

ADDRESS.

Before the New York Commandery
of the Loyal Legion, Oct.10,1906.

No.17, Vol.10.

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General Howard's address at the Schofield Memorial

before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, October 10th, 1906.

Schofield and I were three years together as cadets at the Military Academy. Sometimes we were in the same company, either B. or C, and often in the same division of the Barracks. He was one class ahead of me so that we bore the same relation to each other as a sophomore does to a freshman; he being the sophomore, I was the freshman. I have a very distinct recollection of his personality. He was one of those young men of stout build-, large chested, who had rather an unusual amount of dignity in his deportment. Indeed he was never more dignified in all his life than the first time I met him, and he appeared then older by about two years than the record. Schofield was of a very serious turn, and I don't think he allowed himself to have any approach of fun or jollity while a cadet. He was in McPherson's class and not much like him in appearance or action. McPherson was tall with a longer neck, and very genial in his manners, and especially kind to us plebes. Schofield was not unkind but kept us uniformly at a respectful distance. Both of these young men were diligent students,- McPherson standing at the head of his class almost from start to finish; he gave the strictest attention to his studies allowing himself very little collateral reading; whereas Schofield was seldom found without some book in hand of historic or scientific interest, thus going over and beyond his cadet course. This is something which told very much in his favor later in life.

When he came to his second class year he took the deepest interest in Natural and Experimental Philosophy and in Mechanics. Under the supervision and direction of Professor Bartlett he began to exhibit a genius for these studies which the intensely active professor favorably noticed.

General Howard's address at the Schofield Memorial

before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, October 18th, 1908.

Schofield and I were three years together as cadets at the Military Academy. Sometimes we were in the same company, either B. or C, and often in the same division of the Battalion. He was one class ahead of me so that we bore the same relation to each other as a sophomore does to a freshman; he being the sophomore, I was the freshman. I have a very distinct recollection of his personality. He was one of those young men of stout build--large chested, who had rather an unusual amount of dignity in his deportment. Indeed he was never more dignified in all his life than the first time I met him, and he appeared then older by about two years than the record. Schofield was of a very serious turn, and I don't think he allowed himself to have any approach of fun or jollity while a cadet. He was in McPherson's class and not much like him in appearance or action. McPherson was tall with a longer neck, and very genial in his manners, and especially kind to us plebes. Schofield was not unkind but kept us uniformly at a respectful distance. Both of these young men were diligent students,--McPherson standing at the head of his class almost from start to finish; he gave the strictest attention to his studies allowing himself very little collateral reading; whereas Schofield was seldom found without some book in hand of historic or scientific interest, thus going over and beyond his cadet course. This is something which told very much in his favor later in life.

When he came to his second class year he took the deepest interest in Natural and Experimental Philosophy and in Mechanics. Under the supervision and direction of Professor Bartlett he began to exhibit a genuine vision and ability which the intensely active professor favorably noticed.

Schofield had been not more than three years away from the school after his graduation when he was recalled by this same Professor to become one of his instructors and later an assistant professor in his Department of Philosophy. In this work he had notable success. A year later I was called back to the Academy by Professor Church in the Department of Mathematics. I may say to you confidentially that I enjoyed a special safe-guard as a cadet at the Academy as I was already engaged to a New England young lady; but Schofield did not have the benefit of such a shield. I remember him often at parade and sometimes even on Flirtation Walk with two charming young ladies. They were the daughters of his high-toned Professor. They were so near of a size and seemed so much alike a little way off, and were so rapid in motion when walking by themselves, that the cadets called them "the ponies". We could not tell, so evenly balanced was Schofield's attention, that is for a time, which of the two he preferred. However, a happy marriage between him and Ritty Bartlett occurred; and when we returned as instructors to the Military Academy we both had our allotments in married officers quarters.

At that time Lieutenant Schofield became to me a very genial and helpful companion, and I am sure that Professor Bartlett never had an abler helper nor the cadets a more faithful instructor. I knew about Schofield's leave of absence to take a high place in the Washington College of St. Louis of which General Porter has told us. From this good work the war called him to co-operate with Lyon and Blair and to help in no small way to save Missouri to the Union during that first year of the Great Struggle.

When I went to the Middle West and began my participation in the battles about Chattanooga and the march to Knoxville with Sherman, Schofield was on his way to succeed Burnside at Knoxville, and soon to command the

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When I went to the Middle West and began my participation in the battles about Chattanooga and the march to Knoxville with Sherman, Schofield was on his way to succeed Burnside at Knoxville, and soon to command the

Army of the Ohio.

In the Spring of 1864, when Sherman brought together his three armies to make them substantially one between Chattanooga and Dalton, Schofield had the left wing consisting of one Army Corps and a division of Cavalry; this he handled so well that he gave General Sherman great satisfaction in more than twenty battles and through all the varied operations of the Spring Campaign of 1864 to the taking of Atlanta. We were frequently together during this extraordinary service, and I there realized more than ever before what a thorough soldier and able man Gen. Schofield was.

I remember well how we sat together on our horses beside the large Potter House- the air full of deadly missiles - near General Sherman, our Commander, the 22nd of July, 1864; that is, during the battle of Atlanta. McPherson had already fallen and the Army of the Tennessee in plain sight before us was actively recovering all their loss ground, when Schofield urged Sherman to push his 23rd Corps between the Confederates engaging Logan's front and Atlanta. "No, no," Sherman said, "it is better for the Army of the Tennessee to fight it out".

It was wise advice and probably the movement proposed by Schofield would have given us a more decisive victory at Atlanta.

After the War and during the days of Reconstruction, Schofield and I were frequently united in the same work,--sometimes I was the senior and sometimes he was ahead. I had the rank above him in the volunteer appointments and Schofield in the regular army. He being six months my junior in years it resulted in his commanding the Army for six months after my retirement. Under President Johnson Schofield acted for some time as Secretary of War; and under President Cleveland he attained the coveted rank of Lieutenant-General with the three stars.

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young people keeps elderly men young. Schofield observed this regimen. He had a nice family. I knew each member of it as the children were growing up alongside of mine. Some years after the death of his first wife the General married again and his young wife and daughter in these later years have given him that joy and companionship which he so much deserved and greatly loved.

Yes, often Schofield and I were-, not rivals,- rather compeditors in the exacting work given us both to do in life, and I feel that now in his departure I have lost a good comrade, companion and friend.

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