

1861

1911

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

**Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry
Dodge's Second Iowa Battery
Dodge's Band**

AS GUESTS

Society Army of The Tennessee

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA
OCTOBER 10 AND 11, 1911

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GRENVILLE M. DODGE
First Colonel Fourth Iowa Infantry
M. G. U. S. V.



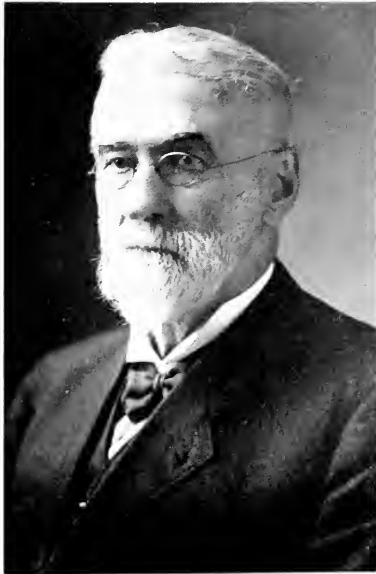
JAMES A. WILLIAMSON
Second Colonel Fourth Iowa Infantry
B. G. U. S. V.





N. T. SPOOR
First Captain Dodge's Second Iowa Battery

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JOSEPH R. REED
Second Captain Dodge's Second Iowa Battery

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INTRODUCTORY

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee invited the Iowa Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, the Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery and Dodge's Band to join with them in celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of their enlistment at their Forty-first Reunion at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on October 10th and 11th, 1911, it also being the Fiftieth Anniversary of the enlistment of all these organizations in the Civil War. The State of Iowa, the City of Council Bluffs and the Commercial and Elks' Clubs also extended an invitation to all these organizations. This booklet is compiled by Major General Grenville M. Dodge, giving the proceedings and addresses at the meeting of the Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery and Dodge's Band.



INVITATION

The following invitation was given to the press and sent out to every known living member of the Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery and Dodge's Band:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, April 22, 1911.

To Our Comrades of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and Dodge's Battery.

MY DEAR COMRADE:—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of Iowa hold their next Reunion jointly at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on October 10th and 11th, 1911. The Society of the Army of the Tennessee and the City of Council Bluffs have invited the survivors of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and Dodge's Battery, known as the Second Iowa Battery, which was organized at Council Bluffs in June, 1861, and taken into the field by us, to meet with them in commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of our enlistment. We hope every living member of both organizations, with their families, will make an effort to attend. Arrangements have been made to take care of all the Fourth Iowa and Dodge's Battery members who attend, so their only expense will be the railroad fare.

We enclose a postal on which please make known whether or not you can attend. Circulars giving full particulars will be sent you later. Also, please send us the name and address of any Comrade you know, of either organization. Truly,

GRENVILLE M. DODGE,

Late Col. 4th Iowa Infantry.

JOSEPH R. REED,

Late Capt. 2d Iowa Battery.

Fiftieth Anniversary Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery, and Dodge's Band

The Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry and Dodge's Band had their headquarters at the Neumayer Hotel—the Second Iowa Battery at the Kiel Hotel.

At 1:30 P. M. on October 10th, these two organizations assembled at the Neumayer Hotel, and escorted by the Dodge Light Guards, which are the successors of Company B, Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, and led by the Council Bluffs band, they marched to the Elks' Club for their Reunion meeting. The hall was crowded. Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, the first Colonel of the Fourth Iowa, presided, and addressed the veterans as follows:

ADDRESS OF MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE.

Comrades of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, Dodge's Battery, Dodge's Second Artillery, and Dodge's Band:

You have no conception of the pleasure and satisfaction it is to me to meet you on this Fiftieth Anniversary of our enlistment here at this place and going into the Civil War. If you look back to those years and then look forward and see what the growth of this country is, what its development is, and then know that it was your service and the service of all our Comrades that made this possible. When we go back to those years we think of nothing but war, we talk over our campaigns, our battles and our marches, and we never think of what the results of the war were. And that is what should be in the minds of all of you who have had the blessing of living these fifty years to see the development that has come in that time which under normal conditions without the war would have taken at least a hundred. That is the assertion of General Sherman.

Now, my Comrades, I have written here a short statement of my service with you. I have condensed it because we have not very much time today. It is a singular fact that the reports of your Regiment in the War Records do not give you justice for what

you have done. You will see that as I read my paper. There has been no history yet written of the Fourth Iowa, and the records in Des Moines are meager. I have written simply my own service with you and then given a short statement of your service from then on. I will read it to you.

The Fourth Iowa Infantry was organized under the proclamation of the President dated May 3d, 1861. It rendezvoused at Council Bluffs and was recruited in the Counties of Mills, Pottawattamie, Cass, Fremont, Guthrie, Harrison, Monana, O'Brien, Adair, Shelby, Taylor, Polk, Decatur, Ringgold, Warren, Madison, Dallas, Union, Adams and Wayne. The first Company to report was Company A of Mills County. The second was Company B from Council Bluffs. This Company was organized in 1856 as the Council Bluffs Guards. Its first Captain was G. M. Dodge and it was the first Company to offer its services in the State of Iowa in the Civil War. This was on April 12, 1861. It was declined because it was a Company raised on the frontier for the purpose of protection against the Indians, and when the Civil War broke out the Governor thought it was necessary to retain it there on account of our being so near the Missouri state line. This Company maintained its organization after the war and entered the Spanish war as Company L of the Fifty-first Iowa Infantry. On returning from the Spanish War it maintained its organization as the Dodge Light Guards as Company L of the Fifty-fifth Regiment of the Iowa National Guard, which has the record for the longest organized military force in the State and having taken part in two wars. It honored us today by escorting us to this hall.

The Companies began assembling at Camp Kirkwood, Council Bluffs, in June, but their organization and mustering in was delayed on account of their being ordered in July to the Missouri state line to repel the threatened invasion of the rebel force of that state under Colonel Freeman. When they arrived there, Freeman's forces disbanded or scattered, and so we returned to Council Bluffs.

On August 8th, 1861, eight Companies moved by order of General John C. Fremont to St. Louis and camped at Jefferson Barracks and on the same date were mustered in and immediately went to Rolla, Missouri. Companies I and K reached Rolla, Missouri, a short time afterwards, so the Regiment was all together. Its officers were: Colonel, G. M. Dodge; Lieutenant Colonel, John Galligan; Major, W. R. English; Adjutant, James A. Williamson; Quartermaster, Phineas A. Wheeler; Surgeon, M. W. Robbins; Assistant

Surgeon, W. S. Grimes. The Captains of the different Companies were as follows:

- Company A—Thomas H. Head.
- Company B—W. H. Kinsman.
- Company C—Thomas Seeley.
- Company D—George Burton.
- Company E—Henry H. Griffith.
- Company F—Henry J. B. Cummins.
- Company G—Samuel Rice.
- Company H—Elmer Y. Burgan.
- Company I—William E. Taylor.
- Company K—Joseph Cramer.

The regiment at Rolla was only partially uniformed. It was armed with the old Prussian muskets, and when they were fired, thirteen of them bursted. It was with great difficulty that I obtained the clothing necessary to put the regiment in presentable order. I had to go to St. Louis myself to obtain the clothing, arms, equipment, etc.

While we were lying at Rolla there were all kinds of reports sent to General Fremont of the enemy being in our front, and it kept me sending out detachments all the time to ascertain the truth. You will remember our march across the Gusconade, wading it on a cold, sleety day. I knew when the reports came to me that there was no truth in them, as I had scouts scattered over Southwest Missouri of Captain White's independent company to keep me posted. I used to answer these reports by stating that there was no enemy near us. Finally General Fremont ordered me to report to him at St. Louis. I went there and reported to his Adjutant-General. I stayed there two days without being able to see him, then came back to Rolla. I had hardly reached Rolla when I received a telegram from General Fremont asking me why I had not reported. I answered that I had been in St. Louis two days and could not see him, and had returned to my command. I made up my mind when I went to St. Louis this time I would not report to the Adjutant-General or his staff officers, so I took a package of papers in my hand, and at the Thomas H. Benton residence I walked up the steps, pushed by the guards who stopped me, and walked in and reported to General Fremont. My interview with him did not indicate really what he wanted of me. I explained to him fully that there was no enemy, as far as I knew, anywhere

within our reach, and also that we were very anxious to move when he moved upon the enemy, but as you know, when he marched to Springfield he left us at Rolla, taking only one regiment away from us.

The regiment remained at Rolla until January 22, 1862, when it became a part of the Army of the Southwest, commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis. While there it built very commodious log barracks for each company and its officers, and while we were complimented very highly for building these barracks, it has always been a question in my mind whether we had not better have stayed in tents. Those of you who were there know that our hospitals were full of boys with every possible disease—measles, mumps, pneumonia, and in my experience during the war, I find that the boys were more healthy in tents than in barracks.

You will all remember that when at Rolla, and whenever I had an opportunity, I drilled the regiment thoroughly. I took it out, exercising it in firing, in movements, and even taking it through the brush and timber so as to give them practice in any condition they might meet. The boys protested and complained a great deal. The other regiments got no such drilling, and the Fourth Iowa thought that there was no necessity for it. They wore out their clothes and shoes, and they had very little use for their Colonel at this time, but when they had an opportunity to see how much benefit this drilling was to them when they got into action they looked differently upon it.

The Army of the Southwest was organized in January, in which the Fourth Iowa was a part of the First Brigade, commanded by Colonel G. M. Dodge of the Fourth Division, commanded by Colonel E. A. Carr of General Curtis' army. We moved to Springfield, Missouri, and lined up in front of that city about 3 o'clock A. M., supposing that the enemy was in the city. General Seigle, who was on the extreme right, opened his canon. I put out a skirmish line, Company E of the Fourth Iowa, to find the enemy, and about one hour later I tried to find them, and not being able to do so, I was greatly alarmed, thinking perhaps they had fallen into the hands of the enemy, but Company E had skirmished into Springfield and captured it, and about daylight they came out mounted on a lot of crobates, mules, etc., which the enemy had left there, and with all kinds of toggery on them, to the great amusement of the regiment.

From there we followed General Price in his retreat; he halted

at every stream and we lined up to fight him. The boys stripped off their knapsacks, threw away their provisions which they had foraged until about the third time that we lined up. When I called upon the boys to strip, several hollered out to me, "No you don't, Colonel; we ain't going to lay down anything now. We have fed that Thirty-fifth Illinois long enough." The Thirty-fifth Illinois were following us, and, of course, gobbled up all the chickens, sweet potatoes, etc., which the Fourth Iowa had thrown down.

On this campaign we had as our quartermaster Captain Phil Sheridan. When he first came to us at Rolla he came to me as Commander of the Post and asked me to issue an order stripping every regiment of its transportation, leaving, I think, two wagons to each regiment. I issued that order and it brought a protest from every command at Rolla; they not only protested to me but they telegraphed their Governors and members of Congress protesting against the outrage. I saw that I had a difficult problem on my hands. Captain Sheridan was watching to see how I would solve it—whether I would "lay down" or carry it through. I went out and stripped my own regiment first, turning over all the wagons except two or three. They made no protest. Then I called upon the others to do the same, sending a very sharp note to the commanders of the regiments, and they followed suit. My action pleased Captain Sheridan very much. On our marches Captain Sheridan fed us by calling for details from each regiment in all the commands, but the Germans refused to make the details and General Curtis did not seem disposed to enforce it, so that Sheridan, who generally tented with me, would finally come to me and I would detail for him out of the Fourth Iowa to make up what he was lacking. Sheridan showed his great ability as a soldier in the way he fed us. He had details out at every mill. He foraged over the country for fifty miles, and it was sparsely settled. Even if you travel over it today you will wonder how 12,000 men could be supplied as they marched through. You know our army had to be fed mostly off the country. We had no railroad or water communications and we marched four or five hundred miles into the enemy's country.

Sheridan in his Memoirs pays a very high compliment to you. He says:

Colonel G. M. Dodge so greatly sustained me with General Curtis by strong moral support and by such efficient details from

his regiment—the Fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry—that I shall bear him and it great affection and lasting gratitude.

You will remember the midnight march on March 5th, 1861, from the Cross Hollows back to Sugar Creek; that there was snow on the ground; that it was a cold, sleety night, and the boys set fire to the old deserted log houses to warm themselves by, and that on the morning of March 6th we lined up behind Sugar Creek and commenced entrenching and slashing down the timber. About 4 o'clock that afternoon one of my scouts, belonging to Captain White's Independent Company, came to me and informed me that the enemy was moving north on the Bentonville and Cassville road; that there was a deep ravine which the road passed through which could be blockaded by felling timber in it. I went to General Curtis immediately to report these facts, and he ordered me to take part of my command and one company of the Third Iowa Cavalry and blockade the road. It was night when we started. I took the Fourth Iowa and these two companies of the Third Iowa Cavalry with me, and the scout guided us. Two companies under Captain Nichols got lost on the march and crossed the Cassville road. The rest of us followed the road to the ravine and felled the timber on each side of the road for a long distance until it was completely blocked. When we returned about midnight we could hear the enemy coming, and I was fearful they would cut off the two Fourth Iowa companies, but Captain Nichols found they had missed us and returned to camp before the enemy came up.

General Sterling Price in his report said that the blockading of this road held him until after daylight, as they had no tools or axes to clear the road, which prevented him from attacking us as planned at daylight. I was so sure that the enemy was in our rear that when I went to the conference of officers at the little log schoolhouse, you will remember I took my brigade with me so that when General Curtis heard the firing near the Elkhorn Tavern between 8 and 9 o'clock that morning, he saw my command and asked whose it was, and when I answered he ordered me to proceed to the Elkhorn Tavern and see what this firing meant. I soon discovered that there was a large force of the enemy in our rear, and Colonel Carr, who was with us, sent for his whole division and this opened the battle of Pea Ridge.

Wherever I put the regiment during those three days, there it stood. General Price, with three times its number, could not move it. He sent word to me by Hospital Steward Baker complimenting

the "black-coated fighters," as he called them. Of course, we were all inexperienced and did not know when we should have gotten out. The enemy was around both of our flanks and in our rear, when Colonel Carr fell back from the Elkhorn Tavern with the Second Brigade; the regiment had no knowledge of it, and when I sent Adjutant Williamson back afterwards to the Elkhorn Hotel, where the other brigade had been fighting, he ran into the enemy and a whole regiment fired at him, but fortunately did not hit him. During the battle part of the Eighth Indiana and Third Illinois Cavalry were sent to our aid and fought gallantly. When we moved out, about dark, having expended all our ammunition, we passed right by one column of the enemy, they supposing we were a part of their force. You all know when we got back to the new line formed by the Second Brigade and Asbooth's command, which had been brought there, that General Curtis met you and ordered the charge. You charged back over the field you had fought over, the enemy having left it, as well as ourselves.

At the Battle of Pea Ridge, in which this regiment fought three days and so greatly distinguished itself, its loss was greater in killed and wounded than that of any other regiment in that army, and there came in the benefit of all the discipline and drilling they had had, for during the battle, and after it, every man was accounted for. There were no stragglers.

The Adjutant, Lieutenant J. A. Williamson, makes the following report of its action during those three days:

"On the morning of the 7th of March it was known that the enemy were advancing and attacking our army in the rear, when the regiment, in pursuance of orders from Colonel Dodge, marched about two miles from camp and took position near the Elkhorn Tavern, on the right of the brigade, and to the right of the Springfield road going north, near the southern outlet of the Ozark Pass. Two companies were deployed as skirmishers to the front, and soon became desperately engaged with the enemy, who poured shot, shell and minie balls into their ranks incessantly for two hours, but owing to the dense timber our loss at this point was not very great. The left wing of the division, and also the left of Colonel Dodge's Brigade, was now desperately engaged. Colonel Dodge ordered his lines to be closed, and waited the attack, in the meantime keeping his skirmishers and one section of the First Iowa Battery at work until about 2 o'clock, when the enemy ceased firing and drew back. Colonel Dodge changed front to the right, which left the regiment

on the extreme right of the brigade, as well as of the whole army. The line being formed and our skirmishers drawn in and in their places in line of battle, the regiment, in common with others, awaited the concentrated attack of the enemy, whom we saw preparing for it. We did not wait long. The attack was made with apparently ten times our number, accompanied with the most terrific cannonading with grape, canister, solid shot and shell. For fully three hours the regiment stood under this terrible fire, which dealt death to its ranks. The regiment being flanked on the right by a greatly superior force of the enemy, and their artillery being in a position to completely enfilade its fields, leaving the left exposed, which was also flanked, it was compelled to fall, hard pressed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, to the open fields, where it was met by General Curtis, who ordered it to fix bayonets and charge back upon the enemy, which it did gallantly, eliciting from the General in his official report this highest meed of praise, 'This regiment won immortal honors.' It being now dark, and the enemy having ceased firing, the regiment, after having lost in killed and wounded almost one-half of those actually engaged, marched back to camp, partook of a scanty repast, and immediately commenced preparations for the deadly conflict impending for the succeeding day, filling their cartridge boxes and cleaning their guns, which had become very foul. This being done, the regiment was marched back and bivouacked on the field until daylight, soon after which the fight was resumed by artillery.

"The regiment took its place again to the extreme right, marching forward in line of battle, pursuing the enemy, who commenced retreating early. It pursued the enemy until it had orders to halt. Soon after this, orders were given to march back to the battle-ground of the previous day and go into camp. The mention of individual acts of bravery could not be made without being invidious.

"General Dodge in his report of the brigade says: 'The list of killed and wounded in the brigade shows that it fought against fearful odds and disputed the field with great stubbornness; every field officer in the brigade was disabled and had to leave the field, and only two lieutenants were left in the battery.'

"General Curtis in his official report says: 'The Fourth Iowa Regiment won immortal honors.'"

I think you who were at Pea Ridge know on your left was the Thirty-fifth Illinois, and that the Indians attacked that left. I knew something about Indians and when the Lieutenant-

Colonel called by attention to them I told him to turn a gun on them. I knew one fired at them would dispose of them. After that we never had any trouble from the Indians, although they scalped, I believe, one of the Thirty-fifth.

I remember a boy badly wounded. As he come off the field he wanted me to get off my horse. Then he says, "Colonel, don't give up; you stick to them; you will whip them yet." What that boy said to me gave me a great deal of courage, and I have never been in a battle yet in a tight place but I thought of what he said—"Stick to them"—and I have followed his advice.

Colonel Carr sent an order to me during the first part of the battle by Lieutenant Shields, Company A, I think. He had been detailed on Carr's staff, and he came to me, and as he handed me this order he rode up alongside of me and both of our horses stood almost level, and as he handed me the order both horses fell dead. It is very seldom you see a horse fall in battle that he doesn't rear. I was quick—you boys all know that—and I jumped free of my horse, but Shields' horse fell on him. I did not notice Shields. I was looking out for myself, and I walked away, when Shields said, "Colonel, you are not going to leave me in this fix, are you?" I went back and got Shields out. I never saw those horses myself after that, but Colonel Williamson, who examined them, said that in all probability one bullet killed both of those horses. It cut right through the necks, so that the horses went right down.

My own admiration for your fighting and action in this battle is in the War Records. I was the only field officer in my Brigade who remained on the field; all others were killed or wounded.

I think all of you have had my booklet which has in it my full account of the Pea Ridge campaign. If there are any who have not received this booklet, by giving me your address, you will receive a copy of the same.

This was a remarkable campaign. The battle was so decisive, following the Battle of Wilson's Creek, in both of which the enemy far outnumbered our forces, that it virtually relieved Northern Arkansas and Missouri from any permanent occupation by Confederate forces. The campaign was ably handled by General Samuel R. Curtis, and his victory was a complete one. I have never thought General Curtis received the proper credit for it. People seem disposed to divide the credit with General Seigle, who, in fact, had very little to do with it. After the enemy fled towards White River we followed them and were capturing portions of the enemy and

their transportation when we received orders from General Curtis to return to the battlefield to hold it. General Seigle's whole command had started towards Cassville, and Seigle advised Curtis to fall back as the enemy might return. The battle was won through the fatal mistake of the enemy dividing its army, sending Price to our rear, while General Van Dorn fought us on our west flank. Their forces, divided by the great Pea Ridge, were not within supporting distance, and when McCulloch and McIntosh fell in General Jeff C. Davis's fight, the Arkansas and regular confederate troops fled south, leaving only Price's command for us to fight on the third and last day.

I was severely wounded at the Battle of Pea Ridge and left you and saw you only occasionally during the war. It is a singular fact that the records carry the most meager report of all your marches and battles, more so than of any regiment in the War. The officers did not seem to have given it the attention they should have in their reports.

Three or four years ago, when the Iowa Legislature ordered printed a roster of the Iowa soldiers in the Civil War, Colonel George W. Crossley, who had charge of it, appealed to me for a history of the Fourth Iowa. I could only give him that part which I had personal knowledge of, and he compiled the report as shown in those records. He sent it to me for correction, and I instructed him to send it to Colonel S. N. Nichols, but for some reason your colonel did not pay any attention to it. During all your campaigns I received letters from Colonel Williamson and other officers telling of your marches and battles, and I have gathered from them a short account of you from Pea Ridge to your muster out, which I will read:

After the battle of Pea Ridge, the regiment remained in camp for several weeks. Colonel G. M. Dodge was promoted to Brigadier-General for services in the Battle of Pea Ridge. Adjutant James A. Williamson was made Colonel and Captain Burton succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel Galligan as Lieutenant-Colonel.

The regiment moved slowly during the summer to Helena, Arkansas, where it spent a greater part of the summer and autumn of 1862. It subsequently joined General Sherman's army in a movement down the Mississippi River against Vicksburg, in which it bore a most conspicuous part. On December 28th and 29th it was in the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou. In this battle it made the memorable charge on the enemy's entrenchments at Chickasaw

Bayou, and though for want of adequate support it was repulsed, it accomplished deeds of bravery which enlisted the admiration of the entire army. In less than fifteen minutes Colonel Williamson and 111 soldiers were numbered among the killed and wounded. General Thayer, who commanded the brigade in this celebrated charge, in his official report of the Battle of Chickasaw Bayou, says of the conduct of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, both officers and men, throughout this terrible ordeal, that "it is worthy of the highest praise. As they pressed steadily and bravely forward there was no flinching; they entered the enemy's works in splendid style, and Colonel Williamson, moving at the head of his column, by his coolness and courage, won my unqualified admiration. He was struck by three balls, but was not severely wounded, and remained on the field the balance of the day." For its bravery at this battle, General Grant, in general orders, authorized it to insert on its banner, "First at Chickasaw Bayou." Comrade John C. Jamison, in a letter, gave this description of the fight:

"The Fourth Iowa was ordered to take its place in line of battle in Sherman's charge in front of Vicksburg on the 29th day of December, 1862. We had advanced to the point when we were quietly awaiting the order to charge that long and impregnable line of defense from which came pouring into our ranks a constant and deadly fire of 100 besieging guns, and it was in this trying hour that the lion-hearted Williamson came riding down the line in great haste, through this storm of shot and shell, and called me out of the ranks and ordered me to throw away my musket and knapsack and hunt up a horse and act as Adjutant, as the office appeared vacant, that officer having gone to the rear at this critical hour. I found a horse running loose in the First Iowa Battery, but a saddle and bridle could not be found, but a good strong hitching strap answered the purpose of both, and I was soon at Colonel Williamson's side. Bravely and well the noble little steed carried me safely through the fight. In that dreadful suspense, awaiting the order to charge, when my heart almost failed me for want of courage to meet such a hopeless task, my horse pawed up the ground and was eager for the fight, and this gave his rider courage to meet the foe, and, casting my eyes down the line of that sturdy regiment of ours, as it moved forward with a firm step, and a steady purpose, following the flag of our Union into the very jaws of death and the gates of hell, like at Balaclava, it was theirs to do or die. You know the dreadful repulse we met at the cannon mouth and the

nature of the conflict, but we fell back in good order, but not all of us. My records show a loss of 112 men in twenty minutes for the Fourth Iowa. I got out without a scratch.

“Lieutenant Miller was killed at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou under a shower of shot and shell. We attempted to rescue Lieutenant Miller, who had fallen on the hillside within the rebel line. We could hear his cries for help, but all our efforts to rescue him proved unavailing. Late in the evening, as we gathered around the campfire, we decided that he could not be saved. Our hearts sank in sadness at the thought of losing our brave and heroic Comrade. At this moment there stepped to the front a great, stalwart, muscular negro, who had escaped from slavery, and had been hired as Lieutenant Miller’s cook a few weeks previous. He asked if that was our final decision. Receiving an affirmative reply, he immediately threw aside his hat and coat and rushed into the very jaws of death and carried out on his back, single-handed and alone, that dying soldier to a place of safety. That brave act on the part of that devoted negro has always had a claim for my respect and demanded that something be done for his race. During three years’ service in the front in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, I have never seen a disloyal man with a black skin.”

After Chickasaw Bayou the regiment returned with General Sherman’s command to Arkansas Post, where it took part in that battle at which time several thousand rebel soldiers surrendered unconditionally to the Union Army.

Comrade Jamison describes this in a letter thus:

“Our regiment landed the 9th day of January, 1863, on the banks of the Arkansas river, below the rebel fort, out of range of their guns, and began a march late in the evening through swamps and brush; the weather was cold and chilly and the entire night was occupied in surrounding the fort; when daylight appeared we had completely encircled their defenses, and without preparing a bite to eat, we were ordered at sunup to advance on their works. We soon found their position strongly defended in our front by two batteries of 10-pound parrot guns, and strong entrenchments from which a vigorous fire was poured in upon us all day; but, fortunately, we were in a thickly wooded section and suffered but slight loss, as by our method of fighting every man was expected to cover where an opportunity offered. By 4 o’clock in the afternoon of the 10th of January we had advanced so close to their works that our sharpshooters finally silenced their guns by picking off every man who

attempted to load or operate them. So when the order came to charge, 20,000 men in a solid line came on with a yell, and the brave defenders of a bad cause ran up the white flag and surrendered their little army of 5,000.

“We had lost all our baggage and most of our camp equipage in the repulse at Vicksburg, two weeks before, so I had not had a change of clothing for nearly a month, and I was literally covered with vermin. Seeing a camp kettle filled with boiling water, I took off my wool shirt and boiled the life out of every greyback, and then hung it up on a stick at the fire to dry and went in search of something to eat. When I came back nothing could be seen of the shirt except about six inches of the sleeve. It had fallen into the fire and was entirely consumed. Finding myself cold and shivering without a shirt, I started through the regiment on a hunt for one, but every Comrade reported only one on hand and that on their backs. Finally I heard of a man in one of the companies who had just returned from a furlough, and had the only knapsack in the regiment. Fortunately he had an extra shirt and very cheerfully handed it to me when I told him of my misfortunes.

“On our return to the boats the rain and sleet continued to pour down upon our unprotected heads as we trudged upon our way. The march continued until 10 o'clock that night, when we came to the landing, but our boat had not arrived, so we were ordered to bivouac for the night. Tired and hungry, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and laid down to rest, but we were all so wet and cold we could not sleep—marching all the night before, through swamps and in battle all day, with nothing to eat but hard bread and a chance cup of coffee, and at last to lay down in our wet clothing after a long, fatiguing march, that night seemed more than the human body could endure.

“About midnight the rain changed to snow, and, strange to say, we soon fell asleep. The coming of snow seemed to shut out all the wind and cold. When that army rose in the morning that broad plantation was dotted over, as far as the eye could see, with spots of bare ground where the soldier had laid under his covering of snow, like so many cattle that had laid out at night in a snow-storm. That morning the fence rails served a good purpose—and the fire built of them warmed that army into life. Soon the boats appeared and our regiment was ordered to take the deck of the John J. Roe. We soon steamed down the river—but the decks of the boat were covered with ice, which we could not remove, and

the motion of the boat added to our discomfort by increasing the force of the cold winter winds from which we had no protection. That night we reached the Mississippi, and it grew colder. Some wood was obtained which we burnt in small pieces in our camp kettles on deck of the boat to warm our hands and make coffee. An officer of the boat became alarmed for the safety of his craft, rushed up and began emptying the contents of the camp kettles overboard. We in turn seized him, and had he not desisted would soon have found himself in the muddy waters of the Mississippi. That night we laid down to rest and the heat of our bodies drove the frost from that icy deck in spots where every man had laid, but when we reached Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg, of our 500 men 400 were reported on the sick list."

Comrade Jamison gives the movements of the regiment until its final move to the rear of Vicksburg, as follows:

"On the 1st of February, 1863, General Grant, commanding the army in front of Vicksburg, made his appearance among us and gave us confidence. The high water had broken the levee on the Mississippi side and overflowed the country for many miles and gave our boats an opportunity to go out for many miles inland. Gunboats accompanied our transports far into the interior, navigating Steel Bayou, Black Bayou, Deer Creek and the Big Sunflower. These expeditions were sent out in the hope of reaching the Yazoo river above that impregnable position, Haynes' Bluff, so that Vicksburg could be attacked in the rear, but every effort in that direction failed. No other man except Grant would have undertaken a movement of so much peril. In many places trees had to be cut off under water to make a channel through dense forests and many of our boats came back minus their smokestacks and otherwise damaged. Heavy details were then made to work on the canal across the Peninsula opposite Vicksburg. The river front at Vicksburg was fortified for ten miles with guns of large caliber, and it was believed that by cutting this canal through the channel of the river would be diverted and our fleet could pass through it and avoid the rebel forts. The work went on all through February and March, but the rebels, discovering us at work, planted a large gun on the opposite side of the river from the lower end of the canal and soon obtained complete range. I happened to be standing near by watching the progress of the work on the canal the morning they opened fire, and the way those big shells came crashing through

the treetops over my head caused me to make a hasty retreat to a point of safety.

“Our regiment was surprised one night when we were all asleep. The levee had broken and the floods came in upon us, and we had to wade out through the cold, muddy waters for half a mile to higher ground on the levees and stay there until daylight came to show us dry ground on which to pitch our tents. A slight raise in the ground near the steamboat landing offered a place for our camp, but the place turned out objectionable, as the hospital boat came there every morning and unloaded the dead to be buried in the levees. Sometimes the rough boxes containing bodies of our unfortunate comrades would be piled up eight feet high awaiting burial. The interment was made by a detail every day. Side by side they were buried in the levees.

“One of the worst afflictions we suffered at that time was scurvy, a disease that comes from a lack of vegetable food. Many poor fellows lost their fingers and toes from this terrible disease. Hard bread, coffee and bacon was our daily food. We were so far away from our base of supplies that nothing but the substantials could reach us, until at last some noble-hearted man hearing how we were suffering from scurvy purchased with his own means in the Chicago market a whole trainload of potatoes, onions and cabbage and forwarded them to us. I shall never forget the relief and enjoyment that brought to us.

“In passing through all these trials and privations of camp life, it was a noticeable fact that there was very little complaining. To illustrate the magnificent temper of the American soldier, I will give an instance to show how quickly they will turn a discomfort into a joke. One night, the 29th of March, 1863, our regiment was wrapped in slumber when a terrible hurricane struck our camp and hurled our tents into the air and poured in upon our unprotected heads a shower of cold rain. Some witty fellow started up a loud lamentation how he had left a good home, etc., etc., and this started the fun, turning our distresses into hilarity and good feeling—in the midst of the confusion. The Sergeant-Major of the regiment stepped up to me and remarked, ‘That scene is wonderful. The American soldier is the only soldier in the world who will laugh at his own calamity.’

“On the 2nd day of April General Steel’s division, of which the Fourth Iowa Infantry was a part, embarked on the Fanny Ogden and took our course up the river, arriving at Greenville,

Mississippi, on the 5th inst., where we disembarked and made a raid out into the country. At this point the rebel cavalry came in frequently and fired at our boats, and the information had come to General Grant that large quantities of corn and provisions were being drawn from this locality to Vicksburg to support the rebel army. On the night of the 5th we camped eighteen miles from Greenville on Deer Creek, in a canebreak. Next day we followed the banks of Deer Creek all day long—both shores were lined with stately trees, the branches bending to the water. The stream was deep and sluggish. The bright rays of a southern sun were bringing to life the green leaves. Birds of rich plumage sang their spring songs, and the fields were beginning to bear their coat of green and the broad fields in each passing plantation were being tilled and worked by the slaves of the master. As we followed the winding road so broad and beautiful and level all day long, I looked with envy on the many comfortable homes, and then as I cast my eyes to the other bank of Deer Creek and saw the vast multitude of negroes who had escaped from their masters and were trying to get to us, I thought of Harriet Beecher Stowe and her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

The movement of the regiment is now given in Comrade Jamison's diary as follows:

"May 1st. Marched from Milliken's Bend, direction of Grand Gulf. Boats run the batteries last night.

"May 2nd. Large bodies of troops moving. Grant's army reported to be 50,000 strong; great activity and excitement.

"May 3rd. Marching all day through swamps and over corduroy bridges.

"May 9th and 10th. Marched and countermarched; saw thousands and thousands of our troops; the road strewn with broken wagons, muskets and knapsacks of the retiring foe. Dead horses, cattle and hogs thrown into all the creeks, wells and springs to destroy the water. Very warm and dusty and suffered terribly for water; on one-quarter rations.

"May 11th. Our army received news of the capture of Fredericksburg with 12,000 prisoners by Hooker.

"May 12th. Heavy cannonading in front. Some men of New York regiment came in with their ears cut off by the rebels while foraging.

"May 13th. Marched at sunup. No breakfast. Made a raid on a fine mansion, found Sherman in the house when I entered.

Ordered to the support of McPherson at Battle of Raymond. Enemy 5,000, but were quickly routed and driven in direction of Jackson. Fourth Iowa man found a brother on the field wounded.

"May 14th. Heavy rains. Hungry and tired, we swooped down 20,000 strong on Jackson, drove out Johnston's army of 12,000. Grant rode at the head of the Fourth Iowa as we entered the city.

"May 15th and 16th. Pillaged and destroyed the city and railroad and rebel stores. Marched at noon of last day on hearing the cannons roar at Champion's Hill, twenty miles away; reached the field at midnight, after Grant had overwhelmed and defeated Pemberton's army of 25,000, taking 2,000 prisoners and twenty pieces of artillery. Our loss about 2,500.

"May 17th. Marched at sunup to Black River. Crossed over on pontoons. Enemy driven from their works at Black Bayou Ridge at the point of the bayonet, leaving eleven pieces of artillery and 3,000 prisoners in our hands.

"May 18th. Marched at sunup, our regiment in advance, and our whole army enveloping Vicksburg, Sherman's Corps occupying the right flank. We drove the enemy into their works; they made a stubborn resistance; in the evening our hearts were gladdened by a sight of the Mississippi River north of Vicksburg. We planted the battery that broke their line extending from Vicksburg to Haynes' Bluff. Darkness settled over us; we laid on our arms that night.

"May 19th. Advanced at sunup to find the enemy had fallen back inside their works at Vicksburg, leaving open our communications with the Yazoo River on the north. Fighting all the day; the Fourth and Twenty-sixth Iowa were drawn on to a masked battery and driven back with a severe loss.

"May 20th. The fleet opened fire from the front and hard fighting all day and nothing gained.

"May 21st. Fighting all day; heavy losses on both sides. Received supplies from the Yazoo River, first in twenty-one days. Sent 6,000 prisoners north.

"May 22nd. Charged the enemy all along the line, but we were repulsed with a loss of 5,000 men.

"June 23rd. The enemy tried to break out last night about 9 o'clock on the left and were driven back with a loss of 500 men. Joe Johnston reported on this side of Black River with 40,000 men to raise the siege and relieve Vicksburg; 20,000* troops have been sent out to meet and drive him back.

“June 24th. The enemy appear uneasy and as if fixing some way to get out of their precarious situation. Quite a severe fire kept up on them all day; they return our fire rapidly on the river bank to keep us from fortifying at that place.

“June 25th. One of the enemy’s forts was blown up by our troops in McPherson’s Corps, who undermined it and put six barrels of powder under, which was ignited, tearing the fort to pieces, after which we opened a terrific fire from our artillery, which was followed by a charge of the infantry on the works, but were unsuccessful, there being a desperate fight on the left; results unknown.

“June 26th. Heavy fighting continued on the center of the demolished fort. Our forces fight by reliefs, two regiments on two hours and off about six. The rebels hold one side of the fort and the federals the other; the fighting desperate, yet the loss on our side is quite light.

“June 27th. The enemy were driven away from their demolished fort about 9 o’clock last night; our troops occupied it, if reports are true. Our gunboats engage the batteries in front. In the evening the firing was very heavy for three hours.

“June 28th. Very little firing today; the Sabbath appears to be strictly observed. Our chaplain preached at 3:30 o’clock under the shade trees.

“June 29th. The rebels opened a heavy artillery fire on our rifle pits held by the Ninth Iowa, killing one and wounding another man of that regiment at a point only twenty feet from the rebel stockades near their works at the top of the hill, but a shell or two from our batteries soon silenced the enemy’s guns.

“June 30th. The rebels came out with a flag of truce today for the object of passing out a British subject, a woman, but Grant refused to pass her out. The rebels say they are preparing to celebrate the Fourth of July in Vicksburg. We will fire a salute for them.

“July 1st. The enemy’s fire is very weak today, except their reply to our batteries on the point opposite Vicksburg.

“July 2nd. The enemy tried to drive our forces back in Logan’s Division; were severely repulsed.

“July 3d. A flag of truce came out of Vicksburg today. Very little firing along the line except at the water batteries, which kept up a vigorous fire upon our mortars all day.

“July 4th. All firing ordered to be stopped last night; the enemy propose terms of surrender. The enemy fired a salute of

thirteen guns at sunrise; we responded with thirty-four guns; both fired blank cartridges. Pemberton surrendered at 10:30 o'clock. We took 32,000 prisoners, 150 pieces of artillery. This was a Glorious Fourth to Grant's Army.

"After Vicksburg the regiment marched with Sherman to Jackson, Mississippi, and took part in capturing that city, forcing the retreat of the enemy on July 16, 1863. After the fall of Jackson the regiment retraced its steps, went into camp on Black River, fourteen miles in the rear of Vicksburg, where it remained until July 29, 1863."

On September 22, 1863, the Regiment was transported with the Fifteenth Corps under General Sherman from Vicksburg to Memphis, and from there marched across the country by way of Corinth, Mississippi, and Florence, Athens and Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and was in Osterhaus' Division in the celebrated attack under General Hooker on Lookout Mountain. The Fourth Iowa showed great gallantry in this attack. It was the first to place its banner on the point of Lookout Mountain, and General Butterfield, who was General Hooker's chief of staff, stated to Generals Dodge and Williamson that he knew personally it was the first regiment to reach the top of Lookout.

A COMRADE: I am the man that did that.

GENERAL DODGE: Then you will bear me out in the statement.

THE COMRADE: Yes, sir; I was color bearer of the regiment and planted the colors on Lookout.

General Butterfield said that when the New York Monument, which was to be erected there, was erected, that it should have that statement upon it. General Butterfield and General Williamson both died before this monument was erected, and I don't know whether that fact is stated on the monument or not, but I do know from the reports from the regiment and from the reports of other officers, that it was Williamson's Brigade of Osterhaus' Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps which was the first to reach and take the point of Lookout Mountain. From Lookout Mountain it marched to Rossville and took part in the attack on Bragg's left. From there it followed the rebel retreat to Ringgold and in attacking Bragg's rear guard was forced into the gorge and lost very heavily. The officers considered that the loss of life there was unnecessary. General Grant says it could have been avoided, as the enemy was on the retreat and a simple flank movement would

have driven them out. They went with General Sherman to the relief of Knoxville in East Tennessee.

On February 2nd, 1864, the regiment veteranized and returned to Des Moines, Iowa. General Grant issued an order authorizing the regiment to inscribe on its colors and guidons the following battles:

Pea Ridge,
First at Chickasaw Bayou,
Arkansas Post,
Vicksburg,
Siege and Assault of the 19th and 22nd,
Jackson,
Chattanooga.

About three hundred members of the regiment had re-enlisted in the Veteran Corps. The regiment spent a month at their homes and were received by the State authorities and everyone with great attention and consideration and universally commended for their bravery and service. They returned to the Army again the 1st of April and were stationed near Bridgeport, Alabama, and were a part of Osterhaus' Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps. The brigade was commanded by Colonel James A. Williamson, the regiment by Lieutenant-Colonel William D. Nichols.

On May 5th, 1863, with the Army of the Tennessee, they marched through Ship and Snake Creek Gap to the rear of Johnston's Army, flanking it out of Dalton, fighting at Battle of Resaca, and in this campaign they took part in all the battles. At Kenesaw Mountain Sergeant Richard Chenowith, with sixty-five men of the regiment protecting General McCook's left flank in the charge, did wonderfully effective work, as he caught the enemy in flank and finally occupied the works McCook had to abandon. At Dallas Captain A. R. Anderson, with 200 men, held the head of a ravine against great odds and punished the enemy fearfully, showing that detachments of the regiment under subordinate officers never failed to do their duty, no matter how critical the situation.

At the great Battle of Atlanta, on the 22nd day of July, it was General Wood's Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps which held the extreme right of the Army of the Tennessee, and when General John C. Brown's Division of Chatham's Rebel Corps broke through the line of the Fifteenth Army Corps on the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad and captured De Gress' Battery, Williamson's Brigade of Wood's Division, under the direction of General Sherman, was

moved in on the enemy's flank to retake this line and battery at the same time that Mersey's Brigade of the Sixteenth Army Corps, which General Logan had brought from that corps for the purpose of retaking the line, made the charge in front. At the same time General Williamson's Brigade charged on the flank and the two brigades retook the line of the Fifteenth Army Corps and recaptured De Gress' Battery and turned it again upon the enemy.

After the Battle of Atlanta the Fourth Iowa, with the Army of the Tennessee, on the 27th day of July, moved to the extreme right and took part in the noted battle near Ezra Church and fought on the 28th day of July, where the rebel forces were completely defeated and driven back with great loss. The Fourth Iowa swung with the Army of the Tennessee around the right of Atlanta to its rear, taking part in the fight at Jonesborough and forcing Hood to give up that stronghold, then returned to camp at Atlanta.

Up to this time the regiment had lost 51 killed, 328 wounded, 54 from death by wounds, 200 from disease, but they had lost hardly any prisoners.

They took part in the chase of Hood when he made his movement to the rear of Atlanta, going into Tennessee.

In October, 1864, the regiment received from the State of Iowa something over four hundred recruits, who were with them from now on until the end of the war.

From Atlanta the regiment took part in the remarkable march through Georgia to Savannah, and in the capture of that place. From there they moved with General Sherman's army, taking part in the battles of Columbia, South Carolina, and Bentonville, North Carolina, and after the surrender of General Joe Johnson's army they continued on the march to Richmond and thence to Washington, where they took part in the grand review. After remaining in camp some time near Washington, they proceeded to Louisville, Kentucky, where they were mustered out of service on July 24, 1865, having served four years.

This regiment was in active service from the time it entered the war until it was mustered out. It was never held for any length of time in any position—it being sent rapidly from one campaign to another.

Its total enlistment was.....	1,557
Killed	61
Wounded	338
Died of wounds.....	54

Died of disease.....	239
Discharged for wounds, disease and other causes..	333
Captured	49
Buried in National cemeteries.....	136
Transferred	37

When the regiment was mustered out, of the original members who entered the Regiment there were 225 left. When Company B of the Fourth Iowa was mustered out it had fourteen of its original members left. The regiment furnished a Major-General, a Brigadier-General, several Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors for other Iowa regiments, and in the State stands in the first rank of troops who went out from the State, and in the Nation stands in the front rank of the fighting regiments of the Civil War. I doubt if any regiment can show a record of as many battles as it was in and only lost forty-nine men captured or missing. This shows how well disciplined, trained and commanded it was.

The regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William D. Nichols after Vicksburg, who was a very efficient officer. He held a commission as colonel, but was never mustered as the strength of the regiment had been so reduced that the regulations prevented it. He died in Los Angeles during September, 1911. Colonel James A. Williamson was in command of the Brigade of which the Regiment was a part, and for his distinguished and gallant service he was promoted to rank of Brigadier General of U. S. V.

I have a letter writted me by a young man whose father was in the Forty-seventh Illinois, giving an incident of the action of the Second Iowa Battery at Vicksburg. I will read it:

General G. M. Dodge, President Society Army Tennessee, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—Apropos of the coming meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and the reunion of Dodge's Second Iowa Battery, it may not be inadmissable to recall an incident in the career of that battery to the memory of those survivors who may be present, and participated in it, and possibly some of the eye-witnesses of what is probably the most remarkable artillery coup that has ever been attempted in the history of modern warfare, unless an exception may be taken of some of the feats performed in the late Russo-Japanese encounter.

With your kind indulgence I will quote from a short sketclt by my father (the late Samuel A. S. Law, Captain and Regimental Quartermaster Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry) in his personal service and experiences in the old "Eagle Brigade."

The incident occurred co-relatively with an advance made by

Mower's Brigade on the earthworks about Vicksburg on or about the 20th of May, 1863, ordered by General Sherman at the instance of a communication received by General Grant just outside of the earthworks, from General McClelland, who assumed the responsibility (erroneously it afterwards proved) of successfully assaulting the works, 'provided a diversion could temporarily be created in his favor.' (General Grant remarked at the time that he didn't believe it could be done.)

* * * * *

"Our route took us from the cover of the ridge at once and thence along a narrow road directly in the face of a six-gun battery, not a quarter of a mile from our starting point. About a half mile on each side of that battery the rebels had two four-gun batteries, and while we got a direct fire from the six guns in our front, we were getting practically a cross-fire from the other eight guns. The infantry of the enemy also did their best to stop us. * * * The Eleventh Missouri Regiment was stopped by the ditch in front of the enemy's works, and it brought us all to a standstill for a few seconds. The Eleventh jumped into the ditch bodily, leaving but little room to spare, and there under that terrible fire we found ourselves without a head. The Lieutenant-Colonel (Baker) had found refuge behind a stump and left the company officers to manage as best they could. In the meantime we were the observed of all observers, and as soon as it was seen that the head of our column could not get over, Grant ordered the two last regiments stopped (the Eighth Wisconsin and Fifth Minnesota). This all occurred in about two and a half minutes, about 4 in the afternoon. Yet in those short minutes the Forty-seventh Illinois Infantry lost, in killed and wounded, 167 men, and the Eleventh Missouri fully as many!

"The Color Sergeant of the Eleventh planted his colors on the earthworks and hollowed out a little niche to sit in, and he was followed by the Color Sergeant of the Forty-seventh Illinois, and together the two flags moved within bayonet reach of the enemy on the inside, until about 9 o'clock, when the two regiments were withdrawn, under cover of darkness.

"To show the sympathy and cohesion of the Second Brigade, I may give an instance.

"As soon as the order for our advance was given two Sergeants in charge of pieces of the Second Iowa Battery, without orders, called for volunteers, and every man in the battery flocked to them. Sergeant Rice, first piece, and Sergeant Buttolph, second piece, took their own gun crews, and they lifted their guns over the breastworks and advanced with us, pushing their guns along and firing as they advanced. Buttolph's was cut down, one wheel being hopelessly smashed, and was dragged into a hollow out of range. Rice fired twelve rounds of shell, and then Sherman sent a staff officer to recall him. Of his eight men, including himself, one was killed

and six wounded. While loading for the last shot a minie ball cut off all four fingers of the right hand of the man who was 'thumbing vent.' As the men took hold of the prolong rope to drag the gun into a hollow a shell burst over them, knocking them all down and wounding Rice in the head. The gun was about to run away when Rice raised himself to a sitting position and shouted, 'G—d d—n it, lock those wheels.'

"Major Taylor, chief of artillery on Sherman's staff, had made some disparaging remarks about the Second Iowa Battery because they were not paper-collar soldiers, and had made an invidious comparison between them and his old command, the 'Board of Trade Battery' of Chicago. He afterwards went to the Second Iowa Battery and made them a public apology, and thereafter the Board of Trade boys always cheered them whenever they met.

"It was the only case on record of a battery charging strong earthworks. They had four years' service, always at the front, and never lost any material to speak of, not even a sponge staff or grease bucket.

"The General (Mower) at last got to us and said, 'Gentlemen, I am proud of you. It was needless slaughter; you will keep still till dark, and then move back to your position.' As the men cheered him the tears stood in the grand man's eyes—such a sacrifice was entirely needless."

I have transcribed this account, for I feel that it is due to the memory of those men who have passed on, and to those who still survive, that some tribute be paid, and some prominence, more than has been given, allotted to them for deeds of bravery, devotion and self-sacrifice, only awaiting some Tennyson to immortalize them in verse and song, forever more.

Trusting that this little account (somewhat extended to show the character of the assault in which the Second Iowa Battery took so prominent a part) may meet with your kind consideration, and if agreeable to have it done I would be glad to have it brought to the attention of the meeting, as a memoir to the survivors, from one of their companions who fought side by side with them in that grand old "Eagle Brigade."

Thanking you and deeply regretting my inability to be present at the meeting and reunion, with sincere respect, I am, Very truly,

HARRY V. LAW,

Son of the late Captain and Regimental Quartermaster, Samuel A. L. Law, Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry, with the Eagle Brigade.

GENERAL DODGE: The Second Iowa Battery is fortunate in having still living both of its Captains, and both are members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. I will call on Captain J. R. Reed to speak to you.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN REED.

CAPTAIN REED: The occasion of this reunion of the Fourth Iowa and the Second Iowa Battery is that those two organizations were formed at the same time under orders to General Dodge from the War Department and were assembled in the same camp at Council Bluffs in 1861. The Second Iowa Battery was mustered into the service of the United States on the 8th day of August, 1861. Soon after that it proceeded to St. Louis in company with a portion of the Fourth Iowa, but the two organizations were then separated, and never served together during the war. We of the Second Iowa Battery, however, know the general history of the service of our sister organization. Its first engagement was at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, in March, 1862. Its last engagement was at Bentonville, North Carolina, in 1865. And its campaigns covered nearly all the country lying between those two points. It participated in the campaigns that resulted in the capture of Vicksburg. It was at Lookout Mountain. It was in the Atlanta campaign and the March to the Sea, and the march northward through the Carolinas in the spring of 1865. We know that in all its engagements and campaigns it acquitted itself with great glory, and great credit to the State and the Nation. The Second Iowa Battery arrived in St. Louis in the latter part of August, 1861, where it remained until the following February. It received its equipment and armament in November, and from that time until February it was drilled and instructed. During that period we were fortunate in securing as a Junior First Lieutenant D. P. Walling, who had served a term of enlistment in the Regular Army, and was thoroughly drilled in every arm of the service. Under his careful instructions the battery was thoroughly drilled, and when it entered the field in February was perhaps as well fitted for service as any battery in the volunteer service. In February, 1862, we were assigned to the Army Corps known as the Army of the Mississippi, and commanded by Major-General Pope. Our first service in the field was in the campaign which resulted in the capture of New Madrid, Missouri, and Island Number Ten, together with the whole confederate force which defended them, and all the arms, equipment and property. Soon after the fall of those posts General Pope's command was moved up the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers and formed the left wing of the army under General Halleck, which was then advancing upon Corinth, Mississippi. We participated in that very brilliant

advance by Halleck in which his army advanced about twenty miles in thirty days. We were engaged in two sharp affairs during the advance. One on the 9th of May and the other on the 28th of May. And on the 9th we sustained our first loss, when one of our men, Corporal Cook, was mortally wounded. On the 27th the battery rendered very important service in repulsing an advance of the enemy, which came out of their work and struck the division to which we were attached in the flank, rolling them up to some extent and creating a good deal of confusion. The battery changed front to the right under a sharp fire from the enemy and it was our fire, delivered very rapidly, that checked their advance and drove them back within their works. During the summer of 1862 we participated in all the campaigns in North Mississippi and Alabama, and participated in the two battles of Iuka and Corinth in September and October. At Corinth, on the first day of the battle, the prompt action of Captain Spoor in placing his battery in an advanced position, where he was without infantry support, and the rapid fire of the battery checked the advance of the enemy at a time when, owing to the want of preparation on our part, the enemy, but for this prompt action, probably would have captured the town of Corinth with all its armament and the immense amount of public property which was there accumulated. After that battle the battery was with the army under Grant in his campaign against Vicksburg, which was defeated by the raid of General Van Dorn into Holly Springs, and the destruction of the supplies for his army which General Grant had accumulated at that place. During the winter of 1862 and '63 we were encamped on the Memphis and Charlestown Railroad at Germantown, Tennessee, and in February, 1863, we went with our division down the Mississippi River to the vicinity of Vicksburg, Mississippi, where the division was assigned to the Fifteenth Army Corps, which was then commanded by Major-General W. T. Sherman. With our division we crossed the Mississippi River below Vicksburg on the night of the 1st of May, and were advanced in the direction of Jackson, Mississippi, which place we reached on the 14th of May. The battery was near the head of General Sherman's column when it reached the enemy's line outside the town. The brigade to which we were attached being assigned to that position by General Sherman himself, owing to his great confidence in the brigade commander, Brigadier-General Joseph A. Mower. The battery engaged the battery of the enemy which was outside of the main line of works, and after a sharp engagement

drove it from its position and back into the main line. We were then advanced very close to the enemy's line, where we were under the fire and engaged with a number of his batteries. The engagement resulted in the capture of the city, together with all the artillery in his line of works, and all the public property in the city. After two days employed in the destruction of everything in the city which could be of use to the enemy, we were turned in the direction of Vicksburg, and the brigade to which we belonged was again assigned by General Sherman, by special order, to the post of honor and danger. On the evening of the 18th of May we reached the vicinity of the enemy's works at Vicksburg, and on the night of the 19th we occupied the position within about 350 yards of the enemy's lines, which we held until the 22nd of June, when we were withdrawn from the line of investment and were placed in the rear line formed by General Sherman against General Joseph E. Johnston, who had organized a force with which he threatened General Grant's rear, and threatened to raise the siege of Vicksburg or at least release the garrison. General Dodge has had read in your presence a paper which was written by Captain Law, a very intimate friend of mine, in which he gives an account of the action of the battery on the 22nd of May at the time of the general assault on the enemy's works. You men of the Second Iowa Battery who were present on that occasion perhaps will not remember all the things which were attributed to you in that paper. In fact, I fear that my friend, Captain Law, was in a romantic state of mind when he wrote that article. Two of the pieces *were* advanced into the open field beyond the breastworks, but we did not go out there into that position of danger spontaneously or on our own motion. The Chief of Artillery on General Sherman's staff asked me whether the men would take one piece outside the works if they were ordered to do so. I answered him that those men were accustomed to do, or attempted to do, what they were ordered to do. He then ordered me to take one of the pieces out, and when I got outside of the works into the open field I was not a little surprised to find the other piece of the section following me. The men at the piece having understood that the order was to take out the section. We found ourselves in a very exposed condition, and in a very short time a number of our men had been shot down. We, however, fired a few rounds from each piece when, being convinced that the position was untenable, I sought and procured an order from the division commander to withdraw the pieces. During the campaign and sieze

of Vicksburg we had two men killed and some six or eight wounded. After the surrender of Vicksburg we advanced under General Sherman to Jackson and participated in the siege of that place, which lasted about ten days, and resulted in the capture again of the place and the effectual destruction of all the railroads leading into it, so that from that time until the end of the war the city had no further military importance. In the fall of 1863 we were again moved up the Mississippi River and were stationed during that winter at La Grange, about fifty miles east of Memphis. In February following we again went down the river to Vicksburg and participated in Sherman's Meridian expedition. About that time forty of the men of the battery re-enlisted as veterans, and were sent to the State to enjoy their thirty-day furlough. The division to which we belonged was sent on the Red River expedition under Banks, but owing to the absence of the veterans the battery escaped that disastrous campaign. We went back to Memphis, where we were joined in due time by the veterans and a number of recruits. I omitted to mention one incident that occurred in the Vicksburg campaign during our first advance on Jackson. Almost every day we would see a boy riding along the column who seemed to be under the command of nobody, and seemed to be privileged to go where he pleased and do what he pleased. He became known, I think, to nearly all the men in the Fifteenth Army Corps, and he seemed to be a very independent chap, of about 13 years of age. We all understood at the time that he was the son of the Commanding General, and that he was engaged in his first military campaign, and I want to call your attention, my comrades, to that boy, who is with us today a mature man, wearing the shoulder straps that his father wore when we served under him, namely the shoulder straps of a Major-General of the United States Army (pointing to Major-General Grant). After the return of our division from the Red River expedition it became necessary to give attention to the Confederate General, Forrest, who had been operating in West Tennessee and North Mississippi, and whose ultimate campaign seemed to be directed against General Sherman's line of communication, in his advance on Atlanta. Before that, a force had been sent out from Memphis, Tenn., under command of General Sturges, whose orders were to find and destroy the force of Forrest. Sturges did find him, but he didn't destroy him. Forrest whipped him and chased him back to Memphis, a distance of about sixty miles, capturing his army train and all of his artillery and many of his men, and when that army got back to Mem-

phis it was the saddest and most demoralized outfit that we ever saw. When the right wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps, under General A. J. Smith, assembled at Memphis, after the Red River campaign, it was immediately sent to the interior to look after "Mr. Forrest" and his people. The force got away from Memphis early in July, and on the 12th, 13th and 14th the Battle of Tupulo was fought, in which Smith defeated Forrest, crippling him so badly that he was unable to do anything against Sherman's communications until after the fall of Atlanta. The battery was engaged on each day of the battle. On the first day, while the column was moving, a brigade of Forrest's people, who were moving on a converging road, came across the interval and attacked the column immediately ahead of the battery. I had been advised of the presence of the enemy very close to the road we were moving on, and had reported the fact to the brigade commander, who assured me that he had taken such precautions as that a surprise was impossible. But there was a surprise. The flankers that had been put out were not more than ten yards from the road, and the enemy were able to approach within seventy-five yards before their presence was discovered. They attacked with great fury, and for a few minutes the situation was very critical. One section of another battery was immediately in front of us and it received the enemy's fire and went all to pieces. We quickly placed the battery in such position that our fire would enfilade their line, and in a very few minutes we were able to drive them out in great confusion and with considerable loss. I have always thought that the promptness of the battery in meeting this situation prevented a disaster, for without it the enemy could have seized the road, cutting the column in two, and it would have required a severe engagement, perhaps, to have dispossessed them, and they probably would have destroyed the train. I have always felt a very great satisfaction in the performance of that day. The battery was very highly complimented in the reports of the commander of the brigade we were marching with, and one or two of his regimental commanders. A short time before this attack another brigade of the enemy had attacked the column some distance to the rear and created a good deal of confusion and some loss in the train, but, fortunately for us, that attack fell upon the part of the train covered by the Twelfth Iowa, which was commanded by my old school-boy friend, General Stibbs, who is present with us today, and he very promptly put his regiment in action and drove off the attacking force, capturing the colors of one of the regi-

ments and inflicting very considerable loss upon them. Immediately after these attacks the column moved forward, and just at nightfall were placed in line of battle a short distance west of the town of Tupulo. Early the next morning the enemy made a very violent attack upon the position occupied by the battery, which was a very exposed position, but our flanks were well protected by the infantry and we poured such a fire of canister into their ranks as broke their formation and eventually drove them back entirely. The reported loss of the confederate division which made the attack was 975, and all that loss occurred in the space of two hours, and was inflicted by the fire of the battery and of the regiments on its right and left. The next morning the enemy renewed the attack, but they were again driven out, and driven back with serious loss. After that campaign we were moved through Arkansas and Missouri in pursuit of Price in his invasion of Missouri. We were moved into the northwest part of the State of Missouri in that campaign, and our marches covered about two months, but we were never able to come up with the enemy. We were then moved back to St. Louis, marching overland across the State, and were placed on transports and went to Nashville, Tennessee, where we arrived on the 30th of November, and where we participated in the two days' battle at that place which resulted in the practical destruction of Hood's army. During the following winter our corps was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where we participated in the siege of Spanish Fort on the east side of Mobile Bay. After the fall of Mobile we marched overland to Montgomery, Alabama. While on that march we received the news of Lee's surrender, which we all knew meant the end of the war. We were afterwards moved to Selma, Alabama, where the battery remained in camp until July, when it was ordered back to the State and was mustered out of the service. The muster out was on the 7th day of August, 1865. The muster into the service was on the 8th day of August, 1861, so that the period of our service was exactly four years. When mustered into the service the battery numbered eighty-six men and three officers. During the period of our service we received about seventy recruits, so that the total enlistment amounted to nearly 160 men. I deem it proper to say a few words as to the quality of those men. They came from many vocations in life. The majority of them, however, were boys from the farms of Iowa. They were men of a very high order of intelligence, and they learned the duties of the soldier in a very short time. Nothing like military discipline was

necessary in the company. There was no tying up of men by the thumbs or to the fifthwheels of the caisson. It very rarely happened that a man was absent from his post of duty when he was required to be at that post. There were no cowards among them. I know of but two instances during our nearly a hundred days of battle in which men absented themselves from their posts of duty, and in each of those cases there was much to excuse the culprit, and the wonder was that more of the men did not follow their example. At the end of the war they took up their duties of citizenship. They returned to their farms, their offices and their shops, and resumed the labors which had been interrupted by the outbreak of the war, and the great majority of them have been measurably successful in life. I am confident that there was not a better organization of men in the whole army, and it has always been a matter of pride with me that I was so intimately associated with them, for I was in command of them for two and one-half years of their service and was with them during nearly all of the four years. What I have said of their service is but a meager synopsis of it. It conveys but little idea of the labor they performed, the hardships they endured, and the dangers they faced. But it is as much, I feel, as I ought to say in the brief time allotted to me. It has doubtless occurred to you, my comrades, at many times since the war, when you contemplated all you had suffered and done and endured, and when things in this world were not all going pleasantly or as you would wish, to ask yourselves whether all that was worth while. But I say to you, my comrades, that it was worth while. It was worth while to demonstrate to the world that this government of ours was so fixed in the affections of the people of this country that it was invulnerable to any attack whether of invasion or insurrection, which might be made upon it. It was worth while to fix, as was done by the labor of the armies, as a great principle of the fundamental law, that before the law every citizen was the equal of every other citizen. It was worth while, as I have often thought, to teach the men of the South that we men of the North, who earned our bread by the sweat of our own brows, were not a mere community of shopkeepers and workers, but that we were brave men; that we possessed courage and all the higher qualities of manhood equally with themselves. Comrades, we have grown old. Our work in life is done. We have turned our backs on the activities of life and we face the setting sun. But we may justly thank God that it was given to us to live, and to do, in the heroic age of our country.

PRIVATE KING'S POEM.

Private A. D. King, Company K, Fourth Iowa Infantry, read his poem :

In Memory of the Campaigns, Marches, Camps, and Battlefields of Fourth Iowa Veteran Volunteer Infantry, 1861-1865.

It was August, eighteen hundred sixty-one, the Iowa Fourth to work begun,

Pitching camp at Council Bluffs commenced our work without much fuss.

The call that came for men to arms brot patriots from shops and farms,

We left the farm, the plow, the forge, led on by Colonel G. M. Dodge.

One thousand men, that was our number, leaving homes and friends asunder,

Marching south with flags and banners, dressed in uniforms of blue, Called by Lincoln and our Kirkwood, responding to our country's call,

We started south, with gun and knapsack, leaving loved ones, friends and all.

At Camp Rolla, in the winter of the year of sixty-one,

In cold barracks near the depot, now our drilling had begun.

By company and battalion movements, and taught to walk upright, For soon the boys of this command must meet the Gray in stubborn fight.

Can we forget the march to Springfield in the winter, cold and bleak?

And how the roads were rough and rocky on the march to Sugar Creek?

At Cross Hollow we were halted near Elk Tavern, on the road Where the shot from gun and cannon echoed o'er the hills abode.

At Pea Ridge—month of March, eighteen hundred sixty-two,

This date and that battle mean much to me and you.

Price's army, strong and vigorous, here upheld their flag of bars, But Curtis, with his western soldiers met him, under Stripes and Stars.

On the shoulders of our Colonel appeared a bright and single star, And our banners, smoked and tattered, honorable mention made of war.

We were sad of comrades dying and with wounded men in pain.

On these hills in cold, bleak weather, in the snow, the sleet, the rain.

Colonel J. A. Williamson in command, our march was slow and steady,

Batesville seemed to be the point, and we were always ready.

We reached that place sometime in June and rested from our labor, Watched other men with horse and gun, with cannon and with sabre.

We reached Helena in July, when malaria and mosquitoes fly;
And Robbins had his time employed in fighting flux and typhoid.
We tramped our beats on picket guard, and Captains drilled us
good and hard;

We furnished men for work on fort and ate our meals of beans
and pork.

When Sherman moved his army south en route to Vicksburgh's heights,

He took with him such tried true men all schooled to march and fight.

So Reed and Griffith, with their men, were told with us to go

On board a steamer, stem to stern, on decks of John J. Roe.

Among the boats which took these troops slowly down the river,
Were escorts from Porter's fleet—the Carondalet and Benton—
They protected us in front and flanks as southward we were moving,
And landed us on Yazoo's banks on a December morning.

The twenty-ninth day of December in fog, rain, and chilly weather,
Steele dispatched Brigade command, General Thayer, doomed to disaster,

Leading men who always followed after him, who never faltered,
Charged across that fatal bridge, and drove the rebs from bank to ridge.

Disastrous was this bridge assault, if any blame Steele was at fault;
Thayer and Williamson led the van, and when with loss of each
third man

The bugle sounded to retreat, amid the shot, the smoke and heat,
Retreat was sore, defeat was bad, the losses made our comrades sad.

On Arkansas river stood Ft. Hindman, manned by men who wore
the gray,

They said this fort cannot be taken, but soon they had another say;
Off to the right and left they marched us, through the night and
early morn,

Surrounding them from all directions—stopped their mill from
grinding corn.

When the Carondalet and Benton had reduced and silenced fort;
When our Infantry and Batteries had reached the place to do good
work,

Up the staff within Ft. Hindman shot a flag of peaceful white,
And soon six thousand Johnnies were going north without much
fight.

South once more we go by transport down the Mississippi's banks,
At Milliken's Bend we make landing and in swamp we made our
camp;
The moss that grew on native trees provided beds for you and me;
Then came pests of flies and 'skeeters, many died from flux and
measles.

On the canal we worked with shovels, pick axes, and with spade
While Lady Davis and Whistling Dick confusion and terror made;
For these shells exploding among our men who were resting in camp,
While proving not so fatal yet always gave us cramp.

There came a day when said our Grant, "We're ready for the fray,"
Four gunboats, six transports, passed safely down before break of
day;
Our army now was soon transferred from west to eastern shore,
Pemberton and his command were bewildered more and more.

On a Mississippi ironclad we were put on the eastern shore,
With the whole command including *Sherman's Fifteenth Army
Corps*,
On our way through Mississippi though fought in dust and heat,
Resulted in Jackson's capture, with the Johnnies in full retreat.

We hear the roar of battle of the guns at Champion's Hill,
But before we reach the charging lines the Johnnies had their fill;
Here the gray coats were divided and retreated in despair,
Pemberton going west and Johnson's men in air.

At Black River Bridge retreating foe put up another fight,
And the boys in gray were troubled much both day and night;
But resistance could not stop the march of Grant's brave men,
Until Pemberton and his army were cooped up in a pen.

Do you recall that day in May in eighteen sixty-three,
When we peeped just over craggy bluffs the Johnnies' work to see?
Their forts of earth and rifle pits were planned by men of brain—
But the plans were executed by the race that came from Cain.

'Twas July 4th of that same year a flag we saw with murmured
cheer
Hoisted high o'er forts and breastworks held by brave and brawney
men,
But the flag was white, meaning much to us though sad defeat to
them,
And these guns, these battle flags we would not face again.

At midnight we with Sherman moved with rapid pace towards a foe
Who had hounded us in rear and flank for forty days or more;
Cunning Joe E. Johnson, backed by gray coats strong and brave,
Vicksburgh and the Mississippi had tried so hard to save.

We forced them back to Jackson where we occupied their tents,
The State House, public buildings, with cannon balls were rent,
And machine shops and factories which provided them with food,
Went up in smoke and ashes for their future and our good.

We finished up our business with Johnson and his men,
Back toward Black River Bridge we marched due west again,
Where we settled down to camp and rest from weary days of battle,
And Uncle Sam he met us there with greenbacks, bread and cattle.

Our rest in camp was short and sweet, time to wash our face and
feet;
The time was short we could see there was trouble in old Tennessee.
Our troops at Knoxville, at Mission Ridge were sore pressed by
Breckenridge;
We marched with Sherman as relief and helped to give the gray
coats grief.

We have visions of our Logan, Hooker, Osterhaus and Stone,
Of Nichols, Burton, Jack Sells, and others that were known,
And in memory climb old Lookout amid the fog and shot,
For the Johnnies on the summit they made it warm and hot.

On November twenty-fourth as we stood on Lookout's height,
We could see our Uncle William and his men engaged in fight
Near Tunnel Hill, the left of Grant's advancing posts,
And old Pap Thomas, near Orchard Knob, with his unshaken hosts.

The scene presented here was grand at noonday's fullest light,
Of more than fifty thousand men engaged in deadly strife,
We could look over the city and see the pontoon bridge,
And all the surging battle on Missionary Ridge.

We reached the ridge the twenty-fifth, on right at Roswell Gap,
Where Breckenridge, with steel armed men, opposed our onward
march.

The battle raged from noon till night, the Johnnies then gave way,
For the pluck of Grant's old army had bravely saved the day.

That day at Taylor's Ridge—no comrade can forget it—
Who in that storm of leaden hail retreated down the hill,
Nine Sergeants in our Regiment in death lay still and cold,
While the wounded, they were many, made up our honor roll.

We countermarched o'er roads and scenes we'd passed few days before,

Our haversacks were empty, our feet were worn and sore;
We hungered for the bacon, hard tack, coffee, and the salt,
But marched a good long distance before we came to halt.

We pitched our tents at Woodville, in Alabama state,
We boiled our shirts, cooked our beans and with satisfaction ate;
We stood our turn at picket guard we came at bugle's call,
The reville, the mounting guard, but tattoo best of all.

Were you among that number who at Woodville re-enlisted
For the finish of the war? That's what we all insisted;
The trip back north on furlough through Iowa, our state—
The receptions, the honors, and the good things we ate.

Do you recall that day at Des Moines, in State House or City Hall?
Williamson traded coats with Kirkwood who took command of all;
But his commands were like a father who loved his sons so dear,
What he said of the Iowa Fourth brought forth a ringing cheer.

We were honored and respected by the people and the press,
We were wined and dined by ladies as special honored guests;
The Iowa legislature in session passed resolutions good,
The banner for Iowa Fourth we received while fighting Hood.

Do you recall how Kirkwood solved the transportation through the
State,

Of all our boys who lived a distance from Des Moines?
He hired a good, strong man with team and wagon at command,
And loaded up in squads of ten we boys who fought as Dodge's Men.

We had a time there, thirty days, memory of which will never fade;
Too soon the days passed swiftly by, and friends clasped hands with
you and I,

And once again at Davenport we cross the state to make report,
With hopes as high as you will see join Sherman down in Tennessee.

With Sherman, in the month of May, near Resaca, one warm day,
We started in, hopes so bright—Atlanta campaign—to march, to
fight.

The boys who this campaign went through are recorded both brave
and true,

The days were hot, the nights were warm, campaign fully four
months long.

We met the gray at Ackworth, Big Shanty and Kingston, near their
home

At Dallas, at Decatur, at Buzzard Roost, at Rome;

At Kennesaw our lines reached out almost around the gray,
Johnson slipped the noose, crossing Chattahoochee before break of
day.

Between Atlanta and Decatur on a hot, dry July day,
Hood massed his brave, strong army, with hope of victory and dis-
may;
Off on left of Sherman's army, Hood advanced to dislodge
That Veteran Sixteenth Army Corps commanded by our General
Dodge.

Battle raged from early morning until noonday's brightest sun,
Fought they, from front and rear, until victory they had won;
Hood used the pride of his army massed on the Sixteenth Corps,
They driving him back with frightful loss, defeat swift, sad and sore.

On Logan's 15th Corps Hood hurled troops ten thousand men or
more,
And midst the heat of shot and shell our own beloved McPherson
fell,
The mantle of McPherson on an honored hero fell,
On the shoulders of our Logan whom we loved so long and well.

Logan never failed where duty called, ever ready, quick and true,
Loved and worshipped by his Army, known by all who wore the
blue;
And the Johnnies learned to fear him for he struck such mighty
blows,
With his army-badge of Cartridge Box, the famous Fifteenth Army
Corps.

Do you recall that fort on the hill our Regiment could hardly fill,
And the Brigade of Gray Coats that came charging with yell,
And brave Comrades around you that mortally fell,
The hot, weary night, victory won, and orders to march at rising of
sun.

Hood and Atlanta not yet in our grasp we move to the right, an-
other big task;
Southwest of Atlanta on railroad of fame supplying Hood's army
with rations and men,
We halted one morn, 28th of July, at Ezra Chapel, or very near by,
Destroying this railroad completely, in fact not even a rabbit could
run on its track.

We stuck to the text throughout the campaign, a skirmish, a battle,
again and again,
And for four long months in the heat of that state

We marched and we fought both early and late,
Hood having given his famous last blow, gave up Atlanta, concluded to go.

Our rest was quite brief, held at Sherman's behest, Hood decided to take a trip west;
We heard guns of Corse at Allatoona, where rations stored for our Army,
Sherman's historic signal from a far away station;
Corse he knocked the Johnnies out and saved us all our rations.

General Thomas was instructed to watch Hood throughout Tennessee:
He followed him, as history tells, anywhere Hood might be,
And at a place named Franklin Hood decided he would fight,
Resulting in loss of his whole command except those who fled by night.

November, eighteen sixty-four, we mustered sixty thousand men or more;
No better soldiers marched on ground, in health, training, all were sound;
With Sherman as our guiding star we started south, we knew not where,
Full faith in Sherman as our guide we felt a soldier's manly pride.

Through Georgia state from side to side—Hood had left it open wide—
We marched with men of pluck and cheer without a doubt, or kick, or fear;
Some forty days we spent en route, reached Savannah as our station,
Sherman telegraphed to Lincoln—Savannah a Christmas gift to nation.

Comrades, I am glad that you and me marched from Atlanta to the Sea,
It will travel down the shores of time in prose, in text books, in rhyme;
It means that Dodge's first old guard has seen service good and hard,
And that button on your breast was earned by service of the best.

It was January, sixty-five, in port of Beaufort we arrived;
Here Logan came in cold and rain to take command of Corps again.
And the Carolina's cold damp sod we placed our faith in arms, in God,
For winter winds were bleak and cold with blankets wet, worn, and old.

We reached Columbia on our way, Stone's Brigade of Iowa,
First to enter, took possession; history tells us this is true;
And we boys who still survive claim this honor while alive;
When we're dead we'll let the text book tell the story that is written.

Speed we on through Carolina into a neighboring state,
At Bentonville, North Carolina, met the gray in last debate,
And at Raleigh we were quartered when news of Lee's surrender
Brought such poy, peace and comfort that we hardly knew the date.

Here the news of assassination of the Chief we loved so well,
Knit the brows, showed the wrinkles on faces of men as they would
tell
Of the many faultless features of our Lincoln and his reign,
Or the wrath that would befall the dog that caused the nation's
strain.

Now the war is over, Comrade, and we are marching homeward, led
Through by Richmond and such places, where our brothers fought
and bled;
Through Petersburg and other places of historic name,
All of which, if we remember, made some men of nation's fame.

At Mt. Vernon near Potomac we camped as best we could,
And breaking all our records were issued dry, hard wood;
This, though breaking former records was essential for our good,
For such things as rails for fuel here was never understood.

Our work all done we pass in grand review in Washington,
We marched with pride and honor, with accoutrements and gun,
Some were ragged, some were shoeless, our clothes were soiled and
bad,
But a better bunch of soldiers Uncle Sam he never had.

Yes, our Mule came in the column packed with shovels and with
spades,
And on his back camp kettles and such that always paid
To have around in time of need among the class of men where we
had learned our trade,
So Mr. Mule was in the ranks in his place in the grand parade.

The march is through, two hundred thousand men passed in grand
review,
We were sent by boat, by rail to our homes or western trail;
Not in Pullman's nor in cabins of the train or steaming boat,
But in grain or live stock cars, or on the decks afloat.

We were sent to Parkersburg by rail in cars for cattle,
Then down the Ohio River by boats that were really ratty,
At Louisville we disembarked, we quartered in Kentucky,
Doing povost guard, a happy change, we felt that we were lucky.

August came, just four years from time of leaving state,
In these old, worn out cars we gladly took our place.
We started north to Davenport in the state from whence we roamed,
We were mustered out and started back to loved ones and our homes.

But few are here who made the rounds that I here relate,
Full fifty years have passed away since first we left the state;
Most of the boys have passed beyond the stage of war and strife,
And very few, as you well know, can march to drum and fife.

But few are here, not ten per cent of the boys who marched away
From Council Bluffs in sixty-one in the grand Fourth Iowa,
But we see the face of one who was first in our command,
We wonder at his strength and grit, there's none greater in our land.

Let us not overlook in memory, if in verse we fail to name,
The many comrades in our ranks who were always brave and game,
There's one who proved a hero, from Council Bluffs he came,
He led, he died at Black River Ridge, Colonel Kinsman his name.

His remains are now resting 'neath Iowa's sacred sod,
Rescued from an unknown grave by his friend our General Dodge;
A shaft has been erected with inscriptions on the same,
An honor to his comrades, sacred to his deeds and name.

There's another band of men we love, they always hove in sight,
Captain Reed and Harry Griffith's boys, who early learned to fight;
And when their guns swung into line, with grape and cannon shot,
With the old Fourth as their support, they made things really hot.

Some begrudge these men the pensions Uncle Sam sees fit to give,
Some are old, weak, sickly, some struggling hard to live;
Others with amputations, and their wounds although concealed,
All underwent exposure on the march, the battlefield.

The government cannot repay for the work we did in the sixties,
We gave up every joy of life and marched down south to Dixie.
It's enough to know that by our work the country stands united,
So, if some journals call us grafters don't become excited.

If we're the boys charged with graft from Uncle Sam's box of cash,
I'd like to ask if none deserved it? If we were ciphers in the clash?
If for moneyed compensation we'd been offered Wall Street's gold,
Not a man would undertake it from the history I have told.

There'll be another glad handshake on Canaan's peaceful shore,
We will rally round our banner, boys, our loss will be no more;
We will all be of one color the same in Spirit's hue,
And none can tell, if they should want, who wore the Gray, the Blue.

Council Bluffs, again we greet you at the close of fifty years,
When we left you in the sixties many were in silent tears;
You were kind with loving treatment as we boys marched far away,
With your prayers for our protection gallant old Fourth Iowa.

Kind thoughts slumber in our memory, we feel it yet in every heart,
It followed us in every battle, in every action you were part;
We now impose a pleasant duty, in your minds we trust will lodge,
The kindest care, with loving hands, bestow it on our General G. M.
Dodge.

In Iowa, our native soil, in boyhood days we learned to toil,
We left your soil, we left the farm, when rebels dared the flag to
harm.
Let us hail Our Iowa, all cannot reach her every day,
But come what may, come what will, Old Iowa State we love you
still.

Comrades I know you're pleased, and you ought to be,
For you fought with the Army of the Tennessee,
In the Fifteenth Army Corps, we're pleased to say,
And the gallant old Fourth Iowa.

We love the record that was made on battlefields, on march, parade,
While in our memory long will lodge our first commander, General
Dodge.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL GRANT.

Major General Frederick D. Grant was then introduced and made a short talk, but his principle address to the Veterans of the Fourth Iowa and Dodge's Battery was made in the evening at the opera house, and was as follows:

General Dodge, Ladies and Gentlemen, Veterans of the Fourth Iowa Regiment and of the Dodge Battery:

I am grateful to be with you here, and I feel deeply honored in receiving your kind welcome to the son of one who was your friend and Comrade—General U. S. Grant.

No distance, no duties, nothing could prevent my coming to Council Bluffs to meet you on this occasion, and to greet your former Colonel, Iowa's distinguished citizen, General Grenville M.

Dodge, for whom my father and my father's son have cherished always heartfelt admiration and friendship.

I wish to add my tribute of praise and thanks to him whose work and deeds have been an honor to the great State of Iowa, and of lasting service to his country. Fortunately for me, I was with my father much of the time during those dark days of the Civil War; and through that terrible struggle for the Union, I, as a boy, witnessed that untiring devotion to duty, loyalty and unflinching courage of those noble great men whose names must shine forth forever upon the rolls of honor in the archives of our nation. I am thankful to have seen and known these heroes. I rejoice in having distinct, personal recollections of those distinguished Americans, who, putting aside all selfish or personal interests, when their country was in need, when the Northern people were discouraged, hastened, with grim determination, to sacrifice their all, their lives if necessary, for the restoration of peace in our land.

It is to those heroes of our Northern Armies, to General Dodge, to you Veterans here, and to those others, your Comrades gone before, that we owe this great, beautiful country, with North and South united, resting in that peace and harmony in which this present generation so triumphs.

I have known and heard always of your loyal heroism and that of your Colonel, but I wish to speak a word now not only of heroes, but of a friend for whom I have cherished always the warmest admiration and affection inherited from my father and ever increasing throughout my long association with him. I refer to your much loved citizen, General Dodge.

I yield to no one, not to you, his veteran comrades, not to your State of Iowa, nor to his own family and nearest friends, as possessing a warmer or deeper feeling of devotion than my own for General Dodge. In this affection my son, Ulysses S. Grant 3d, and all my family join with me.

It was to General Dodge I confided my distress and grief on first learning that my dear father was stricken with a fatal illness and his days were numbered. When I learned also of that other great sorrow which came to our family in the passing away of my mother, I again turned to General Dodge for sympathy, and found him as always, ready to extend heartfelt friendship and condolence.

Like all brave and truly great men, he has a warm and tender heart upon which his friends may rely always with confidence.

This happy gathering of Veterans recalls to mind vividly the

great victories and that national glory won by the Union forces during the Civil War; those heroes of the army who, in that fearful strife, by their sacrifices and valor, secured for us in reality, and in fact, what our ancestors had organized in theory, namely, a land of liberty and a united nation.

Let us never forget that to you heroes of the Union Armies we owe all this in which we now triumph.

My happiest hours are those passed with you, General Dodge, and the other Comrades of my father. This Association, with my name, is my proudest heritage.

I am very grateful to be with you here, and thank you again for your kindness.

LINCOLN MONUMENT DEDICATION.

At 4 P. M. the organizations, headed by the Council Bluffs band, and escorted by the Dodge Light Guards, marched to Point Lookout in Lincoln Park, to the dedication of the Lincoln Monument. The exercises at the dedication are shown in the following program:

MAJOR GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE, President of the Lincoln Memorial Association, presiding.

Music by the Band.

Prayer—Rev. J. M. Williams, a relative of President Lincoln.

Description of the Monument—Major-General Grenville M. Dodge.

Unveiling of the Monument—Master Pusey McGee, grandson of the Hon. W. H. M. Pusey, and Miss Marion Southard, daughter of one of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The band played "Star Spangled Banner" at the unveiling.

Presentation of the Memorial to the Park Commission—Miss Harriet R. Lake of Independence, Iowa, Vice President General of the D. A. R. for Iowa.

Acceptance by Andrew Graham, President of the Park Commission.

Music by the Band.

Oration by Mr. Emmett Tinley of Council Bluffs.

Address—"My Father's and President A. Lincoln's First Meeting," by Major-General Frederick Dent Grant.

Benediction—Rev. J. M. Williams.

Music by the band.

PUBLIC EXERCISES.

At 8 P. M., the Fourth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery and Dodge's Band marched to the opera house and took part in the very entertaining exercises and eloquent addresses during the evening. The following is the program:

Prayer—Rev. J. M. Williams.

Song—"Lead Kindly Light," Elks' Quartet.

Welcome to the State—Hon. B. F. Carroll, Governor.

Welcome to the City—Hon. Thomas Maloney, Mayor.

Song—"A Bit of Heather," Elks' Quartet.

Response—For the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Iowa Commandery of the M. O. L. L., Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery, Dodge's Band, by Captain J. S. Lathrop, Commander Iowa Commandery Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Poem—"Battle of Atlanta," Major S. H. M. Byers. (*Written for the occasion.*)

Song—"The Little Red Drum," Elks' Quartet.

Annual Oration—General Samuel Fallows, member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

Song—Selected, Elks' Quartet.

Address—Major-General Fred D. Grant, U. S. A., Commander Military Division of the Atlantic.

Song—"Soldier's Farewell," Elks' Quartet.

BREAKFAST WITH CAPTAIN REED.

At 8 A. M. on the morning of October 11th, the Second Iowa Battery proceeded to the residence of Captain Joseph R. Reed, where breakfast was served to all the members of the battery and their families, and they had a very enjoyable reunion. The view of the Mosquito Valley from Captain Reed's residence is a delightful one.

SECOND REUNION MEETING.

At 1:30 P. M. the Fourth Iowa Veteran Infantry, the Battery and the Band assembled at the Neumayer hotel and marched to the Elks' Club for the Second reunion meeting. Major-General Grenville M. Dodge presided. He read the following letters from veterans who were unable to attend the reunion:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, October 7, 1911.

Major-General Grenville M. Dodge, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MY DEAR AND HONORED COMRADE: It is a matter of deep regret to me that business duties are such as render it impossible for me to attend the Reunion of my old Regiment, the Fourth Iowa, on the 10th and 11th inst. I am the more disappointed for the reason the Regiment probably may never again attempt another Reunion. Our ranks are thin, and being thinned so that when a very few years shall have come we will all have passed to the great camping ground beyond.

It does not seem possible that fifty years have passed since the Regiment answered the country's call to arms, or that forty-six years have gone since our discharge at Davenport, Iowa. I remember with a sense of great pleasure and pride this fine old Regiment, when on dress parade or drawn up in line of battle or march, with its long line of brave and brawny men, with flashing guns and gleaming bayonets, or covered with the dust of the march, or the grime and smoke of the battle. I can see now in my mind's eye the gallant officers of the companies—the line—and those who rode at the head of the Regiment. I can see the long lines of little white dog tents when we went into camp and can hear the roar of the musketry and the booming of the big guns when we went into battle. I am proud to know that I had the honor of being a member of the Fourth Iowa Veteran Volunteer Infantry. This fine old Regiment showed its valor on many a bloody field, but never, never on any field showed its back to the enemy.

I have little to say of myself. I was a conny—a veteran recruit—having enlisted at Calrinda, in March, 1864, when the Veterans were home on veteran furlough. I enlisted under Captain A. R. Anderson, Commander of Company K, and took my place as a little runt, not sixteen yet, in the rear rank and at the foot of the column. Young as I was and little as I was, I endeavored to do my full duty at that end of the line.

I do not know how well the boys may remember me; perhaps not many of them recall me, for I was rather an obscure private. But I was there at the rear in Company K and always counted for one. I was little, but I was one. I recall the names of some of the men in Company K, who were specially good to me, and whom I shall never forget, viz: Major Anderson, Lieutenant Harv Anderson, Orderly Sergeant A. D. King, or "Squat," as we familiarly called him, then Bill Cozad, Irad Richardson, Ambrose Cobb, the two Wilkinsons, the two Cunnings, Captain Crisp, who was always rather "Crisp", but a brave soldier, and who always was good to me, also Ad Starr, my good friend of Company H. I remember well our first Colonel, though I never saw him at the head of the Regiment, the gallant and brave General Dodge, but as Major-General in command of the Sixteenth Army Corps, saw him many times in

the Atlanta Campaign. We were always proud of him and never failed to cheer him when he would pass the old Fourth.

When sent to the front, I joined the non-veteran portion of the Regiment at Woodville, Alabama. When the veterans came back we joined them at Bridgeport, Tennessee. We then lay in camp in and about Chattanooga until May 6th, I think it was, when in the early morning amidst the singing of birds, the shrill note of fifes and the roll of drums, we took up the line of March over the heights of Mission Ridge and the great Atlanta Campaign began. My soldier life embraced the Atlanta Campaign, the raid after Hood, the march to the sea, and the campaign through the Carolinas, ending with the Grand Review at Washington.

Possibly Sergeant King may remember a little incident in connection with myself, the first day out from Atlanta in pursuit of Hood. We were in camp at East Point, South of Atlanta. I was on picket duty that night. The troops broke camp in the morning, and the pickets were not relieved till about 10 o'clock. I did not catch up with the Regiment until it had crossed the Chattahoochee, some twelve miles out from Atlanta. It was late in the afternoon and we marched and marched through the deep pine forests till 2 o'clock in the morning, before finally going into camp.

When "Squat," the Orderly Sergeant, made the call for someone for picket duty, it was found that I was the only private soldier who had come into camp with the Company. All had dropped out by the way. I had just come off picket duty the night before, and what to do they did not know. Major Anderson, who was in command of the Regiment, was sent for. I was asked if I would go on picket duty again out of my turn. I replied, "Certainly, I am here for duty." The Major said: "Alright, Arbuckle, I will see that you are taken care of for this." And so I was, for I was not again placed on picket duty until we returned from this raid and went into camp at Vining's Station preparatory to the march to the sea.

It is hard for me to be reconciled to my personal loss in being prevented from enjoying this Reunion with my old Comrades of the Gallant Fourth Iowa.

I bear them all my heartiest greetings, and my sincerest good speed and God speed.

With three cheers for the Splendid, Glorious Old Fourth, I remain your affectionate Comrade of Company K,

JOHN ARBUCKLE.

P. S.—The letter "C" does not properly belong in my name. It was simply plain John then, and it is just plain John yet.

STEVENSVILLE, MONT., October 5, 1911.

DEAR COMRADES OF THE FOURTH IOWA INFANTRY:

How I would like to be with you at your grand gathering on the 10th and 11th! There is no possible chance for such a meeting to ever take place again. I had hoped to be with you up to the present, when a combination of circumstances have decreed that I shall not be with you in person, but nothing but death can keep me from being there in spirit.

Boys, you all know the Fourth Iowa never was called on for any duty and failed to respond with a will. Look back over our Regimental history and see how well we filled our place.

Well, I wanted to see my ideal soldier, G. M. Dodge, take him by the hand and thank him from the bottom of my heart for the training he gave us—starting us right. Boys, tell him now in his old age, for I believe you all see it as I do, it will make a bright spot in his old age to know how we feel about it. I have always felt that our success as a Regiment was in a great measure due to the lessons we received from our Colonel G. M. Dodge.

I am glad to tell you I am still alive—work every day. If any of you should ever wander over this way do not fail to inquire at Stevensville for Pinecrest, any school boy can tell you where it is—or better, step into the telephone exchange; I can't hear but there is always some in the mess that can—and in thirty minutes I will have you on the way to Pinecrest. Roses are still in bloom on the lawn. The Commissary is always well supplied and our mess never goes on short rations.

Bitter Root Valley. Snow just up there on top all the year, and no end to flowers, fruit and vegetables down here in the valley, and the clear, sparkling cool water and pure air, with cool nights all summer. I met a man today as I came from town, riding one horse, leading another with a great big deer with many pronged antlers strapped on his back, and the streams are full of fine trout. Now, don't you think you could spend a few days pleasantly with J. B. T. at Pinecrest? Enclosed find Pinecrest Headquarters. May God bless every living member of the Fourth Iowa.

JOSEPH B. TOWNSEND.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA, October 9, 1911.

General G. M. Dodge, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have been looking forward to this week with the hope that I would be able to attend the Reunion of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and the meeting of the Army of the Tennessee, but I find myself unable to do so and will have to forego the anticipated pleasure. My health is not such as to permit me to leave home. I have recently experienced two severe attacks of renal colic, and I am not sufficiently recovered from its effects to allow me

to leave my home. Please convey to all of the old boys of the Fourth my sincere regards and best wishes. I am very glad that I was a member of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and take great pride in the record the Regiment made during the war. For myself, I want to assure you that I have watched your course with pleasure and shall ever remember with pride that it was my lot to discharge the duty I owed to my country under you as my commanding Colonel. Hoping that you may all have a pleasant and enjoyable meeting, and with love and respect for all, I am,

Truly and sincerely yours,

JAMES D. GAMBLE,

Lt. Co. D., Fourth Iowa.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL NOBLE.

After reading the above letters, General Dodge then introduced Brigadier General John W. Noble, late Secretary of the Interior, and Colonel of the Third Iowa Cavalry. At the Battle of Pea Ridge, General Noble was a Lieutenant in the Third Cavalry, taking part in the fight at Leetown. General Noble made the following address:

General Dodge, Fellow Members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, Companions of the Loyal Legion, Comrades of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and Second Iowa Battery, and All Comrades and Fellow Citizens:

Among "fellow citizens" are to be included always our women who do their full share of the duties of these celebrations, in times of peace, as they also bore the trials and sufferings of those days of war half a century ago. It is a fine feature of these Reunions now being held, that so many of them are present and among the most interested and helpful.

It is to me a personal pleasure to join with you in these two days of semi-centennial celebration, and bear whatever testimony I may to the work and worth of those who went forth to its defense at our country's call. The record has been made up now for almost the entire life of everyone of us, and we are able to recognize that that successful service has culminated in a prosperity and power for our country, enobling all who upheld the Constitution and the Flag, whether upon the open field of battle or amid the anxiety and sacrifices at home.

In the soberness of a great joy we may thank God, that amid states not only united, but largely increased in number, at peace with all the world, and enjoying liberty and strength in a high and

ever increasing degree we have been allowed to behold the Fiftieth Anniversary of the immediate rally and muster of the forces of the Nation for its defense, and to recall the days we aided to maintain the Government our fathers established.

To me now in a few days, on my eightieth year, who was then your Comrade, a young soldier, a Lieutenant, this Reunion gives unspeakable pleasure. Let fate do its worst, the memories of the past remain.

Our meeting, in this hall, yesterday was given up largely to the history of the Battle of Pea Ridge, as it was fought March 7th and 8th, 1862, on the field at Elkhorn Tavern. The recitals made were most interesting; but only intensified our appreciation of the heroism, on that day and the next, of him whom a kind providence has granted should preside over us today. General Dodge, I, a Lieutenant then unknown to you, knew you at Pea Ridge before the battle, and in the battle; and it has been my great good fortune to know you all the years since in your inestimable service in the Union Army, in the survey and construction of the Union Pacific railroad, in the walks of civic life; and to have had many of your friends for my friends, and I am glad to bring my tribute of laurel for your brow on this most propitious assembly of our Comrades, your old soldiers.

As I am now to speak by the record and somewhat upon my personal reminiscences, allow me to correct the program where I am named John C. Noble. That "C" belongs to our Comrade, John C. Black, whom, they say, I resemble so much in personal appearance that I am anxious he shall suffer no further damage by an identity in our given names. My name is John Willock Noble—born in Lancaster, Ohio, the same place so greatly honored as the birth place of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

On the 7th of March there were two general engagements between the two wings of General Curtis' Army and the two wings of the Army of Generals Van Dorn and Price; that at Elkhorn on the 7th, was described yesterday; that at Leetown, some two and a half miles away, I will endeavor to outline, for, of course, no more can be attempted in the short time circumstances allow me here.

As General Dodge has told you, on the 6th of March, he notified General Curtis that he had information the enemy was moving to outflank us and get to our rear; and that General Curtis thereupon required Dodge, Colonel, as he then was, to take a detail to obstruct the road the enemy would have to travel. He was given such from

my Regiment, the Third Iowa Cavalry. The Captain, O. H. P. Scott, had been a railroad builder, and rather liked a duty of supervising the cutting down of the great trees by his men. This, Company B did, with efficiency and dispatch. General Dodge mentions in a paper, on this battle, that the detail was out of the Third Illinois Cavalry. I think that was on our then left flank; but the work on the night of the 6th, in rear of our right flank (as we were then facing south) was, as I have stated. Indeed, our Cavalry boys of Company B never quite forgave their Captain, although afterwards Major, for making them chop wood that night. But it proved of immense service; for in the night (after the trees were down) the troops of McCulloch and McIntosh became so confused in this tangle of felled trees and in the darkness that instead of being in position on our rear at break of day, as was intended, they did not arrive until after our Generals saw their exact movements and precipitated a portion of our forces upon them, halted them and brought on the engagement at Leetown. These impediments also delayed the column of other troops under Van Dorn, so that he also arrived much later than planned at the back door of our army, which he expected "to close and catch us alive," but there found General Carr with Colonel Dodge, with you men of the Fourth Iowa Infantry and the Second Iowa Battery, and Colonel Vandever with the Ninth Iowa Infantry and Colonel Phelps with his Regiment, with, as it were, your foot between the door and the jamb, so it could not be shut at all; and was more likely to catch the enemy than the Union soldiers.

These two wings of Van Dorn's army were composed each of different kinds of troops in this: that those at Leetown under McCulloch belonged to strictly the Army of the Confederacy, while those under Price belonged more to Missouri, which had not yet and never did go out of the Union. So that there was this separation in the Southern Army itself at Pea Ridge. The very principle of "secession," and the right of each State to direct its own affairs to suit itself, was working its dire result to its supporters. "The engineer was hoist by his own petard." Mr. Sneed in his book styled, "The Fight for Missouri," states that General Price was the acknowledged leader and exponent of the Missouri troops in the Southern Army; and that he had endeavored in June, 1861, at St. Louis, to negotiate an agreement with General Lyon so Lyon would keep United States troops out of Missouri; and he, Price, and Governor Claiborne Jackson would preserve the peace in Mis-

souri; but which conference General Lyon had broken up and ended with these memorable words:

Rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into the State whenever it pleases, or move its own troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State * * * I would (rising as he said this and pointing in turn to everyone in the room) see you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman and child in the State, dead and buried. Then turning to the Governor, he said, "This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call for you and conduct you out of my lines." And then, without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned upon his heel, and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre.

General Price was well warned, and although Lyon fell at Wilson Creek, it was, at best for the South, a drawn battle. Price lost at Pea Ridge and finally and forever at Independence, Big Blue and Little Osage.

The separation of the Southern troops at Pea Ridge was complete. The Secretary of War of the Confederacy had written General McCulloch, as Missouri was still in the Union, "to exercise much prudence and circumspection, and it should be only when necessity and propriety unite that active and direct assistance should be afforded by crossing the boundary and entering the State." And Mr. Speed, a Southern officer, does not hesitate to say in the book already mentioned, that General McCulloch "had, in truth, no confidence in the Missouri troops and none in General Price, or in any of his officers, except Colonel Weightman."

A mere glance at the list of troops, their states and general alignment in the commands likewise shows this line of cleavage between Missouri volunteers and Confederate regulars. The forces under Major-General Van Dorn were composed of Missouri State Guard under General Sterling Price, and of these were the Confederate Volunteers; also General Martin E. Green's State troops; also Colonel John B. Clark's Division and that of Colonel Saunders, Major Lindsey's; Brigadier-General D. M. Frost's Divisions; Raines' Division, Bledsoe's Battery and Shelby's Cavalry. But the other wing, commanded by Brigadier-General Ben McCulloch (afterwards by Colonel E. Greer) was composed of five regiments of Arkansas troops; Hebert's Infantry and those of Louisiana; the command of Brigadier-General James McIntosh, which included two more Arkansas regiments, and four Texas regiments, and four

batteries ; and let it be noted here, never to be forgotten, Pike's command, under Brigadier-General Albert Pike, composed of a *Cherokee* regiment, Colonel Stand Waite ; another Cherokee regiment, under Colonel D. N. McIntosh, and Welsh's Cavalry. These last mentioned regiments (not the cavalry) were *Indians*. They were venerated, to a small extent, with civilization, but who in this Battle of Pea Ridge murdered and scalped the wounded and dead Soldiers they were able here and there to overcome, with all the fierceness and outrageous brutality of those "merciless savages" our American Declaration of Independence charges it as crime against King George to have endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of the American frontiers.

Many of these Indians were slave owners in the Indian Territory, and for their violation of their treaties the United States afterwards not only freed their slaves but compelled them to share with their former slaves the bounties the Nation had bestowed in former years.

Albert Pike, he who led these Indians, was a son of New England, born in Boston, Massachusetts ; a poet who published a volume of verse on sunsets and flowers, and woman's love, and wrote a book in defense of secession, styled "State or Province, Bond or Free" ; and grew wealthy before the war on fees for his services to these Indians, in their negotiations and "pow-wows" at Washington. And yet ! and yet ! he was here in command of this merciless horde. Let each man make his own comment.

In this battle many men of my regiment were wounded or killed on the field at Leetown, which was afterwards recovered by us in the fight, and while the Indians were there they scalped eight or nine men of this regiment, whose names can be found in the records of the State of Iowa and in those of the United States ; where are the reports of the Battle of Pea Ridge.

Recurring to the statement that the two wings of the Confederate Army were composed of forces that were in fact not only separated on the field but were not acting in harmony, we find, on the other hand, the Union Army united in spirit, in purpose and under one commander, General Samuel R. Curtis. It was named "The Army of the Southwest." The troops were drawn from Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Ohio. They were in four divisions ; the First under Colonel Osterhaus ; the Second under General Asboth, which two divisions were under immediate command of General Franz Sigel ; then came the Third Division, commanded by Colonel Jefferson C. Davis, having an Indiana Brigade

and an Illinois Brigade, and the First Missouri Cavalry; while the Fourth Division was commanded by Colonel Eugene A. Carr, and was composed of Iowa and Illinois troops in one brigade under Colonel G. M. Dodge of the Fourth Iowa, and in the other were Iowa and Missouri troops, under Colonel Vandever of the Ninth Iowa. The Third Iowa Cavalry (five companies) having arrived but a day or two before, had not been assigned to any division, and in the battle was in a brigade formed on the emergency and put under Colonel Cyrus Bussey, to whom I was Adjutant. This brigade at Leetown operated under command of Colonel Osterhaus.

Both wings of the Union Army, that at Elkhorn and that at Leetown, were under the absolute and single command of General Curtis; and the troops not only had confidence in him but he and all the officers under him had confidence in them and in each other.

From the officers' reports it appears that there were at this battle in the Confederate Army 16,202 infantry, cavalry, artillery and Indians. There were eight batteries in Price's command and eighteen cannon in McCulloch's. The Indians and others in Pike's command amounted to about a thousand.

The Union Army did not exceed 10,500 infantry and cavalry, with forty-nine pieces of artillery.

When General Sigel retired from Bentonville on March 6th he succeeded, with some fighting, in reaching the Union line, which was then facing south at Sugar Creek, and where in line were Asboth on the right, Osterhaus next, Davis next, and Carr on the left. The Third Iowa Cavalry was encamped in rear of the main line.

When the enemy was found, on the morning of the 7th, marching to our rear, as already mentioned, Colonel Osterhaus was sent by General Curtis to Leetown with instructions to strike the enemy and stop his progress, at all hazards. Osterhaus started immediately, taking with him the cavalry brigade under Colonel Bussey and Ebert's Battery (two guns). The other troops of Osterhaus were to follow as rapidly as possible. The division of Colonel Davis was to advance in the same direction. Colonel Carr took his (the Fourth) division to the immediate rear towards the enemy, up the telegraph road to Elkhorn Tavern and beyond; and General Sigel remained for the while to protect the line of Sugar Creek.

The cavalry of those days was but poorly armed, for the most part with pistols and sabres only; but they gallantly charged the

enemy's infantry, that had been thrown into line near Leetown to meet them, and lost heavily. Lieutenant-Colonel Trimble was wounded in the head and many men and horses of the Third Iowa Cavalry were killed or wounded. The two guns with Osterhaus had fired but few shots when the whole line of cavalry under McIntosh charged, led by Texas regiments and followed by the Cherokee Indians under Stand Waite and John Drew, commanded by General Albert Pike. Our guns were captured, but not the caissons, and the Indians, it is said, fell into confusion in a riot of glee, disregarded all orders (Pike's Report, p. 288) and, putting on horse-collars and trace-chains for ornament, had a short barbaric triumph, soon, however, silenced and followed by their flight from the field as our other troops came on. These advancing troops were those of Osterhaus and the division of Colonel Jefferson C. Davis. The conflict now involved the whole lines of both armies at Leetown—of McCulloch and of Osterhaus and Davis. The roar and crash of arms was continuous and the loss on either side was great. Our comrade, Colonel Wells Blodgett, whom many of you know, has told me he was with the advance of Colonel Davis in the Thirty-seventh Illinois Infantry, and that a portion of his regiment was armed with revolving rifles; that they mistook at first the enemy for some of our own troops until within short range; but when the boys found out their mistake they turned on the steam and "let her go, Gallagher." These rifles, with the successive volleys of the other regiments, and the immense bass of the cannon, were the cause of the stupendous and incessant roar. It was cyclonic. It ended the Leetown part of the battle. An Indiana regiment, near the edge of the woods, displayed the "Stars and Stripes" on high, in the very open, and it was unassailed. The cheers of the Union troops now rang out clear and loud, and there was no reply. The enemy had fled. General McCulloch had been killed, as had also General McIntosh; and the dead of the enemy strewed the field. Those of them left fled to take no part even in the Battle of Elkhorn, which had been in progress, as told so clearly and accurately by General Dodge and the other speakers yesterday.

The distance between the two fields was about two miles, and so completely separated that Colonel Hebert (a Confederate), having become separated from his command at Leetown, was picked up and captured by a Union Cavalry detail coming over from Elkhorn.

The next day, the 8th, I was with my regiment on the field at Elkhorn and saw that battle, while acting as a temporary aide to

General Curtis, my regiment being near at hand guarding the right flank, but did not become engaged until, when the enemy retreated along the whole line, the cavalry were sent in pursuit.

The gallant Fourth Iowa renewed its heroic work on the 8th. Colonel Dodge was wounded, and the brigade and division in those two days established forever its great renown. To rehearse those achievements is now unnecessary, for it has been far better done by General Dodge. The losses in the series of conflicts at Pea Ridge were, for the Confederates (estimated), at least 1,000 killed and wounded and 300 prisoners; for the Union Army, 203 killed, 980 wounded and 201 missing; total, 1,384.

Before I close let me say one word more for our Commanding General at Pea Ridge, Samuel R. Curtis. We dwelt together at Keokuk, Iowa, before the war. He was then a distinguished engineer, having greatly improved the harbor at St. Louis, Missouri, and done much work elsewhere in the West. He had been in the Mexican War. He was a member of Congress when the war broke out, and he voluntarily marched with the first troops that reached Washington, down to the White House, to bring relief to the anxious heart of our President. His generalship at Pea Ridge displayed qualities of the highest order. He was self-poised amid the changes needed to meet the rapid and dangerous movements of the enemy. He was aggressive against a foe that had expected to put him solely on the defensive. His tactics and new deployments on the field foiled and defeated the long-studied and cunningly-planned strategy of General Van Dorn, and he fought on the 7th substantially two battles against superior numbers on either field. He came out triumphant and pursued the disorganized forces of the whole Confederate Army on the 8th. "He was steadfast amid alarms." Let me narrate shortly an incident to show this, which occurred on the night of the 7th. The Leetown fight was won and I had reported by order to General Asboth for orders for the next day for the cavalry to which I belonged. General Asboth rode with me to General Curtis near midnight, we seeking his headquarters in the darkness. When we found the General he was dressed, but lying on a straw bed, and when General Asboth told him, whatever it was he had to communicate, General Curtis said: "I have ordered Sigel over from Leetown. He has to come around Little Mountain, and if the enemy sees or hears him they may attack. I would not be surprised to hear the guns at any moment. But he will get here, and in the morning I will

attack at Elkhorn Tavern and will whip the rebels there; and when I whip them there I whip them everywhere." He then said to me to take my orders from General Asboth, and bade us good-night.

General Curtis, with the undisturbed insight of a great commander, could see, as we say, "over the hill." Sigel got there. General Curtis attacked in the morning at Elkhorn. He whipped them there—and when he whipped them there "he whipped them everywhere." He was a Christian man of genial nature, but to the discharge of duty he brought great brain force, great sagacity, and he was fearless. In the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, an authority, of course, of the highest order, he is said at the Battle of Pea Ridge to have evinced "*a magnificent tenacity.*"

He was a man of very simple manners, almost as plain in his directness as our General Dodge, who has been taking care of us here for these two days. What a cheering fact it is that simple manners and kind disposition are allied to greatness. Let me tell you before I sit down, in the presence of General Frederick D. Grant, who has honored us by his presence and participation in our meetings, of an action of his father, General Ulysses S. Grant, displaying this feature of his great character. It happened that after the surrender of Vicksburg and we had driven off Johnson from Jackson, a detachment of my regiment, which I commanded as Major, had made a raid with other troops to Memphis, and my little command was returning by boat from Memphis to Vicksburg. Just as the boat was backing out from Helena it occurred to me that I had learned General Grant had said he would reunite the Third Iowa Cavalry, the companies of which were, then, some with him and some near Little Rock, Arkansas; and although merely a Major, just off a raid of some weeks, and not yet back to camp, I summoned heart o' grace to hurry to the General and ask him to put my command ashore so as to go over to Little Rock and accomplish the reunion of the command. So I boldly went to the cabin parlor, where our great Commander was, surrounded by his staff and accompanied by other Generals (as he had been to Cairo after the fall of Vicksburg to communicate with the authorities at Washington), and, asking for General Grant, to my astonishment he came out in person, and upon my salute said, "Major, what can I do for you?" He knew me only by my shoulder straps. I replied that I had heard he was willing to reunite the Third Iowa Cavalry, and if he would put us off here and send us to Little Rock, he could accomplish that. He asked if I was in command of the men

aboard, and upon an affirmative reply he instantly said, "I will do it, sir." Without calling any aide or adjutant or orderly, he almost ran to the side of the boat, leaned far out and hailed the captain and told him to "land" the boat, which was then backing out into the stream. As soon as he saw this being done he said to me to come with him, and still, with no one else, took me to the shipping clerk's desk, which you all know is on the cabin deck, in front, where invoices are made and receipted, and there taking the clerk's pen and ink that were at hand, and a sheet of paper lying there, he wrote out in full, as complete and regular an order as any adjutant could have done it, for Major Noble to disembark with his command at Helena and report to General Steel at Little Rock. This he folded quietly and then said, "This is your order. Now I will write another for you to deliver to General Steel." This he did, and giving it to me, said I was to see it was delivered, and he then told me to move my command ashore. This I did. My regiment was reunited and became on re-enlistment one of the strongest in numbers, and allow me to say, in military force, in our Army.

I submit that for the conqueror at Vicksburg, whose fame had already reached around the earth, to have thus done this simple act at the request of merely a Major, without a thought of reference to some one else, and to have inscribed the order in his own handwriting, and treated this minor officer with so much kindly consideration, and to do instantly, when he could, what he had said he would do, exhibited in personal action that plain, simple nature we always find allied to such greatness of mind as all the world now knows General Grant possessed. I have the order yet; it is my best *biography* of Ulysses S. Grant, your father Comrade, General Grant, whose kindness of nature and simple manners you yourself have inherited and constantly displayed.

In a letter addressed to me on January 22nd, 1889, General W. T. Sherman writing as to a paper on the Battle of Pea Ridge I had read before the Missouri Commandery of the Loyal Legion, said: "What, however, pleased me more was to see you come to the rescue of our mutual friend, General S. R. Curtis. Somehow, few men realized the full value of the victories of Pea Ridge, Donelson and Shiloh. Though not conclusive, they gave the keynote to all subsequent events of the war. They encouraged us and discouraged our too sanguine opponents, thereby leading to all our Western successes which were conclusive of the final result. The

more you study the Civil War, the more you will discover that the Northwestern States 'saved the Union.' This people was in earnest; their volunteers meant 'fight.'"

General Dodge, in a letter dated September 22nd, 1911, to my regiment, the Third Iowa Cavalry, in reunion at Centerville, Iowa, wrote: "While the Pea Ridge campaign was one of the first of the Civil War, where we were all inexperienced and had to learn as we went along, still, if you look at the records of the War Department you cannot find any campaign where we marched so far into the enemy's country without rail or water and lived off a country that even at the present time looks as though it would not support an army. Then, the Battle of Pea Ridge had just as hard fighting in it, compared to its numbers, as any of the battles of the Civil War, and the loss of Carr's and Davis' Divisions were very heavy, and it virtually settled the enemy's occupation of Northern Arkansas and Missouri for the whole war. I have always thought and said that General Curtis never received the credit for the campaign that he was entitled to, but I think as time goes on and the records are read that people appreciate more fully what that campaign accomplished."

In conclusion let me say it has rejoiced me also to have attended with you the unveiling of the Memorial Shaft to Lincoln. It is an imposing testimonial. It speaks in its strength and simplicity of our great leader in the thought, logic and force of the Civil War. It witnesses that when Curtis, afterwards our General, was advocating in Congress the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, and Dodge, now our beloved Comrade and presiding General, was engaged in preparation to be the great engineer and constructor of that band and bond for the Union, Lincoln was here at Council Bluffs looking off across the broad valley of the Missouri toward the golden gates of California, with his own prophetic vision as to what was yet to be. There is no doubt that vision never left him, and as Judge Usher of his Cabinet has declared, "There never was an hour during the whole war for the Union that Lincoln ever for a moment lost hope of ultimate and complete success." Yes, his was the all-embracing spirit of our country's cause. He cared for the soldier, the sailor, the mother and wife—he brooded over the whole people and loved them all. There was no appeal to his charity that had not response; there was no incitement to malice he did not cast aside; he was with the people at their homes, he went with the men to the battle-fields, and he stood watch at every bed

of the wounded and the sick. We had our Generals whom we admired and followed; we had our Comrades whose love and dangers we daily shared; but there was one toward whom our faces ever turned and to sustain whom we ever prayed to God, on whom our hope was founded, for we in our hearts well knew he was the "Soldier's Friend"—Abraham Lincoln.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL BLACK.

GENERAL DODGE: We have with us another officer who fought at Pea Ridge under General Davis, on the west of us, where they performed such valuable service and drove the Arkansas troops home. It is not necessary to introduce him to you; you all know him as a soldier and statesman, General John C. Black. He fell in the fight there, but, thank God, recovering from several serious wounds, is with us today.

General Black spoke as follows:

*Commander, Comrades of the Fourth Iowa and of Reed's Battery,
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I have listened with charmed attention to what General Noble has been saying to us of the silent Commander, and before proceeding with the main address which is in my mind, I want to reminisce a little on an incident that, so far as I know, has never had publication, about General Grant. I had in my regiment an old man, of Company E, whose name was Smith. He was well up towards sixty years of age at the time of enlistment, but you know that now and then the fever got into even old veins, and this was one of the old men of the service when he entered. He tramped with us through nearly two years. He had with him when he entered the service a youngster of thirteen or fourteen, Ed Smith, who enlisted as a musician. The old man carried a fife and the boy carried a drum in what I used to think was one of the best martial bands in the Southwest. After Vicksburg had fallen I received a letter one day from the headquarters there of the United States forces. It was written on the paper that you all remember, I expect, of about the size (indicating) folded up in the regulation fashion and three pages of it were filled with a report and request to the commanding officer, from old Sol Smith. He recited his love for his country; he recited the services that he had rendered; he told how he had brought his boy with him, and how through nearly two years now they had marched side by side in the same ranks, and he said, "I

feel that I am too old longer to serve the country; I can be of good somewhere else; I leave my boy in the service, but I want to go home." His letter covered three pages. It was then turned over and folded, leaving the blank sides. It bore some official endorsements. It had not gone up to the headquarters through the regular channels, but had evidently been delivered directly to the headquarters. There were official notations of the contents of the letter, and then, after that penned in his own hand, these words: "The commanding officer of the Thirty-seventh Illinois will cause the honorable discharge of the writer of this letter. U. S. Grant."

That gave me a knowledge of the man's marvelous detailed information and application and of his willingness to deal with the humblest man in his command as a man, a citizen and a soldier; and from the time that I saw that inscription upon that letter I had a feeling of regard not alone for the great achievements of General Grant but for the affectionate disposition and manly character displayed by him.

But attention! I have looked at you as you have sat before me, and I do not believe under the disguises that you have assumed that I would be able to say that I had ever met one of you before, yet we *are* old acquaintances. In that spring of 1862 you remember where the armies of the Union gathered. They were at Rolla, at Sedalia, in the neighborhood of Jefferson City, or wherever a camp could be made in Missouri in which they could be fed, drilled and disciplined. And then we marched on the various roads gathering together towards this battle-field of Pea Ridge. When and where the battle would be fought we could not tell, but the objective of Curtis and the Army of the Frontier was the enemy. We were not marching towards any capital or any strategic point, but we were marching towards the enemy. And so at last we made our junction in the far Southwest and our camps were made after the little skirmish at Sugar Creek, which some of you cavalymen may remember, along the banks of which were the camps of the main body. Some of us were lying far to the south in the prairies, and suddenly on the 6th of March there came couriers to the advanced posts, of which we were part, telling us to retire to the line of Sugar Creek, and to fortify there against the approach of the enemy. All day long over that prairie, which was as sunny as this city is today, there could be heard nearer and nearer the sound of the cannon of the pursuers and the pursued. Siegel's men were falling back and fighting in retreat. Some of you perhaps recall

the sound of those cannon as I speak of them. And all day long the commands that had been left in camp and those that had been rushed to the rear were throwing up fortifications along the bluff of this Sugar Creek and on the northern side, until when night came and we laid down pick and shovel and laid aside the axe, we had constructed a very formidable series of breastworks. And I remember the satisfaction with which the fellows who had been working on them looked at the works as they picked up their guns and said, "Well, let the Johnnies come on; we are pretty well fixed for them here." This was the advanced position on the farthest western flank of the Union armies and all of the Union armies. There was but a single line of communication open between us and the headquarters of the great Department of Missouri, side roads being blockaded and useless, leaving one long line that ran through Rolla, Springfield, Cassville, on down to Cross Timbers; and we laid in wait: our line of fortifications, stretching from east to west, lay completely across that line. We knew if the Johnnies came at us from the south we could handle them, and so did they; and the impolite fellows wouldn't come to our prepared front door, which we had so thoughtfully decorated for them, and so it happened that instead of advancing directly upon us they deflected their great columns outnumbering us two and a half to one, for they brought 30,000 men on that field of battle and we had but 12,500. And in the morning of the 7th, when Siegel's retreat had ceased and his forces were united with ours in battle-line, we were facing to the south and the enemy were stretched between us and St. Louis on the north. Our fortifications were to the south. Their polite advance was to be from the south. There was never a greater right about face in the world than was executed by the Union Army that morning, but no retirement. We simply went up onto the plateaus that lay at the foot of the Ridge and the top of the valleys, and then the battle took place that has been described to you. I did not have the great pleasure of meeting you yesterday, but as General Noble was telling this morning about the fighting at Leetown and the dreadful destruction that had been wrought there in the armies of Price and McCulloch by the advance under Jeff C. Davis, I was proud! for my regiment had those five shooters and we held that center against all odds and checked that awful advance of the Indians and the Arkansans. It was the Thirty-seventh Illinois that held the center of the line. We were the men that had the five shooters: we were the men that blazed away and in the track of our

fire these men lay dead, McCulloch and McIntosh. The greatest loss of this battle was borne by the Fourth Iowa; the third greatest loss and not much less fell on the Thirty-seventh Illinois. Each regiment that day made a Brigadier!

The greatest European history, Mr. President, that has ever been written by a representative soldier and scholar of the Civil War was written by the Compté de Paris. Enjoying the high advantages of writing from the standpoint of a trained soldier and diplomat, he turns from a hundred stricken and bloody fields and marks the Battle of Pea Ridge as one of the great, if not the greatest, in strategic importance of all that were delivered between the Union and the Confederate forces. And well can that be, for on that battle-field not alone had the rebels of Missouri—I do not say rebellious Missouri—but not alone had the rebels of Missouri who were rebels not alone against the Union but against their own State, gathered their forces, but Arkansas had gathered her forces and Texas had sent her contingent and the Indians were there with their painted horrors. And the Tigers of Louisiana were there, and every man that could be gathered in all the Confederacy west of the Mississippi was there, endeavoring to turn the right of the Union Army, to march through Missouri, to drive the Union forces out of St. Louis and to re-establish Claiborne Jackson as the Governor of a Confederate State. And then and there we held them, and then and there we destroyed them; and from that time on until the end of the war they never sought but upon a single occasion to retain the great territory that lay west of the Mississippi; and when Grant cut their lines far down the Mississippi and isolated the South-western country the war beyond the Mississippi was substantially at an end.

I am not going to follow you through all the great glory and the great achievements of that battle-field. It has been fought before you time and again. You men of the Fourth Iowa were younger then, you wore black hair and brown hair and yellow hair, and you were good boys, and you had a good and splendid man in your leadership, General G. M. Dodge. And right there Missouri and Iowa and Illinois were standing shoulder by shoulder, a compact and splendid body of soldiery, whose one purpose was to save the Union and to check the tide of rebellion rolling up towards our own borders in the beloved lands from which we had come. And we did it; and the years have gone; and that Albert Pike, of whom you, General Noble, have spoken, who led his Indians in

that battle-field, stands in enduring bronze today facing towards the capitol of his country in the great City of Washington, and all men do him honor.

The last time I was on that battle-field whose thickets had once been filled with the dying and the dead, I looked towards that long, dark ridge whose echoes once had all been alive with the voices of war and the clamor of men; I looked from a railroad station of a road over which I had traveled in going down into Oklahoma to deliver a patriotic address before a body of Union and Confederate soldiers summoned there by one of the very men that had been fighting at Pea Ridge with me, one of the Sergeants of my old command, and on my return stopping at this station for breakfast, I had gone out into the field in the early morning and looked towards that somber and magnificent old mountain still dark with its oaks and its trees, again solemn and silent as nature made it, and in between stretched a broad field, and that was filled with girls and boys and women in the simple garb of the country and the times, engaged in picking strawberries to send to St. Louis and Chicago; and I felt that the Union somehow or other was absolutely safe when in the very sight of the high altars of strife the work of ministration was being done by the women and the children and by the men of the land to the needs and comfort of our great united country.

And gazing towards that battle-field over the peaceful workers, I saw again you men of the Fourth; there I heard the guns of your great battery; there I knew and felt what it was to have been one of a victorious and splendid army which had done its whole duty. And so on yesterday when the accounts were given of what you had done on the many fields over which you had marched, I was thankful that I had been at the beginning of your pilgrimage and could wish you Godspeed through all its tortuous and splendid way.

Yet, as Reed was talking so charmingly and entertainingly of the achievements of his battery, he rather checked me with one or two statements that needed explanation. He said it took him three-quarters of a day to get by a row of saloons in Memphis, and that three-quarters of the battery only was tight. My fellow-citizens, I have known a whole regiment to go blind in a quarter of an hour with half the saloons, and I wondered what part of that battery was acting as a Salvation Army in trying to save the part that needed it, that they should have taken three-quarters of a day to pass a line of saloons. I have known a political parade that it

was said took an hour in passing a given saloon, but I never knew of a Union force before that needed to take so much time in getting by the booze. As a rule, it would have been an easy task. Yet, joking aside, looking at you today, I do not seem to be looking upon a group or roisterous fellows whose heads were once crowned with the laurels of victorious strife and whose voices rose wide and deep with the triumphant cheers of rejoicing; I seem rather to be looking into the faces of a lot of presiding elders; and I sometimes wonder as I do now when I look at you, patriarchs, if you please, with children that step behind you in long processions, whether you are really the men who did the striving and the fighting of which you tell your children long stories on the winter nights, or whether you are simply the surviving ones that did not do any fighting at all but saved your hides in the day of danger.

A COMRADE: Ask General Dodge about it.

GENERAL BLACK: And here we are after it all, gathered in Iowa, great, splendid, peaceful, no troubles of any kind except those of an occasional "insurrection," as I understand, and that is being settled in peaceful processes as the people will. But with every citizen employed and every enterprise flourishing and a great land rejoicing in the results of your labors, it was worth it all; it was worth having fought and suffered at Pea Ridge; it was worth having fought and suffered on the thousand fields of strife, simply to stand here and to know that the sunshine today from Bunker Hill Monument to the Golden Gate is falling upon a peaceful, united, prosperous and happy, loving common people. I thank God this is so. I thank God that when He stirred the whirlwinds of war he did not scatter on that whirlwind the seeds of permanent strife and disunion, but that instead by His good angels He sowed this land with American truth, with American traditions, and with American hopes, and that today we are reaping the great harvest that the Almighty intended that we should reap.

But when I get into the contemplation of these larger things I pass away from the contemplation of an individual regiment and an individual battery, great and strong as they were, and I know that you are not here today to listen to an oration upon the war or its results, but to have a camp talk about yourselves; and so I am thankful to have brought my little mite to your entertainment; I am thankful that I have been among you, my gray old friends, who were my black and brown friends of forty-nine years ago.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL DODGE: We have with us General Grant, Commander of the Military Division of the East. Although I agreed not to call upon him, I will ask him to say a few words to us. I know you would not forgive me if I let you go without hearing from him.

General Grant spoke as follows:

General Dodge, Fourth Iowa, Dodge's Battery, and the Friends of the Army of the Tennessee That Are Here:

I have had my talk and I am afraid I have talked too much. I want to thank you, however, for the very cordial reception that you have given me, and I want to thank the speakers for the nice things they have said in such a pleasant way. I greatly appreciate the compliments that you have paid to the memory of my father, and in listening to the history of the Fourth Iowa and Dodge's Battery I cannot wonder that he was successful in the field where he served with them. I was thinking while listening and wondering if you all really realized the position that you will take in the history of the country in the future. You have seen historic societies based upon the colonial wars and the Revolution and the War of 1812 and various other things, and you know how the descendants of those who were in these wars appreciate the deeds and the works of their ancestors. What will your descendants think fifty or a hundred years from now when they contemplate your deeds and the part you played in the creation of the Government of the United States? In my conception of the building of this country I look back upon the French and Indian War of 1755 to 1757 as being, as you might say, the inception of the American Republic. It was then that the people learned to unite. The successes and the deeds of that war were due to people who understood the strength of combination and unity. Then came political questions which gradually drew the people together, and knowing their strength from the lessons they have learned in the French and Indian War, we have the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution. And that was the birth of the American Republic. After eight years of labor we find the country finally born and launched forth in its childhood. In its youthful career it had what you might call children's diseases, the whooping cough and measles and chickenpox and various other things in a discussion of

the Constitution; and finally it had a serious disease and went to bed sick in the time of the Rebellion. Your deeds carried it through, and at Appamattox the United States of America stepped forth a full-grown man. Since that time you have gone on and at times have had the toothache and other manly diseases, but you have generally had a good doctor, sometimes quacks, but you have succeeded in getting well and are now going on in a healthy, strong way, and some among you seem to understand a way that would be progressive and an improvement for the future, and I believe that the American Republic, as represented by a man, is not yet to its best stage, but will arrive there eventually; and I hope it will live longer than any other nation and never die from old age. Thank you.

GENERAL DODGE: I want to introduce to you an old friend, a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and ask him to tell you a story or recite one of his pieces. General Stibbs.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL STIBBS.

General J. H. Stibbs spoke as follows:

Comrades and Ladies:

An old soldier, wherever I meet him, seems to me pretty near a brother; and an Iowa soldier is a little dearer to me than the other fellow. I don't know whether any of you remember me, but I was with my command just to the right of the Second Iowa Battery at Tupelo. At Nashville when you charged I was just ahead of you. I have come to regard the Second Iowa Battery as fellows that were mighty close to me.

If I had more time I might go into a series of reminiscences and tell something that would interest you, but it is time to get away. General Dodge asked me to tell a story. I have something of a reputation as a story-teller, because all my stories are true. I see nearly every man here wears a bronze button, and I wonder whether every one here belongs to the Grand Army. Those that don't, if there are any, have made a mistake. I want to tell you the story of a veteran who joined the Grand Army not long ago.

General Stibbs recited a poem telling how a veteran came to join the Grand Army.

A GREETING IN VERSE.

A poem by an old soldier was sent to General Dodge and was read to the Veterans. It was an old soldier's greeting to the Army of the Tennessee, to the Veterans and to General Dodge. Unfortunately this poem has been lost.

REGIMENTAL DRUM AND COMPANY BOX.

Comrade Marshall then spoke to the Veterans as follows:

I have at home the original bass drum of the Fourth Iowa Infantry. It is not Government property, but was bought by the boys of the Regiment by private contribution and presented to the bass drummer who was killed by accident on the 21st day of July, 1865, at Louisville, Kentucky. I at one time made him a promise that if anything should happen to him I would take the drum home and keep it as long as I lived; and I threw away everything I had when I started from Louisville on the morning of the 24th of July, except that old drum. I took it to my home in Iowa and it has got the best place there today, but I am getting old and I have decided to ask permission of the Comrades to make some disposition of that drum so that they may have a chance to see it as long as they live, and I have thought of sending it to the Historical Society at Des Moines. I ask the consent of the Regiment that that be done.

GENERAL DODGE: If it is sent to the curator it will be kept where all the souvenirs are. I have no doubt they will accept it and place it where it can be kept forever. What is the pleasure of the Society?

COMRADE CHANDLER: I have our company box. It is made of black walnut. It has all the retained copies of our muster rolls and such things as that. I would like to dispose of it. I spoke to Adjutant General Byers about it and he told me to send it to the Historical Society of Des Moines.

GENERAL DODGE: Send it to the curator of the Historical Society. The State of Iowa has constructed a splendid building which is devoted to the preservation of documents and souvenirs relating to the history of the State and to the Civil War. That is the place to send it. I have sent there all my commissions and a great many things in connection with the war. Everything is put away in splendid order where any visitor can see them and on great occasions at Des Moines the rooms were full.

It was moved and carried that the Drum and the Company Box be sent to the Historical Building at Des Moines.

A COMRADE: As a member of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee I would like to hear from Judge McPherson.

JUDGE McPHERSON: I appreciate the compliment but I could not think of taking up your time.

GENERAL DODGE: This evening you all form at your headquarters a little before eight. I wish to thank you all for the visit you have made me here and for the great pleasure you have given us and I know you have given a great pleasure to our citizens. I also wish to thank our friends who have spoken to us so eloquently, and now we will have to say good-bye.

RESOLUTIONS.

Captain W. H. Campbell, of Company C, offered the following Resolution, which was unanimously and enthusiastically adopted:

Be It Resolved, We, the members of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, assembled at Council Bluffs, Iowa, on this, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Organization of said Regiment, do now here express our thanks to the citizens of the City of Council Bluffs for the kind and cordial reception given us at this Reunion, and especially do we extend to our respected and adored First Commander, General G. M. Dodge, our humble, heartfelt and reverend thanks, to whom we realize we are indebted for the privileges of enjoying this Golden Anniversary of our Regiment.

In our youth, in our young manhood, we respected General Dodge as a skilled commander. In our mature manhood we have respected and admired him as a wise, far-sighted, enterprising American citizen, who has done more than any other man in developing and building up this western part of our country, and we wish him many years of life yet that he may enjoy the fruits of his enterprising labor in developing this country to which he contributed so much to save in the dark hours of our country's history.

RECEPTION.

The Veterans then adjourned to the parlors of the Elks' Club where the ladies of Council Bluffs gave a reception to all the Veterans attending this Reunion, and they and their families enjoyed the hospitality and refreshments served.

BANQUET.

At 8 P. M. the Fourth Iowa Infantry, Dodge's Second Iowa Battery and Band marched to the Grand Hotel for the banquet.

The dining hall was beautifully decorated with flags and each table had a bouquet on it. Over the head table was an immense piece, a fac simile of the badge of the Army of the Tennessee, including the badges of the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps. The speaking lasted until 2 A. M. and was greatly enjoyed throughout the evening.

The menu and toasts were as follows :

ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

GRAND HOTEL

October 11, 1911, 8 P. M.

MENU.

Crab Meat Cocktail		Celery
	* * *	
Essence of Fowl A La Epicure		
Ripe Olives	Salted Nuts	Sherry
	* * *	
Fillet of Fresh California Sole		
Potato Richelieu	Tartar Sauce	Sauterne
	* * *	
Creamed Veal Sweetbreads, En Caisse		
French Peas		Claret
	* * *	
Tennessee Punch		
	* * *	
Potted Squab Chicken		
Virginia Yams		Champagne
	* * *	
Lettuce Salad	Wafers	
	Roquefort Cheese Dressing	
	* * *	
Parfait Americaine		
Cake		Creme de Menthe
	Coffee.	
	*	

TOASTS.

CAPTAIN J. S. LATHROP,

Commander Iowa Commandery M. O. L. L.,

Presiding.

*

Divine Blessing . . . BISHOP R. SCANNELL

Song—"Tenting Tonight".....Elks' Quartet
 "American Democracy".....Response by Archbishop John Ireland
 "Some Questions Yet to Be Settled".....
Response by Colonel W. P. Hepburn
 Song—"Drink to Me Only".....Elks' Quartet
 "Now and Then".....Response by General John C. Black
 "The Death Gap".....Response by General R. N. Adams
 Song—"Love's Old Song".....Elks' Quartet
 "The Reign of Peace".....Response by E. G. Caldwell
 Recitation.....General J. H. Stibbs
 Song—"Auld Lang Syne".....Elks' Quartet and Audience

THE FOLLOWING MEMBERS OF THE FOURTH IOWA
VETERAN INFANTRY ATTENDED THE REUNION
AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, OCTOBER 10-11, 1911.

- Adkins, J. B., Company A, (with wife), Milton, Iowa.
Alderman, J. P., Company B, (with wife), Ames, Iowa.
Alexander, Thos. C., Company H, (with wife), Oakland, Iowa.
Brown, W. E., Company H, Villisca, Iowa.
Bramhall, E. S., Company E, Indianola, Iowa.
Brooks, O. S., Company K, (with wife), Omaha, Neb.
Bird, P. E., Company B, Oakland, Iowa.
Ballou, Richard, Company K, Parnell, Mo.
Burgan, E. Y., Company H, (with wife), Corning, Iowa.
Couch, Wm. H., Company E, (with wife), Stuart, Iowa.
Cozad, Wm., Company K, (one of family), Red Oak, Iowa.
Cooper, Captain D. E., Company F, Lamar, Colo.
Cobb, A. L., Company K, Bedford, Iowa.
Campbell, Captain W. H., Company B, (with two of family),
Anadarko, Okla.
Campbell, Will, Company B, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Denhart, Casper K, Company G, (with one of family). Diag-
onal, Iowa.
Daily, David A., Company K, Lawrence, Kas.
Dixon, John, Company E, Chicago, Ill.
Dorrance, J. H., Company F, (with wife), Burkett, Neb.
Faurote, J. A., Company F, Winterset, Iowa.
Freshwater, Wm., Company G, (with one of family), Mt. Ayr,
Iowa.
Fees, J. W., Company H, Corning, Iowa.
Guilliams, Burton C, Company F, Winterset, Iowa.
Greenlee, Levi T., Company I, Chicago, Ill.
Bibbs, George T., Company B, (with son), Canon City, Colo.
Hopper, J. Francis, Company A, Omaha, Neb.
Harris, Pleasant M., Company K, (with one of family), New
Market, Iowa.
Howser, George L., Company E, Minden, Neb.
Holliday, M. I., Company B, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Kindblade, S. C., Company G, (with wife and daughter), Yates
Center, Kas.

King, A. D., Company K. (with wife), Baton Rouge, La.
King, Peter C., Company I, Chicago, Ill.
Kindblade, G. A., Company G, McPherson, Kas.
Lewis, James, Company E, Ankeny, Iowa.
Lambson, J. F., Company A, Lexington, Neb.
Lacey, Henry D., Company E, Hillsdale, Okla.
Masters, Samuel, Company C, Malvern, Iowa.
McCool, I. W., Company C, Bayard, Iowa.
Marshall, D. B., Company G, Mt. Ayr, Iowa.
Milligan, I., Company D, Marquette, Kas.
Mosledge, R. R., Company K, (with wife), Hastings, Neb.
McCorkle, W. J., Company E, Stuart, Iowa.
Northup, C. P., Company B, (with wife and son), Des Moines,
Iowa.

O'Brien, C. W., Company I, (with two of family), Linden, Iowa.
Plummer, A. L., Company E, (with wife), Altoona, Iowa.
Price, Thos., Company E, (with one of family), Carlisle, Iowa.
Reeves, Isaac, Company E, Stuart, Iowa.
Rockwell, Robert B., Company K, (with son), Bedford, Iowa.
Rowe, Jacob, Company A, Macksburg, Iowa.
Robinson, G. A., Company I, McPherson, Kas.
Sheldon, B. O., Company A, (with two of family), Tabor, Iowa.
Surber, A. H., Company E, (with one of family), Waterbury,
Nebraska.

Sims, George C., Company E, Des Moines, Iowa.
Starr, Adam C., Company H, Nodaway, Iowa.
Shoemaker, James L., Company K, (with one of family), Wil-
sonville, Neb.
Soles, F. B., Company G, Mt. Ayr, Iowa.
Tibbles, C. E., Company F, Chicago, Ill.
Thayer, David A., Company K, (with one of family), Muscotah,
Kansas.

Tucker, George W., Company B, (with wife), Neola, Iowa.
Torrence, B. S., Company A, (with two of family), Tabor, Iowa.
Thorngate, Miss Ethel, The Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa,
daughter of Veteran of Fourth Iowa.
Thorngate, Miss Ella, Twenty-sixth avenue and Harney street,
Omaha, Neb., daughter of Veteran of Fourth Iowa.
Venard, Sylvester, Company A, (with two daughters), Los An-
geles, Cal.
Vanscoyk, A. J., Company E, (with wife), Carlisle, Iowa.

Weavers, George, Company A, (with two of family), Tabor, Ia.
West, Ed R., Company E, (with wife and daughter), Polk, Ia.
Walkup, Alpheus, Company H, (with wife), Ord, Neb.
Wright, W. C., Company K, Bedford, Iowa.
Zink, H. C., Company F, McPherson, Kas.

MEMBERS OF FOURTH IOWA WHO WROTE THEY WERE UNABLE TO
ATTEND REUNION.

Ames, Amos, Company H, Afton, Iowa.
Bird, Anderson, Company F, Atwood, Kansas.
Brinson, William, Company F, Winterset, Iowa.
Bixler, William, Company H, Corning, Iowa.
Brinkerhoff, A. M., Company H, Oakland, Cal.
Doughty, L. B., Company E, Aledo, Ill.
Flick, James P., Company K, Bedford, Iowa.
Folden, Burnett J., Company A, Thurman, Iowa.
Flood, J. H., Company K, Red Oak, Iowa.
Glasgow, S. L., Company I, Chicago, Ill.
Gamble, Lieutenant James D., Company D, Knoxville, Iowa.
Hill, Charles W., Company C, Guthrie Center, Iowa.
Hills, Isaac C., Company A, Dos Palos, Cal.
Jarvis, A. B., Company H, Waverly, Iowa.
Keplinger, John, Company I, Corydon, Iowa.
Kirk, David S., Company I, Tarkio, Mo.
Knight, Dill, Company A, Pulaski, Iowa.
Hight, G. W., Company H, Corning, Iowa.
Laing, G. J., Company I, Corydon, Iowa.
McKean, Cornelius, Company E, Perry, Iowa.
Pearce, Elijah J., Company H, Danville, Ind.
Pearson, T. J., Company H, Los Angeles, Cal.
Ratliff, Lemuel, Company I, McPherson, Kas.
Slocum, N. E., Company I, Humeston, Iowa.
Smith, George W., Company H, Grant, Iowa.
Townsend, J. B., Company K, Stevensville, Montana.
Teal, Captain Fred, Company D, Los Angeles, Cal.
Wing, Eli S., Company A, Soldiers Home, Cal.

MEMBERS OF FOURTH IOWA WRITTEN TO AND NOT HEARD FROM.

Albin, James P., Company G, Janesville, Wis.
Arterburn, B., Company K, Boulder, Colo.
Binns, Wm. H., Company A, Redfield, Iowa.

Blackman, Henry R., Company A, Columbus, Neb.
 Burke, Hugh M., Company B, San Francisco, Cal.
 Barlow, S. C., Company E, Dawson, Neb.
 Brown, Wm. E., Company H, Villisca, Iowa.
 Brooks, Alvin M., Company K, Afton, Okla.
 Carrick, Al, Company H, Beard, Iowa.
 Dellinger, Henry, Company H, Plattsmouth, Neb.
 Dunsmore, Daniel G., Company F, Denver, Colo.
 Dilley, Robert A, Company C, Orlando, Okla.
 Ehlers, Henry, Company I, Ehlers, Iowa.
 Evans, Jesse B., Company F, Princeton, Mo.
 Fagan, Robert, Marshalltown, Iowa.
 Faulkins, Chas., Ryan, Iowa.
 Frante, John, Company F, Winterset, Iowa.
 Gandy, Felix, Company E, 557 Armour Avenue, Long Beach,
 Cal., (letter returned, not found).
 Gibbs, Francis M., Company I, Corydon, Iowa.
 Helm, Archer, Company K, Goldfield, Nevada.
 Lloyd, Captain G. W., Company B, Mondamin, Iowa.
 Larrimen, John W., Company H, Corning, Iowa, (letter re-
 turned, not found).
 McReynolds, T. P., Company A, Wellman, Iowa.
 Patterson, John H., Company E, Osceola, Iowa.
 Pomeroy, Isaac J., Company B, Lee Center, Ill.
 Preston, Bernard, Company G, Denver, Colo.
 Drather, W. G., Company H, Bloomfield, Neb.
 Randall, Thomas J., Company A, Dallas Center, Iowa.
 Runkle, John, Company F, St. Charles, Iowa.
 Spence, Abraham L., Company E, Palmyra, Iowa.
 Stiffler, George L., Company F, Winterset, Iowa.
 Shay, Joshua, Company K, Maloy, Iowa.
 Smith, Clark T., Company K, Santa Barbara, Cal.
 Stombauch, Abraham, Company E, Villisca, Iowa.
 Smith, George W., Company H, Villisca, Iowa.
 Young, Anderson, Company H, Nodaway, Iowa, (letter re-
 turned, not found).

(Comrades receiving this booklet and having any knowledge of above
 named Comrades or any others of the Fourth Iowa not named please in-
 form me.—G. M. DODGE.)

MEMBERS OF DODGE'S SECOND IOWA BATTERY WHO
ATTENDED THE REUNION.

Buttolph, J. R., Lohrville, Iowa.
Conger, Ed., De Soto, Iowa.
Covalt, A. W., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Covalt, John, Alliance, Neb.
Crowell, Jesse H., Dale City, Iowa.
Ferguson, C. A., Adel, Iowa.
Fish, J. M., Adel, Iowa.
Guittar, Theodore, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Harrington, I. R., Alton, Missouri.
Ingrim, Joseph T., Salem, Iowa.
Jewell, Frank, Central City, Neb.
Leaming, William J., Kimball, Neb.
Norton, C. H., Avoca, Iowa.
Phillips, L. F., Gravity, Iowa.
Reed, Captain J. R., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Spoor, Captain N. T., Omaha, Neb.
Snyder, J. E., Adel, Iowa.
Whitaker, D. J., R. F. D. No. 3, Maynard, Minn.

MEMBERS UNABLE TO ATTEND.

Blyler, F. F., Des Moines, Iowa.
Jenkins, J. T., Brayton, Iowa.
Lewis, Joseph. Dingle, Idaho.

MEMBERS OF DODGE'S BAND WHO ATTENDED THE
REUNION.

Forgrave, L. W., St. Joseph, Missouri.
Lister, John F., (with wife), Newton, Iowa.

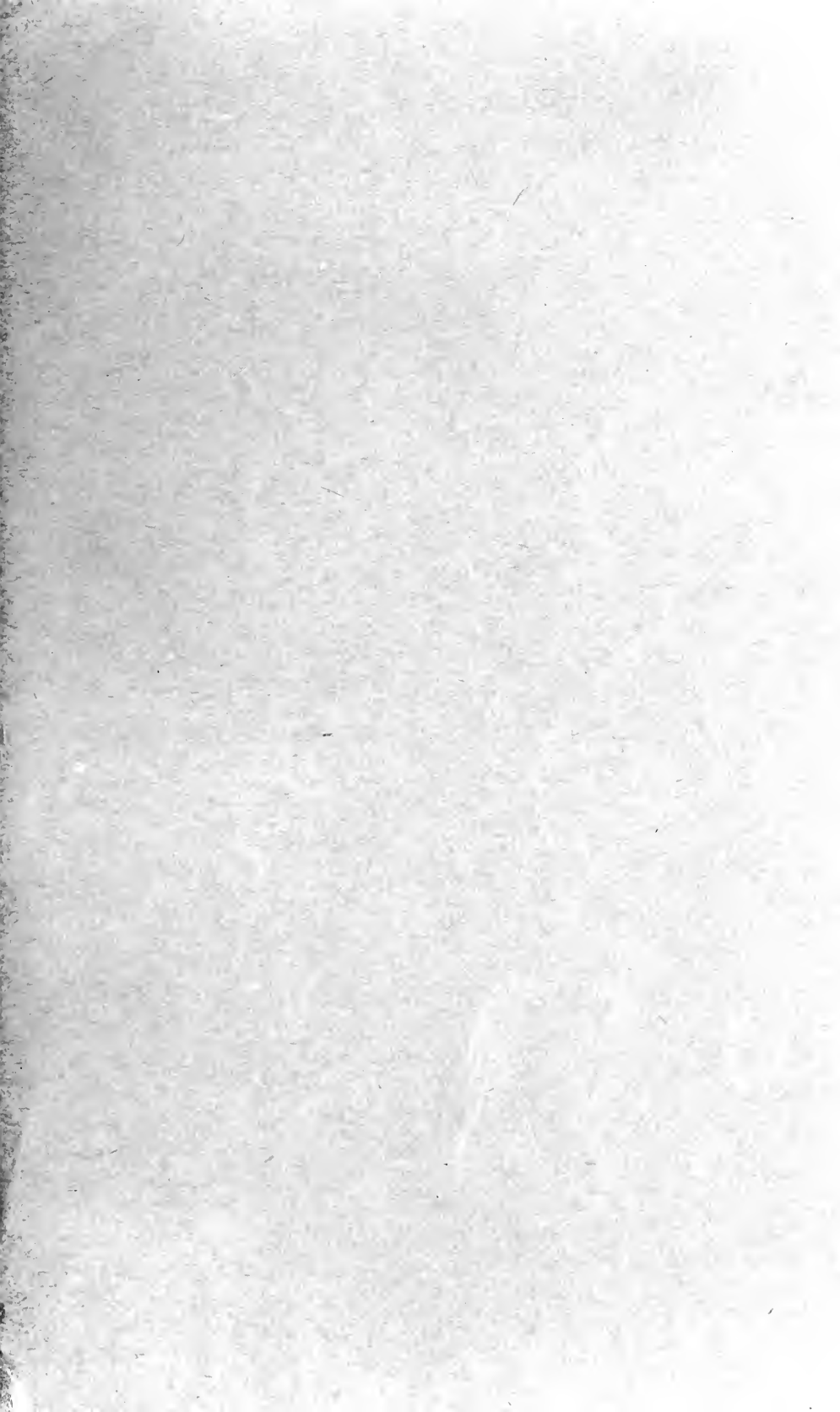
UNABLE TO ATTEND.

Porter, Fred, Grinnell, Ia.
Failer, Samuel, Newton, Iowa.
Skiffs, V. W., 633 N E avenue, Oak Park, Ill.





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