First Man to Answer President Lincoln's Call

(By E. A. Brininstool.)

IN THE National cemetery at Arlington there is a burial plot presented by the United States government to Dr. Charles F. Rand of Washington, D. C. The plot is not occupied; there is no reason to suppose it will be for many years. But when its owner is laid there for his last rest the monument that marks his grave will commemorate the distinguished services of the first volunteer to enlist for the civil war in response to Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, who was also a bearer of the rare and highly prized Medal of Honor, to be won only for notable gallantry in action. Dr. Rand's Medal of Honor is the first that was ever struck off and the deed that won it was performed before the decoration was in existence.

The opening chapter in one of the most remarkable military careers on record in this country, was on April 15, 1861, when young Rand, then an 18-year-old clerk, attended a meeting in the old Eagle tavern at Batavia, N. Y. There had been a heated discussion over the probabilities of war, in the middle of which a man came rushing in waving a telegram above his head.

"The president has called for 75,000 men to go forward and fight," he shouted.

Henry I. Glowacki, who was presiding at the meeting, took the telegram, read it and said:

"The war is already upon us. We have to raise our quota of men to fill this call. We must have them immediately. Who will be the first man to enlist?"

First to Sign the Roll.

Young Rand stepped forward on the spur of the moment and said "I will." His name was put down in his own handwriting on the muster roll, and the Twelfth New York volunteers had their first soldier, while New York state had the proud distinction of enlisting the first volunteer for the civil war. Batavia's quota of men was soon raised and left for the front. Very soon afterward Rand performed the daring act which won him the first Medal of Honor ever presented by congress for most distinguished gallantry on the battlefield.

At Blackburn's Ford, Va., July 18, less than three months after he had enlisted, his command was ordered to retreat. The order had been given on account of the deadly fire of the enemy's artillery, which was masked on the banks of Bull Run. Infantry also poured in a terrific fire. The rest of his battalion of 500 men was swept in disorder from the field, but Rand, apparently not noticing the slaughter all about him, held his ground with an old Harper's Ferry musket that had been changed from a flintlock. The ground was plowed in all directions by shot and shell, yet the only injury he received was from flying dirt and stones. Across a deep ravine he saw the command of Captain Barnum (later General A. H. Barnum), who were on their faces firing, not being able to rise to their knees to load on account of the deadly fire of the confederates, but turning on their backs for that purpose. He made his way to them on his knees, joined the line and fought with it to the end of the engagement.

Got the First Medal.

The congressional Medal of Honor was not instituted until July 12, 1862, one year later, and the first one struck off was presented to Charles F. Rand for his distinguished gallantry at Blackburn's Ford, three days before the battle of Bull Run. This medal he prizes above all others. The United States government is very jealous of the Medal of Honor and protects it with all its power, and, in order that the medal may be deserved, service must have been performed in action of such conspicuous character as to distinguish clearly the man for gallantry and intrepidity above his comrades—service that involves extreme jeopardy of life or the performance of extremely hazardous duty. These medals were awarded as follows: In 1861, 18; in 1862, 149; in 1863, 283; in 1864, 348; in 1865, 282. Captain Rand's decoration is a tricolored double bow-knot worn on the left lapel of the coat. The ribbon is an eighth of an inch wide by one inch in length, and is composed of a white stripe in the center, flanked by two blue stripes and these by two red stripes. The medal is engraved:

"The Congress
to
First Lieutenant Charles F. Rand,
Veteran Reserve Corps,
For Most Distinguished Gallantry at
Blackburn's Ford, Va.,
July 18, 1861."

On state occasions at the White House Dr. Rand wears this medal upon his shirt bosom, suspended by a broad band.

Not until eighteen months after enlistment, when Rand, then a sergeant, was home upon furlough from terrible wounds received in the seven days' battle before Richmond, in which his whole right shoulder was shot away, was the fact of his being the first man in the United States to respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers made known to him. The original paper was shown him and the information given that it had been impossible to find any record of a soldier who claimed earlier enlistment.

Wounded, but Game.

It was at Gaines' Mill that a musket ball crushed through Sergeant Rand's left shoulder, mashing it to a jelly. He refused to ride in an ambulance, saying: "That wagon is needed for those who can't walk." He was taken to Savage station, where his right shoulder joint and six inches of the shaft of the arm were removed. Portions of shattered shoulder bone and fragments of his clothing were taken out through his back, the bullet having passed through one of his lungs.

The night after the operation he was placed in a tent near the railroad track. Nine men had been placed there at sundown. At sunrise seven were removed to the trenches. One of the survivors was a confederate major named Lamar, from Alabama. Rand and the major became friends. Two days after Rand's arrival there the battle of Savage Station was fought. He and his rebel friend were discussing the pros and cons of the coming battle, preparations for which they could plainly hear from the tent. At the sound of the bugle calls the southerner crawled outside the tent. He would have helped his friend, but his strength was not sufficient, so he sent men to aid him, and soon they were both side by side near the railroad track.

The two soldiers between them had secured a hardtack box and had bolstered themselves up so they could overlook the scene. They had not long to wait. In a few minutes everything was engaged and for awhile it seemed as if the whole world had gone to destruction. These two soldiers, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, now to one side, now to the other,

CHARLES F. RAND, M. D.

cheered with all the voice they had left, each for his own party. At the crisis of the contest, while each was claiming victory for his own side, there came above the terrible din the shrill sound of a bugle, and down came the Irish brigade of Sumner's corps. The battle front now changed. The Irish charge did the work when it was most needed. The confederates gave way and fell back, and the contest passed on out of view.

Sent to Libby Prison.

The battle was finally won, but it nearly cost young Rand his life. As he was attempting to help himself back to the tent a second hemorrhage set in and he was unconscious before it was arrested. Before he could be removed from the spot Stonewall Jackson and his men had taken him prisoner in company with others. He was taken on a gravel train to Richmond and thrust into Libby prison. Here he dressed his own wounds with old newspapers. His

trousers and shirt were so saturated with his blood that he had to throw them away. He sold his shoes to a guard for $9 in confederate money, and, purchasing sixteen loaves of bread, divided them with those around him who were less fortunate than himself. Later he sold his socks for $1 and gave that for an extra allowance of soup, taking the last cupful for his portion. He had but one garment left. In this condition he remained while a prisoner, and was carried through Richmond in daylight in an old furniture cart to the train, and thence to City Point. In due time he was exchanged and sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, where he rapidly recovered and was soon able to walk. The sister of charity who nursed him there afterward became his wife.

Uncommonly Anxious to Fight.

As soon as he was able to travel he was discharged with a pension for total disability and sent to his home in Batavia, N. Y. For many weary months he suffered, his wounds refusing to heal. Finally he became tired of waiting, and, while his wounds yet needed care, surrendered his pension certificate, secured a commission and reported for duty with his new regiment in the field. But the medical officers of the regiment refused to pass him, as his sword arm was powerless. Instead they ordered him to report to the hospital for treatment. He respectfully declined to go. He then appealed to the colonel and the general in command, but in vain. There was now but one chance left him. He would appeal to the commander-in-chief of the armies—the president of the United States.

He returned to Washington and made his way to the White House with beating heart. He was admitted to the president's private room, where he was not long in stating the reason for his visit, that because of wounds received in action he was refused service. President Lincoln became interested and questioned young Rand closely. By degrees he drew from him his whole history—that in his native town he had been the first one to answer the call for 75,000 men; that he had been in every battle from Bull Run to Gaines' Mill; that he was the only son of a widow; that his right shoulder had been shot away, but that his left hand was still fit for service. The president kept his eye upon the shriveled hand and showed his sympathy when he learned that while in prison the soldier had been his own surgeon, dressing his wounds with old newspapers. For some time President Lincoln kept the young officer answering questions, then he placed his hand on the shoulder of the lieutenant and remarked:

"My young friend, the surgeons did their duty. They could not do otherwise. You are not able to do any more work in the field."

Gets His Commission.

This last remark took away Rand's power of speech. He had hoped from the president's manner that his request would be granted. Now the only words that fell from his lips were: "My God, Mr. President!" He rose and started for the door, his heart nearly bursting. He could not even say goodbye. In an instant the president was beside him, and, throwing one arm affectionately around the officer, he said in a voice filled with emotion:

"Lieutenant Rand, we need you here in Washington a great deal more than they do at the front. If you will go over to the War department in the morning I think Mr. Stanton will fix you out."

At 10 o'clock the next morning a commission had been made out and before noon it was signed by the president.

After leaving the army in 1870 Lieutenant Rand entered Georgetown university, received the degree of M. D., and practiced his profession up to four years ago, when he was obliged to give it up owing to incessant pains arising from his old wounds.

Two governors of the state of New York and three presidents of the United States have recognized Dr. Rand's patriotism and gallantry. He holds four commissions, all preserved in the Holland Purchase Historical society's archives at Batavia, N. Y., one signed by Governor E. D. Morgan, one by Governor Horatio Seymour, one by President Lincoln and one by President Andrew Johnson. New York has remembered him with a medal, appropriately inscribed, and will erect a monument to him when the time comes on the plot in Arlington presented to him by the government.

D. N. Miner, Columbus. W. A. McAllister, Columbus. G. W. Webb, Madison. T. J. Majors, Peru. L. Rossiter, Columbus. A. W. Clark, Columbus.
Robt. Cooper, Vice Pres. Seward. John Lett, Pres. Benedict. H. C. Russell, Schuyler. E. D. Fitzpatrick, Sec. Columbus.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE SHILOH VETERANS' ASSOCIATION WHICH RECENTLY MET AT COLUMBUS, Neb.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: A true fish story is stranger than a fictitious one.

The coat that isn't paid for is a bad habit to get into.

Firm language is used in a conversation between partners.

When mirth comes in between the slats melancholy flies the coop.

A few drinks of tanglefoot, like pride, very often go before a fall.

India rubber is almost as elastic as the conscience of a politician.

Many a man conducts his bride to the altar and then resigns the leadership.

Political success is like the proverbial flea—now you see it and now you don't.

The earth is believed to be flat at the poles, and some candidates are also flattened at the polls.

All work and no play may make Jack a dull boy, but very few boys will become dull if left to themselves.

Trouble which today looks as big as a barn by tomorrow may have dwindled down to the size of a 10-cent cake of ice.

He Resented It

Ohio State Journal: Two men zigzagged unsteadily down Long street the other morning shortly after midnight. It was a case of "united we stand, divided we fall." Each, of course, was trying to steer the other safely home. At length No. 1 came up against a pole and held fast. No. 2 tried in vain to pull him forward. Then No. 1 became impatient at the other's obstinacy and spoke very frankly:

"Shay, you're—hic—you're a shump—thash what you are! I've seen worse men'n—hic—you in jail!"

This was more than No. 2 could stand. He felt that his honor as a gentleman had been sullied, and bracing himself stiffly he replied with spirit:

"If you shay you've—hic—seen worse men'n me in jail, why—hic—you're a liar, thash what you are!"