were 16 transports and 3 gunboats in the fleet at sea, and in a few days a fierce storm was encountered, but, fortunately, no lives were lost, though one of the vessels foundered. On November 3d, the command landed at Brazos Santiago, Texas, and in three days moved on Brownsville. The place fell without resistance, and here the Thirty-eighth regiment remained in camp till July 23, 1864. On July 31st, the command sailed from Brazos Santiago on the steamer City of Richmond for New Orleans. On August 5th, it was again at Carrollton, and on the 7th it was on the steamer Josephine bound for Mobile Bay. It reached Fort Gaines on the 9th, and that evening was landed at Mobile Point in the rear of Fort Morgan. Until the 23d of August, when Fort Morgan surrendered, the regiment remained on picket and fatigue duty. A month was spent at Mobile Point, and, on September 8th, it took the steamer James Battle for New Orleans. Gen. T. W. Sherman was commanding the forces at New Orleans, and he shortly, September 11th, sent the command to Donaldsonville, Louisiana. At this point the regiment numbered 25 officers and 523 men; half of it was gone, dead or discharged the service. On the 12th of December, 1864, an order was issued consolidating what was left of this regiment with the Thirty-fourth Iowa, also a regiment greatly reduced in numbers by honorable service. The consolidation finally took place at Morganza, when, as an organization, the Thirty-eighth Iowa ended its career. The new command, now called the Thirty-fourth Iowa, and led by Col. George W. Clark, became one of the largest and best regiments in the Gulf Department. Its history from this date is an honorable one, and is related under the Thirty-fourth Iowa.

During the unfortunate period of the Thirty-eighth Iowa, when fever was carrying its soldier victims to the grave, the regiment was blessed in having several officers wholly and sincerely devoted to its interests. Col. Hughes, until stricken down himself, had been the regiment's best friend in its sorrows. Another of the good Samaritans was its surgeon, Dr. Henry W. Hart. Hart had been an able practitioner at home, had seen splendid service with the Ninth infantry, and was besides a man of noble impulse and of good heart. Many a soldier snatched from death at the hands of southern fevers has blessed Dr. Hart. His labors at Vicksburg and at Port Hudson, where almost everybody was sick, were simply herculean. By day and by night he was constantly ministering to his sick comrades. When other surgeons all gave out, he labored on, and was the only doctor of his division able for duty, or who could enter Vicksburg when the city fell. His

great abilities as an army surgeon and his faithfulness secured him a permanent position later as surgeon of the general hospital at New Orleans. They secured him also the recognition and thanks of high officials. It is said the records of the army show few examples of more self-denial or patriotic devotion than was furnished by Dr. Hart, the veteran surgeon and philanthropist. His sacrifice and devotion were not single. The story of the kind deeds, the self-sacrifice, the labors, and the patriotic hearts of scores of army surgeons, hospital stewards, chaplains and nurses will never all be known. Their labors, well done, were without reward, save the scanty pay. There was no glory in saving a man's life—it was the killing of men that brought renown; and the goodness and the charity among the men who cared for the sick and the dying soldiers, the goodness and charity that never vaunted themselves, had their best and sole rewards in the promises made to them who do good deeds, though unseen. No command ever realized more than did the Thirty-eighth Iowa the goodness of good friends. It saved many of them in their struggle with disease—a struggle the most heroic of anything in their history.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-eighth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAINS.
D. H. Hughes.	C. Chadwick. H. F. Beebe.	H. W. Hart.	John Webb. A. H. Houghton.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
J. O. Hudnutt.	H. W. Pettit. C. F. Loshe.	R. McNutt. E. A. Duncan. S. E. Robinson. J. M. Peebles.	M. R. Lyons. T. R. Crandell. H. A. Maydole.

THIRTY-NINTH IOWA INFANTRY.

Most of the companies of this regiment rendezvoused at Des Moines. Being then ordered to Davenport where they were joined by the remainder, the regiment was mustered into the service November 24, 1862. H. J. B. Cummings, former captain in the Fourth Iowa, was made colonel, James Redfield lieutenant colonel, and Jos. M. Griffiths major. Geo. C. Tichenor adjutant, became afterward aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Dodge, serving with distinction. The author is indebted to Mr. F. M. Cassiday, adjutant's clerk in the Thirty-ninth Iowa, for interesting information.

In camp at Davenport, measles broke out, there being 300 cases. There were also other camp diseases. Most of the sick were only convalescent when the regiment was ordered to the front, and 41 were unable to move. December 12th, the regiment started for Cairo to report to Brig. Gen. Tuttle, arriving on the 14th. It was soon transferred to a crowded transport, the source of suffering and sickness to many of our soldiers, and on the 16th sent down the river with orders to debark at Columbus and report to Brig. Gen. Davies. The exposure on the steamer was added to by landing at dusk in rain and mud and sleeping on the wet ground with only "shelter tents." On the 18th the regiment was ordered to report to Brig. Gen. G. M. Dodge at Corinth, Mississippi. Upon the arrival of the regiment at Jackson, Tennessee, it was ordered by Gen. Sullivan to debark, the Rebels under Forrest threatening that place. While Sullivan was awaiting an attack, Forrest was cutting the railroad in the vicinity. The move on Jackson being discovered to be a feint, the regiment with two others was sent to repair the railroad and drive off the enemy. On the 26th, it arrived at Trenton, suffering from exposure to rain and lack of sleep.

Joined now by other troops, the force, led by Col. Dunham of the Fiftieth Indiana, followed after Forrest who was at Huntingdon, 30 miles east. This

first march of the Thirty-ninth was entered upon at dark of the 27th, each man with five days' rations and a hundred rounds of ammunition. There was neither team nor ambulance. It was a hard experience for young soldiers fresh from Iowa, many just out of hospital, and all worn out by short rations and night duty. The force rested at daylight, resuming march at 8 in the morning. Again they marched till night. The next morning over a hundred men, too worn out and foot-sore to proceed, were left by the way. Attempting to make their way back, they were surrounded at Shady Grove by a regiment of Forrest's cavalry, and 101 made prisoners. It was October of 1863 before they were released from captivity and rejoined their regiment.

Col. Dunham's force arrived that night at Huntingdon. The next day the Second brigade, which included the Thirty-ninth Iowa, and numbered 1545 men, moved out alone toward Lexington. It came in contact with Forrest's command numbering from 6,000 to 7,000, and there resulted the battle of Parker's Cross Roads. (See chapter 16.) It was the last day of 1862, and the regiment, by its bravery in battle, had proved itself worthy of the trust of its loyal state and its brave comrades in the field.

January 1, 1863, the regiment set out for Jackson, and on the 6th for Corinth. Gen. Dodge assigned it to the Third brigade, Col. M. M. Bane, Second division, Gen. G. M. Dodge, Sixteenth army corps, Maj.-Gen. Hurlbut. The regiment remained at Corinth on garrison duty till November 2, 1863. There were several marches of two or three days at a time to guard trains, and one to La Grange, Tennessee, to ward off a threatened attack on the railroad. The camp was regularly laid out with excellent log barracks for officers and men—the best quarters in the division.

April 15th, Gen. Dodge's division moved out to cover the raid of Col. Straight into Georgia. At Bear Creek the enemy disputed the passage, but a pontoon was thrown over and they moved to Tuscumbia, skirmishing constantly until arriving at Town Creek, Alabama. The enemy under Roddy were now re-enforced by Forrest and contested their crossing, but after artillery duels, three bridges were built under fire and the enemy retired. Col. Straight having started in a southwesterly direction around the Rebels, the night before, the object of the expedition was accomplished, and the division returned. May 6th, Company H, while guarding a corral, was surrounded by 800 rebel cavalry and mostly taken prisoners.

November 2, 1863, Gen. Dodge's entire division left Corinth for Pulaski, Tennessee. It reached there in ten days, there having been four days delay at Iuka. At Pulaski, division headquarters were established, the force being distributed at various points on the railroad. The Thirty-ninth Iowa was placed at Reynolds Station, seven miles north. Three companies were posted at two gristmills, grinding flour and meal for the command, and two companies as guard at railroad bridges. The remaining five remained at Reynolds Station. January 21, 1864, regimental headquarters were moved to Culleoka, twenty miles farther north, with six companies. Two of the companies at the mills were placed at railroad bridges, thus giving the regiment twenty-five miles of railroad to hold and maintain quiet. January 26th, another raid on the railroad being feared, strong stockades were ordered to be thrown up. The citizens of the town and vicinity, white and black, were ordered to assist, to the number of 150. A deep ditch was dug around the stockade, with embankments thrown up to the port-holes. Two cannon were mounted and rifle-pits made.

March 12th, the regiment, with its brigade, took up line of march for Athens, Alabama, and April 30th moved for Chattanooga. Here with its division it set out for Sherman's Atlanta campaign. In Dodge's command it was the first through Snake Creek Gap. May 9th, with five companies of Ninth Illinois mounted infantry, it engaged in a skirmish with rebel cavalry. May 16th, it also led the army in crossing the Oostenaula at Lay's Ferry, where it had a severe engagement with the enemy, suffering considerable loss in killed and wounded. This movement resulted in the enemy's evacuating Resaca. May 19th, it reached Kingston, Georgia. May 22d, it marched

to Rome where it remained until August 15th. It then went in an expedition after the rebel cavalry under Wheeler, moving 1,200 miles by rail and march and returning to Rome about September 16th.

October 4th, it was ordered to Allatoona, arriving at one on the morning of the 5th. That day in the battle of Allatoona under Corse, by its heroism and by its sacrifices it made its name glorious in history. (See chapter 28.) It lost three-fifths of its number, among them its heroic leader, Lt.-Col. Redfield. October 9th, the regiment returned to Rome, Georgia. October 13th, it crossed to the south side of the Etowah river, skirmishing with rebel cavalry and driving them from the neighborhood. November 10th, it moved to Atlanta.

November 16th, in Corse's division, the regiment joined in the brilliant march to the sea. It engaged in the skirmishing with the enemy on near-ing Savannah, and entered that city with the army. Col. Cummings being honorably mustered out of the service on December 22, 1864, Lt.-Col. Griffiths succeeded in command. The regiment joined in the march of Sherman's army northward through the Carolinas, its labors, its adventures and its fighting. The march concluded at Washington, it participated, May 24, in the grand review. It remained there in camp till June 5th, when it was mustered out of the service, and went home to Iowa, its loyal mission in the war fulfilled.

Field and Staff Officers of the Thirty-ninth Iowa Infantry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEON.	CHAPLAINS.
H. J. B. Cummings. Joseph M. Griffiths. James Redfield.	Joseph M. Griffiths. Geo. N. Elliott. Isaac D. Marsh.	Peter N. Woods.	Thos. J. Taylor. Peter T. Russell. Newton P. Wright. Howison C. Crawford.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
James Redfield. Joseph M. Griffiths. Geo. N. Elliott.	Geo. C. Tichenor. John R. Joy.	Wm. L. Leonard. Ephraim P. Davis. Wm. A. Dinwiddie.	Frederick Mott. John M. Andrews.

FORTIETH IOWA INFANTRY.

THE last of the three years regiments to fill its ranks and enter the field was the Fortieth. The next one in order only reached the size of a battalion, while subsequent ones failed to organize. The Hundred Days regiments began then with the Forty-fourth, ending with the Forty-eighth. The Fortieth Iowa was mustered into the service at Iowa City, November 15, 1862, with John A. Garrett as colonel, Samuel F. Cooper as lieutenant colonel, and Sherman G. Smith as major. Col. Garrett had served in the Fourth Indiana infantry in the Mexican war. He entered the civil war as a captain of the Tenth Iowa infantry, serving with such distinction as to be promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy of the Twenty-second, and before joining that regiment to the colonelcy of the Fortieth.

December 17th the regiment was ordered to Columbus, Kentucky, which was threatened by an attack from Forrest. The winter passed monotonously, and many sickened and died from the exposure incident to camp life—many, too, were susceptible to diseases from having just recovered from the measles, which had also attacked this regiment. Orders to proceed to Paducah on March 3, 1863, were received with joy. The three months stay at Paducah benefited the troops greatly both in spirits and health.

May 31st, the regiment was ordered to join in the Vicksburg campaign. It was stationed on the Yazoo river in the vicinity of Haines' and Snyder's Bluffs, as a part of the Army of Observation, to prevent Johnston's re-en-

forcing Pemberton in Vicksburg. It was here in the brigade of Col. Montgomery, of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin, and in Gen. Kimball's provisional division. The miasma of this region and the unhealthful water reduced greatly the strength of the regiment. Col. Garrett being detailed on court martial duty, Lt.-Col. Cooper was here much of the time in command.

July 23d, the regiment was embarked for Helena, another unhealthful region. In a few days it marched with Gen. Steele's army on Little Rock. This severe march in midsummer told fearfully on the regiment, already debilitated by the poisons of the Yazoo. Its strength at this time was 750, but at one point in the march only 219 could report for duty. Midway on the route, Gen. Steele was forced to send over a thousand men to hospitals. Col. Garrett was at this time ill, and Lt.-Col. Cooper, though himself ill with fever and hardly able to sit in the saddle, led the regiment. The danger passed, he fell into a serious fever.

Crossing the Arkansas river, the Fortieth Iowa led the army. It was expected that it would be met by a hot fire of the enemy from the timber on the opposite side. The regiment, after supporting the batteries while the pontoon bridge was built, crossed in fine style, and in perfect order. To the surprise of our force the enemy had withdrawn. Little Rock was now soon occupied by Gen. Steele. During the winter there was an expedition to Benton, 25 miles distant, in which the Fortieth participated. Little else transpired out of the usual routine of guard and drill duty, till the opening of the Camden campaign, in the spring, under Gen. Steele.

March 23, 1864, the army marched out of Little Rock on this ill-fated expedition, designed to aid Gen. Banks in the unfortunate Red River campaign. The Fortieth formed a part of the Third brigade, commanded by Col. Engelmann of the Forty-third Illinois, and was in the Third division. April 3d, at Okalona, the regiment was engaged with the enemy. It was drawn up into line, and Company B, under Capt. Frank T. Campbell, was deployed as skirmishers in the woods to the right. The enemy were met in the brush and behind logs and driven back. About noon, the enemy making a strong effort to advance, Capt. Campbell was compelled to fall back a little toward the foot of the hill in a rather unfavorable position. The enemy's fire was heavy and Private Samuel S. Roberts was severely wounded. Capt. Campbell strengthened his line from his reserve and formed a new reserve from Company I on picket duty. He then drove the enemy again. At 2 p. m., the enemy retired. Companies A, F, D and I were on picket and were more or less in the engagement. Sergt. David A. Tanner of Company C was wounded that night. At Prairie d'Anne, the Fortieth was also engaged. Maj. Smith led the skirmishers—an excellent officer and good man. (For campaign, see chapter 24.) Seven of the regiment were wounded. Thus far on the route 3 of the regiment had been captured or killed in forage trains. Camden was reached April 15th.

During the two weeks halt of the army, difficulties accumulated thickly. Then Gen. Steele began the retreat, interrupted April 30th by the sanguinary battle of Jenkins' Ferry. Col. Engelmann's brigade formed the rear of the retreat, and was engaged at intervals with the enemy on the 29th. During the battle, the Fortieth did not fight in a body. Two companies were under Capt. Campbell, four under Maj. Smith and four under Col. Garrett. But all fought bravely and well. The four last were in a position to lose more men in proportion to their number than any other regiment engaged. Out of less than a hundred men, 45 were lost. This means *every other man*. After the battle our famished and exhausted troops resumed the miserable retreat through mud and water. The night before reaching Little Rock, it was a welcome supply train that met them, and crackers were hastily thrown them from the wagons. Little Rock was in truth a haven of rest. Adj. L. A. Duncan had been detailed as aide to Brig. Gen. S. A. Rice, and was with him in all his engagements, performing most efficient duties. In one battle his horse was killed under him. Col. Garrett speaks of the fine services of Lt.-Col. Cooper, who, as before stated, had much of the time led the regiment.

After a raid of the Rebels under Shelby, Engelmann's brigade was moved out, August 24th, to Brownsville Station, to re-open the road and repel future attacks. On the 27th, the Fortieth Iowa, guarding a supply train, went to Austin. Four companies under Capt. Ridlen proceeded to Searcy, Brownsville Station being reached by all on their return September 2d. September 4th, the brigade returned to Little Rock. November 29th, 30 men of the Fortieth, under Lieut. Fry, on the steamer Alamo, on the Arkansas river, were attacked and followed along the river near Dardanelle by rebel cavalry. A sharp fight of an hour and a half ensued. Our men fired from behind sacks of oats which received the balls of the enemy. Two Rebels were killed and 1 wounded. In camp, the duties of the regiment were heavy. In January, 1865, the Fortieth was sent up the river to Dardanelle to raise a blockade of the Rebels. This accomplished, it returned to Little Rock. Lt.-Col. Cooper commanded. At this time Col. Garrett was in command of a brigade, and Adjt. Duncan was serving at headquarters as acting assistant adjutant general. Gen. Bussey, in command of the district at Fort Smith wanted a "first-rate regiment," and the Fortieth Iowa was sent him in February. Lt.-Col. Cooper was here detailed for duty at Gen. Reynolds's headquarters, these duties preventing his serving again with the regiment. Adjt. Duncan was engaged at Gen. Bussey's headquarters. The command thus devolved on Capt. E. W. Ridlen.

Col. Garrett was now assigned to command of the District of South Kansas, with headquarters at Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation. He retained this command till the close of the war. His regiment remained with him till mustered out at Fort Gibson, August 2d. It was a journey of 1,500 miles to Iowa, which *home* was hailed with joy on August 10th, 1865.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fortieth Iowa Infantry.

COLONEL.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
John A. Garrett.	Sherman G. Smith. Lawson A. Duncan.	David W. Robinson. Norman R. Cornell.	Samuel Hestwood. Saml. F. C. Garrison.
LIEUT. COLONEL.	ADJUTANT.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
Saml. F. Cooper.	Lawson A. Duncan.	Azariah S. Elwood. Hamilton J. Scoles. James W. Morgan. E. H. Harris.	Admiral B. Miller. Jas. R. Brodrick.

FORTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY.

THE organization of this regiment being never fully completed, it was designated as the Forty-first battalion of Iowa Infantry. This battalion was formed by Companies A, B and C of the Fourteenth Iowa, now formally detached from that regiment, together with others already enlisted for the Forty-first regiment. Before the complete organization of the Fourteenth, these first three companies had been detached by order of Gen. Fremont, and sent to Fort Randall, Dakota Territory, on special duty. They marched by way of Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Sioux City, reaching Fort Randall, December 5, 1861. The distance was 550 miles. This post was at that time in the Department of Kansas, though later changed to the Department of the Northwest, District of Iowa. Here the three companies performed the various duties of protecting, scouting, garrisoning, etc., being nominally a part of the Fourteenth infantry.

September 18, 1862, they were officially separated from the Fourteenth regiment, and designated as the Forty-first battalion of Iowa infantry. John Pattee, captain of Company A, was made major. The battalion continued in the performance of the same duties as heretofore. There were frequent

and rapid marches to protect settlers, and various scouting expeditions, such as pertain to a western outpost.

In April of 1863, by order of the governor of Iowa, approved by the War Department, the Forty-first battalion Iowa infantry was transferred as Companies K, L and M, to the Seventh Iowa cavalry, then forming. From this date, its history is embraced in that of its regiment.

THE UNION BRIGADE.

This organization was formed of the remnants of some of our captured regiments at Shiloh—the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa and the Fifty-eighth Illinois. It consisted mainly of convalescents, of those who had been detailed on special duty elsewhere at the time the battle of Shiloh opened, and of a very few who had escaped from the field on the first day. Though keeping up the various regimental divisions in itself, it appeared as a regiment in the field. Capt. R. W. Healy of the Fifty-eighth Illinois was made acting colonel, Capt. J. G. Fowler of the Twelfth Iowa acting lieutenant colonel, and Capt. G. W. Kittell of the Fifty-eighth Illinois acting major.

May 17th, Lt.-Col. J. C. Parrott of the Seventh Iowa was placed in command of the Union Brigade. In Gen. Halleck's march on Corinth, and in the siege following, the brigade was in the advance of our army, and when Corinth was evacuated, May 30th, it was engaged in the pursuit to Booneville, Mississippi. It returned to Corinth June 13th. On the 29th, Lt.-Col. Coulter, of the Twelfth Iowa, having returned from sick leave, took command of the Union Brigade. He reports its number to have been 478 in the aggregate. Of these, 167 were of the Fifty-eighth Illinois, 179 of the Eighth Iowa, 75 of the Twelfth Iowa, and 50 of the Fourteenth Iowa—these beside the 7 field and staff officers. By improved health, the number of the brigade rapidly increased, till on October 1st, at Danville, Mississippi, whither it had been ordered August 15th, it numbered 631, exclusive of Company A, Fifty-eighth Illinois, which was on detached service.

In the battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th, the Union Brigade fought gallantly, and lost, in proportion to its numbers, as severely as any regiment on the field. Lt.-Col. Coulter was among the wounded, and Adj. D. B. Henderson of the Twelfth Iowa lost a leg in the battle. The brigade joined in the pursuit as far as Ripley, Mississippi, and then returned to Corinth.

December 18, 1862, orders came from the War Department disbanding the Union Brigade and ordering the men of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa regiments to proceed to Davenport and organize anew in their respective regiments, the imprisoned members having been paroled October 18th, and exchanged November 10th. On its way home, in charge of Lt.-Col. Coulter, it was detained at Jackson, Tennessee, the Rebels under Forrest threatening that post. The brigade remained four days and was then ordered to open the road to Columbus, Kentucky, which duty delayed it until January 4. It reached Davenport January 7, 1863. From this time the history of these troops is again that of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa Infantry.

THE HUNDRED DAYS MEN.

The Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Regiments, and the Forty-eighth Battalion of Iowa Infantry.

Gov. STONE of Iowa was an earnest advocate, with President Lincoln, together with others of the war governors, of the enlistment of men for a hundred days, to perform guard and garrison duty and thus enable all the tried veterans of the war to engage under the banners of Grant and Sherman in the field. It proved a wise expedient. In Iowa, four regiments and a battalion responded to the call. They were mustered into the service mostly in June of 1864.

These regiments performed willing and loyal duty. The Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Iowa were held in Tennessee, garrisoning posts and guarding railway. The Forty-seventh Iowa was sent to Helena, Ark., where it suffered much from the malaria of that unhealthful locality. The Forty-eighth battalion of Iowa infantry guarded prisoners on Rock Island, in the Mississippi river. Col. Henderson of the Forty-sixth reports an engagement between some of his men and the enemy at Colliersville, Tenn., about the middle of August. Capt. Wolf and 16 men were sent to rescue, if possible, 2 men of the Sixth Illinois cavalry, captured by the enemy. In the attempt, Capt. Wolf and 3 of his men were wounded—the captain and one man severely so.

At the end of the time for which they had enlisted, these four regiments and the battalion were honorably mustered out of the service, having faithfully and with credit accomplished their mission. The President acknowledged the services of the Hundred Days men in the army of the Union by a special order, tendering them the thanks of the nation through the governors of their respective states.

Field and Staff Officers of the Hundred Days Regiments.

REG'T	COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
44th—	Stephen H. Henderson.	Josiah Hopkius.	James Irwin.	Martin Bowman.
45th—	Alvah H. Bereman.	James B. Hope.	Wm. W. Estabrook.	Anson Skinner.
46th—	David B. Henderson.	Geo. L. Torbert.	Joseph R. Duncan.	John Todd.
47th—	James P. Sanford.	George J. North.	James D. Wright.	Enoch Hoffman.
48th—			John A. Blanchard.	James P. Roch.
	LIEUT. COLONELS.	ADJUTANTS.	ASST. SURG.ONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
44th—	Henry Egbert.	Evert F. Richman.	John H. Russell.	Alonzo J. Van Duzee.
45th—	Samuel A. Moore.	Alvanus W. Sheldon.	Orrin B. Thompson.	John P. Dawson.
46th—	Lorenzo D. Durbin.	John L. Harvey.	Samuel H. Stutsman.	
47th—	John Williams.	Geo. W. Devin.	John Hurley.	Dilazon D. Holdridge
48th—	Oliver H. P. Scott.	Wm. T. Hayes.	Wm. H. Rosser.	Sanford Harned.
			John D. McCleary.	Emanuel Laffer.
			Samuel B. Cherry.	Lewis Todhunter.
			John H. Fry.	
			Chales L. Mundt.	

IOWA COLORED REGIMENT.

IOWA also had a regiment of colored soldiers in the service, though many of its members were enlisted from Missouri. It was thought impossible to rendezvous a regiment of ex-slaves in Missouri, and so Gov. Kirkwood permitted and directed the enlistments at Keokuk in loyal Iowa. It was a regiment 900 strong, and almost every single arms bearing black man in the state shouldered his musket and joined the regiment. The command was known at first as the First Iowa Colored regiment, but later it was designated as the Sixtieth United States regiment of African descent. It saw much garrison service at St. Louis, Helena and elsewhere, though but little fighting. Its adjutant was killed in a battle back of Helena, July 26th, 1864.

The men of that regiment were all true patriots and they did the duties entrusted to them bravely and well. They realized the contrast between groveling in southern slavery and wearing the blue uniform of a northern soldier, and they thanked God that they, too, might help preserve the honor of the Republic.

The colonel of this regiment was John C. Hudson of St. Louis, the lieutenant colonels were Milton F. Collins of Keokuk and Gardiner A. A. Deane of Farmington, and the major was John L. Murphy.

FIRST IOWA CAVALRY.

THIS famous regiment was organized June 5, 1861, and ordered into quarters at Benton Barracks near St. Louis about the middle of October in the same year. Fitz Henry Warren of Burlington was elected colonel, Charles E. Moss lieutenant colonel, and Edwin W. Chamberlain and James O. Gower majors. The regiment was composed of twelve companies, aggregating 1,095 men, who, by additional enlistments, soon numbered 1,245. Iowa's first cavalry became one of the best and most active commands in the United States service, and its history cannot be more succinctly told than by condensing from the words of Charles H. Lothrop, its able and accomplished surgeon. About the middle of October, writes Surgeon Lothrop, the various companies of the regiment were on their way to join Gen. Fremont's forces preparing for a march on Springfield, Missouri. By November 1st, the regiment was with Fremont's command at Otterville. When the army reached Springfield, Gen. Fremont was removed from the command, and Gen. Hunter put in his place. This produced great dissatisfaction. Gen. Fremont was the idol of the Western troops. When Hunter assumed command, the army was disbanded and the first Iowa cavalry returned to the Missouri river, the southern part of the state being abandoned to Price and his followers for several months. The middle and western portion of Missouri was the highway to the so-called Southern Confederacy for recruits, sympathizers and bushwhackers. During the entire winter of 1861-62, eight companies were engaged in patrolling this grand highway to rebeldom. Their camps had but temporary existence at Jefferson City, Otterville, Fayette and other places. Ever on the alert, their engagements and skirmishes were numerous. Political broils were quieted, uprisings of the disloyal people were prevented, and guerrillas made exceedingly scarce in the vicinity of our troopers. It is generally conceded that no body of cavalry ever performed more arduous duty in scouting and outpost service in the same period than did those companies. The first battle in which the regiment was engaged occurred on December 23, 1861, on Black river, called Blackwater. Companies A, B, D, F, G and I, with about sixty of the Fourth United States cavalry under Col. Jeff. C. Davis, attacked and captured about 1,300 rebel recruits under ex-Gov. McGoffin, of Missouri, with 1,000 stand of arms and all the camp equipage. Our loss was 4 men wounded, none from the First Iowa cavalry. January 8, 1862, a rebel camp, under the notorious Poindexter, was attacked and destroyed on Silver Creek, Missouri. In this engagement the regiment lost its first man, James Convey, Company F. He was mortally wounded and died the next day. This command marched more than 200 miles in six days. On the 15th, it was again on a raid to Warsaw, attacked and captured the rebel pickets, charged into town, and on the morning of the 16th, captured the rebel Gen. Price (son of "Old Pap"), Col. Dorsey, Maj. Cross and others. While Companies B and D were at Lexington, information was received that a slave who had escaped from his master and given important information and rendered efficient service to Col. Mulligan, at the time the colonel was in command at Lexington, had been recaptured and returned to his master; that a chain had been riveted around his neck, and he was a prisoner in his master's house. Lieut. J. D. Jenks, Company D, with a party of men, visited the plantation near the town to ascertain the facts; the master disclaimed any knowledge of the facts and stoutly denied that any such man was on the plantation. During this conversation, Lieut. Jenks heard the clanking of a chain, and on searching the house he discovered the negro in one of the rooms with a large iron chain about twelve feet in length, riveted around his neck. He was at once taken to the blacksmith of Company B, Isaac Rhodes, now residing at DeWitt, Iowa, the rivets cut, and the man given his freedom. The chain was sent to the Iowa State Historical Society, a lasting memento of the barbarity of slavery and the devilish inhumanity and cruelty of the Missouri

slaveholders, desperadoes, assassins and cut-throats encountered by the First Iowa cavalry in its campaigns in this sorely afflicted state.

In the spring of 1862 the loyal element of the state was gaining the ascendancy in Missouri and Gov. Gamble ordered an enrollment of the militia. By this proclamation the disloyal men were compelled to either enroll for the support of the government or leave the state. This created intense excitement, and most bitter feelings were engendered. Many left, preferring to cast their lot with the southern army. Murders, assassinations and other acts of outlawry were committed.

In this state of affairs, as heretofore, the First Iowa cavalry was equal to the emergency. Night and day they were in their saddles—in a certain locality at night, the next morning they would be found twenty and thirty miles away, attacking and routing a rebel camp, or *effectually* breaking up a band of bushwhackers and desperadoes. It would require pages to give the history of its engagements, skirmishes and marches, as they were of almost every day occurrence with some portion of the regiment. Surrounded by bands of unprincipled, stealthy foes, exposed to many and secret dangers, amid darkness and storm, sunshine and rain, they never swerved from the line of duty, and rendered invaluable service to the state in this peculiarly trying period. All that early summer the regiment spent in scouts and raids, with here and there an important skirmish.

In July the notorious guerrilla chief Quantril was encountered by a few companies of the First cavalry under Maj. Gower, Capt. Ankeny and Lieut. Reynolds. It was in the wooded cliffs of Big Creek in Cass county. Quantril had chosen this place for battle and prepared his ambush, but the First Iowa cavalry swept down on him like a whirlwind, and in less than 30 minutes Quantril and his band were scattered in all directions. The loss of the First Iowa cavalry was 2 killed and 10 wounded. Total number of the command killed, 9; total number wounded, 20. The loss of the guerrillas greatly exceeded this number in both killed and wounded, there being found after the battle a number dead and more than a dozen wounded, in one locality. Everything was abandoned in their haste to get away. Quantril's saddle bags containing, among other things, the muster roll of his band, was captured. Being personally present on the field, the writer speaks from personal knowledge in reference to the affair. The greatest bravery was exhibited by the troops engaged, and they appeared to be equally well versed in bushwhacking tactics with the bushwhackers themselves. A small detachment, under Capt. Caldwell, sent out to capture some beef cattle belonging to Rebels, encountered, August 2d, in the timber on Clear Creek, about two miles from Taborville, a large band of guerrillas, well armed and mounted, under the notorious outlaw Clowers. A short and spirited engagement ensued. They had chosen a seemingly secure position. A charge was made, driving them from their cover, causing a speedy retreat. In this engagement our loss was 4 killed and 14 wounded, among whom was Capt. H. H. Heath. The loss of the enemy was 11 killed, number of wounded not known.

In August, Col. Warren, with most of the regiment, made a hard march of 300 miles to join Gen. Blunt, who had been threatened by Gen. Coffee, and was in pursuit of that Rebel after the battle of "Lone Jack."

On November 28th, all the available men of the regiment were ordered on a scout to Yellville, Arkansas. As a result, a portion of the town was burned and 150 prisoners paroled. It returned to camp on the 30th, having marched 250 miles.

On October 16th, the regiment was transferred to the Second brigade, Third division, Army of the Frontier, Brig. Gen. F. J. Herron commanding the division.

On December 3d, the regiment was in camp at Twin Springs, on Wilson's Creek, about 12 miles south from Springfield, at "Camp Curtis." At 12 o'clock on the 3d, the division marched to re-enforce Gen. Blunt at Cane Hill, Arkansas. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th the division was in

camp about 4 miles from Elkhorn Tavern, a distance of 56 miles from Camp Curtis.

On the 6th, the command marched at daylight. The First and Third battalions, First Iowa cavalry, under Col. Gower, with certain other cavalry, all under command of Col. Wickersham, Tenth Illinois cavalry, were ordered to reach Gen. Blunt without delay. At 12 o'clock, midnight, this cavalry force reported at Gen. Blunt's headquarters at Cane Hill, near Boonsboro, Arkansas, having marched 46 miles and having been in the saddle for eighteen consecutive hours, marching a distance of 103 miles in three days. It was soon discovered that Gen. Hindman had "stolen a march" on Gen. Blunt, and was endeavoring to crush Gen. Herron in his endeavors to re-enforce him. In flanking Gen. Blunt, Gen. Hindman had unexpectedly fallen upon the army of Gen. Herron, who at once gave battle. Gen. Blunt hearing cannon and taking in the situation, ordered the cavalry forward and followed with his infantry and artillery at a quick pace. So rapid was his march that the last five miles were made in one hour. About 2 o'clock p. m. the cavalry struck the left rear of the rebel army in a growth of oak timber. The plucky Tenth Illinois cavalry ran their little mountain howitzers under the very noses of the rebel line of infantry and presented their compliments in a storm of grape and canister. The rebel line recoiled, but soon rallied, and captured one of the howitzers. Companies B and M, First Iowa cavalry, afterward re-captured the howitzer and brought it off the field. It being a most unfavorable place for a cavalry engagement, they were ordered to take position on the prairie, and the First Iowa cavalry ordered to the support of Allen's battery. The battery appeared to be in one constant sheet of flame, so rapid were the discharges. Three different times the Rebels charged it in immense numbers from their cover upon the wooded hillside, and as many times they would waver, halt and retreat in the utmost disorder, leaving the field strewn with the dead and wounded. During the night Gen. Hindman made an inglorious retreat over the Boston Mountains, leaving his dead unburied and his wounded to be cared for by the union forces. On the 27th, the First took part in an important expedition to Van Buren, resulting in a defeat of some Rebels, and the capture of immense stores.

The battle of Prairie Grove and the subsequent capture of Van Buren was of the utmost importance to the union cause. It saved Missouri from further devastation. It gave the union cause in Western Arkansas great assistance. It offered an opportunity for the union men who had been in hiding in the caves and fastnesses of the Boston Mountains and hunted like wild beasts by "southern gentlemen," to rally for country and home. It broke up in rout and demoralization an army of 25,000 men, convincing many of them of the hopelessness of their cause. It was a powerfully stunning blow, from which the western portion of the so-called Southern Confederacy never recovered. No victorious rebel army ever appeared north of the Arkansas river afterward.

There was much countermarching and scouting performed by the regiment from January till April 21, 1862, when a detachment of 600 men under command of Maj. Caldwell, with no transportation, was ordered out to join an expedition under Gen. William Vandever, to attack Gen. Marmaduke in his raid into Southeastern Missouri, 100 men of the detachment being detailed as Gen. Vandever's body guard. The command marched to Pilot Knob, as the enemy was reported in that vicinity. Not finding the enemy there, a rapid march was made to Fredericktown, and on the 26th it bivouacked about three miles east from Jackson and one mile from the rebel camp, marching a distance of 36 miles. A midnight attack was planned, the details of which were entrusted to the First Iowa cavalry. Company F, with 20 men under Lieut. Hursh, and two howitzers loaded with grape and canister, quietly made their way, capturing the pickets, to within about thirty yards of the unsuspecting Rebels, and discharged simultaneously howitzers and carbines into their camp. Before they had recovered from their surprise the First Iowa cavalry charged upon the thoroughly demoralized men. In their haste to escape,

everything was left behind. Many were killed; horses, arms, camp equipage and several thousand dollars worth of stolen property was captured.

By the middle of July the cavalry force was preparing to join Maj.-Gen. Fred. Steele's forces, then at Helena and vicinity, in the campaign against Little Rock, Ark. Everything being in readiness, the command moved July 1st, marching by way of Fredericktown, crossing Black Mingo Swamp, reaching Bloomfield on the 11th, and remaining there until the 20th. All the sick of the command, numbering nearly 250, were left here in charge of Asst. Surgeon Charles H. Lothrop, First Iowa cavalry, and on the 20th the army renewed its march.

While in camp near Greensboro, Capt. J. D. Jenks, Company D, and Lieut. Jacob Hursh, Company F, with 50 men from Companies D, E and F, were sent with dispatches to Helena. This was a most daring undertaking. They however passed through a section of country, held by the enemy for a distance of 100 miles, without loss or accident on their part. It was certainly a most gallant affair, displaying courage and prudence in a remarkable degree, and was duly recognized by the commanding general in a complimentary order.

A supply of rations having been received, the march was continued toward Helena, crossing the L'Anguille river near Marianna, August 6th. When within about 30 miles of Helena the direction of the march was changed toward the west, and on the 9th the command camped on White river, near Clarendon, Arkansas. The forces under Maj.-Gen. Steele were concentrated at this place preparatory to the advance upon Gen. Price's forces in and around Little Rock.

On the 18th the army crossed White river at Clarendon, and on the 27th was fought the battle of Bayou Metoe, in which the regiment took a prominent part, driving the enemy across the bayou and making a dashing charge to save the only bridge across that deep and miry stream from destruction. The charge was led by Lt.-Col. Anderson, under a heavy fire from artillery and infantry upon the other side of the bayou. As the enemy had made preparations for the destruction of the bridge in case of necessity, the material was fired by them and the bridge burned, and the charge of the regiment into the very jaws of those batteries was of no avail. In this charge Lt.-Col. Anderson had his horse shot from under him and the regiment lost 1 killed and 36 wounded, 1 mortally. The regiment now took the very advance of the cavalry in the move on Little Rock. It was September 10th.

In reference to the part taken by the regiment in this engagement Brig.-Gen. J. W. Davidson, in his report, says: * * * "I ordered a vigorous advance of Glover's brigade, and when they became exhausted, within two miles of the city, threw Ritter's brigade and Strange's howitzers, supported by two squadrons of the First Iowa cavalry, under the gallant Capt. Jenks, into the city and on the heels of the enemy, saber in hand. At 7 o'clock P.M. the capital was surrendered by the acting city authorities, and the United States arsenal, uninjured, with what stores remained in it, was repossessed."

October 16th, the regiment removed camp about two miles down the river, where it remained during the winter. Here the men built comfortable cabins for themselves and sheds for their horses, doing picket, outpost duty and scouting. During the latter part of the campaign, which ended in the capture of Little Rock, and the month of October, the regiment, as also the whole army, suffered severely from sickness, consequent upon the terrible march through the swamps of Missouri and Arkansas.

On November 26th, a force of 250 men, under command of Lt.-Col. Caldwell, was ordered to re-enforce the garrison at Pine Bluffs, Arkansas. On reaching that place the command marched in a southerly direction and entered Arkadelphia at midnight. It returned to camp December 1st, having marched more than 250 miles. December 8th, a force of 260 men, under command of Capt. J. D. Jenks, Company D, with detachments of other regiments and a section of artillery, marched toward Arkadelphia. A few

miles south of Princeton, Dallas county, they encountered a force of the enemy numbering 800. The First Iowa cavalry being in the advance dismounted and drove them from their position, taking 39 prisoners, together with arms and camp equipage.

In January of 1864, five hundred of the regiment re-enlisted and became veterans. About this time Maj. Gen. Steele, commanding the Department of the Arkansas, was preparing for what is known as the "Camden Expedition." On March 23d, waiving its right to a veteran furlough at this time, the regiment joined the Seventh army corps under Maj. Gen. Steele, and took a prominent part in all the operations of that campaign.

April 4th, it engaged and routed Gen. Price's forces at Elkin's Ford, losing in killed and wounded 11 men. Lieut. Charles W. W. Dow was among the wounded, but would not leave the field to have his wound dressed. It was again on the advance from this place to Prairie d' Anne, a distance of twelve miles, skirmishing with the enemy the entire distance. Being on the right in the engagement which followed, it was the first to enter the rebel works. It here held the enemy in check until Gen. Steele moved his main force for Camden. On the 15th it was again ordered to the front and engaged the enemy at Camden Cross Roads, about fifteen miles from Camden, at 7 o'clock in the morning, and so continued for six hours. At this time Brig. Gen. Rice ordered up the dismounted men of the regiment to deploy as skirmishers, and they continued so engaged until the enemy was driven, stubbornly contesting the ground, back through the city of Camden on the evening of the same day.

On the 17th a detachment of the regiment, with detachments of other regiments, marched about twenty miles down the Washita river and captured a steamboat laden with corn and other quartermaster and commissary supplies. Lieut. J. T. Foster, Company B, an old Mississippi river steamboat pilot, took the "wheel" and piloted the boat back to Camden. The loss of the regiment during this whole campaign was 5 killed, 3 taken prisoners and 25 wounded, a number severely, who died a few days afterward. Among the wounded were Lt.-Col. J. W. Caldwell and Lieut. Charles W. W. Dow. The campaign being now virtually ended, the veteran portion of the regiment, 520 strong, was relieved from duty and ordered home on veteran furlough.

The recruits and non-veterans were left in command of Capt. James P. Crosby, Company M. The veterans having sold their horses to the government left for home under command of Lt.-Col. Caldwell, by the way of Pine Bluff, on the afternoon of April 24th, on foot. Camping a short distance from Camden that night, they commenced an early march the next morning, hoping to overtake a supply train which had been ordered to Pine Bluff on the 23d, with a considerable force for escort, under Lt.-Col. Drake, Thirty-sixth Iowa infantry. On the next day they were attacked by a column of Rebels at Moro Creek, and after a heroic resistance they fell back to Steele's main army on its way to Little Rock, and with him engaged in the battle of Saline river.

On June 20th the regiment, its furlough expired, again left the state for the front, and on July 23th was at Macon, Missouri. The headquarters of the regiment remained here until October, at which time the command was ordered to Jefferson City to engage in the campaign against Gen. Price's raid into Missouri. On the 27th of September, the combined bands of desperadoes and guerrillas, under Bill Anderson, numbering nearly 400 men, all wearing blue overcoats, captured a passenger train going north, at Centralia Station, on the North Missouri Railroad. They robbed the passengers and killed 24 soldiers who were on the train, three only of whom were armed. Among those killed were 7 veterans belonging to the First Iowa cavalry, as follows: Owen P. Gower, Company A; Oscar B. Williams and George W. Dilley, Company B; Edward Madera and John Russell, Company C; Joseph H. Arnold, Company E; and Charles Carpenter, Company K.

A construction train was following the passenger train, which was also

captured, and the engineer compelled to run his locomotive over the bodies of the soldiers lying on the track. Two of the soldiers were scalped, and all more or less mutilated after death. The station was burned and the agent of the road killed. Not satisfied with this inhuman piece of deviltry, they set the train on fire and started it off toward Sturgeon, another station on the road, with the remaining passengers on it. The passengers, however, escaped and walked to Sturgeon. About 3 or 4 o'clock P. M., Maj. Johnson, with 135 men belonging to Col. Krutzener's regiment Missouri state militia, arrived from Sturgeon. An engagement ensued, in which the militia was badly defeated. It was reported at the time that but 25 men returned to Sturgeon—63 were left dead on the field. In this affair 130 men were killed. It was a most cold blooded butchery, unequalled in atrocity by any similar act during the war. Maj. McDermott, with a detachment of the regiment, was immediately sent out in pursuit, but the bandit and human hyena had made good his escape. Gen. Price, with a following of 30,000 men, in his raid into the state having reached the vicinity of Jefferson City, the regiment was ordered to that place. The enemy attacked the city on the 7th, but the regiment suffered no loss.

On the 20th, Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans having taken the field, the veterans were ordered to report to him as body guard, and continued as such during the remainder of the campaign. After the defeat, ending in a most demoralized rout and almost annihilation of the rebel army, they returned to Warrensburg. From thence they went to St. Louis, and by December 29th, were at Helena. During the time the veterans were in Missouri, the non-veterans and recruits, numbering about 700, under Maj. Jenks, were engaged in scouting and outpost duty at Little Rock. Col. Thompson, having arrived at Little Rock from Iowa about September 1st, now assumed command of the regiment.

January 14th, Maj. Jenks, with detachments of the First Iowa and other regiments, was ordered by boat to Dardanelle, about 100 miles up the Arkansas river, at which place he engaged a rebel force of 1,600 men under Gen. Cooper, killing and wounding 90. For his bravery, the successful management and termination of the affair, he was brevetted lieutenant colonel United States Volunteers.

On the 22d, an expedition commanded by Brig.-Gen. E. A. Carr moved in the direction of Camden, Col. Thompson in command of the cavalry division, and Maj. McDermott commanding the regiment. Lieut. Charles W. W. Dow, Company F, is particularly mentioned for his daring gallantry in leading the extreme advance guard on this expedition.

By February 17th, the regiment had gone to Memphis, in the vicinity of which it remained, scouting occasionally, till June 15, when Gen. Grant ordered the command to march from Alexandria, Louisiana, to Texas. January 31st, orders were received for muster out.

No attempt will be made at this time to give in detail the history of the outrages and indignities to which the regiment was subjected, or the sufferings and privations it endured during this time at the hands of Gen. Custer. A most truthful narration of its trials and sufferings, and the incompetency and inhumanity of its commanding general, is published in the report of the adjutant general of the state of Iowa for the year 1867, written by Lt.-Col. A. G. McQueen.

The sick and disabled of the division, numbering 214, having been ordered on board the hospital transport steamer Starlight, Surgeon Charles H. Lthrop, First Iowa cavalry, in charge, to be taken to general hospital at New Orleans, the command left Alexandria, August 6th, and marched to Hempstead, Texas, a distance of about 240 miles, arriving at that place August 26th, "with rations exhausted, many of the soldiers barefooted, almost naked and without blankets, and with no supplies provided."

October 30th, the command marched for Austin, and arrived November 4th, where headquarters of the regiment remained until its muster out of the service.

The muster out having been accomplished, and all necessary preparations made for a homeward march, it left Austin on the 19th by the way of Bastrop to Brenham, and from thence by railroad to Galveston, and by steamer Magnolia to New Orleans. Leaving Galveston on the 28th, it reached New Orleans March 2d. The next day it left on the steamer W. H. Osborn and arrived at Cairo, Illinois, on the 9th. On the 10th, it left by the way of the Illinois Central railroad, and arrived at Davenport, Iowa, on the 12th, and on the 16th it was discharged and finally paid.

After nearly five years of arduous and most faithful service in preserving the integrity of the nation, with not a single stain to dim the brightness of its escutcheon, it was mustered out, and returning home, the patriot soldier became an honored citizen. This regiment was the second regiment of cavalry mustered into the United States service during the rebellion, the First Illinois cavalry being the first. The total number of enlistments were 2,187, and the number of casualties 551.

Field and Staff Officers of the First Iowa Cavalry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Fitz Henry Warren. James O. Gower. Daniel Anderson. William Thompson.	E. W. Chamberlain. James O. Gower. Wm. M. G. Torrence. P. Gad Bryan. Daniel Anderson. Joseph W. Caldwell. Levi Chase. William Thompson. Alex. G. McQueen. James D. Jenks. John McDermott. Thomas A. Bereman. Wm S. Whisenand.	Milton B. Cochran. Charles H. Lothrop. ASST. SURGEONS. David B. Allen. Charles H. Lothrop. John A. Ladd. Abraham B. Hershe. John I. Sanders. James Hervey. Asa Morgan.	James W. Latham. John M. Coggeshall. James S. Rand. ADJUTANTS. Joseph C. Stone. David A. Kerr. John A. Donnell. Henry L. Morrill. QUARTERMASTERS. Martin L. Morris. Samuel C. Dickerson. Claus H. Albers. Wm. W. Fluke.
LIEUT. COLONELS. Chas. E. Moss. P. Gad Bryan. Daniel Anderson. Joseph W. Caldwell. Alex. G. McQueen.			

Battalion Adjutants—D. A. Kerr, J. M. Bryan, H. R. Robinson, J. S. Edsall.

Battalion Quartermasters—J. A. Landis, C. A. Case, W. H. Muzzey.

Commissaries—H. L. Dashiell, R. T. Newell.

SECOND IOWA CAVALRY.

WHEN the Second Iowa cavalry was mustered into the service at Davenport, August 25, 1861, Washington L. Elliott, a cavalry captain of the regular army, was made its colonel. He had seen much service in the army, was a splendid organizer and disciplinarian, and a competent commander. In a very short time after going to the field he received high promotion, and parted from the regiment. March of 1862 found the Second cavalry aiding Gen. Pope in the reduction of New Madrid and Island No. 10. The autumn of 1861 had been passed in drilling at Davenport, and the mid-winter in a similar duty at Benton Barracks, where owing to various causes not less than 60 of the regiment sickened and died. Gen. Pope had been a cavalry officer himself in his time, and he knew how to make useful the cavalry command when it reached him at New Madrid. Under him it was active and gallant everywhere, and a squad of the Second regiment under Lieut. Schnetger, were the first union soldiers to enter the works at Island No. 10. Col. Elliott led the regiment and helped to secure the batteries with their great guns and the enormous stores of captured material of war. By the 1st of May, Pope's army, with the Second cavalry, was assisting in the celebrated siege of Corinth, which followed the battle of Shiloh. Here Col. Elliott was put in charge of a brigade, the Second Iowa and the Second Michigan cavalry, and Edward Hatch, the lieutenant colonel, assumed command of the regiment. Hatch was a man born to be a soldier. He had the military instinct, the war genius, the quick comprehension, the resolve to act and the personal

bravery that led to victories. He was every inch a soldier, and the men of his command, taking on the military spirit of their leader, became one of the best cavalry regiments in the American service. Hatch volunteered at Muscatine, entering the service as a captain of his noble regiment, was soon made lieutenant colonel, and by virtue of military merit so won the approbation of high commanders as to gain promotion after promotion, until, when the war ended, men saw him brevetted for gallantry as a major general in the regular army. He was in forty engagements, and as a rule the Second Iowa was with him. Its record is his record.

On the 9th of May, 1862, the Second Iowa made the famous charge at Farmington, in front of Corinth. On the 8th, for the purpose of a reconnoissance, Gen. Paine's division had been sent some distance in advance of Pope's main command and was left beyond a small stream over night, the main force coming back to camp. The rebel general discovered this isolated division and resolved to capture or annihilate it. There was but one small bridge over which Paine could retreat, and even this the rebel artillery, after several hours hard fighting by the infantry on the 9th, was about to command and render impossible of passage. The situation for Paine was most critical. At this moment the Second Iowa cavalry, led by Lt.-Col. Hatch, hurried to the front and across the stream to his relief. Paine's men were met hurrying rearward pursued by an overwhelming rebel force with twenty-four pieces of artillery. To prevent interference with the bridge while Paine should attempt to cross, the Second Iowa was ordered to prepare to charge the batteries. In five minutes' time, the men, drawing their sabres, started on the fierce charge. In a semi-circle in front of them were twenty-four cannon pouring into this devoted band their rapid fire of grape and canister. A cloud of dust sheltered the advancing line for a few moments, but as it came in full view of the Rebels, the belching of the guns became simply terrific. Once the line came to a deep ditch where only half the horses could leap across; some tumbled down the embankment, some were struck by the missiles of the enemy, and all were disorganized and the line broken; and yet spite of the obstruction, spite of the storm of deadly missiles, and spite of a musketry fire from a great column of infantry that suddenly rose to its feet, hundreds of that brave line went on, charged the gunners at their posts, and took a battery, falling back only when annihilation waited on another moment's delay. The assault lasted but three minutes, but in that brief time a hundred men had been unhorsed and half as many killed or wounded. The charge saved Paine's division, for under the excitement of the *melee* he hurried it across the stream. In giving the order to the cavalry to charge, Paine had made a fearful blunder. Fifteen thousand men were behind those guns supporting them. But it was a gallant charge not surpassed for daring in all the war. The English troops at Balaklava were not more brave than the boys of the Second cavalry charging the murderous guns at Farmington.

Captains Egbert and Lundy and Lieut. Owen were wounded. Maj. Coon, Maj. Hepburn, Captains McConnell, Crocker, Kendrick, Eaton, Egbert, Lundy, Bishop, Graves and Freeman, and Lieutenants Moore, Reily, Foster, Bilden, Owen, Hurton, Queal, Schmitzer, Metcalf and Eystra were all mentioned for gallant conduct. There might have been mentioned every man in that daring command.

On the 25th of May, the regiment, together with the Second Michigan cavalry, the whole led by Elliott, dashed around to the south of Corinth in the night, and destroyed the railroad in the rebel rear, together with large supplies, capturing also many prisoners. It was a brilliant exploit and made Hatch a colonel and Elliott a brigadier. About this time Philip Sheridan became colonel of the Second Michigan, the comrade regiment of our Second, and the two leaders, Hatch and Sheridan, and their two dashing regiments, became distinguished in the story of the war. The command had constant hard scouting and chasing all those Corinth days; almost day and night they were in the saddle. On the 1st of July, the two regiments, then led by Sheridan, fought the cavalry battle of Booneville. It was a hard encounter,

but a fine victory was won by Sheridan over Chalmers, who had attacked with 5,000 men. Hatch and Sheridan both showed their fighting qualities here, and the latter received the star of a brigadier. A couple of months of rest in camp near Rienzi followed, disturbed only by an attempted surprise on the part of the rebel Faulkner with 2,500 troops. Faulkner got surprised himself and badly whipped, as Sheridan chased him in utter rout for many miles. With September of 1862, hard riding, scouts and skirmishes commenced again. On the 19th, after a ride of 45 miles, and skirmishing with the enemy, the regiment stood to horse all night at the battle of Iuka. Soon came the battle of Corinth, and the extent of that victory was greatly added to by the extraordinary activity, by day and by night, of Hatch's cavalry. "It has been the eye of the army," said Rosecrans with truth, for it had guarded every road in the vicinity, scouted everywhere, and at last was present in the battle. In November and December, the regiment, now led by Maj. Coon, took a constant and important part in Grant's great move through Central Mississippi toward Vicksburg. It was present in the unnecessary defeat at Coffeeville, where Col. Hatch, now leading the brigade, barely saved the union troops engaged from utter rout. The Second cavalry lost 22 men killed and wounded at Coffeeville. It then followed Grant's army as a rear guard in its retreat toward Memphis, and shortly went into winter quarters at La Grange. The early spring again saw the Second cavalry riding all over northern Mississippi in little expeditions and scouts, and by April 16th, it was ready to start on what was known as the Grierson raid. The expedition was a great success, though made with a small body of men. It was for the purpose of destroying railroads in Central Mississippi, and to the rear of Vicksburg. Great damage was done and great stores were captured. The column led by Hatch, only 500 strong, separated from Grierson and fought its own way to Palo Alto and back to La Grange, defeating, at the former place, a cavalry force four times as great as his own. Grierson's column rode on to the Mississippi river at Baton Rouge, and both he and Hatch had inflicted great damage on the state and created a diversion in favor of Gen. Grant. It was one of the most brilliant cavalry exploits of the war, said Gen. Grant. The regiment could not remain idle and very soon Hatch led it, with some other troops, including the Sixth Iowa infantry, on a raid to Okalona and back.

Shortly, too, Maj. Coon led a part of the Second and detachments of other regiments in a splendid raid on Grenada. It was a hard ride, but the command destroyed sixty locomotives and great army supplies, mills, shops and depots. Coon was gone eleven days on this raid. The regiment soon went to Memphis, where it remained in quiet till the end of November. Once during this breathing spell Lt.-Col. Hepburn led the command against a rebel column, threatening the garrison at Colliersville. A brisk fight took place and the Rebels leaving 200 or 300 dead and wounded fled from the field. On the 4th of December the cavalry under Hatch hurried by hard rides to Moscow, and there fought quite a battle, defeating Gen. S. D. Lee, though his command lost nearly a hundred killed and wounded, and he was himself shot through the lungs. Early in February the regiment moved with a column under Gen. Sooy Smith, marching to divert the Rebels from Sherman on his Meridian raid, and if possible join him. Smith's expedition failed in its purpose and never reached Sherman. His column captured West Point, however, and immense stores, but on falling back from there, was attacked by Gen. Forrest and came very near being destroyed. There was hard fighting by the Second cavalry under Maj. Coon and some of the other troops, but many stampeded, and flying in a great unorganized mob to the rear, brought disgrace on the expedition. Lt.-Col. Hepburn led a brigade of the Second Iowa and Sixth, Seventh and Ninth Illinois cavalry. The Second Iowa saved the whole command from destruction, though it had been charged by Forrest on front and flanks repeatedly. It was ordered to fall back, but, instead, staid at the most desperate point of the field and fought five times its own numbers. until 50 of its men, among them Lieut. Dwire, lay stretched

on the field. Who was to blame that a handful of troops were left unsupported to fight Forrest's whole army, while so many of Smith's men were rushing to the rear, never will be known. On March 28th, many of the regiment re-enlisted as veterans and in April went to Iowa on furlough. That summer of 1864 was largely spent by the regiment in raiding and scouting about Mississippi and Middle Tennessee, without any engagements of great consequence, although it participated in the fight at Tupelo. Coon was now a colonel and part of the time in command of a brigade, while Maj. C. C. Horton, one of the Second's very best officers, led the regiment. Hatch now led a division. By the middle of November Hatch's division, including Coon's brigade and the Second Iowa cavalry, was engaged in the hardest campaign of its history. It was in resisting Hood's invasion of Tennessee. With headquarters near Florence, it watched and fought his advance step by step, and formed with Coon's brigade the rear guard of the union army as it fell back to Franklin, in the battle itself playing an important part at the left. Then followed the battle of Nashville, described in chapter 23, in which the gallant Second, with the whole of Hatch's division dismounted, fought as infantry, storming and capturing forts and driving the enemy in dismay. Then commenced the famous pursuit in which the cavalry nearly destroyed what was left of Hood's army. Coon's brigade, in the hard rides and the constant fighting, did as much as any command in the union army. It captured in that pursuit more than a thousand prisoners, fifteen cannon, numerous battle flags and important war material. It lost in the whole campaign some 60 men, 14 of whom were killed. It was the regiment's last active campaign. It had done enough. It was entitled to all the great honors afterward received on coming home to Iowa. Officers and men had been heroes. The spring and summer was passed in unimportant duties in Mississippi, and in October of 1865 the regiment was mustered out.

Field and Staff Officers of the Second Iowa Cavalry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
W. L. Elliott.	Ed. Hatch.	Geo. Reeder.	C. G. Truesdell.
Ed. Hatch.	W. P. Hepburn.	Geo. H. Noyes.	J. J. Watson.
Datus E. Coon.	D. E. Coon.	ASST. SURGEONS.	QUARTERMASTERS.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	H. W. Love.	Geo. H. Noyes.	W. B. Blaney.
Ed. Hatch.	F. A. Kendrick.	E. D. Yule.	D. McGregor.
W. P. Hepburn.	W. W. Eaton.	J. R. Burgess.	R. F. Diffenbacher.
Chas. C. Horton.	Chas. C. Horton.	S. E. Jones.	H. B. Sudlow.
Battalion Adjutants.	G. Schnitger.	J. J. Watson.	Battalion Quarter- masters.
G. Schnitger.	C. P. Moore.	Commissaries.	
J. H. Freeman.	S. Foster.	R. McC. Kirtland.	S. Gilbert.
W. W. Mills.	ADJUTANTS.	W. W. C. Miller.	Jas. Hannam.
T. G. Beaham.	C. F. Marden.		G. R. Ammond.
	T. Sydenham.		

THIRD IOWA CAVALRY.

THIS regiment, more than a thousand strong, was raised, organized, and equipped by Col. Cyrus Bussey, at the request of Maj. Gen. Fremont. It was to be one of the "crack" cavalry regiments of the service, and its history proved its commanders and its men to be up to every expectation. Col. Bussey was a cavalry officer of the first order, and his command was thoroughly drilled and disciplined while at Benton Barracks in the early winter of 1861. On December 12th, he was ordered to send a battalion of his regiment to Jefferson City. Companies E, F, G and H marched at once under Maj. Caldwell, and nearly two years passed away before the gallant command was again united. Early in February of 1862, the remainder of the regiment, eight companies under Col. Bussey, were ordered to Rolla, where another division of the regiment occurred, Companies I and K being sent under

Maj. Wm. C. Drake to garrison the town of Salem. Col. Bussey proposed to join Gen. Curtis's army in the Southwest, and probably the first important order he received in war times was a telegram from Curtis, saying: "Come on by short route; make forced marches and overtake me." Curtis was 200 miles away. The roads were very bad and the trains had to be left behind. At Springfield, Company L was detailed to garrison the town while the remainder of the regiment marched on through severe cold, and without rations, till it joined Gen. Curtis at Sugar Creek. It had been a terribly hard march in mid-winter, but now the command was with the army at the front, and eager for battle. After repeated reconnoissances, the rebel army, 40,000 strong, was discovered, advancing to attack Gen. Curtis at Cross Hollows. The regiment's first engagement was in beating the Rebels off, who were attacking Sigel at Bentonsville. Then came the ever memorable 7th of March—the battle of Pea Ridge. "On that day," writes an officer of the regiment, "the Third cavalry formed part of a brigade commanded by Col. Bussey, and was ordered to attack the enemy then passing in heavy column to the rear of Gen. Curtis's army. Curtis had fallen back to Sugar Creek. His position was being flanked by Van Dorn, and his army was in a most critical situation. While the other regiment of the brigade was forming in line to support a battery, we were ordered to advance toward the enemy, supposed to be about half a mile distant. We had not proceeded more than 200 yards, when we found ourselves confronted by a heavy body of infantry who fired a volley, killing and wounding several of our men." Bussey's command consisted of the Third Iowa cavalry, 235 men and officers, led by Lt.-Col. Trimble, the Benton Hussars, Col. Merritt, a part of the First Missouri cavalry, Col. Ellis; two companies of the Fremont Hussars, Lieut. Howe, and three guns of Elbert's battery. The conduct of the Third cavalry was so gallant and heroic in the action that followed, the writer can best describe it in the language of Col. Bussey. After feeling of the woods and the bit of prairie to which his line advanced, he narrates how it came in full view of the cavalry of the enemy, passing along a half mile distant to the north, and to the rear of Curtis's army. Gen. Osterhaus being present, ordered the little battery to open fire on the passing column. The First Missouri cavalry stood to the right and left of the guns, with the Third Iowa cavalry in the rear.

"While forming the Benton Hussars in line on the right flank of the Third Iowa, and facing west, I was ordered by Gen. Osterhaus to send two companies down the road to the west to charge the enemy's line, if practicable, at a point supposed to be about half a mile distant. This order was communicated by me to Lt.-Col. Trimble, commanding Third Iowa cavalry, who immediately advanced with his command in column of fours, which was necessary, the road leading along a fence on the south, with thick brush and woods on the north.

"The Benton Hussars were now in line of battle, about 100 yards to the right and rear of the battery, and the Fremont Hussars were yet in column of fours, having just arrived on the ground. The Third Iowa cavalry galloped down the road, and going beyond the edge of the woods or timber on the west side of the prairie, they unexpectedly found themselves in front of several lines of infantry, heretofore unseen, and who were drawn up in line to the front and right of our men at short musket range.

"The companies of the Third Iowa cavalry were wheeled into line facing the enemy, it being impossible for them to advance in column further, when they at once received a deadly fire from the overwhelming numbers of the foe, who were partially concealed and protected by the woods and brush. A large number of my men and horses were here killed and wounded, and Lt.-Col. Trimble, at the head of the column, was severely wounded in the head. This fire was returned by the Third Iowa cavalry from their revolvers with considerable effect.

"Just at this moment a large force of the enemy's cavalry charged from the north upon different portions of our cavalry line, passing through the line into the open field in our rear. The Third Iowa cavalry now charged this

force, and an exciting running fight ensued between these forces, the enemy fleeing and being pursued by my forces to the south. They were followed by the Third Iowa cavalry alone, to the woods on the south side of the large open field. The loss of the enemy in this running fight was very heavy and estimated by me, from the most reliable information I have been able to obtain, at 82 men. A portion of this same charge of the enemy's cavalry was upon the battery, and First Missouri cavalry supporting it. The cavalry was compelled to give way. I ordered the Benton Hussars to charge, which they failed to do, but fell back. The Fremont Hussars, being in rear and not in position, were compelled to give way. The guns, being left unsupported, were captured by the enemy, who, not being able to take them from the field, burned them. The cavalry, failing to rally, fell back through the woods to the large open field through which we had first marched, where they met the infantry and artillery of Gen. Osterhaus's brigade in line of battle. Being left on the field of the first action without any force, the cavalry in reserve having failed to obey my orders, I followed to the open field and found two companies of the First Missouri cavalry being formed in line by Maj. Hubbard. After seeing the First Missouri in line, I sent Adjt. John W. Noble, who had remained with me on the field the whole time, to bring up the companies of the Third Iowa cavalry to our new position, they having pursued the enemy through the fields, as above stated, and not yet made their appearance. He soon returned with all the companies, having met them coming in perfect order to the place desired, they having returned toward the camping ground, and Maj. Perry being in command. The enemy immediately advanced to the western edge of the field in which our new position was taken, when a general engagement ensued. At this time I ordered the First Missouri cavalry to take position on the extreme left in the woods, which was on the east of our main position. A force of the enemy made their appearance here, evidently attempting to turn our left flank. I sent the Third Iowa cavalry to support Col. Ellis, when our force advanced. The enemy withdrew, and were followed by Col. Ellis about two miles, and did not show themselves again in this quarter.

"Our loss, out of 235 men engaged, was 25 killed, 17 wounded, and 9 missing."

On the 28th of February was fought the severe little battle of Salem. Only the two companies under Maj. Drake took part in the conflict, and as the union force was commanded by Col. Wood of Missouri, the credit for the victory has usually been given entirely to his state. How much of it was due to the Third Iowa cavalry, however, is read between the lines of Col. Wood's report. After three or four days of hot pursuit of a rebel force under Coleman and Woodsides, the union cavalry overtook them one morning about breakfast time. "Ten miles more," says Col. Wood, "brought us to their camp—hastily deserted, and the prepared breakfast untasted. Being satisfied they were not far ahead, I cautioned my advance and flankers to be on the alert to prevent surprise, and pushed on. About five miles further I heard sharp firing in front, and supposing my advance had encountered the retreating Rebels, I galloped forward to find my guard engaged with the whole rebel force, estimated at from 600 to 1,000 men. They had taken a strong position in one of those pest holes of creation, an Arkansas swamp, and we, within four rods of them. Just then a ball struck Sergt. Rodakin and knocked him from his horse. Turning, I found my whole battalion, including the howitzers, at my side, followed by Maj. Drake and the Third Iowa cavalry. Our sudden appearance seemed to paralyze the enemy for a moment, and knowing everything depended upon immediate action, I ordered the howitzers into position to shell the swamp. I also ordered the men of my battalion to dismount, every fourth man to take the horses to the rear. I also ordered Maj. Drake to the right of the swamp. This order was obeyed in an instant, and the men advanced upon the enemy. Sergt. Moody threw two shells, but too high to affect those in our immediate front. By this time

the enemy rallied and poured upon us a deadly fire. My bugler, who was at my side, fell from his horse. Young Watt was killed instantly at the cannon. Pierce, another one at the cannon, was badly wounded. Young Kendall fell mortally wounded; First Lieut. R. H. C. Mack of Company A, while leading his men bravely forward, fell mortally wounded. Several others were wounded. Turning, I rode to the howitzer, and directed Sergt. Moody to load with grape and lower his piece. Just then my horse was pierced with two balls, but Sergt. Moody instantly obeyed the order, when the Rebels broke in the greatest confusion, my men on foot advancing from tree to tree. The enemy at this time attempted to retreat, but were met by a charge from the Iowa boys on the north which drove them back into the swamp with a loss of 20 prisoners and a large number killed and wounded. Two prisoners, belonging to Maj. Bowen's battalion were also released. Among the prisoners is a nephew of the celebrated Jim Lane, of Kansas.

"From the 6th of April to the 1st of May, we were on the march with Gen. Curtis, moving via Cassville, Forsythe, Osage and West Plains, Missouri, and Salem, Arkansas, to Batesville—a distance of nearly 300 miles, over mountains and rivers, and through a country almost destitute of supplies for man or beast. In one of the skirmishes, May 30th, Capt. J. Anderson was wounded. Gen. Curtis's army evacuated Batesville on the 25th, and started for Clarendon, on White river. We moved to Village Creek, six miles south of Jacksonport, on the 26th. On the 27th of June, the gallant Lieut. Griswold, while guarding a forage train, was ambushed and killed, with several of his companions.

"We arrived at Clarendon on the 8th, but the gunboats and troops had been gone several hours, they having left for the Mississippi river at 10 o'clock A. M. We were now destitute of anything to subsist on, and had been for several days; the weather was intensely hot, and no water to be had on the route of our march except swamp water. The suffering of the men was very great, but no complaint was made.

"On the 10th of June, Col. Bussey was assigned to command the Third brigade, First division. Maj. Wm. C. Drake assumed command of the regiment. We left Clarendon on the 11th, and after a tedious march of three days, as rear guard of the army and trains, arrived at Helena. During the summer, we were kept on duty, scouting the country from White river to the St. Francis, having frequent skirmishes, but met no force of the enemy worth special mention. On the 1st of October, the infantry of this brigade having been ordered to Missouri, we were transferred to the Third brigade, Fourth division.

"Capt. Thomas J. Taylor, of Company I, died on the 24th day of July, on board steamer Silver Moon, while *en route* home on furlough. He was buried at Cairo. During the months of September, October and November, we continued on active duty, traveled several hundred miles, captured many prisoners, and brought in a large number of horses and other valuable property.

"On September 20th the regiment formed a part of 2,000 cavalry under Col. Bussey, marching with Gen. Hovey's expedition against Arkansas Post. The movement was a failure, owing to the low water preventing Hovey's transports and infantry going up White river, but the cavalry had a severe time of it, marching through miserable swamps, in mud and darkness, with cold rains and for two days without a bite to eat.

"On the 10th of January, 1863, the army under Gen. Gorman embarked for White river for the purpose of capturing Little Rock.

"We were ordered to go with the army and were ready to march, but the order was countermanded, Col. Bussey having been assigned to the command of the district of Eastern Arkansas.

"Maj. Wm. C. Drake died of disease on the 24th of November, after which the regiment was commanded Maj. O. H. P. Scott. During the winter we were engaged scouting without meeting any considerable force of the enemy, until the 5th of March, when we routed a rebel force near Madison, Arkansas, capturing a number of prisoners. On the 4th of April, Lieut. Niblack,

Company D, with 25 men charged into Madison, killed and wounded a number and captured 56 prisoners. The remainder of the rebel force, over 100 strong, was driven off. In the charge, Lieut. Niblack was severely wounded. All that spring, and until in June, the command had been engaged in scouting or else working on the defenses of Helena. Nothing of importance transpired.

"We had now been at Helena eleven months. Col. Bussey had made frequent requests to be sent to Vicksburg, then the scene of Gen. Grant's operations, but was unsuccessful until the 4th of June, when he received orders to embark on transports and report to Gen. Grant. We arrived at Snyder's Bluffs on the 8th. Col. Bussey was appointed chief of cavalry by Maj. Gen. Sherman and assumed command of all the cavalry forces. The rebel army under Joe. Johnston was concentrating on the line of the Big Black. From the day we arrived at Snyder's Bluffs until the surrender of Vicksburg, we were in the saddle night and day, scouting the country along the Big Black to Mechanicsburg and watching the fords and ferries on that stream. The weather was excessively hot.

"On the 5th we received orders to accompany Gen. Sherman's army, then moving to attack Joe. Johnston; crossed the Big Black on the 6th, and on the 8th encountered the rebel Gen. Jackson's cavalry division. We were the advance and charged the enemy several times, driving him several miles. We were engaged with the enemy almost every day until the 16th, during which time we traveled 300 miles, visited Calhoun, Batter's Bluffs, Vernon and other points. We arrived at Keokuk about the 29th of January, where we were detained almost in sight of our houses more than two weeks, waiting to be mustered out. We were furloughed on the 12th of February, and on the 12th of March were in rendezvous again at Keokuk. During the thirty days 700 men were enlisted for our regiment.

"We received orders to report at Memphis, Tennessee. Col. Bussey having been promoted, we left St. Louis under command of Lt.-Col. H. C. Caldwell, who was commissioned colonel on the 4th of May, 1864."

To Glenn Lowe, a captain of the Third cavalry, the writer is indebted for some valuable memoranda of the regiment, furnished to the adjutant general of the state. The writer of the first part of the regiment's history is not known, though the memoranda are correct.

GUNTOWN.

On the 10th of June occurred the disastrous fight at Guntown, in Mississippi, Gen. Sturgis having led a force of 5,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry out from Memphis to meet Forrest. Guntown is 100 miles or more southeast of Memphis and on the Mobile railroad. Gen. Grierson led the two brigades of union cavalry and on that hot day in June his advance struck the forces of Gen. Forrest, well posted on a long, semi-circular ridge with open fields sloping in front of him, and at their edge a nearly impassable creek. The cavalry at once became actively and desperately engaged, and word was sent for the infantry, five miles behind, to hurry up. Sturgis rushed the men forward, and, like Banks at Pleasant Hill, sent his wagon trains to the front. It is said that no attempt at generalship was thought of by Sturgis—no flanking, no demonstrations, no anything, except the hurling of a lot of exhausted men into battle without plan or order. The cavalry did its best, and possibly the infantry did the same for a little while, but after the cavalry had been withdrawn, the infantry was routed and the whole command fell back with loss of trains and prisoners, and, as far as the commander was concerned, with loss of honor. The whole army returned to Memphis, and had it not been for the gallantry of Winslow's cavalry brigade, it would have been wholly lost. That brigade, comprising the Third and Fourth Iowa, and Tenth Missouri cavalry, had not only fought splendidly in the battle, resisting desperate charges, but it was the savior of the army on the disastrous retreat. It was the only organized body in all Sturgis's flying forces. It

twice repulsed the enemy in the main conflict, and fired the last gun in the retreat. For fifty-four hours the men had been in the saddle, fighting the greater part of the time without forage for their horses, or food for themselves. Col. John W. Noble led the Third Iowa, and with a gallantry only equalled by the hard fighting men of his command. The Fourth Iowa was led by Maj. A. R. Pierce, both regiments showing a degree of endurance, pluck and valor that reflected credit on the state. At Ripley, on the retreat, the Third was again under severe fire and bravely resisted superior numbers of the victorious rebel army, checking and defeating them. In this encounter Lieut. Miller of Company D was slain, with several of the enlisted men. The Fourth regiment also fought at Ripley, and enabled the infantry to escape.

The Third Iowa lost some 60 or 70 men in the unfortunate expedition, and the Fourth Iowa possibly as many, the only feature that redeemed the expedition from disgrace being the heroism of Winslow's brigade of cavalry. Lieut. McKee and Capt. Curkendall were mentioned for bravery. Reuben Delay was wounded. Scarcely was the brigade in camp at Memphis before it was ordered to march against Forrest again, this time with the expedition of Gen. A. J. Smith to Tupelo. This time they marched to victory. A narrative of the battle is given elsewhere. Suffice it to say that at Oldtown, the day after Tupelo, the Third cavalry, in a splendid charge under Col. Noble, won new laurels for itself and the state. The Fourth cavalry also joined in the honors of the victory. Maj. Duffield, Captains Crail, Brown, McCrary and Johnson were specially mentioned for gallantry.

On the 2d of September, Maj. Benj. S. Jones, with 500 officers and men, crossed over the Mississippi to Brownsville and marched in pursuit of Price, who was again invading Missouri. After a long march to Cape Girardeau, the command (as a part of the army led by Gen. Mower) took steamers and went up to St. Louis, and again marched up the Missouri valley for Independence. The Fourth Iowa cavalry and the Tenth Missouri cavalry were with them and the three regiments formed the brigade led by Col. Winslow. The whole command joined Gen. Pleasanton near Independence just as an engagement was going on. It was at once led into the conflict and fought till ten that night, driving the enemy for several miles into Kansas. Acting Adjt. Jas. H. Watts was mortally wounded in the action. Early the next morning was fought the battle of the "Big Blue." The enemy was strongly posted, and resisted the union attack, when Col. Winslow led his brigade in a magnificent charge that drove the enemy, and resulted in the capture of several battle flags, prisoners and trophies of victory. The gallant colonel was himself wounded in the charge. The Third Iowa lost nearly 20 men. A swift and terrible pursuit of the enemy was made and on the morning of the 25th, Winslow's brigade, now led by Col. Benton, and in the advance of Curtis's pursuing army, charged on and routed a strong force from its chosen position. It had been a fine charge and it about ended the career of Price's flying army. Many guns, flags and prisoners were taken. "They are glorious troops," said Gen. Pleasanton in an official report. "No troops could win a prouder record for themselves."

In the campaign the Third cavalry lost nearly 50 men. In the last battle, known as the battle of Osage, Private James Dunlavy, of the Third Iowa cavalry, captured Marmaduke, a rebel major general, single handed. He received for the brave deed many tokens of honor from his fellow soldiers, while citizens of Fort Scott presented him a case of ivory-handled revolvers. He was a brave Iowa boy, and his act had required nerve and courage. Sergt. C. M. Young captured Gen. Cabell on the same battle field. Maj. Jones, who led the regiment, spoke of every man and officer of his command as deserving honor for the campaign. While Maj. Jones and his 500 men were returning from chasing Price out of Missouri, the remaining portion of the Third cavalry under Col. Noble were taking part in an expedition against the Mobile railroad under Grierson through Mississippi. There was little hard fighting on the way, but the amount of property and stores for

war destroyed by the Third cavalry was very great. The raid proved as useful to the union cause as a great battle would have done.

By the first of the new year, 1865, the two parts of the regiment had united at Louisville, and were at once remounted and newly equipped to take part in the last campaign of the war, the great "raid" of Gen. Wilson. Four regiments of Iowa cavalry took part in this campaign—one of the most important and daring cavalry campaigns narrated in history. It commenced at Eastport, on the Tennessee river, on March 21, 1865, and ended at Macon with the close of the war. The distance marched by the column was not less than 600 miles, and on its way the swift riding army, 14,000 strong, took not less than seven fortified towns, mostly by assault; captured more than 100 cannon, burned 300,000 bales of cotton, then worth fifty millions of dollars; destroyed railroads, bridges, factories and army stores beyond computation in value; captured thousands of prisoners and left Alabama a desolation and a waste. In all this wonderful campaign the Iowa cavalry regiments bore an honorable and a conspicuous part. The Third, Fourth and Fifth regiments were in Upton's division; the Eighth in the division of McCook. The first resistance of the enemy was not far from Montevallo, where the Third Iowa made a fine charge on the Rebels, fighting with sabres and at close quarters, defeating them and driving them from the field. Beyond Maplesville another stand was made by the Rebels, and again the Third Iowa charged and drove them in retreat. Captains Arnim and Brown and Color Sergt. John Wall were mentioned for gallantry by Col. Noble, leading the regiment. Lieut. Veatch was wounded in the engagement. Ten men were wounded and 17 horses were killed or wounded, but the Third Iowa had put the famous Rebel, Forrest, on the run. Selma was the next important town captured, and its long lines of fortifications were taken by assault, the Third and Fourth Iowa being at the front in the conflict. Led by Gen. Wilson in person, two whole divisions charged on the works, and in an hour Selma and its vast stores, ammunition and prisoners were in the union hands. The city of Montgomery next fell without a blow, and Iowa cavalry rode through the streets of the Confederacy's first capital with banners flying and bugles sounding. In a few days the city of Columbus, with its strong fortifications and well manned batteries, was attacked, and Winslow's brigade of the Third and Fourth Iowa and the Tenth Missouri, made the principal assault. It was April 16th. The resistance made against the first attack of the union line had been severe, and late that evening six companies of the Third Iowa were dismounted, led to the right of the rebel works, and ordered to assault the intrenchments and a battery. In the darkness, and over rough and unknown ground, the line advanced with a cheer and took the outer works. "Our only guide in that darkness," said Col. Noble, "was the flash and roar of the enemy's guns." A charge by a part of the Tenth Missouri cavalry to a bridge near by only resulted in a fiercer fire on the Iowa boys, but they held their ground, and shortly another advance over heavy abatis, and a lodgement was gained in the works flanking the battery. It was now short work. Other troops of the brigade were charging in, the battery flag and runners of the garrison were taken by some of the Third Iowa, and shortly the position was in the union hands. Lieut. Forker was the first inside the fort. The little command lost the gallant Lieut. Miller and 2 enlisted men killed and 17 wounded. Columbus was taken, and the superior officers of the army pronounced the gallant charge of the Third Iowa as heroic and worthy of all praise. For its services, and as a mark of distinction, Col. Noble, with his gallant regiment, was selected by Gen. Winslow as provost guard for the city and went on duty the same night of the assault. The conduct of the Third won it great honor and the charge was the more noticeable, as it was the last cavalry fight of the war. On the 21st of April the regiment reached Macon with the rest of the expeditionary forces, and here learned that the cruel war had come to an end. It was shortly mustered out and reached home on the 15th of May. Its last campaign had been its most glorious. Col. Noble, who had so gallantly led the regiment through all its recent

victories gave just praise to his subordinate officers, and among the specially mentioned were the names of Captains McKee and Wilson; Private Tibbetts who captured a battery flag at Columbus, Lt -Col. Jones, Lieut. Crawford and the faithful chaplain, James W. Latham.

Field and Staff Officers of the Third Iowa Cavalry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAINS.
Cyrus Bussey. H. C. Caldwell. J. W. Noble.	C. H. Perry. H. C. Caldwell. W. C. Drake. G. Duffield. O. H. P. Scott. J. W. Noble. G. C. Madgett. B. S. Jones. J. C. McCrary. P. H. Walker. C. A. Stanton. G. Curkendall.	D. L. McGugin. G. W. Carter. ASST. SURGEONS. C. C. Biser. Wm. L. Orr. F. M. Warford. T. J. Maxwell. S. Whitten, J. D. Gray. Commissary. T. H. Brown.	Pearl P. Ingalls. M. B. Wayman. J. W. Latham. QUARTERMASTERS. T. S. Wright. Enos T. Cole. T. D. Johnson. <i>Battalion Adjutants.</i> R. L. Miller. J. Davenport. H. D'B. Cutler. G. Lowe.
<p>LIEUT. COLONELS.</p> <p>H. H. Trimble. H. C. Caldwell. J. W. Noble. G. Duffield. B. S. Jones.</p> <p><i>Battalion Quarter- masters.</i></p> <p>D. E. Jones. G. W. Newell. H. H. Hand.</p>	<p>ADJUTANTS.</p> <p>J. W. Noble. Glenn Lowe.</p>		

FOURTH IOWA CAVALRY.

THE Fourth Iowa was one of the distinguished cavalry regiments of the West. It was fortunate in having a great part of its service under a splendid commander. The first colonel did not remain long with the regiment, and when the command passed into the hands of Edward F. Winslow, there commenced for the Fourth cavalry a record for valor, hard riding and brave fighting that was not surpassed by any body of horsemen in the West. Winslow commanded these brave men either as their colonel or as the leader of their brigade to the close of the war. Whatever command Winslow might happen to have, this was his regiment. His history and its history are one. If the regiment gained honor, so did he; if Winslow won a battle, the Fourth regiment was always at the front and helped wear the laurels. He was loved by his soldiers, and shared with them the hard march, the fierce encounter, or the last cracker. His brigade was a fighting brigade, and was as well-known among the cavalry of the West as was Crocker's Iowa brigade among the infantry. If a hard march were on hand, or a battle to be fought at the front, Winslow's men would be there.

The young man who recruited a company of horsemen at Mt. Pleasant, Oskaloosa and Ottumwa in 1861, came out of the war a brevet brigadier general, with the reputation of a good patriot, a brave soldier and a splendid cavalry commander; and his regiment shared his honors with him, for they had helped to win them with their own sabres. It was in November, 1861, that the regiment was mustered into the service at its rendezvous of Camp Harlan at Mt. Pleasant. It spent the winter there learning the art of war, and went to the front with the army of Curtis in Missouri, in March of 1862. That summer of 1862 was not a summer of glory for our regiment, though there was abundant hard marching, arduous reconnoitering with the usual proportion of skirmishes and running combats, with here and there a man shot dead, or half a dozen wounded. Often in detachments chasing the enemy, nearly always outnumbered, constantly at the front and the post of danger, their camps but bivouacs, surprises by day and night by guerrillas frightfully frequent, and the cry "to arms" a familiar sound—this was cavalry life of the union army in Missouri and Arkansas in 1862. Battle's dangers and none of battle's glory. The Fourth cavalry experienced it all. That summer they made, with Curtis, the extraordinarily hard march from

southwestern Missouri through Arkansas against Little Rock, and nearly to that capital, and thence to Helena on the Mississippi river. It was a march notorious for its hardships, and the barrenness of its results. A whole winter's rest came to the regiment that winter, but a kind of rest more wearisome, and almost as dangerous as active campaigning in the field. Helena in Arkansas has a thousand times been voted by the union soldiers the most disagreeable and heaven-forsaken place in Dixie. A winter's stay there on hard guard and scouting duty, with wretched, murky weather, the hospitals crowded, the roads bottomless in mud, caused great discouragement and discontent, and thinned the ranks rapidly. No chance for war's excitements, and the transports passing down the river daily bearing others to the front, and to the glory of victory; all this, made a winter in Helena anything but a soldier's rest.

The early May days of 1863 saw the Fourth Iowa cavalry taking a conspicuous part in Grant's great campaign against Vicksburg. From Port Gibson to Jackson it was the advance guard, holding a post of honor in the front of Sherman's corps, while from Jackson to Vicksburg, it was the rear guard of the whole army, keeping back its pursuers. It was, until long after Vicksburg was invested, the only regiment of cavalry in this army, and was in a state of incessant activity, under the daily urgent calls for cavalry service. A brilliant contrast to that winter at Helena! At last the regiment was doing work that would tell—work that even the humblest soldier in it could see the need of and the value of; and although for two months there was no day of rest or comfort, and almost no night undisturbed, the men kept at it with untiring energy and perfect zeal—always on the outposts during the march and during the siege, and always scouting, reconnoitering, picketing, patrolling, raiding or foraging in the enemy's country.

During the siege, the regiment, for the first time, received suitable carbines, and entered bravely into all the maneuvers for keeping Pemberton in Vicksburg and Johnston out. Eighteen months of the regiment's history were gone—months of great hardships and scant honors. But now a new era had come. Maj. Winslow was made its colonel, and with his splendidly trained troopers soon marched to the music of great events. The regiment took part in the second Jackson campaign, and until the close of the year 1863, engaged in numerous important expeditions and raids in Mississippi, notably the one from Vicksburg to Memphis, in August, in which great loss of property and army transportation was inflicted on the enemy. In September, Winslow was appointed, by Gen. Sherman, chief of cavalry, and given command of the cavalry forces of the Fifteenth army corps, comprising five regiments.

February of 1864 saw the regiment on the Meridian campaign with Gen. Sherman. It was now a "veteran" command, the regiment having been the first to re-enlist from Iowa.

Some of the hardest riding in that or any campaign was done by Company F, which, on one occasion, under special orders from Gen. Sherman, did its 80 miles in a single night, starting at 4 P. M. and stopping at 8 A. M.

Enormous damage was done to railroads and property on this raid, and the cavalry skirmished with the enemy daily, for 150 miles. Winslow commanded the cavalry forces of the Fifteenth army corps in this raid, and the regiment was back to Vicksburg by March 1st.

During the Vicksburg siege, the regiment had more than one conflict with the Rebels at Grant's rear. On the 22d of June, a detachment of 115 men under Maj. Parkell, who were dismounted and engaged in felling trees to obstruct a road, were suddenly charged from their rear by a body of some 600 rebel cavalry, who had made a dash between them and their camp. The detachment got to their horses, all who could, and fought in desperation, but were quickly overpowered and routed, with a loss of more than a third of their number in killed, wounded and captured. The detachment from Company A. succeeded in forming in time to resist the first charge, and did

it at a cost of 8 men killed out of its 24. Lieut. Gardner of Company K was killed, and Lieut. McConnelley of Company I was captured.

Immediately after the Meridian raid, the veterans of the regiment started home on furlough.

In May, Lt.-Col. Peters led the regiment on a raid from Memphis in search of Forrest, and by June the disastrous expedition under Gen. Sturgis to Guntown was under way. In this movement, Winslow led a brigade of the Third and Fourth Iowa and Tenth Missouri cavalry. The one other brigade was led by Col. Waring, and Grierson commanded the cavalry column. Gen. Sturgis was an officer of the regular army, but, as it turned out, was utterly incompetent to command in the field. At Guntown, the cavalry in advance met and engaged the enemy in overwhelming numbers, resisting two or three severe charges. The infantry was miles behind; the day was tropically hot, but Sturgis, instead of ordering his cavalry to fall back and wait for help, ordered them to fight on and at the same time rushed his infantry through two miles of swamp and through five or ten miles of dusty roads and awful heat to the front. Many fell by the way, sunstruck or exhausted, and none were fit for battle on reaching the ground. Then came the blunder practiced by Banks at Pleasant Hill. Sturgis sent his enormous wagon train up to the front and put the miry, one-bridge stream behind him. He now ordered Winslow's cavalry to fall back a little and wait for further orders, where, without permission to disturb the enemy's flanks, and not permitted to move, the cavalymen could only look on and witness Sturgis hurl his exhausted infantry on to the fresh, strong column of the enemy, and see it beaten in detachments. Waring's brigade had been first repulsed by infantry and sent to the rear of the army. Instantly everything went to pieces—in utter confusion every man of the army, except Winslow's cavalry, started to the rear, many doggedly and sullenly, and others on the run. All was panic and utter rout. Batteries and trains were being lost, and Sturgis himself was flying from the field. At that moment a regiment of colored men flung themselves across the path of the pursuers and with naked bayonets saved their flying, white comrades from immediate destruction. Instantly at their side, too, fighting like them, were two regiments of cavalry. Without orders from any general officer, the Third and Fourth Iowa had again dismounted and formed on the run in line with other of these brave men. For a while the awful tide of the enemy was checked and the army got back over the stream. Still on toward Memphis went the great mob, pursued by the Rebels, its rear protected by Winslow's brigade of cavalry, fighting at every cross road and vantage point. At Ripley, by a severe struggle of Winslow's men, aided by some colored troops, the Rebels were again held in check, and at last, after a hundred miles disgraceful retreat, Sturgis, with what was left of his 8,000 men, got back to Memphis. In all the dangers, hardships and conflicts of the retreat, Winslow's two Iowa regiments had shown the valor of tried veterans. Without them, Sturgis and his army would have been destroyed or wholly captured. As it was, 2,000 men, 18 cannon, and a splendid train of 200 wagons, loaded with supplies, were sacrificed to the incompetency of the union commander.

The thanks Winslow and his brave men got from Gen. Sturgis, were misrepresentations of their course in the battle, and their conduct on the retreat. Officers of the command, however, were prompt to correct Sturgis's false accounts and to give to Winslow the honor he had justly earned—the honor of saving the army. A month later Winslow's men went out to fight Forrest again, but with a very different result. This time the battle was at Tupelo, and Gen. A. J. Smith, not Sturgis, was the leader. A brilliant union victory was won, and the Iowa cavalry there did its full measure of duty, and shared in the honors of the successful expedition.

In September the rebel Gen. Price again attempted to snatch the state of Missouri out of the Union. Winslow's brigade and other troops at Memphis were sent against him. The cavalry crossed the Mississippi, September 2d, marched to Little Rock to re-enforce Gen. Steele, and then with an in-

fantry force under command of Gen. Mower to Cape Girardeau; then went by boats to St. Louis, from which city the cavalry marched out to Independence by October 22, 1864, overtaking and attacking the enemy that evening. The very next day they fought the battle of the "Big Blue" river, attacking and defeating the Rebels, driving them out on to an open prairie, charging and routing them completely. In this engagement the gallant Col. Winslow was seriously wounded. Lt.-Col. Benteen of the Tenth Missouri cavalry took his place as commander of the brigade. Two days later the cavalry overtook the Rebels at the Marie des Cygnes river, when another victory was won, the Fourth and Third Iowa cavalry charging a rebel force having 5,000 men in the front line. One thousand prisoners, including Generals Marmaduke and Cabell, were captured. Five cannon and several battle flags were among the trophies of the victory. Among the killed in the Fourth was Lieut. Curtis. Maj. Pierce, commanding, was severely wounded.

For its gallantry in these engagements, Winslow's brigade received the highest commendation from Maj. Gen. Pleasanton. "They are glorious troops," said Pleasanton in general orders No. 11.

The pursuit was continued on through Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian territory, the campaign being one of extraordinary marches and extreme hardships. In December, the worn out little army, its horses all crippled or dead, got back to St. Louis. It had marched in the campaign 2,000 miles—in bad weather often, had never had a tent, and was often without food for man or beast days at a time, suffering also terribly from the bitter cold of the Ozark and Boston Mountains, where there was no town or village and few inhabitants. In December, the command went to Louisville, where it was freshly equipped for some great service. Col. Winslow, partially recovered from his wound, was again at the front in command of his fine brigade, and with a well earned star on his shoulder. March found the brigade concentrating with other troops at Eastport, Mississippi, preparing for Wilson's great raid to Selma, Columbus and Macon. The brigade was assigned to the division of Gen. Upton, an officer of great experience and successful history, and a man greatly regarded by his troops. The grand raid was to be made into the *last ditch* of the Confederacy, past the interior lines, past the great arsenals and feeding depots of the South, through districts and cities that had been deemed secure and that had never seen a Yankee soldier. Splendid commanders, with 13,000 picked horsemen, were selected for the purpose and armed with repeating carbines. It was a force trained to fight as cavalry or as infantry—on horseback or on foot. It could ride by night a hundred miles, carrying the besom of destruction into remote and unexpected places, or it could dismount, leave its horses behind and storm the strongest works in rebeldom. No such equipped cavalry force, no force so ready for battle, so competent to surprise and destroy armies and towns in distant places, is spoken of in history. In that raid, that army did all its equipment gave promise of doing, and with it, at its very front, sharing in every heroic deed, rode four regiments from Iowa—the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Eighth cavalry. One of Iowa's men—Winslow—led one of the dashing brigades. Space will not permit dwelling on the details of that wonderful cavalry march—the daily adventures, the skirmishes, the captures of towns, the driving from the field of the best rebel cavalry in the South, the defeat of bodies of infantry, the surprises of camps, the great destruction of mills and railroads and millions of munitions of war. Some of these details have already been given in the sketches of other regiments, and the daily experiences of one of those Iowa regiments in that campaign, were the experiences of all.

March 21, 1865, the raiding column moved, a single brigade going southwest toward Tuscaloosa, and the main force south toward Selma. On the 1st of April, having had heavy skirmishing for a day or two before, was fought the brisk battle of Ebenezer Church, where Captains Arnim, Brown, and Clark of the Third cavalry, behaved very gallantly, and Lieut. Veatch was wounded. Sergt. John Wall was mentioned for heroism. April 2d, at 2

o'clock, found the command surrounding the city of Selma preparing to storm its fortifications. As soon as the rebel works on the right of the union line were broken, the Fourth cavalry dashed at a gallop down the Plantersville road on the left and charged into the city, creating confusion in every direction, while a small portion of the regiment, under Maj. W. W. Woods, had entered the works at another point on the extreme left, aiding their comrades in securing 1,000 prisoners and 5 guns. Capt. Eugene R. Jones of Company I, and the chief bugler, Daniel J. Taber, of the Fourth, were both killed in the engagement. Gen. Winslow was put in command of the city while the destruction of property was going on, and while a part of his brigade, under Col. Noble, were raiding and covering the movement of the delayed supply trains in the neighborhood. The trophies of war were immense: 70 siege guns, 35 field guns, vast stores of ammunition, a splendid arsenal and 3,000 prisoners who were put in the same pen from which union prisoners had been hurried in the morning.

Montgomery fell almost without a blow. It was four years to a day since Sumter was fired on when the Stars and Stripes of an Iowa regiment were run up on the State House at Montgomery, the first capital of Rebeldom.

By the 16th of April, the union riders were in front of Columbus, on the Chattahoochee river. The city had splendid fortifications, a river at its front, and, beyond that, strong works mounted with 24 cannon. Gen. Howell Cobb, Buchanan's cabinet minister, with 3000 men, defended the works west of the river. A part of Upton's division dismounted and prepared to assault the enemy's right, while Winslow's brigade rode round to their extreme left for a night attack there. The Third Iowa was in front, dismounted, with the Fourth Iowa in their rear, one battalion mounted and two on foot. When darkness came, the order, "charge," was given, and, guided only by the flashes of the enemy's guns, a part of the Third Iowa stormed over the rebel works. Then the Fourth Iowa dashed in, swarming over the forts inside the outer line, and in the darkness took the long covered bridge and the battery beyond, they securing the road straight into the city. That bridge taken, Columbus was lost. At the capture of the bridge a strange incident occurred. The Rebels knew that its possession was vital to them. Hence they placed a battery of loaded howitzers at the end next the city, trained to sweep the roadways through the bridge, and they had filled the bridge with combustibles ready for firing. A part of the Fourth cavalry, under the personal direction of Upton and Winslow, dashed into the impenetrable darkness of this covered bridge, found it full of men, but mistaking them for their comrades of another regiment, crowded past and sprang upon the howitzers and the enemy at the farther end. Some of the men at the guns were shot down, others were captured, and then the boys in blue discovered that the bridge behind them was full of Rebels. They had simply run through them in the darkness, and now, as they came out, disarmed them. It was one of the very last incidents of the war.

Columbus had fallen, and with it Wilson again captured enormous war stores, including 24 cannon, the arsenal, gunboats, etc., together with 1,500 prisoners. The Fourth Iowa took 12 cannon, 7 battle-flags, and nearly 1,000 prisoners. In that short campaign, now about to end, as the loss of Columbus involved the loss of Macon, Winslow's gallant brigade, with its two Iowa regiments and Tenth Missouri, had taken 3,100 prisoners, including 200 officers, 11 stands of colors, 33 guns, and 3,500 stands of arms. Few, if any brigades in all the union army, can show so proud a record. Gen. Winslow recommended for promotion, on account of special gallantry, the names of Captains John D. Brown, George W. Johnson, S. J. McKee of the Third regiment, and Lot Abraham, Asa B. Fitch, and Lieut. Lloyd H. Dillon. Capt. McKee was the first officer to enter the lines at Columbus, and Lieut. Dillon killed several Rebels personally with his pistol and sabre at Selma, and was among the first over the bridge at Columbus.

After some garrison duty near Atlanta, and some chasing over Georgia in search of the flying head of the Confederacy, the Fourth Iowa cavalry was

mustered out August 10th, at Atlanta, Georgia, carrying home with it a name and a fame of which not only its members, but all Iowa, was proud.

The gallant fight at Columbus had been the last one of any consequence in the war, and was a week after Lee's surrender. The sudden attack by night was suggested to Gen. Wilson by Winslow, and the prompt and daring conduct of the two Iowa regiments saved us the bridge, and the consequent capture of the city. The movement had been so sudden and so complete on the part of Winslow's men that the other brigade of the division, though first on the ground and in position, had not time to join in the attack.

Field and Staff Officers of the Fourth Iowa Cavalry.

COLONELS.	MAJORS.	SURGEONS.	CHAPLAIN.
Asbury Porter. Edward F. Winslow.	S. D. Swan. J. E. Jewett.	A. W. McClure. W. Robinson.	A. J. Kirkpatrick.
LIEUT. COLONELS.	George A. Stone. Benjamin Rector.	<i>Battalion Adjutants.</i>	QUARTERMASTERS.
T. Drummond. S. D. Swan. John H. Peters.	A. B. Parkell. Edward F. Winslow. C. F. Spearman.	W. Beckwith. W. B. Porter. S. F. Cooper. W. P. Brazelton.	S. P. Lauffer. J. M. Rust. E. W. Raymond. C. Musser.
ASST. SURGEONS.	John H. Peters. A. R. Pierce. W. W. Woods. Ed. W. Dee.	<i>Commissaries.</i>	<i>Battalion Quarter-masters.</i>
W. Bird. R. T. Taylor. D. Stewart. W. Robinson. W. McK. Findley. S. Cummings. C. Fitch. S. W. Taylor.	ADJUTANTS. G. W. Waldron. E. D. Ketcham. A. Hodge. W. F. Scott.	W. T. Allen. Seth Martin.	J. M. Rust. W. P. Brazelton. I. F. Phillips. J. Guylee. J. Hart. E. A. Haskell. J. H. Patterson.

FIFTH IOWA CAVALRY.

THE Fifth cavalry was composed of companies from different states, and can scarcely be called an Iowa regiment. It was originally known as the "Curtis Horse," organized by order of Gen. Fremont. Before the close of the war there was consolidated with it two companies of the Fifth Iowa infantry, the fragments that were left of that regiment after a glorious career. Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri all had companies in the regiment, and its colonel, W. W. Lowe, was a captain of the regular army. The first part of the career of this command was more arduous than glorious. Troops kept in garrison or guarding lines, and making petty raids, have little opportunity to win renown, spite of hard work and hard riding. This was the fate of the Fifth. It did not get to the front at all till near the spring of 1862, and, even then, was kept for a whole year in the neighborhood of Forts Henry and Heiman, Tennessee. Much guard duty, much reconnoitering and considerable scouting was done that spring and summer of 1863. In one of the forays made in May by a part of the command, to the little town of Paris, it was surprised, and Maj. Boernstein, commanding it, killed. Half the men present were killed, wounded or captured; among the wounded were Captains Haw and Van Minden; these and Lieut. Van Vredenberg were also captured. The disaster created a sad feeling in the regiment, for the major had been a popular and competent officer, and the wounded and captured were among the best of the command. Col. Lowe, learning of the affair, started in all haste to the relief of his men, but was recalled before reaching Paris.

In June, the regiment, by order, gave up its title of the "Curtis Horse," and, from then on, was designated as the Fifth Iowa cavalry. Late the following August, Fort Donelson was attacked by 800 rebel cavalry and infantry, and the commander of the garrison telegraphed Col. Lowe to come to

his rescue, but succeeded in repulsing the assault before the Fifth cavalry could possibly reach there. Col. Lowe pursued the defeated Rebels and had a spirited fight with them at Cumberland Iron Works. In this fight Lieut. Summers was killed, and Lieut. McKeely was wounded, as were a number of the men, some mortally. Summers fought a number of Rebels single handed, and was shot and bayoneted eight times before they overpowered him.

The autumn was spent at Fort Heiman, with here and there a serious scout or raid. In one of these raids resulting in fighting, Lieut. Gallagher was killed. It was at Garrettsburg, Kentucky. The enemy lost in the affair nearly 100 men. The Fifth regiment had been commanded by Lt.-Col. Patrick. In another scouting affair Capt. Minden with a number of the regiment was captured. This was at Cumberland Iron Works. All the spring and early summer of 1863, the regiment spent in garrisoning Fort Donelson, and scouting in the neighborhood. The midsummer found the command transferred to Murfreesboro, where it became a part of the force under Gen. Rosecrans. All that autumn the men rode up and down Tennessee chasing and capturing guerrillas. On the 9th of October, at Sugar Creek, the command rushed on to a retreating column of Wheeler's and charged it with such impetuosity as to kill 30 of the Rebels, wound as many more, and capture 100.

Other chases of flying Rebels followed, in all directions, the Fifth cavalry occasionally dashing along at the rate of 70 miles a day. The regiment then went into camp at Maysville. It was while here that Maj. J. M. Young of the Fifth Iowa took a picked force of 400 men and in a rapid movement dashed to the Tennessee river above Decatur, captured a lot of rebel ferry boats, and cleared the river of Rebels and guerrillas for many miles. It was a bold ride, and the major received the official thanks of the department commander. Sergeant Phillips of the Fifth regiment signalized himself by special gallantry during the expedition by crossing the river in the face of an enemy. A little later, Sergeants P. M. McGuire and W. Ireland, and Private George Ireland, also distinguished themselves for bravery. They were sent to Point Rock as dispatch bearers, but a band of guerrillas captured them on the way. By great presence of mind the dispatches were saved, and, waiting a favorable moment, the captives slew their guards and escaped. New Year, 1864, the regiment had re-enlisted, and shortly went home on furlough. The rest was needed, as all the early winter had been a time of hard riding, reconnoitering and scouts.

The early spring saw the men again in the saddle. On the 10th of July, they prepared to enter on the famous Rousseau raid. This was a grand ride from Decatur, Alabama, through to West Point and thence up to Sherman's army near Atlanta. Gen. Rousseau had only 3,000 men, but they were all hard riders. Lt.-Col. Patrick of the Fifth Iowa led the Second brigade, and Maj. Baird commanded the regiment. Col. Lowe by this time had higher commands and was not with the expedition. The raid was a great success and resulted in the destruction of immense amounts of rebel war material, bridges, iron works, railroads, etc. Only once did the column meet the enemy in real force, and then the Rebels were beaten with a loss of 30 killed and many wounded. In the early part of the raid Capt. Curl was fired on by bushwhackers and killed, and Capt. Wilcox was severely wounded. The raiding column reached Sherman's lines on the 22d of July. After a little rest the regiment took part in Gen. McCook's unfortunate raid to the Macon railroad. It fought well, but its losses were severe, 120 being killed, wounded or missing. Among the first was Lieut. A. Guler, and Lieut. Hays was taken prisoner. In all the severe operations about Atlanta, whether on horse or on foot, the Fifth Iowa cavalry did its hard and varied duties nobly—in fact very nearly used itself up as a body of cavalry. Its horses were all done for, and the men, dismounted, fought in the trenches. On the 1st of September its numbers were increased by the addition of two companies of the Fifth Iowa infantry. Maj. Harlan Beard shortly became lieutenant colonel

of the regiment, and the command in the meantime had been sent to Louisville for rest and remounting.

By the end of November the Fifth Iowa cavalry, as good and fresh as new, and armed with Spencer carbines, was again at the front disputing the march of Hood's army into Tennessee. Their first important conflict was at Duck river, on the 25th of November. The brigade to which the Fifth Iowa was attached was, on that day, guarding the fords of the river against a column of rebel cavalry under Forrest. They skirmished much during the day at the fords, but when darkness came on they discovered that Forrest had crossed at another point and was bivouacked right in their rear. They were penned up in a bend of the river. There was great excitement at the discovery and the commander of the brigade could not be found. The situation was critical. Maj. Young of the Fifth Iowa instantly assumed command of the whole and yelled to his men to follow him and cut their way out. With a dash they went through Forrest's lines like a herd of mad buffaloes and escaped. Their loss was but 15 men, and when the gallant major brought the command into camp that night he was greatly complimented by Gen. Wilson. The regiment now fell back with the army to Nashville, and when the great battle before that city was fought, the Fifth cavalry took part at the extreme right, though it suffered little except in the death of Lieut. John W. Watson, who was killed by the first shot fired. In the pursuit of Hood, which so very nearly annihilated his whole army, the Fifth Iowa was very active, repeatedly overtaking and engaging his cavalry, and with loss. The close of the year found the regiment encamped on Elk river, resting and preparing for the great raid under Wilson to Selma and Macon. This successful campaign has already been described in the sketches of the Third and Fourth cavalry. It is enough to say that in all that wonderful raid the Fifth cavalry was always at the front. Maj. Young had now become a colonel and was in command of the regiment in its dashing rides. Just after the raid commenced, it was at the close of March, the regiment, while resting near the Little Cahawba river, was suddenly surprised by a force of Rebels three times its own number. Col. Young and his brave men were again equal to the situation, and with drawn sabres they approached the rebel line to within pistol shot, when at the command "charge" they swept down on the enemy like a whirlwind, driving him from the field in utter confusion.

April 1st, the hurrying riders ran into the right wing of Forrest's command, posted behind barricades and in strong position. It was near to Ebenezer Church, and Forrest had artillery. The Fifth Iowa and the Seventh Ohio were dismounted and charged the rebel line fiercely and drove it. In pursuing, they inadvertently ran by a portion of it and were fired into in the rear with artillery and musketry. A little confusion ensued, but rallying again the First Ohio and the Fifth Iowa recharged and Forrest was completely routed and his guns captured. Selma was taken the next day and all its enormous stores and munitions of war given to the flames. By the 12th of April, Wilson's command was in Montgomery and two days later saw it making a night assault on Columbus. In the attack on Columbus Gen. Winslow's brigade did the hard fighting and won just renown. A few days more saw the great raiding army at Macon, and the war over. The Fifth Iowa joined in the search through Georgia for Jefferson Davis, then flying for his life, deserting the people whom he had led into treason and disaster. He was captured, and a company of the Fifth Iowa cavalry guarded him from Atlanta to Augusta. On his way back from Augusta, Col. Young captured the assets of the Bank of Tennessee, amounting to \$3,000,000 of federal money; a million of it in silver and gold. Early in August the brave regiment, after years of hardship, heroic battling and faithful service of its country, went home and was mustered out at Clinton, Iowa. "Braver soldiers than the Fifth Iowa cavalry," says Gen. Alexander, who commanded their brigade, "never drew sabre."

Field and Staff Officers of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry.

Colonels—Wm. W. Lowe, John M. Young.
Lieutenant Colonels—M. T. Patrick, Harlan Baird, E. G. McNeely.
Majors—Carl S. Bernstein, Wm. Kelsay, A. B. Brackett, Harlan Baird, John M. Young, J. C. Wilcox, Charles A. B. Langdon, J. M. Limbocker, W. C. McBeath.
Surgeons—Enos Lowe, B. T. Wise.
Assistant Surgeons—O. C. Ruttan, B. T. Wise, J. M. Kerlin, B. Y. Shelley, Geo. S. Dewitt, T. F. Lewis.
Adjutants—Wm. B. McGeorge, Wm. Aston, Frank Noble.
Battalion Adjutants—W. Astor, G. B. Edwards, N. Bass.
Quartermasters—J. N. H. Patrick, T. M. McNeely, David Musser.
Commissaries—S. M. West, J. B. Towers.
Battalion Quartermasters—J. Berlin, R. Van Vredenburg, C. B. Smith.
Chaplains—J. Spillman, Ziba Brown.

EIGHTH IOWA CAVALRY.

THE Eighth Cavalry saw little of real war until the spring of 1864. Then it started with Sherman in the celebrated campaign for Atlanta. The regiment had been organized late in the previous autumn at Davenport. It left Iowa in the middle of October, and by the middle of November was stationed at Waverly and other points west of Nashville, Tennessee, where it remained on guard and garrison duty all the winter, with little opportunity for showing the pluck of its soldiers, and no chance at all for distinction. There was some little scouting and reconnoitering during the winter, but the tame routine of watching railroads, in a district filled with guerrillas and disloyal people, though it had its uses, brought with it no glory.

Joseph B. Dorr was colonel of the regiment. He was a war Democrat, an able man, had been editor of the *Dubuque Herald* till 1860—and in 1861 went into the army as quartermaster of the Iowa Twelfth. He fought in the line at Shiloh, and was complimented in orders. Col. Dorr was a good man and a true patriot, who, later, laid his life down on the altar of his country. During that tedious winter of 1863-64, in Tennessee, his duties were largely of an administrative character, keeping control of a people about him, who, though openly professing loyalty and peace, were secretly traitors and practicing murder. While the Eighth Iowa officers and the companies were galloping about the district, day and night, picking up robbers and guerrillas, Dorr was devising means to pacify his district and keep order. He succeeded, and tolerable quiet in that district took the place of anarchy. For that, the people could thank Dorr and the Eighth Iowa cavalry. May-day, 1864, brought on the new campaign. The Eighth Iowa was made a part of the First brigade, led by Col. Dorr, of McCook's division of cavalry. Lt.-Col. Barner led the regiment. In all that arduous campaign, for a hundred days the Eighth Iowa was constantly at the front. Every day saw its skirmish or battle, every night its surprise or alarm. It was constant, hard duty, with brave men falling singly or in couples all through the woods, and all the way from Cleveland to Atlanta. Incidents worthy of record occurred constantly. On the 9th of May, Corporals Sharp and Pease distinguished themselves in a skirmish, and at Cassville Maj. Root, Capt. Hoxie and Lieut. McCurran won high commendation for bravery in a gallant charge. In less than a week, at Burnt Hickory, another gallant charge was made, where Capt. M. M. Walden proved himself a hero. The very next day Lieut. C. F. Anderson charged his men on to a rebel battery and held it in a critical and hazardous position until ordered to retire. When the Rebels, after weeks of constant skirmishing and battles, at last fell back behind the Chattahoochee, the Eighth Iowa cavalry was the first troop across the river after them. So the fighting and the skirmishing went on around Atlanta, and then, on July 27th, came that luckless raid of Gen. McCook's to Lovejoy and the Macon railroad.

In this expedition Col. Dorr led his own regiment, then not over 300 all told, and Col. Croxton led the brigade. The enemy's railroads were

reached as proposed, and great damage done in the face of numbers too weak to successfully resist. The destruction of miles of the road complete, Gen. McCook started on the return, but to his amazement, shortly found a heavy body of cavalry across his path. Col. Dorr was ordered to charge this force, and he did it nobly, driving the front lines, but receiving from those in the rear an appalling fire that mowed his men down, said he, "like grass before the scythe."

Adj. Horton and Lieut. Cobb, with many of the men, were killed. Col. Dorr himself was wounded. All that night, through swamps and dark woods, the command floundered along, trying to get back to the union lines. The next day, near Newman, it ran on to another rebel force, 8,000 strong, in its way. After considerable fighting, during which no headway was made, and after Col. Dorr had for some time remained and held the rear, now the post of danger, while McCook should try to escape with the remainder of the command, the end came. The regiment was lost; only a few escaped through the woods to tell how heroically the command had tried to save itself. Lieut. John B. Loomis and Sergt. Mitchell were killed. Maj. Shurtz and Lieut. J. T. Haight were among the wounded. Col. Dorr mentioned the following officers by name, as having behaved with gallantry in the battle: Maj. Isett, Captains Morhiser, Moore, Doane and Shutz, Lieutenants Moreland, McCanon, Loomis, Belfield, Bennett, Pritchard, Anderson, Morrow, Ogle, Detwiler and Haight, and Orderly-Sergeant John H. Huff, and Dr. J. H. Warren. The late autumn found Col. Dorr exchanged, and, with his regiment, again ready for battle against Gen. Hood, who was now invading Tennessee. It was engaged some near Franklin, but quietly fell back with the main army to take a not unimportant part in the great battle and victory of Nashville. Maj. Root and Capt. Evans led squadrons in a charge on the first day of the battle, and in the rapid pursuit of Hood, in which the whole rebel army was nearly annihilated, the Eighth cavalry did its full share of hard riding. "During the year 1864," says Col. Dorr, "the regiment has taken part in fifteen engagements, not counting skirmishes. The casualties, not counting the prisoners taken in the raid on the Macon railroad, number 168."

Late in March of 1865, the Eighth Iowa was at Chickasaw, Alabama, armed with splendid Spencer carbines, and eager to join the other Iowa cavalry there, in the grandest raid of the war. It was the march on Selma, of Wilson's picked cavalry, 13,000 strong, the best armed and best mounted men of the West; a march and a raid surpassing in importance any cavalry movement of modern times. In its picturesqueness, adventure and results, it was scarcely second to the "March to the Sea" itself. The story of the march of Wilson's main column to Selma, Columbus and Macon, has been told in the sketches of the Third and Fourth cavalry regiments. The Eighth cavalry, led by Col. Dorr and in Croxton's brigade, marched with Wilson as far as Elyton, and there Croxton was sent off with his brigade to capture Tuscaloosa, while Wilson went on with the main column to Selma. Croxton started on his great ride March 30th, and by dextrous generalship and forced marching, rode round the enemy in his front, captured Tuscaloosa, and wandered for a month, unheard of by the North, or by Wilson, in the interior of Alabama and Georgia. His column, though a desperately active one, was a lost command. Its wanderings during these unique weeks of its history were not less arduous than romantic. It was the old story of dashing up and down the interior of an enemy's country, swimming streams, fighting at cross-roads, destroying railroads, and burning supplies. Many villages and towns were taken, among them Talladega, where on April 22d, Lieut. Crawford made a charge with Company L. On May-day, the column reached Macon, and joined Gen. Wilson, who had regarded it as lost.

At Macon, Col. Dorr suddenly died, lamented by his whole command and by a great circle of warm friends in Iowa. His exposures and hardships during the raid brought on neuralgic rheumatism and a congestive chill. He lived however to hear the news of the fall of Richmond and the close of the war.

To a heart as true and patriotic as his the knowledge that his flag again floated everywhere supreme must have softened the sting of death. His body was embalmed and sent to his home in loyal Iowa, escorted by some of his tried comrades of the march. Col. Dorr, it is said, was the first officer to suggest to our government the idea of throwing large bodies of cavalry into the interior of the Confederacy. The wonderful success of Gen. Wilson's raid proved how correct was his military judgment. Had his suggestions been complied with at an earlier date, the country might have been spared two years of bloodshed. Croxton's raid was the last military movement in the Southwest. The war was done. Under the command of Lt.-Col. Barner, who was soon made colonel, the regiment remained in Georgia for a few weeks, helping to settle the new order of things following the proclamation of peace. On the 13th of August, it was mustered out at Macon and started for Iowa, its honorable and patriotic career complete.

Field and Staff Officers of the Eighth Iowa Cavalry.

Colonels—J. B. Dorr, H. G. Barner.

Lieutenant Colonel—H. G. Barner.

Majors—J. J. Brown, J. D. Thompson, A. J. Price, R. Root, J. H. Isett, E. Shurtz, J. W. Moore, J. Dance, G. W. Burns.

Adjutants—J. H. Isett, H. H. Belfield.

Quartermasters—J. Q. A. Dawson, C. Bennett.

Surgeons—W. H. Finley, A. S. Carnahan, D. A. Hoffman, D. H. Warren.

Assistant Surgeons—A. S. Carnahan, D. H. Warren, J. F. Smith.

Chaplain—T. C. Clark.

Commissary—J. E. Pritchard.

SIXTH, SEVENTH AND NINTH IOWA CAVALRY.

Iowa had three additional cavalry regiments, the Sixth, Seventh and Ninth. The two former took no part in the war proper, as they were sent west to watch the Indians who were threatening the border. The Ninth cavalry entered the service very late, and was stationed in Arkansas, where it remained till the war ended without seeing a battle. This regiment, nearly 1,200 strong, was in fact one of the finest commands in the union service. Its leader, Col. M. M. Trumbull, like very many of its officers and men, had been long in the service with some of the hard fighting regiments. It was fated to spend its days, however, in scouting, in garrison duty, in much hard marching, and in ways that, while arduous and useful, bring little distinction. John P. Knight was lieutenant colonel of the regiment. Edgar T. Ensign, Willis Drummond, Wm. Haddock, John Wayne, and John L. Young were majors. Col. Drummond was brevetted brigadier general in March, 1865. During the whole service of the regiment its headquarters were at Duvall's Bluff, at Little Rock, or its immediate neighborhood. The position was a base for supplies for Steele's army, and was consequently very important. From this base, in all sorts of miserable weather, over the worst roads on the continent, and often through miles and miles of almost bottomless swamps, the Ninth cavalry was forever making scouts and little raids. To every point of the compass from Little Rock, by day or by night, the command would be hurried off on some fruitless expedition, some chase after rebel bands that had just departed, or to protect some point that had just been abandoned. Time and again weeks at a time the regiment would be divided and detachments sent hither and thither, until Arkansas with its malarious swamps and hideous scenery was as hated by the men as the Rebels themselves.

It was a pity that this great, fine regiment of veteran soldiers and competent officers, should have to spend its energies in ways that produced so little of result. Maj. Edgar T. Ensign, a most competent officer of the regiment, one who was constantly in command of some expeditions or scouts, and, later, brevetted colonel, sent a detailed sketch to the adjutant general of Iowa of the regiment's movements. These movements were so monotonous

onous, however, so barren in results, from the endless scouts and marches, as not to be sufficiently interesting in their history to repeat. The command did the duty that lay before it, and did it well; more than this can be said of no regiment.

Field and Staff Officers of the Ninth Iowa Cavalry.

Colonel—M. M. Trumbull.

Lieutenant Colonel—J. P. Knight.

Majors—E. T. Ensign, W. Drummond, W. Haddock, J. Wayne, J. L. Young.

Adjutants—J. Wayne, W. B. Sherman, L. C. Massie.

Surgeons—J. Wasson, J. Bell.

Assistant Surgeons—E. Kirkup, J. Bell, J. A. Ward.

Quartermasters—J. J. Grant, B. F. Cheney.

Commissaries—W. B. Sherman, G. W. Tilford.

Chaplain—J. W. Larimore.

The Sixth cavalry and the Seventh cavalry, as already stated, served during their term of enlistment, in the war against the Indians, the history of which does not properly belong here. Suffice it, that their record in the field brought no discredit to the fair fame of Iowa soldiers. They had hard marches, far away from the comforts or advantages of civilization; they fought barbarous foes, and usually in overwhelming numbers, and were always victorious. Some of them marched three thousand to five thousand miles, and scouts and petty fights were weekly occurrences. The regiments were nearly always more or less divided, garrisoning different posts, scouting and marching in different directions, making a succinct history of their arduous services almost impossible. They were led by good and brave officers, and their services were of as much value to the country in beating back savages as were the services of other regiments in tramping out Rebels. One was not more dangerous to the country than the other, and the character of warfare practiced on the western plains required a degree of endurance, personal bravery and heroism, not excelled on the bloodiest battle fields of the South. The deeds and the battles of these regiments contesting with the Indians, are related in the official reports of Generals Pope and Sully, published by the adjutant general's office of the state.

The principal officers in the Sixth cavalry were Colonels David S. Wilson and Sam'l M. Pollock, Lt.-Col. Ed. P. Ten Broeck, Majors Thos. H. Shephard, Albert E. House, John Galligan and D. W. C. Cram.

In the Seventh cavalry, Samuel W. Summers was first colonel, and next Herman H. Heath. Heath, at the close of the war, was brevetted brigadier general. John Pattee was lieutenant-colonel. The majors were G. M. O'Brien, later brevetted colonel and brigadier general, John S. Wood and Jas. B. David.

FIRST IOWA BATTERY.

THIS battery was raised in July and August, 1861, at Burlington, Iowa, by Capt. C. H. Fletcher, and remained in that city until the December following, when it was ordered to and arrived at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri, where it received its armament of four 6-pounder guns and two 12-pounder howitzers, the battery numbering 141 men. Capt. Fletcher being ordered to return to his regiment was relieved from further duty with the battery. It went by railroad to Rolla, Missouri, and marched, with the army commanded by Gen. Curtis, on the 23d of January, 1862, under command of Senior First Lieut. V. J. David, to Cross Hollow, Arkansas, where Second Lieut. J. A. Jones received his commission as captain, and assumed command of the battery. At the battle of Pea Ridge it did good service, fired the first shot, and suffered severely in men and horses, and had two caissons blown up, but through the gallantry of the men all the pieces were saved from capture, and continued to fire through both days of the battle. Capt. Jones and First Lieut. O. W. Gambell were wounded, the latter

very severely. The battery was honorably mentioned by brigade, division and army commanders.

In May, 1862, H. H. Griffiths was commissioned captain, and assumed command in June, 1862; marched to Helena, Arkansas, arriving in July, after a march of the greatest hardship to the entire army.

On the 22d of December, 1862, it formed a part of Gen. Steele's division, and took part in the action of Chickasaw Bayou, on the 23th and 29th of December, being repulsed. On the 11th of January following, it participated in the attack upon and capture of Arkansas Post, and did good service, and was presented with two fine captured Parrott guns by special order of Maj. Gen. McClelland.

It then went down the Mississippi river to Sherman's Landing, opposite Vicksburg, and debarked, after being thirty-five days on the transports, in *midwinter*, where man and beast were cooped up without any proper opportunity to be anything else but supremely miserable. "I (says Capt. H. H. Griffiths) look upon this whole campaign as the hardest and most trying, in many respects, we had as yet endured. The transports proved to be perfect *pest-houses*; the small-pox broke out, and the battery had, at one time, 35 men sick with this painful and loathsome disease.

"At 1 o'clock on the morning of May 1st, while marching in the darkness, toward Post Gibson, we encountered, suddenly and at short range, a heavy artillery fire from the Rebels, posted on the road and enfilading it. The occasion was a trying one, but the battery responded, and got rapidly in position, and soon silenced the rebel fire, maintained its first position, advanced during that eventful day, participated in all the fighting, and materially aided in gaining the victory.

"We opened the ball on the enemy's line at Vicksburg, on the afternoon of May 18, 1863, and continued in position throughout the siege, firing over 1,300 rounds to the gun during that memorable siege and capture of the rebel stronghold. On the night of July 5th we started for Jackson, Mississippi, and took part in the second capture of that place.

"On September 22d, we marched to Vicksburg, took transports to Memphis, railroad to Corinth, and marched to Tuscumbia. On the 4th of November we crossed the Tennessee river, and marched by a circuitous route of near 400 miles through a mountainous country to Chattanooga. On the morning of November 25th we opened fire on Lookout Mountain, under the immediate eye of Maj. Gen. Jo. Hooker, and took part in the next day's fight at Missionary Ridge.

"Lieutenants Gay, Curtis, Ijams and Parks, and Sergeants Leebert, Anthroubus and Fitkin, together with Corporals Olney, Gardner, Black and L. J. White were all complimented for good conduct.

"On the 29th of April, 1864, the battery received its new armament of six 10-pounder Parrott guns. At this time the battery was in fine condition, everything being new. We were justly proud of its appearance, waiting only to be tried to test its worth. The time for trial soon came.

"On the 13th, we left Snake Gap and moved forward on Resaca, where we found the enemy strongly posted. The armies soon became engaged and about 4 o'clock P. M. the battery went into action, taking position in an open field in front of two rebel batteries. Our firing was very accurate and deadly, soon forcing the rebel batteries into silence. The battle continued on the 14th, and we were engaged most of the day, doing good execution. On the 15th, the battery became heavily engaged, and acquitted itself handsomely.

"We arrived at Dallas on the 25th, where the enemy were found strongly entrenched. On the 23th, three guns of the battery were ordered to take position one hundred yards in advance of our main line of battle. The position was covered by a thick growth of underbrush, and was swept by the enemy's musketry from the front, right and rear. The position of the enemy could not be seen from this point, and there was every opportunity for him to steal upon us unobserved. We took the position, however, and opened fire.

In a few minutes after this the Rebels charged us with great fury. No support had been given us, and we were alone, one hundred yards in advance of our line of battle. The enemy were swarming upon us from every direction. We had fired just thirty-three rounds, mostly canister, when Capt. Griffiths ordered the battery out. By the greatest efforts of Capt. Griffiths and the men under him, the guns were saved. Many of the battery were complimented by its commander for gallantry in the engagement. On the 6th, we were at Acworth, Georgia, a station on the railroad. Here we remained till the 8th of June, when we moved to Kenesaw Mountain. In the battles around Kenesaw the battery took an active part, and did good execution, firing 922 rounds of ammunition.

"On the 20th, we appeared before Atlanta on the east, and found the enemy. The battery was ordered into position, and while so doing the Rebels opened with a battery on our right flank, doing fearful execution. I was ordered to remain in this position, and not to fire till further orders, and for one mortal hour the enemy poured a well directed fire into our silent battery. It was indeed a trying hour. Could we have been allowed to respond, we could have soon put the rebel battery out of the way. Here Lieut. T. A. Ijams was severely wounded and taken off the field.

"The next day the battery became heavily engaged, and did great execution. On the 22d of July occurred the terrible fight before Atlanta. The battery took a very active part in this day's work. The Rebels charged the battery three times, and were repulsed each time with great slaughter.

"Corp. Frazier, Sergt. Seburt and many others were mentioned for good service this day.

"August 31st occurred the battle of Jonesboro, in which the battery took an active part. The enemy, deceived as to our real movements, suffered us to get in his rear, and this decided the fate of Atlanta. On the morning of the 2d of September, the enemy had gone. The battery expended 497 rounds of ammunition in this engagement. The Rebels charged the battery twice, but were repulsed each time, with great loss to them. Corporal P. N. Starkweather and Privates James Lonsdale and Dennis W. Dean particularly distinguished themselves for gallantry. The latter lost his left leg. On the morning of the 2d we moved in pursuit of the enemy, and found him strongly posted at Lovejoy's station. The battery took position and became engaged. It was our last engagement in the great campaign."

Details as to the later service of this battery are not obtainable. It was mustered out after an honorable career, at Davenport, July 5, 1865. Its captains had been Charles H. Fletcher, Junius A. Jones, Henry H. Griffiths, and William H. Gay. For the memoranda of the battery's history given here the writer is indebted to the reports of the two last named officers. V. G. David, O. W. Gambell, T. A. Ijams and James W. Williams were first lieutenants.

THE SECOND IOWA BATTERY.

THE writer is indebted to Judge J. R. Reed of the Supreme Court of Iowa for the substance of the following sketch of the battery. Judge Reed was an officer of the battery and one of the most courageous and competent artillery commanders in the service. The battery was mustered into the service at Council Bluffs, Aug. 18, 1861. Its first service was in the siege of New Madrid. Immediately after the evacuation of that place, Reed, then a second lieutenant, was, with 25 men, sent some distance down the river to man some heavy guns. The guns were barely in position when five rebel gunboats came up and attempted to shell him out. A hot artillery duel followed, when the boats, badly damaged, withdrew from the fight. The battery went next to Corinth, and participated in the fight at Farmington. On the 30th of May, when Stanley's division was struck in flank by the Rebels, and on the point of disaster, and when other batteries were flying from the front, the Iowa Second, by boldly holding its post and pouring a destructive fire of grape

and canister into the on-rushing column, checked it and drove it from the field. For its gallantry the battery received Stanley's very special thanks.

Iuka was the battery's next engagement, September 19, 1862, and then Corinth, October 4th and 5th. On the evening of the 4th, when Davies' division was being driven back by the Rebels, Stanley was sent to cover his retreat. The Second battery went along, and was only in position when a heavy force attempted to capture or drive it. This column was met by such a tremendous force of double canister from the guns at close range as to send it reeling from the field. As it advanced close on the battery, and massed, the loss must have been fearful.

The battery next went with Grant toward Vicksburg, but as the expedition came to grief at Holly Springs, the battery returned to near Memphis for the winter.

On the formation of the Fifteenth army corps the brigade to which we belonged became the Second brigade, Third division of that corps. Gen. J. M. Tuttle was the division commander, and Col. (afterward General) Joseph A. Mower commanded the brigade. In the spring and summer of 1863 we participated with the Fifteenth corps in the Vicksburg campaign. On the 14th of May, when Gen. Sherman raided Jackson, Mississippi, the battery was ordered to the front, there being but a battalion of cavalry (the advance guard) and one regiment of infantry in the column ahead of it. When we struck the enemy, which we did some three miles from the city, we fired the first shot from our side in the engagement at that place; and it was our fire that silenced a battery which was in position commanding the road. When the division went forward to the enemy's main line we were the leading battery and were first in position, our fire reaching well into the city; when the line was carried we were the first battery over. This was in front of Sherman. We remained in Jackson until the afternoon of the 16th, and then turned toward Vicksburg, reaching the vicinity of that place on the evening of the 18th. We took position in the line of investment on the 20th, our position being in what is known as the Grave-yard road, and within 350 yards of the strong work which commanded that road. I think we were engaged every day from that to the 22d of June, when we were withdrawn from that position and sent out with the force under Gen. Sherman on to the line of the "Big Black," where we remained until the end of the siege. While in position in the line of investment, in addition to our field guns, we used a 30-pounder Parrott gun. The fire of that gun was very effective. With it we dismounted one or two guns—in the strong work spoken of above, and on one occasion we drove out the whole force occupying it. They finally closed every embrasure in the fort, and for two weeks before we were withdrawn from its front not a shot was fired from it. After the siege we went again to Jackson with Sherman, and participated in the siege of that place. After it fell we returned to the line of Big Black, where we remained in camp until late in November, when we went on to the line of the Memphis & Charleston railroad, and remained at La Grange, Tennessee, until February.

During the fall of 1863 or the winter of 1864, the division was transferred to the Sixteenth army corps and became the First division of that corps. During the summer of 1864, the right wing of the Sixteenth corps, under command of Gen. A. J. Smith, operated along the Missouri and in West Tennessee and Mississippi. Our most important operation was the battle of Tupelo, July 13th, 14th and 15th. Gen. Mower was in command of the division at that time, having succeeded Tuttle in March. On the 13th of July the battery rendered a most important service. The two armies were marching in the same general direction on converging roads. The Rebels under Forrest were on the south road, and a brigade marched over and attacked us while in column. We were in a dense woods at the time, and the first intimation our troops had of their presence was received through a ringing volley of musketry. The attack was now east of a creek, and perhaps a half a mile from it. The column was broken up by the crossing, and there was nothing

in view of the battery back to the creek except one small regiment of infantry, numbering not more than 150 men. The attack struck the column ahead of us, and its effect was to throw everything into confusion. The enemy had come within fifty yards of the road before they were discovered, and it seemed impossible to prevent them from obtaining possession of it, thus cutting the column in two. Immediately ahead of us was a section of Battery E, First Illinois, and it was literally turned on end by the volley. The infantry ahead of us was equally surprised and demoralized by the attack and were getting out of the way as fast as their legs would carry them. No superior officer was present to give orders, and nothing was to be done but to act on our own judgment. Our only resource was to fight it out with them on our own hook. We got into position as quickly as we could, and without being observed by them. Fortunately our position was on their *flank*, and when we opened fire we enfiladed their line from end to end. The surprise was now on the other side, and their retreat was probably as expeditious as any that has ever occurred. In less than three minutes every man in that brigade was giving personal attention to the matter of his own safety. The fight was ours. Not another organization or man fired a shot in repulsing the attack.

The battle of Tupelo proper was fought on the 14th and 15th. The position of the battery on the 14th was on the right of the Twelfth Iowa infantry, and the left of the Thirty-third Wisconsin. The enemy attacked early in the morning, the force on our front being Buford's division, and his attack was beaten by these three organizations, assisted perhaps to some extent by two other regiments. I never saw dead and wounded men as thick on any other field as they lay on our front. I afterwards saw Gen. Buford's report, and he stated his loss at 975. There was a sharp fight on the 15th, in which we participated.

In September we went up White river in Arkansas, and afterward marched north in pursuit of Price. We went into Northwest Missouri, marching over 500 miles, but never came up with the enemy. We then went to Nashville, reaching there December 1st, and participated in the battle on the 15th and 16th, under Thomas. We fired the first shot on the 15th in front of the Sixteenth corps, and when the final crash in Hood's line occurred, on the 16th, we were the first battery across his line, crossing at the Granny White Pike, and we fired the last artillery shot which was fired that day at the retreating enemy. On the 15th our fire compelled the surrender of 700 of Walthall's division. They were on a pike road, on each side of which was a stone wall. Our infantry had carried the pike to their left, and they attempted to escape through a gap in the stone wall. As soon as they began to spread out in the field we opened and they immediately fell back to the cover of the wall and afterwards surrendered. On the morning of the 16th we went into position in front of the left of the Twenty-third corps, and remained in this position until the final crash in Hood's lines, at 3 P. M. By our fire, that day, we exploded a caisson in each of two rebel batteries, and we effectually silenced both of them. It was our fire, in part, which destroyed the enemy's work on Shy's Hill, and made the breach in the enemy's line, through which McMillen passed and carried the hill and broke the line. It is fair to say that a battery belonging to McMillen's brigade, which was on our right, contributed largely to the result.

After the battle we joined in the pursuit of Hood and followed to the Tennessee river, when we went into camp and remained until February, 1865. Then we were transferred to the Gulf Department and went to New Orleans and afterward to Mobile Bay, where we participated in the siege of Mobile. We were in position in the investing line of Spanish Fort, from the beginning of the siege to the capture of the fort, and were engaged every day. Shortly we went to Montgomery, Alabama, and from there to Selma, where we remained until late in July, when we were ordered to the state for discharge. We were mustered out at Davenport on the 7th of August, 1865, our term of service being *exactly four years to a day*.

Principal Officers of the Second Iowa Battery.

Captains—N. T. Spoor, J. R. Reed, J. W. Coons.

Senior First Lieutenants—J. R. Reed, J. W. Coons, J. Burk.

Junior First Lieutenant—D. P. Walling.

Second Lieutenants—C. T. Reed, J. Burk, J. E. Snyder.

Capt. Spoor commanded the battery till 1862, when he was detached as chief of artillery, First division. J. R. Reed was in command from March, 1862, to June 10, 1865. He was made captain October 1st of the previous year. C. T. Reed was mustered out in August, 1864. John W. Coons succeeded him in command.

THIRD IOWA BATTERY.

THIS battery was organized by Capt. M. M. Hayden, at Dubuque, in September, 1861. It was called the Dubuque battery, and for a time was attached to the Ninth infantry. Its first active service was with Curtis in his campaign and battle of Pea Ridge. It marched with him from Rolla to Springfield, chasing Price, and beyond to Sugar Creek, where Price made a stand. Here the battery fired its first shot in war. This was February 15, 1862. After half an hour's brisk firing, at the extreme front, the battery boys had the pleasure of seeing the rebels run from the field. Their first real battle was at Pea Ridge, described in chapter 11. A few days previous to this a part of the battery had been on an expedition of Col. Vandever's to Huntsville. There they learned that the enemy, re-enforced by 10,000 men, was rapidly marching to attack the union army near Pea Ridge. Vandever then made one of the hardest marches of the war. That march, the battle, and the movements of the battery for the next year or more, were narrated by M. C. Wright, captain of the gallant battery, and we borrow from him.

"We were forced to march," says the captain, "through one of the roughest countries in the Union, ford White river, and make 47 miles in one day. The ford over which we crossed was within seven miles of Cross Hollows, and while our little force was crossing here, the entire rebel army, under Van Dorn and Price, was at the former place, though, happily for us, ignorant of our whereabouts. So well did Col. Vandever manage the march, that no one was allowed to escape, and thus give information to the enemy of our proximity. At length, after this most exhausting march, we reached the camp of our forces at Pea Ridge about 9 P. M., greatly to the joy and surprise of almost every one, who had given us up for lost. The exhaustion of that march was so terrible that scarcely one who escaped the destruction of the next two days' battle, but could be found in the hospital; and many of them, the victims of that day's march, are now in their graves.

"Early on the morning of the 7th, skirmishing having commenced on the extreme right of our line, Vandever's brigade was hurried to the front, and instantly became engaged. Two sections of the battery went into action under a terrific fire of both infantry and artillery, which were posted in our front, about 300 yards distant from Elkhorn Tavern. The First Iowa battery, which we relieved, had already been terribly cut to pieces, and was forced to leave the field. Before we had been in position ten minutes, we had one gun disabled by the enemy's artillery, one limber blown up, and several men wounded and horses killed. So destructive was the fire, that Col. Carr, commanding the division, who was on the ground, ordered the two sections to fall back, which was immediately done. The entire battery again took up position to the right of Elkhorn Tavern, where it remained until the entire division was forced to fall back in the evening. During the day the enemy repeatedly charged our position, but were invariably driven back in confusion. In one of these charges they managed to secure one of

our guns, which was being placed in an elevated position, some distance to the left of the battery, but was almost entirely unsupported. Our division, which entered the fight in the morning with less than 2,200 fighting men, held their ground for over six hours against nearly five times their number. Not until over one-third of the entire division had been killed and wounded, did the enemy, afterwards known to be over 12,000 strong, succeed in forcing the gallant Carr to retire.

"The suddenness of their final attack, with the meagerness of our support, compelled us to leave two of our guns upon the field. These guns, however, were not abandoned until they were spiked, and every horse had been killed, and every man serving with them, either killed or wounded. We fell back some 400 yards, where, support coming to our aid, we kept up fire with the remaining guns, until darkness put an end to the engagement.

"We remained on the field during the night, and participated in the engagement of the 8th, which terminated in the rout of the enemy, and his flight from the field.

"Our entire loss in the two days engagement was, 2 men killed, 2 officers, and 15 men wounded, 23 horses killed, and 3 guns captured. We fired, during the engagement, over 1,200 rounds of ammunition. I take great pride in saying that the battery acquitted itself nobly in this, one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, and received most complimentary notices in the official reports of Colonels Vandever and Carr, also of Brig.-Gen. Asboth. Three days after the battle, the army was moved southward again, but after one day's march, took the back track, and moved northward to Keithsville, where we remained until April 5th, when the army commenced the march to Batesville, Independence county, Arkansas, which point we reached, without encountering anything of interest, about the 10th of May. From thence we moved south to Searcy, on Little Red river, and afterward returned to Batesville, about the 20th of June.

"From Batesville, Gen. Curtis commenced his celebrated march to Helena, Arkansas, where we arrived on the 12th of July, having encountered most terrible hardships on account of the excessive heat, and great scarcity of provisions. We remained at Helena until Gen. Steele's expedition against Little Rock was organized, in August, 1863.

"During our stay at Helena, we were a portion of the force in several expeditions, most prominent among which were Hovey's Mississippi expedition, November, 1862; Gorman's White river expedition, January, 1863, and the Yazoo Pass expedition, March, 1863. In the latter expedition, the battery took an active part in the bombardment of Fort Pemberton, at the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallabusha rivers. It returned to Helena, April 8, 1863, remaining in camp until August 11th. The battery took part in the defense of this place against the attack of the Rebels under Price, Holmes and others, on the 4th of July, 1863. It fired over 1,000 rounds at the enemy, but escaped without any loss of men, owing to the excellent protection of our fortifications. It had 8 horses killed.

"During the fall of 1862, the battery was the recipient of a splendid stand of colors, consisting of a banner and guidon—a present from the ladies of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They were made of the finest material, and bore upon their folds the names of the different engagements in which the battery had participated. The banner bore on one side the coat of arms of Wisconsin, and on the other that of Iowa.

"Forming a portion of Gen. Steele's forces in the Little Rock expedition, we took part in the capture of that place, without any loss. We also took part in the expedition of Gen. Rice against Arkadelphia, in October, 1863."

In December, 1863, and January, 1864, the men re-enlisted as veterans, under authority of the War Department, and in February the veterans of the organization, with the officers, were sent north on furlough, from which they returned in May.

At the expiration of the original term of service of the battery, Septem-

ber 26th, 1864, the non-veterans were sent north, where they, with Capt. M. M. Hayden, were mustered out October 3d, 1864.

The veterans of a part of the battery next joined in an escort column, taking provisions from Little Rock to Fort Smith. Col. Mackey of the Thirty-third infantry led the escort column and Lieut. Dengl commanded the battery. It was a dangerous expedition, as Price's army, then being driven out of Missouri, was liable to fall on the little column at any hour. Nothing serious happened, however, and the command returned to Little Rock on November 27th, after a hard march through mud and rain of 360 miles. The winter passed without noticeable events and the summer found the battery well equipped and ready for action. But no action came. In August, Capt. O. H. Lyon; then in command, was ordered to take the battery to Fort Smith, where a great Indian council was being held. The council over, the battery was soon mustered out of the service at Davenport. This was October 23d. It then had 153 officers and men, and had served just four years. Its officers during its service had been Captains M. M. Hayden, M. C. Wright and O. H. Lyon; Lieutenants W. H. McClure, H. H. Weaver, O. G. Day, J. J. Dengl, W. H. Gilford, W. H. Crozier, J. Bradley, L. S. House, C. S. Martin, D. U. Lee, R. McFate.

FOURTH BATTERY.

IOWA had also a Fourth battery of artillery, but it entered the service very late, saw little active field duty, and was in no battle. It was mustered in at Davenport in the autumn of 1863, with P. H. Goode as captain, and Lieutenants Beatty, McClellan, Alexander, Ellsworth and Joseph Brown.

It remained with Gen. Sully in the West till February 22, 1864, when it arrived in New Orleans. It remained as a part of the guard of the city during the absence of Banks's army in the Red river campaign, and afterward marched to Thibodeaux, where it remained until mustered out on July 14, 1865. It was a splendidly equipped battery, and the men did the duty given them patriotically and well.

IOWA IN THE MARINE BRIGADE AND OTHER BRANCHES OF THE SERVICE.

IOWA had many soldiers in the service of the country outside the regular state organizations, who did valorous duty for the cause. One recalls the Iowa company that belonged to the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry. Its captain was F. A. Stratton of Dubuque, with G. S. Ringland and G. W. Bassett as lieutenants. The men were mostly from the Fifth congressional district and served with conspicuous gallantry in all the campaigns of the Potomac.

The Thirteenth United States Regulars, Gen. Sherman's old regiment, was composed partly of Iowa men, and once when escorting the general on a raiding train from Memphis to Corinth, were attacked by a great number of rebel cavalry under Chalmers. Nothing but the most desperate fighting on the part of a handful of men, directed by Sherman in person, saved him and his entire staff from capture or death. It was 2,500 Rebels fighting 450 union men, 150 of whom were from this state. At last after heavy losses to them, the Rebels were beaten off. The little band of Iowa men had 4 killed, 5 wounded and 3 missing. Lieutenants John Gates and R. M. Nelson were among the wounded.

"Ellet's Ram Fleet," or the Mississippi Marine Brigade, was another organization containing Iowa men. Gen. Alfred W. Ellet was its com-

mander and Lieut. S. G. Curtis of Iowa was adjutant of the infantry contingent. It was a novel organization, composed of armed transports bearing companies of infantry, artillery and cavalry, and several boats rigged for ramming. The little fleet became the scouts of the Mississippi river, the terror of guerrillas, and the defenders of steamers passing down to the armies. It was of immense service to the cause. Owing to its novel organization and perfect equipment, it could rapidly move from point to point along the river, land and fight an enemy, and if pushed, hurry back to its safe defense on its boats. Its activity speedily cleared both banks of the great river of the marauding bands whose habit had been to fire on transports, burn and murder and then fly to the interior. Now they were pursued and punished, and towns, like Austin, that harbored them, burned to the ground. A fleet like this, organized earlier in the war, would have kept the Mississippi river open, and the great campaigns for Vicksburg, Port Hudson, etc., never would have been necessities. It is a credit to Iowa that men from the state helped in an organization doing so much good service.

Iowa had besides these, parts of companies serving in different states that helped to increase her share in the war. There were, too, single officers of merit serving in almost every staff department at the government. One recalls Col. Corkhill serving on staff of Sedgwick, Col. C. W. Asmussen, assistant provost marshal at the War Department, and the man who selected the vital position for defense at Gettysburg. Also Capt. J. G. Read, an Iowa railroad man, killed at Bull Run. Lieut. Winterbotham, one of the gallant men of the One-Hundred-and-fifty-fifth New York; and then, too, W. Penn Clarke, T. H. Stanton, C. J. Carpenter, Maj. Saunders, Maj. J. B. Young, Elijah Sells, M. L. McPherson, Col. David Renick, Capt. S. L. Taggart and Maj. Hoyt Sherman, all citizens of note in the state, and faithful officers in one department or another of the union army.

ADDENDA.

IN the chapters on "Citizen Patriots" and "Soldier Civilians," reference to numerous honorable and worthy names was unintentionally omitted.

Among them was the name of Isaac Brandt of Des Moines, an ardent patriot in the war times, a strong Abolitionist, and an intimate friend of John Brown.

The Hon. Judge Jas. G. Day was another of Iowa's subordinate soldiers who acquired state distinction. He was a captain of the Fifteenth infantry, and was badly wounded at Shiloh. The war over, he served for a time as a district judge at Council Bluffs, and was later elevated to a Chief Justiceship of the state. He is known as a man of sterling integrity, as a jurist of high attainments, and as a just judge who has brought honor to himself and to the supreme bench of Iowa.

IN a note of Mr. John A. Kasson's something of interest is related as to Iowa's first battery. It would be a curious fact had Iowa's first guns been furnished by order of Robert E. Lee, while he was yet a loyal man:

"When the Fourth regiment was formed," says Mr. Kasson, "they asked me to get them some guns, if possible, and mentioned those which were lying practically useless at Fort Kearney. I went to Lt.-Gen. Scott, at that time Chief of the Army. It was the last time I ever saw the old lion-headed hero, and (I think) just before Lee deserted him and the Union, and went over to the Rebellion. After some inquiry, Gen. Scott issued the order to deliver the guns for a battery to the Fourth regiment. I cannot say if the order was made out by Lee—then his Chief of Staff—or not. But my impression is that it was. The fact impressed on my memory is, that the noble old hero of Lundy's Lane and the War of 1812, made the order for delivering the first battery to the Iowa troops, disarming old Fort Kearney for the purpose."

LOSSES IN IOWA REGIMENTS.

REGIMENTS.	Deaths from Battle.		Deaths from Disease.		Wounded.		Discharged.	
	Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men	Officers	Men
<i>Cavalry</i>								
1st.....	2	62	2	192	4	84	1	203
2d.....	1	68	2	194	12	161	2	169
3d.....	5	81	4	226	9	157	5	305
4th.....	3	52	6	190	7	112	6	233
5th.....	7	49	2	130	6	50	1	233
6th.....	1	24	1	65	1	18	1	86
7th.....	2	47	99	8	246
8th.....	3	36	2	95	10	77	2	64
9th.....	16	3	165	15	2	62
<i>Batteries.</i>								
1st.....	10	1	51	2	29	1	34
2d.....	2	29	15	16
3d.....	4	33	2	16	1	26
4th.....	6	11
<i>Infantry.</i>								
1st.....	1	17	8	4	137
2d.....	10	75	2	111	23	245	2	328
2d veteran.....	2	14	1	11	3	41	3
2d and 3d consolidated.....	4	1	27	1	8	1	28
3d.....	6	83	101	34	335	1	230
3d veteran.....	2	18	9	1
4th.....	6	109	2	239	16	322	1	298
5th.....	10	89	1	91	17	282	6	237
6th.....	8	132	2	124	18	335	5	258
7th.....	7	129	3	137	23	331	288
8th.....	4	94	4	138	14	214	4	308
9th.....	13	135	2	209	26	359	5	269
10th.....	6	92	135	16	261	4	252
11th.....	5	80	2	149	8	226	4	151
12th.....	4	62	8	244	13	209	257
13th.....	6	100	3	183	19	294	269
14th.....	5	51	1	122	6	162	190
14th Residuary Battalion.....	11
15th.....	8	130	2	196	22	394	3	302
16th.....	8	89	3	217	21	290	2	209
17th.....	5	61	1	98	20	225	1	222
18th.....	2	55	1	112	5	74	228
19th.....	6	86	2	97	7	191	2	188
20th.....	1	13	2	137	6	46	3	163
21st.....	4	67	1	159	11	150	5	133
22d.....	6	106	128	22	245	2	158
23d.....	5	69	2	198	9	126	4	177
24th.....	9	112	4	200	17	243	1	204
25th.....	2	61	2	199	19	164	1	138
26th.....	6	71	4	207	22	143	6	141
27th.....	21	3	166	7	135	5	202
28th.....	6	76	3	182	16	246	4	182
29th.....	1	38	1	249	8	99	8	124
30th.....	9	64	2	233	17	205	3	142
31st.....	2	27	2	261	8	77	175
32d.....	6	89	2	204	9	133	7	166
33d.....	4	63	1	199	9	168	2	143
34th.....	1	6	2	229	3	13	1	313
34th Consolidated Battalion.....	3	3
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The above is condensed from the reports in the Adjutant General's office, and except as to certain captured regiments must be considered as very nearly correct. The long list of discharges was mostly for wounds or disability. Thousands of the discharged died on their way home or remained invalids for life.

The number of officers who resigned, not given in the table, is 1,235; the number of officers dismissed, 56.

Of Iowa soldiers, 12,368 were dead before the war closed, 8,848 had been wounded in battle, and 9,987 had been discharged for wounds or ruined health. This was from an army of strong, young men, averaging less than 25 years of age.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

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And softly stepped she in that chapel old,
The silver censer still was swinging there,
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It was so light, and beautiful of mould."

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