

Men I Have Met

Men I Have Met Date?
-:-1:-:- by Gen. Chas H Howard

It is an old old saying, "A Cat may look at a King",, but a cat does not get much good from the sight. She innocently illustrates the philosophic truth that a person of humble position may, by quietly using his opportunities, see much, learn much, gain much, from closely observing eminent characters. It requires something more than the vacant, sleepy look of old puss sitting in the sunshine; something more even than the alert look with which she might watch for a mouse escaping from the palace. We must look to see and look to remember. To see what is peculiar and characteristic; to see it in clear outline so that it will fix itself, not so much on the retina of the eye, as on the mirror of the mind, a vivid and permanent picture; one that can be brought out at will as they now bring out a last year's speech from the phonograph.

If I were to turn to the youth present, for a moment, I would say out of my experience: Learn to look intently, not carelessly; observe in detail; in color take in the exact shade; in outline do not let an angle, a minutest line escape you. This especially in studying eminent or representative men or women.

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote:

" It is natural to believe in great men-----The search after the great men is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood. We travel in foreign parts to find his works; if possible, to get a glimpse of him-----"Yes, but I do not travel to find comfortable, rich and hospitable

Continues
Mr. Sumner,

It is an old saying, "A Cat may look at a King".
out a cat does not get much good from the sight. And philosophically
illustrates the philosophical truth that a person of humble position
may, by wisely using his opportunities, see more, learn more,
gain more, know more, than a person of high position. It requires
something more than the want, sleepy look of old men, or the
the human; something more even than the alert look which the
about when for a moment escaping from the palace. We must look
to see and look to remember. To see what is present and understand
it; to see it in clear outline so that it will fit itself, not
to look on the retina of the eye, as on the mirror of the mind,
a vivid and permanent picture; one that can be brought out at will
as they now exist, but a last year's speech from the newspaper.
It is time to turn to the youth present, for a moment. I
would say out of my experience: learn to look intently, not casually
at objects in detail, to follow lines in the exact shape; in detail
to not let an angle, a minute line escape you. This especially
in studying ancient or contemporary art or science.

Walter White person wrote:

"It is natural to believe in great men---the
search after the great men is the dream of youth and the most serious
occupation of mankind. We travel in foreign lands to find the
works; it is possible, to get a glimpse of him---Yes,
out I have traveled to find out for myself, and sometimes

people.....But if there were any magnet that would point to the countries where are the persons who are intrinsically rich and powerful, I would sell all and buy it, and put myself on the road today"

This is the saying of a man who came to be regarded, both in our country and Europe, to use his own words--as "intrinsically rich"--in thought, in sentiment, and in wisdom, as any man of his generation. Fortunately, we are not compelled to sell all, leave our business or work and set out to search for great men. Going about our ordinary occupations we sometimes meet them. The chief thing is to be on the watch and to be of that receptive mind ~~to~~ to benefit by our opportunities. Once, on a railroad train, when I was only eighteen years of age, I found myself seated next to Ralph Waldo Emerson. His kindly, open countenance, and mild, pleasant light-brown eyes are before me now, though I have not seen him in all these ~~thirty-six~~ ^{sixty} years. His ready sympathy with youth was apparent in his willingness to talk. He inquired about my studies. The lighting up of his face and the brightening eyes and kindly demeanor were a benediction, though I cannot now remember his exact words. No doubt he was thinking, as he perceived my youthful hero-worship, of what he had written and I have already quoted:

"The search after great men is the dream of youth".

In the piping time of peace before the breaking out of the Great Rebellion, our heroes were those of the forum and the platform. Wendell Phillips stood at the fore-front as an orator.

people..... But if they were any longer that would point to
the countries where are the persons who are intrinsically rich and
powerful, I would sell all and buy it, and put myself on the road
today."

This is the saying of a man who came to be regarded, both in
our country and Europe, to use his own words--an "intrinsically
rich"--in thought, in sentiment, and in wisdom, an any man of his
generation. Fortunately, we are not compelled to sell all, leave
our business or work and set out to search for great men. Being
about our ordinary occupations we sometimes meet them. The chief

thing is to be on the watch and to be of that receptive mind
which is to benefit by our opportunities. Once, on a well-
road train, when I was only eighteen years of age, I found myself
seated next to Ralph Waldo Emerson. His kindly open countenance,
and mild, pleasant light-brown eyes and before me now, though
I have not seen him in all these twenty-six years. His ready
sympathy with youth was apparent in his willingness to talk. He
inquired about my studies. The lighting up of his face and the
brightening eyes and kindly demeanor were a benediction, though
I cannot now remember his exact words. No doubt he was thinking
as he perceived my youthful hero-worship of what he had written
and I have already quoted:

"The search after great men is the dream of youth."
In the high time of passion before the breaking out of the
great rebellion, our heroes were those of the former and the present
times. Young men looked at the two-front as an object.

of age

evil

When only twenty-six years he faced a howling mob in Faneuil Hall Boston, and by his eloquence not only commanded silence, but made a plea for free-speech and free-press that will live as long as the English language. When there was strong disapprobation manifest in the audience by hisses and outcries of, "Take that back", his logic seemed to grow more overpowering and his rhetoric more convincing. Comparing the occasion of the Revolution with the cause for which Lovejoy had given his life a few days before at Alton, Illinois, Phillips said:

"As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this Hall when the King did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had England offered to put a gag upon his lips".

No doubt not a few of those present have heard Wendell Phillips upon the lecture platform. I will not, therefore, attempt to characterize the silver-tongued orator, as he was fitly called, but ask you to go with me to his home on Essex St. in the old part of Boston. Though business crowded that quarter and the wealthy and aristocratic had gone to Beacon Hill or elsewhere, Phillips continued to occupy till his death the plain, old-

fashioned house--not large, not elegant in any modern sense.

Though possessed of a comfortable fortune, he maintained a
I found him in his unpretentious library on the second floor
There was no costly furniture; no carpets or costly rugs; but
among his books and papers. Everything was scrupulously neat.

His greeting was frank and cordial. His views of the public questions of the hour were freely given. There was nothing of

Spartan - like simplicity!

When only twenty-six years he faced a howling mob in Faneuil Hall
Boston, and by his eloquence not only commanded silence, but
made a plea for free-speech and free-press that will live as long
as the English language. When there was strong disapprobation
manifest in the audience by hisses and outcries of, "Take that
back", his logic seemed to grow more overpowering and his
rhetoric more convincing. Comparing the occasion of the
Revolution with the cause for which Lovejoy had given his life a
few days before at Alton, Illinois, Phillips said:
"As much as I thought it better than money, so much as the
cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes.
James Otis thundered in the Hall when the King did but touch his
pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence, had
England offered to put a tax upon his lips."
No doubt not a few of those present have heard Wendell
Phillips upon the lecture platform. I will not, therefore,
attempt to characterize the silver-tongued orator, as he was fittingly
called, but ask you to go with me to the home on Essex St. in the
old part of Boston. Though business crowded that quarter and the
wealthy and aristocratic had gone to Beacon Hill or elsewhere,
Phillips continued to occupy till his death the plain, old-
fashioned house--not large, not elegant in any modern sense.
I found him in his underground library on the second floor.
There was a great fireplace, and a large, comfortable seat
among his books and papers. Everything was homely and neat.
His greeting was frank and cordial. His views of the world
and of the human race were truly given. There was nothing of

---A---
Wendell Phillips

the trimmer or time-server in ~~his make-up~~. His irony was keen when he dealt with Congressmen and politicians who, he thought, were willing to sacrifice the rights of ~~the~~ freedmen, or of any oppressed race in our land, to advance personal or party interests. One incident occurred while we were in conversation. Three raps sounded on the floor above. Mr Phillips excused himself in haste saying that Mrs. Phillips had called him. On his return after a few moments, he explained that his wife had been an invalid for many years and that when he was at home he always waited upon her whenever she wanted anything for her comfort. Coming thus near to Wendell Phillips in his own home, admiration for his exceptional gifts as an orator, his courage and fidelity to conviction, kindled into affection for a noble man.

Another orator of my acquaintance, though in a far different field, was John B. Gough. No one could hear Gough in a public address without wishing to hear him again. In his temperance lectures he admitted his hearers into the sacred circle of his own embittered life. But of course there was much that he could not publicly tell. In private conversation with those who were in sympathy with him, and especially in christian fellowship, he laid bare some of the horrors of those years of temptation; of the fall; of the wallowing in the mire of drunkenness. He came to New York from London at the age of seventeen. Does anyone imagine that the low filthy saloon was the place of his fall? Was it the sight of the red-nosed, pimple-faced toper that allured

the dinner or time-server in his wake-up. His irony was keen
when he dealt with Congressmen and politicians who, he thought,
were willing to sacrifice the rights of freedom, or of any
oppressed race in our land, to advance personal or party interests.
One incident occurred while we were in conversation. Three years
ago on the floor above. Mr. Phillips excused himself in
haste saying that Mrs. Phillips had called him. On his return
after a few moments, he explained that his wife had been an
invalid for many years and that when he was at home he always
waited upon her whenever she wanted anything for her comfort.
Coming thus near to Wendell Phillips in his own home, admiration
for his exceptional gifts as an orator, his courage and fidelity to
conviction, kindled into a passion for a noble man.

Another orator of my acquaintance, though in a far
different field, was John B.rough. He once called upon Gough in
a public address without waiting to hear him again. In his
temperance lectures he admitted his heroes into the sacred
circle of his own embittered life. But of course there was much
that he could not publicly tell. In private conversation with
those who were in sympathy with him, and especially in Christian
fellowship, he laid bare some of the heroes of those years of
temptation; of the fall; of the wallowing in the mire of drunkenness.
He came to New York from London at the age of seventeen. From age
one thing is that the few living heroes are the heirs of his fall
and the light of the new world is the light of his fall.

him

to strong drink:? Was it the reeling, staggering drunkard of the gutter or the scared victim of delirium tremens which put the *By no means - and Gough never failed to state the fact.* snare to his feet or the chains of evil habit upon him? [^] What made Gough's story so thrilling? ^{was} ~~it~~ its fidelity to truth as well as the vividness with which the scenes in his life were portrayed in words and illustrated by voice, look, gesture and every attitude and movement of the body. ^{ancient}

The ^{ancient} Spartans used to make their slaves drunk so that their own youths might see how disgusting it was, and might grow up to loathe it and the cause of it. ^H Gough at seventeen, found the drink habit almost universal among his young comrades. It was ^{among} ~~among~~ the respectable, so-called, those who were merely convivial, whose table with a few glasses, was surrounded with laughter, jest and song--that the tempter's snare was concealed. His own natural gifts of ^{wit} ~~art~~ and good fellowship, his story-telling faculty, and talent for acting, were but a part of the network by which the unreflecting youth was caught and for so many sad, distressing, horrible years, was imprisoned by the drink habit.

It was long after, when emancipation had come to him through the direct aid of the Divine Spirit, as he believed, that I met Gough. He was as good a talker at the breakfast table as in public, and one could easily see how his amiable temper and brilliant social qualities might have been the point of attack for the Great Enemy. In person he was of ~~of~~ small stature, of regular features, with a full forehead and large eyes. By a twinkle of the eyes, an expression of the face or a movement of the body, he would provoke laughter without a word spoken. Among

to strong drink? Was it the feeling, accompanying drinking of the
greater or the lesser victim of delirium tremens when the
aware to his feet or the chains of evil habit upon him? What
made Gough's story so thrilling? Was it his fidelity to truth
as well as the vividness with which the scenes in his life were
portrayed in words and illustrated by voice, look, gesture
and every attitude and movement of the body?
The old Spartans used to make their slaves drink as fast
their own youths might see how disgusting it was, and might grow
up to loathe it and the cause of it. Gough at seventeen, found
the drink habit almost universal among his young comrades. It
was among the respectable, so-called, those who were merely
convivial, those who with a few glasses were surrounded with
laughter, jest and song--that the tempter's arrow was concealed.
His own natural gifts of wit and good fellowship, his story-telling
facility, and talent for acting, were but a part of the network
by which the unreflecting youth was caught and for so many sad,
distressing, horrible years, as imprisoned by the drink habit.
It was long after when emancipation had come to him through
the direct aid of the Divine Spirit, as he believed, that I met
Gough. He was as good a laborer at the preacher's table as in
public, and one could easily see how the unalike temper and
brilliant social qualities might have been the point of attack for
the Great Enemy. In person he was of a small stature, of
regular features, with a full forehead and large eyes.
twinkle of the eyes, an expression of the face on a movement of
the body, the words pronounced without a word of action.

^{his} anecdotes, ~~inimitable~~ in the telling of them, was one he used to tell of a Dutchman who had heard Gough and declared to a friend: "He talks mit his coat-tails", and Mr. Gough would illustrate this with certain indescribable maneuvers in which his broadcloth swallow-tail did appear to be the chief speaker. This invariably brought ^tdown the house.

As intimated, Mr. Gough believed in the power of religion to help the victim of the drink habit. He also believed in and constantly made use of the pledge, ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{of signatures} had several volumes which he showed to intimate friends, containing in all, 150,000 ^{names} ~~signatures~~. Once, in Cincinnati, during a fortnight's effort, 7,640 ^{names} ~~signatures~~ were attached to his pledge. Three hundred of them were the autographs of college students. It is easy to believe that Gough's tender sympathetic heart was greatly cheered, and the old wounds--the but half-healed scars of memory--soothed by this work of reform and protection for young men.

One of the terrible evils of soldier-life in our ^{Civil} ~~last~~ war, as in all armies, was that resulting from strong drink.

You can easily imagine the excuses that might come to the staunchest temperance boy in the hardships of the campaign. High officers drank. The first time I met Major General (Rosecrans, ^{spent the night at} he ~~came to~~ our headquarters tents on the bank of the Tennessee River ~~at Bridgeport~~, about thirty miles below Chattanooga, in the autumn of 1863. ~~He spent the night with me.~~ You all remember that the soldiers' pet name for him was "Old Rosey". After I saw him I ~~had~~ guessed the true origin of the name. It may be

unadorned, inimitable in the telling of them, was one he used to
tell of a Dutchman who had heard Gough and declared to a friend:
"He talks with his coat-tails", and Mr. Gough would illustrate this
with certain indescribable maneuvers in which his broadcloth
swallow-tail did appear to be the chief speaker. This invariably
brought down the house.

As intimated, Mr. Gough believed in the power of religion
to help the victim of the drink habit. He also believed in and
constantly made use of the pledge, ~~the~~ he had several volumes which
he showed to intimate friends, containing in all, 150,000 signatures.
Once, in Cincinnati, during a fortnight's effort, 7,640 names
were attached to his pledge. Three hundred of them were the
autographs of college students. It is easy to believe that
Gough's tender sympathetic heart was greatly cheered, and the old
wounds--the but half-healed scars of memory--soothed by this work
of reform and protection for young men.

One of the terrible evils of soldier-life in our last war,
as in all armies, was that resulting from strong drink.
You can easily imagine the excesses that might come to the
staunchest temperance boy in the hardships of the campaign. High
officers drank. The first time I met Major General Rosecrans,
he came to our headquarters on the bank of the Tennessee
River at ~~Memphis~~, about thirty miles below Chattanooga, in the
autumn of 1863. ~~My first~~ You all remember
that the soldiers' pet name for him was "Old Hossy". After I saw
him I half-guessed the true origin of the name. It may be

sacrilege to associate the pure fragrant red rose with the cheeks of a toper, but there can be no mistake, I think, as to the pigment employed by Rosecrans, Hendock and "Fighting Joe" Hooker in producing the couleur de rose. The whisky flask was, to each of them, in the times I met them, a constant and evidently beloved companion. Not a mere necessity of the service like the sword and the shoulder-straps; not like the ration of bread and coffee, taken to sustain life and strength; it would be absurd to personify these and to speak of an affection for them. But "fondness for the whisky flask" was a common expression and described a too common intimacy among army officers.

I am speaking now confidentially to my Glencoe neighbors, and not to the public. Major General Rosecrans is living. He was but lately Register of the United States Treasury. I met him not very long ago when he went again to Chattanooga on the occasion of making the Chickamaga battle-field a National Park. There was less of the bright color and less evidence that he kept up his friendship for the flask. But I remember that night with us on the high bluff of the Tennessee in 1863, just after Rosecrans had been relieved from his command, Thomas put in his place and Grant, after his promotion to the head of all the armies, sent to conduct operations at Chattanooga.

The next morning, after Rosecrans had left for the north-- never again to have an active and important command, we found on the little camp table at the head of the cot where he had slept, that bewitching little companion of which I have spoken. I have heard of the "Imp of the bottle". If there is any imp, any

associate to associate the pure fragment red rose with the cheeks
of a toper, but there can be no mistake, I think, as to the
pigment employed by Rosecrans, Hancock and "Fighting Joe" Hooker
in producing the colour of rose. The whisky flask was, to each
of them, in the time I met them, a constant and evidently beloved
companion. Not a more necessity of the service like the sword
and the shoulder strap; not like the ration of bread and coffee,
taken to sustain life and strength; it would be absurd to personify
these and to speak of an affection for them. But "fondness for
the whisky flask" was a common expression and described a too
common infirmity among army officers.

I am speaking now confidentially to my Gleaner neighbors,
and not to the public. Major General Rosecrans is living. He
was but lately Registrar of the United States Treasury. I met
him not very long ago when he went again to Chattanooga on the
occasion of making the Chickamauga battle-field a National Park.
There was loss of the bright color and less evidence that he
kept up his friendship for the flask. But I remember that night
with us on the high bluff of the Tennessee in 1863, just after
Rosecrans had been relieved from his command, Thomas put in his
place and Grant, after his promotion to the head of all the armies,
sent to conduct operations at Chattanooga.

The next morning, after Rosecrans had left for the north--
never again to have an active and important command, we found
on the little camp table at the head of the cot where he had
slept, that bewitching little companion of which I have spoken.
I have heard of the "lip of the bottle". It was in my lap, my

~~an~~ evil spirit, any infinitesimal embodiment of Satan that can begin to do the harm that I have known~~te~~ to be done by this one, he deserves to be named and to be known--to be marked with the mark of Cain.

I believe but for the fiend coiled in the flask, Rosecrans, instead of having been relieved in disgrace from the command of one of the greatest, bravest and best armies in the world--the grand old historic army of the Cumberland--instead of the humiliating experience of going to the rear just at the opening of a new campaign, and just before the battle which covered with glory its successful participants, ~~he~~ might have remained at his post. Nay, he might have turned the defeat of Chickamauga, as the *stalwart* ~~steady, noble~~ Thomas actually did in his part of the field, into a victory.

General Grant spent the next night at our headquarters, and slept on the same cot that Rosecrans had occupied. There were many newspaper reports in those days to the effect that Grant was addicted to drink. He was lame at this time and walked with a cane, though he could ride his horse without difficulty. The lameness was occasioned by his horse falling in the streets of New Orleans. But the telegraph reported that he was drunk. His countenance certainly gave no sign of dissipation. He saw the whisky flask left in the tent by Rosecrans, and rallied my brother, Gen'l Howard, a little:

"I always heard, Howard, that you were a teetotaler, but this looks a little suspicious".

and evil spirit, my infinitesimal embodiment of Satan that can
begin to do the harm that I have known to be done by this one,
no reserves to be named and to be known--to be marked with the
mark of Cain.

I believe but for the time coiled in the flask, Rousseau,
instead of having been relieved in disgrace from the command of
one of the greatest, bravest and best armies in the world--the
grand old historic army of the Cumberland--instead of the
unflinching experience of going to the rear just at the opening
of a new campaign, and just before the battle which covered with
glory its successful participation, he might have remained at his
post. Nay, he might have turned the defeat of Chickamauga, as the
steady, noble Thomas actually did in his part of the field, into
victory.

General Grant spent the next night at our head-
quarters, and slept on the same cot that Rousseau had occupied.
There were many newspaper reports in those days to the effect
that Grant was addicted to drink. He was lame at this time and
walked with a cane, though he could ride his horse without
difficulty. The lameness was occasioned by his horse falling in
the streets of New Orleans. But the telegraph reported that he
was drunk. His countenance certainly gave no sign of dissipation.
He saw the whisky flask left in the tent by Rousseau, and walked
my brother, Gen'l Howard, a little.
"I always heard, Howard, that you were a teetotaler; but this
looks a little suspicious."

"Yes, General, but you would not often find a whisky-flask at our head-quarters. That was left here by Rosecrans. I really cannot say as to the quality of it. Will you try it?"

"No, thank you. I don't drink. I don't drink at all."

Afterwards we rode on with General Grant escorting him towards Chattanooga. After our forward movement some days later, and the Battle of Wauhatchie, I saw more of Grant at his own headquarters in Chattanooga. *He certainly ^{at that time} was not given to drink.*

Some officers high in rank, besides those already named, drank freely and openly. One of these was Major General Gordon Granger, who, at Grant's great battle of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, was in command of the Fourth Army Corps. General Grant became so much displeased with Granger during that battle, that he relieved him from the command. Granger was noisy, profane and, though an educated and well-trained soldier, his bad temper amounted at times, to apparent disrespect to his superior officers, if not actual insubordination. The cause for this unsoldierly conduct was not far to seek. He was soon on his way north following his ^{former} ~~old~~ commander into obscurity.

X I was in the presence of General Grant often in time of ^{intense} ~~great~~ excitement, during ^{the great} ~~that~~ battle of Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, receiving orders or instructions from his lips and bringing him reports from the quarter of the field where our command was engaged. In battle Grant was ^{not profane} ~~never~~ noisy. *(In fact I never heard from his lips a profane word)* He spoke in quiet tones. His demeanor was not stolid. He gave the closest attention to reports, and was courteous and kindly to staff officers. In returning to him after an absence of, perhaps, a half-hour or an hour, though

"Yes, General, but you would not often find a whisky-finish

at our headquarters. That was left here by Rosecrans. I

really cannot say as to the quality of it. Will you try it?

"No, thank you. I don't drink. I don't drink at all."

Afterwards we rode on with General Grant asserting him

towards Chattanooga. After our forward movement some days

later, and the battle of Wauhatchie, I saw more of Grant as his

own headquarters in Chattanooga.

Some officers high in rank, besides those already named,

Grant freely and openly. One of these was Major General Gordon

Granger, who, at Grant's great battle of Mission Ridge and Lookout

Mountain, was in command of the Twenty-Third Corps. General

Grant became so much displeased with Granger during that battle,

that he relieved him from the command. Granger was noisy, protesting

and, though an educated and well-trained soldier, his bad temper

amounted at times, to apparent disrespect to his superior officers,

it not actual insubordination. The cause for this was

conduct was not far to seek. He was soon on his way north

following his old commander into obscurity.

I was in the presence of General Grant often in time of

great excitement, during the battle-receiving orders or instructions

from his lips and bringing him reports from the quarters of

the field where our command was engaged. In that time Grant was

never noisy. He spoke in quiet tones. His demeanor was not

arrogant. He gave the closest attention to reports, and was

courteous and kindly to staff officers. In returning to him

often in absence of reports, a half-hour or an hour, though

hundreds of other reports had come to him from different Army or Corps Commanders, and from parts of the field seven or eight miles distant, I found that he had not forgotten my former report, and the situation as then stated. His mind was alert; his comprehension of military positions intuitive and correct. His resources never-failing, his decisions prompt and never needing to be recalled; his aggressive on-pushing energy, ^{indomitable} irresistible. Grant was never ostentatious ^(as were Rosecrans, Hooker and Hancock.)

McClellan ^(also) had an immense staff, like a cavalcade, and ~~was~~ was surrounded by them in time of battle as I saw him at Antietam, and in the battles in front of Yorktown and at Williamsburg on the Virginia peninsula. ^{McClellan and the other officers mentioned} ~~These officers~~ would turn to ^{his} ~~their~~ Adjutant Generals and say with more or less pomposity:

"Direct General Burnside or General Sumner", or whoever was to receive the order, "to do so and so"..

General Grant quietly gave his own orders, often dropping ⁱⁿ on his knee and writing them full, as he did one order for me ^{to deliver,} at the battle of Chattanooga.

~~It will illustrate what was going on at home in those times if I mention the fact that I afterwards sent the identical leaf from Grant's ^{order} book, to a Sanitary Commission rally in Cincinnati and it was sold to the highest bidder, bringing, I was informed, more than a thousand dollars into the treasury of the commission. These funds were used for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers.~~

hundreds of other reports had come to him from different Army or
Corps Commanders, and from parts of the field seven or eight miles
distant, I found that he had not forgotten my former report, and
the situation as then stated. His mind was alert; his com-
prehension of military positions intuitive and correct. His
resources never-failing, his decisions prompt and never needing
to be recalled; his aggressive on-coming energy, irresistible.
Grant was never over-estimations as were Rosecrans, Hooker and
Hannock.

McClellan, also, had an immense staff, like a convalescent,
and he was surrounded by them in time of battle as I saw him at
Antietam, and in the battle in front of Yorktown and at Williams-
burg on the Virginia peninsula. These officers would turn to
their Adjutant General and say with more or less pompous-
ness "Direct General Burnside or General Sumner," or whoever.

was to receive the order, "to do so and so."
General Grant quietly gave his own orders, often dropping
on his knee and writing them off, as he did one order for me
at the battle of Chattanooga.

It will illustrate what was going on at some of these times
if I mention the fact that I afterwards sent the identical letter
from Grant's own book, to a Sanitary Commission rally in Cincinnati,
and it was sold to the highest bidder, bringing, I was informed,
more than a thousand dollars into the treasury of the commission.
These funds were used for the comfort of the sick and wounded
soldiers.

I met Abraham Lincoln at three different times. Once, at Harper's Ferry, when, after the Battle of Antietam, in the month of October, 1862, he came to review the Army of the Potomac still under McClellan; though not long after McClellan was retired, and Burnside advanced to the command of that Army. No doubt what Mr. Lincoln saw and learned by intercourse with the army officers at that time, prepared his mind for this executive act for which he was so much criticised by the personal friends of McClellan. Whatever the purpose of his visit, his presence was always gratifying and cheering to the officers and soldiers. The political tides in the country were ebbing and flowing--affected perceptibly by the success or failure of our arms, but the soldiers never for a moment, lost confidence in Lincoln.

Memory vividly brings to view again Mr. Lincoln on horseback; his tall form towering above that of McClellan who was rather undersized. It did not require a keen sense of the ludicrous to provoke a smile at the appearance of the President in his civilian's dress and tall silk hat as he rode, surrounded by general and staff officers in their military equipments, over the hills about Harper's Ferry. But mere external oddities did not diminish the respect of those who had learned to know and trust him.

His tender heart was moved to deep concern for the destitute condition of the soldiers, their lack of clothing, hospital supplies

I met Abraham Lincoln at three different times. Once, at

Harper's Ferry, when, after the Battle of Antietam in the month of
October, 1862, he came to review the Army of the Potomac still under
McClellan, though not long after McClellan was retired, and Burnside
advanced to the command of that Army. No doubt what Mr. Lincoln saw
and learned by intercourse with the army officers at that time, pre-
pared his mind for this executive act for which he was so much criti-
cized by the personal friends of McClellan. Whatever the purpose of
his visit, his presence was always gratifying and cheering to the
officers and soldiers. The political tides in the country were
ebbing and flowing--reflected perceptibly by the success or failure of
our arms, but the soldiers never for a moment, lost confidence in
Lincoln.

Memory vividly brings to view again Mr. Lincoln on horseback;
his tall form towering above that of McClellan who was rather under-
sized. It did not require a keen sense of the ludicrous to pro-
voke a smile at the appearance of the President in his civilian
dress and tall silk hat as he rode, surrounded by general and staff
officers in their military equipments, over the hills about Harper's
Ferry. But more external oddities did not diminish the respect of
those who had learned to know and trust him.

His softer heart was moved to deep concern for the destinies
of the soldiers, their lack of clothing, hospital work, etc.

and the like. Very soon after his return to Washington, the railroad was loaded with trains to relieve the want, and to fit the army for immediate advance. When it was found that McClellan was still advocating inaction, Burnside was put in his place.

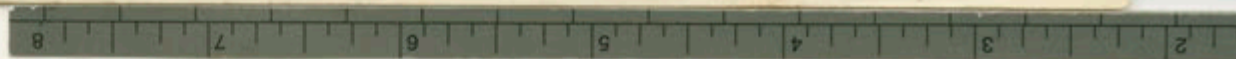
In the Spring of 1863 I again met the President when he ^{ad} ~~was on a~~ visit ^{to} the Army of the Potomac, then under Hooker on the Rappahannock. Burnside's disastrous battle of Fredericksburg had been fought the previous December. I met Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln at our headquarters tents, pitched among some pine trees near Brook's Station on the Potomac and Fredericksburg Railroad. *A little lunch was served to them.*

(See page 12)

~~1-11-1862~~

and the like. Very soon after his return to Washington, the rail-
road was loaded with trains to relieve the want, and to fit the
army for immediate advance. When it was found that McClellan was
still advocating inaction, Burnside was put in his place.

In the Spring of 1863 I again met the President when he
was on a visit to the Army of the Potomac, then under Hooker on the
Appomattox. Burnside's disastrous battle of Fredericksburg had
been fought the previous December. I met Mr. Lincoln and Mrs.
Lincoln at our headquarters tents, pitched among some pine trees
near Brook's Station on the Potomac and Fredericksburg Railroad.



~~Fredericksburg Railroad.~~ Mrs. Lincoln seemed to enjoy the novel scenes in our camp-life. Her whole demeanor was that of a well-contented and good tempered person; quite different ^{from} the character sometimes ascribed to her. Mr. Lincoln, during the review, rode on horseback by the side of the commanding officer and staff. The laugh went around as his head and shoulders appeared above Howard and Hooker, and the stove-pipe hat was seen over-topping all. Mr. Lincoln made no pretense to be military in dress or attitude, but history shows that in the strategy and grand tactics of war, he had no superior.

General Hooker, quite in contrast with Lincoln, was a model of soldierly bearing, and one of the finest riders I have ever seen. His horses were, like Grant's, the best blooded steeds, large, strong, handsome and well-trained. In battle, Hooker, as long as he had a subordinate command, was self possessed, and won the admiration of all who saw him, but the responsibility of an independent army in a great battle proved to be too much for him.

The last time I saw Abraham Lincoln was early in January,

General Hooker, quite in contrast with Lincoln, was a model of soldierly bearing, and one of the finest riders I have ever seen. His horses were, like Grant's, the best blooded steeds, large, strong and well trained. In battle, Hooker, as long as he had a subordinate command, was self possessed, and won the admiration of all who saw him, but the responsibility of an independent army in a great battle proved to be too much for him.

The first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was early in January, General Hooker, quite in contrast with Lincoln, was a model of soldierly bearing, and one of the finest riders I have ever seen. His horses were, like Grant's, the best blooded steeds, large, strong and well trained. In battle, Hooker, as long as he had a subordinate command, was self possessed, and won the admiration of all who saw him, but the responsibility of an independent army in a great battle proved to be too much for him.

hooker, and the stove-pipe hat was seen over-topping all. Mr. Lincoln made no pretense to be military in dress or attitude, but history shows that in the strategy and grand tactics of war, he had no superior.

horses by the side of the commanding officer and staff. The laugh sometimes ascribed to her. Mr. Lincoln, during the review, rode on tented and good tempered person; quite different from the character seemed in our camp-life. Her whole demeanor was that of a self-confident. Mrs. Lincoln seemed to enjoy the novel

1865. I had come to Savannah with Sherman's Army on the March to the Sea, and was sent to Washington with dispatches. Telegrams, brought part of the way by steamer and forwarded from Fortress Monroe, had announced Sherman's capture of Savannah and his Christmas present of it and its contraband of war to President Lincoln. But Lincoln had not yet seen any person who had come through with Sherman. My dispatches were addressed to the President. I went to the White House at an early hour in the morning, but found the corridors and ante-room full of people waiting to see the President. It looked like an all day of waiting, but I sent in my card, as an officer with dispatches from General Sherman, and it was but a moment or two when the messenger returned to usher me in. Some members of Congress and others were in the inner reception room, but I was taken through this into a more private apartment where I found Lincoln engaged in shaving himself. He paused to take me kindly by the hand, and then soon finished his shaving and sat down beside me on a sofa. He had many questions to ask about the March to the Sea--about General Sherman and about my brother who commanded the right wing--composed of the Army of the Tennessee. He said that some people had been anxious about Sherman's Army, but he had believed that they would come through all right. He expressed great confidence in Sherman's ability. Said some very kind things of my brother and took my hand in both of his as he bade me goodbye, and expressed his satisfaction in my brief call. This interview became something sacred to me--when a few months later I knew that I would never see Lincoln again. As he sat down by me, I realized, as never before, that physically he was a phenomenal

This interview I have in a previous lecture described in detail and vice versa than omit here,

May add meeting

1865. I had come to Savannah with Sherman's Army on the March
to the Sea, and was sent to Washington with dispatches. // Telegram
photograph of the way by steamer and forwarded from Fort
Monroe, had announced Sherman's capture of Savannah and his
Christmas present of it and its contraband of war to President
Lincoln. But Lincoln had not seen any person who had come
through with Sherman. My dispatches were addressed to the
President. I went to the White House at an early hour in the
morning, but found the corridors and ante-room full of people
waiting to see the President. It looked like an all day of
waiting, but I sent in my card, as an officer with dispatches
from General Sherman, and it was but a moment or two when the
messenger returned to usher me in. Some members of Congress and
others were in the inner reception room, but I was taken through
this into a more private apartment where I found Lincoln engaged
in shaving himself. He paused to talk to me kindly by the hand, and
then soon finished his shaving and sat down beside me on a sofa.
He had many questions to ask about the March to the Sea--about
General Sherman and about my brother who commanded the right wing
composed of the Army of the Tennessee. He said that some people
had been anxious about Sherman's Army, but he had believed that
they would come through all right. He expressed great confidence
in Sherman's ability. He said some very kind things of my brother
and took my hand in both of his as he bade me goodbye, and
expressed his satisfaction in my brief call. This interview
became something more to me--when a few months later I knew that
I would never see Lincoln again. As he sat down by me, I

man. The ~~Six~~ six feet-four of stature made me feel small. His
at first
countenance impressed me with a sense of kindness, and the
little twinkle of his eye when he saw my surprise at his half-
shaved face, gave a hint of the sense of humor which was so
characteristic. Certain frank, generous and affectionate
personal allusions, evinced a depth of feeling and an appreciation
of high character that was new, ^{and} unexpected to me--contrary to
any experience I had had with public men. But in the years since--
possibly tinged by the terrible tragedy that followed--my chief
impression has been of ^{his} ~~the~~ large full eyes--deep and sad, and of ^{his} ~~a~~
^{face} thoughtful, serious ~~aspect to the countenance~~, which seem to put
it apart from all the faces I have seen.

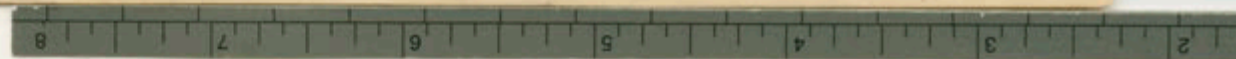
two of the most marked men

Of Lincoln's Cabinet I met a number of times, his
^{Almon} Secretary of the Treasury, ~~Samuel~~ P. Chase, who afterwards became
Chief Justice of the United States; and the Secretary of War,
Edwin M. Stanton. Army officers sometimes preferred to go into
battle rather than go into Stanton's presence. He was capable
of great severity in utterance and demeanor. My experience of
his temper was the very opposite. He met me with great kindness
^{in the War Department office} when I saw him with reference to a plan of Major General Saxton
recruiting
^{in which I was to cooperate} for and training some 10,000 colored troops in South Caro-
lina. Mr. Stanton, at General Saxton's request, commissioned
me to take charge of a Camp of Instruction on ^{Port} ~~Port~~ Royal Island.
Stanton was a democrat at the opening of the War, but the freedmen
had no better friend. ^{II} One of the last times I saw Secretary
Stanton, was after his voluntary self-imprisonment in the War

man. The first form of nature made me feel small. His
at first
countenance impressed me with a sense of kindness, and the
little twinkle of his eye when he saw my surprise at his half-
shaved face, gave a hint of the sense of humor which was so
characteristic. Certain frank, generous and affectionate
personal relations, evinced a depth of feeling and an appreciation
of high character that was new and unexpected to me--contrary to
any experience I had had with public men. But in the years since--
possibly tinged by the terrible tragedy that followed--my chief
impression has been of the large full eyes--deep and, and of a
thoughtful serious aspect to the countenance, which seem to put
it apart from all the faces I have seen.

The first meeting here

Of Lincoln's Cabinet I met a number of times, his
Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, who afterwards became
Chief Justice of the United States; and the Secretary of War,
Edwin M. Stanton. Army officers sometimes preferred to go into
battle rather than go into Stanton's presence. He was capable
of great severity in utterance and demeanor. My experience of
his temper was the very opposite. He met me with great kindness
when I saw him with reference to a plan of Major General Saxton
for training some 10,000 colored troops in South Caro-
lina. Mr. Stanton, at General Saxton's request, commissioned
me to take charge of a Camp of Instruction on Folly Island.
Stanton was a democrat at the opening of the war, but the freedmen
had no better friends. One of the last times I saw Secretary
Stanton, was after his voluntary self-sacrifice in the war.



Department. President Johnson had turned traitor to the Republican party, and wished to depose the ^{Secretary of War} ~~great War Secretary~~. Congress had passed the Tennure-of-Office Act which forbade any Executive Officer relinquishing his official duties until his successor should be confirmed. The Senate refused to confirm anyone for Stanton's place, but the President determined to take possession of the office by an ad-interim or acting secretary, and selected an army officer for this purpose. ⁹¹ Grant, then at the head of the Army, was opposed to Johnson's policy and was, of course, to be depended upon to enforce the laws. As long as Stanton was actually in possession, no one could take his office from him. So he stayed there night and day. I have already indicated some of the stern features of Stanton's character. He was the man of iron of that period---the Bismarck of America. It was ^{at} the time of ^{this self incarceration} ~~this self imprisonment~~ that many Senators and Members of Congress called to encourage him to hold on, while others sent congratulatory messages. Senator Sumner sent from the Senate Chamber the famous telegram "Stick". ⁹¹ When, soon after, Mrs. Howard and I met Mr. Stanton at a reception of Senator Pomeroy; he looked pale and worn, but greeted us with cordiality; chatted pleasantly and spoke cheerily of his self-imposed durance. Not long after, he was taken severely ill---an illness from which he never recovered. It is the conviction of many that the great War Secretary though mentally, morally and physically of giant fibre, was, like the men who offered up their lives in battle, and like his own beloved

Department. President Johnson had turned over to the Republican
party, and wished to depose the President. Congress had
passed the Tennessee-of-Office Act which forbade any Executive Officer
retaining his official duties until his successor should be
confirmed. The Senate refused to confirm anyone for Stanton's place
but the President determined to take possession of the office by an
appointment of acting secretary, and selected an army officer for this
purpose. Grant, then at the head of the Army, was opposed to
Johnson's policy and was, of course, to be depended upon to enforce
the laws. As long as Stanton was actually in possession, no one
could take his office from him. So he stayed there until May. I
have already indicated some of the stern features of Stanton's charac-
ter. He was the man of iron of that period--the discipline of
America. It was the time of his self-imposed that many Sena-
tors and members of Congress called to encourage him to hold on, while
others sent congratulatory messages. Senator Sumner sent from the
Senate Chamber the famous telegram "Stick". When, soon after, Mr.
Howard and I met Mr. Stanton at a reception of Senator Sumner,
he looked pale and worn, but greeted us with cordiality; chatted
pleasantly and spoke cheerily of his self-imposed duties. Not long
after, he was taken severely ill--an illness from which he never
recovered. It is the conviction of many that the great War Secretary
shown mentally, morally and physically of Grant there, was, like the
man he offered up their lives in battle, and the his own beloved

Chief, a martyr to our sacred cause.

99 Secretary Chase was one of the most courtly of men; affable---evincing always a personal interest in his guest; and a fine conversationalist. He was versatile in his talent, as much at home in the drawing room with the ladies, as in talking of ~~great~~ *important* financial matters. Of Lincoln's Cabinet, he was, perhaps, the most scholarly in his tastes. *II* One of my interviews with Secretary Chase was in South Carolina on the occasion of a review *by him* of my colored troops. It was in the summer of 1865---soon after the close of active hostilities. *no II (su 16 1/2)*

--18--

Chief, a martyr to our sacred cause.

Secretary Chase was one of the most courtly of men; affable--evincing always a personal interest in his guest; and a fine conversationalist. He was versatile in his talents, an expert home in the drawing room with the ladies, as in talking of financial matters. Of Lincoln's Cabinet, he was, perhaps, the most scholarly in his tastes. One of my interviews with Secretary Chase was in South Carolina on the occasion of a review of my colored troops. It was in the summer of 1865--soon after the close of active hostilities.

--16-- 1/2
(in addition to the drill and more military duties)

The officers of my regiment had been engaged in teaching our negro soldiers to read and write. Everyone was discussing the question of enfranchising the Blacks. I asked Secretary Chase what he thought of an educational qualification as a condition of voting. He replied:

"A man cannot lift himself by his boot- straps. No race sunk in ignorance and barbarism was ever known to rise by its own unaided efforts. Some race which knows the benefit of education and civilization must help them. We must give the negro the ballot in order to make it for the interest of the white people, North and South, to see that he is educated. Otherwise, he will be kept in illiteracy forever."

~~¶ The readiness of the freedmen to enlist in the Union Army as soon as they came within our lines their invariable kindness and fidelity to escaped prisoners of the Federal Army when they were had much to do with securing for them eventually the rights of Citizenship~~

¶¶ The invariable kindness and fidelity of the negroes to our escaped prisoners and their ready response to the call for enlistment in the Union Army as soon as they were within our lines - the recruits to our depleted ranks from this source reaching some 300,000 men

was a grand testimony to their heroic conduct in battle, had much to do with

(in which I was engaged in teaching)
The officers of the regiment had been engaged in teaching
our negro soldiers to read and write. Everyone was discussing
the question of enfranchising the blacks. I asked Secretary
Gibbs what he thought of an educational qualification as a
condition of voting. He replied:
"A man cannot lift himself by his boot- straps. No race
can lift in ignorance and barbarism was ever known to rise by its
own unaided efforts. Some race which knows the benefits of
education and civilization must help them. We must give the
negro the ballot in order to make it for the interest of the
white people, North and South, to see that he is educated.
Otherwise, he will be kept in illiteracy forever."

With settling the question of the ballot for their race
and securing for them the rights of citizenship.
It seems fitting to mention, among the distinguished names of
one of that race. ⁽¹⁷⁾ It was in South Carolina, while in command of a district,
embracing in part Port Royal, St Helena and others of the so called
Sea Islands that I became acquainted with Capt. Robert Small. ^{of}
Probably this name is not familiar to many in this audience, but of
those who had been slaves, their lives long, he was at that time one
of the most famous. In fact throughout the North he was counted ^a ~~the~~
^{true} ~~one real~~ hero that the war had developed from among the blacks. ⁹ In
boating along that Coast, among the many islands and through the
bayous and cut-offs, up the creeks and rivers, it was quite necessary
to have pilots acquainted with the numberless channels, sand bars
and shoals.

Robert Small was pilot on the little Confederate steamboat
"The Planter", used for conveying supplies to the Confederate forts, or
for transfer of small companies of troops, or, oftener still, to take
officers to and from the city of Charleston.

One dark night when the Captain of the boat and his white
engineer and sailors were all gone, Robert Small cut the moorings,
ran down past Castle Pinkney, little Fort Ripley, under the frowning
guns of Sumter and in easy range of the dark-mouthed cannon of Fort
Moultrie on the left and within hearing of the sentry calls on the
ramparts of Fort Wagner on his right. He was engineer, pilot and
commander all in one. The Confederate Captain did not imagine his
pilot knew how to run the engine, much less did he suspect that he
had the pluck to take charge of the boat and steam out to the

It was in South Carolina while in command of a district
comprising the parts of North, St. Helena and others of the so-called
Sea Islands that I became acquainted with Capt. Robert Smalls.
It was in this manner that I first met him in this audience, one of
those who had been slaves, their lives long, he was at that time one
of the most famous. In fact throughout the North he was counted as
one of the heroes that the world had never before seen. In
position along the coast, among the many islands and through the
bayous and estuaries, up the creeks and rivers, it was quite necessary
to have pilots acquainted with the numerous channels, sand bars
and shoals.

Robert Smalls was pilot on the little Confederate steamboat
"The Planter," used for conveying supplies to the Confederate forces, or
for transfer of small companies of troops, or, of other still, to the
officers to and from the city of Charleston.

One dark night when the Captain of the boat and his wife
asleep and sailors were all gone, Robert Smalls got up quietly,
ran down past Castle Pinckney, little Fort Mifflin, under the floating
guns of Starke and in easy range of the barbattled cannon of Fort
Moultrie on the left and within hearing of the sentry calls on the
right of Fort Mifflin on his right. He was an insect, pilot and
commander all in one. The Confederate Captain did not imagine his
pilot knew how to run the engine, and less did he suspect that he
had the ship in the hands of the boat and its crew.

Yankee fleet and to freedom. ² As he passed the historic Wagner ~~the~~ thought of the heroism of the men of his own race who there proved how negroes could charge and charge again amid the terrible storm of shot and shell, ~~led by the dauntless Col. Shaw,~~ and how the life blood of officers and men and their noble commander was mingled with the white sand on the beach--his arm was nerved anew and his heart beat hard with the throb of high hope and strong purpose. He lashed the wheel fast for the few moments necessary to go below and see to the fire and the engine and soon again he was back watching eagerly for the lights of the ^{Union} ~~Yankee~~ Squadron.

A dim streak of dawn appeared in the East as he crossed the bar at the South end of Morris Island, The picket boat of the fleet was about to train upon the dark speck a twenty pounder, believing it to be a blockade runner, but Robert Small was ready for this emergency. His white officers had left behind their bed sheets, one of which he now ran up on the staff of the bow. The man who had aimed the 20 pounder was, as he afterwards declared, very reluctant to lose his chance of a shot at the Rebel cruiser, but his commander respected the flag of truce, and Robert Small was a free man forever.. He had not only piloted himself to freedom but he had won the admiration of the world, and what was of more practical benefit to himself, the grateful recognition of the United States Government.

Robert Small ^{promptly} ~~promptly~~ surrendered his prize "The Planter"

Yankee fleet and to freedom. As he passed the historic wharves and
thought of the heroism of the men of his own race who there proved
how heroes could charge and charge again amid the terrible storm of
shot and shell led by the fearless Col. Shaw, and how the life blood
of officers and men and their heroic commander was mingled with the
white sand on the beach--his arm was nerveless now and his heart beat
wildly the throes of high hope and strong purpose. He flashed the
wheel fast for the few moments necessary to go below and see to the
fire and the engine and soon again he was back watching eagerly for
the signals of the Yankee Squadron.

A dim streak of dawn appeared in the east as he crossed the
bar at the south end of Morris Island. The picket boat of the fleet
was about to strain upon the dark beach a timely warning, relieving it
to be a blockade runner, but Roger Shaw was ready for this emergency
his white officers had left behind their red shirts, one of which he
now ran up on the staff of the bow. The man who had aimed the 30
pounder was, as he afterwards declared, very reluctant to lose his
chance of a shot at the Rebel cruiser, but his commander respected
the flag of truce, and Roger Shaw was a free man forever. He had
not only piloted himself to freedom but he had won the admiration of
the world, and what was of more practical benefit to himself, the
recognition of the United States Government.

Roger Shaw unanimously nominated his prize "the Pioneer"

to the Admiral of the fleet, But, in poetic justice he was ^{immediately} ~~undoubtedly~~ put back to the position he had so heroically won. ^{as Captain of the "Beaufort",} and was awarded one half the appraised value ~~for~~ ^{receiving} 4,500-

This brave exploit by a negro was one of the events which prepared the way for the much more extended enlistment of Colored troops and Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

It was a year or two later that I met him and often sailed with him on tours of inspection and military duty. It was on these voyages that I heard from his own lips much better than I can tell it, the story of his night's adventure.

In stature he was well knit and muscular, of medium height, his complexion that of the American Indian; his features indicating rather more of the Anglo Saxon than the Negro type.

When he made his escape he could not read but he was afterwards taught by a Northern lady missionary who had gone to Port Royal under commission of one of the Freedmen's Aid Societies of General Massachusetts, and who afterwards became the wife of Major Saxton, the commander of that Department. ~~Capt. Robert Small was an apt pupil as I learned from Mrs. Saxton. Her~~ ^{His} ~~career~~ ^{did not} stop with the war.

I afterwards met him in Washington when he was a Member of Congress from that same Port Royal District of ^{South} ~~North~~ Carolina; and again still later at the Republican National Convention in Chicago to which he was an honored delegate.

-8-

See 4 pages,
additional concerning

Flag raising on Hunter
with order of Beecher

and the history of the Fleet. But in poetic justice he was ultimately
brought to the position he had so heroically won.

This brave exploit of a Negro was one of the events which

prepared the way for the more extended enlistment of Colored

troops and Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

It was a year or two later that I met him and often talked

with him on points of inspection and military duty. It was on these

visages that I heard from his own lips much better than I can tell in

the story of his night's adventure.

In stature he was well built and muscular, of medium height,

his complexion that of the American Indian; his features indicating

rather more of the Anglo-Saxon than the Negro type.

When he made his escape he could not read but he was after-

wards taught by a Northern lady missionary who had gone to Fort

Royal under commission of one of the Freedmen's Aid Societies of

General

Massachusetts, and who afterwards became the wife of Major Saxton, the

commander of that department. Capt. Robert Smith was an old friend

and I learned from Mr. Saxton that his career began with the war.

I afterwards met him in Washington when he was a Member of Congress

from that same Fort Royal District of North Carolina; and again still

later at the Republican National Convention in Chicago to which he

was an honored delegate.

After the surrender of Lee, some patriotic citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y., conceived the project of going down to Charleston harbor, and on April 14th. 1865, the anniversary of the day when Major Anderson and his brave little band were compelled to lower the flag on Fort Sumter, celebrate the final triumph of the cause of the Union and the return of peace, by a formal raising of the Stars and Stripes to float again over the fort.

Anderson, himself, now a white-haired Major General, was to participate, and Henry Ward Beecher was selected for the orator. The plan was sanctioned by President Lincoln, and the program was announced in orders from the War Department---thus securing the co-operation of the Army and Navy, and an unhindered entry into Charleston---then under strict military rule--- of the steamer and its 180 passengers.

Having delivered my dispatches in Washington and completed the business for which I had left Sherman's Army at Savannah, I had reached New York just in time to take this steamer back to Charleston, and was invited to take part in the celebration. 2

It will be remembered that Fort Sumter had not only been the first point of attack of the Secessionists, but our Navy, had, more than once brought their heavy guns to bear upon it, while in Confederate hands; and, after Morris Island was captured, the batteries of Fort Wagner, at comparatively close range, had poured upon it,

After the surrender of Lee, some patriotic citizens of
Brooklyn, N. Y., conceived the project of going down to Charleston
harbor, and on April 1st, 1865, the anniversary of the day when
Major Anderson and his brave little band were compelled to lower the
flag on Fort Sumter, celebrate the final triumph of the cause of the
Union and the return of peace by a formal raising of the Stars and
Stripes to float again over the fort.

Anderson, himself, now a white-haired Major General, was to
participate, and Henry Ward Beecher was selected for the orator. The
plan was sanctioned by President Lincoln, and the program was
announced in orders from the War Department--thus securing the co-
operation of the Army and Navy, and an undisturbed entry into harbor--
consequently under strict military rule--of the steamer and its 150
passengers.

Having delivered my dispatches in Washington and com-
pleted the business for which I had left Sherman's Army at Savannah,
I had reached New York just in time to take this steamer back to
Charleston, and was invited to take part in the celebration.

It will be remembered that Fort Sumter had not only seen
the first point of attack of the Secessionists, but our Navy, had
more than once struck their heavy guns to sea upon it, while in
Confederate hands, and after Fort's island was captured, the water-
of Fort Sumter, it was actively alone that, had fought upon it.

day and night, an almost incessant stream of shot and shell. No Rebel fort, no spot of earth in the Confederacy was an object of so general and wide-spread interest throughout the country, as this little rock-founded island and its fortress.

The morning of April 14th. 1865 opened bright and clear on Charleston and its beautiful inner harbor. "The Planter", with Captain Small in charge, was one of the boats to take the visitors to the mass of battered masonry standing high up out of the water, and recognized by even a stranger as Fort Sumter. In many ways, a rare fitness of things characterized the occasion; colored troops formed part of the garrison ; every man of the 1000 strong had been a South Carolina Slave. With rifles to shoulder and heads erect, they were there to assist in the celebration, at once, of their own emancipation and their country's triumph.

Rev. Matthias Harris, Chaplain United States Army, who had offered prayer at the first raising of the flag, when Maj. Anderson removed his command to Fort Sumter, Dec. 27th. 1860, stepped slowly to the front of the platform which had been erected in the amphitheatre of the fort, uncovered his head, silvered with age, and his voice trembling with emotion, sought the Divine blessing.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs of Brooklyn, N. Y., with full, sonorous tones, read selections from the Psalms.

Henry Ward Beecher was at his best. He had faced British

day and night, an almost incessant stream of shot and shell. No Rebel fort, no spot of earth in the Confederacy was an object of so general and wide-spread interest throughout the country, as this little rock-founded island and its fortress.

The morning of April 14th. 1865 opened bright and clear on Charleston and its beautiful inner harbor. Captain Shell in charge was one of the boats to take the visitors to the mass of scattered masonry standing high up out of the water, and recognized by even a stranger as Fort Sumter. In many ways, a rare fitness of things characterized the occasion; colored troops formed part of thearrison; every man of the 1000 strong had seen a South Carolina slave. With rifles to shoulder and heads erect, they were there to assist in the celebration, at once, of their own emancipation and their country's triumph.

Rev. Marcius Harris, Chaplain United States Army, who had offered prayer at the first raising of the flag, when Maj. Anderson removed his command to Fort Sumter, Dec. 23rd. 1860, stepped slightly to the front of the platform which had been erected in the angle of the fort, uncovered his head, saluted with eye, and his voice trembling with emotion, sought the divine blessing.

Dr. Richard A. Harts of Brooklyn, N. Y., with full sonorous tones, read selections from the psalms.

Henry Wm. Beecher was at his post. He had spoken British

audiences early in the War, when the sympathy of England was out-
spoken for the Rebels, and ^{had} by his manly presence and magnetic power,
risen superior to the storms of hisses, personal villification and
mob-interruptions. On this morning in Sumter, he had only to con-
tend with a strong North wind and ^{an insubordinate} ~~a refractory~~ manuscript. At
first he removed his grey felt travelling hat from his head and
held his manuscript in his left hand. But the wind was so dis-
respectful and devoid of manners in tossing his iron grey locks,
and treated the thin leaves of his manuscript so flippantly, that
he soon was forced to bring his locks again into confinement, speak
with covered head and address himself with both hands to his re-
fractory papers. As usual, he was master of the situation--his
voice deep, full and melodious, rising with his eloquent periods,
at times to a grandeur ~~of utterance~~

of utterance that thrilled his hearers. At such moments his face lighted up, his eyes flashed and his eloquence was irresistible. Turning ~~in apostrophe~~ to General Anderson he said: " You have come back with honor, who departed hence four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts, as the flag came down, are dead, or scattered, or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But, we are now about to unfold to the sunlight and to the breeze, the same old flag that was insulted."

Here came an outburst of applause and cheering that was long continued. When there was silence he went on: "With starry eyes it will look all over this day for that banner that supplanted it, and see it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled, are here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault the glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its STARS was torn out, by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

It said: Not one state shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfillment is at hand. Lifted to the air to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"

Of this grand effort of oratory, swaying the great audience in alternate laughter and tears for more than an hour, only one more ^{brief} ^{maybe given:} passage: "Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag: It says, "GOVERNMENT hath returned hither". It proclaims in

of utterance that thrilled his hearers. At such moments his face
flushed up, his eyes flashed and his eloquence was irresistible.
Turning in response to General Johnston he said: "You have come
back with honor, who departed hence four years ago, leaving the air
salty with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their
travelling shrouds, as the flag came down, are dead, or scattered, or
silent; and their passions are desolate. With all in the world
of treason. Rebellion has perished. But, we are now about to unfold
to the sunlight and to the breeze, the same old flag that was involved
here in an uncounted struggle and cheating that was long and
tanned. When there was silence he went on: "With sturdy eyes it will
look all over this day for that banner that sustained it, and see it
not. You have seen, for the day, were humbled, and here again, to
triumph once and forever. In the story of that assault the glorious
cannon was often struck; our heroic flag, not one of its folds was
torn out, or shot or snail. It was a prophecy.
It said: Not one star shall be struck from this nation
of treason! The fulfillment is at hand. Laid to the straggles,
it prophesied, after four years of war, "Not a star is dimmed out!"
Of this grand effort of oratory, swaying the great
audience in alternate laughter and tears for more than an hour, only
one more passage: "Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding
flag: it says, 'GOVERNMENT hath returned hither.' It prophesies in

the name of vindicated government, peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the State is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates." X

The Adjutant General of the army, from Washington, read Major Anderson's original dispatch to the Government, announcing the fall of Sumter. Then the old flag was brought forward, the same that floated over the battlements during the Rebel assault of April 14th. 1861. At the sight of the sacred relic cheering broke again out tumultuously.

General Anderson then, taking the halyard in his hands, said: " I thank God I have lived to see this day and to be here to perform this, perhaps the last act of my life, of duty to my country".

As the old smoke-stained, shot-pierced flag rose slowly upward and its folds were caught by the ocean breeze, the whole multitude, citizens, soldiers, officers, filling not only the interior but covering the sandy slopes and the parapet of the fort, spontaneously rose to their feet and shouted in wild exultation till the flag was in its place at the mast head. Then broke out the song:

"The star spangled banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

While the national salute of ~~100~~ guns thundered forth from the guns

1-5-1-
1-5-1-

the name of vindicated government, peace and protection to loyalty;
immolation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty,
The nation, not the State is sovereign. Heated to authority, this
flag commands, not signifies."

The Adjutant General of the Army from Washington, read
Major Anderson's original dispatch to the Government, announcing
the fall of Sumter. Then the old flag was brought forward, the
stars that floated over the battlements during the Rebel assault of
April 4th, 1861. At the sight of the sacred relic cheering broke
out spontaneously.

General Anderson then, taking the salute in his hands, said:
"I thank God I have lived to see this day and to be here to perform
this, perhaps the last act of my life, of duty to my country."

As the old smoke-stained, shot-pierced flag rose slowly up-
ward and its folds were caught by the ocean breeze, the whole multi-
tude, citizens, soldiers, officers, shouting not only the national
anthem but covering the sandy slopes and the parapet of the fort, spontaneous-
ly rose to their feet and shouted in wild exultation till the flag
was in its place at the mast head. Then broke out the song:
"The star spanned banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

With the national salute of 19 guns sounded forth from the guns

-:-6:-:-

xxx7xxx

(25)

on the parapet of Sumter, and resounded in echoing and re-echoing reply from every fort and Rebel battery which had, on that ill-starred day of four years before, fired upon the devoted fort. It furnished an accompaniment to the closing part of our patriotic song, and a grand symphony which, though scarcely musical, was yet greatly in accord with our feelings at the moment, and a fitting close to the patriotic celebration.

-----0-----

(2)

1864

on the subject of Sumner, and surrounded in echoes and re-echoes
by from every fort and level battery which had, on that ill-fated
day of four years before, fired upon the devoted fort. It furnished
an antecedent to the closing part of our patriotic song, and
grand symphony which, though scarcely musical, was yet greatly in
accord with our feelings at the moment, and a fitting close to the
patriotic collection.

—

nobility of his character stood out in bold contrast with the pitiful conditions induced by the drink habit.

Omit

It was about this time that Senator Wilson began to be sorely tried and often sorrow-stricken by a bitter experience in his own family. His only son developed an uncontrolled, if not uncontrollable appetite for strong drink. Had the sins of the grandfather thus been visited upon the third generation? The Senator and his gentle and keenly sensitive wife, the mother of the wayward youth, always believed that there was some such tendency or trait. It helped to strengthen in them the parental forbearance and infinite patience. But, ^{alas!} also, no reason as to the underlying cause was of any practical avail. His father had secured for him the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the Army, in a regiment at one time ^{under} ~~belonging to~~ my command in South Carolina. The Senator had hoped that the preoccupation of military duties, the chances of promotion ^{he} this offered to his ambition, together with the restraints of Army discipline would save his son. The sorrow was simply ^{crushing to} crushing to the father and mother when it became evident the young man was going from bad to worse. It was not long before he had succumbed to dissipation, going down to a drunkards grave when he was scarcely twenty-two years of age. His mother did not long survive her great sorrow.

I have no purpose to moralize upon the sad case except to say that fathers might well bear in mind the two-fold, three-fold and even four-fold responsibility stated so plainly more than three thousand years ago and so familiar to us all - that the iniquity of the father is visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

See Grant
J. H. Hammon

popularity of his character stood out in bold contrast with the pitiful

conditions induced by the drink habit.

It was about this time that Senator Wilson began to be sorely

tried and often sorrow-stricken by a bitter experience in his own family

His only son developed an uncontrollable, if not uncontrollable appetite

for strong drink. Had the sins of the grandfather thus been visited

upon the third generation? The Senator and his gentle and kindly senti-

tive wife, the mother of the wayward youth always believed that there

was some such tendency or trait. It helped to strengthen in them the

parental forbearance and infinite patience. But, also, no reason as to

the underlying cause was of any practical avail. His father had suc-

ceeded for him the position of Lieutenant Colonel in the Army, in a reg-

iment at one time belonging to my command in South Carolina. The Sen-

ator had hoped that the preoccupation of military duties, the chances of

promotion this offered to his ambition together with the restraints of

Army discipline would save his son. The sorrow was simply crushing

the father and mother when it became evident the young man was going

from bad to worse. It was not long before he had succumbed to disappa-

tion going down to a drunkard's grave when he was scarcely twenty-two

years of age. His mother did not long survive her great sorrow.

I have no purpose to moralize upon the sad case except to say

that fathers might well bear in mind the two-fold, three-fold and even

four-fold responsibility stated so plainly more than three thousand years

ago and so familiar to us all - that the integrity of the father is vis-

ited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.