

ARTICLE.

Second Monograph.

Published in the Sunday Magazine, 1907.

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No. 20, Vol. 10.

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SUBJECT.

Campaigning with Sherman.

Sherman succeeds Gen. Anderson.

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It was the 8th Oct., 1861 when Gen Robert Anderson early in the day called Gen. Sherman to his headquarters in Louisville. Anderson was writing at his desk when Sherman in his usual off hand style burst in upon him. "What does this mean Gen. Anderson, - the morning paper says, you are going to leave us!"

"Yes," said Anderson turning half around in his chair, looking pale, thin and troubled, - "Yes, I am ill, very ill and the strain of the situation is too much for me. I hardly sleep at all, and without proper rest I cannot and should not attempt to fill this office. Why, Sherman, look at me. I am already a wreck! That Charleston-harbor business used me up."

Sherman loudly and strongly protested, closing his vehemence with "You can't go and leave me here in command. Just stay and we younger men will do your work."

"No, no, Sherman. You are young and vigorous. By, and by, things will work in smoothly enough."

"Smoothly enough with a vengeance." Sherman arose, evidently greatly excited, his eyes sparkling. Turning toward his General, he cried: "Look here Anderson. The enemy is upon us. Four hostile armies are marching rapidly up here toward the Ohio. Albert Sidney Johnson, their best card, is fortifying Bowling Green. Pillow is at Columbus Ky.; Collicoffer somewhere this side of Cumberland Gap, and Simon Buckner nearer Louisville than the rest. His head of column isn't thirty miles off. How can you think of leaving us now?"



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"Oh, don't I know it?" slowly answered Anderson. "But you'll have to take my place." It is already done."

Sherman who had been pacing the room while rapidly talking, now came and sat down by Anderson's side. Then the latter showed him a copy of the letter which he had sent forward containing his resignation and in a gentle voice remarked: "Gen. Sherman, you are the senior Brigadier and now in command. Here is the order wired from Washington." "Well I am surprised. It seems to be my fate always to be biting off bigger pieces than I can swallow. I shall protest to the Secretary of War with all the power I can muster. Somebody else that he can trust must succeed you. It needs men, more men! and they ought to be trained soldiers. I like volunteers - have little use for fuss and feathers, but no volunteer regiment in this department can hold together yet; and we hav'n't fifteen thousand men such as they are to withstand sixty thousand!"

"I know all that, Sherman, but the southern forces are new too and poorly armed."

"But Anderson, you know that they have been longer getting ready. They've got trained officers, many of them West Pointers, in command. They will clean us all out of here - all we have brought together except perhaps Grant at Paducah. He may hold on there like ~~gr~~<sup>in</sup> death, - and they will attack us mighty soon."

Sherman then assuming a better mood bade in his kindest voice the loyal overworked man adieu, - and never saw him again while in Kentucky.

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His subsequent action was like him instant, brisk and energetic. He hurried into the city of Louisville all the volunteer regiments and batteries that he could get hold of and covered his front with a small body of cavalry, to <sup>match</sup> well out on every road of approach. His headquarters were placed at Maldraugh's Hill - a strong point for offensive or defensive action. There he "massed his troops."

Captain *L. M.* Dayton, a young man, a volunteer of quick intelligence and very resourceful withal, just the pattern for an Adjutant-General, which office at a later period he held, was at this time Sherman's constant companion and favorite aide-de-camp.

At the close of this busy day, Dayton seeing his General approaching on horseback followed by two orderlies, turned his eyes at once toward a simple spread, nothing more than a common lunch which he had prepared-, some chicken sandwiches, a few choice apples for fruit with plenty of crackers and coffee. The camp table, then new, with its legs dropped down, stood beside the headquarter-mess-chest. There were but two camp stools, one for Dayton and one for Gen. Sherman. Sherman dismounted near the mess-chest as soon as he saw Dayton's arrangement and cried joyfully: "Why Dayton you're already equipped for the march! That's right."

"~~Well~~-yes, Gen. <sup>eral</sup> ~~Sherman~~. I thought I'd catch you on the wing. You hav'n't stopped for a mouthful all day!"

"Thanks Dayton - a man must eat I know; but nobody seems to realize the work that must be done here, and that right off.

Luckily for us Buckner has been delayed by a tearing up of the railway in his front. That loyal Kentucky fellow Bird has made a good break in the road and wrecked a train of soldiers; but it won't



His subsequent action was like him instant, brisk and energetic. He hurried into the city of Louisville all the volunteer regiments and batteries that he could get hold of and covered his front with a small body of cavalry, to watch well out on every road of approach. His headquarters were placed at Madsen's Hill - a strong point for offensive or defensive action. There he massed his troops."

Captain Dayton, a young man, a volunteer of quick intelligence and very resourceful withal, just the pattern for an Adjutant-General, which office at a later period he held, was at this time Sherman's constant companion and favorite side-camp.

At the close of this busy day, Dayton seeing his General approaching on horseback followed by two orderlies, turned at once toward a simple spread, nothing more than a common lunch which he had prepared - some chicken sandwiches, a few choice apples for fruit with plenty of crackers and coffee. The camp table, then new, with its legs dropped down, stood beside the headquarters-mess-chest. There were but two camp stools, one for Dayton and one for Gen. Sherman. Sherman dismounted near the mess-chest as soon as he saw Dayton's arrangement and cried joyfully: "Why Dayton you're already equipped for the march! That's right."

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delay them long. It will give us however a little time to breathe"

"Yes, Gen., so now do come to dinner!"

"All right, my lad," he said with his queer expression, "if you call this a dinner we will eat it." Sherman never appeared to think of eating or of what he was to eat till he saw the meal prepared. Then they sat down and conversed freely about the dangerous situation of affairs while the black cook was pouring out the steaming coffee and otherwise politely serving the table.

At the close of this frugal meal Sherman was much rested and he talked to Dayton who subsequently gave me an account of his sayings and doings at this early period.

"Dayton I want you to formulate as soon as you can my views of the situation here." A little later this was carefully done, and as it is all fully reported in official documents I will not attempt to make a repetition. His language <sup>in these</sup> I may add was so strong and his pleadings for more force so earnest that even McClellan, then the Commander-in-chief of all the armies was much puzzled and alarmed. At first he sent an aide-de-camp Col. Key (he was at the time acting Judge-advocate and a confidential adviser) to examine into everything essential in Sherman's command, and especially to inquire into and report upon his fitness for the place he occupied. Col. Key's report was "that in his opinion, Sherman was not sufficiently master of his judgment to warrant the intrusting to him of an important military command."

This action of McClellan taken in connection with the shameless attacks by various newspapers and also the reports of the Hon. Simon Cameron, Sec. of War and the staff-officers who had accompanied him to Louisville, as we have already seen, were the sequel to Sherman's exciting almost frantic letters and protests which follow-



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ed that October day. He was then, as was learn<sup>ed</sup> a few months later <sup>practically</sup> set aside.

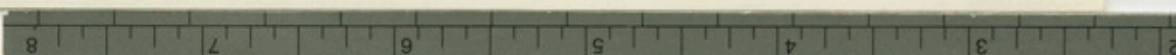
Gen. Sherman did not obtain full information of the public accusation that he was regarded as actually insane 'till he had been relieved from duty by McClellan. His successor was an able and conservative leader, Gen. Don Carlos Buel. Sherman had proceeded to his own home in Lancaster, Ohio. His family, consisting of Mrs. Sherman and five of his children, were sitting with him at the dinner table when the cruel article from the Cincinnati Commercial was handed to him. He read the article attentively at first without speaking a word. Then he glanced over the article again and violently threw the newspaper upon the floor, crying out like one badly hurt, "Well now, I shouldn't be surprised if they fastened that on me. It's the hardest thing in the world for a man to prove himself sane when many people think him insane." His wife said, "We'll can do that, Tekumseh!"

While the General's madness was pretty widely believed he had friends who knew better and who took great pains to defend him and to proclaim the truth. His wife, the daughter of Hon. Thomas Ewing, exerted herself to the utmost and she especially in <sup>many</sup> catholic circles was an able advocate; and the Senator, his brother, left no stone unturned to reverse the wheels of the apparent public judgment.

Gen. Halleck then commanding the Western armies with headquarters at St. Louis pronounced the attacks "Shameless and scandalous" and went further in asking that Sherman be assigned to his Western division for inspection duty. At this time Gen. Grant openly took his part; for Grant knew very well that the clamour mainly arose because Sherman had told unwelcome truths in language which was irritating to those above him- language full of vehemence, protestation and



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"They never can get it into their heads" Grant declared that the Southern conspirators whom Sherman knows well are and long have been deadly in earnest. "Sherman proceeded to his new duties with a breaking heart, but with a determination to overcome those enemies at home and mistaken friends of the press who, he alleged had the power to destroy us as they pleased."

The history finds the young man doing his inspection duty at Sedalia, Mo., with great thoroughness and making clear cut, able reports of the situation. Again later we find him at Benton Barracks showing his continued sanity and decided ability in everything he undertook. At last Halleck ventured, as Grant was obliged to move forward toward the interior of Kentucky, to place Sherman in command of the post of Paducah. Here he had one of those gathering formative camps, - regiments coming in and going to the front after obtaining a little organization, discipline, armament and drill. This work Sherman did so well as to get the approval not only of Halleck but of Grant, the coming general, whom he generously supported, even stripping himself of troops in order to reinforce the front. What is more, Sherman and Grant here began to know each other better than ever before, and their friendship was soon firmly cemented in the heated furnace of battle.

At one time, just after Feb. 13th, 1862, after Gen. Sherman was put in charge of Paducah he ran over to St. Louis to see Halleck and have a personal interview with him. Then it was, when Sherman, Halleck and other officers were gathered in Halleck's room at headquarters that they had under advisement with good maps before them different plans of campaign. One of the officers a little skeptical



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concerning the information from the front asked "where is the rebel line anyhow?" In answer to this inquiry they all agreed that this line passed through Columbus, Ky., Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, and then ran on eastward through Bowling Green. Halleck now submitted the question "where should this line be broken by our forces?" Sherman answered at once with decided emphases "In the centre, Sir!" He was the master of strategy. They further agreed that the Tennessee-river came the nearest to any practicable route for breaking through the enemies defenses. In this way, it is plain that <sup>historically</sup> the <sup>fact</sup> of Sherman's strategy should be combined with Grant's execution <sup>as</sup> shown in this early campaign of 1862. Grant's remarkable advance down to Pittsburg landing on the Tennessee was soon followed by Sherman's complete restoration to confidence. It was not long before he himself was at the very front watching his old friend, now a public enemy, Albert Sidney Johnson. Sherman had <sup>at last</sup> ~~against~~ a <sup>large</sup> ~~good~~ division well in hand.

I have dwelt upon this period of Sherman's career at considerable length for it shows how he passed a crucial point in his life. The widely circulated imputations were unjust and hard to bear; still were they not conducive to a wholesome self - discipline? Sherman had a large brain and under these most trying circumstances bent all his energies to the study of the war problems presented. He invariably showed himself a genius where strategy was involved, but at first he could not easily control his impatience nor at all times restrain his fiery temper. While in Louisville he was absolutely right in his conclusions about that Kentucky frontier of the great war. There was, however, another problem which he was obliged to solve, namely: how to convince the slower minds of his co-workers,



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as Lincoln so patiently did, that his plans and forecasts were the right ones. In the terrible times of suspicion, misrepresentations, slander and uncalled for accusation of madness, a lesser mind would have succumbed, but not so with Sherman. He went through the fire and came out unscathed-, brighter, stronger, abler than before. Yet, he never quite forgave the newspaper correspondents and, no wonder; still, few if any of them were actually malignant. They were simply looking for sensations.

Once, later in the war, I was with Sherman at Atlanta when he had one of those abnormal attacks of nervous vexation similar to that at Louisville. I was glad indeed that no newspaper at the time got hold of the details of the affair.

One bright sunshiny morning in the fall after the capture of Atlanta, with an aid and a couple of orderlies, I rode up to the city from East Point. Sherman was occupying a fine large house. He was at the door when I arrived; I dismounted near his front steps and took his outstretched hand. He was evidently in his happiest mood. "Ah, Howard," said he, "I'm glad to see you. Come in, come in, you're just in time for our lunch." He and I took seats in his office room while waiting for the lunch that he had promptly ordered, and were talking together familiarly when a soldier approaching Sherman with a salute said: "There is a gentleman outside who says he is from Nashville and wants to see you Sir."

"All right let him come here."

A stranger of <sup>medium</sup> ~~middling~~ size with a very short neck, singularly polite and gracious, met the General near the door, and was fervent in his congratulations to Sherman and to me. "The whole country he declared is filled with praises for you, Gen. Sherman."- After these



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kind words and many more volubly uttered, while we were all standing, the stranger took from the side pocket of his thin overcoat a small box of cigars - and extending it to Sherman continued: "I heard that you were fond of good cigars and so, thinking your supply of them in your long campaign, might be cut off, I have brought you a box of good ones." Sherman was delighted, for though never an excessive smoker, he did enjoy a good cigar. He thanked the giver again and again for his thoughtful kindness. For a day or two the pleasant stranger visited our camps and made many appropriate little presents particularly to Sherman's Generals. He gave me a plated knife, fork and spoon, each of which had hinges and could be folded up and carried ~~in~~ the pocket in my blouse - just the set handy for a rough campaign. I was like Sherman very grateful; but I wondered a little what was the bottom motive of this liberality.

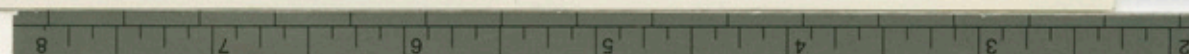
Two or three days after the stranger's first appearance something called me again to Sherman's quarters. This time my Adjutant-General Clark, Capt. Dayton and two or three other officers were present, when the same polished stranger, even more polite than at first, was ushered in. Sherman had had us all grouped about him and was talking with his deep musical voice and in his happiest vein. He was telling a bright story of his California days. Interrupted by the stranger, he looked around and rose to meet the new comer, when the man handed him a trade-permit, which when signed would enable him to bring goods of all kinds from Nashville to the front. Sherman took one look at the paper. His manner quickly changed. He was instantly in a rage.

"Can't do it sir! Can't allow anything to come forward but army supplies."

The man proved to be an army <sup>Sutton</sup> ~~Shuttler~~ and began to parley in a



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most winning and obsequious manner. The blood suddenly reddened Sherman's face and neck and he shouted loudly as if talking to an unreasoning mob, "What do you mean you villian - you contemptible scoundrel? Have you been trying all this time to bribe me? Get out of here this instant or I'll have you hung as high as Haman!"

The man, now pale as death, gave a frightened look to the enraged Sherman and rushing to the open door disappeared.

Under these singular circumstances I was closely observing Sherman while he was striving to regain his self control. For a few moments he walked around the room. His whole nervous system was evidently deranged and he answered any of us with angry brevity and singular asperity. Very soon, naturally, we bowed ourselves out, every officer feeling that if he remained or spoke he would only add fuel to Sherman's vexation. I then learned as I did on one or two later personal encounters that Sherman, made angry, became just then a terror to friend or foe. His nervous organization was so sensitive that at such times he did seem almost beside himself. Then it was that he loved to have a quiet and patient friend near by to walk or sit with him in silence. These freaks of his nerves so difficult to control were not frequent.

General Willard Warner of his staff was a great comfort to Sherman in some of his severer trials, not so much perhaps as a counselor, though he was well prepared for that role, but rather for his calm unperturbed spirit. I noticed this as a decided helpful influence, when the exciting events of the surrender in North Carolina were upon us. Gen. J. M. Schofield, who was sanguine and co-operative, Sherman always trusted. I saw Sherman and Schofield sitting on their horses side by side at the battle of Atlanta when the confederates were breaking through our lines and the conflict



last winning and opportunist manner. The blood suddenly reddened Sherman's face and neck and he shouted loudly as if talking to an unreasoning mob, "What do you mean you villain - you contemptible scoundrel? Have you been trying all this time to bribe me? Get out of here this instant or I'll have you hung as high as Haman!" The man, now pale as death, gave a frightened look to the en-

tered Sherman and rushing to the open door disappeared. Under these singular circumstances I was closely observing Sherman while he was striving to regain his self control. For a few moments he walked around the room. His whole nervous system was evidently deranged and he answered any of us with angry brevity and singular asperity. Very soon, naturally, we bowed ourselves out, every officer feeling that if he remained or spoke he would only add fuel to Sherman's vexation. I then followed him to the end of two later personal encounters that Sherman, made angry, came just then a terror to friend or foe. His nervous organization was so sensitive that at such times he did seem almost beside himself. Then it was that he loved to have a quiet and patient friend near by to walk or sit with him in silence. These freaks of his nerves so difficult to control were not frequent.

General Philip H. Sheridan of his staff was a great comfort to Sherman in some of his severer trials, not so much perhaps as a counsellor, though he was well prepared for that role, but rather for his calm unperturbed spirit. I noticed this as a decided help-ful influence, when the exciting events of the surrender in North Carolina were upon us. Gen. J. M. Schofield, who was sanguine and co-operative, Sherman always trusted. I saw Sherman and Schofield sitting on their horses side by side at the battle of Atlanta when the Confederates were breaking through our lines and the conflict



was at a white heat.

Sherman wanted no advice then - wouldn't listen to suggestions even from Schofield. I noticed, however, that he wanted him all the time to remain with him, for Sherman knew that Schofield had strong self-mastery and the right sort of sympathy for him, who with a fixed countenance and gleaming eyes was watching every phase of the stormy battle.

He could also uniformly rely on Gen. Geo. H. Thomas. "It makes little difference", <sup>Sherman</sup> he said to me one day, "whether old Tom is in command or Sherman. I would gladly serve under him." Yet the personal fellowship between these two <sup>great</sup> commanders was never very marked. I never found them together when a fierce action was raging. ~~But~~ Gen. G. M. Dodge was Sherman's special favorite on account of his work with bridge making and railway construction on marches or in battles.

Both Dodge's capabilities and personality drew Sherman to him. I never knew an officer who could on all occasions talk so freely and frankly to Sherman as Dodge. One good reason for this was that Dodge's courage was always calm and his equanimity contagious, no matter how great or trying the disturbing cause.

Such helps and helpers as I have named kept alive and gave a richer glow to Sherman's genius. ~~He~~ He was strong by nature, yet he, like other men, needed loyal friendship and true devotion in order to overcome weaknesses and so to increase his strength. These he found every day of his eventful life.



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