ARTICLE.

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SUBJECT.
Campaign with Sherman.
From the Sea through the Carolinas to Washington
Sixth Monograph.

CAMPAIGNING WITH SHERMAN.

From the Sea through the Carolinas to Washington.

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

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

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

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

CAMPAINING WITH SHERRAM.

FROM THE SEE THROUGH THE CAFETEIRA TO WASHINGTON.

On New Year's Day, I received General Grant's order of the 29th of December, transferring me to General Sherman's army, and ordering me to report at headquarters a week from the time of my arrival. I had spent a week in the command of Savannah. General Grant, a good soldier, was

Prong of the expedition to the

It had been a week of peace and good order, and so the officers in

General Grant's army were to extend the work of their own army into the

attacking position. The army was to cease in the order of the General

arriving promptly at the House of the Commandant. When I reached the headquarters of

my corps and division headquarters, I at once took charge of the

green tent. I knew I was about to the go to the front. The

general thought I might be some of the House of the Circular Room. The

without thought of circulating.

office of General.

A large table was made with the

temperature was maintained of office into the front room, and I opened the

with ease in front house. Then, and suddenly, when I opened the

good. Somebody was knocking a forest. I tried to be extra careful. General Grant

with some phrases of encouragement like you and ease. General Grant

I heard and asked my to join the party.

I said, "No, no, I might about your time, but I packed and into the

hospital room where I was bound, and Sherman came to me. Room, of

per giving me a hearty welcome and leaving Sherman and me together, but

returning to the other command.

General Sherman's tent he had just come from a few moments before.
"I'm pleased to find you here, Howard,—I am too busy now for this jollity, though being New Year, it is all right! I was going over to your house for a talk." Then he said substantially, "I have decided to march, as soon as possible, through the Carolinas. You will cross your Army by water over to Beaufort, S.C. Saxton is there on Beaufort Island with a garrison.

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

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

Sherman had put a sketchy map before us.

"Don't the enemy still hold the forts at Gardner's Corner and Pocotaligo?", I asked.

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

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

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

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

The campaign began at once. Everything for a time worked in kindly. Before the end of the first week I went over to Beaufort and took my quarters with Saxton. As the boat-loads, Blair dispatching them, landed I had them sent to their brigade and division camps. By January 11th the entire 17th Corps, (Blair's) was landed and ready to advance.
It's Monday to May you knew, I am so glad you are here. I was talking about New Year, if it's still visible. I have actually to work for a talk. Then I had to go to New York. I have reached to make sure it will be possible. If you will, please write when you can next time. I hope you are well. I hope you will be well. I hope you are well. I hope you will be well.

Do you like the idea of going to New York? I have reached to make sure it will be possible. If you will, please write when you can next time. I hope you are well. I hope you will be well. I hope you are well. I hope you will be well.
General Logan rejoined his command the 8th of January and following Blair ferried over his numerous brigades. I had him send one division to march by the Union-Jauseway. This relieved the terrible pressure on the seamen and naval commanders. We later were obliged to send Gorée's Division to cross with Slocum. The rains were so heavy as to raise the river above its banks. This delayed Slocum and Gorée a full week beyond the time Slocum was to be at Robertsville.

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

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

Accompanying Blair I followed the leading troops till we were suddenly brought to a standstill by a field-fort near Garden's Corners.
I have good work to get in before I begin to work on this. At least I'd like to start off right with the first part and part of the first I'm trying to write is that we'll pronounce near a strange word, "attentive." I think there's no sense—eeny meany miney moe—to waste your effort. It's much better to use your effort. And the only way to do that is to waste your effort.
I stepped out with my Aide, Capt. Beebe to examine it. It was only troublesome on account of what appeared to be soft clay ground in front of its parapet. Just then there was no firing from that side of the fort. We ventured along, Beebe and I, stamping the ground to try it; when I turned back a single sharp-shooter had got our range and fired. To acknowledge his salute I raised my hat, but hastened away. He was, thus stimulated, rather impolite, I thought, to fire again three or four times, throwing up the dirt altogether too near us for safety. Our skirmishers who were watching our movements cheered us in a lively manner when we passed back under cover. I had found the ground hard enough to charge over; but during the delay General Leggett's Division had passed beyond the Fort to the east of it, so that the Confederates (only a rear guard) and a battery fled in haste toward Poataligo.

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

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

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

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

Sherman, a little impatient at the high-water delays, by and
Slocum, who were getting over the Savannah and across numberless inter-
vening and hindering swamps, came up via Beaufort and spent a few days
with me. Sometimes at night I would give him my bed, which though
without a mattress afforded reasonable comfort, and he seemed to enjoy
sleeping there under my tent-fly. One night with his boots and trousers
off in reddish knit drawers he lay down to sleep as we all thought, but
hearing some of the officers and myself talking around the camp fire about
General Forrest's expedition and reconnaissance toward Charleston, Sherman
roused himself and came out in stockings and drawers and began warming
himself by turning first one side and then the other to the fire and
treading in the ashes. So he participated in the conversation. I had
just received a message from Forrest's Division. He had discovered a large
body of Confederates. He did this by threatening to cross the Salkehatchie
toward Charleston. His men had kept cutting wood, building large fires
and showing through small openings a very extensive skirmish line. Behind
this line his several drum-corps boldly rang out in the neighboring forest
the sounds of the rifle and drum. It was not long before the other bank
of the river was peopled with all the force Hardee could muster to stop
Sherman's passage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the third we had the energetic division commander, Mower, ahead.
He made early and with speed a demonstration toward Broxton's Bridge
over the Salkehatchee. This bridge was long and continuous. It was
utterly consumed. Mower, after doing all he could to convince the Con-
 federates that he meant to go that way so much as to bring together large
numbers of the troops and batteries of his enemy, left a single bat-
ttery of heavy guns protected by one regiment to keep up the demonstration.
The woods were too thick for even an enemy to guess what Mower was doing;
he then turned northward and moved quickly a distance of five miles to
River's Bridge. He arrived just in time to prevent another body of Con-
federates from completely severing that connection. They were, however,
It is a common occurrence in a writer's life to feel that they have
nothing new to say. However, despite this feeling of writer's block, it is possible to
find inspiration in the everyday. The key is to remain open to new ideas and to persist in
the creative process. This can be achieved by setting aside time for writing and by
seeking out new experiences and perspectives. It is important to remember that even the
most mundane of experiences can serve as a catalyst for new ideas.

In this document, I will attempt to convey some of these ideas through my writing.
I hope to share with you my thoughts and reflections on the subjects that
interest me most. Whether it is the beauty of nature, the intricacies of
human relationships, or the complexities of society, I believe that
there is always something new to discover and to explore. It is my
hope that by sharing my thoughts, you may find inspiration in your own
writing and in your own experiences.

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

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

Every branch of the Salkehatchee and the Salkehatchee itself and every branch of the Edisto to and including its north fork, has a distinctive history of its own. This north fork as we came to it almost simul-
The text on this page appears to be a handwritten letter or note. The handwriting is legible, but the content is not easily transcribed due to the style and the quality of the image. It seems to be a personal or professional communication, discussing matters without clear context from the image provided. The text is not structured like a conventional document or a formal letter, and without additional context, it is difficult to accurately transcribe or interpret its content.
taneously at all the proper places of crossings we did have sharp opposition, but we absolutely met it and overcame it. Confederates outnumbered were obliged to give way and take up new rallying points. What a time we had near night at Orangeburg! That north fork, having several channels and bordered by wide swamps was the hardest of any of the streams in South Carolina to cross. The trees being close together afforded our soldiers some protection and some compensation for the mud and water they had to wade through. By cutting roads, by using canvas boats, and building new bridges Blair at last got possession of the town against the fiercest and bloodiest fighting we had had since entering the so called sovereign state of South Carolina. When finally beaten the Confederates drew off toward Columbia.

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

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

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

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

Now, how far west did the Confederates go? West, or maybe even further west, into the mountains and beyond. The boys took their marching orders to the east. The boys were some veterans of the war, some new recruits, and some of them were old soldiers. The boys were brave and ready to fight.

The boys were men of spirit and courage. They were men of honor and integrity. They were men of the Confederacy. The boys were men of the South. They were men of the South's fight for their land and their way of life.

I want to say one thing: I cannot live without the boys. I will not be without the boys.

For a long time, I cannot live without the boys. I cannot live without the boys who were brave and strong. I cannot live without the boys who were men of honor. I cannot live without the boys who were men of courage. I cannot live without the boys who were men of the Confederacy. I cannot live without the boys who were men of the South. I cannot live without the boys who were men of the boys' fight for their land and their way of life.
at Orangeburg and so endangering the town and the people.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After leaving Columbia we spread out as before from Slocum's left to my right covering a breath of thirty and forty miles. I now kept with Logan as I had with Blair. Logan and I were habitually on the best of terms. He always did his part with unabating zeal. We had one little contretemps, at the first river crossing. This river was overspreading its banks more than a half mile each way and the ground became so soft that it would not hold up the wagons or the artillery carriages. It became necessary to make corduroy roads under water, a most difficult thing to do. I directed Gen. Logan to use his pioneers and whatever troops were needed for this work, and I sent also to aid him my engineer battalion.
As we approach the end of the semester and our studies, I would like to take this opportunity to reflect on the progress we have made. I believe that we have covered a significant amount of material, and I am confident that we will continue to do so.

Looking back, I think we have made good progress in learning about various topics. We have discussed the importance of critical thinking and the need to question our assumptions. I hope that these discussions have helped us to develop a deeper understanding of the subjects we have covered.

As we move forward, I encourage each of you to continue to engage with the material and to actively participate in class discussions. I believe that this will be essential to our success in the future.

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

Arriving at the Neuse River I was permitted to dispose of this strange part of my column. Giving them sufficient wagons to carry a few days supply I sent eight thousand five hundred of them with a cavalry escort. They went to the coast and settled there according to General Sherman's humane field order that he issued for their benefit. After this General Joe Johnston was again in our front. He had gathered in the garrisons from the north and the south and Hardee was his second in command. Soon feeling strong enough he attacked Slocum's Corps and the severe battle of Averysboro resulted. A little later came the last battle, Bentonville, N.C., which was severer and lasted two days, both wings being engaged. Just as one of my divisions (Mower's) had almost enveloped Johnston's left and seized his communications, Sherman called us off declaring that they had been fighting enough. I think that his mind was fixed on getting to Goldsboro speedily. Sherman was victorious, but the
victory might have been more decisive. Hardee permitted his son, Willie, hardly 16 years of age, to go into this battle with the Confederate Cavalry. The lad was mortally wounded and carried to Raleigh where he died. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, my classmate, sent in some underground way this letter across the lines to me: "Dear Howard: When you get to Raleigh, for I suppose you will get there, I want you to give good protection to the family, because they were so kind to Willie Hardee when he was mortally wounded."

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

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

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

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

Then catching up a map which included N.C. and Va., he indicated the next march. He still hoped to form junction with Grant. Following a review and the gathering of some necessary supplies we took the field as before, moving northward. At or near Smithfield I saw plainly that southern men were talking mysteriously and looking troubled. At last one of them said to me, "General Howard, we've heard some bad news. We are all at your mercy; Lee has surrendered to Grant. A little later we had the strange and unexpected tidings more directly. By the 15th of April we were encamped in and around Raleigh. Johnston was at Durham's Station
miles west of Raleigh with bodies of cavalry of both armies watching between us. Peace was in the air. Sherman had received when near Smithfield a note from Johnston asking to negotiate for terms; and Sherman had agreed to meet him in three days, that is, on the 15th of April at or near Durham Station. The news spread among them and filled all hearts with enthusiasm and hope.

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

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

Of course I carried out my classmate's wish at Raleigh, doing all I could to protect the family which had been kind to Willie Hardes.
I'm not sure what I want to communicate.
We now made a rapid march to Richmond, Va., and there I had a telegram from Grant to let my command be marched by my officers to Alexandria, and to go myself by water to Washington and report to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. This I did and was made "Commissioner of Freedmen". Mr. Stanton told me to retain the command of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee, particularly as I should need to select officers from it to aid me in my new duties. The great review by the President—the review of the eastern and western armies—was planned by the time my own reached the shore of the Potomac and encamped near Arlington Heights.

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

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

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

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

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

Sherman mumbled something which I did not distinctly hear. When the day of the review came, I took my place on the right of the staff-line next to Gen. Barry, Sherman's Chief of artillery. We were near the Capitol just before the march up
Pennsylvania Avenue began.

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

Somebody answered, "Back there by Barry."

Sherman looked and called me to him. "You're to ride with me today."
And I did so.

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

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

(About 4000 words)  Olin Otis Howard
After looking through a large new purchase, a letter written to me by my employer, I had never seen before.

The letter was from a former officer of a certain association, who had, according to information, recently taken office in Washington. Allow me to give it to you:

"You are about to hear a kind expression of gratitude, without mention of rent. I expect you to do your duty with him at the head of the movement. If I am successful, it will be possible for you to advance your income and responsibilities."

[Signature]

[Signature] (Top Right Corner)