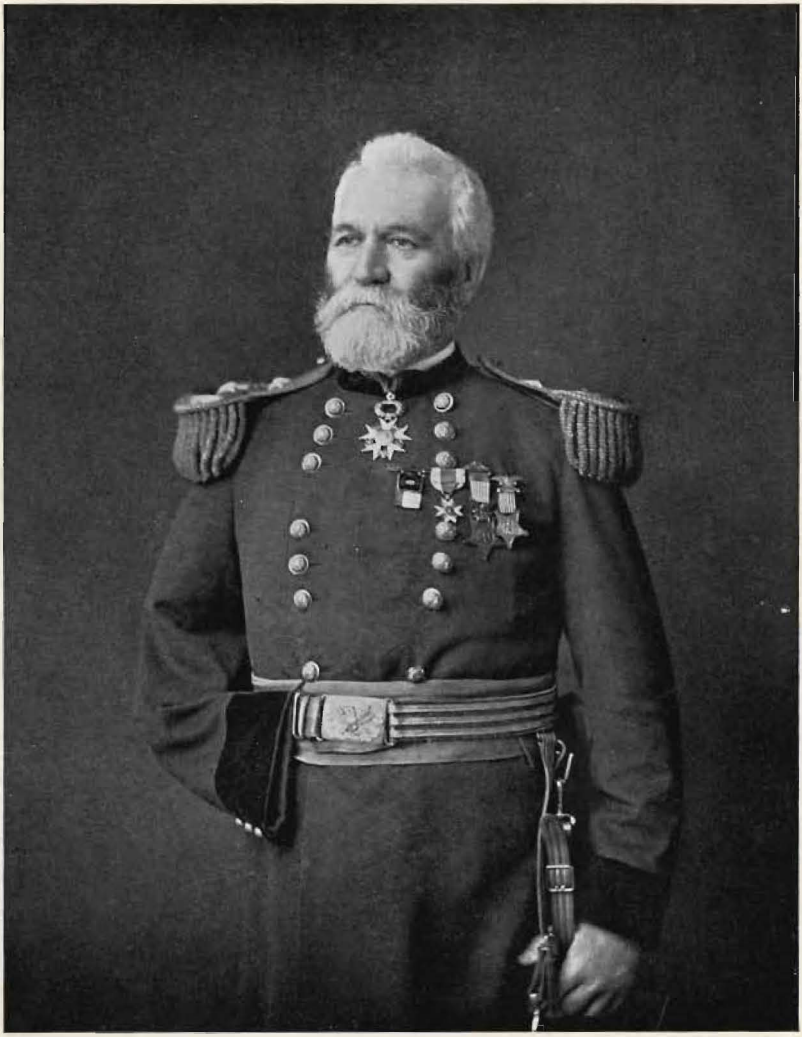

GENERAL HOWARD.

(From a photograph taken upon his retirement from active military duty, November 4, 1894.)

Autobiography

of

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

MAJOR GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

VOLUME ONE

NEW YORK
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Dedicated

TO

MY WIFE

WHOSE ABIDING INFLUENCE FOR SIXTY YEARS
HAS SUPPORTED MY EFFORTS
TO UNDERTAKE AND ACCOMPLISH THE
WORK GIVEN ME TO DO.
CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN HAVE ALREADY
RISEN UP TO CALL HER BLESSED;
AND HER HUSBAND HONORS HER AFFECTION
AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER

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PREPARATION FOR LIFE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

OLIVER OTIS HOWARD

MAJOR GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

IT is difficult for the human mind to determine what is its earliest recollection. Connected with the place where I was born, the remembrance that is most distinct is of an occurrence which took place when I was three years old. There is a dreamy sensation connected with the preceding, and with much of that which was subsequent to this one event.

My parents lived in a large, plain, two-story frame house, facing toward a north and south road about a quarter of a mile westward from it. The front hall on the west side was remarkable for the broad frieze extending around it, on which was inscribed in plain letters, near the ceiling, the name of my grandfather, Seth Howard, repeated as often as necessary to the completion of the border. The kitchen part, the sheds, the corn building, and the barn began at the north-east corner of the house and extended in broken lines to the orchard. The main house had upon it a roof comparatively flat, with a small portion fenced in at the crest by a balustrade. The house was upon the

northern slope of " the great hill " of Leeds. With its tall chimneys, its balustrade, its white color, and green blinds, the structure was as noticeable as a lighthouse upon a promontory. It was seen and known for miles around as the residence of Captain Seth Howard.

At that time the family consisted of my father (Rowland Bailey Howard), my mother, and my grandfather, who was a little past seventy.

Occasionally a neighbor, assisting father in the work of the farm, sat at our table, but habitually we four made up the household.

During the winter, probably in February, 1834, just before night set in, I was looking out of the south window of mother's sitting room and saw something new and startling to me. It was a team of horses hauling a pung with high, brightly painted sides. Just above the pung body on a cross box were seated two men, warmly dressed, having on mufflers, fur caps, and mittens. One of them was driving the horses. Open-mouthed sleigh bells were attached to the shafts. The team stopped near our side door, the driver gave his reins to the other man, and ran up to the house and knocked. My father went out to meet him, and after a little conversation the horses were taken from the pung, properly stabled, and the men came in and took supper with the family. I was permitted to sit up during that memorable evening, being too excited to think of sleep.

In the front hall my father's cornsheller was placed. Why it was put there that night I never could tell. There was a bin of unshelled corn in the northwest room where stood my mother's loom and all that belonged to it, not used in the winter. The corn on the cob was brought and put through the machine,

one of the men turning the crank and the other feeding it in. I saw the cobs fly in one direction, the dust in another, and the shelled corn fall into its proper receptacle. It was put into bags and carried out every now and then by the men and emptied into the body of the pung. This went on till that singular sleigh was heavily loaded.

After this operation, so absorbing to a child, we all gathered in the sitting room, where a table was spread with refreshments. There was a cheerful fire in the old-fashioned fire-frame. As the party drew their chairs in social order so as to look at the fire, everything appeared unusually pleasant, and I am sure that my grandfather and one of the strangers had lighted their pipes. My father said, as his curious little boy was noticed: "Otis, you must speak your piece. Step up on the bench there beside the door."

I did so. My father then said: "Now, Otis, make your bow and go on."

I did the best I could and stammered through that wonderful speech which children learn without knowing for many years its meaning:

> You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage,
> And if I chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or Cicero,
> Don't view me with a critic's eye,
> But pass my imperfections by.

This was the event, and the whole sweet picture of it is still before me, more than seventy years after its occurrence.

Grandfather, with his thin, silvery hair and very genial face, was already infirm with age. He helped

mother about the house more than he did father in the farm work, yet he did many chores in the woodhouse and in the garden and around the barn, which gave father hours of time. My father, a man about five feet eleven in height, with dark-brown hair and sandy whiskers, which he wore at the sides of his face, was not very strong and often tortured with rheumatic attacks, yet he resolutely did the farm work. To me now it is wonderful how much he accomplished in the course of a year, for the winter never set in till the cellar was well replenished with meat, vegetables, and fruit, ample for a comfortable living and sufficient for our wants.

Coming with his young wife to his father in Leeds, Me., some four years before, he had succeeded in freeing the farm from a heavy mortgage and in giving support to all his household.

That farm, nearly half of which was wood and pasture land, did not exceed eighty acres. We had several cows, a yoke of oxen, and between fifty and sixty sheep. We raised hens and turkeys in sufficient numbers for our home use, and had also a beautiful apple orchard, which never failed the family in its fruitfulness.

My father's fondness for horses helped increase his income. He would buy up six or eight, as many as his stables would hold, and train them carefully, feeding them well for a few months, then lead or drive them to the nearest market. He succeeded in this trading so well that he was able to clear the farm of its obligation sooner than he could have done by the ordinary profits from the crops.

I love to think of my father and to remember how fond he was of music and how sweetly he played of

an evening upon his flute, while my mother and sometimes others sang to this accompaniment. He was fond of books, and poetry was his delight. To me he seemed, as a rule, stern and unbending, but I am sure from what many have told me that there was never a man prouder of his children or more faithful to them during his short life.

My grandfather, Captain Seth Howard, was, next to my mother, my favorite companion. His usual stories concerned the Revolutionary War, in which he had served, during the last part, as a private. Subsequently during Indian troubles he obtained the rank of captain in the militia. He was born in Bridgewater, Mass., and was known as "Captain Seth Howard" in Massachusetts, as in Maine after his migration to that State, which was on his arrival but a province, a part of Massachusetts. His father was Jesse Howard, who at the breaking out of the Revolutionary struggle entered the service against the British as a lieutenant in Captain Ames's company; he was subsequently a captain himself, according to the Bridgewater record.

Tracing the family back through three generations beyond Jesse, we find John Howard, who was an aide and helper to Miles Standish. This John Howard came from England to America shortly after the arrival of the *Mayflower*. If a Howard can trace his relatives in the line of heredity to Bridgewater, he is almost sure to belong to the very numerous family of which John Howard was the progenitor. The English connection is not so very clear and to me it does not seem important. It is, however, a source of gratification to a man to find his family tree representing men exceptionally industrious and respectable.

A little later, during that same winter of the corn-shelling incident, another event impressed me. Early one day my mother dressed me and herself with warm wraps and we joined my father in his sleigh. The weather was exceedingly cold, so that to keep me from being nipped with the frost I was made to sit down on a little bench under the "buffalo." I am confident that there was a piece of oak wood there which had been previously heated before the fireplace. It kept my mother's feet warm and was a comfort to me, so that I soon fell asleep. When I wakened we had reached the lake, then called Wayne Pond, and were riding across it on the ice. The crushing of the snow, the sound of the bells, and the peculiar gliding motion of the sleigh have left their impression upon my memory.

Just at dark we stopped at a tavern in New Sharon. My mother and I entered the tavern through a dark entry. The office room was heated by an old-fashioned Franklin stove and we went to it to get warm, for in spite of all precautions we were chilled by the ride.

My mother not noticing me, I started back to join my father and opened the door, as I supposed, into the dark entry, but it proved to be the cellar way, equally dark. I rolled down the stairs from top to bottom, making my nose bleed and bruising my forehead, but without much other damage. A tall man came and picked up the little bundle of a boy and brought him to his mother. Just then my father came in, and I never quite forgave him for reproving my mother for not having taken better care of Otis. Indeed, Otis was wholly to blame.

The next day we proceeded to Bangor, Me. There

two things occurred which have become part of my life. One was the impression produced by Mrs. Richmond's large music box that she wound up several times for my benefit, and the other was a misfortune which I had while playing with a little girl about my age. I shut the door upon her fingers, without meaning to do so, nearly crushing them. A young man with a stiff leg, supporting himself on crutches, rushed upon me, seized me, gave me a shaking, and a good scolding. My heart was broken already when he came because of the afflicting accident. Imagine then my complete prostration and long sobbing after the chastisement. Surely I learned a wholesome life lesson from that occurrence.

In the summer of 1834, when I was four years of age, I began to go to the district school, nearly one mile south of our home. From that time I continued, summer and winter, to attend till my father's death, which occurred during the spring after I was nine years of age. This school-going was a marked period in my boyhood life. We had a change of teachers each summer and winter term, and I recall to-day the names and faces of those teachers.

When there were fifty or sixty scholars and the school was not graded, it was an exceedingly hard task which any teacher had to so arrange that every scholar should have an opportunity to receive his personal instruction in some branch of the curriculum. Reading, writing, and spelling were for all. Geography, arithmetic, and English grammar were for those who were advanced enough to be classified in these branches. I was fond of my teachers, and remember distinctly that I could be governed by kindness and by praise, interspersed with an occasional punishment.

One of my earliest instructors was Ben Murray. To keep me out of mischief he would take me and put me in his lap and let me play with his watch chain. A little later Elizabeth Moore would try to shame me by making me sit with the big girls. Hannah Knapp, on one occasion, kept me in at recess on a back seat. Here I shed some tears and meanwhile surreptitiously drew out the ginger cake from my dinner, which had been placed for safety on the little shelf below the desk. I had hard work to eat the dry cake for the crying and the scattering of the crumbs from my overfull cheeks.

Thomas Bridgham, one winter, was obliged to punish me with the ferule, giving several smart slaps upon the palm of the hand, because I went off with some other boys at recess to search for spruce gum and did not return in time.

Indeed, I had learned to read by my mother's care before the first school, and progress was always steady and rapid enough. As a lad I was not complained of for want of quickness or intelligence.

The larger schooling came from the outside, from the three-score of boys and girls with whom I associated. Scarcely one of them is alive to-day. There were among the boys those who had every characteristic of sturdy New England lads. As a rule, the roughest plays were our delight, and I had a very early ambition to be a leader. Rufus Knapp was at least sixteen when I was eight, jovial with the younger boys, but huge in size, strong and sinewy as an athlete. I used to combine my forces from the small boys and lead them to attack him simply with a view of throwing him to the ground. I would first dive for his legs, and no matter how much I was bruised I

led those attacks with success. Rufus never was angry and laughed at the rest of us when we piled upon his prostrate form and held his arms and legs.

On one occasion something that has been a characteristic in later life showed itself. Several boys were on their way to school. There had been a freshet, and the deep ditches were full of water. At one place there was quite an excavation comparatively full. The surface in the early morning was skimmed over with thin ice. Henry Millet, one of the companions of about my age, called out and said: "Ote, you dasn't slide across that ditch!" As quick as thought I sprang forward and started to slide. When I reached the middle I went through to my neck in the cold water. Of course I sprang out as quickly as I went in, but I had to go on to school drenched to the skin. Indeed, all my life it has been hard for me to resist a challenge.

The year I began school my brother Rowland was born. Just after he was old enough to accompany me the fearful excitement attending the settlement of the northeast boundary came to a head. With other lads we ran from school to find the Leeds Company drilling with fifes and drums in Mr. Millet's large front yard. On arriving we were delighted with the beautiful uniforms and bright plumes of the company and excited as boys always are by the music. This was a new experience. Suddenly one of the boys told us that our father, Rowland B. Howard, had been drafted and would have to go to war. Little Rowland and I ran home sobbing and crying, not half understanding what the thing meant. Our mother soon explained that father accepted the draft, but on account of his rheumatism would send a substitute. He did so. The substitute's name was George Wash-

ington George. He was cross-eyed, but avoided the examining surgeon, declaring that he could shoot as well as anybody by closing one eye. George's full equipment in the old style, with the flint-lock musket and all that went with it, so much interested me that I have never forgotten any article of its make-up.

The so-called war was brief, for the controversy was settled by General Winfield Scott in 1838 before there was any actual exchange of shots. This was called the "Madawaska War."

Before I was six years old my father, having some business in the valley of the Hudson, made quite a long visit among his mother's relatives, living there. My grandmother's name was Desire Bailey, a sister of Dr. Rowland Bailey. On my father's return he passed through the city of Troy. For some benevolent reason he there befriended a little negro lad and brought him to our house in Leeds, Me. I remember well the night the boy first made his appearance in the household. His large eyes, white teeth, woolly head, and dark skin kept my eyes fixed upon him for some time, while my father was telling the story of his advent. This boy lived with us for four years. As he was vigorous and strong we had our plays together. The coasting, the skating, the ball playing, the games with marbles and with kites—all such things found us adepts. Also in work, such as comes to every New England farm lad, we toiled side by side, or at our respective stints in which we competed for success and finish. Edward Johnson, for that was his name, was always kind to me, and helpful. Indeed, I never remember quarreling with him, but he was never cringing or slavish. I have always believed it a providential circumstance that I had that early experience with a negro lad, for it re-

lieved me from that feeling of prejudice which would have hindered me from doing the work for the freedmen which, years afterwards, was committed to my charge.

In the year 1838 my younger brother, Charles, was born.

In the early settlement of Leeds, before there were any school privileges, Mr. Francis, a young Englishman, came with a party of prospectors from England. They were entertained by my great-grandfather, Thomas Stanchfield. After leaving his home, situated then in a wilderness near the eastern border of Leeds, the party kept on westward. After a few days, Mr. Francis, much broken and bruised by the journey, returned alone and accepted the offer of Mr. Stanchfield to remain and teach the children of the scattered families in that section of Maine. At a later period, seeing the moral and religious condition of this frontier, he began to give religious instruction to the adults as well as to the children, and was soon after ordained as the first Baptist minister in that community. He was still preaching in the meetinghouse before mentioned when my father and mother were young people. Through his influence and that of other ministers who followed him, a thriving church resulted, and the community of Leeds, far and near, became remarkable in its attention to religious matters.

Into this atmosphere I was born. In a letter written by my mother, which lies before me, of date July 14, 1833, I find not only expressions of deep affection for her husband and her then only son, but utterances which indicate piety and a simple trust in God, and also express a proper ambition subdued by humility of heart. She wrote:

I think if we cannot fill so high a station in life as we could desire, we may possibly do as much good in some less exacting situation. Our children, though humbly educated, may fill important stations in life. Let us hope for the best and bear with patience whatever crosses our path in life.

At the church on Sunday there was preaching in the morning and in the afternoon. During the recess between the sermons the children were gathered into a Sunday school. Deacon Cobb had six or eight of us boys shut into one of those old-fashioned pews with back and front and door so high that we could not look out of the pew when on the floor. The usual routine was to recite verses previously learned at home. My parents must have been very faithful in having me prepare my lessons, for I committed to memory a great deal of Scripture about that time that has since been of great service to me. There was no sign of religiousness in my first home. We did not even have family prayer. Once during my father's illness I came from a prayer meeting at my uncle's house much impressed with a desire to be a Christian. My father, sitting in his high-backed chair, asked me about the meeting. After telling him, I said, " Father, do you ever pray? "

He was silent for a few moments and then said: " My son, would you like to have me pray? "

I said " yes " and we knelt together beside his chair and he repeated our Lord's Prayer. This was the only time that I heard my father thus offer a petition. My mother, however, had taught me the simple prayers of childhood and rendered me familiar with Bible stories too early in my life for distinct recollection.

One Sunday morning I was keeping the cattle out of the upper grain field. The wind was blowing hard

from the west. Just before church time my father called for me at the top of his voice, using all his strength to make me hear. At last I saw him and faintly heard his call and ran home at once. He told me to get ready for meeting. The meetinghouse was on the southern slope of the great hill, about two miles away. My father had been rebuilding the church edifice for the people and was much interested in it and in the meetings. I begged to be allowed to stay at home that day. My father, mother, and brother went and left me behind. Early in the afternoon they came back. Sitting in the church my father had been attacked with a sudden hemorrhage of the lungs, due undoubtedly to the strain of his morning call to me against the wind. He was never well again, and on April 30, 1840, he died. The scene at his death has always appeared to me to be a tragic one—the hemorrhage, the cries of my mother, and the tearful friends gathered around his bed. It was indeed my first idea of a death scene.

The whole ceremony following was like that in a country place in New England where one is taken away who is much respected and beloved by his neighbors. Every office from the undertaker to the bearers and the burial party was filled by a kind friend and late associate. The pastor of the Baptist church read the hymns and made the prayer, and with trembling voices the choir, which had so often sung to his accompaniment with his flute in social entertainments, sang precious hymns.

The family followed the improvised bier which was carrying my father to the little graveyard situated on the east side of his uncle's farm, and the people in a long column of twos and threes followed on in silence

and gathered around the grave, full of kindness and respectful bearing, while the last simple rites were there performed.

It was a sad house for my mother and the little boys after our return for many days, but my mother did not give way to grief so much as not to be able to perform the new tasks that devolved upon her, the care of the family, and the carrying on of the farm.

For the first year after father's death my mother employed a good strong Englishman to perform the farm labor and do anything necessary for our support under her supervision.

My grandfather did not remain with us long, but soon went to live with his eldest son, Stillman.

Two years after, my mother married a prosperous farmer, Colonel John Gilmore, living some six miles away in the southern part of Leeds. He was a widower and had a considerable family of his own. I was nearly eleven years of age when we moved to the new home. There were three boys. For all of us this marriage with the removal from the old place began a new era.

CHAPTER II

PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE; MONMOUTH AND YARMOUTH ACADEMIES

DURING the interval between father's death and the marriage of my mother, I had been much leaned upon and trusted as the eldest. To harness and control a horse attached to a carriage, or to drive one or two yoke of oxen, were no uncommon tasks. Of course, the praise for this precociousness set me up not a little. The new home changed all this. My stepfather was very kind always and humored my whims; but his youngest son, two years my senior, by his criticisms and odd speeches soon made me feel that I was not yet a man. He evidently meant "to take the conceit out of Otis." This discipline while I was learning and participating in all the farm work, which a lad ten years of age could do, was really needed and wholesome. But the new conditions and neighborhood associations made my watchful mother very anxious for a change.

The first autumn before I was eleven in November, she sent me away to a "high school" at Wayne Village. Improvement in all elementary instruction came with these two months. I learned, too, how to live away from home without too much homesickness.

Soon followed another advantage. My mother's brother, Hon. John Otis, living in Hallowell, offered me a place in his family, if I would do the chores for

my board. I was to take care of his horse and cow and perform such tasks as the situation might demand. The object was to give me the privilege of Mr. Burnham's High School. These privileges overshadowed everything and hindered criticism.

At Mr. Burnham's I joined a class of six lads of about my age. This class was just beginning Latin, but the class did not give itself exclusively to this study, keeping abreast of others in the books essential to a high school graduation. Before the close of the two years at Hallowell the teacher had added the elements of Greek. The class made considerable progress not only in the Latin but in the Greek grammar. It was my uncle's wish and my mother's delight that I should begin a preparation for college and we had Bowdoin College in view.

At thirteen my health was perfect and Mr. Burnham chose me with my ruddy cheeks to illustrate his talks, as a specimen of a healthful New England boy.

The home instruction under my Aunt Frances, usually given to her son William and daughter Maria and myself, embraced everything that was best. She read to us by the hour. She saw that we prepared our lessons for the Sabbath school at the Old South church, and she sympathized with us in our youthful troubles that often seemed so hard to bear. Surely I was treated by her and by my uncle as a son.

Again, as always, the outside schooling cannot be ignored. I met in the village, and, in fact, at the school, a conclave of boys who insisted that I had too much pride and it must be taken down. One would insist that I did not properly pronounce words which ended in *ow*, such as *now* and *cow*, and that I could not

properly pronounce such words as *round* and *found.* I declared that I did pronounce them properly, when a sharp contest would often ensue.

One day I was caught by the arms and legs and hurried forward to be bumped against a brick wall. I cleared myself and fought till one opponent had fallen and another been bruised, but one of my eyes was swollen and closed. In this plight my aunt was not very proud of me and discouraged my strong inclination to resist every intrusion. The youngsters, not being satisfied with their own efforts to humble me and bring me into a proper frame of mind, had a sudden accession to their company of a boy called Joe Marshall. He was fourteen or fifteen years old and had been to sea in some training ship long enough to teach him the skillful use of his arms and fists. On one Saturday afternoon as I was working in the garden a troop of boys came along the street with "Joe" at the head. A flat-topped stone wall separated me from them. Being near the wall myself I did not wait for an attack, but knocked off his cap. With fierce anger he sprang over the separating fence and began his assault upon me. Understanding the disadvantage of fencing with a trained lad, I sprang upon him, lifted him in my arms and put him down between a tree and the wall and believed that I had gained a victory, but Marshall so punched and pulled my nose that it bled profusely. As I disengaged myself from this brutal fight I set out for the house and saw my uncle and aunt on the porch looking at me, and I felt ashamed. Some of the boys called out, "Coward!" but I resisted every inclination to turn back to the fight and went to the house. My aunt gently chided me for my impulsiveness, but my good uncle said, "I glory in your

spunk." After that all the boys were on my side and I was not further molested.

Who can say but that this training in a little community, which represents the great world, may not have been essential to the subsequent work which necessitated not only intellectual development but a hardy spirit.

My good mother, however, always leaned to the idea that kindness, shown even to enemies, would win in time. It may, if not misunderstood, but how often kindness is imputed to want of courage.

There was another proverb that affected me: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

While at Hallowell, first my beloved grandfather, Captain Seth Howard, passed away at the age of eighty-four; and a little later my grandfather, Oliver Otis, the noble man for whom I was named. A few days before his death I went in to see him. He was still able to be dressed and sit in his armchair. He called me to him and said, while my right hand rested in his, "Otis, always be kind to your employees." I did not know then precisely what he meant, because I hardly realized the possibility that Otis would ever have men under his charge and subject to his will, but the message he gave me then has been with me to influence my conduct toward the thousands whom I have been called upon to command. There has been with me a steady purpose to be kind to any and all of those who looked to me for direction.

My grandmother, Elizabeth Stanchfield Otis, was a very devout Christian and never neglected an opportunity to say something to me that she thought would help me to a right purpose in all my undertakings.

The spring and summer of 1844, when the political

excitement which preceded the Mexican War was upon us and so much interested my stepfather, Colonel Gilmore, that he would never miss reading his weekly journal, and, of course, needing some time for this, I was kept at home. After my return I soon found myself among the working "boys" on his farm. His three sons with myself, besides often hired men, were admirably led by Colonel Gilmore, who directed all from the seed sowing to the harvest. Here follows a suggestive schedule which long ago I made of things done:

"Spring plowing, harrowing, sowing, bushing, rolling—this for the grain fields. Dressing, furrowing, manuring in the hill, planting the corn and the potatoes. Stones are to be picked up and drawn off, year by year; fields are to be cleared, lowlands to be drained, fences to be made and kept in repair. There is a hoeing time when the farmer fights against weeds, thistles, and grasses; the haying time, mowing, spreading, raking, loading, stowing on the cart and in the barn. The harvest season closely follows with all its various labors. The sheep, the cattle, the pigs, and the fowls all demand constant care. The orchards and the garden cannot be neglected. From the March snows to the October frosts the New England farmers keep up their unceasing work with only Sundays and a few holidays to rest."

I fell into line and adjusted myself to all this till September 1st. It was during that summer when my strength for a time became overtasked and I felt jaded. The trouble was on account of a foolish ambition. In plowing I must hold the plow; in haying swing the scythe; and in loading pitch the hay. I wanted before being fully grown and properly developed in sinews

and muscles to do a grown man's part. After trials and some suffering the true lesson was learned, to try and do the boy's part well. It was better than to do the man's part poorly.

My good mother went with me to the vicinity of Monmouth Academy the day before the beginning of the term. My boarding place was already secured at the house of Captain Wilcox, a retired sea captain. My room was chosen, some pictures put on the wall and little changes made by my mother to make the chamber tidy and cheerful. My mother's injunction as she parted with me and set out for home was a message often repeated in her letters through all my school and college life, "Do the best you can, Otis, with your studies, and try hard to do right, ever seeking God's help." Surely with such a mother one ought not to go astray.

I pursued my preparation for college diligently. My Greek as I went on became more and more difficult to me; and the principal of the academy, Mr. True, began to doubt whether I would have the capacity to master the preparatory course in that study. A schoolmate older than I and of excellent ability and strong character, showed me why I was losing ground. It was because I sought too much help from translations and did not get a sufficient vocabulary in my mind, nor trust enough to my memory in the class room, but interlined my book so as to make a fair showing at the academy. On his advice I acted at once and so persevered that by the close of the term my Greek was abreast of my Latin, which had never been a hard subject to me.

Here I formed some associations which proved to be for life. I had the usual experiences of a very ar-

dent nature with strong attachments and a few antipathies, and some quarrels not at all to my credit.

The Monmouth term, however, I can now see carried me along so that at its close I was far ahead of my Hallowell class.

The following winter there was an excellent teacher, Stephen H. Dean, at what we called the brick schoolhouse, two miles and a half from our home; so, with my mother's strong approval, I went there. During this season I boarded part of the time on the north road with a Mr. Henry Foster, always returning home for Saturday and Sunday.

It was at this school that I made a very fair review of all the studies, excepting the foreign languages, essential for a Bowdoin examination. Arithmetic and algebra were always easy of attainment and a pleasure, and I began to comprehend better and better all that pertained to English grammar.

We did not have the athletics of to-day, but the young men of that school, several older than myself, engaged in many a contest. Wrestling at arm's length and in close hug were favorite sports. Running, jumping, snowballing, and ball playing, as soon as practicable, added to the health and strength of our boys quite as much, I think, as the sports of to-day.

Warren Lothrop, who distinguished himself in Mexico and who became a colonel afterwards during the Civil War, was then a fellow student. He was about twenty years of age and of gigantic frame. Henry Mitchell was always his contestant in the sports. The latter was light of weight, slight of figure, and not so tall as Warren. In wrestling they would contend again and again for the mastery, but at last by his skill and quickness Henry would lay Warren

prostrate at every contest. Then they would both laugh, Warren the loudest, though he was defeated.

In such sports I always bore my part and sometimes gained the victory. Henry could always throw me at arm's length, and on our long walks together from the Lothrop home through the storms and snows, Warren took a special delight in catching me in his strong arms and tossing me into a snow bank. I fought hard, and it was not easy for me to keep my temper under restraint in defeat. These stout and athletic companions, however, in spite of my resistance, often forced a wholesome lesson of patience and self-control upon me.

My stepfather had a large flock of sheep and there was plenty of wool, which in due time was taken to Wayne Mills to be worked up into handsome gray cloth. By the help of a good tailoress, who periodically spent several happy and busy days at our house, mother made up for me a suit of gray that fitted me well. I remember the trousers flaring a little at the bottom, the vest and the coat each having its proper braided trimmings. With warm underclothing, a pair of roomy boots and home-knitted socks, and with a bright comforter around my neck, I did not need an overcoat.

My stepfather took me, thus newly attired, in his pung from Leeds to North Yarmouth. He used the pung so as to transport my small trunk which contained books and other equipments, such as my mother had stowed in it for my use and comfort.

The long ride with Colonel Gilmore, my stepfather, early in March, 1845, was a pleasant and profitable journey. The weather was rather cold and blustering and the snow still of considerable depth. My step-

father was reminiscent and revealed to me much of his past experience in his early life in Massachusetts. He made me feel the force of a New England character, always upright, industrious, frugal, and usually successful in what he undertook. He was a partisan in politics, first a Whig and later a Republican, but always extremely patriotic and devoted to what he believed to be the best interests of his country. He strengthened me in my budding convictions of political duty, hardly yet blossoming out. I never questioned the rightness of the views which he so graphically revealed on that ride to a lad of fourteen.

On arriving at North Yarmouth he took me to the house of Allan H. Weld, the head of the Classical Department, who with marvelous brevity assigned me to a room in what was called the Commons Building. In that building were the classical students and the recitations for those who were taking the classical course, with a few other students who attended the English academy near by. The latter was under the supervision of Professor Woods, who a little later became the president of the Western University of Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburg and Allegheny. He developed that institution from small beginnings, attained a national reputation in educational circles and was, as long as he lived, my warm personal friend.

The next morning after my arrival I sat with a class of twelve bright-looking young men facing Mr. Weld in a room filled with writing desks. He had become famous for fitting boys for college. Only one of the class, John Bullfinch, of Kennebunk, was younger than myself.

Mr. Weld gave me a searching examination after the class had been dismissed, and told me that if I was

diligent enough I might possibly enter college in 1846. His very manner aroused my ambition and made me determine to do everything in my power to accomplish that result.

I had for a roommate John Pettengill, whom I had known at the Leeds brick schoolhouse. He belonged to the English Department and had studies entirely different from mine. He was kind and companionable, always ready to perform his part in the care of the room. The room was small and the Commons a building poorly furnished from bottom to top. In the basement were the kitchen and the dining room. At the first meal I found myself at a long table, serving a "mess" of some fifteen to twenty young men. One was the president of the Commons. With a business-like manner he asked a blessing while the students were yet standing, then all sat down. Sitting on rough benches instead of chairs, we saw before us but little table furniture. There were on the board bottles of molasses, which was used every day, except Sunday, for butter. Loaves of bread were scattered at irregular intervals interspersed with some thin slices of cold meat. We had water for drink and no tea or coffee; these with meats were not allowed at every meal.

This was my first experience at such a table, and it was indeed the most economic of any that ever befell me. Soldiers would have complained if they had had such short rations; yet the young men were healthful and fairly well contented. It was their own choice to be thus frugal. Our mess bill never exceeded $1 per week, and sometimes was as low as eighty cents. We always had both meat and butter on Sundays.

My attention was very soon called to the most popular and the most singular of our young men. His

reputation as a student was such that I took an early fancy not only to know him, but to see how he made such rapid progress. He took very little exercise out of doors and that by rapid walking or running by himself. He had a standing desk where he stood when not in recitation or at his meals. He could so prolong his studies as to do with but five hours' sleep in the twenty-four.

As I was so anxious to keep up with the advanced class which I had entered, I imitated Spencer Wells for a part of the time. I took more exercise, but I kept myself many hours at the standing desk and I tried hard to shorten my sleep. At times I succeeded in getting along with only five or six hours by a rigid persistency, and it is a wonder that I did not impair my health.

Toward the latter part of the course the students of my class, with two or three exceptions, were inclined to dissipation. They had all their preparation quite complete and to them the review to put on the final touches was easy. To me much of it was in advance.

During the last term I roomed with Arthur McArthur. He was a splendid specimen of a youth, having a perfect physique, with mental talents above the ordinary, that is, in the outset, when I first knew him. Fearful headaches and depression followed his frequent indulgences, and I did my best to care for him. His example, with that of the more dissipated of the young men, was a constant warning to me and I think deterred me from giving way in those days to temptation.

The time finally came to take the preparatory examinations before entering college on September 1st. We had no railways then. There was a stage line,

wearisome to boys, between Yarmouth and Brunswick. McArthur proposed to me to hire a chaise and take the ride comfortably, remain in Brunswick till after the examinations at Bowdoin, and then return to Yarmouth to take our final leave of that institution. There was a tavern at the halfway house, in front of which was a half hogshead, which was full and running over with fresh water. Arthur sprang out to let down the check rein that the horse might drink. He had been meditating upon getting a drink of whisky at this tavern and had reasoned with me about it. His reasons for urging me to join him were the common ones: "Howard, you are ambitious, you would like to make something of yourself in the future; you do not expect to do it without ever taking a glass of liquor, do you?" I answered that I did not see what the taking of a glass of liquor had to do with the subject. Then he gave me the names of several public men of distinction, both State and national; he said they all drank and in his judgment drink helped them to their greatness. I answered that I did not care to be great and that I was already on a pledge to my mother and would not drink. I recall this instance only to show how I felt with regard to strong drink at that period of my life.

Before we graduated from Bowdoin Arthur McArthur had so suffered from drink that he had hard work to secure his diploma. The eminence and worthiness of his father, who had graduated years before from Bowdoin, pleaded strongly for him.

The entrance examination was held in what was then the medical college building, where Professor Cleveland gave his lectures on chemistry, mineralogy, and astronomy.

Professor Boody, who taught composition and elo-

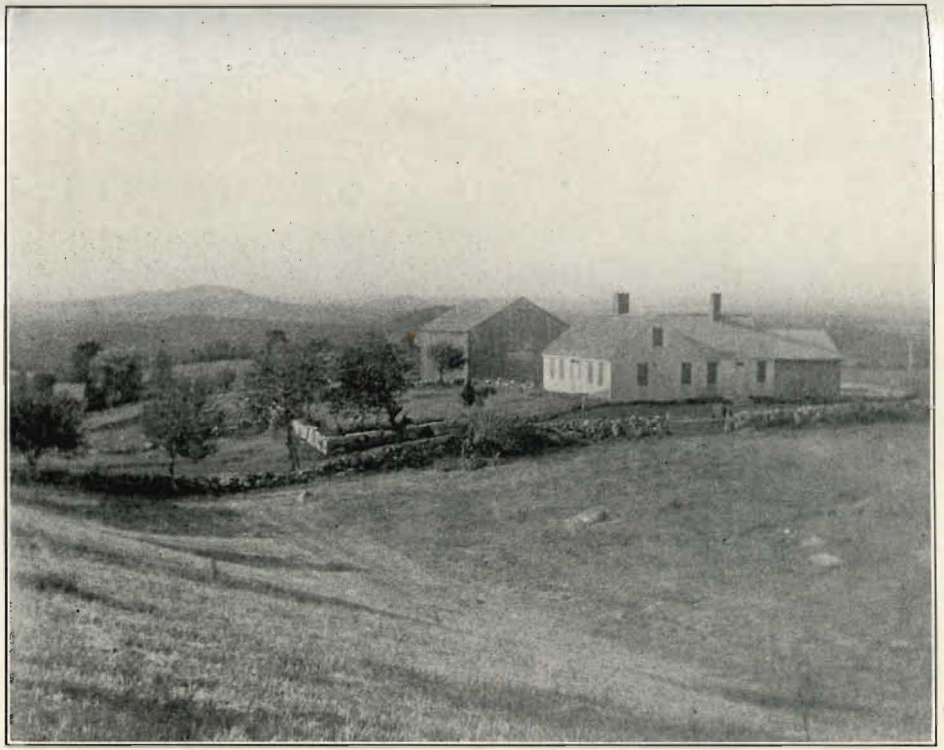
cution and sometimes Latin in the college, met us young men at the hall door and took us into a grewsome sort of room where there were a few chairs and every sort of article from specimen boxes and chemical retorts to articulated skeletons. Here we were examined in everything required. I succeeded very well in my reading and translations and in my mathematics, but was conditioned upon scanning. That I had never studied, so I could not scan at all from Virgil or the Odyssey. I think, too, that I was a little weak in the line of Greek roots, still my heart was filled with intense satisfaction when I found that I was to enter with the class. I have passed through many ordeals since then, but I do not think that any of them impressed me more than that preliminary examination. I was fifteen years old at that time.

CHAPTER III

COLLEGE DAYS AT BOWDOIN; UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

AFTER rising every day except Sundays for three weeks at four o'clock and continuing work until near midnight during the final preparation for college; and after the subsequent trying examinations early in September, one may imagine, weariness and apathy succeeded. I was glad enough to get home to my friends and have a short vacation. The good air, the good water, and the wholesome food at home soon restored me to my normal condition, and father took me to Bowdoin for the fall term, which at that time commenced during the last week in September.

Soon after reaching Bowdoin, before I was fairly settled in my college room in the south end of North Hall, I met a young man, Peleg Sprague Perley, who had belonged to the previous freshman class, but being kept away by illness so much of the year he had concluded to join the class to which I belonged. He was a year my senior in age, and his mother had been in early life my mother's neighbor and school friend, so we readily formed an acquaintance and agreed to room together. He was about my height, with a fair physique, but one hardly strong enough in our trying climate to give him the endurance which his mental capacity and his ambitions demanded. He had a large head and a very active brain. In the languages no



General Howard's Boyhood Home During His College Days.

(Owned and occupied by his mother, Mrs. Eliza O. Gilmore.)

man could excel him, but in anything akin to mathematics he had a hard struggle. In these respects he was the reverse, or I might say the complement, of myself. To me mathematical studies were easy and a pleasure and the languages not so readily mastered. We two roomed together during our entire college course. We became fast friends and always exchanged confidences. During the first term at Bowdoin we were, I may say, "broken in" to systematic study. The daily routine embraced "Livy" under Professor Upham, a continuance of the "Odyssey" under Professor Packard, and algebra under Prof. William Smyth. At least once a week every member of our class was obliged to "declaim" before the class under the supervision of Professor Boody. He also caused every student to write *themes*, which must fill at least two pages of foolscap.

Professor Boody took great pains with our speaking, endeavoring to train us in the right way in all that pertained to elocution. He was equally careful in reviewing and correcting our compositions.

One of the professors was always present in the "Old Chapel" where all the students met at dawn for prayers, and President Leonard Woods presided at the evening chapel exercises; his singularly sonorous voice so impressed every student that he never forgot it nor the dignified lessons which came gently yet forcibly from his lips.

As I run over my college diary, and letters which I wrote to my mother and which she always preserved with care, prizing them far beyond their merits, I see the glaring faults of composition in, first, the gradual but slow emancipation from the stiffness of paragraphs, from the stilted manner of conducting a cor-

respondence, and from the use of words that hardly conveyed the meaning intended, to a freer and easier style.

Herein I discover something of the great benefit to a young man taking a classical course simply in this line of review and examination. I realize now the fidelity of our professors, and rejoice in the unfailing personal supervision which they gave to the work of every student under their charge. Our studies went on to embrace the entire course of four years. No important department was neglected. We had not only the *dead* languages, but considerable instruction in French and German. Attention to chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and astronomy was abreast of that in any college. The harder studies which pertained to metaphysics, such as Butler's "Analogy," Paley's "Evidences," and Upham's "Moral Philosophy" were explained by the teachers and mastered by the students.

I feel that I was too young and had too poor a preparation to receive all the benefit that was needful, or the help and discipline which came to many of my classmates who were older and more mature before entering college, but, after all, this classical training was for me in every way a good foundation for my subsequent professional life and for the various requirements of what followed in my career. Indeed, I count the great gain of a college course to be the impression made upon the character of a young man, first, by the professors, and then by daily intercourse with the students.

President Leonard Woods, by his example, earnest, dignified, and sincere, always exacted a high standard of deportment. His corrections were given with such

fidelity and kindness that a student was never discouraged, but rather stimulated by them to do better.

Prof. Thomas C. Upham, a tall man of sixty with head modestly drooping, sat at his desk and reasoned with any delinquent lad in such a fatherly way that even the boy's wrongdoing seemed to be a source of drawing him nearer to a fatherly heart; though the professor had, without any severity of manner or method, a way of getting from a youth anything he wanted to know. In spite of his modesty and retiring disposition, scarcely able to give an address on his feet, Professor Upham was a natural and polished diplomat.

Prof. A. S. Packard differed from the others. He had a fine figure, was very handsome, and wore a pair of gold spectacles; his hair and clothing were always in perfect condition. He was quick to see a student's fault and sometimes corrected it with severity, sometimes wittily, but he conveyed the impression of the highest order of gentility. He was, in fact, the student's beau ideal of a Christian gentleman.

When we came to modern languages we had Professor Goodwin, whose mind was replenished with knowledge and so clear cut in its action that every student felt at once his superiority. He was quick-tempered and at times irascible, and resented any attempted humor on the part of a pupil; but the lessons he gave were settled in his own mind, and the student could not well forget them. Besides his teaching the languages, he often gave us brief historical lectures of a high order.

Professor Smyth's unruly hair had already begun to whiten; he had good health, was interested in everything that concerned the college or the welfare of the

village. He was rather above the medium height, had a fine head and face, models for an artist. His large gray eyes when not abstracted beamed with kindness; yet the students who disliked mathematics called him "Ferox," more from his earnest pursuit of a matter in hand, regardless of chalk and dust, than from any severity of look or act.

Prof. Parker Cleveland was the oldest teacher when I came. He had been for over forty years connected with Bowdoin. His forte was chemistry. His lectures to students, including the medical classes, were plain, clear, and beautiful, not at all behind the times. Chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and astronomy could not be pursued as now with the new splendid opportunities for individual experiments, but in these subjects the venerable professor made ours the equal of any existing college. The man himself was grand. His face was strong, like that of Bismarck. No student would willingly receive a reprimand from him. His looks with a few words were enough for a delinquent lad. Though he was a great scholar and indeed a manly man, yet he had, it was said, a peculiar weakness. He was nearly paralyzed with fear in a thunder storm and resorted to an insulated stool for safety; he would never step into a railway coach, but rode in his own chaise from Brunswick to Boston when duty called him to Massachusetts. In spite of his rough exterior he had a tender heart for young men and we all loved him.

During the freshman year a young man had all the old trials in the way of hazing; holdings-in at the chapel; football miscarriages; smokings-out; baths at the pump; casting the remains of nightly feasts into his room and such like performances, that some sopho-

mores, aided by other fun-loving boys from the higher classes, could give him. When my roommate and I came to the sophomore year we determined to abstain from such practices. In fact, as he had belonged to the previous class he proved to be quite a mascot of prevention to his roommate during the first and second years.

As I think of my college course, and in fact of all my school life, I see that I had in mind very clearly defined one purpose, and that was to accomplish what I undertook in spite of the obstacles thrown in my way. The means of my family, so far as I was concerned, were very limited, and I desired greatly to teach a district school the first winter, but in spite of every effort which I made I could not at sixteen convince the school committees that I was old enough to undertake the teaching and government of forty or fifty scholars. Though fully grown, I had no beard, and my face was yet that of a youth emerging into manhood. "O Otis, you are too young altogether!" the Chairman of the Leeds Committee declared.

That winter vacation, however, was a very important one to me. It was a complete rest from study and very much enlivened by social intercourse with young people in Leeds and the neighboring towns. My roommate, Perley, lived with his parents, brothers, and sisters in Livermore, which was separated from Leeds by the Androscoggin River. He invited me to visit him. I did so for a few days. His mother gave him and me a pleasant evening party of young people from the neighborhood. Among the girls there came to the party a young lady visiting her relatives in the vicinity, who was a cousin of Perley. During the evening I made her acquaintance. She was about two

years younger than I, but very mature for her age. As two or three of us were chatting together that evening, I related some of my mischievous performances, probably exaggerating them, when with her large, dark eyes she looked into mine and said, "Mr. Howard, do you think that was right?"

I may here say that this little *contretemps* eventuated in a lifelong relationship. The acquaintance ripened into a correspondence which absorbed my heart and much of my leisure during the college course. After this my purpose to do well, to accomplish what I undertook, and to make a success of life never faltered.

The next winter I was able to get a school in the district where I was born. Here I began to teach for $14 a month. The following winter I had a large district school in East Livermore and received for my hard work $18 per month, and part of the time I had the very pleasant experience of "boarding round." Of course, the master, during his week with a family, always had the very best. After a month, however, I was relieved from the wear and tear of it by an aged widow who found me so useful and companionable that she requested the privilege of boarding the master at her house.

In the fall of 1849 I stayed out of college and conducted a high school at Wayne Village; and the following winter was employed in our home district and enabled to board at home under my mother's care. This was the most difficult and trying of all my experiences in school-teaching, owing to the school being composed of boys and girls of all ages from five years to twenty-one and without any proper classification, and further, owing to the fact that I had previously been a

scholar in the same school. I managed, however, to get through the winter without any serious difficulty. There were threatenings from some of the young men who felt sure that they could "put the master out" in a contest of strength, and there was at times a troublesome independence on the part of some of the larger girls who had known me as their companion in social life. To them I was hardly "master," but simply Otis Howard.

The help that came from my school wages and from my mother's economy and self-denial paid all the expenses at Bowdoin which, including my preparatory course, cost a sum in the neighborhood of $1,100. So small an expense seems to-day hardly possible, but at Brunswick I joined what was called a club where the students themselves, twelve or less, organized and chose a good purveyor from their own number to serve without pay. He employed a family which did the cooking and served the table. The table furniture descended from generation to generation, being added to, now and then, when there was a deficiency or a breakage. During my course I belonged to four different establishments of this kind. Habitually the cost to each of us in the club was $1 per week. Sometimes it slightly exceeded this amount. The highest that was paid at any club was $1.75 per week.

During my last year, with several classmates of special selection, I boarded at Mrs. Hall's, not far from the Tontine Hotel, for $1.50 per week.

This board did not include what was called the term bill, which, for room rent, tuition, and incidentals, was paid to the treasurer of the college.

In my class were thirty-six students. One only, Dr. Holmes, a surgeon in the army, died during the Civil

War. Another, William P. Frye, of just my age, truly a most distinguished citizen, is now a United States Senator and President *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. John S. Sewall, D.D., for a time in the United States Navy, has just retired with accumulated honor from the Presidency of the Bangor Theological Seminary. Carroll S. Everett was, long before his death, a professor in Harvard College and at the head of the Divinity School of that institution.

My classmates were scattered hither and thither over the country. Some were lawyers, some were physicians, and several were clergymen of different denominations. With scarcely an exception the record of each has been most worthy, and I am proud to-day of those living; they are still doing important work in the world.

The oldest, most dignified, and perhaps the hardest worker when in college was John N. Jewett. His parents had moved from Maine to Wisconsin and he came back from Madison to take the Bowdoin course. He was really, while a student, the head of the class. I remember to have tried my hand with him in mathematics, which study we completed at the end of the junior year. The test problem was to be solved by using the calculus. This was the problem as I remember it:

"Find the volume generated by revolving a circle about an axis exterior to it; given the radius of the circle and the distance of the axis from the center of the circle."

We both worked at it for some time. One morning I wakened quite early and went to my small blackboard and wrote out its solution. It seemed to have come to me in the night. I ran to Jewett's room. He

had not yet obtained the answer; so that my classmates gave me the credit of being the mathematician of the class, though Professor Smyth, with better discrimination, taking in the entire course, gave the palm to my friend Jewett. Jewett and Fuller were for years in the same firm in Chicago. "Mell Fuller," as we called him, was a college friend, though not a classmate, of mine. He is now the Chief Justice of the United States.

As I have said, in the winter vacation of 1846 I met at her cousin's house one who was but a girl just budding into womanhood. She arrested my attention and impressed me more deeply than I then thought. Our acquaintance very soon after that winter ripened into something more than an ordinary friendship. I met her during her visits to Livermore in vacations and I had several times visited her father's house in Portland. I may say that with the approval of our parents we had come, before my graduation, to have a constant and intimate correspondence.

In the fall, while I was conducting a high school at Wayne Village, something happened that threw a heavy cloud of sorrow upon the household to which she belonged. Her father, Alexander Black Waite, superintending a number of workmen engaged in calking one of his vessels, accidently fell through the hatchway to the deck below. This fall gave him such a terrific blow on the head that he never spoke again. He was carried unconscious to his house, where every remedy was applied, but to no purpose, and he very soon breathed his last.

His remains, accompanied by his wife and daughter, were brought to his father's house in Livermore and he was buried with proper ceremony in the ceme-

tery in that vicinity. The news of this fearful calamity came to me with the suddenness of lightning from a clear sky. I went over and was present during those saddest of days.

Alexander B. Waite was still a young man when thus so tragically arrested in the midst of a most promising career. His wife was never quite herself again. The only child, Elizabeth, seemed at first completely overcome. She gave evidence of intensity of affection for her father and could not repress her grief. From that time it was understood by everybody connected with our two families that we young people were betrothed.

I left the stricken ones to return to my school and as soon as the term was completed went back to Bowdoin for a short time. Then, hard pressed as I was for means, I took my school in the winter.

During the hardest part of that winter, when the snow was deep and a storm raging, my mother on one occasion worked her way on foot from our home to the schoolhouse to bring me an important message. That trip of my good mother, so full of exposure and danger to herself, gave me the strongest impression that I ever had had of my mother's love.

During that year, while I was hard at work in the summer term, preparing for graduation, and while even to my sanguine mind the future was dark enough, I received a letter from my uncle, the Hon. John Otis, then at Washington:

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1850.

MY DEAR NEPHEW: From what William (William Otis, his son) writes me to-day, I am of opinion that he will not be accepted at West Point on account of the narrowness of his

chest, and want of general physical strength. . . . What I wish to know is whether, in case he is not accepted, you would like to have me recommend you or Rowland Bailey (my brother). The advantages you would have are a good constitution and strength for endurance, and you have a good acquaintance with the languages and are fond of mathematics. . . . The applicant must be full sixteen years of age. Is that Rowland's age? He must not be over twenty-one. Please write me your own thoughts before you apply at home.

Yours sincerely,

[Signed] JOHN OTIS.

Oliver Otis Howard.

This was a turning point in my career. What my uncle anticipated with reference to his son took place. He was rejected upon the physical examination. I did not accept the offer at once. It occasioned too radical a change in all my thoughts and plans. I had desired to do something to enable me to lay by money enough to commence and go through a professional course without interruption, and I wanted to be, like my uncle, a lawyer. It had never entered my mind before to be a soldier, and I knew scarcely anything with regard to the Military Academy; but the prospect of bettering my education and having a support while I did so and, if I graduated successfully, a career open which would relieve me from the anxiety of toiling too much for a support, soon determined the case in favor of acceptance. As we were so young, Miss Waite and her friends made no serious objection.

I went home to my mother and laid the whole case before her and think I should have been governed by her wisdom had she decided that I ought not to go into the army, but she looked into my face and said, "My son, you have already made up your mind." It was the

nearest to an objection that she ever made. Her chief thought, often expressed, was that I must be upright in all my intercourse at the Military Academy and take a high stand.

By diligent study I was able to pass all my examinations at Bowdoin and secure my proper degree at graduation, though it was impossible for me to remain with my classmates for the final " commencement."

It has been my privilege to attend ceremonials at home and abroad of every description and to take in as well as I could notions of precedence, arrangement, and dignity, but I have never been so much impressed as I was with the seniors of Bowdoin College during the last term of our class. Their display at chapel exercises was particularly noticeable, especially at the time of evening prayers. As a rule they wore tall silk hats and a majority of them carried canes. They attached considerable importance to their long coats, their well-selected cravats and standing collars. They usually came with a quick step, to be observed by the other classes, the professors and President Woods, who, through his large spectacles, never let anything escape his attention. As soon as the seniors were seated President Woods arose and gave out a hymn, which was well sung by a choir of selected voices. Then he read a portion of Scripture. Always reverent and yet always cheerful, he offered a prayer, simple and direct, as a prayer should be. It covered the usual ground of confession and entreaty, but always wound up with asking a blessing upon the college, upon our rulers, State and national, and upon " all our fellow men, for the sake and in the name of our Blessed Lord." The seniors never waited for the last benediction, but as soon as they heard the words " all our fel-

low men" they rose *en masse* and marched out with their dignified tread and deportment, much impressing, as it should, the under classmen who were to follow them. The hats were resumed, and the canes, carried under the arm, were taken in hand at the door.

The present beautiful chapel is not the one I found at Bowdoin in 1846, but is a new one, handsomely constructed, which, for a time, answered the purpose of a chapel and a library. After half a century the library, having become altogether too small, has been, through the generosity of an alumnus, General Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, replaced by a new structure four times as large and in every way conformable to the wonderful growth of the college itself.

Perhaps at no time in my life did I feel so much that I had attained substantial greatness as when, among the seniors with their hats and canes, I passed in and out of the college chapel for the last time.

CHAPTER IV

CADET AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

IT was after the middle of August, 1850, when I left my home for West Point. I had my trunk packed with those things that were required in the way of underclothing, but as the uniform, whatever that might mean, and everything pertaining to the furnishing of a cadet's room were to be had from the public store after my arrival, I did not overburden myself with articles which would be of no use to me if I succeeded in passing the entrance examinations. On the way from Boston to New York I was fortunate enough to meet on the train Lieutenant Alley, who had been my predecessor. A predecessor is the cadet from my same district whose graduation caused the vacancy which I filled. He gave me some very wholesome suggestions and I saw at once that it would not do to appear there with a silk hat or a cane. I found that they called a freshman a "plebe" and that I should not escape the hazing process whatever might be my character, my age, or previous experience.

New York City, now visited for the first time, was much enjoyed. I had relatives in Brooklyn and remained a few days with them. The old omnibuses were running on Broadway, and at times every day the street was blocked with them, so that nothing could pass one way or the other till a gradual clearing was

had under the direction of the police. The St. Nicholas Hotel, said to be much needed, was just open for guests. The Hudson River Railroad had its depot in Chambers Street and the cars were taken in and out of the city from that point by horses. There was substantially no city above Forty-second Street.

The first time I stayed overnight in New York proper, I had a room in the old Washington Hotel near Bowling Green. The Astor House was at that time in best repute as a family hotel.

On August 26th I took the Hudson River Railway and after a two hours' run was left at Cold Spring, a small New York village just above West Point. Here again I counted myself very fortunate in meeting an officer of the army, Captain E. Kirby Smith. He was dressed in citizen's clothes and was on his way to the Military Academy. Two flat-bottomed rowboats were found at the wharf just at the foot of the main street. Captain Smith being my guide, I got my trunk on board one of them. He and I seated ourselves in the stern and a single oarsman began to row us, a distance of a mile and a half, to the West Point landing.

The captain explained to me very kindly what I must do, and some things that I must not do, when I reached the post — the whole military station was called a post. He advised me not to report at once to the superintendent, but to go to Roe's Hotel and stay at least one night, visit the cadet encampment close by and take observations. The orders which I had in my pocket were for me to report to the adjutant of the academy on or before September 1, 1850.

Indeed, I think that Captain Smith's kind warnings saved me from a good deal of annoyance and from

some laughable mistakes that a candidate is almost sure to make unless he is thus befriended.

It was not long before I reported to Captain Seth Williams, then adjutant of the Military Academy. He, too, was very pleasant and thoughtful for me. He was always a genial gentleman and took pleasure in doing something for the comfort of anybody who came in contact with him.

The superintendent, Captain Brewerton, was a tall military man dressed in the uniform of the corps of engineers. Every officer at West Point was in uniform, and every cadet also. The cadet's dress consisted of the well-known gray coat, with the tail so short you might call it a coatee. It was double-breasted, with three rows of bell buttons and a stiff collar. During the encampment, and for some time after, the trousers were of white duck. When off duty the cadet, outside of his quarters, wore a small cap of blue cloth, diminishing toward the top, which was flat and round, and having a chin strap with a brass button at each extremity. The cap was essentially like the ordinary undress cap of officers. When on duty, at that time, the cadet wore a singular stiff felt hat shaped like a section of stovepipe with a leather band around it at the bottom, and a band at the top. It was finished with a stiff visor, and pompon at the crest. Each hat was ornamented in front with a handsome bronze castle. The cadet officers, instead of a pompon, wore a plume of dark feathers which floated in the breeze and covered the top of the hat. The waist belt was of white canvas with a brass breastplate, and the shoulder belt, which sustained the cartridge box, was also of the same material.

As I looked upon the battalion for the first time

when in line of battle in two ranks, I thought I had never seen anything handsomer. There did not appear to be a motion throughout the line, and later, the movement in column presented an appearance even more beautiful. Every cadet held his musket in his left hand, and the drill in the manual of arms was nearly perfect. Though the motions were angular and stiff enough, the effect upon the beholder was that of a complete machine which could make no failure as long as it was in order.

When the cadets were at drill or on parade there was, not far off, a squad of young men dressed in old clothes of different descriptions. They all had caps, but caps differing from each other. This squad afforded interest and amusement to a number of visitors who clustered about the encampment to observe the drills and parades. I was very soon attached to that squad. At drill we were divided into two such squads and each was under the command of a cadet corporal of the class above us.

They called us "Septs" because we came in September. The officers said we were September cadets. The main portion of my class, 102 in number, had reported for duty before June 1st, and so had had the benefit of the summer encampment. It really meant a constant drill and discipline, covering the whole new life of a young man, every day and every hour, from which he was never for a moment relieved, even at night; because with only blankets and a single pillow he was obliged to lie upon the hard floor of his tent and be subject to annoyance, he knew not when—to be plagued by the other cadets—some of whom would pull him out of his bed or otherwise attempt to haze him. I escaped this severe trial because I slept in the en-

campment only four nights; then the battalion was sent to the barracks. Still our squad drill continued once a day while the uniforms of the September cadets were in making. The corporal of one of our squads was Cadet Boggs, of Georgia. He was a capital drill master, severe enough, but always dignified and respectful to the boys under his charge; but the other corporal, Cadet Walker, never let an opportunity slip for an irritating speech to the squad and to individuals in it.

It was hard enough for a young man to put himself into what was called the military attitude, the little fingers on the seams of the trousers, palms to the front, head drawn back, and shoulders squared. I held myself in this position of apparent awkwardness till it became natural to be thus set up. I think the most difficult thing for each of us was to so walk as to strike the ball of the foot first. To point the toe and do this were required, and it gave a cadet a peculiar gait.

As soon as I received my uniform, my coat neatly fitting and keeping me in shape, with a clean white linen collar turned over the stiff binding, and trousers like my comrades, it was easier than before to escape expressions of amusement, and when we were divided into sections and sent to the class rooms I became daily more and more reconciled to the new life. In the recitation room I was more ready to compete with my companions.

At first the young men of my class when getting acquainted with each other were reasonably harmonious in their social life, but I very soon found that unpleasant feuds existed in the corps of cadets, and, as a rule, the subject of slavery was at the bottom of the controversy. I would not have owned at that time that I

was an abolitionist, but in sentiment I indorsed the speeches of William H. Seward, which were against slavery and demonstrated the desirability of its non-extension. However, I said but little about politics, yet once in a while in conversation with a companion I did let my sentiments be known.

When we first went into quarters the room to which I was assigned was in what was called the Old South Barracks, a very large room without alcoves. There were four separate iron bedsteads and four iron tables, with other meager furniture for four cadets. My mates were Thomas J. Treadwell, from New Hampshire, a student of Dartmouth; Levi R. Brown, from Maine, my own State; and Henry M. Lazell, of Massachusetts. No young men were ever more studious or more desirous to get a fair standing in the institution than we.

The only single room on the same floor had been at one time used as a "light prison," and this room was occupied by a cadet of the third class by the name of Elmer S. Otis. He had done some foolish thing while in the camp which the majority of his class condemned. There was no criminality in it, but his comrades declared that no gentleman would do such a thing. A few of them started the cry to ostracize him, or, as the cadets say, "cut him." The idea went from man to man till there was scarcely a cadet who would speak to him. I remember two of his classmates who were exceptions. One was McPherson, who was a man of independence and noble instincts, and another was William Sooy Smith, who was a professing Christian. They occasionally visited him. As he had my mother's maiden name, my attention was early called to him and his situation. Frequently I stepped in to see him, and

sometimes during leisure hours played checkers with him to relieve his loneliness.

The next day after my arrival at the post I went to the engineer's barracks situated near the northwest corner of the reservation to look up Warren Lothrop from my home town. He was the first sergeant of the Engineer Company then called the "Sappers and Miners." This company had achieved success in the Mexican War and was considered the first of all the companies of enlisted men in the service. Warren himself had gained quite a distinction for his bravery and work during the campaign. He was now a magnificent-looking man, straight, tall, and of fine figure, and his officers were proud of him and trusted him fully in the management of the company. He was earnestly seeking a commission, and his friends thought he had a good prospect of receiving one. As he was a worthy man and the son of my guardian, and as our families at home were intimate, I felt it a duty and a privilege to visit him. For a time he came to see me during release from quarters, always making short calls. One Saturday afternoon, when the limits of cadets were extended to embrace the public lands generally, I went to the engineer barracks to make a call. Two army officers saw me and the next night my name was published before the battalion, "Cadet Howard off limits Saturday afternoon." The next Saturday I took to the acting commandant, Lieutenant John M. Jones, of Virginia, a written request to go and see that friend. In my presence, with a show of anger, Mr. Jones tore up my request and threw the fragments on the floor. Feeling outraged I wrote another and carried it to the superintendent, Captain Brewerton. This request was disapproved and I was reported for forwarding a

permit to the superintendent over the head of the commandant. A day or two afterwards Captain B. R. Alden, the commandant, sent for me and gave me a lecture, a very kind and fatherly one, for which I was grateful. He had been temporarily absent. The purport of what he said was, "There has been nothing wrong in your conduct; on the contrary, it is to your credit to recognize your friend as you have done, but it is contrary to the regulations and spirit of this institution. The sergeant is an enlisted man and it will not do for you to recognize him in any social way."

Captain Seth Williams, the adjutant, also sent for me and advised me kindly in the matter: "You must remember that it will be for your own advantage to separate yourself from your friend while he is in the unfortunate position of an enlisted man." I wasn't yet wise enough to be silent on the subject of what I regarded as wrong.

About the year 1854 Lothrop became a second lieutenant and was assigned to the Fourth Artillery. He was promoted, step by step, till he became, during the Civil War, the colonel of a regiment, and he would probably have had higher promotion still had not typhoid fever seized him in camp and terminated his life. I have never regretted my show of friendship to him in our younger days and the incident always affected me, when considering the subject of discipline in the army, inclining me strongly against martinetism in whatever form it presented itself.

For a time I was very intimate with one of my classmates from the East, and finding him a man of high culture, I constantly sought his companionship, as he did mine. A few months had passed when I began to feel that there was something in the social atmos-

me were ashamed of the course they had pursued and before graduation there were few indeed with whom I was not on good terms. I did not go to the offenders and ask any favors, but one by one they came to me.

At one time during my first winter the horizontal bar turned with me and I fell in the gymnasium. The injury to my head was very severe and ended in a serious attack of erysipelas and for a time my life was despaired of. The gentle care and nursing of Dr. Cuyler, the surgeon, saved my life.

While I was in the hospital the superintendent, then Colonel Robert E. Lee, paid me a visit, sat down by my bedside and spoke to me very kindly. After I was restored to health, with Cadet Stuart I visited Colonel Lee's family and was well received by every member of it.

Notwithstanding this accident and my detention for some weeks from the recitation rooms, I kept up my studies and did not lose my standing. At the end of the first year I was at the head of my class, already reduced in numbers from resignations to sixty-three, and I had the privilege and honor of marching the class whenever it went *en masse* to any exercise.

The difficulties which had assailed me prevented me for a year from receiving military advancement, and in fact I entered my second class year without promotion. One day our new commandant, Captain Robert S. Garnet, who relieved Captain Alden, came into our recitation room and heard several cadets recite, myself among the number. He was a Southern man and a just and impartial commandant. He inquired why Cadet Howard was without chevrons. A few days after this inquiry I had the pleasure of hearing my name published as promoted to a sergeancy, and a lit-

tle later, after some cadet officer was reduced for a military offense, I was made quartermaster sergeant of the cadet corps and held that office till the end of the year.

The last year at the Military Academy I was promoted to a cadet lieutenancy and a little later was made cadet quartermaster of the corps. In this I followed in the footsteps of Cadet J. B. McPherson, who had had the same office during his second and his first class years.

My unpopularity had, at the beginning of my last year, so far passed away that I was elected to the presidency of our only literary association, the Dialectic Society. In this also I followed McPherson.

It has often been said to me, "You had the advantage over your companions in a college training, did you not?" I did have the advantage of some of them, but it should be remembered that we had in our class fifteen young men who also had had a college education, and as many as twenty more who had received an equivalent training, many of them in those studies that had special reference to the West Point course. We were all on a par in tactical exercises, both in the theoretical and the practical. Much time was then given to right line and topographical drawings, and as much more to sketching and painting. In this branch I was without any experience whatever. At the end of the first year of drawing I was ranked thirty-seven, but by perseverance and great care I kept rising till I graduated ninth in that division of work.

The most difficult of our course was the second class year, and the most trying study of that year was Bartlett's "Mechanics," usually denominated "The application of Algebra to Geometry." Professor Bart-

lett was a man of great research and very able in the preparation of text-books, but he was of a nervous temperament and not a very successful instructor on that account. His digestion was so bad at one time that he ate scarcely any meat. It was said that they selected for him the tenderest birds in order to tempt his appetite and keep up his strength.

One day I remember that he had me at the blackboard and was very impatient and indignant that I did not follow him as he made his lightning demonstration. I remained after the class had gone so as to have a talk with him, and I said to him: "Professor Bartlett, I have a good mathematical mind, but I move slowly through a demonstration. If you hurry me or disconcert me I lose my chance. You are so familiar with this complicated work that it is very plain to your mind, but not to ours" (referring to myself and fellow cadets).

Professor Bartlett instantly changed. He was kindness itself, and said that I was right and that he would try to remember what I said in the interest of the class.

As a rule no professors conducted our recitations, but had their several instructors, who were detailed from the army, do this work under their supervision. During the recitations the professors would go from one section to another, sometimes taking part in the recitation and sometimes simply looking on and listening to the questions and answers. Professor Bartlett usually deviated from this custom.

I did not succeed so well in "English studies," as they were called, such as Blair's "Rhetoric," logic, and international law. Some of my mates would recite several pages word for word. How they could so

memorize in the limited time given to preparation for the next day's recitation was a mystery to me. However, I could give the meaning in my own terms and obtained fairly good marks. I enjoyed the study of international law and never forgot the principles which were then learned. Even without books, when in the field, I could have decided most questions that arose involving our relations with other nations, as at Atlanta and Savannah; but I do not think that any of us could have equaled Sherman in his thorough mastery of that study. He never forgot what he once learned.

Those of our class who were able to systematize and seize upon the principles of any study were in the end able to retain the knowledge. The recitations at first of those who memorized were seemingly the best, but on the final examinations, after a month or more had elapsed, those who memorized were not so proficient. Many officers fail with large commands, and the reason is traceable to their encumbering their minds with the detail.

There were many things about my last year as a cadet which were very pleasant. Being the cadet quartermaster I was relieved from the irksome part of military duty and had more time for study during "call to quarters," and was more at leisure to extend my acquaintanceship to the families of the garrison. I think now that I had become quite a favorite in the social circle made up of the professors' and officers' families.

Henry W. Closson, a classmate from Vermont, who was retired as a colonel of artillery, became my favorite companion. He was a poet and very quick-witted. He and I exchanged confidences, read books together, and made visits in each other's company. Closson was

small of stature, with light hair, of pale complexion, and had as finely formed a head as if it had been chiseled from marble by the best of sculptors. One lady with her two little children always took my friend's attention. She was beautiful and especially so in her little family, so that no visits were pleasanter than those that he and I made at her house. These and other visits gave us glimpses of home life that we very much needed while cadets.

I also became quite intimate with two of my classmates. One was Cadet Charles G. Sawtelle, the other his roommate, John T. Greble. Sawtelle was from Maine, and we were naturally thrown together, and through him I became associated with Greble. The latter belonged to a large Philadelphia family. Father, mother, and sisters often paid him visits. They invited me to see them at the hotel whenever they came, and I was treated by them with much attention and reciprocated the kindness as well as I could by attending them in their walks about the post and to the parades.

After graduation Mr. Edwin Grèble always insisted that I make his house in Philadelphia my home whenever I came to that city.

CHAPTER V

GRADUATION FROM THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, 1854; BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT IN ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, 1855–56

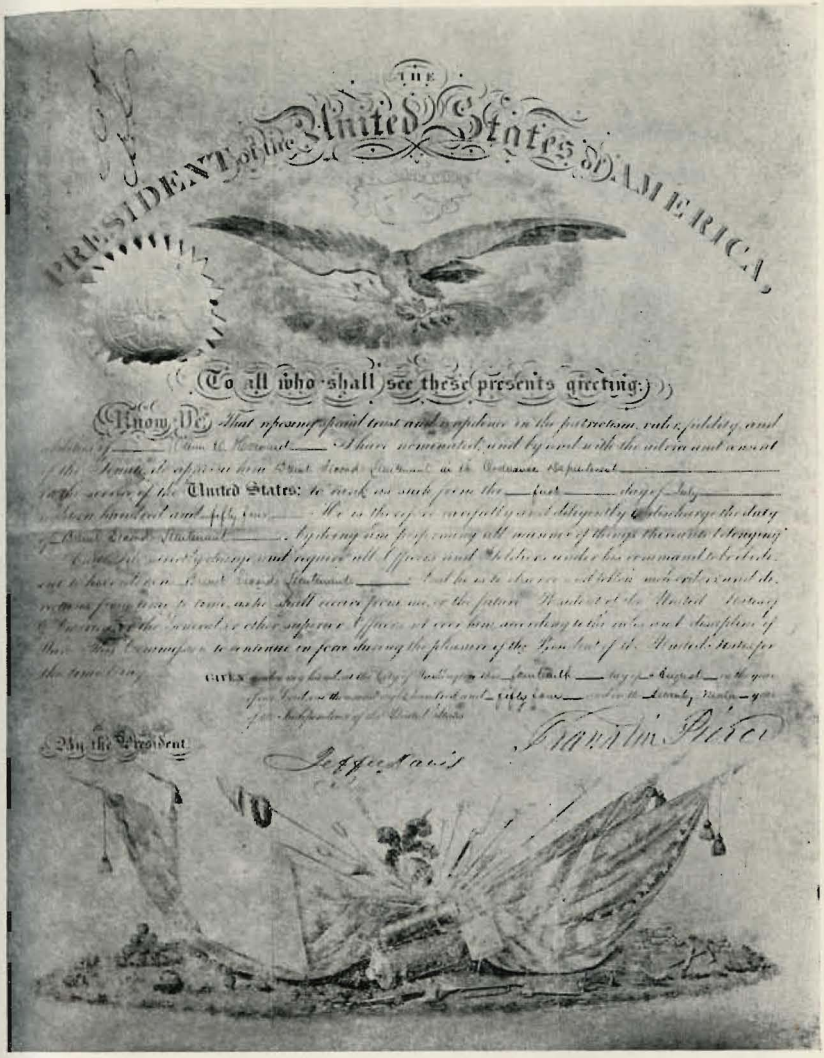
AFTER a term of hard study away from home there is probably no more real enjoyment for a student than the vacation. Each vacation has its specialty. There are relaxations and rests which in themselves are refreshing. The constant call to duty, the constant pressure of mental work, and the exactions of instructors are by no means without their rewards, but such things always need the relief of a vacation. Then there is the comfort of meeting old friends; the bright welcome in the homes of old neighbors; the parties gotten up especially for you; and the increasing charm of the old homestead where are the father, the mother, the brothers, and the visiting friends, young men and young women. All these things had been mine and were delightfully reminiscent. What was called my cadet furlough at the close of the first two years of West Point life had been indeed the richest of all my vacations, so that when I returned to the severe discipline and confinement of the Military Academy I was for some time discontented and inclined to tender my resignation and return to my people, but no vacation was equal to that which came at the close of the West Point course.

The continued hardship of unremitting study; the freedom of action fettered; the orders and require-

ments which could never be evaded were now over forever. With the graduation a commission had followed the diploma, not a high one, but that of a brevet second lieutenant in the Army of the United States. It was something gained, something that looked larger to me then than any of the subsequent commissions which I received. On graduation in June, 1854, our class numbered forty-six members. As I graduated fourth in the class I had the right to choose any arm of the service from that of topographical engineer to the infantry arm inclusive. For several reasons I signified my choice to be that of the Ordnance Department.

Thus I went forth well equipped for enjoyment. The Ordnance Department had in charge all the United States arsenals and armories of the country with a few powder stations, and at every one of these there was a house ready for a married officer, so that as soon as I could get the assent of my *fiancée*, we could be married and have immediate provision for a home. The Ordnance Department had many other advantages over the line of the army, but this one of a house, which in the army we called quarters, was just then to me of special interest.

On the way to New York on board the old *Thomas Powell*, I met General Winfield Scott, accompanied by several of his staff and some young officers whom I knew. I had met him before and been presented, but this time his attention was called to me and he said some pleasant things welcoming me to the army. But when one of my classmates indicated that Howard would soon be married, the general shook his head and said, "No, no, don't do that; a lieutenant must never get married." I was glad enough to have the conversation turned to some other topic. I had no intention of



BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT HOWARD'S COMMISSION FROM PRESIDENT PIERCE, AND JEFFERSON DAVIS, SECRETARY OF WAR.

heeding Scott's advice on the subject of marriage, because I knew well enough the limitations of his authority, and the inalienable rights of even a brevet second lieutenant.

New York had never been so delightful, but there were stars in the East which drew me away from even the social life of New York. In Boston and Cambridge and Arlington welcome was extended to the young lieutenant with enough of cheer to turn his head, but the brighter visions were still farther on.

Portland, Me., was at that time the most beautiful of cities, and it had the center of all the attractions of that vacation. It will be impossible, of course, to interest others very much in the two succeeding months after my arrival in Maine; but as I look back and think of the rides into the country, the visit to my home and to friends in the towns round about, I say to myself that those days in the retrospect are genial and cloudless.

My mother had followed me with devoted affection, all the way from the day I left home at eleven years of age to begin my preparation for college at Hallowell, till then. No week had passed without a cheerful letter, and of course at no time did she ever go to rest without a prayer for her son; now imagine the welcome home when the first round of the ladder of his achievements had been reached. I think she had never been so happy as when she had her children together again around her table. I often hear the expression "American" or "That is an expression of our American life." It covers so much; energy in preparation; fearlessness in undertakings; bravery in action; endurance under every hardship. It involves a healthful and well-developed body; mental powers well in hand;

and an upright heart. Now who accomplishes this so much as an American mother, and who would deprive her of the joy of the home welcome which she gives to her sons as they come from or go to their world's work?

The vacation ended, I reported for duty to Major John Symington, commanding Watervliet Arsenal at West Troy, N. Y., in September, 1854.

Major Symington was a typical officer of the old school, already not far from the age of retirement. He was from Maryland and had married a sister of General Joseph E. Johnston. He was a tall man, very modest and retiring, but one who always stood up to his convictions of duty. After talking with me a few minutes in a kind and manly way he said that if I wished to go beyond the arsenal grounds all I would have to do was to put my name on a certain book, recording my departure and my return. Every day I was to have certain duties which would be easily performed, but twice a week I would be detailed as officer of the day. When officer of the day I would inspect the barracks, which then contained about forty enlisted men, and be responsible for the marching on of the guard and for the location of the sentinels, two being on duty at a time. I would further go through all the arsenal shops at least twice during my tour and note everything that was taking place.

So much freedom when on duty I had never had before since entering West Point, and never had afterwards till I came in command of a department.

I have already spoken of my strong leaning toward a paternal government as against that of a martinet. Here with Major Symington I realized the full blessing of the paternal; a man extraordinarily observant and

conscientious, but always kind and considerate in his requirements.

Mrs. Symington was a strong character. She was of large size and rather stout, a woman of unusual accomplishments. The major's quarters were ample and commodious. He had a family consisting of his wife and five children, two daughters and three sons. The family was always hospitable. Nieces and nephews from Virginia and Maryland were generally part of the household. The large parlor gave a reception nearly every evening to the young officers, where there were music, innocent games, and delightful social converse. At that time there was but one other married officer, Major Laidley. He was a first lieutenant who had been in the Mexican War and was brevetted major for gallantry in action. He and his wife and child occupied a set of stone quarters. The other set under the same roof contained the unmarried officers' mess and rooms.

Ellen McCarty, who could do everything in the line of housework, was a treasure to them. Her husband worked in the shops and her children aided her when she needed any assistance. I think Ellen became well known throughout the entire Ordnance Department. Our quarters were always as neat as they could be made from garret to cellar, and everything was done by her for us young men to make the entire house as homelike as possible.

Lieutenant W. R. Boggs, of Georgia, who, it will be remembered, was at times my drill master when at West Point and who afterwards became a general in the Confederate service, was now my constant companion. Lieutenant F. J. Shunk, of Pennsylvania, whom I had known as a cadet captain, was a choice comrade

to Boggs and myself. He was full of humor and oddities and entertained us often by his violin and by the anecdotes that he picked up from his abundant reading and daily observations. We three seldom were at table without a guest from outside, and in those days young gentlemen from Troy were frequent visitors.

One evening we were introduced at Mrs. Symington's reception to Miss Jennie Pickett. She was sister to Captain George E. Pickett of the Ninth Infantry, who became celebrated at Gettysburg. She was a beautiful girl, a niece of Mrs. Symington's, and soon captured all our hearts, especially by her exquisite singing. I never had heard before, and only once or twice since, such a voice. Every time she sang she thrilled and delighted all present.

Miss Carrie Symington, the major's niece from Baltimore, was with us in that garrison for at least two months. She was as remarkable for her personal beauty as Miss Jennie was for her music. Dignified in deportment, tall and commanding, she always had around her many admirers.

One can imagine, then, something of the manner in which we spent the fall and winter of 1854 at Watervliet. The outer high wall inclosed an immense space which included not only the buildings which I have named and also the warehouses of great length that contained gun carriages and every sort of artillery equipment, but small groves of trees, gardens always well kept, and roads and paths which were a delight. Our outdoor parties in pleasant weather are kaleidoscopic in my recollection.

The young officers did much reading at that time, each choosing books according to his taste. Major Symington, on one occasion, introduced to us a young

Frenchman, Eugene de Courcillon, who had met with some singular misfortune and was seeking employment. I was somewhat fascinated by him and hoped that my intercourse with him would improve my French, but he soon proposed to write a book revealing some of the customs of the part of France from which he came, interesting especially to Protestant minds. As he knew very little English I aided him in the translation of his book. This took all my leisure time for months. The book was published in New York. I aided him in its publication and was to receive a return for my advances whenever he disposed of his manuscript. Without my knowledge he managed to sell his work out and out and then disappeared without communicating with me, rewarding me only with this singular dedication:

"To Lieutenant Oliver O. Howard, my friend in adversity."

My comrades laughed and wondered at the double meaning of the dedication, that is, as to which was really in adversity, de Courcillon or myself.

In those days, in addition to the commissioned officers, we had an official called the military storekeeper. Accounts of the material in this arsenal of construction were carefully kept upon his books. He took care to receive everything coming in and to issue everything going out from the arsenal, making careful storage and record. An elderly man, Mr. Lansing, occupied that place. He and his wife, not much younger than himself, lived nearer to the arsenal entrance than any of us. For really charming hospitality Mr. and Mrs. Lansing excelled and very often entertained the young officers, among whom I was a welcome guest. Frequently Mr. Lansing, who was fond of fishing,

would take me in his carriage and spend an entire day going to different fishing grounds. A favorite place was near Waterford in the upper waters of the Hudson. We caught there several varieties, but the favorite was the bass. Mr. Lansing declared that the bass was of better flesh and flavor than any other fish.

While these days were passing I kept up a constant correspondence with my friends, and the time for the long-anticipated wedding was at last fixed for February 14, 1855. It was necessary for me to have a leave of absence, so I applied to the head of our Ordnance Department at Washington, Colonel Craig, who very kindly gave me twenty days, and, of course, those twenty days embraced the principal event of that year.

Mrs. A. B. Waite had a comfortable home on Chatham Street in Portland, Me., where she and her daughter, Elizabeth, were then living. Every necessary arrangement was made for a private wedding, but as the relatives on both sides were numerous and intimate friends were not wanting, Mrs. Waite's apartments were soon filled by a happy company. All agreed then and thereafter that no more charming bride and none more appropriately dressed ever went to the altar. The only criticism came from the bride's mother, and that was with reference to the bridegroom — dressed in full uniform with sash and belt. She said "it seemed too much like war."

An event occurred the night of the wedding which, at least, was remarkable in the history and development of Portland. The large theater took fire and burned to the ground. It was difficult to keep down the fire and preserve the houses in the neighborhood. In those days the young men worked at the brakes of the

engine, among whom the bridegroom very properly performed his part.

Before the expiration of the twenty days Lieutenant Howard and his bride appeared at Watervliet and began their social and domestic careers, which have now been continued beyond the golden wedding.

I remember that Mr. Hillhouse, who had been a graduate of West Point and resigned, lived not far from Watervliet Arsenal; he with his wife had been a constant visitor in the families of the officers. Hearing that I was to be married, Mrs. Hillhouse entreated me to give a description of the lady who was to be my wife. Out of mischief I gave her a description, naming every particular the exact opposite. For example, I said *tall*, with *reddish hair*, *bright blue eyes*, etc. Very soon after our arrival Mrs. Hillhouse came in her carriage to pay her respects to Mrs. Howard. As soon as she saw her she cried out with amazement, "Oh, Mr. Howard, how could you have sold me that way?" I know that she and the many others who promptly paid us visits were better satisfied with the actuality than with the imaginary figure which I had painted.

During the first few months after we had become settled in the north quarters we had a visit from Colonel Craig, the Chief of Ordnance, and I think we won his heart from the start. The result of it, however, seemed to be this: Captain Callender, in command of the Kennebec Arsenal at Augusta, Me., was to go to another post in the Far West, and there was no ranking ordnance officer available to fill his place; so I was selected and sent to Augusta to relieve him.

It was a favor for a second lieutenant to have an independent command, and it was indeed a promotion; but after you have furnished your quarters, planted

your garden, provided yourself with a horse and buggy, and settled down to real life, it is not so easy to conform to a sudden change, and I would have been inclined to have said, "Let me remain here with my comforts for a while as a subordinate," but the army principle was: "Never decline promotion."

The Kennebec Arsenal was beautiful; large grounds; fine quarters, both for officers and men; a garden five times as large as the one we left; perfect roads, well shaded, and fruit trees in abundance. Only five or six enlisted men were allowed, but at the head of them was Sergeant McGregor, a Scotchman of great native talent, who not only knew how to put before you in perfect order all the papers that pertained to the commanding officer, the quartermaster, commissary, and the surgeon, but could refresh you at any time with the most apt quotations from Burns. McGregor had but one drawback. It may be stated in this way: That he was fond of preparing fireworks to properly celebrate the Fourth of July, and it was exceedingly difficult for him to use the alcohol essential to that operation without some of it getting into his mouth. The wounds without cause that afterwards marked his face and the humility that came into his heart were consequent. When I forgave him out and out, only subjecting him to a brief sermon, his gratitude reached the highest water mark. I did not stay at Augusta long enough for a second trial of Independence Day.

It was while on duty at this arsenal that I became acquainted with James G. Blaine, then editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, a Republican paper. The day I first saw him he had a controversy with the editor of the *Argus* of opposite politics. I had never before heard a man who had a better command of language

than he; but his rejoinders to the other editor, a young man of about his age, were incisive and extremely forcible.

Blaine soon after that became a member of the Maine Legislature and later the Speaker of the House. While doing his part in this capacity I went to him with an important request to the effect that the children within the arsenal grounds should have the privileges of the common schools. He saw to it at once, and the proper bill was drafted and went through both Houses without opposition. From that time on we became very warm personal friends and remained such all his life.

On December 16, 1855, our first child was born. We named him Guy. The incidents of his career will appear here and there in connection with my own. His was an ideal life from his babyhood to his death in the service in the Philippines.

One of the most intimate friends that I had had when preparing for college was Charles H. Mulliken, of Augusta. He was now married and had a small family. He and I renewed our intimacy and our families enjoyed the social life of Augusta together. It was very much to me personally then and for many years afterwards to have such a friend. He was healthful, hearty, and always congenial.

The father and mother of Captain Seth Williams opened their hospitality to the commander of the arsenal and his wife, and various other members of the Williams family gave us their fellowship and the *entrée* into their homes. The Fullers, the Lamberts (Allen and Thomas), the Morrills, the Childs, the Tappans, the Manleys, Governor Coney, and many others afforded an entrance into society which has

always been gratefully recalled by Mrs. Howard and myself.

Here we first became acquainted with the Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., pastor of the Congregational church, who was perhaps Mr. Blaine's strongest friend, and, if I may say so, he and his were even more intimate with my family and always unselfishly devoted to my best interests.

We sometimes, while in Augusta, attended the Episcopal church. Rev. Mr. Armitage, then a young man, made a strong impression upon us. He was an able and efficient minister, who subsequently became the Bishop of Ohio.

It was while at Augusta that I spent much of my leisure in training horses. I had brought on with me from Watervliet a beautiful Arabian called Mallach, and it was a great pleasure, on his back, to gallop over the country. Pure white, with silver mane and tail, rather tall, with slender limbs and small feet, Mallach in his best days was ideal.

Two army officers during their first vacation from instructing cadets at West Point made a trip to Canada. One of them was Lieutenant A. J. Perry, who afterwards became a brigadier general and quartermaster of high order, and another was Lieutenant George B. Cosby, of Kentucky, who became a general in the Confederate Army. The third was Lieutenant William Silvey, then an assistant professor at the Military Academy. They had gone to Canada by rail and steamer, but concluded to purchase horses and ride across the country from Quebec to Augusta, Me. Mrs. Howard and myself entertained them at the arsenal, and Lieutenant Perry sold me his horse, which I called a "Canuck." He was jet black, fat and

round, and very swift in his motions. Being taught entirely in the French language, it was for some time difficult for me to manage him. If I said *whoa*! and drew the reins taut, he would go fast, and if I drew them more or with a view to checking his speed, he would go faster.

Later I purchased an unbroken colt and trained him.

My brother, R. B. Howard, at the time a college student at Bowdoin, paid us a visit. He took as much interest in the horses as I did, and I remember giving him his first lessons in scientific riding. On one occasion, with some show of pride, he complained that I corrected him too severely in the presence of witnesses, men and women, who were looking on; but I think that the riding lessons did him much subsequent service.

The latter part of July, 1856, after one year's stay, I was relieved by Captain Gorgas, of Georgia, and received orders which sent me back to Watervliet. I left my family behind with my mother at Leeds. Mrs. Waite now formed part of it. They remained there till they could come on with my brother Rowland, who was to live with us at Watervliet and attend the Law School at Albany. I went ahead with our belongings to get everything in order for them.

Very few changes had taken place at Watervliet during my absence, but I saw very soon that the political struggles in the country were having a serious effect upon the relations of our families. The officers themselves were not yet particularly estranged from each other, but differences were becoming very sharp and sometimes chronic. Mrs. Symington was a great leader in all discussions. She could not bear to be beaten at euchre or whist, and she was very pro-

nounced in her expressions of dislike toward any who were inclined to favor the abolition of slavery. Lieutenant Boggs had married the eldest daughter, Miss Mary Symington. He and I had the north stone house, he occupying the south quarters. Boggs, though from Georgia, was always very mild in his statements. I remember that an escaped slave came to the arsenal for assistance. He needed food and money enough to get to Canada. Boggs laughed at him but told him he would give him food as he would anybody that was hungry. He then turned to me and said laughingly, "Howard, it is against my principles to help a slave escape from his master. You can do what you choose." That poor black man, at any rate, avoided the marshal and succeeded in reaching the Canada line.

I was not yet very pronounced in my sentiments, but my brother, already an ardent Republican, was educating me to a completer expression, especially against the extension of slavery into the new territories.

It was not long before my family came and we established the household anew, thinking that we would be at Watervliet for at least a year.

None of us in the family were at this time members of any church, but I had made up my mind to have family gathering in the morning just before or just after breakfast, at which time a chapter of the Scriptures should be read. My brother, who was then a little inclined to skepticism, said to me, "Otis, why do you do that?" I replied to him that I could not tell him why, but that I had made up my mind to do just that.

The Hon. Ira Harris, afterwards the United States Senator for New York, was the Dean of the Law

School at Albany. My brother entered there under his supervision and went through a part of the course. He had a comfortable room with us and immensely enjoyed our home life. He was particularly devoted to our little boy, and as the latter grew they had lively times together. Everything went on smoothly until the latter part of December, 1856, when I was surprised, as I would have been by a clap of thunder from a clear sky, by an order from Washington instructing me to proceed at once to the Department of Florida and report to General W. S. Harney, who was commanding that department—war existed and I was to be "Chief of Ordnance" in the field. It was another promotion, but it cost my family and myself a complete breaking up, for I could not take them with me. It would not be safe for me to do so in any event. I made no ado; did not ask for delay, but hastened every preparation. After the storing of such things as could be retained and the selling of much of our goods at a loss and parting with the carriage and horses, I was ready to obey the orders.

It was the coldest season that I had ever known on the Hudson. I set out from Watervliet on December 23d. It showed how well I had studied up the route, for I wrote home from Brooklyn: "It is by steamer to Savannah; thence by steamboat to Palatka on the St. John's River; thence by stage to Tampa." Tampa was then a small village near Fort Brooke, and Fort Brooke was at the time the headquarters of the Department of Florida.

CHAPTER VI

IN FLORIDA, 1856-57, AND THE SEMINOLES

AFTER the most fatiguing ride through the sand and over palmetto roots for three successive days and nights from Palatka to Tampa, I arrived at Fort Brooke and found several officers of General W. S. Harney's command out in the offing of Tampa Bay, and ready to start southward as soon as the tide would permit. Getting my supper and a change of clothing, I had myself rowed out to the long and queerly constructed steamer.[1] The surface of the water was smooth in the bright moonlight and the atmosphere as warm as that of a summer evening in the highlands of the Hudson.

General Harney, the department commander, was then at Fort Myers and wished me to report to him there. The steamer swayed back and forth, tugging at her anchor, and, weary as I was, I enjoyed the gentle breeze, just cool enough for comfort. It seemed to me, while walking the deck for a few minutes, that I had passed from winter to summer into a new and charming world.

Early the next morning I was again on deck watching the new scenes as we sped along southward. We never went out of sight of the pretty coast line. The

[1] This steamer, named *The Fashion*, had subsequent to this a most remarkable career, ending up as an ironclad in the Confederate Navy.

land presented a variety of colors bordered all along with the white streak of the sandy beach, and was quietly beautiful though without a single elevation in view. By one o'clock we were at Punta Rassa, a military post at the mouth of the Caloosahatchee River. Here was stationed one company of the Fifth Infantry, Captain N. B. Rossell in command. What I remember particularly about Punta Rassa is that the forests came down very near to the mouth of the river, and that the mosquitoes were more abundant and of a larger size than any I had ever seen before. They were so greedy that they attacked not only the soldiers but the animals; the dogs would run out into the water of the bay to escape from them.

We ascended the river in a small boat on which we could use a sail in case of a favorable breeze. The river was as charming as could be, a simple succession of green-bordered lakes. Of course, in military company our attention was called to the point where General Harney had been surprised by the Indians and obliged to escape in his night clothes. There he had had some forty men killed. We were shown where he ran down the river some seven or eight miles and was saved by being taken off in a skiff.

Against a head wind we made our way, and at last, between eight and nine o'clock at night, landed at Fort Myers. How kind the officers were in those days to one another! Lieutenant W. W. Burns, though he had never seen me before, extended to me his hospitality. From his quarters I promptly visited my commander, General Harney. Harney was very cordial and evidently glad to see me. He rose before me like a giant, six feet and a half, straight and well proportioned; said at one time to have been the handsomest man in

the service. He was already gray, with just enough red in his whiskers to indicate what they had been in their best days. His characteristics were peculiar; always impatient when things went awry, his language was then rough in the extreme. I noticed, however, that occasionally a good-natured oath would escape him even when he was pleased. At this time of life Harney's memory was not very good. He did not appear to reason at all, but jumped to his conclusions. Notwithstanding this weakness, everybody said, "Harney has always been a good soldier."

Captain Pleasonton of the dragoons was in the same room with his general when I reported. Very young looking, pleasant in his speech, though always serious, Pleasonton, as Harney's adjutant general, usually managed to improve his administration of affairs, whether commanding an expedition or a department.

The next morning we left Fort Myers to return to Tampa. In the small boat were General Harney, Captain Pleasonton, Dr. McLaren, the surgeon, eight soldiers, and myself. We had hardly started out before our general was in a rage. First the mast was improperly set; then one of the men was behaving badly, interlocking his oar with the others at every stroke. When reproved, the man laughed in the general's face, sprang behind the mast and defied him. As Harney seized a boat hook to chastise him, Dr. McLaren interfered, saying that the man was unquestionably insane.[1] Then Harney instantly desisted, smiled, and said, "I suppose the fellow thought I would kill him."

By noon of January 9, 1857, we were on board *The*

[1] The doctor's opinion later proved to be true.

Fashion, which we found ready at the mouth of the river. Our return journey was very pleasant, and the next morning we anchored close to the city of Tampa, running in to shore with a small boat.

When we arrived, the steps which were usually let down to the boat were not in readiness, and the general was angry again. When at last the steps were properly planted he cried out, "Too late, too late!" for he had managed to spring ashore without them.

That afternoon I was assigned to ordnance duty at the Tampa depot. This depot consisted of two rough main buildings and a separate office far from the garrison of Fort Brooke, but on its grounds. One of the buildings was a small magazine where powder and fixed ammunition were stored, and the other held everything that belonged to the equipment of the troops.

The population of Tampa at that time did not exceed six hundred people, half of whom were negroes. The officers' quarters ran along the bay. A beautiful shell walk was on the city side with some shrubbery and flowers; the whole front was charming. There were very many large live oaks which, with their broad evergreen branches, rendered the reservation habitable even in the warmest season of the year.

There was in the town a small public house at which all the officers who were in Tampa without their families boarded. It was called "Duke's Hotel." At this place I took my meals in a dining room always filled with flies.

At first Major W. W. Morris, Fourth Artillery, who later became colonel and then general, was in command of the post. He was a good specimen of the severe

disciplinarian of the old school and known to all the officers who had served in the Mexican War. His good wife, Mrs. Morris, was very kind to me as a young officer, and rests in my mind as my beau ideal of what we call an "army woman." She knew how to make the commanding officer's quarters a place for constant and pleasant reunions, and every young man was ready to do anything he could to make her life pleasant, no matter how great were the privations of the frontier. Our garrison was made up partly of the Fifth Infantry and partly of the Fourth Artillery. Colonel John Munroe, who was the lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Artillery, returned from a furlough and immediately assumed command. Munroe was a peculiar character, inclined to conviviality, but always full of those resources which delighted young men around him. His humor was constant and he had a fund of anecdote which never failed him. He had a very black little colored boy about twelve years old, who had a broad mouth, white teeth, and large eyes that were constantly blinking and rolling in a droll way. One day when I was at the colonel's quarters he took pains to illustrate his ideas of the discipline and government of such a boy. He said, "William, come here!"

As he approached, the lad said, "What is it?" and he began to back away when he saw that the colonel had a couple of small withes in his hand.

"Oh," he said, "you come here!"

The little fellow would approach and work his mouth and roll his eyes and pull back and say, "What want, colonel? what want?"

"Oh," said Munroe, "I want to whip you."

"What for? hain't done nothing; what for?"

"Why, just to make you a good boy; whip you in

the morning before you have done anything, and then you will be a good boy all day."

The colonel undertook to switch him, though not very hard, but William danced about, laughed aloud, and kept crying, "Hain't done nothing; hain't done nothing; don't whip me, colonel."

On one occasion Munroe took me to task because I had concluded not to drink and declined a treat.

"What!" he said, "why so, why so?"

"Because," I said, "I have found that when I haven't much to do if I accept a treat in the morning the desire for the repetition keeps growing upon me."

"That's it, is it?" he said. "Do you know what I do when I feel that desire?"

"No," I said, "I can't conceive what you do."

"Ah," he said, "I always take a little more."

And I think that he often did. He was always serious and ready for business in the early morning, but got through with whatever he was obliged to do by twelve o'clock; after that he gave the rest of the day to his enjoyments. His adjutant, Lieutenant Geo. W. Hazzard, was a scholarly man of rather a skeptical turn of mind. During the summer his wife joined him at the garrison and I knew them both very well. During the war Hazzard became at first the colonel of an Indiana regiment, but the severity of his discipline seemed to displease the patrons of the regiment, and he was induced to resign, and went back to his place in the artillery.

I saw Hazzard in battle and I never knew an officer who could bring a battery into place and serve it with more rapidity. His great vigor kept all his command well in hand and made his battery of twice the value of any other that I ever saw.

Major McKinstry was our department quartermaster, a large, fine-appearing man of strong character. One day McKinstry, Kilburn, the able commissary, Lieutenant Oscar A. Mack, who was an assistant in the commissary, and I were talking together when the subject of dueling came up. It was already against the law for an officer to engage in a duel, but the practice was not yet fully over. I made a remark that I would not fight a duel. I remember that McKinstry took me to task for it and gave me several instances where he said it was imperative that an officer should accept a challenge. He made this assertion: "Suppose, Howard, you should be challenged to fight, and you declined, then you would be posted."

I hardly knew what that meant, but I declared that my contestant might "post" me if he chose.

"Why," he said, "you would be proclaimed as a coward."

"That would not make me one," I answered. "I am not a coward, and probably the time will come, if I live long enough, to show that I am not."

The conversation dropped at this point, but the recollection of it recalls the feeling that existed among my comrades that it would be difficult in the army to carry out the new law against dueling.

From the time I left home till June 1st my duties of receiving ordnance supplies and issuing them to the troops were constant, though not very onerous. At that time I was taking great interest in books, especially in religious reading.

I cannot tell for what reason, but after considerable activity in operations in every direction from Tampa as a center, Harney asked to be relieved, and Colonel L. L. Loomis, of the Fifth Infantry, became

the commander of the department. This was a very helpful change to me. Colonel Loomis, a member of the Presbyterian Church, soon showed great interest in whatever concerned me. As often as he could he would converse with me and give me books, booklets, and tracts, for he said, "Howard, you have an inquiring mind." I absorbed all these books with great avidity. About this time my brother Rowland became a pronounced Christian, gave up his law studies and went into the ministry. He naturally wrote me accounts of his Christian experiences and sent me well-selected books. Among them was the life of Captain Hedley Vicars of the British Army.

I had a small office building near those of the arsenal, which I fitted up for use and made my sleeping room. In that little office, with my Bible and Vicars's Life in my hands, I found my way into a very vivid awakening and change, which were so remarkable that I have always set down this period as that of my conversion. It was the night of the last day of May, 1857, when I had the feeling of sudden relief from the depression that had been long upon me. The joy of that night was so great that it would be difficult to attempt in any way to describe it. The next morning everything appeared to me to be changed—the sky was brighter, the trees more beautiful, and the songs of the birds were never before so sweet to my ears.

Captain Vicars, who had been a good man and a Christian in the Crimea, and a consistent member of the Church of England, afterwards, under the influence of a single verse of the First Epistle of John, "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin," had experienced a wonderful change, so that his influence over his comrades in arms was more marked and his Chris-

tian work in the hospitals among the sick and wounded so increased and so enthusiastic as to leave a striking record. My own mind took a turn like that on reading the account of it: What was it that made him such a different man from what he had ever been before? Later, the influence of the same Scripture produced that strong effect upon me and caused me ever after to be a different man, with different hopes and different purposes in life.

There are always epochs in the lives of young people, and surely this was an epoch in my own career. There was only one church of any activity in Tampa—the Methodist. The clergyman, Mr. Lynde, had been at one time a Catholic priest, and was a very earnest preacher. He showed me so much kindness that I have always remembered him as just the kind of a friend that I needed at that time. One night I was sitting in the back of his church when, after the Methodist fashion, amid continuous singing, he called people to come forward to the altar. Quite a number arose and worked their way down to the front; among them was a poor hunchback woman whose gait in walking was very peculiar. I noticed some young men on the other side of the church, that I knew, laughing at her grotesque appearance. I asked myself, "Which would you rather be, on the side of those who were trying to do God's will, or on the side of the scoffers?" I instantly rose and went to the front and knelt at the altar. Mr. Lynde, in tears, put his hands upon my head and prayed for me. I was not conscious of any particular change in myself, but I had taken the public stand, which caused quite a sensation in our garrison. Some of the officers said that I had disgraced the uniform; others that I was half crazy; but a few sympathized

with me and were my friends then, and, in fact, ever after.

Great sickness came upon the garrison during that summer and fall, and several officers were helpful in the care of the poor fellows who were prostrated with malarial fever. Many died and were buried in the little cemetery close at hand. Tampa was a field for self-denial and Christian work.

Hazzard at one time took me to task in a jocose manner and pointed out to me in his scholarly way certain discrepancies in the Bible and asked me how I accounted for them. I answered him that I could not then tell, but perhaps I might be able to explain them at some future time.

At Yorktown, during our Civil War, Hazzard and I were walking together back of McClellan's works when a single round shot came rolling along the road and I thought I could strike it with my foot, but Hazzard cried out, "It is going too fast!" and pulled me back. At that time even he was asking me to explain to him how to become a Christian and get such peace as he thought that I had obtained. Of course I explained the matter to him as well as I could. It was not very long after that before one of those same round shot struck him in the thigh and gave him a mortal wound. His friends have told me that he became a very decided Christian before his life ebbed away in the hospital to which they carried him.

Our new department commander in Florida was very active in his operations with a view to close out the war with the Seminoles, but there was no great battle. The regulars had little faith in the war itself. It was a frequent remark by our regular officers: "We haven't lost any Indians." Of course, however, they

with us to Fort Deynaud. There we found Captain Brown with two companies of the Second Artillery. A classmate, Lieutenant S. D. Lee, was in command of one of the companies.

Captain Brown, leaving but a small guard behind, took with him the two companies, his and Lee's, and wagons with supplies for ten days, and escorted me and my charge into the interior. We went toward Lake Okeechobee. Lee and I were close friends and we had a happy expedition. The forests through which we made our way, the sweet open glades within which we encamped for the night, and the easy marches of every day, I have never forgotten. All this experience was new and fresh to me and everything in nature filled me with an enthusiasm which much amused my companion. While *en route* I found a short sleep of twenty or thirty minutes better than any other refreshment, and here began my habit of taking short sleeps at the halts in the midst of active campaigning. Lee said, "Howard thinks a nap better than a toddy"; and so indeed in time it proved to be.

On arriving at Lake Okeechobee a wonderful transformation took place in our Seminole woman. She bathed her face again and again; she managed to repair her clothing; she beat the tangles out of her matted hair. Taking some roots, powdered and soaked in water, and thus producing a soapy substance, she washed her hair till it was smooth and glossy. She also found ways of beautifying her child. From a haggard old squaw she was transformed into a good-looking young woman. She promised us so faithfully that she would bring us into communication with her people that with some reluctance I gave her instructions and let her go.

Natto was afraid to accompany her. He had been too long and too evidently a friend of the white man to risk the journey. I hoped almost against hope that Mattie, as we called the Indian woman, would prove true and bring about a meeting with her tribe, but I was to be disappointed. I could not, after many trials, get an interview with any chief. My mission was, to all appearances, a failure. Still, it is probable that the news the woman carried helped to bring about the peace which was secured by Colonel Loomis soon after I had left his department—a peace which has lasted without interruption from that time till to-day.

On our return, not far from Lake Okeechobee, while we were crossing a long strip of meadow land which the daily showers had refreshed and brightened, I witnessed for the first time a wonderful mirage. Lee and I were riding some distance from the command. Suddenly we saw what appeared to be the whole command, soldiers, ambulances, and army wagons, lifted high in air and moving along with regularity amid the clouds in the sky. Such a mirage was familiar to officers and soldiers who had served on the plains, but to my vision it was a startling sight. It was a complete illusion. My companion and I rode on toward the point where we supposed Captain Brown and his men were marching and had come, as we supposed, quite near them before the vision disappeared.

After my peace expedition into the interior I hastened back as quickly as possible to Tampa and found on my office desk a bundle of letters which greatly delighted me. The first one I opened was from my mother, giving me the news of the birth of our second child, whom we subsequently named *Grace Ellen.* She

was born on June 22d in our home at Leeds, Me.; I myself was that day at Fort Deynaud, Fla.

One evening, July 15th, found me at the Methodist prayer meeting. Our department commander, Colonel Loomis, with his white hair and beard, was leading the meeting when I entered. He was reading a portion of Scripture, after which he spoke in his quiet, confident style, making remarks very edifying to the people, and then, standing erect and looking up, he led in a simple prayer. It was a great comfort to me at that time to find a commanding officer so fearless and exemplary and so sympathetic with every Christian effort.

About this time the sickness among the volunteers, some of it extending to the regulars, increased, and there were many deaths. I remember one poor fellow who had become almost a skeleton. He was very anxious to be baptized as a Baptist and he was not satisfied that Mr. Lynde, the Methodist clergyman, should perform the ceremony. He was too weak to go where there was sufficient water. Before long we found in the neighborhood a farmer (Mr. Branch) who had at one time been ordained as a Baptist minister. As soon as he heard of the earnest entreaty of the sick man he came, and I aided him to fill a large bathing tub with water, and with the doctor's assent and coöperation we let the invalid gently down into the water while Mr. Branch baptized him with the usual formula of his Church. The result of the baptism revived the man and for some days he was much better, but the fever had reduced him too much for a complete recovery. Before I left Tampa he died and received a soldier's burial.

Tampa was the center to which all the officers of

that station in Florida came. The garrison was usually changeable, but there were many companies of volunteers and several of the regulars, particularly of the Fourth Artillery, who served for some time at Fort Brooke, so that I came in contact with a great many officers of the regular army and of the volunteers and made their acquaintance. Recently I have thought of the names of nearly all who remained for any length of time at Tampa Bay. Of these, all except one or two became pronounced Christian men and united with the Church, though many of them not till years after our Florida experiences.

That remarkable summer when there was so much sickness and death and such faithful preaching, with our commander sympathizing with every Christian effort, influenced most of the officers and many of the men to change the character of their lives. Our experience there constituted an epoch in the religious history of Tampa to which evangelists in writing and speaking have since often referred.

On August 17, 1857, my friend Captain Kilburn, the chief commissary of the department, told me that he had been informed that I was to go to West Point as an instructor. I made this note concerning the news: "I hope it is a mistake, for it seems that I could not, for any reason, now desire to go there." This remark indicates to me that I did not in any way seek the detail.

Captain Kilburn was right. The orders soon came for me to proceed from the Department of Florida and report to the superintendent of the Military Academy. I left Tampa August 20th, going north by the ordinary stage route, reaching Palatka the 23d. At Palatka, to my delight, I found a new steamer called the

Everglade, instead of the old *General Clinch*, which had taken several days to bring me from Savannah to Palatka. The *Everglade* had modern conveniences, so that the numerous passengers, many of them army officers changing station or going on leave, had a short and delightful passage down the St. John's River and up the coast to Savannah. By Friday, the 28th, I was in Washington and visited the office of our Chief of Ordnance. By September 9th I was speeding away from the capital northward. Some accident to a train ahead of me hindered our baggage so that I could not get my trunk Saturday night or Sunday morning, and had to borrow clothing of Cousin Frank Sargent to attend church. This was at Brooklyn, but I managed to go on to Boston Monday night, an aunt and cousin with me, having taken the steamer by the Stonington route, so that not till Tuesday afternoon did I meet my family at Lewiston, Me.

Guy was then a little lad of a year and eight months, and Grace a babe in the cradle. A home-coming after that first separation at Watervliet and long absence was delightful, indeed. It was not necessary for me to be at West Point this year till the latter part of September, so that I had quite a vacation and very delightful visits with my family and friends before I reported, in accordance with instructions, to the superintendent of the Military Academy.

CHAPTER VII

AT WEST POINT AS INSTRUCTOR, 1857–61; THE OUTBREAK OF THE CIVIL WAR

WITH my little family I left New York for West Point, September 23, 1857. We ascended the Hudson on the steamer *Thomas Powell,* and immediately after landing went to Roe's Hotel, the only public house upon the military reservation. Here we took a suite of rooms and were rather crowded for about a month. At first, there being no quarters vacant, I could get none assigned to me on account of my low rank.

According to the orders from Washington I joined the corps of instructors; and Lieutenant J. B. Fry, of the First Artillery, the adjutant, issued the following necessary orders: "First Lieutenant Oliver O. Howard, Ordnance Corps, having reported to the superintendent . . . is assigned to duty in the Department of Mathematics and will report to Professor Church for instructions."

Immediately I entered upon my duties, and for a time had under my charge the first and second sections of the fourth class. At first I was very careful to prepare myself daily by reviewing the studies in mathematics, with which, however, I was already familiar; later less study was required.

The fourth class was composed of new cadets, and, before many days, had been so sifted that the best pre-

pared students were in the two sections, called first and second, committed to my charge. Beginning at eight in the morning my recitations were an hour and a half for each section. I think I never in my life had a pleasanter duty than this school work.

The professor in a West Point department of instruction habitually visited the rooms of his teachers from day to day. Professor Church was very attentive to this inspection and remained with me, from time to time, till I was thoroughly conversant with his methods of teaching and recording the daily progress of the cadets. If I had occasion to be absent any day for a good reason, the professor would hear my section for me.

On October 22d my family moved into the smallest officer's house at West Point. It was a little cottage just beyond the north gate and near the house and studio of Prof. Robert Weir. Our dwelling was called "The Elm Cottage." It was a story and a half house with tiny rooms, in which we made ourselves very comfortable, having escaped from the closer confinement of the hotel. The front hall of this cottage was just one yard square.

At the time I came to West Point I was exceedingly desirous to help the chaplain, Professor French, in any way I could, and to open up more general religious privileges to the cadets, to the soldiers, and to the families in the neighborhood. I had it in mind then that I should soon leave the army and enter the Christian ministry. This caused me to use all my leisure time in systematic study of a religious nature, in fact, my reading took that direction.

Very early, with the permission of the commandant and the chaplain, I opened with a few cadets a social

meeting for prayer and conference. The first meeting was in a room in what was called the "Angle" of the new barracks. Lieutenant Henry M. Robert of the Engineers and myself carried in a table, two or three chairs, and some benches. Only five cadets came to the first meeting, though the invitation had been quite extensively circulated. All the meetings were held during recreation hours, just after the cadets' supper.

The attendance kept increasing, while the meetings were held at first twice a week, till our room was filled. Many of the young men who attended this gained later a national distinction. Among them was Cadet Emory Upton, who, after he had attained the rank of brigadier general, was for a few years the superintendent. He then made a change, allowing the young men to have their meetings on Sunday evenings in the dialectic hall of the academy. Instead of being confined to a half-hour's service, they were permitted to remain together until tattoo. This was a great privilege. Later the Young Men's Christian Association was formed and took charge of the meetings. Nearly the whole corps of cadets are now members of this association, and the meetings have been continued without interruption for fifty years.

Our commandant in 1857, Lieutenant Colonel William J. Hardee, had a family of two daughters and one son. One day Colonel Hardee and myself had a long walk together beyond the limits of our reservation. He had previously expressed a desire that I should teach his children and allow him to compensate me privately for it. At that time the officers had no private school for their families. I consented to do this, and so began an intimacy with the family that was

only interrupted by Hardee's relief from duty before the end of my term. He declared that he was fond of the Union, but he had made up his mind that there would be two governments, and as he was from the extreme South, he told me that he could not bear the thought of belonging to a Northern confederacy.

I took up the Hebrew language and recited with some regularity to an Episcopal clergyman near Highland Falls. He was a scholarly man and interested himself greatly in my progress. Lectures, in connection with Bible study, I delivered habitually once a week in what we called "the little church under the hill." This church where the soldiers' families attended was so arranged that a partition separated the altar and all that belonged to it from the main room. This enabled the Catholics to have their services in the morning, when the partition doors were opened, and the other people in the afternoon and evening, when the doors were closed. Here we had, every Sabbath for nearly four years, a thriving Sunday school, of which I was the superintendent. In this active Christian work, cadets, the chaplain's daughters, and other ladies of the post assisted regularly with the music and as teachers. Usually in the evening we had a Methodist clergyman to preach and conduct the services. Sometimes our chaplain, who was an Episcopalian, would give an address, and sometimes the clergy of other denominations.

I always endeavored to do something in addition to what my military duties proper and the preparation for them required. It may be said that this was not a fair preparation for what might be required of me sooner or later in the army proper; but I do not think so. This training to which I subjected myself enlarged

my sympathies and acquaintanceship and was, indeed, a stepping-stone to all that followed.

One thing that troubled me was a class distinction, which seemed too intense for our republican ideas, and, indeed, made the army itself disliked by the people at large. I gave much reflection to the subject of discipline and came to fully believe that it was possible to have a higher grade for our enlisted men and a better system of government by officers, especially by those of high rank. While considering this subject in 1858 I wrote an article entitled "Discipline in the Army." There I advocated with as much force as I could a paternal system over against the martinet system in vogue. I endeavored to show that the general who cared for his men as a father cares for his children, providing for all their wants and doing everything he could for their comfort consistent with their strict performance of duty, would be the most successful; that his men would love him; would follow him readily and be willing even to sacrifice their lives while enabling him to accomplish a great patriotic purpose.

Indeed, I am now glad that my mind took that turn, for I never met a soldier who served with me in the great war who does not now come to me with an expression of appreciation and fellowship. Others, doubtless, have had similar experiences, but I know that during the Civil War the general who loved and cared for his men and diligently showed this disposition to all under his command, won good will and affection above all other commanders.

My article, published in a New York monthly, caused quite a commotion at West Point, at the time, among the thirty or forty officers stationed there. Even the superintendent was annoyed because he

thought that I reflected upon his management of affairs. Some agreed with my sentiments, but the majority said that they were contrary to a proper military spirit.

In March, 1858, the War Department sent our Sapper and Miner Company, about one hundred strong, to Utah Territory, where some difficulty between the Mormons, the Indians, and the emigrants had already begun. Lieutenant E. P. Alexander was at that time in command of that company. He became an officer in the Confederate Army and was Chief of Artillery under Longstreet, planting his numerous batteries along our front at Gettysburg. One day at West Point he overtook me on the sidewalk and we conversed together for some time, continuing our discussion till after we reached my home. He gave me two books of a religious character and $5 to be expended in Christian work. One remark that he made I well remember. "I wish to be thought by my men to be a Christian and have their sympathy and interest during the expedition to Utah."

I have met Alexander since the Civil War and found him the same kind-hearted, good man that he was when on duty at West Point.

Two days after that conversation with Alexander I addressed the Sapper and Miner Company. The little soldiers' church was filled, and the men, some of whom had families to leave, appeared deeply interested in my lecture. I presented to them the idea that a Christian soldier was the highest type. In him the sense of duty and contentment were combined.

On April 21st an incident occurred in our family that made quite a sensation. Mrs. Howard and I had taken a walk toward the mountain Crow-Nest. We

had been away about half an hour when the nurse, completely out of breath from running, overtook us and said that the baby (Grace) was sick, very sick. We were near the cadets' garden. Mrs. Howard and I ran as fast as possible; I reached the house first, and found Mrs. Robert Weir holding the child; she stretched her hands toward me, holding the baby, and said, "Your dear little lamb!" Grace was as white as a sheet, with a little blood around her mouth. I instantly caught the child and turned her head downward, put my finger into her mouth and removed from her throat one of Guy's marbles that had remained there choking her for more than half an hour. The nurse had first run in the other direction to the cadets' hospital for the doctor, whom she did not find, before going for us.

On December 20th a court of inquiry brought together Colonel Robert E. Lee, Major Robert Anderson, Captain R. B. Marcy (McClellan's father-in-law), and Captain Samuel Jones. Colonel Lee had been very kind to me when a cadet.

I had known Major Anderson before—noticing then how tenderly he was caring for his invalid wife. Captain Samuel Jones had been my instructor when a cadet, and Captain Marcy and myself were on duty at the same posts in Florida. To pay my respects to them at the hotel was a real pleasure.

A little later came the funeral of Colonel John Lind Smith of the Engineers. The whole corps of cadets acted as an escort. Lieutenant Fitz John Porter commanded the corps during the exercises, and I was exceedingly pleased with his military bearing that day.

During the summer vacation of 1859, extending from the middle of June to August 28th, I made quite

a tour northward for recreation. First, with my family, I visited my friend, Lieutenant C. C. Lee, at Watervliet Arsenal, and there I met the venerable Major Alfred Mordecai and his family. Mordecai loved the Union, but, being from North Carolina, he concluded that he would not fight in a civil war, and so early in 1861 tendered his resignation. His son Alfred is now a brigadier general on the retired list. He has had an honorable and useful life in the army, always on active duty in the Ordnance Department, and very successful in his profession.

From Watervliet we passed on to Niagara Falls. On this journey I was attacked with rheumatism, which bowed me down, gave much pain, and made all who saw me think I was hopelessly disabled, yet for the sake of those with me I would not interrupt the journey.

We went forward by way of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence, stopping at Montreal to take in that beautiful city and its surroundings. We had a few days at Quebec, a city which impressed me more than any other in Canada, reviving the old accounts of the Revolutionary struggle and all that preceded it.

We passed on to the Glen House in New Hampshire near Mount Washington, ascended that mountain and enjoyed the magnificent scenery.

At last we reached my mother's home in Leeds about June 30th. Before this, though my suffering diminished the pleasure of my trip, I recovered from my rheumatism. The remainder of the vacation we passed in visiting friends.

It was during this vacation that I began to be invited to give addresses and lectures in Maine: one at Farmington on July 4th; one at the city schoolhouse

in Leeds; another at North Leeds on a Sabbath, and at a church in Auburn the following Sunday, July 24th. A little later I undertook to give an extempore lecture, the first time I had tried one of any length, at an old schoolhouse in Livermore. My classmate in college, P. S. Perley, was present; which caused me some embarrassment. He, however, encouraged me to keep on trying.

After the outing we returned slowly by the way of Boston and New York to the Military Academy. The work of the ensuing years, 1859 and 1860, was much like that of the preceding.

It was after we had returned from another vacation, in 1860, that Prince Edward of England with his suite visited the Military Academy. It was quite an event to us and absorbed the attention of both officers and cadets. The prince came up October 15th, arriving at 2 P.M. on the steamer *Harriet Lane*. His suite consisted of eight or ten gentlemen. There rushed in from far and near a large crowd of people, but they were very orderly except a few overcurious mortals who crowded into places where they were not invited.

The prince was a good-looking young man of nineteen, rather small of stature, modest and gentle in his bearing. He took much interest in everything he saw at West Point. He visited our buildings and received military honors extended to him by the corps of cadets on the plain. He partook of a collation at Colonel Delafield's quarters, in which a few invited guests, ladies and gentlemen, participated. He then went to Fort Putnam on horseback, having a small escort with him, and passed down to Cozzen's Hotel, where he spent the night. The next morning he returned and visited the section-rooms. He stayed in mine long

enough to hear one recitation from Cadet A. H. Burnham, of Vermont. He was pleased with this. His suite of gentlemen continued with him as he went from room to room.

This was the Prince of Wales as I saw him at West Point, kind, courteous, genial, without any attempt whatever at display, and showing no egotism. I do not wonder that he proves to be a good sovereign.

During my fourth year of teaching I had been promoted to "assistant professor," which was equivalent to being a captain in the army.

Here at our national school there was naturally a commingling of the divers elements which then constituted the personnel of our nation, and the lines of attempted separation near the outbreak of 1861, running as they did between comrade and comrade, neighbor and neighbor, and even through the heart of families and households, were as a rule less marked here than elsewhere.

Probably no other place existed where men grappled more quickly, more sensitively, and yet more philosophically with the troublesome problems of secession. Prior to any overt act, however, a few members of our community were much disturbed, and by almost morbid anticipations experienced all the fever of the subsequent conflict.

All the preceding winter, for example, our worthy professor of ethics, J. W. French, D.D., who had been a lifelong friend of Jefferson Davis, worked day and night in anxious thought and correspondence with him with ever-decreasing hope that he might somehow stay the hands which threatened a fratricidal strife. This excellent professor seemed to be beside himself in his conjectures and in the extreme fears which he mani-

fested. But his soul was truly prophetic and thus early did he feel the blasts of a terrible war which even the radical men of the country as yet deemed improbable.

A Southern man, a true patriot, Dr. French, when the storm broke, offered all the money he had to strengthen the government exchequer. There were cooler minds who believed that these first symptoms of rebellion were merely dark days of passion—the sheer embodiments of windy fury which time under the sun rays of good sense would dissipate.

My immediate official chief was Prof. A. E. Church. From the first his heart and speech were bubbling over with patriotic fervor. Our superintendent, ex-officio commander of the post, was Colonel Richard Delafield. Twice had he served at West Point, twelve years in all, so that more than a thousand graduates felt the direct influence of his inflexible example and the impress of his rugged nature.

Delafield was the embodiment of able administration; very exacting in his requirements, and, like the just judge, precise and severe in his awards of punishment—so much so that he appeared to us subordinates at times to have eliminated all feeling from his action; but this was his view of discipline. How much, in the retrospect, we admire a just ruler! And how completely, after the teachings of experience, we forgive the apparent severities! On March 1, 1861, Colonel Delafield gave place to Colonel A. H. Bowman, who held the superintendency from that time till near the close of the war. Bowman was from Pennsylvania. He was a dignified officer and had been put in charge of the original construction of Fort Sumter as early as 1838. With a high character and long, complete record

of service, he was a good man to succeed Delafield and to manage the academy during the war period.

Colonel Hardee's academy service as commandant of cadets expired September 8, 1860. A close friend of his family, I never ceased to be interested in his career. By his uniform courtesy he won the regard of all associates; junior officers and cadets appreciated this feature of his administration. By 1861 he had grown gray in service; he had given to the army his light infantry tactics; he had also won enviable distinction in the Mexican War, and probably no name was more familiar to the people at large than his.

January 31, 1861, the resignation of his army commission was tendered and accepted. Hardee's course in this matter produced quite a sensation at West Point. Lieutenant Colonel John F. Reynolds, of Pennsylvania, almost the first to fall at Gettysburg, succeeding Hardee at the academy, commanded the cadets till after my departure. His eminent loyalty to the Union, clearly in contrast with the sentiments expressed by Hardee, and his ardor in hastening forward from the academy the higher classes for junior officers, then in great demand at Washington, were ever remembered in his favor. Lieutenant S. B. Holabird, of the First Infantry, relieved Lieutenant Fry, the adjutant, and remained till May 1, 1861, when on promotion as captain and assistant quartermaster in the staff of the army, he left us to bear his part in coming events. Before his retirement Holabird reached the head of his corps.

Lieutenants John Gibbon and S. S. Carroll, both names now high on the roll of fame, filled one after the other the office of quartermaster at West Point. For a time Carroll and I, with our two families, lived under

one roof, dividing a pleasant cottage between us. For the last two months, however, of my stay I had, by a small accession of rank, attained a separate domicile. Just before that, Carroll had a visit from Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, the nephew of Robert E. Lee. How sprightly, energetic, and full of fun he was! Secession to him was fun—it would open up glorious possibilities! He gave Carroll and myself lively accounts of events in the South. Once, after speaking jocosely, as was his habit, of the perturbed condition of the cotton States, he stopped suddenly for a moment, and then half seriously said: "Sprigg, those people of the South are alive and in earnest, and Virginia (his State) will soon follow their lead. The Union folks are apathetic and half-hearted. A living dog is better than a dead lion. You had better be up and doing or you will lose your chances down South! You'll get no rank." His talk, so characteristic, was more real than we dreamed. He watched Virginia and followed her into the Confederacy. There were thirty-six officers of junior rank at West Point in 1860 and 1861; twenty-four from Northern and twelve from Southern States. Their names have since become familiar to all who know our war history. Three of our eight professors were Southern born. None of them left their post of duty, or veered the least in loyalty to the Union. This is certainly a good exhibit for our national school.

After the beginning of the year 1861 the causes of excitement were on the increase. The simple fact of Abraham Lincoln's election had been enough to inaugurate plenty of military operations in the South, such as the capturing, by States, of forts poorly manned, and of arsenals which had no guards to defend them. Every new item of this sort had great interest for us,

for the evidences of an approaching collision on a large scale were multiplying. The story of Twiggs's surrender of United States troops to Texas, followed by details of imprisonment and paroling, reached us in the latter part of February. Twiggs's promises to allow the troops to go North were mostly broken. Six companies of the United States Infantry, including a few officers and men of other regiments, Lieutenant Colonel Reeve commanding, were obliged to give up to a Confederate commander, Earl Van Dorn, by May 9th.

The organizers of the secession movement soon succeeded "in firing the Southern heart." As we men from the North and South, at our post on the Hudson, looked anxiously into each other's faces, such indeed was the situation that we knew that civil war with its unknown horrors was at hand.

One morning, as officers and professors gathered near the lofty pillars under the stone archway of the old academy, there was rehearsed, one after another adding his own paper's version, the exaggerated accounts of the terrible handling that the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers had had from a Baltimore mob. "Much blood shed! Some killed and many wounded, resulting in a complete break-up of the route to Washington and the shutting off of the capital from the North!" That was a brief of our gloomy news. Another morning the cloud lifted. There were better tidings. "Baltimore recaptured by General B. F. Butler!" Butler, even without General Scott's sanction, had appeared there in the night with enough men to seize and hold Federal Hill. From that fine position he commanded the city.

Another occasion (May 24th) brought us the wildest tales of our troops entering Virginia, and of the

resistance at Alexandria. The new President's *protégé* and friend, young Colonel Ellsworth, had hauled down a hostile flag flying from the belfry of the Marshall House. The proprietor, Jackson, waylaying his descent, had shot him to death.

I recall, as if it were yesterday, a visit of an officer's wife to our house, about the time General Scott had ordered the first movement from Washington. She was from a cotton State and was outspoken for the Southern cause. She greatly deprecated this "forward" movement. Just before leaving our house, she said: "If it were not for those wretched Republicans and horrid abolitionists, we might have peace!"

I replied: "The Republicans who have now elected their president are not abolitionists, certainly not in your sense of that word. They only want to stop the extension of slavery."

"Ah, I tell you," she rejoined, "it is all the same thing! Why stop the extension of slavery? It shows that they are against us. It is all very plain."

I said: "Surely, it is wise to keep slavery outside the free States and the territories!"

The lady showed intense feeling, and shaking her finger at me, said excitedly: "If Mr. Lincoln has such sentiments as you express, sitting there in that chair, there'll be blood, sir, blood!"

Certainly, it was a great trial to Southern officers when the mails teemed with urgent epistles, calling upon them to resign their commissions, and no longer serve a Yankee government. "Come home!" said the appeals, "and join your fathers, your brothers, and your friends. Do not hesitate. No man of Southern blood can fight against his State! If you remain North you shall never darken our doors again."

At first our assistant surgeon, Dr. Hammond, of South Carolina, was much staggered. He would vehemently argue for the right of secession. Once he became quite incensed at me, who had long been his personal friend, because I spoke disparaging words of his "sovereign" State. When he was relieved and sent to another post, I was confident that he would resign and join his brother, an ex-governor in South Carolina, but he did not. That brother wrote him that being a medical man, and having only benevolent functions, he thought he could with honor remain in the federal army.

For a time in our social life there was a prevalent opposition to regular officers accepting commissions in the volunteers. Not only the Southern born but the Northern manifested the feeling. A letter, written by a Northern officer, of February 23, 1861, urging me to accept a professorship in North Carolina, uses these words: "As an officer of the army, I presume, of course, that you entertain no views on the peculiar institution which would be objectionable to a Southern community."

There arose quite an ebullition to disturb the ordinary sentiment, when Lieutenant A. McD. McCook accepted the colonelcy of an Ohio regiment of volunteers. A Kentucky officer, tall, dark, and strong, visiting our post at the time the report of McCook's action arrived, said loudly: "A West Point man who goes into the volunteers to fight against the South forgets every sentiment of honor!" When I confronted him and told him on the spot that I should probably become a volunteer officer, he became angry and denounced me, daring me ever to touch the soil of Kentucky. When we met again, I had passed, commanding volunteers,

across that retaliatory soil, and my threatening friend had changed his manner to a submissive acquiescence.

Next after McCook, Gouverneur K. Warren, my co-instructor in mathematics, accepted the lieutenant colonelcy of the New York Duryea Zouaves. There was social criticism enough, but the promotion of McCook and Warren seemed to the other lieutenants a wonderful advance. We had never met field officers who were not old and gray; yet, somehow, though the new rank was attractive, it did not look to us quite so much so when we had to give up our places in the regular army in order to join the volunteers. Our adjutant general at Washington, Lorenzo Thomas, for a time worked strenuously to prevent it. "They are needed in the army proper," he averred, "more than ever; we cannot spare them!" That idea was natural. Most regulars of advanced age so believed. As waters of different temperature put into a vessel soon reach a medium degree, so did people of various feelings and sentiments in the old army arrive at a moderate conservatism. "We belong to the whole nation, we do not want it divided; we propose to stand by it forever, but we do hate this civil strife; we will not be eager to enter the lists in such a conflict; certainly not merely for the sake of promotion. We do hope and pray that the differences will be settled without bloodshed."

Quite early in the spring I wrote to Governor Washburn, of Maine, and offered my services. His reply was unfavorable. Commissioned officers of regiments were all to be elected by the men. He, himself, had no power to choose. But the fact of the offer became known at Augusta. Not long afterwards, about the middle of May, a dispatch came to me from the Hon. James G. Blaine, then the youthful Speaker of

the Maine House of Representatives. It read: "Will you, if elected, accept the colonelcy of the Kennebec Regiment?"

Over this dispatch Mrs. Howard and I had a conference. We thought it would be wiser to begin with a major's commission, so that I might be better prepared for a colonelcy when I came to it by promotion. Still, my heart began to swell with a growing ambition; for were not civilians without military knowledge taking regiments or even brigades? Surely, I was as well prepared as they! I hastened to Lieutenant Colonel Reynolds, the commandant of cadets, who was many years my senior and had seen service in various capacities, and asked him to tell me about a regimental command. Reynolds smiled at my ardor.

"Why," he asked, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, I've had the tender, or what amounts to it, of a Maine regiment. What answer would you give, colonel?"

"You'll accept, of course, Howard."

He then took up the army regulations and turned to the duties of regimental officers, folding down the leaves, and kindly explained a few things that a colonel should know.

"Surely, Howard, you know the drill and parades, and it will not take you long to get well into the harness."

Thus encouraged I telegraphed an affirmative answer. The news of my probable election and the rapid call for troops from Washington, as published in the press, decided me to anticipate official notification and so, having obtained a seven days' leave, I proposed to set out for Augusta. As soon, however, as it was plain to me that our grand old Government would need my

services, I gave up every other plan except as to the best way for me to contribute to the saving of her life. This decision I believed, as God has His plan in each human life, to be according to His will. In this faith I prepared to leave West Point.

PART II—THE CIVIL WAR

LIEUTENANT TO MAJOR GENERAL, AND IN COMMAND OF AN INDEPENDENT ARMY

CHAPTER VIII

COLONEL OF THE THIRD MAINE REGIMENT; DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT

THE cottage at West Point where with my family I resided May 28, 1861, was a square two-story building, a little back from the street. This street, going south, passed the academy building and old Cadets' Hospital, and ran along the brow of a steep slope, parallel with the Hudson River. My cottage, just below the hospital, had an eastern face toward the river from which there was a pleasant outlook. The luxurious foliage of the highlands was then at its best. The cliffs, hills, and mountains on both banks of the Hudson had already put on nature's prettiest summer dress. If one entered our front hallway and glanced into the parlor and up the stairway, he would say: "It is a pleasant and comfortable home."

I came home that day after my morning lessons a little later than usual. Before entering my front gate, I raised my eyes and saw the picture of my little family framed in by the window. Home, family, comfort, beauty, joy, love were crowded into an instant of thought and feeling, as I sprang through the door and quickly ascended the stairway.

I handed my wife the superintendent's paper granting me a short leave. "Nothing startling," I said, as I noticed her surprise; "if I am chosen colonel of the Kennebec Regiment, I wish to be on the ground to or-

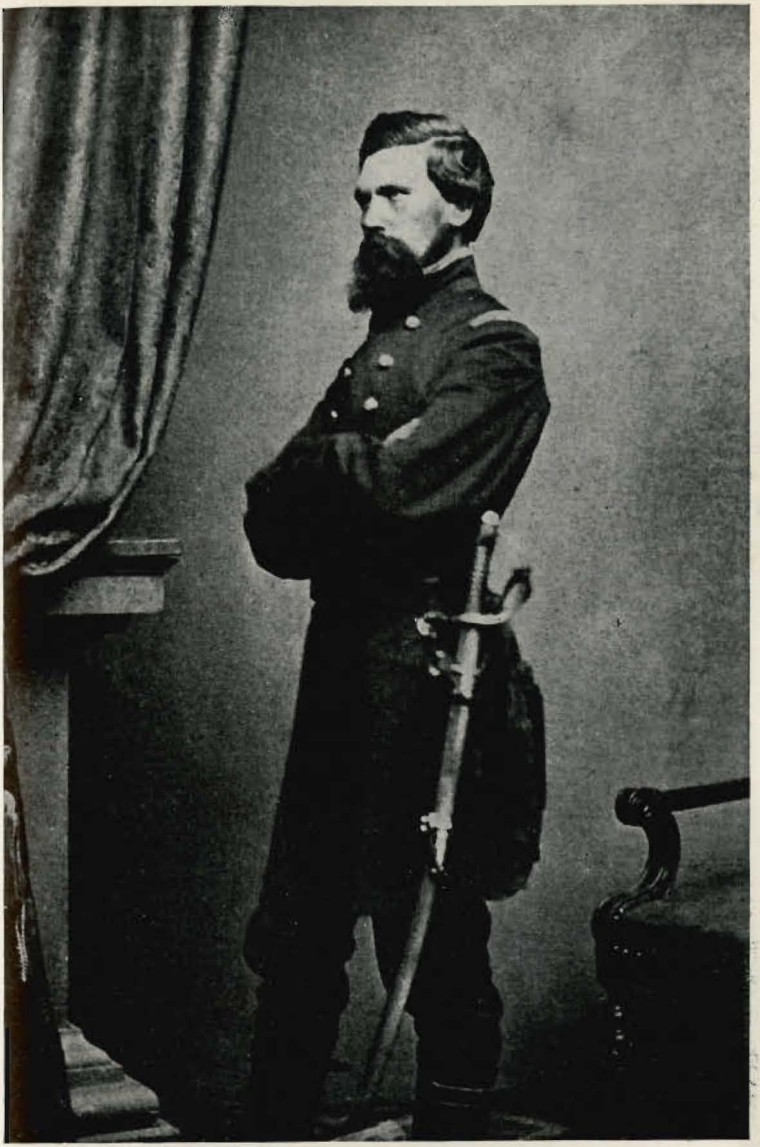
ganize it." It was short notice, less than an hour for preparation, as the down train passed Garrison's, east of the Hudson, at 1.30 P.M.

My valise was soon packed, luncheon finished, and then came the moment of leave-taking, made a little harder by my wife's instinctive apprehension that I would not return to West Point. Her instinct, woman-like, was superior to my reasoning. In truth, I was not to come back! For an instant there was a momentary irresolution and a choking sensation filled my throat, but the farewell was cheerfully spoken and I was off.

My wife was patriotic, strong for the integrity of the Union, full of the heroic spirit, so when the crisis came, though so sudden and hard to bear, she said not one adverse word. I saw her watch me as I descended the slope toward the ferry landing, looked back, and waved my hat as I disappeared behind the ledge and trees. The swift train beyond the Hudson, emerging from the tunnel, caught me up, stopped three minutes, and then rushed on with increasing speed and noise.

Thus our young men left happy homes at their country's call; but the patient, heroic wives who stayed behind and waited, merit the fuller sympathy.

An army officer in New York City told me of my election to the colonelcy as an accomplished fact; so that I telegraphed to Blaine that I was *en route*, wrote a brief note to my home, and went on to Boston by the evening train. In the early morning I walked through the crooked streets of Boston from the Worcester Station to the Revere House, breakfasted there, caught the 7.30 train on the Boston & Maine, and sped off to arrive at Augusta before five the same afternoon. Here I received Mr. Blaine's reply as follows:



Oliver Otis Howard, Colonel Third Maine Regiment
United States Volunteers, 1861.

Augusta, 29th of May, 1861.

MY DEAR HOWARD: You were chosen to the command of the Third Regiment yesterday and public opinion is entirely unanimous in favor of having you accept the position. You will be at once notified of your election officially. The regiment is enlisted for three years, and will be called into service at once. You must hold yourself ready to come at a moment's notice. I understand the Lieutenant Colonel is an admirable military man, one that will be both efficient and agreeable.

Truly yours, in great haste,

[Signed] BLAINE.

This letter did not reach me at West Point. As soon as I found that I was chosen to the colonelcy, instead of asking for an enabling lengthy leave of absence, I tendered a resignation of my army commision. Washington officials of the War Department were still obstructing such leaves, and ordnance officers were particularly wanted at arsenals. But the resignations of Southern seceding officers were promptly accepted.

When my resignation was also accepted with a batch of others and published in the newspapers, many old acquaintances, curiously enough, thought I had joined the rebellion. I was not out of service at all, for it was five days after I received my commission and took the new regiment that I ceased to be an officer of the Ordnance Department.

I made the Augusta House my temporary headquarters. It was on the north side of State Street and had a long porch in front, with a balcony above it. I found the porch and balcony very convenient for meeting the officers and friends of the regiment. At this hotel my brother, Charles Henry Howard, a Bangor theological student, met me, shortly after my arrival, to offer himself for enlistment.

Israel Washburn was Governor of Maine. He had a large, strong face, full of resolute purpose, and habitually covered his eyes with glasses for nearsightedness, so that he did not prepossess a stranger on first approach; but the instant the introduction had passed a wonderful animation seized him and changed the whole man. He was at that time replete with patriotic enthusiasm and energy, and soon held a foremost place among the war governors of his time.

The next morning after my arrival in Augusta, the governor was early in his office at the State House. He had hardly thrown aside his light overcoat and taken his chair when a young man with a brisk, businesslike air opened the door and entered without ceremony. He paid no attention to the governor's jocose welcome; but, opening his large eyes to their full, kept his mind steadily upon the matter in hand. He said:

"You know, governor, I recommended to you and to the Third Regiment a young man from the regular army, Oliver O. Howard, a lieutenant, teaching at West Point."

"Oh, yes. He belongs to Maine—to Leeds; was born there. He was elected. Will he accept?"

"Howard is already on hand," answered the governor's visitor, "and I will bring him up and introduce him, if you are at leisure."

"Certainly! Glad he has come so soon," answered Washburn. "Have him come up."

This energetic visitor was James G. Blaine. One could hardly find a more striking character. His figure was good—nearly six feet and well proportioned; his hair, what you could see of it under his soft hat pushed far back, was a darkish brown. It showed the disorder due to sundry thrusts of the fingers. His

coat, a little long, was partially buttoned. This, with the collar, shirt front, and necktie, had the negligee air of a dress never thought of after the first adjustment. His head was a model in size and shape, with a forehead high and broad, and he had, as you would anticipate in a strong face, a large nose. But the distinguishing feature of his face was that pair of dark-gray eyes, very full and bright. He wore no beard, had a slight lisp in speech with a clear, penetrating nasal tone. He excelled even the nervous Washburn in rapid utterance. Nobody in the Maine House of Representatives, where he had been for two years and of which he was now the Speaker, could match him in debate. He was, as an opponent, sharp, fearless, aggressive, and uncompromising; he always had given in wordy conflicts, as village editor and as debater in public assemblies, blow for blow with ever-increasing momentum. Yet from his consummate management he had already become popular. Such was Blaine at thirty years of age.

When I was presented the governor arose quickly, took my right hand in both of his and shook it warmly. "Many congratulations, my young friend. Your regiment is already here—across the way. You must hasten and help us to get it into shape. At first you will find 'the boys' a little rough, but we've got you a first-rate adjutant, haven't we, Blaine?"

"I think, governor, you will have to let the colonel choose his adjutant and organize his staff himself," answered Blaine, smiling. That reply was heplful to me, and Washburn rejoined:

"Well, well; all right," adding pleasantly: "Introduce Burt to the colonel. I guess they'll agree. Don't forget."

"Be sure, Governor Washburn," I said, "I shall always respect your wishes and we will soon be ready for the front."

"Just so, just so. How I like the true ring. We will put down this rebellion in short order with this sort of spirit; eh, Blaine?" Thus Washburn ran on. Blaine laughed as he quietly assured the governor that he was too sanguine. "If you had come from a place as near the border as I did, you would not emphasize short order; not much! My mind is fully prepared for a long siege."

"As God wills," said the governor, rising. "Now let us go down and introduce Colonel Howard to 'the boys.'"

I was sure that Mr. Washburn felt satisfied with my election. His first three years' regiment—a thousand strong—made up of his friends and neighbors, was to be commanded by one who had received a military education, and who had at least some army experience.

Slender of build, and at the time pale and thin, I did not seem to those who casually met me to have the necessary toughness, but for reasons of his own, perhaps owing to his nearsightedness, Washburn gave me immediate confidence.

We three then left the governor's room, descended the broad steps to the east, crossed State Street, and proceeded along a gravel path to about the center of a grovelike park. This was a public lot which extended along the street for some distance and then east toward the Kennebec an eighth of a mile. A portion of that beautiful inclosure was alloted to my regiment. In fact, it already had possession. The choicest of everything belonged to the men at that time. They

had new clothes (a gray uniform), new guns, new tents, new equipments, and new flags, and were, as I saw, encamped amid beautiful shrubbery, sweet-scented flowers, and blossoming trees. But one glance showed me that the camp itself was in disorder. A thousand recruits were there under captains and lieutenants who themselves were new to the business; here and there older men, women and children were mingled in groups with the soldiers. Parents had come to see their sons before they set out for the war. Young wives and sweethearts were there; but notwithstanding the seriousness of the occasion, there was more gala excitement than solemnity. Many soldiers were even jubilant; some had been drinking and some were swearing.

"Oh, pshaw, father! Don't be gloomy; I shan't be gone more'n two months."

"Come, mother, don't be alarmed; this will be a short trip."

"Hurrah, hurrah! Down with the saucy curs! We'll make short work of this business; only let's be off!"

Such scraps of conversation caught our ears as we passed near the groups. At one place a scene more pathetic reminded me of home. A wife with a child in her arms stood by a man in new uniform and was shedding tears while trying to hear her husband's kindly directions and hopeful predictions.

Quickly the people gathered near the stout governor; but he was too short of stature to see more than those near at hand, so noticing something elevated (an overturned half-hogshead) upon which he could stand, Washburn stepped on it and began speaking in his cheery way.

Some soldiers in a loud voice called: "Cheers for our governor!" A large number responded in strong, manly tones.

"Thank you, thank you, boys; I have brought you somebody you will like to see. Come up here, Colonel Howard. This is your new colonel."

All eyes turned steadily toward me as soon as I had mounted the rostrum and was standing beside the governor; but the cheers called for were noticeably faint. How young, how slender the new colonel appeared; hardly the man to be placed over strong, hardy fellows whose frames were already well knit and toughened by work. In spite of their vote two days before, a reaction had set in—it was evidently not quite the welcome thing for these free spirits to be put under anticipated West Point discipline. Some of the captains who had been to see me at the Augusta House the night before were already somewhat disaffected. They said: "Under Tucker, the other candidate for colonel, we could have had a good time, but this solemn Howard will keep us at arm's length." Blaine continued to befriend me. He told them that they would need men like me if ever called to fight. "In time, I assure you, you'll not be sorry that you chose him."

I attempted an address, but had spoken only a few words when a remarkable silence hushed the entire assemblage; a new idea appeared to have entered their minds and become prominent: I pleaded *for work in preparation for war*, and not a few months of holiday entertainment, and hurrah boys to frighten and disperse a Southern rabble by bluster; after which to enjoy a quick return to our homes.

Good men and women were glad for this evident change of front, and murmured around me: "God

bless the young man and give him health and strength."

I had hoped that the officers of the regiment would elect my brother Rowland, a Congregational minister, chaplain. It would have been a great comfort to have had his companionship and counsel, but the Rev. Andrew J. Church, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was preferred. Later Rowland went to the front as an agent of the Christian Commission. My disappointment was lessened by my younger brother's enlistment and detail as regimental clerk. This brother, Charles H. Howard, obtained his first commission as second lieutenant in the Sixty-first New York, was with me on staff duty till 1865, and received deserved promotion from grade to grade till he became a lieutenant colonel and inspector general. He was later made colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth colored regiment and was finally brevetted brigadier general for gallant and meritorious conduct during the war.

The proper form and order of an encampment were soon instituted and all the staff officers, commissioned and noncommissioned, appointed. Sergeant Edwin Burt, suggested by the governor, was made adjutant. Military knowledge and experience were then of great service. Burt, in time, by worthy promotion, became a lieutenant colonel and lost his life, May 6, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness.

William D. Haley, of Bath, filled two offices, regimental quartermaster and commissary, and Dr. G. S. Palmer, of Gardiner, that of surgeon. One of the noncommissioned staff, the commissary sergeant, Joseph S. Smith, of Bath, became, in time, General Sedgwick's brigade division and corps commissary with the rank

of colonel. The field officers were Lieutenant Colonel Isaac N. Tucker and Major Henry G. Staples. The former, who turned out to have no aptitude for military command, resigned during the first year and Staples took his place. Captain Charles A. L. Sampson succeeded Tucker as major. A very worthy lieutenant, James H. Tallman, followed Haley on his leaving the service the first year as regimental quartermaster. His efficiency gained him afterwards promotion in the regular army. The administrative functions of my regiment were thus fully provided for, even though the officers designated had had no experience. Some essential drilling was all I attempted at Augusta, just enough to enable me to move the regiment in a body and to load and fire with some degree of precision.

The call from Washington soon reached our governor; my regiment must be ready to go forward by June 5th. The time was too short and my duties too engrossing even to warrant visiting my parents at Leeds, though but twenty miles distant. I, therefore, sent my brother to bring my stepfather and my mother to the city. But they had anticipated me. Fearing from a rumor the sudden departure of the regiment, they had under the unusual circumstances traveled on Sunday and come all the way that day to relatives in Hallowell, three miles distant from our camp. Here we had a family meeting.

The morning of June 5th was beautiful. The sun shone from a cloudless sky; the fruit trees and the luxurious lilacs were in full bloom; the maples in every part of Augusta were thick with leaves as rich and charming as fresh green could make them. Very early the city was astir; soon it was out of doors. The dresses of women and children furnished every variety

of coloring, and little by little the people grouped themselves along the slope to the Kennebec River. Bright-buttoned uniforms were noticeable among them. The groups, varying in size, were in gardens, on hillsides, and upon porches, front steps, balconies, and all convenient housetops. All eyes were turned toward the railway, which ran southward not far from the river bank. The cars could easily be seen by the people. They were loaded inside and out, and always surrounded by a dense crowd of lookers-on.

Opposite the State House, at the outer edge of the multitude, I noticed a single group. The father, past middle life, stood watching as the men were placing tents and other baggage upon freight cars. Near him was a son talking hopefully to his mother: "Keep up heart, mother, and look as much as you can on the bright side."

"Oh, yes, my son, it is easy to talk, but it is hard——"

She did not finish the sentence, but after a few moments and tears, commended him to the keeping of the Heavenly Father and urged him not to forget Him or home.

Finally, the whistles blew significantly and the engine bells began to ring. There were many last embraces, many sobbing mothers, wives, and dear ones; then streams of bright uniforms rushed down the slopes to the trains.

Slowly these trains moved out of Augusta. Heads were thrust out of car windows; and the tops of rail-coaches were covered with men, sitting and standing. Before the trains had disappeared, the regimental band struck up a national air. But there was no responsive cheering from the cars. Hats and handker-

chiefs were waved, and here and there a small national flag shaken out, as if to suggest to the waiting people the object of our departure.

Who can forget his last look at that multitude on the hillside—the swift motion of waving handkerchiefs, flags, and outstretched hands! A curve in the track shut off the view; and thus departed this precious, typical freight of war.

At Hallowell, where we tarried a few minutes, my brother Charles and I parted with our mother. Then and ever after I sympathized with soldiers who left true, loving, watching hearts at home. But the relief from oppressive sentiment was found in absorbing duties and active work.

CHAPTER IX

EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT; PASSAGE THROUGH BALTIMORE; ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON

THE varying scenes which interested the soldiers and the people during that memorable journey were too abundant for record. At railroad stations in Maine, on the approach and departure of our trains, there was abundant cheering and words of encouragement. However, here and there were discordant cries. Few, indeed, were the villages where no voice of opposition was raised. But, later in the war, in the free States after the wounding and the death of fathers, brothers, and sons, our sensitive, afflicted home people would not tolerate what they called traitorous talk. They went so far as to frown upon any vigorous young men who clung to the home roof, and found means to compel blatant offenders to hush their utterances, and shake out to the breeze some semblance of the old flag. This conduct was imperious; it was earnest; it had its counterpart in the South; it meant war.

As we came whistling into the large depot at Brunswick, where Bowdoin College is located, professors and students, forgetting their wonted respectful distance and distinction, mingled together in the same eager crowd, and added manly vigor to the voices of enthusiastic lads who were crowning the fences and gravel-cars and other sightly places. Unexpected tears of interest, warm hand-pressures, and " God speed you, my

son," revealed to some former students, now soldiers, tenderness of heart not before dreamed of among those gray-haired instructors.

At Portland, Maine's largest city, we met a marked demonstration. Food, drink, and flowers were brought to the cars and freely offered, but we could not delay, though the people asked to extend a more formal welcome.

At Boston, early in the afternoon, a company of guards in spotless uniform and with wondrous perfection of drill paraded before our soldiers in their somber gray and escorted them through the eddies and whirlpools of city people, along the winding streets and out into the Common. Bunker Hill, Breed's Hill, the Old South Church, and other ancient sentinels, which had observed the beginnings of our liberty, looked solemnly and silently upon us as we passed. Surely, many of us would die before the boastful threat of Robert Toombs to count his slaves on Bunker Hill should be carried out. Boston Common! How beautiful, as we marched in, was its green, undulating surface; how pretty the lawns and little lakes; how grateful and refreshing the shade this hot June day.

The governor, John A. Andrew, of large heart and brain, who with his staff had come out from the State House to meet us, gave us a welcome in well-chosen words; but the hospitable multitude excelled on that occasion. The choicest supper was spread upon long tables, which were stretched out so as to barricade our way. My thousand men were never better fed or served, because mothers and daughters of Massachusetts were ministering to them. Our enthusiasm under such cheer and amid such surroundings underwent no abatement. All spoke to us in a language plainer and

deeper than words: "Go, fight for your flag, and free the land."

From my boyhood the sight of a large steamer has been grand to me, and in my eyes the *Bay State*, at Fall River, exceeded all others. That night, June 5th, it took on the thousand soldiers, and they seemed to make little impression on the vast passenger space. This superb transport ferried us the length of Long Island Sound as it, or its sister ships, had ferried thousands before us.

A committee of a New York association called the "Sons of Maine" met our steamer at the pier on North River. Unfortunately for us, it was a stormy day and the rain poured incessantly. In ordinary times there would have been little stir in New York City on such an arrival, particularly in the mud and slush of most unpropitious weather; but then the excitement ran high; nothing could dampen the patriotic fervor of the people, and crowds besides the "Sons of Maine" came to see us land. R. P. Buck, Esq., a native of Bucksport, was a fine-looking, well-dressed merchant, and the chairman of the committee. He took me by the arm and, led by the committee, regardless of moist clothes and wet feet, preceded by a military and police escort, the regiment marched *via* Battery Place and up Broadway to the White Street city armory. Twenty years after our walk in the middle of Broadway I dedicated a book [1] to my conductor in these words: "Whose heart beats with true loyalty to his country and to the Lord, his Saviour. From the time when he with other friends welcomed my regiment when en route to the field to the city of New York till to-day he has extended to me the tender offices of friendship and affection."

[1] Count Agénor de Gasparin. Translated from the French of Thomas Borel.

After our men had entered the drill hall of the armory they unslung their knapsacks and arranged them near the wall for seats. As soon as there was order the "Sons of Maine," by their committee, gave notice that they wished to present a flag to the regiment. Stewart L. Woodford, the youthful statesman, whose wife was a daughter of Maine, was selected to make the presentation speech. There was in it a mingling of seriousness and humor characteristic of the orator. Standing where all could see him, Woodford said: "I expected to present this standard to you in the Park. I am somewhat surprised that soldiers of Maine should not have faced the storm, for as soldiers you should have learned to keep your powder dry, and as citizens of a State that has given the temperance law, you ought not to be afraid of God's cold water.

"Each mother has given to her boy in your ranks that fittest pledge of a mother's love—her Bible. Each dear one has given some pledge that speaks of softer and sweeter hours. Your brethren in this hour of battle would give you a strong man's gift—your country's flag. Its blended stripes shall stream above you with protection. It is the flag of history. Those thirteen stripes tell the story of the colonial struggle, of the days of '76. They speak of the wilderness savage, of old Independence Hall, of Valley Forge and Yorktown. Those stars tell the story of our nation's growth; how it has come from weakness to strength, from thirteen States to thirty-four, until the gleam that shines at sunrise over the forests of Maine crimsons the sunset's dying beams on the golden sands of California. Let not the story of the flag be folded down and lost forever. . . .

"We give this flag to you, and with it we give our

prayers, and not ours alone; but as the loved home circle gathers, far in the Pine Tree State, gray-haired fathers and loved mothers will speak in prayer the name of their boy." Turning to me, he said: "Sir, in behalf of the 'Sons of Maine' I give you this flag; guard it as a woman guards her honor; as children keep the ashes of their father. That flag shall float in triumph on your avenging march, as those steel fingers point the way through Baltimore to Sumter. That flag shall hover with more than a mother's care over your head. We hear to-day above the sound of the conflict the voice of the archangel crying, 'Victory is on the side of liberty; victory is on the side of law.' With unbroken ranks may your command march beneath its folds. God bless you! Farewell!"

I thanked the donors for the flag, saying: "I was born in the East, but I was educated by my country. I know no section; I know no party; I never did. I know only my country to love it, and my God who is over my country. We go forth to battle and we go in defense of righteousness and liberty, civil and religious. We go strong in muscle, strong in heart, strong in soul, because we are right. I have endeavored to live in all good conscience before God and I go forth to battle without flinching, because the same God that has given His Spirit to direct me has shown me that our cause is righteous; and I could not be better placed than I am now, because He has given me the warm hearts of as fine a regiment as America has produced."

I then called for cheers for New York; for the Union; for the Constitution and the President of the United States. The response was given with tremendous effect, every man springing to his feet the instant the call was made.

A few encouraging words were spoken by Rev. Roswell G. Hitchcock, then a leading divine in the city; after which Dexter Hawkins, Esq., a fellow-graduate of Bowdoin, and then a lawyer of New York, in the name of the "Sons of Maine" invited the commissioned officers to dine with them at the Astor House. The remainder of the regiment dined at the armory.

Rev. L. C. Lockwood, on behalf of a generous lady and the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, presented to the regiment 250 Soldier's Scripture Text-books and 200 Patriotic Song-books. Those books often relieved the monotony of army service, and the songs enlivened tired groups around many a camp fire.

At that armory, before our hospitable entertainers had set out with the officers for their dinner, I met with a mishap which somewhat marred my comfort. While I was standing on the limber of a gun carriage, using it for an elevated platform in speaking and giving commands, some one accidentally knocked out the prop from under the pole. The sudden shock caused me to lose my balance and spring to the floor. I alighted on my feet, but attached to my belt was my heavy saber, which fell, striking my left foot with great force. My great toe nail was crushed and has troubled me ever since. This was my first wound in the war.

My friend, Mr. Buck, has since told this incident of the Astor House dinner: "When at the close of the menu we had risen, and with our wineglasses in hand were about to pledge the young colonel in a patriotic sentiment, he seized a glass of water and said: 'I join you in a drink of cold water, the only beverage fit for a soldier.' You should have seen," Mr. Buck added,

"how we all hustled around to get our glasses of water!"

Surely, my conduct did not appear very gracious, but I was eager to keep strong drink of any kind from the regiment, and knew that I must set an example to the officers. I did not dream that our hosts would thus follow my lead.

My wife and children had come down from West Point. They joined me at the hotel and after dinner bade me and my regiment good-by as the ferryboat to New Jersey left the New York slip, many men of the regiment courteously uncovering in their honor and waving them a farewell.

Philadelphia gave its entertainment. The rain was over. We received a delightful supper between eight and ten; abundance of food on tables set in squares. Ladies clad in white and adorned with flowers, with gentle voices, made us feel that we were already heroes, when with quickness and grace they moved within and without the squares to replenish our plates or fill our cups with steaming coffee. Loyal men and women breathed upon us a patriotic spirit which it then seemed no danger would ever cause to abate.

After the bloody passage of the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore a few days before our arrival in that city, the succeeding troops from the north had been conveyed to Washington in a roundabout way *via* Annapolis, thus avoiding the riotous mobs. My regiment was among the first to resume the direct route. In order to be able to protect ourselves in that city, I had ordered the men supplied with ten rounds apiece of ball cartridges.

A handsome police escort met the incoming train, reported to me as I left my coach, and were placed

where they could clear the way for my column, which must march from station to station, a distance of about two miles. As soon as I had walked to a central place in the depot yard with a view to seeing my troops properly drawn up in line, a few persons, approaching slowly, came up behind me and, taking my hand, pressed it warmly.

A large crowd were waiting and interestedly watched our disembarkation. Every face in the promiscuous crowd which I saw had a look of apprehension or smothered passion. We might, like our comrades of Massachusetts, have trouble *en route.*

To be prepared was my part. The line being formed facing me, I ordered "Load with cartridges, load!" wheeled into a column of platoons after the old fashion and started the march, following the city escort. We were then self-confident—ready for anything that might occur. The places of business were closed, giving a gloomy effect. No flags of any description were flying. All people appeared under some fear or repression. They were silent, yet curious and observing. We made the march, however, without disturbance, entered cars again at the Baltimore & Ohio Depot on Camden Street, and after moderate delay were on the way to Washington. While the baggage was in process of transfer I was invited to dine with a Union man at his house. I found there my host and a few chosen friends who were in sympathy with us. As soon as the doors were closed, everyone breathed more freely and heartily spoke his sentiments. With these men, already Unionism had become an intense passion and, like Maccabeus of old, they had a holy hatred, very pronounced, of individual enemies of the Government. They declared that the bloody riot which

had stained their streets with blood was not the cause, as claimed, but simply the occasion of the rebellious conduct of prominent city and State officials. "Be on your guard, colonel," they urged, "against the seeming friendship and pretended loyalty of smiling villains." Matters just then, not only in Baltimore, but in many other parts of Maryland, were dark and uncertain. It was a critical period. Families were dividing and old friends at feud.

These things being so, it was a little strange that the ominous silence on our arrival had not been broken and our bold march through the flagless city interrupted. I believe that the possession of Federal Hill by Butler's soldiers and our own loaded muskets had much to do with the quietude of our passage. From this time on, Baltimore communication was never again broken.

The evening of June 7th, as we steamed into the ample Baltimore & Ohio Depot at Washington, we felt that our eventful journey was over. However proud and independent the individual soldier might feel, he found at once that he could not pick up his personal baggage and go straight to a hotel. An officer of Colonel Mansfield's staff with our own regimental quartermaster met us and led the way to a vacant building near by on Pennsylvania Avenue. What at some subsequent dates would have been counted luxury did not seem so then—a bare floor, a chairless room without table or lights was but a cold reception, a depressing welcome to their beloved capital, for whose preservation they had been ready to fight to the death. The contrast to the previous hearty, patriotic receptions was so great as to bring on a general attack of homesickness. Feeling for them the next

morning as one would for a homesick youth just arrived at college, and knowing the need of removing at any cost a universal depression, I consulted with my commissary and arranged to give the entire command a breakfast at Willard's for fifty cents a man. Just think of it, to feed a whole regiment at a hotel! My army friends did laugh, and I had to confess my lack of wisdom according to ordinary reasoning, for I thus became personally responsible for the large amount. But after a spirited correspondence the State finally settled the account.

I reported at an early hour on June 8th to Colonel Joseph K. F. Mansfield, Inspector General of the Army, commanding the Department of Washington. He was already frosted with age and long service. Probably from his own Christian character no officer of the army then could have inspired me with more reverence than he. At that time Mansfield appeared troubled and almost crushed by an overwhelming amount of detail thrust upon him; but after two hours' delay he assigned me my camp on Meridian Hill.