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SUBJECT.

Stuart, Gen. J.E.B.,  
Tribute to a Confederate Class-mate.

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General Howard's Tribute to a Confederate  
Class-mate,  
GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

It gave me great distress when in the early spring of 1861, I began to realize the fact that a separation was to take place between many of my West Point companions and myself. I knew in the outset that I must stand by the Union, and I could see very plainly that the most of the young officers, <sup>and</sup> cadets whom I was instructing in classes, would separate. The young men from the States that were threatening secession would be most likely to go with their political leaders into the conflict, which was imminent. I do not know of anything that gave me more pain than the feeling that Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart of Virginia, would leave the Union army, and join the other side. He was a class-mate much beloved, who entered the academy at the same <sup>time</sup> I did, in the fall of 1850; the cadets called him "Sept" Stuart, because he came in September. For a while I <sup>also</sup> was called "Sept" Howard for the same reason.

We had two drill masters, one was Cadet Walker, and the other Cadet <sup>Boogs</sup> ~~Bowgs~~; they were corporals in the class just above us. I liked <sup>Boogs</sup> ~~Bowgs~~ far the best, <sup>and</sup> so did Stuart. We were delighted when <sup>Boogs</sup> ~~Bowgs~~ had charge of our squad, because he was a manly man, full of dignity and discipline, but not too severe with these two awkward boys. I was already nineteen years of age, and had been a senior in college; Stuart, a little younger,



General Howard's Tribute to a Comrade

GENERAL J. M. STUART

Classmate,

It gave me great distress when in the early spring of 1861, I began to realize the fact that a separation was to take place between many of my West Point companions and myself. I knew in the outset that I must stand by the Union, and I could see very plainly that the most of the young officers and cadets whom I was instructing in classes, would separate. The young men from the States that were threatening secession would be most likely to go with their political leaders into the conflict, which was imminent. I do not know of anything that gave me more pain than the feeling that Lieutenant J. M. Stuart of Virginia, would leave the Union army, and join the other side. He was a classmate much beloved, who entered the academy at the same time I did, in the fall of 1850; the cadets called him "Sept" Stuart, because he came in September. For a while I was called "Sept" Howard for the same reason.

We had two drill masters, one was Cadet Walker, and the other Cadet <sup>Boyd</sup> ~~Boyd~~; they were corporals in the class just above us. I liked <sup>Boyd</sup> ~~Boyd~~ for the best of all cadets. We were delighted when Boyd had charge of our squad, because he was a really man, full of dignity and discipline, but not too severe with these two <sup>senior</sup> ~~senior~~ boys. I was already nineteen years of age, and had been a cadet in college; Stuart, a little younger,



also, was a graduate of <sup>a</sup>the College William and Mary, of Virginia. My figure was hardly shaped at that time according to military requirements and Stuart's was worse. They have a habit at the Military Academy of naming a cadet according to his appearance, often using the opposite. They named Stuart "Beauty" Stuart simply because of his queer figure and irregular face. Nothing then seemed to be handsome about him from head to foot. Walker called us hard names at every drill; he would say to me, for example, "Why do you act so much like a monkey", which, of course, not only mortified me, but often made me angry. To Stuart he would say, "Throw back your shoulders, put your little fingers on the seam of your trousers, with the palms of your hands to the front", and "Throw back your neck and draw in your chin, you awkward <sup>thing</sup>". Thus we were drilled together, <sup>not much</sup> usually in the same section of the class, <sup>but</sup> and sometimes not. Little by little Stuart came to have, perhaps the best military proportions of anybody in our class. He was made a <sup>cadet</sup> corporal, the next year a sergeant the following, and a <sup>cadet</sup> captain in his first class year. I became a quarter-master sergeant my second class year and cadet quarter master the third. For reasons <sup>peculiar to cadet life</sup> that I need not explain before the end of my first year I had difficulty with a cabal composed mainly of southern young men. My principal delinquency was my opposition to slavery, which <sup>somehow</sup> became known, though I did not make my sentiments prominent. There used to be a habit of ostracizing a cadet <sup>who</sup> that became unpopular; I remember one young man who was ~~ostracized~~ <sup>when he was regarded as gentle</sup> because of something that he had done <sup>when</sup> a new cadet, - the consequences to him were that he was left alone by the most of his class-mates and by a majority of the others of the Academy.



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by the most of his classmates and by a majority of the officers of  
the Academy.

William  
Stuart



He was living <sup>by himself</sup> ~~alone~~ not far from my room, <sup>so</sup> and taking compassion on him I frequently went in and played some simple games with him, and was often seen conversing with him. That little thing also <sup>among my fellows who followed</sup> did me injury, ~~following~~ this singular proverb, "If a man associates with cut-men he must <sup>himself</sup> be cut <sup>cadet</sup> himself".

When I was passing through the severest trial of my cadet life, when it seemed as though everybody that I cared for was <sup>turning</sup> ~~turned~~ against me, there were a few <sup>brave spirits</sup> that gave me their sympathy and their fellowship. Among them was Cadet J. E. B. Stuart. His manly course towards me when my heart was sore made me love him sincerely, and I was always made happy when he asked me to walk with him, or when he accepted my invitation to go and see the young ladies of West Point with me, <sup>even though we offended during</sup> during the recreation hours of Saturday. I think that Stuart was equally <sup>found</sup> ~~found~~ of my society <sup>as I was of his</sup>. When we graduated we went away to serve at different posts, he in one direction and I in another; <sup>in fact</sup> we never came together again until after the war of 1861 <sup>had begun</sup> ~~began~~.

One thing that Stuart was <sup>always</sup> ~~was~~ remarkable for ~~was~~ that was his ability to ride and <sup>always</sup> ~~manage~~ a fractious horse. He became perhaps the best rider of our <sup>classmates</sup> ~~class~~, so that I <sup>did</sup> ~~do~~ not wonder that he was given the command of a ~~cavalry~~ <sup>cavalry</sup> regiment in Virginia to be followed soon by a brigade, <sup>next</sup> ~~then~~ a division, and then a cavalry-corps of the army of northern Virginia.

When Mc Clellan made the change of his base and of his <sup>line of</sup> ~~approach~~ to Richmond, leaving the front of Washington and taking his army to the Virginia <sup>Sumner's</sup> ~~Penninsula~~ division was left behind as a rear guard <sup>with instructions</sup> to follow Mc Clellan as soon as it was practicable <sup>moving</sup> ~~by~~ water. from Washington to the neighborhood of Washington.



He was living some not far from my room, taking compassion on him I frequently went in and played some simple games with him, and was often seen conversing with him. That little thing also, I think, was a factor in his life. "It's a man associated with out men he must be out himself."

When I was passing through the severest trial

of my life, when it seemed as though I should never see the light of day again, for was turned against me, there were a few that gave me their sympathy and their fellowship.

Among them was Capt. J. E. B. Stuart.

His kindly words towards me when my heart was sore made

me love him sincerely, and I was always made happy when he asked me

to walk with him, or when he accepted my invitation to go and see

the young ladies of West Point with me during the recreation hours

of Saturday. I think that Stuart was equally kind to all of my society.

When we graduated we went away to serve at different posts, he in

one direction and I in another; we never came together again until

after the war of 1861.

One thing that Stuart was responsible for was

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became perhaps the best rider of our time, so that I do not wonder

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corps of the army of Northern Virginia.

When Mr. Cullen made the change of his base

and of his headquarters to Richmond, leaving the front of Washington

and taking his army to the Virginia Peninsula, Stuart's division

was left behind as a rear guard to follow Mr. Cullen as soon as

it was practicable of water. It was stationed in the neighborhood



of Fortress Monroe. I commanded a brigade ~~and~~ <sup>which summer</sup> ~~Summer~~ strengthened ~~my brigade~~ by some cavalry and artillery, and sent me to drive the confederate-rear guard across the Rappahannock <sup>It was</sup> ~~and~~ to see to it that all the bridges over that river were destroyed. Wtuart, my class mate was in command of a <sup>confederate</sup> cavalry <sup>force</sup> left behind by General Joseph E. Johnston to cover his retreat to Richmond. It became my fortune in the second <sup>engagement</sup> ~~battle~~ that we had with the confederates, the first being Bull Run, to encounter <sup>this</sup> intimate friend and class mate in the field, and I had it on good authority that Stuart, now General Stuart, <sup>had</sup> crossed the Rappahannock in the night with a small body of cavalry and <sup>had</sup> thoroughly reconnoitered my camp. I had so located my division, if I may call it <sup>a division</sup> ~~so~~, so as to face in four directions, holding an elevated <sup>wooded</sup> knoll. My forces took substantially the form of a square with the artillery at the corners all facing outward. I was told by a <sup>scout</sup> ~~scout~~ that Stuart, after his reconnoissance, remarked that Howard had taken up a strong position and so disposed his troops that it would be useless to attack him with cavalry. He therefore crossed the river, burning the bridges behind him. <sup>I had only skirmished</sup> ~~Not skirmishing~~ briskly for some time with his advance guard, there <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>had been</sup> no substantial ~~engagement~~ <sup>but</sup> I said to General ~~Summer~~ <sup>Summer</sup>, after I had rejoined his division, "General, I drove Beauty Stuart across the Rappahannock and forced him to burn the bridges behind him." <sup>Summer's</sup> ~~Summer's~~ division then hastened to Alexandria and was transported to the Peninsula.

I never could realize any hostility to Stuart in mt heart. His career as a cavalry leader, making frequent raids and often <sup>going around</sup> ~~circulating~~ our entire army and cutting off our supplies was <sup>indeed</sup> ~~always~~ remarkable, displaying great energy, boldness and resourcefulness. It was brought to a close in front of the Army of the Potomac, <sup>This was</sup> ~~after I~~







had taken my corps to the West. When I heard of his death I mourned for him as I would for a brother. He was always the most devoted friend to our class mate <sup>G.</sup> W. C. Lee, and fairly worshiped his father our great opponent and <sup>great</sup> magnificent soldier General Robert E. Lee.

Gen Lee's first words on hearing the news of Stuart's death ~~at Richmond~~ <sup>being</sup> ~~resulting from his wound~~ <sup>received</sup> in the fierce battle of Yellow Tavern ~~the May~~ <sup>1864</sup> day before ~~was~~ <sup>Gen. Stuart</sup> were: "Gen Stuart has been mortally wounded; a most valuable & able officer — he never brought me a piece of false information."

A little later <sup>in</sup> announcing the sad event he said: "So military capacity of a high order and to the noble virtues of a soldier he added the brightness of a pure life, guided & sustained by the Christian's faith & hope."

In these statements & fine evidence of the fruits of his early promise when he & I ~~walked together as cadets~~ <sup>walked together as cadets</sup> & talked of the highest & best things which were inspired us.

O. O. Howard

\* George Washington Gustus Lee  
 \* W. C. Lee, son  
 \* Robt. E. Lee the father



