HARVARD'S HEROES.

THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS AND THE STUDENTS WHO LED IT.

It Was a Peculiar Regiment, Organized by Dreamers and Nursed at Brook Farm—A Place In History Won by Its Fighting Record and Its Roll of Honor.

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STRANGERS visiting the grounds of Harvard university at Cambridge can but be struck with the high honors which that very ancient and truly classical seat of learning accords "the colonel in his spurs." Not alone generals whose civic virtues were on a par with their achievements in the field, and who chose to be painted in epaulets and sash, but warriors of all rank whose only claims to distinction were carved out with the sword, are given a place in Memorial hall. One tablet hands down to posterity the names of 16 officers of the Second Massachusetts infantry who were killed in battle. Thirteen were all Harvard men, and there were only three officers killed in that regiment during its three years' service who were not Harvard men. Either the Harvard men alone were brave, or fate was unkind to them, or this was a Harvard regiment. It was not a Harvard regiment except as to its leaders, but there were many things in its history to make it worthy to be honored as it is honored in the war Pantheon of New England's great university.

When the handful of state militia was arming in April, 1861, to uphold a president whose right to even call on that militia was doubted, a young militia colonel of Massachusetts who was a graduate of West Point conceived the idea of raising a regiment and presenting it to the United States, clothed and equipped and fed if need be, without calling on any government appropriation of doubtful legality.

The system of organization was rigid in the extreme, and one which in any other time than an hour of patriotic excitement would have scared away recruits and left the money chest empty. The regiment was to be modeled upon those of the regular army—that is, the ranks were to be filled by enlistments for an indefinite period (for the war), and the officers were to be appointed by the colonel without consulting the wishes of the men, as was the custom in the militia and in the volunteers for a long time after the war began. Money and recruits poured in, and officers made application for positions, sometimes bringing Governor Andrew's indorsement, but more often leading a company or battalion of stalwart recruits.

Having at last received the highest sanction for his radical methods, Gordon ordered his scattered companies to come together for muster, and on the 11th of May Captain Abbot's company from Lowell took formal possession of historic Brook Farm at Roxbury, and with a borrowed cannon manned by volunteer gunners saluted the old flag as it slowly climbed up the flagstaff of Camp Andrew. The haunt of dreamers was again peopled with dreamers. At Camp Andrew the companies were welded into a regiment, christened the Second Massachusetts, and like the first phalanx from Brook Farm marched out to make history, but not like that in broken ranks.

On July 12, 1861, the Second Massachusetts—a body of 1,000 men finely armed and equipped—forded the Potomac into Virginia and marched to Martinsburg.

When Gordon broke camp a few days later to march against the enemy, the owner of the land handed him a bill for fence rails burned, grass trampled and extra plowing necessary to make good the ravages of Yankee boot heels. Having marched into the south to enforce the doctrine that property was sacred and not to be taken without just compensation, the colonel promptly counted out every dollar asked in gold.

The first fighting of the regiment was in Banks' retreat down the valley, with Stonewall Jackson at his heels, May, 1862. Gordon commanded the Union rear guard, of which the Second formed a part. The first check to Jackson's vanguard—the general in person, with his escort and staff—was given by Company I of the Second. Gordon's brigade disputed the pike with them all the way to Winchester and kept them from seizing the hills commanding the town, which Jackson told his officers must be taken at all hazard. Formed on the semicircular heights, with but 2,000 men in line, it kept Jackson's five brigades, one of which mustered 4,000, over three hours. The Second stood alone at the last and lost more men killed than any other regiment in the army. In 36 hours it marched 54 miles, and 24 hours of that time were passed in continuous skirmishing with the enemy.

The next battle of the regiment was at Cedar Mountain, a grand test of soldier mettle. In a crisis of the engagement Gordon was left with three regiments—1,500 men—to receive the charge of 8,000 led by Jackson in person. The Second soon stood alone, its companion regiments having dropped out. The Massachusetts men remained firm, coolly firing while the other regiments re-formed behind it, but was again left unsupported just as an entire brigade fell upon it from the right rear. The captain of the right company and 20 men were killed in the fury of the assault. The major was also killed there, and the regiment came off with 56 dead and over 100 wounded.

At Antietam the regiment lost fewer than in the Cedar Mountain fight, but stood in the hottest corner of the field nevertheless. With the Twelfth corps, part old valley troops and all from Cedar Mountain, it confronted Jackson at the cornfield and Dunker church. Charging to the edge of the cornfield when it was filled with the enemy, the Second maintained a galling fire upon them until the ground was gray with dead. Afterward it charged through the field up to the "Bloody Lane," where it faced a fire from the enemy as terrible as it had inflicted in the cornfield a short time before. The Confederates stood in the shelter of a thick belt of woods about 100 yards from the lane and greatly outnumbered Gordon's men, who were alone. It was at the time of "Old Bull" Sumner's charge, when the whole army on the field was fiercely engaged, and brigades and divisions were wiped out almost at a breath. Gordon's men returned the enemy's fire with spirit, but could not advance without useless sacrifice. To remain in its exposed position was also a reckless waste of life, and it was ordered back across that cornfield, where even the stalks had been mowed down by the sifting fire. The Second retired last and in perfect order, as at Winchester and Cedar Mountain. Antietam added 20 to the death roll, besides 30 wounded. In the battle at the lane Lieutenant Colonel Wilder S. Dwight fell mortally wounded, the second field officer killed in the regiment.

The next great battle of the Army of the Potomac was missed by the Second Massachusetts and the whole Twelfth corps, in fact. The corps guarded the Potomac during the campaign at Fredericksburg, but at Chancellorsville a part of it went into action as reserve to the Eleventh corps. The Second, as usual, came in for the lion's share of the fighting. It lost the most men killed there of any regiment in the corps, and that was its record all through the service. When Jeb Stuart gathered up Stonewall Jackson's victorious battalions to press the charge that renowned leader had barely initiated when he fell, a part of Slocum's Twelfth corps lay in the pathway of his advance. The fiercest fighting took place on Sunday morning, May 3. The Union troops fell back fighting through Hazel Grove to a new position in the rear where the army was massed. Every step of the ground was disputed as the lines retired, and it was during this difficult retrograde that the Second was called upon to play the role it had practiced in the Shenandoah valley and also at Cedar Mountain. Three times it turned and charged upon the advancing enemy, each time trampling over his dead and wounded and driving him to cover like hunted prey. In its last charge the regiment met the First

WHERE THEY CHARGED AT GETTYSBURG.
[Base of Culp's Hill.]

South Carolina, a body of men noted for gallantry in battle. The Carolinians lost 100 killed and wounded in that collision in the woods, and its flag was shot down by the Massachusetts' bullets. But just at that time the ammunition of the Second gave out, and it could not advance to follow up the good stroke. For two hours it had fought in close musketry firing, and the boxes of the men were empty. Refusing to leave, however, Colonel Quincy sent messengers to the rear to make his wants known at headquarters. The men fixed bayonets and stood there on the defensive with one shot in reserve for the trying moment should the enemy press his advantage. There they stood in sullen defiance, surrounded by over 100 of their comrades who had fallen in that unequal fight. Gettysburg was to the Second Massachusetts as to many another gallant Union fighting regiment—the field of their brightest fame. One hour there the survivors may recall as did the Mexican veteran the glorious charge at Monterey:

> We are not many, we who pressed
> Beside the brave who fell that day.
> But who of us has not confessed
> He'd rather share their warrior rest
> Than not have been at Monterey?

The hour was in the early morning of July 2, when the regiment was ordered to recapture breastworks at the base of Culp's Hill which had been carried by a bold Confederate charge the previous night, when the Twelfth corps men were away repelling Longstreet on another part of the field. An open meadow 100 yards across lay between the Second and the enemy massed heavily in the stolen trenches and among the huge rocks in the woods in front of them. When Colonel Mudge received the order to go, he exclaimed: "It is murder, but it is the order. Second Massachusetts, come on!" With a cheer the men leaped their works and started double quick across the field. Colonel Mudge was killed instantly while sounding the first battlecry. The fusillade which the enemy directed upon that narrow space was terrible. The regimental flag lost five bearers, three of them killed outright, and in the bloody dash of 100 paces 10 officers and 123 men went down, half the rank and file. Arriving at the foot of the hill, Captain Morse, who succeeded the dead colonel, found his flanks unsupported and the enemy throwing a force in his rear. The line was drawn back on the right, and in that position the men stood, firing rapidly until they had emptied their boxes and the general ordered a retreat.

Out of the original 1,019 officers and men mustered at Brook Farm, 113 were killed in battle, and the total killed and wounded was 603, all in the ranks of the Second Massachusetts.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Success.

The stoutest ship may breast the gale
And still be driven back.
What though to reach the port she fail,
Shall we declare she could not sail
Because she had to tack?

When storms belate and plagues impede,
When aches and ills betide,
Ambition's goal may not be won.
Yet hast thou bravely, nobly done
If thou hast bravely tried.

"'He nobly does who nobly dares"
When trials sore oppress,
Whose perseverance naught can shake,
Though failure follows in his wake,
His failure is success.

The fiercest battles are to fight,
The strongest forts to scale.
Sometimes the bravest heroes fall,
Sometimes the truest lives of all
Are lived by ones who fail.

—Myron Hanford Veon.

A Poor Man's Wealth.

A poor man? Yes, I must confess,
No wealth of gold do I possess.
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,
Nor fields of waving grain are mine;
No foot of fat or fallow land
Where rightfully my feet may stand
The while I claim it as my own,
My deed and title, mine alone.

Ah, poor indeed, perhaps you say,
But spare me your compassion, pray.
When I ride not—with you—I walk
In nature's company and talk
With one who will not slight or slur
The child forever dear to her,
And one who answers back, be sure,
With smile for smile, though I am poor.

And while communing thus I count
An inner wealth of large amount,
The wealth of honest purpose blent
With penury's environment,
The wealth of owing naught today
But debts that I would gladly pay
With wealth of thanks still unexpressed
With cumulative interest.

A wealth of patience and content
For all my ways improvident,
A faith still fondly exercised
For all my plans unrealized,
A wealth of promises that still,
Howe'er I fail, I hope to fill,
A wealth of charity for those
Who pity me my ragged clothes.

A poor man? Yes, I must confess,
No wealth of gold do I possess.
No pastures fine, with grazing kine,
Nor fields of waving grain are mine.
But, ah, my friend, I've wealth no end,
For millionaires might condescend
To bend the knee and envy me
This opulence of poverty.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark and fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like the song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is honest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Misspent Time.

There is no remedy for time misspent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh, hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! Ye sting not less
Because I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in endless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems
And shape his acts and discipline his mind
To walk adoring earth with hope of heaven.

—Sir Arthur de Vere.

A Printer's Epitaph.

No more shall copy bad perplex my brain;
No more shall type's small face my eyeballs strain;
No more the proof's foul page create me troubles,
My errors, transpositions, outs and doubles;
No more to overrun shall I begin;
No more be driving out or driving in!
The stubborn pressman's brow I now may scoff,
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Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brisket.
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Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

Jack Taylor.

P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana.
Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder.
Cattle brand as shown in cut.
Range, Madison divide.
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