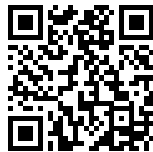

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FIFTY YEARS OBSERVATION

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OF MEN AND EVENTS

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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Frank Waters

1884

FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATION

OF

MEN AND EVENTS

CIVIL AND MILITARY

BY
E. D. KEYES

BVT. BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. ARMY;

LATE MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS, COMMANDING THE FOURTH CORPS

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1884

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FIFTY YEARS' OBSERVATION

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MEN AND EVENTS.

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Mr. Black asserted that the failure to reinforce Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, was due to the delays and reluctance of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, who was, at the time, the commanding general of the Army.

The statement of Mr. Black was regarded by many as

an undeserved accusation, and without foundation in truth.

My former intimate associations with the general, and my friendly feeling toward him and his alleged accuser, gave me an especial interest in the controversy, and I commenced a letter to Mr. Black, with a purpose to relate such facts and circumstances as I remembered in regard to the question in dispute. The subject was so suggestive that I soon found my narrative would transcend the limits of an epistle, and I determined to write my reminiscences of General Scott, and of other distinguished persons and events with which I had been associated.

The first time I ever saw General Scott was in the year 1831, when he was the President of the Board of Visitors at the West Point Military Academy, and I was a cadet under examination. I was called to the blackboard and required to work out the barometric formula as in Franœœur's *Mechanics*. I remember the time with perfect distinctness, as there was in the course a problem relating to the precession of the equinoxes, that I had not been able to review, and I feared it would be given to me and that I should fail, or "'fess," as the cadets would say. The announcement of my task made me happy, and I had time to observe the general without pre-occupation. He was much taller than any other member of the Board, but not very stout. His complexion was light, his eyes large, clear, and blue, and it appeared to me that his face was marked with more lines than I observed at a later date. His whole appearance was that of a convalescent nearly restored to good health. As I proceeded with my demonstration, I noticed that he looked at me as though he was my teacher, and I expected he would question me, but he did not, and as he gave the same attention to all the others in the class, I

could boast of no special distinction. I did not speak to the general during the three or four weeks he remained on the Point, and when I went to report to him as acting aide-de-camp, on the 29th day of October, 1833, he did not recognize me.

I owed my selection for the Staff to the influence of my very dear friend, Lieutenant Hugh W. Mercer, who was the second aide. He was the son of General Mercer, of the Revolutionary Army, and a gentleman of the purest type. He was a model of elegance and grace, and his talents were of a superior order.

General Scott esteemed Mercer so highly as to take me into his military family upon his sole recommendation. I arrived at the office in Lispenard Street, New York, at 11 o'clock in the morning, and was then first introduced to my future chief. He received me with a coldness that chilled the marrow in my bones. Looking up from his writing, he asked me how long I had been out of the Military Academy? I replied sixteen months.

Then turning to Mercer he remarked: "How happened it that General Jones allowed this young officer to leave his regiment so soon?"

Nothing more was said. The general wafted his eye over me in a way that was not encouraging and resumed his writing, while I withdrew to a desk in the rear office, there to await the bidding of my superiors.

From my seat I could always see and hear the old chief, and I was not slow to learn that his temperament was irritable, and that he was easily bored. I was told that the young officer who was my predecessor brought himself into disfavor and lost his place because he would every morning question the general about his health, how he slept, how his family were, etc.

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I took good care to be punctual, and as the mail arrived at 10 o'clock A.M., that was the hour I was expected to be at my post, and I made it a point invariably to be entering the door while the clock of Saint John's Church was striking ten. I finished everything I had to do neatly, and with despatch, and in that way I gained approval and secured to myself the reward that follows un-officious usefulness.

It was often required of me to go to the general for orders, and to show him papers, but he never said anything that denoted the slightest personal interest in me till I had been with him four months.

One day at the end of that time, after finishing his writing, he turned in his chair and said, "Mr. Keyes, I wish you to come and dine with me at four o'clock this afternoon." I accepted his invitation, which I considered an order, and at the appointed hour found myself at his house, No. 5 Bond Street, which at that time was one of the most fashionable streets in the city.

Lieutenant William C. De Hart, who was first aide-de-camp and assistant adjutant-general, and I were the only guests, and the dinner, though simple, was good. Although I took little part in the conversation at that dinner, I gained without design a strong point with my host. Wishing for the salt, which stood nearer to De Hart than to me, but nearer to the general than to either of us, I said, "Mr. De Hart, will you please pass me the salt?" He did so, and I helped myself. Then the general turned and said, "Young gentleman, you showed tact in asking Mr. De Hart for the salt instead of me, as he is more nearly your own age," and his eye rested upon

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Nevertheless I was so much awed in the presence of my chief that I seldom said a word to him except in reply to his questions, until after the funeral ceremonies of La Fayette, which were celebrated in New York in the month of July, 1834. During the night preceding that solemn event it rained, and the cobble pavements were covered with mud and were very slippery.

A dozen or more officers of the army, headed by Generals Scott and Brady, joined in the procession, and marched on foot six or seven miles in the blazing sun of one of the hottest days known. Near the end of the route, the column halted, and the officers closed around the two generals. Remarks were made about the heat, the mud, the length and slowness of the march, and several complained of exhaustion. Old General Brady said, "Mr. Keyes, you don't appear to be tired." "No," interrupted Dr. Mower, "the blood meanders calmly in the veins of this youth." Those simple remarks, and the friendly attention of those two venerable men—General Brady appeared very old, and was a captain in 1792—won my heart, and to this day I feel an affection for their memory. It was nearly dark when the ceremony ended at the City Hall, and General Scott called a carriage, took me in with him, and drove slowly to Bond Street.

During the whole passage he was giving me advice. "You are now," said he, "beginning life—you are green and ignorant of society and of yourself. You appear to be industrious and studious enough to fit yourself for high exploits in your profession, and your next object should be to make yourself a perfect man of the world. To do that, you must carefully observe well-bred men, like Mr.

Charles King, Lieutenant Mercer and others. You must also learn to converse and to express your thoughts in proper language, like Mr. Ogden Hoffman and Dr. Hawkes. You must make acquaintances among the best people, and take care always to be respectful to old persons and to the ladies!"

No young man was ever more surprised and astonished than I was while I listened to the foregoing homily. It was a manifestation of interest in me that he had never shown before. The impression it made upon me can only be understood by knowing how I then felt, and how the speaker appeared to me.

The value of my opinion of the hero of my work will be better estimated if I give my observations upon him when I was untutored as well as when experience and time had qualified my judgment. I must therefore describe myself as I was, and him as he seemed at the time I first joined his staff.

My mother was a puritan of the severest type, but my father was not a puritan; consequently there was a possibility of my being something else. My father had a strong will and my mother was the climax of virtue, although her disposition was saddened by the views she entertained of religion and accountability.

She read the works of Petrarch, Zimmerman's book on solitude, Young's Night Thoughts, and every species of dismal sentimental literature. During all my youth it appeared to me that my mother spent her evenings poring over the five folio volumes of Scott's Commentaries on the Bible. She sought a reason for her faith, which was of the darkest, coldest shade of Presbyterianism. My grandmother, from whom my mother derived her peculiar cast of mind, was endowed with the most extraordinary memory I ever witnessed in a woman. It

appears to me that she could recite all the poetry ever conceived by human brains to express every emotion of sorrow that can arise from discontent, life-long despondency, and despair. Even Madame de Staël, who surprised the world by the genius with which she depicted the various forms of anguish that oppress the human breast, could not drape this vale of tears in more sombre weeds than could my grandmother Corey.

As I had a supreme affection and reverence for my mother and grandmother, I could not fail to participate in a large degree in the anxiety and doubts with which their lives were environed. I had scruples which not even the military training and new associations at West Point had removed, and the general's advice to me to become a perfect man of the world sounded like a lesson in deviltry. But for the darkness that concealed the expression of my face, he would have seen that I did not fully accept his teachings; nevertheless, they have been verified by time, and I have repeated them to my sons.

At the period referred to General Scott was a little past the middle life, but still in the perfection of his bodily and mental powers. He was six feet four and a quarter inches tall, erect as an Indian chief, with an eye of wonderful force and expression. His features were regular, his nose nearly straight, although a slight curve added essentially to the air of command which is peculiar to the masters of slaves, whether they be white or black. His martial bearing was enhanced by the remembrance of past exploits, by constant adulation, by self-content, and many feasts. Instead of estimating his prominent traits at a less value because I saw him every day, I valued them more highly, so that I must have pleased him better by what I thought than what I did. I listened to his voice with attention, and accepted his counsels with the

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My mother was a puritan of the severest type, but my father was not a puritan; consequently there was a possibility of my being something else. My father had a strong will and my mother was the climax of virtue, although her disposition was saddened by the views she entertained of religion and accountability.

She read the works of Petrarch, Zimmerman's book on solitude, Young's Night Thoughts, and every species of dismal sentimental literature. During all my youth it appeared to me that my mother spent her evenings poring over the five folio volumes of Scott's Commentaries on the Bible. She sought a reason for her faith, which was of the darkest, coldest shade of Presbyterianism. My grandmother, from whom my mother derived her peculiar cast of mind, was endowed with the most extraordinary memory I ever witnessed in a woman. It

appears to me that she could recite all the poetry ever conceived by human brains to express every emotion of sorrow that can arise from discontent, life-long despondency, and despair. Even Madame de Staël, who surprised the world by the genius with which she depicted the various forms of anguish that oppress the human breast, could not drape this vale of tears in more sombre weeds than could my grandmother Corey.

As I had a supreme affection and reverence for my mother and grandmother, I could not fail to participate in a large degree in the anxiety and doubts with which their lives were environed. I had scruples which not even the military training and new associations at West Point had removed, and the general's advice to me to become a perfect man of the world sounded like a lesson in devilry. But for the darkness that concealed the expression of my face, he would have seen that I did not fully accept his teachings; nevertheless, they have been verified by time, and I have repeated them to my sons.

At the period referred to General Scott was a little past the middle life, but still in the perfection of his bodily and mental powers. He was six feet four and a quarter inches tall, erect as an Indian chief, with an eye of wonderful force and expression. His features were regular, his nose nearly straight, although a slight curve added essentially to the air of command which is peculiar to the masters of slaves, whether they be white or black. His martial bearing was enhanced by the remembrance of past exploits, by constant adulation, by self-content, and many feasts. Instead of estimating his prominent traits at a less value because I saw him every day, I valued them more highly, so that I must have pleased him better by what I thought than what I did. I listened to his voice with attention, and accepted his counsels with the

dociility of Kaled when he stood in the presence of Omar the Prudent.

As soon as I became planted in his favor, I took care that my growing should not be retarded by negligence. I set myself to study the expression of his face and his habits, when influenced by various emotions, and I was not slow to learn that to know when to stop speaking was a capital point. Often would I break away in the middle of a sentence and be out of his sight in a second. When I went to his private office or his room, which it was my duty to do often, if I saw his face did not invite discourse or company, I would turn and be gone before he could open his mouth.

Until I knew General Scott's true character, and when I pictured him from report, I concluded he was a great soldier and a very vain man. When I became better acquainted with him, I discovered new proofs of his excellent soldiership, and my opinion of his vanity was essentially modified. Old Captain Jock Munro of the artillery defined him truly when he said: "The jinral thinks well of himself and is fond of a compliment, but he is willing to give a compliment now and then in exchange. He is not like some men we know, who want all the compliments to themselves and never give any." He mentioned the names of two army officers, which I omit.

The general was often extravagantly ironical and exaggerated in his expressions on many subjects, vanity included. One evening when I returned from a dinner party, he asked me what I had to eat. Among other things I mentioned veal. "Veal!" said he; "did you ever know a gentleman to eat veal?" The next day I dined with him, and he gave me veal and no other meat.

There can be no doubt that the general was vain of many things, and especially so of his person. For that

there was good reason, since I was often sickened by hearing persons of all degrees remind him of his stature and symmetry, but he was never offended. He referred to it himself on all occasions, and sometimes under strange circumstances, as in the following example which I heard him relate several times. It was, I think, in the year 1830—the general was always minutely particular in naming the exact date of every event he described—when travelling in the northern part of Ohio, he stopped at a country store where they sold liquor by the glass. He had on a common travelling cap and a plain overcoat that concealed his buttons. The landlord having stepped out, he went behind the counter upon which the glasses stood, to a desk, and was busy writing a note, when a farmer came in and called out, “Give me a glass of rum toddy.” The general straightened up, and turning full upon the man, he exclaimed: “Did you ever know a man six feet four and a quarter inches tall to sell rum toddy?”

He told me that when he received his first commission in the army, which was that of captain, he immediately ordered a new suit of uniform—sword, sash, cap—everything complete, and had it carried into the largest room in the house, in the diagonal corners of which he placed two looking-glasses. Then he cleared away all the furniture, let in as much light as possible, put on his new uniform, and strutted back and forth between the mirrors for two hours. “But,” said he, “if any man had seen me, I should have proceeded at once to put him to death.”

He never forgot any allusion or reference to any deficiency or fault in his person, dress, or carriage. Colonels Bankhead, Lindsay, and Eustis used to relate that, when Scott was a young man, he had a healthy, active appearance, but owing to his extraordinary height he looked thin, and that he only weighed 140 pounds. The general

himself more than once recalled to me the impression made upon others by his youthful figure. He told me that a man who envied him circulated a story, that before visiting his lady-love he would have his coat padded, and put on false calves! Forty years had not subdued his wrath when he exclaimed, "The idea of me with false calves!"

As my narrative proceeds, I shall have occasion to relate other incidents to show the pride and satisfaction with which he regarded his own person.

He was equally content with the excellence of his mental qualifications, as the following incident will prove: One day I was reading to him a newspaper article in praise of Henry Clay. The writer described the distinguished Kentuckian as a man of commanding presence, with a lofty forehead and a large, loose mouth. He referred also to several other renowned orators—Burke, Mirabeau, and Patrick Henry—whose mouths were of extraordinary size, and he concluded his article with the remark, "All great men have large mouths." "All great men have large mouths!" exclaimed the general; "why, my mouth is not above three-fourths the size it should be for my bulk!"

The foregoing citations clearly indicate that General Scott had a good opinion of himself, and it is certain that most people thought him excessively vain. Nevertheless, after my long service and intimacy with him, he did not leave on my mind the impression of the mean, selfish vanity in all things which characterized two or three other men with whose domination I have been cursed. On the contrary, his vivid fancy and animated utterances in regard to himself seemed but responsive to the good qualities he had recognized in others. A vast number of men and women had secured his friendship by their respect

and kindness towards him, and he found great pleasure in describing their virtues to me. He would unfold the wisdom of the old, the valor of the young, the gentleness of matrons, the tenderness of maidens of various ages, the bounties of some and the prudence of others, with such a genial flow of words that I listened to him with delight. But I confess I often wondered why I had not met more characters like those he described to me!

The chief ruling passion of the general was ambition and its uniform attendant, jealousy. In matters of rivalry he was easily vexed, and when the thing pursued was of great distinction, he seemed to go out of his own skin into that of an angry porcupine with every quill standing fiercely on end. Wild Medea could not rage as he would against all men who obstructed the way to the prize he coveted. He would pour out his venom against his rivals in terms which showed him skilled in the jargon of obloquy; and after two or three years in his company, if I had credited his descriptions of the superior officers of the Northern armies in the War of 1812, I must have concluded that not one of them was above mediocrity and that several were far below.

He had also many things to say in disparagement of every aspirant to the Presidency who competed with him. He thought Harrison was equally insignificant, and weak in person and mind, and could never find fit words to describe his loathing for Franklin Pierce, who he believed was the meanest creature that ever aspired to be President!

One day when he, Mr. Joseph Blunt and I were dining together at the Union Club, New York, the general swooped upon Daniel Webster. Blunt, amazed at his violence, dropped his knife and fork, looked up and sought to expostulate, but to no purpose. Scott kept on

till he had made the great expounder as bad as Belial and in the same line, and Belial, as Milton informs us, was

“ The dissolutes spirit that fell,
The sensualest, and after Asmodai,
The fleshliest incubus”

The antics of military and political jealousy, like the follies of love, are beyond the scope of prose, and if we could uncover the hearts of all rising generals and politicians, we should find them about equally black, and quite as fully charged with hatred against their rivals as that of my angry, outspoken chief.

On a former occasion, and before they came into direct competition for the Presidency, I often heard General Scott speak in terms of admiration of Mr. Webster's extraordinary abilities. I was with the two gentlemen on a journey from New York to Philadelphia shortly after Mr. Webster returned from England in the autumn of 1839. They were wedged together in the same seat, and I sat in front of them. Both the great men were in a cheerful mood, and Mr. Webster did nearly all the talking, while the general listened attentively, thus paying to him an unusual compliment. Mr. Webster's conversation was more interesting to me than one of his speeches in the Senate. He had much to say about the Duke of Wellington, Lords Brougham, Palmerston and other distinguished Britons. I was astonished at what he said of the Duke of Wellington, whom he thought the ablest man he met in England. He spoke of Wellington's orders and despatches, many of which he had read, and he commented on their force and clearness. He also praised the elegance of the Iron Duke's manners and the graces of his conversation, and there can be little doubt that his judgment of Wellington was correct. No order

the Duke ever wrote contained a superfluous word, or could by possibility have been misunderstood. If he had framed laws, and he would never have framed one on a subject he did not fully understand, they would have been equally clear, and no lawyer, however astute, could have driven through them with his coach and four. A statute drawn by a legal gentleman to regulate business he does not comprehend is usually a nest of law-suits. Mr. Webster's remarks upon Lord Brougham's character, writings, and speeches were not so flattering—he found many flaws, and his general opinion of the Scotchman was disparaging, as compared with Wellington. He considered Palmerston a very able statesman, and purely English in character. Mr. Webster discoursed at length upon English agriculture, and described his visit to Mr. Cook's model farm, of which he gave many interesting particulars.

He had much to say concerning English railroads and their management, which were at that time in all respects vastly superior to those in America. I remember he said that from London to Liverpool *signal men with flags were placed in sight of one another throughout the entire line!* I recollect the very words he used to describe our railroads in America. "They are made," said he, "of two stringers of scantling notched into ties that often get loose in the ground. Upon the stringers two straps of iron the width and thickness of wagon tires are nailed. These straps of iron frequently get detached at the ends, which turn up like snakes' heads and pierce the floors of the cars." (Such a thing actually occurred in a car in which General Scott was seated on his way from Elizabeth to New York.) "Then," said he, "the wheels slip on the iron straps, in winter especially, so much that no dependence can be placed upon the time of arrival, and many people think it is not certain that railroads will be a success."

The above was literally true in the year 1840. At that time the locomotive was a small, weak machine, that was employed to drag a few pinched, coach-like cars at a speed of about ten miles an hour. On slightly ascending grades the wheels would often whirl and race while the train stood still. Now the locomotive is perfected, and endowed with such power as to be able to carry along over the face of the earth and across continents a train of palatial cars a quarter of a mile long at a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour. Then the directors and stockholders of railroads constituted the meekest and most sorrowful class of our citizens. They were pallid, meagre, supplicating men; but now they are a distinct class, to which all the world makes obeisance, and they have become ruddy, surfeit-swelled, and dictatorial.

The facilities of intercommunication introduced by steam, and the enormous developments of wealth resulting from it, have produced an absolute revolution in the objects of respect and veneration of our people. Eloquence and learning, duty, wit, birth, and manners are no longer regarded, and all who possess those graces are eager to pay court and servility to the biggest fortunes. Gold is the only god, and his prophet is the man who possesses most of it. This state of things is verified by all who boast of an experience of thirty-five years.

At the time I left the Military Academy, and long before, and down to near 1850, there were living and in activity three illustrious statesmen, all Senators, whose names were heard every day all over the Union. The order in which they were mentioned was in accord with the estimation in which they were held in the different sections. In the East and North it was Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. In the West it was Clay, Calhoun, and

Webster; and in the South it was Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. The consideration in which those men were held—and they were all poor—was not only an evidence of their genius, but it was a proof of the dignity of thought and an example of the prevailing public opinion. During the same period there lived two military men, Winfield Scott and Andrew Jackson, whose opinions were undisputed in all questions relating to war. There were also many authors and men of science who enjoyed respect, and only one who possessed a mystic and unapproachable renown for being rich, and that was John Jacob Astor. Mr. Astor was not personally ostentatious, but towards the end of his life he entertained at his table many literary and scientific men. He was always enterprising and industrious, and he built for use and not for show. I shall have more to say of Messrs. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Jackson in the succeeding chapters, this one being devoted to outlines and general characteristics which I will fill up and develop hereafter.

To understand the character and extent of the revolution effected by steam and electricity in the last forty-five years, we must consider the condition of society in America from the time the first railroad was in operation, in 1830, the first friction match was used, about 1837, and the first telegraphic message was sent, in 1844. In 1838 Samuel Swartwout, being Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, was found to be defaulter to the amount of \$1,200,000. That discovery produced a shock in every corner of the United States greater than would be caused to-day if that city, with all its people and structures, were to be engulfed by an earthquake.

The building of the Astor House shortly before that date was a greater surprise and more talked about than any other edifice that has been subsequently erected

in America. In 1838 a man with a clear annual income of \$6,000 or \$8,000 was considered rich, and there were not then five private two-horse carriages in the city of New York the owner's names of which I did not know; and I was personally acquainted with a majority of them.

The city of Washington was a dirty, shabby village, and to go there from New York required two days. The arts of cooking and keeping a hotel were in their dawn, and the headings in the newspapers from time to time announced thirty days, and now and then sixty days, later news from Europe. The country between Utica and Buffalo was mostly covered with forests, and in travelling through it in a stage-coach in the spring of 1838 I saw many deer. In the autumn I was ordered to St. Louis, and the journey from New York occupied twenty-eight days. The last 350 miles I was carried in an open farm wagon over a part of Indiana and the whole of Illinois. The boastful city of Chicago was scarcely known, and in that very year a letter was addressed as follows: "Mr. Seth Fisher, Chicago—near Alton—Illinois." Alton was a small settlement on the Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri.

The art of land and maritime warfare and the means of assault and defence had been at a standstill 200 years, and in many particulars, over 300 years. The model of the twelve bronze cannon, made during the reign of Charles V. of Spain, and called the Twelve Apostles, was considered good in 1840. Vauban's fortifications, 200 years old, had scarcely been changed, and the flint lock was still employed. The use of gunpowder had increased the facilities of slaughter so suddenly as to produce a kind of lethargic contentment in the human mind, and the genius of inventions to kill remained in repose hundreds of years. It was finally awakened about

the year 1845 by Captain Minié of the French army, who invented the Minié ball and rifle in about the year 1846. His invention has been succeeded by that of many new and fearfully destructive explosives, and the complete change of model in artillery and small arms tending vastly to increase their range. The Parrott gun, which is made by swedging a jacket of wrought upon a tube of cast iron, is the invention of a West Pointer a few years later. That weapon played an important part in the Rebellion, and it kills at an immense distance.

In theology, law, surgery, therapeutics, chemistry, and engineering there has been wonderful activity. Christianity continues to rear her temples, and the conceited creatures who boast their skepticism and infidelity are not increasing in numbers, but it would seem that the intricacies and subterfuges of the law are multiplying. Surgery has advanced immensely and therapeutics show amelioration. On the whole, the present material condition of mankind may be considered satisfactory. Religion, surgery, chemistry and engineering are prosperous, and if a man is now more to be pitied when he falls into the clutches of the law and his property is coveted by sharpers, he is safer when he trusts himself with a doctor.

Artists have greatly increased in numbers, and in the opinion of some of them their works are approaching the excellence of the past. It is clear to me, nevertheless, that no man has lived within the last 100 years who has originated a form of beauty, whether linear, superficial or solid, that had not already been equalled and often excelled. Eloquence and art have long been exhausted developments, and of music I am not a judge. It is undergoing change and it may be improving.

My reminiscences have noted all the changes above described, but in the essential qualities of the human heart I

have found no change. Everywhere the young man thinks his own love is the most beautiful being that lives. The ambitious man esteems himself as best fitted for the office to which he aspires, and hates his rivals, and if he fails he curses the world's ingratitude and lack of appreciation. Several men are at all times living who imagine the world cannot do without them, and no person thinks his service overpaid by the praise or money bestowed upon him. Finally, pride, conceit, or snobbery usually attend all sudden exaltations to wealth or power, while envy, slander, and hypocrisy never sleep. If the record of my past observations fails to make good all these assertions, it will be because I lack the capacity of an able chronicler.

CHAPTER II.

Scott as a man of gallantry and the head of a family.—Scott in the society of ladies.—His general demeanor.—Fond of social visiting.—His conversation.—Anecdotes.—His love of attention.—Views of married life.—His own marriage.—Opinion of marriage in the army.

IT would be impossible to convey a full knowledge of General Scott's character without describing his relations with the opposite sex. My observations of his conduct in the society of ladies are perhaps rendered more distinct by a certain marked contrariety in our natures. He always declared himself to be a gallant gentleman, and such, in a dubious sense, he was. It is true he never omitted to speak kindly to women, and when he was in their society he addressed them with a sort of tenderness which only appeared strange to me by its eternal sameness. From all I could learn from his conversation and conduct, he never had a desultory love affair in his whole life, and he never allowed himself to be swayed or diverted from his purpose by a woman, and no one ever gained the slightest hold upon him. These facts appear strange when we reflect that he possessed in an unusual degree the qualities which universally attract them, such as courage, manly bearing, martial exploits, and contempt for money. His indifference enabled him to escape the evils which unprincipled females so often inflict upon our sex; at the same time he lost the benefits which attend the companionship and counsels of the better sort, for no man can be prosperous

and happy who is not governed by a good woman, nor fail to be wretched if led by a bad one.

During the two-and-a-half years in which he was occupied with the troubles on the Canadian Frontier, the removal of the Cherokee Indians, and the settlement of the Northeastern Boundary, we were in continual movement. General Scott was then so popular that in all the cities and towns from Maine to Georgia, and from Boston to Detroit, his presence was greeted by immense crowds, and he was frequently beset by women, who clustered around him like summer flies. As I always kept near him, I was equally surprised and amused to notice the sameness of his salutations and responses to all who addressed him. Among those who approached I saw every variety of female yet enumerated. Thin-lipped, sharp-nosed vixens, loud-talking viragos, stately matrons, sentimental damsels, joyous maidens, faded and dejected spinsters, prancing widows, fussy house-wives, willing dames and scandal-mongers would all leave his presence content with having been gently spoken to by the great general.

General Scott was fond of social visiting and of sitting in conversation with small assemblies of his intimate friends. He would join in the discussion of all subjects of family and domestic interest with such feeling and candor as would gain the sympathy of his auditors. Sometimes, however, he would indulge in a license with young ladies that would appall me. I have seen him, while yet in his prime, call to him the most debonaire maiden present, spread her palm upon his, examine her hand with leisure scrutiny, and then bestow a kiss upon her forehead! He would do all this with such an innocent pudency, and such an air of patriarchal gravity, that there was no more suggestion of dalliance in his actions than in the benediction of a saint.

In all societies of either sex, or mixed, General Scott's conversation was universally free from the slightest tinge of lasciviousness, and he would invariably rebuke all allusions to that subject. I never knew him to engross an opportunity to be alone with a woman, nor with one exception, which I will give further on, did I hear him relate an adventure with one, which might not have been described in the society of the most fastidious ladies. I never gave him cause to rebuke me for any grossness of conversation, although I sometimes caused him to look serious when I read to him, or made a quotation, from books or poems that were not of his liking. When, in society, he saw me too attentive to women whose allures did not please him, he would afterwards give me a lecture or an admonition, which I considered unmerited, since nearly all the ladies I consorted with were fit for vestals. Such was my reputation among mothers, that I was constantly trusted to travel and be alone with young ladies, and if all the dead could be restored to testify with the living to the truth I should stand acquitted of the slightest betrayal of my trust.

Occasionally I was heedless in my conversations in general society, as the following example will show by the details of it, which I will faithfully recite. At one time when we arrived at a large Northern town, the inhabitants offered a ball to the general, which he accepted. He attended the ball and remained till its close, contrary to his usual habit. It happened that among the guests there was an intimate friend of mine, who was accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and to whom he introduced me. The bride was radiant with health and beauty, and her countenance sparkled with intelligence and spirit. I confess to an instant admiration, which I proceeded to exemplify by a warmth of

manner and a persistence of attentions that soon brought upon me the gaze of my chief, which I heeded not. I danced with her and I waltzed with her. Then we promenaded and danced together again. In one of our circuits around the room our way was through a narrow passage between two rows of chairs occupied by wall flowers, and we were obliged to press together in a way that shocked the general. When the ball was over I joined my superior and walked with him to his chamber. He was not in a good humor, said nothing, and all I said was, "I'm sorry the ball is breaking up so soon." The moment the door was closed, he exclaimed, "Who was that woman you were with all the evening?" I told her name, and, after some remarks that were not flattering to her, he proceeded to lecture me. He had observed us walking arm in arm through the narrow passage, and declared that my conduct was indecent. This last word agitated me, and in a hasty attempt to justify myself I committed a serious fault. I told him that as we approached the narrow passage, I said to the lady, "We must pass this defile single, or pack close." "Will that annoy you?" said she. "What did you say to her?" interrupted the general suddenly. "I said no! with effusion." My reply was not relished by the old chief, although it was in keeping with the hilarity with which I was still surcharged. He was beginning to show anger, and having no other means of defence I resorted, as was my custom on frequent occasions, to a quotation. Looking up at him smiling, I said, "General!

"Your own precedent passions will inform you
What levity's in youth . . ."

Then his countenance relaxed, and he said: "Young gentleman, you'd better go to bed"—and to bed I went.

History records that some of the most intrepid warriors

have been not only bashful, but actually afraid in the presence of ladies. Charles the XIIth of Sweden was one example, and I think Marshal Ney was another.

General Scott once told me a story of himself to show that he was more scared by a broomstick in the hands of a woman than he could have been by a sabre in the hands of a Turk!

“It was during my college vacation,” said he, “and I was at home near Petersburg. One day I started on a long walk through the country, and after a tramp of several miles I arrived at a farm-house, where I stopped to get a glass of milk. There was no one present but the farmer’s wife, who was a stout, buxom woman, and I fell into conversation with her. In a short time the devil put it into my head to take manual liberties with her; but at my first motion she sprang away, seized a broom, and came at me with a fury such as only an earnest female can display. The door being open I shot through—she pursuing and abusing me—cleared a high fence, and ran with all speed across the fields till I got clear of the sound of her voice; and that, sir,” said he, “is the only adventure of the kind that I ever undertook.”

On another occasion he was horribly frightened by an actress. We were stopping at the Astor House, on our return from the North. The general occupied a room on the second floor, and in the corresponding room of the third story there lodged a young tragedy queen whose name was Josephine —, and who was more famous for her personal than for her histrionic accomplishments. She was six feet three inches tall, her complexion was a light clear brunette, and her eyes were large and lustrous. Her form was symmetrical, though a trifle full, and her womanly proportions were redundant. Altogether she was a wonderful girl to behold. Miss Josephine, who

was probably in a brown study or thinking of her *rôle*, mistook her loft, and with her head down opened the door, and actually stood for a moment within the room, and in the presence of Major-General Winfield Scott! When she saw him sitting in his wrapper strapping his razor, she exclaimed "Oh!" and left. I met her as she went away near the stairway, and noticed no signs of agitation in her, but when I entered the general's room his face was the picture of terror. "Did you see that woman?" "Yes," said I. "Well," said he, "she's been in my room!" and he added harsh expressions which I omit.

He seemed seriously alarmed lest his reputation should be compromised, and he was scarcely satisfied until he was assured that the actress opened his door thinking it was her own.

In matters of the heart it was not easy for me to comprehend my chief, whose conduct seldom conformed with its dictates as observed in others. It is usually recognized that young men derive more happiness from loving than in being loved. In advanced life when time has torpified the faculties, and when the dark shadow of old age has fallen upon him, the old man knows no happiness that is comparable with that of being loved by a woman. He will even part with his gold to gain affection. Most men of sixty have passed through the change above described, but General Scott, so far as I could observe, or had learned, remained always stationary, and he was equally ignorant of either extreme. What he desired was attention, and that he craved incessantly. He was quite as fond of old as of young women, whether single or married. If he had a preference, it was for old maids, whose hair was well silvered, as the following incident will show:

When he was over seventy, and we lived at Wormley's

in Washington, we usually walked to the office at about ten o'clock in the morning. As we were moving along in silence through the square in front of the White House, we met Miss ——, to whom we bowed, and whom we both knew and esteemed as one of the ornaments of her sex. After passing her a few steps, I said in a soliloquizing tone, "I suppose the most calamitous condition of a woman is to be an old maid." We were then in the shade of a clump of bushes, and the general had my arm, which he pulled violently and stopped. "I am shocked," said he, "at your cruel, senseless speech. You never could make a more wanton assertion, or one that is less deserved. Instead of it being a calamity it is often a blessing, and those you call old maids are generally the best of their sex." He continued in that strain at least ten minutes, and gave me not a moment to defend myself, and he did not wish to hear me. I must therefore defend myself now, for I can say with all sincerity that in the main I agree with him. My long experience has brought me to the conviction that, in the proportion of numbers, I have found more amiable, lovable, and deserving women among old maids than among married women of equal ages. Many accomplished women remain single by reason of self-sacrifice to family and friends.

I could cite numerous anecdotes to prove that his regard for women was not dependent upon youth, beauty, or wit, but upon alacrity of attentions. This history of a visit, which I will relate as proof, will not only establish my position, but it will also show the wonderful influence of an energetic female, and prove a warning to mothers.

While we were stopping a week on the northern frontier, many farmers of the neighborhood came with their wives and daughters to pay their respects and to see the general. Among them was a Mrs. B—— and her

husband. I say Mrs. B——, for it was she who did all the talking, and she invited the general and me to tea at her house on the evening of the following day. She said she would send John with the carriage to bring us out. The distance being five miles, it was getting dark when we arrived. It was easy to see, however, that we were visiting a well-to-do farmer, that the buildings were spacious and the grounds in beautiful order. Mrs. B—— was on the steps to receive us, and her husband was standing within the door. She seized the general's hand and welcomed him with excessive gladness. The lady was of the sanguine bilious temperament, which denotes force—tall, rather spare in person, her face long, nose the same and high and thin with a slight cant to the left, eyes dark and firmly set, teeth good. She wore a white muslin cap ruffled all around and tied under the chin. She had on also a white apron, and her dress and all her surroundings denoted the extreme of neatness and order. In age she appeared about forty-five, and a stranger to every sort of malady.

On entering the house we were conducted to a large parlor, which contained several pieces of furniture that approached elegance, and in various places could be seen articles of ladies' handiwork. A row of high-backed chairs stood against the wall on three sides of the room, in one corner of which was a small round table. Several family pictures adorned the walls, and that of the man of the house reminded me of a portrait I had once seen of the late Job Caudle. At the end of a few minutes we were taken into the dining-room, where we found Mr. B—— and two full-grown girls. "These are my 'darters,'" said Mrs. B—— to the general, and then she asked him to take the seat on her right. The table was covered with a vast variety of good things—broiled chicken, oysters, beef-steaks, hot and cold bread, butter, cream, and many kinds

of cakes and preserves, besides tea and coffee. Mrs. B——'s loquacity was astonishing, and the ingenuity with which she varied her compliments and her solicitations to the general to make him eat of everything on the table was wonderful. He did eat more cakes and preserves than I ever saw him eat before, and to satisfy his hostess he tasted all the sweets which the lady said she had "put up" with her own hands. Mr. B——, the girls and I scarcely said a word, and for myself I was content to listen to the principal personages, who seemed mutually pleased with one another.

At the end of an hour we returned to the parlor. Mrs. B—— stopped at the little round table and asked the general to sit near her. The girls passed across the room and placed themselves side by side in chairs against the wall. I had the courage to draw out another chair and wheel it into such a position that by turning my face to the right I could see Mrs. B—— and to the left the "darters." Mr. B—— took a seat by himself. The girls were so ruddy and healthful that, notwithstanding their silence at the tea-table, I supposed I should easily get them to talk; but in this I was sadly mistaken. I began by asking them questions about themselves and their home, but they answered by monosyllables. Then I spoke of myself, my travels and adventures, which awakened no interest. Then I referred to churches, theatres, plays, and sports, and schools, but all in vain. Finally I discussed novels and quoted poetry, and of all I hit upon there was only one thing that either of them knew, and that was a stanza from one of Watts's hymns.

Being absolutely discouraged, I sat musing in silence on the power of that woman who was entertaining my chief.

The unceasing pressure of her will had arrested the mental developments of her offspring, and she had henpecked

her husband to a nonentity. Her children were probably not deficient in natural capacity, but their aspirations and individuality had been alike repressed and blasted. Fond, selfish mothers often overwhelm their daughters with such pernicious watchings, and instead of studying their bent by fostering the guardian virtues and allowing the swelling buds of youth to expand in beautiful flowers, they hedge them in with frigid cautions, which are as fatal to loveliness as the sting of the worm that kills the tender shrub

"Ere it can spread its sweet leaves to the air,"
Or dedicate its beauty to the sun."

At about 9 o'clock my uneasiness was relieved by the general, who rose to depart. Mrs. B—— followed him into the hall and continued her prattle. She threatened to inflict upon him a long front-door discussion, which is one of the greatest of all social pests, but he forced his way out. If my worst enemy could establish that I had ever in mixed company been found within a house at the end of one minute after I had signified that "I must go," my courage should fail and I would confront the social world no longer. Once in the carriage I found that the general, instead of being in a sulk, as I expected, was in a glee. He praised the tea-table and the house and its mistress, who he thought was a first-class manager, upon which I remarked: "And what haste she made to entertain you." At this the general laughed heartily and said: "But where was the good man of the house? did you see him after tea?" "Yes," said I, "he came into the parlor and sat down."

"I didn't observe him—when did he go out?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell; but I am equally sure that he came into the parlor, and that he was not there when we left."

The foregoing account of our visit is strictly true as regards its essential facts, but I have condensed the conversations, interwoven a few moral reflections, and added certain flourishes of my own with a view to give effect to the most striking example of high-principled petticoat government that I have known.

General Scott's character as a man of gallantry could not be justly estimated without knowing his views of married life. At about the age of 30 he was wedded to a young Virginia lady, who was widely celebrated for her beauty and wit. When I came to know her and to enjoy the benefits of her society she was in the full maturity of her faculties, and although it has chanced to me to enjoy the acquaintance of many of the grandest and most gifted dames of all the Christian nations of the world, I remember none who, in breeding and accomplishments, were the superior of Mrs. Scott. Her husband always referred to her with pride and affection, but as he and she were each the centre of attraction to great numbers of people, they were often separated. As old age approached, Mrs. Scott, although she was by nature strong and enduring, declined in health, and as she found herself better in Europe than in America, she passed the closing years of her life abroad, where she died. The animadversions upon their frequent separation were always much exaggerated. I shall never forget Mrs. Scott's kindness to me, nor her numerous acts of social beneficence and charity, which I often witnessed.

Many of General Scott's frequent references to matrimony were doubtless sportive, but no one could be habitually near him and not conclude that in his opinion marriage is not promotive of human happiness. He often quoted Dr. Johnson's expression, "It cannot be denied that there is in the world much connubial infelicity." In

Johnson's writings we find other sentences of the same import, but it is certain that he loved his own ugly wife, and that he is the author of the following maxim, which offsets his innumerable slurs upon the institution which he so strongly commends: "Marriage is the best state of man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state."

At one time we had before us an engraving to represent Dr. Johnson reading Goldsmith's manuscript of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Johnson holds the writing close to his eyes; Goldsmith sits near in his dressing gown and looks anxious, while his landlady stands in the doorway, which she fills full. I said to the general: "Goldy looks anxious, for he knows if the doctor don't approve his book, so that he can sell it and pay his board bill, that he will be turned out of doors." "No, sir," said the general, "his landlady has threatened that if he don't pay his board he must marry her. His anxiety is not to pay, but to escape the fangs of matrimony." He repeated: "Yes, sir, he must pay his board bill or be clutched in the fangs of matrimony."

I could always amuse my chief by quotations to show the unhappiness and disappointments of matrimony. Shakespeare says :

"War is no discord to the unquiet house,
And the detested wife."

But the great bard has reference to a bad wife, which is a fearful infliction.

I once restored him to good humor by quoting from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." It was at a time when he was aspiring to the Presidential nomination. One of his opposing candidates was rich, but his wife was old, peevish, and sickly. The general, after summing up

his rival's qualifications in his usual style of depreciation in such cases, added: "And yet this man can get money and is very rich; the public turn their eyes up at him."

At this point I interjected my quotation. "General," said I, "if you would envy Euphorion his big fortune, you must be willing to take his old wife with it." The fitness of my allusion dispelled his irritation, and he laughed and changed the subject.

The marriage of young officers of the army, which was probably more frequent than it is now, was the subject of his constant animadversion. He thought there should be a law to restrain and regulate the marriage of officers of the army and navy, as there is in France and some other countries. In France a dotation for the bride is prescribed and is held by the government, the interest only being paid to her during her life.

The temerity of young graduates from the Military Academy was often a subject of amazement to old officers. It was not unusual to see a second lieutenant, four months after graduating, start off for Council Bluffs, Laramie, or Fort Towson, or Fort Leavenworth, any one of which at that time was nearly as inaccessible as is the source of the Amazon, carrying with him two large brass-bound trunks, and a wife bigger and sometimes older than himself.

As the whole income of the pair was only \$62.50 per month, the bride in her far-away home was obliged to do her own housework. General Scott often told me that he had many times seen the wives of officers stationed at these remote posts at the washtub, with their sleeves rolled up. Some of these strange combinations produced large families of children, which fact convinces us that, if Heaven were not merciful, there would be more paupers than there are in the world.

Notwithstanding his flings at marriage, the general took a special interest in the engagements of his young friends. When I first proposed and was accepted, he was the first person to whom I disclosed that most fortunate event of my life. On the day following we were alone in the office, and I said:

"General, I have some news to tell you."

"What is it?" said he.

"I'm engaged to be married!"

"Engaged to be married," said he, holding up both his hands. "To whom?"

"To Miss Caroline M. Clarke."

"Who is Miss Caroline M. Clarke, and where is she from?"

"She is the youngest daughter of a retired lawyer of New York, and she lives in Brooklyn." Then I added a florid description of my intended, which caused my chief to smile. He wished to know how I became acquainted with Miss Clarke. I told him it was by accident, and as follows:

I was living far up Broadway, and had a parlor and bedroom in the third story of a house which is still standing. In the same house resided with her mother a young, accomplished girl, who was the cousin of an Episcopal clergyman's daughter of New York, who was also the cousin of Miss Clarke. The three young ladies found themselves together in the parlor below mine, at 9 o'clock in the evening, dressed for a party, and accompanied by a single beau. The mother of the resident came up to my room, and requested me to come down "and see a beautiful sight." I descended in haste, was introduced to Miss Clarke, and was captivated on the instant. Her aunt suggested that I should join the company and go with them. I consented, dressed in a hurry, handed Miss Clarke

to her carriage, and at the ball, which was full of beauty, I devoted my exclusive attentions to her. Those attentions led to my marriage with her.

I begged the general not to speak of what I had told him, but instead of promising me not to do so, he continued to talk with me in a jocular strain till I left. I went directly to my lodgings, remained there about ten minutes, and then I proceeded to make a call at the house of Mr. Charles King, in Bleeker Street. When I rang at the door it was not a minute over an hour since I had left my chief, and he was the only one in the city, as I supposed, who knew my secret. What was then my dismay on entering to be met with the noisy salutations of four or five ladies, who called out together: "So you are engaged to be married, Mr. Keyes! When is the wedding to come off? Is she good-looking?" etc., etc.

They refused to tell me how they knew I was engaged, and it was a considerable time before I learned. It turned out that the general left the office shortly after I did, and by chance he met Mrs. King, who was on her way home, told her I was engaged to be married, and she arrived only fifteen minutes in advance of me.

Before summing up his claims as a man of gallantry, I will relate an incident which provoked in me an exclamatory quotation that came near bringing upon me a rebuke for coarseness. I escaped the rebuke, but gave occasion for a remarkable declaration from the general. While the English Professor Coombe was in America, he enjoyed great repute as a craniologist. One day the general went without me, and had his head examined. On his return he gave me the card on which his *bumps* were classified. Nearly all the numbers were high, and when I saw the highest mark for the sexual instinct, I exclaimed, "Why, General, he has marked you maximum for amative-

ness! I suppose you never felt the stings and motions of the sense." Half of my exclamation was out before I looked up and saw a cloud on his brow. It did not break, however, and the general, who was standing, raised his hand, and with an air and attitude of profound solemnity said: "The professor did not mistake me, but I have always curbed my mutinous appetites. Since my wedding day I never violated my marriage vow, nor did I ever give a human being cause to imagine that I desired to violate it. I pledge my soul, my honor and my life that all I now say is strictly true." Without his grand asseveration, I should have conceded to General Scott the entire credit of an absolute purity of life and conversation; and we may conclude with certainty that he never had an intrigue, and that against the dribbling darts of love he preserved a complete bosom.

Before announcing my own judgment of the general's claims to gallantry, I submitted some of the proofs I have given above to one of my lady acquaintances. The person selected for reference is rich in the guarded treasures of womanhood, balanced in judgment, in form and manners most attractive, and deeply skilled in the alchemy of the heart. She delivered her opinion in such gracious language and lucid illustrations, as would have won me from a false conclusion, but which, as she coincided with mine, deserves to be accepted as conclusive. She declared that a gentleman of such a position and with the opportunities for observation enjoyed by General Scott, and who had never acknowledged the empire of a single woman to usurp his will, to cheer his spirit and to rule his conduct, could not be considered a man of gallantry; and such is my decision.

The lack of those qualities which entitle a man to be called gallant caused General Scott to prefer the society

of his own to that of the opposite sex—consequently he missed the highest grade of social enjoyment, which can only be found in the company of enlightened, high-bred ladies. I doubt if he ever comprehended the meaning, or felt the ecstatic delight of those feminine euphonies which proclaim the touch of hearts, such as—“Did you miss me?”—“Did you think of me?”—“You don’t mean it!” and other similar pearls of speech, which to a man of true gallantry constitute the spice of life.

CHAPTER III.

Scott as a scholar, and a man of reading.—His education.—His studies of law.—Public men of his time.—His fondness for philology.—Knowledge of French.—Criticisms upon various authors.—Mathematics.—Scott's favorite quotations.—His association with learned men.

AS I intend to pass in view all the characteristics of General Scott's career, and to illustrate it by speeches and events anterior to his old age, and without a chronological order, I will now describe him as a scholar and man of reading.

He was well educated, although he did not complete his college course, and he preserved throughout his life the habit of a constant and general reader. He studied common, civil, statute and military law, and gave great attention to international law, and was familiar with the works of all its standard writers. While he was engaged in pacifying the Canadian troubles, and settling the North-eastern and Northwestern boundaries, I enjoyed all the frequent discussions between him and many other eminent men, among the principal of whom were President Van Buren, Mr. Webster, Mr. Poinsett, Mr. Preston, Governor Marcy, Mr. John C. Spencer, Mr. John J. Crittenden, Mr. John Van Buren, son of the President, Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, Governor Edward Everett, Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. Jeremiah Mason, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Charles King, Governor Fairfield, Senator Evans, Sir John Caldwell, on the part of Sir John Harvey, and many others.

What floods of light those mighty minds poured upon their subject! Webster, Otis, and Mason I only heard twice each. The first seemed like Juggernaut rolling on to crush everything. The last two were like giants in decline: the light they shed resembled the slant rays of the setting sun—warm, but void of scintillation. Spencer's arguments were forcible, at the same time subtle as coming from a nature that was essentially cold and as sombre as the caverns of the deep. Marcy was among the most powerful, but he was homely in speech, and, notwithstanding his ability and learning in law and statesmanship, he was not genial to me, and there were certain traits of the politician in him that I did not like. President Van Buren was both polished and able in an uncommon degree, and when he discussed our relations with the Indians, and with England, although he was the Chief Magistrate, he showed less dogmatism than many others who had no authority whatever. Preston, Hoffman, King and Everett dressed their redundant explanations in a flowery diction, and gained audience by their charms of voice and manner. In Mr. Preston I saw in perfection the slaveholder's grace of movement and frankness of intercourse. Hoffman was negligent in dress and careless in manners, but in the sonorous sweetness of his voice and the amplification of his arguments he stood unrivalled. Everett and King were stately in appearance, and elegantly precise in manner. Everett's voice was good, and, notwithstanding his ready fluency of speech, I never heard him utter a sentence that needed correction for the press. Both these men were polished scholars. Crittenden, whose vocalization was superb, was remarkable for the skill with which he could marshal his illustrations, a skill which gained him repute as the most able debater in Congress. He, too, was seldom neatly dressed,

and he chewed tobacco and spat constantly. It would have been well for Mr. Crittenden if he had played the man of fashion a few years in his youth. It would certainly have improved his personal appearance and habits of spitting, but it might have deprived him of his common sense. The school of fashion is beneficial to an orator who aspires also to be a gentleman, but if he remains in it too long, and is a slave to it he will waste himself and die young, or live in discontent. Sir John Caldwell, who came to see General Scott as the representative of Sir John Harvey, who was the lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick, had much to say upon the subject of international law. He was clever enough, but stolid in manner and appearance. Generally non-concurrent, he displayed to perfection the traditional British oppugnaney. Scott, although he was not habituated to public discussions, was the peer of the most able of them all in knowledge of his subject. The effect of all these learned disputes upon me was to excite admiration for the ingenuity of the speakers. I was, however, convinced that international law, if it is an admirable subject for debate among diplomatists, is but of small moment to the nation which has power to protect its own frontiers from invasion, and spirited enough to give an easy feeling to its merchants and to its own citizens abroad.

The general had an excessive fondness for philology, and it was his study to find the exact meaning of words and their correct pronunciation. Johnson and Walker were his standard authorities, and one day when he went to place his daughter at a boarding-school, seeing Webster's Dictionary lying on the table, he retired before the lady came in, and placed his daughter at another establishment. I was subject to his instruction fifteen years and more, and whenever he heard me mispronounce a word

he would correct me wherever we might be. Many times did he call out and repeat the word, giving its correct pronunciation, although at a dinner party and ten files from me. While we were travelling at the North and sojourning at hotels with Governor M——, he thought I was becoming negligent, and he corrected me with annoying frequency. I took an opportunity when the governor was absent and said: "General, you can't teach me faster than I can learn; suppose you give a few lessons to Governor M——." "Ah!" said he, "that's an unweeded garden; life's too short to clear it." I agreed with my instructor in most cases, but in regard to a few words I was refractory. He insisted on *cowcumber*, and said it must be *clark*, or die; but I continued to say cucumber and clerk. He undertook to weed out many of my peculiar forms of expression, and all the windy epithets of my colloquial discourses, but I resisted. If I had complied, I should have missed his peculiar attractions, and might have become as didactic and uninteresting as a guide-board.

The general was in France directly after the battle of Waterloo, and remained there nearly a year. He had not learned to speak the language of that country in his boyhood, but he could read it fluently, and from books and observation he acquired an extended knowledge of France, its people, and their literature. He was familiar with many French works on military science, as well as memoirs, chronicles, histories, etc. He translated for our army the French system of Infantry Tactics, and was profoundly learned in the campaigns of Turenne, Condé, Saxe, Frederick the Great, by Jomini, Napoleon, and others. I frequently heard him make general comparisons between the English and French writers of the past centuries. He placed Addison and Johnson above all

Frenchmen as essayists, but he thought the letters of Geuz de Balzac and Blaise Pascal superior to any in the English language. The writers of French memoirs, for which he had a special fondness, he placed above all others. He admired some of the writings of Voltaire, especially his histories and romances. He seldom spoke of French theology or poetry, which he did not understand. It appears to me that no American or Englishman can find pleasure in French poetry. I have never met one who confessed a fondness for more than a few lines of it. Voltaire thought that Racine's "*Athalie*" was the greatest effort of the human mind. I have tried four times to read *Athalie*, but never succeeded in finishing it. During the last ten years I have been intimately associated with one of the most gifted and accomplished Frenchmen that lives. When we are together he sympathizes with me for not knowing Racine, and I regard him with sorrow because he cannot comprehend Shakespeare. Some of the sprightly and refined French novels attracted the general, as did Gil Blas in a moderate degree, but such stuff as is found in the "*Chronique de l'œil de bœuf*," and in the works of Paul de Kock and his successors, disgusted him, as they ought to disgust every healthy mind.

Among English standard writers, General Scott was always at home. I held in equal esteem many of his favorite authors, especially Addison, Shakespeare, Milton, Johnson, and Goldsmith. Dryden, whom he so much admired, never strongly attracted me. His favorite English historians were Hume and Gibbon. Of the writers of fiction and romance, he often referred to Fielding, Goldsmith, Walter Scott, Cooper, Irving, and occasionally to Bulwer. To the current fashionable novels and all the stories of love he paid no attention whatsoever. He es-

teemed Adam Smith and Locke, and agreed with Hobbes that war is the natural state of man. He had no faith in peace societies and congresses, and spoke of them with contempt as composed of fanatics and visionaries. The works of infidel writers he disregarded. He read the English and American periodicals habitually, and studied the newspapers with the diligence of a politician. It astonished me to see him read through those long articles in the old Richmond *Whig* and Richmond *Enquirer*, written by *doctrinaires* of the Southern school; but he could not read the shorter articles of Northern *doctrinaires* in the journals of the Puritan stripe, which at that time I could read. Now I can read neither, and think the one class as remote from good government and good policy as the other. I could not see in the prevailing ideas of those old Richmond papers any coherence with his present opinions, and I concluded his fondness for them was the result of early associations and local partiality. He certainly was not a Secessionist.

When Carlyle's works first appeared in America it chanced that I obtained a collection of articles written by him, and in accordance with my custom I let every one near me know by many quotations what I had been reading. The general appeared ignorant of all my references, and at the end of forty-eight hours he broke out impatiently: "Who is the man Carlyle that you are boring me about?" I replied: "He is a Scotchman who fancies he is going to make a noise in the world." The next evening, after the general had retired, having occasion to ask him a question, I went to his room, and found him in bed reading Carlyle's "Miscellany." At that time I was discursive in my reading, but this is the first instance I remember of getting the start of the general in the discovery of an English author of merit. He was curiously

learned in title-pages and prefaces, but he seldom read through the books, especially works of fiction, or pure science other than military.

He often expressed his regret to me that he had not given greater attention in his youth to the study of mathematics. Once when he had succeeded in solving a difficult arithmetical problem, I said to him that if he had devoted himself to high analysis he would have gained excellence, but he would have dwarfed his ability to move men on the field of battle, and he would also have missed the plaudits of his countrymen which had been so freely lavished upon him. I, myself, at one time was enamoured with mathematical studies. When I discovered how the calculus enabled me to pry into the mechanism of the starry sphere, to follow the heavenly bodies in their orbits, to estimate their influence one upon the other, and to find how the Sovereign Architect has balanced the forces of the universe, I was awed into an admiration which tended to divert me from human sympathies, and in that it was unpropitious. It may frequently be remarked of the devotees to analytical investigations that they are obdurate and unsocial in disposition, and narrow and conceited in their ideas of general beneficence. This seems paradoxical, since astronomy, if studied with intelligence, ought to make men religious. General Scott, though not given to controversy, was fond of eloquent speeches, especially those of Southern statesmen. It was also an agreeable pastime with him to discuss and compare the merits and peculiarities of various authors. Milton's works often engaged his comments, and in looking back I remember that I fully agreed with what he said of that writer, his prose, his poetry, and his policy.

Now, when I reflect that General Scott's ethical system was that of Paley and Shakespeare, I am not able to

understand how he so generally approved Milton, who in most things was unquestionably a fanatic. Milton's views of human government are such as attract the applause of confiding young men, and of the idealogists of all ages; but men who have studied human nature and the history of nations deeply, with the aid of experience in affairs, will disapprove him in everything except his style and his imagination. In style he is excellent, and in imagination he is without a peer among the writers of ancient and modern times.

The general found attractions in Dryden's poetry, which he knew I could not share beyond a limited degree. From time to time he would recite passages and ask me if I liked them. On one occasion I answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "why don't you like Dryden?"

"I am not able to give a reason, but I can give an example. If I had a sweetheart that I only loved when I was with her, that," said I, "would be an example."

"Ugh!" exclaimed he, as a sign that he disapproved my taste as well as my manner of showing it.

He seldom made long quotations from any author. The longest as well as the most frequent of all his quotations was from Milton's *Comus* :

*"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue : she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the starry chime,
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."*

He invariably omitted the four words I have italicized, and the fondness with which he dwelt on those lines is an additional proof that in his nature there was a tincture of fanaticism. It is not correct to say, "Mortals love virtue," since we know that the majority of mortals are, have

been, and will be wicked. Another quotation was often on his tongue when he felt that he was neglected by the government, or by the world, as he frequently did. It is strange that all men and all women who receive the most attention complain most of neglect. Returning from a feast, I have heard him recite the following distich :

" True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon."

For the last line he always substituted the words

" Though not shone upon."

Short quotations and many ideas from Shakespeare interlarded and enlivened his daily conversation, and a mind like his could not fail to profit by the teachings of the most gifted men of all our race. I owe him a debt of gratitude for having first turned my attention sharply upon that king of poets, as he did in the following manner.

One Sunday, as we were walking home from Saint Thomas' Church, in New York, he said to me: " Doctor Hawks made a mistake in his quotation from Shakespeare, this morning." The quotation was the following, and I had not heard it before :

" * * * the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending with the arrival of an hour."

I made no note of the mistake, but those lines coming from the eloquent lips of Dr. Hawks, and the suggestion of my chief, inflamed me with a desire to study their author, whose ability to express all the emotions of our nature in every possible condition of human life has placed him at the head of uninspired men. The general had studied the works of the mighty bard so deeply that his

language came to his lips as it were spontaneously, and thus he was able to impart to his discourse an additional interest, although its subjects were often trifles.

In his younger days the general had read Plutarch's Lives so attentively that their influence upon his character and conduct was always apparent. His body's action he modelled upon Coriolanus, but the spirit that fascinated him most was that of the mighty Julius. Like the first he could never bend low enough in politics to gain the applause of the mob, but like the second he sought always to be first in power and renown. He claimed a certain near relationship in virtue to the Catos, but there was nothing in his nature which tended to suicide. He thought he would be able to struggle in neglect and adversity, like Scipio Africanus or Sertorius, but he found little to admire in old Marius, whom he likened to a savage, ungrateful beast, as he was.

He was excessively fond of comparing his own qualities of greatness with those of other distinguished men of modern as well as ancient times. He compared himself most frequently with the great military commanders of the world's history, and three times, on various occasions, did I hear General Scott say, while he was yet in his vigor, that he thought himself "next to Washington with many *lengths* between." Once he said "with many *links perhaps* between." In this he was partially mistaken, as it was only in conscientiousness and patriotism that the two men resembled each other. Scott, before old age came upon him, observed the precept—"Spend as you go," while Washington, always till his death, was exceedingly watchful of his pecuniary interests. If he had been a New England man he would have been accused of narrowness and jobbery. Washington's patriotism, aristocratic bearing, and constancy secured to him the confi-

dence of his poor suffering countrymen, but he lacked enthusiasm. He could never have inflamed the courage of his soldiers, nor animated them on the march and in battle, while the presence of Scott sufficed to lift the tired soldier from his feet, and to hurl cowards against the enemy. There was never any facetiousness in the conversation nor levity in the conduct of Washington, and if Stuart's portrait of him is true to nature he must have been heavy to look upon, and dull as a companion. Scott thought it an accomplishment to be able to trifle elegantly, and he often indulged in extravagant speeches and colloquial exaggerations, all of which he could dismiss upon the slightest call to duty, and assume, on the instant, a dignity and severity equal to that of the Father of his country—without his gloom. It seems superfluous, however, to compare the genius of any man with that of Washington, since around his head the prescriptive approval of his countrymen has gathered a halo through which no imperfection could be seen. Washington's strategy, if it was his, which caused the convergence of the forces on Yorktown, in 1781, would entitle him to rank with the greatest strategists of modern times. Scott, who never enjoyed a similar opportunity, cannot be compared in that respect, but otherwise as a tactician he was unquestionably superior.

Metaphysical subjects had no special attraction for General Scott, but he enjoyed his conversations with men of learning, like Mr. John Quincy Adams, Rev. Wm. Ellery Channing, Dr. Hawks, and Mr. Charles King, upon subjects of "high morality," as he called it. While we were in Boston, at a dinner given him by that venerable merchant prince, Thomas H. Perkins, he was placed next to Dr. Channing. My seat at the table was too distant to enable me to understand them, but I observed that the

general was an attentive listener. They presented a singular contrast—a giant warrior listening with deference to a puny preacher, whose frail body excited compassion. His learning and eloquence, which were ennobled by a spirit of benevolence, secured to Dr. Channing a profound respect even from those men who could not agree with his theology and his restrictive code of morals. Returning from the dinner the general told me the subject of their conversation was the Grecian Philosophy, and he fancied he had been spending the evening with Anaxagoras. It was on the same occasion that he compared two great cities by saying: "New York in comparison with Boston is a barbarian city!"

CHAPTER IV.

Scott's habits, pleasures, and diversions.—His prompt discharge of duty.—His servant.—Anecdotes of David.—His gardening and care of domestic animals.—Fondness for chess and whist.

SCOTT'S mental, physical, and moral nature conspired to form in him a habit of promptness and constancy in the discharge of all his duties. He foresaw the requirements of his professional and pecuniary engagements, and attended to them fully. Until the duty to be done and the task in hand were executed and completely finished, he would allow himself neither rest nor pleasure night or day, in sickness or in health.

He required to be waited upon, to be observed, and to be attended without intermission, and his body servant was to be always within call. He occasionally excused himself for this last necessity from the fact that his left arm was partially disabled by a terrible wound he received at Lundy's Lane. He had many wants, however, that had no essential connection with his shoulder-joint. He chewed tobacco, and his tobacco must be kept at a certain moisture, be brought to him and taken away. He often needed a glass of water, and while he suffered from a renal affection the water must be dashed with a teaspoonful of gin. After his return from Mexico, where the water disagreed with him, he found relief from mint julep, which must be very weak, as he had no inclination for strong drinks.

It would be impossible to complete the picture of his

daily life without describing his body servant, and especially the one who was with him many years, and went with him on all the journeys along the Northern frontiers, at the removal of the Cherokee Indians, and elsewhere. His name was David. David was as black as Spanish ink, five feet six inches tall, strongly built, visage purely Ethiopian, capacity ordinary, education much neglected. The maxim, "like master, like man," was not extensively applicable in this case, though it applied in part. David was so straight that a plumb line falling from the back of his head would drop clear of his body to the ground. David had full charge of his master's personal effects, which he stowed according to a system of his own. I thought David was always in sight, but he was not, for at least twice a week I would hear the general exclaim in an angry voice, "Damn you, David! you hide everything I've got, and then you hide yourself."

There was a comical streak in David's character which he exhibited in various ways. One day while we had our headquarters at the American Hotel in Buffalo we occupied the largest parlor on the second floor as an office, and having business at the Falls we left in the morning to be gone all day. I told David to remain and watch the office, and to have a good fire burning at our return. It happened that, after an absence of two hours, I returned for a paper. Opening the door suddenly, I saw David rigged out in General Scott's full-dress uniform, marching up and down the room in the presence of another nigger. The superb cocked hat and plume was prevented from falling down like an extinguisher by the abundance of wool on the back of his head, which gave the chapeau a cant forward. The huge gold epaulettes, ornamented with silver stars, the gilt buttons and gold embroidery, the splendid sabre with massive sword-knot, the coat-tails

and sabre dragging a yard behind on the floor, the pants, with two-inch wide gold stripes down the sides, which were held up by David's nigger heel, and the gold spurs strapped upon his nigger shoe, suggested a strange comparison. The uniform was so familiar to me, and having so often seen it on the most martial figure of modern times, it appeared as though my chief had been consumed by an internal fire, burnt out, collapsed, blackened, and left standing before me. David appealed to me in piteous terms not to tell the *jineral*, and I never did tell him.

David sometimes served as an exponent of comparison for his master. On the eve of our departure from Buffalo, I told him to pack up and have everything ready, as we must be off early in the morning for Detroit. "Detroit! Detroit! where's dat?" said he. Not long afterwards the general compared a certain other general's knowledge of grammar to David's knowledge of geography.

David's Ethiopian nature was sorely tried in our long winter journeys, one of which was from the Astor House in New York to Detroit, in sleighs all the way except from Albany to Utica, where there was a railroad. My young blood was nearly congealed when we arrived at Cleveland, with the thermometer at 10° below zero. David was torpid, his eyes bloodshot, and his skin as dry as husks; but the general, who was enveloped in a huge blanket, showed no signs of suffering or impatience. In fact, he seldom complained of the hardships of travel, which in those days tried the endurance of most men. During the year 1838 we were together on the road in stage-coaches or sleighs fifty-four whole nights, and he showed no uneasiness except at delays, which always annoyed him. No necessity or incident of duty seemed to trouble him, and in its performance Job himself could not have been more patient.

If David wilted in the winter blasts of the North, the blazing summer sun of the Cherokee country restored him completely. His wool recovered from its dry, dead appearance to look like clusters of live snakes, and blacker. Signs of mischief showed themselves in him also. He took to drink, and one evening when his master called him to inquire about his wash clothes, David came in staggering, just able to stand and no more, and his visage was unusually greasy and shining.

“Damn you, David, you are drunk!” said the general.

“No, *sur*! I isn’t drunk!” And this is the nearest approach to insolence I ever discovered in him, for David thought the “*jeneral*” was the greatest of living men.

David was negligent in some things, especially about the house in Elizabeth, where his master, he and the cook, who was also a Virginia negro, lived together in the absence of Mrs. Scott and the children. The cook and David could never agree, and each charged the other with whatever the master found amiss. A lively discord arose one day when Captain Galt of the artillery and I dined with the general. The table was spread where we sat, in a room adjoining the kitchen, and the general intermeddled in the preparations. Several dishes had been broken and others had been put away unwashed. Every neglect was disputed, but the question of the napkins was by far the most serious. Only two could be found, and there were three convives.

A furious storm arose. The master asserted that no longer ago than the last week there had been 13—15—yes, 17 napkins in use, and what had become of them? The jargon of the darkies was not conclusive, but the burden of responsibility was against David, because he was the dining-room waiter. Then the general exclaimed: “David! David! What have you done with

those 15 napkins?" Notwithstanding the scoldings and recriminations, I paid little attention to them, and continued reading a newspaper till I was called to the table.

After dinner Captain Galt and I went to pay a call on the Kings, who then lived in Elizabeth. Galt had been an aide to the general, and was a man of genuine humor. His sympathetic, flexible voice, high breeding, and good temper made him a favorite with all the Kings, and wherever he went he had an attentive audience to his stories and relations. His description of what occurred at the dinner was simply inimitable. The company was seized with a fit of laughter that was almost irrepressible. He introduced into his voice a whine that would have made the fortune of a comedian, when he imitated the general's despairing exclamation, "David! David! Where are all those napkins? What have you done, David, with those 15 napkins?"

David himself had certain negro intonations of voice which no white man could reproduce. Once on a journey he left the general's cocked hat behind at Utica, and it was wanted at Buffalo. Before his master called for the hat, David had informed me he had forgotten it. I told him he must prepare for a terrible scolding. The only reply he made to my warning was: "The *jeneral* he scolds me every day—he—he—he—eyah!" He got a fearful setting down, beginning with the words—"Damn you! why didn't you leave yourself?"

The general found pleasure in gardening, and in the care of domestic animals of all kinds, as well as of the birds that visited his enclosures. One summer, after the Canadian troubles were over, the general occupied his house in Elizabeth and I boarded not far off. As soon as the office work was finished we would go together and work in his garden. It was large and well planted with

flowers, various shrubs, and vegetables, which we cultivated with our own hands. At the remote extremity of the garden was a spacious pen, in which two shoats were confined. Every clear day the general and I would visit the pen, carrying roots and succulent weeds, and remain to see the pigs feed. While so engaged we discussed the nature of the hog, as well as all the subjects and similes in which he figures, and the enclosure where he is confined.

The hog was once the receptacle of devils, and all mankind regard him as the filthiest of beasts, and still his flesh is prized as an article of food by all the Christian nations. He and his habitations have been the theme of the poet, the Christian and moralist, and the historian Shakespeare displays the power of contrast when he exclaims :

. "What a god's gold
That he is worship'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed."

Our Lord in the parable of the Prodigal Son has held up as a warning to heedless youth a sad example of the effects of filial impiety and riotous living, by bringing a wayward child of affluence to care for this unclean animal and to feed on husks. The moralist may deduce a profitable lesson from the contrast offered by the hog in his untamed condition, by comparing the independent boldness of the wild boar, that tests the prowess of noble hunters, and when vanquished his head is honored as a trophy at the banquet that follows; while the domestic hog is content to eat and sleep, and when he is scratched with a chip he lies down, grunts, and is happy. Finally, the historian has exemplified the extremest sweep of ambition by tracing the career of Pizarro from his youth as a swineherd till in his manhood he became the conqueror and Viceroy of Peru.

On an occasion when the general was in a moralizing frame of mind, which was quite usual with him, he pointed to one of the shoats and said: "That pig is happy though he feeds on weeds which he picks up from the dirt." "Yes," said I, "and we are happy because we expect by and by to eat the pig."

In front of the house were some shade trees in which several singing birds had made their nests, and where they remained to roost. As we were working in the garden one afternoon, the general was trimming a quince tree with a large hooked pruning-knife, while I was digging at some distance from him. He had on a wide-brimmed straw hat, and long-waisted knit jacket of a brownish color. Suddenly I saw him advancing with immense strides towards the street in front. The house concealed from me the object which attracted him, and I had only time to arrive at the corner to see a boy with a shot-gun gazing up into a tree. The youngster was so intent that he did not observe our approach till the general, who had arrived within twenty paces of him, holding high the knife, called out in a voice which might have been heard by a whole division of soldiers: "Young man! are you going to shoot my birds?" The boy was scared nearly to death, and for a moment lost the power of motion; but he quickly recovered and took to his heels. I ran to the gate and watched him till he passed Brittain's house, still pulling foot as if chased by a mad bull. The terror inspired in that boy was not owing to the general's equipments, for he had on an old brown dressing jacket and a battered straw hat, but his air was terrific. The scene recalled to me the story of old Marius and the Cimbrian ruffian who was sent to his prison to assassinate him while he was naked and unarmed; but with a countenance more dreadful than ever, he exclaimed: "*Barbare! Ose*

tu tuer Marius!" Such men are born to command in war.

The general was fond of the game of chess, at which he was fairly skilful. I often played with him, and I think my game stood to his as about two to five; nevertheless, he beat me as often as four times in five. Whenever by chance or skill I gained a threatening position, he became irritable, and if I did not move quickly he would angrily ejaculate: "Have you moved?" One day we were playing in the parlor of the hotel at West Point, and Mr. Ogden Hoffman was looking on. In the process of that game, which I won, my chief was uncommonly tart. I took my time, and while I was considering a critical position, he reached out his hand and took up a periodical and opened it to an article on geology. "Do you think," said he to Mr. Hoffman, "that I shall be able to master this subject before the young gentleman gets ready to move?" After we had separated Mr. Hoffman came to console me for what I might think was rudeness on the part of my chief. "What did the general say?" said I, "being absorbed by my game and determined to beat him, I paid no attention to his remarks, but if there had been a hostile tone in his voice, I should have detected it at once. That's the general's manner when he is impatient, and it never hurts me."

If the general beat me easily, it was not so with his brother-in-law, Mayo, whose game was much the strongest of the three. The two brothers-in-law agreed remarkably well, considering that they differed essentially in most particulars. Mayo was an uncompromising Democrat, and the general was a Whig. Mayo was odd and slovenly in his dress, my chief was in the fashion and neat. Mayo squinted awfully, but he was a gentleman and a scholar, and he would stuff his ordinary conversa-

tion with more Latin quotations than any man I knew. He came frequently to play chess, and was able to beat us both if he chose to do so. Occasionally the general won a party, and that encouraged him to conclude that those he lost were accidents. One day their game was close, and they prolonged it over an hour. In the midst of it the general left his chair to spit in the fire—he then had the habit of chewing tobacco. Finally the game ended in favor of Mr. Mayo, and the general arose from his chair and took three or four turns up and down the room in silence. Then he came near me, lifted up his spectacles and said: "Young gentleman! do you know why I lost that game?" "No, sir," said I. "It was because I got up to spit."

The chief diversion of General Scott, and the one to which he was most attached, was the game of whist. The idea that without a knowledge of the game of whist a man's old age must necessarily be unhappy is said to have originated with Talleyrand. The old Frenchman's smart saying was the simple expression of the opinion of vast numbers of people of all nations, that whist and other games with cards are the most efficient promoters of cheerfulness in old age. Whist, although it is the most genteel of all games, is the one that most frequently gives rise to altercations and disputes. All confirmed whist players end every game with a wrangle, and General Scott was not easily pleased with his partner. Occasionally, to make up the complement I was called on to take a hand. I disliked the game and acknowledged that I played badly, but the general declared that I couldn't play at all, and when he had me for a partner he was obliged to play against three. I thought no one could please him, for he even quarrelled with dummy. It is a mistake to suppose that a confirmed whist player is satis-

fied with gaining the stake. On one occasion I was invited to take part in a game, and for that purpose was introduced to a polished old gentleman who was to be my partner. I excused my want of knowledge of whist, but the old gentleman in the blandest tones insisted on my being his partner, and assured me that my ignorance of the finesse of the game would make no difference. The stake was to be \$5, which was more than I ever played for before or since. I and my partner won the first game, but my blunders, which he gently rebuked, had cleared away the bland expression of his countenance. We also won the second game, and then the old man was almost rude in the manner in which he recalled my wrong plays. Finally, we gained the third party and pocketed \$15 each, but the old man's passion broke loose, and throwing down his cards he declared that he could stand such stupidity no longer, and left the table.

The range of General Scott's amusements was comparatively restricted. Apart from the enjoyment he derived from ambition, fame, and reading, all his principal pleasures were embraced in the following list: Conversation—the table, including wine—the games of whist and chess.

He was entertained by aristocratic associations, by travel, fine horses, and his own personal appearance. Until the conclusion of the Mexican war, tobacco was a necessity with him; subsequently he wholly renounced the use of tobacco in all its forms.

It is supposed that old men love their sycophants, and young men love their mistresses; but towards all who demonstrated admiration for him he was at all times throughout his life kindly disposed. In regard to love for the gentler sex, I never suspected that in him at any time of his life.

For balls and dancing parties, hunting, fishing, operas and

plays, he had little inclination, although his position made it necessary for him to attend them frequently. I seldom heard him speak of operas or theatrical entertainments, hunting, fishing, racing, and he appeared indifferent to all such diversions. He disliked solitude, was cheered with the company of intimate friends, and generally I regarded him as a happy man.

CHAPTER V.

Scott as a gastronomer.—His liking for the table.—Some of his tastes.—
His hospitality.—Kemble—Sam Ward.

I NOW proceed to describe General Scott as a gastronomer. He derived from his ancestors the inestimable heritage of a healthy and long-enduring stomach. Aside from moral obligations and ambitious pursuits, he found a continuous source of enjoyment in the pleasures of the table throughout a period of sixty years of his life. He regarded a knowledge of the culinary processes as a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman and a soldier, and he placed cooking in the front rank of the useful arts.

While yet a very young man he had the good fortune to attract the notice of an old French gentleman who had fled from Saint Domingo at the revolt of the negroes towards the end of the last century, and with the remnant of his former large fortune had come to the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, and established himself in a small cottage. In that humble abode the dining-room and kitchen were separated by a partition that extended only five feet above the floor. As monsieur was too poor to afford a waiter or cook, he did the duty of both himself, and young Scott, while seated in the dining-room, waiting for the repast to be served, could see the old gentleman's head bobbing up and down attending to his stew-pans. After placing the dishes upon the table, the Frenchman would remove his apron, put on a rusty dress

coat, and dispense the hospitality of his house with the grace and dignity of a prince. "It was there," said the general, "that I received my first and best lessons in cooking, and in conduct at the head of a table."

Many men, illustrious for their wisdom and high positions, have extolled the delights of prandial enjoyments, and there appears to be a period in the lives of the healthiest and best of mortals in which the pleasures of the table prevail over all others. The man who, after the toils and vexations of the day, is able to seat himself at a good dinner, with wine in abundance, will find his heart rejoiced. If the cook is skilful, amiable discourses will enliven the feast from which envy is banished, sweet dreams will succeed it, and happiness and concord will be the final result.

Among the omissions of my former days there are few which I more regret than my neglect to keep continuous notes of conversations with my chief and others in his company, upon all subjects, and especially the one under examination. I know of no flesh of beasts, or edible fishes, or fowl, or herb, or root, or grain, the preparation of which for food was not many times the subject of conversation. If I could enrich my history with all I learned from the general and his associates upon that subject, I should be the author of a valuable system of nourishment, and a benefactor of mankind. As it is, I must content myself with reminiscences, disjointed in time, lacking in order, and destitute of agreeable concatenation.

At the time Mr. Cozzens kept the old American Hotel in Broadway, corner of Barclay Street, New York, I was in the habit of going there to dine at the ladies' ordinary. It was at that table that I ate the best bread I had ever seen, and until about the year 1837 the bread in America was as vile as it is now in the best hotels in

London. The general told me he had originally taught Mr. Cozzens how to make the bread that I praised so highly. He said that at his first visit to the Point, after Cozzens opened his hotel there, he found the bread detestable, and not fit for dogs to eat. He volunteered to go to the bakehouse, and instruct the baker, which he did shortly before leaving. The following summer, upon his return to West Point, Mr. Cozzens exultingly called his attention to the bread. "This is less bad than it was," said the general, "for the bread you have now *is fit for the kennel.*" He went again to the bakehouse and succeeded in having his ideas put in practice, and the result was the bread I have found so good.

Another prolific subject of conversation with the general was the preparation of the flesh of swine for the table. Like all Southern men, my chief was fond of Virginia hams. They were quite thin compared with those of the Northern States, and kept longer in the smokehouse, in which the fire was renewed every wet day throughout the summer. The Southern hams owe their pleasant flavor to the fact that their hogs are given extensive range, and fed on mast, or Indian corn. The flesh of no quadruped is more delicate than that of the wild boar, and that of his domestic congenitor gains in proportion as he is made to get his living in a similar way. In the cooking of the hams the general omitted no care. He insisted on their being simmered until they could be cut with a spoon, and he would have them brought to the table with the skin on. Every winter the general would have sent to him from Norfolk or Petersburg a barrel full of hams, packed in ashes, and none others were used in his family.

The times at which food should be eaten after withdrawal from heat had engaged his study, and he con-

cluded, after long contemplation, that bread should not be eaten till it had been out of the oven at least twenty-four hours. He condemned bread which is too white, because it is less healthful than that with a tinge of yellow which is found in flour that has not been too finely bolted. He had considered the various methods of applying heat and seasoning, and he never allowed a pepper box in his kitchen, on account of the stolidity of cooks, who apply that condiment in such excess as to confound all other flavors. He had pursued his examinations with such nice discrimination as to discover the changes which meats undergo after being removed from the fire up to the point of highest excellence, which stops short of what is termed *haut gout*.

After the shoats referred to in a former chapter had been killed, and the various parts cured, he had one of the pickled shoulders boiled, and I was at supper alone with him at his house in Elizabeth when it was first brought upon the table. With a perversity of selfishness innate in sinful man, I acknowledged the satisfaction I felt in the spoil of the quadruped that had interested me in life, and I told the general the shoulder was delicious. "Young gentleman," said he, "you will like it much better after it has been kept a while in a cool place." Then marking off on the shoulder with his knife the amount we should probably consume successively at every supper, he added; "In seven days we shall come to this point, and then it will be ripe and at its best."

The general had an unvarying fondness for fish, and generally at breakfast, and always at dinner, he had them served to him. It seemed to be his ambition to know the names of all the edible fishes that swim near the ocean shores of Europe, and all the coasts of America, and in the lakes, ponds, and running streams. For convenience

he designated crabs, lobsters, oysters, mussels, terrapins, shrimps, prawns, clams, turtles, and skates as *fishes*. Of the finny tribe there were two in ordinary use which he disliked for food. Once when we were at a restaurant dining alone they had no fish but porgies. He declined them, saying: "Damn your porgies; who eats porgies?" I never remember to have seen him eat an eel, but he frequently referred to that fish in connection with his efforts to sleep, by saying he had "caught, or was about to catch, the eel by the tail."

Whenever I discovered anything new about fish, or the method of cooking them, I made haste to inform my chief. The first time I met the late Professor Agassiz was at West Point shortly after his arrival in America. I spent the evening in his company at the house of Professor Bailey. The conversation turned on the fishes which are peculiar to America. I told him I thought the contents of a seine drawn on the coast of South Carolina, or Florida, would interest him. Among others, I named the gar fish. The professor sprang from his chair, took hold of my hand, and exclaimed: "Have you seen a live gar fish?" "Many of them," said I. "Well," said he, "I never saw a gar fish alive, but I hope to see one soon, as he is of the oldest fish family alive in the ocean; his origin is antediluvian." When I repeated all this to the general he was not aware of its ancient origin, but he knew that gar broth is the meanest porridge that's made.

Occasionally, without being aware of it, the general manifested sectionalism in his choice of food of various kinds. He cared little for tea, and nothing for pies, and he disliked what he called "white-faced puddings." For breakfast he liked hominy and milk whenever it could be had. He thought the Connecticut River shad inferior to those of some of the Southern streams, which is unques-

tionably a mistake, the Connecticut River shad being decidedly the best in the world. He esteemed the white fish of Lake Superior, the cod fish, black fish, mackerel, salmon and sea bass of the North, as highly as the hog fish, the pompano, the king fish, the sheephead, and rock fish of the Southern waters. He told me the white fish of Lakes Superior and Huron were far better than those of the lower lakes. He described to me the manner of eating those fishes. They were to be cooked *done* and immediately rolled up, one after another, in a napkin, doubled and heated almost to scorching. Then they were to be served and eaten immediately, unrolling the napkin as the fish were wanted. Thus prepared, I understood him to say that when hungry he could eat through an extensive series.

An essential and daily portion of the general's diet consisted of the flesh of various species of the feathered race. First in excellence and above all volant animals stood the canvas-back duck of the Chesapeake Bay, in its season; then in order woodcock, the English snipe, turkeys, and domestic fowls, especially *poulards* and capons. He consumed more of them than of beef, mutton, veal, pork and bacon. But of all the denizens of air, earth and water, the one he best loved to eat was the terrapin of the Maryland waters. This animal is called by some a reptile, and he is amphibious. At the time to which I refer there were not three cooks in America, and none in the other parts of the earth, whom he would acknowledge to be able to cook the terrapin properly. On one occasion, in Washington, while dining with a company of eight, all lovers of good cheer, I offered to bet a dinner of the best, for the company, that if we should invite the general to dine with us at any time within a month, and have terrapin prepared by his favorite cook, that he would during the din-

ner say and do the following things in manner following: He would, while leaning his left elbow on the table, having some of the terrapin on his fork, held raised about six inches above his plate, exclaim: "This is the best food vouchsafed by Providence to man!" and then carry it immediately to his mouth. The other thing he would do, or I would lose the wager, was, that leaning on the table in manner aforesaid he would pour wine from one glass into another. No man took my bet.

Whenever a nice dish of terrapin was set before my chief, his countenance glowed with satisfaction, and his tongue gave utterance to eloquent discourses. "This little, ugly, black-legged animal," said he, "that carries his house with him, is obliged to seek his living in the swamps and solitary coves, among the rushes, and to burrow in mud; and yet he is sought after with painful diligence, and the dish prepared from his flesh is honored at the feasts of the rich and the brave." The above speech, which I report faithfully, is in the style of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, where Burton compares a poor Christian to a hen that lives all her life on a dunghill, and at last is served up at her lord's table; "while the falcon is fed on capons, carried on his master's arm, and when he dies he is *thrown on a compost heap and there he rots.*"

While General Scott resided in Paris, after the fall of the great Napoleon, he was in the habit of dining by turns at the three restaurants which were then in highest repute in that city of *gourmets*, *Véry's*, *Les trois frères Provençaux*, and the *Rocher de la Cancale*. The general's means and position enabled him to pursue his inquiries to advantage. He could practise at the restaurants referred to; at the same time he could study Brillat Savarin and other standard authors, and collect the traditions of Vattel and other illustrious cooks. The loyalty of his

disposition and the fidelity of his stomach secured him against all spurious methods of practice and every illusion of theory. He was never dazzled nor influenced by fashion or the devices of conceit to abandon a position to which he had been led by natural laws, and throughout his life he preserved the simplicity of his tastes and the discriminating delicacy of his palate, as the following instances prove.

It was his frequent custom at hotel tables to call for a raw onion, which, when it was brought to him by the waiter, he would hold down his hand to receive. He would then slice it and mingle it with his salad or other dishes, according to his taste. He was also fond of the Swedish turnip, which must not be too much nor too little cooked. Once, at Cleveland, on our return from the Northwest, he found the turnips to his liking, and having one on his plate, he turned to me while patting the turnip with his fork, and said: "Young gentleman! we are now in a civilized community." To minds not fully fraught with the importance of the subject, the foregoing examples may appear to savor of vulgarity of taste, but to me they are compatible with the extremest finesse of observation which was characteristic in him throughout his life.

The general did not like solitary meals, and rather than dine alone he preferred to pay for the dinner of a pleasant companion. If the cooking was good he was uniformly cheerful, and would tell stories and anecdotes during the repast. One day, when he and I were dining together at the Union Club, he remarked that the table-knives in France were pointed, and only used to cut viands. He related an anecdote about the tragic use of a table-knife by an accomplished individual. While he was in Paris, dining at the *Rocher de la Cancale*, he often noticed com-

ing in, or seated at table, the most strikingly elegant and handsome man he had ever seen. It was a French *chevalier d'industrie*, who, while he was secretly plotting against the government, was openly acting the part of its warm supporter. One morning, the chevalier called on General d'Espinasse, who was Governor of Paris, while he was at breakfast. He came to ask a favor and to urge haste. The governor replied: "There is no need of haste, monsieur, we have your papers." "Mes papiers!" exclaimed the chevalier; at the same instant seizing a knife from the table he plunged it into his heart and fell dead. General Scott, at the conclusion of his story, looked at me attentively and added: "A man must be better looking than you or I, to get his living by his wits."

My remarks this far upon General Scott's gastronomic accomplishments have been designedly analytical; a comparison with others will afford something of a synthetical view of the subject. Definite comparisons, however, are not easy in cases like this, since at the times when his popularity was at its flood there was not a city in the Union that he visited in which the best dinner givers did not vie with one another to prepare for him their most sumptuous feasts. I was almost always invited with him, and could witness the alacrity with which he was served and the admiration excited by his presence. At nearly all those grand dinners, it usually happened that some extraordinary or surprising attraction presented itself to draw away the attention from the excellence of the viands and the skill of the cook. Sometimes meretricious ornaments, or vast displays of wealth in furniture, would confuse the thoughts, and at other times, when he was surrounded by gifted men and elegant women, all eager to catch the tones of his voice, the general's exaltation was not propitious to serious study. My own atten-

tion to grosser objects was also diverted by the presence of the favorites of fortune, male and female, with whom I was confronted—distinguished men, matrons blazing with gems, fair damsels, whose luminous eyes, when by chance they fell on me, would daze my mind and fill my imagination with sensuous illusions. Subject as I was to such joyous surroundings, the fluctuations of my fancy deprived me of the power to render a sober judgment of the conduct of others, and my neglect to note the events to which I was a witness must be charged, like other omissions, to the levity of my youth.

To enable me to give a better understanding of General Scott's merits as a gastronomer, and the elegant simplicity of his taste, it affords me pleasure to escape the pomp and flare of fashion, and to make comparison with an old friend and his hospitality, the memory of which I cherish as one of the great benefits of my life. I allude to the late Hon. Gouverneur Kemble, of Cold Springs, New York. He was a man who, during a period of fifty years, was known and loved for his good deeds and amiable qualities, and for spreading every week a table around which were assembled the choicest company of men I have known socially, and among whom it was my good fortune to be numbered during a period of nearly five years that I occupied the head of a department at the Military Academy. I say company of men, because being a bachelor he seldom invited women. It was reported of Mr. Kemble that, when in early manhood he saw his affianced lowered into her grave, his breast was so lacerated that it never healed. The niche in his heart where his idol had stood was never to be filled again; and having lost by death the greatest felicity a man can enjoy on earth, which is to be loved by the woman he esteems, he sought an inferior happiness, by

making glad the men who could appreciate his hospitality. At Mr. Kemble's table General Scott was often seen, and there from time to time we met ex-President Van Buren; Mr. Paulding, author, and ex-Secretary of the Navy; Mr. Bancroft, the historian, Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War, Mr. Preston, Mr. John Van Buren, Colonel Thayer, General Totten, Mr. Parrott and Robert E. Lee, and the principal heads of department of the Military Academy, many foreigners of distinction from various countries, and numerous other men who were distinguished in governments and for their learning and good breeding.

My chief had often told me of Mr. Kemble's dinners before I had been honored by an invitation to his table. He said they were composed of many small dishes, besides fat turkeys and domestic fowls, and that the only objection to them was the danger of eating too much. The wines were good, especially the port and the sherry, which was his favorite. Champagne wine he did not favor, and he only gave one glass unless it was especially called for. He disliked cigars also, but he would pass his gold snuff-box around the table at the end of the dinner.

At Mr. Kemble's entertainments the discussions embraced every subject that claims the attention of civilized man—the policy of governments; the habitudes engendered by climate, race, and occupation; the laws and rites of various nations and ages; sculpture, painting, architecture, and all the vast domain of science, history, politics, parties, civil and military biographies, poetry, and manners. The subjects of religion and matrimony were seldom debated, and such was the urbanity of the guests that every one was allowed, without interruption, to state his own opinions.

From the time I was ordered to California I continued to correspond with Mr. Kemble, and my last letter from him was received while I was in Europe. It was written to describe a dinner of thirty-two covers which he gave to celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday. The chirography was firm and elegant, covered four large pages, and the letter contained the following remarkable passage: "And now having done my duty to my friends, to society, and I trust to my God, I am ready to depart." There was for me in those words a pathos deeper and more affecting than could have been uttered by Fenelon or St. Pierre.

A little more than two years after the letter was written, when he had entered upon his ninetieth year, the angel of death descended upon his hospitable abode and served on him the last summons, which he with worthy submission obeyed about 1875. Thus ended a life which was made glorious by innumerable acts of beneficence and an unvarying integrity.

The two illustrious citizens, Scott and Kemble, whose characters I have so fully portrayed, will be better understood if I pass to another level and present one of a different mould. In my search for a fit comparative, especially in the matter of gastronomy, my selection has fallen upon Mr. Samuel Ward, whose unctuous presence clings to my memory after the lapse of many years that we have been separated.

Samuel Ward is a man *

"That apprehends no further than this world,
And squares his life according . . ."

I was quite young when I first saw him at a small private party at the house of Mr. Lynch, in New York. He was singing a Russian song in the Russian language, and accompanying himself on the piano with great clatter. I

* Written before the recent news of his death.

met him several times in similar gatherings, but did not seek his acquaintance. I was content to study his appearance, which was strikingly at variance with that of ordinary young New Yorkers who were the sons of opulent fathers. I admired in his compact form and stature of medium height, his vivacity of speech, and spontaneous activity, the proofs that his vital enginery was perfect. There was also in his countenance an openness and candor which denoted nurture and that his youth had been blameless. It was the opinion of J. J. Rousseau (though he himself was a base infidel and debauched demagogue) that those young men who preserve their innocence till their twenty-first or twenty-second year are the most attractive and engaging of mankind, and such did Samuel Ward appear before fair fortune turned her back on him.

I formed his personal acquaintance at the time the gold fever broke out, and a few years later I became intimate with him in California. At that time my bark was rocked by the gentle gales of fortune, while his was aground. To study men in various conditions is the sole method by which they can be known, and when I commenced the survey of his character I quickly discovered that Samuel was deficient in some of the rules of prudence, but that in the variety of his accomplishments he was unexampled. To denote the scope and instances of his versatility is a task for which I am unequal, and when I reflect on all he has done

“ . . . 'tis wonder that enwraps me.”

For a while when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, Samuel was misanthropic, and spoke of going to live in Alaska. His thoughts were probably turned upon that icy country by reading his favorite poet, Campbell, who refers to

“ The wolf's long howl on Analaska's shore.”

If he had carried out his purpose the germ of his renown might have been frozen and killed, or that wolf might have devoured him, and we should never have heard of Sam as the "king of the lobby and the prince of good fellows." He did not go to Alaska, however, but he left San Francisco, as I supposed to hide himself in

"The mountains and the barbarous caves"

of California. He was not long absent, but long enough to enrich his vocabulary with the dialects of several tribes of wild Indians, while he added little to his fortunes and nothing to his accomplishments.

Having thus within the period of a few years been forced by the blasts of an adverse fortune to abandon the haunts of luxury, and compelled to subsist on the coarse stews and meagre repasts of poverty, he appears to have formed the plan of his future life upon the supposition that pleasure and happiness are convertible terms, and that mankind are generally gullible. Some natural affections remained in him, as he is fond of caressing babies, and always finds something tender to say to aged and dejected females. Whatever has been his scheme or purpose, the principal auxiliary to gain it has been a dinner, and as the organizer of dinners and the presiding genius of feasts he is everywhere known. To consider him chiefly as a gastronomer is my design and excuse for this digression from the subject of this memoir.

When he returned to San Francisco from his short sojourn among the savages, he went to live with Hall McAllister, who is his relative. Hall is of a hospitable disposition, and has long shone from the summit of the California Bar. One day, wishing to give a dinner to a party of his friends, he commissioned Sam to prepare it, allowing him *carte blanche*. Hall went early to his office,

and at his return towards night he found several mechanics at work in his kitchen building a new range, having already removed the old one. Sam was supervising the workmen, who were employed at \$10, \$12 and \$16 a day, and the one who was to foot the bills had not been consulted. In due course of time the dinner was ready, and the guests assembled to the number of eighteen or twenty, of which I was one. Looking around upon the company, I discovered a uniformity in their countenances, which arose from an expression of compliant benevolence such as men acquire who habitually eat good dinners and drink good wine at the expense of other men.

Sam's air denoted perplexity and doubt, which was accounted for by the fact that he had engaged a cook who was refractory to his orders; but in the end he triumphed. The dinner proved a perfect success, and in the midst of it there came upon the table a dish superladen with ornaments, the name of which no one could tell. Sam was appealed to for information, but instead of responding at once, he proceeded to examine it with the solemnity of an autopsy. When he had finished he said: "Gentlemen, the name of this dish, the basis of which is beef, is not found in any of the catalogues, but it is composed in the fashion of *Bêchemelle*." Now, although I ate many a feast, and drank many a flagon with Mr. Ward, the above detailed allusion will suffice to show that Sam's motives are always mysterious, that his conduct is attended with surprises, that he often dignifies trifles, and sometimes employs large phrases to convey small ideas. What ordinary mortals call a *spit* is, with him, a wand; his stew-pans are *alembics*, his carving-knife is a bistoury, and his fork is a trident. At the feast, whether given by himself or others, he is always blandly cheerful and sympathizing, and when he holds up a glass of old wine to the

light and looks through it, the glow of his countenance makes all others look dismal by the comparison. With such endowments as I have ascribed to him, joined to the ability to turn night into day, it might have been easily foreseen that when Mr. Ward transferred his presence to Washington, he would become "the king of the lobby" and gain repute as "the prince of good fellows."

As Mr. Ward has been proclaimed by the newspapers, and by the ephemera of society, the model gastronomer of the country, it is fit that I should examine his title to that distinction and subject it to every test of excellence. In the forms and ceremonies of feasts he is notoriously learned, and he possesses a smattering knowledge of the chemical changes which the raw material of nourishment undergoes in its preparation for the table. Such knowledge may be acquired by ordinary men, but before a claim can be entertained to be the peer of such illustrious names as Scott and Kemble (at whose tables I never met Mr. Ward), we must examine further. We must scan his motives, the tendency and effect of his example, and the character of his followers. Can a man's motives be laudable who gives dinners to men who have claims against the Government, and who promote him to be "king of the lobby"? Can the effect and example of entertainments be commendable when, instead of inspiring a disposition to virtuous deeds they incline a man to commit more sin? And, finally, is a man a good patriot among whose adherents we find so many scurvy politicians, blatant demagogues, worldly theologians, intriguing courtiers, trencher friends, revellers, and time-serving minute-jacks? I think otherwise.

Few persons ever held him to an account for his sins, or undertook to ascertain his depth. It struck me, how-

ever, that he was lacking in that which gives completeness to genius and permanence to enterprise. He was fond of excitements that are near and notorious, and if he hid himself it was for effect. He loved poetry the charm of which is cheerful in sound, like that of Campbell and Longfellow, but Shakespeare was to him, as far as I could observe, incomprehensible. He lived a stranger to the inspired prophets, and was unmoved by the wonders of creation.

CHAPTER VI.

Scott as a Christian.—His dislike for religious controversy.—Expression of religious belief.—His manner of worship.—Comparison of eminent preachers in French and English.—Strength of Scott's convictions.

“ Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.”

THAT which most ennobles humanity is a belief in the Christian religion, compared with which the grandest earthly prize is an unsubstantial trifle. The man who clearly recognizes the truth of revelation is permitted to know by intuition more of the works of the Almighty than the greatest scientist can learn of the properties of matter in all its forms, combinations, and changes. The field which the Christian explores is illimitable in extent, and filled with charms that continue till his death, which the good deplore.

The path of the infidel worldling is narrow and crooked, and ends in confusion and misery. The pleasures he pursues are bubbles that break at every accident, and after his death we remember nothing of him but his follies.

It is my purpose to describe General Scott as a Christian, in the broadest sense of the term, and not as a sectarian. He seemed always averse to religious controversy and to estimate its futility as strongly as did the author of the following stanza :

“ Who travels in religious jars,
Truth mixed with error, shades with rays,
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars,
In ocean wide, or sinks or strays.”

The first time I ever heard General Scott speak of religion was something more than a year after I joined him. It was during a long conversation he then had with the Reverend Thomas Warner, who was at the time chaplain and professor of ethics and belles-lettres in the Military Academy.

The general was fond of conversing with that gifted clergyman, for whom I entertained a great admiration. I trust, therefore, that a concise account of him will not be out of place here.

Mr. Warner was a man of genius, and in person he so strongly resembled General Jackson as to be sometimes mistaken for that old hero. Tall, spare, and erect in carriage, his Roman profile and full-thatched, iron-gray head and handsome face were lighted up by a pair of deep blue eyes that changed their expression with every emotion of his soul. Though a clergyman, he was passionate, ambitious, and more haughty than beseems a follower of the meek Redeemer. He was also morbid, and in his moments of depression he would lament the hardness of his youthful lot, which entailed upon him the loss of early instruction. He would also speak in a tone of bitterness of having married a woman whom he supposed to be rich, to discover, when too late, that "she had not a cent!"

I learned more from Professor Warner in the section room than from any other teacher, and I sat four years under his preaching. I afterwards heard the celebrated Dr. Hawks about the same length of time. I could never decide which of the two could read the Episcopal Service better, or was more eloquent in the pulpit, each being superior to any other divine I had listened to. The polish of Mr. Warner's language and the music of his rich tenor voice attracted General Scott, who was pleased to converse with him.

In the year 1835 the inhabitants of West Point were shocked by the death of Cadet Carter, who was killed accidentally while fencing with one of his most intimate friends. The button of his opponent's foil came off, and the bare point of the weapon passed through young Carter's eye to his brain, inflicting a wound from which he died in a few days. Hearing of the accident Chaplain Warner, without first seeking permission from the superintendent, hastened to the hospital to administer consolation to the dying youth, and for this disregard for the regulations the reverend gentleman was placed in arrest. He was afterwards released, and he came down to the headquarters of the Eastern Division in New York to discharge his fancied griefs into the ear of General Scott. I was present at the interview, and can never forget how fiercely the fire of resentment can burn in the breast of a Christian pastor.

I had witnessed the anger of Mr. Warner on many occasions while I was a cadet. One Sunday morning he came to the chapel following the cadets. It was evident from the expression of his face and the nervous movements of his hands that he was out of humor, and when he observed that one cadet did not rise with all the others, as prescribed by the ritual, he leaned over his desk, pointed sharply at the seated youngster, and exclaimed: "I'll thank you to rise!" The color left his face, and his voice and eyes displayed the extreme of anger. After holding the young cadet under his wild gaze a whole minute, he resumed his erect position, and proceeded with the service. His anger continued, and in his sermon he evidently strayed from his notes to attack sin and the indifference of sinners, with unusual vehemence.

The displeasure shown on the above occasion was as a

flash, compared with the torrent of vengeful eloquence he poured out to General Scott. He pictured his obligation as a minister of the gospel to fly to the bedside of the dying boy, and declared that no human regulation could prevail with him against such a sacred duty. He attacked the superintendent, and upbraided the surgeons for incompetency, saying that with proper treatment the youth might have been saved. General Scott listened to his visitor with patient attention, and did not even comment on the chaplain's mistaken views of military orders and regulations, but was so much excited by his fervor that he began to comment on certain grievances of his own, and in the course of his remarks the general uttered several oaths, taking God's name in vain. For such rudeness and impropriety he quickly corrected himself, and apologized to Mr. Warner. His excuse was that he had contracted the vile habit of profanity in his youth, and although he had constantly striven to correct himself it would sometimes break out in moments of great excitement. "But for this bad habit," continued the general, "I have for several years considered myself a good Christian."

Mr. Warner left the office apparently content with his reception, and in a short time his connection with the Military Academy was severed. Subsequently he became the domestic chaplain of Colonel Herman Thorn, who was maintaining in Paris such a state as often to cloud the grandeur of King Louis Philippe and his court. The gorgeous household of Colonel Thorn was enhanced by the splendid presence and gracious voice of Mr. Warner; but harmony between two such incongruous characters could not long subsist, and they soon separated. The sermons which he had composed and preached in the fashionable establishment Mr. Warner afterwards exhibited as "Good seed sown among thorns." Finally, his

purse and credit being exhausted, he was lodged in the Clichy Prison of Paris. He was there at the time Lieutenant Halleck (afterwards General Halleck) while on a visit to the French capital, called to pay his respects. Mr. Warner came forward with a smile to greet him, and said: "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me."

The sad example of Mr. Warner is worth preserving. He was a firm believer in Christianity, and a man of pure morals, as well as a refined genius. His presence when not excited was uncommonly striking and dignified, and but for his impatience and ungovernable temper he would have achieved the highest honors of the church to which he belonged.

The declaration of General Scott that he considered himself a good Christian was not belied at any time by my observation of his conduct. The manifestations of his piety were in accord with his general character. He was not of the abject, despondent class of Christians whose feebleness inclines them to be always leaning on the Lord, nor timid like the Publican, who in terror cried for mercy from a remote corner of the Temple; but he modelled after the Centurion, who boasted of his high commands and whose robust faith was approved by our Saviour. He often read the Bible on Sundays, and when I approached he would say, "I am searching the Scriptures." He was an habitual attendant at the Episcopal Church, and his deportment during the service was characteristic.

Let us follow him into the sanctuary through the highest arched gate where he has passed. When at home he generally carried a splendid gold-headed cane, which was a present, and as strong as the staff of Jacob. This cane he took with him to church, and on being seated in his pew he would superpose his two hands, the

one above the other, on this cane, bend forward, and offer a silent prayer. His length of limb made it difficult for him to kneel, and I never saw his knee touch the earth in adoration, nor did I ever hear him pray audibly. In church, throughout the service, he always rose at the proper time and stood bolt upright. His responses were uttered in a full voice, and with such distinctness as to be heard far around. The dignity with which he rose, and the grace with which he resumed his seat, were wonderfully conspicuous.

Prejudiced and uncharitable persons might infer from the foregoing description that General Scott's religion was pharisaical. It was, however, quite the contrary. The typical Pharisee of Scripture was unsocial, sour, and devoted to self. General Scott was cheerful, grateful, and his abundant benevolence was the offspring of a generous nature. His Creator had been bountiful to him in the bestowal of physical health and strength, and a sturdy moral sense. His playfulness, his occasional outbursts of temper, his adjurations and a few venial sins, were the natural result of a redundant energy. When he entered the temple of the Lord, and stood erect before the Altar, his motive was to show that he had not neglected the talents confided to him. He did not affect the outward shows of asceticism, but his frequent ejaculation was, "Rend your hearts and not your garments."

He considered the sanctions of Holy Writ essential to a lofty character, and he was an habitual reader of the Bible. The prayers and sublime liturgies of the Catholic Church, many of which are found in the Episcopal Prayer Book, never failed to attract and interest him. Other religious books he seldom perused, and although he was an attentive hearer of sermons, he read not many of such as are in print. So far as I could observe, he was ignorant of

the sacred literature of France, notwithstanding his residence in that country. The Spanish tongue displays the majesty of heavenly truth, that of France reveals its loveliness. Nowhere is the shrine of the Redeemer and His blessed Mother adorned with more appropriate emblems of piety, nor can there be conceived a form of worship more devout in its supplications, or submissive in its tenderness and trust, than that we see and hear in the French cathedrals. The number of eminent preachers is not great, although there has been, and there still remains a number of pulpit orators of surprising brilliancy. It is doubtful if there has been found among English-speaking ecclesiastics one who could match the fervent beauty and power of Bossuet, Massillon, or Bourdaloue of the past, or of Lacordaire, Vallet and a few others of the present century.

After a careful survey of his character, there can be no question that General Scott's religious faith was deep and strong, and proof against the assaults of sceptics and infidels. His morality was founded on religion and unvarying integrity. An excess of ambition and jealousy of rivals, of which he seemed unconscious, were but the attendants of his lofty aspirations, and for these we are permitted to hope the Divine Master has pardoned him.

CHAPTER VII.

Puritanism.—Its nature, its benefits, and its dangers.—A study of Puritanism.—Its origin.—The first Puritans.—Result of Puritan instruction.—Puritans and Catholics in the conversion of the heathen.—Puritan beliefs concerning private judgment.—Character of our present government derived from Puritanism.

THE opportunities that I have enjoyed to study Puritanism have been such as to impress its characteristics strongly upon my mind. When, as a green boy, I entered the Military Academy, I was full of the vague apprehensions and the fearful sense of accountability that are infused in the minds of all Puritan children. There I commenced the battle of life with youths from every State in the Union, the majority of whom were ignorant of the nature of Puritanism, which I had supposed was universal and infallible.

At the end of two years of hard study and seclusion, I went home on furlough, and was asked by my brother what I had learned at West Point. I replied that I had learned a great deal of mathematics, a little French, and military tactics. I also told him that, if the Southern boys with whom I associated were right, all I knew before going to the Military Academy was one wrong way to do a few things.

Before going to West Point, I had never been in an Episcopal or a Roman Catholic church, and all I knew of the plan of salvation was derived from Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists—all of whom I class together as Puritans in their relations to political

and civil life. I had also read many sermons of those sects, and a few of their books.

The first time I attended the chapel of the Academy and saw the dignified person of Mr. Warner, invested in his Episcopal robes, heard him read the Litany and all the prayers from a book, I was profoundly impressed with the strange contrast before me to the forms of worship to which I had been accustomed. When I saw the congregation stand up to sing, and kneel down to pray, I asked myself, why is this? From that day and hour I began involuntarily to study Puritanism and to reflect upon its origin. The more I observed the more I was confused, and I am not yet certain that I can define it clearly, or to tell precisely how it originated. Nevertheless, I have convinced myself that it is characterized by many negations, and that it has been the cause of wonderful modifications in the civilized religious governments of men; and notwithstanding it may appear presumptuous in me to attack so mighty a subject, I am going to describe Puritanism, its benefits and its dangers, as they appear to me.

If we can imagine an original community of human beings all in as perfect health of body and mind as the race admits, and all ignorant of the strifes, diseases, successes and miscarriages that in the future would come to agitate their spirits and modify their character, and if we suppose that a superior intelligence had observed our progenitors in such a condition of pristine purity, and foretold the possible changes their descendants might undergo, what would have been the conclusion? It would have been easy to foresee that violence, lust, pride, avarice, injustice, ambition, poverty, hypocrisy, wrath, tyranny, ignorance, servility, and superstition would largely prevail;

and that there would also be found benevolence, fortitude, self-abnegation, chastity, sobriety, liberality, justice, frankness, piety, and forgiveness, but there was nothing to indicate that a Puritan would ever be possible. It remained after many generations and until folly, crime, ignorance, submission to wrong, sorrow, tyranny and superstition had wrought their effects, embittered existence, corrupted the healthful currents of life, made men desperate and reckless by exactions and hopeless suffering, that a class of men could be generated who would thrust aside and reject all hitherto existing customs, manners, usages, modes of thought, forms of rule and worship, and treat as worthless and beneath contempt every insignia of sacerdotal, civil and military rank, all the devices of heraldry, and every token of inequality among men. In addition to all that, it was necessary to suppress or subdue the pleasures of sense, destroy all the forms of beauty which had hitherto been engraved on stone and traced on canvas, or wrought on gems, metals, wood and tissues, and to forbid their renewal; to add to the list of sins dancing, music, plays, sports, fashions, hilarity, and every diversion that nature craves; and finally to inculcate in children an idea that all the thoughts, exemptions, immunities and privileges of the magistrates, of courts, camps and church are wrong, and force them to believe that to hate kings, lords, and the pope is a supreme duty, and that there was no beauty but the beauty of Puritan holiness. Finally, that future salvation could only follow an overworked, joyless life of unbroken sadness. When we contemplate the folly, injustice, presumption, and cruelty of human domination in the ages that are past, we are in no way surprised that such a race of desperate men should have arisen. That they could gain proselytes, however, when they proclaimed open war on all the pleasures and

diversions of youth, all the worldly ends and aims of manhood, and all the earthly prizes of ambition, surprises us beyond expression. Yet all that was accomplished, and Puritanism became the mightiest power of all the world.

The original Puritans were destitute of arms, equipments, and generals. They had no baggage but the Bible, a slate, and spelling-book, and for music they substituted dolorous hymns and canticles recited in nasal tones. The bounties they offered for recruits were hard work and meagre fare 312 days in the year, long written sermons to hold up the horrors of Catholicism and impenitence, and extempore prayers 52 days, and one day for thanksgiving. Their numbers increased slowly in the Old World, and the scorn of the aristocrats threatened them with annihilation, until the choicest spirits among them gathered together and went across the ocean to plant a colony in New England. It was a far-off, cold, rocky outpost, where every man, woman, and child was obliged to work or starve, and it was there they organized the relentless war they afterwards waged against all the strongholds of tyranny, privilege, and ignorance. They advanced upon the old civilizations, and never abandoned a position they had once gained. They could not be frightened, because they were bound by a terrible dogma, which cannot be described, and which they called "principle," and is superior to fear; nor could they be bought by kings and priests, because they had nothing the Puritans valued to offer them. The hopelessness of the task served only to add to the dogged energy of the workers, and what the democracy of Greece, and all the rebellious assemblages from *Mons Sacra* to the battle of Jemappes wholly failed to accomplish, was finally established by the unflinching obstinacy of the Puritans. Tyrants were cowed,

and as a consequence the people now legislate for themselves, without molestation or constraint.

The results of Puritan instruction and example have been to set free the human genius and to unshackle its energies. The whole earth has been surveyed, the secrets of chemistry and magnetism unveiled, the mechanic powers vastly developed, comforts and plenty immensely multiplied, universal suffrage and education established with us, and both demanded in all the other civilized nations of the world. Such are the benefits and effects which must be imputed to Puritanism, and now it is proper to state the dangers to which it apparently tends, and the evils that may hereafter arise from it.

Originally one of the chief elements of Puritanism was religion of a peculiar character, which was evidenced by an austere sanctity, a lack of ornament, and a fierce iconoclasm. The characters and habits of thought were so inculcated in its youthful votaries, that a man might lose his religion and not cease, apparently, to be a Puritan. Moreover, at the breaking off from the old primitive church which had preserved the rites and traditions of Christianity, although lewd and corrupt men were found among its ministers, the Puritans had indulged in many spiteful negations which were repugnant to reason, and set an example of discontent and rebellion against laudable things. Hence the multiplication of sects, and the increase of scepticism, which, as it frequently lapses into infidelity, threatens the whole fabric with destruction and the loss of the greatest benefit and solace to man, which is the Church of Christ.

There was another defect in Puritanism, which appears like an instinct when acting upon savage and heathen races of men. The Puritans in all cases in which they have undertaken to evangelize the barbarians have failed,

because they have required them first to become Puritans, which was an impossibility. Wherever the Puritan missionaries have appeared in contact with them, the aborigines of this continent have withered and disappeared like the green herbage upon which a cloud of locusts has settled. I asked our representative at the Sandwich Islands, General McCook, what they had taught the Kanakas. "They have taught them discontent," said he; "and every one of them that is old enough knows how to read and write, and the race is disappearing with fearful rapidity."

In contrast let us observe the Catholics among the heathen, and especially what the Jesuit fathers have accomplished, and how they proceeded. Once in Rome I enjoyed the honor of a long conversation with the General of the Jesuits, and had several interviews with his gifted secretary, Father Armilini, S. J. They showed me the spot in the cell where we conversed where St. Ignatius Loyola wrote the constitution of their society, where he took his meals, where he slept, where he prayed, and where he died. They told me that in all his writings and instructions to his followers he inculcated the necessity of first studying the characters of the people to whom they ministered. They were required to acquaint themselves clearly with the impulses, modes of thought, and all the peculiarities of the heathen, and of all unbelievers of every nation and sect, and then to lead them out of their errors into the Catholic Church. In that manner they succeeded in civilizing, converting, and preserving many savage tribes, and arresting infidelity.

On the Pacific coast of our own country the beneficence of their labors was apparent in the well-being of many Indians, but when the breath of our countrymen fell upon them they perished almost immediately. The

labors of the Puritans are most effective among those who prize comfort and "progress." If St. Ignatius had taught his followers to study mechanics, and to preach thrift and convenience, there would have been no Puritans.

There is another dangerous tendency in Puritanism, which arises from the unabridged, unregulated right of private judgment in matters of religion, and from the absolute universality and equality of the suffrage which it inculcates. The two operating together, besides the encouragement they give to infidelity, operate to produce political and social equality, which if it could be established would, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, destroy all happiness but physical happiness. Absolute, universal, and equal suffrage cannot prove beneficent in the end, unless the majority of mankind are good. If they are so, then we must conclude that the wise men of Greece, the inspired writers and prophets of old, and the experience of the best men of all ages and all countries have been erroneous. It is true that many of the old Puritans were made so arrogant by their austerities that they called in question the wisdom of the Creator in making man as he is, and they have endeavored to change his essential disposition, but thus far they have not wholly succeeded. Absolute equality of suffrage was never admitted on a large scale until we in the United States adopted it since the war of the Rebellion. Wherever it has approached nearest to equality in fully populated countries it has invariably terminated in disaster. Its deluded advocates in our country have been encouraged by the facility of gaining subsistence from our vast fertile territory. As soon as the public domain is disposed of, and the price of all lands enhanced, there will be no more room for easy expansion, and the agrarian spirit will make head against property, which is the fundamental basis of all

human society. Children are now born who will live to see the suffrage abridged, or to witness the spilling of more blood on account of exactions, principally through taxation, speculation, and legal plunder, than was shed on account of negro slavery.

The character and policy of our Government, as it is now administered, and the prevailing system of education, are the result of Puritanism. Our wealth, prosperity, and power excite the envy of the world, and yet, unconsciously to most people, we are sowing the seeds of destruction. Our system of common schools, as they are conducted, inculcates in the minds of the youth of both sexes the idea that the right of indigent children to a luxurious education at the expense of others is a perfect right, for which no acknowledgment of respect or gratitude is due from them. The teachers are mostly of the same conviction, and the result is a diminution of respect for age and duty to parents, aversion to necessary subordination, an agrarian idea of property, and a general contempt for manual labor. This state of things can be endured without any very obvious disturbance, so long as we can command foreign "help" to do our drudgery, while cheap land is to be had, and until overcrowding of population begins to multiply its foul brood of evils. If the present rate of increase continues, that state of things will be established within the next fifty years. After that the shrinking process will commence,—the foot of the grown man must be diminished to fit the shoe of the child, and the irremediable horrors of an over-dense population will be apparent to all persons except such as derive their happiness from the misfortunes and sufferings of their fellow-beings.

In this chapter it has been my purpose to give an idea of the origin and essential qualities of Puritanism, as well

as its effects upon governments, civilization and manners. The theory of the Puritans seems to be subject to many disputes and rapid changes. It appears to me that it is less characterized by the religious element than by political equality, or freedom, as it is called. Upon that subject it would be needless for me to enlarge.

No one can fail to observe the immense stream of utility that has its origin in Puritanism, and we see that many of our most able, honest, and enterprising citizens are of Puritan descent, but they have lost the grimness of their forefathers.

The Puritan theories of benevolence are too sentimental for me. I confess that I am not willing to contribute to teach every indigent child contempt for any kind of necessary labor, nor to play on grand pianos at the public expense. I would not allow all the idle, vicious, penniless vagabonds to vote, especially the aliens, but I would give every child, however destitute, an opportunity to learn to read, write, and cipher, and every one, rich and poor, should be admitted upon equal conditions to pursue every calling in life to gain his bread, and every able-bodied needy person should work or starve.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evils of foreign immigration.—Scott opposed to foreign immigration.—My study of his opinions.—Overcrowded population in Europe.—Anecdotes.—Future of immigration in the United States.—Foresight of Scott on this question.

GENERAL SCOTT was evidently opposed to giving encouragement to foreign immigration, and he thought our future well-being as a nation would be best promoted by native increase of population. I infer that he would have denied the suffrage to foreign-born men, and that he had given some attention to the evils incident to too many people to the square mile while he was in Europe. When I was with him, I was ignorant of those evils, and they had not, until quite recently, begun to be apparent in our country. I have since made myself familiar with them to an extent that would require a volume to explain. I will give a few examples.

The vast majority of Americans who travel in Europe have no eyes for the dark caverns of misery, and no care but for luxury; and the doings of the favorites of fortune and fashion shape all their conclusions. Fortunately for me, before I visited Europe my opportunities had enabled me to observe all the devices of fashion, which are similar throughout the world. The manners of such as feel secure and easy, and the manners of those who seek to enter the charmed circle by reason of newly-gotten gold, are so various as to defy

description. This latter class of Americans is quite numerous in Europe, and the vigor with which they display their wealth and court notoriety, although I was often amused and agreeably entertained by them at rare intervals, had fewer attractions for me than many other things.

I employed my time in studying the monuments of ages that are past, and to learn from them the history of ignorance, cruelty, oppression, folly, and suffering, as well as the proofs of labor, ingenuity, fortitude, affection, and piety, to which the human race has been subject. Above all else was I interested to learn the effect of overcrowding of population upon the poor, and upon all those unfortunate persons who have miscarried in their designs, or who were born to the heritage of misery.

In Paris with my family I occupied one of ten apartments in a large house; each of the apartments had an average of eight rooms, including a kitchen for each. The concierge and his wife lived on the ground floor, and occupied a space of eight feet by twenty feet for reception or business room, kitchen, and bedroom, upon which the sun never shone, and which received light from one barred window. The concierge and his wife were intelligent and respectable, and one of them was obliged to be present throughout every day and night of the year. They must attend to the door, to receive and transmit messages and parcels for ten families, and to keep in perfect order the stairway and elevator in a building six stories high, for all of which the proprietor paid them \$25 per month without board. In the course of time the wife of the concierge gave birth to a son. Two days after the birth the landlord made his appearance and notified the mother that she might retain her child till he was *eight days* old, and then she must send him away, which

she did. The landlord also notified the parents that if they had another child they could not remain in his house. The French people could see nothing strange or unusual in the landlord's conduct, and the concierge said he must submit, as hundreds of couples would be very glad to get his place on any conditions.

Within a year past the vast body of government employees in Paris, finding the pittance allowed them insufficient for their subsistence, now that provisions are nearly twice as dear as they are in San Francisco, ventured to draw up a petition for an increase of wages. The petition, after representing the hardships of the signers, asked for relief in terms of respect which appeared to me humiliating. No notice but insult was given to the appeal, and several members of the Government regarded the petition as seditious, and thought all the signers should be discharged; and this under French Republican rule!

In Provence, which is in the southeastern portion of France, the three principal sources of wealth that the inhabitants relied on for subsistence have been nearly cut off within the last twenty years, viz.: Madder for dyes has been displaced by a chemical; olive trees, which have decayed in vast numbers, and vines, which have been nearly destroyed by the phylloxera. I asked an intelligent farmer how the poor people (and nearly all are poor) lived. His reply was that their principal food was beans.

In Switzerland, especially in the Maritime Alps, the hardships are more obvious than in any portion of France. The steep sides of the mountains are terraced with infinite labor, and when the rain washes away the soil it is carried up again in baskets by men, women, and children. Sometimes the drought destroys or cuts short the harvest, and then terrible suffering ensues. In the

most favorable seasons a comfortable subsistence can only be secured by the incessant toil of both sexes from infancy to old age.

Italy presents in many places still more startling scenes of misery than France or Switzerland. Hereditary lack of proper nourishment has resulted in dreadful diseases, for which there is no possible remedy but a better supply of food. Before I went to Italy I was told that "laziness," which many prejudiced persons suppose to be an invariable incident of "Popery," was the cause of the poverty I witnessed. The falseness of that supposition is demonstrated by the eagerness with which our people seek for Catholic Belgian, French, Swiss, Italian, and Portuguese gardeners. The care, diligence and skill of one of those will double the product of an equal area of ground over the waste and neglect of one of our native-bred laborers. Instead of "laziness" being apparent in the husbandry around Milan, Florence, Bologna, and Naples, I found the lands labored, caressed, and coaxed to yield as abundant harvests as in any part of the world. In Naples I was told that many laborers considered themselves rich if they had six cents per day to subsist on—viz., two cents for wine, two cents for maccaroni, one cent for vegetables; and one cent for tobacco. A robust young laborer of Antwerp told me there were many men in Belgium as good as himself who only tasted meat once a year. There are dens of filth and squalor in all the large cities of Europe which I never cared to inspect, but within a month I have seen an official report of the condition of the poor in Paris, which states that the city now contains over 46,000 indigent families (*ménages*), but the families average a fraction less than three in each. It is well known that in France the growth of population is checked by immoral practices. Unthinking observers usually impute those prac-

tices to other than their true cause. I once asked a French woman, who was the manager of a large hotel, why she had only one child. "Because," said she, "I can't afford to have more!"

In England they are now speculating on the best method of arresting the increase of population. One of the means practised is to ship great numbers of paupers and vicious persons to America at the public expense. The same is done and has long been practised on an extensive scale in the continental countries of Europe, especially in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. Enforced emigration is necessary from those regions where the soil has been more or less exhausted, and where the animal forces of men, women, and children, horses, mules, oxen, cows, donkeys, and dogs, are taxed, often to excess, to gain a bare subsistence that our poorest people would scorn. In those countries there is not half as many idlers proportionately as we find in all parts of the United States.

Those examples ought to influence the patriot and man of foresight among us to withhold all encouragement to foreign immigration. The first step should be to repeal all naturalization laws, and only to constitute one voting citizen at a time from an alien by an act of Congress. Our Consul at Zurich, Switzerland, Mr. Byers, has investigated the evils I am speaking of, and he is strongly in favor of regulating emigration, with a view to diminish it. That is made the more necessary by the average increase in the length of human life, which is due chiefly to machinery and easy transportation. Forty years ago the labor of travelling and moving goods on land and by sea and of cultivating the soil was so great as to exhaust our people prematurely and to shorten life.

I have not visited many of the pagan countries, but

every one ought to be aware of the indescribable horrors of overcrowding of population in India, China, and Japan. With our present rate of increase of population, the United States will, at the end of 125 years, contain a greater number of inhabitants to the square mile than either of those countries. A hundred years in the duration of a well-governed State ought to be considered as one year in the life of a man, and the time will very shortly arrive when the curses of all good citizens will fall thick upon the names of those silly enthusiasts and sordid grovellers who now exert themselves to promote emigration from any country in the world.

The foresight of General Scott could not be more strikingly exemplified than by the fact that, when all our domain from the immediate borders of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean was an uncultivated wilderness and the haunt of savages and wild beasts, he clearly foresaw the evils that would arise from a too rapid increase of foreigners among us, and gave a note of warning against it.

It is proper that I should analyze the kind of government to which in his heart, it appeared to me, General Scott aspired. My conclusions are the results of the boundless confidence he reposed in me, and are not wholly derived from his writings, nor his speeches, when he sought the Presidency. It would be idle for him, or any other man, to hope to be Chief Magistrate of the United States who could not heartily pay his court to the Irish and Germans. Not because the votes of those two nationalities tend to secure good laws and good execution of them, but because of their clannishness, and the imperiousness with which their numbers and wealth enable them to sway legislation and to modify our customs. His awkwardness as a stump speaker was in part due to

the fact that, being in the canvass, he was obliged to act a part that was foreign to his convictions in many particulars.

General Scott would never have sought the counsel nor suffered the dictation of the alien element in our midst to frame the government of his choice; otherwise his plans were as broad as the limits of his country. He would have scanned the theories and weighed the maxims of sobriety and industry of the Puritans. He would have given heed to the martial spirit and social graces of the holders of slaves, though he would have gladly discarded their peculiar institution. He had learned from the Jews how commendable it is in children to love and honor their parents. He revered religion, but would have inculcated tolerance and absolute freedom of conscience. He was learned in scripture; he had imbibed the spirit of civil prudence from Shakespeare, the lessons of history and the essential attributes of man, and he was convinced that certain degrees, not lapsing in tyranny, but founded in merit, experience, talent, services, and age, are necessary to give stability and dignity to human governments.

The degrees he would have encouraged are such only as spring from innate or well-earned superiority, and such gifts and services as are employed for the benefit of society, in whatever rank they are found. Often did he call my attention to laboring men in his employ, and would say: "Young gentleman, that man you see working in his shirt-sleeves does his duty faithfully, and you are bound to respect him as though he were clothed in scarlet."

No man could have been more careful than he to respect the feelings and to guard the rights of all persons who toil in the inferior, or rather in the least conspicuous, fields of industry. On the other hand, he rejected all

propositions coming from idlers and dissolute people, as well as from enthusiasts and dreaming humanitarians, who go about to correct abuses and remedy evils which they have not investigated.

The essential quality of the government to which General Scott aspired was healthfulness in all its elements. He could not imagine the possibility that bad seed could produce a good harvest, or that a sickly tree could produce wholesome fruit. Neither did he think it reasonable to encourage or to permit large bodies of aliens who, in the contests of the Old World, have been degraded by reason of their physical, mental, and moral weaknesses and their crimes, to come among us, to exercise the suffrage, to make laws, and to corrupt our youth with vicious examples. Hence his intense repugnance to the race of extreme humanitarians. It has been said that whole nations from time to time become insane, and that fact is sufficiently established by many enactments and usages of past ages. But was there ever a period in the history of mankind in which insanity was more apparent, or more to be deplored, than we find it in many of our learned citizens and highest functionaries, who strive to bring within our borders the oppressed and downtrodden of the whole world, and to constitute them, politically, the equals of our best citizens. Such false philanthropists are the architects of ruin. They always build the monuments of human folly so high that they tumble down before the crowning statue can be put up. What is called liberty with us is fast turning to license and communism.

CHAPTER IX.

A REVIEW OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL SCOTT.

Scott's character as exhibited in the book.—His comments on events.—Burr's trial.—Wilkinson.—War with England.—The quarrel with Jackson.—Anecdotes of Jackson.—Van Buren's Administration.—Troubles in Canada.—Anecdotes of a journey with Scott.—Scott in the South.—The Cherokees.—Scott as a politician.—His opinions.—Benton.—The autobiography on the Mexican War.

AT the time the autobiography of General Scott issued from the press I was away, and for several years succeeding my whole attention was given to my private affairs. The comments of the critics were not in all cases flattering to his work, and as it happened that his book never came into my hands, my omission to read what he had written was entirely accidental, and fortunate, as it served to verify the impressions of his character which long personal intercourse with him had left in my memory.

To me it is not surprising that a person should undervalue General Scott, if he only knows him from his autobiography. When the general attempts to describe his own good qualities he frequently appears like a boaster, and the petulance of his irritable disposition finds vent in many pages. I intend to trace the filaments of his true character through his writings, and to disentangle them, as far as I am able, from the cankers that gathered upon them in the gloom of his declining years.

The general's comments on the trial of Aaron Burr for treason are concise and pleasant to read. A hundred times did I hear him speak of that trial, at which he was

present, and it always appeared to me that he disliked Jefferson as much as he did Burr. He never failed to express his hostility to any man who dabbled with the unity of these States, but he was seldom as emphatic in his denunciations as he is in his book, in which he exclaims: "It is a striking fact that three of our Vice-Presidents—Aaron Burr, J. C. Calhoun, and J. C. Breckinridge—became, each in his day, a leader in treason."

During the trial of Burr, and soon after he had been admitted to the bar, Scott was, as he declares, first seized with a desire to become a soldier, and there was not in him the making of a first-class lawyer. He might have been a respectable counsellor, but as a pleader before a jury he would have failed. In the whole domain of history that I have searched I have found no proof that a great general could be, or could have been, a great jury lawyer.

The character of mind essential to a successful jury lawyer must be such that he can conform, pliantly and without seeming effort, to every cause, and advocate either side with equal sincerity and zeal. He must be eloquent alike for judge and jury, and able to know human nature at a glance in all its customary and accidental conditions, and quick to address the proper argument necessary to convert to his own purpose all whom he seeks to convince or control. He must have groans always at command, and be as ready to shed tears as Leonarda in the robbers' cave. Finally he must know when he has convinced the court and jury, and when to quit and sit down. It is the privilege of the great advocate, such as I have described, to release the assassin, and let the murderer go unpunished—to acquit the thief, and justify the betrayer of trusts—to give credit to perjurers and slanderers, and to enable confederate villains to pillage the industrious and to cloud the names of innocent men.

Scott's military career commenced as captain of light artillery, and on the 3d of May, 1808, which is the date of his first commission. His comments upon the state of the army at that time display a spirit of fairness, and he records the names and merits of officers uninfluenced by the pique and jealousies that subsequently warped his judgment of some of them. Referring to the officers commissioned at about the same time with himself, he thrusts at President Jefferson, whom he accuses of contempt for the military character consequent upon his hostility to those men who achieved our independence. Not only were Jefferson's appointments to the army generally bad, but those commissioned by Jackson, Polk, and Pierce were of a similar character. Such was the opinion of General Scott, who, it must be understood, was hostile to the four Presidents above named. At the same time, much to his honor, Scott pays a compliment to the West Point Academy, the benefits of which, although he did not enjoy them, he estimated throughout the whole of his life as highly as any one of its graduates.

It was in the year 1809 when, after a leave of absence and visit to the North, Captain Scott rejoined his company, that his natural repugnance to rivals and such as stood in his way becomes apparent. Scott had expressed his belief that the Department Commander, Wilkinson, under whom he served, was a confederate in Burr's treason. Wilkinson and Scott could not have lived or acted together in harmony under any possible conditions. Each thought the other vain and weak, and Scott's suggestion, which was subsequently, as he states, verified—that Wilkinson was a traitor—was for that reason the more distasteful to the latter. It verifies the French maxim, "There is nothing but the truth that always offends," and it gave rise to an intensely malignant feud. Wilkinson charged Scott with having gambled away the

money he had received to pay his soldiers, and the accusation is recorded in Wilkinson's Memoirs. General Scott never detailed the whole affair to me, but he explained it fully in his autobiography, and he gives the finding of the court-martial which tried him, and in which these words appear: "The court have no hesitation in acquitting the accused [Scott] of all fraudulent intentions in detaining the pay of his men."

There was nothing unusual in Captain Scott's conduct. He probably was negligent or forgetful of a small item, but his accounts had not been settled, and the charge against him was, as I judge, a simple ebullition of personal spite. Nevertheless something remained of it to be employed against him subsequently by his political opponents. I remember that in the first canvass of General Scott for the Presidency, Horace Greeley came to me in the cars one day and asked me to explain Wilkinson's charge against Scott for using his soldiers' money. I was not then able to detail all the facts, but I told Mr. Greeley that the charge was slanderous, and that it arose from a transaction usual in the army, and which was the result of forgetfulness or slight error in accounts.

I had never before seen Mr. Greeley, who was then beginning to attract notice as the editor of the *New York Tribune*. At that time he was about thirty-five years old, round-faced and healthful, with blue eyes and very light hair. The restless eagerness of his interrogations denoted the character he afterwards established, which enabled him to change his convictions or ruling texts and hobbies as suddenly as a bird in a cage hops from one perch to another. Mr. Greeley was a man of good intentions, but he made the grand mistake of killing himself with overwork, in order to leave the world better than he found it, and to be President.

Having been falsely accused by General Wilkinson and suspected by his enemies of having appropriated to his own use the money due to his men, it is proper that I should give my own solemn opinion of General Scott's integrity.

During many years I was intimate with his minutest pecuniary and business transactions, as I have been with a vast number of others, and among them all not one has appeared to me to be a more perfect model of honesty than Winfield Scott. It was impossible for him to cheat; he was so unsuspectingly honest that he was often duped by rogues. My old friend, the glorious Gouverneur Kemble, while he was at the head of West Point Foundry, often manufactured guns, shot and shells for the United States. At one time Mr. Kemble received in his office a man who brought from General Scott a letter of introduction, which contained fulsome praise of the individual's good character and fitness to have a contract. As soon as Mr. Kemble finished reading the letter the bearer, in the most unblushing manner, submitted a plan by which they could cheat the Government. All this I had from Mr. Kemble's own lips, and he agreed with me that General Scott was incapable of dishonesty.

The manner in which Scott describes the part he took in the war with England, of 1812, displays to perfection his aspirations and his ardent ambition. He seems indifferent to fatigue and seeks the post of danger on all occasions. His jealousy of prerogative never forsakes him, and he refuses to join the expedition against Queenstown which had already been organized with Lieutenant-Colonel Van Rensselaer in command, because his own commission of the same grade was the older. Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick had waived rank, but Scott declined, and he only consented to cross and assume the command after Van Rensselaer had been wounded and

disabled. He fought desperately, but was overwhelmed by numbers and taken prisoner.

Scott, having been paroled and afterward exchanged, resumed his military duties in January, 1813. His references to the operations of the army on the northern frontier during the year make us acquainted with a succession of disasters that were due to unskilful combinations and incompetent commanders. He pays a tribute of respect to Major-General Dearborn, on whose staff he served for a while as chief, and to the Secretary of War, Armstrong. When he announces the instalment of the new commanding officer, General Wilkinson, September 4, 1813, his unsubdued rancor breaks forth in a note of which the following is a transcript: "The selection of this unprincipled imbecile was not the blunder of Secretary Armstrong. Wilkinson, whose orders were dated March 10, 1813, contrived not to reach Fort George till the 4th of September!"

For how many of the blunders and miscarriages of the year 1813 General Wilkinson was responsible, it is needless for me to inquire. It is evident that Scott regarded him as the chief offender, and hence the bitter vindictiveness of his criticisms—a vindictiveness which in this instance is excusable. General Scott was a perfectly honest man in money matters; and when Wilkinson assailed his integrity he committed an offence greater than murder, and Scott had a right to avenge himself by every measure, even by weapons drawn from the arsenals of hell!

For Mr. Van Buren, who was emerging to notice in 1813, notwithstanding his politics and friendship for General Jackson, Scott always retained a friendly feeling. While the former was President of the United States I was often present when the two gentlemen met to discuss the troubles of the Canadian frontier and the removal of

the Cherokee Indians. Mr. Van Buren appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with the subject in discussion, and the ease as well as the suavity of his manners were remarkable.

In describing the campaign of 1814, Scott, now a brigadier-general in the army, displays all his enthusiasm. A spirit of fairness pervades his narrative generally in regard to the majority of his associates, although the friends of his commanding-general, Brown, found fault with Scott for arrogating to himself the lion's share of merit for the victories of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, both of which he always, in his subsequent conversations with me, claimed as his own.

At the battle of Lundy's Lane, or Niagara, as the English historians more properly name it, which was fought mostly after dark on the 28th of July, 1814, both sides claimed the victory. Both commanders, Brown and Riall, were wounded, and the latter was taken prisoner; and it was there that Scott himself, at the moment when he supposed the victory was ours, was struck down by a musket ball through the left shoulder joint, and carried from the field unconscious from loss of blood and agony. It was that terrible wound, the solicitude and attentions which it secured to the sufferer from many persons of distinction, his gallant achievements, his youth, his ardent ambition, his martial stature, his confidence in himself, his Southern birth, all conspiring, that made a hero of Winfield Scott. His commanding officer, General Brown, was likewise disabled on that same field, and in that desperate night's conflict Ripley, Jesup, O'Neil, Hindman, Brady, Porter, and Leavenworth displayed their valor and devotion; and there Miller, by the personal order of General Brown, led the brilliant charge up the hill, captured the British battery, and routed the enemy.

Few more gallant achievements grace the annals of war than that of Miller, and yet his fame, like that of nearly all the brave men I have mentioned, was of short duration.

The history of that year was discussed at Augusta in the spring of 1839, at the time he was there to settle the Northeastern boundary. One of Governor Fairfield's associates shocked the general with two astounding questions. "What was the date of the battle of Chipewewa?" Scott answered in the blandest terms, "It was July 5th, 1814." Directly afterward he turned to me and said, "There is fame for you." The next question was, "General Scott, will you please tell me what State you were born in?" "I was born in the State of Virginia." "Ah!" said the down-Easter, "I always thought you were a native of Connecticut." The general made no further remark, but in the evening, after his visitors had left, he found mistakes in what I had done during the day, and told me my dancing all night stupefied my faculties.

It was one of the peculiarities of General Scott to attach immense importance to all the actions in which he took part, however trivial they might be. He had the art of magnifying his own exploits and of keeping himself in view, notwithstanding he had many stereotyped phrases that denoted humility.

General Scott thought it strange that a man should inquire the date of a battle twenty-five years after it was fought, in which the whole combined numbers engaged on both sides was considerably less than ten thousand men. Since our civil war, and after the public mind became surfeited with big battles, heroes and carnage, and military rank was vulgarized by a flood of high commissions, a superior officer, who has commanded more men, and been more under fire than the general was in his

whole life, would not be the least surprised if asked by an old friend, ten years after the war, a question like the following: "Where were you during the Rebellion?"

Scott's wound completely disabled him till the war was over. The suffering he endured on his journey to Philadelphia, where he says he arrived "flattered and feeble," was as great as humanity could bear. The mischief done to the shoulder-joint could not have been repaired even with the affectionate skill and care that awaited him, if the patient had not been young and healthful. Fortunately he had always been a stranger to those baleful dens where young men void of understanding repair to interfuse their blood with ineradicable poisons; and the fair conduct of his early manhood had charged the purple current of his veins with a balm more healing to his wound than all the lotions of a thousand Galens and the admiring smiles of friends. As soon as his convalescence was well advanced he sailed for Europe. The space occupied in his book by the account of his doings and enjoyments during the year he was absent from America is short. His written narrative seems like a pointless story, compared with the florid anecdotes of persons and descriptions of things he saw while he was abroad, and to which I so often listened when we were alone together.

The general gives at some length the history of his quarrel with General Jackson, and he refers to Parton's *Life of Jackson*, and to his own life by Mansfield, for further particulars. His own references to the hero of New Orleans are frequent in his autobiography, and in his conversations with me Scott spoke of Jackson on numerous occasions, never to praise, and seldom to censure with severity. He entertained no personal associations with President Jackson, nor with any member of his Cabinet except Mr. Van Buren. He often referred to

Mr. Woodbury as "the great Levi," and to Mr. Kemble as "the great Amos," with neither of whom did he ever exchange a word. All his anecdotes of "Old Hickory" related mostly to the ferocity of his character, which the world recognized when he was excited.

From Jackson's admirers I heard many anecdotes concerning him which General Scott omits. From Mr. Bailey Peyton, recently deceased, at the age of over eighty years, and who was long the friend and associate of the occupant of the Hermitage, I learned that General Jackson was a good neighbor, a good husband, a true friend, and an honest man. From an old officer of the army who was in the staff of General Jackson in his Creek campaign, I was told that he was a stern disciplinarian, but always just and mindful of the good service of officers and men, and towards the sick and wounded he was very tender. He required every man under him to do his full duty, and once, as they were marching along, an officer who was on foot at the head of the column turned aside to avoid the water which the men had to pass through. The general rode instantly forward, ordered the officer back to his place, and then cursed him violently in the presence of the troops. At another time complaint was made that an army surgeon was shamefully neglecting a sick soldier. Jackson summoned the doctor to go with him to the tent of the sufferer, whom he questioned. Finding that the case had been exaggerated, and that his own favorite pill had been given to the patient, he went away appeased. At another time at Nashville, while he was a young man and member of a club, his associates undertook to give a supper, and leave him out on account of his imperious conduct. Jackson took no notice of the slight till near the end of the feast, when he opened the door of the hall, and stood armed a minute to

observe the company. He then bounded upon one end of the table, walked to the other end, shuffling off everything with his feet, jumped down, walked quietly to the door, faced about, bowed, and left without having uttered a word.

Dr. Heiskell of the army, an early friend of mine, was, before he joined the service, the domestic physician of General Jackson, and lived at the Hermitage. He was there at the time the old hero was first elected President, and he attended Mrs. Jackson in her last illness, and was present when she died. During the final agony the general remained upright at the foot of the bed. The mind fails to conceive the impressiveness of the scene, and if I could recall the action and the words of my friend when he described it, I should chill the blood of the reader. There, silent and erect like a statue, stood that tall, unconquered old man, his white hair bristling upon his majestic head, his lips firmly closed, his face pale, his eyes gleaming with suppressed rage, and while the death-struggle continued he did not move. When all was over, he said, "They've killed her!" and then for five minutes longer he continued mute, and looked upon the victim of slander as she lay dead before him. If Salvator Rosa had been alive and a witness in that chamber, he might have indued the lineaments of despair and vengeance with a fiercer expression than any he has left on canvas.

While he was young, and before he was accepted by the world as an extraordinary personage, Jackson was a great swaggerer, and would show temper at the most trifling inattentions towards himself. Later in life his manners became easy, and his appearance was that of a venerable nobleman of a kindly disposition. Senator Evans, of Maine, told me that he was present at the

White House in Washington, at the time La Fayette was there in 1824, the guest of the nation, and great numbers of people from all parts of the country came to see the French marquis; but no sooner had they discovered that the hero of New Orleans was seated tranquilly in the room than they left the Frenchman to go and stare at General Jackson.

His force of will enabled him to put down nullification, to extort from the government of Louis Philippe an indemnity of \$5,000,000, and to crush Nicholas Biddle and the United States Bank, of which he was the head. No sooner had he become President than he dismissed all the Federal office-holders who had opposed his election, and filled their places with his own partisans, giving the preference to such as had been most defamed by his political opponents. When his Cabinet Ministers showed contumacy in regard to Mrs. Eaton, he said to Colonel Bomford, who was chief of the Ordnance Department, "By the Eternal, if they don't submit, I'll sweep every man of them!" Soon after he had executed his threat, he said to Bomford, "Didn't I tell you I'd sweep 'em."

The old Southern politicians told me he was a great reader of newspapers, and that he calculated political chances with singular astuteness. He seldom forgave a man who offended him, and what it was that reconciled him to Colonel Benton, who one night attacked him with a bowie-knife, I could never learn. He knew how to dissemble, and many of his outbursts of passion were feigned, and when it was his purpose to persuade his words were gentle and his smile as sweet as the vernal breezes.

As a lawyer, judge, general, politician, president and a private citizen, he was equally fearless, and when op-

posed audacious in the extremest degree. When not opposed, he was amiable and sympathetic, and in the ordinary business of life he was ruled by prudence, common sense, and justice. He was born to command, and his military genius was of the first order. If it had been put to the test in a great war, he would have taken rank with the most renowned commanders of the world. The possessor of the qualities I have described could not fail to be the idol of the people, who never held him responsible for his evil deeds, nor their results. In retirement he was revered, and when old age had subdued him he was regarded as a saint, and his fellow-citizens visited the Hermitage as they would visit a shrine.

It is obvious that in a personal contest with General Jackson almost any man living would have been worsted. The first serious quarrel between him and General Scott originated in the following incident :

Jackson was a Major-General in the regular army, in the year 1817, and in command of the Division of the South, with his headquarters at Nashville, Tennessee. An officer of topographical engineers, who was on duty at some point on the Ohio River, I think, but within the jurisdiction of Jackson, received an order direct from the acting Secretary of War, Graham, to leave the Department of the South, and report for duty elsewhere. According to Army Regulations, and the custom of service, the order should have been forwarded through the Division Commander. The violation of that custom in the army is frequent with some men, but in ninety-nine cases in a hundred it arises from a desire to insult and degrade the officer who is thus ignored, and its non-observance indicates a mean, malignant spirit in the violater. I am not aware that General Scott ever overslaughed an officer

in that way, except in cases of absolute necessity, and then the orders were simultaneously forwarded to the superior and subordinate. In the case in question, the acting Secretary of War may have been ignorant of custom, and probably his only motive in sending the order direct to the engineer was to avoid the loss of time by the journey to Nashville.

With “Old Hickory” no excuse could justify or palliate a disregard of his prerogative. As soon as he learned the facts, he issued an order and sent it to every post in his Division, forbidding all officers to leave his command without orders from him. He added wrathful expressions peculiar to himself, which I am unable to repeat, as the order is not within my reach.

General Scott often told me it was at the end of a dinner party in New York, and in a conversation with Governor De Witt Clinton, as the two sat together on a sofa, that they discussed Jackson’s order, which he, Scott, characterized as “*mutinous.*” The remark was overheard by a politician of an inferior grade—“*a sort of familiar,*” as the general called him—by whom it was reported in a letter, or newspaper, sent anonymously to Jackson.

The latter enclosed a slip from the newspaper, and in the simplest language he asked if the charge it contained was true. Scott instead of answering the question categorically, wrote an evasive answer, which was in the nature of a homily. It aroused the wrath of the old lion of the Hermitage, and in his reply he poured upon its author a stream of vituperation the like of which is not to be found in any book. The name of the writer of the letters of *Junius* has been sought in vain by the English-speaking world for a whole century, and yet the severest of those letters was moderate compared with the one in

question. In it Jackson maps out the extremes of his own character. He apologizes for his delay in answering Scott's letter by stating, in the commencement, that he had been absent in Knoxville, where he had gone to close the eyes of a friend. It was needful in him to display the tenderness of his heart by telling how he had sat by his dying friend, whose home was far from his own; that duty done, he proceeds to mangle his enemy. A wild boar that had disemboweled a fawn never tore the vitals of his prey with a more heedless cruelty and lack of sentiment than that displayed by Jackson as he tossed the character and flung into sight all the weaknesses and vanities of his assailant.

The autobiographer would have us to infer that the wrong done by "this ingenious miscreant from vicarious hostility and love of mischief," was aggravated by the suppression, in his anonymous communication, of "Scott's praises of Jackson." In this my old chief is guilty of a compound blunder,—first, in thinking that "Old Hickory" would resent the charge of "*mutinous conduct*" less, because it was qualified by any kind of compliment, and second, in supposing that he was capable of anything but faint praise to a rival. The simple truth is that Scott regarded himself as the most able general of American history, and the grossest stupidity could have detected self-appreciation in him, whenever he spoke approvingly of any other commander. The remembrance of his controversy with Jackson haunted Scott till the day of his death. His lost ground in the beginning which he could never regain.

In my reference to those two illustrious generals, I have thrown off all reserve, because my design is to give my full impressions of both; of Jackson, from the report

of his associates, and of Scott from my own intimate acquaintance with him. There was an outspoken frankness in those two men which enabled the observer to judge their natures correctly. In one respect they were similar, and they resembled all other distinguished military men in this particular. Each of them disliked every other man who had the actual or seeming power to endanger his own laurels. If we could uncover the hearts of conquerors we should disclose in them all, with rare exceptions, the same bubbling cauldron of jealousy, hate, and contempt for their rivals.

After his return from Europe in 1816, Scott employed a portion of his time writing for the magazines, on the subjects of temperance and morals, and in the study of military laws, regulations, and infantry tactics. His pursuits were interrupted early in the year 1828, by the death of the general-in-chief of the army, Jacob Brown, who commanded at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, where Scott proved himself a hero.

Upon the death of Brown, three officers, all major-generals by brevet, aspired to his place. Gaines stood highest, and he had succeeded in having his name on the army register placed above that of Scott, who ranked him a month as major-general *by brevet*. Macomb was chief engineer, and his rank had been cut down at the reduction of the army in 1821 to that of a colonel, but he still held his commission of brevet major-general, which was junior to the other two. Macomb's selection, by President Adams, to be the successor of Brown was due, as the autobiographer would have us believe, to the intrigues of certain ladies whose names he gives, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Rush, and Mrs. J. Q. Adams. The officiousness of those dames was, without doubt, very active in the matter, but with such a man as John Quincy Adams it was "*Beaucoup de bruit et peu de besogne.*" He

was not a man to be swayed by women, and if he had conformed to the usual rule of promotion he would have made Gaines the commanding general; but he selected Macomb, and he violated no law or usage by his choice.

Scott went astray in his over-estimate of the value of brevet rank, and his argument failed to convince even those officers of the army whose interests resembled his own. I was in a position subsequently to have been worried if his reasonings had been just. During eight years, while I was captain and commanded a company of artillery, my first lieutenant, George P. Andrews, was a major by brevet. He was twice breveted for gallant conduct in the Mexican war, but he never pestered me with any claim of precedence, nor did he assert a right to be advanced before me to the lineal rank of major; on the contrary, our relations were then and have remained till this day entirely friendly.

In the year 1832, the South Carolinians passed an ordinance of nullification. President Jackson met it with his famous exclamation, "The Union must and shall be preserved!" He called Scott into consultation, ordered him South, and gave him *carte blanche* in respect to the troops. Scott executed his mission with energy and tact, at the same time that he displayed the strength of his Union sentiments. Congress having passed the Compromise act the South Carolinians rescinded their nullification ordinance, and Scott returned to Washington to receive the congratulations of Mr. Van Buren and other friends, President Jackson himself "deigning a few terms of measured praise."

During the troubles referred to Mr. Lewis Cass was Secretary of War, but I am unable to find in the autobiography that he, or any other Northern man, had a hand in the putting down of nullification. The Southerners

evoked the evil spirit of disunion, and it was for them to exorcise it. Scott alludes to several South Carolinians and Virginians in loving terms, and his letter to William C. Preston, who had joined the nullifiers, had the charm of an Eastern tale.

I was present in Charleston and heard Mr. Preston's funeral oration upon the death of the Hon. Hugh S. Legree, in 1843. His polished manners, his voice and action enabled him to recite the history, and to give a wonderful relief to the character of that accomplished statesman. At another time I heard Mr. Preston speak in the Senate of the United States. It was upon the Florida War, and he followed Mr. Benton. Old Bullion's arguments were like the strokes of a sledge-hammer, but Preston's discourse, though it sounded like sweet music, had but little recognizable coherence with his subject.

I find a paragraph in the autobiography, commencing page 259, which is so strikingly characteristic that I make no excuse for transcribing it entire. The dinner alluded to was the only occasion on which the two eager men ever broke bread together.

"Scott being on a short visit to Washington, had the honor to be invited to dine with President Jackson, and was further complimented by being assigned to conduct an agreeable lady, to him a stranger, to the table, where he was desired to place her between the President and himself. Towards the end of the sitting General Jackson said to the fair lady, in a tone of labored pleasantry—that is, with ill-disguised bitterness: 'I see you are pleased with the attentions of your neighbor. Do you know that he has condemned all the measures of my administration?'

"Mrs. ——— was perfectly shocked. Scott promptly replied: 'Mr. President, you are in part mistaken. I

thought well of your proclamation against nullifiers, and yesterday I was equally pleased with your special message on the French indemnity question which I heard read.'

"'That is candid,' retorted the President. 'He thinks well of two, *but two* of my measures!' The lady evidently regarded Scott, like the old general, as a bad subject of the realm. The most unsuspecting nature might plainly see that the bolt was forged and would in due time be launched."

The above paragraph shows that the two fighting-cocks were ready to bristle up the moment they came in sight of one another.

The Florida War, which commenced in December, 1835, and ended towards the close of 1842, was an affair that tried the skill of generals and the endurance of men more severely than the Revolutionary War. The commanders, every one of whom may be said to have failed, were, in order, Clinch, Gaines, Scott, Jessup, Taylor, Armistead and Worth, of the regular army, and, for an interval, Governor Call, of Florida. As a rule, each in succession, on assuming the command, let fly a poisoned arrow at his predecessor. Scott refers to the one before him in the following terms: "Clinch liberated the beleaguered Gaines," and after stating that the latter had made a treaty with the Indians, which allowed them to remain in the country under certain specified conditions, he adds: "This the superannuated general preposterously called dictating a peace to the Indians, and went off swiftly to New Orleans."

From Florida Scott was ordered to the Creek country to compel the Indians to move west of the Mississippi. General Jessup, being there in advance, disapproved the delay proposed by Scott for co-operation, and in a pique

he wrote his famous letter to Francis P. Blair, editor of the *Globe*, "denouncing," as the autobiographer says, "Scott's dilatoriness against the Creeks, and likening it to his want of energy in the Florida War."

The letter contained a request to Blair to show it to the President, which was done accordingly. General Jackson insisted on retaining the letter, which he endorsed, and ordered it placed on file in the War Office. The transaction elicits from the autobiographer the following commentary:

"The letter was laid before the President, who, too happy that the moment had at length arrived to launch the bolt so long held in readiness, ordered, 1st—*Jessup be placed in command, and Scott before a court.* But before meeting the Thunderer full face to face, it will be best to follow up the interminable Florida War."

The remarks which follow are immaterial to this history.

The candid mind, after a careful consideration of all the facts and circumstances attending the origin of the tripartite conflict, will conclude that Jessup was censurable for having criticised his commanding officer in a private letter to Mr. Blair, which he designed for the President, and that the latter was hasty and tyrannical in ordering General Scott before a military court upon the indefinite accusation of a subordinate.

The next step taken by President Jackson had no appearance of tyranny or unfairness. The members of the Court of Inquiry were Generals Macomb, Atkinson and Brady. Macomb was a gentleman incapable of malice and without prejudice against the accused, while Atkinson and Brady were the friends and special favorites of General Scott. Arraigned before such a tribunal upon charges which had no real foundation, his honorable

acquittal was the necessary result. The trial enhanced the reputation of Scott before the general public, although his speech in defence was a subject of merriment with many persons. Its opening words, as given by the autobiographer, differ essentially from those that lodged in my memory from having heard them often repeated during several years after the trial. I recall those opening words, as follows:

“When, for some imaginary offence, the Doge of Genoa was torn from his government by Louis XIV. and ordered to appear before him at Versailles, he was asked by that haughty monarch: ‘What amidst the splendors that surrounded him surprised him the most?’ ‘To find myself here,’ replied the intrepid Lascaro.”

Several years later, Surgeon Henderson, when arraigned before a court martial on charges which he was unable to recognize, began his defence by saying: “Gentlemen, I don’t think that the Doge of Genoa and General Scott both together were as much surprised to find themselves where they were as I am to find myself before this court martial.”

In the month of January, 1843, General Scott wrote, and published in the *National Intelligencer*, a review of certain essays by a Kentuckian upon the subject of Martial Law. The essays and the review had for their special purpose the condemnation of the declaration of martial law at New Orleans in 1815, by General Jackson. Scott’s article was the result of extensive research and a true labor of love, in which the hero of New Orleans fared badly. The name of that terrible man appears to have exercised an irresistible fascination upon our autobiographer; he hovers around it continually—but the time was at hand when the fire at the Hermitage was to go out, and on the 8th of January, 1845, that human volcano be-

came extinct. The news of the event arrived at West Point at the moment a class was under examination before a board of visitors, of which General Scott was the president. Upon its announcement the general arose, and spoke as follows:

“Major Delafield, superintendent, I suspend the further labors of the examination till to-morrow in honor of an event interesting to all Americans. A great man has fallen among us. Andrew Jackson, after filling the world with his fame, and covering his country with glory, departed this life on the 8th instant. It is not for any authority inferior to the President to prescribe the special honors to be paid to the illustrious dead by the military posts and troops of the United States. No doubt orders on the subject will soon arrive from Washington.”

Our autobiographer having advanced his chronology to bury his old oppressor, returns to notice the administration of Mr. Van Buren, which commenced March 4, 1837. The acquaintance of the two gentlemen began when they were both young men and soon ripened into friendship. Scott says in his book: “He believes he was the first to suggest that, with his advantageous standpoint, it would be easy for the rising New Yorker to make himself President of the United States.” In his conversations with me, the general many times asserted that he was the first to awaken hope in Mr. Van Buren to be President, and that he told him the only possible means to attain his object was to court the South.

Mr. Van Buren displayed entire confidence in Scott's ability, and when the troubles at the North threatened war with England, he was given unlimited authority to act as pacificator.

Those troubles at the North grew out of the political agitations in Canada in the year 1837. A strong party of radicals opposed to monarchical government sought the independence of that country, and found many sympathizers on our side of the line. Two-hundred thousand men along our border, from Maine to Michigan, bound themselves by secret oaths to assist the Canadian patriots. The first armed body from our side collected at Navy Island, above the Niagara Falls, under the command of a Colonel Van Rensselaer. They engaged a small steamer called "The Caroline," to ply as a ferry-boat between the island and Schlosser, where the boat was made fast to the wharf on the evening of December 29. During the night an armed party stole across from the Canadian shore, seized "The Caroline," killed one man at least, and wounded several others, set fire to the vessel, and cut her adrift over the falls. The dead body was carried up to Buffalo, and around it the people of the city and neighboring country gathered with frenzied haste to cry for war and vengeance.

The whole frontier was in a blaze, but, strange as it may appear at this day, the news of the outrage did not reach Washington till the 4th of January. It came to the executive mansion while a large party, including Mr. Clay and General Scott, were assembling there for a state dinner. The President entered the room after all his guests had arrived, saluted them with the same composure of manner which was usual with him, and then he whispered in the ear of General Scott: "Blood has been shed! You must go with all speed to the Canadian frontier. The Secretary of War (Poinsett) is engaged in writing you instructions." General Scott started for Buffalo early the next morning, and arrived late on the 7th of January. He was without a staff officer, as he had

left me to collect certain documents and books from the office in Elizabeth, and with orders to follow him without delay. I lost no time, and reached Buffalo twenty-four hours after him, having for companions from Albany Generals Wool and Worth.

The commotion at Buffalo was like that of actual war. Our people would regard nothing but the invasion of their soil and the murder of an innocent citizen, while the British authorities were equally incensed at the hostile intrusion of lawless men from the States upon their domain and jurisdiction. Fortunately Scott was recognized by many men who remembered his gallant bearing in the same neighborhood during the last war with England. With them he conversed singly, and he made speeches to the crowds in the streets and hotels at the same time he communicated his pacific intentions to the authorities in Canada. In that way he calmed the angry passions of all parties, and prevented an actual collision of arms. His personal presence for over four weeks was restricted to the frontiers from Buffalo to the falls. During the same time, several regiments and New York militia, in addition to a small body of regulars, were enrolled, and an incessant correspondence with officers at a distance, with citizens and applicants for service, and with the War Department, was sustained. The general took no time for rest except about six hours in twenty-four for sleep, and, as I was his only staff officer, he kept me at work sixteen hours every day, allowing short intervals for meals, and giving me time, as he would kindly say, to drink two or three glasses of sherry at dinner. He took one advantage of me, for he would mix a glass of toddy before going to bed, for which I would sometimes avenge myself, when I

felt weary, by pouring out one or two extra glasses of sherry at dinner.

The general's successful efforts at Buffalo put him in a good humor, and we left to move along the frontier. He refers in his book to his travels by night and to the cold. It was always his custom to start in an extra coach after dark, and keep on till the end of his journey. Our progress was often very slow, but he could easily sleep while jolted on the road, more easily than I could, although he thought otherwise. I am certain that I was often awake at early dawn and indulged my curiosity by watching him and his black servant David while they slept. He had the look of a tawny old lion slumbering quietly, but David's black visage would twitch as if he was uneasy. David was like a branch that had been wrenched from a tropical tree and carried up to the frozen zone—he was out of place. On one of those winter journeys the general showed me a mark of approval which I have never forgotten. It was early in the morning, after we had been three successive nights in a stage-coach, as we were moving slowly through the deep snow, that I saw him regard me with compassion. My face was probably sorrowful to behold at that moment, for the general took out from his pocket a handful of parched corn and dropped five or six grains into my hand, one after another, keeping his eye fixed on mine with an expression of affection like that of a mother watching her suffering child. There was no feigning in that gaze, and its benignity has remained fixed on my memory always.

After visiting the Northern frontiers of Vermont, where the excitement had ceased to be alarming, the general concluded, about the middle of February, to return to New York. On arriving in that city we parted, he to go to the Astor House and I to my own home, which was in

Brooklyn. At the hotel he found letters from Mr. Poinsett, to inform him that news of a fresh outbreak on the Niagara frontier had come down from Buffalo, and directing him to return there immediately. The general forthwith despatched a note to me to rejoin him at once, as he intended to start for the North at 9 o'clock that same night. Fortunately for me the ice on the East River had closed in, and the passage of the messenger was intercepted, and our departure was thus delayed till 7 o'clock P. M. of the following day.

Mr. James Monroe, an old aide de camp, and one of the general's staunchest friends, was boarding at the Astor House with his family. We all sat together at a side table for dinner, and Mr. Charles King was with us. My chief at that time was troubled with gravel in the kidneys, and could take no stimulating beverage except Manzanillo sherry and Holland gin. Mr. Monroe had a full cellar and he placed upon the table a bottle of his best Manzanillo, which the general tasted and rejected with violence. He declared it to be Madeira, and that it was poison to him. Mr. Monroe was complaisant, and brought up other bottles to the number of six or eight; all were cast aside like the first. Scott declared that a single glass from any one of those bottles would kill him before morning, and so he was content with a glass of gin and water.

At precisely 7 o'clock P. M. we took leave of our delightful company to arrange ourselves in the big covered four-horse sleigh, that stood at the Astor House front door, full of straw. David was stowed with us, and when all were in place the driver cracked his whip, and we trotted away in the direction of the North Pole. The road was well beaten the first thirty miles, and then the snow slackened our pace, so that it was 2 o'clock in

the morning when we arrived at a tavern opposite West Point, where we were to change horses. Being in an extra coach we were detained half an hour to harness a fresh team, and we all got out of the sleigh and went into the tavern, where a bright wood fire was burning. While waiting I overheard a conversation between the landlord and a man who came in, which attracted my attention. "Have you been in Mr. M.'s room?" "Yes," said the man. "Is he quiet?" "He's asleep, sir." The name was that of a young gentleman whom I had missed from New York a considerable time, but its initial was not M. He was insane, and in the keeping of our landlord, who with his assistant watched him day and night.

The young *aliéné* referred to belonged to one of the old families of New York, and a little more than three years before had, on arriving at his majority, been placed in possession of \$300,000, which at that time was the equivalent of a million now. To celebrate the event he gave a dinner at Delmonico's, to which I was invited, not because I was intimate with M., for I only knew him slightly, but because we had a common intimate friend, whom I will call X., and who was the active man or adjutant of M. in the arrangements of the feast, which was in Delmonico's grandest style.

The company numbered eighteen, of which only two were over thirty years of age. Of all the others, sixteen of us, not one had seen his twenty-fifth birth-day. As I glanced up and down the table, I fancied I had never seen an equal number of handsome, manly, young men, in a single group. There was not a feeble countenance among them; joy sparkled in every eye, and gladness was in the tone of every voice. No histories were related but the histories of the day and passing events, but there was boasting enough of personal exploits and of the vari-

ous devices they were beginning to practise to waste their youth and redundant strength, and to let go by unemployed the splendid opportunities they had inherited. The evening wore on; the consumption of food and the spilth of wine were enormous. At about 9 o'clock, M—— had filled himself over-full, shrunk down in his arm-chair, and was fast asleep; some were noisy, and others were dull and drooping in lips and eyelids. The coffee had been served, and they were beginning to call for whiskey, punch, rum, and gin, and such like infernal fluids, and the room was already full of the smoke of tobacco. As the hour of ten approached, I started to glide away, as was always my custom on such occasions, without leave-taking. X—— saw me move, and sprang to intercept me, declaring that I should not go, but when I said, in a serious voice, that I had been charged by my chief to prepare despatches of vast importance for the early morning's mail, I was permitted to depart.

The facts of that dinner are like a homily, and the history of its assistants as startling as a sermon of Massillon. They were nearly all young men of fortune, and as well equipped as I for length of days, devoted to fashionable popularity, heaping upon the mad sports of the day those wild orgies of the night that sow cramps in the muscles and aches in the bones, permitting General Alcohol to establish posts and places of arms in their vitals, to draw off the balm of hope from their hearts and inject them full of gall; to pinch up the avenues of sleep in the brain, and drive them with vertiginous rapidity to early deaths, which nearly every one of them found. How many halted at the mad-house in their speedy transit I am not informed; but it is certain that, fifteen years ago, my handsome friend Ch—— and I were all that remained.

During these patriotic troubles, large bodies of British troops were sent over, and at one time there were present in Canada as many as twenty thousand. Among them were several regiments of Household troops, including that of which the Duke of Wellington was the titular colonel, and also the 93d Highlanders. Whenever there was a lull in the excitement, the English officers would come over to visit those of our army, with whom they fraternized. They were a vigorous set of young men, all accustomed to high life and to an elegant society in which effeminacy was not popular. No man in our army pleased them more than Prince John Magruder, who was then in his prime. Prince John's endurance lasted many years. In the early days of California, I invited him to dine with me at the Presidio of San Francisco. At 10 o'clock, I left the table and went to bed as usual. The next morning at 8 o'clock, when I came in to breakfast, I found the Prince and Lieutenant L—— sitting at the table. "Prince," said I, "you and L—— are early this morning."—"I don't know whether we are early or late," said he; "we haven't left the dinner-table yet." L—— was the most taciturn individual of our mess, and I suspect he had been asleep at least seven out of the fourteen hours they had remained at the table, but the Prince kept on talking.

Among the English officers who visited us toward the last was Lieutenant R——, of Wellington's regiment. He was as elegant and beautiful a youth as could be found in the two hemispheres, and from him I learned that grumbling is not confined to officers of the American army. One day he entertained me an hour abusing his colonel. His discourse in form and substance was about as follows:

"The Duke is a selfish old man, you know. He'd send

his regiment to the devil if he could be comfortable himself. There's no use our being over here, but here we've been nearly a whole year. Last winter I was stationed at Quebec, and that is the vilest place in the world. I'd like to have the old fellow over there and make him go the rounds at midnight in January—that would bring him to his senses. The Duke's in his dotage, you know, but he holds on, and he will hold on till death. He had the regiment out at the coronation, and he commanded the whole column, but he scarcely looked at us. The old fellow's neck was so weak that he couldn't hold his head up, so he wore a tall stiff leather stock to rest his chin on. He looked like an old mummy dressed up. The Queen appeared angry with him, and sent for him to come to her carriage. He waited a while, and then went up sulking. When her Majesty spoke to him he did not look towards her. He's no manners, you know," and much more in the same strain.

As soon as the ice broke up on the rivers the Canadian Patriots ceased operations, and in the month of April, 1838, Scott was called to Washington to receive instructions concerning the removal of the Cherokee Indians to the west of the Mississippi River. Mr. Van Buren manifested his approval of General Scott's recent services at the North by many polite attentions, and by signing his instructions with his own hand, the Secretary of War, Poinsett, being dangerously ill. While waiting a few days for those instructions General Macomb gave a large dinner-party to my chief, at which I was present. Directly after dinner the two generals, Mr. Forsyth and another gentleman—I think it was Senator Preston—retired to a small room for a game of whist, and I sat by to look on. One game had been played and another was in progress, when a messenger came hurriedly into the room and ex-

claimed: "General Macomb, I am sent to tell you that Mr. Poinsett is dying; the death-rattle is in his throat!"

Mr. Forsyth had drawn out a card and held it in his hand while the messenger was speaking. The four great men exchanged glances in silence and looked serious for a few seconds, and then Mr. Forsyth played and the game went on. It happened, however, that Mr. Poinsett recovered, notwithstanding his breathing was mistaken for the *r le* of death. After his restoration he explained the matter by saying that the phlegm in his throat caused the ominous rattle; and feeling from his excessive weakness that the effort to cough would kill him, he waited to recover a little more strength, and in that way he saved his life.

Mr. Poinsett was a polished gentleman of uncommon intelligence, and his genial disposition made him many friends in all parts of the Union. He was a South Carolinian, but during the nullification troubles he took a firm stand in opposition at Charleston and bravely supported the Federal Constitution and laws.

On our passage through South Carolina and Georgia the general was received and entertained with that frank hospitality, which appeared somewhat peculiar when contrasted with the formal entertainments of the North. The Southerners seemed bound together by stronger social ties, and they possessed a certain ease and grace of manner which was enhanced by their natural eloquence. They were more clearly self-appreciating and more chivalrous in their ideas than the denizens of large cities at the North. The vast majority of South Carolinians regarded that arch-sophist, John C. Calhoun, as a prophet and leader more infallible than Moses. He possessed an astute intellect, and his teachings were enforced by a purity of life which was partly due to his natural repug-

nance to every kind of dissipation and excess. Such men are often dangerous, and he was able to tangle the ideas of his neighbors into a knot that had finally to be cut with the sword of the civil war.

As we approached that portion of the Cherokee country lying near Georgia the complaints of the settlers against the Indians increased. They coveted the fair land of the aborigines, and put forward a thousand pretexts to justify their expulsion. Scott was there with orders to send them away, and in the execution of his task he was animated by a merciful spirit, and he displayed a wonderful discretion. He always spoke kindly to the Indians, to whom he explained his instructions, and when he arrived at Calhoun, in the southeastern corner of Tennessee, he assembled a body of fifty or sixty chiefs and head men, to whom he read his orders and made an address. The council lasted over two hours, and gave me time to note the conduct of those red men while they listened to the mandates of banishment. They were a solid set of men to look upon, and the repose and dignity of their appearance could not have been excelled by an equal number of our race. The chiefs said little, but the air of resignation and sadness which pervaded the assemblage impressed us more forcibly than words.

The lands of the Cherokees embraced the contiguous corners of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and North Carolina. The general, attended by his personal staff and a small escort of soldiers, visited the various settlements to supervise the removal and to see that the rights of the Indians were protected. The most interesting excursion we made was during the last days of May and the first days of June, to Fort Butler, in North Carolina. There we were entertained by the gentleman

from whom the fort was named, and from him we derived much useful information. Mr. Butler's daughter had recently married Surgeon C. M. Hitchcock of the army, and the newly married couple were in our company, Dr. Hitchcock being attached to our staff. The lady enlivened us with her wit and surprised us by the grace with which she sat and the skill with which she managed her spirited horse. The weather was superb, all the buds of spring were expanding, and the landscape was variegated with hills and valleys and running streams. In many places the sun warmed a fertile soil which returned for little culture an abundant harvest of grains and fruits and herbage for man and beast. Comfortable houses and gardens were frequently in view, and many domestic animals were browsing in sight. The trees were festooned with vines, and the hillsides and portions of the plains were enmeshed in floral beauty. It was a scene of enchantment, in which God's bounty to man was everywhere apparent.

The natives of that fair domain were attached to their homes, and their ancestors had possessed it long before the pale face of the European had been seen on the Western Continent. The disposition of the Cherokees was in accord with the outward shows I have described, and was more romantic than in any other savages I have known. The voices of the maidens were musical, and the names of their rivers, mountains and abodes had the charm of poetical numbers.

At the end of our last long day's ride, I had my couch placed in a tent that stood near the bank of the Hiwassee, and there, for a while, I resigned myself to such reflections and reverie as my surroundings suggested. The night was calm and warm, and the sounds that saluted my ears were such as are made by the in-

numerable insects that spread their wings, or hinge their shards in darkness. With them were mingled the rippling of soft waters, and those lulling murmurs or chafings of the elements, for which philologers have found no name, and which we detect so often in the warm climates, and especially within the tropics, where alone the sweetest harmonies of nature may be heard.

The benign influences to which I was subject inclined me to compassion. I revolved in my mind the enterprise in progress, which was to uproot and transport to a distant and wholly dissimilar territory an entire community of human beings whose sensibilities in many respects were more acute than my own. They cling around the graves of their progenitors with a superstitious fondness. They regarded the clear fountains and beautiful streams on whose banks they had sported in childhood as objects of adoration, and the echoes of their mountains and dells were as grateful to them as angels' voices.

They never showed their grief in noisy demonstrations, nor by tears, but it could be seen with chilling effect in the lines of sadness which despair had engraven on the faces of nearly all of them. For a moment I regarded myself as a trespasser, as one of a gang of robbers, and in my effort to justify my position the spectre of Avarice arose upon my imagination. His ministers have been the principal actors in all our Indian dramas, and the thought of the endless jargon by which they seek to justify their plundering outrages oppressed me, and I found relief in slumber.

The warm weather and the healthy mountain air of the country had relieved him of his renal pains, and the general was in excellent spirits. Now and then he would allow himself to be vexed, and on one occasion, as I thought, without sufficient cause. A captain of artillery,

on duty with us, who was of New England birth and character, an accomplished officer and a good man, applied for a leave of absence to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill at the North. The general refused the leave, and wrote a letter to the applicant which appeared to me wantonly unjust and insulting. The officer in question had commented, like many others, upon the cruelty of the Government towards the Cherokees, and which it is possible he imputed to Southern politicians and land-grabbers. A reflection upon his native section, of any sort, would invariably irritate my chief, and in this instance he regarded it as an intolerable assumption of superior morality on the part of a New England man, and hence his severity.

He handed me the letter with instructions to have it copied and despatched immediately, but I contrived to leave it among unfinished business till I returned from an afternoon's ride. We went out as usual alone, and instead of talking of my own horse, Narses, as I often did, I admired his and his riding. I told him he reminded me of an equestrian likeness of Charles XII. of Sweden, which I had once seen, and that I did not believe that hardy king could have ridden longer without tiring. My chief being content with himself and me, I said, "General, don't you think the letter you wrote to Captain — was rather severe?" "You think so, do you?" was the abrupt reply he made, and we rode along in silence without another word. After getting in he called me and inquired if the letter had gone. I answered in the negative and gave it back to him. He read the letter over carefully, tore it into small pieces, and wrote another which was vastly less severe than the first, although he still refused the leave of absence. I never related this transaction to the officer, nor to any member of his

family, but I took the captain's part, because I thought it wrong that he should be lashed for having the habits of his birthplace.

The autobiographer, in concluding his notice of the removal of the Cherokee Indians, gives the names of twelve officers "who *well supported him* in the labor of necessity executed, it is felt, in mercy." My name is found among the twelve, but certain other names are omitted of officers who were active in the same service. At the head of the omitted names I should place those of Worth and Floyd. Of Worth, who was our chief of staff, I shall speak more at length further on. General Floyd commanded the Georgia Volunteers on duty with us. He was a characteristic type of Southern chivalry, at all times quick to resent insults, and ready to defend his rights. I found him in social intercourse one of the most amiable of men. I often rode out with him while we remained at New Echota, and it was pleasant to see his horsemanship, his erect carriage, and beautiful sabre. It was said he possessed an armory of weapons of various patterns and strange device, at his plantation in the low country. At the time I left my chief in July to go North, he and General Floyd appeared in perfect harmony, but something must have occurred afterwards to interrupt it. The roll of honor in the closing paragraph of the first volume of the autobiography, and its omission of the names of Worth and Floyd, produced in me a feeling of sincere regret. When I read it I felt a desire to close the book to go and visit the graves of those two knightly soldiers.

During my separation from General Scott consequent to my promotion to be Assistant Adjutant-General and assignment as chief of staff to General Gaines, I continued my correspondence with my former chief, who urged me repeatedly to return to him as aide de camp,

and I finally consented to do so. I sacrificed actual rank to gratify my desire to enjoy the society of New York and Washington, and to be, for a limited time, longer with my old commander. My last letter, which conveyed my decision to resume my position as aide de camp, enabled me to discover, at a later date, what subtlety is burrowed in the human heart.

In a well-studied sentence I conveyed the idea that one of the reasons for my determination was to *oblige* my General! I retained no copy of that letter, and to recall its wording now that my imagination has been withered in a long and varied experience of the world's chicanery, and after my once redundant diction has been constricted to the narrow measures of utility and vulgar commerce, would be impossible. My meaning was enveloped in a cloud of glozing words in which I endeavored to conceal the shadowy image of sacrifice on my part with a view to gratify my former benefactor. I was not certain that he would discover the microscopic thread I had shot into the woof of my epistle, but he did discover it, as I was informed several months afterwards by an associate aide de camp. Lieutenant, afterwards Colonel, Bradford R. Alden was my informant, and he was a favorite associate of mine in the staff, and one of the best men I have ever known. He possessed toward me a friendly candor like that of Melchior de la Bonda, who gave such good counsel to Master Gil Blas on his entry into the service of the Archbishop of Grenada.

Conversing one day about me, the general alluded to my letter, which he handed to Alden to read. He waved the paper up and down when he passed it over, as if to catch an uncertain reflection. "Examine that letter carefully," said he, "and you will discover that the young gentleman considers he is making a sacrifice by joining

my staff. The letter clearly bears that interpretation." Alden told me the general was offended, and he warned me to be on my guard. I followed my friend's advice, and preserved the secret which enabled me on more than one subsequent occasion to understand the general's conduct towards me, which otherwise would have been obscure. In a reasonably short time his irritation subsided, and my indiscretion was apparently forgotten.

When I rejoined my old chief in the winter of 1838-39 the agitations on the Canadian frontier had been renewed, and another excursion to the North, as far as Detroit, was the consequence. That was followed by a journey to Augusta, Maine, early in the spring of 1839. A dispute concerning the boundary line dividing the State of Maine and New Brunswick had grown so warm as to threaten war with England. It had no connection with the Canadian patriot disturbances, which had a fanatical origin, while this affair at the Northeast referred to the integrity of the national territory, and appealed to genuine patriotism. The President and his Cabinet, as well as Congress, apprehended war with Great Britain, which would only be avoided honorably by the most skilful negotiations. General Scott was selected to conduct those negotiations, and given full power and discretion. In conferring this delicate and important trust, Mr. Van Buren displayed in his manner not only an absolute confidence, but also a cordial friendship which I supposed my chief fully reciprocated. It was, therefore, with the extremest surprise that I read for the first time, and quite recently, in the book of the autobiographer, that his friendly relations with Mr. Van Buren had remained suspended until after the election of General Harrison to the Presidency in 1840. That confession is, therefore, a dis-

covery to me, and thus far it is the only one I have found in his history of himself. The reconciliation concurring with Harrison's election to the Presidency, an event which removed Mr. Van Buren from the field of competition, and consigned the most philosophic and graceful of all our chief magistrates to a life of contemplative retirement, makes it manifest that with Scott rivalry was the principal cause of the previous discord.

Never did General Scott display more signal ability and tact than in his negotiations to settle the Northeastern boundary. He, being a Whig, was obliged to conciliate the Democrats, then in power in Maine, and the British Lion's mane was bristling at the armed intrusion of the "Yankees" upon the Aroostook lands, which he regarded as his own. Fortunately, the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, General Sir John Harvey, was the English diplomat, and he and Scott had contracted an enduring friendship while fighting on opposite sides in the war of 1812. They both exerted themselves to calm excitement in Maine and New Brunswick, and they succeeded in having the soldiers withdrawn from the disputed territory, and the matter referred to their respective governments, and a final adjustment soon followed.

The general's uniform success on the Canadian frontiers and in Maine had new burnished his glories, and he was the happiest of men. On our return from Augusta, and during our delay of a week at Boston, he conversed frequently with the eloquent Unitarian preacher, William Ellery Channing, who was almost a dwarf in person, and very weak and sickly in appearance. I was struck with the strange contrast as they sat together, and with the unusual attention with which the giant warrior watched the lips of the puny moralist. The general was charmed with Dr. Channing, and after a two hours' conference with

him he declared to me that he fancied he had been conversing with a Grecian sage.

The man of arms appears also to have captivated the peaceful theologian, for in the succeeding autumn Dr. Channing wrote a lecture on *War*, in which he devoted two paragraphs "to the honor of the autobiographer's peace labors." The last paragraph concluded in the following words: "There is so much noble generosity of character about Scott, independent of his skill and bravery as a soldier, that his life has really been one of romantic beauty and interest!"

General Scott had long secretly cherished the hope that he would one day become President of the United States. His success as a pacificator of the troubles on the Canadian frontier, his admirable conduct in the removal of the Cherokee Indians, his diplomatic triumph in the settlement of the Northeastern boundary, all tended to satisfy him that he had won the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and that in consideration of his great military services, his ability and patriotism, they would cheerfully bestow upon him the highest distinction in their power.

The Whig convention which met at Harrisburg in the year 1839 discussed the names of three candidates, Clay, Scott and Harrison. Scott watched its proceedings with the eagerness of a falcon, and his disappointment at not being nominated was correspondingly intense.

It was a signal good fortune to Scott that he was left out and enabled subsequently to pursue his military career in Mexico, and to enjoy in his old age the affluence which his country cheerfully bestowed for his great services, instead of penury, which must certainly have fallen to his lot as ex-President.

It was different with Mr. Clay, whose failure deserves a tear from every one who can sympathize with the disappointment of the most attractive orator, statesman, and patriot that is known to our history. When I first heard Mr. Clay speak he was old, and his person and voice betrayed the havoc of time. Enough remained, however, to testify to the wonderful endowments of his prime. His son Henry was three years in the Military Academy with me, and we belonged to the same debating society. His fresh voice reminded aged persons of his father's, though they declared it far less sweet and powerful, and he had neither the genius nor the commanding presence of his sire; nevertheless, when the young man spoke I always wished him to continue, for his intonation never tired. When the matchless voice of the great statesman, Henry Clay, was silenced by death, the grief of his surviving friends was like the unwordable sorrow that oppresses the heart when memory turns back to recall the joys that can return no more.

Before presenting my own opinion of General Scott as a politician, I will give that of President Lincoln, as I received it in 1861.

I was sent by my chief to the President with a message that referred to a military subject and led to a discussion. Finding Mr. Lincoln's observations were beginning to tangle my arguments, I said: "That is the opinion of General Scott, and you know, Mr. President, that he is a very able military man." "Well," said the President, "if he is as able a military man as he is unable as a politician, I give up." This was said with an expression of the eye, which he turned on me, that was peculiar to him, and which signified a great deal. The astounding force of Mr. Lincoln's observation was not at all diminished by the fact that I had long suspected that my chief

lacked something which is necessary to make a successful politician.

In some respects General Scott resembled that class of people whom the great Napoleon designated as *ideal-ologists*, by which he referred to all such men and women who derived their convictions from reverie, cogitation, or meditation without regard to facts or experience. Napoleon's designation also embraced, or implied, all men and women who regard human nature as perfectable by simple indulgent treatment, by persuasion, and chiefly by cramming with book-learning, without inculcating respect, discipline, and love of manual labor with it; and also all such as think it just to tax the industrious, provident, and self-denying, out of all their earnings to support and give place to those who have the misfortune to be idle, drunken, debauched, and shiftless, and those who make constant excuses for and pay court to assassins, thieves, and murderers. It was only the first branch of Napoleon's definition that had the least application to General Scott, and with none of the others had he the slightest affinity.

The political ideas which he entertained seemed to be in some respects nourished by sources within himself, and he never came near enough to the lower strata of voters to be able to sympathize with their affections and motives. Mr. Lincoln and General Jackson, the two Presidents who differed the most essentially in disposition, each found his way to the hearts of the people, but by different roads. General Jackson had neither pardon nor pity for his enemies, and Mr. Lincoln loved *all* mankind. General Scott was between the two, and hated only his rivals and those who belittled him, while his love for the balance of his fellow-beings was far greater than he had credit for. When he undertook to please the

people he offered them toys, which they rejected. In his stump speeches his jokes and arguments were not recognizable by his audiences, consequently he lost votes and was stifled in his own effusions.

As a statesman, especially in that department of statesmanship which exerts itself to uphold the dignity of a nation in its internal and external relations, General Scott was better fitted. Neither the exercise of official vigilance and power nor the complexity of negotiations ever fatigued him, nor was his watchfulness ever at fault. In discussing international questions with the representatives of foreign powers, and especially in defining the terms of settlement of the Northeastern boundary with Sir John Harvey, and Sir John Caldwell, his deputy, Scott displayed an amount of information and *finesse* as a diplomatist which was surprising. He also exhibited high-bred courtesy in his discussions, which were in marked contrast with his dogmatic impatience on some other occasions.

In order to define General Scott's merits as a patriot it is not enough to say that he was passionately devoted to his country and to the Union of the States, and that he was willing to bestow his talents and to sacrifice his life to render that country glorious, but we must pry into the secrets of his heart and try and ascertain the kind of government he thought the best. It was during the year 1847 or 1848, in a conversation he had, in my presence, with a confidential friend since deceased, upon the subject of universal suffrage, that I heard the following remark from General Scott: "I was," said he, "recently discussing this same subject of universal suffrage and a democratic republic, with a highly distinguished Northern personage, who surprised me by saying that a man who was not a Republican up to thirty years of age was a rascal, but if after thirty he was a Republican he

was a fool." Many circumstances and casual observations on other occasions convinced me that General Scott was not by any means in favor of making the suffrage absolutely equal and universal as it is with us now. It is proper that I should add, however, that on no occasion did I ever hear him say or do anything that tended in the slightest degree to raise the suspicion that he was in favor of a monarchical government for the United States. On the contrary, I am certain he was not in favor of such a form for his own country. Nevertheless, he was entirely indifferent to the choice of governments adopted in other parts of the world.

At another time, when he was canvassing for the Presidency, it appeared that he was called on to explain a remark which had been imputed to him that savored of Know-Nothingism. I was not present when the enquiring politician asked for an explanation, but the general himself afterwards enlightened me. He told me he was at one time in Philadelphia during a riot raised by foreigners, a majority of whom were Irish. Shocked by the brutal insolence of the rioters, while walking with a friend, he exclaimed: "It would be better if the native-born citizens would find some means to repress this kind of turbulence, etc., etc." Although I never heard him avow more distinct Know-Nothing sentiments, yet I never heard him utter a word to indicate that he was willing our fair land should become, or should continue to be, "the refuge of the oppressed of all nations." Such a fanatical euphemism as that would not befit the manly lips of a true patriot like General Winfield Scott. All right minded Americans would gladly make that sickening apothegm obsolete, and no longer consent to have our country used as a cesspool and spitbox for the whole earth.

There is another strong negative proof that General

Scott desired that Americans should rule America. It is the attitude that he maintained in regard to the hordes of itinerant patriots, ambulatory philanthropists, and blatant disturbers of the world's peace, that from time to time wing their flight from other lands and settle like unclean fowls upon our shores, or who exhaust their howling at home. I never heard from him a word of approval of, or interest in, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Blanqui, Victor Hugo, the German Lasalle, nor any one of the innumerable, never-ending chronic flood of Irish patriots and agitators. He had no liking for those native-born Americans whose rarefied intellects and feeble reasoning powers led them to sympathize with the strange creatures I have just referred to, nor was he in unison with the so-called "reformers" of any country. In nine cases in ten a "reformer" is a conceited individual, destitute of experience, who, when he thinks his follies are not sufficiently appreciated, strives to introduce a new order of things, and to make himself notorious. Genuine reformers are, as a rule, men of rare ability, who are seemingly unconscious of their powers. They labor unostentatiously to achieve their aims, and when their beneficent work is accomplished, they often live and die in obscurity.

The most difficult task yet undertaken by man has been to frame a government under which every man shall have an equal vote. The demands of the populace and the concessions of their leaders soon fritter away and destroy all that is respectable, noble, just, or prudent, and then, after a period of spoliation and anarchy, the country passes to the domination of a tyrant. Such has been the fate of all democratic republics hitherto known, and such is destined to be the fate of ours, unless corruption can be stayed and the best native-born citizens advanced to its controlling offices.

In the year 1846, the war with Mexico commenced. It is foreign to my purpose to repeat the arguments for and against the invasion of that country, it being certain that it originated with the slaveholders, who designed thereby to extend the area of their favorite institution.

That war produced two successful candidates for the Presidency, Taylor and Pierce, and it awakened the aspirations of General Scott and several others for the same office. It irritated and disappointed many men who had assisted in the field, as well as a still greater number who had opposed it. I was not a partisan on either side, and when my application to be relieved from duty at the Military Academy and ordered to join my regiment was conditionally denied, I felt no regret. It would have been quite different if I had foreseen that we should acquire at the peace which succeeded the glorious State of California.

In treating of General Scott's connection with the Mexican war I am entering upon the most difficult task I have yet encountered in my reminiscences of the time. He forgets that he had been allowed to gather rich harvests of fame under the Democratic administration of Mr. Van Buren, and that now the same party, to which he was loudly opposed, was holding out to him the opportunity to win new laurels in a foreign field. Before drawing his sword, with fangs out he swoops upon the President, who was his commander, swashes him in his ink-pot, and then holds him up thus:

"Mr. Tyler, like many of his successors, was weaker in office than Mr. Polk, whose little strength lay in the most odious elements of the human character—cunning and hypocrisy. It is true that these qualities when discovered become positive weaknesses, but they often triumph

over wisdom and virtue before discovery. It may be added that a man of meaner presence is not often seen. He was, however, virtually the nominee of General Jackson."

This bolt was aimed at three heads, every one of which he hated. The autobiographer next proceeds to discuss General Taylor and his staff officer, Bliss, who was assigned by Scott "to compliment the qualities and supply the defects of his chief." He magnifies the prejudices of Taylor, scales his virtues, and clearly proves a strange discordancy between Old Zack's barbecue speech while he was being feasted after the war, and his dispatches and letters which preceded the battle of Buena Vista. Finally he salutes the "*neophyte statesman*," as he calls Taylor, at the edge of the grave, with the following mixed compliment:

"He had no vice but prejudice, many friends, and left behind him not an enemy in the world, not even the autobiographer, whom in the blindness of his great weakness he, after being named for the Presidency, had seriously wronged."

Bliss he praises without stint or qualification, and deservedly, since the army did not contain a more amiable, gifted, and accomplished gentleman. Bliss was cut down by death before he had reached the meridian of his days.

Prior to his leaving Washington, and after it had been decided to order him to Mexico, General Scott was treated by Mr. Polk with a cordiality that won his esteem. His warrant of command from Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, was an elegant document, brimful of confidence, and the general went on his way content. But at the moment he was about to embark at New Orleans he was told by Mr. Hodge that President Polk had asked for the grade of Lieutenant-General, which was to be given to Senator Benton, who was to be placed over

Scott. The latter discredited the report, which, when it was proved to be true, drew from him the following blast :

“A grosser abuse of human confidence is nowhere recorded.”

Whether it was Mr. Polk or the Democratic party that suggested Colonel Benton as the head of the army in Mexico is uncertain, but the announcement surprised almost everybody, and will, I trust, excuse a more extended description of the recipient of such an honor than I have already given.

The first time I saw Colonel Benton was the first time I ever entered the Chamber of the United States Senate, in the spring of 1838, and I have no hesitation in asserting that the Senate was then more distinguished by the talents, personal appearance, and dignity of its members than it has ever been since. There were five among them, every one of whom was the equal, and several of whom were the superiors, of any Senator who has succeeded them. Those five were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and Silas Wright. Even if those five had been withdrawn and the remainder increased in numbers by average men to the present complement, that Senate would have been the equal of any one during the last twenty years, for it would still have possessed John Davis of Massachusetts, J. C. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, Mr. Bayard of Delaware, and Felix Grundy of Tennessee, and other able men. Of the first five named, Webster and Benton were the greatest, made so by native talents and profound study; next came Silas Wright, for judgment and common sense; then followed Clay with his brightness, vast observation, oratory and gallant bearing, and finally lurking there was John C. Calhoun with his abstractions and cavernous research. Miss Martineau said Calhoun looked

like a man who had never been young. To me he looked like a priest that ministered at hidden altars, and as one who practises mysterious rites. He was of no sort of benefit to the world.

Although Mr. Webster, in appearance and reasoning powers, was the Hercules of the Senate, and although in the opinion of Hall McAllister he was the only man in the country able at all times, and on all subjects, to make a sensible impromptu speech, he had one disadvantage as a leader when compared with Senator Benton. Huge and solemn as were his eyeballs, vast and capacious as was his skull, massive as were his shoulders, and sonorous as was his voice, there was yet occasionally something deprecating in his manners and apologetic in his discourse. These deficiencies for championship were due to the influence of Puritanism, which had done its work upon him in his youth.

Puritan public opinion is the most inexorable force that has been generated by the community of men. It forbids its subjects to learn the arts of command, which are regarded as the attributes of tyrants, it permeates and subdues to its behests the most stubborn dispositions, and it had chiselled its hard lines ineffacably upon the character of Daniel Webster. It had infused into his nature a vague sense of fear and accountability that sometimes made him timid when there was no danger, and weakened the force of his blow lest he should too much bruise the offender. It was impossible that such a man should become a successful political leader; and relying upon the gratitude of the Republic to reward his great services rendered, missing the Presidency, and shocked by the ingratitude and want of appreciation of his fellow-citizens, he pined to death, instead of raging to death, which would have been more heroic.

What would have been the renown of Mr. Webster if his nurture had been chivalric, can only be conjectured, but, in my opinion, it would have been like a legend to link himself with our history, to descend through innumerable generations.

Mr. Benton, though inferior in mental depth to Mr. Webster, had been fashioned in his boyhood in a less rigid school of morals. His native dominating qualities had been developed and expanded to their utmost, and consequently there was a repose and assurance in his manners which nothing could disturb. His healthy, erect, and commanding person seemed a fitting socket for his resolute will. Whenever I visited the Senate Chamber my eyes were often fixed on him, and if, when leaving, a friend had called out to say, "Senator Benton is rising to speak," I should have returned to hear him against a greater urgency of business than for any other speaker. Time, which has verified the wisdom of his policy, has also justified the admiration I felt for the august Missourian patriot and statesman.

I might relate several anecdotes of Mr. Benton, but one must suffice. In New York I had been accustomed to a paper currency and thought it the best. In California I changed my views and became a convert to Mr. Benton's hard-money doctrines. Being about to return East after a long sojourn in San Francisco, Mr. Page, the head of the banking firm of Page & Bacon, requested me to see Mr. Benton and tell him how admirably his theory was working in practice. I accordingly made my way to his house in Washington, and found the Senator alone in a room writing on a table without a cover. The walls were bare and the furniture of the plainest description. The apartment, however, contained a man who was insensible to moral and physical fear, and he inte-

rested me more than would all the beautiful objects ever designed by Benvenuto Cellini, or gathered together by the Baron Davillier. My reception, though it was stately, did not prevent me from broaching the subject of my visit with a flippancy which would have offended the great personage if it had not been in such a flattering strain as would have mollified the traits of a behemoth. I described the joyousness of old Mr. Page in his bank with heaps of gold in sight, watching the business of a mart where paper money was excluded and short credits exacted. I told him of my own conversion from having been such a young devotee to paper and long credits, that when I read of his and General Jackson's war on the United States Bank, and the bills of all banks, I should have been glad to see both their heads chopped off! I told him how I had sworn in my own heart never to take another bank-note, and that the thought of one, reeking and enshrouded with the sweat and filth of the many begrimed hands through which it had passed, disgusted me. Then I went on to confess how, after an absence of nearly four years, I landed in New York, hired a hack for two dollars to carry me home, and how finally the hackman, being without coin, took my five-dollar gold piece and returned to me a three-dollar note, which I received!

At this point Old Bullion's countenance underwent a sudden change, and with an air and voice that would have suited a Caliph of Bagdad he rebuked me. "Young man," said he, "you were wrong to take the three-dollar note—you had no right to barter your principles. The paper you received was probably without intrinsic value. Such notes pass from hand to hand like other counters of gamblers, and are not intended to be redeemed. They enrich knaves, sir, and rob the industrious. Better return

to your California teachings." A little more in the same strain, and I left, feeling as though I had been tossed by a bull.

If the stupendous individuality I have described had been commissioned as lieutenant-general, a rank then unknown to our service, and sent to place himself at the head of the army in Mexico, and give orders to such battle-scarred veterans as Scott, Wool, Taylor, and Worth, it would have been a shocking injustice. Fortunately for them the plan failed, and Mr. Benton was left to pursue his civil career and to write his "Thirty Years in the Senate."

The autobiographer's twenty-eighth chapter opens with an exposition of ill-temper, which it would have been better for the fame of his book if he had omitted. His spite, though not wholly without cause, is so condensed and sweeping, and so replete with injustice towards certain men whose names I respect, that I make no excuse for reproducing it in his own words as follows:

"Successful as was every prediction, plan, siege, battle, and skirmish of mine in the Mexican war, I have here paused many weeks to overcome the repugnance I feel to an entrance on the narrative of the campaign it was my fortune—I had almost said *misfortune*—to conduct with half means, beginning at Vera Cruz, March 9, and terminating in the capital of the country, September 14, 1847, six months and five days. This feeling is occasioned by the lively recollection of: 1. The perfidy of Mr. Polk; 2. The senseless and ungrateful clamor of Taylor, which, like his other prejudices, abode with him to the end; 3. The machinations of an ex aide-de-camp, who owed his public *status* mainly to my helping hand; a vain man of weak principles, and most inordinate ambition. The change commenced on hearing that I had fallen under the ban at

Washington ; 4. The machinations of a Tennessee major-general, the special friend and partisan of Mr. Polk, an anomaly—without the least malignity in his nature—amiable, and possessed of some acuteness, but the only person I have ever known who was wholly indifferent in the choice between truth and falsehood, honesty and dishonesty ;—ever as ready to attain an end by the one as the other, and habitually boastful of acts of cleverness at the total sacrifice of moral character. Procuring the nomination of Mr. Polk for the Presidency, he justly considered his greatest triumph in that way. These conspirators—for they were soon coalesced, were joined by like characters—the first in time and malignity, a smart captain of artillery, whom they got breveted, on brevet, more for the smoke of his guns than their shots, and to whom Mr. Polk, near the end of his term, gave the substantial reward of colonel and inspector-general, an office that happened to fall vacant just then. ‘The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib.’ And alas, poor human nature ! Even the brave Colonel Riley, the hero of Contreras (for which he was made brigadier afterwards), got the brevet of major-general, and the command in California, by yielding to some weakness (see his testimony in the *Pillow* investigation). These appointments proved an estate to Riley. The certainty of such fat benefits freely promised by the conspiracy called into activity the sordid passions of other bribeworthy officers. Hence the party of MISCREANTS became quite respectable in numbers after the conquest. Those were not the only disgusts. The master outrage soon followed.

“The offences of the two anonymous generals becoming a little too *prononcé*, I arrested them both, and asked that a court might be ordered for their trial. A court was ordered, I was relieved in the command, and the wronged

and the wrong-doers, with stern impartiality, placed before the tribunal!! If I had lost the campaign it would have been difficult to heap upon me greater vexations and mortifications."

In that portion of my reminiscences of General Scott which were written before I had read the autobiography, the reader will have observed my remark, that in matters of rivalry my chief would instantly go out of his own skin into that of an angry porcupine with every quill standing fiercely on end. The foregoing extracts make it evident that the fretful porcupine does not serve for a proper simile, and another beast of a less discriminating and more volting ferocity must be substituted. Nothing I ever saw in General Scott's conduct, or heard in his discourse, disclosed such a degree of rancor and selfishness as he himself has published to the world, and I am unwilling to admit that he has reported himself correctly. His arrest before his subordinates had been tried was an act of stupid cruelty to a successful commander, and the memory of that and many other vexations soured his mind to such a degree as to cloud his judgment, and lead him to denounce several of our most meritorious officers as "*miscreants, sordid and bribeworthy.*"

A defence of the two Presidents, Polk and Taylor, by me would be superfluous, and in regard to the Tennessee major-general, Gideon J. Pillow, I never saw him, and never heard a man speak of him who was not his declared enemy; consequently I know nothing of General Pillow. The ex aide-de-camp referred to, General William J. Worth, I knew as intimately as I could know a man who was old enough to be my father. He was the commandant of the corps while I was a cadet, and it was he, above all other men, who impressed upon it the martial character it has since always borne. He was one of the autobio-

grapher's most energetic assistants during the Canadian patriot troubles, and in the removal of the Cherokees, where, by Scott's selection, he was chief of staff. Throughout a period of more than thirty years, and up to the commencement of the Mexican war, the two officers had been surprisingly intimate, for Worth's compliments to the general were always fulsome, and when the former returned from his command against the Seminole Indians in Florida, the latter received him with caressing fondness.

Many officers thought that Worth had more ability to inspire his soldiers than Scott himself. Alden told me he was at Palo Alto when Worth came in from a *reconnaissance* after sunset, and at his approach Alden fancied he "saw a son of Mars riding in darkness." The fables must be searched to find an officer with a more sparkling eye and a more gallant bearing, or one who was more prodigal of himself where the clang of arms was loudest. Yet when this magnificent officer discovered a passage around Lake Chalco and reported it to General Scott, he was met with a rebuke, and a declaration that the passage had already been discovered by another. Then it was that the virus of rivalry entered the heart of the autobiographer and wrought upon his sense as suddenly as the juice of the cursed hebenon curdled the blood of the Royal Dane.

The "smart captain of artillery, whom they (the conspirators), got breveted, on brevet, more for the smoke of his guns than their shots," was James Duncan. I knew him while we were two years together in the Military Academy, though not of the same class, and I knew him as an officer. His manners were quiet, and he was not especially popular with the cadets, among whom personal beauty is as much prized as among girls, and James was not handsome, but his perseverance and unswerving good conduct secured him respect. After

graduating he continued his devotion to duty and study till he was acknowledged by his brother officers to be one of the most accomplished artillerists in the service. In the valley of Mexico the good order of Duncan's Battery and the spirit and effect with which he handled it in battle were so remarkable that when he was made inspector-general his promotion was generally conceded to have been well earned. What Duncan's offence against General Scott was I am not aware, and no obligation towards my former chief requires me to search for it, when I consider his reckless and unjustifiable assault upon the characters of two such noble public servants as were my friends Worth and Duncan, who did most deserving service for their country and died prematurely at their posts of duty.

The siege of Vera Cruz was conducted with such skill and success as to allow no room for censure. Scott's plan to capture the city by regular approach, rather than by assault, avoiding the guns of the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, was approved by his chosen advisers, and its execution committed to the supervision of Colonel, afterwards General, Joseph G. Totten, chief engineer of the United States Army, and a man of extraordinary merit. The capitulation, which followed quickly on the 27th March, 1847, was an enormous advantage. The siege had not cost the lives of many of our people, but among the killed were Captains John R. Vinton and William Alburdis, upon whom the autobiographer bestows unusual compliments. Vinton was a first-class officer, and his death was a serious loss to the army. Nevertheless he had suffered many an official slight for being a Northern man, or I am not a competent witness in any case.

Notwithstanding the brilliant achievement at Vera Cruz, and the admirable conduct of the campaign that

succeeded, all of which the public had abundantly acknowledged, the autobiographer, after an interval of nearly fifteen years, proceeds in his notice of that siege to expose in strange relief the prevailing weakness of his character. "Although," he writes, "I know our countrymen will hardly acknowledge a victory unaccompanied by a long butcher's bill [report of killed and wounded], I am strongly inclined—policy concurring with humanity—to forego their loud applause and aves vehement, and take the city with the least possible loss of life. In this determination I know, as Dogberry says truly of himself, I write me down an ass."

The above is in the text, and one would suppose it the climax of ill-humor, but it is followed by a note which must be quoted entire to show with what labored ingenuity he has piled one folly upon another.

Behold the note!

"When the victory of Buena Vista reached Major-General Brooke, a noble old soldier commanding at New Orleans, and a friend of Major-General Taylor, he rushed with the report in hand through the streets to the exchange and threw the whole city into a frenzy of joy. By and by came the news that the Stars and Stripes waved over Vera Cruz and its castle, and Brooke, also a friend of mine, was again eager to spread the report. Somebody in the crowd early called out: 'How many men has Scott lost?' Brooke was delighted to reply: 'Less than a hundred!' 'That won't do,' was promptly rejoined. 'Taylor always loses thousands. He is the man for my money!' Only a few faint cheers were heard for Vera Cruz. The long butcher's bill was wanted. When I received friend Brooke's letter giving the details, I own that my poor human nature was *piqued* for a moment, and I said, 'Never mind, Taylor is a Louisianian. We

shall in due time hear the voice of the Middle, the Northern, and the Eastern States; they will estimate victories on different principles.' But I was mistaken. The keynote raised in New Orleans was taken up all over the land. Mortifications are profitable to sufferers, and I record mine to teach aspirants to fame to cultivate humility; for blessed is the man who expects little and can gracefully submit to less."

I doubt if General Scott's worst enemy could have alleged anything more disparaging to his nature than the above extracts from his own pen, and yet to me they count for little, since I know how much he was given to exaggerations when he was in an irritable state of mind, which was often. All men of all ages who have aspired to exclusive fame have been oppressed by the honors paid to rivals in the same line. Haman, when he saw Mordecai sitting in the king's gate, erected a gallows upon which he intended his rival should swing, but upon which he himself finally swung. Scott shows his freedom from hypocrisy when he confesses how much he was *piqued* by the "loud applause and aves vehement," paid to Taylor rather than to himself. But it is evident he would not have strangled "Old Zack" if he had had the power, since he makes his *pique* the subject of an admonition to humility.

It is not my purpose to attempt a history of the war with Mexico, but a few remarks upon it, I trust, will be excused.

The small armies with which General Scott forced his way to the City of Mexico and conquered it, and that with which General Taylor beat Santa Anna at Buena Vista, were as well officered as any that ever took the field in modern times, and were most ably commanded. Without such advantages it would have been impossible

for them to overcome the stupendous obstacles that opposed them. As an American I should have exulted in their prowess had I not been depressed with a feeling of degradation when I saw that all the chiefs in highest command, as well as all the heroes of minor exploits, were Southern men. When I read the history of that war, the names of Scott, Taylor, Twiggs, Harney, Quitman, Persifer F. Smith, W. O. Butler, Pillow, McIntosh, Garland, Lawson, Vandorne, Jefferson Davis, R. E. Lee, Beauregard, Ringgold, Humphrey Marshall, Bragg, Huger, G. W. Smith, and Andrews, are seen scattered thick and they are heard afar.

On the other hand the names of the Northern officers of equal merit, but without patronage, such as Wool, N. S. Clarke, Worth, Totten, Pierce, Cadwalader, Patterson, Hitchcock, Dimmick, De Hart, Sumner, Vinton, Burnett, Thom, Thomas W. Sherman, Kendrick, J. J. Stevens, Kirkham, Tower, Robert Allen, Grant, Reynolds, McClellan, and others, are seen but seldom, and when anecdotes are told of the various campaigns by the prattlers of both sections, the accredited hero is always a Southerner!

The reports of General Scott of the operations of his army before the City of Mexico place fully before the reader the difficulty of the situation. They also demonstrate the ability of its commander, the excellence of his assistants and their enterprising bravery, which is shown by an almost, if not entirely, unequalled proportionate loss in battles and sieges of commissioned officers. These reports also display an extraordinary spirit of fairness, and I confess to the pleasure I felt in reading them to find that the author had dismissed all his antipathies, and had labored to bestow praise where credit was due. He gives conspicuous prominence to the valor of Worth, and

enables us to see that martial figure in his desperate attack on Molendo del Rey, in the assaults upon Chapultepec and the gate of Cosme. In connection with the first exploit the general uses the significant words: "Major-General Worth, in whose commendations of the gallant officers and men—living and dead—I fully concur," etc. Of Major-General Pillow, who was up with the first attack on Chapultepec, he says: "That gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound." Many other officers and non-commissioned officers are complimented with a heartiness that leaves nothing to be desired.

Nevertheless in brooding for years over the events of the war, the autobiographer indulges in retrospective comments which not only show that he repented of his laudable impulses, but that he was willing to expose in full view the darkest caverns of his own soul. I had intended, in my reminiscences, to allow only such a faint glimpse of that cavern as was necessary to an understanding of certain instances of his conduct. If, however, my design had been vengeance, I should have shrunk from the use of such weapons as he has lavishly employed against himself, and of which the following note is an example:

"*Litera scripta manet.* In this edition of my reports of battles, etc., I, of course, expunge none of the praises therein bestowed upon certain divisions and brigade commanders, but as a caution to future generals-in-chief, I must say, I soon had abundant reason to know that I had, in haste, too confidently relied upon the partial statements of several of those commanders respecting their individual skill and the merits of a few of their favorite subordinates. I except from this remark Generals Quitman, Shields, P. F. Smith, N. S. Clarke, Riley and Cadwalader."

This simoom of a note was intended to nip the laurels of Generals Twiggs, Worth, W. O. Butler, Pillow, Pierce, and Cushing among the chiefs, and Duncan, Ripley, Hooker, and others, among the favorite subordinates. The observations I have made upon this writer, and upon several other old men, and old women, tend to the conclusion that wrath, envy, and discontent promote longevity.

Innumerable surprises, both real and imaginative, awaited the invaders of Mexico under Scott. They followed in the track of Cortez, like him to encounter hosts of enemies whose defence of their country was assisted by nature and strengthened by art. Volcanic eruptions had strewn the valley with jagged pedregal, rocky heights, deep chasms, lakes, and marshes, over which many bridges and causeways led to the city, which was protected by wet ditches, ramparts, gates, and towers. The bridges and causeways had been broken, and behind all these natural obstructions on the plain and in the forts, which crowned the heights, the enemy awaited with triple numbers the approach of our small band of heroes, every man of whom the Mexicans confidently expected to destroy.

The head of Scott's column came in sight of the capital and the vast surrounding valley of Mexico on the 10th of August, 1847, and it was then for the first time that the hostile standard of the United States could be seen fluttering in sight from the halls of the Montezumas. The gallant young cavalry officer, Alfred Gibbs, in a letter exhausted his admirable descriptive powers to give an idea of the unspeakable beauty and variety of the landscape, and the enthusiasm it produced in all ranks upon our army. That army knew without instruction that the task before it had but one condition—it was to conquer or to die!

But neither the activity nor the eloquence of Santa Anna were of any avail against the aggressive combinations of Scott, whose rare foresight had surprised his troops at every step and won their confidence. He appeared to divine every movement of the enemy as though he had been in their ranks, and he struck where his blow was least expected. After a series of assaults and battles following in quick succession at a terrible cost in blood, despair and confusion seized upon the Mexicans, and on the 14th September they surrendered their city.

The submission was quickly followed by the triumphal entry of the army into the capital, Scott riding at the head of the cavalry. The bands saluted his passage with all our patriotic strains, and the whole army filled the air with shouts of gladness and joy, in which many Mexicans joined. After so many dangers passed and battles won, it might be supposed that the surviving actors would be bound together by ties of lasting friendship, and that every vexation would be forgotten. But who has explored all the dark chambers of the human heart At the very time of the triumph the demon of jealousy was abroad, and its echoes had scarcely ceased when a terrible discord arose among the chiefs and their supporters, and hatreds were engendered which death could not end, since they survive in the succeeding generations. Who among the discordants was most guilty of destroying the peace I have no means of judging; and having sought to be impartial in my comments upon the merits of all, I may take leave of the Mexican War and of the glorious realm of the Aztecs.

CHAPTER X.

Reminiscences of events and characters from the time of my first service with Scott till I rejoined his staff as confidential Military Secretary.—My captaincy.—Farewell dinner from Scott.—Life in Washington.—Ordered to Florida.—W. T. Sherman.—Fort Lauderdale.—George H. Thomas.—Lieutenant Wyse, and other officers.—Service in Florida.—In New Orleans.—General Gaines.—Comparison of Scott and Gaines.—Ordered to Fort Moultrie.—The voyage.—Purchase of a slave.—The officers at Fort Moultrie.—Quarrel with Bragg.—Anecdotes of other officers.

ON the 30th day of November, 1841, Captain Schriver, Assistant Adjutant-General, came into my room in the War Office, and saluted me as Captain of the Third Regiment of Artillery. A superior officer had died the night before and I was promoted to be captain, and ceased to be the aide-de-camp of General Scott, as the law at that time required him to select his aides from the lieutenants of the army. I had served in his staff eight years, less a few months while I was an Assistant Adjutant-General in the general staff, and I was attached to my chief by ties of affection and gratitude.

In the following evening, before parting, he invited me to his room, where he had brought in a supper of canvas-back ducks, champagne, etc. Our good cheer was not more enlivening than was the remembrance of the past. I had always accepted his advice and instruction with spontaneous docility. I was in the morning of life, and in me no element or blossom of youth had been staled by excesses nor saddened by treachery and disappointment. In that glorious time a thousand things

could make me joyous, and when at three o'clock in the morning the general took me by the hand to bid me farewell, his unspeakably expressive eye beamed on me like a heavenly messenger—and thus I took leave of my benefactor to brave the storms of my future life.

My orders were to join my company in Florida, and after one day with my family, then temporarily sojourning in Elizabeth, I sailed for that Indian-infested prison house of the army. My life in Washington had been one of luxurious enjoyment, with a show of work that made me feel respectable. I had all the diversions my nature craved—dancing, dinners, and music, and a wide acquaintance with men and women of the choicest society.

To show the strong contrast to which officers of the army are subject, I will give my experience in the six weeks succeeding my departure from Washington. Within ten days I was put on shore at Fort Lauderdale, on the Atlantic coast, near the southern extremity of Florida.

On the way down from St. Augustine the steamer called to deliver supplies for a fort, at which Lieutenant (now General) William T. Sherman was stationed. His post was several miles inland, but he came down and brought two fat turtles and some fine oysters as a present for our captain. I had not met Sherman before, though we belonged to the same regiment. At that time he was thin and spare, but healthy, cheerful, loquacious, active, and communicative to an extraordinary degree. Further on I shall have more to say of this officer. He gave me a good idea of the country, and described the difficulties of campaigning in the swamps and jungles, where the Seminole Indians had so long evaded pursuit. I passed on, and was soon enabled to verify all he had told me.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when I went on shore at Fort Lauderdale, if that could be called a

fort which consisted of a cluster of cane-built huts and a few Indian wigwams. I was shown my quarters, or a thatched hut of one room. The floor was of unplanned boards laid on the sand. There was nothing in the room but an old champagne basket which stood in a corner. On lifting the lid of the basket I saw many hundreds of enormous cockroaches resting in a clump of wet straw. My entire baggage consisted in the contents of a moderate-sized trunk, two blankets, an air pillow, and my sword—with these I commenced housekeeping.

Being called to breakfast, I went into another thatched hut, and sat down on a block of wood at a table composed of two unplanned planks which rested upon stakes driven into the sand. A complement of tin plates, pewter spoons, rusty knives, and two-pronged forks, constituted the table setting. The breakfast was brought in, and it consisted in muddy coffee, without milk, brown sugar, hard bread, tough buckwheat cakes, and semi-fluid rancid butter, held in a cracked teacup. The murky heat of the morning had taken away my appetite, and when I viewed the food before me, I groaned and thought of the rich soups and juicy meats on which I had fed in Washington.

Colonel (then Major) Thomas Childs was in command, and he allowed me two days to arrange myself before going on duty. I strolled about the post the first day, talked with the few officers remaining in the garrison, and visited the lodges of some sixty Seminole Indians who had voluntarily surrendered. Among them were two young chiefs and three girls that seemed to me to be more elegantly shaped and graceful in motion than any human beings I had ever seen. When I entered the wigwam they all stood up, and to the few questions I put them, through an interpreter, they returned answers with an ease and

politeness which could scarcely be excelled. The old negro interpreter told me that these savages before they surrendered had never seen a white man. After an interview with a party of wild Indian chiefs like these, Lafayette declared that their deportment was as polished as that of the old nobility of France.

My first dinner at Fort Lauderdale differed from my first breakfast by the substitution of bean soup and salt pork for buckwheat cakes, and commissary whiskey for muddy coffee. I was cautioned against plain river water, which was full of danger, but I took it only because it was less nauseous than the whiskey. After dinner I retired to my hut, blew up my air pillow, and lay down on my blankets to muse on my change of condition and to sleep if I could.

On the east lay the ocean, and it was pleasant to hear the splash of the waves, not more than two hundred feet from me. On the west, at an equal distance, ran a small stream called the Indian River. Beyond the river an almost impenetrable jungle of tropical growth spread out. It was the abode of serpents, alligators, frogs, foxes, owls, wildcats, and other noisy creatures, whose moans, yelps, and hootings joined with the hum and buzz of the innumerable winged and sharded insects that filled the whole surrounding atmosphere. There was no cessation nor interlude in the horrid though varied concert. The hum of mosquitoes was continuous, the barking of foxes and hooting of owls was nearly so, while the piercing scream and hoarse croak of birds of the night, hitherto unknown to me, were interjected at short intervals to make the hellish fugue complete. The strange noises were not wholly disagreeable, but the army of fleas that invaded my couch kept me awake, and I thought of happier times.

Two days after my arrival at Fort Lauderdale a scout-

ing party returned in canoes from the interior. On going to the landing, I saw stepping on shore from a boat a young lieutenant whose name was George H. Thomas. He was afterward Major-General, and he died at San Francisco on the 28th of March, 1870, while in command of the Department of the Pacific. As he served nearly two years under me as my subaltern, I will describe him according to the impression he left upon me after a long and varied intimacy.

At the time above referred to Thomas was twenty-six years old. His height was exactly six feet, his form perfectly symmetrical, inclining to plumpness; his complexion was blonde, eyes deep blue and large. The shape and carriage of his head and the expression of his handsome face corresponded with my idea of a patrician of ancient Rome. He was a Virginian by birth, and at the time he entered the Military Academy he was twenty years of age, or four years beyond the average of cadets at the time of admission.

Of all the hundreds of Southern men with whom I have been intimate, he and Robert E. Lee were the fairest in their judgment of Northern men. In this conclusion I make no exception.

Thomas possessed an even temperament, and was never violently demonstrative. He was equally calm when he went in and when he came out of the battle. He was seldom much in advance of the appointed time in his arrival at the post of duty, and I never knew him to be late, or to appear impatient or in a hurry. All his movements were deliberate, and his self-possession was supreme, without being arrogant, and he received and gave orders with equal serenity. From the first we were companions, and my confidence in him was at once complete. He did his duty and kept all his appointments

precisely, and a long acquaintance with him invariably led to respect and affection. His deportment was dignified, and in the presence of strangers and casual acquaintances he was reserved. Nevertheless he was social, and he possessed a subtle humor always ready to show itself in similes and illustrations of character which I could exemplify by numerous anecdotes if I were writing his history. He was an accomplished officer, and although his turn of mind inclined him more to science than literature, his reading was extensive and varied. The qualities which exalted him most above his fellows were judgment, impartiality, and integrity, in all which he had few equals and in the last no superior. After the Rebellion, when he arrived in San Francisco to assume command of the Division of the Pacific, I met him, and was shocked to observe the effect which war and change of climate had wrought in his countenance. White lines bordered his lips and his eyes had lost their wonted fires; and although a mortal malady had entrenched itself in his vitals, he made no complaint, but applied himself with his customary strictness to duty. He was at my house to attend the wedding of my daughter Caroline, and in my conversation with him on that occasion I said: "Thomas, I notice no change in our social relations now, and when in Florida, New Orleans, and Charleston I used to order you to go and drill the company." "There is none, and why should there be?" Three days after that conversation I saw him in his coffin, and such was the noble repose of his face that I might have supposed he was asleep.

There is a moral in the life and services of General George H. Thomas which merits consideration. He was strictly conscientious, he loved Virginia, which was his birthplace, and the bias of his affections was towards the South. He was also warmly attached to the Union, and

he espoused its cause in the War of the Rebellion. His wife was a noble Northern woman, and his deference for her was great; and it is my opinion that it was her influence, more than any other consideration, that determined him to cast his fortunes with us. Had he followed his own inclinations, he would have joined the Confederates, and fought against the North with the same ability and valor that he displayed in our cause. His part once chosen, he stood like a tower for the North, and he has been rewarded with a monument and a lasting fame.

Yet this great man's crowning success may be said to have been accidental. Not long before the battle of Nashville, which gave permanence to his renown, he was accused of dilatoriness and inefficiency. The disadvantageous reports were credited, and General-in-Chief of the army Halleck issued an order, and had it printed, relieving Thomas and directing General Schofield to assume command of his army. For some reason unknown to me the order was not sent, and Thomas fought his battle, which was successful. If the order had been carried into effect, Schofield might have gained the victory, but the name of Thomas and all his merits would have vanished at once in oblivion. I delight to dwell on the memory of my departed friend, and will give specimens of his humor, which made him so pleasant as a companion.

At the time of my arrival at Fort Lauderdale I had been long absent from my regiment, and had never served with it except as a file-closer, consequently I came at once to the command of a company with all the ignorance of a novice. My first lieutenant, Wyse, was a good soldier, but he had the habit of praising his own military character, with which he was content. He was a great talker and excessively dogmatic in his opinions. At a later date, in New Orleans, he came in from the opera, in

the middle of the night, and declared to me that the American people knew nothing about music! Thomas, who appreciated my situation and knew the character of my first lieutenant, who had charge of the company before my arrival, told me that if I asked Wyse to teach me anything about my duty he would always boast of having been obliged to instruct me. Taking the hint, with pen in hand I went through every law, regulation, order, and document relating to the command of a company of artillery, and at the end of a week I required no teaching from Mr. Wyse.

At another time I required something from the Quartermaster, Lieutenant Schover. I told Thomas that I had been three times to his office, which was a tent, and had not found him. "You will not find him in his tent," said Thomas, "but if you place yourself near the trail that passes between those two palmetto trees (the tops of which we could see from where we sat) he will pass you within twenty minutes." I went immediately to the place indicated, and sure enough Schover came along at the end of ten minutes!

He told me also how to find another officer, who chewed tobacco and spat incessantly. We were at a Southern post in summer. The officer in question would sit reading and spitting; by turning his head to the right he could spit in the fireplace, and to the left out of the window — each being several yards from his chair. "Now," said Thomas, "you may come in at the window and follow up the line of tobacco juice on the floor, or you may descend the chimney and trace from that, and at the intersection of the two lines you will discover B——."

My experience in Florida was short, but it sufficed to show me why the war lasted so long, and why so many

distinguished officers failed in its conduct. The thickets in which the Indians could conceal themselves were almost impenetrable to our soldiers. They could subsist on shellfish, roots, and berries, and do without fires, the smoke of which would have betrayed them. In all the battles and skirmishes, it is probable that five times as many of our officers and men were killed as of the enemy. A friend of mine who was in the battle of Ochechobee, in which several of our officers were slain, and which lasted a whole day, told me he did not see an Indian, and that very few of our people saw one, so skilfully were they able to hide themselves.

The Florida war commenced on the 24th day of December, 1835, at which date Major Dade's whole command of 102 were massacred, with the exception of one man, near Tampa Bay. It ended in about twelve years—not by our success in conflicts, but by the treason of the Indians themselves, and by the act of General Jessup, who prevailed on Osceola and about 80 of his braves to come in under a flag of truce and treat for peace. The terms submitted were not accepted by the red men, and Jessup detained the whole party as prisoners of war. Osceola was a splendid chief, but he could not bear captivity, and at the end of a few months he died of a broken heart.

Fortunately for me, the term of service of my company in Florida expired in January, 1842, and I was ordered to New Orleans, *via* Tampa Bay.

General Worth, who was in command, had his headquarters at that place, and he received me with the utmost cordiality. I was at death's door from the effect of drinking the water of the everglades without whiskey. The volunteer doctor who had attended me declared that I could not recover, and if I had continued the remedies he prescribed his prophecy would have been verified. The

chief of the medical staff at headquarters was Surgeon Harney, brother to the famous General William Harney. He saw me, and compounded a potion which I took in the evening during a lucid interval (for I was half the time out of my head with the delirium of fever), and the next morning I was well. I sailed with my company for New Orleans, and assumed command of the barracks below that city early in February, 1842.

Major-General Edmund Pendleton Gaines was in command of the Western Department, with headquarters in the city of New Orleans. When I called to pay my respects to him, he surprised me by a cordial greeting, which was the reverse of what I had anticipated. He went so far as to offer to take me on an extensive tour of inspection with him, which I was obliged to decline. Between him and my former chief, Scott, there was a feud as fierce as ever raged between military commanders.

Three years previous, while I was aide to the latter, I was promoted to the rank of captain and assistant adjutant-general, and ordered to report to General Gaines at St. Louis as chief of his military staff. He refused to receive me, and declared that he would as soon take a wife at the dictation of other men as to take his chief of staff. He had no confidence in my former friends, nor in the men who had sent me to him. We had three interviews. The first was short and angry on his part, although he declared that he had heard nothing objectionable to me. He intended to have Captain McCall for his chief of staff, or he would get along with his present assistants. Our two following interviews were friendly, and lasted over an hour each. Half the time was devoted to the explanation of a system of railroads which he had devised, and the plan of which he showed me. He had traced nearly all the trunk lines, as they now exist, east of the Missis-

issippi and many on the west of that river. His system was distinguished by more roads terminating at Memphis, Tennessee, than at St. Louis and Chicago together. The other half the time was mostly spent in abusing my former chief. As I had never heard the name of Gaines mentioned in the presence of Scott that it did not provoke an expression of contempt, I was willing to listen to what the accused could say.

The scorn on both sides appeared about equal, but Scott vastly excelled in sententious vilification—such as “Gaines is only fit to be a dry nurse in a lying-in hospital.” “Superannuated old martinet.” “Imbecile commander,” etc., etc. Referring to Gaines’s efforts to appear learned in the French language, he told me he once observed him wrestling with the phrase, “Je ne sais quoi,” and he thought he was describing a “Genesee squaw.”

Gaines’s manner of speaking of his enemy was earnest and solemn. He belittled him as much as he could, and said Scott’s character was chiefly composed of puerilities, and that he was a vain pretender. There was a lurid air of satisfaction in the old gentleman’s face when he said, “In our quarrel about rank, I established the superiority of mine, and had my name placed above that of Scott on the Army Register.”

My opinion of General Gaines was necessarily confused before we met. After seeing and hearing him, I concluded that he was equally as vain as General Scott, but that his vanity displayed itself in a different way. He boasted continually of his abstemiousness and hardihood, that he never used an umbrella, that when he was ailing he cured himself without the aid of drugs, that he could tire young men in walking, etc., etc. His habits were apparent in his looks. He was tall, thin, and his face

was covered with fine wrinkles. His eye was sparkling and clear, and his hair, which was snow-white, stood so thick that his scalp could nowhere be seen. His whole appearance was strikingly similar to that of many old Frenchmen of high rank that I have since seen, and his manners had an equal polish.

These two men were good citizens and excellent officers, but their rivalry had been a source of worry to both during forty years. Notwithstanding I had so often witnessed their sweltered venom and contumelious aspersions, they never influenced my judgment of the merits of either. The same ebullitions are invariably disclosed by intimacy with men who contend for the same prize, and they affect me no more than the steam that rises from a heated cauldron.

As I had formed pleasant social relations in New Orleans, it was with regret that I received orders, in the month of June, to transfer my company by sea to Fort Moultrie, Charleston Harbor. We sailed the 1st of July, and, after lying becalmed 16 days in the Gulf of Mexico, we landed the 26th in Charleston and proceeded to Sullivan's Island. The heat was so oppressive on the voyage that we kept in our berths or in the cabin during the day, and walked the deck at night. One morning at about two o'clock, while I was in the fore part of the ship looking out, I fancied I saw a mountain ahead. I found the mate, and told him I had seen something which might be land. He jumped forward and shrieked out, "Helm hard a-port!" The vessel sheered around without striking, and it appeared we were less than two cables' length from the island of Cuba.

Under the old régime, to such as enjoyed their confidence, the hospitality of the South Carolinians was supremely attractive. My initiation to it was due to an

event, the relation of which recalls a condition of things now forever past.

One day, when my wife found it difficult to hire a cook, I went up to Charleston and bought a female slave. As she stood upon a block I bid her off. Then I went to a desk and received a bill of sale, "For one wench, aged 23 years, price \$350." Having paid for the wench, I told her to get her trunk and come with me. She had neither trunk nor parcel, and was alone. All she possessed she had on, which was a hickory shirt and a linsey-woolsey gown; and yet she was cheerful, and we found her a good servant. I had already experienced the pride of ownership in its various gradations, as the proprietor of a dog, a horse, and a bit of land; but it was only when I could call a human being my property that I enjoyed the self-importance of a real capitalist. No sooner was my purchase known, than I was admitted to the society of Charleston with a stamp of merit above my value. I visited the plantations in winter, and in the warm season many families established themselves on Sullivan's Island. In their companionship I recognized the truth of what Prince Murat said of the Charleston society. After he had seen nearly all the courts of Europe he found by comparison that the men of South Carolina were the most aristocratic, and the women the most graceful.

The peculiar charm of the South Carolinians was derived from an unusual coalition of races. The blood of the Huguenots had mixed with that of the Cavaliers of England. In Canada and Louisiana it is different. There the two nationalities remain distinct, for the French in habits and association are the most insular of all the Christian communities. The Legrees, the De Saussures, the Porchers, the d'Ions, the Rhetts, the

Izzards, the Petigrews, the Rutledges, the Prestons, the Butlers, the Pinckneys, the Pringles, the Haynes, the Northrops, the Harveys, and the Calhouns all joined in social amity, and among them were brave men of the highest refinement and almost incomparable eloquence. The women exalted the noble accomplishments of the men by many enchanting qualities. In form they were unrivalled, and the beauty of their hands and feet surpassed the proofs of my observation in all my journeys. In such a society I should have been a groveller if I had not secured a voucher of eternal credit, which I found in the friendship of a young lady to whom I was introduced, while walking on the beach of Sullivan's Island. This beautiful lady was endowed with rarest gifts; and in her person and character all the attributes which enabled her sisters of the sunny land, where she inherited life, to ensorcillize and enslave the ruder sex, cohered. At the time to which I refer, I was bound by the holy vows of matrimony to a woman of transcendent worth, and thus being hedged in, I addressed no discourse to the fore-named maiden which it would have distressed her mother to witness. The many succeeding years in which it was my happy fortune to enjoy her friendship served always to enhance my estimate of the female character; and so deep were the impressions left in my memory by her various excellence, that I fancy death will have no power to erase them, and that, should my sins be forgiven, I shall be permitted to meet her again in the realms beyond the stars.

I could relate numerous other incidents and circumstances that tended to establish my attachment to the South Carolinians and to make me forget their follies and regret their misfortunes. I had a son born on Sullivan's Island, whose early promise and final success have

cheered me, and I was associated there on duty with a group of young officers a larger proportion of whose names was destined to be distinguished than could have been found among an equal number elsewhere. I will designate them by the ranks they finally achieved.

There were General W. T. Sherman, now commanding the United States army; Lieutenant-General Braxton Bragg, late Confederate States army; Major-General George H. Thomas, who was so highly renowned; Major-General John F. Reynolds, Major-General Thomas W. Sherman, Major-General S. Van Vleit, General E. D. Keyes; General A. C. Myers, late Quartermaster-General Confederate States army; Colonel Henry B. Judd, Colonel Jasper Stewart, Lieutenants Churchill, Field, Ayers, and Austin. All the above-named officers served together above a year, with the exception of Reynolds, who was with us a shorter time.

The commanding officer at first was Brigadier-General W. K. Armistead, who about the year 1820 surveyed the sand-spit at the mouth of Hampton Roads, and traced the ground plan of the great Fortress Monroe. The second commanding officer was Brigadier-General William Gates, who was one of the earliest graduates of the West Point Military Academy. Captain (afterwards Colonel) Martin Burke was always second in command, and he alone was not a graduate of the Military Academy.

The fate of many of those public servants illustrates the famous line of Gray,

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Bragg fell dead in Texas from heart disease. George H. Thomas died suddenly in San Francisco from fatty degeneration of the heart contracted from hard service in

unwholesome climates. Reynolds was killed at Gettysburg. T. W. Sherman lost a leg at Port Hudson. Churchill died of cholera while on duty at Point Isabel, Texas. Ayers was killed at Molino del Rey, Mexico, and Field was swept overboard, with several other officers and men, from the steamer San Francisco while *en route* with the Third Regiment of Artillery from New York to San Francisco. Martin Burke lived the full term of human life, and died within this year (1882) at the nominal age of 81, though he must have been not less than 91 years old.

Let us glance back through the vista of years and events and contemplate the characteristics of some of the officers I have named. W. T. Sherman, with whom my cordial relations have never known abatement, was ambitious without asperity, and surprisingly active and always attentive to duty. In one respect he has since undergone an anomalous change, for then his style of speaking and writing was plain and succinct; now it is ornate and so expansive as to embrace nearly the whole range of human thought. From time to time he undertook to reform my speech, and he would often criticise my conduct, which I prove as follows:

I had an ill-favored yellow pup named Carlo that would follow me to the parade ground from where I lived outside the fort. Wishing to be rid of the beast, I called my company clerk and said: "Waterbury, conduct this quadruped to my dwelling." Sherman thought my style too pompous. I asked him what he would have said. He replied: "I would have said: 'Waterbury, take this dog down to my house.'" As to my conduct: I had in my company a stunted, crooked, cross-grained soldier, whose name was Jim Hill. Hill spent above half the time in the guard-house, and on parade his head was always seen

protruding six or eight inches in front of the line, and all my efforts to straighten the wretch had been futile. Sherman questioned my skill as a drill master, and one day I asked him to drill my company and try his hand on the scalawag. He consented, and I went out to look on. Hill's visage wore an unusually perverse aspect that morning, and I was encouraged. Sherman began upon him at once with reproofs and adjurations, to which the fellow paid no heed. At last, his patience being exhausted, Sherman, with angry haste, proceeded to the rear of the company, and having first with a tremendous thrust sunk his sword into the sand nearly to the hilt, he took hold of Jim's shoulders with his knee against his back, and tried his utmost to rectify the individual in question. Hill's strength was enormous, and instead of yielding he strove in a contrary direction, and absolutely gained two inches in crookedness, which he retained till the drill was ended. Sherman's face acknowledged defeat. I was calm.

Of Bragg I will not say much. He was equally as ambitious as W. T. Sherman, but being of a saturnine disposition and morbid temperament, his ambition was of the vitriolic kind. He could see nothing bad in the South and little good in the North, although he was disposed to smile on his satellites and sycophants whencesoever they came. He was intelligent, and the exact performance of all his military duties added force to his pernicious influence. As I was not disposed to concede to his intolerant sectionalism, nor to be influenced by his dictatorial utterances, our social relations could not long remain harmonious. At last, upon a matter of discipline which arose between me and Lieutenant Churchill, whose cause Bragg espoused against his own theories, and in opposition to the advice of Captain Martin Burke, Bragg and I

quarrelled and ceased forever afterwards to speak with one another.

This book is not to define my enemies, and I leave Bragg to those who regard him with more favor than I do.

The character of General George H. Thomas I have already drawn. In the fiery throng to which I allude he was always calm. His nature was not only absolutely just, but it was also highly sympathetic and genial, and neither malice nor envy could question his motives. The happiest illusions of my youth and the most joyous encounters of my life have left no more benignant traces in my memory than my associations with George H. Thomas while I was his direct commanding officer.

Van Vleit and Reynolds only remained with us two or three months, but they were always our intimate associates. The former was a man of the world, and afterwards stood high in the Quartermaster's Department; and the latter was one of our most gallant officers, and he was as amiable as he was brave. The next in the list was a man of marked peculiarities, and of him I will speak more at length.

Major-General Thomas W. Sherman was a native of Rhode Island, and the traits of his character denoted a descent from Roger Williams. He was dyspeptic and fearless, and he would revolve his New England ideas regardless of his company. While serving in Florida he managed to make himself unpopular, and when the order came to me at New Orleans assigning him to my company of artillery he was personally unknown to me. My messmates volunteered to inform me that I should find in him a hard case for a "sub." I questioned them in regard to his characteristics, and concluded from the replies that Sherman was hated because he was faithful to the

place of his birth. Two days later an orderly came in while we were at the dinner table to say that Sherman was at the gate and desired to see me. I dropped my knife and fork and ran with outstretched hands to greet him. I fetched him to the table, called for okra soup and an extra glass, and while he ate and drank I exerted myself to convince him that I was delighted with the prospect of having him and George H. Thomas for my subalterns at the same time. He only came for a call, and was to join me at Charleston. I went with him to the carriage that was waiting at the gate, and when I bade him good-bye a looker-on would have supposed two dear friends were parting.

Sherman joined me at Fort Moultrie shortly after my arrival there with my company, and entered upon his duties. Myers had beforehand vouchsafed his opinions of my sub., and advised me not to commit myself too far with such a refractory individual. Time wore on, and Sherman, as soon as he discovered that my opinion of him had not been forestalled, became communicative, and I found him a man of great intelligence and sterling merit. Myers, who lived outside the Fort by himself, by one of those slippery turns to which men are subject, dismissed his prejudice against Sherman, invited him to mess at his table, and the two former repugnants fed and glozed together in loving fraternity.

Colonel Judd was a man of humor and something of a martinet. The company he commanded in the absence of its captain was always in perfect order. He was fond of long discussions, and often complained that his auditors did not understand him. When not arguing he would sometimes sing the song of the "*Pizen sarpi-ent.*" Judd was popular with the officers and greatly beloved by his men, in spite of his severe discipline. He was very

useful in the civil war, though not much in the field, owing to the delicacy of his health. He married a charming South Carolina lady, by whom he had no children, and although he and she are uncommonly loquacious, it appeared to me, when I saw them at Nice, about the year 1873, that they were quite content and happy with one another.

Lieutenant Field was called "*the Parson*," on account of the plainness and sobriety of his appearance; but the parson, when angry, would swear. He was tall and lank as a dried bean-pod, and at the age of twenty-three years was almost entirely bald. He played the lady's man, and spent money to *dress fine*, but to what effect I did not enquire. He never gave offence, and when he was drowned it was agreed in the regiment that a handsomer man might have been less regretted.

Lieutenants Churchill and Ayers, both of whom were untimely cut off by death, were among the most promising officers of our garrison. Churchill, in form and martial port, was perhaps the most strikingly handsome youth amongst us. He was also brilliant and accomplished in mind, but he had a defect not unusual with handsome men, and even girls, which was self-consciousness. At New Orleans, and for a while after we came to Charleston, I was warmly attached to Churchill, and we were jocularly intimate. When he fell under Bragg's influence, he and I for a while separated. At the time we were happy together, he went one day to call on the young lady of whom I have already spoken in admiring terms, and from her he suffered a harsh rebuke. Knowing my friendship for her he came to tell me what had happened to him, and to warn me of the dangers to which I might unconsciously expose myself. Churchill had beautiful hands, and he was careful to wear conspicuous sleeve

buttons, and he would look at his hands and their fittings while apparently regarding another object.

"I went," said he, "to call on Miss —, and after talking with her a while, I took hold of that long ribbon with which she confined her hair, and while I examined its texture, I continued to talk to her a minute or two without looking up. When I did look up I fancied I saw two balls of fire coming from her eyes against my head. I was confounded, and got away as soon as I could." He advised me to be careful, and asked me what I thought of her conduct towards him. I replied that I admired her spirit and was astonished at his temerity. "Your telling me what you did," said I, "has covered me all over with goose-flesh. If I had sought the notice of a flax wench, I would have proceeded with more respect than you showed to that nonpareil of maidens. When you take hold of any portion of a lady's dress before you have convinced her that you admire everything she wears, you commit a breach of gallantry for which I can imagine neither justification nor remedy."

There was one other officer (and he was the only one at Fort Moultrie who was not a West Pointer) with whom my associations were so friendly that I feel disposed to describe his peculiar traits of character at some length. The name of the officer to whom I refer was Captain, afterwards Colonel, Martin Burke, who deceased April 24, in the year 1882. The *New York Graphic* noticed his death, with details of his history, and gave his portrait, which I could easily recognize after an absence of many years. Nominally, when he died, his age was 81, but actually I doubt if it was less than 90. The senior officers, when I joined the army, spoke of Burke as an "oldish man" at the date of his first commission, which was 1820. It was reported that before entering the service he

had failed in or become weary of some kind of business or trade, when by good fortune he gained a commission of second lieutenant in the artillery. General Scott, when he sought to enforce discipline in sport or seriousness, seldom failed to cite the name of Martin Burke as a supreme exemplar of obedience. "If," said he, "I were to order Captain Burke to bring me the head of the President of the United States, he would proceed to execute the order with as much unconcern as he would send a drunken soldier to the guard-house." The order of his commanding officer had the effect to clear the mind of Captain Martin Burke of all fears and apprehensions, and if directed by his chief to lead a forlorn hope, or to kill a citizen, not a nerve of his body would have moved. On the other hand his dread of civil tribunals and the mandates of courts overwhelmed him. Once when he was summoned as a witness in a simple cause which affected him not, he would fain have fled the jurisdiction. When outside the chain of sentinels he always had a scared look, and he regarded a camp or fort as a refuge of sweet repose and security. I never learned what incident or circumstance of his early career it was that filled his whole nature with such a terror and repugnance to the tyranny, injustice, corruption, bickering, lying, cheating, swindling, slandering, obduracy, cruelty, cunning, deceit, perjury, indecency, quackery, litigation, snobbishness and other nameless devilties of civil society, but certain it is that nothing short of an order from his commanding officer, or other supreme necessity ever kept him away from the sound of a drum over-night.

I apprehend that Captain Burke's early education had been neglected. I never saw him reading any other books than tactics, Army Regulations, and a work on chess, though he may have read others unknown to me. He

could never learn correctly the tactics actually in vogue, for the reason that he at first studied some antique system, probably that of Baron Steuben, and the knowledge thus acquired he always afterwards jumbled with the succeeding prescribed commands. Orthography occupied his attention, though he sometimes took pains to be wrong in his spelling. Being second in command at the post, he was the President of the Council of Administration, which convened at muster days every two months to regulate sutler's accounts and other matters. At one council when I was a member, the record, being complete, was signed as usual, "Martin Burke, Captain 3d Artillery, President of Council," and deposited at headquarters. The following morning I chanced to notice Captain Burke sitting on a bench, and that he glanced frequently at the door of the adjutant's office. After a while Adjutant Austin left and passed out of the fort. Burke then entered the office furtively, and after five minutes withdrew to his own quarters. As I fancied he had thought of some change he wished to make in the Record of the Council, I went in, and upon examination found that he had added another *l* to the last word of his title, so as to make it read: "*Martin Burke, Captain 3d Artillery, President of Council.*"

Whenever the captain heard an expression or idea that struck his fancy forcibly, it was his invariable habit to repeat it to himself afterwards. He and I were at lunch in a Charleston restaurant, and seeing the standard plate of smelts on the table, I said, "He was a brave man who first ate these monsters of the deep." Burke left before me, and having to turn a corner and come near the window where I sat, I heard him mumbling to himself, "*monsters of the deep, monsters of the deep.*" At another time after Generals Scott and Wool had paid us official visits, some of the

officers remarked upon the fondness of those gentlemen for display and adulation. I turned to Burke and said, "Those men live on fame, but we in this fort are obliged to content ourselves with pork and beans." When we had all separated, I could hear him at a distance say, "live on fame," "live on fame," "pork and beans," "pork and beans." Thus it was that meditation supplied the famous captain with an inexhaustible source of happiness, which preserved his body and mind in health and contentment.

Curiosity will be awakened by what I have related above of this worthy man and faithful public servant, to know how he looked and what was the fashion of his dress.

Nature had furnished Martin Burke with a capacious chest and well-shaped limbs. He had contracted the habit of bending forward at the hips, though his back was straight and broad, and yet his head drooped a trifle, especially when he walked alone on the ramparts, as he did almost every day, dressed in a calico morning gown that flopped over his hands as he clasped them behind him. The length of his walk was thirty paces, and at one end, at about every third turn, he would raise his head and look out upon the Atlantic Ocean. At the other end he would fret his brow and gaze inland, upon the region where Poe places the scene of the Gold Bug. No man ever divined the subject of the captain's cogitations during these diurnal promenades. His complexion was brownish, his face full, nose ordinary, forehead high and pyramidal. His mouth was of the medium size, but as it showed no lips it appeared much like a slit in a curved surface with the corners tending downward. From them, when Martin was excited, rills of tobacco juice could be seen to flow, often copiously. As his vital organs were strong and healthy, his voice was clear and amazingly sonorous. The following commands, all obsolete, he would

vociferate in clarion tones: "Form column of attack!" instead of *double column on centre*. "Draw ramrod!" instead of *draw rammer*. "Load by twelve commands!" instead of *load in twelve times*. When the change from flint to percussion locks was accomplished, and Scott's tactics had been superseded, Burke's diction on the drill ground became still more confused. Still the earnest old soldier maintained his confidence, delivered his cullings from many systems of tactics in a voice which for distinctness, melody, and force was not surpassed in the whole army.

His dress when on duty was prescribed by the regulations, but still there crept in certain peculiarities of the wearer. The material and pattern of his shoes never varied during all the years I knew him, and were unlike any others. He also had a drab vest with bright buttons and standing collar that he wore at home and abroad, and which seemed of perpetual duration. To a buttonhole of that vest a thong of buckskin was fastened to hold a large, plump silver watch, that marked the exact time of tattoo, reveille, and all the daily calls. Martin went to bed directly after tattoo, except when he was officer of the day, and he was always up and out at reveille.

Upon those rare occasions when Captain Burke left his post to go to Charleston for supplies, he doffed his regulation coat and pants and replaced them with a suit of satinet. Where that satinet dress-coat with short truncated tails and horizontal pocket-openings was fabricated, no mortal could tell or imagine. He retained the drab vest with standing collar, and when he approached the shore he would open the big leather hat-box that he always carried, take out and put upon his head a tall, right cylindrical, black silk hat with a narrow rim, and replace it in the box with his forage cap. Thus equipped,

Martin would make his rounds in the city and return to the boat a few minutes before the time of leaving. He never had any intercourse with citizens that I could see, except to purchase what he needed, and although his dress and figure attracted much notice, there was an air of determination in his face and of force about him which protected him from insult. He was prompt in the discharge of his duties, and absolutely free from vice. Let all those who would comprehend the most perfect specimen of a garrison officer that has lived in the nineteenth century attend to the history herein given of the late Colonel Martin Burke of the United States army.

To sum up the reasons that contributed to attach me to Charleston and the people of South Carolina, I find I enjoyed during the two years from July, 1842, till June, 1844, while I was stationed at Fort Moultrie, all the essential elements of human happiness.

I had health, youth, congenial company, emulation, resentments that proved my temper, connubial felicity, the exultation of early offspring, the hospitality of a proud aristocracy, the society of incomparably graceful women, the enlivenment of platonic love, the councils of noble men, and all the emotions that warm the human heart.

Notwithstanding all the above-named attractions, together with such phantoms of hope as would sometimes visit my imagination, which has always been as arid of future benefits as an Arabian desert of verdure, I had time to reflect on the tendency of the prejudices of the Carolinians against the North, and I foresaw that slavery, as it fostered those prejudices, would ere long terminate in civil war.

CHAPTER XI.

From my appointment to duty at West Point as Chief of Department of Artillery and Cavalry.—The West Point board.—Nominations for the post.—My nomination by Lee.—The Military Academy and its merits.—Influence of Colonel Thayer.—His successors.—DeLafield, Cullum, and others.—The class of 1846.—McClellan, Foster, Reno, Couch, Sturgis Stoneman, Palmer. — Thomas J. Jackson, Maxey, Pickett. — Derby ('John Phoenix').—Classes of '47 and '48.—Miss Scott.

HAVING been appointed a member of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy, I left Charleston with my family and arrived at West Point early in June, 1844. The Board was composed wholly of officers of the army, among whom were Major-General Winfield Scott, President; Brigadier-General William J. Worth, Captain (afterwards General) Robert E. Lee, of the Engineer Corps, and others. My seat happened to be next that of Lee, and as I had been previously intimate with him, we had an opportunity every day for three weeks that the examination lasted to interchange our views. We discussed the topics of the day, and all subjects relating to the Union and the dangers that threatened it. I gave full expression to my ardent Northern sentiments, and he treated them with a candor and fairness altogether unusual with his fellow Southerners. What surprised me most was that immediately afterwards he placed me under obligations to him which I can never forget.

The Department of Artillery and Cavalry, over which Captain Miner Knowlton had presided and lost his health, was vacant, and there were three candidates for his succession. General Scott nominated Captain Robert

Anderson, who was afterwards made famous at Fort Sumter; Colonel Delafield, who was the Superintendent, nominated Lieutenant Irwin McDowell, now Major-General, and I was nominated by Captain Robert E. Lee, without suggestion or knowledge on my own part. In the beginning General Scott told me he should support Captain Anderson, but after a few days he informed me that he had conversed with the Academic Board and that they preferred me. "Now, young gentleman," said he, "I am for you." Backed by the names of Scott and Lee, I was, as a matter of course, successful. I held the place nearly five years, and found it profitable to myself and advantageous to my family.

The benefit received was clearly due to Lee, and the manner of its bestowal added many-fold to its value in my estimation. He did not ostentatiously stoop from his high estate to elevate a suppliant and give him a conspicuous position, nor did he afterwards claim to have made me.

On the other hand, when I thanked him for his service in my behalf, he made me feel that I owed him nothing. Such a favor, so graciously bestowed, produced in me a sense of gratitude that nothing could change; and although I subsequently met General Lee on several fields of battle, and did my best to kill him and his followers, yet every pulsation of my heart has been of kindness for him and his, and will be till the end of my life.

Under the influence of that feeling, but with a firm resolve to adhere strictly to the truth, I shall give my impressions of him, which will be found in another chapter.

Upon rejoining the Military Academy as an officer, it seemed to me when I saw the battalion marching on the plain, that its appearance had undergone no change. I could only discover by a near approach that the counte-

nances of the cadets were strange to me. As I was to teach ballistics, etc., I thought it prudent to read over the entire course of mathematics, which I had wholly neglected.

While I was a cadet it was supposed that our seniors of a few years could graduate if they knew the "rule of three." I found the same idea still prevailing, but when I came to read Church's Calculus and other mathematical text-books, I found everything had been simplified and made so easy that all I had to do was to cram. If the same simplifying process continues, the cadets of the present day must be able to answer a host of easy questions, but they are no longer subject to the strong tests of mental perspicacity that were applied in my day.

The Military Academy has already had numerous enemies, but in my opinion it is an invaluable institution in many respects. It constitutes the only society of human beings that I have known in which the standing of an individual is dependent wholly upon his own merits so far as they can be ascertained without extraneous influence. The son of the poorest and most obscure man, being admitted as a cadet, has an equal chance to gain the honors of his class with the son of the most powerful and the richest man in the country. All must submit to the same discipline, wear the same clothes, eat at the same table, come and go upon the same conditions. Birth, avarice, fashion and connections are without effect to determine promotion or punishment; consequently the Military Academy is a model republic in all things saving respect to constituted authority and obedience to orders, without which an army is impossible.

Although a military school had been established at West Point about the year 1801, it was not till 1817, when Colonel Sylvanus Thayer became the Super-

intendent, that it assumed the character it has since borne. Thayer was an accomplished man, and nature had endowed him with the requisites to found a system and give it permanence. He established a Roman discipline, and introduced the system of mathematical and military studies which were then in vogue in France, where he had studied. His personal appearance was majestic, and his punctuality unailing. Every morning at half-past seven o'clock he was in his office neat and prim, epaulettes and ruffled shirt,—a glory long since departed—ready to receive the applications and complaints of cadets. His decisions once quickly made were final, and no cadet was ever known to repeat an effort to change them. Besides my admiration for General Thayer, he secured my gratitude by telling me, after I had graduated, that I should be one of the first of my class he should apply for to return as an instructor, advising me at the same time to go and serve a while with my regiment. I thanked him for his kindness, but at the end of eighteen months, when I was applied for as a teacher of mathematics, I declined, as I had no use for more equations.

It was never, to my knowledge, asserted that Superintendent Thayer was partial in the bestowal of punishments or rewards, but once during the administration of General Jackson several cadets who had been discharged for violating the regulations, or for incompetency in study, were reinstated by that stupendous old hero, with orders to Colonel Thayer to moderate the discipline. Superintendent Thayer, who considered himself grossly snubbed, applied to be relieved, left the Point, and no persuasion could afterwards induce him to return there. He was placed on duty in the harbor of Boston, where he built a fort which stands as a model, in the fashion of the time, of defensive structures.

At his new post he became less social than formerly, contracted his personal expenses almost to penury, which enabled him to save the greater portion of his pay. With the assistance and advice of a friend of great financial ability his savings grew to a fortune of over \$300,000, the largest part of which he left to establish an institution of learning. His habits were regular and simple, especially in his old age, but his appetite was always good, and at his dinner, as General Scott informed me, he was satisfied with three pounds of anything. General Thayer was a most valuable public servant, able and laborious, and never disposed to hilarity. He died a bachelor at the age of 88. He was called the father of the Military Academy, a title that no officer ever disputed, and a statue has recently been erected at West Point that will recall to the cadets the features of their illustrious benefactor.

Among the officers of engineers who succeeded Colonel Thayer were many able men, Richard Delafield, Robert E. Lee, and George W. Cullum being of the number. Delafield, who was then a major and afterwards a general, was Superintendent when I arrived, and from him I received my department, from which he withheld the command of a company of soldiers that had been subject to the orders of my predecessor. Upon the refusal of the Superintendent to give me the company, I appealed to the Chief Engineer. To him I addressed several letters, in one of which I accused Major Delafield in direct terms of being influenced against me by personal considerations, which I suspected because my appointment had been in opposition to his recommendation. I was finally overruled, but instead of my respect for my immediate superior being diminished it was greatly increased, because I became assured by observation that he was the chief at the Point, and that he was not directed by

favorites in the Academic Board. At the end of a year another officer succeeded as Superintendent, whose will, compared with that of Delafield, was as a rush to an oak. The new incumbent, governed by counsellors, and the uncertainty as to who originated the orders given to me, was a constant source of annoyance and discomfort.

Major Delafield had not the genius of Thayer to originate a system, but in economical ingenuity and taste he vastly excelled all others. Delafield embellished the Point with roads and structures of various uses, and he had the credit of doing more with a dollar than any other man in the army. His supervision was felt throughout all the departments of the academy; not by the sneaking methods peculiar to many commanders, but in such a way as enabled him to judge fairly the services of his subordinates. As a commanding officer he was always just and fearless, and for that reason I admired him as much as any one I ever served under. In the year 1860, while I was the military secretary of Lieutenant-General Scott, Colonel Delafield, being again on duty as Superintendent, invited me to take charge of the department of artillery and cavalry a second time, but I declined, and Major George H. Thomas, afterwards general, was appointed.

Of the administrations of Lee and Cullum at West Point my knowledge is not sufficiently specific to enable me to speak intelligently. Lee's character I will portray to the best of my ability in another chapter, and Cullum's history is too extensive and varied for my work. His personal character I could not depict in a manner satisfactory to myself, because I never tugged with him in the same service, nor clashed with him in any conflict. From him and his admirable wife I have received civilities, and I hold them both in great respect. No consideration,

however, that is entirely personal to myself, could so strongly move me to refer to him, as does the service he has rendered to our common Alma Mater. He has collected and published in books the names of all the graduates of the Military Academy, and given the prominent events in the histories of a vast majority of them. His tedious labors have been performed with a perseverance and accuracy, as well as a freedom from prejudice, that entitle him to the gratitude of his compeers. His collection is not only interesting to all whom it directly concerns, but it is an essential benefit to the whole country to find in a compendious form the proofs of the value of the Military Academy. That institution accomplishes all that finite means can perform in an equal space of time, to increase a man's value in war and his integrity in peace; and among those whose faithful and efficient devotion to it entitle them to honor, I place the name of George W. McCullum second only to that of Sylvanus Thayer.

In my time applications for cadets' warrants were made directly to the Secretary of War. Now they are obtained through the members of Congress of the districts in which the applicants reside. Under the former system the corps of cadets contained a large number of youths whose fathers were conspicuous for talents, wealth, and position. At present few such, comparatively, are enrolled. Representatives are constantly boasting that their candidates are poor boys, and their rule appears to be to exclude the well-to-do from the academy. Such a rule is vicious in the extreme, unless it can be shown that a boy will become efficient because his father was a failure. There should be no such rule, since it would be unjust to exclude the poor, and impolitic to deny the sons of the rich and powerful. A body of officers who have in charge the de-

fences of the country, and who may be called on to protect its frontiers and defend its honor, ought certainly to embrace representatives of the country's most prominent families.

To keep within the limit prescribed for my work, I am obliged to forego the satisfaction I should feel in recording my remembrance of many worthy officers with whom I was associated at West Point. I refer to a few whose qualities were extraordinary, or peculiar, and to such as did me service for which I am bound to be grateful.

There was one instructor of mathematics, who was long the terror of all new cadets. His name was Edward C. Ross, but for some reason, unknown to me, he was called "Old Ruben." "Old Ruben" had a habit of arranging surds in such a knotty combination as seemed to defy solution, and he would require his pupils to disentangle them. While chalking the surds on the blackboard, "Old Ruben" would from time to time pause, throw back his left leg and bend the knee, and then draw back his right shoulder, with his hand behind him, depress his chin and look at his work, and then at his class, every member of which would sit in consternation expecting to be called up. We regarded him as a direct descendant of Diophantus, that cursed old Egyptian who invented the horrors that Old Ruben cherished. I had not been a week at the Point when he was pointed out to me by an old cadet, who frightened me with the prospect of being called on at no distant day to attack a clump of surds and be demolished. When I afterwards met Old Ruben as a captain of artillery, I found him a quiet gentleman, but I could never divest myself of the idea that his nature was diabolic.

Every genus of creature embraces many varieties, and so it is with mathematicians. When the Omnipotent

created "all things for man's delightful use," he made Albert E. Church to teach cadets algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, and calculus, and to find out all that candidates for admission know of vulgar and decimal fractions. My first recitation in algebra was to Mr. Church. He gave me a problem which I wrote on the blackboard, but, not feeling certain of its accuracy, I returned to my seat to verify it from the book. "What are you doing, Mr. Keyes?" said he. I replied that I was verifying the accuracy of my statement. "I called you up to ascertain if you knew the problem," said he, "and not to hear you read it; so you may rub out what you have written and I will give you another." I did not require a second similar admonition, and took care afterwards to know my problems without reference to the text. Church was appointed professor at an early age, and after an uninterrupted service of nearly forty years he died suddenly at West Point, March 30th, 1878. I doubt if he left in the world a superior in his special branch of knowledge, or one who did his duty with greater patience and conscientiousness. His reputation as an author of mathematical text-books was also great, and his integrity as a man was of the highest order. I do not remember to have heard Professor Church charged with injustice in a single instance, and no pupil could have found cause for such a charge. He would have been better known if he had been more demonstrative and more intriguing, but he could not have been more esteemed by those who knew him well. To his superior merit as a teacher and an author, he added the inestimable gift of fidelity to friendship. My experience of the kisses and kicks of that uncertain damsel Fortune has enabled me to mark her influence upon the countenances of men. Church held the jade in contempt, and the friend he had once adopted was ever after

sure of him. When my bark was assailed by tempests of lies and seemed about to founder, he turned on me a look that sustained me, till poverty, disgrace, and death began to fang my traducers, and until my bark was fanned again by prosperous gales.

During my service at West Point my opportunities enabled me to observe the qualities and to estimate the promise of a great number of cadets, of whom several afterwards became known to the public. Subsequent success has not in all cases corresponded with class standing, nor could that be expected, since the number of a cadet in his class is chiefly determined by the acquisitions in the exact sciences, of which the foundation is mathematics. Macaulay, who had known a vast number of the distinguished men of his time, declared that the greatness of every man was in nearly the exact proportion with his memory, while at the Military Academy a great memory is often regarded as the evidence of a moderate intellect, which is a local mistake. I suspect that talent and memory go together, and that genius is often independent of the latter.

McClellan was of the class of 1846, and a pleasanter pupil was never called to the blackboard. I shall have occasion to refer to him hereafter.

Foster, Reno, Couch, Sturgis, Stoneman, Palmer, Gordon, Davis, and Russell, all of whom held commissions as major-generals or brigadier-generals in the Union army during the Rebellion, were of the same class; also Thomas J. Jackson, Samuel B. Maxey and George E. Pickett, who became famous among the Confederates. The class was full of merit, but my space will not admit detailed allusions to more than a few individuals. Our historians should do justice to the Northern officers, and there is no good reason why we should deny merit to those who

fought against us. General Lee designated Stonewall Jackson as his right arm, and the loss of that officer could no more be replaced than could that of the great Southern chief himself. As a cadet, I observed no unusual sign or indication of genius in Jackson. He was seventeenth in a class of fifty-nine. His conduct was good, his appearance manly, and his demeanor quiet. He never sought to attract notice, and the same disposition appears to have attended him in his ascent to the pinnacle of distinction, for he always allowed fame to follow in the wake of his exploits. The conduct of Jackson's campaign in 1862 between Harper's Ferry and Richmond justifies any measure of praise. He was the Laudon of the Confederate army.

George Derby, known afterwards as "Squibob" and "Phœnix," was of the class of 1846. He was a caricaturist of no mean order and a humorist, in both of which capacities he took delight in exposing weaknesses, follies, and indelicacies. There was a regulation at the academy which forbade the disfiguring of text-books. Derby, in disregard of that regulation, transformed all the pictures of bones and fossils of the antediluvian periods into strange monsters. His text-book on geology was seized and placed before the Academic Board, where it caused such irresistible laughter that it was decided not to interview nor punish the delinquent.

At one time in the Section Room, while I was examining my class upon the force of explosives, Derby inquired of me, with great soberness, what would be the effect of confining a single grain of gunpowder in the centre of the earth and setting fire to it. I replied, with equal gravity, that I was not able to answer his question, but that I would make requisition on the ordnance sergeant for a grain of powder, and authorize him to try the experiment.

Men like "Squibob" are generally irreverent, and he was not an exception. During the Indian wars of 1856-'57, and '58 in Washington Territory, the savages captured a Catholic priest and led him away into bondage. "Squibob" illustrated the event by representing a priest in full canonicals, with a big half-naked Indian walking on each side of him. They carried a crook and crozier, with a tooth-brush attached to one and a comb to the other. The letters I. H. S. were conspicuous upon the chasuble of the priest, and upon close inspection could be read the words, "I Hate Siwashes."

The frequent changes of the uniform of the army have often been absurd, inconvenient, and costly. Many of the changes are as idiotic and uncalled-for as the recent alterations of coins; and what change could be less sensible than the abandonment of the old nickel five-cent piece for the new one, which is often mistaken for a quarter-dollar, or a \$5 piece, when gilt?

At one time when the War Department, or rather Adjutant-General R. Jones, determined to adopt a new uniform, "Squibob" sent to him a description, with drawings, of a uniform, which he said possessed several peculiar advantages, one of which was a hook on the seat of the soldier's pants. The company officers were to carry a long pole with a similar hook at the end. When the column was to change direction the officers would place their poles in the hooks, so that the platoons would "wheel as even as a gate." In case a soldier attempted to run away, the officer would spring forward, catch him by the hook, and hold him fast. Poor riders in the cavalry could be held in the saddle by another hook fixed upon the cante; and in case of a deficiency of wagons, the soldiers could carry their camp kettles suspended from the hooks. All the changes suggested by "Squi-

bob" were illustrated by drawings that were inimitably ludicrous, but his propositions were discarded.

A new uniform was adopted which was so different from the old that for a considerable length of time it gave full scope to "Squibob's" genius as a caricaturist. One of his drawings represented Paradise, in the form of a convent and enclosed garden. A section of the building was cut off so as to expose to view a choir of ten or twelve officers who had been killed in the Mexican War, or who had died within a few years.

There were Generals Taylor, Worth, and Brooke, Colonels Cross and Ringold, Captain Vinton, and others. All the likenesses were exact, and the departed officers had on the old uniform, and were chanting a hymn with devout earnestness. Below, standing within the gateway, was Saint Peter, whose face had a hard, rectilinear expression. The Saint had on the dress of a monk, but instead of a cowl he wore a rim cap, the top of which was a square flat slab, with tassels hanging from the corners. A young officer who had been killed in the war, fully dressed and equipped according to the new regulations, is approaching to enter the gate, but Saint Peter stops him, saying: "Young man, you can't come in here with that uniform on!"

"Squibob's" written compositions were as fantastic as his pictures, and there was nothing he could not turn to ridicule. He was intimate with Surgeon C. M. Hitchcock, superior medical officer in San Francisco, and on one occasion, seeing the doctor's horse hitched at his door, he mounted him and rode out to the Presidio. Hitchcock was furiously angry, and wrote a letter to upbraid him. "Squibob" replied in a long letter, in which he excused himself and deprecated "the wrath of the physician," in a way that furnished laughter for a week at the mess.

Derby published a book entitled "John Phoenix," with a portrait of the author. His account of himself and his oddities omitted many of his best sayings and doings, and made him appear of much less importance than he was in reality, for he was an able and accomplished engineer.

Of the class of 1847 I have kept in view the names of several of its members, among them my friend, Colonel Julian McAllister, of the Ordnance Department, in which he is always conspicuous. Those who rose to be Brigadier or Major-Generals during the Civil War were O. B. Wilcox, J. B. Fry, H. G. Gibson, John Gibbon, Ambrose E. Burnside, R. B. Ayers, Thomas H. Neill, and Egbert L. Viele, who since the war has had employment in the civil service of New York City. Ambrose P. Hill joined the Confederate army, rose to high rank, became famous, and was killed near Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

At the time of graduating, I applied to the Superintendent to allow me to detain McAllister, Burnside, and Hill as assistants in artillery during the encampment. I applied for those young gentlemen for no other reason but that I considered them best fitted to aid me in the instruction of the new cadets. My superior disapproved of Burnside and Hill, and I was obliged to substitute other names. I am unable to guess the motives that caused the rejection of those two officers, both of whom had the gift of personal popularity joined with ambition, which enabled them in all the situations of life to pass for their full value. I was obliged to reverse my judgment of most things to be in accord with the officers who rejected them.

James B. Fry, an excellent officer and man, was the chief of staff of General McDowell at the first battle of Bull Run, and since that he has gained distinction in the Adjutant-General's Department.

H. G. Gibson was my subaltern lieutenant about nine years, and our friendly associations have undergone no variations. He is an accomplished officer and a gentleman, and a good speaker. I know of no man except Cullum who is more intimately and correctly acquainted with the history of the army during the last thirty-six years than H. G. Gibson.

The class of 1848 has not been so much illustrated by the achievements of its members as many other classes, although several good names are among them. William P. Trowbridge is the Professor of the Engineering School of Mines of New York City, and General Tidball and Colonel Dodge are in the staff of General Sherman, the commanding General of the army. R. S. Williamson and Nathaniel Michler were accomplished officers, and several joined the lost cause, and with their history I am not so well acquainted.

General Scott passed a portion of every summer at the Point, except that of 1847, when he was absent in Mexico. There I saw nearly as much of him as when I belonged to his military staff. His family came also to the Point, and one summer Mrs. Scott and three of her daughters spent several weeks at my house.

It was a custom of the old masters of sacred art to adorn their portraits of the Blessed Virgin with imaginary cherubs. They hunted through the world for beautiful forms, and exhausted the power of invention to endow the faces of mortals with the expression of angels. I have studied the pictures of Raphael, Guido, and Murillo with delight, but never did I behold the likeness of a child more lovely in shape and countenance than Miss Adelaide Camille Scott, as she appeared in the early morning of her life.

As soon as the war with Mexico commenced (in 1846)

I applied for duty in the field, but my request was denied. I confess that I felt in no way distressed at being left undisturbed in my comfortable quarters. The war was regarded by many good Northern men as an affair of the slaveholders, and it is certain that its conduct was entirely sectional. All the glory of its victories, and the lion's share of its promotions and rewards, inured to the profit of Southern officers. The wounds and contusions, shattered constitutions, and deaths were freely shared by those from the North. The acquisition of the goodly territory which now constitutes Arizona and the State of California, though an incident of the Mexican War, was a sordid purchase for the gross sum of \$15,000,000. The intention of the purchasers was to devote it to slavery, but in that they failed. It is a land of endless resources, where free labor, skilfully bestowed, is better rewarded than in any other portion of the United States. After having compared its attractions many times with those of the most favored regions of the earth, I was made more content and happy at my last return to it than ever before. As my space will not admit of a long chapter on California, I must content myself with a short one, and such allusions to it as occasion may hereafter provoke.

CHAPTER XII.

Generals Lee and Grant.—The military career of Lee.—His personal appearance.—My last sight of him.—Scott on Lee.—Foreign opinions of Lee.—Comparison of Lee and Grant.—First sight of Grant.—Grant in 1880.—His early career.—His civil life.—His re-entry into the army.—Actions at Forts Henry and Donaldson.—Trouble with Halleck.—The army in Tennessee under Grant.—Comparison with ancient and modern generals.—E. B. Washburne.—Sherman's recognition of Grant.—Grant in the Wilderness.—Grant the ablest American General.

THE whole civilized world has reviewed the career of General Lee. The qualities of his mind and disposition have been recognized and extolled, and his fate has excited the tenderest sympathy in millions of hearts. A character like that of Robert E. Lee could not possibly be found in any human society in which the laws and public opinion do not sanction and approve of marked distinctions of rank among its members.

Lee's family was of the highest, and his cradle was rocked by a slave. His sense of superiority and fitness to command, being infused at his birth, were never questioned. From infancy to three-score he knew no physical malady, and the admirable symmetry of his person and the manly beauty of his countenance were the aids to his virtues which secured to him tolerance, affection, and respect from all with whom he mingled. He passed the four years of his cadetship without a single mark of demerit, and during my long acquaintance with him I never heard him accused of an act of meanness, tyranny, or neglect of duty. His nature was genial and

sociable, and he would join freely in all the sports and amusements proper to his age. He was exempt from every form and degree of snobbery, which is a detestable quality that appears most often among people whose theories of government presume an absolute equality. He was a favorite with the ladies, but he never allowed them to waste his time, to warp his judgment, or to interrupt his duty. To whatever station he was ordered, however secluded or unhealthy it might be, he would go to it with cheerfulness. Every kind of duty seemed a pleasure to him, and he never intrigued for promotion or reward. Nevertheless, no man could stand in his presence and not recognize his capacity and acknowledge his moral force. His orders, conveyed in mild language, were instantly obeyed, and his motives were universally approved. In all the time in which I observed his conduct I was true to my own antecedents. I was a Northern man, and no word dropped from my lips or was shed from my pen that did not testify to my origin and proper allegiance. I will not deny that the presence of Lee, and the multiform graces that clustered around him, oftentimes oppressed me, though I never envied him, and I doubt if he ever excited envy in any man. All his accomplishments and alluring virtues appeared natural in him, and he was free from the anxiety, distrust, and awkwardness that attend a sense of inferiority, unfriendly discipline, and censure.

The last time I saw Lee was in the spring of 1861. He had just arrived in Washington from Texas, where he had been second in command to General Twiggs, who surrendered to the Secessionists. Coming to pay his respects to the commanding general of the army, he entered my room and inquired if Lieutenant-General Scott was disengaged. I stepped quickly forward, seized his hand-greeted him warmly, and said: "Lee, it is reported that

you concurred in Twiggs' surrender in Texas; how's that?" Without replying to my question he assumed an air of great seriousness, and calmly said: "I am here to pay my respects to General Scott; will you be kind enough, Colonel, to show me to his office?" I opened the general's door, Lee passed in, and the two Virginians remained alone together nearly three hours.

It was usually the custom of General Scott, after having had a private interview with an important person, to relate to me what had been said. On this occasion he told me not a word, and he made no reference to the subject of his conversation with Colonel Lee. His manner that day, when we dined alone, was painfully solemn. He had an almost idolatrous fancy for Lee, whose military genius he estimated far above that of any other officer of the army. On one occasion, after the Mexican War, General Scott, speaking to me of Lee, remarked that, if hostilities should break out between our country and England, it would be cheap for the United States to insure Lee's life for \$5,000,000 a year!

It has frequently been surmised that Scott at one time offered to retire from service and give Lee the command of the Federal army. In my mind there is not a shadow of a doubt that he did so during the conference above referred to. Without question he employed his utmost powers to convince Lee that it was his duty to comply with his suggestion. The two gentlemen, although their opinions were usually harmonious, probably disagreed in regard to the state of things then existing. Scott could have had no idea that Lee was going to lead an army of Northern men to *fight* against the South. On the contrary, he desired to see him at the head of a Union force sufficiently powerful to keep the peace and to prevent war, which they equally abhorred. Both those men

were born in Virginia, and both loved the Union, and neither of them could bear the thought of unsheathing his sword against his native State. The younger man considered war inevitable, the older indulged hopes that it might be avoided. Lee being in full vigor of mind, and conscientiously bound to comply with the decision of his native State, departed to join the seceders, while Scott, weighed down with years and infirmities, and trusting that hostilities might be avoided or confined to a few skirmishes, remained with the North.

It is not my intention to enter into the minute details of General Lee's military operations, to show my estimate of him as a strategist and commander of armies. Several foreign officers with whom I discussed his military character thought him superior to any leader in the Federal service, and I understood that on one occasion General Wolseley, of the British army, declared Lee to be not only the superior of all the American generals, but that he was the equal of any one of ancient or modern times. In arriving at that conclusion, the distinguished English officer took into consideration the smallness of Lee's resources in men, the material of war, means of transportation, etc. He did not, however, consider that nearly all the officers, as well as a large portion of the rank and file of the Confederate armies, were as much interested in the success of the Rebellion as he himself was. They bore their hardships and deprivations without complaint and with the constancy of martyrs. Without such devotion Lee must have laid down his arms long before he did. In view, therefore, of all the circumstances of his case, I can only concede to him the second rank as a general, Ulysses S. Grant standing in the first.

Lee's greatness as a chief was not alone on the field of battle, for he foresaw clearly the difficulties of the mighty

task before him, to which the majority of his associates were made blind by conceit and senseless prejudice. When one of them boasted of their superior bravery, and that one Southerner was a match for five Yankees, he rebuked him with a serious reply. He told him that the Northern men were a resolute race, abounding in resources of every kind, and that to beat them would not only require the whole strength of the South and an able leader, but also an abundant good fortune. He also saw the difficulty of feeding the Confederate troops after access to the Northern stores was cut off. He and a few other prudent men would have taken steps to provide for a future supply of breadstuffs and meat, but the President of the Confederacy was too frantic in his contempt for the Northern people to pay attention to such suggestions.

During my experience in the field, especially against Indians (for in the war of the Rebellion our soldiers were always well and sometimes over-fed and pampered) a part of the ration would from time to time be unavoidably wanting, or damaged by heat and transport. On all such occasions the discontent of the soldiers was apparent and obtrusive. Once during the war on Puget Sound, several mules of a pack train, bringing supplies to my camp in the interior, were swept away by a mountain torrent they were obliged to cross. They were laden with coffee and sugar, and the loss of those luxuries came near producing a mutiny. What, therefore, must have been the secret of Lee's influence, which enabled him to keep an army together, month after month, and could make them fight valiantly when the soldiers had nothing but raw corn to eat? Who can estimate his labors and anxiety when, striving to avoid starvation, he was obliged to find a way to provide war materials, and to transport over worn-out railroads and muddy paths through the woods?

By what charm did he sustain the spirits of his followers in winter when they were in need of shoes and blankets? How did he animate his sentinels to watch his lines in the midnight sleet and rain when their coats were thread-bare? Yet all those things he accomplished with unflinching courage. He witnessed the closing, one after another, of every opening on the coast through which foreign supplies could reach him; saw his own ranks thinned by disease and lack of recruits, while the million of armed Union soldiers were penetrating every part of the Southern Territory; and it was only when all possibility of further resistance was at an end that he surrendered. After the surrender there was scarcely a vestige of military strength remaining in the whole South—everything had been consumed in the struggle, the duration and intensity of which were due almost wholly to the genius and energy of this one man.

It is possible that General Lee made a mistake in crossing the Potomac in 1863 to fight the battle of Gettysburg. Perhaps he had not sufficiently weighed the loss he had sustained by the death of Stonewall Jackson, who was killed at Chancellorsville May 10, 1863, less than two months before. If that hero had been alive the battle in all likelihood would have commenced earlier and been won by Lee. In such case Washington would have quickly fallen, and the Union would have been split. Heaven mercifully saved us from that calamity.

The inherent nobleness of Lee's character was made manifest after he had been vanquished in war and retired to the walks of civil life. The Southern people never reproached him, so far as I could learn, and their blessings attended him till his death, which occurred Oct. 12, 1870, in the 65th year of his age. He was offered positions of trust with large compensation and little labor, and was

invited to pass the remainder of his life in luxury by a titled Englishman, but he declined all inducements to ease. He accepted the presidency of the Washington College, which, since his death, is called "Washington and Lee University," and gave all his remaining strength to its pupils.

I can discover no sufficient reason to impugn the motives of General Lee in joining the Confederate ranks. His State believed in the right of secession, which was repugnant to my understanding, and with it he undertook a revolution, which, although it was unsuccessful, was concurred in by a larger proportion of the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the whole Southern community, than was any other revolution of ancient or modern times. The right to hold slaves was recognized and reserved when the Union was formed, and when the slaveholders imagined that right was invaded by the North they rebelled and made war, which, fortunately for them as well as for us, ended in their defeat. War was the only means to get rid of the curse of slavery, and it is idle to clamor about the motives of either party to it. It is therefore proper that the world should credit General Robert E. Lee with genius and purity of intention, justice and an unsoiled life. Such were his cardinal virtues, and in the variety of his manly accomplishments, and the graces of his manners and person, he excelled every individual with whom I have had the good fortune to be acquainted.

Grant and Lee, the conqueror and conquered, having been the commanding generals-in-chief of all the forces of their respective sections, met together after many bloody conflicts to close the civil war. Their names will therefore descend to posterity as its principal champions.

account I have given of Lee suggests a comparison

with Grant, the notice of whose varied history, I must, for want of space, condense to a summary of his distinguishing characteristics and such incidents as will best serve to elucidate a comparison of their qualities.

In describing General Grant's character and military achievements, I am not actuated by personal friendship. I never served with or directly under him, have no reason to suppose he ever asked an opinion of me but of one man, and that one my enemy; and it was only on three occasions that I ever exchanged a word with him. The first time I saw him was in the month of March, 1864, when he was about to assume command of the Army of the Potomac.

Being at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, and seated at a table in the dining-room with General Sackett, I saw General Grant at another table conversing with a man who showed great anxiety to engage his attention, which Grant seemed not disposed to give him. In a short time he left the stranger, and came over to join Sackett and me, saying as he sat down: "I can't stand that fellow any longer." We conversed pleasantly on various subjects, and when I offered to fill a glass with champagne for him, the general placed his hand over the glass, saying: "If I begin to drink, I must keep on drinking." After that half-hour's *interview*, I did not see General Grant again till he came to San Francisco in 1880, returning from his trip around the world.

The interval of eighteen years had wrought a surprising change in his person and manners. At my first interview, he was meagre in appearance and thoughtful in manner, but success and the world's adulation appeared to have expanded his body and imparted dignity to his presence. I enjoyed a few minutes' conversation with him at Senator Sharon's grand reception, and on a day

before he left San Francisco, when it was given out that he would not see company, I sent up my card, and was admitted to his rooms in the Palace Hotel. On that occasion two officers were present, and also three ladies, who were calling on Mrs. Grant, with whom I had a pleasant conversation. The general himself was quite civil, and I was beginning to feel complimented, when he remarked with a smile that when my card came up he mistook it for that of another person! That speech deprived my reception of the grace of exclusiveness, and restored my mind to the equilibrium of impartiality. I can, therefore, discuss the merits of Grant and his great antagonist without bias in favor of the former.

In comparing the two chiefs, the early advantages of Lee over Grant must be regarded. The former, by birth and breeding among slaves, was an aristocrat, and he was regarded by the masters as the one of themselves who was best fitted to be their leader. On the other hand, Grant's origin, manners, and personal appearance, though highly respectable, were not such as could gain him special notice of any kind.

Lee graduated at the Military Academy in 1829, second in a class of forty-six. Grant graduated in 1843, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The difference of class standing was not a prognostic of much value, but Lee's martial appearance, invariable good conduct, and Southern nativity secured to him the office of adjutant of the corps of cadets, which enabled him to practise the art of command in his youth. But Grant kept the place of a private soldier, and at no time while a cadet did he exercise any official influence with his fellow-students.

After graduating, Lee's positions in the army were at all times advantageous. During the Mexican War he was attached to the staff of General Scott, enjoyed the full

confidence of his chief, and was enabled to profit by a knowledge of all plans and councils, and he received more compliments in orders than any of his brother officers in the field. Grant was at the same time a lieutenant of infantry, and he was once noticed for bravery by General Scott. At other times during the eleven years of service in the army he was stationed at various frontier posts between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. The monotony of garrison life oppressed him severely, and he fell under the tyranny of strong drink, and finally quit the service in 1854.

His occupations in civil life during the next five years after he gave up his commission were various, and he was reduced to many shifts and hardships to gain a livelihood for himself and family. But poverty was equally as powerless to depress the native vigor of his mind as was his addiction to drink to make him reckless. His pride had not degenerated, and he had overcome a tyrannous habit, which I regard as one of his most difficult conquests.

Thus seasoned in the hard school of penury and neglect, he re-entered the army in 1861 as Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. Many young men in the ranks of that regiment were averse to subordination, but their new colonel, as he remarked, soon "took the nonsense out of them by long marches and hard drilling," and when they crossed the Ohio River to begin war Grant's regiment was noticed for its good discipline and efficiency.

The Colonel being promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, met the enemy at Fort Henry, and early in February, 1862, at the head of almost 15,000 men, a number which was afterwards increased, he advanced upon and captured Fort Donelson. The assailants of the fort were

inferior in numbers to the defenders, who were commanded by a triumvirate of generals—Floyd, former Secretary of War under Buchanan; Gideon J. Pillow, who figured in Mexico under Scott; and Simon Buckner, a West Pointer, and man of ability and pluck. The two former escaped during the night of February 14th, and Buckner surrendered unconditionally on the morning of the 16th.

Grant's difficulties at the siege of Fort Donelson, owing to the rawness of his troops and the rigor of the season, were great; but in addition to them he was oppressed with a fearful burden of another character, which was the inveterate partiality of the department commander, Halleck, for C. F. Smith, who was second in rank, and who led the principal assaulting column. Halleck complimented Smith, who was a Brigadier, for the victory, recommended him for promotion, and ignored Grant entirely. The Government had the sagacity, however, to divine the truth, and Grant was promptly commissioned a Major-General.

It is possible that Grant's stupendous success, which was magnified throughout the country, may have overexcited him, and caused him to omit making customary reports to headquarters. At all events, General Halleck accused him of neglect, superseded him in his command by General C. F. Smith, and finally, upon some pretence, placed Grant in arrest.

General H. W. Halleck was a man of talents and a patriot, but often a slave to prejudice. He knew nothing about Grant's character, and he wished to know nothing good; but Smith was his favorite. Every one liked C. F. Smith, whose shape was that of an Apollo, and whose disposition in peace was that of a lamb, but in battle he was as fierce as a lion of the Jordan. When at the head

of his column he gained a footing within Fort Donelson, his appearance as he strode along the ramparts was incomparably majestic. Smith was a friend of mine, and I lamented his untimely death, which occurred in the month of April, 1862, about two months after his gallant exploit at Fort Donelson.

Grant, having been released from arrest and restored to command, moved forward, and fought the battle of Shiloh. The commander opposed to Grant in that battle was Albert Sidney Johnson, a native of Kentucky and a graduate of the Military Academy. President Jefferson Davis regarded him as the ablest of the Confederate generals, and at that time many Northern officers, I among them, agreed with him in opinion. Now I rank him after Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, and the equal of Joseph E. Johnston. General A. S. Johnson was killed in the battle of Shiloh, and a portion of Grant's army was thrown into confusion, and he himself shoved back, but not chased back. The timely arrival of reinforcements under Don Carlos Buell enabled the Federal army to recover from its check, and the enemy retreated.

Shortly after the battle of Shiloh, General Halleck took the field in person, supplanting Grant, who remained second in command. During the succeeding two months, although Grant remained with the army in nominal command of a portion and of a district of Tennessee, Halleck quite ignored him, sent orders direct to his subordinates, moved detachments of his troops without his knowledge, and on one occasion when Grant proffered advice, or rather an opinion, he was snubbed by a hint that when his advice was needed it would be asked for.

Under the same unbearable provocations, Washington and Jackson would have rebelled, and the latter would have shot somebody; but all the resentment shown by

Grant that I know is reported in Sherman's book: "I can't stand this any longer, and I'm going away." Sherman advised him to be patient and remain. He did so, but was looked upon as an officer in disgrace, and had no more influence at headquarters than a lame mule.

Halleck continued to fortify against a retreating enemy, gained nothing, so far as I have discovered, but disadvantages, until the month of July, and being convinced that to command an army in the field was not his vocation, he recommended Colonel Robert Allen as his successor, and departed for Washington to assume the command of the whole army, *vice* General George B. McClellan. Allen declined the command, and Grant was restored to it.

The operations of the Army of the Tennessee under its new leader were full of vigor, and in the month of May, 1863, Grant crossed the Mississippi below Vicksburg, and placed himself between Pemberton, who commanded in that city, and Joseph E. Johnston, who was at the head of an army in the interior. From the moment I became acquainted with the nature of that movement, I have considered Grant as one of the great captains of history. The story of nearly every one of them embraces a similar incident. Alexander of Macedon crossed the Indus to capture old Porus; Scipio went over the Mediterranean to fight and vanquish Hannibal. Cæsar, already as great as any man in the world, crossed the Rubicon and became the greatest. Tamerlane passed the Schon on the ice to die of fatigue. Turenne crossed the Rhine to drive back Monticuculi and to be killed. Napoleon fought his way over the Adige to enter the Temple of Fame, and at a later date, when success had turned his head, he ventured to the northern side of the Boristhenes to see the lustre of his star pale in the smoke of burning Moscow.

It would be foreign to my purpose to follow the details of General Grant's movements and strategy after July 23d, 1864, when Vicksburg capitulated. His operations were on a vast scale, and on all occasions he displayed a wonderful military sagacity, especially in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, where, by a brilliant movement, he released the army from a perilous situation. He overcame the prejudice of General Halleck, to whose praise it must be said that after the battle of Chickamauga he deferred to his subordinate's judgment without discussion.

At this juncture, Grant's capacity being recognized and his influence established, it seems fit that I should mention a circumstance of extraordinary significance and highly honorable to another man. During all his early struggles in the war to do his duty and to make himself known, Grant had at Washington a faithful and devoted friend, who foresaw his worth without trial, and who stood by him at a time when ignorance, envy, and distraction assailed and threatened to destroy him. Considering the credence which was so generally given by the Government to slanders, and the facility offered to men without scruple to climb to distinction upon the destruction of their betters, it has often occurred to me that without the active and stubborn support of Mr. E. B. Washburne, Grant's aspirations would have been nipped in the bud, his name forgotten, and his glorious deeds lost to his country. Mr. Washburne's constancy and fidelity to Grant characterized his nature, in which there is nothing false. He was a most useful and efficient member of Congress, dutiful and just in all his various official positions. While he was minister to France I saw much of him during several years. His dignity was the result of intelligence and common sense, and the conduct of no other man in that station has been approved by a greater

number of sensible men and women than his. It was the country's loss, more than his own, that Mr. Washburne was not made President of the United States.

The law creating Scott Lieutenant-General having lapsed with him, a bill to renew it was introduced by Mr. Washburne and passed. Grant was promoted to that grade and received his commission early in March, 1864, and on the 8th of that month he arrived in Washington to assume the command of all the Union troops which were then enrolled, to the number of nearly 600,000 men.

On that occasion Sherman wrote a letter of congratulation to the new Lieutenant-General, in which he ascribes to him an intuitive knowledge of strategy and the science of war. The letter was magnanimous on the part of Sherman, who followed next to Grant in the Federal army in renown and martial prowess, and who, it is known, is not deficient in self-appreciation. If General Sherman's letter was sincere, and I am constrained to believe it was, it belies all the histories of competitive military ambition that I have studied.

Lieutenant-General Grant, after a survey of his vast field of operations and his mighty power, adopted one of the numerous maxims of the great Napoleon, and directed that every one of the department commanders should, on the same day and upon an agreed signal, move upon a vital point of the enemy. He himself in personal command of the army of the Potomac, which was nearly 120,000 strong, crossed the Rapidan early in the morning of May 4, 1864, and advanced into "the Wilderness" to meet General R. E. Lee, who was his only worthy adversary.

The country between the Rapidan and Richmond is generally low and flat, sparsely inhabited, and mostly covered with forests. Earth roads and wood paths inter-

sect the forest in all directions, and render the manœuvres of an army extremely difficult and make it liable to lose its way without guides. Lee had the advantage of numerous defensive works, previously constructed, a knowledge of the roads and paths, and superior facilities for gaining information.

I shall not undertake in this book to detail any part of the bloody tragedy which was presented on the field I have described in the summer of 1864. The first act was between 200,000 combatants, the majority of whom were young and middle-aged men of the most valuable classes of population, North and South, and all inured to war. The commanders of both armies, without a dissenting voice, enjoyed the full confidence of their respective countrymen and soldiers. As fast as battles and disease thinned their ranks, the vacancies were filled, and the battalions of the North much more than filled, with recruits.

Grant, the Federal chief, maintained a pressure upon Lee's defences which knew no intermission. As a rule, he would neutralize the force of his enemy's strongly fortified points by attacking those that were weaker; but lest his adversary should infer that he was influenced by fear, he assailed the almost impregnable position at Cold Harbor, at a cost to himself of 7,000 men at least, while he inflicted but trifling loss upon the Confederates. Grant has been charged with an unnecessary sacrifice of life on that occasion, but he must have considered his situation such as to justify his conduct. It was a maxim with the great Napoleon, that such rashness is sometimes necessary for the safety, as well as the honor, of an army. The sustained vigor and timely boldness of General Grant constitute an important factor in the problem I am studying in regard to his supremacy.

General Lee, from the nature of things, was constrained to imitate the example of the Roman Fabius against Hannibal, and of Marshal Daun against Frederick the Great. He was defending interior lines against superior numbers, and being woefully deficient in transportation it would have been madness for him to sally out beyond the support of his ramparts. Some of his critics, however, have fancied that from over-caution, on two or three occasions, he failed to see opportunities offered him by Grant to break through his lines and harass the invader much more than he did. It is barely possible that such censure may have been deserved. General Lee was overworked and so dreadfully oppressed by his responsibilities that from time to time nature claimed its right to repose, and occasionally he may have fallen into that state which I call the *syncope of the mind*, a state in which energy refuses to respond to external impressions, however obvious they may be. Where is the man of action who has never experienced such a state, and seen passing by and beyond recovery precious opportunities and golden prizes, which in his ordinary condition he would have easily appropriated? But, whatever may have been the faults of General Lee, it is certain that he increased the death-rate in the Federal army to a degree that ought to satisfy the most ferocious lover of slaughter.

The series of manœuvres, battles, actions, and changes of position in the Wilderness, and until Lee was driven behind the defences of Richmond, and afterwards till the Southern Confederacy heaved its last groan, have no parallels on the continent of America. They rank with those displays of martial genius of ancient and modern times, which have been the study of military men in all ages, and the wonder of the world. They remind us of the struggles of Sylla when the Samnite Tellesenes gave

him the slip and placed the eternal city in such jeopardy that Sylla appealed to his gods to save him and Rome; of the contests in Greece between Pompey and Cæsar before the battle of Pharsalia, when Pompey's sycophants felt such confidence that they lampooned the mighty Julius and called him "a vendor of cities;" and more than all, perhaps, they give an idea of the war of the allies upon Napoleon in France after the campaign in Russia, when that great commander's genius shone most brightly, fighting against fearful odds but to fail.

Ours was an intestine conflict, and the glory of the actors loses a portion of its lustre when we reflect that in the opinion of some men, if good counsels had prevailed, it might have been avoided, and the thousands of brave men whose fraternal blood seethed and impasted the soil from Petersburg to Richmond might have been spared.

In determining the relative merits of Grant and Lee, I have been careful to consider all the qualities and circumstances peculiar to each, and not only the exploits of the two generals, but also their dispositions and temperaments. The fact that the former finally conquered the latter is not by any means conclusive. If I were to see a man take up a gun weighing a thousand pounds, place it upon his shoulder, and walk away with it, I should know without further investigation that he possessed extraordinary physical strength; but the gain or loss of a single battle would not prove a man to be a good or a poor general. Hannibal, Turenne, Frederick, and Napoleon all lost battles, and yet they are cited among the greatest captains of all time.

Wellington never quite lost a battle, but he was seriously checked, and in this respect Grant resembles the Englishman. At the approach of Lee or Sherman, his

army would shout more enthusiastically than for Grant, but when the latter came up during the fight the lines became more steady, and the soldier would adjust his aim with greater accuracy than before.

Sherman showed wonderful vigor and sagacity when he pushed Johnston from Chattanooga to Atlanta, but Grant would drive his chariot through passes that Sherman would not venture to approach. There was an abatement in Lee's audacity during the twenty-four hours preceding the battle of Gettysburg, otherwise he would have won it and gained the Southern cause; but nowhere can I discover debility in Grant's movements or assaults.

Grant could hold his enemy as in a vice, with a ruthlessness like that of Tamerlane or the Duke of Alva, and when he had accomplished everything he left upon the mind of his observer an impression that he possessed a reserve of force that had not been called into play. I am constrained, therefore, to assign to Ulysses S. Grant the highest rank as a military commander of all that have been born on the continent of America.

CHAPTER XIII.

My journey to San Francisco.—Life in California.—The voyage via Cape Horn.—Delay at Panama.—Anecdotes of the journey.—San Francisco in 1849.—The discovery of gold.—San Francisco in early days.—Fellow officers.—Expedition to the San Joaquin Indians.—Treaty with them.—Great fire in San Francisco.—California admitted to the Union.—The Vigilance Committee.

THE war with Mexico having been concluded by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in the month of May, 1848, I was relieved from duty at West Point, and ordered to proceed with my company, "M" of the Third Regiment of Artillery, to California. Fortunately for me, there was a delay in the arrival of my successor, and I was allowed to defer my departure until after my company, under the command of my friend, Major George P. Andrews, had sailed *via* Cape Horn.

The reports of gold discoveries reached New York early in the autumn of 1848. At first they were not generally credited, but they gained confidence so rapidly that when I embarked for Chagres on the 1st of February following, the little steamer Falcon was crowded almost to suffocation. Among that first detachment of gold-seekers there was a greater number of educated men than were found with any one that succeeded. The steamer that was despatched from New York to receive the Falcon's passengers at Panama, broke down, and we were detained thirty days on the Isthmus, the climate of which had been represented to be pestilential. It proved to be such to a considerable number of our people, but to me it was healthful.

There was no railroad at that time, and we were obliged to cross from Chagres in boats to Gorgona, and thence to Panama on the backs of mules. We spent two and a half days upon the river, which is so crooked that in the course of two hours the sun shone alternately upon the prow and stern of our boats. That was my first tropical journey inland, and it was then I saw the flowery region in all its beauty and luxuriance, of which those who travel now by rail can form no conception. Upon the banks of the stream in many places were trees of vast height, whose tops were covered with roses, and their sides hung with vines that stretched from one to another like verdant curtains. Here and there, strewn with profusion, were floral tints of every hue, that gave to those waving screens a beauty that mocks the glory of all the tapestries of Italian pencils and Flemish looms.

On our way from Gorgona we stopped about midway for the night. Lieutenant May and I spread our blankets under an old shed that stood on a bare hill of moderate height. At three o'clock in the morning May called me out to look at the great Southern Cross, which I had not seen before. The night was clear, and while I gazed at the vast azure fields of the austral heavens, dotted with stars of first magnitude, the cool air, laden with perfumes, refreshed my senses, and I was unconscious that the human heart is the abode of such disturbing passions as avarice, wrath, and envy.

At Panama I enjoyed Spanish cooking and agreeable associations. I had the companionship of the naval and military commissioners sent out by our Government to select sites for docks, lighthouses, and forts: Captains Goldsborough and Van Brunt, and Lieutenants Blunt, May, Blair, Hammenly, Elliott, and Doctor A. J. Bowie, of the Navy; Colonel Smith and Lieutenant D. Lead-

better, and Major R. P. Hammond and Doctor Turner, of the Army. Besides those there were several civilians in our circle, the most prominent of whom were: Mr. John W. Geary, the first American Postmaster at San Francisco and afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania; Messrs. Frederick Billings, John Benson, Rev. Mr. Mines, and Rev. Albert Williams, Archibald, Peachy, Ruth, Sibley, Laffan, Havens, and others. I formed many lasting attachments among those gentlemen, all of whom are dead with the exception of Williams, Billings, Bowie, Benson and myself.

On the morning of March 12, the *Oregon*, Captain Pier-son, was sighted coming up the Bay of Panama. Thirty-six hours afterwards that vessel was steaming for California, so crammed with passengers that there was no room in any part for exercise. We called at Acapulco and San Blas, Mexico, and at San Diego and Monterey, California. We reached the offing of the latter at midnight, and I went in the boat with the captain to deliver the mail. As I stepped upon the wharf I was saluted in friendly tones by Lieutenants Halleck and Burton. They gave us valuable information, and told us the ship of war *Ohio*, under command of Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, was in the Harbor of San Francisco, anchored off Saucelito. We entered the Golden Gate on the morning of April 1, 1849, and I went on shore. The first persons I met were Lieutenant W. T. Sherman and Captain Joseph L. Folsom, who was quartermaster. Sherman saluted me as warmly as a brother. Folsom was less cordial, but he loaned me a wheelbarrow, by means of which I transported my trunks to the old Russian storehouse, where I slept the first two nights on the floor, with a bit of wood for a pillow.

At the time I landed there was a scattering village or

pueblo, containing seven or eight hundred inhabitants, which was called by the natives Yerba Buena, and by the Americans San Francisco. There was not a street that was marked by houses aligned upon it, but a survey had been made and pegs driven to show where they were to be. The ground was covered with brush and sand hills, and broken at the north and west by rocky heights. The site was not promising for a large city, but subsequent labor, assisted by art, has modified it to such an extent that it now seems both convenient and pleasant to look upon.

The fame of gold discoveries had reached all the seaports of the world, and numerous ships and steamers came in filled with immigrants, and laden with merchandise of every description. In the course of the summer there were anchored in the harbor several hundred square-rigged vessels, the crews of which had deserted and gone to the mines. Many kinds of goods were tenfold in excess of the requirements of the people, especially wines, liquors, tobacco, and framed houses. I purchased the finest red wines of France for \$4 a case that would have sold in New York for \$20. At the same time, one dozen fresh eggs sold for \$12, and a cooked potato in an eating-house or tent cost \$1, and the wages of unskilled labor was \$16 a day.

At first nearly all the new-comers lived in tents, and the scarcity of permanent shelter induced many persons to order framed houses, which, at the end of eight months, arrived in such numbers that they were given away to those who would take them from the ships. I ordered one from my friend Kemble, and when the bill and plan of it arrived in November, an acquaintance named G— begged me to sell it to him. At first I refused, but when he convinced me that it was much better fitted for his lot

of ground than mine, I consented to sell the house to him at his own price, which was its cost and freight and \$1,200 profit to me. As soon as he received the bill of lading and transfer, he said to me: "I'll not sell this bargain for less than \$1,000." The house arrived in March, 1850, at which time he could have had another of equal value for the cost of bringing it from the ship to the shore. G—— thought I should return the \$1,200, but I declined, and lost his friendship. Seven years afterwards he made an affidavit in "my lawsuit" concerning the value of real estate in San Francisco, in which I thought I discovered in his estimates and suppositions that he remembered the trade for the house.

The first brick building that was constructed on Montgomery Street, which for many years was the most important thoroughfare of the city of San Francisco, was built by Mr. William D. M. Howard, in 1851. He employed two surveyors to mark the west side of the street, and their lines were about one yard apart. Mr. Howard, supposing I was a man of science, applied to me to make another survey, which I accomplished after three days' labor. I ran lines on neighboring streets, guided by the pegs, and made measurements, by which I determined a line that fell about midway between the other two, of which I was ignorant. My line is the present western boundary of Montgomery Street.

All the men who lived in California in the year 1849 arrogate to themselves a special glory. Necessity confounded all social distinctions, and civility of intercourse was secured by the use and display of a pistol by nearly everybody. Drunkenness was common, and assassinations not unfrequent. Otherwise dishonesty was far less apparent than it has been since. The custom house was in an old adobe building on the Plaza, and when I went

there, as I often did, I saw men sitting on sacks of Mexican dollars that were piled three feet high along the wall. There were several rice tierces full of the same coin stored under a shed on California Street.

My company of artillery arrived about the end of April and on the first day of May, 1849, I was assigned to the command of the post of San Francisco by General Persifor F. Smith, who was the commander of the department and the successor of Colonel Mason. With the exception of a short interval, in which Colonel Merchant was my superior, I continued the actual or nominal commander till 1858, when I was promoted to be major of artillery *vice* Taylor deceased. During the whole period of over nine years I was twice absent on leave, about twelve months in all, and two years in the field, campaigning against Indians. I do not count short absences on court-martial and other temporary duty.

Major Andrews, assisted by Lieutenants H. G. Gibson and William G. Gill, brought me a company of 86 men, all fine-looking and in good discipline. We began having dress parades, and doing garrison duty strictly according to army regulations. Within a week, however, the soldiers commenced to desert, and in a short time our numbers were reduced by two-thirds. One night the whole guard, including the corporal, went off, and I despatched Major Andrews in pursuit of the fugitives. He overtook them some fifteen miles on the road to San José, shot a couple, but brought back only one wounded soldier, as all his escort joined the deserters.

The garrison being too much reduced for proper military service, the officers were allowed by General Smith to do something to increase their pay, which was not at all proportionate to the cost of living at that time and place. By good fortune I was now at a juncture in which

I was to reap the benefit of the foresight which I had exercised at West Point. In the months of October and November, 1848, after I received my orders to proceed to the Pacific Coast, Lieutenant B. L. Alexander, of the Engineer Corps, was then engaged surveying the Point, and I went out to assist him. I not only made myself practically expert in running lines and adjusting the theodolite, but I looked into a book on civil engineering. Thus prepared I was ready to compete for \$500, which was offered for the best plan for a wharf, which a company of capitalists proposed to construct on what is now Commercial Street. I was allowed but three days for study and preparation, but by almost continuous labor, night and day, I was ready in time and appeared at the meeting of the directors with an immense drawing and voluminous specifications for a wharf. Two or three other plans were put in, one of which was decidedly preferable to mine; but its author was a quiet person, and I, at that time of my life, was noisy. My design being approved and adopted, I was appointed superintending engineer of the work.

The chief difficulty was to obtain lumber for the wharf. I canvassed the town, but failed to find a man who would agree to furnish it. Then I crossed the Bay to Contra Costa and went on foot to the top of the hills, where stood a beautiful and extensive grove of red-wood trees, not one of which now remains. Mr. John Benson was with me, and in going and returning we had great difficulty to avoid the wild cattle that covered the hills and plains, which are now occupied by the charming city of Oakland. Not succeeding in Contra Costa, I visited Corta Medera and Reed's Rancho on the north of the bay. At the latter I fell in with a discharged soldier of Stevenson's regiment, who contracted to furnish a hun-

dred piles, to be delivered at the landing in San Francisco, for one dollar the running foot. I reported my contract to the directors, and they scouted at it, as they knew the contractor to be a shiftless fellow. One of them said he should feel happy if he could be certain that he could live till Maple brought the first pile. He was the only man who would agree to furnish the material, and he disappointed us all by bringing fifty good piles, and I obtained others, as well as the necessary square timber, from Santa Cruz.

On the fifth day of July, 1849, the first pile was driven that ever stood in the harbor of San Francisco. That was also the date of the first encroachment by any real improvement upon the area which now embraces nearly all of the wholesale establishments in the city. The tide then came over Montgomery Street at Jackson, and near it at the starting-point of the wharf. To-day there are solid ground and Belgian pavements at the east end of Sacramento Street, eighteen hundred feet to the eastward of Montgomery. In the summer of 1849 the intervening space was the anchorage of a fleet of ships, many of them one thousand tons burthen or more. To fill up so much of the sea, mountains of sand and rocks were required. The sand hill that occupied the site of the Occidental Hotel was higher than that magnificent five-story structure, and an almost equally spacious bulk of rocks has been blasted from Telegraph Hill and dumped in.

I have given the foregoing details to show the enormous amount of labor that was bestowed by the first American settlers of the city of San Francisco. Those who laid its foundation are nearly all dead, or if alive are seldom seen. Something that they strewed is gathered every day by their successors, who remember them not. The history of the first board of directors of the Central

Wharf Company will serve as an example of the mutation of fortune. They were seven in number, and they were all strong, healthy men, and they seemed prosperous—three of them being the richest men in the city. Their names were William D. M. Howard, Joseph L. Folsom, Samuel Brannan, Charles Gillespie, William Davis, Mr. Cross, of the firm of Cross, Hobson & Co., and William Hooper.

Mr. Howard died early of consumption, but left a fortune, and his grandson now enjoys a portion of it, and is a prominent and worthy citizen. Folsom deceased in 1855, leaving a vast estate in land, but so encumbered that his heirs received nothing. Brannan, who had the largest income of any man in the city in 1853, is now the possessor of nothing in California so far as I know. Gillespie and Davis were rich and enterprising. They built more than the times required, and in consequence of the depression of values and the fires in 1851 and '52 they lost and sacrificed property which is now worth millions, but they did not lose their courage. Mr. Hooper, the least wealthy of the seven directors, was an excessively conscientious man. He deceased in 1866, leaving a moderate competency to his family.

The confusion of Spanish and American laws and customs, and the mingling of all the nations of the earth, which were largely represented by sanguine adventurers, fugitives from justice, and other reckless characters, gave rise to much disorder.

A lawless band, calling themselves "*Hounds*," collected in San Francisco in 1849, and bade defiance to the authorities. The "*Hounds*" were summarily put down without legal process. Again, in 1851, the dangerous classes became so audacious that a Vigilance Committee was organized, and several depredators sentenced to death.

Among the condemned were two that had been rescued by the Sheriff, or *Alguazil*, and confined in the Broadway jail. One Sunday afternoon, in the month of July, while the Rev. Albert Williams was holding divine service in the prison, two solid young men entered and joined in the devotions. A hymn was given out, and the prisoners stood up in a circle to sing. The strangers, who were members of the Vigilance Committee, managed to place themselves respectively at the sides of the two criminals, and with pealing voices they joined in the chant. At the beginning of the third verse the two suddenly dropped their books, each clutched his man, and rushed through the open door to a hack that stood in the street, thrust them in, and took seats by their sides as guards. The coachman drove furiously to the stores that then stood on Battery Street, between California and Pine, and delivered his load to the committee.

I happened to be walking on Stockton Street when the carriage passed me, and I followed with all speed. When I arrived, although the distance was not above a quarter of a mile, the two men were hanging dead from the projecting ridge-poles of two adjacent stores. Several other men were executed, but the vicious elements were too numerous to be wholly subdued, and the orderly citizens continued to be disturbed by many outrages.

In consequence of the depredations of the Indians in the San Joaquin Valley, a commission was sent out from Washington to treat with them. Messrs. McKee, Woozencroft, and Barbour were the commissioners, and a body of 200 infantry soldiers was collected, of which I was the commander, to attend them. My secret orders from General Hitchcock, the commander of the department, were to obey the instructions of the commissioners so long as they could conduct their negotiations

peacefully and prevail with the Indians to live on reservations. In case of failure on their part to accomplish that purpose without force, I was to assume control and make war. No difficulty was encountered until we came to the camp on the Chowchilla River. At that point, Major Savage, who had been among the "Monos," returned with a report that a portion of that tribe refused to come in. Thereupon the commissioners requested me to go out and bring them by force. I then exhibited my secret orders, and told the commissioners that before moving against the enemy my duty was to conduct them to a place of safety in the rear. They reconsidered their request, and in a few days the refractory "redskins" were induced to surrender and come in. From that time forward no similar difficulty was encountered.

While we were encamped on the south bank of the San Joaquin, I remarked to Mr. John McKee, who was the secretary of the commission, that the old pipe I was smoking gave me a heart-burn. He said his pipe troubled him in the same way, and offered to bet \$100 that he would abstain from the use of tobacco in every form longer than I. I took the bet, and afterwards, at his suggestion, agreed to limit its duration to the time we should serve together on the commission.

Scarce had a week elapsed when orders came from Washington to divide the commission. The elder McKee and his son and Dr. Woozencroft were to go north, and I, with Barbour and the military escort, were to continue and go south. When the commission separated, I rode down to the crossing of the river, and as we entered the old scow I noticed that McKee had a pipe in his hat-band. On reaching the opposite bank, he stepped ashore and exclaimed: "The bet is ended!" Then he rubbed a match on the gunwale of the boat, lighted his pipe, and

from that time till now I have seldom seen him that he was not smoking. I continued to abstain, and have never returned to my old habit in any one of its variations. I was obliged to practise great self-denial for a long time, but at the end of seven years I ceased to think of tobacco. It is not difficult to interchange the habit of smoking, chewing, and snuffing, but the customary use of the weed cannot be wholly renounced until after an abstinence of at least seven years. A less time serves only to whet the appetite for a greater indulgence.

It was in the spring of the year 1851, and the San Joaquin Valley was in an absolute state of nature. From Stockton to the Tejon Pass, a distance of 300 miles, no evidence of occupation by white men was seen, save that in a few spots there were ashes and charcoal to show where a cottage had recently stood. Four miles from Stockton I saw a band of several hundred elk, and the motion of their antlers as the animals ran away was worth a journey across the continent to witness. Large troops of wild horses, many deer, antelope, and coyotes were constantly in view, and upon each day's march the landscape presented a striking change of attractions in the flowers that overspread the ground. They alternated in color: one day the flowers were red, the next white, then blue and yellow. The atmosphere was clear and wholesome, and our animals in fine condition. In our wagons we carried an abundant supply of wines, hams, buffalo tongues and condiments, and a herd of fat steers supplied us with plenty of fresh beef. Our hunters brought in venison, antelope, and birds, and everything conspired with youth and health to make me happier than I have ever felt in the haunts of fashion and envy.

I had in my camp an excellent man named Vinconhaler for guide. We called him "Captain Haler." He had

crossed the continent twice with Colonel Fremont, to whom he must have rendered important assistance. His ability to "find paths" appeared to me almost miraculous. One day while our camp was on the San Joaquin, where it issues from the hills, a party of us went down the river some twenty miles to hunt elk and antelope. I had a large horse of moderate speed that I had led to the hunting ground. Seeing a band of elk, I exchanged my mule for the horse, and gave chase. I pursued them several miles, but could get no nearer than about 200 yards. After discharging six shots from my pistol, and only slightly wounding two of the animals, I reined up and dismounted to tighten the saddle-girth. The moment I seized the strap, my horse sprang from me, and ran off with a far greater speed than I had been able to get from him. I looked around, but was unable to see on all the wide plain a single one of my companions. It was getting late in the afternoon, and I was at least twenty-five miles from camp, on foot, and alone. A dark cloud that threatened rain and thunder was rising in the west, and I was hungry under such circumstances, with the almost certain prospect of spending the night among the wild beasts of the field. I was anything but cheerful. I followed my treacherous horse with my eye till he became fearfully small to the view, when another speck starting out from the edge of the horizon moved to intercept him. It was "Captain Haler," who rode a fleet animal, and found no difficulty in catching mine. He came directly back to where I was, and I asked him how he had found me so soon, as it was not possible to see me on the ground so far off. "I followed the trail of your horse," said he, "and that was all I needed; but it would be safer for you not to quit the bridle the next time you dismount to tighten your saddle-girth." The result of our hunt was

one antelope and a ravenous appetite when we returned to camp at midnight.

All the browsing wild animals afforded us pleasure, but the rattlesnakes that were so plentiful in the Tulare Valley and Tejon Pass sometimes caused us apprehension. One day the soldiers killed eleven of those venomous beasts, and saw ten times as many more as they disappeared in the squirrel holes. At mid-day rest on our march over the Tejon Mountains, a half-dozen of us officers spread our blankets in the shade of an oak tree. Some were napping, but Lieutenant Gibson was awake and resting on his elbow. In that position he saw gliding out from a squirrel hole that was half covered by his blanket an enormous rattlesnake. He remained quiet till the reptile had crawled away a few feet ; then he sprang up, seized a club, and despatched him.

While we were encamped on King's River, the soldiers captured a water snake, and brought him in confined in the cleft of a long pole that held him near the tail. Many years before I had read in the "New York Mirror" a series of articles to prove that snakes never hiss, and consequently that all the poetical allusions to "*hissing serpents*" were false. I took a long stick and worried the water moccasin, and when he became spiteful he made a noise exactly like that made by a goose with goslings when the boys and girls approach her, and now I am convinced that snakes hiss.

The last treaty with the Indians was made at French's deserted rancho, at the entrance of Tejon Pass. Several hundred were there assembled, and among them were many good-looking, healthy bucks and squaws. Two young girls, the daughters of a chief, were admired for their graceful shapes and the unrivalled beauty of their teeth. All the aborigines who were unused to civilization had sound

teeth, but the dentists say that as soon as they adopt our custom of eating, their teeth begin to decay rapidly. The diet of the San Joaquin and Tulare Indians consisted of acorns, grass seeds, with such fish and game as they could catch. Their delicacies were dried grasshoppers and a conserve of ants. This last was highly prized. I was told that it had a delightful spicy flavor that remained long on the palate.

I have seen the peace and war dances and heard the songs and chants of some ten or twelve tribes of Indians from Florida to Puget Sound, and they all differ in most respects, but are alike in some. Generally they danced around a fire, and the squaws sat near it clacking dry sticks, or rattling pebbles or beans in a gourd, while they intoned wild and gloomy ditties. In the war dance, the braves distort their painted faces in a way to give the fiercest aspect. The one who succeeded best in the camp on King's River was an old fellow who laughed with his mouth, and at the same time, with a horrible scowl on his brow, he darted vengeance from his eyes. At the gathering near the four creeks there were about 1,400 Indians, and among them the Chief Pasqual. His incantations in a war-dance surpassed anything of the kind I ever saw before or since. He was naked from the waist upwards, and the position of his body and arms, and the expression of his face in some of his attitudes, might have served as a model for a statue of Moloch. On one occasion I held a conversation with a chief, which tended to prove the unity of the human family. He had uncommon intelligence, and could speak Spanish, which he had learned at a mission where he was born, and from which he had fled to the mountains many years before. He wished to know all about San Francisco and the white people who were flocking to it. When I told him there

were 20,000 men and scarcely any women, he looked astonished, and repeated my words, "Véinte mil hombres y casi ningunas mujeres!" "Si," said I. Then after musing a while he looked up at me smiling, and said: "En poco tiempo habrá bastantes." (In a little while there'll be plenty.)

At the Indian camp on the San Joaquin an old Mono squaw agreed to give us her son for a waiter-boy. Accordingly, the day following she brought in a youth of 12 years of age who was as naked as a fishworm. We dressed him, and kept him about the mess till he grew to be a man. We called him Sam, and he was an untutored savage in the broadest sense of that term. He had never seen a house and only one white man before he was brought to our camp. I set myself to watch the development of Sam's moral nature, and to observe the characters which the lessons of civilization inscribed most easily upon a blank human mind. The boy left his father and mother, his tribe, and his country to join us, without the slightest apparent emotion or regret. Frequently at subsequent times I spoke to him of his parents, but could never prevail on him to express a wish to see either one of them, or to relate to me a single incident of his childhood. The gloomy penury of his own early years, compared with what he saw of the happiness of children of our race, made him averse to recall it to mind.

We made no efforts to teach him letters, but he learned enough of the Spanish and English languages to understand what was said to him, with as much facility as the brightest of our youth. Generally, the boy appeared to be deficient in curiosity, saving that writing seemed to him the most wonderful of all mysteries. As soon as he had learned the names of the different officers, they would write such messages as they wished to send by him

on slips of paper. Those slips of paper he would turn often in his hands, and when he received the book, paper, or other thing sent for, he would break out into a loud exclamation of surprise. Laughter was not usual with him, nor is it ever much practised by savages. It is peculiar to civilized beings, and is largely indulged in by hypocrites. I have known all the races of mankind excepting the Laplanders, the Hottentots, the Caffres, the Patagonians, and original Australians. I have found that in all the world the Americans laugh and smile the most.

Sam's giggling was not bestowed as we bestow it, sometimes to give pleasure to others, but only to express his own. I never knew him to laugh heartily and to continue laughing in spite of himself but once. An officer had mounted a vicious mule, and the moment he was in the saddle the mule began to kick and buck in a most fearful manner, and finally succeeded in dashing the officer to the ground with such violence that I feared he was killed. All the while Sam looked on at a distance, laughed as if he would split, and when the officer struck the ground his joy was without bounds, and he yelled and hopped about like a jumping-jack.

In his ability to find his way to any point of the wildest country that he had once visited, and in recognizing men and animals that he had ever seen before, Sam was pre-eminent above all other human beings I have known.

On one occasion I went with a party of officers to a clambake on the shore of the ocean. In a space of six or seven miles there was only one passage down the steep, high bank to the sea, and to that we were conducted by a white guide, while Sam, apparently half-asleep, trudged along behind. A year later I started with the same party for the same spot. Arriving at a place about five

miles off the high ridge extending along the shore, we halted to determine the ridge where we should find the pass. We all agreed on the same point, and started off towards it. There was no road over the intervening country, but it was crossed in every direction by trails made by cattle and wild animals. After going a mile or so, I accidentally fell to the rear and joined Sam. He said: "Captain, this is not the way. It's down there," pointing to a place three miles to the right. I called a halt, and we all again examined the heights, and concluded we were not mistaken and so pushed on. Sam made no objection, and his face wore its unchangeable resemblance to a bronze casting. We proceeded three miles further, and found out our mistake after an hour's search. We could not make a short cut owing to the broken ground, and were obliged to retrace our steps to the point of our first consultation. When we arrived there, having wasted three hours, it was too late, and we returned home hungry, and missed our clambake. During my life, I have known a thousand enterprises to miscarry because haughty men would not take counsel from inferiors.

While in camp on King's River a beautiful stallion was stolen from us. The animal was as fat and sleek as a seal, and was often ridden by my servant O'Brien. Two years later I was standing on the sidewalk in Dupont Street, and Sam was with me. At that moment a man rode rapidly down Clay Street on a poor, long-haired, rough-looking horse, and was not in our sight above two seconds. Sam cried out: "O'Brien horse!" We followed the horseman on a run, and kept him in view till he turned into a stable on Kearney Street, and there I recognized the stolen horse from a brand on his flank, which was on the side opposite to us when Sam saw him. No

white man in the world could have recognized our beautiful stallion of 1851 in this ill-conditioned beast of 1853 as Sam did.

As Sam advanced in years, he began to adopt the vices of civilization. He hated work and loved whiskey, and ere long he became a drunkard, and I then lost sight of him.

We arrived in Los Angeles about the middle of June, and pitched our camp above the town, which was then an irregular cluster of adobe buildings, most of which were one-story high. There were a few gardens and vineyards, but no made streets, and the surrounding country was nearly all unenclosed and devoted to the pasturage of horses and horned cattle. Now it is a large city of brick and stone, and the country in spring, especially the valley of the San Gabriel, covered as it is with vines, orange, lemon, olive, and other fruit-bearing trees, resembles an earthly paradise. In May, 1881, Senator Randolph, of New Jersey, passed through that valley, and afterwards told me its beauty was beyond description. He had been describing half of its charms in a letter to his wife, and she, without doubt, would accuse him of an effort to imitate the style of Baron Munchausen.

I remained about ten days at Los Angeles, and had an opportunity to observe its citizens. Old Don Louis Vigne invited me to breakfast, and gave me some excellent sherry wine of his own making. In the evening I attended a fandango, and I saw the *ton* of the Pueblo. Among the native California señoritas were a half-dozen who in any country would have passed for beauties. I engaged one of them in conversation, and she with tongue, eye, hand, and sway of body, distanced all my former acquaintances in expressing the seductive emotions. In the midst of her wavy prattle, she suddenly

broke off, took from the bosom of her dress a couple of cigarettes, and offered me one, which I declined. Then she rubbed a match on the sole of her shoe, lighted hers, and blew the smoke from her nose. After a while she rose, lifted a large, white wash-basin pitcher which was full of water, drank from it, and passed the pitcher to me, and I replaced it on the window-sill. Finding that this señorita could work up the minutest fugitive idea into a long discourse, I left her and continued my observation of others. At midnight I returned to my camp, musing as I rode upon what constitutes fashion.

There being no further need of a military escort, Colonel Barbour, in a note complimentary to the troops, dispensed with my further service with him. We embarked at San Pedro for San Francisco, and on our way up the coast stopped off Monterey late in the evening. A San Francisco newspaper was brought on board at that point in which a map was blackened to show the ravages of the fire of June, 1851.

In that fire and in the conflagration of the month of May preceding, every building I owned in that city was consumed, and there was no insurance. Consequently, when I arrived, instead of a rent-roll of nearly \$1,000 per month, I had \$37, and no more.

The ground remained, and I still possessed a few thousand dollars in money. Those rebukes of fortune not being due to treachery, nor breaches of trust, so far as the flames were concerned, caused me no loss of sleep by night, but they made me heavy by day for a whole month. At the end of that time, while I was walking alone on California Street, despondency left me in a moment. At the end of a year my income was nearly restored.

The smoke of the recent fires had scarcely ceased to ascend (they had destroyed almost the entire business

portion of the city), nevertheless many new wooden buildings were almost completed at my return. The losses did not appear to have abated the enterprise of the people, but their effect, and the uncertainty in regard to the productiveness of the soil, was to reduce the market value of real estate in some instances to one-tenth of what it had been in the month of December, 1849. It remained low till about the middle of the year 1853, when it rose with a bound.

For more than a year preceding many good citizens, as well as all the office-seeking politicians—a class which has ever been superabundant in California—desired its erection into a State. The matter was long debated in Congress with unparalleled bitterness. The slaveholders sought to enshroud the whole territory which had been acquired from Mexico in their peculiar institution, but they failed to succeed. Then they undertook to secure the portion lying south of 30° 30' north latitude, and being again defeated, they opposed the admission of California into the Union as a State.

In the course of the long delay, my friend, Mr. Albert Priest, who was a Prussian and a large land-owner in Sacramento, visited Washington to represent the unsettled state of things on the Pacific coast and to urge speedy Congressional action. He was of a social disposition, boasted that he had been aide-de-camp to old Field Marshal Blucher, and all his gestures were military. I met him shortly after his return, and said to him: "Mr. Priest, what did you tell the authorities in Washington?" "I tell dem, ven you don't give us laws you shall make us in a state of siege!" This energetic appeal of the honest ex-aide-de-camp of old Blucher was probably as effective as would have been a petition a yard long.

The State was finally admitted into the Union on the

7th day of September, 1850, and when the news arrived in San Francisco it was followed with extraordinary rejoicings. A ball was given in the building now standing at the corner of Kearney and Commercial streets. It was attended by a crowd of well-dressed male citizens and many officers of the navy and army, but the number of ladies was comparatively small indeed. At that time there was not one woman to fifty men in the city. There were a few accomplished ladies of excellent character—Mrs. C. V. Gillespie, Mines, Vermehr, Fourceaud, Hooper, and a few others whose names I do not recall. There were also a number of respectable Mexican, German, and French ladies, with whom I was not acquainted. Also several handsome actresses and other females, a portion of whom were questionable, but all classes were represented at the ball. Every man present had a robust appearance, for at that early period puny men had not ventured to come to the Pacific coast, and gray-haired persons were seldom met. The dancing continued through the night, and at about two o'clock in the morning there arose a scene of drunkenness which was as bad, or even worse, than I had witnessed in any Atlantic city. I saw a naval officer, in full uniform, tumble headlong down stairs. Being plump in figure and full of drink, he fell like a rubber ball, and was not seriously injured. Since that time the habit of drunkenness, which is not encouraged by the climate of California, has gradually subsided in good society, and now an intoxicated person is rarely seen in an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen.

The first constitution of the new State was a purely Democratic-Republican charter, and it excluded negro slavery. The first Senators chosen were William M. Gwin and John C. Fremont, and the first Representatives to Congress were Gilbert and Wright. It had been an-

ticipated by people of a sanguine disposition that the abrogation of the mixed American, Spanish, and military system of laws and customs under which the people had groaned would immediately give place to good order and prosperity under the new constitution. That happy state of things did not follow at once, but corruption, venality, and violence continued to prevail, as the following incident will prove.

A young protégé of mine, to whom I was much attached, and whose name was S. L. Merchant, lived with the officers of my post. One of his associates wished to elect a certain municipal candidate, and urged S. L. to vote for him; and the two young gentlemen actually deposited their ballots at the Presidio Precinct hustings. S. L., not feeling quite certain that he had a right to vote in that Precinct, expressed his uneasiness to me in the evening. As I had been at the polls and seen that "Yankee Sullivan," who was the most ruffianly pugilist of his time, was exercising the office of judge of elections, I advised my young friend not to disturb himself until he saw the returns. They were all published in the "Alta California" newspaper of the following morning, but the name of the candidate for whom S. L., his friend, and eight or ten other electors voted, did not appear in the list for the Presidio Precinct. "Yankee Sullivan" disapproved of that candidate, and destroyed all the votes that had been cast for him. Similar methods of election, by which votes were multiplied or subtracted according to the behests of demagogues, continued till many offices were filled with unworthy men. Even the judges, all of whom were elective, in frequent instances were foul in morals, deficient in legal training, and their decisions were unjust. Thus the beneficence of the laws was countervailed, and the people were afflicted

with a judiciary unworthy of confidence, and that is the most biting curse that can befall a community under any form of government.

The year 1853 was the most productive of all in California gold. It was chiefly washed from the *Placers*, as few gold-bearing ledges had been discovered, and the methods of extracting it from rock were defective. A wild prosperity prevailed during the last half of that year, and the bricklayers and carpenters, who had worked for \$10 a day, struck successfully for \$12. No reason could be assigned for the prosperity of 1853 except the richness of the placers. The capacity of the soil for the growth of wheat and other grains was neither known nor considered. Viticulture was at a discount, and old merchants declared that good wine could not be made from California grapes. Nothing was thought of other fruits as a source of profit, and it was anticipated by some that all prosperity in the State would be at an end when gold-mining should cease to be remunerative.

The appearance of the country in the dry season was certainly unpromising. Many portions of it were peopled with hares, snakes, horned toads, worthless squirrels, gophers, and numerous other rodents that burrowed everywhere in the ground and dwelt in desolate places.

Colonel Barbour, the Indian Commissioner of 1851, a native of the blue-grass region of Kentucky, after traveling leisurely from Stockton to Los Angeles, declared that the best land he saw was not fit to raise black-eyed peas, and that the beautiful flowers we had seen in the San Joaquin Valley were all sterile blossoms. I had a conversation with General (then Lieutenant) W. S. Sherman, who in 1853 was a banker in San Francisco, of which the following is the substance. I asked him why he had not bought some of the fifty vara lots (square

pieces $137\frac{1}{2}$ by $137\frac{1}{2}$ feet) in San Francisco before the gold was discovered, as he might have had them for \$15 a lot. "Because," said he, "they were not worth \$15 before the gold was found." I remarked that the great New York merchants, Howland and Aspinwall, had thought well enough of the country without the gold mines to build three steamers to ply between Panama and San Francisco, and to carry the mails ten years for a small subsidy. "Well," said Sherman, "if the mines had not been discovered, their enterprise would have failed, and they would have been obliged to carry back all the people they brought here for nothing, or they would have starved." Then I asked him why he did not purchase land, now that the mines were so flourishing. "I don't purchase," said he, "because they are higher now than they ever will be in the future. The mines will become exhausted, and in forty years the country will be a desert again!"

The great Daniel Webster took a similar view of California, and in one of his speeches he declared that it was the poorest country in the world. The two distinguished gentlemen were deceived by lack of practical knowledge of their subject. My faith in the agricultural wealth of the country arose from observing the abundant products of the soil that looked barren, while riding about my post. I permitted a man to fence in a piece of ground to the west of the Presidio, and to cultivate it as a garden, on shares, for the garrison. His fence enclosed a portion of the sand-hill, and upon that he sowed turnips, and watered the sand to prevent its being blown away. I saw grown upon that white sand, which contained a natural mixture of marl, a turnip that was twelve inches in diameter. Another man enclosed a patch of moist, sandy land near Washerwoman's Bay, and took

from it five large crops of turnips, lettuce, and radishes in one year. Those examples convinced me that, with a sufficient supply of water, California could be made as fertile as Egypt and as lovely in flowers as the Valley of Cashmere.

After the year 1853 the production of gold fell off annually, and as there was not enough of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture to make good the deficiency, the general prosperity of all California declined so much that in the years 1857 and 1858 there was a vast shrinkage in the value of real estate.

In all periods of commercial depression and general scarceness the vicious classes multiply their infractions, and become more audacious in their attacks on the property and rights of others. In 1856 crimes and assassinations had so increased in frequency through the corruption of courts and the tricks of blackmail lawyers—cognate pests which the infernal powers are permitted still to retain on earth—that the orderly people of San Francisco rose almost in mass to suppress the evils for which there was no remedy in ordinary forms, and to expel or put to death the vulgar criminals and the office-holding scoundrels. The immediate cause of the uprising was the killing of James King of William, by a man named Casey. King of William was the editor and originator of the "Evening Bulletin," and he had exposed some of Casey's doings in his journal of the morning, and on the evening of the same day Casey met the editor on Montgomery Street and shot him dead.

Mr. King of William had been a banker, and was induced to change his occupation partly by the stagnation of business in San Francisco, but chiefly by his taste for journalism. He was a handsome, healthy man, in the prime of life, uncommonly active in body and mind, ex-

emplary in morals, and charitable in disposition. His sudden taking off by a base assassin was the drop that caused the stew of corruption to overflow. His death created a profound grief. It furnished a justifiable pretext for vengeance upon his slayer, who was hanged by the Vigilance Committee, which was embodied to the number of many thousands. The people afterward contributed a fund of \$25,000 for the support of his widow. The committee embraced a judicial organization of its own, the business of which was to ascertain without delay and by common-sense methods if the accused was guilty of the palpable crimes of murder, robbery, arson, or theft, and if he was, to punish him at once. Against impalpable offences and defalcations, the wickedness of which often tends to greater harm than the former, their decisions were equally speedy and effective. Some of the judges who had toyed with evil-doers, and expected tolerance, while wearing a figurative mantle called *the ermine*, were so terrified that they fled before they were formally charged. The committee maintained its operations several months, and so effectively did they cleanse the municipal and judicial departments that for several years succeeding San Francisco was one of the most orderly cities in the American Union.

In the year 1857 the taxes, which had been excessive previously, were moderate, but they did not long remain so, since the agencies by which shiftless and idle vagabonds and those that trade in politics employ to extract the fruits of industry from the producers, are living forces against which an eternal warfare must always be waged.

It was not my privilege to take any direct part in the glorious operations of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, as I was all the time of its continuance absent in Washington Territory fighting Indians.

CHAPTER XIV.

Indian campaigns on the Pacific Coast.—Expedition to Fort Vancouver.—Indian Fighting.—Return to San Francisco.—Steptoe's disaster in Washington Territory.—General Clark's move.—At the Dalles.—The march to Walla Walla.—Cœur d'Alène.—More Indian Fighting.—Colonel Wright.—Harney.

REGARDING the outbreak of the Indians in the Puget Sound district of Washington Territory, which occurred in 1855, and the war which followed, I shall confine my remarks to a limited space. The hostility of the tribes was so general in all the Territory, and their devastations so cruel in many places, that General John E. Wool, who commanded the Department of the Pacific, thought it requisite to repair in person to Fort Vancouver. My company, "M," Third Regiment of Artillery, embarked with him on board the steamer California, Captain William E. Dall, and proceeded northward, early in November, 1855. We arrived off the mouth of the Columbia River in the afternoon, and although a fierce wind had covered the whole bar from shore to shore and for several miles up and down with a white foam, it was decided to cross at once. There happened to be a pilot on board, and he and the captain stood together on the bridge. The head of steam was increased to secure steerage-way in the billows, and we moved up against a strong ebb tide at a fair rate of speed till we reached about midway in the passage, when a flue collapsed, drove all the burning coals from under one of the boilers, and set fire to the ship, which immedi-

ately lost headway so much that she ceased for a moment to obey her rudder. The pilot lost courage, exclaimed, "She's a goner!" and started down from the bridge. Captain Dall instantly resumed command, called out to the firemen to feed the remaining fires with lard and tallow, and after a few seconds the ship began to move forward, and at the end of an hour we were anchored off Astoria.

When the steamer lost headway the lead showed a draught of water almost exactly corresponding with that of the vessel, but fortunately she did not ground. If she had struck, not a soul on board could by possibility have been saved. Some of the soldiers, as they saw the pilot quitting his post, came to me in terror, and asked what they should do. I replied, "Take hold of that hose and let us put out that fire in the hold." I carried the end of the hose down the steps as far as I could breathe, the men pumped, and in a short time the flames were extinguished. General Wool was perfectly calm, as were the other officers, but it is certain none of us ever escaped a greater danger than on that occasion, and such was the opinion of the eight or ten shipmasters who were among the passengers. Captain Dall's intrepidity was the admiration of every man on board the ship.

From the Columbia River, General Wool ordered me to proceed in another transport to Steilacoom and assume command of the Puget Sound District. I arrived there on the 24th day of November, 1855, and found a condition of wild alarm. Many families had been massacred, and the surviving settlers were all collected in the small towns. There were only two skeleton companies of regular infantry and a few companies of volunteers in the district, and they were widely scattered. Lieutenant Slaughter, with one company, guarded a stockade at the

north of the Puyallup, and I arranged an interview with him with the aid of a friendly Indian. I went out twenty miles from Fort Steilacoom, and conversed with him across the river, which was so deep and rapid that my volunteer messenger, after delivering my note to Slaughter, lost his horse in returning, but saved himself. Slaughter assured me that he was safe from attack in his strong block-house, with plenty of supplies, and that, owing to the high state of the water in the streams and the smallness of my force in men and animals, it would be folly to invade the Indian country before the arrival of reinforcements, and the subsidence of the streams. Recommending caution and vigilance on his part, I returned to my post.

Four days later, to wit, on the 4th of December, Lieutenant Slaughter was killed by a party of Indians, headed by the famous Klicitat Chief, Kanaskat. As William A. Slaughter was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy of the class of 1848, and a pupil of mine, I will transcribe the circumstances of his death from my journal.

“December 7, 1855.—At about 4.30 to-day, news was brought that Lieutenant Slaughter, 4th Infantry, had been shot by the Indians. On the 3d instant he left his camp at Morrison’s, near the Puyallup, with fifty-four soldiers. He had with him Lieutenant James E. Harrison of the marine corps, and Dr. Taylor of the navy. On the afternoon of the 4th they arrived at a deserted farm on Brannan’s Prairie, which is two miles from the fork of White and Green rivers, where there is a post commanded by Captain Hewett of the volunteers. Hewett came up to see Slaughter, and to tell him he had been scouting over the neighborhood all day, and that he found no signs of Indians. As Slaughter, who had come

from another direction, discovered none, they considered themselves safe, and they allowed fires to be built and kept burning long after dark. In this they made a fatal mistake, as among hostile savages there is no safety except by keeping dark and well guarded. This I had learned from my service in Florida, and that in a campaign against Indians, the front is all around, and the rear nowhere.

“The men were busy cooking their suppers, and the officers, Slaughter, Hewett, Harrison, and Taylor, were conversing in a small log hut, which stood near the fence at the edge of the prairie. All this while a band of red skins, directed by Kanaskat, were creeping up and arranging themselves in a thicket of brush and tall grass that stood a hundred yards distant. The sentinel had noticed the rustling of the grass, and heard what he supposed was the grunting of hogs, and as the settlers had often left their animals at their farms, he paid no attention to those noises. At a little past seven o'clock, the Indians fired a volley, aimed mostly at the hut. One bullet passed between the logs and directly through Slaughter's heart. He fell over and expired in a minute. His only words were: ‘Take care of yourselves, I am dying!’ Two corporals were killed outright, and four private soldiers wounded, one of whom died the following day. After a single volley the Indians withdrew.”

Among the Indian chiefs of the Puget Sound district were five whose names were on every tongue. These were Pat Kanim, Kanaskat, Kitsap, Quimelt, and Leschi. Pat Kanim remained friendly, although he confessed to me that he had two tum tums (hearts), one of which inclined him to fight the *Bostons* (whites), and the other to keep the peace because he thought them too strong! The other four were hostile, and Kanaskat, above the others,

was the most deadly foe to our race. This chief was engaged in nearly all the murders that brought on the conflict. He was not only noted for the ingenious devices of torture that he would practise on his victims, but for the ferocious pertinacity with which he began and continued the war. He boasted that he could prolong it five years, and that no bullet could kill him.

Cutmouth John and other messengers who came to me from the hostile camp all gave the same account of Kanaskat. He would have nothing to say about peace, but would sit apart in obstinate sulkiness. Kanaskat's reputation extended beyond the mountains, and Ohwi sent his son Qualchein and another young brave from the Yackima country to learn from him the art of fighting in the night time. He was a model Indian patriot, hardy and enterprising, perfect in feral stealth, and vengeance was his ruling quality. He hated all the white settlers, and rather than they should possess his country he preferred to perish. It chanced that I laid the plan which resulted in the death of Kanaskat, as will appear from the following account which I wrote in my journal the day it occurred.

I transcribe all the facts as then recorded :

Colonel Silas Casey, of the 9th Infantry, having arrived with reinforcements of men and animals, a force under his command left Fort Steilacoom on the 26th of February 1846, to operate against the Indians. We crossed the Puyallup at a point eighteen miles distant to a post commanded by Captain Maurice Malony. Here we remained till the morning of the 28th, and then marched eight miles up the right bank to Lemmon's Prairie, and pitched our tents.

Lemmon's Prairie is small, and at that time it was bordered with a fringe of trees and bushes on the side of

the river, from which it is distant about half a mile. On the opposite side was a wooded steep hill, at the base of which was a narrow stream spanned by a bridge of logs. From thence a wood road wound up the hill into the country of the hostiles.

Being second in command, I was detailed officer of the day, and became responsible for the safety of the camp. After guard mounting, I took with me the non-commissioned officers, and with them made the entire circuit of the camp, keeping within and near the fringe of trees and brush all the way around. On the river side I ordered single sentinels to be posted, but on the slope of the hill I found two points from which an enemy might fire upon the tents. At the first I ordered three guards to be posted, of which one sentinel would stand in a spot which I indicated, and the other two would lie down near by. Then proceeding along 150 yards, I came to the trail leading up the hill, and selected another post for three men as at the first. From this the sentinel could look up the road 100 yards to where it made an angle to the left. After that, I continued my circuit to a spot where I obtained a view up the road beyond the elbow. It was in a small open space, near a large tree from the shadow of which an Indian could watch the officers coming out of their tents at break of day, fire on them, and retreat in safety. I therefore ordered Sergeant Newton of my company, who was the chief non-commissioned officer of the guard, to establish the picket here instead of at the crossing of the trail. The sergeant differed so strongly in opinion from me that he ventured to remonstrate, but I over-ruled him, and told him that the place where we stood was decidedly the best of all, and that good men must occupy it. I gave minute directions for the sentinel to stand near the trunk of the tree, and watch the road up the hill

above the turn, for if the Indians came they must certainly come that way.

Having completed the circuit of the camp, and made myself acquainted with every possible approach to it, I returned and made another inspection of the guard. Observing that Private Kehl, of Company D, of the 9th Infantry, had a determined countenance, I selected him for one of the important picket guards. Then I addressed the men as follows: (I will copy here the exact words of my journal) "You must take care to-night not to make a false alarm. I am the officer of the day, and should consider myself disgraced by a false alarm. Be sure that you fire at nothing but an Indian, and be sure also if you do fire that you get him."

Private Kehl, with his two companions, went to the post assigned them, and in the morning, soon after five o'clock, Kehl was standing sentinel under the tree. It was before daybreak, but the cooks had already lighted their fires, and the watchful soldier saw a gleam of light reflected from the barrel of a rifle a hundred yards up the trail beyond the bend. Then in a few minutes he saw five Indians in single file creeping stealthily down the hill. The one in front was waving his right hand backward to caution the four who followed him. Kehl stood motionless till the leader came nearly abreast of him; then with deliberate aim he fired, and the great chief Kanaskat fell. At the report of his shot, I ran out to the bridge, where I heard Sergeant Newton forty yards beyond cry out, "We've got an Indian!" He and another man were dragging him along by the heels. The savage had been shot through the spine, and his legs were paralyzed, but the strength of his arms and voice was not affected. He made motions to draw a knife. I ordered two soldiers to hold him, and it required all their strength

to do so. As they dragged him across the bridge, I followed, and he continued to call out in a language I did not understand. Some one came up who recognized the wounded Indian, and exclaimed, "Kanaskat!" "Nawitka!" said he with tremendous energy, his voice rising to a scream—"Kanaskat—Tyee—Mamelouse nica—nica *mamelouse Bostons*"—*yes, Kanaskat—chief—Kill me, I kill Bostons*. He added, "My heart is wicked towards the whites, and always will be, and you had better kill me." Then he began to call out in his native language, not a word of which could any of us understand. I ordered two soldiers to stop his mouth, but they were unable to do so. He appeared to be yelling for his comrades, and two other shots were fired from the pickets on the hill, when Corporal O'Shaughnessy, who was standing by, placed the muzzle of his rifle close to the chieftain's temple, blew a hole through his head, and scattered the brains about.

During all the frantic imprecations of the prostrate savage, I was standing only two yards from his feet, looking at his face. I have seen men in rage, and women in despair, and maniacs, but never before did I gaze on a human countenance in which hate and blasted hope were so horribly depicted, as in that of Kanaskat. It seemed to me, while I was regarding the fierce contortions and burning gaze of the dying chief, that I was in the presence of a defiant demon whose fitting habitation was the most fulgent cavern of Hell.

After death the countenance of Kanaskat wore the expression natural to it in life, saving that the infernal fires that glowed from the depth of his eyeballs had gone out with the vital spark. There was a diabolical fascination in the massive jaw, fixed scowl, and bronzed skin of the monster's visage, that drew me to cross the field several times to gaze on it where he lay, face up and eyes wide

open. I even dismounted from my horse, when ready to march, and wandered apart to look on him once more. It seemed that every moment of his life had deposited a particle of matter to form a perfect image of vengeance. There was no line that pity or tenderness, or holy meditation had ever traced upon it. It presented a scene of absolute moral desolation more awful than the Dead Sea or the crater of Etna.

Regarding the carcass of the dead chief as that of an unclean animal that men hunt for the love of havoc, we left it in the field unburied, and went on our way to fight his people.

Leaving Lemmon's Prairie on the morning of March 1, we advanced into the enemy's country, and at mid-day we were met by two messengers, a white man and an Indian, sent by Lieutenant A. V. Kautz of the 9th Infantry, to inform us that he, with his company, was held at bay on the right bank of White River by a large body of Indians. Kautz's men were intrenched within a huge pile of dead timber and trees that had collected on the edge of the stream. Colonel Casey immediately detached me with fifty-four soldiers to go to his relief. I took the Indian boy, who was only fifteen years old, for guide. We pushed forward with all possible speed a distance of eight or nine miles, but instead of leading me to the ford, the young rascal conducted us to a point half a mile below, where the contracted torrent was absolutely impassable. I called the boy to me and told him to show me the crossing, or I would shoot him on the spot. He replied, "*Nica cumtux*" (I know), and led the way through the woods to a place where the river spread out to three times its width below. I ordered the soldiers to fasten their cartridge-boxes about their shoulders, and then we dashed in and passed over without accident, al-

though the water, which was ice-cold, came up to the armpits of the short men, and ran like a mill-race.

Between the water's edge and the bluff on the opposite side of the river was a grass-covered slope about two hundred yards wide. The bluff or bank was not high, and it was so thickly covered with trees and brush that not an enemy could be seen. I deployed my men as skirmishers, and Kautz, who had left the wood-pile, did the same, and I ordered the whole to charge. The Indians fired a volley, enough to kill every one of us, but they aimed too high, and only one man was struck, and that was Lieutenant Kautz. A rifle-ball passed through his leg, but I was not aware that he had been wounded until the battle was over. After one discharge, the Indians ran, and we pursued them through the woods half a mile, at double quick time, to the base of a steep hill, on the brow of which they made a stand, and, with derisive epithets, dared us to come on. The slope of the hill for a distance of 200 yards was bare, and at the top were many large standing and fallen trees, which afforded cover to the enemy and gave him a great advantage. Lieutenant David B. McKibbin of Kautz's Company, 9th Infantry, was in line with the front rank, and when half way up the slope the savages arose with a whoop and opened fire. Several soldiers fell, but McKibbin's gallantry encouraged the others, and not one flinched. I was at the moment just coming up the slope of the hill, and we all pressed forward, and in a short time our victory was complete. Our number engaged was 100, and we lost two killed and eight wounded. The smallness of our loss was probably due to the bravery of the men, who rushed upon the Indians, disconcerting them, and fifty of their shots went over our heads for every one that took effect.

The death of their most warlike chief, and the decisive victory we achieved on the first of March, dismayed the redskins, and thereafter all their energies were exerted to avoid a battle with the regulars, although they fought afterwards with the volunteers. We hunted and pursued them almost without intermission night or day for two months, over hills and dales, through swamps and thickets. It rained more than half the time, and the influence of Mount Regnier and its vast, eternal covering of snow upon the temperature made the nights excessively cold. Such was our liability to surprise, that we were obliged to be ready to fight at all times, and there was not an hour of darkness during the active operations that I could not have stood outside my tent equipped at the end of one minute from the first sound of alarm. The hardships of that campaign, in which the pluck and endurance of Kautz, Sukely, Mendell, and several others were so severely tested, caused me afterwards to regard the seven days' fight before Richmond as a comparative recreation. I was the second in rank to Colonel Silas Casey, who had had much experience on the frontiers. My position was one which, in the army, frequently provokes grumbling and censoriousness, but I found no fault with his arrangements, and thought he displayed decided ability in the conduct of his campaign. A year later I had a conversation in San Francisco with Colonel Casey as he was embarking for Washington. He then stated to me that the victory of March 1st, 1856, in which I commanded, saved the Government not less than \$5,000,000. He also said on the same occasion that the plan I laid resulted in the killing of the Chief Kanaskat. He promised to use his influence to have me breveted, and he expected a brevet for himself, which he certainly deserved. In those days, however, when Mr. Jefferson Davis was

Secretary of War, the exploits of Northern officers were not much regarded, and neither of us received the slightest notice.

In my plan to kill Kanaskat I suspended two regulations—one that required a single sentinel to *walk* his post, and thus to enable a skulking savage to see and avoid him, and another which prescribed the relief of the sentinels at intervals of one or two hours by a detachment of the guard making its rounds for that purpose or to see if they are awake. I posted three men in a single spot where they were all concealed under trees and behind logs or stones, with orders for one to stand still and watch, and from time to time to awaken the man who was to take his place.

The above-described plan originated with me, so far as I know. Its originality with me is conceded by General A. V. Kautz, of the United States Infantry, and Colonel George H. Mendell, of the Engineer Corps, both of whom were most efficient actors with me in the campaign of 1856, and are men of unimpeachable integrity. After writing my account of our operations, I received letters from those two officers corroborative of my descriptions.

Surgeon George Sukeley, whom I have already mentioned, was with us on nearly all our scouting expeditions. He was a man of genius and devoted to science. His activity of body and mind was extraordinary, and he was equally admired by the army, the citizens, and the friendly Indians. He collected and forwarded to the Smithsonian Institute a vast number of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects peculiar to the country we were in; likewise many bones, jaws, and skulls of dead Indians. He also sent the head of an enormous wolf, which one of the sentinels shot while on post at Muckle-

amused themselves with football and other rough sports. As all those Indians had been assigned to a reservation of which Fort Miller was a central point, I inquired for several individuals whom I remembered. I was told that they were nearly all dead, victims to drunkenness, and that of the whole number I then saw in such full activity not above fifty remained. I took pains to see the wretched survivors, and was shocked with the spectacle of degradation and self-abandonment they presented.

To show the care bestowed upon its copper-colored wards by our Government when it collected them upon reservations, I might relate many incidents that I have learned by observation and credible report, but shall limit myself to one. The commissioners, McKee, Woozen-croft, and Barbour, made generous provisions for the denizens of the San Joaquin Valley. The reservations were extensive, and the Indians were to be supplied with agricultural implements, seeds, work animals, blacksmiths, schools, and many other useful things, the most essential to them being beef cattle. About ten years subsequent to the treaties made by those commissioners, a herdsman who had been employed by contractors to furnish beeves to these Indians on their reservations declared to me, as a solemn truth, that he had delivered and had receipted for one and the same old Toruno (stag) twenty-seven times. The weight of that beast was entered in the accounts and paid for at figures varying from 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. That old stag was an energetic quadruped, and would break loose invariably the night after he was receipted for, and return to the corral to which he was habituated, and where he was always well cared for. If I were to write a treatise on the relations between theoretic and practical benevolence, I should select for my subject the Indian policy of the United States Government.

Towards the end of May, 1858, news was received in San Francisco of Colonel Steptoe's disaster at the north of Snake River, Washington Territory. The Colonel had been detached from Walla Walla with 159 men to capture cattle thieves, and while on his march towards Fort Colville he was attacked by a thousand or more Spokans, Pelouses, Cœur d'Alenes, and Yackimas, and obliged to retreat. His small band defended themselves from morning till night, and Captain H. P. Taylor, Lieutenant William Gaston, and several of the rank and file were killed. The balance had the good fortune to get away in the darkness, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, after a ride of 75 miles, they reached a place of safety at the south of the river. Considering the fatigue of a whole day's fighting with the Indians, the flight of 75 miles during the succeeding night, without the loss of a man that started, was an evidence of endurance that has few examples in history.

General N. S. Clark, the commander of the Department of the Pacific, lost no time in sending northward all the available troops in California. I arrived at the Dalles with two companies on the 21st of June, and on the 24th was joined by two other companies, the four being under my orders and all encamped together. From the 25th of June till the 7th of July I lost no time in preparing my force to fight the Indians. I had numerous targets the height of a man set up at various distances on even and uneven ground, and for several hours every day, Sundays not excepted, I caused the soldiers, individually and collectively, to fire at those targets. In every case they were required to estimate the distance, which was afterwards told, and required to adjust their aim accordingly. The effect of that drilling was wonderful, and I estimated it as giving a quadruple value to my numbers. I told the

shoot Prairie. He had in his employ an old squaw who was able to tell him the Indian names of every quadruped, snake, worm, bug, insect, fish, creeping, swimming, flying, or burrowing animal that he found, and many that he did not find, but which she discovered and brought to him. If Cuvier or Agassiz had known of the existence of that squaw they would have gone half round the world to consult her, for she was an unexampled genius and a veritable she Aristotle.

We had another gentleman, Mr. George Gibbs, who was in civil government employ and who was a member of the officers' mess at Steilacoom, and who is worthy of mention for the reason that he possessed many accomplishments and amiable qualities. Gibbs devoted much time to the dialects of the aborigines, and became a master of the Chinook jargon. All unwritten languages are difficult to learn, but he was able to speak them so well that he astonished the Indians themselves. The Chinook dialect is made up of the distorted and truncated words and phrases of the Russian, English, French, and native languages. It was remarked that Gibbs could speak Chinook better than any other man, white or red. He came down to San Francisco, and one morning put on the dress and headgear which he had worn among the savages. In that rig he entered a fashionable shop to make purchases. He inquired for various articles, but none of the shopmen could comprehend him. They sent out for linguists of various nations and tribes, of which there were many in the city, but not one could speak Chinook. Gibbs wore a long beard and a serious countenance, and appeared anxious to make himself understood. Finally, after babbling his jargon for half an hour, he walked away, leaving the wondering crowd to conjecture his nationality.

The Indian war in the Puget Sound district being at an end, I was ordered by Colonel Casey in the month of October, 1856, to return to my post, the delightful Presidio of San Francisco. The year succeeding was too barren of incident to require especial notice.

In the month of May, 1858, I was a member of a court-martial convened at Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin River. Captain E. O. C. Ord was the commanding officer, and his family were with him at his post. They entertained the members of the court-martial bountifully, and the loving harmony of that household was delightful to observe. Ord was cheerful and domestic in his habits, and his accomplished wife told me that her life had been joyous. Little did she foresee what the future had in store for her gallant husband, or what sorrow for herself. General Ord, although a Virginian by birth, illustrated his name in the Northern armies during our civil war. If we except General Crook, for a shorter time he probably did as much constant hard service as any other officer in the army. After forty years of active duty he was retired, went to Mexico, where he exercised important civil functions, and married one of his daughters to a general of that country. Being still in vigorous health and prosperous, he left Vera Cruz in the month of August, 1883, for a trip to Cuba, and while on board the ship was taken down with yellow fever and died.

It was on the very site of Fort Miller, in the same month of May seven years before, that I saw assembled above 1,200 aborigines, natives of the adjacent plains and mountains, many of whom had never seen a white man till they came to treat with us. I was then impressed with the appearance of several chiefs, and remembered the general aspect of all. Especially was I struck with the activity of the young Indians of both sexes while they

men that our operations would probably be in an open prairie country, and that their muskets being of a longer range than those sold by the Hudson Bay Company to the enemy, they could aim at an Indian as securely as at a plank.

The march of 177 miles from the Dalles to Walla Walla was fatiguing, as the weather was excessively hot, and in places the ground was so difficult that it occupied twelve days. Colonel George H. Wright of the Ninth Infantry was assigned to the command of the expedition, and it required time to organize and send forward his little army to the point on the south side of the Snake River which he selected to cross to the country of the hostiles. It was at the mouth of a little stream called the Tucanon, and in obedience to orders, as soon as I arrived there in the advance I caused a small fort to be constructed, which was left in charge of Brevet Major F. O. Wyse, with one company of artillery.

I had never before served under the orders of Colonel Wright, but from a slight personal acquaintance with him and many favorable reports I had conceived great respect for his military capacity. I was glad, therefore, to be his lieutenant, and to receive from him the command of a battalion of six companies of artillery serving as infantry. Major William N. Grier commanded the dragoons, about 200 in number; Lieutenant White, the mountain howitzer company; Captain Winder, a company of riflemen, and Lieutenant Dent, brother-in-law to General Grant, a company of infantry. Lieutenant John Mullan had under his orders 33 friendly Nez Perces Indians, who were to act as guides, scouts, and interpreters. Mullan was also the topographical engineer of the expedition, and he was well acquainted with the country we were to operate in. Captain R. W. Kirkham

was quartermaster and commissary. Surgeon J. F. Hammond, brother to Senator Hammond of South Carolina and author of the expression "mudsills," was the chief of the medical staff, Lieutenant P. A. Owen acting adjutant-general, and Lieutenant L. Kipp, Third Artillery, adjutant of my battalion.

All the detachments, numbering about 900 men, having arrived, we crossed the river on the 25th and 26th days of August—the men, baggage, provisions for 40 days, and ammunition in boats, of which there was a great scarcity, and about 700 mules and horses swimming the rapid stream, with Indians alongside the leaders to keep them headed towards the opposite shore. That was a singular and amusing sight. It was a stupendous task to pack 400 mules the next morning, but Kirkham's arrangements were so effective that it was accomplished at five o'clock, at which hour we left the river to find the enemy.

Numerous reports and stories had reached us that the Indians were exulting in their victory over Steptoe, and they were confident that not a man of us who crossed the Snake River would return alive. On the 30th of August they first showed themselves in small scouting parties, and the next day they appeared in considerable numbers, skirting our line of march for several hours, but keeping out of gunshot. They were apparently luring us on to a favorable spot they had previously selected to attack and destroy us.

Towards the end of our march, on the 31st of August, Colonel Wright and his escort having preceded me about half a mile and encamped, the Indians set fire to the grass, and under cover of the smoke, approached and fired upon the rear guard. We had kept the pack train well closed, and upon hearing the first shots I ordered the three companies of Winder, Ihrie, and Hardie and Dent

to deploy at double-quick time as skirmishers across the rear and along the two sides of the column, while the front was well protected by Captain Ord. Within five minutes from the first command the whole train and everything else was enclosed in a rectangle of armed men, and the attack repulsed. The promptness of the manœuvre was admirable, and showed the benefit of discipline and previous instruction.

The battle of the Four Lakes was fought on the 1st of September, 1858. It was not Colonel Wright's intention to attack that day, but to rest the men and animals in the beautiful camp established the evening before. His determination was changed, however, by the appearance in the morning of a considerable body of the enemy on a neighboring hill, and the report of our Nez Perces scouts of many more beyond. The Colonel having arranged his plan, the whole force, with the exception of a guard to protect the camp and pack-train, marched about a mile to the foot of the eminence, from whence Gregg's dragoons, Ord's company, and Mullan with his scouts were ordered up to dislodge the hostiles, which was quickly done. Then our commander ascended with his staff, followed by me and my battalion and the artillery. When we reached the summit we halted a few minutes to view an animated spectacle. We could see the four lakes and the gullies and patches of woods bordering the water, and a vast plain stretching away to the front and left. The natural scenery was interesting, but its effect was wonderfully heightened by the thousand or more savage warriors who were riding furiously hither and thither over the plain or issuing from the woods and valleys. The barbarous host was armed with Hudson Bay muskets, spears, bows and arrows, and apparently they were subject to no order or command. The brilliant morning sun, which il-

luminated the purest air of the continent, enabled me to distinguish through my field-glass the individual savages, their horses, their trappings, and equipments. Both men and animals were smeared and striped with gaudy pigments and bedecked with the feathers and plumes of birds of prey. The skins of bears, wolves, and the buffalo served generally for saddles, and the whole display was enhanced by the frantic gestures and yells of the warriors, who brandished their weapons in defiance.

Colonel Wright indicated to me my point of attack, and I descended to the plain, where I ordered several companies to deploy as skirmishers and to advance firing. Our first discharge seemed to surprise the Indians, and those nearest scampered off, but some would turn back and fire upon us. After clearing the broken ground, we made way for Grier to pass on the right. He ordered his men to charge, and they started off handsomely, but his horses had been marching without a day's rest for nearly a month, and they scarcely gained on the hardy Indian ponies, which were all fresh. Lieutenant Gregg, who was a splendid *sabreur*, overtook one of the flying rascals, and with a blow of his blade split his skull in two. I pursued and fought the enemy nearly three hours, and upon reaching a hill over which the savages had disappeared I was obliged to halt the advance to allow a considerable number of the soldiers who were fatigued and overheated to come up. On reaching the crest of the hill I could see not more than ten or fifteen Indians, the main body having fled to the woods beyond. While I was halted the recall was sounded, and I returned to camp after an absence of about four hours. The plain was scattered with Indian muskets, bows, arrows, blankets, skins and trinkets which had been abandoned by the warriors in their flight, but they had carried off their killed and

wounded, according to custom. We could not ascertain from observation during the fight the exact loss of the enemy, but we were certain that a considerable number were slain, and from subsequent enquiry and information, we concluded that not less than sixty Indians were killed and wounded. Of my battalion not a man was hit. As I had anticipated, our long-ranged arms, discipline, and careful previous instruction secured our safety, and enabled us to thin the number of the savages until their panic-flight took them beyond our reach. The importance of the victory of the Four Lakes was not the less for having been bloodless for us, and it stimulated the soldiers greatly.

The men and animals needed rest; we remained in camp at the Four Lakes until six o'clock on the morning of September 5, when we resumed our advance. At first we saw no Indians, but at the end of an hour they began to show themselves, and to move along parallel with our line of march over the rough ground, beyond which was the great Spokane Plain. We had advanced far within the prairie, when, all at once, we saw the savages setting fire to the tall dry grass with which the plain was covered nearly all around us. A strong wind was blowing in our faces, and the flames were shooting high and constantly extending. Our situation was sufficiently alarming when we discovered, a few hundred yards to the front and left, a patch of bare rock and scant herbage. Upon that we collected our animals in haste, and the drivers put out the fire on the short stubble, which gave room and saved us from a stampede. Meanwhile the enemy had opened fire upon us, and our men passed through where the flames were least, Grier and his dragoons leading, and commenced the *battle of Spokane Plains*. That battle ended fourteen miles from where it began, and the field

upon which it was fought embraced hills and ravines, woods, rocks, and bare level ground. I kept one, and occasionally two, companies in close order, and the others deployed, so that my line of battle was often above a mile long. The woods and openings alternated in long strips, and riding at full speed to and fro, along the rear, enabled me to see the Indians when they passed across those openings, as they did frequently in both directions. As soon as I saw them making to the right or the left, I ordered forward reinforcements to meet them wherever they opened fire. The activity and spirit displayed by the officers of my battalion left nothing to be desired. They certainly did their best and did well. It is not easy to discriminate, and I name them as they occur to my memory—Captains E. O. C. Ord and J. A. Hardie, Lieutenants H. G. Gibson, R. P. Tyler, J. L. White, G. F. B. Dandy, M. R. Morgan, Ihrie, D. R. Ransom, and my adjutant, Lawrence Kipp. There were probably 1,000 Indian warriors opposed to us, and among them were some of the Pend d'Oreilles and the famous Yackima chief, Kammiakin. He was severely wounded by a splinter torn from a tree that was struck by one of White's howitzer shells. On our side not a man was killed, and only one wounded. The loss of the enemy was considerable, but it could not be ascertained, on account of their invariable habit of carrying away their killed and wounded. The country fought over was without water, and when we reached the Spokane River, and pitched our camp, twenty-five miles distant from the former, the whole command, men and animals, were nearly exhausted. It was estimated that I had ridden eighty miles on the same pony of incredible endurance. I kept my saddle till my tent was pitched; then I dismounted, took a glass of wine, gave orders not to disturb me, and

lay down on my back to rest. For half an hour I did not move a muscle, and felt the whole time that if I did move one I should die. At the end of an hour I was restored, and no one had noticed my debility. Never before, or since, was I so nearly finished by the toil of war.

September 8.—Instead of crossing the Spokan River we kept up along the south bank over an extensive grassy plain. As we advanced we saw a great cloud of dust rising up far ahead. Then we discovered what we mistook for a patch of brown, bare earth on the side of the mountain, but by close watching we saw it move. It was a band of cattle. After marching eight miles further, the train was halted and left in charge of Ord's and Gibson's companies of artillery and a company of dragoons. Gregg's, with the balance of my command, I pushed forward, following Colonel Wright and staff, Grier's three companies of dragoons, and the Nez Perces guides. I marched my foot-soldiers eighteen miles at quick time, without a halt, to the top of a range of hills. From their summit we discovered, far across a beautiful lake and plain, many moving specks, which were horses. Grier had overtaken and captured them without opposition. The band consisted of about 1,000 horses, mares, and colts, which were the property of a *Tyee* whose name was Tilcohitz; and he was a great thief and rascal.

At first Colonel Wright and others were not disposed to kill the horses, thinking them too valuable. I told him I should not sleep so long as they remained alive, as I regarded them the main dependence and most prized of all the possessions of the Indians, who would find a way to stampede them. Finally the Colonel organized a board of officers, of which I was president, to determine what should be done with the horses. The board decided to allow the officers and the quartermaster to select a cer-

tain number, and the friendly Indians were to choose one or two each, and in this way about 200 were disposed of for the present. For the others a high enclosure was constructed, the poor animals driven in, and the work of shooting commenced. The soldiers soon learned that by planting a bullet just behind the ears the animal would drop dead at once. In two days the number shot by actual tally was 690, and the expenditure of cartridges about twice as many. It was a cruel sight to see so many noble beasts shot down. They were all sleek, glossy, and fat, and as I love a horse, I fancied I saw in their beautiful faces an appeal for mercy. Towards the last the soldiers appeared to exult in their bloody task; and such is the ferocious character of men.

While the work of destruction was going on I saw an Indian approaching our camp, carrying in his hand a long pole from which a strip of white cloth was flying, and in the cleft end of the pole was a letter. The letter was from Father Joset, S. J., of the Cœur d'Alene mission, written to inform Colonel Wright that in consequence of our victories the hostiles were completely cast down, and that they wished him to be their intercessor for peace. The father added in his communication that the friendlies were delighted at our victories, as they had been threatened with punishment by the hostiles for not fighting.

On the 11th of September we crossed the Spokane, and ours was the first civilized army that ever passed that stream. Our first march beyond was through a rich agricultural country, where we found many rude huts and numerous stacks of wheat. The dragoons all fed their horses with wheat, and each carried away one or two sheaves. The large balance we burned, so that desolation marked our tracks. We encamped on the edge of

the beautiful Cœur d'Alene Lake, and after a tedious march over a narrow trail through the mountain forest we arrived, on the 13th, at the mission of the same name.

The next day I visited the mission, which was established in 1846. The church was built of logs, spacious, but unfinished. Everything within and around had a rustic appearance. Father Joset, Father Minitree, and two lay brothers were there. In this savage, out-of-the-way place they were obliged to live and labor with the aborigines. In the evening I supped with the fathers. They had plenty of excellent beef, vegetables, and milk, but the table and its service were as plain as possible.

In Father Joset I found a cultivated gentleman in the prime of life, fit to adorn the most polished society in the world. I was unable to restrain my expressions of astonishment when he informed me that he had passed the last fourteen years in the wilderness with the savages. I asked him if he had no longings for a better life and society. "No," said he, "I am content and happy where I am. In your profession an outward obedience to orders is all that is required of you, but in the society to which I belong obedience must be internal, and cheerful, and ready. I am happy, and have no desire to exchange situations with any person."

Twice every day while I remained at the mission I had conversations with Father Joset, which increased my admiration for his character and my estimation of his self-denial. He instructed me how his Church had preserved the traditions and dogmas of Christianity, and sustained the purity of the faith, and it was primarily due to his influence that I enrolled myself, at a subsequent date, in the Roman Catholic Church. By his explanations and revelations Father Joset revealed to

my mind vistas through which the light from Calvary shone more pure and brilliant than ever before.

The hostiles, who, in the beginning were so confident and audacious, finding themselves absolutely powerless to resist us in the field, changed their policy and became the most humble supplicants for peace. Large numbers came to the mission every day, and on the 17th of September a council was held at which ninety-five chiefs and head men were present, besides numerous squaws and papposes. The terms of the treaty were not harsh, and old chief Polotkin was so much pleased that he assured Colonel Wright that all his people would cheerfully submit, which they subsequently did.

Vincent, the principal chief of the Cœur d'Alenes, and Polotkin, the head of the Pelouses, both signed the treaty and kept their promises.

While at the mission Colonel Wright invited me to read all his letters, orders and reports. His orders I knew, as they had all been published to the command. I made a careful examination of every document written by the colonel during the campaign, and found in them continual proofs of justice, impartiality, and the absence of prejudice. It seemed to afford him especial satisfaction to set forth the merits of his subordinates, and he omitted no subject worthy of praise, saving his own activity and fitness for command.

All fears of further collisions being at an end, we left the Cœur d'Alene Mission September 18, on our return march. To avoid the narrow trail through the forest, we crossed the Cœur d'Alene River below the lake and also the St. Joseph's. In crossing those deep, clear streams we had the assistance of many Indians with their birch-bark canoes. The white birch grows to an immense size in that northern country—sometimes four

feet in diameter and a hundred feet high. The bark is tough, and peels off without breaking, so that a canoe can be made of a single strip. An angular piece is cut out of each end of the sheet of bark, which is brought up, sewed together at the extremes, and the seams smeared with pitch. In that way a boat is made in a short time, but as they are round on the bottom, and without a keel, they are easily capsized.

On the 22d of September we arrived and pitched our camp on the banks of the Nedwall, a small stream, tributary to the Spokane River. Here a treaty was made and signed by chiefs of the Spokans, Calespools and Pelouses. The treaties, among other things, required the surrender of Indian murderers and thieves, and several, eight I think, were surrendered and hanged in this camp. One day six were hanged in two batches. The following is a copy of one of Colonel Wright's laconic orders:

"The three Indians confined last will be executed within an hour.

"Signed, G. WRIGHT,

"Colonel 9th Infantry Com'ing."

It was my habit during the campaign to record the dates of all important movements and transactions, and occasionally I wrote descriptions of events and men in my journal. What follows herein was written in great part directly after the facts occurred:

"In the afternoon of September 22, near night, I observed an old man of medium stature and robust frame, dressed like an American, approaching our camp on horseback. The old man's name was Owhi, brother-in-law to the famous Yackima chief Kammiakin, and father of a young brave named Qualchein, and he came in to make peace, as he said. Old Owhi has a mild

expression of countenance, which is assumed, since he has proved himself a double-faced man. He deceived Colonel Wright in his Yackima campaign of 1856, by promising to bring in all his people, and by failing to do so, or to try to do so. After telling Owhi to send for his son Qualchein, he directed the guard to confine the aged chief in irons. At this order the old man's countenance fell completely. He wiped the big drops of sweat from his forehead, dropped his hat, took out his prayer-book, and began to turn the leaves. His skin assumed an ashy pallor, he trembled, and altogether his appearance indicated the profoundest grief and despair.

"September 24.—At about 12 o'clock to-day, as I was standing in front of Colonel Wright's tent, I saw issuing out of a cañon about two hundred yards from me two Indian braves and a handsome squaw. The three rode abreast, and following close behind rode a little hunchback whom I had before seen in our camps. The three principal personages were all gayly dressed, and presented a most dashing air. They all had on a great deal of scarlet, and the squaw sported two ornamental scarfs, passing from the right shoulder under the left arm. She also carried, resting across, in front of her saddle, a long spear, the staff of which was completely wound with various colored beads, and from the ends of which hung two long round pendants of beaver skins. The two braves carried rifles, and one of them had an ornamented tomahawk. I pulled aside the flap of the tent, remarking, as I did so: 'Colonel, we have distinguished strangers here.'" The colonel came out, and after a few minutes' conversation recognized Qualchein, who is the son of Owhi, and one of the most desperate murderers and villains on this coast. He had not met the messenger sent out for him, but came in of his own

accord, or perhaps he had been induced to come by the reports of the imp of a hunchback, who looked happy when his party entered our camp.

Having dismounted, Qualchein stood leaning on his rifle talking with Colonel Wright, who stood in front of him, while I was on the right and a few paces in the rear. His bold appearance induced me to watch him closely. The colonel mentioned Owhi's name, at which Qualchein started suddenly and exclaimed, "Car?" (where). Colonel Wright answered calmly, "Owhi mittite yawa" (Owhi is over there). A section of the guard came up, and Qualchein, seeing the hopelessness of his situation, drooped instantly. His eyes watered, and he appeared stupefied, while he repeated several times the words, "*Owhi mittite yawa.*" He was ordered to go with the guard, but he stood still, apparently lost in revery. The soldiers pushed him along to the guard tent and ironed him heavily. Within one hour from his entry into our camp he was hanged by order of Colonel Wright.

Qualchein was a scion of a line of chieftains; his complexion was not so dark as that of the vulgar Indian, and he was a perfect mould of form. His chest was broad and deep, and his extremities small and well shaped. He had the strength of a Hercules, and it required six men to tie his hands and feet, so violent were his struggles, notwithstanding he had an unhealed wound in his side.

In all the battles and forays in Washington Territory, Qualchein was one of the leading spirits, and owing to his youth and hatred of the whites, and his bloody deeds, his influence was probably greater than that of his father, and equal to that of his uncle, the famous Kammiakin. In the action of March 1, 1856, in which I commanded, on White River, Puget Sound district, Qualchein was

present with fifty Yackima warriors, of whom he lost seven. He went over the mountains, as he said, "to learn to fight at night." During his life he enjoyed the reputation of bravery and enterprise, but at last, when the rope was around his neck, he begged for mercy in tones that were abject. He promised Captain Dent, who was charged with his execution, horses and *icters* (things) of all kinds, if he would spare his life. Many persons who witnessed his conduct charged him with cowardice and poltroonery, but for myself I took a different view of it. As soon as his hands and feet were bound and the preparations for his death concluded, resistance was out of the question, and love of life was the sole motive of his conduct. He was still young, not over twenty-five years of age, and his physical constitution was apparently perfect—that, and his renown as a prince and warrior, gave to his life a charm and value which he was unwilling to surrender.

On the 26th of September we left the spot, which I called the Camp of Death, on the Nedwall or Lato, and on the 1st day of October we crossed the Snake River on our return. The weather had been, during the last few days of September, cold, rainy, and excessively trying to us all, with our scant supply of clothing. Forewarned of our approach, Major Wyse had ready for all the officers a supper, which we devoured with ravenous appetites. The improvised table groaned under the weight of bunch-grass fed beef (the best in the world), prairie chickens and vegetables. The men were also well supplied with the same good cheer. For us, the major had the foresight to have on hand a basket of champagne, which disappeared down our thirsty throats like water in the sand.

I am now going to transcribe a leaf from my journal

which relates to the aged Yackima chief, Owhi, his power of dissimulation, and his death.

At the advent in Eden of our first parents, Satan in the guise of an angelic page having deceived Uriel, the regent of the sun, and learned from him the way to earth, flew thither, and alighted without the garden. Then at one immense leap, overleaping all bounds, he dropped sheer within, and, like a cormorant, perched upon a tree—thence he proceeded to corrupt our mother Eve. Ever since, and from that time, hypocrites have been numerous among all nations, clans and tribes of men.

“False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

Before setting out on the march of October 3, I committed Owhi, the Indian prisoner, to the charge of Lieutenant M. R. Morgan and his guard of foot-soldiers. The old man appeared reconciled to his fate, and on several occasions he expressed satisfaction at being secure in our protection. We kept him under strict watch, otherwise we treated him with kindness. I often visited him, and it interested me to mark the effects of time (he was seventy years old), bereavement and captivity upon a savage prince, who, in his prime, must have possessed extraordinary physical and mental vigor. I never saw him smile, and frequently deep sadness would mantle his countenance and impart to it an air of dignity. Without doubt he felt sharp pangs, for he had lost all his power, had witnessed the ignominious death of his son, who excelled all his tribe in strength and savage prowess, and now, bereft of hope, he seemed resigned to whatever might be in store for him.

He was mounted upon his own horse, and we had taken the precaution to secure him by a chain and strap attached to his ankles and passing under the saddle-girth.

In this way he rode in silence at the side of Lieutenant Morgan till they came to a rivulet that is a branch of the Tucanon. At the crossing, the stream spread out to the width of seventy-five yards, and about an equal distance above a log spanned it to serve as bridge for footmen. While the soldiers proceeded to pass on the log, Morgan led the Indian's horse across the ford, and dropped the reins when he reached the opposite bank. At the same instant Owhi struck his own horse with violence and made off. Morgan drew his pistol and pursued, firing as he rode. One ball took effect upon the fugitive's horse, which slackened his pace, and enabled the lieutenant to come up abreast. Then, quick as thought, the old man struck Morgan's horse on the head with his whip handle, the size of a wagon spoke, and gave a rough blow with the lash upon the rider's face. At this moment several dragoons approached, and commenced to fire upon Owhi, who was quickly riddled with balls and brought to earth.

When the firing commenced I was a third of a mile away, and suspecting the cause, I rode rapidly in its direction, and met the cavalymen bringing the dying chief on his own horse, lying across like the carcass of a dead wolf, while his brains were oozing from the bullet-holes in his head.

Surgeon Hammond ordered the old man to be stripped. Two shots had passed through his leg, one into his breast, and one had penetrated under his right cheek-bone, and diagonally up and out near the top of his head, and had destroyed consciousness. The dying chief looked like a gasping bull-dog, and I stood by to see his broad chest heave. He lingered two hours and then expired.

The death scene of this aged Yackima chief presented a strange contrast to that of the Clicitat Tyee, Kan-

kat, whose last moments I have already described. The countenance of old Owhi in his last hours was gloomy, not terrible; but when I recall to mind the dying struggle of Kanaskat I still recoil with horror, after the lapse of seven and twenty years, for I fancied that devils were glaring at me through his eyes, and that his voice was a blast from hell.

On the 5th of October, 1858, we arrived at Walla Walla, and our campaign was at an end. Inspector-General Mansfield being there, after a searching examination, found occasion to compliment us generally. Notwithstanding our long march, the men presented a healthy appearance, which was due in a great measure to the fact that they had lived without whiskey during the last two months or more.

While at Walla Walla we enjoyed the hospitality of the officers stationed there, Steptoe, Dent, and others, and one day there was a feast spread in a large hospital tent, to which several of the Nez Perces chiefs, our allies, were invited. Chief Moses appeared with a sword and scarlet sash and an artillery colonel's dress-coat with large gold epaulettes. Whiskey having been plentifully served, he became brave and loquacious for a time, and then he relapsed, and finally became stupefied, and sank in silence upon his bench, half lying on the table. The feast being over I went away, but an hour later I returned by the tent, and saw old Moses stretched flat on the floor, his feet in the shade, his face in the sun, dead drunk, and asleep.

I doubt if in the history of our country there has ever been an Indian campaign in which so much was accomplished at an equal cost. The good result was due to three causes: The proper instruction of the soldiers at the commencement, the excellence of the quartermaster's

department, and the admirable fitness of our commander, Colonel George Wright.

Our quartermaster was Captain (now General) Ralph W. Kirkham, and he fully satisfied all the requirements of his office. Never did a man more completely escape notice by the perfection of his work than did General Kirkham in the campaign of 1858.

The medical department was presided over by Surgeon J. F. Hammond, who stood high in his profession, but his temperament was impressionable to an uncommon degree. As a surgeon he had little to do—no bones to set nor wounds to dress. To show what false reports a man's senses may often make, I will relate in this connection an anecdote. One morning, towards the end of September, when I turned out there was a thick fog, and I was chilled and uncomfortable, and the air seemed to penetrate to the marrow of my bones. While I was feeling the worst, after starting, Surgeon Hammond joined me, his face radiant with unusual smiles, and he cried out: "Keyes, did you ever know such a glorious climate as this? It's perfect joy to live. I never felt so well in all my life." Then without waiting for a reply he galloped away out of my sight. I did not observe him again till near sunset, when we were in camp. In the meantime the atmosphere had undergone a complete change. The air was mild and smoky. I felt perfectly happy, and was forecasting the pleasures of San Francisco, when Hammond approached me again, beating his sides, his visage as gloomy as night. Coming near, he exclaimed: "Keyes, who ever knew such an accursed climate as this? Fire and thumping won't keep me warm. I've a mind to commit suicide." He did not wait to be consoled, but walked away, uttering maledictions against the weather.

Lieutenant John Mullan, of the Ninth Infantry, the

topographical engineer of the expedition, had in his former surveys made himself familiar with the country. In addition to his experience, he possessed uncommon mental and physical activity; he knew all the trails and fords, and in the crossing of streams which were not fordable his ingenuity was so remarkable that I dubbed him "Duke of Bridgewater."

It would be ungrateful in me to omit special notice of the company officers of my battalion. Ord, H. G. Gibson, Dandy, Flemming, Ransome, Morgan, and R. O. Tyler were conspicuous for their activity. Gibson (now General) was my subaltern lieutenant about eight years, and was always conscientious in the discharge of his duties. He was better posted in the laws and regulations of the army, and in the history of individual officers, than any man I have known. The readiness with which he could answer questions and cite authority saved me much labor, but tended to make me sluggish.

Lieutenant Lawrence Kip, Third Artillery, son of the Episcopal Bishop of California, performed his duty as my adjutant efficiently, and at the close of the campaign he wrote and published its history in a small book, which was reviewed in one of the English periodicals. On a perusal of Kip's work after finishing my own account, I find an exact correspondence of dates and few inaccuracies. The most that he said of Qualchein he borrowed from and credited to me.

The commander of our expedition, Colonel George Wright, a native of Vermont and a graduate of the Military Academy of the class of 1822, was every inch a soldier and a gentleman. In the year 1838 I heard Colonel Worth say of Wright, who was then a major, that he was entitled by his soldierly qualities to be advanced two grades. General Dandy, who was four times

breveted for gallant conduct during the Rebellion, and who was my subaltern in 1858, considered Wright the best commanding officer he had served under. My position of second in command was one the difficulties of which have always been recognized by military men. The chief sometimes dislikes or envies his junior, and the latter fancies or discovers faults that he, if in command, would have avoided. From the commencement to the end of the campaign my relations with Colonel Wright were confidential and cordial, and if I were to give expression to my admiration and respect for that gallant soldier and gentleman, I fear my style would appear more flowery than the rules of rhetoric prescribe for a narrative of facts. The discipline he enforced was extremely rigid and severe. After crossing into the hostile country, reveille was at three o'clock A. M., and the hour of march generally five o'clock. One morning something delayed me, not above three minutes, but that was long enough to make it necessary for me to answer a brisk demand, through a staff officer, to explain why my column did not move at the time appointed. The rebuke was proper, although my delay was caused by no fault of my own, and at no time did I suspect for a moment that Colonel Wright would censure me unjustly or withhold praise that I deserved. Nothing in his conduct indicated that an acknowledgment of my deserts would dwarf his fame, and his order after the battle of the Spokane plains was profuse in the praise of the conduct of others, while it was silent in regard to his own. The passage in that order which related to me was in the following words :

“Captain E. D. Keyes, Third Artillery, commanding battalion, was energetic and gallant throughout. Although the troops extended over a mile, yet the captain was always in the right place in the right time.”

I will relate a circumstance to show the estimate placed by the War Department upon the strength of the enemy opposed to Colonel Wright.

While at the Cœur d'Alene mission we learned that the Sixth Regiment of Infantry was on its way overland to Washington Territory. An order was addressed to Brigadier-General Albert Sidney Johnson, the same gentleman who, on the outbreak of the civil war, went South and was in command of the Confederate army at the battle of Shiloh, where he was killed. The following paragraph appeared in that order :

“ If the commander in Utah should obtain information to cause him to believe it unsafe for the regiment to direct its march upon Walla Walla, he will order it by such other route as he may deem best.”

It appears that General Johnson did receive information that caused him to apprehend danger to the regiment in the direction of Walla Walla, and he accordingly instructed its commander to proceed to Benicia, California, where in regard to expense and time of transport it was further from Walla Walla than at Salt Lake. For that reason I feared the Sixth Regiment would be detained in the harbor of San Francisco and I should be left in Oregon or Washington Territory.

In anticipation of such an arrangement, I addressed an application to General Clark to order me back to my old post, the Presidio. Colonel Wright endorsed my application as follows :

“ The rank and long service of Captain Keyes, and particularly his zeal, perseverance, and gallantry during the present campaign, will, I trust, commend his application to the favorable consideration of the commander of the department.

“ (Signed) G. WRIGHT.”

As soon as the report of Colonel Wright's operations and the result of the campaign were received at the head-

quarters of the army, then in New York City, Lieutenant-General Scott issued an order, dated November 10th, 1858, which was highly complimentary to General Clarke, commanding the Department of the Pacific, to Colonel Wright, and a large number of his subordinates, whose names are given. From John B. Floyd, who was then Secretary of War, no line or word of praise or satisfaction was received. Instead of acknowledging the merits of Clarke and Wright and brevetting them, as they deserved, his treatment of both those officers was contemptuous. He reduced the command of the former by cutting off the northern portion, which embraced Oregon and Washington Territories, and erecting it into a new department, to the command of which he assigned the celebrated Brevet Major-General William S. Harney, who arrived at Fort Vancouver on the 24th day of October, 1858. I had a few days prior to that date arrived at the same post, with orders to proceed with my company to San Francisco.

I lost no time in paying my respects to the new commander, whom I had not seen before. He received me with ordinary politeness—in other words, he was not rude to me, though he was sufficiently taciturn. I had heard a great deal of General Harney, and of his extraordinary physical accomplishments and his prowess as an Indian fighter. I saw before me a man six feet two or three inches in height, faultless in proportion, complexion bordering on the sandy, head small, eyes and countenance ordinary. I felt at once that I was in the presence of a typical Southerner, and the coldness of his salutation inclined me to credit the reports or accusations I had heard that his official conduct towards Northern officers was often harsh. Captain Pleasonton, assistant adjutant-general, was present with his chief, and I asked

him if there was any military news. The general interposed abruptly, saying: "None of the troops are to leave for San Francisco. I suppose that is what you want to know?" I answered, "Yes, sir," without betraying any sort of emotion, although this hasty announcement of his decision was most unwelcome to me. I had heard that it was Harney's intention to renew the campaign against the Indians that Wright had so completely crushed, and the general reiterated that intention during my first interview with him. I considered his remarks as disparaging to all the officers engaged in the recent expedition, and especially to its commander. The Harney clique spoke indeliberation of our battles, in which not a man was hit, and their prejudices inclined them to withhold *all credit* from Wright and his associates, a great majority of whom were Northern men.

On going out from General Harney's office I met Surgeon Barnes, who was afterwards surgeon-general of the army, and one of the attending surgeons of President Garfield. He invited me to mess with him, and I gladly accepted his invitation, and took my meals with him while I remained at the post.

At that period Barnes possessed a sound body and a genial disposition; at the same time he was quite studious and methodical in his habits. He was so full of anecdotes of distinguished persons, and so generally fertile in discourse that I began to reconcile myself to the discomforts of Fort Vancouver, when on the morning of November 24 the steamer *Cortex* arrived from San Francisco, bringing news of the death of Colonel Frank Taylor and my consequent promotion to be major of the First Regiment of Artillery. Being no longer a company officer, General Harney gave me an order to repair to San Francisco and there await the official announcement

of my promotion. The order was obliging to me, and it greatly modified my unfavorable impression of General Harney in regard to myself, but considering him as a prominent member of the sectional party to which I was so strongly opposed, I would not relinquish my vicarious resentment, which I cherished as a sacred duty.

CHAPTER XV.

Return to San Francisco from the Indian War.—Description of society and individuals.—Condition of California.—The Parrotts, McAllisters, Thorn-ton, Lakes, Donohues, McKinstry, Gwins, Bowies, and others.—The Bar of San Francisco.—Leading lawyers.

RETURNING to San Francisco after an absence of less than six months, the city appeared to be in a condition of uncertainty and depression. During the past summer the Frazier River excitement had drawn away a vast number of people, who had found the reported gold discoveries a myth, and were returning much poorer than they left.

The future of California was then more discouraging than at any time since 1848. The product from the placer mines was diminishing rapidly, while agriculture and viticulture were not encouraging. The mineral wealth of Nevada was yet undiscovered to any profitable extent, and many of my associates feared that California was in a decline. Nevertheless my confidence was unshaken, and in the month of December, 1858, I made a purchase of real estate on Montgomery Street, which has proved the most profitable investment I ever made.

I maintained extensive social relations in San Francisco, the society of which has always been cosmopolitan to an unusual extent, although it has been shaped by the Southern element. On the 1st of January, 1859, I made seventy calls, and omitted twenty-three that were on my list for want of time to pay them.

Extracts from my journal :

“ January 11, 1859.—To-day I was introduced to Mr. James, who was Mr. Anson Burlingame’s second in his proposed duel with Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, who was the assailant of Senator Sumner. Mr. James told me several circumstances connected with that affair, of which I was previously ignorant. He informed me that Brooks was a strong, healthy man, six feet two and a half inches tall, and a good match in strength for Sumner. He told me also that Brooks was not satisfied with himself, and the manner of getting out of the quarrel, and that during a slight indisposition he took a mixture of salt and water, as he supposed, prepared by himself, and died soon after.”

“ February 8, 1859.—To-day and yesterday I have been engaged getting up a bill for a bulkhead, or sea wall, in the harbor of San Francisco, in opposition to that presented by Judge Levi Parsons. The plan arranged by the gentlemen who consulted me did not meet my approval, because it was proposed to construct it too far out and to enclose too much ground to be *gobbled* by speculators, and my limit was inserted in the bill.” I foresaw that a sea wall was necessary, although at that time the majority of the people were opposed to it. Both bills failed, and all those who advocated them were charged with selfish motives. At a date several years subsequent a plan was adopted, and a sea wall is now in process of construction and well advanced upon nearly the identical line proposed by me, which was a modification of that of J. P. Manro. In the Assembly the advocates of the bill I had approved ascribed to me astonishing talents and services, while those who supported the Parsóns project discovered strange deficiencies.

For Judge Parsons I entertained a friendly feeling, for the reason that he was a companionable man, and also because in my first lawsuit he non-suited the plaintiff. My experience in that suit is valuable, as showing how justice or injustice is often meted out by juries.

Being in charge of the Government reserves in San Francisco, I was directed by General Riley, then Military Governor of the Territory, to lease them. Accordingly I did lease the Rincon Point reserve to the late Theodore Shillaber, with a promise to remove the squatters, whose tents covered the whole of it. I visited the Point several times, and notified the occupants that they must leave or I should, on a certain day, remove them by force. My verbal instructions were unheeded, and on the morning of February 1st, 1850, I issued ball cartridges to my entire disposable force of about fifty men and two officers, Lieutenants Landrum and Gibson, and took up my line of march for Rincon Point, four miles distant from the Presidio. As we wound over the sand-hills it was observed that the sky was perfectly clear, and that the sun shone with unusual brightness. It was one of those charming days which surprise the stranger who visits our shores in the clear intervals of the rainy season. I directed the soldiers to be silent, and to pay no attention to anything but the orders of their officers. Arrived at the border of the reserve, I halted my men, and passing across the line called on all the squatters to vacate. They crowded about me, and all, with one single exception, submitted. The exception was a "Sydney Duck," as he was called, whose name was *White*. He refused to go, and dared me to touch his property, which was somewhat extensive, as he kept a hardware store in one tent and lived in irregular combination in another adjoining. I wasted no words upon the Sydney Duck, but marched my

soldiers close to his premises, ordered six robust fellows to stack their arms and carry beyond the line and deposit with care the tents and all they contained. It was done with despatch, and saving my orders, which were few, not a word was uttered by any man in my command. As soon as the ground was cleared, I directed the workers to take their arms and resume their places in the ranks. Then I gathered the full force of my lungs, and in a voice which a man told me "could have been heard two miles off," I shouted, "Shoulder arms!—By the right flank, right face—Forward march!" The ranks were closed, and we moved away in silence along what is now First Street, leaving a crowd of not less than 7,000 men, who had assembled to witness our achievement. There was a man in the multitude who had been in the "battle of San Pascual." He afterwards said to me: "That battle was nothing to that clearing out of squatters."

I was in full-dress uniform, and marching in front of my men, when I arrived at the junction of Market and Montgomery streets, where I was met by an Alguazil (Sheriff), who served on me a summons to appear without delay before Judge Almon of the Court of First Instance.

I went direct to that court, where Mr. Calhoun Benham, on the part of the Sydney Duck, opened the cause in a fiery discourse upon my armed encroachment upon civil rights. He deprecated the exercise of military tyranny and usurpation in a strain of eloquence which touched the sublime. Mr. Peachy assumed my defence, and explained the circumstances and orders under which I had acted, whereupon the judge released me and I returned to my post.

As I had forcibly ejected, or caused to be ejected, many other intruders upon the public grounds, I fancied I should not be troubled again by the Sydney Duck; but I

was mistaken. He consulted several lawyers, and found one or more who advised him to bring a civil suit against me for \$6,000 damages. Notwithstanding his neighbors on the hill were disturbed almost every night by the drunken orgies in White's tent, and shocked by the screams of his woman, whom he frequently beat and thrust out into the cold, he found many sympathizers among the squatters, who would gladly have seen me mulcted for the tyrannous proceedings of which I was accused.

The preliminaries caused me great trouble and expense; but, being a novice in litigation, I felt no apprehension in regard to the result. I was so simple as to suppose that the plaintiff sought compensation only for the damages done him by my forcible ejection of himself and his goods. He complained of nothing more in the several conversations I subsequently had with him. But his lawyer informed him that he had suffered a horrible outrage, of which he was wholly unconscious at the time it occurred. The outrage arose from the following circumstance: As I before remarked, the weather was delightful on the morning of February 1st, and it continued so without any sign of atmospheric disturbance, until nearly all White's effects had been removed. Then, with an astonishing suddenness, a solitary cloud came driving athwart the sky, and when it came over our heads it discharged big drops of rain while all around was sunshine. The rain continued not above two minutes and caused a general shout of merriment among the crowd, and the effect was cheerfulness, as the air seemed more balmy than before.

At the trial, which came on before Judge Levi Parsons, some of the plaintiff's willing witnesses described that merry dripping from the fugitive cloud as a serious storm

of rain. In the speech of his attorney it was magnified to a howling tempest, and me, the most placable of men, he held up to the jury as a ferocious despot. I fancy I see him yet, his hands clenched, his lips drawn taut, his eyes wildly rolling, when he paused a full minute, as if to master his passion and to choose the most fitting words to impart it. Then he lifted up his voice and entered upon the climax of his declamation. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, in caressing tones, "you have heard the evidence in this cause, and it would be an insult to your understanding to suppose you are not fully impressed with the gravity of the wrong done my unoffending client by a man who seems insensible to the rights of an innocent citizen, and whose heart has been changed to stone by the practice of tyranny. Yet, notwithstanding the enormity of his trespass, we might find some attenuating circumstances in his conduct, had he not himself foreclosed every claim to your compassion by the studied cruelty of his procedure. Instead of choosing a day and hour for the exercise of his nefarious authority, when the sky was clear and the air was warm, he held his armed hirelings in hand till the elements were at war. He watched the sky with malignant scrutiny, and when the angry clouds began to discharge their floods, he drove out, at the point of the bayonet, my honest client and his gentle, delicate spouse, and exposed them to the drenching rain and the rude winter blast. For such an act of causeless vengeance, these modest people here before you [the Sydney Duck and his woman were both in the court] have only asked the imposition of a fine of \$6,000, when the whole fortune of the sullen military tyrant would be an inadequate amende."

After a few additional remarks, complimentary to the jurors upon their dignified character, sturdy indepen-

dence, and love of justice, the eloquent pleader sat down and mopped the sweat from his forehead.

Judge Parsons ordered the clerk of the court to enter a non-suit, and that ended my first lawsuit.

A few days after the trial, I met one of the jurors whom I knew, and asked him what would have been the verdict, if my case had been submitted. He replied that he should have given the plaintiff the full sum demanded, not because I had done anything wrong in itself, and he allowed that my orders fully justified the removal of the squatters; "but," said he, "you had no right to turn them out in such a cold storm of rain—I thought that indicated an oppressive disposition in you, and I was willing to see you punished for it!!!"

A feeling of gratitude inspires me to name the families and persons in California whose society has cheered me most during my long sojourn in that State. The Parrotts and the McAllisters stand first in duration and constancy of friendship. Mr. John Parrott is several times a millionaire. He came to San Francisco from Mexico in 1850, bringing what was then considered a large fortune, which he has increased to its present magnitude by enterprise and foresight as a banker, merchant, and agriculturist. He was the first American to establish an elegant home in California, which, under the admirable supervision of his wife, has been the scene of a luxurious hospitality during the last twenty-five years. Mrs. Parrott's unstinted bounties to the poor, and to every deserving object, entitle her to the leadership of Christian charity on the Pacific Coast. Her husband is worthy of honor for the timely and efficient services rendered by him to secure the Territory of California to the United States. The two are alike remarkable for virtues which are the rarest in the world. They never turn their backs upon

an old friend who has been overtaken by poverty, and they never mistake rudeness for gentility. Mr. Parrott at one time was regarded the richest man in the State, but his deportment underwent no change, and being now advanced in years and oppressed by weakness, he is referred to as a man whose head has not been turned by the possession of an immense fortune acquired by himself. Numerous other families have received me with uniform cordiality; among them I can only mention those whose intimacy I have enjoyed the longest—the Thorntons, Floyds, Lakes, Babcocks, Lincolns, Lows, Donohues, Tevises, Hogans, Sillems, McKinstry, Otises, Gwins, Hagers, Bowies, Loughboroughs, Zanes, and others.

I have known a great number of the prominent men of California, but the majority of my intimate associates have been of the legal profession. In estimating their merits and demerits it is proper that I should first define my own qualifications to judge them fairly.

During the last nine years my purpose has been to ascertain the distinctive qualities of men who succeed at the bar, with a view to instruct one of my younger sons, who, at the age of eleven years, elected to prepare himself for the legal profession.

One of my older sons, Dr. E. L. Keyes, of New York, at the same age determined to be a physician and surgeon. With a view to bend his mind in the right direction, I observed the lives and studied the histories of the great men whose example I desired him to pattern after. My own father, who was a member of the same profession, possessed a genius not inferior to that of my son, but his advantages and field for practice were vastly less. I determined, therefore, that the best opportunities the world afforded my son should have. In their search I discovered, to my aston-

ishment, that the surgeons and therapeutists, in spite of their bickerings and backbiting, were far more uniform in disposition and genius than the lawyers. One reason for their similarity probably arises from the fact that the medical body is almost destitute of political significance, while the legal men constitute an estate, and they wield a mighty power in the land.

Considering my younger son, and with a view to give clearness to my descriptions and force to my precepts, I found it necessary to study jurisprudence under three heads, which I designate *the grand*, or heroic, the sedate, and the emotional. It was under the accursed classification of emotional jurisprudence that two flippant adepts once placed my name and fortune in fearful jeopardy.

Strange as it may seem, I discovered all the three best exponents of the designations given above in France. They were, in order, Berryer, Marié and Lachaud. To Berryer I have heard old Frenchmen ascribe the attributes of a demigod. The grandeur of his person, the majesty of his countenance, and the indescribable melody and strength of his voice awed alike the court and jury to compliance with his arguments. Aside from all meretricious advantages, Berryer was one of the profoundest jurists of his time.

Then Marié, whose success in nearly every cause, and his large fees, inspired my informant Alphonse Karr, the celebrated writer, to go many times to hear him *plead*. Marié's person was small and insignificant, his voice piping, and his general appearance homely. Yet in spite of so many apparent drawbacks he had the art of shaping and stating with wonderful clearness and method everything that favored his client ; at the same time he could confuse the statements and dwarf the facts of opposing counsel to such an extent that the verdict was usually declared for him

Lastly, the celebrated Lachaud, who was called *l'ami des pécheurs*, the friend of the sinners. Five years ago I heard him plead, and last year he died. He was of an amiable disposition, but his genius he must have derived from Satan.

In France there is a hideous variety of crime, surpassing all that can be learned among native Americans. The habitual reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* discovers that human depravity is without limit, and that the vengeance excited by cupidity, jealousy, and malice displays itself in horrors which are inconceivable to the writers of fiction. In such a state of things Lachaud found constant employment. During forty years the throwers of vitriol, the mutilators, the assassins, parricides, robbers, thieves, and murderers looked to him to confuse the courts and get them free, or to secure *circonstances atténuantes*, one of which ends he seldom failed to gain. In a certain cause I heard him plead. I use the word *plead*, because I am referring to a speech in a law court by a Frenchman. Judge Hoffman objects to the word *plead*, and says I should say *argue*. He ought to understand that I make no reference to an argument, but to the harangue of the greatest master of emotional jurisprudence of modern times.

A young man of good family was accused of way-laying in a solitary place, murdering and robbing an old respectable citizen. The proofs were conclusive of the facts, which were acknowledged by the accused and his family. With a view to extenuation, Lachaud was sent for, and he came down to Nice to conduct the defence. Through the kind offices of my young friend, D'Arson, I secured a seat in the court-room, which was packed almost to suffocation. Two infantry soldiers with muskets guarded each door, and others stood on the right and left

of the murderer. M. Lachaud, who was a trifle taller than the average of his countrymen—rather stout, lightish in complexion, and round-faced—had already commenced speaking when I entered. For a while he spoke in a moderately animated tone of things of small importance. Then his voice subsided into a lulling tone, and during three full minutes he detailed the movements of the aged victim—how he got into his carriage, how his wife, his son and daughter got in after him, how the vehicle moved over hill and dale till it entered a lonely forest, etc., etc. His words seemed to glide from his mouth in a continuous stream, while he stood upright and motionless as a statue with his arms at his sides. The tones of his voice were clear and low, and so monotonous as to produce a sleepy, listless look in his auditors, when all at once his right hand shot up to its utmost stretch as if moved by a shock of electricity—at the same time in a voice sharp enough to cleave the walls, he screeched, “*Quelle heure est-il?*” It appeared to me that every person in the hall jumped, or bounced, a foot high. Then, after a pause of a half minute, he answered himself: “*Onze heures*”—another pause—“*Onze heures du soir.*” After another pause of equal duration, he assumed an air and voice of freezing solemnity, and said: “*à cette même heure ce jeune homme là (pointing at the prisoner) a donné le coup mortel au vieillard.*” The jury and audience were with him, and the scene before us was as terrible as the vision of Ezekiel. From that point he called up the murdered man and laid bare all the offences of his life. The youthful felon he treated with fatherly tenderness, ascribed to him many virtues, and magnified the provocations he had received to such a degree as to almost exculpate him. The effect of the speech, which was nothing but sound and gesture, resulted in a short imprisonment, when the

crime of the young villain deserved the guillotine. It is to be hoped the time is not far distant when such buffoonery in courts will be dispensed with in the determination of the guilt or innocence of men accused of crimes.

In England and America I do not find in the profession of the law men who so distinctly typify the three classifications of jurisprudence as the Frenchmen I have referred to. Thurlow of England and Daniel Webster in America stand next to Berryer, with a wide interval between. Sugden of England and Charles O'Connor in America compare with Marié, leaving out of view the unapproachable hypocrisy of the Gaul. Erskine at the English bar, and James T. Brady of New York, were the champions of emotional jurisprudence of the Anglo-Saxon training, but far inferior to Lachaud of the Latin race, whom I consider *hors concours* beyond comparison.

The bar of San Francisco is and has been well peopled with able lawyers. Subjects for litigation on the Pacific Coast have always, since the close of the Mexican war, been abundant, and some unsettled titles and many discordant nationalities promote strife, so that confusion still thrives.

The law firm of Halleck, Peachy & Billings was one of the first formed in San Francisco, and it held together longest. Its members were as incongruous and dissimilar in disposition, manners, and habit, as any three men I have known. Halleck was thrifty and persevering, but his distinctive characteristics were obduracy and laboriousness. I was less intimate with him than with the other two, for he was more inclined to be my enemy than friend. Peachy was a Virginian, aristocratic in deportment, magisterial in manners, and fairly learned in the law. He gained a fortune and afterwards lost it by unfortunate investments. Billings, the business man of the

concern, was active, ambitious, cheerful, and always lavish in his charities. The permanence of the association of those three men was simply a conjunctive disjunctive continuance, and when the partnership dissolved no strong ties were severed.

Among the lawyers of San Francisco of an early date was Edward D. Baker, who removed to Oregon a few years before the civil war, and was elected to the United States Senate from that State. When the war broke out he was commissioned a brigadier-general, and fell at Ball's Bluff. I was intimate with him, and when we met in the street or elsewhere he was usually disposed to discuss various subjects with me, or to talk of national questions upon which we agreed. When Judge Hoffman joined us, as he often did, Baker would take a cigar from the judge's vest-pocket, where several were always exposed to the clutch of his numerous fuming acquaintances, light it by the one that Hoffman was smoking, and continue the discussion. On one occasion Baker told me he was surprised that so many Northern men expressed regret that they were not Southerners. "For my part," said he, "if I had been born in New England I should have been proud of it." Baker's moral and physical courage was so great as almost to entitle him to be called intrepid, and yet in social life he was the easiest and most amiable of men. He possessed the gift of eloquence to an extraordinary degree, and his perceptions were quick.

The occasional advantages he gained at the bar and in the Senate were due, in a measure, to the readiness and brilliancy of his speech. I sat next him at one of the New England dinners in San Francisco. Knowing that he would be called on to address the company, I asked him if he had prepared a speech. "No," said he, "I shall think on what I am going to say when I rise from

my chair." Then he told anecdotes of his ability to refer to any subject suggested to him, and said I might suggest something if they should call him up. I waited till he was starting to rise, and whispered: "Tell us how Hannibal descended from the Alps into Italy." His address was one of his best and quite long. It was delivered without apparent effort, appropriate to the occasion, and towards the end he described Hannibal's passage of the Alps with elegant exactness, and so artfully was it interwoven in the subject before the meeting that it seemed a necessary part of his discourse. This uncommon readiness rendered him remiss in study and averse to patient investigation, without which no man can become great except for dash and earnestness, which were also characteristics of Senator Baker.

He was a warm personal friend and admirer of Broderick, and attended him till he died, after the wound he received in his duel with Judge Terry. After Broderick's death the remains were brought in a coffin to the Plaza, and there, upon a high platform, Baker stood to pronounce his funeral oration. His first words rang out over the vast assemblage, and secured profound attention: "Fellow-citizens!—A Senator lies dead before you!"

His whole discourse was fearless and impressive. He portrayed in vivid colors the life and services of the deceased statesman, described his ascent from a youth of poverty, and the opposition which he encountered at every step till he gained distinction and became a Senator. He commented with much ability and severity upon the folly and futility of Northern men fighting duels with Southerners. In the free States public opinion proscribed duelling, while it was encouraged and countenanced by the slaveholders, who, by their practice with

pistols, secured a great advantage over their Northern antagonists. Baker, who was not a native-born citizen of the United States, was able to judge the subject without prejudice, and he might have proved from the history of war that a soldier is not braver or better for being a duellist, nor worse for refusing a challenge.

Of the living members of the California bench and bar, I am on terms of social intimacy with a large number, but I can only venture to describe the distinguishing traits of a few that I have known longest and best.

The present Chief Justice of the State, Morrison, owes his position, in addition to his knowledge of law, to his aptness in classification, and to his superior conscientiousness. Unfortunately he is now in poor health.

Justice Morrison's immediate predecessor, Wallace, is a man of sanguine temperament, fairly self-appreciative, commanding in person, and in character and disposition a fine specimen of the manly race among whom he was born. I know more of his natural ability and general accomplishments than of his genius and acquirements as a jurist and advocate, for which he is distinguished. He possesses the rare faculty of being able to collect from all his reading and observation every poetical and romantic idea, as well as those that are ludicrous. All this he does with as little apparent effort as the magnet thrust into the sand withdraws all the ferruginous particles, and thus he is enabled to strew the monotony of life with the gems of thought and the illusions of fancy.

The majority of people, when they refer to the heads of the California bar, speak of Hall McAllister, Joseph Hoge, and Samuel Wilson. For thirty years I have been friendly with those prominent gentlemen, and cordially intimate with the first two, and I will give my impression of them, beginning with the last named.

Mr. Wilson, while still a very young practitioner, attracted attention in Illinois in a cause wherein the court designated him to defend a criminal, which he did in a masterly manner. He is a small, compactly built man, with a bright, dark eye, which indicates the physical and mental activity for which he is distinguished. His knowledge of law, persistent industry, fruitfulness in expedients, have enabled him to win as many important causes as any man in California. The qualities named above, with which Mr. Wilson is endowed to an extraordinary degree, entitle him to rank with men of the highest order of talent, but being somewhat deficient in imagination, he falls a trifle short of genius, or my judgment of him is at fault.

Mr. Joseph Hoge was Wilson's law partner in Illinois, where he showed signs of great promise. In the Supreme Court, when an intricate cause is to be argued, Mr. Hoge can present his side with a clearness and brevity unequalled by any of his colleagues. His eye, and his power to use it, denote genius, and his voice is the best of all. He has always mingled in politics to an extent that has occasionally interrupted his studies; and he was terribly chagrined at one time when he failed to receive the nomination for United States Senator. He is erect in person, hardy, nimble in motion, tasteful in dress, wears cravats of many tints, and rings and pins of rare devices. When he is in luck the presence of Joseph Hoge makes me joyous.

Of Hall McAllister, I must speak at greater length than of the others. I knew him and his family at the East before the Mexican War. His father, M. H. McAllister, was prominent in Georgia, and later was the United States Circuit Judge in California. Hall was born in Georgia, but is essentially a Northern man.

Among his paternal ancestors was the Great English historian, Edward Gibbon, author of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and from him he inherits fatness and a turn for investigation. His energy he derives from his mother, who was a woman of the first order, and of great strength of mind. McAllister's breadth of nature, genial disposition, grasp of intellect, and power of application were foreshadowed in his boyhood. He has surveyed the whole of human nature, takes men as they are, never allows himself to be soured or seriously depressed by misfortunes, can sympathize with his clients (in appearance at least), is void of egotism and envy, appreciative, and, consequently, he possesses the qualities that have drawn me to him like a load-stone. He, and one other very great lawyer, that I knew when I was a young man, were the only two who could look upon the system of law as intelligent non-professional men look upon it. He, like all laymen of large experience, believes that the practice of law hardens most men and renders them insensible to the torments of litigation. I don't think that McAllister goes quite as far as the famous French author, Alphonse Karr, who declared that "l'avocat (lawyer) after ten years at his trade, no longer retains any distinction between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, justice and injustice—all that is to be pleaded!" Hall McAllister differs from Karr in other respects, for he believes an attorney ought to listen to his client, whom he encourages to look up witnesses that can strengthen all points. Hall also asserts that all lawyers become lazy and indifferent unless their clients stir them up. When I told Karr, during the course of my second lawsuit, that I was often irritated with my attorneys, for the reason that when I undertook to explain the facts of my case to them, they invariably showed

signs of impatience—"Without doubt they were impatient," said he, "for a knowledge of the facts would have embarrassed them."

Although Hall McAllister believes, and has so expressed himself to me, that a lawsuit is a drama in which the ablest actor wins, yet like my other illustrious examples, he has never suggested that the system of law and practice can be essentially improved. That adds new proof to me that the abuses of no human organization can ever be corrected by those who profit by them. External pressure may at some future period shorten statutes of limitation, make them positive, and, thus disregarding the effect of extreme negligence, prescribe higher qualifications for jurors, and enforce their attendance; require the previous training of the higher judges in the inferior courts; limit precedents to the decisions of the most august tribunals; secure to all men the right when charged with fraud, to a speedy trial, near the place where the alleged fraud was enacted; and, finally, to make it far more difficult than it is now for scoundrels to rob and impoverish honest men through the intervention of a lawsuit. There are men of a Utopian turn of mind who indulge in hopes that the time may come when the facilities afforded by present statutes to administrators, executors, and trustees to rob the estates of the dead, and to consume and pillage the heritage of orphans and widows, shall be abridged, but the tendency of the times is in opposition to all such chimerical anticipations. The judges oppose definiteness in statutes, and when they are precise they are declared unconstitutional. Some new abstraction is discovered to annul all limitations and the great privilege of freemen to sue and to be sued can never be infringed.

Mr. McAllister is fully aware of the evils above referred to, and the obvious necessity of many changes in

the laws and their administrations. If the full powers of his catholic mind could be turned upon the subject, he could suggest many improvements. He is, however, too much occupied with his cases and other engagements to think of undertaking to reform the stupendous chaos of law and jurisprudence, which is yearly becoming more complex.

His excellence is not confined to any speciality of his profession, but it extends to many. He is able as a counsellor for one reason, among others, that by conviction he considers litigation an evil. I don't think he has a superior before a jury, and in the presence of a full bench Hoge alone equals him in clearness and elegance of statement. No man prepares his cases better than he, and notwithstanding the conceit, roguery, and heartless selfishness exhibited by many of his clients, and the baffling assurance of willing witnesses and perjurers, and the shuffling obstructiveness of those who are unwilling, the stupidity and prejudice of juries, as well as the theories and wayward ignorance of an occasional judge, he is never thrown from his balance, and appears never to be discouraged or made angry. He takes time to amuse himself, is often sportive and gallant, and on many occasions in elegant society he embarrasses me by the levity of his discourse.

I have witnessed his conduct with a friendly disposition for thirty years, but have permitted every instance of his character and life that could reveal itself to an intimate observer to impress itself with due effect upon my judgment, and the conclusion to which I have been led is that Hall McAllister has been for many years past, and is now, the head of the California Bar.

There are many other lawyers in California whose genius and qualifications would, in the absence of the

three whom I have described, enable them worthily to supply their places, but I can only refer in short sentences to a few that I have known best.

William H. L. Barnes interests me because I knew his parents, and have been long friendly with him. His father was graduated from the West Point Military Academy, high in the class, with General Robert E. Lee, and his mother was a woman of rare excellence. Barnes has reason to be proud of his ancestry, and he possesses versatility, brilliancy and gallantry past description. If he were less endowed with those gifts, his learning, sense and judgment would, by many unimaginative people, be gauged at a higher value.

Barnes is employed in a great variety of important actions, but he is especially sought by those whose conubial felicity has been wrecked, or is in a state of disorganization.

There is another category of causes in which his services are generally considered essential—to wit, all such cases as arise under those transcendental statutes that are designed to punish and hold in check the specious youths and curious seniors who invade or menace feminine purity, but which, in effect, encourage the designs of unscrupulous women to disturb the peace and pillage the goods of careless men, and to destroy sociability between the sexes.

The most surprising of all legal contests originate in the vagaries of true or simulated love. Its manifestations are inexplicable by any process of reasoning or narrative of facts, and they can only be inferred from comparisons. A lover's eye sees an ugly grub that suddenly changes to a butterfly. The butterfly spreads its mealy wings and hovers in a bower of roses. The susceptible swain pursues, and in the paths of dalliance resigns himself to the

tyranny of sense. Heedless of time and consequence, he inhales the perfume of flowers and dots his passage with scented billets and love-tokens, till all at once the phantasmagoria vanishes, the butterfly resumes again the form of a grub, and the idol of yesterday is the oppression of to-day.

To adjust such a history to some form of reason, to unravel the tangled meshes in which the parties are involved, to discover the guilt and to fix it upon the one opposed to him, is a task that Mr. Barnes often assumes. His masterly skill has given him renown, but it has also damaged his respect for his species. One day when he was returning weary and disgusted from the court, where he had spent the day wrangling with a factious attorney, I asked him if his investigations caused him to think better or worse of mankind. "Worse every day," said he, and I suppose the same effect is invariably produced by all attempts to make men and women virtuous by statute. In spite of many vexations, Mr. Barnes has his consolations, for his fees are large, and in addition to a knowledge gained of all recognizable forms of wickedness, the vast scope of his practice affords him opportunities to explore the nebulæ of sin.

There is one law firm in San Francisco which attracts me by reason of the compensating dispositions of its members. It is that of Thornton & Garber. The former is the nephew of the great Kentucky senator, John J. Crittenden, and he is full of energy, and so hopeful that he anticipates success in all his enterprises. Defeat in an action never fails to inspire him with confidence to renew the contest. Nothing daunts him, and he sometimes asks of the Court rulings as strange as would be a request to change the orbit of a planet. Most men who should attempt to imitate Mr. Thornton in this respect would

give offence, but he is so pleasant and polished in his manners that he offends no one. His aged mother, *née* Crittenden, is as remarkable for talent and genius as was her celebrated brother, and many of his relations of both sexes are distinguished for their talents.

Garber is the antipode of his associate, and misgivings attend him even in cases in which all the facts and equities are on his side. His briefs are prepared in the murky atmosphere of distrust, but when they see the light no eye can discover defects in them. His citations of law and precedent are universally to the point, and that circumstance indicates a positive judgment which is incompatible with doubt. His hesitancy is therefore due to his wonderful imagination, which enables him to analyze the subtle complications of the law. If he halts in his investigations it is only to determine the fitness and coherence of nice distinctions with his subject. It is apparent to me that Mr. Garber's ability entitles him, without presumption, to aspire to the head of the bar.

There are, and have been, lawyers in California whose chief employment is to search for flaws in titles and contracts with a view to a suit and contingent fees. One man whom I knew, and whose talents are recognized, defended his course by asserting that wrong and injustice should be pursued and exposed wherever they may be found concealed. This idea, pushed to extreme, as it always is, often becomes the source of infinite vexations, and causes much greater loss than the thing that's missed. A calm-visaged attorney tells a widow woman that she has lost a hare, and she can employ him to recover it. He demands a small sum for his disbursements, but the hounds with which he hunts must be fed at great expense, and before the hare is caught the widow's cow has starved to death.

The late John B. Felton was considered in some respects the most remarkable man at the California bar. He was an innate gentleman, a polished classical scholar, and a wit. He had a kind of genius that was without a parallel, but in sound knowledge of jurisprudence he had many superiors. His immense influence arose from his power to delve beneath all canonical, civil, common, statute, commercial, military and municipal law, to avoid *stare decises*, and to evade *deodand*, and it is certain that if a born citizen, or a citizen that is not born, *i.e.*, a corporation, had, with a club, beaten an innocent man's brains out, he would have shown that the club had been transferred to innocent hands, become a vested right, and was no longer subject to confiscation. His peculiar genius enabled him to cast a fierce light upon relations, facts, and duties that are not apparent to ordinary minds, and his facile eloquence was so seductive that he could convince the Court or a jury that a man might do what he pleased with himself, his talents and his possessions, or that he could do nothing, as his cause required. He was equally potent to obscure a good title as to mend a bad one, and for that reason he was feared and respected by all parties. He gained enormous contingent fees, as well as such as were specific, and was habitually paid large retainers to remain quiet. Such subsidies, without service, contributed to an occasional sluggishness and a carelessness with his own interests, which, since his death, has given much trouble to his amiable widow. Mr. Felton had many friends, and his premature death was much lamented.

I am on terms of friendship with many other judges and lawyers of whom I could relate anecdotes if my space would permit, but I must confine my notice of them to a single page.

Judge Ogden Hoffman, of the United States District Court, to whom I have made frequent allusions, has been on the Bench about thirty years, and at the time of his appointment he was the youngest of all the Federal judges. Many of his opinions have been famous, especially those rendered in land cases, and the title to the Almaden quicksilver mine. He is a polished scholar, and his brightness has been at all times admired. He is eloquent, genial, and well bred by inheritance, and my friendly intimacy of over thirty years with him has never known the slightest interruption. Together we have discussed every topic and subject with which I am acquainted. On most of them he is sufficiently lucid, but his theology I have never been able to grasp. I have clutched at it, but have it not.

With Judge McKinstry, of the California Supreme Court, and his family, I am also on terms of cordial social intercourse. He is a distinguished gentleman, and is honored in his position. His wife and daughter are ornaments to society, his sons are promising, and few families in California are more attractive.

Judge John S. Hager is now retired from the profession of the law. While he was on the Bench, a legal friend of mine remarked to me that Judge Hager was a man of learning, a gentleman, and incorruptible. Mrs. Hager, *née* Lucas, is of French descent, and reminds me of several grande dames I saw in Normandy. Her manners, intelligence, and force of will make her quite conspicuous, and her wealth enables her to be charmingly hospitable.

Judge Cope is another of the profession in California, who to elegance of manners adds legal ability of a high order and an incorruptible character. I hold him and his family in high esteem. His worthy partner, James T. Boyd, has long been among my most intimate and

cherished friends, and there are many more whose society I find pleasant and instructive, especially Evans, Mastick, Harrison, Reardon, Judge Wright, Loughborough, John T. Doyle, who is the most accomplished scholar at the Bar; Judge Thornton and many more. Among my lay acquaintances no man stands higher than John Benson. He has many attractions, and so have W. F. Babcock, Eugene L. Sullivan, and William Moor.

It was my design also to refer to the most prominent merchants, bankers, mechanics, viniculturists, pomologists, and agriculturists of my acquaintance, with a view to give an idea of the material progress of the State of California. By a short reference to this subject, I should be in danger of making invidious distinctions, and a full history would require a separate volume. The activity and the enterprise that have been displayed in the last thirty years could only be fully understood by such as remember the barren appearance and meagre productions of 1850, to contrast them with the abundance now enjoyed. The transformations are like miracles, and incline us to credit the fable of the Hesperian gardens—

“Which one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.”

CHAPTER XVI.

General Scott's visit to the Pacific Coast.—His conduct and character in old age.—His appearance.—Judge Ogden Hoffman.—My appointment as Military Secretary.—Scott's growing fondness for money.—His inactivity.—My own state upon resuming service with him.—Some general opinions.—Scott's feeling as to sectional politics.—Return to Washington.—Various social events.—Visit of the Prince of Wales.—Affairs in the beginning of 1860.

“In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.”

HAVING been on duty on the Pacific Coast, I did not see General Scott during the five years next preceding the month of October, 1859, when he landed at San Francisco on his way to Puget Sound. He was under orders to investigate the disputed boundary between the British possessions and our territory which then vexed the councils of England and America. Returning, he stopped a few days in San Francisco, where he received me with his usual cordiality. The exhilaration of the voyage, the success of his mission, and the enthusiastic reception he had everywhere met, revived his spirits, and except that his bulk had greatly increased at the expense of his bodily activity, the signs of old age were not very apparent, although he was then 74 years old. He was pleased with the country, spoke hopefully of its prospects, and was astonished to find so many luxuries and comforts in a city only ten years old. He said he had found more good *fishes* in Puget Sound and its tributaries than anywhere else in the world. He thought the silver

salmon and some of the trout of those waters were surpassingly excellent. I dined with him at the old Oriental Hotel, which was then the best in the city. The general ate and drank with a good appetite, told many anecdotes of his past experience, related his observations during his long voyage, and all his guests retired full of admiration for the old hero.

The morning following the dinner I called again. I was at the time on leave of absence, with orders to report for duty at Fortress Monroe, Va. My leave having nearly expired, the general told me I must sail in the same ship with him. My affairs in San Francisco needed my attention a while longer, and I ventured to ask him to extend my leave, which he consented to do with a slight show of reluctance, and shortly afterwards he embarked for New York.

I left in the steamer of December 1st, and arrived in New York on the morning of the 24th. Judge Ogden Hoffman, of the United States District Court, was in the ship with me, and we occupied berths in the same stateroom. The judge challenged me to an effort of memory on the passage to Panama. We undertook to recite Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which I had never learned by heart, and the judge said he had not. We met at about eleven o'clock every morning, and I managed, after painful efforts, to recite with tolerable accuracy two stanzas, but the judge would tell off two, and sometimes three, with a readiness that astonished me. All my efforts enabled me to master less than half the poem, but Hoffman went through the whole, and at the conclusion he walked away with the air of a fighting-cock after a victory. I was ignorant of Hoffman's process, till at the end of two months after our arrival in New York he told me he had found a book in the ship's barber's shop contain-

ing the *Elegy*, which he placed open before him and studied while the barber arranged his hair and cut his beard.

The father of Judge Hoffman was long the intimate friend and associate of General Scott, at whose house the son in his youthful days was a most welcome visitor. It was, therefore, alike the inclination and duty of the judge and myself to honor him with our first respects. Accordingly we found our way to the general's residence on Twelfth Street the evening of the day we landed. Having sent up our cards, we were ushered into a large parlor, where the general was seated alone in a spacious arm-chair. Notwithstanding the room seemed to me oppressively warm, he had on over his thick winter clothing a large, knit, woollen afghan. He did not rise from his chair, but he gave to each of us in succession both his hands, and greeted us in terms of warmest regard. While I stood in the presence of the venerable patriot my memory flashed upon the past, to reveal a thousand advantages and pleasures which I owed to him. At the end of half an hour, as we rose to depart, the general said to me: "After you have seen your children and friends, come to my office, and I shall, in a few days, have something to say which will interest you."

In obedience to his suggestion, on the morning of the third day after my arrival I reported at the army headquarters, which were then in New York, and was as kindly received as before in his private office, where he was alone. He then told me that the law which bestowed upon him the rank of lieutenant-general in the army allowed him a military secretary, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. "I have never filled the place," said he, "but I have offered it to Colonel Robert E. Lee, who is now on duty in Texas, and who is a full colonel. My expectation is that Colonel Lee will decline my invitation,

because its acceptance would place him on duty in a grade below his actual rank. If he does decline, young gentleman, I shall offer the place to you."

Events followed quickly, as the General had foretold. Colonel Lee declined for the exact reasons specified; at the same time he was lavish in thanks and terms of admiration for his old chief. I was therefore installed as the Confidential Military Secretary of the Lieutenant-General, commanding the United States Army, on the 1st day of January, 1860, and from that time forward till the 2d day of April, 1861, was in daily attendance upon him. Knowing his admiration for Colonel Lee, and that he had so many worthy officers to choose from, I considered his selection of me as an extraordinary compliment.

After General Scott had offered the secretaryship to Colonel Lee, and while the offer was still pending, Lieutenant Lay, A.D.C., remarked to him, "What will they say, General, if all the staff are Southerners?" They would have all been Southerners if Lee had accepted. The General replied: "If the Southern rascals will have so much merit, how can we fail to advance them!" This recognition of the swelling and obtrusive merits of men of his own kith, denoted, among many other signs, that he was growing old and returning to his first loves. His vanity had assumed new and varied aspects. "At my time of life," he would often remark, "a man requires compliments." Instead of boasting that he was six feet four and a quarter inches tall, he would display in his rooms his bust in marble as well as portraits of himself at various ages, and it occurred to me that he was pleased that I should admire them. He would from time to time refer to the great historical commanders, and match his own exploits with theirs. He would narrate the good

qualities of his earlier associates, and assign almost unimaginable virtues to many Southern men, making them much better than the men I have known in any part of my life; at the same time he would make his enemies appear blacker, more perfidious and ungrateful, than the wretches who have pestered me, with, say, seven or eight exceptions. He seemed more anxious than he formerly was to call attention to the elegancies of his style of writing, although it appeared to me his style had not improved. He always had the habit of speaking of his bodily infirmities, want of sleep, want of time to take necessary food, and this habit had increased. Nevertheless, he would say to an inquirer that he was in vulgar health, and more than once, when he was taking a foot-bath, he would call my attention to his bared limbs, and say, "Most men at my age are covered all over with bunches, but you see my flesh is fair." He had many new subjects on which he intended to write at some future time, such as his plan to improve the health and good looks of men, to make them temperate, the best method to get rid of pauperism, slavery, etc. I was once speaking to him of a book I had read, giving conversations with the inmates of a mad-house. He told me he had often had it in his head to write on the same subject, the nature of which will be better understood when I relate my subsequent experience.

In 1862 and 1863 I had the charge and supervision within my lines of the Insane Asylum at Williamsburg, Va. I made it a point to converse frequently with the inmates. One learned and dignified man was about to discover a perpetual motion, which would be completed at my next visit. He had constructed a strange-looking machine to illustrate, as he said, "the forces evolved by the unstable equilibrium of two bodies acting in parallel

lines." He would have talked me crazy, if I had waited till he had completed his explanations. I also listened to several women, whose reason had given way to religious mania, and others who had become discouraged in their efforts to make the world as good as themselves. If my sympathies were touched by the fantasies and vagaries of the sufferers who were shut up in confinement, I was amazed when I went to Washington and heard the humanitarians who flocked to that resort to unfold their schemes to banish war, crime, and roguery, to annul the passions of youth and the greed of avarice, and make all men wise, candid, and happy. When conversing with one of these last, I would look around to see if I was not in the asylum, and, not finding myself there, I concluded the lunatic with whom I conversed had escaped. The drift of General Scott's conversation coincided remotely with the foregoing remarks.

The number of the General's stories had diminished, and such as he retained he often repeated, but I never gave him to understand that I had heard them before. The majority of his numerous maxims had lost their martial type and assumed a character of thrift and prudence. His affections, which had formerly been wholly absorbed by glory and personal distinction, were now turning with a longing gaze upon gold, upon yellow, precious, glittering gold!

Towards the end of every month I would see him adjust his spectacles, and make rows and files of figures on bits of paper. His bank-book was before him containing checks and other papers, and after examining everything over and over, he would drive to the bank in his one-horse coupé and make his deposits. His other qualities had been modified by time, but this passion of avarice was apparently new in him, and he excused it by saying, "At my time of life I need all the comforts." But

why should he excuse himself for a passion that so universally gains possession of men, not more by reason of their advancing years, than from their past experience? His weakened health and declining influence, especially at the South, tended to sadness, and every day he could see around him evidences of the all-pervading power of wealth, and how with baneful stealth when massed in syndicates, or combined in corporations, it suborns and bends to its purposes all the most able men and women of the country. Its influence, like pestilence in the hovering air, permeates our halls of legislation, the bench and bar, and even the sanctuary. With gold I can hire a pagan idolator to profane his gods! It was therefore not his present parsimony that surprised me, but the contrast it offered to his former practices.

The time was when he would frequently count the money in his purse, and sometimes finding seven, ten, or fifteen dollars more than he expected, he would say: "I am seven or ten dollars richer than I thought I was (which was very strange for a prodigal like him); let's go to the club, or to Delmonico's, and dine." So off we would go, and he would, as a rule, order soup, fish (sometimes salmon, though I liked codfish or bass better), *tête de veau en tortue*, apple fritters—for the two last named dishes he had an unvarying fondness—sherry and champagne. Once at the table, with these good things before me, and he the paymaster, my voice was attuned to his. Vulgar complimentary platitudes, that can be bought in the market and would be dear at a penny a gross, I never dealt in. Some remark of his would send my imagination in search of an apt quotation, or some other form of expression, to nurse the idea he had started, and he would soon begin to glow with self-content. Then, while words flowed from my mouth like water from a

spout, he would keep my glass full, and I would, while the bottles lasted, continue to pour streams of good wine down my throat.

While I confess to my former extraordinary fondness for rich soups and juicy meats, and my appreciation of the vivifying influence of dry wines, I often realized how extensively I indulged in those luxuries at the expense of others. I once dined out by invitation in the city of New York twenty-one days in succession. Notwithstanding I proclaimed myself a poor officer of the army, living on his meagre pay, my conscience was occasionally smitten with qualms, and I would soothe myself with the hope that I should some time be rich and able to pay my debts of hospitality. That hope was a vague and fruitless impulsion of gratitude, and the death or insensibility to enjoyments of most of those who entertained me has rendered its accomplishment impossible. As I have continued my survey of the conduct of society I have learned that a man is not often invited to a feast when his company is not wanted. It may be I possessed certain attractions not recognizable by myself, and it is certain that I never employed a complimentary expression towards General Scott (and seldom to any one else) that I ever heard addressed to him by another. The occasion gave birth to my compliments, and therefore I imitated none, and none could imitate me. Thus it is that my remorse for neglected requitals has gradually diminished, and I shall reserve much of my repentance and many of my orisons for sins of a graver complexion.

Another striking contrast to his former self, and a dreadful token of age, was his bodily inactivity. He moved slowly and with pain, and it distressed him to ascend three or four steps. Consequently his office, bedroom, dining and sitting-room must all be on the ground

floor. His bulk was immense, but the expression of his eye and countenance had lost its fire. Seeing him thus, I naturally recalled his appearance when I joined him in my youth, and for several years afterwards.

The most imposing show he ever made was during the Canadian Patriot troubles a month or more after the "Caroline affair." The *Barcelona* was to be taken up from Black Rock to Buffalo, and it had been rumored that the British commander was going to fire on her as she passed a battery he had established on the left bank of the Niagara River. Having heard the rumor, the general dressed himself in full uniform and repaired to a point on the shore which was directly opposite the English guns. There, by chance, he found an old oak that had been blown down. The tree was but slightly inclined, and was lying almost parallel with the stream, and the bright sun enabled us to see clearly the English soldiers on the opposite shore. As the vessel approached the general clambered upon the old oak, the trunk of which was six or eight feet in diameter and bare of limbs thirty or forty feet from the upturned roots. He appeared taller than before, and as he strode to and fro on his high wooden walk, his cocked hat looked higher, and his plumes spread wider than ever. Seizing the moment when the prow of the *Barcelona* was directly opposite us, he faced the foe and drew his sword, jerking it from its scabbard and flinging its point skyward, as he would flaunt the moon. Then bringing his weapon to a carry, he scowled upon Canada! holding his vast height upstretched to its extremest altitude. Never did knight of chivalry, though but fabled, present a shape more heroic. He glistened with burnished steel and gold, and was as gorgeous to look upon as a king of Sara. Though he was not fired upon, he frequently referred to this defiant man-

ifestation, and it seemed to me that it was several hours after he came down from that old tree before his fiery scintillations and bristling flurry had wholly subsided.

The changes which age and political agitations had wrought in General Scott after I ceased to be his aide-de-camp until I rejoined him as secretary were probably less than I had undergone in my disposition and views of life, by reason of my varied experience. While I was first with him I was wholly influenced by my training at the Military Academy, and a blind admiration for his personal character. His theories of morality and honor embraced no reference to trade and barter; and when I engaged in business in California I was disposed to trust everybody, and to think it impossible that an intimate friend could cheat me. As a consequence, I found myself swindled right and left out of nearly all my gains, and while I supposed it impossible that any man could distrust my integrity, I found myself duped and involved in legal strife. When all this had taken place, I suddenly wakened to the conclusion that a man who would gain money or fame must depend chiefly upon his own sagacity and courage. From that hour, having first looked in the glass and sworn at the silly visage I saw reflected, I began to thrive, and in a short time I achieved pecuniary independence, which is more soothing to the nerves than all the anodynes of the pharmacopœia.

Other striking changes in my character had been produced by the continuous sectional strife which disturbed the country and finally ended in civil war. Among the champions of the Northern cause there were hundreds of abler men than I, but none more noisy and outspoken on all occasions. Polemic and humanitarian problems I neglected absolutely, and limited my exertions in efforts to induce Northern representatives to assert their rights

to proportionate civil and military commands and honors. By so doing, I was in advance of the times, and all my exertions served but one purpose, which was to season me for a scapegoat, at the same time that they cooled the old affections of General Scott.

As I have described the physical condition of my chief when I joined him as secretary, it is but just that I should tell what was my own at the same date. A winter campaign against the Puget Sound Indians had done far more than all the hardships and gayeties of my former life to strain my constitution, and for a time I feared I must take my chance with the physic-taking, sour-visaged race of valetudinarians. A short trial with doctors increased my fears and maladies, and induced me to throw all their drugs to the dogs, and assume the care of myself. In that way I shortly regained my health, and at the time referred to I was unconscious of any bodily weakness or ailment. The general always accused me of an immense sleeping power. In one respect he was correct, for it was my invariable habit, when not disturbed, to take only one nap in the twenty-four hours, which I could depend on to last, every day in the year, eight hours at least. He, like many other men, often boasted that he could do with much less. It was my opinion and computation, however, that his several diurnal naps were equal in duration to my one. I have been thus specific in describing the changes which time and experience had wrought in my chief and me while I had been separated from his military family. He was living in the past, and for the present he was absorbed by fears of civil war and attention to his bodily weakness and pains. For myself, while I was in a condition to enjoy the present with infinite zest, I lived more in the future than ever before. I had no dread of the approaching

civil war, which I had been brought to conclude was the only possible solution of the vexed question of slavery.

The French Socialist, Paul Louis Courier, in his spleen against human society, occasionally emitted brilliant sparks. He declared that mankind are by nature *canaille*, and that, if there were but three men in the world, the second would lift his hat to the first and say, *monseigneur*, and the two would combine to make the third work for them. The truth of this remark I have often verified in all the societies and throngs of men wherever I have journeyed over the face of the earth. Our race is all embraced in four grand divisions, which are typified by master and slave, sycophant and hermit; for those who refuse to be classified must consent to dwell alone. From the organization of our Government the master and slave were at the South, the sycophant at the North, and the hermit by himself. The sycophant frequently shoots madly from his sphere and becomes a tyrannous master. I am not by nature either sycophant or tyrant, and I had become weary of being obliged to simulate the former to avoid being a hermit, and as a natural consequence I listened to the thunders of sectional discord as they grew louder with far more pleasure than pain.

My admiration and gratitude for my benefactor had not lost their fervor, but it was impossible that I could every day witness the ravages that time had wrought upon the mind and body of the hero of my youthful fancy and not find my admiration giving way to sympathy, and sometimes to pity. Amidst the general decay, two affections in him remained in undiminished and apparently increased prominence—his attachment to the Union and his love for his native South. For myself, I cared not to preserve the Union (although its value I regarded as inestimable) under the old conditions, and if my early train-

ing, to love the place of my birth, had been defective, pride enabled me to supply the deficiency, and whenever his Southern sectionalism showed itself, my Northern bias became at once spontaneously apparent. The conditions of our association had, therefore, undergone a radical change, and I was not slow to observe a decline in his affection for me, although he insisted on my being near him more constantly than ever before. But the vigor of Omar had departed and Keled had lost his docility—and while the envenomed national feud was developing a bloody issue, irritations accumulated, and finally terminated in a temporary estrangement between him and me.

From January to May, 1860, the general's headquarters being in New York City, he received numerous visitors, and the almost unvarying subject of conversation was "the state of the Union." The strife of the two great political parties was raging in fury in anticipation of the Presidential election, which was to take place the next autumn. Speculations were rife as to who would be the chosen candidate. General Scott, although he had long since apparently renounced his political aspirations, was tormented with many letters. On the 19th of April he showed me one which he had just received from a gentleman in Iowa City, Iowa, to say that if he (the general) would send the writer *funds*, he would attend the Chicago convention and procure his nomination for the Presidency. The man professed great admiration for General Scott, who treated his letter with contemptuous silence. My chief was beset daily by beggars, who came for themselves and others to lay siege to his purse. His kindness of manner to these mendicants encouraged imposture, and he often gave money to the undeserving.

In the month of April the Democratic convention was sitting in Charleston. The composition of that body of

politicians was as various and incongruous as the ingredients of the witches' caldron. Northern men, or some of them, began there to find themselves out of place. Mr. Benjamin Butler was a member, and probably he found in the debates reasons for a future change of base.

About the same time I received a letter from an army associate, who was a Southerner and a State sovereignty man, which covered sixteen large pages. The letter was intended to convince me of the futility of all attempts on the part of the North to coerce the slave States. The writer attempted to prove from history that a country like the South, which he called *Pastoral*, had never been conquered. He cited Parthia, Arabia, Switzerland, and America; but all his citations and reasonings appeared equally inconsequential to me. The general was in the office with me, and asked who it was that sent me such a stupendous document, and what it contained. I told him the name of my correspondent, and that I was only able to say it was a huge vehicle of words that conveyed little. "It is," said I, "like employing a six-mule wagon to transport one tallow candle." I added—"Thinks the North can never subdue the South." At this the general's face clouded, and he made a snappish remark which I have forgotten. I could never criticise the South, or anything in the South, before General Scott that he did not manifest a certain degree of displeasure. Nearly all Southerners resembled him in this respect. Once, while we were journeying from Charleston to the Cherokee country, I frequently called his attention to the skeleton hogs I saw near the road. On the coast—"poor as a sand-hill hog" is a current saying. Farther up the country the hogs are as thin as hounds, and can run as fast, and jump further. I told the general I had seen a hog turn while in the air and jet through a rail-fence flat-ways,

and that in the Cherokee country the hogs lived on rattlesnakes, which made them so fierce. More than a year after our journey he referred to my savage comments on Southern hogs.

I find by my journal that I was in Washington with General Scott from May 1 to May 19, 1860, and that we lived at Wormley's, where we had our private table. In his company I attended a series of splendid dinner parties. At President Buchanan's the company was composed of sixteen gentlemen and sixteen ladies. At that dinner I had a lady on one side and Senator Zach Chandler on the other side. The Senator was full of war and blood, though he lowered his voice to a whisper in speaking to me, saying: "Before the rebels get to Washington they will have to kill Western men enough to cover up the dome of the Capitol with their dead bodies." At Mr. Corcoran's there were twenty-one persons, among whom were four foreign ministers, also Senator and Mrs. Slidell. Mr. Corcoran introduced me to Mrs. Slidell, who was a French Creole of New Orleans, of wondrous beauty and grace. While I conversed with her I thought more of lutes and bowers than of guns and drums and camps. At Lord Lyons's dinner the company numbered twenty-two. At Baron Stakle's there were only eight guests, and I was there without General Scott. At Colonel Freeman's there were twenty persons. At Senator Douglas's dinner, where the guests were numerous, several judges of the Supreme Court were present, and I sat next Judge Wayne. The judge referred, with a considerable degree of regret, to his son Henry, a West Pointer, a friend of mine and a young man of merit, who had decided to trust his fortunes with the seceders. Senator Douglas's dinner was followed by a general reception at which many ladies appeared.

There and in other assemblages I formed the acquaintance of numerous charming women, young and old, among whom were Miss Lane and Miss Buchanan, nieces of the President ; Miss McAllester, of Philadelphia, who was staying with Miss Lane at the White House ; the Misses Magruder, the Misses Slidell, the Misses Loring, Miss Kinney, Miss Campbell, Miss Johnson, daughter of Hon. Reverdy Johnson ; Miss Turnbull, Miss Dixon, daughter of Senator Dixon ; Mrs. Bass, a tall, handsome widow from Mississippi ; the Misses Carroll, Miss Philips, and many more from the South and from the North. I found great delight with the Southern damsels, and even with some of the matrons, notwithstanding the incandescence of their treason. Although I now consider myself far enough along in years to be out of danger, it is my solemn opinion that beautiful women ought to be considered as contraband of war, and captured wherever found, and detained till after the fight under the guard of old persons of their own sex. Mrs. Greenough, who was reputed to be the most persuasive woman that was ever known in Washington, after expatiating on the injustice of the North, tried to persuade me not to take part in the war. Among her other arguments, she dwelt upon the sickliness of the Southern coasts in summer ; but she showed her woman's weakness by prescribing to me remedies against the deadly miasms. I reported the temptations to which I was exposed to a patriotic Northern lady, who, if she lacked some of the peculiar accomplishments of Mrs. G., was more beautiful, and equally eloquent on this particular question. The latter encouraged me to hasten to the conflict, and told me that nothing but a bullet could kill me. Although I was never in the least danger of being diverted from my purpose, yet I well remember how often I was lured to the brink of the preci-

pice, and I am convinced that under the slave régime few men could have boasted of their ability to withstand the blandishments of Southern ladies. It would have been idle to deny that in society they were the most attractive women in the world. The extinction of slavery has dimmed their brightness.

Late in the summer of 1860, the General invited the Kemble brothers, Gouverneur and William, to accompany us on a tour of inspection to the North. We went as far as Plattsburg, where we stopped at "Fouquet's." That famous caterer did his best to surfeit us with fish and game and other luxuries. I took a long walk outside the town and across the fields with Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, who was then seventy-four years old, and in good health, saving his rigidity. Coming to a board fence, where there was no gate, we were obliged to climb it or to make a long circuit. As the boards were parallel with the ground, and six inches apart, I thought it quite easy to get over, but Mr. Kemble found the undertaking next to an impossibility, and I was obliged to assist him. His figure was always, since I had known him, bent forward, but he was sound, and had still in him fifteen years of life, and yet it was all he could do to get his foot over that top board.

On our trip we delayed two days at Saratoga Springs, where we found several prominent gentlemen from New Orleans and other parts of the South. They all agreed in sentiment in regard to the aggressive conduct of the North, and in their views it was only requisite to accede to all the demands of the South, elect a fire-eater President, and be content. I listened to all the conversations, but learned nothing new and was silent.

On the 11th of October, 1860, the Prince of Wales arrived in New York, and was welcomed by the citizens,

who packed the streets from the landing to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he alighted after dark. The following evening he attended the ball given him at the Academy of Music. I went with the General, and we entered with the Prince and his suite. The managers of the *fête*, the most prominent and officious of whom was Mr. Peter Cooper, had selected a list of dancing partners for his Royal Highness, which I understood he refused to go through with. After dancing with a certain number of elderly dames, he broke loose and went among the bevy of young beauties to select for himself. In the midst of the gayety the temporary floor over the pit gave way and sank down with its heavy load of low-necked dowagers, glowing maidens, grizzled officials, and eager beaux, but none of them were bruised. By good luck there were carpenters and plenty of lumber in the building, and the floor was quickly restored, and the entertainment kept up till nearly daylight.

General Scott had received orders from Washington to receive the Prince, and on the 16th of October we went up to West Point to join Colonel Delafield, Superintendent, who had also been instructed to receive him with all the honors of the post.

While at the Point, I conversed with the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Saint Germain, General Bruce and Lord Lyons, of the Prince's suite. His Royal Highness, whom I stood near for half an hour, was then nineteen years old, of light complexion, rather under the medium height, well shaped, eyes large and color clear blue, nose prominent, mouth ordinary, chin slightly retreating, forehead ordinary, health and constitution good. His general appearance was that of a polished young gentleman of good abilities. He joined in the sports of the young officers, riding, bowling, ten pins, etc. In the game they bowled

for a dollar, and the Prince one day won three gold dollars, one from Saxton, and one from Clitz, and, I think, one from Palmer. He strung the gold dollars upon his watch-guard, and was very proud of them.

As an acknowledgment of the civilities paid to his Royal Highness, the British Minister, Lord Lyons, addressed a letter to the General, to say the Prince felt concerned lest the General's attention to him may have caused the indisposition he complained of. The Prince was gratified at having been able to see so much of the General, and hoped he would be able to visit England, etc.

After returning from West Point to New York, an incident occurred which showed the extent to which sectionalism was raging in the army. I find the account of it in my journal of October 23d, as follows:

"To-day, Colonel W. J. Hardee, of the — Regiment of Dragoons, called at the office in reference to an invitation from Governor Letcher, of Virginia, to attend an encampment of Volunteer Cavalry near Richmond next month. By direction of General Scott, I had, the day previous, enclosed to Colonel Hardee a copy of the Governor's invitation, with a note from myself, which contained the following words: 'As you [Colonel Hardee] have been authorized to delay joining your post until the 1st of February next, you are, of course, at liberty to accept, or to decline, Governor Letcher's invitation to attend the encampment of cavalry, as you may think proper.'"

As I had addressed my note to West Point, it had not reached Colonel Hardee, and when I showed him the copy in the presence of the general, the colonel said snappishly, "I am snubbed!" This remark produced violent agitation, which partly subsided when Colonel Hardee disclaimed any disrespect towards the general.

Colonel Hardee then referred to Major Anderson and Lieutenant Sinclair having been ordered to Fort Wood to instruct a regiment of New York volunteers, and he was not satisfied when he was told that matter originated in Washington. General Scott further remarked that he had not at any time given orders to officers to attend encampments of volunteers and militia, though he had encouraged them to do so when he had been able.

Colonel Hardee left the office evidently dissatisfied, and with the belief that General Scott was biased in favor of the North. Hardee was one of those officers who nourished in the army the most advanced Southern ideas. He looked forward with fond hope to the independence of the South, and when afterwards the fortune of war began to turn against her, his grief was beyond expression.

October 29, 1860.—This is the date of a paper on the state and prospects of the Union, by General Scott, entitled "*Views*," and addressed to the President of the United States. I give below a synopsis of the contents of the paper, to show how ignorant the general really was of the fierce animosities that were raging at the South and in the North, and for which there was no possible remedy but war. The general was occupied eight or ten days in the composition of his "*Views*," and every morning he discussed them with, or rather he harangued me about them, as I disagreed with him in all his statements and conclusions. I was in favor of Lincoln for President, and I felt as confident that war would soon come as that the sun would rise on the morrow.

In his paper the general balances the assumed right of secession by an interior State with the superior right of re-establishing the continuity of territory afterwards. In the event of the dissolution of the great Republic, he sup-

poses there would be formed out of the fragments several new confederacies—probably four. He sketches their imaginary boundaries, and names their capitals, reasoning from natural lines, the laws of trade, contiguity of territory, and the necessities of defence. The general thinks there is an indifference to slave labor in Western Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and that they would by moral force alone be induced to coalesce with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other free States. He proves that the right to carry slaves to the Territories is a barren right, and appeals to the people of the South to be content with things as they are, rather than to change without reflection. He enforces his appeals with several apt quotations from Shakespeare, Paley, and other authors.

He imagines the excitement grows out of the prospect of Lincoln's election to the Presidency, thinks Lincoln, whom he is not certain of having seen, will not be aggressive towards the South, and avows his own partiality for the Bell and Everett ticket. Gives counsel, and says the country has a right to expect moderation and firmness in the Executive for the next twelve months, dwells upon the benefits of moderation, and thinks that at the end of a year the danger will have passed without bloodshed!!! Recommends freedom of exports, and the collection of all duties to pay debts and invalid pensions, etc. Describes the absence and feebleness of the garrisons of Southern forts, and recommends that they should be so strengthened as to prevent *coups de main*, and concludes by avowing his solicitude for the Union.

No man can consider the *views* entertained by General Scott in the autumn of 1860, and compare them with actual subsequent events, and not be amazed at the discrepancy. Although he had lived nearly the whole time since the war of 1812 in New York and Philadelphia, he

remained wholly unconscious of the mighty revolution which was going on in the Northern sentiment, and he ascribed the first mutterings of the dreadful tempest of war which was soon to drench the land with fraternal blood to the irritation caused by the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. What he mistook for a cutaneous pustule was the plague.

CHAPTER XVII.

Events of 1860 and '61.—State of the Union and of parties in the autumn of 1860.—Buchanan's Cabinet.—Election of Lincoln.—Scott's suggestion of names for Lincoln's Cabinet.—Various social events in Washington.—General Cameron.—The first demands from the South.—Hayne's mission.—Petigrew.—Seward's speech.—Scott's views on the situation.—Stanton's appointment to office.—First troops ordered to Washington.—Reports from various parts of the country.—Threats against Lincoln.—Scott's depression.

THE journal I kept in the winter of 1860-61 enables me to trace the mad political current down to the time when I separated from my venerable chief. The short notes made at the time will assist me to recall to mind the events that were passing, and now that passion has subsided, the reader will be enabled to judge if my own conduct was reprehensible, or if I was the object of injustice.

To such persons as are too young to remember the state of feeling throughout the United States during the autumn of 1860, all attempts to convey an adequate impression of it would be vain. A majority of the Southerners desired to separate from the North and to set up a confederacy of their own. A majority of the Northern people dreaded disunion, and were willing to concede much to avoid it. There was, however, at the North, a stubborn minority that hated negro slavery, and were determined to destroy it at whatever cost. There was also a class of reflecting Northern men not yet moulded into form as a political element, who had witnessed the

arrogant assumptions of the South, and the confidence with which they claimed all the chief offices and commands in the Federal Government, the army and navy, by right of innate superiority, and who being impressed with the consequent necessary debasement of the Northern character from such a state of things, could see no other remedy but war, and war they desired. To this last class I belonged, and hence the *nonchalance* with which I recorded my impressions.

I find the following entry in my journal :

" October 30, 1860.

" In this morning's New York *Times* it is stated that President Buchanan's Cabinet is a unit on the subject of allowing the States to secede peaceably, if they determine to secede, and not to interpose force."

No history of the present age should omit the names of the individuals, or their functions, that composed the assemblage whose resolve is heralded to the world in the above simple announcement. They were as follows :

Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of State.

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.

John B. Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War.

Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy.

Jacob R. Thompson, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior.

Horatio King, of Maine, Postmaster-General.

J. S. Black, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General.

Those men were the chosen counsellors of the Chief Magistrate of this mighty nation, and when they assembled in synod unbenign to gloze upon the value of the Union, they concluded it was not worth contending for. Their decision being wholly incompatible with reason,

we must seek its cause among the accidents to which humanity is exposed.

All men are aware that judgment is often the thrall of ecstasy or prejudice, or it may be so obscured in the haze of reverie as to lose its choice between wisdom and folly. It may be wholly suspended for a while, and in the hiatus of his thoughts a man may commit acts of depravity, or allow opportunities to pass that will sadden his declining years. All this may occur to an individual and occasion no surprise; but we are amazed to find that the seven selected advisers of the President were every one of them afflicted with a dreadful syncope at the same moment, or else they would have retained a discrimination between the inestimable blessings that cluster around the Union of these States and the legion of plagues that would attend their rupture. The illustrious De Tocqueville declares that in the whole world there is not so advantageous a residence for man as the valley of the Mississippi, and yet he surveyed it in a condition of barbarism, but in its unity, and knew not half its value. Now that our boundaries are vastly extended, and so many new sources of wealth and happiness disclosed, the dullest understanding can feel the madness of a disunion of the States and a division of the Mississippi Valley. We may therefore absolve the Cabinet ministers of Mr. Buchanan of treasonable intent, while we impute to them a simultaneous occultation of reason.

I could never admit the propriety of listening to any of the arguments of the seceders, since I regarded the duty to preserve the Union as an axiom. General Scott touched upon the absurdity of the assumed right of secession, when he referred to the withdrawal of an interior State like Tennessee or Kentucky. That absurdity would be better shown by supposing the tier of States which

extends one above another, from Mexico to the British possessions, should set up for themselves and interdict land commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic States.

There can be no doubt of the desirability of defining more explicitly in the Constitution of the United States the limits of Federal and State jurisdictions. It appears to me that all laws relating to money, saving the interest on money, which should be left to free competition, should be uniform throughout the whole country. The same may be said of the laws of marriage and divorce, of insolvency, defamation, and many other things. But the States should be allowed to make their own police regulations and to frame such laws as are requisite to meet the exigencies of climate, special employments, productions, etc., etc. Above all things should the citizen who is charged with a trespass, or a wrong, the establishment of which would affect his character, be allowed a trial in the community where the trespass is alleged to have been committed. At present a man who is charged with stealing a lump of ice in Alaska, in January, may be tried at Fort Yuma in July by a judge and jury who had never left Yuma.

My lawsuit in New York, in which it was required to make "a judge of strong prejudices" and a very commonplace set of jurymen comprehend the state of things as they existed in California from 1849 to 1853, and before *Alcalde titles* had been settled, is a fitter comparison than the ice case, although, perhaps, less easily understood.

From my journal:

"November 7, 1860.

"The die is cast! Yesterday the election of President took place, and resulted in the choice of Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, by an overwhelming majority in all the free

States heard from except New Jersey. That little State it is thought may have gone *Fusion*, as they call it.

“ *November 9.*

“The above is all true. New Jersey stands alone, among all the free States this side the Rocky Mountains, with the South, and notwithstanding the certainty of Lincoln’s election, I feel the most lively anxiety to learn what Oregon and California have done.”

At the time referred to, Joe Lane, as he was familiarly called, in Oregon, and Dr. William M. Gwin, of California, both seceders of the most refractory sort, enjoyed each in his own State enormous influence. When the returns came in it was found that California and Oregon had both gone for Lincoln, to the great joy and surprise of every lover of the Union.

“ *November 12.*

“To-day General Scott writes to the Hon. John J. Crittenden, United States Senator from Kentucky, in answer to a letter to him from that gentleman. The two letters relate to the dangers to which this Union is now exposed, and are filled with patriotic sentiments. Mr. Crittenden referred to the subject of strengthening the Southern forts, which General Scott suggested in his *Views* of October 29. In General Scott’s reply to Mr. Crittenden, he speaks of the probability that Mr. Lincoln will bring into his Cabinet some of the following names, viz.: Crittenden, Bell, Rives, Stephens, Everett, and Bates. General Scott inclines to a belief in the propriety of Mr. Lincoln’s publishing his programme of policy, so as to quiet the South, and seems to fear that his silence on this matter would prove hurtful. He thinks, however, that the new President’s Inaugural will be conservative and moderate,” etc.

All the above names, which General Scott suggested as

eligible to places in the Cabinet, except that of Everett, were Southern men, and Bell and Everett were the opposition candidates for President and Vice-President. It would have been a singular breach of custom if Mr. Lincoln had invited those two gentlemen to a place among his confidential advisers. Mr. Bates was made Attorney-General, and he was a man of respectable ability, but without strong convictions, so far as I was able to discover, in regard to the great national quarrel.

From my journal :

“ NEW YORK, Dec. 3, 1860.

“To-day commences the last session of the twenty-sixth Congress. Party spirit never raged with so much virulence as at this time. Many political doctors and quacks are busy with nostrums and bandages to strengthen and bind up the Union, but the patient is getting worse under their treatment.”

Many people with whom I conversed were so despondent at the prospect of a rupture of the Union that in a letter to my agent in San Francisco, dated December 10, 1860, I said : “ It is now generally conceded that this Union is about to *slide*. Let us stand fast on the Pacific. If we break off, France, with the permission of England, will gobble up California in a month.” For my own part I was not downcast, but rather exultant at the prospect that, whatever might be the fate of the Union, the North would shortly enter on the experiment of governing itself.

The following extracts from my journal are full of interest :

‘ December 20, 1860.

“ Arrived in Washington, and in the evening attended a party at Senator Dixon’s. Senator Dixon is a Connecticut Republican, and is of the sort of Northern men

whom the South so easily frighten, and by whose tacit co-operation they have heretofore so rudely controlled the North. I found occasion during the evening to pour my spirit into several intelligent ears, and to counsel firmness and unity of action on the part of the North. Mr. Dixon remarked that he did not think there was virtue enough left to preserve the country."

"WASHINGTON, *December 21, 1860.*

"Saw many people, and among them Mr. Clingman, of the Senate, and Mr. John Sherman, of the House. Mr. Sherman, to whom I introduced myself, and with whom I conversed an hour and a half, is an able, fair, and dispassionate exponent of Northern sentiments and interests. Speaking of the threats of some of the Southerners to make Washington the seat of government of a Southern Confederacy, he said, that 'sooner than it should be so, a million Northern lives would be sacrificed in defending it.' He remarked, also, that at the present time many respectable Northern men from Ohio were detained in Louisiana, where they had gone to sell their produce, for the reason that they had voted for Lincoln! Mr. Sherman also informed me that the Austrian Consul at Charleston had, in his official capacity, assured the authorities of South Carolina that in case of secession Austria would acknowledge her independence. This information concerning the Charleston Consul came through the Austrian Consul-General at New York, to Chevalier Hulseman, the Austrian Minister at Washington. Hulseman immediately rebuked the offending Consul, and caused him to be suspended from his functions for having acted without authority."

The Chevalier Hulseman was of a sociable disposition, and well informed on general subjects. I agreed with

him, as a rule, but when he said to me, "There are many good cooks in Holland," I doubted.

"WASHINGTON, *December 23, 1860.*

"Last evening I was at a dinner party, given by Mr. Speaker Pennington. The company was composed of our host, his wife and two daughters, and son, Lieutenant-General Scott, Senators Crittenden, Trumbull, Chandler, and Dixon, Representatives Winter Davis and Charles Francis Adams, and myself. I was the only man at the table whose name is not now prominently before the public. All, with the exception of General Scott and Senator Crittenden, were out and out Republicans.

"The conversation turned on the state of the Union, and all the persons with whom I conversed gave little hope of any important concessions on the part of the North. Mr. Dixon appeared uneasy and uncertain. Mr. Adams was calm and said but little. Senator Chandler, as usual, was defiant, and declared that the slightest violence in Washington done to any Republican would bring down from the Northwest 500,000 armed men, and that they were fond of fighting. General Scott was in excellent spirits, said many things in support of the Union, and which tended to harmonize discordant elements."

"WASHINGTON, *December 24, 1860.*

"The General and I dined at home, and had with us United States Senator John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky."

I find I neglected to record the conversations at this dinner, which were highly interesting, but I left a space in my book for the record, as the eloquence of Mr. Crittenden was impressive. I recall the appearance of bitterness and disgust with which the Kentucky senator referred to certain members of Congress, who continually

harped upon what they called "PRINCIPLE," when the Union was in danger! Mr. Crittenden thought slavery might be gotten rid of gradually, and gave arguments in support of the resolutions which he introduced on the subject. General Scott agreed with him, and gave additional reasons for his *opinion*. In such company, on such a subject, I could not give free vent to my sentiments, although I admired the two illustrious men in whose presence I found myself. My thoughts were turned on Southern domination, which had so long oppressed me, and against that I desired to fight; otherwise I agreed in many particulars with them both, as my ideas of government had wholly ceased to be sentimental. I have no clear perception of what the advanced Northern politicians mean by the words *principle, liberty, freedom*, and such like, which appear to leap spontaneously from their outstretched throats, and to mean nothing good. I am a friend of *principle, liberty, and freedom*, but the vaunting orators and humanitarians generally attach a meaning to those words that tends to evil, to impossible equality, to communism, which is barbarism without romance.

Mr. Crittenden was one of the friends of General Scott, with whom he was always socially intimate, and whom he greatly admired. I do not remember any other man whose opinions the General referred to and quoted more frequently, and his influence was acknowledged by all who knew him.

Mr. Crittenden was a typical Kentucky gentleman, unaffected in manner, brave, honest, outspoken, and abounding in common sense. He was neither handsome in his person, nor specially graceful in his movements, and yet no man more than he grew upon acquaintance. His son George was a classmate and friend of mine at West Point, and for that reason the father probably noticed me more

than he otherwise would. Among the distinguished orators and debaters in Congress to whom I have at various periods of my life listened, Mr. Crittenden was, on the whole, the most generally attractive. He seemed never to lack knowledge of the subject under discussion, his statement of facts was always clear, his diction wonderfully appropriate, and his voice as near perfection as could be desired. When he stood up in the Senate to speak, it was at once evident to the beholder that he had never been frightened or cowed. Such men as have in youth been made afraid of too many gloomy dogmas, or been too heavily charged with mysterious accountability of a dark and dismal character, can never in after-life appear brave, unless they seem to defy some person or something. At the North, fear or apprehension of undefined evil has destroyed the efficiency of vast numbers of the noblest of men, and their fate should demonstrate the value of true courage, which was one of the essential elements of strength in the character of this illustrious citizen.

“Mr. Crittenden was an able legislator and finished statesman, and from his early manhood till the end of his life he was, with short intervals, always in office. He was Governor of Kentucky, Representative and Senator in Congress, United States Attorney-General, and Secretary of State. He was faithful to every trust, and his integrity was unquestioned in all his employments. His associates recognized in him a perfect gentleman, though he lived without ostentation, and died poor.”

“WASHINGTON, *December 25th.*”

“Dined at Captain Cadwalader Ringgold's. At this dinner, besides General Scott, I met Senator and Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Bass from Mississippi, Mr. G. W. Hughes

and wife, Colonel and Mrs. Lay, of the Army. I was the only Northern man present, and was careful not to express any very decided Northern sentiments, since the dinner was good and I the guest of a friendly host. The vein of conversation was entirely Southern, except when General Scott related anecdotes.

“The advance of time demonstrates and confirms what I learned many years ago—that there is an absolute incompatibility of ideas between the North and the South. The two sections may possibly moderate their antipathies, but I am certain they will never, *while negro slavery lasts*, conquer their prejudices or assimilate their affections. We are not a homogeneous people, and never can be such while slavery and freedom are associated under the same government, and neither section can judge the other fairly. To live together at all each should allow to the other its *pro rata* of honors, offices and benefits, and leave the question of merit to rest in abeyance.”

“WASHINGTON, December 26.

“Dined with the Honorable Winter Davis, of the House of Representatives. At his table I met again Mr. Speaker Pennington, Mr. Gant, of Saint Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, of the House of Representatives, Mr. Bradley and Captain Humphries, of the Army, also two naval officers, Porter (now Admiral), and another whose name I missed.

“For once politics was not the topic of conversation. We spoke of the resources of the country and such other subjects as usually engage the attention of men of experience and education. Among other matters we discussed the Thirty Years War in Germany, the character of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and of Wallenstein, to whom he was opposed. It happened that I had shortly before

finished a careful reading of 'Schiller's History,' and was thus enabled to shine like a pedant. I sat near Mr. Gant, and found him a companionable gentleman and full of information."

“ WASHINGTON, *January 3, 1861.*

“ General Simon Cameron, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, dined with General Scott and me to-day. Senator Cameron told the general that he had been on a visit to Mr. Lincoln, from whom he brought a message to the effect that he intended to preserve the Union, and would confide to General Scott the means of saving it. The same message was imparted to the general last evening by Senator Baker, of Oregon. Considerable talk ensued upon the subject of Mr. Buchanan, whom the Pennsylvania Senator declared he had made and afterwards quarrelled with him.”

I first became acquainted with Mr. Cameron at Saint Louis, in the autumn of 1838. He was then Indian Commissioner, and on his way to the Winnebago country. At that time his activity was astonishing, and all his movements indicated a determination to become rich and famous. From 1838 nearly twenty-three years elapsed before I enjoyed another opportunity to converse with him. During that long interval he had become wealthy and famous, and so great was his political influence that I frequently heard it remarked that he owned his State, or, in the expressive language of General Scott, that “ he carried Pennsylvania in his breeches pocket.” My surprise may be judged when, on the renewal of my social relations with Mr. Cameron, in the spring of 1861, I found him in the full fruition of his early hopes and without a sign of arrogance in his deportment. On the contrary, his manners and speech were gentle, and he would listen to the addresses of his former associates

with as much patience as before. In this respect I have only known one man who fully resembled him. I omit the name of that man, for fear of giving offence to some of the vast number of men and women that I have seen emerge from meekness and poverty to wealth and power. They all, *but one*, put me in mind, in various degrees, of a man in California named H—, who “struck a lead” and became a millionaire in a day. As I had an interest in an adjoining mine, the title to which was in dispute, I asked an up-country man to consult Mr. H—, who probably knew all the facts. “I consult Mr. H—,” said he. “Why, I should have to get up to a third-story window to speak to him!”

Mr. Cameron said that at one time, for several years, his health had been poor, and that he derived benefit from the daily moderate use of champagne wine. Upon that hint I motioned David to uncork a bottle of that propitious fluid. Mr. Cameron gave us much information about the politics of Pennsylvania.

“WASHINGTON, *January 5.*”

“The Hon. Gouverneur Kemble arrived from New York in company with Governor Fish and Mr. Aspinwall.”

Mr. Kemble joined our mess and remained with us two weeks.

“WASHINGTON, *January 6.*”

“Governor Fish and Mr. Aspinwall dined with us today. They are both prominent citizens of New York and strong supporters of the Union. Governor Fish remarked that there were many persons at the South who were secessionists *per se*, and, therefore, it would be superfluous to make concessions to them. The governor’s patriotism is strongly tinged with common sense, and everything in him—judgment, thoughts, conversa-

tion, heart and character—is sound and well balanced. The original framers of our Federal Constitution had in view the production of men like Governor Fish.”

“ WASHINGTON, *January 7.*

“ Dined this evening with the Baron de Stoekle, Prussian Ambassador, and his elegant wife. The guests were General Scott, Mr. Kemble, Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, ex-Governor Fish, Mr. Corcoran and his son-in-law, Eustis of Mississippi, and myself. The courtesies of this dinner were remarkable. I witnessed no violent outbursts of sectionalism while at the table. After dinner I fell into conversation with Mr. Eustis, whose father was a native of Massachusetts. The son, who was born in Mississippi, being a new-hatched slaveholder, proclaimed his attachment to the South with an enthusiasm becoming a convert.”

“ WASHINGTON, *January 9.*

“ Dined at Judge Campbell's. At the table were many attractive young ladies. I enjoyed myself greatly; danced with Miss Campbell, and conversed a long time with Miss Philips. I alone was from the North; all the others were Southerners—elegant, fascinating, beautiful, but traitorous.”

General Scott dined the same evening at Mr. Corcoran's. He met at the table Senators Toombs and Benjamin, and several other secessionists whose names he withheld from me, and I sorely regret that I neglected to search them out. The general told me he had never witnessed such violent outbursts of passion as were exhibited by the two Senators from Mississippi and Georgia. “ They cursed the Union as it is, and as it has been, and they cursed its founders. They abused the President

and other high functionaries. They also abused Major Anderson, and behaved in their discourse like madmen."

The abuse of Mr. Buchanan by two such enthusiastic rebels tended to confirm my opinion that he was not always their willing tool.

"January 9.

"To-day Colonel Harvey Brown of the regular army arrived to take command of the companies that have been ordered here for the protection of the Capitol. I conversed with this devoted old soldier and staunch patriot, and we agreed that as the North is at this time strong and prosperous, it is as well that the conflict should begin now as at a later date. We both agreed that it was all well enough with the South so long as they could command the North, but now that the power was about to pass from their hands they were off."

' WASHINGTON, January 13.

"Dined to-day at Mr. Corcoran's. In the company were General Scott, Mr. Badger, of North Carolina; Mr. Fay, of Boston; Mr. Mosely, of Buffalo; Mr. Alexander Duncan and Mr. Watts Sherman, of New York; also Senator Slidell and wife, of Louisiana. I had been introduced to the Senator's wife before, and conversed with her half an hour. Mrs. Slidell has the beauty and grace of a high-born native of Paris, and she speaks English with an accent. It occurred to me that she would have appeared more *spirituelle* if she had spoken the language of her ancestors, though I found her broken English vastly engaging. Nevertheless, as I was walking home from the party, I reflected that no blandishments could moderate my desire for war."

"WASHINGTON, January 14.

"The South Carolinians have sent Mr. J. W. Hayne

to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter. There is a mighty exultation in the Charleston papers over the expulsion of the 'Star of the West' from their harbor.

"General Scott has received a letter from Mr. Petigrew, of Charleston. The letter is filled with sentiments worthy of its author. Mr. Petigrew does not concur in any of the schemes of the South Carolina madmen. He thinks it will not be possible to reclaim any of the seceded States."

Mr. Petigrew was one of the few South Carolinians who was from the beginning radically opposed to secession. He was the acknowledged head of the bar in his own State, a man of large observation, excellent judgment, and the possessor of a subtle and penetrating genius. The sophistries of Mr. Calhoun had no influence with him, and he clearly foresaw the ruin which civil war would bring upon the South. While stationed at Fort Moultrie I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Petigrew and his family. His daughter, Mrs. Carson, inherited the patriotic spirit of her father, with much of his genius, and the hardships of penury, brought upon her by the war, she has sustained with heroic dignity.

(January 14—continued.)

"This morning, while General Scott was writing the last words of an article to be appended to another paper which he had written in New York under date of October 29th, 1860, Governor Seward of the Senate entered his office. In General Scott's '*Views*' it was stated distinctly that no idea was entertained by him of invading a seceded State.

"Governor Seward, in his speech in the Senate last Saturday (the 12th inst.), stated to the effect that the Union was not worth preserving at the expense of civil war!"

I have transferred the above entry made in my journal on the fourteenth day of January, 1861, without change. It shows the state of mind at that date of two of the most prominent Union patriots of the country. They both cherished the Union, but lacked resolution to fight for it—

“Letting ‘I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would,’
Like the poor cat i’ the adage.”

(January 14—continued.)

“To-day I urged General Scott to order down from Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, to the posts near San Francisco, two companies of artillery, and to place one company in the fort at the entrance of the harbor. I know the danger of leaving a strongly armed fort without any guard whatsoever to the mercy of such desperadoes as are among the Federal officers in that city.”

“WASHINGTON, January 15.

“General Scott corrected the proofs of his ‘Views’ for the *Intelligencer*.

“The general receives a vast number of letters on all imaginable subjects. Some of the writers propose to raise regiments. Some offer to fight for him, as they hear he has had a difficulty with Senator Toombs. Some offer their own military services, some ask for money, and some glorify him. I read them all, and many I answer. These letters, in various respects, constitute a better study of belligerent and laudatory human nature than any book I ever read. Some of the letters threatened him with assassination.

“I am getting fatigued with overwork, feasting, and gayety. The incessant calls on me during the day allow no time for rest, and the numerous feasts and parties absorb my evenings and keep me out late. The general

sometimes detains me in conversation till after midnight, which, he says, is his favorite time for conversation. Occasionally he sends for me after I have retired to come over and listen to something that interests him. At such times I generally find him in bed with a book in his hand, which he puts aside to talk with me, or hear me talk. If I remain silent too long he snappishly remarks: 'Have you nothing to say?' When I feel fatigued and non-compliant in all he says, he soon grows weary and places his hand on his forehead, at which signal I vanish. It is not the toughness of my constitution so much as the force of my convictions that sustains me under such various pressure upon my nervous system."

Willie Van Buren, the son of my distinguished friend, Dr. William H. Van Buren, of New York City, having written to request me to obtain for him the autographs of General Scott, Senator Crittenden, and Mr. Winter Davis of the House, I wrote in reply a note of which the following is a copy:

WASHINGTON, *January 16, 1861.*

MASTER WILLIAM VAN BUREN:

We have been informed by Colonel Keyes that you desire our autographs because you think we are devoted to the Union. The reason given for your request betokens a laudable sentiment, and we comply with it cheerfully for that condition, and because we learn that you are a youth of excellent conduct and a diligent student, and we remain,

Very truly yours,

[Signed]

WINFIELD SCOTT,

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,

H. WINTER DAVIS.

Willie Van Buren was a youth of much promise. He was erect, healthful, and bright in appearance, and so amiable in disposition and engaging in his manners that he was a favorite with his companions and the idol of his

parents. His untimely death, which occurred a few months after he received the note, had a crushing effect upon his father and mother. The former built his hopes upon his only son, who he anticipated would worthily succeed him in his profession. My son, Edward L. Keyes, who was of the same age with Willie, and his constant associate, had the rare good fortune to take the place in the father's heart, which a cruel fate had made vacant, to the fullest extent that nature permits. Drs. Van Buren and Keyes during fifteen years were inseparable in duty and affection, till death closed the magnificent career of the elder partner on Easter day, 1883.

“WASHINGTON, *January 18.*

“In the *New York Evening Post* of the 17th inst. is a quotation from a Haytien paper, in which, after referring to Mr. Lincoln's election, and its effects upon the black race, the writer winds up with the following sentence: ‘We plainly say then that we have greater faith in the follies of the South than in the wisdom of the North.’”

“*January 19.*

“To-day General Scott changed his quarters from Wormley's to Cruchett's, at the corner of Sixth and D streets. The change was made for convenience, not for discontent with Wormley. In the Sixth Street house, the general's bedroom is spacious, and adjoins the dining-room. I took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Harris, directly across the way.”

“*January 20.*

“Yesterday I wrote a letter to General A. S. Johnson, commanding the department of the Pacific, directing him to transfer two companies from Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, and place them in the forts which defend San Francisco.

"To-day Lieutenant Duane, of the Engineer Corps, with the company of sappers and miners, arrived in Washington from West Point. Lieutenant Saunders arrives also from Pensacola, to which place he had been sent with despatches for Commodore Armstrong. He was taken prisoner by the people of Pensacola before he had delivered his letters, but would not surrender them except to the commodore, who himself was a prisoner. The commodore's men had been set at liberty on parole, *not to serve against Florida at any future time!* The lieutenant was also set at liberty upon his promise not to communicate with the forts near Pensacola, and under the written safeguard of Colonel William Chase, Saunders was allowed to depart."

Colonel Chase was a graduate of the Military Academy, and for many years an officer of the corps of engineers. He was a native of Massachusetts, and married to a Southern lady of fortune. The chivalry had subdued him to their policy long before the rebellion, and when the war began he joined the seceders. At first he appeared to have influence in their councils, which apparently declined suddenly, and I heard of him no more.

The entries in my journal, which I am reproducing in this book, although they frequently refer to trifles, will suffice not only to show the state of society at the federal capital, but they also exhibit the irresolute conduct of the Government towards the seceders. An excess of labor and gayety, conspiring with the unsatisfactory policy of Mr. Buchanan's administration, kept me in a state of irritation, which may have caused me for the first time in my life to brave my powerful chief. The following is an exact account of my conduct on the evening of January 21, 1861, which I wrote on the morning after it occurred :

“Captain Barry and Lieutenant Duane of the Army dined with us. While we were at the table, Colonel Stone came in and brought intelligence of the contemplated attack on Harper’s Ferry Armory. The news came through Colonel Van Ness, of the pay department. In relating it Colonel Stone spoke of Captain Magruder, of the Army, who has been drilling men in Maryland, and it was thought probable that Magruder was disaffected. From what was said to me in the hall by Lieutenant Duane as he and Barry were leaving, and from the report of Colonel Stone, I derided the conclusion that Magruder was working with the enemies of this Union. Returning to the dining-room under that impression, I said with some excitement, ‘General, you must, or you ought to take that young man in hand,’ or words to that effect. General Scott thought that my manner and words evinced a disposition to dictate to him, and he became at once excessively angry. I was excited also, and said I was a patriot, and when so many people were treacherous I would not measure my words against traitors. I disclaimed the idea of dictating to my superior officer, but in matters of patriotism I must have my own way of speaking. The altercation was hot; we both stood up, and I supposed it would end my connection with General Scott as a member of his staff. However, we finally cooled off, and I retired to my lodgings without excitement or ill feeling.”

“General Scott reminded me of my habit of late of speaking to him in a dictatorial manner, and that he had long had an affection for me. I intend to do my duty to all men and to the country, but it is not a part of my duty to feel or to know in this contingency fear for any man.”

“WASHINGTON, *January 22.*

“To-day a Georgian named *Moulton* came to offer

General Scott the service of his boats in the cause of the Union. He said the men of property in Georgia were generally in favor of the Union, but they were overawed and kept down by the Secessionists."

"Mr. Benjamin Stanton, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, came to the office to consult General Scott about a bill to raise volunteers for local defence of the capital, etc. He referred to Mr. Henry Winter Davis, who said that volunteers for the defence of the capital should be drawn from Maryland. Mr. Stanton thinks Virginia will secede."

"The United States steamer Brooklyn, with Captain Vogdes's company of artillery, sailed for Pensacola to-day."

“WASHINGTON, *January 25.*”

"During many days past rumors of the existence of an organization to seize the Capitol and the public archives have been more frequent than usual. I have not the shadow of a doubt that such an organization does, in fact, exist. President Buchanan seems loath to order troops here, because he fears a display of troops would cause irritation! This temporization may yet be fatal to the Union."

The pressure upon the President at the time referred to above appeared to distress him sorely. The organizers of the rebellion claimed to have promoted him to the office he held, and they were not satisfied with anything less than an abject submission on his part to their dictation. He had already conceded enough to destroy all power of resistance. One day he came into General Scott's private office while I was present, and, dropping heavily into a chair, he exclaimed: "The office of President of the United States is not fit for a gentleman to

hold!" Unfortunately the general was at the moment dictating an order that required instant attention, and I left his office and heard no more of the object of Mr. Buchanan's visit from either of the persons concerned.

"The rumors of schemes and plans to seize the Capitol continue to arrive from all quarters. Colonel Titus, of Kansas notoriety, is here, and in communication with the secessionists. It is rumored that the Mayor of the city of Washington is in communication and in accord with them also."

"WASHINGTON, *January 29.*

"Adjutant-General Thomas writes to Colonel Scott directing him to have a company organized from the best instructed recruits and in readiness to march at a moment's notice, with two, or preferably three, officers. Colonel Thomas also directs that Captain Elzy's company shall be filled up immediately and ordered to Washington.

"Orders are issued to-day for Captain E. Lyon with his company to proceed and garrison the Saint Louis Arsenal. This order was issued upon the earnest solicitation of Mr. Montgomery Blair, who recommended Lyon highly."

Lyon was a man whose appearance made a false report of his qualities. He was plain in person, and his countenance was not expressive. Nevertheless he possessed decided ability, and his temperament was of the most ardent. A native of Connecticut, he avowed his Northern sentiments in all situations with a fearlessness which had few examples in the army under the old régime. As a consequence, he was held in disfavor by the ruling functionaries, and his popularity among his brother-officers never foreshadowed his future exploits. He exemplified

his valor on the field, where he fell fighting for the Union, and thus secured to his memory such posthumous renown as men like him can hope only to inherit from death.

“WASHINGTON, *January 29.*”

“To-day General Scott wrote to Governor Hicks of Maryland to say he had endeavored to prevail on the President to order ten or twelve companies of Maryland volunteers to defend the Capitol. With them, and say seven companies of regulars and 200 marines, he thinks he will be able to guard the Capitol against any violation of the peace.”

I do not think anything was done in compliance with the above suggestion of General Scott.

“WASHINGTON, *January 29.*”

“Was introduced to-day to General Mather, Adjutant-General of the State of Illinois. I conversed with him upon the miserable condition of the Northern States to resist and overcome the rebellion of the South. Illinois is, according to General Mather's account, almost without arms, and up to 1856 no record appears to have been kept of the arms distributed to that State by the general Government.

“In St. Louis he says the arsenal is in the greatest danger. The Governor (Jackson) has placed all the arms received from the general Government in the hands of men who, like himself, are violent seceders.

“I spoke with General Mather of the necessary qualifications of a Secretary of War for the new administration. General Mather told me that Mr. Lincoln desired the sense of the officers of the Army as to whom he should place in the War Office. I replied that none but a discreet Northern man who had firmness and perseverance

would answer. That all military authority was now in the hands of the South as fully as in the civil departments, and that a man capable of reversing that order of things was required. The North must have power and patronage in the full proportion of its numbers, and nothing short of that would answer.

“ Letters threatening General Scott’s life are received from Mississippi to-day.

“ Prince John Magruder’s battery arrives in Baltimore to-day. The subject of ordering him and his company to Washington was mooted. To intrust Prince John Magruder with the safety of the Capitol would have been like placing a wolf to guard the sheep-fold. Reports are current in this city of conspiracies to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. It is just possible that no attempt on the Capitol will be made. Rumors enough have come in to put men in office on their guard. All neglects, therefore, to protect the public archives are treasonable crimes. I feel depressed at the apparent apathy of the President, whose conduct is not such as Northern men have a right to demand from the Executive of the United States.

“ General Scott is summoned to appear before a Congressional Committee of five, which is appointed to investigate the conspiracy to seize the Capitol.

“ It has this day been decided to call all the United States Artillery out of Texas.

“ The general instructs me to write to Colonel Duryee of New York to describe his epaulettes, and to tell the Colonel of the perils of the Capitol.”

“ WASHINGTON, *January 31.*

“ Judge Parrott of Cold Springs was at the office to-day; also a committee, of which Messrs. Peter Cooper

and Royal Phelps of New York are members. These men will endeavor to compromise our national difficulties.

"Last night I attended an elegant dinner party at Mr. Vinton's. Among the guests were General Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, M. Hulseman, the Austrian Minister, Baron Austen Saken, of Prussia, also the Belgian Minister, Mr. Moseley, and others. Mr. Vinton's daughter, now Mrs. Dahlgren, did the honors with much taste and spirit. After the dinner I attended a party at Judge Campbell's. There I met many remarkable young ladies, as usual at the Campbell's and elsewhere. The most conspicuous for beauty, grace, and treason were the two Misses Slidell, the two Misses Magruder, Miss Philips, and the daughter of our host. The sectional rancor of these damsels was administered to me, tempered with soothing conditions. They promised that in case I should be wounded and captured they would bring me comforts in my prison. They even went so far as to assure me that, after the war was over and the Confederacy established, they would invite me to their houses. Some of the matured Southern dames and dowagers appeared to hate the portion of earth where I was born, unconditionally; consequently I do not trouble myself to record their names, nor to remember what they said. But of the others whose charming condescension enlivened me, some I know to be prosperous, and I trust they all are."

“WASHINGTON, *February 1.*

"The rumors of perils to the capital thicken. Mr. Thomas Corwin visited the general and remained alone with him in consultation a long time. I know not the subject of their discussion, further than that a letter to the general from New York, concerning the plans of the

rebels, made allusion to Mr. Corwin, whose name the general was requested not to divulge.

“ Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, came to the office, and I was introduced to him for the first time. Colonel E. V. Sumner, of the Army, also called, and I began my acquaintance with that good old soldier. Both those gentlemen said they had heard much of me as a Northern man.

“ Mr. W. Swan writes from Nashville, Tennessee, under date of January 20, that the rebels will prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. The writer thinks a large force is necessary in Washington.”

“ WASHINGTON, *February 2.*

“ Last night I attended a brilliant party at the house of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson. A glance at the assemblage showed that the majority of the guests were Southern. There were among them, however, a considerable number of persons from the North. I conversed with Mrs. C. F. Adams, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Dixon, and many others.

“ It is said that the rebels are arriving in squads and taking up their abode in and in the neighborhood of Washington, so as to be able to assemble in the city in vast numbers as soon as the signal is given.

“ While the rebels are organizing and arming, the people of the North, with their customary fatuity in matters of command and government, are moralizing.

“ Last night the West Point Battery of Artillery arrived in Washington. This morning as I saw it passing along Pennsylvania Avenue I felt a glow of satisfaction that I had not experienced before in many days.”

“ WASHINGTON, *February 7.*

“ Captain Elzy, of the Second Regiment of U. S. Artillery, who surrendered the Augusta Arsenal to the

Georgians, arrived in Washington with his company this morning.

"Wrote long letter yesterday to W. A. Burleigh, Esq., of Harrisburg, Penn., giving him advice for the organization, arming and equipping of 70,000 men, the expenses, etc.

"Cost of rifled musket, complete.....	\$13.93
Cost of equipments for do.	4.92
Cost of rifle, complete.....	17.43
Cost of accoutrements for, complete...	4.52

"Last night a telegram from Little Rock, Arkansas, sent by Captain Totten, Second Artillery, announced that a lawless assemblage threatened to capture the arsenal."

"WASHINGTON, *February 10.*

"Yesterday Mr. William H. Aspinwall dined with me, and ex-Governor Robinson, of Virginia, dined with General Scott. The four constituted an agreeable party. The conversation was general on various subjects."

"WASHINGTON, *February 11*

"Last night I attended a large dinner party given by Surgeon-General Lawson, of the Army. About thirty persons were present, and I observed that when all the seats at the table were filled five gentlemen remained standing. After a delay of about half an hour, a small table was improvised, and the work of eating and drinking commenced."

"WASHINGTON, *February 13.*

"The counting of the votes for President passed quietly, and many think the precautionary measures were superfluous.

"Dined at Mr. H. Winter Davis's, in I Street. It was a social party with ladies, and uncommonly agreeable.

General Scott, who had dined elsewhere, called for me, and carried me home at ten o'clock P.M."

"WASHINGTON, *February 15.*

"Attended a party last night, given by Mrs. Charles Francis Adams. I was introduced to Mrs. Lawrence (*née* Chapman), of Boston, and found her agreeable. She is a beautiful woman, with elegant person and manners. I was also introduced to Miss Crowninshield, who is to marry young Mr. Adams."

"WASHINGTON, *February 17.*

"Attended party last night at Captain Manydier's. Found several beautiful young ladies there, and among them some were musical. The majority were secessionists."

"*February 18.*

"During the last two days I have been despondent about the Union. Factions are springing up in the ranks of the Republicans. At the same time the Rebels, who are in session at Charleston and Montgomery, are as audacious in their efforts to overthrow the Government and set up a Southern Confederacy as ever. Our Northern people are so much accustomed to private judgment in all matters that they will not serve under a leader. In this respect they resemble the Poles of former days. I feel as old John Sobieski felt when the insane division of his countrymen led him to foretell the downfall of Poland.

"Last night General Scott appeared depressed also. He analyzed the difficulties, and called on me for speculations as to the course Mr. Lincoln would probably pursue. I did speculate glibly, without giving any special opinion as to Mr. Lincoln's course, but I showered reproaches upon the North for its supineness and upon the South for its violence."

“WASHINGTON, *February 21.*

“Captain Meigs has arrived here from Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, and came to the office this morning to report to General Scott.”

“*February 22.*

“Orders were given yesterday for a grand review of all the troops in Washington to-day, but the orders were countermanded this morning by the President. Mr. Secretary Holt wrote the order of countermand, which was delivered to General Scott while he was at breakfast. I ran to circulate it with all haste, but at one o'clock P. M. Mr. Holt came to the general's office to request him to have the review. The general told him that it was not practicable, as all the troops were dispersed, and it would be impossible to reassemble them before night. This circumstance shows the supervision to which Mr. Buchanan's minutest actions were subjected. It should serve as a warning to all succeeding Chief Magistrates of this mighty nation, that when they have accepted its guardianship they are bound to repel the officiousness of all men that speak or move to destroy or disintegrate it.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Major Anderson and Forts Moultrie and Sumter.—Description of Anderson.—Anecdotes.—Anderson ordered to relieve Gardner.—His vigilance.—His masterly movement from Moultrie to Sumter.—The question of reinforcement.—Expedition of the "Star of the West."—She is fired upon.—First shots from Sumter.—Beginning of civil war.

THE agitations preceding our civil war were more violent in the State of South Carolina than in any other portion of the country, and the defences of the harbor of Charleston, especially Forts Moultrie and Sumter, became a subject of lively interest.

Before quoting from my journal what I wrote in reference to the change of commanders in Charleston harbor, which was made in the month of November, 1860, I will sketch the character of Major Anderson, who was made famous by that change. We belonged to the same regiment of artillery, and served together in General Scott's personal staff about four years.

Robert Anderson was born in Kentucky. Both his parents were, I think, natives of Virginia, and descended from good families. I did not become acquainted with him till he had been fourteen or fifteen years in the army, and I had been commissioned about half as long a time. Of all my acquaintances among men, Anderson had the fewest vices of any one of them. In fact, I doubt if he had any quality which the world *ordinarily* denominates a *vice*. Certainly he had none which are embraced under the sweeping phrase, "Wine, women, and play," and

which, according to Gil Blas, are those that usually ruin men. In all things he was rigorously temperate and moderate, and he was as honest and conscientious as it is possible for a man to be. He was a pattern of order and method, and worked out his plans slowly. He always had a reason for what he did, and generally he proclaimed his reasons, and his frankness sometimes rubbed me *contre poil*. This was accounted for by the strong divergence of temperament between him and me. His arguments seldom modified my convictions, and I would often run after sports and feasts, while he remained plodding in the office. His minute punctuality in all the duties, habits, and relations of life sometimes annoyed me, but did not diminish my respect for him, since I felt certain his decisions were never intended to be unjust. Generally, while we served together in the staff, I was the only Northern man attached to it. Our chief, Pegram, and Shaw were all Southerners. Pegram and I were as much in accord as though we had been rocked together in the same cradle, and Shaw, who was a Tennessean and a volunteer, and I were seemingly more fond of one another because we were born so far apart.

In person Anderson was well-built, and a trifle less than five feet eight inches tall. His shoulders were sloping, and the tailor found it easy to fit him with a coat. His face was rather long, his forehead high and narrow, and the expression of his hazel eyes was such that they could always be seen when his face was in sight. His hair was dark and straight, and was cropped close, and his beard clean shaved. He was popular among citizens, to whom his salutations were cordial, and with whom he maintained extensive friendly relations.

The foregoing description does not indicate a poetical temperament, which was not one of the endowments of

Major Anderson, though he occasionally dabbled in verse. A curious incident occurred in Augusta, Maine, while we were there to settle the northeastern boundary. The staff was then quite brilliant, as it was composed of Anderson, Joe Johnson, since the distinguished Confederate commander; George Talcott, who was one of the handsomest men in the army; William Palmer, an accomplished member of the engineer corps, and myself. United States Senator Williams and his wife lived in Augusta, and we had met them in Washington, where Mrs. Williams was known for her great beauty and accomplishments. One day Anderson, Talcott, and I started out to call on Mrs. Williams, who lived half a mile from our hotel. On the way to her house Anderson and Talcott occupied themselves in saying over a stanza of poetry which one of them had discovered, and which I had never seen. They finally satisfied themselves they had the poetry correct, and they commented on its beauty without referring to me, but I had full possession of it before we reached the door. We were cordially received by Mrs. Williams, who had two agreeable young ladies with her. The conversation was pleasant and soon became general upon a fitting subject, when I assumed an air of suave composure and discharged the stanza upon the waked attention of the whole six! I studied the proper emphasis of every syllable, and in my delivery I wafted my eyes from our hostess to my companions, upon whose faces amazement sat. They said nothing, but the ladies admired the poetry and asked where I found it. I told them I had picked it up in my travels, and was glad it pleased them. After coming out Anderson and Talcott assailed me with reproaches for my audacious theft with such violence that I apprehended a fight or a foot race, but I escaped both, and when I related the

incident to the general and the other members of the staff they made merry over it for several days.

Major Anderson was so little aware of his Southern partialities that he frequently offended me without knowing it. Almost invariably, when a Northern officer was named for any kind of distinction, he would shake his head and make a disparaging remark. At the same time his moderation and candid manner would add to my dissent and irritate me beyond expression. The effect of that irritation was probably operating upon me when I made the following entry in my journal :

“NEW YORK, *October 15, 1860.*”

“To-day Major Robert Anderson came to General Scott's office. He has been to Washington, and is to be ordered to Charleston, S. C., to relieve Colonel Gardner, who is, in the same order, instructed to proceed forthwith to Fort Brown, Texas. The Secretary of War directed Major Anderson to report to General Scott for instructions. The general gives the Secretary's order as his instructions, and I see he will not venture anything more specific. General Scott, however, suggested to Major Anderson the propriety of examining into the state of things in Charleston Harbor, and then to make a report.

“I can say, if hatred and contempt for the people of the North and East, and especially the latter, and a boundless partiality for the South, are qualifications for a successor in command to Colonel Gardner, few better than Major Anderson can be found among my acquaintances in the army. As to Colonel John L. Gardner of Massachusetts, if he has been avowing secession sentiments, as it is reported, he is a doughface, and deserves neither compassion nor pity.”

Major Anderson proceeded without delay to Charles-

ton, relieved Colonel Gardner, and took quarters at Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island. There he found a small garrison of about sixty regular soldiers and seven officers, among whom were Captain Abner Doubleday and Surgeon Crawford, two men of pronounced Northern cast of mind, strong Union sentiments, and the former decidedly incongruous in disposition with his commanding officer.

Anderson from the first seems to have been active and vigilant, and did all in his power to strengthen his position, which was exposed nearly all around to attacks from land batteries. It soon became evident that Fort Moultrie was untenable, and the major, with masterly secrecy, prepared to abandon it. He executed his purpose on the night of December 26, 1860, by an exploit which of itself was brilliant, and which made him the subject of conversation all over the continent. I record my impressions of it in my journal as follows :

“ WASHINGTON, *December 27, 1860.*

“ To-day the news from Charleston is that Major Anderson, commanding Fort Moultrie, abandoned that post last night and repaired with all his force, except four soldiers, to Fort Sumter, which is one mile and thirty yards from Fort Moultrie, and across the ships' channel. He had spiked all the guns and burned the gun-carriages before leaving.

“ Fort Sumter is built on an irregular pentagon, in the bay, of which the longest side is between three hundred and four hundred yards. The cisterns in that fort are of the capacity of about 3,500 gallons, and with provisions, arms, and ammunition in abundance, he can hold out a considerable time against the strength of South Carolina.

“ I regard the movement of Anderson as one of the greatest merit. It brings the question of secession to a

focus. If the commissioners from South Carolina, Messrs. Orr, Adams and Barnwell, demand the surrender of the forts, the question may be settled at once, as to whether the government of Mr. Buchanan is in league with the secessionists or not."

At the time I wrote the above I was not aware that a portion of the structure of Fort Sumter was inflammable, as in fact it was to a considerable extent, nor was I aware that the supply of rations was quite small.

The subject of reinforcing Major Anderson became at once a source of immense confusion. The majority of the Cabinet was unquestionably opposed to it, but I infer that Mr. Buchanan was not as backward in the matter as many supposed, from the following record in my journal which I made at the time:

"January 1, 1861.

"On the 31st ultimo, the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, resigned his portfolio in a letter glorifying himself and insulting the President of the United States.

"Mr. Holt, of Kentucky, Postmaster-General, is to do the duty of Secretary of War, *ad interim*. Mr. Holt and General Scott will act together in harmony, and Major Anderson will be supported in Fort Sumter, and efforts will be made to prevent the forts falling into the hands of the seceders. General Scott has continued to appeal without ceasing to the President to protect the public property of the Union."

"January 8.

"Some days ago secret orders were given to reinforce Major Anderson from the recruits at Governor's Island. Colonel Thomas went to New York to execute the order. He was so cautious that two hundred recruits were put on board the 'Star of the West' by means of a steam

tug which conveyed them through the Narrows, transferred them to the 'Star of the West,' and then put out to sea to be gone two or three days. The 'Star of the West' got under headway Saturday, January 5, ostensibly for New Orleans, and it was not till yesterday that the matter appeared in the newspapers. The public mind is now, consequently, in a most feverish condition. If the seceders of South Carolina fire on the 'Star of the West,' either from Fort Moultrie or from Morris Island, I trust it may cause unity of sentiment at the North, and that the war may commence in earnest."

"January 10.

"Rumors reach Washington in the newspapers, and last night by wire, that the South Carolinians have been firing on the 'Star of the West.' It is reported that the ship did not get into the harbor to reinforce Major Anderson, and that several shots struck her from the batteries on Morris and Sullivan's Island. Thus the drama advances!"

The above rumors proved true. Two shots struck the "Star of the West," but no person on board was hit.

"WASHINGTON, January 16, 1861.

"To-day Mr. Gourdin from Charleston (a member of the South Carolina Convention), was in the office. He gave a list of the grievances of South Carolina, and he seemed convinced that the Charlestonians are right in the main, but, like other men under strong excitement, they sometimes would do foolish things and things to be regretted. I told him it would cause great and universal hostility at the North if they longer cut off the necessary comforts for Major Anderson and his garrison in Fort Sumter.

"After the futile attempt of the 'Star of the West' to

land reinforcements and supplies, Anderson and his little band of heroes were left to encounter the hardships and discomforts of a siege. On the other hand, the vaunting seceders continued their destructive preparations with unmolested vigor. All things being ready, an aged Confederate patriot named Ruffin, a native of Virginia, claimed the right of a debutant in the national tragedy, and it was he who, on April 12, 1861, discharged the first shot at Fort Sumter, which, being set on fire, forced the garrison shortly to surrender. The noise of the gun that Ruffin set off was soon known to the entire civilized world. The shock stimulated and united the hearts of Northern men, and was the practical beginning of the civil war in America."

Among the apothegms of Holy Writ there are few which upon probation leave in the memory a more frigid impression than this: "Pride goeth before a fall." The South Carolinians learned in after-times the truth of this, since they were the proudest people I have known, and their fall has been the most signal.

"How nations sink by darling schemes opprest,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request."

CHAPTER XIX.

Reinforcement of Fort Pickens.—Captain Vogdes.—Gen. Scott on the situation of Fort Pickens.—Interview between Lincoln and Scott.—My interview with the President and Mr. Seward.—The expedition ordered.—Lincoln's letter of authority.—Gen. Butler.—Close of my secretaryship.—Service under Morgan of New York.

ON the 25th of March, the subject of Fort Pickens was brought into notice as follows: On that day a correspondence between Lieutenant A. J. Slemmer of the United States Army, commanding Fort Pickens, Pensacola Harbor, and Major-General Braxton Bragg, commanding the forces of the Confederate States at Pensacola, was read by the President and Cabinet. It appears by the correspondence that it was the impression of both Slemmer and Bragg, that the armistice previously agreed on in Washington required notice of its discontinuance, and that while it lasts the United States cannot, without a breach of faith, land Captain Vogdes' company from the ship-of-war "Brooklyn," nor do any other act to reinforce or strengthen Fort Pickens.

It now appears that Bragg, under the real or feigned belief that Slemmer had, during the armistice, raised a battery across Santa Rosa Island, has been at work fortifying the opposite shore of the channel. Slemmer denies that he has erected a battery on the island as accused.

The history of the armistice above referred to strikingly illustrates the respect paid by the United States Government to the men who were laboring openly to destroy it. It appears that about the 29th day of January, 1861,

a telegram from Mr. Mallory was received by Messrs. Slidell, Hunter, and Bigler, and laid before the President of the United States. The purpose of that telegram was to avoid a hostile collision at Fort Pickens, and to give the assurance of Colonel Chase that no assault would be made by the Confederates.

Thereupon the Secretaries, Holt and Toucey, of the War and Navy departments, did, on the 29th of January aforesaid, address a joint note to the naval commanders near Pensacola, and to Lieutenant Slemmer at Fort Pickens, forbidding Captain Vogdes to land his company unless the fort should be attacked. The right to land provisions and ammunition was reserved, and communication with the United States Government must be kept open and free.

Mr. Holt asserted that the sole motive of the joint letter was to avoid "*irritation*" during the Peace Convention, which commenced its session at Washington, February 4, 1861.

General Scott remarked that he never saw the joint letter of the two secretaries until the 25th of March, though he was informed by Mr. Holt of its substance at about the time it was written. Mr. Holt declared that there was no obligation implied or expressed to prevent the landing of Vogdes and his company of artillery. On the contrary, he thought our Government was at full liberty to land the troops without giving any kind of notice to the Confederate forces.

Notwithstanding the armistice, Captain Vogdes went on shore with his company, and assumed command of the fort. He was astonished at its meagre armament, and its poverty in everything requisite for a defence, and without loss of time he made requisitions to supply all deficiencies.

As Captain, now General, Vogdes was often referred to in connection with the subject under consideration, it is proper that I should say a word of an old friend from whom the tide of life has long separated me. While I was his neighbor at West Point, Vogdes was assistant professor, and remarkable for three things. He was among the leading mathematicians, one of the most skillful chess players at the Point, and the best-read man in the military history and campaigns of the great Napoleon of the whole army. His disposition was amiable, albeit a trifle irritable, while certain oddities of voice and manner and other eccentricities tended to detract from his deserved reputation. While he commanded at Fort Pickens, a body of rebels stole across to the island in the night to alarm or capture the fort. Vogdes, at the head of a party of his troops, sallied out to repel the marauders, among whom was a West Point associate, who recognized his shrill voice. Guided by that, which continued to direct them, a few of the assailants found it not difficult to gather around the captain, to seize his person, and carry him away into captivity. Even in the depth of his prison-house, Vogdes' strategical faculties remained bright, and he made some happy suggestions for the conduct of the war on the Potomac.

Subjects connected with Fort Pickens had been constantly discussed, and I find in my journal of March 29 the following entry :

“Last night General Scott went to dine with the President. I came in at 5 P.M., and found him talking with Senator Sumner of Massachusetts. The subject under discussion was Fort Pickens. I had while in New York, some ten or fifteen days before, written to General Scott, to set forth the difficulty of landing ordnance stores on the beach for Fort Pickens. I also added, that

if the fort needed all that Captain Vogdes had made requisitions for, it must be in a bad way. I thought the matter serious, and that General Scott's attention should be called to it especially. On my return from New York, I suggested that, in consideration of the difficulty of reinforcing Fort Pickens, it would be better to give it and Fort Sumter up together, as an act of grace. Those two forts may be considered as having been given up by Buchanan's administration.

"Before dinner the General received from President Lincoln a note, asking him to come at once to the executive mansion. On setting out, the General whispered to me, that Mr. Lamon had informed him (Mr. Lamon had been down to Charleston with a letter from General Scott, with the sanction of Mr. Lincoln) that Governor Pickens wished to come back into the Union. The General also remarked that he supposed Mr. Lincoln wished to converse with him about Forts Sumter and Pickens, *and he seemed to expect the President would be willing to give up both.*

"This morning the General appeared to be troubled. He told me that the long conversation he had with Mr. Lamon about the forts, and which he supposed Lamon reported to the President, had apparently not been reported. The President said *Anderson had played us false*, and he seemed to indicate a want of consistency in General Scott's own views concerning Fort Pickens. The President went so far as to say that his administration would be broken up unless a more decided policy was adopted, and if General Scott could not carry out his views, some other person might. This last alternative was dimly shadowed forth in Mr. Lincoln's conversation, and it seems to have disturbed General Scott greatly."

“WASHINGTON, *Easter-Day, March 31, 1861.*”

“Last night and this morning General Scott was engaged in writing a short chronological history of Forts Sumter and Pickens. Doubtless he was inclined to do so by the President’s conversation with him, and by the conviction that, knowing the progress the secessionists have made in closing in Fort Sumter, and in fortifying the whole western side of the Harbor of Pensacola with strong batteries, the two forts must soon be captured, or given up. Moreover the general feels nettled at the idea of having been considered tardy in making preparations to reinforce Fort Pickens, *which President Lincoln told me he had given orders on the 5th of March to be done.*”

“In consequence of the above, the general conversed at length with me, and he appeared glad that I agreed with him as to the policy of surrendering the forts, or rather of withdrawing the garrisons from them. I suggested that it should be done, and that a paper should be drawn up by an able writer, that would give an air of grace to the concession.”

The foregoing proves the sad truth in regard to myself, that I had in despair surrendered my own opinions. I, however, retain the consolation that as I knew the absolute weakness of the forts and the strength of the rebels, the forts must soon be surrendered or captured. I conscientiously refrained from all allusions to the Navy, because I could not arrive at any clear understanding of the designs of Secretary Welles in regard to his co-operation. That there was no energetic co-operation on his part, although the assistance of armed ships was absolutely required, is strikingly apparent. During the whole time which intervened from Anderson’s movement to Fort Sumter till his final evacuation,

I witnessed no disposition to employ force to protect the Southern forts in any of the directing agents of the Federal Government, except President Lincoln and Mr. Seward his Secretary of State.

At breakfast on Easter morning, the General encouraged me to talk. I spoke at length, and went into minute details of the manner of landing heavy guns, gun-carriages and ammunition on the sand beach of Santa Rosa Island, and getting them into the fort. I told him it would be futile to attempt the reinforcement weak-handed. During my explanations I was astonished at the expression of the General's face. He did not once interrupt me, though I continued speaking not less than half an hour. A portion of the time, however, his thoughts appeared to wander from my discourse. As soon as I had finished speaking he wheeled in his chair, reached out his hand and took, from a pile of rolled-up maps and plans, a long roll, and handed it to me. It was a map of the Harbor of Pensacola and its surroundings, which I did not know was in the room. "Take this map," said he, "to Mr. Seward, and repeat to him exactly what you have just said to me about the difficulty of reinforcing Fort Pickens."

As I had entirely abandoned all hope and expectation that any serious effort was to be made to relieve the post, I regarded my errand as one of the merest form. So, placing the roll under my left arm, I passed down Sixth Street to the Avenue and strolled along towards the Treasury Building.

My pace was slower than usual, as I anticipated I had time to talk ten minutes with Governor Seward, and then be early at St. Matthew's Church, where I intended to go. I was stopped by an acquaintance, who enquired what that long roll contained. I told him it related to

unfinished business, and I was going to leave it with Governor Seward.

Arriving at Mr. Seward's house on F Street, I was admitted, and found the astute Secretary standing in the middle of his parlor alone. After a respectful salutation, I said :

“Mr. Seward, I am here by direction of General Scott, to explain to you the difficulties of reinforcing Fort Pickens.”

“I don't care about the difficulties,” said he. “Where's Captain Meigs?”

“I suppose he's at his house, sir.”

“Please find him and bring him here.”

“I'll call and bring him on my return from church.”

“Never mind church to-day; I wish to see him and you here together without delay.”

Notwithstanding I had been long subject to obey military commands implicitly, a rebellious thought arose in my mind, when I received from Secretary Seward such clean-cut orders. Nevertheless I reflected that he could speak from the ambush of original power, and concluded to obey him with alacrity, and within ten minutes Meigs and I stood together before him.

Without preliminary remarks Mr. Seward said: “I wish you two gentlemen to make a plan to reinforce Fort Pickens, see General Scott, and bring your plan to the Executive Mansion at 3 o'clock this afternoon.”

Accordingly we hastened to the office of the Engineers, and the negro custodian allowed us to enter without obstruction. Meigs, being familiar with all the depositories, went directly to that which contained the maps and plans of the Pensacola Harbor and the fort. Having spread them out upon the large tables, we commenced

work, each in his own way, and continued our labors nearly four hours with scarcely a word from either one of us. We made out lists of everything a bare fort would require; calculated the weight and bulk of the various pieces and packages, the tonnage needed, and the number of troops of the different arms required to place the fort in a state of siege. Meigs made out sailing directions partly, and a requisition for machines to sweeten sea water. We finished our plans almost simultaneously, and started at once for the White House. On arriving at the door, I found by my watch that it lacked only five minutes to 3 o'clock, and that it was impossible for me to go to Sixth Street, see General Scott, and report at the White House at the appointed hour. Nevertheless I concluded to go in and lay the case before my superiors.

We found the President and Secretary of State waiting to receive us in the Executive Mansion. Mr. Lincoln was sitting behind the table near the end; his right leg, from the knee to foot, which was not small, rested on the table, his left leg on a chair, and his hands were clasped over his head. Those positions were changed frequently during the conference, and I never saw a man who could scatter his limbs more than he. We sat down, and the places occupied by the four persons were about the corners of a square of eight feet sides.

"Gentlemen, are you ready to report?" said Mr. Seward.

"I am ready," said I, "but I have not had time to see General Scott, who is entirely ignorant of what I have been doing. As I am his military secretary, he will be angry if I don't let him know."

"I'm not General Scott's military secretary, and I am ready to report," was the remark of Meigs.

Mr. Lincoln then said: "There's no time to lose. Let us hear your reports, gentlemen."

Meigs read first, and his plan was as new to me as to the other auditors. Then I read mine, and there was nothing especially discordant in the two. Meigs went more into the details of engineering, and I into those of artillery, which was my specialty. When we spoke of scarps, counterscarps, terreplains, barbettes, trench cavaliers, etc., Mr. Seward interrupted, saying:

"Your excellency and I don't understand all those technical military terms."

"That's so," said Mr. Lincoln; "but we understand that the *rare* rank goes right behind the front!" and then he brought both feet to the floor and clasped his hands between his knees.

As soon as the readings were at an end, not a suggestion of an amendment or addition having been made by either of the august personages to whom we had addressed ourselves, the President said: "Gentlemen, see General Scott, and carry your plans into execution without delay."

It was already close upon six o'clock, which was our dinner-hour, and I made haste to return home. I found General Scott seated alone at the table, and saw in his countenance such a mixture of anger and anxiety as I had never witnessed before.

"Where have you been all day?" said he.

Then I described to him in the fewest words possible how Mr. Seward had declined to listen to my explanations; how he had directed me and Captain Meigs to make a plan to reinforce Fort Pickens; how he had told me to see General Scott and come to the Executive Mansion at 3 o'clock P.M. How I had been detained till it was too late to see him before that hour, and how

Mr. Lincoln had told me "to read my plan without first seeing you!"

"Did he tell you that?" said the general.

"He did, sir!" said I, and then there was a pause of at least five minutes.

It was easy for me to perceive that my chief was struggling to restrain a tremendous emotion. He no doubt felt, as he looked, like a haughty dictator who had been over-ruled. The majesty of his mien, which in times past was so threatening when thwarted in his prerogative, was not now apparent. In its stead I noted in his countenance that gloomy sadness, which antedates but little the culmination of honors and the lapse of power.

The spectacle before me demanded a deferential silence on my part, which I neglected to guard. To the excitability of my temperament was due a gross breach of decorum, of which, at the time, I was unconscious. Gladness sparkled in my eyes, and the tones of my voice were joyous. The dogs of War were to be let slip, and I a factor! Moreover all my faculties had been in violent exercise during ten hours without refreshment of any kind. There was not a mouthful of victuals, nor a drop of drink in the War Office, nor in the executive mansion, for us. Consequently I brought to the table the appetite of a Siberian wolf in winter, and the thirst of a Bedouin returned from a foray in the scorched sand of Arabia. The dinner was good and the wines choice. I indulged my voracity, while the general sat musing, and between every three or four turns of my knife and fork I poured off a bumper, throwing my head back to imbibe the last drop. What happened after dinner I cannot remember. It is certain that I was full of bread and well charged with distemperring draughts, though I was not by any means drunk. I sought my bed early, and

after a long sleep I arose refreshed for the hard work of the following day.

Early on the morning of April 1, Meigs and I commenced our preparatory work in the various military bureaus at Washington. We needed time to select officers, troops and material required, and to ascertain where they were. Colonel Harvey Brown of the Artillery was selected to command the expedition, and we drew up the following letter of instructions to him, the authorship of the letter being about equally the work of Meigs and me; except the words "if necessary for defence," which were inserted by Mr. Seward, to whom I submitted the letter. General Scott, before whom I afterwards laid it, attached his signature without remark or comment.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }
WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861. }

Brevet Colonel Harvey Brown, United States Army, Washington, D. C.

SIR :—You have been designated to take command of an expedition to reinforce and to hold Fort Pickens in the Harbor of Pensacola.

You will proceed with the least possible delay to that place, and you will assume command of all the land forces of the United States within the limits of the State of Florida.

You will proceed to New York, where steam transportation for four companies will be engaged, and putting on board such supplies as you can ship without delay, proceed at once to your destination.

The engineer company of sappers and miners, Brevet Major Hunt's Company M, 2d Artillery, Captain John's Company C, 3d Infantry, Captain Clitz's Company E, 3d Infantry, will embark with you in the first steamer. Other troops and full supplies will be sent after you, as soon as possible.

Captain Meigs will accompany you as engineer, and will remain with you until you are established in Fort Pickens, when he will return to resume his duties in this city.

The other members of your staff will be : Assistant Surgeon John Campbell, Med. Staff ; Captain Rufus Ingalls, Assistant Quartermaster ; Captain Henry F. Clark, Commissary of Subsistence, and 1st Lieutenant George F. Balch, Ordnance Officer.

The object and destination of this expedition will be communicated to no person to whom it is not already known.

The naval officers in the Gulf will be instructed to co-operate with you, and to afford every facility in their power for the accomplishment of the object of the expedition, which is the security of Fort Pickens against all attacks, foreign and domestic.

Should a shot be fired at you, you will defend yourself and your expedition at whatever hazard, and, *if needful for defence*, inflict upon the assailant all the damage in your power, within the range of your guns.

Lieutenant-Colonel Keyes, Military Secretary, will be authorized to give all necessary orders and to call upon the staff departments for every requisite material and for transportation, and other steamers will follow that upon which you embark, to carry reinforcements, supplies and provisions for Fort Pickens for six months.

Captain Barry's battery will follow as soon as a vessel can be fitted for its transportation. Two or three foot companies will embark the same time with the battery.

All the companies will be filled up to the maximum standard. Those to embark first from recruits in the harbor of New York. The other companies will be filled, if practicable, with instructed soldiers.

You will make Fort Jefferson your main depot and base of operations. You will be careful not too much to reduce the means of the fortresses on the Florida Reef, as they are deemed of greater importance than even Fort Pickens. [We regarded them as constituting the key to the Gulf of Mexico.]

The naval officers in the Gulf will be instructed to co-operate with you in every way in order to ensure the safety of Fort Pickens, Fort Jefferson, and Fort Taylor.

You will freely communicate with them to this end, and will exhibit to them the authority of the President herewith.

With great confidence in your judgment, zeal, and intelligence, etc.

[Signed] WINFIELD SCOTT.

The paragraph directing Colonel Brown to defend himself in case he should be fired upon was written by me, and when Mr. Seward insisted on the insertion of the words, "*if needful for defence*," I speculated on his motives and the character of his mind, which could suggest a benefit from such a diplomatic caution in my military composition. In writing the directions I antici-

pated the possibility that a rebel or piratical cruiser might cross his track, and in case a shot or shell should come hissing through the air from a craft bearing an unrecognized flag, he was instructed to return it, and to damage his assailant to the utmost of his strength. I have known officers who were so scrupulous about orders that, seeing such a phrase, they would, after the shot was fired, call a council of war to determine its meaning, and thus give time to the rover on the sea to cripple and capture the ship.

As I desired before leaving Washington to have in my possession such a warrant of authority as would secure to me instantaneous obedience of all the staff and other officers in and about New York, I wrote the following order, and carried it to General Scott for his signature. He took the order and held it in his hand, looking at it two or three minutes. Then he returned it to me, saying, "You had better get the President to sign that order." I then changed the heading, carried it to the White House, and Mr. Lincoln signed it without a moment's hesitation.

The order was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
April 3, 1861. }

Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Keyes, United States Army, Military Secretary :

You will proceed forthwith to the city of New York to carry out the instructions which you have received here. All requisitions made upon officers of the staff by your authority, and all orders given by you to any officer of the Army in my name, will be instantly obeyed.

[Signed] ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Having ascertained the stations and depositions of all the troops and materials we should require, and armed with the President's mandate, which is few in words but spacious in effect, Captain Meigs, Lieutenant Porter (now

admiral of the Navy), and I left Washington in the evening train of April 3, for New York. It was past midnight when we embarked in the ferry-boat at Philadelphia to cross the Delaware. As the boat was about to cast off, I heard a group of men talking about us. One of them said "There's General Scott's secretary; what's up?" Spies were so thick in those days that I assumed an air of indifference, and said, "Meigs, I'm not going to travel all night; please look out for my trunk, and I'll come on in the morning train, if I don't oversleep myself." The next morning I took the route *via* Amboy, and while going up to New York from that city I prepared orders for ordnance and recruiting officers, quartermaster and commissary, and Meigs being on hand at the quartermaster's office when I arrived, a buzz of activity was started immediately in the city.

Having issued orders, some in the name of Lieutenant-General Scott and some in the name of the President of the United States, and made requisitions upon the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and recruiting officers, the medical purveyor, and certain engineer officers, I went out to inspect such ships and vessels as were required. I agreed at once to the charter of the steamer "Atlantic" and the "Illinois," and later I engaged the "Philadelphia," and others through Colonel D. D. Tompkins, assistant quartermaster-general in charge at New York.

The amount of war material of every sort and subsistence of all kinds for, say, 750 men for six months, with forage for horses, and the various medical and quartermaster's stores, including fuel, would require the storage of not less than 12,000 tons. The stevedores were awkward in handling some of the heavy ordnance, the gun carriages and ammunition, and I was obliged to give fre-

quent personal attention to them. Fortunately, I knew, and had at my tongue's end, the dimensions and weight of every gun, howitzer, and mortar in the service, as well as their carriages, and the same of every weapon, shot, shell, and box of cartridges and fuses. Consequently I could aid in the proper placement of those things.

The number of notes, letters, and orders to be written was surprising, and the men who came to offer ships and various kinds of service were a constant interruption to us. We were obliged to cut short every interview, and decline all idle talk, and by the incessant labor of Meigs and myself we had the large steamer, the "Atlantic," loaded and ready to sail at 12 o'clock M., on the 6th day of April. Thereupon Captain Meigs addressed the following letter to the Secretary of State, whom we both regarded as the chief patron and originator of our enterprise:

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT
 STEAMER "ATLANTIC," }
 2½ P.M., 6th April, 1861.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR:—By great exertions within less than six days from the time the subject was broached in the office of the President, a war steamer sails from this port, and the "Atlantic," built under contract to be at the service of the United States in case of war, will follow this afternoon with five hundred troops, of which one company is sappers and miners, and a mounted battery. The "Illinois" will follow on Monday with the stores which the "Atlantic" could not hold.

While the throwing a few men into Fort Pickens may seem a small matter, the opening of a campaign is a great one. Unless this movement is supported by ample supplies and followed up by the navy, it will be a failure.

This is the beginning of a war which every statesman and soldier has foreseen since the passage of the South Carolina ordinance of secession. You will find the army and navy clogged at the head with men, excellent men—patriots, who were soldiers and sailors forty years ago, but who now keep active men out of their places, in which they could serve the country.

If you call out volunteers you have no general to command. The genius, born, not made, is yet to be found, who is to govern this great army which is to save the country, if saved it can be.

Colonel Keyes has shown intelligence, zeal, activity, and I look for a high future for him.

England took six months to get a soldier to the Crimea. We were from May to September in getting General Taylor to Monterey. Let us be supported. We go to serve our country, and our country should not neglect us or leave us to be strangled in tape, however red.

I remain, etc.,

[Signed] M. C. MEIGS.

The above letter was the frank expression of the thoughts of the writer at its date. Afterwards, and recently, when younger men, "excellent men, patriots," looked with longing eyes upon the office of Quarter-master-General of the Army, which he held, they served up the ingredients of that letter as their chief argument for his displacement, and they succeeded in putting him on the retired list, although his mind is still bright, and his capacity undiminished.

At the time Captain Meigs wrote his letter to Secretary Seward he was young, vigorous, handsome, clever, laborious, and, when he chose to be, seductive. When I saw him last, which was a year before his retirement from active service, it appeared to me that time had tallied the years upon him lightly, and I noticed no signs of mental decay. But his place being wanted, he was ousted.

The habit indulged in by young officers of the army of depreciating the capacity of their seniors, is not peculiar to any one in particular, but it is general. There is a certain age at which the majority of officers become unfit for duty in the field, but it is not universal, and in many cases it can only be determined individually. Dr. Johnson said a man might hate his king and not love his country, and it is equally evident that a man may be

young and not a good commander. It is also certain that some old men are good generals. Cæsar was past fifty when he crossed the Rubicon to display, at a later date, the most wonderful prodigies of his genius in the field against Pompey, Pharnaces, Mutius Scipio, and his old lieutenant, Labienus. Genseric shone in war when much older. In more modern times the Venetian Dandolo commanded with distinction the expedition against Constantinople when he was ninety-two years old. Turenne, who was the first general of his age, was killed in 1675, while in command of the French army, at the age of sixty-four years, and his opponent, Monticuli, was still older. Wurmser, at eighty years, gained the respect of Napoleon for his defence of Mantua, and Radetski, another Austrian, gained the battle of Novara, at the age of eighty-two. Finally, the examples of King William and his lieutenant, Von Moltke, show that septuagenarians are sometimes fit for duty in the field. Fitness does not depend upon years, but upon genius and strength and preparation.

The "Atlantic," with Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs on board, left New York for Pensacola on the 6th of April, P.M. Captain Grey was master of the ship, and I addressed' to him the following laconic note :

NEW YORK, *April 6, 1861.*

Captain A. A. Grey, Steamship Atlantic :

SIR.—The expedition, of which you are a part, is under the command of Colonel Harvey Brown. You will therefore implicitly obey his orders.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

By authority [signed] E. D. KEYES,
Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army.

The absence of Captain Meigs was a serious loss to me, as only about one-fourth the amount of stores to be forwarded was on board the "Atlantic." Although the

"Illinois" was nearly loaded, I had after the "Illinois" to load the "Philadelphia" and three sail-vessels, which were to be filled partly with the heaviest cannon and gun-carriages, which were so difficult to handle. I was obliged to examine numerous invoices and documents to ascertain what had been shipped and what more was needed, and to avoid mistakes. I was obliged to take measures to guard my secret, and I had for only clerk and amanuensis my young son, E. L. Keyes, to whom I took care not to mention the destination of the expedition, and I was not sure whether he had discovered it or not. I am certain, however, that Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs arrived off Santa Rosa Island unexpectedly to Bragg, and made success certain.

During the few days I worked with Captain Meigs, preparing for a great advantage, which was the security of Pensacola and its surroundings, I was struck with the ease with which he grasped his subject and the facility of his execution, and I was willing to concede that, whatever might be the merit of our joint labors, the measure of praise which was due to me should for him be filled to abundant overflowing.

Now that I am no longer spurred by ambition, nor troubled with official intrigues and jealousies, it amuses me to contemplate the off-hand style of my letters, orders, and other communications, of which I proceed to give additional specimens. One of my reasons for addressing Mr. Seward, instead of my chief, was, that I fancied a letter to him would be less liable to be tampered with.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1861.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

DEAR SIR :—Captain Meigs received a telegram to stop a certain vessel. Fortunately it came too late, and its execution would have struck our enterprise between the horns.

Coming on I told Porter, of the Navy, that the placing of one or two vessels in a certain place in time, would make the game certain—without, the loss will be certain.

I found some difficulty in chartering the ships. Insurance companies wished to know where they were going. I wrote on a slip of paper—"To go into any port between Passamaquoddy Bay and Brazos, or any port in the West Indies where a sloop of war could float." This, and the light battery put Wall Street in a mist.

* * * * *

Meigs has head and pluck, and Brown has zeal of the true stamp. When they begin to work look out for the capital, Forts McHenry and Monroe, the arsenals at Washington and St. Louis, navy yards, armory, &c. To know where troops are to be had at a moment's notice to defend them will be a *sine qua non*.

The "Atlantic" is off with Meigs and Brown, well laden. All this Sunday and all night a large gang of men will be loading the "Illinois," and she, I trust, will be on her way when the sun goes down. Then I must take a day to look through my and Meigs' memoranda to know what has been done, and what we expect to do. We could not employ clerks lest our purpose should get wind. I am not very expert with the pen, and Meigs writes so illegibly that what he commits to paper I call fixed facts.

When every preparation for defence is made two bull-heads should be placed in command of Forts Taylor and Jefferson, and Meigs, who can grasp the whole subject, ought not to be far from the capital.

I am sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

P. S.—I have not time to write to any one but you to-day.

The vessel referred to in the first paragraph of the above letter was the sloop of war "Powhatan" which it appeared the Secretary of the Navy desired for another purpose than ours. At the moment the telegram was received to detain the ship, I knew she had not passed the Narrows, and might have been stopped. The dispatch was not to me, and as I thought it almost indispensable that the vessel should go to Pensacola I said nothing and did nothing in the matter.

My second letter to the Secretary of State was the following :

NEW YORK, April 10, 1861.

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

SIR :—Lieutenant Rodgers of the Navy [afterward Admiral Rodgers] has reported. He has gathered some information at the navy yard for me. Nothing can be ready for sea soon except the "Perry" 10-gun brig. The formidable steam frigates, the "Wabash" and the "Roanoke," can be got ready in three and six weeks, so we must rest content with what we have in the Gulf and on the way there.

I had the good luck to get on board the "Illinois" one battery (Hunt's) of Napoleon guns, with ammunition and implements complete, and another battery (I suppose of Dahlgren guns) from the navy yard, with plenty of ammunition. In the "Atlantic" some shells were sent, with plenty of primers and fuses, cartridge bags, and such things as could be handled quickly.

The two ships took better than six weeks' forage for the horses and four months' complete rations for, say 720 men ; about that number will be there, as I sent 75 recruits to fill up, etc. I am straining every nerve to get forward such ordnance and stores as I know will be needed. Enough have gone to strike the first blow and to hold for a while against all they (the secessionists) can do, provided the naval vessels can place themselves. I shall charter another steamer to-morrow and secure the right to tow sail vessels which are now loading with such things as cannot be got on board the steamers. If large demonstrations are made there it will be necessary to increase our force to the war standard, which is 1,250 men. In view of the present complexion of affairs, a naval and military depot at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, is a thing of immediate and absolute necessity. That depot should contain everything. I guard my secret against all. Our opposers lack means of transportation, mechanical skill and capital. To distract their attention and cloud it with mystery is the best course.

The Union sentiment, or the conviction that the Government ought to be sustained, is growing among all parties. As soon as the first blow is struck the capital will be in real danger.

Curiosity to know what I am about has increased so much that I address this letter to you instead of General Scott. I am known to be his secretary, and my letters might be tampered with. Please show this to the general if it is worth showing.

I remain with high respect, etc.,

[Signed] E. D. KEVES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army.

The directions contained in the following letter were drawn up by Captain Meigs while we were engaged together forming our plans :

NEW YORK, April, 1861.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Brooks,
Commanding on board Steamship "Illinois."

SIR:—You, and the captain of the "Illinois" through you, will be governed by the following orders, which are to be opened at sea below Cape Hatteras :

Nos. 1 and 2. { As before directed, you will have discharged your pilot
in deep water and have passed Cape Hatteras twenty
miles to the eastward.

No. 3. { Cross the Gulf at right angles ; steer then for Mata-
milles Bank ; coast along the edge to lat. 25° 36' ; thence
make Carysford Light, and follow the usual course to Key
West.

No. 4. { Land the District Attorney Boynton at Key West.
Have no communication with the shore or boats except
to ask for orders at the Fort, but proceed with all speed
to sea.

No. 5. { Report yourself for orders to Colonel Brown, off Fort
Pickens.

No. 6. { Should anything prevent a literal compliance with the
above directions, you will follow them as nearly as possi-
ble, having in view their main purpose, which is, that you
should report to Colonel Brown, off Fort Pickens, without
delay.

No. 7. { Communicate these orders to no person whatsoever, ex-
cept to the captain of the steamer, and it is supposed it will
not be necessary that he should know more than that he is
to steer for Key West ; until after passing that point, com-
municate no more than is actually required.

By command of Lieutenant-General Scott,

[Signed] E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers having procured much important information from me, our relations terminated with the following note :

NEW YORK, *April 13, 1861.*

SIR :—Having given me the assistance and information required, to my entire satisfaction, you are now at liberty to return to Washington, in conformity with the instructions of the Secretary of War, which you received on the 8th instant.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

[Signed] E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

Commander John Rodgers, U. S. Navy, New York.

Having received no instructions from my chief to write to him, I omitted to do so, for fear my letters would be tampered with. My first letter to him was the following :

NEW YORK, *April 13, 1861.*

Lieutenant-General W. Scott,

Commander of U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

SIR :—The steamer "Philadelphia" has been chartered and is partly loaded. The work is suspended to-day by the rain, as most of the cargo would be ruined by wet storage. This steamer will carry a siege battery of ten pieces, with everything necessary to use it, also ammunition, implements, and other necessaries for the fort. It will also take the balance of a six months' supply of provisions and a considerable amount of forage and lumber.

If the first blow shall have been struck everybody will be safe and comfortable until the heavy armament arrives, and then the place will be impregnable against the present means of the seceders.

One schooner is loaded with the heavy pieces, and two others will be necessary. To place them on shore without the assistance of a wharf is the great puzzle. I will do what I can here to solve it.

Commander Rodgers, sent here to co-operate with me, has given me all the information I desired of him. The day he reported he remarked that he was a border-State man. To-day his expressions are strongly in favor of the Government against all opposers. It may be the noise at Charleston has brought him, as it has brought many others, to a just conclusion. I trust it has, as he appears to be an officer of merit.

The "Philadelphia" has accommodations for a company of men if it is

needful to send another company South. The vessel is old, however, and not so safe as I should have desired for troops.

Commander Rodgers leaves for Washington this evening. By the middle of next week I shall have accomplished the business for which I came here, and then I shall leave unless otherwise directed.

The vigorous measures of the Government are giving immense encouragement, and the traitors at the North will soon be obliged to take cover. I wrote last to the Secretary of State the 10th instant.

I am, general, with perfect respect,

Your most obedient servant,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

I have not the least doubt that the above letter produced a very disagreeable effect upon General Scott, although not intended by me. I must have appeared too positive to him, and the word "*traitor*," in connection with the sectional turmoil which then existed, had an unmusical sound to all men of Southern birth.

My next letter was to Mr. Seward.

NEW YORK, *April 14, 1861.*

Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

SIR:—The surrender of Fort Sumter, which is the conclusion of a series of bad things, leaves several ships at liberty, and I know not their destination. My secret is *not* out. Some conjecture Saint Domingo, others Texas and Mexico. Fort Pickens and Fort Jefferson are also among the guesses.

I had intended to leave for Washington next Thursday, but now the enterprise will take larger proportions. If it is intended to make all arrangements for a state of war I ought to remain longer. I know what is necessary, and yesterday I wrote to the general what I had done. Shall I wait here to get news of the first blow *from our own people*?

I have suspended work to-day and spent the time bewailing the fall of Fort Sumter and the loss of much labor. Of course the storm has dispersed the ships, and they cannot be heard from in less than a week, and I have the credit of having worked hard for defeat.

I am, etc.,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have seen Mr. Aspinwall, who says the

"Baltic" will be here on Wednesday evening, and that she is chartered by the month. Shall I load her here for the South? May she not be in Norfolk? There is an agency here for the Armstrong guns, and in six weeks we could have some here. Captain Kingsbury, of the Ordnance Office, is a perfectly competent and reliable officer in his department. He is something of a genius.

A Mr. J. Dow Williamson has just left me. Says he was in Pensacola on the 8th instant. Says also, the batteries to the right and left of Fort Burancas are mounted with *wooden* guns, and that Bragg is concentrating his forces in the live oak groves across the Bay, to the east of the town, and is building rafts upon which to cross to Santa Rosa Island.

If Vogdes' company has landed, I think they may hold out, and I have shipped the exact battery for that point which defends the landing on the island. I have heard, but not trusted, this man.

I should like to go on with the "Baltic," for if Brown, Meigs, and myself are Fort Sumterized, it ought to, and I trust will, kill us all.

I hope to finish loading the "Philadelphia" to-morrow night. I could not store ordnance supplies and forage in the rain on Saturday, and I would not work on Sunday, as it would have betrayed my secret. The "Baltic" ought to take more troops.

Respectfully, etc.,

E. D. KEVES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U.S. Army, Military Secretary.

The style and jumble of the foregoing letter perpetuates the feeling of rage and despair which possessed me when I heard that Fort Sumter had fallen. The fall itself was less than the cowardice and imbecility at Washington which preceded it, and was nothing compared with the suffering and blood which were subsequently required to regain the fort and place. It cost the life of Chatfield, whose valor I witnessed at the first battle of Bull Run, when we charged up the hill side by side in the line of file-closers. His courage shone with equal brightness in the last fatal act of his life, when he was killed in an assault. He was one who fought calmly and with no succeeding display of vanity. If he hoped for recognition, no one knew or knows it.

Mr. Seward wrote me a note in reply to the above

letter, which I do not find among my papers. Mr. Cameron disliked his officiousness in this matter, and for that reason Mr. Seward requested me to address my future communications to the War Department.

In my letter of instruction to Captain Kitteridge commanding the "Philadelphia," I observed the following paragraph:

Should you find yourself in danger of capture by the seceders, you will do all in your power to escape, and rather than allow your ship to fall into their hands, you will set fire to her, take to your boats, and report that she is loaded with gunpowder.

My next letter was to Colonel Townsend, Adjutant-General:

NEW YORK, April 18, 1861.

Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, Washington, D.C.

COLONEL:—The "Philadelphia" is now about loaded. A little more lumber, the mules, beef cattle, and 150 barrels of powder and some implements are all that remain to go on board.

We have had three rainy days, and it would not do to wet the forage. The handling of the siege train and the stowing were necessarily very slow.

I have sent down launches from the Navy Yard. I examined there the means and appliances which our people will have at hand to land the heavy ordnance, and obtained from a naval officer written instructions and diagrams to show the manner of using them. The three steam vessels carried twenty-four cannon with their carriages, with all necessary appliances, and upward of six months' provisions for the men, and about three months' forage, with an abundance of shelter and clothing. I must examine all inventories to see what has gone. General Scott will understand the immense labor I have had to perform, and I trust you will let him know how uneasy I feel at being here, while he has such burdens on his shoulders.

If you think the general would prefer I should join him before completing the business here, let me know by telegraph, and I will set out Saturday morning. If not, I shall start Monday morning.

I am, sir, etc.,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U.S. Army, Military Secretary.

I receive no answer to the above letter, and no letter from General Scott. The silence was ominous, and indi-

cated that I was laying up in store some kind of disapproval.

On the 18th of April I wrote to Colonel Harvey Brown, the commander of the expedition. The greater portion of the letter consists in statements already given, and which I omit. The conclusion of the letter was as follows:

We worked so harmoniously together here that I will speak freely to you. The war has commenced in earnest. Fort Sumter, after being girt without opposition by batteries, and insulted during four months, has fallen of course.

Fort Pickens has been long menaced and insulted under an armistice which has only bound our people, and perhaps will be in the hands of the enemy when you arrive. The time for moralizing it appears to me has passed, and I trust you will consider that to stick a spade in the sand is to begin the fight, and that you will rain a shower of iron upon the rebellious workers who menace you.

I remain, etc.,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army, Military Secretary.

From my letter to Captain Meigs of April 19, 1861, I omit the details contained in the first portion. The other parts contained prophecies that were subsequently verified to the letter. I wrote as follows:

The war will soon commence in earnest. 75,000 troops have been called for by the President, and more will be needed. Virginia has seceded, and North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas will immediately follow. Maryland may remain, as the white laborers menace the lovers of slaves. Missouri is doubtful. Perhaps there will be a fight there, but all the other slave States will go as a unit, except that Western Virginia may hang back.

* * * * *

In such a state of things it is all important that you should be here, and if you can make a little capital where you are, hasten on. I will enhance your exploits and capacity, and when you return, I trust we may work together for the common cause and for one another.

One thing I trust you and Colonel Brown will not lose sight of for a moment. That is, the necessity of having true men in charge of the Southern

or Gulf forts. A heavy hand should fall at once upon all such as sympathize with the rebels.

If we had had vigorous minds at the head of affairs six months ago the serpent might have been crushed in the shell. Even now I must venture on one sad prediction. It is this—at least one hundred tons of blood must be drawn from Northern veins, before Northern men will cease to heed the admonitions and to stand in awe of Southerners, and before they will cease to abide by the Constitution and laws which are not, and seldom have been, a bar to them.

It would be as unwise for us to act as to forbear the act, upon the supposition that the rebels have any feeling for us but scorn, as it would be to suppose the tiger in the jungle has pity.

The seceders having stolen nearly all the best arms and learned the use of them, while we have been moralizing, I anticipate frightful havoc among our Northern levies. The North, however, is [nearly] a unit [?] and if necessary, 500,000 men will be forthcoming. Two Massachusetts regiments have passed on, and they are thirsting for vengeance. No horror will surprise me, though I will do nothing that is not warranted by civilized warfare.

Many of our people, I know, would like to imitate in the South the conduct of Hyder Ali in the Carnatic.

Callum has been appointed A. D. C. to General Scott, and for that reason I stay here to finish.

In haste, your friend,

E. D. KEYES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army.

On receiving news of the arrival of Brown and Meigs at Fort Pickens in time to secure it, and to surprise Bragg, I prepared to return to Washington. Meantime, that city being threatened by the rebels, I was invited by General Sanford, of the New York State Militia, to go with volunteers from that State, over whom he gave me authority, as did Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, over a regiment from his State.

The transports "Baltic," "R. R. Cuyler," "Coatzacoalcos," and "Columbia," having on board the 6th, 12th and 71st regiments of New York Volunteers, and the first Rhode Island Regiment under Colonel Burn-

side, convoyed by the "Harriet Lane," left New York April 21, 1861, to rendezvous at Hampton Roads. I embarked in the "Baltic" with Colonel Daniel Butterfield's regiment. We arrived and anchored off Fort Monroe at 4 P.M., April 22. Colonel Dimmick, the commander, came on board and gave me a detailed list of the things needed to place the fort in a condition fit for defence. The present armament, as that brave and patriotic old soldier described it, was wretchedly dilapidated, and I lost not a moment in writing a full statement of the information derived from him to General Scott. It was desirable to proceed to Washington *via* the Potomac River, but the captains of the largest ships decided that stream was too shallow, and I ordered the convoy to proceed to Annapolis, where it arrived and anchored on the morning of the 23d. As soon as preparations could be made for the march, I ordered the troops to advance for the capital, and renounced my authority over them.

General Benjamin F. Butler was in command at Annapolis, and to him on landing I offered my services. I had never met that gentleman before, and although he was at the time a prominent politician, I had not felt interest enough in him to watch his proceedings. He invited me to his mess, and after being in constant communication with him six days I saw plainly that he possessed phenomenal activity and persistence of brain-power, and that he considered himself fit to be the leader in all the pursuits, callings, professions and occupations of men whether he had studied them or not. At this time I am not inclined to work out and condense upon a single page a formula which would embrace all the traits of his character, all his labors, aspirations, schemes and achievements, but I will give an anecdote of another man

which will set off in part the disposition of General Butler.

Several years before the war I met in the cars, going from New York to Washington, a New Jersey man who had invented a salt-boiling apparatus which he thought would prove efficient and economical. The man told me he had applied for a patent, and that he was on his way to see Senator Benton, who at that time was making speeches upon the subject of salt, its domestic and industrial uses, its value as a fertilizer, etc., etc.

It may be remarked, in addition to what I have already said of him, that of all the men I ever saw sitting in the upper house of Congress not one so completely filled my idea of a Roman Senator as Thomas Hart Benton. I admired the ponderous majesty of his presence, and listened with admiration to his surcharged arguments, none of which were derived from Mrs. Grundy nor from Caleb Quotem.

The inventor, who was a man of faint complexion and feeble tissues, armed with a proper introduction, found himself confronted with the august Missouri Senator. He was permitted simply to say he had invented a salt boiling apparatus, and then Mr. Benton commenced a dissertation upon salt, beginning with Lot's wife and coming down to the present time. He spoke nearly an hour, and concluded with a "Good-morning, sir!" that frightened the Jerseyman, who left without a word about his invention.

The above anecdote illustrates one phase of General Butler's character only. Unlike the senator, the general would have heard a description of the invention, provided that neither his interest, his vanity, nor his ambition was concerned in it.

I must add a word more about General Butler, although

I have greater reason to hate than to like him. At heart he would have fame, in default of which he is content with notoriety at the expense of abuse and slander. Weighed in the balance his virtues turn the scale against his faults, one of which his accusers call obstinacy. I think it should be called perverseness, which is locomotive obstinacy. He showed masterly vigor and judgment in anticipation of the capture of New Orleans, and his subsequent labors as governor of that city in its police and *assignment*, as well as in the proper treatment of the rebels, male and female, entitle him to be called a model city governor and to as much praise as any man occupying his position could have gained.

General Scott had sent several messengers, some of whom were intercepted, but one who came through brought me a letter the contents of which I did not anticipate, and of which the following is a copy:

WASHINGTON, *April 19, 1861.*

SIR:—Considering that you recently left me on a mission without my suggestion or special consent, and considering that in our late official connection I several times found it necessary to suppress acts of rudeness on your part, and considering that, after the high functions you have recently executed, I should find it still more difficult to restrain your temper, I think it necessary to terminate our official connection without further correspondence or irritation.

I enclose a letter this moment received from his excellency the Governor of New York, together with my reply, which you can either use or return to me as you may think proper.

Wishing you and yours all happiness,

I remain with much respect,

Yours,

[Signed]

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Keyes, U. S. Army.

The duty I had recently performed in New York, where there was no commander present to supervise me, was so

agreeable that I did not much regret the loss of my secretaryship, which had during the past winter not only required from me a perpetual attention and unremitted labor, but it also subjected me sometimes to the whims and caprices of a superior. Moreover in the sectional strife which then raged with such savage bitterness, my Northern sentiments, which I did not think it right to conceal, could not fail on frequent occasions to wound the susceptibilities of my chief. And although he had treated me with uniform kindness, and only one altercation had marred the harmony of our association, it was evident to me that its warmth was subsiding. Nevertheless, the duty I had so successfully performed, and which resulted in depriving the rebels of a port and navy yard of vast importance to them, I imagined entitled me to a respectful recognition from my superiors.

Although I intended to accept service with Governor Morgan, I thought it my duty to report in person to the President and Mr. Seward, from whom I had received my instructions. They were in earnest and thanked me warmly for what I had done. I was also cordially received by Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, and Mr. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, who invited me to breakfast, and by Professor Bache and many others. When I called on General Scott he declined to receive me, and I left his antechamber without showing anger to Colonel Townsend, who brought me the repellent message.

I was ignorant at the time of the opinion entertained by Townsend of the cause of General Scott's refusal to see me, and only learned it about three years ago from Townsend's own lips. He had for twenty years cherished the idea that I had gone away without notice from General Scott to place myself in correspondence with the President and Mr. Seward to reinforce Fort Pickens. I

have already related how I told the President that I was General Scott's secretary, and that he would be offended if I did not first notify him of what I was doing. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln ordered me to read my propositions, which I did, and then without a moment's delay I reported fully to my chief all that had happened. The President had a perfect right to give me the order, which was in no way improper; I was absolutely bound to obey the President, and if I had refused his dignity would have enforced him to dismiss me from the army on the spot. General Scott denied himself to Meigs also on his return.

General Cullum, who succeeded to my place on the staff, entertained a similar opinion, and was equally mistaken with Colonel Townsend. It was General Scott's wounded vanity which swayed his feelings towards Meigs and me, and colored the impressions he communicated to his attendants. If I had been guilty of the slightest treachery or disrespect to my chief, they would have been justified in condemning me, and the mistake they both made has caused in me no feeling of resentment for either one of them; on the contrary, my strong friendship for both remains unchanged.

Townsend, during the whole war of the rebellion, and for fifteen years after its close, held the important office of Adjutant of the Army. He performed his vast labors with ability, without spite or prejudice, and is one of the most conscientious and amiable of men.

My irritation against my former chief continued several years, but it gradually subsided, and was finally extinguished by an incident which I will relate in its proper place. I often spoke of his tyrannical conduct towards Northern officers, and referred to his having quarrelled with Worth and Temple, who had formerly served on his staff. They were both Northern men, and had no superi-

ors in the army for gallantry and accomplishments. I was unable to discover a more tenable reason for his quarrel with either of those meritorious officers than with me. In a conversation with Assistant Adjutant-General Baird, shortly after my discharge, he one day said to me, "All General Scott's sentiments are Southern, and towards Northern officers he has always been a most oppressive tyrant." It is true the general's birth and breeding made him necessarily partial to officers of Southern birth, and he was wholly unconscious of his frequent harsh demeanor towards those from the North. He would have considered it a gross insult to have accused him of official tyranny of any kind. I always felt far less hurt by his partiality for his own section than by the uniform indifference and neglect of Northern functionaries in regard to all natives of the North who were in the army and navy. Nearly every benefit I ever enjoyed in the service I owed to a Southern man.

The application from Governor Morgan of New York was for an officer to assist him in organizing the volunteers of his State for the approaching civil war. I was glad to find myself selected for a task of such distinction, and on the 2d day of May, 1861, I reported for duty to the governor at Albany. After twenty days I left him with the satisfaction that I had gained the approval of a most worthy and patriotic gentleman. At the close of our relations, Governor Morgan addressed to me the following note. I had notified the governor that I had finished the business for which I joined.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
ALBANY, *May 22, 1861.* }

COLONEL:—While heartily regretting, for reasons personal to myself, the necessity which severs our official relations, I cannot but congratulate the military authorities in securing the talent and experience possessed by yourself to the public service.

In terminating formally, as it becomes my duty under the circumstances,

and as I hereby do, the connection established by General Scott's orders on the 19th April, allow me to express my thanks for the invaluable services you have rendered me and the State in the organization and despatch of the quotas of troops forwarded by this State on the requisition of the General Government.

I am very respectfully yours,

[Signed] E. D. MORGAN.

Colonel E. D. Keyes, U. S. Army

The luxury of serving under a commander who did not feel himself degraded when I told him what I had learned in the army was so exquisite that I craved no additional reward for what I had done for Governor Morgan. I thought my services over-estimated, as they consisted chiefly in giving him the details of the organization of companies and regiments, the care of arms, ammunition and accoutrements, the selection and police of camps, the necessity of vigilance and impartiality on the part of officers, and of prompt obedience to orders by every one, etc., etc. I took special pains to show the necessity of guarding against the tricks of contractors and their innumerable devices to cheat the Government and wrong the soldier. On a certain day I was called to inspect a lot of specimen shoes. I think there were five. One of the shoes presented such a nice substantial appearance that it secured favor from the other inspectors, and my opinion was asked. Before deciding I had the shoe cut entirely open longitudinally. The sole was found to be welted all around, and a slip of wood beneath a shaving of leather gave it solidity. Such a shoe at the end of one day's march over the muddy roads of Virginia would have gone to pieces, and the patriotic foot of a volunteer would have touched mother earth. The sordid contractor who presented that shoe deserved to be shut up in prison and kept there until the end of the war. It is not improbable, however, that he is now playing the snob in a palace. His audacious attempt at robbery, as the times go, promised success and a gross fortune.

It was never my good luck to labor with a more agreeable company than when I was in the staff of Governor Morgan, of New York. He was a genuine patriot and a man of the kind that constitutes the true riches of a State. It was composed of Mr. Chester A. Arthur, who is now President, Mr. J. Meredith Read, since successively Consul-General in France and United States Minister to Greece, and Massena R. Patrick, a graduate of the Military Academy, and at present Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home in Ohio.

Mr. Arthur was remarkable for method and neatness. Like his chief, he showed no signs of egotism, and seemed intent only to execute his tasks promptly and well. Mr. Read, with whom in Europe I have since maintained correspondence and social intimacy, was also a diligent worker, but in his demeanor worldly ambition was apparent. He is of high birth, and his coat of arms is seen upon his note-paper. I heard an Englishman ask the question: "What does the Prince of Wales find in that American, to be always with him or writing to him?" Read remained in Paris throughout the siege of 1871 and collected an immense mass of details concerning it. He also recorded his observations upon Greece, which are highly interesting. On several occasions I heard learned Frenchmen speak admiringly of Read's ability and industry as well as in praise of his social qualities. Notwithstanding Read is aristocratic and fanciful, he is not snobbish, and among my most cherished friends I regard him as one of the most amiable and the least selfish. When I was last in Paris Read arrived there as I was on the point of leaving. I asked him if he was alone. "No," said he, "I came with the King of Greece."

Patrick was a most worthy man, and the genius of utility.

CHAPTER XX.

Arrival of Lincoln at Washington.—Caricatures.—Threatening letters.—
Dinner with Stanton.—The retiring President.—The inauguration of
Lincoln.—Visit to New York.—Scott's letter to Texas.—Anecdotes of
Lincoln.—Farewell speeches of Benjamin and Davis.

“WASHINGTON, *February 22, 1861.*”

MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the President-elect of the United States, arrived in Washington this morning before daybreak. He disguised himself and stole a march on those who anticipated his coming in the afternoon.”

The second day after his arrival a caricature appeared representing “Old Abe,” crouched in a large safe, of which the door was open. At his feet lay a maul, and an axe stood by his side. His meagreness and length of limb were exaggerated, but the likeness of his face and person was unmistakable. Such was the manner of his ingress to the capital, and the symbolized appearance of one of the mightiest figures of modern history.

“WASHINGTON, *February 25.*”

“Numerous letters arriving in the daily mails contain threats to assassinate General Scott. He assumes an indifference to the threats, but he shows the letters to great numbers of people, and wonders at their calmness. Last night he exhibited some of the letters at Mr. Crittenden's rooms in the National Hotel, and this morning when alone with me he commented on the imperturbability of

his auditors. He ended by saying he could see the selfishness of mankind in everything. I told him I thought mankind sympathized as much with him as with any man of my acquaintance. The general sent word for me last night and a week ago to come down to Mr. Crittenden's quarters and walk home with him. I trust the assassins will not pass their rapiers through me."

"February 26.

"Last night Mr. Stanton, the Attorney-General, dined with me. He is a man of vast attainments as a lawyer, with an extraordinary capacity for labor.

"He is a Union man, though he is one of President Buchanan's Cabinet."

Upon a more matured and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Stanton, after he became Secretary of War, under Mr. Lincoln, I found no cause to change my first impressions of his talents and industry. I discovered, also, that he was subject to violent impulses, and that occasionally he would decide upon insufficient evidence and sometimes with gross injustice.

One trifling incident will show my meaning: While I was in command of an extensive section of the defences of Washington city, I gave orders to Colonel Birney, of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, to proceed with his regiment and occupy a redoubt which had recently been erected. Three hours later, a messenger from Mr. Stanton arrived at my headquarters with a note, ordering me in precise terms to remove the soldiers instantly from the house and grounds of Mr. ———, who, I was informed, was a violent Secessionist. My horse being at the door, I lost not a moment, and on my arrival at the house indicated I found it and its inclosure vacant. I kept upon consultation with Colonel Birney, he informed while on the march a soldier fainted in the

it was raining hard he was carried in and laid on the porch of a vacant house that stood near, and left with a couple of soldiers till an ambulance could be sent for to take him to the hospital. The fainting man was not upon the premises above half an hour, but he was seen by the rebel, who considered his house defiled by the touch of a defender of the Union, and he represented the intrusion to Mr. Stanton as a violent trespass and outrage.

Mr. Stanton was accused of many hasty decisions, one of which resulted, in my case, in a monstrous injustice. He punished me ruinously, upon a report, without investigation, and to this day I am ignorant of the fault he imputed to me. I have always considered that I was a scapegoat. The blows he let fall on me set loose a hideous brood of misfortunes, which would have killed me if they had not stunned me and benumbed my faculties.

“To-day, Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President elect, came with a number of other gentlemen, mostly from the State of Maine, to pay their respects to General Scott. Frequently during the winter the general was the recipient of similar marks of respect and confidence. On one occasion an incident occurred which was attended with a curious excitement. Mr. Weir, the professor of drawing at the Military Academy, being on a visit to Washington, I invited him to dine with us. I told Cruchett in the morning that General Scott and I loved Mr. Weir, and desired to give him a good dinner, and he promised to do his best. As it happened, both the general and myself had recently laid in a stock of wines of various brands, and we had out specimens of every kind. Cruchett had also clustered upon a vacant corner of the table numerous jugs, flasks, decanters and black bottles containing *Eau de vie*, Kirchwasser, Curaçoa, Maraschino,

Chartreuse, old Bourbon and other like tokens of depraved taste and lax morality. All these indicated that we were the slaves of drink and devotees to gluttonous delights. When our feast was well advanced, and while we sat tasting and comparing the wines from our numerous glasses, a thundering knock at the door and a loud ringing at the bell announced the arrival of an important company, and the clatter of many feet was heard. 'My God!' exclaimed the general, 'these bottles! I am a disgraced man! bring me a pistol and let me blow my brains out! Keep them back, David!' It was a desperate emergency. I said to our guest, 'Let us clear the table!' So, gathering up as many bottles and glasses as I could hold, I rushed into the general's bedroom, which adjoined, hid them behind the bed, and returned for more again and again. Weir helped with all his might, while David delayed entrance by clanking the chain attached to the door and shoving the bolts, as if he were opening a cage of wild beasts. In this way we had time to clear the table of everything excepting one pint claret bottle that was half full, a few plates, crusts of bread and ribs of lamb cleanly picked, and when the first man of the numerous delegation from one of the western States entered the room, he saw nothing that he might not expect to see in a city during the last days of a siege. While this preparation was being made by Mr. Weir and me, the general quickly subsided from clamor to silence, from agitation to quiet, his face cleared up, and he posed for audience. I verily believe that old Father Abraham when he fetched the centenarian worshipper of the sun into his tent to give him wise instruction and hospitable entertainment, could not have presented a more majestic picture of calmness and dignity than did my venerable chief on this occasion.

“The delegates came in and arranged themselves compactly around him, like penitents who gather near a holy shrine. The foreman, in a few broken sentences, proclaimed his admiration for the aged hero, and begged his counsel for guidance through the perils that harassed the country. In reply the general acknowledged the honor done him, and then he proceeded in that low, soft voice which characterized his conversations on important subjects, to describe the national troubles and their causes. He inculcated good temper, caution and firmness, and gave hopes that the agitations might cease without bloodshed, which he greatly deprecated. He found fault with no one, and all he said encouraged good feeling and harmony. The impression made upon his hearers was profound, and I saw tears running down the cheeks of several sturdy men. Some of them were manifestly astonished to hear a voice so soft and gentle issuing from such a giant of war and renown. They all shook hands with him as he sat in his large arm-chair, from which he had not risen, and they left apparently fully satisfied with their visit.”

“WASHINGTON, *March 2.*”

“To-day the officers of the Army, or a majority of them, in a body, paid their respects to Mr. James Buchanan, the retiring President of the United States. Mr. Buchanan made a short complimentary address and took an affectionate leave. Not a word of compliment or consolation was said to him. Like all his predecessors in office from the North, he retires covered with obloquy, without honor, and without praise. He conceded to the South far more than he ought, but he failed in the last days of his administration to concede everything, and hence the neglect with which he is treated by all parties.

“From the executive mansion the body of officers proceeded to visit Mr. Holt, the Secretary of War. General Scott made a complimentary address to him, to which he returned a graceful response. I did not disagree particularly with anything that was said, but I felt melancholy to be obliged to hear all the compliments paid and received by Southern men. I had been so drugged with that custom that I could no longer tolerate it.”

“WASHINGTON, March 6.

“The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln passed quietly. The military forces and police had been judiciously posted, and I noticed no signs of disturbance. General Scott drove in his coupé to the side of the hill on the north of the capital, and remained in it during the ceremony. I was on horseback in plain clothes, and from time to time rode out to make observations and return to report to my chief, who escaped observation. There was an immense assemblage, and Mr. Lincoln’s deportment was admirable.

“The inaugural ball was a decided success. It was the first assemblage of the kind I had ever attended in which the great majority of leading personages of both sexes were not Southerners. The *coup d’œil* was encouraging.

“While I was standing at a distance looking at the President and his party, I observed Mr. Lincoln talking. He made a remark that must have amused himself, for he laughed loudly, and at the same time he joined his hands on Lord Lyons’ shoulder and bore down heavily. Mr. Lincoln’s acquaintance with the British Minister was of a week’s date, and had ripened quickly to intimacy. I trust the reader will not infer from the above remarks that I thought lightly of the President. On the contrary

I felt respect for him the first time I heard his voice, and every successive interview increased it.

Among the numerous delegations that called about this time to pay their respects to General Scott there was a rough-looking farmer from Illinois who said he was the man who, in former years, hired Mr. Lincoln to maul rails. I entertain no doubt that Abraham Lincoln would have been a great man even if he had never split rails, although many men called him "the rail splitter."

"WASHINGTON, *March 8.*

"This day, after a long discussion between General Scott, Professor Bache, the head of the Coast Survey, General Totten, chief engineer of the Army, Captain Ward and myself, it was determined not to be expedient nor justifiable to attempt the relief or reinforcement of Fort Sumter with any means at hand and within the time requisite to save the garrison from starvation."

The above conclusion was rendered inevitable by the scattering of the forces of the Army and Navy under Buchanan's administration.

"WASHINGTON, *March 9.*

"General Scott instructs me to proceed to New York city and despatch steamers to Texas to bring away the Federal troops."

"NEW YORK, *March 10.*

"Dined with my charming friends Dr. and Mrs. Van Buren. The feeling of home which I experience on my return to this city fills me with delight. My New York friends I am certain are the best people in the world."

"NEW YORK, *March 12.*

"Dined at Mr. Delano's. Had the seat of honor. Mrs. Delano is the daughter of Mr. Wm. B. Astor. The

hospitality of this dinner was elegant without the least sign of affectation."

"March 13.

"Dined at Mr. John Jacob Astor's, Jr. His father was present and evinced much interest to know my opinion about the prospect of war. Mrs. Astor's goodness of heart would have made her conspicuous in poverty, but in her affluence it tells with prodigious effect."

"March 14.

"Dined at William H. Aspinwall's and had the seat of honor. Messrs. Renwick, John Aspinwall, Gouverneur Kemble and five ladies were guests. At that time Mr. W. H. Aspinwall was a model in appearance of manly beauty and vigor. He was an active supporter of the Northern cause, and a merchant of great enterprise. It was he who projected the first line of steamers from Panama to San Francisco before the discovery of gold."

"NEW YORK, March 15.

"Dined at the Union Club. Conversed with Dr. William Gwin, ex-Senator from California. He remarked that General Scott had written a paper in reference to coercing the seceded States, and that Mr. Seward read that paper to Mr. Lincoln on the day of the inauguration. The paper, according to Dr. Gwin, stated how many men it would cost, and that a good young general could accomplish it. Dr. Gwin further added that in his paper General Scott regretted that he was not forty years younger, that he might do it."

The above paragraph is all I find in my journal in reference to the paper referred to by Dr. Gwin. General Scott I know wrote a paper on the subject of preserving the Union, but if it contained a proposition on his part to fight the South I have forgotten it. On numerous occasions he expressed to me his regret that he was not younger, say of the age of Hoche or Marceau, and at the

head of a well-disciplined army of 40,000 or 50,000 men, with which he could keep the peace.

General Scott was fond of referring to Hoche and Marceau, and it was apparent to me that he imagined a strong likeness of himself in those two gallant young Frenchmen. Hoche was so full of daring that the great Napoleon confessed that he would have feared him as a rival but for the fact that Hoche was too fond of money and pleasure. Marceau had an unusual ability to reform his broken battalions under fire, and to restore the battle when it swayed against him. Death cut off both those heroes before the age of 30 years. The present government of France is taking measures to perpetuate their renown, by placing their equestrian statues with those of Kleber and Desaix at the four entrances of one of the great public buildings in Paris. I saw the models at my last visit to France, and was struck with the resemblance of Marceau's figure to that of the late General Custer of our army.

“NEW YORK, *March 16.*

“Dined at Doctor Mott's. He is the most distinguished American surgeon living. The party was thirty in number, and agreeable. The venerable doctor explored his cellars, and brought forth five bottles of Madeira wine, the least ancient of which had been thirty-five years in his bins. Messrs. Gerard and Libbey, both intimate friends of Dr. Mott, General Scott and I were present. Mr. Gerard was a celebrated lawyer and a conservative Democrat in politics. He was an orator, and on one occasion, in the spring of 1861, he addressed a vast assemblage in the Cooper Institute Hall to prove that there would be no civil war. At the table he repeated some of his arguments; then turning, he called to me—I was far from him: ‘Colonel, what is your opinion—will there be

war or will there be peace?' 'There will be war!' said I. About a year afterwards as I was coming down the stairs of the Academy of Music, he left his ladies, and approached me, saying, 'General, you were right; there is war.' I noticed that many clever men declared there would be no war, and for the simple reason that they had never been called on to feel the cause of the war."

“WASHINGTON, *March 20.*

“Last night the grand letter from General Scott to the commanding officer in Texas, looking to the retention of that State in the Union, which had been the subject of numerous discussions, was despatched to its destination by Lieutenant Collins of the army. Prior to the despatch I carried the letter to Mr. Seward, and went with him to visit Mr. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War. In a conversation with me in the morning, and again at the meeting with Mr. Seward, General Cameron told me he would not agree to the plan without the previous approval of Mr. Lincoln in writing. Mr. Seward said to me, while we were alone together, that he did not wish the President's name signed to any paper in the matter. When I suggested that some words should be inserted in the paper to show that it was in co-operation with Governor Houston, he (Mr. Seward) exclaimed: 'It may as well begin here as anywhere!'"

“WASHINGTON, *March 22.*

“Yesterday General Scott wrote a postscript to the above-named letter to the commanding officer in Texas, and submitted it to a discussion with General Cameron, Secretary of War, and Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. The postscriptum, which was approved by those gentlemen, contained in substance a direction to the commanding officer there to co-operate with Governor Houston, or

other executive head of affairs in Texas, acting in defence of the Federal Government, provided such head was in command of a respectable force up in arms to maintain that government.

“ After finishing with Texas, Mr. Cameron having left, and only General Scott, Mr. Seward, and I being present, Mr. Seward remarked in strict confidence that he had received information from a high source, that General Albert Sidney Johnson, commanding the Department of the Pacific, was unfaithful to the Union. Senator Nesmith of Oregon was Mr. Seward's informant. My opinion of Mr. Johnson was asked. I had known and respected him as an honorable gentleman, believed him to be a Democrat, but could not say whether he was a Secessionist or not.

“ After a long discussion it was determined to send me to the Pacific coast to investigate matters there. It was decided that I should carry orders in my pocket, to be used at my own discretion, to send General Johnson to Washington, and to devolve his command on Colonel George Wright. The suggestion to send me to San Francisco came from Mr. Seward, and was acceded to by my chief with a reluctance that was quite apparent. At the conclusion, General Scott exclaimed, ‘What shall I do? I can work, I suppose!’ As I was anxious to go out and have an opportunity to look after my interests, the unsatisfactory tone of his remark made me apprehensive that I should not be gratified. I was not in the least surprised, therefore, when on the following morning the general wrote an order for Colonel E. V. Sumner to proceed without delay to San Francisco, and assume command of the Department of the Pacific. The order was approved by the Cabinet in secret session—Colonel Sumner embarked by stealth, and on his arrival in San

Francisco he went direct from the boat to General Johnson's headquarters, exhibited his orders, assumed command, and directed his predecessor to repair without delay to Washington."

It is possible that General Scott may have had more reasons than one for his reluctance to have me leave him on the mission proposed by the Secretary of State. I had studied to lighten his labors as much as I could, and to keep him informed of the current topics of the day. He might have detailed one, or if necessary two, officers to assist him in his office, but in regard to companionship I had one advantage over all others. I had studied his humors for fifteen years, and knew how to avoid giving him offence in everything except sectional disputes and matters tending to civil war. In reference to them I was heedless, and on many occasions I must have irritated him like a blister. When my gaze annoyed him I looked at something else, and never asked him to repeat a verbal order or word upon any subject whatsoever. He knew my partiality for that noble old soldier, Colonel George Wright, and would have been dull indeed if he had not foreseen that for me the noise of my heels on the stones would be all the proof I should need to justify the removal of General Johnson, and advance Wright to the command of the Department of the Pacific, and this was probably his main reason for detaining me in Washington.

In the line of my duty as military secretary to General Scott I had frequent interviews with the President, the Secretary of State Seward, and with Cameron and Stanton, secretaries of war. If ever there was a diamond in the rough, or good fruit enclosed in shabby husk, it was Abraham Lincoln. A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, after his nomination for President, described the nominee as "tall, gaunt, and as ugly, awkward and

shuffling in his gait as Horace Greeley." A stranger on seeing Mr. Lincoln would have concurred in that description, and would have found in his unreserved conversations with all approachers a strain of indescribable jocular freedom. I doubt if any man or woman could have had an interview of five minutes' duration with "Old Abe," as he was called, upon any subject without hearing him relate an anecdote to illustrate it, and many of his anecdotes were as broad and smutty as language can convey. Religion itself was in the category of his illustrations, as the following story told by him will prove.

A certain Judge Campbell of Illinois had in his circuit the town of Springfield, for which he entertained a profound dislike. One day when he adjourned his court, a demure individual approached and asked of the judge the favor of holding divine service in his court room on the ensuing Sabbath morning. The request being granted, a conversation followed, in which Mr. Campbell begged to know the denomination of Christians to which the applicant belonged. "I am an Adventist," said he, "and my discourse on the approaching Lord's day will be the second coming of Christ." "I beg pardon," said the judge, "your labor would be thrown away in this town. In the first place I don't think Christ was ever in Springfield, but if he was you may be sure he'll never come there again."

I do not intend, by the above allusions to Mr. Lincoln's peculiarities, to forestall my opinion of his merits. My first impression of his character was erroneous, and it required much observation and close study to enable me to penetrate the homely environments of his nature, and disclose the lustre of his genius, his candor, integrity and boundless benevolence. His story-telling enabled

him to discharge the fulness of his mind and sometimes to hint at his conclusions without giving offence. As he understood human nature in all its variety of exhibitions he acquired an unlimited scope of illustrations. His goodness of heart and freedom from suspicion sometimes made it difficult to detect treachery, self-interest, envy, rivalry, and malice, and consequently, during the first years of his administration, he gave a too ready ear to the advice of unscrupulous men and allowed unworthy and incompetent officers to be advanced, while their betters were disregarded. Poltroonery, covetousness, dishonesty and obscenity he discovered quickly, and his frankness naturally led him to expose them in the fittest words and similes. It would be as unreasonable and unjust to infer vulgarity and obscenity in the character of Mr. Lincoln, from the freedom of his speech, as it would be to question the genius and delicacy of Shakespeare because he has introduced in the same play, "Measure for Measure," two such characters as the incomparable Isabella and the disgusting Mistress Overdone,—the one possessing all the loveliness and virtue that man imagines in a woman—the other one of the same sex who condenses in two lines all the vilest depravities of human nature.

Judging the entire character of President Lincoln's mind and heart, and viewing the conduct of his whole private and public life, I am convinced that in genius he was the equal, and in unselfish benevolence he was the superior, of all the men who have hitherto occupied the chair of Chief Magistrate of the United States. That a man so great and good should have been wantonly slain by an actor whose declamation on the stage he had come to witness, would be incredible if history had not taught that the wisest and most humane rulers of ancient and

modern times were the most exposed to the assaults of murderers. Cæsar, William of Orange, and Henry IV. of France were assassinated, but Nero, Ivan the Terrible of Russia, and Henry VIII. of England, were permitted to die in their beds.

In regard to Mr. William H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln, although he was my professed friend, I find greater difficulty in defining his character satisfactorily to myself. It is certain that he was a man of more than ordinary talents, laborious and full of ambition in civil life, but not inclined to martial exploits. He abounded in words, both spoken and written, but his reasoning was not conclusive because his judgment was not positive. He was convinced that there was an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, but he failed to foresee clearly the necessary termination of that conflict in civil war. He made a speech in Wall Street, in the autumn of 1860, to prove that all the disputes between the North and the South would be amicably settled in sixty days, and recommended the merchants to continue their commerce. After the civil war commenced he said it could have been avoided if his advice had been followed. He filled many offices, the most important of which were those of Governor of New York, United States Senator and Secretary of State. He was faithful in all his trusts, but he did not equal in genius the greatest men of his time. After my return from New York on the 18th of March, I observed that he had lost all hope of a national reconciliation, and he originated the idea of reinforcing Fort Pickens and pursued it with an unqualified zeal. His disposition had become entirely belligerent, and his conduct thereafter in his office of Secretary of State was such as entitled him to rank with the noblest patriots.

As to General Scott, it appeared to me, and many entries in my journal testify to the fact, that he had become much less anxious to strengthen the Southern forts than formerly. He was oppressed with maladies of age, and his debility had increased. It being Lent we often dined alone. The general ate and drank with a tolerable appetite, but the moment the repast was finished he would call David (I gave the name David to all his body servants after the great sable David of the Canadian frontier), to wheel his spacious arm-chair around, and put his feet up; then he would say, "A dull man would be the death of me now," and I would survey his countenance and determine whether to leave or to talk upon some subject that would not annoy him.

Occasionally, during the winter, the general requested me to go to the Senate Chamber and listen to the debates. On my return I would relate to him what I had heard and seen. My memory being good, I was able to repeat the swelling periods of the Senatorial magnates and save him the trouble of reading. As I was almost equally vexed with both factions, I slashed them both in my criticisms, and in that way I made myself more interesting to my chief. When I heard Mr. Sumner and others proclaim the superiority of the North in jurists, men of science, historians, orators, merchants, mechanics, philanthropists, schools and general intelligence, I felt disposed to stone them. Every speech of the Northern Senators had something deprecatory in it, and that at a time when all the powers of the Government were in the hands of Southern men. If I had been a member of that august body of law-makers, my only speech would have been: "The North demands its equal proportionate share of authority, offices and honors of the Government, or war!" Notwithstanding my hostility of sentiment, I admired

the graceful dignity and splendid elocution of the Southern Senators, as well as the candid selfishness with which they told how long and grievously they had groaned under the oppressive exactions of the North.

I was present and heard the farewell speeches of Senators Jefferson Davis of Mississippi and Benjamin of Louisiana. Of the former it is unnecessary for me to say much. As a rule there was a mannerism in all his public discourses by which he endeavored to appear in loving harmony with his audience, although he was obstinate and selfish by nature, and his heart was as cold as a stone.

While he was Secretary of War he was partial and capricious in the exercise of his authority, and showed hostility to Generals Scott and Wool. He would seldom comply with a suggestion made to him by another, but would say, "Quite the contrary, sir!"

I don't know how I can better exemplify Mr. Davis's disposition, than by repeating a story which General Scott often told, late in life, to illustrate the word *contrary*.

Down in North Carolina there once lived an old Scotch farmer whose son was named Jock. One day an obtrusive old sow, whose time had come, was missing. The farmer and his son went up the stream to hunt for her. Far up they found her in the bushes with many little grunTERS near. Having started them homeward, the old man said, "Jock, you cross over and look along down, for she's a *contrary* old bitch, and I wouldn't wonder if she pigged a little on both sides the creek!"

It is understood that Mr. Davis wrangled more or less with his own people during the war. He is determined to have his way of thinking till he dies.

In regard to Mr. Benjamin, he appeared to me to be essentially different from Mr. Davis. Notwithstanding his incomparable abilities, and that he with great reluctance

became a Secessionist, he never excited animosity in me or any other Northern man so far as I am aware. When I listened to his last speech in the Senate, I was transported out of myself. Such verbal harmony I had never heard before. There was neither violence in his action nor anger in his tones, but a pathos that lulled my senses like an opiate that disturbs the domain of reason and fills the mind with delightful illusions. I was conscious that it was Senator Benjamin who spoke, and that his themes were mighty wrongs and desperate remedies, but his words I could not recite, nor can I yet recall them; but memory restores the illusive pleasure they left, which is not unlike the impression I retain of my youthful days, when the voices of my loves—since mute—enchanted me in bowers and shady walks.

One day I was in the Senate Chamber, when the chairmen of an unusual number of committees reported. The heads of the committees on Foreign Affairs, Finance, Ways and Means, Commerce, Judiciary, Military and Naval Affairs, Post-Offices and Post-Roads, were all Southern-born men, and they also had places on other committees. As the speakers rose in succession to report, my strength seemed to be giving way, and when I returned home, shortly before dinner, I feigned more debility than I felt. Going into the dining-room where the general was sitting alone, I dropped upon the sofa as though I was exhausted. The general exclaimed, "What's the matter? Are you ill!"

"Not ill of any distemper, but of debasement, and a sense of inferiority," said I.

"What's happened? I don't understand you."

"I have been to the Senate, and have heard the chairmen of the great committees report, and all of them were Southerners. Only one Northern man spoke, and he

was chairman of the Committee on Public Grounds and Buildings. It is his duty, I suppose, to stand at the gate uncovered and make obeisance when his masters pass on their way to the Capitol."

General Scott said nothing in reply, but he reached out and handed me the small pamphlet containing the names of all the members of both houses of Congress. "Young gentleman," said he, "look at that list and tell me if you find better names for chairmen than those that distress you so much?" He said more, but I have forgotten his exact words. They gave me the impression, however, that none of the Northern senators were fit to be the heads of the principal committees. Thereupon I discharged all signs of life from eye, lip and limb, slunk into a corner of the sofa, and in a mournful voice ejaculated: "Now I'm dying, and I wish to die, for my race is degraded; none of my breed is fit to be the head of a committee of Congress." The General made light of my sadness, and I, having been long accustomed to similar debasing spectacles, soon turned my thoughts upon more agreeable subjects.

CHAPTER XXI.

The War of the Rebellion.—State of Affairs at its Outbreak.—Letter to the President.—Bull Run.—The Peninsula.—Letter to Senator Harris.—Fair Oaks.—Testimony concerning the Battle.—The Field Revisited.—Conversation with President Lincoln—Letter from Secretary Chase.

IN this concluding chapter of my book there will not be found a consecutive history of any part of the War of the Rebellion, but it will contain facts and documentary evidence in relation to the service of troops I commanded which have not been heretofore reported. It will also embrace references to my own conduct and to other officers, and to histories of the conflicts in which I was engaged.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion Northern officers enjoyed about the same standing in the Federal Army as the Sepoys enjoy in the English East Indian military service. In civil life "Northern men with Southern principles" had the best opportunities for advancement, and among all the governing classes a man suspected of being an abolitionist was deemed unworthy to walk in any of the paths of honor.

The state of things then existing in the army is set forth in the following letter which I addressed to Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect :

NEW YORK, *November 26, 1860.*

Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President-elect.

DEAR SIR :—I am an officer of the army of more than twenty-five years' standing, and I am going to present certain facts in relation to the service which you may deem worthy of being considered in the selection of your Secretary of War.

At this time all the departments into which the United States and Territories are divided are commanded by officers of Southern birth, saving only the Department of the East, which embraces the country east of the Mississippi River, where but a small number of troops are stationed. The great bulk of the army is in the Departments of the Pacific, Utah, the West, New Mexico and Texas, and the applications, conduct and prospects of all Northern officers must pass under the revision of Southern men before they reach the commanding general or the Secretary of War, who are both Southern men.

The Surgeon-General and Quartermaster-General, the chief of the Topographical Bureau, the Chiefs of Commissary and Ordnance Bureaux, are all Southerners. During the past twelve years Messrs. Conrad, Davis and Floyd, all Southern men, and of extreme Southern views, have been charged with the patronage of the War Department, and they have taxed that patronage to the utmost to build up and fit for command the young officers of Southern birth, while those from the North have been treated with neglect and contempt.

In 1855 four new regiments were added to the army, and of the sixteen field officers then appointed from the officers already in commission, eleven were of Southern and five of Northern birth. The selections made for promotion were made ostensibly on the ground of merit, but the judges themselves were from the South, and when Southern men shall admit Northern men as equal to themselves in any respect, the Millennium will have arrived, and war will have ceased.

As I have no personal interests to serve, and no grudge against any Southern individual, and as I acknowledge that nearly all the favors I have received since I entered the service I owe to the kindness of Southern officers, it may be asked why I write this letter. I write to ask that you will appoint a Secretary of War, a Northern man, who, like Wade or Sherman, or one who understands the principles of dominations, will proceed to build up Northern officers and place them in commands proportionate with the population of the North, or, if the present policy of giving all authority, command, grace and dignity to the Southern officers is to be continued, the young men from the North ought to be notified in advance, so that when they enter the army they must never aspire to any but subordinate positions.

How is this apparent superiority, as exemplified in the army, brought about? If we examine the Cadets' Registers it will be seen that Northern talent predominates at the military academies. There the standing in the classes is determined by daily examinations, and the knowledge of facts is demonstrated in the presence of all, so that partiality and favoritism have no room to operate. But as soon as the cadets are put in commission it is found that all the Southern officers coalesce to assist one another, and that

all their civil functionaries are on the watch to advance their friends. On the other hand, Northern officers being wholly overlooked by Northern functionaries, are divided among themselves, and of those who have spirit and capacity some turn doughfaces, and others, the victims of disgust and blasted hopes, die early, or fall into premature decay of body and mind.

In the city of Washington no one can fail to see with what an arrogant assumption of superiority Southern men demean themselves. In the army Southern domination is more apparent and pernicious than elsewhere.

One of the chief benefits of a military peace establishment being to ascertain who is fit to command, nearly the whole fruit of the twenty and odd millions spent yearly on the army goes to foster the martial capabilities of the South. That fact, but more still the insolent superiority and propensity to domination inherent in Southerners, have at last waked in the North a spirit of vengeance, a spirit which will never subside until the patronage, commands and honors of the Government are justly and fairly distributed.

I am, Sir, with perfect respect,

Your obedient servant,

E. D. KEYES.

The election of Mr. Lincoln made civil war inevitable, but its magnitude was not foreseen by many. The veteran General John E. Wool estimated the situation properly when he declared that an army of 200,000 men should be placed at once in the field to take Richmond and hold it. Wool's opinions were ridiculed as the mutterings of a dotard, and General W. T. Sherman, who called for an equal force in Kentucky, was pronounced crazy. The advocates of half measures prevailed, and a call was made for 75,000 volunteers. Congress voted an increase of the regular army, and of the new regiments of infantry to be added I was appointed colonel of the 11th and despatched to Boston to recruit it. My recruiting was scarcely begun when I was ordered, upon the requisition of General Irvin McDowell, to return to the capital and take command of a brigade in his army, at Arlington.

My brigade was composed of four regiments of volunteers, the 2d Maine, the 1st, 2d, and 3d Connecticut.

When I assumed command early in July, 1861, there was not a man under my orders whom I had ever seen before. The intelligence of officers and men enabled them to learn their duties quickly, and at the end of two weeks, when we took up the line of march for Manassas, I could manœuvre my brigade without difficulty.

On the evening of July 21, I was encamped on the slope of the hill at Centreville. General McDowell called a council of war, and the movements for the next day were discussed. The plan of the intended battle, from all I could learn of the field and the position of the enemy, was a good one. I noticed no want of confidence in our commander, and but for the rawness of a large majority of the volunteers a victory might have been anticipated.

The division of Brigadier-General Daniel Tyler was composed of the brigades of Schenck, Wm. T. Sherman and my own.

General Tyler was a graduate of the Military Academy, and, though past sixty years of age, his activity and fitness for command were not impaired, while in the army he had been distinguished for his knowledge of his profession and employed on various important duties. He was a man of high character.

My orders required me to march at 2 o'clock in the morning of July 21, and precisely at that hour I moved out of the field where we had bivouacked into the road. As General Hunter's column was passing I found mine obstructed by his men, and after thirty minutes I received orders from General Tyler to place my brigade on the side of the road and allow Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions to pass. The road was so narrow that, being anxious about the long delay, I sent a staff officer to ask permission to get forward as best I could. The

aide returned with orders from General McDowell to remain where I was. When the road was clear I pressed forward and overtook Sherman's brigade at the crossing of Bull Run above the bridge. Some of his companies were doubled up at the ford, and I was obliged to halt my column not less than five minutes to allow them to straighten out before my leading files entered the stream.

After crossing I kept my men well closed, and on reaching the top of the hill I formed line, facing the enemy, and proceeded to the attack simultaneously with General Sherman.

The above specific description of my movements I think excusable, for the reason that I have frequently seen it stated that the loss of the Battle of Bull Run was due to the delay of Keyes' brigade! Senator Chandler, in one of his speeches, cited my delay as one of the probable causes of defeat, and when I wrote to ask his authority for such an assertion, he replied: "They said so!" As neither General McDowell, nor his able and observant chief of staff, General Jas. B. Fry, General Tyler, nor any officer or man of my brigade, ever hinted that I was tardy in getting into the fight, I took no further notice of the groundless slander.

The service of my brigade in the battle of Bull Run is described in my report of it, which is found in the 2d volume, page 15, Rebellion Record. I had the enemy constantly in front of me, and renewed my assaults several times. I was on the extreme left, and about twenty minutes before the panic on the right commenced I found myself in a critical situation. A strong body of Rebel infantry was in front of me, and on the left was a battery of artillery that opened fire and sent its shells *chattering* along parallel to my line, and all

dred yards in rear. To get away from that exposure I faced my line to the right and moved rapidly around the base of a hill, a distance of about 300 yards. That movement was scarcely accomplished when Lieutenant Emory Upton (afterwards General) came to me with orders from General McDowell to retire, as the right wing had been routed. The beginning of the rout, or panic, was indicated by a sudden lull in the firing, which produced an ominous effect in my mind.

As I retired, with ranks closed, towards the point where I was to descend to the crossing of Bull Run, I saw on the heights to the left a long line of Rebel infantry looking down upon us in what appeared to be a state of uncertainty. They did not fire upon us, although we were within range, and I joined the retreating mass a short distance in rear of General McDowell and his staff. I allowed all my brigade, which was in perfect order, to file past me into the road, and then I followed to the ford without any molestation from the enemy.

After crossing the stream there was not a sign of military organization to be seen, but there was very little noise. The retreating current tended towards the main road, which I joined at a point about half a mile from the bridge. The road, and both sides of it, were crowded with men, horses, cannon, baggage-wagons, and ambulances.

My aide, Lieutenant Gordon, was riding by my side, and shortly after we got into the main road the Rebel cavalry came thundering upon the retreating mass from the opposite side. Then a scene of confusion ensued which beggars description. Cavalry horses without riders, artillery horses disengaged from the guns with traces flying, wrecked baggage-wagons, and pieces of artillery drawn by six horses without drivers, flying at their

utmost speed and whacking against other vehicles, soldiers scattered everywhere, running, some without arms or caps. I saw men throw down their muskets with a gesture as violent as they would throw off a venomous reptile. The rush produced a noise like a hurricane at sea.

After crossing Cub Run the hurly-burly subsided in a great degree. I kept on at a moderate pace, met Captain Meigs and exchanged a few words with him, and a little further along I was addressed by Donn Piatt, who was trying to collect men to stay the retreat. I tarried not with him, but pursued my way to my bivouac of the preceding night, where I found all the survivors of my three Connecticut regiments collected together. Col. Jameson, 2d Maine, on his arrival at Centreville, in advance of me, had been directed by General Tyler, or General McDowell, to proceed to Alexandria. In a little while orders came to me from General Tyler to return to our former camp near Falls Church. The ranks were formed, and after a tedious night's march we reached our destination after daylight the 22d July, and found all our tents standing.

Having been 27 continuous hours in the saddle, with occasional short intervals in which I kept the reins in my hand, I felt weary. After giving orders that no man should leave camp, I lay down for an hour's rest, which restored me to freshness. While I was lying down Colonel (afterwards General) W. T. Sherman came alone into my tent. His countenance was that of a disappointed man. After resting in silence twenty minutes, he arose and departed. I am not certain whether Sherman had troops or company with him or not.

Captain Hodge, the Brigade Quartermaster, was a man of extraordinary energy. I dispatched him to Washington to bring out teams to carry in the tents and other

public property. He had great difficulty to prevail on the drivers to venture out, but finally succeeded in bringing over a small number, which was gradually increased to about forty wagons, and he procured twelve long platform cars from Alexandria. We sent in and saved from the enemy not less than 175 six-mule wagon loads of tents and camp equipage belonging to my brigade, the Ohio brigade, and others (comprising about 9,000 men), which but for us the rebels would have captured. We left nothing, and in the afternoon of Tuesday, at the head of my three Connecticut regiments of volunteers, every man with his musket, I marched from the railroad to Fort Corcoran on the Potomac, where we arrived at 5 o'clock P.M., or about fifty hours after crossing Bull Run in retreat. The last three miles of our march from the railroad was over ground as desolate in appearance as the land of Idumea.

The energy displayed by Col. Terry—since, and now, a major-general in the regular army—Colonels Chatfield and Burnham, their officers and men, and Captain Hodge, Brigade Quartermaster, deserves to be recorded. Very little notice has ever, to my knowledge, been taken of our delay in the retreat, but it was reported to me that "they said" I had deserted to the rebels!

Major-General Terry being alive, and in high standing in and out of the army, and others of my brigade can testify to the truth, or falsehood, of the foregoing narrative, and if any portion of it is exaggerated they will not fail, I trust, to correct it.

General Tyler was active throughout the day riding from one of his brigades to the other, and he was long enough with me to know all my doings. The following extract from his report expresses his opinion of my brigade of soldiers :

On closing this report it gives me great pleasure to express my admiration of the manner in which Colonel Keyes handled his brigade ; completely covering it by every possible accident of the ground while changing his position, and leading it bravely and skilfully to the attack at the right moment, to which the brigade responded in every instance in a manner highly creditable to itself and satisfactory to its commanding officers. At no time during the conflict was this brigade disorganized, and it was the last off the field in good order.

Gen. Beauregard in his book states that the small loss in Keyes' brigade (10 per cent.) was due to the skill with which it was handled by its commander.

Shortly after the battle of Bull Run, I was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and took command of another brigade at Arlington, under General McDowell. There I was associated on duty with Brigadier-General James Wadsworth of New York, a man of great worth and exalted patriotism. One day he said to me : "If my father was alive now, and would not devote his mind, body, and estate to this cause, I could not respect him." He told me he was an abolitionist.

The first time I relieved Wadsworth as general officer of the day, he was going to lead me directly across a large open field at one side of which was a thick wood in possession of the enemy, to one of our posts. I represented to him the folly of exposing ourselves at short range to the rebel sharpshooters, as we were in full uniform, and there was no necessity for doing so. Accordingly we made a detour. General Wadsworth was subsequently killed in battle. No better patriot fell in the war.

After General McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac, I was advanced to the head of a division which Don Carlos Buell had left to go West. I was in charge of a section of the defences of Washington.

The subject of army corps was discussed, and I expressed my opinion in favor of such an organization.

announced by General McClellan in orders, and I was assigned to the command of the 4th corps, Army of the Potomac, Generals McDowell, Sumner, and Heintzelman being respectively assigned to the 1st, 2d, and 3d corps. I understand that General McClellan was not in favor of the appointment of any one of the four above named. It may have been rumor in regard to others, but I am certain he was opposed to me. I was, therefore, conscious that, in addition to the responsibilities of an important command, I was about to enter upon a campaign laden with disfavor at headquarters. For that reason I was the more cautious to avoid all acts and words of insubordination, and determined to obey the orders of General McClellan with the same zeal that I obeyed the glorious Colonel George Wright in his Indian campaign of 1858.

The discussions concerning the line of operations against the rebels were protracted and warm. President Lincoln took part, and the clearness of his perception on this subject, as on most others, was apparent. The elements of ferocity and selfishness, which are not unusual with first-class military chiefs, were wholly foreign to Mr. Lincoln's nature. Nevertheless, there was not one of his most trusted warlike counsellors in the beginning of the war that equalled him in military sagacity. His supreme benevolence caused him many times to surrender good positions for bad ones.

The line by Fort Monroe and the Isthmus was my first choice, and for that I voted after I had sent and gone to the Navy Department, and received assurance upon two points—1st, that the rebel ironclad Merrimac had been neutralized by the illustrious hero, John L. Worden, and 2d, that the navy would be able to co-operate effectively to secure to us the free passage of the James and York rivers, and especially the latter.

General McClellan was at first in favor of the line by Urbana, but he was not strongly opposed to the line by Fort Monroe, which was his alternate choice, and to that point his army was transported.

That body of about 120,000 men, which landed at Fort Monroe in March, 1862, lacked some of the qualifications of an army. The material was good enough to form a Spartan Phalanx, or Cæsar's favorite legion, and General McClellan had shown superior ability in organization; but there were many new levies with little or no instruction, and the majority, from want of experience, were deficient in *esprit de corps* and the necessity of passive obedience. The want of training of the volunteers, however, was not greater than the incongruity of the officers of the regular army who held the superior commands.

That incongruity is easily explained. During forty years before the rebellion it was an axiom with the War Department that no officer was fit to command an army who was not of Southern birth. My loud dissent from that assumed axiom was considered a sure indication of folly and incompetency. I refer to myself simply as an exponent of a state of things that naturally grew out of the institution of slavery.

When the Southerners retired from the army the Northern functionaries, in their discordancy and dejection, cast about for another class of men fit for commands. As the military sentiment was not in repute at the North, the public mind turned upon men of science and politicians. The Engineer Corps was the principal depot of science in the army, and the politicians were obtrusively near.

The Engineer Corps is recruited from the heads and upper files of classes at the Military Academy, and the

exaltation of superiority in scholarship while a cadet is not modified or lessened after graduating, but is increased by exclusive employment and association as officers. The engineers are worthy of all respect for their talents, integrity, and devotion to duty; but they appear always to overlook and disregard the necessity of service with troops of the line as a preparation for command in the field. The grumbling old line officer goes to duty and observes precedence often against the bias of his judgment. Not so the engineer officer, who has acquired the habit of independent action and placed science above a knowledge of human nature in the management of soldiers.

In the beginning of the war the engineers were nearly everywhere in the direction. Those first in command offered a strange variety of administration due to their native dispositions. They were able and active, but those who disapproved them voiced their criticisms in strains like the following: Halleck was stub and twist; Fremont was vanity incarnate; Rosecrans was polemical—but it is not possible to encase McClellan in a single phrase that will show him fully. I must therefore drift a little into his character, and sink a winze here and there to find the value of his metal.

At West Point I had McClellan under instruction in artillery and cavalry, and was struck with the facility with which he learned his lessons and his strong attachments to friends—qualities for which he has always been remarkable. I knew how proud he was of being in the Engineer Corps, but I did not forecast his love of popular applause, which, though apparent, was occasionally overstated, as it was one day by old Count Gurowski, the snarling ex-Polish nobleman and translator in the Department of State.

It was after a review in the outskirts of Washington, when McClellan returned late in the afternoon followed by a train of generals, adjutants, aides, orderlies, senators and other civil functionaries, and a rabble of idlers that would have been crowded on ten acres of ground. Nothing was lacking that denotes

"Supremacy and all the large effects
That troop with *power*."

Among them was old Gurowski, who wore a wide-brimmed hat and a gray overcoat. I was quite intimate with the count, who had taught me several new epithets of censure and terms of dissent. After a while the old Pole came sidling up to me. His lowering countenance showed that the glittering pomp of war had no power to cheer him. He found fault with everything; said he had lived many years in Washington and had noticed how quickly the heads of popular favorites were turned, but no head was ever turned so quickly as that one yonder—pointing to McClellan.

Such denunciations as the above, which were frequent, ought not to weigh in our estimate of the character under discussion, since if there has been, or is now on earth, a man whose head could not be turned by the show and adulation of which General McClellan was then the subject, I have not known him. Unfortunately for him, however, the host of his admirers embraced all the "Northern men with Southern principles," and nearly all the "copper-heads," to wit: all those who thought the war unjustifiable, like Vallandigham, S. L. M. Barlow and August Belmont, and many other prominent Northern men.

The disembarkation on the Isthmus was not complete when General McClellan issued his orders for the three

corps, mine being on the James River side, to move on the first day to points indicated. Before reaching these points the whole army was brought to a halt by a rebel line of defensive works stretching across from Yorktown to the James River near Warwick Court House.

The head of my column arrived at that point in a drenching rain; all the streams and low places were full of water which the enemy had used to the best advantage to obstruct us. I visited the same place in May, 1884, and I was unable to imagine how human ingenuity could have collected so much water as I saw there in 1862.

During ten days, after reaching Warwick Court House, the ground was so soft and miry in places that the rations for the soldiers at many points of the line had to be carried on the backs of men.

The following is the letter which I wrote to my friend, Senator Ira Harris. As General McClellan embodied the entire letter in his report I make no excuse for inserting it here.

HEADQUARTERS, 4TH CORPS, }
 WARWICK COURT HOUSE, }
 VIRGINIA, *April 7, 1862.* }

MY DEAR SENATOR:—The plan of campaign on this line was made with the distinct understanding that *four* army corps should be employed, and that the navy should cooperate in the taking of Yorktown; and also (as I understood it) support us on our left by moving gunboats up James River.

To-day I have learned that the first corps, which by the President's order was to embrace four divisions, and one division (Blenker's) of the second corps, have been withdrawn altogether from this line of operations and from the Army of the Potomac. At the same time, as I am informed, the navy has not the means to attack Yorktown, and is afraid to send gunboats up James River for fear of the Merrimac.

The above plan of campaign was adopted unanimously by Major-General McDowell and Brigadier-Generals Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes, and was concurred in by Major-General McClellan, who first proposed Urbana as our base.

This army being reduced by 45,000 troops, some of them among the best in the service, and without the support of the navy, the plan to which we are reduced bears scarce any resemblance to the one I voted for.

I command the James River column, and I left my camp near Newport News the morning of the 4th inst. I only succeeded in getting my artillery ashore the afternoon of the day before, and one of my divisions had not all arrived in camp the day I left, and for the want of transportation has not yet joined me. So you will observe that not a day was lost in the advance, and in fact we marched so quickly and so rapidly that many of our animals were twenty-four and forty-eight hours without a ration of forage. But notwithstanding the rapidity of our advance, we were stopped by a line of defence nine or ten miles long, strongly fortified by breastworks erected nearly the whole distance behind a stream or succession of ponds, nowhere fordable, one terminus being Yorktown and the other ending in the James River, which is commanded by the enemy's gunboats. Yorktown is fortified all around with bastioned works, and on the water side it and Gloucester are so strong that the navy is afraid to attack them.

The approaches on one side are generally through low, swampy and thickly wooded ground, over roads which we are obliged to repair or to make before we can get forward our carriages. The enemy is in great force, and is constantly receiving reinforcements from the two rivers. The line in front of us is, therefore, one of the strongest ever opposed to an invading force in any country.

You will then ask why I advocated such a line for our operations? My reasons are few, but I think good.

With proper assistance from the navy we could take Yorktown, and then, with gunboats on both rivers, we could beat any force opposed to us on Warwick River, because the shot and shell from the gunboats would nearly overlap across the Peninsula, so that if the enemy should retreat—and retreat he must—he would have a long way to go without rail or steam transportation, and every soul of his army must fall into our hands, or be destroyed.

Another reason for my supporting the new base and plan was that this line, it was expected, would furnish water transportation nearly to Richmond.

Now, supposing we succeed in breaking through the line in front of us, what can we do next? The roads are very bad, and, if the enemy retains command of James River, and we do not first reduce Yorktown, it would be impossible for us to subsist this army three marches beyond where it is now. As the roads are at present, it is with the utmost difficulty that we can subsist it in the position it now occupies.

You will see, therefore, that the force originally intended for the capture

of Richmond should be all sent forward. If I thought the four army corps necessary, when I supposed the navy would co-operate, and when I judged of the obstacles to be encountered by what I learned from maps and the opinions of officers stationed at Fort Monroe, and from all other sources, how much more should I think the full complement of troops requisite, now that the navy cannot co-operate, and now that the strength of the enemy's lines and the number of his guns and men prove to be almost immeasurably greater than I had been led to expect! The line in front of us, in the opinion of all military men here who are at all competent to judge, is one of the strongest in the world, and the force of the enemy capable of being increased beyond the numbers we now have to oppose to him. Independently of the strength of the lines in front of us, and of the force of the enemy behind them, we cannot advance until we get command of either York River or James River. The efficient co-operation of the navy is, therefore, absolutely essential, and so I considered it when I voted to change our base from the Potomac to Fort Monroe.

An iron-clad boat must attack Yorktown, and if several strong gunboats could be sent up James River also, our success will be certain and complete, and the rebellion will soon be put down.

On the other hand, we must butt against the enemy's works with artillery, and a great waste of time, life, and material.

If we break through and advance, both our flanks will be assailed from two great watercourses in the hands of the enemy; our supplies would give out, and the enemy, equal if not superior in numbers, would, with the other advantages, beat and destroy this army.

The greatest master of the art of war has said "that if you would invade a country successfully you must have *one* line of operation, and *one* army, under *one* general." But what is our condition? The State of Virginia is made to constitute the command, in part or wholly, of some six generals, viz: Fremont, Banks, McDowell, Wool, Burnside, and McClellan, besides the scrap over the Chesapeake in the care of Dix.

The great battle of the war is to come off here. If we win it, the rebellion will be crushed—if we lose it, the consequences will be more horrible than I care to tell. The plan of campaign I voted for, if carried out with the means proposed, will certainly succeed. If any part of the means proposed are withheld or diverted, I deem it due to myself to say that our success will be uncertain.

It is no doubt agreeable to the commander of the first corps to have a separate department, and as this letter advocates his return to General McClellan's command, it is proper to state that I am not at all influenced by personal regard, or dislike, to any of my seniors in rank. If I were to credit all the opinions which have been poured into my ears, I must believe

that, in regard to my present fine command, I owe much to General McDowell and nothing to General McClellan. But I have disregarded all such officiousness, and I have since last July to the present day supported General McClellan, and obeyed all his orders with as hearty a good-will as though he had been my brother or the friend to whom I owe most. I shall continue to do so until the last, and so long as he is my commander. He left Washington with the understanding that he was to execute a definite plan of campaign with certain prescribed means. The plan was good and the means sufficient, and without modification the enterprise was certain of success. But with the reduction of force and means the plan is entirely changed, and is now a bad plan, with means insufficient for certain success.

Please show this letter to the President, and I should like also that Mr. Stanton should see its contents. Do me the honor to write to me as soon as you can, and believe me, with perfect respect,

Your most obedient servant,

E. D. KEYES,

Brigadier-General commanding 4th Army Corps.

Senator Harris wrote me some time afterwards that he had given one of my letters to President Lincoln, and this was the one. It finally came into the hands of General McClellan, who embodied the whole letter in his report—page 555.

General McClellan also quoted in his report a long paragraph from my testimony before the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war, and he associates my opinions with those of my friend and correspondent, Major-General J. G. Barnard, his chief engineer, who, it should be known, was entitled to be called illustrious for his genius in science and his virtues as a man.

When, after the campaign was ended, I had read General McClellan's report and saw myself quoted in a manner so flattering my astonishment was inexpressible. I was in New York, where I met Col. Key, A. D. C. and judge-advocate with the Army of the Potomac. I asked him how it happened that his chief had so copiously employed my opinions to strengthen his decisions. "Be-

cause," said he, "your opinions were so correct and so well expressed that he could not avoid it!"

The reason for my astonishment was that from the time I landed at Fort Monroe till after I crossed White Oak swamp on the 29th of June, leading the way in the change of base to the James River, General McClellan never once asked my advice or opinion in regard to any battle or movement, nor did he once call me into council with the other corps commanders. I was several times told that they were called into council and I was left out.

While the army was detained before Yorktown, an unfortunate attack was made on Lee's Mill from a point within my line which was guarded by General W. F. Smith, one of my division commanders. On the 16th April, the day of the attack, I visited Smith's headquarters and found him and General McClellan alone together in consultation. I remained in their presence about five minutes, and, my opinion not being asked, I withdrew from the position. Shortly afterward the assault was made, which caused a heavy loss on our side in killed and wounded, and no benefit whatsoever.

If my opinion had been asked by the General-in-Chief it would have been given decidedly in opposition. My opinion was fixed that the proper method to break through that line with our *large* force was by a simultaneous pressure and menace along the whole line, and serious assaults upon points previously indicated. That was the proper way, but my judgment was not sought; and I absolutely deny all responsibility for the attack of April 16th, 1862.

It would appear, however, that my name was associated in the affair. General Webb, when writing his book on the war in the summer of 1881, questions me in a note about the attack on Lee's Mill. He also indicated a

supposition that I had been ordered by General McClellan to attack it and had disobeyed the order. I was dismayed, for I did not retain in memory the slightest incident that could suggest such a supposition. The subject perplexed me often, and it was only made clear in July, 1884, when, in turning the leaves of McClellan's Report in the Astor Library, I discovered the following (p. 553) :

The nature of that position (Lee's Mill) in relation to the Warwick not being at that time understood, I instructed General Keyes to attack and carry this position upon coming in front of it. . . . When General Keyes approached Lee's Mill, his left flank was exposed to a sharp artillery fire from the further bank of the Warwick, and upon reaching the vicinity of the mill he found it altogether stronger than was expected, unapproachable by reason of the Warwick River, and incapable of being carried by assault.

The above reference to Lee's Mill had no connection with the attack of April 16th, but it was ample ground for a slanderous charge of disobedience of orders and incompetency against me.

The slander had reached a friend of mine to whom I wrote a letter from Yorktown, concerning a young volunteer. My letter also referred to my being left on the Isthmus, and to certain experiences in the recent campaign. The officer to whom I wrote was a man of talents, in full sympathy with me regarding the war, and he afterward commanded a corps. I give here the closing paragraph of his letter, which is sombre in tone and full of heat. The letter from which I quote is dated October 23, 1862 :

I have had command of a division at and since the battle of South Mountain, but it devolved on me from ——'s sickness and ——'s wound. I do not expect to retain it, for it is well known I dislike the stand-still policy of —— and —— . As soon as they find a decent pretext I suppose they will throw me overboard. It did not need your letter to convince me that

you would receive nothing but injustice from those men. *They attempted to throw the catastrophe of Lee's Mill upon your shoulders.* Perhaps they think it is useful to retain a few of us in the army as scapegoats for their own blundering and incapacity."

I am entirely ignorant of the names of the persons who "attempted to throw the catastrophe of Lee's Mill upon your (my) shoulders," but I here solemnly assert that whosoever did say I had anything to do with that attack made a specific and unqualified mistake.

The rebels having retired from Yorktown our army pursued, and on the 4th day of May fought the battle of Williamsburg, which it is not my purpose to describe minutely.

When the head of my column arrived near the field of battle after sunset on the evening of the 3d, it was stopped by other troops and their carriages that blocked the road completely. I got forward with one staff officer, and found General Sumner in a house, where I slept on the floor of a small room, in which was the Prince of Joinville with six or seven other persons. Early the next morning General Sumner, who had the chief command, said he should intrust me with the attack on the right. There was a considerable delay in giving the order, due, probably, to ignorance of the topography of the country and the position of the enemy. The moment he gave me the order I proceeded to select Hancock's brigade, and went with it a considerable distance to the right and ordered him to attack, which he did in gallant style.

As soon as I saw Hancock well at work, I returned to get forward and send into action other portions of my corps. That was a task of difficult performance, owing to the woods and the narrowness of the communications in which the different columns were mingled.

There was some hard fighting below Williamsburg,

but not much beauty in the battle. General McClellan in a despatch to Mrs. McClellan announces his admiration for the conduct of Hancock, who was one of his favorites. Couch, Peck and others of my corps did excellent service.

While he was in my corps, Hancock's activity, gallantry, cheerfulness and freedom from spite and insubordination attracted me strongly. After he was transferred I was not near enough to him to note how great success and adulation in and after the war had affected his nature, and I know not his humor now that he has been jolted on the rough ways of politics, and warped and stretched upon a Democratic platform, but it would be impossible to corrupt Hancock.

The army halted several days at Williamsburg, and I was quartered in the house of a prominent rebel who had abandoned it to fight against the Union. General McClellan had issued an order against marauding, and under cover of that order the Provost-Marshal General of the army found occasion to administer to me a most humiliating experience.

The rebel owner of the house had left behind several bottles of wine and brandy. I took for myself one bottle of wine and drank it with my friends, and I gave a bottle of the brandy to Colonel John J. Astor, A.D.C. to General McClellan. At the suggestion of my chief Surgeon Brown and Colonel Suydam, I took several bottles and carried them along for the use of the sick. The liquor was safe with me, for I did not drink brandy, and not one drop of the brandy seized ever touched my lips.

On arriving at Roper's Church, two marches from Williamsburg, I received peremptory orders to report in person to the Provost-Marshal General of the army. By him I was questioned concerning the liquor and directed

to return it in charge of a staff officer to the place from which it was taken. I suppressed all signs of anger, and directed Lieutenant Chetwood, A.D.C., to execute the order without delay.

The Provost-Marshal General to whom I, a corps commander, was ordered to report in person, was my junior in rank, and the opinions he entertained in regard to the war and its causes were doubtless as little in sympathy with my own as those of any man in either army. I am greatly mistaken if he did not feel happy in the opportunity to insult me grossly in the line of duty.

As I have before remarked, it is not my purpose to write a complete history of any part of the war of the rebellion, but to draw attention to actions in which I took part.

The battle of Fair Oaks was one of the most sanguinary of the war, and considering the isolation of the combatants due to an unexpected rise of the Chickahominy, the Union cause was in greater danger on the 31st of May, 1862, than at the date of any other battle except Gettysburg. It was called by the Confederates the battle of Seven Pines, and that is its proper designation, because there the principal fighting was done and the greatest losses on both sides sustained.

In all the numerous histories that I have seen not one contains a tolerably fair account of the battle of Fair Oaks. In none of the reports of the chiefs engaged on our side except mine are the positions of the brigades of my corps at the beginning of the action stated. Without a clear knowledge of those positions, a hundred persons might read all the reports and all arrive at wrong and different conclusions.

My corps was on the right bank of the Chickahominy, and considerably in advance on the 31st of May, 1862,

which was the first day of what is called the battle of Fair Oaks. To that first day alone this description applies.

To comprehend the battle let it be understood that the place called Seven Pines is at the junction of the Williamsburg and Nine Mile roads. At that point the reader must fancy himself placed. Looking thence up the Williamsburg road towards Richmond, he will have Casey's redout half a mile from him, on the left of that road and near to it. Casey's division of three brigades of infantry, and certain artillery under Colonel Bailey, forms the first line which extends to the right across to the railroad, which is about a mile off, and to the left to the White Oak swamp, which was, owing to heavy rains, less than a mile distant. Most of Bailey's artillery was in and near the redout, the horses outside. Palmer's brigade is on the left, Wessel's brigade in the centre, and Naglee's brigade on the right of Casey's line, with two regiments across the railroad. In front of Casey's line, at an average distance of a long musket range, were woods and thickets that concealed the enemy, whose approach was down the Williamsburg road and through other openings in the woods.

The Nine Mile road starting from Seven Pines to the right slants a little forward to Fair Oaks station, which is one mile distant. To the rear of that road on the right and left of the Williamsburg road Couch's division of three brigades of infantry and West's artillery forms the second line, which was somewhat nearer to Casey's line on the right than on the left where the distance apart was over half a mile. Peck's brigade forms the left of Couch's line, and is all on the left of the Williamsburg road. Devens's brigade is in the centre of Abercrombie's brigade, is on the right of Couch's line, and has two

regiments across the railroad, where Brady's battery is also stationed. The White Oak swamps, the Williamsburg road and railroad are nearly parallel. When Heintzelman came up at about 4 P. M. with two brigades of his corps, they went in under General Kearny on the left of the Williamsburg road; and when Sumner got into action at about 5 P. M., he was on the right of the railroad, and did not, I think, cross it on the 31st.

Below Seven Pines I held a reserve of several regiments of Couch's division, which I dispatched successively to strengthen Casey's line at points where I saw they were most needed.

I stated in my report that the country was mostly wooded and greatly intersected with marshes, and such was the truth on the day of the battle, and the deep mud is mentioned in some of the reports. It was otherwise in May, 1884, when I found all the ground dry and hard.

The position my corps occupied was not of my selection, but was chosen by the engineers and approved by General McClellan, who had not visited it in person to my knowledge. The left of my lines was well protected by the White Oak swamps, but the right was on ground so favorable to the approach of the enemy, and so far from the Chickahominy, that, if Johnston had attacked there an hour or two earlier than he did, I could have made but a feeble defence comparatively, and every man of us would have been killed, captured, or driven into the swamps or river before assistance could have reached us. I supposed the attack would come from the right even before the sudden overflow of the Chickahominy. I made many reports to headquarters of my situation during the thirty-six hours immediately preceding the battle, and was constantly expecting an attack.

My report is a far better history of the conflict than I could write now, and to its truth in every essential particular I can take oath. I was not positive in stating the exact time at which General Heintzelman arrived on the field with reinforcements, nor that at which the last line of battle was formed by General Heintzelman and me. General McClellan's report states that it was near 5 o'clock P. M. when Heintzelman arrived, but I am convinced that he came up the Williamsburg road, and that when I rode over and spoke with him it was not five minutes before or after 4 o'clock. Jameson's brigade was approaching, and Heintzelman asked me where they were most needed, and I pointed up and to the left of the road, and in that direction Jameson's column passed, while we stood together and got into action fifteen or twenty minutes past 4. The last line was formed after sunset, that is, after 7 o'clock P. M., and it was as late as 7.30 when the battle ended.

General Heintzelman ranked me and had been placed in the general command of all the forces on the right bank of the Chickahominy. During the three last hours of the battle, from his arrival on the field, when Casey and his whole line had been overwhelmed with superior numbers and hurled to the rear, we often met and consulted together. He gave me no order, nor did he in the least interfere with my command of my own people, though in the confusion the men of his corps got mixed with mine, and we both gave directions wherever we happened to be. We both had all we could do, because all the enemy's forces had got into action, while a very great number of our men had deserted the ranks and left us with a fearful minority against the enemy.

The bravery and activity of General Heintzelman were conspicuous throughout, and when a clerk carried my

report to him without my signature, it was sent back with the following note :

Brig.-Gen'l E. D. Keyes, Commanding 4th Corps.

DEAR GENERAL :—You have omitted to sign your report. Will you please sign and return it by the orderly? General Heintzelman has expressed himself as much pleased with your report, and is astonished at the accuracy with which you have detailed the events of the day.

Yours respectfully,

[Signed] C. McKEEVER, *Chief of Staff.*

The general's own report of the battle repeats his compliments to mine, to the correctness of which there cannot possibly be adduced more direct and positive proof. Many other officers assured me of its truth and fairness, and no man has ever to my knowledge accused me of error or unfairness. General Devens, afterwards Attorney-General of the United States, whose bravery and good conduct in the battle were conspicuous, wrote me that instead of retiring from the field on being wounded near me, he only withdrew a short distance to have his wound bandaged, and then he went into action again. I stated what I saw, and I did not happen to observe him when returned into action.

Directly after the battle, instead of an inconsiderable number of enemies who sought to damage me for my strong Northern Republican sentiments, and gather my reputation from slanderous tongues, I found that many persons who had no special reason to dislike me sought to misrepresent my conduct or ignore me. Slanders were widely circulated and credited ; one was that I had been superseded in the command of the 4th Corps by General Heintzelman.

Under the sting of that and other foul slanders and insinuations, I addressed a note to headquarters, but did not retain a copy. It brought the following response :

NEW BRIDGE, *June 4, 1862.*

DEAR KEYES :—In reply to your letter received this morning, I can say to you that instead of there being any unfavorable impression on the mind of General McClellan, regarding your action on the field of battle of the 31st ultimo, he has informed me that from what he has learned you conducted yourself with great gallantry. He has spoken in terms of censure of the general conduct of the division commanded by General Casey, which has been wanting in that excellent discipline that has characterized the other divisions of the army, but he does not by any means hold you responsible for this.

This division was for the most part composed of new regiments, and of course so much could not be expected as from others, yet he has not a doubt but parts of this division may have behaved well.

The general has no other desire but to do justice to all, and you may rely upon it that he will not do you the least injustice.

His health has not been good, and he is overwhelmed with important business, but he will take the first opportunity to make a report of the 31st and 1st, which will, I think, be perfectly satisfactory to you.

Very sincerely your friend,

[Signed]

R. B. MARCY.

P. S.—General Heintzelman was placed in command of your corps in order to have one general command the entire line. In the same way Sumner was placed in command of the whole. This was done without intent to cast any reflection on you, and I am surprised that you should have so regarded it.

[Signed]

R. B. M.

The postscript to General Marcy's letter is very important. The Chickahominy ran between the two wings of the army, and it was in a military point of view quite proper to designate in orders the ranking officer on the right bank as the commanding general of the whole. In the same way my orders to command the Fourth Corps made me the commander of its divisions and brigades. But the order given to General Heintzelman in this instance has been generally employed with apparent malignity to my prejudice. It is certain, however, that I commanded the Fourth Army Corps on the 31st May, and no

officer in the battle of Fair Oaks was less interfered with in the exercise of his proper functions than I was.

Another false impression has gained a footing. Many persons have been made to believe that there were two fights on the 31st May—one fought by Casey's line and one by that of Couch. An officer of rank stated to me that such an inference might originate in my own report, which stated that "after I had sent reinforcements to sustain Casey's line until the numbers were so much reduced in the second line that no more could be spared," I then proceeded to describe "the operations of the second line, which received my uninterrupted supervision." It would be as incorrect to say there were two battles on the 31st as to say that every division and brigade had a fight of its own.

The veteran Casey in his report makes a statement which favored the mistake. He says he received no reinforcements in his first line. Now it is probable that none of the regiments I sent to support Casey's line actually got quite up to his redoubt, but the 55th New York, the 23d and 61st Pennsylvania, the 7th Massachusetts, and others under Couch and Abercrombie supported him valiantly. This is shown by my report and the reports of Couch, Peck, Abercrombie, and several colonels.

Until Casey's line was broken, and I confess he held it with masterly conduct and bravery, I acted the part of a corps commander by watching operations at a certain distance, though I was not a minute out of the range of the enemy's shot and shells. As soon as Casey's men were obliged to give ground to vastly superior numbers, and the contest looked desperate, I drew nigh the combatants. I was often in the line of file closers, and sometimes at the head of columns and batteries, leading them

to new positions. I conducted the 10th Massachusetts seven or eight hundred yards to a new position at the moment when I thought a rout was most imminent. See Byron Porter's report—see also reports of Colonel Adams and of West, Chief of Artillery, and Miller and Peck. West and Miller state in their reports that I placed the artillery in position and continued to direct the firings throughout the action.

Owing to mud, water, and thickets, the advance of the enemy was in places obstructed. The passages through which they could approach I took care to guard, and the supports I had sent to Casey were able to make resistance continuous. The enemy had no spaces without defenders to trot over and gain confidence.

Perhaps the most fortunate order I gave during the day was to General Couch early in the action to go with two regiments to support the right. He thought he should have had more than two regiments, and I agreed with him, but if I had sent another regiment, I should have been certainly crushed at Seven Pines before dark. In my despatch to General Heintzelman in the beginning of the battle I requested him to send a brigade up the railroad. He ordered Burney's brigade up that way, but General Kearny stopped him, and only a small part of Burney's command got into action late in the day. Couch therefore found himself in a desperate strait; he was thrust across the railroad, and the enemy cut off his connection, and but for the opportune arrival at 5 P.M. of General E. V. Sumner, who came from the opposite bank of the Chickahominy over an unfinished bridge, the loose planks of which were beginning to float, Couch must have been destroyed, and the rebels would have rolled up the right of our line. Couch's conduct was admirable, and when Sumner joined him the strength of our side in that

quarter was sufficient and proportionately much greater than at Seven Pines.

The difficulties of our task on that bloody day may be more easily understood by what General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate chief, says in his report of the battle—See Vol. 5, p. 96, Rebellion Record.

After describing the *rush* by which Casey's line was carried, he continues as follows :

The operation was repeated with the same gallantry and success, as our troops pursued their victorious career through the enemy's successive camps and entrenchments. At each new position they encountered fresh troops belonging to it, and reinforcements brought up from the rear. Thus they had to repel repeated efforts to retake works which they had carried.

It is true we met the enemy and assailed him wherever he showed himself, and General Johnston supposed the various new lines of battle formed under fire were with fresh troops. In that he was mistaken, as all my remaining force as well as that brought up by Heintzelman were actually engaged soon after Casey's line gave way. Those movements and the terrible fighting from half-past four till half-past seven o'clock have scarcely been noticed by former historians. They have skipped over them like hares, and omitted all mention of the chiefs of corps in command who directed them.

The formation by me of successive lines of battle under fire, as described in my report, though no one has denied the fact, has not, to my knowledge, been recorded in any history. The Count de Villarceau, the one of my aides who (his English being imperfect) was near me longest, wrote and sent off without my dictation or knowledge an article which was published in the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* of June 21, 1862.

The Count describes the dispositions made by me to prevent surprise, and says I mounted my horse soon after

the first report of the enemy's cannon, referring to the signal guns fired a little before eleven o'clock, while I was speaking to the captured aide-de-camp of General Johnston. He then refers to the charge of the 55th Regiment, New York Volunteers, composed wholly of Frenchmen, and describes fully in his own way what I did to resist the advance of the enemy, and concluded as follows :

It is thus that he (Keyes) established in the open fields, which offered no natural defence, four consecutive lines of battle. In the fourth line he dismounted and mixed with the soldiers, etc.

My report describes the ending of the battle minutely and refers in no flattering terms to the officers and men who left the ranks and field without orders. It cannot be denied that there were recreants from all the regiments. General I. N. Palmer, whose brigade was as much exposed as any, after stating that he lost about one-third of his men, accounts for his casualties of all kinds in the following swelling sentences :

This is sufficient to induce me to think that while the men did not, perhaps, act like veteran troops, they did as well as could be expected. For the disasters of the day those who placed a small force of the rawest troops in the army in a position where they would of necessity bear the brunt of any attack on the left must bear the blame. I take none to myself.

General Casey speaks highly of the conduct of his brigadiers, Naglee, Wessels and Palmer.

In connection with my report of the battle of Fair Oaks, I have stated that no man had accused me of unfairness. For a convincing reason I was made to believe that a son of General Casey thought I had been unjust to his father. To dispose of such a supposition, by whomsoever it may be entertained, I here produce the copy of a letter, the original of which is in my possession :

WASHINGTON, August 25, 1862.

DEAR GENERAL:—You will probably remember that while I was at Poplar Ridge you informed me that you had recommended me for a brevet. Inasmuch as it has not come to the knowledge of the President, you would confer a great favor by informing me what disposition you made of the recommendation, and by enclosing me a copy. It is a sad thought to me, General, that my brothers in arms are unwilling to do me that justice which the enemy are constantly making known. I have felt gratified that you have been disposed to do justice in your report.

Of all the generals that have commanded divisions in the Army of the Potomac, I have been made an exception. I am resting under severe injustice.

If you can say anything to the President in my favor respecting this matter, and will enclose it to me, it shall be remembered. They may have killed me, but I am not *buried* yet. I find that I have friends left.

I have been placed on the duty of receiving and reorganizing new troops, and am busily employed.

Believe me, truly yours,

[Signed] SILAS CASEY, *Brig. Gen. Bt.*

*Maj-Gen. E. D. Keyes, Commanding 4th Corps,
Yorktown, or Ft. Monroe, Va.*

Having failed to discover in any of the printed histories of the Peninsular campaign an account of the services of the 4th corps that was not imperfect, garbled, unfair, or shockingly prejudiced, I addressed a letter to my former chief of staff, Colonel C. C. Suydam, dated December 24, 1877, from which I extract the following:

We owe it to the brave men with whom we fought in the Army of the Potomac to establish the truth in regard to their service. To that end let us appeal to the testimony of actual participants, and reject all imaginative speculations. How often does the zeal of partisans, the fashion of a name or the blindness of sectional prejudice determine the deserts of a whole army of men! Too much of this may be seen in the books already published, whereon many worthy names have been ignored, and others blazoned beyond their merits.

From you I expect a transcript of many transcripts from your field books, and an account of things known to you, as the chief of my staff, and of which the public are now ignorant.

My letter having been circulated brought many replies,

some of which were of considerable length. I regarded those of Surgeon Hamilton and Colonel Suydam as the most valuable, for the reason that they had the best opportunities for observation. Colonel Suydam, though not an educated military man, had a special aptness for his duties as a staff officer, and he was vigilant and hardy. I received him as a stranger upon the sole recommendation of Mr. Charles King, late of New York, a noble gentleman, long my friend, whose heart was dedicated to the cause.

Surgeon Frank Hamilton, whose works on military surgery are standard, came a stranger to me from General Franklin's division. He was with me four months, and messed with me. Dr. Hamilton acted a while as Medical Inspector of the Army of the Potomac, and enjoyed ample opportunities for observation and comparison. Since he left the army he has written extensively, and one of his works he dedicated to me. He was a consulting surgeon with those who attended President Garfield after he was shot by the assassin Guiteau. His probity of character is as remarkable as his skill in his profession, and as his ambition did not clash with mine, I cite his testimony with perfect confidence.

Surgeon Hamilton drew a plan in his note-book of the field and stations of the troops, and the defences that had been hastily constructed before the battle, and from entries made at the time he sent me copious extracts, which I will draw upon to illustrate my narrative as required.

After referring to my vigilance and endurance, etc., he continues:

On the 29th of May General Keyes said before myself and his aides, when we were lying at Seven Pines in a position of great exposure: "Our position is certain to tempt the enemy to attack us, and they will do so as soon as it is fairly understood, and I have so represented it to the com-

manding general repeatedly." He was all that day busy looking after the position of his troops.

On the 30th General Keyes repeated a similar remark.

On the morning of the 31st young Washington, the aide of General Johnston, was brought to our headquarters as a prisoner. General Keyes, having sent him to the commanding general, immediately ordered his horse, saying, "I'm going to the front."

Captain Oswald Jackson, one of my aides, went with us and has testified in writing to the same fact and time.

Hamilton continues :

I said to General Keyes, "If you anticipate a battle I had better go to the front with you." We rode to the Nine-Mile road, and turning to the right soon passed General Abercrombie's headquarters. General Abercrombie was in front of his tent when General Keyes said to him, "You had better get your men in position, for I think we are going to be attacked." General Abercrombie replied: "Can I have time to get something to eat?" "No, you had better do it at once."

When we reached Fair Oaks station, General Keyes called for the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment and told him to put his men in position and prepare for an attack. I then left him and rode further to the right to look after a building for a temporary hospital.

Dr. Hamilton states further that after about one hour and a half he "heard heavy firing of small arms, indicating the commencement of the engagement." He states also that "he attended General Abercrombie professionally previous to his death, and they compared notes and agreed that what I [Hamilton] stated about the General [Keyes] was substantially correct."

The foregoing direct evidence of Hamilton, Abercrombie, Jackson and Villarceau, with the corroborating testimony of Generals Couch, Peck, and others in support of my own assertion of the same facts, I trust will satisfy those who may hereafter write of the battle of Fair Oaks, that I was not surprised, nor tardy in the fight.

I shall have occasion to make further references to Surgeon Hamilton's notes.

The fact is well established that on the 31st of May, 1862, my corps was attacked by, and obliged to contend alone three hours and more, and till the end with only two of Heintzelman's brigades at Seven Pines, against the grand divisions of A. P. Hill, Longstreet, G. W. Smith, and Huger. There I witnessed the heaviest responsibility and hardest task of my life. I executed it better than I hoped, and was satisfied. Furthermore I gained confirmation to my belief that no man can know who his meanest enemies are until he finds an opportunity to do his best. In attestation of this position I give the following letter unabridged :

[PRIVATE.]

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 10, 1862.

Major-General Keyes.

SIR:—Allow me to congratulate you on having partial justice done you and your heroic valor and skill in battle recognized and rewarded by the Administration.

I told you all would yet be right. I knew that Secretary Chase would stand by you, when he once understood thoroughly your merits. To make him fully acquainted with them I did all and *more* than I promised you I would do. The letter I wrote from your headquarters was copied by Chase's secretary (he informs me), and taken before the Cabinet. *I met and refuted charges of incompetency contained in a letter from a person on the staff of one of your brother corps commanders, made against you and sent to Secretary Chase ; but of this fact say nothing until I see you, and I will tell you what a jealous set of men you have in the "Army of the Potomac."*

Count Villarceau's account of the "Battle of Seven Pines" I had translated by a translator in the Interior Department and made good use of it.

I am here with Miss Chase (who was very grateful for your compliments) and am engaged in fixing up some of the Governor's [Chase's] private business ; shall not return to Washington for two weeks yet. If you have time amid your labors will you please send me some of your autographs on the inclosed cards to Columbus, Ohio; there are several of the leading citizens' families there who would like greatly to have one to put with your cartes de visite in their photographic albums. With great respect,

Your friend and obedient servant,

[Signed]

DWIGHT BANNISTER, *P. Mr.*, U. S. A.

On the 1st of August, Secretary of the Treasury Chase wrote me a long letter, in which he referred to various interesting subjects relating to the President, the war, and himself, in such a confidential strain that the entire contents of the letter would, I fear, excite controversy. I therefore reproduce but one of its paragraphs, which refers directly to my enemies and me. The letter was written after I had been breveted a Brigadier-General in the regular army.

At length your merits have been properly recognized by the President and the Senate ; though you are doubtless aware that there have not been wanting those who would have deprived you of this recognition had it been in their power.

Besides the letters of the Paymaster, Governor Chase and Senator Harris, I received many others from approving friends, among which were several from ladies—Mrs. Carson, daughter of Mr. Pettigrew, of Charleston, S. C., the great Union patriot, wrote me one which I prized greatly. Nearly all the communications, written and verbal, that reached me disclosed the activity of my enemies of the baser sort. Their confusion could only be imagined by letting a full beam of light into a dungeon filled with bats, owls, toads, snakes, roaches and other reptiles. I took no pains to learn their names.

My notice of the battle of Fair Oaks would not be complete without a detail of some of the apparent causes for the numerous incomplete, erroneous and prejudiced histories of it. The reports of the chiefs engaged in it were published in 1875, in Volume V., "Military Reports of the Rebellion." Before 1875 access to all the best sources of information was not easy, and writers generally gave credit to false or prejudiced reports, and to slanderers who never lag.

After several unsuccessful attempts to cull from an

immense mass and arrange documents with intelligent coherence, the task was assigned to Col. Thomas Scott. He is the genius of classification, and if I blunder in my citations he will be best able to detect me. He knows more of what was done in the war than the actors themselves. It has often happened that an officer who was clogged in his own conceits, and strayed from his record, has come to Scott's office to demand correction of what he declares is a gross slander, but to find it a true extract from his own report.

To show how an honest author may be deceived, I will invite attention to the errors in the description of the battle of Fair Oaks in the Count of Paris' history of the Civil War in America—see Volume II. I select this example for two reasons—first, because I have a profound respect for the Count, to whom I am indebted for various civilities in France, and second, because I have heard his history referred to as the best that has been written of our Civil War. The excellent qualities of the Count of Paris would entitle him to great distinction if he were of an humble instead of a royal, lineage. He is strikingly correct in his descriptions of other events with which I was familiar; but his mistakes in regard to the battle of Fair Oaks are so numerous and essential, that they could only have arisen from his reliance upon incompetent authority. The integrity and fairness of his intentions towards me I never thought of questioning.

It was remarked in the army that the Orleans Princes, J. J. Astor, Wright, Cutting, Haven, Wadsworth and other sons of affluence were distinguished for subordination to military rank, and for the cheerfulness with which they sustained the hardships of war.

The following extracts are from the Count's history :

The first works of the Federals, yet unfinished, simple abatis or epaule-

ments, the profile of which could not protect the men, were occupied by Naglee's brigade. This resisted energetically, and the division artillery directed by an old officer of Regulars, Colonel Bailey, made great ravages in the ranks of the assailants. . . . The other two brigades of Casey hastened to the support of Naglee, and in spite of great losses they held good against the Confederates, whose numbers increased unceasingly.

The above extract conveys an impression absolutely foreign from the truth, in the most essential particulars.

Those first unfinished works of ours (that is, the chief and the greatest number of artificial defences), where Bailey was killed, were on the right and left of the Williamsburg road, the redoubt being on the left of that road, and fully a mile from the railroad, astride which, on Casey's extreme right, Naglee's brigade was posted at the beginning of the action. The supports of the redoubt were Wessel's and Palmer's brigades, and those brigades, being hotly engaged almost from the beginning of the action, could not and did not go to the assistance of that of Naglee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 4, 1884.*

DEAR GENERAL KEYES :—I am in receipt of your letter of the 29th ult. In regard to the statement made by the Count of Paris, in his history of the battle of Fair Oaks, that "the first works of the Federals were occupied by Naglee's brigade," I can only state that Naglee's brigade was one of those comprising Casey's division. When in position at Seven Pines, and when the engagement commenced, I had the left with the 3d Brigade, Wessels the centre with the 2d, and Naglee the right with the 1st. I have never heard before of either of these brigades as occupying the "first works" on the day of the battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks.

In reply to your interrogatory, "Did you or any portion of your brigade go to the support of Naglee's brigade?" I will state I do not recollect of ever receiving any order on that day to go to the support of Naglee or of sending any portion of my brigade to his support.

In reply to your question, "Did any movement made by you in the battle of Fair Oaks have any reference to Naglee's brigade?" I will state I made on that occasion no movement having any reference to his brigade.

In reply to your question, "Did you have anything to do with General Naglee or his orders or his brigade in the battle of Fair Oaks of May 31,

1862?" I reply that I was the senior brigade commander in Casey's division on that day, and as General Casey was present I had nothing to do with General Naglee or his orders.

I think, General, that the Count gets things a little mixed in some parts of his history of this battle, and that the information on which some of his statements are based was not always reliable.

I remain, General, very truly yours,

[Signed]

I. N. PALMER.

General E. D. Keyes.

From the letter of August 8, 1884, written to me by Brig. H. W. Wessels, commanding Casey's centre brigade, I extract the following—he repeats my question:

QUESTION.—Did you have anything to do with General Naglee, or his orders or his brigade in the battle of Fair Oaks?

ANSWER.—No.

QUESTION.—Did any movement made by you in the battle of Fair Oaks have any reference to Naglee's brigade?

ANSWER.—No.

The following is another extract from the Count of Paris' history:

Bailey is killed upon the cannon which he has just spiked, and seven pieces remain in the hands of the assailants. It is just 3 o'clock, precisely. At this moment Peck's brigade of Couch's division arrived from Seven Pines led by Keyes, who had been notified a little late of the gravity of the combat,

It often occurs that the most envenomed slanders are mingled with beneficent truths, and the above extract is an apt example. It is true the gallant Bailey was killed, and the guns in the little fort fell into the hands of the enemy because all the horses had been killed on the outside of it. But the charge that it was 3 o'clock P.M., at which precise moment I appeared on the field with Peck's brigade, in obedience to a tardy notification that a great battle was raging, is an unqualified falsehood. I never suspected the existence of this foul charge till the month

of September, 1880. Eighteen years and upwards had passed, and I had never known, or suspected, that I had been accused of being late at the battle of Fair Oaks.

The simple facts of the case are as follows: I had not been off the field where the battle was fought for thirty-six hours, as my tent was close up with Couch's line and within full view and hearing of Casey's redoubt and the centre of his line. On the morning of the battle, that is, of the 31st of May, 1862, in anticipation of an attack, I gave orders to General Couch to advance Peck's brigade, (that is, Peck received the order at 11 o'clock A.M!) and then directly afterwards I mounted my horse at precisely 11 o'clock A.M., and proceeded to examine my lines from the Williamsburg road to Fair Oaks station, Surgeon Frank Hamilton, chief of my medical staff, and Captain Oswald Jackson, aide de camp, accompanying me, I went as far as the railroad. On my way over *I met Colonel Bailey at a considerable distance from his guns, stopped him, told him that there was going to be a fight, and ordered him to proceed quickly and prepare his batteries.* I also stopped to converse with, and give orders to, General Abercrombie to prepare for an immediate attack. I gave other orders, but made no changes of position, because none appeared necessary. Neither during the battle, nor since, have I had reason to regret or find fault with the orders I gave or the movements made by the troops of my corps. It appears strange that none of those who sought to destroy me have ever resorted to direct charges of misconduct, but they have been content to misrepresent or ignore me and allow my name to fade in silence. My examinations continued about an hour, and I had some time to spare after I had taken up a most favorable position to observe the whole field, which was about midway between Casey's and Couch's lines, from whence

I saw the columns of the enemy issuing from the woods at about 12:30 M. Surgeon Hamilton, as I before remarked, took notes of the above-described reconnoissance at the time it was made, and to his testimony I refer in support of my present statements, and those contained in my report of the battle.

Referring to alleged delays on our side as well as on the side of the enemy, the Prince says: "Notwithstanding their surprise, the Federals had lost a little less time."

In regard to the above charge, I assert that if I had known with certainty that the attack would be made at the moment it was made, I could not have been better prepared than I was, and General Casey emphatically denied that he was surprised.

I am constrained to transcribe another passage from the history of the royal Prince which refers to the conduct of brave men, yet its conclusions, being founded upon wrong premises and gross errors, are monstrously unjust:

The Government, always animated by a secret jealousy against General McClellan, seldom communicated to the public the news it received from him; but after a battle like this silence was impossible, and it caused the first dispatch from the commander-in-chief (McClellan) to be printed. Unfortunately the latter, deceived by the report of Heintzelman, cast unjust blame upon Casey's division. This dispatch was corrected in Washington, but in a manner to aggravate the pernicious effect of the error it contained. The unmerited censure was allowed to remain, while the praise which McClellan awarded to Sumner was suppressed. The general-in-chief soon re-established the truth, and it was known that the army had been saved by the tenacity of Naglee and Bailey, by the order that Kearny had communicated to the brigades of Jameson and Berry, and finally by the indomitable energy of the aged Sumner.

It must be borne in mind that General McClellan was ill in bed on the opposite side of the Chickahominy on the 31st of May, and he was therefore obliged to judge

by reports of the conduct of officers engaged. *He never consulted me*, and I was told that he was much confused by the various statements made to him by individuals.

I am ignorant of the circumstances which led to the conclusion that the army was saved in the way and by the officers above referred to, but the justice of that conclusion I deny emphatically. Leaving myself apart and my name to be placed where, after a careful examination of all reports in which my name occurs, it properly belongs, I can with confidence assert that it would have been more in accordance with equity and truth to say the army was saved by Casey, Couch and Heintzelman, instead of Naglee, Kearny and Sumner. My personal predilections have nothing to do with this decision.

General E. V. Sumner was one of the best instructed line officers in the army. His bravery was beyond dispute, and his untiring energy was never more remarkable than when he crossed the Chickahominy and came into action to assist Couch, who was across the railroad, and Abercrombie at 5 P. M. on the 31st. After the junction of those officers they were comparatively stronger to cope with the enemy in front of them than Heintzelman and I were at Seven Pines, where, as the Count of Paris correctly says, the most of the fighting was done on that day.

In regard to Philip Kearny, I had been his intimate associate and correspondent for more than twenty years before the war. His bravery and dash were proverbial, and never questioned by any one. He was rich by inheritance, profuse in his generosity, and polite in society. His occasional rashness in the pursuit of fame, and his lack of reserve when opposed or thwarted in his ambition, were also well understood. He lost an arm in the Mexican War, and was killed in the War of the Rebellion.

It seems superfluous, therefore, to impute to General Kearny an exploit which the truth could in any manner qualify. The Count refers to his entry into the battle as follows :

At half-past 3 o'clock Kearny, who knew no obstacles, as soon as he heard the sounds of cannon arrived from Seven Pines with two brigades (Berry's and Jameson's), and his opportune presence re-established for a moment the combat.

It is true that Kearny came up and got into action fifteen or twenty minutes after 4 o'clock P.M., but he came in obedience to the orders of his corps commander. He was opposed by greatly superior numbers, and in a short time his force and all around him were repulsed and scattered. He remained longer on the field, but he did not at any time cross the Williamsburg road, where so much heavy fighting was done during the last two hours of the battle, nor was he near that road when Heintzelman and I formed the last line of battle across it and repulsed the enemy.

The credit given to Kearny by the Count for "knowing no obstacles as soon as he heard the sounds of cannon," is essentially qualified in this instance by what Surgeon Hamilton wrote in his note-book at the time, and there was not a man in the army more truthful than he.

The doctor says that while he was on his way to Savage's Station to establish a general field hospital, he "met General Kearny, who was standing, unmounted, not far from his headquarters, and who inquired: 'Doctor, have you just come from the front?' 'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'How is it going?' said the general. 'We are pressed very hard,' I replied, 'but I think we are holding our own.' To which the general answered quickly: 'Why

don't General Keyes send for me? I have been waiting an hour.'"

In the report of General Birney, to which I invite especial attention, he speaks at length of orders given him by General Kearny, who was his division commander. Kearny appeared to think from the number of runaways that a rout in front was imminent, and he stopped Birney's advance up the railroad. I confess the sight of such a crowd of recreants was alarming, and enough to prevent the knightly Kearny from obeying "the first sounds of cannon." If the truth could be told I have no doubt that among the dastards who deserted their fellows in the fight there are many who are now living who are the most expensive pensioners and greatest boasters living. When Colonel Suydam, my chief of staff, left me and Heintzelman to carry orders to Birney, we were still in the fight and over a mile away. The words "to the rear," used by Birney, might be understood to mean that we were in a place of personal safety.

I now proceed to give my attention to Brigadier General Henry M. Naglee, upon whom the Count of Paris has bestowed extraordinary praise, and upon whom he seems to rely extensively. In justice to my own corps, and in my own self-defence, I must pour upon that gentleman, his works and disposition, sufficient light to enable the reader to understand him fully. In addition to what I have already quoted from the Count's books, that author in a note at the end of his second or third volume cites Naglee's report to establish the positions of Peck's and Deven's brigades, although they belonged to Couch's division! Also, upon the same authority of Naglee's report, the author states that the rest of Keyes' corps lost possession of Seven Pines. These facts and references should be kept in mind while reading what

follows. It must also be remembered that General Casey and I both made honorable mention of Naglee, and it was more than once hinted to me that he received his full meed of praise, and even more, in proportion, than was given to other officers.

I forwarded my report of the battle before I received that of Naglee. He only remained a short time with his brigade, and I did not require a report from him of the operations of the other brigades, the divisions or the corps, nor of his own conduct while in my sight.

In reading his report, one might suppose that Naglee, not Casey, commanded the divisions. It might even be inferred that he was the chief of the 4th Corps, although I fail to discover in his florid composition any designation of such an organization, or any mention of my name, although I gave him many verbal orders on the field while I employed him as a staff-officer.

The following commentary was enclosed and forwarded to Headquarters with Naglee's report—See No. 98, Military Reports of the Rebellion, page 294:

HEADQUARTERS, 4th CORPS, }
Near SEVEN PINES, *June 20, 1862.* }

SIR :—I have the honor to enclose the report of Brigadier General H. M. Naglee, who commanded the First Brigade of Casey's Division in the battle of May 31. His brigade was composed of the 52d and 104th Pennsylvania, the 11th Maine, and the 56th and 100th New York Volunteers.

General Naglee's report did not arrive in time to be forwarded with my report of the battle. The paper he has now furnished contains matter which will lead to angry controversies, and ought not, in my opinion, to appear in its present form among the reports of the battle.

The objections to General Naglee's report are the following :

1st. It refers to the movements of the 4th Corps, or part of it, for several days prior to and in the battle, and it is not his province to refer to them in his report of the battle further than to give the position of the troops of his own brigade.

2d. General Naglee states that he gave orders to other troops beside his

own brigade without giving the authority for so doing. To allow such a practice to subordinate commanders without stating reasons to justify it would have a most disorganizing tendency.

3d. General Naglee has referred to a line of battle formed in rear of, and near to, the Nine-Mile road in a manner which seems to convey the impression that the line there formed was about the termination of the battle. It is certain, however, that two other distinct lines of battle stoutly resisted the enemy after the one above referred to. As General Naglee does not refer to his being near the first of the last two lines, and as I did not see him there, I infer he was not present. In the last line of battle formed during the day, and which line stayed the advance of the enemy, I know General Naglee was not present.

4th. General Naglee's report conveys the idea, I think, that one division, or one brigade, of the 4th corps did nearly all the fighting on the 31st, and that the other divisions did very little fighting.

5th. Having mentioned General Naglee favorably in my report of the battle, I respectfully request that the paper now forwarded from him as his report may be returned to me as objectionable for the reasons above stated. I will then require Brigadier General Naglee to report the operations of his own brigade during the battle of May 31. At the same time I would intimate to him that if he desires to describe the operations of the 4th corps, or of General Casey's division, or the conduct of individuals not under his command, or his own conduct generally, there will be no objection to his doing so in a separate paper.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

E. D. KEVES,

Brig. Gen. Comd'g, 4th Corps.

To Brigadier General S. Williams, Adj. Gen., Army of the Potomac.

True copy from original is the official reports of the Peninsular Campaign.

[Signed]

SCOTT, U. S. A.

February 14, 1881.

In the above commentary I express a doubt of the presence of General Naglee in the line of battle which was next the last that was formed. That doubt was increased to a conviction by what he told me afterwards. He said he was over at a Anderson's saw-mill, where he saw General Kearny and another general officer. That saw-mill is the one referred to by General Jameson of Kearny's division. The mill is one mile to the left and

rear of Seven Pines towards White Oak swamp, and two miles from Naglee's first position in the battle. At that time the road to it was crooked, muddy and difficult, and probably not another man but General Naglee of Casey's first brigade was within a mile and a half of that mill during the day.

After being at the mill Naglee certainly returned to the Williamsburg road, where I saw him under the following well-remembered circumstances.

After I had placed the 10th Massachusetts in the gap of the last line of battle but one, as mentioned in my report, I remained near it enveloped in smoke. The rebels pressed and enfiladed the left of that line so hard, 150 yards from me, that it gave way—the infantry ran, and the artillery limbered up and drove furiously away. Seeing the last piece where the Williamsburg road entered the woods, rode with all speed to rally the fugitives. At least a half-mile from the line I had left, I saw General Naglee in the road walking his horse towards Bottom's bridge. He told me he was entirely exhausted, and I allowed him to continue. He crossed the Chickahominy and passed the night on the opposite side of that stream.

I succeeded, with the assistance of my staff, in turning back a large number, with whom and others who had stood fast I formed another, and the last, line of battle on the left in the twilight, while General Heintzelman formed it on the right, and that line repulsed the enemy and ended the fight of the 31st, at Seven Pines. General Naglee was certainly not near that line, and I estimate that he quit the field one hour before I left it. I need say no more concerning Naglee's remarks upon the positions of Peck, Couch and Devens, nor of that stupendous phrase which terminates one of the paragraphs of his report in the following words: "and when at dark the

enemy swept all before him, we were the last to leave the field!"

In regard to the movement of the 55th New York, General Peck, to whose brigade that regiment of gallant Frenchmen belonged, has the following: "At 1 o'clock P.M. (it should have been 2 o'clock) General Keyes, commanding 4th corps, detached the 55th N. Y. Volunteers under Lieut.-Col. Thourot from my command, and led it into position himself." I did detach that regiment because I saw it was needed by General Casey, *not at Naglee's suggestion*, and rode at its head three or four hundred yards, and while it filed to the left into the Williamsburg road I ordered Naglee to go on with it to save the guns, etc. See Lieut.-Col. Thourot's report.

Naglee refers, in his report, to the 55th as follows: "At half-past 3 P.M. I rode to the rear and I led up the 55th N. Y., Lieutenant-Colonel Thourot." Peck says the time was 1, Thourot says 1:30, Naglee 3:30. It was, in fact, about 2 o'clock P.M., certainly not later than 2.

The gallant Bailey is unfortunately not alive to thank General Naglee for his congratulations and directions on the field. Bailey was a noble soldier. The last time I saw him was one hour before the battle commenced, when he was on his way to Fair Oaks station. I told him to return and prepare his batteries for action.

For my part I am unable to consider General Naglee's report of the battle of Fair Oaks as a reliable document for its history. General D. N. Couch's report is essentially important. The credit given to Naglee's report, and to its author, by the Count of Paris, *if by chance they met*, justifies me in speaking further of Naglee and of his peculiar traits as an officer, his bravery and energy being considered by me unquestionable.

In all armies there is a class of men who are at variance

with their commanding officer. Of that class, so far as my reading and military experience extends, Henry M. Naglee is entitled to stand head. He came to my corps from General Hooker's division, and at his first interview with me he discharged a tirade of maledictions against that officer, which made so slight an impression that, if Hooker had rifled me of my fondest hopes, it would not have occurred to me to allege a word that Naglee had said against him by way of revenge or justification.

I am not certain that Naglee was ever under the command of General Sumner, but the following circumstance induces me to suppose he had been subject to that old hero's orders. Not long after the battle of Fair Oaks, several members of Congress came down to the camps. Naglee, being informed of their approach, went down the road and intercepted them. He told me afterwards that he found an opportunity to tell them what had been done, and he trusted he had told them enough to prevent old Sumner from getting a brevet! Such is the epic poetry of war. Wonder what he said about a brevet for me?

In the month of May, 1884, I was invited by the survivors of the 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers to accompany them and visit the field of Fair Oaks on its twenty-second anniversary. That brave regiment lost one-third of its number, including its colonel, Rippey, and all its other field and staff officers, and all the captains were killed or disabled down to the 8th captain, Orr, who assumed command on the field. It was full of heroes, and I gladly accepted the cordial invitation of its survivors, which contained in its reference to me the following words: "Our Corps Commander, to whom is due all the honor of the victory, orders and so-called history notwithstanding."

On the field I found some difficulty in recognizing its

features. The trees had been cut down in some places, and had grown up in others, and all the mud and standing water had given place to dry, hard ground. An old settler, who was one of General Johnston's guides before and in the battle, assisted me in finding where the rifle pits, abatis and epaulements had been, and after I had pointed out the position of the last lines of battle I called on him and he showed the same positions that I had given. Going over to our right beyond the railroad, I had the help of a man who was in the fight there to study Couch's position when he was cut off, and where Sumner came to extricate him. Looking around upon the favorable approaches there I felt terrified to think of the danger my troops were in twenty-two years ago, and I was ready to exclaim, Why did not Johnston attack us there? As it was, if I had known then all I know now, I would have said and done exactly the same, in the position to which my corps was assigned.

Subsequent to the termination of the Peninsular campaign General Naglee was under my command at Yorktown, from whence he was detached and placed on duty at Newbern, N. C.

Our separation gave rise to the following correspondence, in which the writers, in terms succinct, record their mutual military repugnance:

HEADQUARTERS NAGLEE'S DIVISION, }
NEWBERN, *June 12, 1863.* }

GENERAL:—I am most happy to advise you that I have been transferred with my brigade into the Department of North Carolina.

It may be equally agreeable and satisfactory to you, as it certainly is to myself, to be assured that the separation will be a permanent one.

H. M. NAGLEE.

To Maj.-Gen. Erasmus D. Keyes, Commanding, &c., &c.

HEADQUARTERS, 4th CORPS, }
YORKTOWN, June 25, 1863. }

GENERAL :—Your letter of the 15th instant has been received.

The happiness you express in your announcement of a permanent separation from me is, I assure you, most cordially reciprocated. I will add, with the risk of being thought to exaggerate, that I do not believe any one of your previous commanding officers was made more happy at parting with you than I was.

Very respectfully, etc.,

[Signed]

E. D. KEYES.

Brig. H. M. Naglee, U. S. Volunteers.

The scope of this work allows, and my own feelings suggest, an allusion to General Naglee after we had both withdrawn from the strife of war and put off our armor to don the habiliments of peace and utility.

Naglee dwells in San Jose, California, where he owns a vineyard and a vast establishment. When he comes to San Francisco we meet and talk in a friendly vein of our affairs, which can in no way ever clash. He, or one of his agents, put into my hand a small pamphlet which describes the virtues of his vinicultural products. It is acknowledged that the brandy he distils is the best that is made, and it has been adopted for the use of our army hospitals. While I read Naglee's description of his products, I was enlivened by the lucid clearness and beauty of his style, and I arose from its perusal persuaded that all who desire long life and exemption from every known malady will be gratified if they drink freely of Naglee's Brandy.

But he will have his own way. He owned a large ranche as tenant in common with my friend McDermott, who is a man of positive convictions. Mac often amused me relating his disputes with Naglee, till one day he told him they had divided their interest. Then I said to him : "In all the business you have had for so many years with

Naglee about that ranche, did he ever agree with a suggestion you made to him?"

"Never."

"Thus he spake, and speaking sighed."

The part taken by my corps and me in the change of base to the James River, and my service as commander of the rear guard after the battle of Malvern Hill, are described in my report; see page 560, *Military Reports of the Rebellion*.

I received my orders from General McClellan at 1 o'clock A. M., June 28, to place the great bulk of my corps across White Oak Swamp before daylight of that morning. When I arrived at the swamp at the head of my column the new bridge was not sufficiently complete to allow the passage of a wheel vehicle. I passed over soon after sunrise and called up a farmer who was a resident of the place, and required him to describe to me, under fine of death, all the roads and paths leading to the James River, as well as those leading to and from Richmond. He was intelligent, and gave so clear a description that I ordered the first brigades of infantry and the artillery that came over the bridge to advance about four miles to a point near the junction of the Quaker road to the James, and the road to Richmond. Peck and Couch, division commanders, and Palmer's and Wessel's brigades were the first to arrive, and I refer to my report for further particulars and the names of officers and companies who distinguished themselves in repelling a spirited assault of rebel cavalry on the morning of the 29th, which resulted in a loss to the enemy of about eighty and no damage to us.

I was close at hand when the assault was made, and while the dismounted prisoners were passing within our

line General McClellan came up accompanied by the Prince of Joinville. The general seemed pleased with everything he saw, and the tone of confidence and approval in which he addressed me was in absolute contrast with his previous salutations to me during the campaign.

My corps being in the advance I received orders on the afternoon of the same day to move my whole force to the James River by the line of my own choice, to secure Turkey bridge, etc.

The Quaker road was the one in use, and there was another old abandoned road below it, running nearly parallel and distant from one to two miles. No wheel vehicle had passed over the old road in the last five years, and it was in many places concealed by vines and bushes and much encumbered with fallen trees. Before I had any reason to suppose I should be called on to use that road it had been brought to my attention by Captain Keenan, of Colonel D. McGregg's 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry, *but the particular knowledge which decided me to pass over it I derived from the farmer above referred to.*

The Count of Paris correctly describes the uncertainty at headquarters until it was learned, as he remarks, that "Keyes had, by chance, *discovered*" the old road in question. The discovery was almost of inestimable advantage, and over it I made my labored way by the light of lanterns for the choppers and workers, and at sunrise on the 30th I posted a strong force to hold Turkey bridge. The Count says there passed in safety over that old road 400 carriages, 500 ambulances, 350 field-pieces, 50 siege guns, and 2,500 head of beeves. If they had all been crowded upon the Quaker road the embarrassment to the army might have been fatal.

The following is from the notes kept by Dr. Hamilton :

He [Keyes] kept his scouts always on the alert, and soon made himself acquainted with all the roads to the James River. This knowledge possessed probably by no other officer of his rank to the same extent, proved of inestimable value to us on our retreat, which was led by General Keyes's column. All the way across the same untiring vigilance was noticeable, and I was unable to discover when the General ate or slept.

The doctor has more to say in regard to my endurance when he fell asleep from weariness, while I went two miles further to post the guard at Turkey bridge.

After posting the guard at Turkey bridge, I went on board the war steamer lying off the landing, and breakfasted with Captain John Rodgers. At his table I met, for the first time, the accomplished Lieutenant Samuel R. Franklin, now commodore in charge of the observatory in Washington. From that time till now, Franklin has ranked high among my most esteemed friends.

I ate and slept as much as was necessary to keep me fresh, and no march, battle, task, or vigil of the campaign produced on me a feeling of exhaustion. At the end of the seven days' fights I was less fatigued than I felt on arriving at the unfinished bridge over the swamp. At that moment my nervous depression was great, lest the enemy should appear on the opposite bank.

At the battle of Malvern Hill I detached Couch's division, and sent it above Turkey bridge, and had directly under my own eye Peck's brigade of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and thirty-five pieces of artillery. Here my observation enables me to correct the erroneous impressions entertained subsequently by some persons concerning General McClellan's going on a gunboat.

Twice during the day General McClellan came to me to direct a change in my line. His second visit was late in the afternoon, and he came to me from the direction

of Turkey bridge. He described minutely how the action was progressing, and apprehended that the enemy would probably get around and attack me through the road I had come in upon. I hastened to make the changes required, and the general left me, saying he was going on board the gunboat to instruct navy officers where to direct their shots.

After the battle of Malvern Hill, which was fought July 1, the army retreated to Harrison's Landing.

On the evening of the first I received my orders to command the rear guard. I spent nearly the whole night in making arrangements to destroy Turkey bridge, sending two of my aides, Jackson and Gibson, to attend to it. Ordered Captain Clark, 8th Illinois Cavalry, with twenty-five expert axe-men, to chop the largest trees along the road below nearly through, so that within fifteen minutes after the tail of the column passed the bridge was destroyed without blowing up, and the road through the jungle blocked beyond the possible passage of wheels or cavalry, for twenty-four hours, and made difficult for infantry.

A strong line of battle facing to the rear, composed of Wessel's brigade of infantry, Miller's and McCarthy's battery, was formed on the hill overlooking Haxall's vast farm. I placed it under the immediate charge of General Peck,—Naglee, with his brigade, and more of West's artillery were further on. Farnsworth, 8th Illinois Cavalry, was drawn up in line, and as much of all the force as possible was concealed from the view of the enemy. Cavalry scouts were kept out in all directions, and the greatest possible assistance was rendered me during the day by Gregg's 8th Pennsylvania and Farnsworth's 8th Illinois Cavalry. Gregg was a splendid cavalry leader of the Regular Army, whose daring and good service I had

often witnessed, and Farneworth was a natural born hussar. No man at the head of a regiment of horse could have done more effective duty than he.

Naglee had, at his own request, and with my consent, felled numerous trees across a road passing between the river and the main highway, and that I was obliged to reopen, and an immense number of carriages passed over it that could not have escaped otherwise, as, with all our exertions to double and treble the line of vehicles, we had not quite five minutes to spare before the enemy came upon us from the woods at the edge of the large wheat field near our intended camp.

During the day I received the following letter from General McClellan's chief of staff :

GENERAL : I have ordered back all the cavalry that can be raised here (Harrison's Landing). It is of the utmost importance that we should save all our artillery, and as many of our wagons as possible ; and the commanding general feels the utmost confidence that you will do all that can be done to accomplish this. Permit me to say that if you bring in everything you will accomplish a most signal and meritorious exploit, which the commanding general will not fail to represent in its proper light to the Department.

Very respectfully,

[Signed] · R. T. MARCY,

Chief of Staff.

The despatch from Headquarters sending Averill's and Farneworth's cavalry to my assistance authorized us, in case of the impossibility of getting up all the wagons, to destroy them, and drive the horses forward. General McClellan came out half a mile to meet me, and was greatly pleased with the entire success of the operations of the rear guard.

The following day, not being satisfied with the position of the line established by the engineers for me to guard,

I requested the general to inspect it with me. He did so, and approved another line further out of my selection. His agreement with me, and his manner on this occasion, caused me to think I had at last won his confidence.

In some of the accounts that I have seen of the retreat to Harrison's Landing my name is not mentioned. In some the command of the rear guard is assigned to, or assumed by, other officers. To establish the truth I have cited reliable documents, the most conclusive of which is the following from General McClellan's report :

The greater portion of the transportation of the army having been started for Harrison's Landing during the night of the 30th of June and the 1st of July, the order for the movement of the troops was at once issued upon the final repulse of the enemy at Malvern Hill.

The orders prescribed a movement by the left and rear, General Keyes' corps to cover the manœuvre. It was not carried out in detail as regards the divisions on the left, the roads being somewhat blocked by the rear of our trains. Porter and Couch were not able to move out as early as had been anticipated, and Porter found it necessary to place a rear guard between his command and the enemy. Colonel Averell, of the 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry, was entrusted with the delicate duty. He had under his command his own regiment and Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan's brigade of regular infantry and one battery. By a judicious use of the materials at his command, he deceived the enemy so as to cover the withdrawal of the left wing without being attacked, remaining himself on the previous day's battle-field until about seven o'clock of the 2d of July. Meantime General Keyes, having received his orders, commenced vigorous preparations for covering the movements of the entire army, and protecting the trains. It being evident that the immense number of wagons and artillery pertaining to the army could not move with celerity along a single road, General Keyes took advantage of every accident of the ground to open new avenues, and to facilitate the movement. He made preparations for obstructing the roads after the army had passed so as to prevent any rapid pursuit, destroying effectually Turkey bridge, on the main road, and rendering other roads and approaches temporarily impassable by felling trees across them. He kept the trains well closed up, and directed the march so that the troops could move on each side of the road, not obstructing the passage, but being in good position to repel an attack from any quarter. His dispositions were so

so successful that, to use his own words: "I do not think that more vehicles or more public property were abandoned on the march from Turkey bridge than would have been left, in the same state of the roads, if the army had been moving toward the enemy, instead of away from him," and when it is understood that the carriages and teams of the army, stretched out in one line, would extend not far from forty miles, the energy and caution necessary for their safe withdrawal from the presence of an enemy vastly superior in numbers will be appreciated.

Great credit must be awarded to General Keyes for the skill and energy which characterized his performance of the important and delicate duties entrusted to his charge.

Shortly after the army reached Harrison's Landing President Lincoln and certain members of his Cabinet came down to visit us. I went to pay my respects, and before leaving the vicinity of his lodging, he came out and asked me to walk with him. As we were starting an officer of the Quartermaster's Department approached and reported to me that one of the wagons for which he was accountable broke down on the retreat and the rebels had captured it. "Did you get a receipt for the wagon?" said the President. The officer replied in the negative and left. Mr. Lincoln then related a story concerning two ruffians who lived in Sangamon County, Illinois. The story described a receipt and the strange manner of getting it by one of the ruffians. I had never heard from the President a more astounding illustration, nor one that was more laughable. Instantly after telling it he said: "What's to be done with this army?" His question was so abrupt that I replied:

"Take it back to Washington."

"What are your reasons?"

In answer to that serious interrogatory, I spoke at length.

I said: "Mr. President, this army is in retreat, and it is reasonable to suppose its spirit is not improved, but it is

certain the rebels feel great exultation at having chased us into these limits. If we could not take Richmond before coming here, what hope is there of taking it with this same army after such an acknowledgment of defeat as you see before you? It would be folly, in my opinion, to advance again without strong reinforcements, and before such reinforcements could reach us the malaria of the James would damage this army twenty per cent." I then referred to the largeness of the sick list, and the effects I had noticed of the malaria of the swamps of the Chickahominy, etc. I told him, also, that on account of the sickness of the season and place it would be better to transport the army to Washington for a while, and then bring it back again if this line should be approved. If we remain here much longer, I added, "the rebels may strengthen the defences of Richmond, and despatch an army to occupy Washington before us."

I do not know to what extent my statements influenced the President, and at the time of making them I was ignorant of the plans and intentions of General McClellan. I afterward learned that his opinions were in direct opposition to mine, and as he was overruled, and the army ordered North, it is reasonable to suppose the general was irritated against me. I committed no offence by giving my opinions to our common superior who required them, but I was left behind at Yorktown with a broken portion of my corps, to my inexpressible disappointment and disgust. I remained there a year guarding an extensive line on both sides of York River; sent out frequent expeditions to harass the enemy, one under Kilpatrick, and one to destroy a foundry near Catlet's Station, under Major Carroll Tevis, who on that occasion distinguished himself in a brilliant manner; was in temporary command of the department when the rebels came down to

attack Suffolk and Williamsburg simultaneously; visited and consulted with General Peck, who bravely defended Suffolk. Took a subordinate part in another expedition which failed. The want of time and space is my excuse for not entering into particulars concerning my last year's service on the Peninsula. At its beginning my constitution was so perfect that I had no suspicion of any physical disease or weakness, but before many months the emanations from the swamps about Yorktown began to report themselves in my liver, which was then so much disordered that it has troubled me ever since. Whether it was the free expression of my opinion to the President, at which General McClellan had no right to be offended, or his dislike, or the dislike and slanders of other men, I know not, but there must have been some cause for my abandonment, which was as fatal to my aspirations and usefulness in the army as a dismissal would have been.

I have not given my impressions at length in this book of General McClellan's capacity to command armies, for the reason that he held me at times in what I considered unmerited disfavor, the remembrance of which might sway my judgment. If I were to estimate his qualifications only from his conduct during the change of base to the James River, I should assign to him a distinguished rank among military leaders.

Strong efforts were made by many of my friends to have the balance of my corps and me brought up from Yorktown. Among them were Mr. Secretary Chase and General James Wadsworth, with the latter of whom I had served several months. My enemies pleaded against me in my absence, and would have done so if I had the genius of Napoleon, for I was considered no better than an abolitionist.

Mr. Chase wrote me the following note:

September 7, 1862.

MY DEAR GEN'L :—I lost no time, after becoming informed of your views, in urging an order to bring up the balance of your corps, and I understood yesterday that such an order was issued.

The clique is not so strong as formerly. The eyes of the whole country are upon the conduct of its chief.

Yours truly,

[Signed]

S. P. CHASE.

Maj.-Gen. Keyes.

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APPENDIX I.

THE following is from Colonel C. C. Suydam, who was my Chief of Staff :

Having had the pleasure and honor of serving on the staff of General Keyes during a portion of the time he commanded the division which covered the rear of Washington from the autumn of 1861 to the spring of 1862, and during the whole sixteen months he was in command of the Fourth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, it has seemed to me it might be of interest to the future historian of the war of the Rebellion to indulge in a few reflections and reminiscences of some of the events in the careers of my former companions in arms. As indicated in General Keyes' letter to me of December 24, 1877, I am in possession of many memoranda of events, and my recollection of others, not noted at the time, is still very fresh. Certainly such personal reminiscences, coupled with the official reports of operations, cannot but aid the future writer in compiling a true record. I cannot but feel that in the writing of the day justice has not been done to the services rendered to the cause of the Union by General Keyes and the troops who were so fortunate as to have him for their commander.

It was in November 1861, that I reported to General Keyes for duty as aide-de-camp ; and very early in my career on his staff I learned to appreciate his worth as a man and soldier. To a constitution of iron, and an untiring industry, a thorough acquaintance—gained through long training—with all the duties appertaining to his profession, and a finished ability in the performance of those duties, he added, in a marked degree, an intense earnestness and honesty of purpose. To him the war meant something more than the mere gaining of battles, something far higher and nobler than the personal rewards of success. His whole heart was in the cause of suppressing the Rebellion and maintaining the dignity of the Government, and he was outspoken in expressing his convictions. These traits of character, and this strong *Northern feeling*—as it was then called—were so well known that, while in the Executive Mansion he was esteemed and trusted and honored, the controlling authorities of the army during the first two and a half years

of the war never gave him the credit to which his services entitled him. Trusted by Mr. Lincoln though he was, many of the President's military advisers at the time, who did not yet—and some of whom never did—wage the war with the earnestness which subsequent events showed to be absolutely necessary to save the life of the nation, failed to appreciate the whole-souled determination which General Keyes threw into all his efforts. They had not yet learned that a Rebel to the constituted authorities meant an open enemy to be treated as such as though attacking beneath the protection of a foreign flag. Those were the times when the war was conducted, on the part of the so-called *Federal* leaders—so to speak—with gloves; when the people of the country passed through were not to be despoiled of their possessions, when their lands were not to be devastated, when their growing crops were not to be molested, but were to be protected and permitted to come to full fruition that they might be garnered and preserved to fill the commissaries of the Southern armies; when favoritism and adulation of favorites readily took the place of earnest zeal for the common cause, regardless of individual choice; when the fate of the nation was willingly left hanging undecided in the balance rather than an unpopular commander should gain a victory. And it needed the bitter experience of many a defeat to teach our leaders that peace could be conquered and the nation saved only by applying the most destructive rules of war, and the sharp admonition of a court martial to remind the officers of the army of the Potomac that it was their first duty to obey orders, and to render a whole-hearted support to superior authority, whether they admired that authority or did not.

In organizing and drilling the untrained troops that came to Washington to do service for the country I believe General Keyes did not have a superior. He felt the necessity of thorough preparation in all the departments to meet the life and death struggle which he knew was certain to come; he did not believe in any 30 or 60 days' campaign as sufficient to crush the life out of the Rebellion; fully aware of the fighting qualities of the men of the South, and appreciating their fierce and earnest—if mistaken—determination to seize the reins of government and administer it to their own liking, he knew that only the utmost completeness in all details would enable us to wage an equal fight. And so, while the army lay about Washington, he suffered no moment to pass without improving the condition of his division, and causing both officers and men to be well instructed in the duties which they would be called upon to perform after taking the field. Drills and inspections were frequent, and all the minutiae of camp, and march, and battle-life were so constantly repeated, that when in the spring of 1862 the division took the field under General Couch—who succeeded General Keyes on his promotion to the command of the Fourth Corps—it gave so good an account of itself that it speedily took rank as one of the most reliable divi-

sions of the army, a proud eminence which it retained to the end of the war. With his staff the General was equally exacting; with two exceptions we were all from civil life, with little or no knowledge of military matters, and to the instruction and advice we received from our chief those of us who were without previous experience owe whatever success we achieved. I had entered the army from my lawyer's desk, utterly ignorant of anything appertaining to the service, and after three months' diligent application had tolerably well familiarized myself with the duties of a first lieutenant of cavalry; the afternoon of the day after I reported for duty the General remarked to his three aides-de-camp, "Young gentlemen, to-morrow morning I drill the division. Mr. —, you will accompany General Couch; Mr. —, you will accompany General Peck; Mr. —, you will accompany General Graham, and you will all see that my orders are properly executed." We did not pass the evening together, and a subsequent comparison of notes showed that each of us had betaken himself to the privacy of his own quarters and consumed much midnight oil in mastering the intricacies of "grand tactics" as set forth in the last volume of Hardee. Owing to the clearness of the General's voice, the already rapid progress of the troops, and the superior qualities of the brigade commanders named, we aides had really very little to do, but we were enlightened as to what was to be expected of us, and it was not very long before we were pretty well versed in the requirements of "tactics" and "army regulations."

It is a well-known fact that President Lincoln's designation of officers to command the four corps, into which the Army of the Potomac was divided in the spring of 1862, did not meet with the entire approval of the general commanding, and that efforts were made to change some of those designations after they were made; those efforts, however, were not successful, and General Keyes assumed command of the Fourth Corps, composed of his own division—in fine condition, and then commanded by General Couch. "Baldy" Smith's division, a splendid body of men, who in the subsequent events of the war made a record second to none; and Casey's division, this latter composed of the regiments most recently arrived at the capital, but who gave an account of themselves which was recognized by the Southern generals, if not by some of our own. There was no time to consolidate the command and to harmonize its component parts; the officers and men of the regiments of the different divisions had no opportunity to meet and become acquainted with each other, and, although the corps existed as a designated body of men, no time was given to make of it a compact *whole* before taking the field; with the rest of the army the troops were hurried to the Peninsula as rapidly as transportation could be furnished, and they first assembled as a corps in camp at Newport News. Soon after that active campaigning began, the field life of the soldier set in, the time for organiz-

ing and drilling had passed, but the General set to work with his inborn zeal and earnestness to do full service in the position to which he had been appointed by the President. And he was ably assisted by his subordinate officers and the privates of the command. Example, whether for good or evil, is infectious, and in this instance the whole corps willingly followed the lead of their chief in doing their utmost in the service to which they had voluntarily devoted their lives and their honors. In the operations opposite the enemy's strong works on the left of the Yorktown line, the General was ever vigilant and thorough. No great amount of fighting was done; but so close a hold upon the enemy's lines was established, and so incessant a watchfulness of his movements was had, that when, on that warm Sunday in May, 1862, the evacuation of Yorktown by Magruder was reported, the corps, ever ready for such, or any, emergency, were speedily set in motion in pursuit with their commander at their head. Coming up to their rear guard at Williamsburg, the willing troops did noble service, and the General gave marked evidence of his decision and activity; intuitively he seemed to take in the requirements of the occasion, and the quickness with which he executed a movement when its necessity became apparent was something remarkable; to that rapid perception and speedy execution was in large measure due the solid support given by Peck's brigade of Couch's division to the roughly handled troops of Hooker, and the brilliant success achieved by Hancock's brigade which he led and placed in position, after which he brought up the remainder of the corps and placed them in the fight.

After the battle of Williamsburg the army proceeded up the Peninsula in as rapid pursuit of the retreating enemy as was permitted by the wretched condition of the roads, and by the necessity of establishing a firm base of supplies for future movements. While en route above Williamsburg, Smith's division was detached from the corps and reported to General Franklin, forming with his division and under his command the Provisional Army Corps. We regretted losing Smith. He and his men could and did always give good account of themselves; but I think no one questioned the good judgment of General McClellan in reducing the component parts of the Infantry Army Corps to two divisions, the organization which I believe was retained to the close of the war in the Army of the Potomac. Franklin was an able officer.

One incident that occurred in this march up the Peninsula filled with indignation the hearts of General Keyes and his staff. While resting in the city of Williamsburg for a few days succeeding the battle, we selected for our headquarters the house of a prominent citizen who had fled on the approach of our troops, leaving a negro man-servant in charge. I think it was I, in person, who informed the General that I had learned from the negro servant that there were some bottles of brandy in the house we occupied,

and suggested to him that, in this emergency, there would be no impropriety in appropriating some of the brandy to be used in case of need. Surgeon Brown, the medical director, recommended it strongly. And so, with the General's permission, I ordered a few bottles of brandy to be taken from the cellar and put in the General's wagon, where it was to remain under Surgeon Brown's orders. At the end of the second day's march from Williamsburg the General was summoned to report in person to the Provost Marshal, Andrew Porter, charged with having violated orders in having despoiled the citizen of Williamsburg, taking away his brandy and appropriating it to his use. Notwithstanding the facts were explained as I have given them, notwithstanding the further fact that Dr. Brown represented in writing that the brandy was required in the unhealthy region through which we were then marching, General Keyes was ordered to send back the brandy under the escort of an aide-de-camp and to restore it to the place whence it had been taken. This order was obeyed, and those bottles, together with all others containing liquor, or wine, or their contents, soon thereafter found their way into the canteens or haversacks of the troops which occupied the city after the main army had gone forward. I do not know whether the movements of all the corps commanders were so closely watched, but I felt at the time, a feeling which is in no sense diminished by the lapse of years, that it was a studied indignity put upon General Keyes by the half-loyal clique who formed a considerable part of General McClellan's staff, and a signal instance of the careful guard kept over the property of the common enemy even to the possible detriment of our own officers and men.

At New Kent Court-house, while the bulk of the army kept on up to White House and thence outward towards Richmond on the east, to General Keyes, with his corps, now composed of the divisions of Couch and Casey, and accompanied by Gregg's Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, was assigned the advance by the left towards where the main road and the railroad cross the Chickahominy at and near Bottom's Bridge. This advance was most admirably conducted; the enemy were driven back steadily, and on May 23 the Chickahominy was crossed and positions taken up on its right bank. The Chickahominy is not navigable above Bottom's Bridge, where in the dry season it is an insignificant, sluggish stream. In times of freshets and heavy rains it suddenly overflows its banks to the width of half a mile and is not fordable. Meanwhile the base of supplies had been established at White House. The railroad thence to the front was strongly covered and guarded by the infantry and by Stoneman with the cavalry and the corps of Sumner. Franklin and Porter were taking up positions to the right along the left bank of the Chickahominy, with Heintzelman in reserve. And thus it was that this treacherous stream—with the spring freshets then due—was straddled by the army. The 4th Corps continued its advance towards Rich-

mond, and on the 25th day of May Heintzelman's corps also crossed at Bottom's Bridge, and took up positions on the extreme left and rear at White Oak swamp with Hooker's division, while Kearny's division was advanced to supporting distance of Keyes. These two corps were the only troops on the right bank of the stream when the battle of Fair Oaks began on the 31st of May, and at that time the only means of communicating with the troops on the left bank was by way of Bottom's Bridge, a distance of ten or twelve miles. There were no practicable fords, and although considerable work had been done in constructing bridges none had been completed during the eight days between the crossing of the corps on the 23d and the engagement of the 31st. Meanwhile General Keyes, thoroughly aware of the exposed position of his troops, failed not to adopt every means in his power to prepare for the attack which to him seemed imminent. The position he selected for his corps was not the one where the battle of the 31st was fought; that position he felt to be too far advanced under the conditions of his great separation from the main body of the army, and he so represented to the general of the army; but his advice was not considered, and, under the immediate directions of the engineer department the corps was placed in position on the 29th of May with its left resting on the White Oak swamp, which formed a fair cover to that flank, and its right covering Fair Oak station; this flank was in air, the country between it and the Chickahominy being covered merely by a picket line; the centre on the Williamsburg road was close to the enemy's lines. Yet, notwithstanding this unfavorable condition of affairs, the general bent his best energies as a true soldier to prepare for the storm which he felt positive was before long to break upon him. Constantly vigilant, he discovered in his direct front the presence of the enemy in great force, and his constantly reiterated reports to army headquarters should have given ample warning of the attack which he knew to be imminent. How anxious were the night watches and the daily expectations in those corps headquarters at "Seven Pines"! But his advice was all unheeded and disregarded; as one of McClellan's staff officers said to me, "Keyes thinks the enemy are in his front; but they are not—they are off to the right up at Meadow Bridge." Certainly it seems a just criticism that General McClellan never expected a serious attack upon his left wing; else, why should he have pushed it so far in advance, and so far removed from the support of the main army?

The official reports on both sides are so full of the preparations for the battle of Fair Oaks and of the events of the battle itself, that I shall not attempt to improve upon them. So far as the Fourth Corps is concerned no one could write so full and clear an account as General Keyes himself has done; his record is a manual of completeness of detail, and is a monument to his fair treatment of all concerned. Many of the officers engaged remarked its

accuracy to me. When the first sounds of battle came from the enemy's lines General Keyes was thoroughly prepared for the attack and gave all necessary orders to meet it. He anticipated the first onslaught on the right at Fair Oaks Station, the quarter where his experience taught him it would naturally be made; and, appreciating the vast importance of retaining his hold at this point so long as possible, if help from across the stream should be needed, he strengthened that position by sending there General Couch with a portion of his proved troops to support the first line. He had already sent to request reinforcements there, and subsequently got General Heintzelman to advance Birney's brigade towards the same point by the railroad. And though, from the fact that General Johnston did not strike the right heavily until late in the day, but concentrated his attack upon the left and centre and drove the lines past Couch's left, that officer with the troops immediately under his command was cut off from the remainder of the corps and was unable to render assistance to it when so hard pressed, yet his being where he was enabled him to render immeasurable service when Sedgwick's division came up in the afternoon. His presence checked the advance of Smith's rebel division, and, strengthened by his six regiments, Sumner was enabled to retain firm hold upon Fair Oaks and thus to turn defeat into victory. Who can tell what would have been the result if Couch had not been where he was, but had taken part in the earlier work of the day? In this, as in every other disposition of his forces on that eventful day, General Keyes showed the results of a complete and ready judgment; his efforts to stay the enemy's onward approach were well-nigh superhuman; he handled his troops with perfect coolness and clear-headedness under the most trying circumstances; he seemed to be ubiquitous, perceiving with unerring judgment the point of each fresh attack and placing troops in position to meet each, so that the capacity of his comparatively small force to contest the field inch by inch was vastly increased; and when at the closing hours of that hard day's work the last unbroken line was formed to stop the further advance of the baffled foe, he was on foot among his brave men to cheer and sustain them in that their final and successful effort. Truly the battle was well fought against desperate odds, both of position and numbers—and, notwithstanding the slanders given to the world at the time, the men of the Fourth Corps acquitted themselves as heroes. Their general gave them all credit for their noble efforts; and they appreciated that for their success they were in large measure indebted to his foresight, judgment, and activity.

After Fair Oaks the duties of the corps were comparatively light; it needed recuperation after the terrible exhaustion it had experienced. But on the early morning of June 28 it took the advance of the army in the change of base to the James River. In this movement despatch and secrecy were of the utmost moment, for after his victory of Gaines' Mill Jackson would

come thundering on our rear, and Lee would crowd down on us from the direction of Richmond. With admirable judgment the general, after crossing White Oak swamp, advanced the corps to a position which opened the way to a successful completion of the movement of the army contemplated by General McClellan. And here occurred an incident which is so thoroughly illustrative of the intense earnestness of the Southern character during the war that I think it worth recording. The official reports state how Rebel cavalry regiment, commanded by a major, made an unexpected and a futile attack upon our lines, and how in the attack the major received his death-wound. The whole affair occurred within a very short distance of the general and his staff; and when we advanced over the road down which the regiment had charged I saw the major lying by the roadside, desperately wounded, and with the pallor of approaching death upon his brow. I rode to him, dismounted, and proffered him aid, but he rejected my offers with maledictions. He wore near his heart, suspended by blue ribbon, a portrait of a lady, which he had managed to have in his hand, and on which he was gazing with fond looks. This seemed to him to be his only desire in the few moments he had to live, and I presume my intended kindly interference was an obtrusion. So I could do nothing but sadly remount my horse and ride away, reflecting upon the horrors of war which made such things possible. Here, too, the general gave signal evidence of the worth of his services. In moving so vast a body of men, with all their impedimenta, it was of the utmost consequence to discover the roads leading to the James River. One main road down towards Turkey Bridge was known, but it was left to General Keyes to discover another road over which troops could march. By questioning a farmer who had long resided in the country, and threatening him with instant death if he failed to tell the truth, he learned that there was an old abandoned road through the woods in almost a straight line to the James; this road, through long disuse, had become much choked with fallen trees, but the axes of the pioneers removed these obstructions; the road was made practicable by the light of lanterns; and thus the whole corps was enabled to pass over it and hasten to the James River and seize the positions which made possible the success of Malvern Hill. It is certain that no map, nor any other indication of this old road, was received by General Keyes from any of the engineers, report to the contrary notwithstanding.

After Malvern it is well known that the army fell back to Harrison's Landing to recuperate. In that movement, to General Keyes, with Peck's division of his corps and a mixed command of cavalry and artillery, was committed the duty of covering the rear and of saving if possible the immense transportation of the army. How well he performed that duty General McClellan has expressed in his reports, but there are many details

of the service which have not been made public. Suffice it to say that never was more zeal or earnestness shown by any one; advantage was taken of everything that would in the least degree contribute to a successful carrying out of his orders; no effort that thought could suggest was neglected, and he had the proud satisfaction of receiving from his army commander a full recognition of the services of himself and the troops under his command. It became my duty on the 2d day of July to ride within the entrenchments at Harrison's Landing and to report to General McClellan from General Keyes that the whole of the transportation of the army was saved, and to receive from him for my chief a message thanking him for the service he had rendered. And yet in the subsequent movements of the Army of the Potomac General Keyes' claims were ignored, his corps was disintegrated; Couch's division was taken north to participate in the grand conflicts that ensued; Casey's division—now Peck's—was sent to Suffolk. The general was left at Yorktown with a mixed command for a time; and in the summer of 1863 the old Fourth Corps was abolished, and the general deprived of a command in the field, which was never afterwards accorded to him. And yet, among the many general officers who had commands during the war, I know of no one who was more fit to command troops; no one who so whole-heartedly threw himself into the cause which all *pretended* to be serving, no one who could give a better account of himself—no one who *did* give a better account of himself—in the performance of any duty to which he was called.

APPENDIX II.

THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

Report of Brigadier-General E. D. Keyes, 4th Corps.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH CORPS, *June 13, 1862.*

SIR : The following is my report of the operations of the 4th Corps in the battle of the 31st of May and 1st of June :

The 4th Corps being in the advance crossed the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge the 23d of May, and encamped two miles beyond. Two days later I received orders to advance on the Williamsburg road and take up and fortify the nearest strong position to a fork of roads called the "Seven Pines." The camp I selected, and which was the next day approved by Major General McClellan, stretches across the Williamsburg road between Bottom's Bridge and the Seven Pines, and is distant about a mile from the latter. I caused that camp to be fortified with rifle-pits and breastworks extending to the left about one thousand yards, and terminating in a crotchet to the rear. Similar works about three hundred yards farther in advance were constructed on the right, extending toward the Richmond and West Point Railroad.

Having been ordered by General McClellan to hold the Seven Pines strongly, I designed to throw forward to that neighborhood two brigades of Casey's division, and to establish my picket-line considerably in advance and far to the right. The lines described above are those where the main body of the troops engaged near the Seven Pines spent the night of the 31st after the battle. Examinations having been made by several engineers, I was ordered on the 28th of May to advance Casey's division to a point indicated by a large wood-pile and two houses, about three-fourths of a mile beyond the Seven Pines (but which in fact is only half a mile), and to establish Couch's division at the Seven Pines. Accordingly Casey's division bivouacked on the right and left of Williamsburg road and wood-pile, and Couch established his division at the Seven Pines and along the Nine-mile road. Both divisions set to work with the few intrenching tools at hand to slash the forests and to dig a few rifle-pits. Casey erected a small pent-

angular redoubt, and placed within it six pieces of artillery. The country is mostly wooded and greatly intersected with marshes. The Nine-mile road branching to the right from the Seven Pines slants forward, and at a distance of a mile crosses the railroad at Fair Oaks. A mile beyond it reaches an open field, where the enemy was seen in line of battle on the 29th and 30th days of May.

Casey's pickets were only about one thousand yards in advance of his line of battle, and I decided, after a personal inspection with him, that they could go no farther, as they were stopped by the enemy in force on the opposite side of an opening at that point. I pushed forward the pickets on the railroad a trifle, and they had been extended by General Naglee to the open field, where the enemy was seen in line of battle, and from thence to the right bank of the Chickahominy. After a thorough examination of my whole position I discovered that on the 30th of May the enemy were, in greater or less force, closed upon the whole circumference of a semicircle described from my headquarters near Seven Pines, with a radius of two miles.

A considerable space about the fork of the road at Seven Pines was open, cultivated ground, and there was a clear space a short distance in front of Casey's redoubt at the wood-pile. Between the two openings we found a curtain of trees, which were cut down to form an abatis. That line of abatis was continued on a curve to the right and rear and across the Nine-mile road.

When the battle commenced Casey's division was in front of the abatis; Naglee's brigade on the right, having two regiments beyond the railroad; Palmer's brigade on the left, and Wessell's brigade in the centre. Couch's division was on the right and left of the Williamsburg road, near the forks, and along the Nine-mile road. Peck's brigade was on the left, Devens' brigade in the centre, and Abercrombie's on the right, having two regiments and Brady's battery across the railroad, near Fair Oaks, thus forming two lines of battle.

Through all the night of the 30th of May there was raging a storm the like of which I cannot remember. Torrents of rain drenched the earth, the thunderbolts rolled and fell without intermission, and the heavens flashed with a perpetual blaze of lightning. From their beds of mud and the peltings of this storm the 4th Corps rose to fight the battle of the 31st of May, 1862.

At about 10 o'clock A.M. it was announced to me that an aide-de-camp of Major-General J. E. Johnston, Confederate States Army, had been captured by our pickets on the edge of the field referred to above, beyond Fair Oaks Station. While speaking with the young gentleman, at the moment of sending him away, a couple of shots fired in front of Casey's headquarters

produced in him a very evident emotion. I was perplexed, because having seen the enemy in force on the right when the aide was captured I supposed his chief must be there. Furthermore the country was more open in that direction and the road in front of Casey's position was bad for artillery. I concluded, therefore, in spite of the shots, that if attacked that day the attack would come from the right. Having sent orders for the troops to be under arms precisely at 11 o'clock A.M. I mounted my horse and rode along the Nine-mile road to Fair Oaks Station. On my way I met Colonel Bailey, chief of artillery of Casey's division, and directed him to proceed and prepare his artillery for action.

Finding nothing unusual at Fair Oaks, I gave some orders to the troops there, and returned quickly to Seven Pines. The firing was becoming brisk, but there was yet no certainty of a great attack. As a precaution to support Casey's left flank, I ordered General Couch to advance Peck's brigade in that direction. This was promptly done, and the 93d Pennsylvania, Colonel McCarter, was advanced considerably beyond the balance of that brigade.

About 12½ P.M. it became suddenly apparent that the attack was real and in great force. All my corps was under arms and in position. I sent immediately to General Heintzelman for reinforcements, and requested him to order one brigade up the railroad. My messenger was unaccountably delayed, and my dispatch appears not to have reached its destination till much later than it should have done. General Heintzelman arrived on the field at about 4 P.M., and the two brigades of his corps, Berry's and Jameson's, of Kearny's division, which took part in the battle of the 31st, arrived successively, but the exact times of their arrival in the presence of the enemy I am unable to fix with certainty; and in this report I am not always able to fix times with exactness, but they are nearly exact.

Casey's division, holding the front line, was first seriously attacked at about 12.30 P.M. The 103d Pennsylvania Volunteers, sent forward to support the pickets, broke shortly and retreated, joined by a great many sick. The numbers as they passed down the road as stragglers conveyed an exaggerated idea of surprise and defeat. There was no surprise, however. All the effective men of that division were under arms, and all the batteries were in position, with their horses harnessed (except some belonging to the guns in the redoubt) and ready to fight as soon as the enemy's forces came into view. Their numbers were vastly disproportionate to the mighty host which assailed them in front and on both flanks.

As remarked above, the picket line being only about one thousand yards in advance of the line of battle, and the country covered with forests, the Confederates, arriving fresh and confident, formed their lines and masses under the shelter of the woods, and burst upon us with great suddenness, and

had not our regiments been under arms they would have swept through our lines and routed us completely. As it was, however, Casey's division held its line of battle for more than three hours, and the execution done upon the enemy was shown by the number of rebel dead left upon the field after the enemy had held possession of that part of it for upward of twenty-four hours. During that time it is understood all the means of transport available in Richmond were employed to carry away their dead and wounded. The enemy advancing, as they frequently did, in masses, received the shot and shell of our artillery like veterans, closing up the gaps and moving steadily on to the assault. From my position, in the front of the second line, I could see all the movements of the enemy, but was not always able to discover his numbers, which were more or less concealed by the trees, nor could I accurately define the movements of our regiments and batteries.

For the details of the conflict with Casey's line I must refer to his report, and to the reports of Brigadier-Generals Naglee, Palmer, and Wessells, whose activity I had many opportunities to witness. When applied to for them, I sent reinforcements to sustain Casey's line until the numbers were so much reduced in the second line that no more could be spared. I then refused, though applied to for further aid.

I shall now proceed to describe the operations of the second line, which received my uninterrupted supervision, composed principally of Couch's division, second line. As the pressure on Casey's division became greater, he applied to me for reinforcements. I continued to send them as long as I had troops to spare. Colonel McCarter, with the 93d Pennsylvania, Peck's brigade, engaged the enemy on the left, and maintained his ground above two hours, until overwhelming numbers forced him to retire, which he did in good order.

At about 2 o'clock P.M. I ordered the 55th New York (Colonel De Trobriand, absent, sick), now in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thorout, to "save the guns," meaning some of Casey's. The regiment moved up the Williamsburg road at double-quick, conducted by General Naglee, where it beat off the enemy on the point of seizing some guns, and held its position more than an hour. At the end of that time, its ammunition being exhausted, it fell back through the abatis, and after receiving more cartridges the regiment again did good service. It lost in the battle nearly one-fourth of its numbers, killed and wounded. At a little past 2 o'clock I ordered Neill's, 23d and Rippey's 61st Pennsylvania regiments to move to the support of Casey's right. Neill attacked the enemy twice with great gallantry. In the first attack the enemy were driven back. In the second attack, and under the immediate command of General Couch, these two regiments assailed a vastly superior force of the enemy, and fought with extraordinary bravery,

though compelled at last to retire. They brought in thirty-five prisoners. Both regiments were badly cut up. Colonel Rippey, of the 61st, and his adjutant were killed. The lieutenant-colonel and major were wounded and are missing. The casualties in the 61st amount to two hundred and sixty-three, and are heavier than in any other regiment in Couch's division. After this attack the 23d took part in the hard fighting which closed the day near the Seven Pines. The 61st withdrew in detachments, some of which came again into action near my headquarters.

Almost immediately after ordering the 23d and 61st to support the right, and as soon as they could be reached, I sent the 7th Massachusetts, Colonel Russell, and the 62d New York, Colonel Riker, to reinforce them. The overpowering advance of the enemy obliged those regiments to proceed to Fair Oaks, where they fought under the immediate orders of Generals Couch and Abercrombie. There they joined the 1st U. S. Chasseurs, Colonel Cochrane, previously ordered to that point, and the 31st Pennsylvania, Col. Williams, on duty there when the action commenced. The losses in the 62d were not so great as in some of the other regiments; its conduct was good, and its colonel, Lafayette Riker, whose signal bravery was remarked, met a glorious death while attacking the enemy at the head of his regiment. The 1st U. S. Chasseurs, Colonel Cochrane, fought bravely. By that regiment our enemy's standard-bearer was shot down and the battle-flags of the 22d North Carolina Regiment captured.

For further particulars of the conduct of the 62d New York and the 1st U. S. Chasseurs, as well as for the account of those two excellent regiments, the 7th Massachusetts and 31st Pennsylvania, Colonels Russell and Williams, I refer to the reports of Generals Couch and Abercrombie. Those regiments, as well as Brady's battery, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery (which is highly praised), were hid from my personal observation during most of the action. They acted in concert with the 2d Corps, by the opportune arrival of which at Fair Oaks in the afternoon, under the brave General E. V. Sumner, the Confederates were brought to a sudden stand in that quarter. They were also present in the action of the following day near Fair Oaks, where, under the same commander, the victory, which had been hardly contested the day before, was fully completed by our troops.

At the time when the enemy was concentrating troops from the right, left and front upon the redoubt and other works in the front of Casey's headquarters and near the Williamsburg road, the danger became imminent that he would overcome the resistance there and advance down the road and through the abatis. In anticipation of such an attempt I called Flood's and McCarthy's batteries of Couch's division to form in and on the right and left of the junction of the Williamsburg and Nine-mile roads, placed infantry in all the rifle-pits on the right and left, pushing some up

also to the abatis, and collecting a large number of stragglers posted them in the woods on the left. Scarcely had these dispositions been completed when the enemy directly in front, driven by the attack of a portion of Kearny's division on their right, and by our fire upon their front, moved off to join the masses which were pressing upon my right.

To make head against the enemy approaching in that direction it was found necessary to effect an almost perpendicular change of front of the troops on the right of the Williamsburg road. By the energetic assistance of Generals Devens and Neglee, Colonel Adams, 1st Long Island, and Captains Walsh and Quackenbush, of the 36th New York, whose efforts I particularly noticed, I was enabled to form a line along the edge of the woods, which stretched nearly down to the swamp, about eight hundred yards from the fork, and along and near to the Nine-mile road. I threw back the right crotchetwise, and on its left Captain Miller, 1st Pennsylvania Artillery, Couch's division, trained his guns so as to contest the advance of the enemy.

I directed General Naglee to ride along the line, to encourage the men and keep them at work. This line long resisted the progress of the enemy with the greatest firmness and gallantry, but by pressing it very closely with overwhelming numbers, probably ten to one, they were enabled finally to force it to fall back so far upon the left and centre as to form a new line in rear. Shortly after this attack I saw General Devens leave the field wounded. There was then no general officer left in sight belonging to Couch's division. Seeing the torrent of enemies continually advancing I hastened across to the left beyond the fork to bring forward reinforcements. Brigadier-General Peck, at the head of the 102d and 93d Pennsylvania regiments, Colonels Rowley and McCarter, was ordered, with the concurrence of General Heintzelman, to advance across the open space and attack the enemy, now coming forward in great numbers. Those regiments passed through a shower of balls, and formed in a line having an oblique direction to the Nine-mile road. They held their ground for more than half an hour, doing great execution. Peck's and McCarter's horses were shot under them. After contending against enormous odds those two regiments were forced to give way, Peck and the 102d crossing the Williamsburg road to the wood, and McCarter and the bulk of the 93d passing to the right, where they took post in the last line of battle, formed mostly after 6 o'clock p. m. During the time last noticed Miller's battery, having taken up a new position, did first-rate service.

As soon as Peck had moved forward I hastened to the 10th Massachusetts, Colonel Briggs, which regiment I had myself once before moved, now in the rifle-pits on the left of the Williamsburg road, and ordered them to follow me across the field. Colonel Briggs led them on in gallant style,

moving quickly over an open space of seven or eight hundred yards, under a scorching fire, and forming his men with perfect regularity towards the right of the line last above referred to. The position thus occupied was a most favorable one, being in a wood, without much undergrowth, where the ground sloped somewhat abruptly to the rear. This line was stronger on the right than on the left. Had the 10th Massachusetts been two minutes later they would have been too late to occupy that fine position, and it would have been impossible to have formed the next and last line of the battle of the 31st, which stemmed the tide of defeat and turned it toward victory—a victory which was then begun by the 4th Corps and two brigades of Kearny's division of the 3d Corps, and consummated the next day by Sumner and others.

And seeing the 10th Massachusetts and the adjoining line well at work under a murderous fire I observed that that portion of the line, one hundred and fifty yards to my left, was crumbling away, some falling and others retiring. I perceived also that the artillery had withdrawn, and that large bodies of broken troops were leaving the centre and moving down the Williamsburg road to the rear. Assisted by Captain Suydam, my assistant adjutant-general, Captain Villarceau, and Lieutenants Jackson and Smith, of my staff, I tried in vain to check the retreating current.

Passing through to the opening of our intrenched camps of the 28th ultimo I found General Heintzelman and other officers engaged in rallying the men, and in a very short time a large number were induced to face about. These were pushed forward and joined to others better organized in the woods, and a line was formed stretching across the road in a perpendicular direction. General Heintzelman requested me to advance the line on the left of the road, which I did, until it came within some sixty or seventy yards of the opening in which the battle had been confined for more than two hours, against a vastly superior force. Some of the 10th Massachusetts, now under the command of Captain Miller; the 93d Pennsylvania, under Colonel McCarter, of Peck's brigade; the 23d Pennsylvania, Colonel Neill, of Abercrombie's brigade; a portion of the 36th New York, Colonel Innis; a portion of the 55th New York, and the 1st Long Island, Colonel Adams; together with fragments of other regiments of Couch's division, still contended on the right of this line, while a number of troops that I did not recognize occupied the space between me and them.

As the ground was miry and encumbered with fallen trees I dismounted and mingled with the troops. The first I questioned belonged to Kearny's division, Berry's brigade, Heintzelman's corps; the next to the 56th New York, now under command of its lieutenant-colonel, and the third belonged to the 104th Pennsylvania, of Casey's division. I took out my glass to examine a steady, compact line of troops about sixty-five yards in

advance, the extent of which, towards our right, I could not discover. The line in front was so quiet that I thought they might possibly be our own troops. The vapors from the swamps, the leaves and the fading light (for it was then after 6 o'clock) rendered it uncertain who they were, so I directed the men to get their aim, but to reserve their fire until I could go up to the left and examine—at the same time saying that they must hold that line or the battle would be lost. They replied with a firm determination to stand their ground.

I had just time to put up my glass and move ten paces towards the left of the line where my horse stood, but while I was in the act of mounting as fierce a fire of musketry was opened as any I had heard during the day. The fire from our side was so deadly that the heavy masses of the enemy coming in on the right, which before had been held back for nearly two hours (that being about the time consumed in passing over less than a thousand yards) by about a third part of Couch's division, were now arrested. The last line, formed of portions of Couch's and Casey's divisions and a portion of Kearny's division, checked the advance of the enemy and finally repulsed him, and this was the beginning of the victory which on the following day was so gloriously completed.

During the action, and particularly during the two hours immediately preceding the final successful stand made by the infantry, the three Pennsylvania batteries, under Major Robert M. West (Flood's, McCarthy's, and Miller's), in Couch's division, performed most efficient service. The conduct of Miller's battery was admirable. Having a central position in the forepart of the action it threw shells over the heads of our own troops, which fell and burst with unusual precision among the enemy's masses, as did also those of the other two batteries; and later in the day, when the enemy was rushing in upon our right, Miller threw his case and canister among them, doing frightful execution. The death of several officers of high rank and the disability and wounds of others have delayed this report.

It has been my design to state nothing as a fact which could not be substantiated. Many things escaped notice by reason of the forests, which concealed our own movements as well as the movements of the enemy. From this cause some of the reports of subordinate commanders are not sufficiently full. In some cases it is apparent that these subordinate commanders were not always in the best positions to observe, and this will account for the circumstance that I have mentioned some facts derived from personal observation not found in the reports of my subordinates. The reports of division and brigade commanders I trust will be published with this immediately. I ask their publication as an act of simple justice to the 4th Corps, against which many groundless aspersions and incorrect statements have been circulated in the newspapers since the battle. These reports are

made by men who observed the conflict while under fire, and if they are not in the main true the truth will never be known.

In the battle of the 31st of May the casualties on our side (a list of which is enclosed) were heavy, amounting to something like twenty-five per cent. in killed and wounded of the number actually engaged, which did not amount to more than 12,000, the 4th Corps at that date having been much weakened by detachments and other causes. Nearly all who were struck were hit while facing the enemy.

The Confederates outnumbered us, during a great part of the conflict, at least four to one, and they were fresh drilled troops, led on and cheered by their best generals and the President of their Republic. They are right when they assert that the Yankees stubbornly contested every foot of ground. Of the nine generals of the 4th Corps who were present on the field, all, with one exception, were wounded or his horse was hit in the battle. A large proportion of all the field officers in the action were killed, wounded, or their horses were struck. These facts denote the fierceness of the contest and the gallantry of a large majority of the officers. Many officers have been named and commended in this report and in reports of division, brigade, and other commanders, and I will not here recapitulate further than that I received great assistance from the members of my staff, whose conduct was excellent, though they were necessarily often separated from me.

To the energy and skill of Surgeon F. H. Hamilton, the chief of his department in the 4th Corps, and the assistance he received from his subordinate surgeons, the wounded and sick are indebted for all the relief and comfort which it was possible to afford them.

I should be glad if the name of every individual who kept his place in the long struggle could be known.* All those deserve praise and reward.

* There is no incident of the war which I keep in remembrance with so much delight as the closing scene of the battle of the 31st of May, 1862.

In the advancing twilight of that long, bloody day, while I walked in the last line that had been so terribly thinned by deaths, disability, and desertions, I strode with the elite of the brave. The mad surges and tempest of the battle had winnowed out the unworthy. The cowards had fled; the recreants had slunk to the rear; those feeble creatures who could be exhausted by an eight or ten hours' struggle, had limped to their repose. All the braggarts, and such as quit the fray early to proclaim their own exploits, and to smear with calumny their associates, had departed. In their stead were gathered from all the brigades a band of heroes who coalesced by a natural attraction to achieve a victory and save the Union. I know not how it is that clustered jewels enhance the lustre of one another, but so it was with the men around me. They were all begrimed with mud and sweat, and their visages were

"As black as Vulcan's with the smoke of war,"

and still they were beautiful. Carnal fear had never debased them, and in their presence I felt a charm which I shall remember till death.

On the other hand the men who left the ranks and the field, and especially the officers who went away without orders, should be known and held up to scorn. In all the retreating groups I discovered officers, and sometimes the officers were farthest in the rear. What hope can we have of the safety of the country when even a few military officers turn their backs upon the enemy without orders? Such officers should be discharged and disgraced, and brave men advanced to their places. The task of reformation is not easy, because much true manliness has been suffocated in deluding theories, and the improvement will not be complete until valor is more esteemed, nor until we adopt as a maxim that to decorate a coward with shoulder-straps is to pave the road to a nation's ruin.

Respectfully submitted.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,
Adjt.-Gen. Army of Potomac.

E. D. KEYES,
Brig.-Gen., Comdg. 4th Corps.

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The Confederates outnumbered us, during a great part of the conflict, at least four to one, and they were fresh drilled troops, led on and cheered by their best generals and the President of their Republic. They are right when they assert that the Yankees stubbornly contested every foot of ground. Of the nine generals of the 4th Corps who were present on the field, all, with one exception, were wounded or his horse was hit in the battle. A large proportion of all the field officers in the action were killed, wounded, or their horses were struck. These facts denote the ferocity of the contest and the gallantry of a large majority of the officers. Many officers have been named and commended in this report and in reports of division, brigade, and other commanders, and I will not here recapitulate further than that I received great assistance from the members of my staff, whose conduct was excellent, though they were necessarily often separated from me.

To the energy and skill of Surgeon F. H. Hamilton, the chief of his department in the 4th Corps, and the assistance he received from his subordinate surgeons, the wounded and sick are indebted for all the relief and comfort which it was possible to afford them.

I should be glad if the name of every individual who kept his place in the long struggle could be known.* All those deserve praise and reward.

* There is no incident of the war which I keep in remembrance with so much delight as the closing scene of the battle of the 31st of May, 1862.

In the advancing twilight of that long, bloody day, while I walked in the last line that had been so terribly thinned by deaths, disability, and desertions, I strode with the elite of the brave. The mad surges and tempest of the battle had winnowed out the unworthy. The cowards had fled; the recreants had slunk to the rear; those feeble creatures who could be exhausted by an eight or ten hours' struggle, had limped to their repose. All the braggarts, and such as quit the fray early to proclaim their own exploits, and to smear with calumny their associates, had departed. In their stead were gathered from all the brigades a band of heroes who coalesced by a natural attraction to achieve a victory and save the Union. I know not how it is that clustered jewels enhance the lustre of one another, but so it was with the men around me. They were all begrimed with mud and sweat, and their visages were

"As black as Vulcan's with the smoke of war,"

and still they were beautiful. Carnal fear had never debased them, and in their presence I felt a charm which I shall remember till death.

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