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Sixth Monograph.

Published by the Sunday Magazine, 1907.

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No.24, Vol.10.

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From the Sea through the Carolinas to Washington

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CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN.

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On New Year's Day, 1865, General Geary who had been Mayor of San Francisco and later one of Buchanan's Governors of Kansas, had ended his first week in direct command of Savannah. Geary, a good soldier, was proud of exercising civil rule.

It had been a week of peace and good order and so the officers in general, feeling grateful for that modicum of rest which everywhere prevailed, brought their greetings to Geary in the old fashion of New Year calls. After paying my respects to this proud Governor I began to visit my Corps and Division Commanders. When I reached the temporary abode of General Frank P. Blair I was shown to the door of his dining room. The orderly said, "They are in there, General". Without thought of intruding I opened the door and stepped in unasked. A large table loaded with refreshments was surrounded by officers, in full uniform, standing erect with glasses in their hands. They had suddenly arisen when I opened the door. Somebody was proposing a toast. I tried to retire saying to Blair, "I beg pardon, General; I didn't know you were at lunch." Every man then with some blushes of embarrassment put down his glass. General Blair laughed and begged me to join the party.

I said, "No, no, I might spoil your fun;" then I backed out into the adjoining room where in a moment Blair and Sherman came to me. Soon, after giving me a hearty welcome and leaving Sherman and me together, Blair returned to his other guests.

Sherman explained that he had just come there a few moments before me.



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Sherman explained that he had just come there a few moments before



"I'm pleased to find you here, Howard,- I am too busy now for this jollity, though being New Year, it is all right! I was going over to your house for a talk." Then he said substantially, "I have decided to march, as soon as possible, through the Carolinas. You will cross your Army by water over to Beaufort, <sup>2.6</sup>. Saxton is there on Beaufort-Island with a garrison.

Slocum and Kilpatrick will go up the Savannah on the west side as far as Sisters Ferry and cross the River there. Slocum will then march to Robertsville."

Just as soon as you can do it I want you to push across about twenty miles to the north end of Beaufort Island, and lay a bridge there, pass on northward by Gardens Corner to Pocataligo."

Sherman had put a sketchy map before us.

"Don't the enemy still hold the forts at Garden's Corner<sup>8</sup> and Pocataligo?", I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said, but they can't detain you long."

"Well," I said, "what are the means of transportation across the gulfs and bays?"

Sherman had that in mind. "The quartermaster's department here have many boats and small vessels such as they are-, and the Admiral will use naval craft galore. You must be at Pocalaigo by the 15th inst. Can you do it?"

"If it can be done, General, you will find me there the 15th of Jan."

The campaign began at once. Everything for a time worked in kindly. Before the end of the first week I went over to Beaufort and took my quarters with Saxton. As the boat-loads, Blair dispatching them, landed I had them sent to their brigade and division camps. By January 11th the entire 17th Corps, (Blair's) was landed and ready to advance.



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General Logan rejoined his command the 8th of January and following Blair ferried over his numerous brigades. I had him send one division to march by the Union-Causeway. This relieved the terrible pressure on the seamen and naval commanders. We later were obliged to send Corse's Division to cross with Slocum. The rains were so heavy as to raise the river above its banks. This delayed Slocum and Corse a full week beyond the time Slocum was to be at Robertsville.

I had tough work to get my <sup>pontoon</sup> bridge train to Beaufort on time. At last on January 13th with the 17th Corps and part of the 15th I marched the eighteen miles to the north point of the Island. While the bridge was being laid during the night we all bivouaced near a strange negro settlement. I think these negroes were the last from Africa. They danced all night, holding their hands with palms up as if to catch drops of blessings from above, and they shouted "glory, glory" mixed up with words which none of us could translate. They exhibited great joy. Our soldiers left their camps to behold this strange scene and often gave back shout for shout, and thus they participated in this singular jubilee. Everything was lighted up by our camp fires and made a picture of which devils might be proud.

Early the 14th my crossing the arm of the sea just bridged to the main land began. A few troops to capture the pickets of the enemy had been first pushed over in boats. That was done the evening before so that all was clear immediately ahead of us. Our bridge, owing to some rotten canvas, troubled us much by continuous breakages near the shore; but we managed by continuous mending to get well over before noon.

Accompanying Blair I followed the leading troops till we were suddenly brought to a standstill by a field-fort near Garden's Corners.



General Jones rejoined his command the 8th of January and following Blair formed over his numerous detachments. I had him send one division to march by the Union-Gateway. This relieved the terrible pressure on the seamen and naval commanders. We later were obliged to send Gorse's Division to cross with Bloom. The rains were so heavy as to raise the river above its banks. This delayed Bloom and Gorse a full week beyond the time Bloom was to be at Robertsville.

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I stepped out with my Aide, Capt. Beebe to examine it. It was only troublesome on account of what appeared to be soft clay ground in front of its parapet. Just then there was no firing from that side of the fort. We ventured along, Beebe and I, stamping the ground to try it; when I turned back a single sharp-shooter had got our range and fired. To acknowledge his salute I raised my hat, but hastened away. He was, thus stimulated, rather impolite I thought, to fire again three or four times, throwing up the dirt altogether too near us for safety. Our skirmishers who were watching our movements cheered us in a lively manner when we passed back under cover. I had found the ground hard enough to charge over; but during the delay General Leggett's Division had passed beyond the Fort to the east of it, so that the Confederates (only a rear guard) and a battery) fled in haste toward Pocataligo.

Spreading out our troops like a fan we succeeded in marching on all the roads, but the Confederates were sure, without reason, however, that we were aiming for Charleston. We reached the neighborhood of Pocataligo Junction about sun-down. Naturally it was guarded by a field fortification <sup>built</sup> in a thinly wooded country flat and swampy, - a fortification of large dimensions. The main fort had twenty-four embrasures for cannon, and faced, like time servers, toward every point of the compass. Our skirmish line from the 15th Corps pushed on quickly to within musket range and developed a sharp and panicky sort of fire. This caused to us the loss of several valuable lives. They had many pieces of artillery waiting in those embrasures. This made it very vexacious and trying to the skirmishers; but our sharp-shooters soon got to work and effectually stopped the Confederate gunners. We heard our men call out, where the rifles sounded like cannon and voices resounded through the pine trees and across the marshes with redoubled effect. "Ho, there, Johnnies! stop your none-



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sense; this is the 15th Corps. We'll hivy you all in the morning."

At daybreak we found that they had heeded the warning and abandoned their strong fort and fled.

That day, the 15th of January, 1864, I planted my feet upon the cross ties at the Pocatigo Junction; and I said, 'All right, the first stage is gained!'

Sherman's Savannah program so far as the right wing was concerned was thus fulfilled to the letter. Blair covered all approaches to Pocatigo, and pressed his brigades far out to the right and left and over toward Robertsville to meet Slocum. <sup>(Slocum)</sup> He did not get there till after many days, having encountered almost insuperable obstacles. To Pocatigo Logan more rapidly closed up his division.

Sherman, a little impatient at the high-water delays, <sup>by</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>Force</sup> ~~Force~~ and Slocum, who were getting over the Savannah and across numberless intervening and hindering swamps, came up via Beaufort and spent a few days with me. Sometimes at night I would give him my camp bed, which though without a mattress afforded reasonable comfort, and he seemed to enjoy sleeping there under my tent-fly. One night with his boots and trousers off in reddish <sup>sh</sup> knit drawers he lay down to sleep as we all thought, but hearing some of the officers and myself talking around the camp fire about General Force's expedition and reconnaissance toward Charleston, Sherman roused himself and came out in stockings and drawers and began warming himself by turning first one side and then the other to the fire and treading in the ashes. So he participated in the conversation. I had just received a message from Force's Division. He had discovered a large body of Confederates. He did this by threatening to cross the Salkehatchie toward Charleston. His men had kept cutting wood, building large fires and showing through small openings a very extensive skirmish line. Behind



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this line his several drum-Corps boldly rang out in the neighboring forest the sounds of the fife and drum. It was not long before the other bank of the river was peopled with all the force Hardee could muster to stop Sherman's <sup>expected</sup> passage.

After hearing the news Sherman laughed and as he jumped into my bed without dusting his socks, cried out, "That's good news-, all right now, Howard."

The next day (Feb. 1st, 1865) taking a general direction a little west of north I put my command into an indescribable wilderness of swamp, trees, small rivers and their branches, considerably worse I believe than those penetrated by the children of Israel at any time between Egypt and the promised land. Blair moved on twelve or fourteen miles to Whippy Swamp, and Logan, taking narrow roads to the left of Blair, worked his way to Hickory Hill Post Office. Blair's men, those not in the roads, struggling on through the thickets with occasional small openings, breathing places, to right and left of his main column, brought up at Whippy Swamp about one in the afternoon. I was with him at the time of arrival. There our whole front was held up by the bloodiest sort of spiteful picket firing. The roadway ahead of us was completely blocked in its middle and far to the right and left by felled trees and five small bridges gone. Six hundred Confederates, more or less, were behind the blockade.

General Mower, who always loved to meet such trifling opposition, soon managed to get a half side view for a battery near his advance, and began what he called a brisk enfilade. The 600 Confederates were soon routed after the battery began to play upon them; the obstacles were removed; the miry causeways were handsomely corduroyed with small cypress and the five bridges rebuilt with large trees, so that before night the bloody swamp was crossed and the whole of Blair's Corps encamped on the



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safer side where there was more lateral space and firmer ground. The Confederate firing had been hot enough that day. Many of our bravest men on the firing line near the roads were badly hurt and a few slain.

I was standing near Lieutenant <sup>Wm.</sup> N. Taylor, the assistant and the son of Sherman's chief of artillery a fine young officer of about my size. A bullet struck his neck severing an artery; I saw the blood spurt as from a ~~vein~~ <sup>blood vessel</sup> pierced by a lancet. I seized with a thumb and finger the lips of the wound and held them firmly together. It was but a few minutes before a surgeon came. He said, "General, your quick action saved this young man's life."

It is a comfort once in a while in war to feel that you have saved a life.

Logan's men marching fast made more distance during that day than we did, yet they met with continuous and similar obstructions. From Logan's report to me that night I made this record: "Our men made short work of clearing away these obstacles, doing it joyously and declaring that they could remove them quicker than the Confederates could make them."

On the third we had the energetic division commander, Mower, ahead. He made early and with speed a demonstration toward Broxton's Bridge over the Salkehatchee. This bridge was long and continuous. It was utterly consumed. Mower, after doing all he could to convince the Confederates that he meant to go that way so much so as to bring together large numbers of the troops and batteries of his enemy, ~~he~~ left a single battery of heavy guns protected by one regiment to keep up the demonstration. The woods were too thick for even an enemy to guess what Mower was doing; he then turned northward and moved quickly a distance of five miles to River's Bridge. He arrived just in time to prevent another body of Confederates from completely severing that connection. They were, however,



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on hand soon enough to worry his soldiers more than usual. Our men were resisted not only by cavalry, but by artillery and infantry hastily brought to and occupying a well defined field work; it was so planted on high ground as to give a clear sweep across the river and the Lagoon Bridges and checked every avenue of approach to the main stream. There was a sudden bend in the principle causeway. When Col. Wager Swayne of the 43rd Ohio with his men all around him had just turned that point many of them were disabled and he himself was struck by a missile which fractured his <sup>and caused its loss.</sup> leg. He was almost unconscious when they bore him on a sort of <sup>improvised</sup> ~~stretcher~~ stretcher past where I was trying to observe operations. The bearers halted near me to rest, for Swayne was a heavy man. I saw that he was in great pain and taking some pine burrs of large size I used them as chocks to fix his shattered leg in as natural a position as possible. This gave him temporary relief. Just then opening his eyes he looked into my face and said gently, "General, the Lord sustains me." We all remember his grand subsequent life. His Christian character, and helpfulness to others could not have been excelled.

The detail I have given is enough to show how we struggled through those swamps where everybody had predicted that we would sooner or later be annihilated. But Lee in Virginia, Dick Taylor beyond the Mississippi, and Hood defeated in Tennessee, Hardee could not get men together fast enough or numerous enough to stop us; and furthermore our enemies had never interpreted Sherman's purposes soon enough. He was expected at Charleston and other coast towns which he disdained to visit. In the Carolinas he was always aiming for the up country.

Every branch of the Salkehatchee and the Salkehatchee itself and every branch of the Edisto <sup>up</sup> to and including its north fork, has a distinctive history of its own. This north fork as we came to it almost simul-



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taneously at all the proper places of crossings we did have sharp opposition, but we resolutely met it and overcame it. Confederates outnumbered were obliged to give way and take up new rallying points. What a time we had near night at Orangeburg! That north fork, having several channels and bordered by wide swamps was the hardest of any of the streams in South Carolina to cross. The trees being close together afforded our soldiers some protection and some compensation for the mud and water they had to wade through. By cutting roads, by using canvas boats, and building new bridges Blair at last got possession of the town against the fiercest and bloodiest fighting we had had since entering the so called sovereign state of South Carolina. When finally beaten the Confederates drew off toward Columbia.

While I was clearing out the last of the hostile forces a lady with dishevelled hair blown into streamers by the high wind ran out to me and begged in a shrill voice: "Oh, sir, give me a guard!-give me a guard and immediate protection."

I said, "I cannot give guards, Madam, till I get possession of the town."

A fire broke out in the third story of a store-house, said to have been ~~set~~ <sup>started</sup> by a ~~trader~~ <sup>trader</sup> who was angry because the Confederate soldiers had burned his cotton. Both sides were burning cotton then. The wind was strong and the flames spread till <sup>much</sup> ~~most~~ of Orangeburg was consumed.

That night, after Logan and Blair had brought their men into camp and I had made my dispositions for our stay. I went to Sherman's headquarters. He was in a large house and had a sizeable room for himself and his adjutant. Several officers were present, Blair, Jiles A. Smith and others. Sherman was talking and blaming Wade Hampton for fighting



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quarters. He was in a large house and had a nice room for himself  
and his adjutant. Several officers were present, Blair, Miles A. Smith  
and others. Sherman was talking and planning Wade Hampton for fighting



at Orangeburg and so endangering the town and the people.

"Well, Howard," he said, "is everything done as we planned."

I had hardly answered yes when some ladies were ushered in. It was growing dark and the room was but dimly lighted. Sherman was very polite to them as always. One took the lead as I stepped aside and she began to speak: "General Sherman, I knew you in Charleston. Perhaps you remember me. I am the same who was Nellie M.---" The General seemed to remember her and they talked for a few moments about the good times before the war.

Suddenly she said, "I want you to give me a good guard. When I asked for one today, one of your officers treated me with insult."

"Why, why how could that be?", asked the General. "Pray tell me who it was that could do such a thing?"

"It was General Howard," she said sharply. She did not know that I was there till Sherman, laughing heartily, said: "How is this, Howard?"

Of course I explained as well as I could and stammered that when I refused the guard the Confederates had half the town; but I am sure that I was never quite forgiven by that lady for my seeming harshness.

By the evening of the 15th of February my two Corps had swept away all opposition and were occupying the plateau on the west bank of the Congaree River. The morning of the 16th we found that all the intrenchments in our front had been abandoned and the Confederates had crossed the two river the Saluda and the Broad,--rivers which unite to form the Congaree. Of course the Confederates destroyed the bridges. Our men worked all night in laying our pontoons. We were obliged to work over at least one brigade across the Broad in canvas boats. The place where we landed was a kind of muddy dike covered with trees and thick underbrush. With such a protection the Confederates again fought us hard; but at last we were well over and the enemy gone. Col. Stone of Gen. Woods' Division (Lo-



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gan's Corps) with his brigade led the way toward Columbia. It was ten o'clock when Col. Stone met the Mayor of Columbia bearing a flag of truce. The Mayor formally surrendered the City to him.

As soon as the last bridge was fully completed I rode across with Gen. Sherman and took the direct road with him to the City. We found the ground very dry; the wind was blowing a hurricane and the dust almost blinded us as we proceeded. I gave Logan the charge of the City just as Slocum had been given the care of Savannah, and Logan put the duty at first upon Woods' Division of which Stone's Brigade as we have seen formed a part. As soon as Sherman and I entered the city we found a large portion of Stone's Brigade in the main street with arms stacked. Besides the soldiers, hundreds of white people and negroes met us and greeted Sherman with loud cheers. We saw a long row of cotton piled up high and on fire. Some men were at work trying to extinguish the fire, using an engine. The loose cotton was blown about in every direction and bits of it were seen on the roofs of houses and on the limbs of shade trees. After passing Col. Stone I noticed that some of our men had been drinking and sent back an order to Stone to have them placed under guard. The guards in general appeared well located and were doing their duty. Thinking everything was as it should be Sherman and I separated to select our quarters with the hope of getting a little rest. It was hardly dark, however, before a fire broke out in the vicinity of that main street. Some people thinking to conciliate our soldiers had carried whiskey in pails along the lines. Men who had been fighting and working all night and who had had as yet very little to eat were very quickly under the influence of drink. As soon as he discovered this, General Woods sent in a fresh brigade and a little later Logan had Gen. Hazen furnish another. I spent that night in making every effort that I possibly could to save as much of Columbia



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as was possible and to prevent disorder and suffering. As I did, so did my entire staff. I met General Sherman, General Logan, Gen. Woods and other officers of rank frequently during the night; and I know that they were putting forth every effort they could to arrest the fire. Fortunately for Columbia the wind changed about three o'clock in the morning and a little more than one third of the beautiful city was thus providentially kept back from being consumed.

Neither Sherman nor any of his Lieutenants sanctioned any of the misconduct which has been recorded <sup>or deeds</sup> ~~by~~ evidently against all the dictates of humanity. The Confederate Commanders began the fires, when they blew up the railway station and scattered the cotton over the City and caused it to be set on fire. Both Armies were instructed at that time to burn the cotton. In my judgement it would have been difficult to burn the cotton and destroy the public buildings without endangering the City. Still there were drunken soldiers, prisoners let loose of every description and plenty of bad men, thieves and robbers wandering about who doubtless cared little for an order and who helped to increase the indescribable terrors of that awful night.

After leaving Columbia we spread out as before from Slocum's left to my right covering a breadth of thirty and forty miles. I now kept with Logan as I had with Blair. Logan and I were habitually on the best of terms. He always did his part with unabating zeal. We had one little <sup>contretemps</sup> ~~contre temps~~, at the first river crossing. This river was overspreading its banks more than a half mile each way and the ground became so soft that it would not hold up the wagons or the artillery carriages. It became necessary to make corduroy roads under water, a most difficult thing to do. I directed Gen. Logan to use his pioneers and whatever troops were needed for this work, and I sent ~~him~~ also to aid him my engineer battalion.



12

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After perhaps a couple of hours trial Logan wrote me an angry note and said that if I did not take away those troublesome engineers that he would not make another effort to bridge that river. I took the paper from the messenger and folding it in three parts I wrote across the back of it in the form of an endorsement these words: "The Commanding officer of the 15th Army Corps will obey every lawful order." I sent the paper back to Logan. About twenty minutes after this we met and found everything going on harmoniously. Neither of us ever referred to the affair again. This was the only difference between Logan and myself which occurred during that campaign. Every day the number of negro families that came along with us was on the increase. There was a curious admixture of wagons, mules and horses and people carrying bundles of every size and description.

Arriving at the Neuse River I, was permitted to dispose of this strange part of my column. Giving them sufficient wagons to carry a few days supply I sent eight thousand five hundred of them with a cavalry escort. They went to the coast and settled there according to General Sherman's humane field order that he issued for their benefit. After this General Joe Johnston was again in our front. He had gathered in the garrisons from the north and the south and Hardee was his second in command. Soon feeling strong enough he attacked Slocum's Corps and the severe battle of Averysboro, resulted. A little later came the last battle, Bentonville, N.C., which was severer and lasted two days, both wings being ~~engaged~~ engaged. Just as one of my divisions (Mower's) had almost enveloped Johnston's left and seized his communications, Sherman called us off declaring that they had been fighting enough. I think that his mind was fixed on getting to Goldsboro speedily. Sherman was victorious, but the



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victory might have been more decisive. Hardee permitted his son, Willie, hardly 16 years of age, to go into this battle with the Confederate Cavalry. The lad was mortally wounded and carried to Raleigh where he died. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, my classmate, sent in some underground way this letter across the lines to me: "Dear Howard: When you get to Raleigh, for I suppose you will get there, I want you to give good protection to the family, because they were so kind to Willie Hardee when he was mortally wounded."

On the 23<sup>d</sup> of March <sup>(1865)</sup> we reached Goldsboro. As soon as my command was settled in proper shape for offense or defense I ran in as usual to see Sherman.

"Come in, Howard,—here we are at Goldsboro at last, as I told you at Atlanta!"

I congratulated him as I took a seat, then I told him that I had met some troops from Terry. Sherman lighted a cigar and began as he so often did to walk about the room.

"Yes, Terry has formed junction with us, and Schofield with the 23rd Corps has come around from Nashville, but the work is not yet done."

Then catching up a map which included N.C. and Va., he indicated the next march. He still hoped to form junction with Grant. Following a review and the gathering of some necessary supplies we took the field as before, moving northward. At or near Smithfield I saw plainly that southern men were talking mysteriously and looking troubled. At last one of them said to me, "General Howard, we've heard some bad news. We are all at your mercy; Lee has surrendered to Grant." A little later we had the strange and unexpected tidings more directly. By the 13th of April we were encamped in and around Raleigh. Johnston was at Durham's Station



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26 - miles west of Raleigh with bodies of cavalry of both armies watching between us. Peace was in the air. Sherman had received when near Smithfield a note from Johnston asking to negotiate for terms; and Sherman had agreed to meet him in three days, that is, on the 13th of April at or near Durham Station. The news spread among the men and filled all hearts with enthusiasm and hope.

But just before Sherman set out to meet Johnston a dispatch was placed in his hands which announced to him the dreadful and startling news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Sherman was almost crushed by this announcement. He saw me just before his departure and I knew that something was wrong. He looked pale and tightly closed his teeth as I had seen him do in battle, but he did not reveal the matter to me, nor to anybody. He gave Johnston the dispatch as soon as their greetings were over and told him that he had not let any of us know; because he was so afraid of the anger of his men. Johnston was as much affected as Sherman and denounced the murder with vehemence.

Sherman's terms not being quite acceptable at Washington Grant came to us and soon all went well and Johnston's army and all others were surrendered on the same terms as those given to Lee. Grant and Sherman by invitation visited the Raleigh Female Seminary. When they were coming away I saw that the windows of the Seminary were filled with pretty faces. The girls were taking a look at their stalwart enemies and some of them displayed their hostile feelings. Grant probably from his quick observation guessed what was taking place, ~~and~~ turned suddenly on his heel and looked at the girls. They gave little screams and quickly disappeared.

Of course I carried out my classmate's wish at Raleigh, doing all I could to protect the family which had been kind to Willie Hardee.



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We now made a rapid march to Richmond, Va., and there I had a telegram from Grant to let my command be marched by my officers to Alexandria, and to go myself by water to Washington and report to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This I did and was made "Commissioner of Freedmen". Mr. Stanton told me to retain the command of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee, particularly as I should need to select officers from it to aid me in my new duties. The great review by the President,--the review of the eastern and western armies,--was planned by the time my own reached the shore of the Potomac and encamped near Arlington Heights.

Just before that event, the review, I mean, General <sup>Sherman</sup> and I met in the office of General Townsend, the Adjutant General. We were at that time by ourselves.

"Howard," said Sherman, "I want you to give up the command of the Army of the Tennessee before the great review and let Logan have it on that occasion."

"Of course I demurred and at first strongly protested. Sherman then said that Logan had been greatly disappointed that he had not been allowed to be the successor of McPherson and that he, Sherman, would like to please him in this thing. "It will be everything to Logan; Howard, you are a Christian and will not mind this. . . ."

I answered, "Very well, General, if you put it on that ground, I submit."

I turned to him as I reached the door, doubtless showing some feeling, and asked <sup>permission to</sup> ~~ride~~ ride with his staff at the review.

Sherman murmured something which I did not distinctly hear. When the day of the review came, ~~and I did not go to the review, I planned myself~~  
<sup>I took my place</sup> ~~on the right of the staff-line next to Gen. Barry, Sherman's~~  
 Chief of artillery. We were near the Capitol just before the march up



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Pennsylvania Avenue began.

General Sherman, brilliant in uniform and by his pose proud and happy, turned about and asked, "Where is Howard?"

Somebody answered, "Back there by Barry."

Sherman looked <sup>around</sup> and called me to him. "You're to ride with me today." And I did so.

After forty-three years a young man brought me a letter written to me by General Sherman, - a letter which I had never seen. The young man said: "My father received this letter from a clerk of General Sherman, a Mr. Rains (the son of a Confederate Officer) who picked it up from Sherman's office floor in Washington. Allow me to give it to you; it really belongs to you."

That letter was a kind expression of Sherman's wishes written before the review, i.e. - for me to ride with him at the head of the western armies which he commanded. It was already in a nice frame and now hangs in the upper hall of our house in Burlington, Vermont, beside the picture of General Grant and his family.

(About 4500 words.)

Oliver Otis Howard



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