

Reminiscences of the Civil War Period

by General Charles H. Howard.

Read at the Meeting of the Illinois Commandery
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the
United States, November 2nd, 1908
by his son, Otis McG. Howard.

In agreeing to read some of my father's reminiscences to this Commandery, I did so with the feeling that personal as the sketches were and written for the most part rather for his own satisfaction than with any idea of publication, they were no more intimate than his relations with many of his old comrades who are here to-night, and with whom I know he felt a closer sense of comradeship than we younger men can fully appreciate.

Nothing knits the bonds of friendship closer than to share the common danger of the battle field. Those comradeships welded under fire have the temper and tensile strength that will stand the shocks and strains of life better than any other.

If now and then I have failed to omit a personal touch which gets down "under the skin" I trust that sincerity and absence of malice may excuse some plain speaking and that no one will feel aggrieved if one of his heroes, at close range, shows that he is a man with very human characteristics and weaknesses.

The manuscript from which I am to read is a combination of *of men in battle & military life. Taken at random* several disconnected sketches, some of which, companions present may have heard - as they were used by my father on various occasions but many of which were never made public, I believe. Bespeaking your indulgence to this extent, I will take up the manuscript.

Reminiscences of the Civil War Period

by General Charles H. Howard

Read at the Meeting of the Illinois Commission
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the
United States, November 2nd, 1902
by his son, Carl H. Howard

In referring to your book of my father's reminiscences

to this Commission, I did so with the feeling that your book

was the one and written for the same purpose as this

and satisfaction that with any idea of publication, they were

more intimate than his relations with many of his old comrades

and have been, and with which I know no other person

concerning them as younger men and I am sure

It was with the hope of friendship which I

about the common danger of the battle field. These

things which were the life and soul of the

that will stand the test and stand of the battle

alone.

It was, and when I was told to write a personal book

with your book "after the war" I trust that sincerely

experience of which my father was a part and that no one

will feel regret if one of his books, at some time, shows

that he is a man with very much character and courage.

The manuscript from which I am now writing is a collection of

no real historical evidence, none of which, compared to

any book published, is more than a collection of

but it is a book which will show the

your father's life and I am sure it will

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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 man. The six feet-four of stature made me feel small. His countenance impressed me at first with a sense of kindness, and the little twinkle in 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 large, full, eyes, deep and sad, and of his serious, thoughtful face, which seems to put it apart from all the faces I have seen.

Miss Stanton *Pages 23-24*
Secretary Stanton

Of Lincoln's Cabinet I met a number of times two of the most marked men; his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase who afterwards became Chief Justice of the United States, and the Secretary of War,

[omit]

Edwin M. Stanton. Army officers sometimes preferred to go into battle rather than go into Stanton's presence. He was capable of great severity of utterance and demeanor. My experience of his temper was the very opposite. He met me with great kindness when I saw him in the War Department office, with reference to a plan of Major General Saxton, for recruiting and training some 10,000 colored troops in South Carolina, in which I was to co-operate. Mr. Stanton, at General Saxton's request, commissioned me to take charge of a Camp of Instruction on Port Royal Island. Stanton was a democrat at the opening of the war^{new} but the freedom had no better friend.

One of the last times I saw Secretary Stanton, was after his voluntary self-imprisonment in the War Department. President Johnson had turned traitor to the Republican Party, and wished to depose the Secretary of War. Congress had passed the Tenure-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.

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 Bismark of America. It was at the time of this self incarceration that many Senators and Members of

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No. 10.

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General Saxton, for recruiting and training some 10,000 colored troops
in South Carolina, in which I was to co-operate. Mr. Stanton, at
General Saxton's request, recommended me to take charge of a large
of instruction on Fort Mifflin. Stanton was a student at the
opening of the war, but the freedom had no better result.
One of the first times I saw Secretary Stanton, was after the
voluntary self-surrender in the War Department. President Johnson
had turned traitor to the Republican Party, and wished to remove the
Secretary of War. Congress had passed the Tenure-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
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indicated some of the stern features of Stanton's character. He was
the man of iron of that period - the friend of freedom. It was at
the time of the self-surrender that I met Stanton and Johnson at

No. 17.

Conit

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, 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 Chief, a martyr to our sacred cause.

Secretary Chase.

Begin

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 important 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 by him of my colored troops. It was in the summer of 1865 - soon after the close of active hostilities. The officers of my regiment, in addition to the drill and more military duties, 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

Wm. L. G. 12

Congress called to announce his to hold on, while others sent out
graduated members. Senator Sumner went from the Senate Chamber
the famous telegram "Crisis".

When, soon after, Mrs. Howell and I met Mr. Stanton at a reception
of Senator Sumner, he looked pale and worn, but greeted us with cheer-
fulness; greeted pleasantly and spoke cheerfully of the anti-slavery
cause. 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 between North and South, morally and physically of first
importance, was like the man who slipped up stairs in falling and
like his own beloved child, a martyr to our sacred cause.

Secretary Chase.

Secretary Chase was one of the most earnest of men; always re-
sponding with a personal interest in his work; and a fine con-
versationist. He was versatile in his talents, as seen at home in
the drawing room with the ladies, as in talking of important business
matters. Of Lincoln's Cabinet, he was, perhaps, the most reliable
in his course.

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 1862 - soon after the close of active hostilities. The
officers of my regiment, in addition to the drill and some military
duties, had been engaged in teaching our negro soldiers to read and
write. Everyone was discussing the question of a formal declaration
of war. I asked Secretary Chase what he thought of an international
declaration of war. He replied:



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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".

Robert Small [omitted]

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 ; and, finally, their own heroic conduct in battle, had much to do 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 men I have met, one of that race.

It was in South Carolina, while in command of a district, that I became acquainted with Capt. Robert Small. 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 true ^{hero} negro.

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

Omit

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-mounted 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 Yankee fleet and to freedom.

As he passed the historic Fort Wagner, he 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, and how the life-blood of officers and men and their noble commander was mingled with the white sand of 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 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 blockage 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

take all the time and from the city of Charleston.

The dark night when the Captain of the boat and his wife
 and sailors were all gone, Robert Smith and the boatman
 ran down past the little Fort Mifflin, under the burning
 guns of Sumner and in every range of the fort-mounted cannon of Fort
 Mifflin on the left and right hearing of the steady calls on the
 transports of Fort Mifflin on his right. He was surprised, glad and
 astonished all in one. The Confederate Captain did not know his pilot
 knew how to run the engine, much less did he suspect that he had
 the power to take charge of the boat and stand out to the Yankee fleet
 and to freedom.

As he passed the historic Fort Mifflin, he thought of the heroism
 of the son of his own race who had given his life for the freedom of
 the South and the people of the North and South, and how the
 life-blood of officers and men and the noblest of men were
 with the white men of the South - his own men were now and his
 heart beat hard with the blood of high hope and strong purpose. He
 looked the wheel for the few moments necessary to go below and
 see to the life and the engine and soon again he was back working
 eagerly for the lights of the Union Squadron.

A dim streak of dawn appeared in the East as he rounded the bend
 at the South end of Morris Island. The greater part of the fleet
 was about to turn upon the dark speck, a twenty-pounder, sailing in
 to be a blockade runner, but Robert Smith was ready for this emergency.
 His white officers had left behind their bad dreams, one of which he
 saw run up on the staff of the boat. The man who had named the 30
 pounds was, as he afterwards learned, very different from the

[omit]

chance of a shot at the Reber 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 surrendered his prize, "The Planter", to the Admiral of the fleet. But, in poetic justice, he was immediately put back, and was awarded one-half the appraised value, receiving \$4,500.

This brave exploit by a negro was one of the events which prepared the (wat) 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.

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 Carolina; and again still later at the Republican National Convention in Chicago to which he was an honored delegate.

Zion Church.

It was after the surrender of Lee that some patriotic citizens of Brooklyn, N.Y., conceived the project of going to Charleston harbor and, on 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

Begin

chance of a shot at the Rebel cruiser, but his commander requested
the flag of truce, and Robert Smell saw a free man forever. He had
not only killed 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 Smell greatly appreciated his prize, "The Freedom," for
the symbol of the free. But, in quiet reflection, he was immediately
put back, and was awarded one-half the captured value, receiving
\$4,500.

This brave exploit by a negro was one of the events which
prepared the way for the much more extensive assistance of colored
troops and Lincoln's Emancipation of Manumission.
It was a year or two later that I met him and often talked
with him on some of his adventures and military duty. It was on these
occasions that I heard from his own lips much better than I can tell
in the story of his night's adventure.

In appearance he was well built and muscular, of medium height,
his complexion that of the American Indian; his features indicating
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Royal, District of South Carolina, and again while he was in the
National Convention in Chicago to which he was so honored delegate.

From Slavery.

It was after the surrender of Lee that some patriotic citizens
of Brooklyn, N.Y., conceived the project of going to Charleston
to see the monument of the late Major Anderson and his
brave little band who were killed to free the first slaves.

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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.

One of the Incidents of this trip was an immense mass meeting of freed people at Zion Church in the City of Charleston.

William Lloyd Garrison.

At this meeting, I first took by the hand, William Lloyd Garrison. His broad forehead and benevolent face lighted up with joy and a sense of triumph as he rose to reply to the speech of a freedman who, with two of his daughters, had just worked his way up to the platform and presented him with a beautiful wreath of flowers. In the course of this remarkable address, the great abolitionist used these words: "I hate slavery as I hate nothing else in the world. It is not only a crime, but the sum of all criminality; not only a sin, but the sin of sins against Almighty God. I cannot be at peace with it at any time, to any extent, under any circumstances. That I have been permitted to witness its overthrow calls for expressions of devout thanksgiving to Heaven. It was not on account of your complexion or race, as a people, that I espoused your cause, but because you were the children of a common Father, created in the same divine image, having the same inalienable rights, and as much entitled to liberty as the proudest slaveholder that ever walked the earth".

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expression of devout thanksgiving to heaven. It was not an accident

of your organization of race, as a people, that I announced your cause,

but because you were the children of a common Father, created in the

same divine image, having the same immortal rights, and as such

entitled to liberty as the freest of freemen. That was what the

No. 22.

Garrison was tall and strongly built, powerful in voice, mighty in eloquent appeal; he had been easily the leader in the great Anti-slavery agitation. X

The next speaker was Senator Henry Wilson, (of whom I have already spoken and) whom I had then known for several years, and whom, even in the retrospect of nearly two-score years, I do not cease to count as one of nature's noblemen. In frame he was tall and robust, with a healthful countenance, beaming habitually with good temper. When the cheering of the freed people had subsided, Senator Wilson began by saying, "This is the proudest day of my life ". You can have no conception of the impressiveness of his brief sentences when he said to that vast audience: "You have no masters now." "You know no master but Almighty God". Every sentence was punctuated by cheers. And when the name of Abraham Lincoln was uttered, he could not go on for some minutes so incessant and uncontrollable was the applause. The excitement became most profound and I can never forget the scene when he said: "They have robbed your cradles; they have sold your children; they have separated husband and wife, father and mother and child". Then arose sharp cries from every part of that throng: "Yes!" "Yes": "Yes": Then came quickly the words: "They shall separate you no more". In order to fully appreciate the outburst of "Halleluiah": Bless the Lord: that followed we must recall to mind, that to the eager thousands of strong emotional natures, this was the first authoritative announcement of their freedom.

This great meeting at Zion Church took place on the 14th day of April (near) the anniversary of the firing on Sumter at the outbreak of X

see 23 to complete

Division was tall and strongly built, powerful in voice, slightly in
eloquent speech; he had been really the leader in the great anti-
slavery agitation.

The next speaker was Senator Henry Wilson, (at whose name all
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whom, even in the retrospect of nearly two-score years, I do not
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proclamation was the applause. The audience began to cheer and I
can never forget the scene when he said: "They have killed your
country; they have sold your children; they have separated husbands and
wife, father and mother and child." Then came sharp cries from
every part of that throng: "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Then came calmly
the words: "They shall separate you no more." In order to fully

appreciate the outbreak of "Abolitionism!" Bless the Lord! that
followed we must recall to mind, that in the eager thousands of strong
emotional nature, this was the first authoritative announcement of their

freedom.

This great meeting at Free Church took place on the last day of
February, the anniversary of the birth of Lincoln, and the anniversary of the

No. 23.

Insert after Lincoln
Sumner

the war - the gun which first sounded the death knell of slavery. The meeting was held in the afternoon and that very night President Lincoln was shot by Booth at Ford's Theatre - though owing to the fact that there was then no railway or telegraph connection with Washington it was nearly a week before the news reached us. My military command was then in South Carolina and I remained there till after New Years of 1866 with headquarters in Charleston. My regiment garrisoned Fort Sumter but I was on detached service as Chief-of-Staff to Major General Saxton whose jurisdiction covered the three states of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. ~~After 1866~~ In February I was ordered to Washington where I was on duty during 1866, 1867 and most of 1868 and in that stirring period of the "reconstruction" as it was termed, of the states which had been in rebellion. I came more, or less in touch with a number of men whose lives went to make up the warp and woof of our country's history. Besides those I have mentioned, Charles Sumner stands out a clear, bold figure, not only in any history that can be written of those times, but in my memory. I remember him vividly as he sat in his seat in the Senate, with his large and well proportioned figure and the ease and grace of good breeding. His features were such as to mark strength and intellectuality - his hair, now tinged with gray, never cut short but with some tendency to curl was often pushed back by a movement of the hand from his high forehead. His beard was kept shaven except for small and rather close-cut side whiskers. Sumner was often pronounced the handsomest man in the United States Senate, and was the admiration and subject of remark of the ladies of the galleries. At this time it was occasionally my duty to confer with him, as he had

Journal of the
...

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in the Senate, with his large and well proportioned figure and the
eyes and grace of good breeding. His features were such as to merit
strength and intellectuality - his hair, now tinged with gray, never out
about but with some tendency to curl was often pushed back by a comb -
back of the head from his high forehead. His hand was kept shaven
except for small and rather close-cut side whiskers. Sumner was often
prominent the prominent man in the Senate House, and was the
subject of much of the interest of the politicians. At
last, I was sent to the ...

been for a number of years, the pronounced friend of the freedman and advocate of his rights, and I found him courteous and especially sympathetic with reference to any oppressions of the emancipated people by their old masters in Maryland, Virginia and Delaware - the three states constituting my Department. The Civil Rights Act had not then been passed. Legislation was required to protect the ex-slave in his rights of person and property, as a free man and citizen.

Sumner was regarded as a veritable martyr to his devotion to the cause of human freed^{ow}man. He had but lately returned to the Senate after years of great suffering as the result of a ferocious attack upon him while he sat at his desk in the Senate, by a Southern "fire-eater" as this class of pro-slavery apologists were then called. To those who were of mature years at that time, the circumstances of the assault are doubtedless vividly in memory; but to many present the bare historic fact is all that is known and by some not even that.

Sumner had delivered a two days phillipic - one of his well considered, massive orations but containing a stinging arraignment of the Slave-power in its attempt to bring slavery into free territory. He had called his speech "The Crime against Kansas". One afternoon while he was speaking Senator Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, walking up and down behind the President's chair and listening to him, remarked to a friend: "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you that man has pluck". I wonder whether he known himself what he is doing? I am not ~~sure~~ whether I should have the courage to say those things to the men who are scowling around him. "It is true no doubt, ~~but~~ there were few if any Senators who were so out-spoken and only a handful who sympathized with him. Among these were two who were afterwards in Lincoln's Cabinet - Chase and Seward. But Seward to whom this

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 after years of great suffering as the result of a ferocious attack
 upon him while he sat at his desk in the Senate, by a Southern "mob."
 In this case of pro-slavery agitators were then called "mob."
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 handful who sympathized with him. Many more were the same as others
 were in Illinois - the same as those in Kansas. But Sumner is with this

speech had been submitted beforehand had advised Mr. Sumner to tone down its offensive features. This he refused to do and delivered the speech as he had first written it. The Southerners in both houses were exasperated by it. Preston S. Brooks, a representative from South Carolina did not hear the speech but was told it reflected upon his Uncle, Senator Butler. Coming into the Senate chamber one day after the adjournment, he came up to Senator Sumner who sat writing at his desk and had no warning of his approach and with a heavy gutta-percha cane struck him several times on the back of his head. An eye-witness says that Mr. Sumner wrenched the desk from the floor in the endeavor to extricate himself and gain his feet and the blood from the wounds blinded him. There were several persons who witnessed the brutal, cowardly and murderous assault without interfering and when Mr. Sumner was led stunned and bleeding into an ante-room, Brooks was congratulated by his fellow-Southerners on what he had done.

Terrible as was this assault upon Mr. Sumner, it added new force to his earnest words in their effect upon the north and reacted eventually upon the slave-holders in whose defense it was perpetrated. Brooks died a miserable death even before Mr. Sumner was well enough to return to his duties in the Senate. A resolution of censure passed the House and there were acrimonious altercations and threats of personal violence from Southerners growing out of that. All this was foretokening the "irrepressible conflict" as it was afterwards phrased by Wm. H. Seward, and rapidly opening the eyes and consciences of the north as to the real nature of slavery.

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after the adjournment, he came up to Senator Sumner who was writing
at his desk and had no warning of his approach and with a heavy
gesture-pistol came across his shoulder and fired on the back of his head.
An eye-witness says that Mr. Sumner stretched his back from the chair
in the endeavor to extricate himself and fell backward and the pistol
from the wound blinded him. There were several persons who witnessed
the brutal, cowardly and murderous assault without intervening and when
Mr. Sumner was laid stunned and bleeding into an ambulance, Brown &
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to his duties in the Senate. A resolution of censure passed the House
and there were serious allegations and threats of personal violence
from Southerners growing out of that. All this was foreboding the
"irrepressible conflict" as it was afterwards phrased by Mr. W. Everett.
and rapidly opening the eyes and consciousness of the north as to the
real nature of slavery.

Fort Sumter Celebration

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 the steamer back to Charleston and was invited to take part in the celebration at Fort Sumter.

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, 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 even by 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 1,000 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~~ ^{prayer} at the first raising of the flag, when Major Anderson removed his command to Fort Sumter, Dec. 27th, 1860, stepped slowly

