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singular as that he would himself have worn but for the clemency of Gov. Seward. When Mordecai M. Noah depreciated the negro as belonging to an inferior race, which had no rights that white men were bound to respect, Mr. Greeley's stinging and conclusive answer was, that a man, belonging to a nationality which for centuries had been outlawed in every Christian nation, should be the last one to excite prejudices on account of race or color.

Nor is it fitting to deny the greatness of Horace Greeley's heart. There is too much enthusiasm there for what he believes to be right, too ready a willingness to battle, against any odds, for whatever he deems a humanitarian object, to permit any lover of mankind to withhold his respect and affection for the man. Were his head as cool as his heart is warm, his judgment as sound as his aims are noble, he would not have made the mistakes which prove him to be an unfit leader in the path of progress he so devotedly loves.

IN FRONT OF YORKTOWN.

FROM THE MEMORIES OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

"STRIKE tents!" cried the orderly sergeant.

As a "short horse" is soon curried, so is a blanket tent soon struck. To pull up the forked sticks which were the rafters of the house, to toss to one side the inch-thick ridge-pole, to draw out the cord which spiked the sloping sides of the roof together,—and, presto! the house was a ruin, the camp a desolation. Then to fold up our tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away—only with drums beating, trumpets blating, fifes squeaking, horses neighing, mules yaw-hawing, officers shouting, there wasn't much silence in the way we left Old Point Comfort for a march up the Peninsula.

The army was at last in motion, trailing its slow length along. The troops were raw and inexperienced. They had not yet learned to discard the unnecessaries of civilization, and their knapsacks were bulged out with superfluities of clothing and comfort. They bore away their packhorse loads jauntily enough at first; but the schoolmaster experience soon taught them that a foot-soldier wanted but little here below beyond a blanket and a rifle. At each successive camp-ground the knapsacks grew lighter; the trinkets went first, the luxuries followed; many of the necessaries came after. Superfluous clothing all

became voluntary gifts to the rag-picker on that march from Old-Point.

"Route step!" shouted the Colonel; and the Fortieth put on its marching paces. The puffed-out cheeks of the fifers subsided; and the drummers slung their noisy sheep-skins over their shoulders. Soon a rich voice burst out into the inspiration of the "John Brown song," in whose chorus whole companies joined.

"Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession."

They sounded weird, like the second-sight of destiny,—those solemn words:—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the tomb,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the tomb,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the tomb,
But his SOUL is marching on,"

—as the singers sturdily tramped their way through the streets of burnt and desolate Hampton. Here was the vindictiveness of war; since then we have seen so much of the terrorism of treason that the burning of Hampton dwindles to a comparatively venial offense. But then it loomed up as fearful as fate—as black as hell.

The route of march also led through Little Bethel and Big Bethel, each of which attained a small reputation in the beginning of the war. The former was noticeable only as being the location of a school-house—and the possession of a school-house at that time would entitle almost any Virginia town to honorable mention. This Little Bethel affair was a seven-by-nine shanty, just large enough, in the words of a keen soldier, to hold six scholars in summer and four in winter. Big Bethel was a more consequential place; it was as large as half the Virginia settlements which were dignified as "cities." It was here that one of the first battles of the war had taken place. The earthworks behind which the rebels resisted the attack of the Union troops were still standing, as well as the huts in which the gray-backed soldiers had burrowed themselves; but the soul which had animated this body of fortifications had fled; in fact, say the historians, at the battle, a year before, Magruder, frightened at his own temerity in repulsing the Federal volunteers, ran away with his troops in one direction while the Yankees were retreating in the other.

Our march was slow and leisurely; but before it came to an end we were footsore and jaded. I fancy that the great irksomeness of the

soldier's life in those early days of the war was because he had not given up his individuality; it was hard for him to throw away his self-hood, to willingly become an automaton, with no volition of his own—ever and always responsive to the will of another. The phlegmatic Germans fitted into the harness of military life quicker than the nervous Americans. It was a relief to the Teuton to have somebody to do his thinking for him; he subsided into machinedom imperceptibly and naturally; but the Yankee was too much inclined to think for himself; if an officer should say to him, "Do this!" he would reason why; if "Go there!" he would learn the wherefore. So those marches of ours in the spring of '62 were physically easy, mentally difficult. They wearied the spirit far more than the body. The brain hammered out more burning thoughts than the feet marched miles. At a later day, the soldier better understood his dual nature. Individual freedom and automatic obedience were made to work in parallel grooves. As a man, the volunteer was a free moral agent; as a soldier, he was a machine, doing routine duties mechanically—marching, fighting, picketing, in obedience to a stronger will which mesmerized him into submission to its government.

From our camp-ground near Hampton to Yorktown was a two-days' march. The half-way bivouac was like all other night-halts: fence rails made camp-fires; the soldiers boiled their coffee and eat their rations; then spread their gum-blankets upon the ground and themselves thereon, and, with knapsack for pillow and rifle for bed-fellow, shut their eyes to the stars which were twinkling down benedictions upon them, and the day's duties and cares faded into restful slumber and dreams of home.

The morning was cloudy and dull. Big drops soon began to fall. They came thicker and faster, till the shower subsides into storm. The march through the sloppiness of that day can never be forgotten by those who participated in it. Here we splashed through lines of troops who cheered us; there we halted for troops to paddle by, whom we cheered. The suspense of a halt was harder to endure than the reality of the march. The one was unrest; the other action. The road-banks were muddy; so that there was no chance to lie or sit upon the ground; to enjoy "cat-naps;" to write snatches of sentences in fond letters to the loved ones at home; or for those so inclined to bring out their thumbed packs of greasy cards; there was but one resource for time-killing, and that came in the form of the soldier's prerogative—grumbling. They grumbled at high and at low; at the drizzling rain and the sticky mud; at the slowness of the advance

and the length of the halts; and though the grumbles did not help matters a bit, yet they were well-oiled safety-valves for the relief of explosive impatience.

About mid-afternoon an order was sent back from the front for the troops to be hurried forward. The files were closed up; stragglers whipped into the ranks; and the route step was changed to quick march. We could hear the dull boom of heavy guns, which gave promise that active campaigning on the Peninsula had begun. For a couple of hours the Fortieth marched on with closed ranks and steady step; then it filed right, into an open field, where the lines were dressed, rifles stacked, and knapsacks unslung. A few minutes only had passed, when the Colonel rode down the line; then he cried, "Attention!" The regiment came up in rear of its rifles. "The enemy are before us, and you may have a hand in the fight. Do your duty! Take—arms! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Forward—march!" and the crisp commands were followed by the heavy tramp of a thousand feet advancing in the muddy path of glory. The sullen thunder of the cannon grew louder. The woods were being shelled by our artillerists, a few of whose batteries had been dragged through the mud to the front. Although the infantry was hurried forward, it was not brought into action. Subsequent developments have shown what valuable service the infantry might have done had it been put forward; but it is useless to speculate upon what *might have been*, for, in war as in peace, those are the "saddest" of all "sad words."

Our first night in front of Yorktown was curiously compounded of comfort and discomfort—dullness and animation: the comfort of rest after a toilsome march—the discomfort of a muddy camp and wet tents; the dullness of suspense and the animation of expectation. The rain had ceased, and the sky was clear. We kindled fires, dried wet clothing, and boiled coffee; then crept inside of our shelter tents—and that was all till the break of day.

All was quiet along the lines on Sunday. This day a new discomfort fell to our lot: we were rationless. Upon leaving Old Point Comfort, the troops had taken forty-eight hours' rations in their haversacks; the forty-eight hours had now passed, the supplies of "mustang" and "hard-tack" were exhausted, and the commissary wagons were struggling through the mud miles in the rear. Foraging was out of the question, *ex nihil nihil est*. A neighboring turnip-field was robbed of its rooted riches; but what is a bushel of turnips among an army of hungry men. A small quantity of dried corn was found in a farmer's barn; we nibbled at this, and were spared the faintness of utter exhaustion.

We sat around the camp-fires during the day; wrote letters, told stories, speculated about the campaign; and thus the hours dragged by. At dusk a joyful shout was heard in the rear, which was taken up and passed along the lines—"The wagons are coming!" That shout might well be a joyful one, for in those wagons were the sinews of war—bread and coffee. The camp-kettles were placed over the fires, and soon the cooks were serving cups of nectareous coffee. We had a supper that night fit for a king: a "square meal" of "hard-tack" and coffee; then wrapping our blankets about us, went to repose in full anticipation of the battle on the morrow.

But the morrow's battle never came. The commanding general, perhaps, knew why he postponed an engagement which could but have ended in a victory for the Union troops; but the nation has arraigned him for his dilatoriness, and this is not the place to enter upon a discussion of the subject. The postponement of the battle was not a relief; it was a disappointment: suspense, equally with deferred hope, maketh the heart sick.

The troops had heretofore camped on the open field in front of Yorktown, on which it is traditioned that Cornwallis's army was mustered at its surrender; but on Monday morning (following the Saturday of their arrival on the ground) they were located along the lines with reference to siege operations. In accordance with this, the Fortieth once more "pulled up stakes" and marched into the woods. A spot comparatively free from underbrush was selected, and the regiment set to work to make itself a camp. The lowly tents were arranged in straight rows, to form company streets, at one end of which were the officers' quarters, at the other, the cooks' kitchens—respectively the official brains and belly of the camp.

But all this time the rebels had not been idle. They had worked like beavers, completing fortifications and mounting siege-guns. It was well that our army left the open field. If a siege was to be undertaken, discretion was the better part of valor. Breastworks are as important as artillery in a campaign—a little more so, the rebels demonstrated in that siege of Yorktown.

The enemy occasionally threw shells into the woods where the Federal camps were supposed to be, but this sort of amusement was little risky for us, and too expensive of ammunition for them. These little risks were, however, the spice that kept the soldier's life from stagnation. There is in every man's nature a streak of daredevilism; and these chances of possible personal danger were the romance of the campaign—the cancellation of chronic grumbles.

Life in front of Yorktown was a mixture of soldiery and navyism. To do guard-duty to-day and fatigue-service on the morrow; to be called to arms to-night and delve in the trenches to-morrow night; to lie perdu in the performance of picket duty for twenty-four hours, then exchange the rifle for the spade and pickaxe as the next day's experience: such was the routine of siege operations. Spades were trumps in front of Yorktown, and our army had a "full hand" of them.

Drilling was out of the question: there was no drill-ground, and the troops were needed for more important service. The "awkward squad" was given over to the tender mercies of the drill-sergeant daily to get it broken into the monotonous regularity of the "manual of arms." Police duty about the camp was performed incessantly. This was, indeed, one of the most important duties of the campaign. A soldier is a military policeman at best; but police duty in the army is not a particularly soldierly avocation. To "police" the camp is, figuratively, to sweep and garnish it. The police squad clean the streets; dig sinks; clear away the cooks' rubbish; remove all unsightly and unhealthy debris from the vicinage of the tents. This is at all times an imperative sanitary measure—especially so in the Yorktown camps. The Federal lines in front of Yorktown were located in a malarious swamp. To get water, it was necessary to dig but spade deep into the ground. In a rain-storm, the camp was one big puddle. Malaria was in the earth and air—ever around and about us; we eat, drank, and breathed it. It was not the Chickahominy Swamp that decimated our forces with disease so much as the Yorktown Swamp: this caused the sickness—that developed it. The green scum of stagnation covered the swamp ponds; the water which we drank was impregnated with decayed vegetable matter. We breathed disease—we swallowed disease. The wonder is that more of our army were not crushed to death by this fearful weight of miasma.

Our Yorktown life was a novel in three chapters: In camp; in the trenches; on picket. Camp life was a string of devices for time-killing. Now one cleaned his gun, carefully swabbing out the barrel and polishing the bright parts. The rifle put in order, there were letters to write, for the Fortieth was a "writing regiment." It had in its ranks a large proportion of Massachusetts volunteers—long-headed chaps, who could think like Emerson, calculate like Colburn, philosophize like Franklin, and fight like Ney. It is this combination of virtue and valor which makes good soldiers. "Dutch courage" and animal bravery are cowardice compared with moral and intelligent valor. These Massachusetts men went into the army not because of

impulsive enthusiasm, but from the promptings of conscientious duty: the mortality tables tell the rest of the story.

A pack of cards was a famous time-killer. In it there were unnumbered games of old sledge, poker, whist, and euchre. To the veteran card-player, euchre was *passée*, poker an inspiration. In a good "bluff" hand there was excitement which dispelled the monotony of the siege and neutralized the torpor of swamp life. It had, moreover, the fascination of being a forbidden sin. You remember Charles Lamb's quaint wish, that he was a Jew, so he might have the pleasure of sinning when he eat roast pork?

While these delved deep in the mysteries of "full hand" and "ace high," those became for the nonce washermen, and put their under-clothing through a course of soaping and scrubbing; others sauntered off on reconnoitering or foraging expeditions; yet others studied the "Army Regulations" or read the newspapers, or, if it was a Sunday, spent a profitable hour in listening to the good old chaplain's advice. There were plenty of ways to kill time; the day was long or short as its hours were wasted or economized.

Such was camp life: a medium between the military sternness of picket duty and the fatiguing "fatigue" of the trenches. This last was wholly physical; the man with the most brawn was the best fellow. A regiment of Paddy Miles's boys would do far better service in the trenches than a brigade of New York Sevenths.

The fatigue parties were mustered for twenty-four hours' duty, and left camp about nightfall, that they might pass to the trenches unseen by the too vigilant foe. Arrived on the spot where an earth-work was to be thrown up, the party was quietly told off into squads, who should relieve each other at regular intervals, and the first relief began operations. Many hands made light work, and, before the bugle sounded the approach of morning, a ditch would be dug deep enough to shelter the workmen, the earth thrown out from it forming a breast-work. The work could then be continued safely in the daytime, the fatigue party being out of range of the sharp-shooters' slugs. Occasionally a shell would be tossed over from a rebel cannon, but artillery firing at the trenchmen was in most cases a sheer waste of powder and ball. The riflemen sometimes pinked a Federal soldier; but another took his place, and still the work went on.

Picket duty was of rare excitement and danger. The regiment marched to the front, and in the edge of the woods relieved its picket predecessor. A sufficient "army of observation" was strung along the immediate front of the rebel lines, each man hidden behind a

stump, fence, or other impromptu shield. Strict orders were given not to fire upon the enemy, but, despite the prohibition, a lively popping of rifle-shots was kept up. The rebels could be plainly seen swarming around their earth-works: privates running up and down with loads of sand and logs of wood—officers loitering about in supervision of "the job." At sunset the rebel drummers beat "retreat," when their fortifications were deserted. Their bands sometimes struck up as the day grew hazy in submergence into night, and frequently strains of "Dixie" and the "Bonny Blue Flag" floated across the intervening space.

Picketing is a duty requiring unusual nerve, self-confidence, and caution. Every faculty must be kept tense: the hearing made so acute that not the sound of a breath shall escape or refuse to be analyzed by the listening ear; the eyes must borrow the hawk's piercing quickness and the owl's power of nocturnal vision; the imagination must be repressed that it transform not stumps into men, the trickling of a brook into distant conversation, or the wavy motion of the grass-tops into advancing soldiers; the heart must be steady, that its pit-a-pat may not blur and deaden the senses; in a word, every physical faculty must be quickened to intensity and cooled to hardness.

Thus passed the time for nearly a month. Our fortifications were strengthened; siege guns and mortars were mounted, and the army knew that the siege of Yorktown was to begin in earnest. The grass of menace had been thrown long enough—now for the stones of shot and shell.

The Fortieth had been ordered for picket duty for the 4th of May. Accordingly, on the evening of the third of that month, we retired to our shelter tents as soon as the evening muster-roll had been called. But slumber was disturbed that night, for a heavy gun, so near that its discharge shook the ground beneath us, was fired at frequent and regular intervals throughout the night, sending an iron greeting into the rebel fortifications.

It was the first lesson in besieging, repeated with such emphatic persistence as to stun and appall teachers and taught. There was no slighting nor ignoring it; and it was but the preface to an extensive instruction book. The ungrateful confederates waited not, however, to receive complete lessons in siege operations, or to prove that they were acquainted with the manly art of self-defense! They left the introduction half unheard, and "skedaddled" up the peninsula.

On Sunday morning, May 4, A. D. 1862, our regiment formed in line, armed and equipped as the regulations direct, for twenty-four

hours' picket duty. It marched out of camp, and over a corduroy road to the front. The officer in command of the troops relieved told of unusual noises heard during the night in the rebel camps; the rumbling of wheels, neighing of horses, voices of officers in words of command. No flags nor signals were displayed on the enemy's fortifications; all was quiet as the grave. The thought burst upon the picket-line that the works were evacuated, and almost simultaneously a dozen brave fellows dashed out to ascertain the truth of this surmise. They were not molested as they crossed the debatable ground between the lines—the fullest proof of the correctness of the evacuation conjecture—and with a whoop and a hurrah whole companies sprang out, went at a joyful double-quick toward the ponderous earthworks, over which the Stars and Stripes shortly waved in graceful folds; and life in front of Yorktown was at an end.

PAST PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATIONS.

THE measures taken by General Jackson to insure the succession to Mr. Van Buren shall now be briefly indicated. During the first summer of his Presidency, the General was in such feeble health that his friends concluded that he could not survive the term for which he had been elected, and it occurred to one of them, Major William B. Lewis, that, if the President should die, Mr. Calhoun would succeed him, and Mr. Van Buren's prospects be ruined. To prevent so dire a result, he induced the General to write a letter, to be published in case of his death, warmly commending Mr. Van Buren, and severely denouncing Mr. Calhoun. This letter contained the following passage:—

“Permit me here to say of Mr. Van Buren, that I have found him every thing I could desire him to be, and believe him to be, not only deserving my confidence, but the confidence of the nation. Instead of his being selfish and intriguing, as has been represented by some of his opponents, I have ever found him frank, open, candid, and manly. He, my dear friend, is well qualified to fill the highest office in the gift of the people, who in him will find a true friend and safe depository of their rights and liberties. I wish I could say as much for Mr. Calhoun and some of his friends.”

The letter proceeds, at considerable length, to descant upon Mr. Calhoun and his political errors. To guard against accidents, a copy of this letter, signed by the General's own hand, was retained in the secret archives of the White House. As, however, the event which it