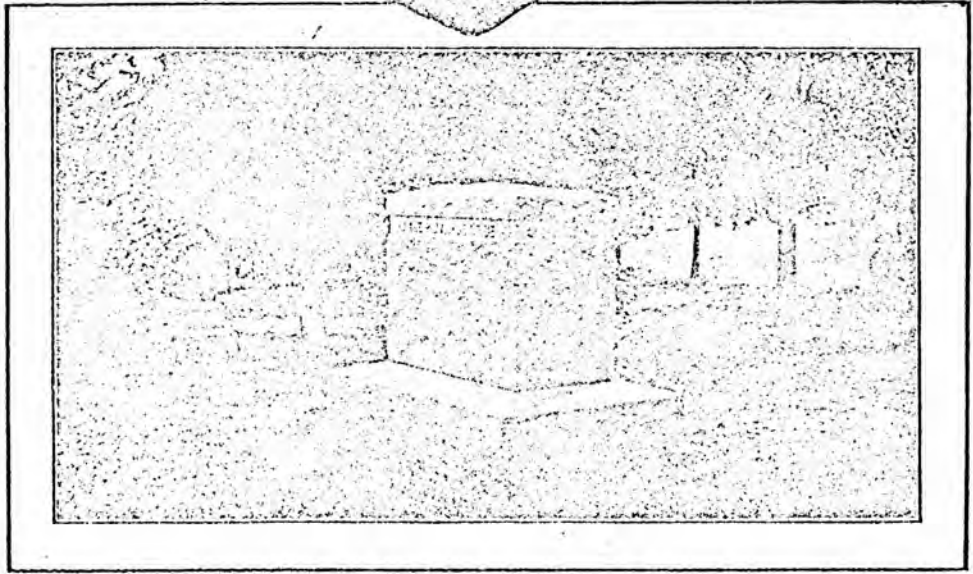
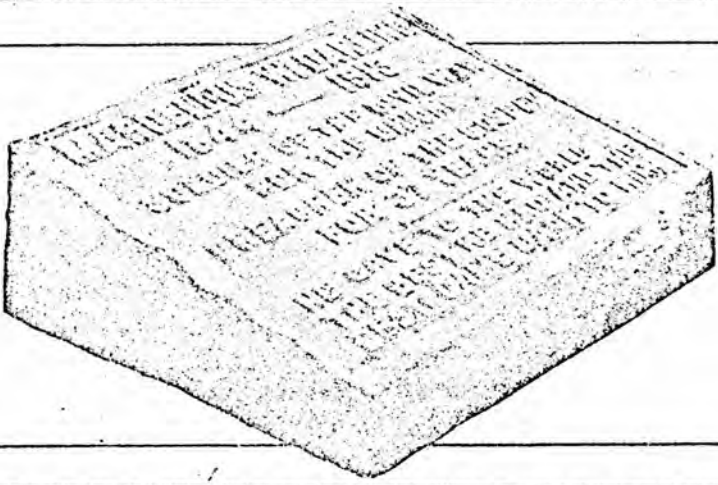
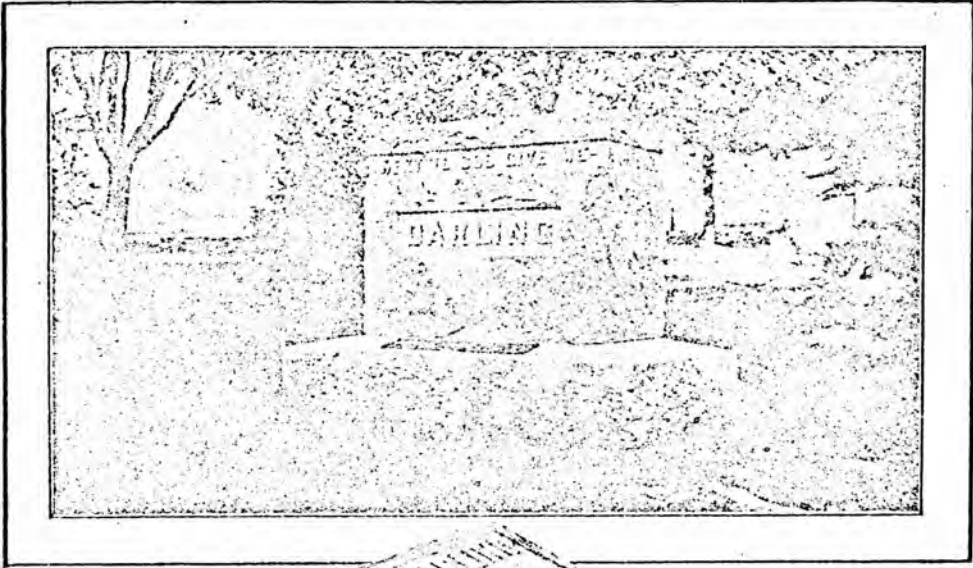


Marcellus Warner Darling

EVENTS AND COMMENTS
OF MY LIFE

(FOR ANY WHO MAY BE INTERESTED IN ME AND MY EXPERIENCE)

FROM A MANUSCRIPT FOUND
AMONG THE PAPERS OF DR.
DARLING AFTER HIS DEATH



THE MONUMENT AT LOGAN PARK CEMETERY, SIOUX CITY, IA.

The granite monument which marks the grave of Dr. Darling is the gift of his former parishioners in Glencoe, Ills., Sioux City, Iowa, and Elkhart, Ind.

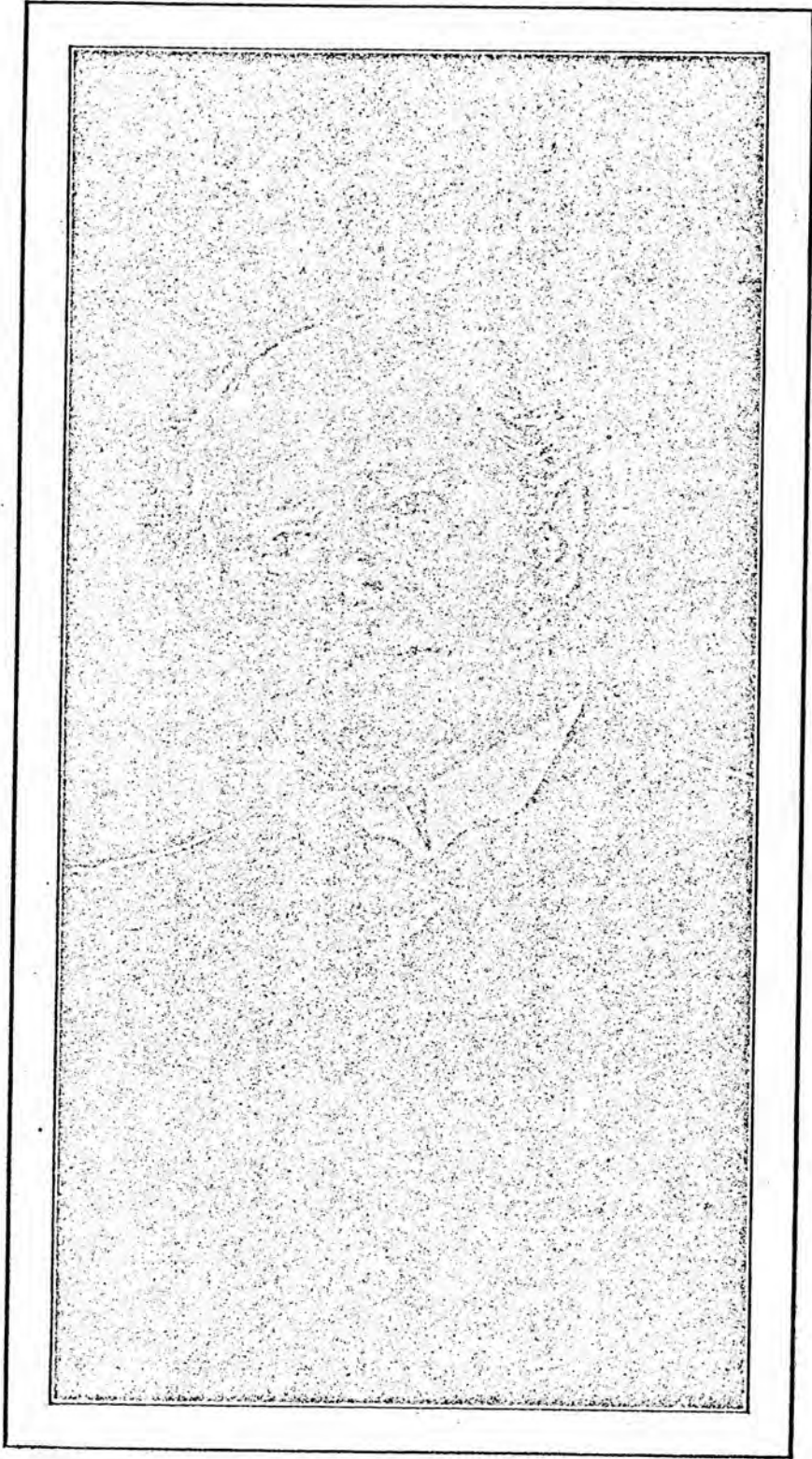
Engraved on a frieze extending around the monument near the top is the following favorite quotation from Dr. Darling: "Next to God give me a friend and the privilege of being a friend." This, with his name and a tablet denoting the donors, complete the inscriptions.

A marker at the foot of the grave reads: "Marcellus W. Darling, 1844-1913. Soldier of the Civil War for the Union. Preacher of the Gospel for 37 Years." "He gave to the world the best he had and the best came back to him."

SUCCESS

“He has achieved Success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much. Who has gained the trust of pure women, the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul. *Who has never lacked in appreciation of earth's beauty, nor failed to express it.* Who has always looked for the best in others, and given them the best he had. Whose life is an inspiration; whose death, a benediction.”

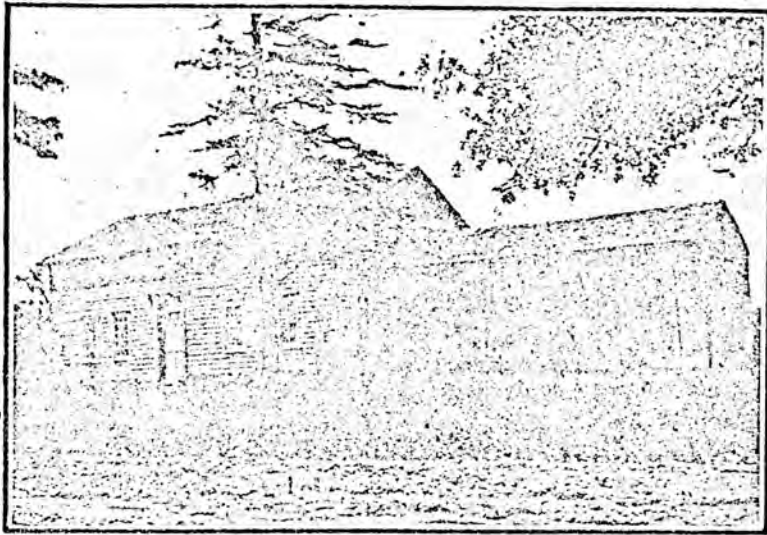
M. H. Darling



The passing of Marc Darling

Dr. Darling was pastor of the First Congregational church in Sioux City for fourteen years—a long time, as pastorates run. It is fourteen years since he resigned and went away to work in another place; and now all that is mortal of him has been brought back for final rest in the unseen home of the grave. There is quiet satisfaction to his old friends that at the end of the day, the sun gone down, the love that constrains the heart, in fulfillment of his wish, should bring him here. He would have it a homecoming, a greeting and a cheery parting, with good assurance that we shall meet again. The years that he lived here were not idle years. His own rich life was knit with the lives of his people, and the human and the spiritual bond intertwined and commingled life and made it real and beautiful. The memory of it is not made old by years, and the benediction of it will linger on to bless and comfort those who wait a while. From his youth he was accustomed to battle, but no turmoil, no test of strength, disturbed over much the gentleness and sweet simplicity of his nature. He took upon himself the yoke, and it was easy, and the burden was light. He was masterful. He bore the weight of his own sorrows, and he had strength abundant to spare wherever there was one cast down, and wherever there was weakness and tears. His face was radiant with the light of the morning, and wherever he went he carried, without ostentation, in all humility, the pure and fragrant flowers of his soul. He was welcome where the guests were merry, and he was father and elder brother in time of trouble. The life he lived he preached, without vain striving, without vain contention, with unflinching charity, ever ready with forgiveness, harboring no ill, ceaseless in ministrations, and dispensing in whatever office and on all occasions the wholesome cheer and timely consolation of his versatile and beautiful character. He knew life, and he exemplified in overflowing measure the better parts; and so he won the hearts of men, and was their friend and by them accepted as their fellow. Peace be with him through the unnumbered years.

GEO. D. PERKINS, In Sioux City Journal.



THE BIRTHPLACE: "ELDER EVERTS" HOUSE

AN UNFINISHED MEMORY SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. MARC W. DARLING

WHICH, AFTER REPEATED REQUESTS FROM
THE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, HE
STARTED, JUNE 19, 1907

I was born March 9, 1844, in township of Leon, North Leon, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., in "Elder Everts" house, now standing, about 40 rods north of the school-house. I was the eighth child in a family of eleven children, one sister and nine brothers.

The first thing of which I have any remembrance was near March 9, 1848, four years old, when the family moved up on "Town Hill." This is distinct, as to house, the snow storm and driving the cows in the road to the new farm.

The first death I remember was brother Albert, September, 1850, when I was six. It was a mystery. It was followed in June, 1851, by the death of brother Byron from scarlet fever, from which I was near to death's door for several days. When I was well enough, brother Deloss carried me in his arms across the road to see the little pigs. Oh, how beautiful the bright, sunny world seemed, that I remember well.



FATHER, TIMOTHY DARLING

The next event of clear remembrance was my first distinct idea of God, when I was between six and seven years old. My mother was sitting by the window, meditating, as was her habit, in silence, when somehow by question and answer between us, there came into my mind the sense of God's presence in my soul. A sense so real and so living that it has never left me, now after more than 56 years. I carried it with me throughout all these years, in doubt at times of many other things, in distress, in battle, in college, in all

my experiences. No other one event has had so much to do with making me what I am as this moment's experience (and it has not had all the influence I wish).

My mother was of a deeply religious nature, though it was the rarest thing that she ever spoke of religion; quiet, meditative, reserved, yet of greatest influence in this respect on all her children. My father was more fervid, but not so constant, tenderly affectionate, but of a quick temper and hasty word. We were necessarily poor, with small income from a small farm and with a large family. We never suffered from hunger, though we often came very near to it. Our clothing was home-sheared, home-spun and home-made, almost altogether. The experience of those early years show how comfortably, after all, people can

live on very little, if they are so disposed. And as I look back over 63 years, I see that those conditions were, after all, no small element in my education. So often there is some real good in things seemingly evil. I remember well the days when we had no stoves. All cooking was done on the fire-place, basting meat, baking bread, pies, etc. It was a great day when father bought a cook-stove and set it up. It was a strange thing. Neighbors came to see it and wonder how it worked. I cannot place the date of this, but it must have been near 1850.



MOTHER, DIANTHA GROVES DARLING

Thus the years went by until I was old enough to begin to "work out" to earn something. The summer I was ten I had my first

dollar, received for a week's work for a neighbor, Rob. Curtis, carrying water out of his cellar rainy days and riding horse to plow corn on sunny days. That dollar made me rich, it was a fortune. Earlier I thought if I had a dollar, I would spend it all for striped stick candy. But when I was old enough to earn the dollar, my idea of relative values changed, so mother bought cloth for a summer coat. The first pair of boots I ever had I earned by cutting cord wood at 25 cents a cord—boots cost \$3.50—red tops.

There was little time for schooling, but much time for musing. Some called me "a dreamer." Some said I was "lazy," and I guess I was. But I did like to read. Books were scarce. Aside from the Bible, I remember but one book, in those early days, a coverless copy of a history of Greece. This I read and reread and I date my love of Greek language and literature, later, to this old dog-eared book. Later a life of Daniel Boone came into my experience, and stirred my imagination. But as a whole, I was a dull boy, did not wake up till I was somewhere about 15 years old. When I was 14 I did chores for my board, and walked a mile and a half to a country school. The summer following I hired out to a Mr. Belden, on Town Line road (where I had done chores for board and went to school), for eight months, at \$7.00 a month. After five months we agreed that I should quit. There was no fault with the work. But they thought the hired girl and I had become too good friends. "Della" would see that I had something good to eat and enough of it, often slipping into my pocket an extra piece as I went into the field to work. So we both "struck." At the end of five months I had drawn \$3.37, the remainder was given to mother to help pay for the little home, in "The Hollow;" the other boys contributed also. About this time I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It stirred me deeply. The remainder of the summer I worked for Alexander Ross and brother Deloss, in a cider mill at Rutledge. Again in the winter I did chores for Lucy Dudley and went to school. The summer of '61 I worked for Wells Bros. at \$9.00 a month on a farm, till September, when I went to Randolph Academy with Edgar Shannon, Max Saunders, and DeHart Thompson, boarding ourselves over a store for the fall term only, after which I did chores at Beecham's and went to school to my best friend, Shannon. I began to be eager for an education. The summer of '62 I worked for James Wells on the same farm at \$11.00 a month, intending to go to Randolph in September, but instead I enlisted for "three years or during war," going in the same company (K., 154th N. Y. V.) with brother Deloss. The war had been going on for a year, and seeing men with families going and returning wounded, I felt it my duty to go.



M. W. DARLING, AT 17
His First Picture

My first love in early years was an old man, Naham Grout, with long gray hair. We used to hunt woodchucks together with my dog, "Old Vent." He tanned the skins, braided them into whip lashes and sold them, giving me, as my share, usually, a stick of candy. The old man loved me, I am sure, for we spent any spare time wandering in woods and fields, both happy, and singular as it may seem, companionable. And to this day, in that neighborhood, I am known as "Old Grout." I was tall, awkward, bashful, and was shy of girls' company, because I was so awkward and bashful.

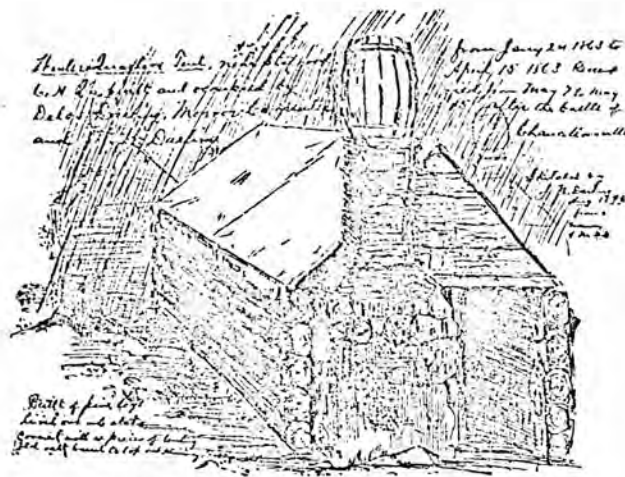
Going to see Grandmother (Groves), eating with her at her little table with little dishes, where she lived alone, was one of the joys of my early life. She was, as I now discern, as my mother also was, a woman of clear mind, and a strong character, affectionate, but stern for conduct and character.

Up to this time I had been no more than 30 miles from home, had ridden in cars but once, from Randolph to Jamestown, when I was 17. Knew little of the world, but was, as I now see, eager for knowledge without anyone to guide me to its sources. While working on Wells' farm, I used to read as I could, and marking down words which I did not understand, I walked a half mile about twice a week to a school house and consulted a dictionary. Since then I have thought it was a good plan to have the dictionary a half-mile away. These words were thus impressed on my memory. Easy to get means easy to forget, whether of knowledge or money.

I was enrolled in the army service September 6, 1862, at Leon, went to Jamestown with others on foot, 21 miles, where I was assigned to Co. K., 154th N. Y. V., Captain Hugaboom; was given 10 days' furlough, went back home, returned on time, did camp duty and with regiment left for Washington, September 26, 1862, in passenger coaches (the second time I had been on cars). At Elmira, N. Y., in the morning received guns, etc. Left at evening, in box cars, arriving at Baltimore next noon, where we marched a mile and a half through the city in the heat. This was the hardest experience on the march, during three years, as I had a great load, provisions, clothing, etc., on my back, with "mumps" extra. In the afternoon the doctor sent me to a hotel to sleep, but was aroused two hours later to take cars for Washington. Here we stayed on the green near the capitol, in a sweltering sun, till evening, when we marched through the city, across Long Bridge, into Virginia, on Arlington Heights. I was carried in the baggage wagon on top of baggage and put off at the hospital, but near the regiment camp, returning to the company after five days. Soon we marched out to Fairfax Court House and after a few weeks on over Bull Run battle grounds, giving us an idea of how it looks after a battle, and on to near Warrenton Junction. Heard some firing here, skirmishing for the first time, moved around to "Thoroughfare Gap," where we guarded "Gap" a few weeks, returning to Fairfax C. H., where we put up tents for the winter. Here a funny incident occurred: Two of us went beyond pickets, to get some milk in the night. I was milking into a canteen—while the other fellows kept guard—out came two or three dogs, the cow ran, we followed the cow a-hold of her tail, till we switched her around a tree and filled the canteen.

Near December 10 we were ordered to Fredericksburg. On the way at Dumfries we ran into Mosby's Cavalry, as they were gutting a settlers' train. We double-quickd two miles, just to have a few shots at Mosby, as he was leaving with plunder of the settlers. I got some crab-apple cider—good! On to Fredericksburg and heard heavy firing as we came nearer. Stories came of a great battle with great losses.

We arrived at evening, coming under fire of shell at once, but we did not cross the river. That night all of the Union Army returned to the north bank of the Rappahannock river, defeated, dispirited, but not broken. We went into camp on the bank of the river above Talmouth, on the right, where I did picket duty on the river bank, trading coffee for tobacco, etc., across the river, in a friendly way with the "Johnnies."



WINTER QUARTERS AT STAFFORD COURT HOUSE

Near January 20, 1863, our brigade took the advance to United States ford, known as "Burnside's Mud-March." A midnight march somewhere in the mud and darkness, fixing bayonets as we rushed up a hill, never knew what it was all about, but Captain Hugaboom was badly scared. We returned to Stafford Court House for winter quarters, where we put up block-house, Monroe Carpenter, brother Deloss and I. (V. drawing of same by Jay.) Here we remained in quarters, drilling, picketing and doing camp duties, till about April 15th, 1863. Here President Lincoln reviewed our corps. Our brigade went to Kelly's Ford, where near the last of April my regiment led the advance in crossing the Rappahannock river. Volunteers were called for, larger numbers responded than were needed. We were put into pontoon boats in a little stream about sundown and floated down the stream into the river, directly in face of the Confederate pickets. I was in the second boat. The rebel pickets fired and fled, their balls cutting near us. It was a trying ordeal, as we could not turn about, hide, nor escape. Evidently they did not take deliberate aim, having the good sense to know that killing a few of us would make no difference one way or the other. We mounted the bank and climbed up, deployed, waiting till more came in boats. Then we advanced away from the river, forming a line to protect the engineers while they hastened to lay the bridge. About 2 a. m. we were relieved and returned to camp, while the army, some 70,000, crossed the river in the course of two days, marching on the way to Chancellorsville. We followed, bringing up the rear. At Dowdell's Tavern, we formed in line of battle, the 11th corps under General Howard. There was fighting toward the left and towards Fredericksburg, and toward evening, Friday, May 1, in our line. Saturday it was quiet till about 5 p. m., I came in from picket line about 2:30 p. m., confident that the rebels were massing in our front and right for we could see them and hear them. Picket firing was sharp, but evidently they were trying to keep quiet and this was suspicious. Just

before 5 p. m. a sharp firing broke out on our right, then ceased. They were feeling our line. About 5:30 it began again furiously and did not cease. More than 20,000 men under Stonewall Jackson were massed on our flank, and in a desperate charge and rush they swept back the right wing of 9,000 men, taking it in the flank, where the men had no chance. The battle rolled on toward us. Men, horses, wagons, even beef-cattle came pell-mell rushing over us. We partially formed a new front attack at Dowdell's house, till flanked on both sides, when Colonel Jones, wounded, said: "Now you may go." I had been hit on the left shoulder, cutting my clothes and raking my shoulder. We started for the rear, but on the way to cover of the woods many were shot from the flanks. I was hit on the left leg by a spent ball, another hit my gunstock between the lock and butt and broke it completely off. I dropped it and soon picked up another. Once in the woods, with others I bore to our right and was soon face to face with the rebel line. A Confederate said, "Surrender, surrender there," and we obeyed. They marched us off to their rear, perhaps 100 rods, some 25 of us, and there they put a guard about us of three or four men, told us to lie down and keep down. I lay beside Chet. Strickland of Co. K. I proposed to him we should try to escape. He said: "No, I'm not going to take any more chances." I whispered "Good-bye," and crept out by the guard, who had sat down by a tree and evidently gone to sleep, as I guessed before I started. I moved on my belly until past the guard, when I rose partly up and started to run, but running into a bit of dry brush, made a noise, roused the guard and he cried, "Halt! Halt!" firing after me into the bushes. I hastened on, not knowing where to go or what I might meet. It was about 3 a. m. when I escaped. Feeling my way in the thicket, I came out in sight of an open field where I saw men moving. I crept up in the bushes for I could not see whether the men wore blue or gray, and said: "Say, boys, what regiment is this?" Several answered: "Thirty-seventh New York." Not till then did I know where I had come out. I got over a log fence and inquired for "Asa Camp," who was in the 37th, from my home. He was there and said some of my regiment were back behind a hill nearby. At break of day we started with Captain Cheney to find our regiment, got as far as the Twelfth corps, near Chancellor's house, Hooker's headquarters, when Captain Cheney told us to stay there till he found the regiment. Alva Merrill of my company divided coffee with me and as it was making it began to boil over. I ran to take it off the fire, when behold, the rebel line was advancing on us, and leaving the coffee we fell into line, began firing, and so kept up the hot fight till nearly noon, not having tasted food or coffee since the noon before. Merrill was killed by my side, Captain Cheney was wounded. With terrible destruction from rebel shell men lay dead and wounded all about us. At last the line gave way and I with others walked slowly down the road toward the rear. I remember now I cared little then for life or death, more indifferent than it can now seem possible one can be. I walked on a mile or so and came to the corps, and finally to my regiment, found more than half of the company gone, but

found brother Deloss, about whom I had no word since we began the fight Saturday about 6 p. m.

It was a sad, sad time. We had been beaten, with no chance to show we could fight. The generals in charge must bear the blame. Braver, better men were nowhere to be found. After two or three days we recrossed the Rappahannock river at U. S. ford and went back to the old camp at Stafford Court House. This was another fatal mistake, as men began to be taken sick, typhoid fever mainly, and began to die like sheep. In a week I came down with typhoid fever, was taken to the field hospital at Brooks Station, where I remained till about the 15th of June, when the army fell back and we had to be moved. They carried me



TAKEN WHILE CONVALESCING FROM TYPHOID FEVER

onto a boat with hundreds of others, laying me on the upper deck, and at daylight we were in Washington. I was taken to "Carver" hospital, thence removed to Philadelphia at Chestnut Hill. Here I became convalescent. I was here when Gettysburg was fought, July 1-3, 1863. Brother Deloss was captured July 1, about 4 p. m., near where the monument now stands to my regiment.

On August 11, 1863, I was sent to Washington to Convalescent Camp at Arlington and after a week on to my regiment near Culpepper Court House. Still being unable to do duty, the doctor put me on the roll of convalescents, but in ten days I was on duty.

The regiment was sent to Alexandria, camped on the Potomac bank a mile up toward Washington, where we were assigned to the duty of guarding drafted men, "conscripts," from Alexandria up to the army. They were taken on freight cars in groups to be assigned to various regiments. Near September 26th, 1863, both the 11th and 12th corps were put under Hooker and transferred to near Chattanooga, Tenn., in freight cars; a week's ride. Here at Bridgeport, Ala., we were put to cutting ties for the railroad, till October 27th. We marched up to Lookout Valley, fighting most of the way, at Wauhatchie, etc., till we made junction with Thomas' army at Chattanooga, and thus opened the famous "cracker line."

(Resumed Monday, July 1, 1907, remembering it is 44 years today Gettysburg began.)

Here we did picket duty, etc. Lay in camp near the foot of Lookout, where from the mountain top they dropped shells into our camp from a small battery on Point Lookout. Few were injured, the shells coming straight down and entering the ground. One fell within six feet of the front of my tent. On Monday, November 23d, we moved over to

Chattanooga, leaving knapsacks, etc., in camp. Next day we joined in the attack on "Orchard Knob." When we moved out to the attack we passed under the guns of Fort Wood, where stood General Grant and staff, Generals Thomas, Howard, Sheridan and Sherman, all the great generals of the war, as later was shown. (Not sure but that General Hooker was there.) The firing was sharp and hot. I think I never felt less fear in going into battle, except once, at Rocky Faced Ridge, in May next.

The next day we moved to the left and pressed the battle. We were sent to re-enforce Sherman on the left; as we went up I saw them bearing General Corse back to the rear in an army blanket, while blood dripped from the bottom of the blanket. He said: "Well, it's — hot up there, but we were driving them." On the night before he was to charge, Corse had said to two or three other officers, "Let's go and view the ground where we must shortly lie," using the words of an old hymn. It reminds me of the story of General Phil. Kearney at Fair Oaks. A colonel, leading his regiment up to the firing line, said: "General Kearney, where shall I go in?" "Anywhere, Colonel, anywhere; there is *lovely fighting* all along the line." It was common for men going into battle to relieve the tension by jokes and quips and chaffing. Some never speak, but grimly set their teeth and go forward. Some swear—few and rarely. Some—many, doubtless—pray inwardly. I never saw or heard a man pray openly.

The first position—after Orchard Knob—captured, was Lookout Mountain by Hooker. The fight began in the center, then heavily on the right at Lookout, then on the left by Sherman. When the rebel center was weakened, the attack was made in the center, near Bragg's headquarters, where some 7,000 prisoners were taken, and the Confederates in full retreat. We pressed on to Chickamauga Station, where we found corn meal and sorghum. We camped near for the night and had Thanksgiving supper ('63) of corn meal mush and sorghum. It was good, after the great Union victory. We followed on, skirmishing near Dalton, where we remained two or three days, then went on a forced march to the relief of Burnside, who was shut up in Knoxville by Longstreet. The hardest feature of this December march was that we had no change of clothing, no blankets, no knapsacks, having left all in camp by order. The coffee gave out, and living on corn meal we all had "heart burn" (indigestion). Nights we built fires, and raking off the fire lay like pigs on the warm ground, spooning, for the ground was frozen much of the time. After driving off the rebs we returned more slowly, to camp at Lookout, just before Christmas, 1863. Christmas day I was on picket with nothing to eat except parched corn, picked up from ground where it had been spilled. But soon rations began to come more plentifully.

On our return from Knoxville my shoes were cut out on bottoms by frozen hubs and the walking on railroad ties, as were many others. It is true that blood marked the tracks of some. We took green cow hides and cut out wrappings for the feet which served in place of shoes.