

Excerpts from *Roster and Records of Iowa Soldiers, War of the Rebellion:  
Historical Sketches of Volunteer Organizations, Volume 1, 1861-1866*

**The Annals of Iowa 8 (1908)**

**Fourth Regiment Iowa Volunteer Infantry**

“On the morning of the 7<sup>th</sup> of March [1862], it was known that the enemy was advancing and attacking our army [at the Battle of Pea Ridge, AR]... 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 full 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 lines, and the left wing of the division having fallen back to the open fields, leaving the left exposed, which was also flanked, it was compelled to fall back obliquely to the right, which it did in good order, fighting its way out, 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 need 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.... The mention of individual acts of bravery could not be made without being invidious.”

**FREDERICKSBURG by Thomas Bailey Aldrich**

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,  
And on the churchyard by the road, I know  
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow...  
'T was such a night two weary summers fled;  
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.  
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow  
Where the swift currents of the river flow  
Past Fredericksburg: far off the heavens are red  
With sudden conflagration: on yon height,  
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath:  
A signal-rocket pierces the dense night,  
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:  
Hark!— the artillery massing on the right,  
Hark!— the black squadrons wheeling down to Death!