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CIVIL-WAR ECHOES:

CHARACTER SKETCHES

AND

STATE SECRETS

BY

A UNITED STATES SENATOR'S
SON AND SECRETARY

HAMILTON GAY HOWARD, A.B.

[ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR OF THE SUPREME COURTS OF MICHIGAN,
ILLINOIS, CALIFORNIA, AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA]

ILLUSTRATED BY

V. FLOYD CAMPBELL

"History is never more attractive than when it represents to us on the scene, the actors of great transactions; opens, as it were, the doors of their most secret councils to the curiosity of the reader, and procures him, without the compulsion of a literary dictatorship, the pleasing task of judging for himself of public men and measures."

(Preface to "Secret Debates; Convention of 1787.")

WASHINGTON, D. C.
HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

1907

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OF AMERICA"

WHETHER IN

COURT, CONGRESS, CABINET, OR CARNAGE OF WAR
(1861-1871)

BY THE AUTHOR

A. D. 1907

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PREFACE

The following somewhat hastily written pages of disconnected, personal and public historical reminiscences are the result of urgent requests of friends of both sexes to preserve for public use and information some interesting facts coming under my own observation of what may, in a sense, be termed unpublished history of the Civil-war Days of the Republic.

The task, more and more agreeable as it progressed, was done during the silent leisure hours of the night, after professional work had been finished, several years ago; the manuscript was laid away in the meantime awaiting a favorable opportunity for publication, which it is believed has now arrived. No apology is offered for its appearance.

Any literary work that adds a spark of truth to the gloriously illuminated era of those "days that tried mens' souls," or that may recall the minds of the present generation to the great patriotic actors therein, whether in Legislative Hall, Cabinet Council, Supreme Court, or Field of Battle, can but stimulate renewed love of our regenerated and disenthralled NATION and of the everlasting principles of universal human brotherhood upon which it is founded: such is the primary object of this book.

The Author can not omit to call attention to the remarkable work of the Illustrator, the late V. Floyd Campbell, of Philadelphia, Pa., copied from authentic photographs and engravings several years before his demise, when he was in his early twenties—one of the most gifted pen and ink sketchers the world has ever produced. He was a beloved friend of

THE AUTHOR.

Washington, D. C.
A.D. 1907.

Extracts from Letters of Commendation

Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, former United States Senator, United States Minister to Spain, and President of the World's Fair Commission (Chicago, A. D. 1892), writes:

"The parts which I have heard are highly entertaining, and appear to me a valuable contribution to the history of the times of which they treat, in supplying what has hitherto been unwritten in most histories—THE PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ACTORS AND REMINISCENCES WHICH REVEAL CHARACTER MORE THAN PUBLIC ACTS OR UTTERANCES. The book should command a ready sale."

Hon. E. W. Meddough, General Counsel of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, writes:

"Of his above-entitled book, I can not speak in too high terms. It is remarkable in the extensive scope of its character sketches—the most delightful of all reading. Over one hundred personages, the most historical and renowned of the period, are presented—from ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS to 'BEAU' HICKMAN and 'WILD BILL' (HICKOX), each of whom Mr. Howard personally met. One chapter is wholly devoted to a brief biography of the author's very distinguished father, the author of the Thirteenth Amendment of the U. S. Constitution. Historical facts never before in print, rare and original poems, fun and pathos, dramatic scenes and incidents—abound throughout the book, which is equally instructive and entertaining.

"Washington official society, during the period, is depicted with fidelity—some of its noted beauties being described, as well as notable functions, levees and receptions.

"THE WORK WILL BE OF GREAT VALUE AND INTEREST TO THE STUDENT OF OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY, TO THE VETERAN SOLDIERS, AND TO ALL LOVERS OF WHOLESOME, CHASTE LITERATURE, CHARMINGLY WRITTEN. IT WILL BE THE BOOK OF THE DAY, AND WILL HAVE LARGE SALES."

United States Senator R. A. Alger, former Governor of Michigan, Commander Grand Army of the Republic, Secretary of War, writes:

"I shall look forward to your work with a good deal of interest, and will be glad to see it given a wide circulation when it comes before the public."

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MY SON, always do your full duty!" "Never trifle with a young girl's affections, my boy!"—were the parting words received from my respective parents, as on the seventh day of September—a day of the month dear to memory—in the year 1863, I left my parental home to go to Williamstown, Mass., to pass examination for admission to the century-old Williams College, located in that place, having been prepared under the care of excellent private tutors with the understanding that I was to enter the sophomore class, but I was not at the time particularly desirous of entering college, as the martial spirit had a strong hold upon my mind. However, my father thought that his oldest son was sufficient for his quota, and so pacified me somewhat with his permission to also enlist in the Union army in case of my inability to gain admission to college. Fate reserved me for fields of peace, as all the several examinations were successful, and I entered as a full-fledged sophomore, in one of the staidest

and most conservative educational institutions in the United States.

At the end of the fall term, by my father's invitation, I proceeded to Washington, D. C., there to act as his private secretary and clerk of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, of which he had recently been selected as chairman; the room of said committee being on the gallery floor of the Senate, and of large dimensions, as that committee was at the time the greatest in point of numbers and one of the most important in the character of its work and its membership. It included as its members John Sherman, of Ohio, subsequently Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State; Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, afterward Vice-president; ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York; John Conness, of California; James Harlan, of Iowa, afterward President Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior; Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, afterward U. S. Minister to Great Britain; Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate; Alexander Ramsey, of Minnesota, afterward Secretary of War; B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, afterward candidate for Vice-president; Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, afterward chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Jacob M. Howard, of Michigan, Chairman.

It was in this period, practically, the legislative work on Pacific Railroads began in Congress. Hence it will be readily understood how responsible was the work done.

My father had been a member of the Senate upward of a year at the time of my first arrival in Washington. He was a man in the prime of life, of great gravity and dignity, but possessed also of a very kind and tender heart and a certain grim humor which was exceedingly catching when he unbent himself. I presented myself to his gaze, arrayed in very fashionable attire of New York, where I had stopped on my journey—"peg-top" trousers, pointed shoes, padded shoulders, steel watch chain, heavy mahogany, col-

lege cane, and silk tile—my first, and which I sadly indented on my initial trip in a Broadway “bus,” and a struggling “baseball” mustache! I felt of decided importance; for why shouldn’t I? Wasn’t I a “wise fool,” *Εοφος Μοσος* What youth of that age can’t give his father “pointers,” not only on fashions and social etiquette, but even on philosophical and governmental questions as well? How much importance youth attaches to the surface of things, and with what lofty disdain it looks down upon the sobriety and humility of solid worth! I was truly possessed of an immoderate degree of self-satisfaction.

My father shortly took me upon the floor of the Senate to make me acquainted with some of his friends. The first one to whom he presented me was SENATOR CHARLES SUMNER, saying I was “a young man with a log chain and policeman’s club,” at which the great senator from Massachusetts smiled in a kindly way as soon as he saw my father had wounded my pride.

Mr. Sumner arose from his seat quickly, extending his hand in a most gracious and courtly way, and while he held my hand in his own, expressed his pleasure to meet a son of a man for whom he had the highest respect. There was nothing stiff or forced or stilted in his words or manner. It was the unaffected and cordial greeting of a perfect gentleman. His personal appearance and attire are well-remembered. For a man of his dignity and great prominence and scholarship, he was a little overdressed; but I was not then entirely free from provincialism, and looked upon much attention to dress as incompatible almost with scholastic or senatorial greatness; hence I was at first a little disappointed in the great man’s appearance. However, it was but a few more seconds before he completely fascinated me. His dignity and majestic face, and deep, sonorous, musical voice captivated me. A sense of profound admiration came over me as I gazed up into his kindly

sparkling eyes and studied his remarkably large features, and strong Jeffersonian face, crowned with a great mass of iron-gray hair, parted on the right side of his head where there was a sort of a cow-lick that made the forelock fall down constantly over his wide and rather full forehead. I was, indeed, confronting a great presence—a fearless exemplar of generations of one of the noblest stocks that have ever lived on this earth—the Puritans—hereditary haters of all kinds of oppression. Sumner was a bachelor at this time. In height, six feet three inches; weight, in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds; chest, about forty inches; head, twenty-three inches—a magnificent, suave, cultured, polished gentleman with a decided scholarly air. A judge of human nature could readily have detected an intense egotism and o'er-weening vanity. This was shown partly in the restlessness of his eyes in his efforts to observe thoroughly all the surroundings while engaged in conversation, the almost constant attentions, with his disengaged hands, to his cravat, his collar, his forelock, the twirling of eye-glasses and watch-fob, gazing quickly up into the galleries and brushing, with hand, the dust specks or dandruff off his coat and vest.

After this, my first, interview with Senator Sumner, it was my custom to spend considerable portion of the day during open sessions in the Senate Chamber, and to study the peculiarities, idiosyncrasies, and habits of the several senators until they became firmly fixed in my memory. My estimate as to Sumner was soon confirmed. He was not what would be called a sociable man; rather reserved, politely cold, ceremonial, but also an intense lover of liberty. It was the latter feature of his nature which was the "motif" of his whole life, and which, undoubtedly, was the cause of his celibacy up to his fifty-fourth year—his dislike of any kind of restraint or subjection.



ULYSSES S. GRANT AND MOTHER

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES — CHARACTER

At the latter period, he confidentially consulted my father as to the advisability of his marrying the lady to whom he shortly afterward was united in wedlock, and upon receiving a friendly admonition that he was too old and had lived too long a bachelor, manifested great impatience and dissatisfaction at the suggestion, and expressed in the most eulogistic terms his admiration for the lady, saying he could not live without her. It is well-known he married the lady, a widow, lived unhappily, and after a brief life as a benedict, was divorced from his quasi-idol, and returned to his books and solitary life. Various domestic reasons were assigned by friend and foe, which need not be given publicity.

Mr. Sumner's social relations were probably as intimate with my father as with any of his friends in the Senate. I was informed on one occasion by a gentleman who had just left his presence, that he pronounced the latter to be the "ablest constitutional lawyer in the Senate" at that time. His respect for my father's legal and scholarly acquirements was such that he almost habitually consulted him as to the character and quality of his most important speeches before their delivery, but owing to his predominating trait of self-esteem he took the criticisms with poor grace. On being kindly admonished that his speeches were too ornate, too full of classical quotations and patent attempts to display his scholarship, and thus weaken, by comparison, his own immediate following sentences, he frankly confessed he could not help it, that he did take a special delight in displaying his own familiarity with writings of the great of olden days. So that in his speeches is exhibited the same trait of excessive vanity which I early discovered characterized his every movement of head, hand, and eye. It was this weakness that primarily caused his downfall in the Senate. His colleague, Henry Wilson, once said, in my presence, that

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

“Sumner thought any thing that did not originate in his own brain or the Almighty’s, was not worthy of consideration.” Owing to his increasing hauteur of bearing and disappointment in his connubial relations as well as the check received to his political ambition in not receiving the appointment as Grant’s first Secretary of State, a position to which he felt he was entitled in consideration of his party services and as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations—and his consequent and subsequent bitter antagonism to Grant’s intense desire to acquire the island of San Domingo, his old friends began to cool toward him. He even avoided his ordinary social intercourse with my father because, as chairman of the Committee of Investigation in the matter, he had reported favorably as to the advisability of securing that valuable naval coaling station.

Sumner was shortly thereafter deposed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, which he had so long honorably and ably filled. From that day he seemed to lose faith in his destiny, and lived largely in the past until he sank peacefully to rest—a great, good, but vain statesman.

There is a remarkable document on file at the War Department, the existence of which was unknown until a short time ago, when it was accidentally discovered. It is a letter written by Charles Pinckney Sumner to the Hon. Philip Barbour, of Virginia, Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams, asking for the appointment of his eldest son, Charles Sumner, to the Military Academy at West Point. The application was ignored. Charles Sumner went to Harvard University instead, and died a Senator of the United States and not a disgruntled major of infantry. The letter is written on a paper of fine texture, yellow with age. The penmanship is fine and neat, and very much resembles the manuscript of the Senator forty years after.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES — CHARACTER

The letter is as follows:

“Boston, 22 November, 1825.

“SIR: My eldest son, Charles Sumner, is desirous of being admitted as a member of the Military Academy at West Point. He will be fifteen years old in January next. He is of good constitution & in good health, altho unusually studious. He is well acquainted with Latin and Greek, is somewhat acquainted with Arithmetic & Algebra & French. He is exceedingly well acquainted with history and Geography, both ancient and modern. He knows the scenes of many of the distinguished battles of ancient and modern times, & the characters of the Heroes who figured in them. He has a strong sense of patriotic pride; and a devotion to the welfare and glory of his country. He is now at the Latin School in Boston, & in August next will be qualified to enter the university at Cambridge.

“He prefers the academy at West Point. He is the oldest grandson of the deceased Maj. Job Sumner, who served with reputation in the army of the revolution, whose only child I am.

“It is not proper for me to devote him like Hannibal to a military life, and at the present age I will not attempt it; but I have the most respectful opinion of the education that is generally bestowed upon the Selected Sons of the Republic whether a young man is destined to a military or a civil life.

“I have not merit of my own. If my boy's character and qualifications give him any claim to Your good-will, I hope he will receive it. I can produce but few certificates in his favor. I venture to recommend him myself, as it may possibly be that no other recommendation is necessary. Mr. Webster and Judge Strong, if questioned, can say whether or not I would recommend anybody, son or no son, whom I did not believe to be a person of merit. The President Himself may possibly not be an utter stranger to my name.

“I form no unreasonable expectation, & am not liable to any painful disappointment, whatever may be the result of this application.

“I am, sir, your sincerely respected humble servant.

“CHARLES PINCKNEY SUMNER,

“To the Honourable Philip Barbour, Secretary of War.”

Boston 25th June '65

My dear Colleague

Something must be
done to arrest this suc-
cumbance of the rebellion.

I see nothing but con-
fusion & disaster from the
present policy of the Presi-
dent.

What say you?

Ever yours

Charles Sumner

Boston 17th Feby '65

My dear Colleague,

R. H. Dana said the other day at a Dinner where I met him that he had read your Louisiana speech over twice - that it was a speech that well deserved two readings. He would have read it a third time had it on its passage to be enacted!

How is the West on the great question? And when shall you say a word? The Country should know that we mean to be firm. The policy of the President must be firm.
Ever yours
Charles Sumner

Private

Boston 6th Aug. '65

My dear Colleague,

Here is a note for
Mr. Emmans.

I am sorry that you
have family anxieties,
but hope that you will
have caught a solace.

The country needs the
voice of its true men.
The policy of the Presi-
dent, if not overruled
will sacrifice our cause

Already the rebels are
springing into life &
confidence, & the Conf-
ederates are ready to
league with them. But
they will fail.

The certainty of alti-
mate success does not
supersede the necessity
of Christian man.

Did ever a man
in all history flip

any "opportunity" as
Pres. Johnson has flung
it away? Steady con-
duct, according to prin-
ciple, in the establish-
ment of the Dept. of
Indep. would have been
easier than this tergivi-
sation. But his col-
leagues are no better than
he is. They all allow
this criminal face to
be enacted. God bless
you!
Ever yours,
Charles Sumner

Porter 15th June 65.

My dear Hawaii.

There must be no
break with the Pres^{ts}
if possible. Does
history record such
a terrible miscon-
viction? The way of
peace was very easy.
Alas! that it should
have been lost.

S. Kapaemahu is an
intruder in Mexico;

Of this there can be
no doubt. And his
intention was address
to Mexico & address
also to us

My special anx-
iety is that we
should not allow
any foreign guest
to divert attention from
reconstruction at home.
There are some, I fear,

who will adopt
the "sledge".

But "securities"
we must have. That
makes it allow
them rebels a new
lease of power!
Stark madness!

Ever sincerely yours,
Charles Sumner

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

My father, also, on the occasion first referred to, presented me to a number of other distinguished senators who figured largely in shaping, during the most vital period of our national existence, the destinies of the Republic. Let me describe those whom memory recalls, after a lapse of a generation or more, as they impressed the plastic mind of an observant northern blooded youth in his teens, who was "all eyes and ears." Being a private secretary and clerk of a committee, I had the right of entrance and sojourn upon the floor of the Senate Chamber, a privilege which I utilized to the fullest extent, listening to debates, magnificent orations, reports, and rulings of the Vice-president or President *pro tempore*. I usually occupied a seat on a sofa, in a quiet corner on the Republican side of the chamber, unobserved, but voraciously absorbing the great and varied historic scenes. While not especially listening to the legislative proceedings I was engaged in carefully noting and studying each senator of national fame, and so deeply impressed, owing to the high physical tension, caused by the existing "War of the Rebellion," which permeated the very air of the capitol, that it is not to be wondered at I have little difficulty in recalling details, that seem as fresh as though they occurred yesterday. I will content myself with giving delineations of these distinguished senators as they voluntarily arise in my memory, not from their respective merits or relative prominence. I see them one by one as they pass along through the aisles or corridors, or sit at their desks or stand in their places—these mighty, living civic factors who did their part in strengthening the Right Arm of the Republic to strike down the foe that sought its life—they were firm believers in the truth of William Cullen Bryant's ode to

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

FREEDOM

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A BEARDED MAN,
ARMED TO THE TEETH, ART THOU; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. POWER at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven;
MERCILESS POWER has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As leaps the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale Oppressor flies.

Here comes sturdy, grim-visaged, plainly-attired, swallow-tail coated, colorless face, BENJAMIN F. WADE, of OHIO; a man of intense earnestness, and stamped all over with honesty and fearlessness—a splendid specimen of the American nobleman—Nature's best. There is no air of pomposity or hauteur or vanity about this great man. He has a plain, off-hand, homely manner of speech and action; a natural-born orator, not of polished periods, but of a mighty power and force, who in his terrific outbursts of passionate invective and irony, with his deep and powerful voice as it quivered in all the varied octaves of eloquence, invariably held the close and undivided attention of the Senate. He was simple, frank, unpretentious, and given to much swearing. As he once said in conversation: "Damn it, I can't be emphatic without swearing; I don't mean any disrespect to the Deity or to my hearers." Wade was not a man of great scholarship or learning, but he was

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full of love of country, of a fund of common sense, of inflexible will, invincible courage and perseverance. He was utterly without fear, and an intense hater of hypocrisy, sham, chicanery, and pretense; a man of deep-seated and immovable convictions of right and duty. In his speeches he was exceedingly strong and effective. As he warmed up to his theme his hair would become ruffled and stand up like bristles; he would unbutton his vest, shove up his coat-sleeves, tear off his cravat, and, "yank" off his collar, and in his most earnest moments, would rise on his toes, holding aloft his hands at arms length, and as he brought the latter down, he would jump on to his heels—this was his usual and most favorite mode of gesture. It was fully as effective in its way, as the cold, classical, clean-cut phrases of the scholars of the Senate. It roused the fervor and spirit of patriotism, and his words became him as chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, a position for which he was peculiarly well adapted, and in which he rendered invaluable and lasting service to his country; a glorious patriot, a fearless fighter, a great statesman, and an honest man.

Wade's height was 5 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches; weight, 185 pounds; chest, $41\frac{1}{2}$ inches; head, 23 inches; born October 27, 1800.

My attention is next attracted to HANNIBAL HAMLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, formerly a senator from Maine. He bore a somewhat remarkable facial resemblance to the picture and description of Daniel Webster. He presided over the Senate. When I first saw him he was past the meridian of life, of about five feet ten inches in height, dark, swarthy, olive complexion, deep-set eyes, broad and full forehead, stooping shoulders, and invariably attired in a somewhat rusty suit of broadcloth, swallow-tail coat, low vest, and trousers, all black, hands in side pockets of the latter almost constantly. One of his

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES — CHARACTER

peculiarities was seldom, if ever, to wear an overcoat or sur-tout; no matter how bitterly cold the weather, this old patriot might be seen walking with brisk, elastic step, coat and vest wide open, silk tile down low over his forehead, glancing rapidly to the right and left as he passed over the miserable brick sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue. As a presiding officer over the most august legislative body in the world, he reflected great credit upon himself, but was wanting in the robust dignity of Solomon Footë, of Vermont, who was President *pro tempore*, as well as in his ready knowledge of parliamentary law. As a consequence he was frequently absent from the chair, which was then filled by Footë, probably one of the best presiding officers the Senate has ever had.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, possessed a notable personality. He was rather a slight built man of not over five feet ten inches in height, and 130 pounds in weight. His head was large and rested stiffly on the neck; it seldom turned to the right or the left either in speaking or listening. It was a square and level head, broad and long from forehead to back. His face was a very commanding one, seldom lighted up by a smile, close-cut beard with smooth-shaven chin and upper lip, and rather sallow complexion, thin lips and stern, firm mouth, rather a sour, crabbed, dyspeptic countenance, a steady, calm, cool, calculating, deep-seated eye, intelligent, fearless, and defiant. His carriage was on the old-time ministerial order—slow, precise, deliberate, sedate, senatorial. He was not very sociable, being afflicted badly with dyspepsia, which terrible malady undoubtedly tinged his mind and tended gradually to develop in it a strong conservatism and bitter antipathy to the growing radicalism in the Senate about the time of the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial. I predicted correctly the nature of his final vote, during the pendency



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, U. S. A.

of that celebrated trial. His style of speaking in debate was in consonance with the foregoing description of his personality. His utterance was unimpassioned and rather professorial in character, a sort of conversational, argumentative, or rather dogmatic and didactic tone and manner. He generally talked while on his feet in the Senate as a professor of mathematics would do in the demonstration of a problem in that science. He had little of oratorical temperament. He was wanting in the good, warm blood necessary to the orator. He took a special delight in dry details. He was essentially a financier; looked at measures largely from a commercial and pecuniary standpoint. He was a typical specimen of one portion of New England—the frigid product of its snow-clad, rugged hills and pine-filled forests. He seemed to be annoyed when joked by his fellow senators. He was somewhat like Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, in the cold, austere expression of the colorless countenance, the schoolmaster frown, and solemnity of visage.

His colleague was LOT M. MORRILL, a genial, plain man, the antithesis of Fessenden; an able and ready debater, eloquent speaker and as “radical” in his intense patriotism as any member of the Senate.

LYMAN TRUMBULL was chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a lawyer of great ability in many respects, a ready debater, argumentative rather than judicial in cast of mind, timidly conservative, perhaps hypercritical in judgment, almost as often wrong as right in his views in committee, on great constitutional questions involving states’ rights and Federal jurisdiction. In personal appearance Trumbull was not attractive, either in manner or intercourse. He was rather repellant. He invariably dressed in black broadcloth, coat never buttoned; wore large spectacles, gold-rimmed. He was originally designed, in personal appearance and mentality by the Creator, for an old-time puritan

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

preacher and schoolmaster combined, of the period of Jonathan Edwards. I seldom saw him smile or heard him laugh in public. His physical dimensions were: height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 150 pounds; chest, 35¾ inches; head, 22 inches; born October 12, 1813. He always commanded the full attention of the Senate when he spoke, not by virtue of his oratory or eloquence, which was only mediocre, but from the fact that he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

His views on constitutional questions did not carry very great weight with Republican leaders on account of his well-known conservative timidity. The times called for an expansion of the Constitution in consonance with the gravity of the dangers threatening the Union. His early training as a states' rights Democrat had a tendency to warp and contract his constitutional vision. As a natural sequence he had to be largely urged along into the extreme but necessary measures to uphold the Union. He deplored the introduction by my father of the resolution for the submission to the state legislatures of the Thirteenth Amendment—abolishing slavery—and argued in the Judiciary Committee against the advisability of its consideration at that time as being too early a day. This information was given me personally by my father at the time and repeated several times subsequently. He is also my authority for many of the other statements of facts above given. It needed but the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson to afford Mr. Trumbull a long-wished-for opportunity to abandon the Republican party and return to his first love, the Democratic party. I predicted his vote of acquittal of President Johnson long before it was given. My opinion was based upon my estimate of his mental construction, as well as upon a conversation I held with his son and secretary, whom I knew quite well, and whom I asked how his father was going to vote. I felt justified in making the

Altoona, Feb. 20/64

My Dear Sir,

I left Boston -
tonight evening in consequence
of a dispute with
Mrs. Trumbull inform-
ing me of the dangerous
illness of my child.
It is of course uncertain
when I will be back -
Please mention to the
Senate the occasion of
my absence when the
eyes & nose are called.
The proposed resolution
to amend the constitution
I had set for Monday
intending to make some
remarks on it - I do
not know the matter

delayed in my treatment
of the matter which to take.
It is left

Truly Yours
Lyman Marshall

inquiry from the fact of our intimacy. He made me no reply at all, which at once gave me negative confirmation of my own personal surmises. Senator Trumbull was an honest, incorruptible, and able lawyer, but I do not think he ever rose to the height of true statesmanship. He had the respect, but not the full confidence of the Republican leaders. Shortly before his return to the Democratic party he charged my father, Sumner, Wade, Chandler, Nye, and a few others, in open Senate, with being "factionists," and received, therefore, such a verbal castigation from the first-named, who, in replying stood within half a dozen feet of him, that the usual pallor of his bloodless face increased and he sat still and mute with blanched countenance.

The onslaught was terrific and was never afterward provoked by the senator from Illinois.

Here comes HENRY WILSON,—whose real name given him by his parents was Jeremiah Colbaith,—the junior senator from Massachusetts; plethoric, full-blooded, active, quick in speech and movement, full of great executive force and bubbling over with human sympathies for the poor and oppressed, white and black. He was a clean man, morally, and physically; florid complexion, full cheeks, beardless save a little tuft of hair in front of the ears, large high, full, and broad forehead, thin and long hirsute covering on his head, a quick, brave, tender eye, rather a tearful voice, not unpleasant to hear, and at times, in pathetic periods, most effective and powerful; rather a pleading and persuading style, but when fully aroused, Wilson had few, if any, superiors as an orator on the floor of the Senate. There was no affectation about his dress or his manners. He was bustling, full of his work, and intensely in earnest in everything he undertook. He was wholly abstemious, in his habits of living, from the use of any narcotics or alcoholics. He was a strong advocate of total abstinence. It

Natick, Sept. 23rd, 1867.

My Dear Howard,

Your note has been received, but it came in an hour of great trial. My wife has just gone through a painful and critical operation for a cancer in her breast, is very sick, but is doing well and we hope for the best.

The folly of the president is past all comprehension, and God alone knows what he means. I hope our friends in the states where there are to be elections will do their whole duty & we should have a reaction he will be enabled to act on. My hope now is on the fidelity of our new made voters in the South. They will carry us through I am confident.

I regret

we did not fix an earlier day
for meeting. It would not
have done to have remained
in session, but it would
have been best to have had
an early meeting of Congress
I continue to hope for the
best. Johnson's bad conduct has
so far only aided the good
cause. May God overrule the
madness of that man for the
good of the country and the
cause of Liberty & Justice.

Ever Yours
J. Wilson

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was largely through his individual efforts that the old "Hole in the Wall," in the ante-chamber to the old Senate Chamber, where liquor was quasi-secretly sold, was cleared out and closed up.

I recall an instance of Wilson's quiet dignity and peacefulness, although he was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, which at the time, gave me a great surprise as well as insight into his character.

He was a member of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, as was also JOHN CONNESS, OF CALIFORNIA. The latter was a fiery, little, thick set, pugnacious, snub-nosed son of the "old sod," exceedingly aggressive and intemperate in speech when crossed or provoked. He was naturally alert for the interest of his section of the Republic, and was rather inclined in committee to resent the slightest reflection upon it. At a meeting of that committee—there were eleven members altogether—Mr. Conness, sitting at the side nearest the chairman, who sat at the head of a long table, was suddenly intensely provoked by some remark, made sotto voce, by Mr. Wilson, and springing from his chair, rushed up to the latter gentleman who was seated quietly, and in a great rage and with violent language, Conness addressed him and shook his fist in close proximity to the latter's face. I looked for blood, but Wilson did not even rise, contenting himself with looking up at Conness with a steady, fearless, and pitying gaze. Instantly the chairman rose to his feet, and with great dignity and impressive manner, commanded Conness to cease his language of abuse and resume his seat. That gentleman at once complied as soon as he realized the ungentlemanly deportment. Mr. Wilson said nothing. The next morning Mr. Conness sent the chairman a note of profuse apologies, accompanied by a large box of California wine. Conness was the soul of kindly hospitality, and a man of great force of character. I believe he served but one term. He was a strong Union man.

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Wilson was not fond of Sumner, his colleague. The latter was the cold, stately statesman, evolved from the scholar; the former was an impetuous, ambitious, political climber up the ladder of fame from the lowly start of a shoemaker's bench. There were no fortuitous circumstances to help Wilson. He rose by his own inherent strength of will and intellect and moral courage. Henry Wilson was a great man, of indefatigable industry. He was as much fitted for the several places of trust and honor which he held as were Lincoln, Stanton, Chase, and the other civil heroes of the period. He had a warm heart, a clear brain, an intense, earnest patriotism, great moral courage, strong faith in an overruling Providence who is guiding this nation onward and upward. He stood in height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 180 pounds; chest, 40¼ inches; head, 22¼ inches; born February 16, 1812.

Whenever I looked at GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, OF VERMONT, I was invariably reminded of the old pictures of the saints, especially that of St. Jerome, and I was disappointed in not desecrating the figurative or literal halo that encircled that saint's head. He was under forty years of age when he entered the Senate, but was decidedly bald, and had a pious, sanctimonious appearance. He dressed plainly and in good taste. He quickly came to the front in debate, as did Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, both of these great men brushing aside without ceremony or apology, the cobwebbed, unwritten law of abstention from much participation in debate during the first year of their senatorial terms; Edmunds entered the Senate several years before Morton.

His immediate predecessor was SOLOMON FOOT, a very handsome old gentleman, attired in full-dress suit; of most gracious, courtly and dignified manners, clean shaven face, fresh, pure complexion, bright, large, and wide open eyes. Foot's especial forte was his proficiency in parliamentary



GENERAL PHILLIP H. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

law. He had been President *pro tempore*. His rulings would furnish splendid guides for the novitiate in parliamentary procedure.

Edmunds at once took leading rank in the Senate as a broad-gauged, logical, cool-headed, quick-witted, and splendidly-equipped debater and able constitutional lawyer. He was essentially a logician. His speeches were entirely free from indications of great scholastic attainments; nothing of rhetorical flourishes; nothing for dramatic effect. They were generally severely dry and argumentative; no classical interjections, no pedantic allusions or quotations. He was satisfied, unlike Sumner, to give his own thoughts alone, without interlarding those of the great ones of antiquity. As a speaker, Edmunds was unattractive to the layman, save as he was of a mathematical or logical turn of mind. His speeches were occasionally enlivened with sparks of a dry humor, and were delivered with a quaintness of tone and manner that were utterly devoid of oratory, but had a peculiar fascination that is difficult to describe. There was an utter absence of emotion save at infrequent spells when he would allow a spasm of patriotic fire to burst up in his placid soul, and his utterances would rouse the attention of the entire Senate—even the stately Sumner would cease his everlasting writing over his desk, or his reading of newspapers, and look up with approving smile, as much as to say: "Why, Edmunds, old boy, that is first rate; that is almost equal to some phrases I once uttered on this floor."

Edmunds was exceedingly quick and dry at repartee. He very shortly made himself felt in this respect, and as a consequence, was soon left severely alone and free from attempts of older brother senators to "rattle" and subdue or snub his apparent presumption in taking so prominent a part in the deliberations of the Senate at the outset of his career. Edmunds came very near filling Huxley's descrip-

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tion of the perfect man—"a clear, cold, logical engine." He was the successor of Trumbull as chairman of the Committee on Judiciary, which position he filled with great ability for many years. He had the decided New England nasal twang, a colorless face, large frame, standing a little over six feet; weight 150 pounds; chest, 35½ inches; head, 22¾ inches; born February 1, 1828. He had the sloping walk of the student; always bore himself with dignity and propriety; was temperate and stately without hauteur or arrogance; not particularly sociable on the floor of the Senate Chamber.

His colleague was JUSTIN S. MORRILL, chiefly noted as the author of the "Morrill Tariff;" a tall, ministerial, unimpressible man with a scholarly stoop of the shoulders; not often heard in debate.

OLIVER P. MORTON, OF INDIANA, entered the senate after the close of the war; he had been War Governor. He was in every respect, a great and patriotic statesman; a man of most marvelous energies, large, and unceasingly active brain, large body, inordinate appetite for eating. He had a dark olive, sallow complexion, dark hair with some baldness on the top of head, mustache and chin whiskers, and a terribly pugnacious nose. He possessed a marvelously accurate memory for details and figures. It was said he could read an ordinary book as rapidly almost as he could turn over the leaves. He read it from the left-hand, upper corner diagonally down across to the bottom of the page. His utterance in his speeches in the Senate was exceedingly rapid—almost as much so as Anthony, of Rhode Island, who was considered by the Senate reporters as the most rapid speaker in either house of Congress. Morton's voice was full and commanding and well sustained throughout his speech. Shortly after his entrance to the Senate he was compelled, by physical infirmity—partial paralysis of the

legs—to walk with two canes, and to deliver his speeches while seated in his chair.

This infirmity did not seem to dampen, in the least, his almost unceasing participation in the debates on about every question of moment that arose for deliberative action. Morton was a plain, unostentatious, genial, alert, frank, open man with his friends—"a blunt man that loved his friends." He had large, steady, fearless eyes with a merry twinkle in them. He was, in some senses of the term, an orator. He resembled somewhat, "Ben" Wade, in his unaffected demeanor. His dress was the proverbial black suit, swallow-tail coat, etc. He was always a gentleman, exceedingly polite, and attractive to ladies. He was intensely patriotic and devoted to the Union. His services in that regard both as Governor of Indiana, and as a senator from the same state were invaluable and inestimable. He was one of the ablest "all round" men that has ever sat in either house of Congress. He was a sturdy, strong, wholesome, fearless, incorruptible statesman; a grand character that will increase in stature as time goes on and history brings to view the times that tried men's souls, when the fate of the Nation trembled in the balance.

A senator, whose person it is a pleasure to describe, but of whose character it is difficult to make a fitting analysis, was ROSCOE CONKLING, OF NEW YORK. He was, unquestionably, the Hyperion of the Senate, which he entered after the close of the war, coming over from the House of Representatives. He was most imposing and imperial in bearing and in looks. He was as majestic in his deportment as any monarch or Roman senator that ever lived on this earth. Over six feet in height, with the physique and physical action of an athlete-gladadiator, the grace of movement of a royal courtier, with a slight tendency to a swagger in his walk, or rather with the tread of a man fearless and

perfectly conscious of his great physical powers, a deliberate and measured, long stride, with toes well turned out; elegantly, but not gaudily attired, generally blue, gray, or black clothes; a magnificent chest and pair of shoulders, a strong, but not a "bull," neck, around which, was uniformly a turn-down Byronic collar, and resting upon which was the large head and the proud face of a Grecian, or rather, a Scandinavian deity, surmounted with a not heavy clustering mass of curly, light-colored hair of a reddish tint, one lock of which hung loosely and carelessly down upon the center of his high, broad, and white forehead. Majesty sat firmly enthroned upon that brow. Honor, Pride, Incorruptability, Courage, Scorn, Chivalry were all stamped upon that splendidly proud face. The long aquiline nose, with a slight curl at the open nostrils, gave to the face the appearance somewhat of hauteur, which added to his lofty and independent bearing, acted as a shield to the approach of any attempted familiarity with him at the start. His eyes were steel blue, large, clear, strong, and gentle, and his smile decidedly winsome, when engaged in conversation, with a merry twinkle in them. He was not regarded as particularly sociable by his brother senators, always preserving a stately formality and dignity that forbade undue familiarity of speech. He rivaled Sumner in the courtliness of his manners. I used to think he was the only senator of whom Sumner was jealous. They were considerably alike physically, save that Sumner was a brunette, and Conkling was a blond. Sumner's voice was the heaviest, in tone and volume, of any senator; it was sonorous, deep, and mellow, like the roar of a lion, or the bay of a St. Bernard; the latter he greatly resembled in facial characteristics, also, if comparison may be made with the lower orders in the animal family. Conkling's voice was also exceedingly strong, but was inclined rather to a precise, rasping, ironical, sarcastic tone. His especial forte was denuncia-

tion and aggressive, energetic attack. There was not much of pathos in his speeches. He was not for persuasion, as much as he was for arousing to speedy action by the force of his invective. He would sacrifice any present personal advantage to get revenge for a fancied or intended affront to his intense egotism. This was illustrated in his first and maiden speech delivered in the Senate, and to which I was an earnest listener on the floor. The papers announced that he would deliver his "maiden speech." The galleries were crowded, as was also the space on the floor of the chamber behind the desks. Conkling appeared shortly before the opening, in company with his white-haired father, a fine-looking, tall, old gentleman, a former U. S. District Judge. The latter was seated in a chair placed next to that of his son's, which was down in the front row, four or five seats to the right of the center aisle. At the arrival of the time, Conkling arose at his desk, was at once recognized by the President *pro tempore*, as "The senator from New York," whereupon he left his desk, going to the right, the longest way around back of the back row of seats, with slow and deliberate steps, passing close to me as I sat upon a sofa, so that I could critically examine his personal appearance—on to the central aisle, down which he walked with proudly erect and undaunted carriage, and stopped at about the very center of the chamber, and with great dignity bowed low to the chair, and uttered the first words of a magnificent speech.

This action of Conkling, in leaving his seat and going to the central aisle, was unprecedented, and, of course, attracted the attention, as well as evoked the surprise, of every senator present, who ceased their work at once, save Senator Sumner, who ignored the whole proceeding and kept on conspicuously reading a newspaper. Conkling stood a moment in all his majesty, without notes or manuscript, and slightly turned and bowed to the right and left. He was dressed



EDWIN M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR

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entirely in black—Prince Albert coat buttoned with one button at the waist, the rest open and showing a liberal expanse of shirt front, a light blue cravat and Byronic turn-down collar, his face pale and the little curl hanging down over his forehead. He began slowly and with great deliberation. After a while he warmed up and would turn to the right and left, and then look at his aged father who sat in seeming rapt admiration at his worthy offspring. Conkling soon caught sight of Sumner's inattention and plainly-intended discourtesy, whereupon he was lashed into a furious condition of mind, and turning around and looking directly at that senator, heaped upon him sarcasm and irony as they were never poured before. They had the sting of personal resentment for an assumed personal insult in not deeming him of sufficient importance to grant him the scant courtesy of listening to this, his maiden speech! As Conkling approached the final climax, Sumner violently threw down, on the floor by his side, the newspaper he had been fumbling so conspicuously, grabbed the arms of his chair with each hand, and immediately upon Conkling making his farewell, formal bow to the chair and receding up the aisle, the great Massachusetts senator sprang to his feet with a bound and, in most thunderous and sepulchral tones, after uttering the words, "Mr. President," and looking around the chamber for fully a minute, and with uplifted eyebrows, exclaimed: "We have an orator amongst us. We have an orator amongst us!" following it up with dignified irony in turn. This was one of Sumner's few extemporaneous efforts.

The following somewhat extended account of Conkling's social proclivities is given as corroborative of the estimate of his chivalrous character above made, and will doubtless interest the reader as revealing a phase not generally known to the public.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

How Some Intellectual Giants Enjoyed the Game of "Draw"

CONKLING, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN—THEY BLUFFED AND FOUGHT
WITH WORDS AND CARDS—TWO REMARKABLE HANDS

"Roscoe Conkling was as fond as the next man of a little game of draw," said an elderly Washington clubman, who for a generation has been on terms of social intimacy with famous men at this capital, "and he was as charming a poker antagonist as ever tried to fill an in-the-middle straight or bobbed to a flush. Conkling was unquestionably a man of great natural hauteur, yet I have always believed and maintained that the somewhat arrogant and domineering manner that he exhibited in public, and that often caused him to be so thoroughly misunderstood, was more or less of a pose. The newspaper writers set him down and paraded him as an Ajax from the very beginning of his service here, and it suited Conkling's fancy, when he perceived that it would be quite impossible for him to clear himself of this reputation, to study the part that he had perforce to accept, and to portray it with consistence and elaboration throughout his public career. But in social life, in daily intercourse with men that he knew and liked, Conkling was a prince, and as gracious, generous and accomplished a prince, too, as ever gained the affectionate esteem and admiration of his friends.

WITH HIS FRIENDS

"He liked, I say, to play poker, and during the last four or five years of his senatorial life he would drop in at John Chamberlin's occasionally while Congress was in session to sit into a game there with friends, all of them prominent public men, who liked the mental stimulus and excitement of drawing cards, and who were always more than willing to engage in a game in which Conkling was one of the players—for the cultured intellect and well-stored mind of the New York Senator never shone more brightly nor more variously than during these memorable sessions at cards with his friends. Quite often, those among us who were not fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be swirlers in the vortex of public life would be invited to take a hand at these delightful poker seances; and I, for one, possess no more valued recollections than those that often recur to my mind of the dozen or so occasions on which I played draw poker with Roscoe Conkling sitting opposite to me.

WHEN CONKLING AND SHERMAN CROSSED CARDS

"General Phil Sheridan was often one of the players at these meetings, and when General Sherman was living in Washington he, too, would occasionally happen around when the game at Chamberlin's was in progress and take a hand. With Conkling and Sher-

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

man in the game, the talk at the poker table was a good deal more interesting to some of us than the game itself, for both men would constantly exchange witty dabs at each other, and the oral sparring between these two remarkable men was brilliant and entertaining in the extreme. Their pokes at each other were always perfectly good-natured and harmless. Different as they were in profession and temperament, Conkling and Sherman were about evenly matched in wit, and their mastery of repartee, and both men seemed to find huge pleasure in practising on each other in their hours of relaxation, especially at these card meetings.

“‘Conkling,’ said Sherman one night to the New York Senator when the game was in progress, ‘that Hyperoin curl of yours may now assume an added twist, the effect of woe, and that Hercules chest prepare to array itself in a tunic of penitential sack-cloth—for I’ve got you licked. Full house, jacks up on eights,’ and Sherman spread his hand out on the table.

“‘Sherman,’ said Conkling, a beatific smile flickering at the corners of his mouth, ‘when you marched to the sea at the exceedingly theatrical period of your career, and reached the sea, had it not been better for you if you had kept right on marching, even to the point of complete and final submersion, thus to have spared yourself the mortification of being thrashed right out of your boots at this epoch of your history by a mere civilian? Four sevens,’ and Conkling raked in the pot with a flourish, grizzled ‘Old Tecump’ chewing the butt of his cigar thoughtfully.

NO QUARTER WITH SHERIDAN

“But Conkling played his hardest against General Sheridan. The two men were great chums and confidants, but when they got into a poker game together it was, of course, in a good-natured sort of way, give and take and no quarter. When Sheridan was in the game Conkling simply devoted all of his study and skill to the task of beating the hero of Winchester, and, on the other hand, “Little Phil” would pay hardly any attention at all to the other players, he was so eager to roast his friend Conkling. Very often the rest of us would, at a sort of tacitly understood signal, drop out, even when we had good, playable hands, just for the fun of seeing Conkling and Sheridan at each other’s throats.

“‘Phil,’ said Conkling one night when he thought his hand was invincible, ‘be advised. I have your interest at heart. We all admire your historical and present rashness—but, Phil, be advised. Consider your natural aversion to a pipe; if you proceed with me on this, you’ll be compelled to smoke a pipe practically until your retirement. This time, you are not alone twenty miles away; you are 20,000, 20,000,000, miles in the distance, and you really can’t traverse the ground. Call me.’

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“‘Conkling,’ replied ‘Little Phil,’ with those two red fighting spots of his burning brightly on his cheekbones, ‘you’re a stupendous bluffer, and I’ll see you dangling from that sour apple tree of yours first. I raise you the limit.’

“‘In that case,’ said Conkling, stuffing his hand into the deck, ‘the pot’s yours—not that I haven’t got you beat, of course, but——’

“And, Conkling caught red-handed in one of his Brobdignagian bluffs, took with the greatest good nature the long laugh that we all gave him.

A MEMORABLE CONTEST

“I was in the game one night during the winter of ’75 when both Conkling and Sheridan were players. It was a four-hand game, and John Chamberlin was the other player. This game at Chamberlin’s was always for \$5 limit at first, with the understanding that along toward morning, after a couple of hours of warming up, anybody could suggest the removal of the limit if he wanted to. The way Conkling and Sheridan bluffed each other that night was a caution. Both men seemed to strike out luck altogether as an element in their good-natured play against each other, and, as both of them caught fine hands occasionally when engaged in this tug-of-war of bluffing, neither of them could get an exact line on the other, and it was better than a play to study their faces at the show-downs. Conkling was having all of the success during the latter part of the night, and it was fun to hear ‘Little Phil’ softly utter dark and woolly things under his breath when, time after time, Conkling would show a hand consisting of nothing at all after having scared Sheridan out, or produce a gorgeous set of fours or a full hand at such times as Sheridan, deciding that the Senator was bluffing, would call him.

“‘Bite him, Sheridan,’ Chamberlin would say, amusedly, on these occasions, and Sheridan would tell Chamberlin to go to the dickens, and call for another deck of cards.

A MEMORABLE GAME

“We started the last round of jackpots with a new deck. Sheridan dealt the first mess himself, and, after it had gone around and none of the three of us could open it, Sheridan opened it himself. Neither Chamberlin nor I had any right to stay on our hands, and so it was left between Sheridan and Conkling, who stayed. Conkling took three cards, and turned his little pair into threes. Sheridan dished himself out three cards, and bit his cigar hard when he saw his hand. He made a \$5 bet to draw Conkling out, and the Senator raised him \$25. It passed between them with these \$25 bets until there was nearly \$300 in the pot, both men scrutinizing each other pretty carefully at each bet.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

"I don't know so much about you, this time," said Conkling finally, "and I think I'll just call you for safety."

Both laid their hands down at the same time. Conkling had three nines, and he looked at Sheridan strangely when he saw the color of Sheridan's three aces. Both Chamberlin and myself also saw what was wrong at the same instant, but we only smiled and let the two men have it out. Sheridan had a broad grin on his face, and was just about to rake in the pot. Conkling was gazing at the little man of iron with a puzzled look in his eyes.

"Oh, I say, there, Phil, just wait a minute," said he. "Do you really think that pot belongs to you?"

"Belongs to me?" said Sheridan. "Well, it does if the nose on my face belongs to me—" and again he reached over to hoe in the pot.

Conkling ran his hand through his hair, and again stopped Sheridan with a gesture.

"I don't remember ever having seen that sort of thing before," he said. "Did you, Phil?"

"See what sort of thing before?" said Sheridan. "What in blazes are you talking about, Conkling?"

For reply, Conkling put one finger upon one of Sheridan's aces and then pointed to another one of the aces.

"I never saw a jackpot won with three aces, two of which happened to be aces of diamonds," said Conkling, smiling.

"Sheridan looked at his hand, lying face up on the table before him, and his face became fiery red. The consternation on his countenance was really funny.

"Why," said he, after a minute, "blamed if I don't believe I'm nothing better than an involuntary swindler. That other ace, you see, is a club. I opened the pot on a pair of red aces, and they were, of course, these aces of diamonds. Chamberlin, turning to the amused boniface, 'turn me out of doors as a fraud and a short card player, will you?'"

"And have the army fire a volley over the ruins of my house?" replied Chamberlin. "Hardly. Anyhow, I'd rather see you and Conkling engage in a rough-and-tumble fist over the thing. Go ahead, the pair of you. We'll see fair play," turning to me.

"Of course, the extra ace of diamonds had slipped into the deck accidentally before it left the manufacturer's hands; but Sheridan, when he had in a measure recovered from the surprise of the revelation, made a humorous pretension that he had known the whole thing all along, and convulsed the three of us by feelingly appealing to Conkling to refrain from exposing him to the world, for the sake of his family, and all that kind of thing. The hand being foul, the pot was, of course, divided.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

CONKLING'S GENEROSITY

"Conkling was a peculiarly generous poker player. One night, when Senator Zack Chandler was one of the players, Conkling was the beneficiary of a miracle that does not often happen to a man even once in a lifetime. Chandler dealt him a pat royal flush. It was a jackpot. Neither Wade Hampton, who was the other player, nor myself, caught anything that would justify us in drawing cards, and so the thing was between Conkling and the Senator from Michigan. Conkling, of course, stood pat, and Chandler, drawing two cards, filled, and had four tens on which he began his betting. He bet \$100.

"'Pat or no pat, Conkling,' said he, in making the bet. 'I've got that miserable shoddiness straight of yours walloped this time—even if you've got it. Come at me.'

"Conkling folded up his hand and looked Chandler in the eye.

"'You're a pretty rich man, Zach, are you not?' said he.

"'Middling rich,' said Chandler.

"'And you've got a pretty good hand—eh, Zach?'

"'Worth a couple of years of my pay as a toga wearer, supposing I've got a good game man to buck against.'

"'Unbeatable, Zach?'

"'Practically.'

"'Well, Chandler,' said Conkling, 'you may be pretty well fixed in that hand, but I've got one here that I am convinced no gentleman ever ought to play,' and he spread out his pat royal flush.

"Chandler looked at the hand for a moment in silence.

"'Conkling,' said he finally, 'you're a queer mixture of Don Quixote and Prince Charlie—which means, or ought to mean, that you're a d—d good fellow.'—*The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.*

As a "stump" orator, probably JAMES W. NYE, OF NEVADA, never was surpassed in the United States. The creation of the state of Nevada out of a part of the territory of Utah was a quasi-military necessity, and it was thought at the time for the especial purpose of paving the way for General Nye's admission to the Senate, where Lincoln desired to have the benefit of his strong Unionism and great eloquence. He was, therefore, appointed Governor of the newly-created territory, and on its admission as a state in the Union he was chosen as one of its senators. He was well-known to most of his party leaders. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, with a decided, strong cast of features. He stood

2. Wall Street

Feb. 27. 1888.

My dear Sir:

You probably had little idea of the pleasure to be given me by your kind letter and its enclosure. Had you not seen your father's son, your words had done less. My regard for your father was very strong. He was very able, largely taught, and brave. He was also kind to me, and we had much pleasant and cordial association which has been ever held in pleasant memory. Your letter in print and your note enclosing it, gave me an agreeable surprise, as you will
the

the better understand "when I tell you
that it had never occurred to me that
any of your family retained a thought
of me.

I beg you to receive my thanks,
and to promise me that when you
come here, you will let me know
it.

Perhaps it is worth while
to tell you that being quite left
behind by the train of politics, such
sayings as yours are valued not
for their political weight, but as
evidence of personal confidence
and good will, and I like them
best so.

Sincerely yours
Wm. Greening.

in height, 5 feet 9½ inches; in weight, not quite 200 pounds; chest, 42 inches; head, 23¼ inches; born June 10, 1815; uniformly attired in black, open Prince Albert coat and much expanse of shirt bosom, turn-down collar; short and powerful neck, upon which rested a large, magnificent-shaped head with long, gray hair, and slightly bald. He wore no beard nor mustache. His countenance was rather pale and bloodless, of an ashen hue and waxy. His jaw and chin were massive and of heroic mold; his nose, straight and not disproportioned to his face; his forehead was large, full, wide, and square; his eyes, such as are rarely given to mortals, were exceedingly large, bright, intelligent, soft, and winning—they always brought to my mind the comparison of the eyes of a great, magnificent thoroughbred stallion, when conjoined to their imperial sweep was the lofty and superb carriage of that noble head and face. During his speaking his whole action was grandly graceful, and united to a voice which I firmly believe never has been surpassed among the sons of men, was simply indescribable. He was a natural-born orator. He surpassed any member of that day in the brilliancy of his imagination as well as in the wonderful modulations of his remarkably fascinating utterance.

His eloquence was truly musical and soul-inspiring. When "Jim" Nye arose to speak, invariably on both sides, Democratic and Republican, every senator ceased his writing or reading, leaned back in his chair and was all attention and expectation for a rhetorical entertainment, and was not disappointed. With head aloft and erect, and face turned up toward the galleries, how that magnificent and unsurpassable voice would sweep around the chamber, reverberating in every nook and cranny and holding its hearers spellbound by its musical and baritone notes! A lover of music would get lost in the latter feature of the effort amid the fiery words of patriotism that welled up from his big heart. I



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE

call to mind a splendid extempore burst from this great man's lips in reply to an ambiguous speech from Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, delivered shortly before his return to the Democratic party from the Republican ranks where he had been enlisted as a senator. The latter's speech expressed great dissatisfaction with Republican acts and was quite censorious. General Nye arose, in reply, and with fire flashing from those great, lustrous eyes, and superb voice quivering with indignant emotion and scorn, and the most exquisite wavelike modulations, exclaimed: "Under what flag does the senator from Wisconsin march? Is it the Stars and Stripes? Or is it the Stars and Bars?"—and on and on lashing the Wisconsin senator with most withering sarcasm.

In early days General Nye had been a stage driver. After he had attained distinction as a great criminal lawyer in the city of New York, and several years before he became senator from Nevada, he was engaged to assist my father in the prosecution of three rascals who had robbed the American Express Company of fifty thousand dollars in gold—my father then being Attorney General of the state of Michigan. General Nye came to our house to stay during the trial. He had been our guest but a day or two, when my mother frankly said to him: "General Nye, I have met you somewhere and sometime before in my life." He replied: "Very likely, madam; possibly it was when I drove a stage between — and — when I was a young man." "Yes, sir," replied my mother, "I now remember you quite well, because you very graciously allowed me, then a young girl passenger, to ride by your side up on the driver's seat." There was no false pride about James W. Nye. He was a genial, kind-hearted, joke-loving, and story-telling man, intensely patriotic. What he lacked to make him the foremost orator of his day in Congress was, perhaps, the learning of Sum-

ner and the logic of Howard. His seat in the Senate was on the back row between these two.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, one of the two senators from Michigan, during the period covered by these pages—Jacob M. Howard being the other—was born on the 10th of December, in the year 1813. In height he was a fraction over 6 feet and 1 inch; weight, 208 pounds; chest, $41\frac{1}{4}$ inches; head, $22\frac{3}{4}$ inches. He was always neatly but plainly dressed in black, frequently in dress suit, more often in Prince Albert coat, always open, and with much expanse of shirt bosom.

He was seldom erect in carriage, rather inclined to a stooping, ungraceful, and shuffling gait. He was smooth shaven; his large mouth drooped at each corner. He was a man with comparatively little learning or scholarship. He had had no parliamentary training previous to his entrance to the Senate, but he possessed precisely what the times were in need of—what the republic wanted—an intense love of the Union, overriding all other mental qualities, great moral courage, a tremendous will power and unceasing energy. He had executive ability of a high order. He was much given to profanity like Wade, and was often intemperate in speech. Chandler was not an orator in the highest sense of the term. He had a blustering presence, a strong voice, a sort of a menacing, tremolo, defiant tone, intensely earnest, always serious; his language was plain Anglo-Saxon. Like Wade, again, he was forceful and epigrammatic in expression. He was essentially a business man, and as such rendered the nation great and valuable services as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, as he did also as member of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

JOHN SHERMAN, SENATOR FROM OHIO, was a power in the Senate; unemotional, alert, abstemious, self-contained,

methodical, logical, fearless, ready at all times, calculating, ambitious, rather puritanical in attire and aspect, seldom pathetic in speech. His psychological characteristics were very like those of William Pitt Fessenden, already described. There was always an air of upbending, precise, and accurate knowledge. His affability seemed forced. I am told by ex-Senator T. W. Palmer, of Michigan, that he was exceedingly diffident. He had comparatively few intimates. He was not an orator, but was a ready speaker, a good debater, most at home on questions of finance. He had somewhat of the schoolmaster manner of speaking, and spoke a great deal and on various subjects.

His words always carried great weight. John Sherman stands out preeminently as a great statesman, a patriot, and in his line as a senator did quite as much to preserve the Union and perpetuate the Republic as did his distinguished brother, General William T. Sherman.

His height was 6 feet $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches; weight, about 150 pounds; chest, 35 inches; head, 23 inches; born, May 10, 1823. His dress was usually black broadcloth, Prince Albert coat with velvet collar, worn unbuttoned, rather short-cropped beard, long, aquiline nose, large, strong eyes, full square forehead. His carriage was erect and full of business. He was incessantly at work—seldom seen engaged joking or gossiping with other senators. He had the appearance of a busy merchant-prince or professor of mathematics. He sat upright at his desk in the Senate, never lolled back with his feet upon it or hands in his pockets. In his attire he was scrupulously neat. He seldom, if ever, indulged in invective or vituperation, and was, equally, seldom attacked or interrupted in debate except for purposes of information, during the delivery of a speech. He avoided making enemies; was very guarded in his personal remarks, usually formally polite and considerate. He was a man in perfect mastery of himself—to



U. S. SENATOR CHARLES SUMNER, MASSACHUSETTS

use again the simile of Huxley—"a clear, cold, logical engine." He seemed perpetually conscious of the fact that the Presidency was for him a possibility, and the path to it must not be made, by him at least, unnecessarily rocky and rugged. He knew the advantage of having few personal enemies, at least inside his own party ranks; hence his caution.

Two of the most noticeable members of the Senate of the Thirty-ninth Congress, by reason of their outré habiliments, were WILLIAM McDUGALL, OF CALIFORNIA, and LUKE P. POLAND, OF VERMONT—each, however, was radically different from the other in mental attributes. Both dressed in blue swallow-tail coats with brass or gold-plated buttons on them, low-cut, buff vests and ruffle shirt bosoms, standing collars with stocks, and bell-shaped trousers. McDougall affected a little more pretentious outfit than Poland, as the former appeared in the Senate and on the streets quite frequently with large, wide-brimmed, sombrero felt hat, generally black, and knee-high-top, patent leather riding boots. His seat, a very conspicuous one, was down on the front row adjoining the center aisle on the left-hand side—the Democratic side. I recall several amusing incidents in connection with McDougall which occurred "behind the scenes," and which I am sure his friends will not take amiss for my giving to the public in these reminiscences. He was a proverbial "good fellow," with frequent scintillations of the brightest wit, and "wild and woolly" humor. I remember seeing him on one occasion come into the Senate Chamber through the central door at the head of the center aisle, and directly facing the presiding officer's chair. He was costumed as I have described, save in his right hand he carried a riding whip, and in his mouth a lighted and smoking white clay pipe. He strode directly down that aisle, sombrero on his head, pipe in mouth, to his seat,

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

where he uncovered and placed his sombrero on his desk, followed by his clay pipe, and then, without taking his seat, he picked up his tape-tied bundle of mail and without examining a single letter or paper, proceeded with apparent indignation, to tear up each letter and paper and throw them all into the waste basket. He then replaced the pipe in his mouth, and his immense hat on his head, while the senators who had observed him during this funny proceeding, smiled broadly, and the distinguished senator from California moved up and out the aisle with most majestic mien and resumed his equestrian exercise on his favorite black nag. This horse was habilitated in equal gorgeousness with its master. The bridle and saddle were evidently of most elaborate Mexican workmanship, and back of the saddle were two small, long-haired black bear skins, one on each side of the horse. It is related of McDougall that on one occasion when out horseback riding he had become too familiar with Bacchus, and in consequence fell off his steed into the gutter, or rather, sewer (the sewers in those days were the gutters). A policeman happened along and went to the senator's relief, and on asking him his name, the latter replied: "I 'spose I'm Bill Seward!" His own name was William; his locus-in-quo suggested the name of the Secretary of State. It was truly characteristic of his lightninglike wit and sense of humor.

On another occasion when, in company with a friend, I was lurching at Whitney's restaurant, which was located diagonally opposite the Senate, McDougall came in and, looking neither to right nor left, strode up to the bar which was quite lined up with gentlemen, slapped his hand down on the counter and said simply: "Whiskey." The bar-keeper replied: "Sorry, senator, but Mr. Whitney says for me not to let you have any more liquor here." With a haughty and indignant toss of the head, and turning upon his heel, he said, with greatly assumed injured innocence

and stagelike voice: "That d—n Saulsbury has been here and ruined my credit, by ——," and he walked out with a sneer on lip and head erect. He referred to Senator Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware.

SENATORS GRIMES AND HARLAN were the strongest senatorial team that Iowa had as yet sent the Senate. The former gentleman had a very large head, measuring 24 inches around it; his height was 5 feet 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches; weight, 161 pounds; chest, 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. He was a slouchy sort of a man in personal appearance; hands generally in his trousers' pockets, and sat tipped back in his chair with feet up on top of his desk, the only senator addicted to this habit. His face and the poise of his head and the manner of his speech were the combined personification of conceit. It stuck out all over him. He was extremely dogmatic and self-assertive. He possessed little rhetorical ability, but had a keen, incisive, and disputatious turn of mind. He exhibited constantly a tired feeling, a bored expression. He was somewhat of a chronic fault-finder; a cynical-looking man, unsociable, delighted in picking out flaws; he was an iconoclast, a pessimist. I predicted he would be one of the seven Republican senators who would vote with the Democratic senators for the acquittal of President Johnson in his impeachment trial.

He did as I had foreseen. He was a strong Union man.

JAMES HARLAN, Grimes' colleague, had been, I think, a Methodist minister before entering the Senate. He was a man of heavy build, weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds, with large head and features, of fine and manly presence, of somewhat slow and sluggish temperament until thoroughly aroused, when he was a powerful and impressive speaker. He retained the solemn minis-

terial mannerism, the sober face and sedate sanctity of the pulpit.

He was somewhat after the mold of old Ben Wade. Rugged, plain, approachable, affable, temperate, alert, attentive to duty, honest—he was a strong man physically and psychically. He was a good debater, but did not speak often. He was the father of a very charming and accomplished daughter who subsequently was married to Honorable Robert T. Lincoln, son of the great Liberator, Abraham Lincoln in whose cabinet Mr. Harlan was placed as Secretary of the Interior, and was succeeded in the Senate by War Governor Kirkwood, a man of marked individuality and great ability.

JAMES R. DOOLITTLE AND TIMOTHY O. HOWE represented the state of Wisconsin; both strong men. Howe, like Henry Wilson, weakened his influence somewhat by indulging in almost every debate that arose, no matter on what subject. He was prosy, prolix, argumentative, rather dry and tedious, very like GARRETT DAVIS, OF KENTUCKY, who would talk so long as to feel obliged to take a seat on the arm of his chair and continue talking or reading statistics until the Senate Chamber was about empty. Howe had a nasal twang and awkwardness of action that were very tiresome to the listener. He was logical, but entirely unimaginative; intensely patriotic and always voted right. He was about 6 feet in height; 160 pounds in weight; 38 inches in chest; head, 23¼ inches; neatly attired, and of moral and correct habits. I heard him once telling with great glee of his having attended a reception, or "function," at the residence of a prominent senator, and seeing upon the wall of the drawing room a large oil painting representing Judith carrying the ghastly and dripping head of Holofernes by the hair, as a present to her lord and master, he said it was more fit for a butcher shop than a parlor, but was

quite characteristic of that senator's taste. Howe should be ranked as an able statesman, a good, pure, honest, incorruptible man. He was born February 24, 1816.

Of his colleague, DOOLITTLE, I can say little. O'erweening ambition, or timid conservatism, or more properly, eminent respectability, seemed constantly gnawing at his vitals. A man of fine proportions; 5 feet 10 inches in height; in weight, 200 pounds; chest, 41 inches; head, $23\frac{1}{4}$ inches. He was born January 3, 1815. He was invariably attired in full-dress, black suit. His seat was on the back row at the corner of the center aisle. He had a strong, clear voice, and impressive, deliberate utterance. He was too self-conscious to be very effective as a speaker. He paid great attention to the manner, although he always received the most respectful and undivided attention of the Senate. He prided himself upon the correct pronunciation of proper names. In speaking of the sovereign of Turkey, he uttered the title as if spelled Sue-el-tawn. I predicted that he would be one of the seven Republican senators who would vote for the acquittal of President Johnson in his impeachment trial. He was one. He subsequently abandoned the Republican party, by which he had been elected to the Senate, returning to the Democratic party, with which he had been formerly allied.

The ablest Democratic senators in the Thirty-ninth Congress were REVERDY JOHNSON, THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, AND CHARLES A. BUCKALEW. Johnson was decidedly English in personal appearance; rotund, rosy, and jolly. He represented, in part, Maryland. He used to undress completely and take a midday sleep of an hour in bed at home daily; a very sociable man of great ability, and strong love of the Union. He was 5 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height; in weight, 170 pounds; chest, $38\frac{1}{2}$ inches; head, $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches; born,



U. S. SENATOR BENJAMIN F. WADE, OHIO

May 21, 1796. He had lost the use of one eye. In young manhood he was second in a duel; his principal's opponent being a poor marksman, accidentally shot Johnson in the eye and destroyed its sight. He was a fastidious dresser, a strong debater on legal and constitutional questions, always courtly and considerate, seldom vituperative or sarcastic. He was a broad-guaged, scholarly statesman. Afterward he filled the exalted position of Minister of the United States at the Court of Saint James.

HENDRICKS was a placid, self-poised, graceful, dignified, erect, well-groomed, handsome gentleman, with a perennial smile and dignified demeanor. He was deliberate in speech, seldom violent, rather cold, calm, and judicial; inclined to be pessimistic. He was a pleasing speaker, but could not be ranked as a great orator. He seemed to be constantly on dress parade, as if conscious of still greater future political distinction, which he did eventually attain as Vice-president.

WILLARD SAULSBURY, OF DELAWARE, was a leading lawyer-senator of strong democratic convictions, and a man of large intellectual ability; of very kind heart and sociable instincts. He weakened his force by frequent indulgence in liquor, and when under its influence was unruly and often violent; it roused all the fight in him as it did all the fun in McDougall.

Saulsbury was a man of mark. He was almost six feet in height; in weight, 180 pounds; chest, 38 inches; head, 23 inches; born June 2, 1820. He was always attired in a high silk hat and a full black dress suit of broadcloth. For some "treasonable" utterance in a speech delivered by him in the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution for his expulsion, but my father persuaded him not to call it up for action by the Senate; Saulsbury had sworn he would shoot Wilson to death whenever he did so.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

RICHARD YATES, OF ILLINOIS, was somewhat on the order of Mr. Saulsbury, but was the quintessence of fiery patriotism. Many of his speeches were gems of oratory. The excitements of high public station had shattered his fine nervous organization. He was always a gentleman. There was something about him that at once aroused the pity of the beholder. He seemed to have a pleading look in his handsome but haggard face, bloodless and gentle. How eloquent and touching were his words of warning uttered before the Congressional Temperance Association! God bless his memory. He did much to perpetuate this Union of states. His height was 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, about 150 pounds; chest, 36 inches; head, 23 inches; born January 18, 1817.

The senators from New York whom I met and knew were JUDGE HARRIS AND EX-GOVERNORS FENTON AND MORGAN besides Roscoe Conkling of whom I have made mention. Harris was a large, dark-complexioned, old school gentleman, with iron gray hair; a typical judge, on the ponderous order, seldom indulging in debate, but always looking exceedingly wise and learned. He was an able lawyer and accomplished gentleman. Governor Fenton preceded Governor Morgan. Fenton was of the ministerial order in looks and general action; had a catlike, soft, velvety way. He was more of a politician than statesman.

Morgan was a large, heavy, unimpressionable man, of stolid appearance; seldom opened his mouth in speech in the Senate. He was a typical business man of strong Union sentiments; had been Governor of the Empire State in the early period of the war. He was a tower of financial strength to the nation. He entertained in a most hospitable and princely manner at his home.

CIVIL-WAR, ECHOES—CHARACTER

RAMSEY AND WILKINSON represented Minnesota. The former was a good specimen of Pennsylvania Dutch stock; always placid, immovable (save when old Simon Cameron asked him to come down to his committee room and sample some champagne), dignified, a little pompous, thoroughly patriotic, and a hard worker in the postal interests of the nation. He negotiated a postal treaty between France and the United States; was Secretary of War subsequently, and rounded out his public career as a member of the Utah Commission. He was a jolly, companionable gentleman, and a good, honest, upright statesman.

MORTON S. WILKINSON, his colleague, was a man of no inconsiderable ability; tall, graceful, companionable. I never think of him without recalling a little episode that occurred in which he was one of the three participants—the other two being no less personages than the wife of President Lincoln and the wife of one of the ablest of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The occasion was the Second Inauguration Ball, given in the newly-finished Patent Office Building, in honor of President and Mrs. Lincoln. Senator Wilkinson was, I think, chairman of the reception committee. As the distinguished procession was about to form with President Lincoln and wife at its head preparatory to passing through the massive doorway into the room where the ball was to take place, the senator was urged by the fair partner clinging to his arm—wife aforesaid of Justice —— to take a position immediately in advance of the Lincolns and so precede them, the question of “precedence” was then bursting from the bud state. In her anxiety to “get to the front” and while pressing the senator to hasten, she unfortunately stepped upon Mrs. Lincoln’s dress trail and tore it quite badly. Mrs. Lincoln was greatly provoked, but her maid in attendance soon pinned up the rent and Mrs. Justice

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

retired crestfallen. The next day she received a note from Mrs. Lincoln to the effect that her presence would no longer be acceptable at the White House. When the Justice learned of the occurrence and the apparent rudeness of his beautiful wife, he at once dispatched her to her far-distant home, where, by his stern mandate, she was compelled to remain for the space of two years. After her return to Washington I had the honor of becoming quite well acquainted with this bright, vivacious, ambitious, high-strung, and independent lady, who by her graces had become a universal favorite in the highest official social circles there. She frankly related the whole circumstance to me and in closing the account, said: "Mary Lincoln need not put on any airs toward me. I knew Mary Lincoln when she used to do her own little washing in her own little wash-tub!"

One of the "amoosin cusses," as Artemas Ward would say, of the Senate was EX-GOVERNOR SPRAGUE, more largely known as the husband of a celebrated beauty and daughter of Salmon P. Chase. This irreverent reflection applies only to his condition while under Dick Swiveler's "rosy"—when he would invariably take a seat on one side or the other of Charles Sumner and enjoy annoying him by words and acts of endearment, hitching his chair as close as possible and passing his arm around Sumner's neck and shoulders and "slobbering" over him. Sumner, under the circumstances, was exceedingly good natured, but would mildly protest and look slyly up at the galleries, blush, and edge away like an antiquated female bachelor.

MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, OF WISCONSIN, probably the ablest and most brilliant senator that state has as yet had in Congress, took his seat in the year 1869, as the successor of Doolittle. He was a man strikingly handsome and mili-

tary in appearance; carried himself with a certain abandon. He possessed a mellifluous voice and rapid, graceful, vigorous diction, speaking without apparent effort, save when aroused to patriotic fervor, and then his active and poetical imagination was called into action; and at such times his flights of oratory were seldom surpassed or equaled. As an orator, he stood very close to Nye. He was a lovable and companionable man, greatly liked by Secretary of War Stanton.

A friend at my elbow who knew him intimately, long before he became a senator and who finished the study of law with him, says: "He was a wild, rollicking boy, full of good humor and practical jokes, but of the kind which are harmless. He was appointed a cadet at West Point, but after a year he could stand the discipline and restraint no longer, and, obtaining a leave of absence on furlough, never returned. He began the study of law with Hon. Paul Dillingham, War Governor of Vermont, whose daughter he subsequently married. He had a most determined character concealed under a very jovial, free, and easy exterior. After he began the study of the law he became totally blind, and for two years and a half he never saw the light of day nor the face of one loved friend. Although it was believed he was hopelessly blind, he never faltered in his determination to master the great principles of the law. He had a supreme contempt for a mere case lawyer, and would never read a second time any case that was not decided upon principle.

After some of his pranks while a boy, the Presbyterian minister of the New England town where he lived, predicted that the "Carpenter boy" would end his days in state's prison. Twenty years later he was United States senator and visited his early New England home. Meeting the aged clergyman who had predicted his downfall, he said: "Elder, I am glad to meet you. I remember you once

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

said I would end my days in prison. I am afraid your prophecy will come true, as I am already in the United States Senate."

He had no comprehension of the value of money—every beggar got something. Once a professional beggar, who actually owned houses and lots, came into his office in his most ragged costume and solicited help. Carpenter mechanically put his hand in his pocket, found a five dollar bill and handed it to the old fraud. A friend remonstrated with him for giving so much money to a professional beggar who did not need it. To which Carpenter replied: "Well, if I went around town looking as he does, I know I would need five dollars d—d bad."

He was a hard student, but never indulged in desultory reading. When investigating a subject he would never abandon the work until it was thoroughly mastered. It was this habit that gave him such fluency of speech. His skill in grouping facts before a jury, before a court, or in the Senate, he always claimed, was due to his study of the style of Clarendon's History of the English Rebellion.

The two first Republican senators from Missouri—"the Borderland," as it was termed—who entered upon their duties shortly after the close of the war, were CHARLES D. DRAKE AND JOHN B. HENDERSON; the former, a little, fiery debater, intensely in earnest and radical, and whose sharp, penetrating voice almost invariably emptied the Senate floor and gallery, but withal a man of great legal ability, and most kindly temperament—subsequently the Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims; the latter senator, a tall, quiet, conservative, dignified statesman, very much after the order of Sherman, and who seldom inflicted speeches upon the Senate; he subsequently married the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Senator Solomon Foote, of Vermont, who was concededly the ablest parliamentarian and

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

President pro tempore that the Senate has ever had to preside over its deliberations.

There were altogether during the war of the rebellion and up to the readmission of the first seceded Southern state but forty-eight members of the United States Senate.

[The biography of SENATOR JACOB M. HOWARD, OF MICHIGAN, appears elsewhere in this book.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND J. WILKES BOOTH

CHAPTER TWO

President Lincoln's Assassination, and Vice-president Johnson's Complicity Therein

AUTHOR'S FIRST CALL UPON LINCOLN—RECEPTION AT WHITE HOUSE—INAUGURATION IN 1865—LINCOLN'S APPEARANCE—WAS ANDREW JOHNSON AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT?—NEW EVIDENCE—OLD SENATE DOORKEEPER—GOVERNOR SALOMAN'S THRILLING ACCOUNT—WILKES BOOTH'S CARD LEFT FOR JOHNSON—SECRETARY STANTON'S SIGNIFICANT SHRUG—"THE FIGHTING ILLINOIS PARSON," HIS TETE-A-TETE WITH MADAME SURRATT—DID THE JESUIT ORDER HAVE TO DO WITH THE CONSPIRACY?—OPINION OF PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL H. H. WELLS—WAS MRS. SURRATT'S HANGING JUSTIFIABLE?



THE most dastardly crimes committed against a nation or its chief magistrate since the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary, were the cowardly and unprovoked assassinations of Presidents Abraham Lincoln, James Abram Garfield, and William McKinley—each of whom it was my great honor and privilege, in person, to meet. I purpose presenting some of my personal reminiscences about the great Lincoln's appearance and mannerisms, together with a brief account of unpublished history as to the conspiracy for, first, his kidnapping, and secondly, his death in Ford's Theater, in Washington, as well as an authentic account by an eye-witness of the capture and tragic death of his assassin, John Wilkes Booth, in a Virginia barn, at the hands of Sergeant Corbett, the latter of whom in turn, several years later, expired in an Insane Asylum in Kansas.

The several occasions upon which I saw the greatest of the martyred Presidents, heard his peculiarly pleasant and inartificial voice and shook his large, bony hand, are recalled without difficulty. At first sight the thought arose that he was, without exception, the homeliest and most ungainly-appearing man it had ever been my lot to see, but after gazing into those great, big ox-eyes that were unfathomable in kindness, pity, humor, and reserved power, one saw in an instant that they mirrored the true character of the mighty soul that looked through them out into this world. They, in addition to the great height of his body, the huge dome of his head, and the benevolent cast of the countenance, proclaimed the true patriarch of his people in the day of their regeneration. He was not misnamed "Abraham," either as fitting his patriarchal physical characteristics or the work of building up a new Republic; so was Abraham of old, out of whose loins sprang the chosen twelve tribes or peoples of "Israel," the harbingers of human liberty for all generations to come after them. One was the patriarch of the oldest, the other of the greatest regenerated Republic of history; each was foreordained by God for the work done by him.

The first time I entered Mr. Lincoln's presence was in company with my father, at the White House. The object of the call is not remembered, but Mr. Lincoln's appearance and actions are most vividly. He was dressed in black, frock coat and vest unbuttoned—had on an old pair of carpet slippers, and his hair was considerably askew. He sat in an armchair with both of his legs hanging over one of its arms and kept swinging his large, slippered feet to and fro as he talked, looking out as if into vacancy, while his conversation was addressed to my father. At the commencement of the call and after he had taken the position in the chair as described, I, a lad in my teens, viewed him in a kind of dazed amazement as the most grotesque, drawn-

out, yes, even ridiculous looking man "for a President" of whom any one could conceive.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, is reported as saying:

"I was very fond of Lincoln. We were much together during his first term in Congress, and I believe he made his first entrance into fashionable society with me. A most accomplished lady from Virginia, a friend of mine, gave a reception early in the season. About fifty distinguished men were invited, but Lincoln was not among the number. I concluded he should go and I went to my friend and told her that I wanted an invitation for him, as I was anxious that she should meet him. She gave me the invitation. I remember how Lincoln looked as he sat among the company that night. He was, you know, *tall, angular and awkward*. Some time after his presentation he became engaged in conversation with my lady friend, taking a seat on a very low rocking chair at her feet. As he grew interested in talking he kept edging closer and closer to his hostess. He was so low that his knees almost came to his chin, and *to get rid of his legs he wrapped them one around the other*. As he grew more interested he came so close that his knees touched the lady's dress, and as I looked I thought he must finally land in her lap. The next day I met my lady friend and asked her what she thought of Lincoln. She replied at once: *That man has elements of greatness in him. Of all those at my house last night I think he has the best chance of being President of the United States.*' This was about ten years before he was thought of as a Presidential candidate."

However, after catching in my own eyes the reflection of those great soulful orbs looking right through me, I began to realize that in his character the ungainliness of his body did not count. He was placid, unruffled, and majestic in mien, barring the free and easy attitude described, and even in that he displayed a sort of dignified contempt for the oft-silly conventionalities of life. It was as much as to say: "I am President and am tired, and therefore, am privileged to sit as I please, and you as a sensible man won't be offended."

The next time his hand was clasped by me was at a semi-private reception given at the White House. The President and Mrs. Lincoln received the guests in the center of the

East Room, and were surrounded by gorgeously-gowned ladies, with military, civil, and diplomatic escorts.

How my youthful heart did palpitate—and how ashamed I was of the “miserable fit” of the back of my first long coat! It was a veritable “*full-back.*” Mr. Lincoln towered above and smiled down at me in his benevolent way as he held my hand in his massive palm, gloved with a number ten or twelve white kid, apparently several sizes too large. On my introduction to Mrs. Lincoln, it occurred to me that the proper thing to do was to have a little impromptu conversation. On remarking, I understood her son Robert was present, and hoped to have the pleasure of meeting him before he returned to school, she quickly replied, that she would take my arm and we would hunt him up. Whereat “confusion worse confounded”, possessed me! —I, a decidedly diffident youth from the “wild and woolly West,” so-called, perambulating around the White House East Room and other reception rooms and corridors among the great and distinguished of this and other lands, *with the first lady of the Nation on my arm!*

Muttering to myself, “Here’s greatness thrust upon me nilly-willy,” and after bowing to the President, who smiled his assent, I offered my left arm to Mrs. Lincoln, who gently said, “Your other arm if you please,” whereupon silently censuring my awkward stupidity, I turned myself so as to present my other arm, upon which she placed her hand, and off we started, she making some playful remark about “We Westerners.”

I was truly for the moment, to borrow a phrase quite common a decade or two ago, “a bigger man than old Grant” in my own estimation. We found Robert, and his mother introduced me to him. He is in every way a worthy son of a noble sire, and in each public position which he has reluctantly accepted, as Secretary of War and Minister to Great Britain, has reflected credit upon his father’s

memory, upon his own name and upon his beloved and grateful country. He has left hosts of admiring friends in every field of work in which he has been placed, and is at present President of the Pullman Company, of Chicago, Illinois.

The next time it was my privilege to be near President Lincoln was at the delivery of his second inaugural address, March 4, 1865, from the east or front portico of the capitol. Having a pass I early entered the building on that day, and in due time, so as to be close to the ceremony of administering the oath by Chief Justice Chase, which was to occur on the temporary platform erected upon and over the marble steps, secured a coign of vantage in getting directly in front of the statue of Columbus holding a globe in his hand, which still ornaments one side of the portico. The spot was within less than one hundred feet of Mr. Lincoln. During the entire proceedings he looked pale, thin, haggard, and worn out, but the smile was as benignant, the patriarchal mien was as majestic as ever glorified mortal. He seemed to tower above all his surrounding personalities, and to be the chosen leader specially selected by the Divine Ruler for the occasion.

Martial music filled the air, cannon boomed, Lincoln and Chase soon arose, the latter administered the oath as the former held his hand upon the Bible, after which Lincoln delivered his second memorable inaugural address. The scene was grand and awe-inspiring in the extreme. Here was the hero of the hour, sprung from direst poverty to highest civic and military power.

The last time it was my privilege to shake President Lincoln's hand was shortly after his inauguration just referred to, and but a few weeks prior to his untimely death. It was at a public reception given by him in the evening at the White House. I went alone, joined the long and rapidly-increasing procession, fell into line in the cor-



U. S. SENATOR WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, MAINE

ridor of the White House, and inched along toward the Blue Room, in which the great President stood, surrounded by his official family and their ladies, and he, towering like a Cedar of Lebanon above everybody who was near. The people composing the single file were in all imaginable kinds of habiliments, and of all social conditions. There was the sedate, elderly matron with faded shawl and baby in arms; the honest, sturdy, hard-handed tiller of the soil, with trousers in his boot tops; all classes and kinds, the powerful and the poor, *black and white*, yellow and brown, but orderly and respectful, all bent on just one thing—to get a sight of the foremost man living on earth and “*shake his hand*”—the latter being the sine-qua-non of American good-will and respect.

As one of the procession, and after a painfully “close order” march, I directly found myself in proximity to him. Rapidly focussing in my eyes his whole personality, I watched his every movement of face and body, before being, in turn, presented to him by the District Marshal, who first asked my name. Lincoln had been filling up a larger and larger space in my youthful mind. My soul was thrilled with the grandeur of his character.

Let me describe him as he appeared on that occasion—the last time seen in a public reception. His exact height was in the neighborhood of six feet and four inches. He stood just a few feet back of the doorway inside the Blue Room, which opens into the celebrated “East Room.” The marshal stood at his right and a sufficient distance to allow the people to pass between the two, first asking each individual his or her name, and repeating it as he presented the caller to Mr. Lincoln. The President was in evening “swallow-tail,” dress-suit, turn-down shirt collar, white cravat, white kid gloves too large, or unduly stretched by numberless hand-shakings. As each person was introduced, Mr. Lincoln stooped a little and cordially grasped, rather

quickly, so as to get the first grip—a very essential thing in numerous hand-shakings—the right hand in his own, placed his left hand on the caller's shoulder, and gently, and amid continuous smiles and numberless "How-de-does" shoved with his left hand each one along past him. He was working very hard; making a voluntary social martyr of himself, just to gratify the curious and his admirers. I placed my hand in his great one—I looked up into those never-to-be-forgotten and magnificent eyes, and quietly said, "God bless you, Mr. President," to which he quickly replied: "And you, also, my young friend." His face was covered with perspiration, but he showed little fatigue. I passed along and joined a coterie of lady friends standing behind Mrs. Lincoln and the cabinet ladies, and we watched this great man as he remained standing and fairly "sawed wood"—although the process through which he was going was much more arduous than sawing wood, for over two and a half hours. Hundreds had shaken his right hand. I passed into the East Room, out through one of the front windows, over a temporary bridge, into the front grounds and to my hotel, carrying a vivid and lasting impression of the great Benefactor.

I was soon back at college and engaged in my studies. It was but a few weeks, on the fifteenth day of April, 1865, when the people of the United States received a nervous shock such as had never before in the history of the nation been given them. The foremost man of the age, the Chief Magistrate of forty millions of people—the emancipator of four millions of human slaves, the great orator, had been murdered—he who had but recently uttered on the field of Gettysburg these ever memorable, eloquent words—words which rival in their majestic sweep the celebrated funeral oration of Marc Antony over the corpse of Julius Cæsar:

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

“Four score and seven years ago *our fathers* brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that *all men are born equal*. Now *we* are engaged in a great civil war, *testing* whether that nation or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a *great battlefield* of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense *we* can not dedicate, *we* can not consecrate, *we* can not hallow this ground. *The brave men, living and dead, who struggled* here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what *we* say here, but it can never forget what *they did* here. It is rather for *us* to be dedicated here, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who *fought* here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for *us* to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take *increased devotion* to that cause for which *they* gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall have not died in vain, that *this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.*”

Well do I remember the occasion of the receipt of the soul-harrowing news at college, and how fresh rejoicing for the ending of the war was suddenly turned to bitter mourning and dread for the future; how my own heart sickened, then throbbed in anger; how our very pulses almost ceased to beat, and a hushed stillness spread all over the land in every northern household; how newspapers were draped in mourning and funeral meetings were held.

The following winter found me again in Washington at my post of duty as my father's secretary, still pursuing my college studies and keeping up with my class. This was the winter of '65-'66; *Vice-president Johnson had become President*. His actions led the leaders of the Republican party to fear a betrayal. His past private life was thoroughly but quietly investigated. Many things theretofore unpublished came privately within my knowledge. It is my purpose in this chapter to disclose these several accounts

for the first time, so far as I know, as having a bearing upon Mr. Lincoln's assassination. They came from three different sources.

The messenger of the Senate who acted as doorkeeper of my father's committee room was an elderly man who had lost a large portion of his palate and, therefore, talked with difficulty. He had resided with his wife in Washington for many years, keeping house, and, of course, had rented out rooms to senators and members of Congress. Among these had been Andrew Johnson when he was a United States Senator from Tennessee, who had roomed in the old gentleman's house for several sessions. The old doorkeeper told me, in speaking of Lincoln's assassination, that immediately upon the news of the same being conveyed to his wife, she had exclaimed: "*Yes, and Andy Johnson has had a hand in it.*" On my making inquiry upon what she based such an opinion, he replied, upon her intimate knowledge of Johnson's character; that when United States Senator from Tennessee, he uniformly sat up drinking strong liquor way into the early morning, and had as associates hard and tough-looking characters; seldom went to bed before two or three o'clock in the morning, and was generally very drunk by midnight; that he was disloyal to the Union at heart, and she believed he consorted with "rebels"—the name given secessionists—secretly, as Washington was full of them and their sympathizers. The old man assured me his wife was a "right smart woman," and he fully believed she was "almost generally right." This aged couple were white people, and though of Southern extraction were of intense Union sentiments. They based their opinion as to Johnson's being accessory before the fact in the plot against the President—a plot at first only to kidnap, but finally ripened into that of assassination—from their daily observation of the private life and the immoral character of Johnson. It will be seen further on that this view is con-

firmed somewhat by other sources, more especially by the account of the assassination as given verbally in my presence by ex-Governor Saloman, of Wisconsin, to which reference is now made:

GOVERNOR SALOMAN'S ACCOUNT OF ASSASSINATION

That gentleman was passing the winter in Washington. The occasion of his call at my father's residence is well remembered, as also the account he graphically but soberly and slowly gave of his personal experience at the time and observation of that most awful crime. He was personally well acquainted with Vice-president Johnson, and both were stopping at the same hotel, the Kirkwood—the site of the present Raleigh Hotel—and occupied adjoining rooms before and at the time of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

His account was as follows: He went alone to Ford's Theater on the evening of the assassination; saw the shooting of President Lincoln there, and the assassin's mad and tragic leap from the theater box occupied by the former, on to the stage; he realized at once what had occurred and attempted to get to and upon it to catch Booth, but owing to the crowd that speedily filled up the aisle he failed in his attempt, turned around and hastened out of the front entrance, with the intention of hurrying to Vice-president Johnson's room in the hotel, and apprise that gentleman of the murder and put him upon his guard and do whatever else might be deemed advisable in the premises. As soon as he reached the street he ran with all due haste to the Kirkwood, mounted the stairs and proceeded directly to Mr. Johnson's room, reaching it in the neighborhood of ten o'clock. He tried at once, and as was his wont, without ceremony, to open the door and enter, but to his surprise found it fastened; thereupon he knocked loudly upon the panel and was answered by Mr. Johnson, who inquired: "Who is there?" He replied: "It is I, Governor Saloman;



U. S. SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL, ILLINOIS

let me in at once." Johnson unlocked and unbolted the door and opened it, appearing to Saloman's astonished gaze in his night-gown, and as having just arisen from his bed.

Saloman was surprised, because he knew Johnson's fixed habit was to sit up into the small hours of the morning; and he vouchsafed no reason for his early retirement on this particular evening. However, Saloman hastened inside, bolted the door and announced to Johnson the earliest news of Lincoln's assassination. At once Johnson began striding up and down his room, emitting volley after volley of profane and blasphemous oaths against the "rebels and traitors," as he called them, and when he had apparently exhausted himself of his rage, he threw his arms around Saloman's neck, resting his head upon his shoulder and wept and moaned as if his heart was broken. After he had become somewhat quieted by copious draughts of whisky, he was left by Governor Saloman, who retired to his own room adjoining and passed a sleepless night, marvelling at the strange conduct of the Vice-president.

Early the following morning Governor Saloman descended to the hotel office and asked the clerk for his mail. Upon assorting it he found a card in it with the following significant words written upon it:

"Don't wish to trouble you, but are you in."

"J. WILKES BOOTH."

He at once asked the clerk if the card was left for him and if so, at what hour. The clerk replied that the card was left for Vice-president Johnson, and it had been placed by mistake in Governor Saloman's box, as it adjoined that of Mr. Johnson's; that it was left at about six or seven o'clock on the previous evening by a fine looking gentleman—Booth was noted for his good looks—and the clerk, presuming Mr. Johnson was not in but would be in the office shortly, put the card, as above stated, by mistake in the

adjoining box belonging to Governor Saloman; that the caller did not request to be shown to Mr. Johnson's room, but simply wished to leave the card as an assurance that he had called.

So the clerk hastily and carelessly had put it in the hotel mail box, as he supposed, belonging to Johnson's room.

After this summary explanation by the clerk, Governor Saloman put the card carefully in his pocketbook and said he would personally deliver the same to Mr. Johnson. He left the hotel, conscious of having in his possession a great state secret and almost oppressed by its burden. He wandered alone through the streets amid the excited throngs. What should he do? He knew the Cabinet was to assemble, and at its meeting in the Treasury building Mr. Johnson was to be sworn in as President of the United States in their midst in the afternoon. He involuntarily wended his way to that building, and resolved to confront Mr. Johnson, in the presence of the Cabinet, with this tell-tale card from the chief executioner in the criminal conspiracy against the great Lincoln. He presented himself and was admitted to the presence of the assembled President and Cabinet. Gravely he related the incident of the card, as given above, and handed it to President Johnson, who took it and after examining it with placid and unruffled countenance, remarked *that he did not know Wilkes Booth, had never seen him, and that it was nothing but sheer presumption in his calling upon him and leaving such a card.* He spoke deliberately and with much dignity and unction. Governor Saloman thereupon took his leave from the new President in the midst of Lincoln's old Cabinet, with the great Edwin M. Stanton—lawyer, Secretary of War—keenly eyeing Johnson.

The Governor finished his relation of the foregoing facts to my father, with the remark that he had his private suspicions, to which he did not desire to give utterance. I have endeavored to give an exact summary of the interesting

private conversation mentioned, to which I was an intent listener. It is needless to add that the state of Wisconsin never had a more upright, truthful, or capable governor than was Saloman. Why he never published these facts I know not; possibly to let them remain "state secrets."

President Johnson's denial of any acquaintance with Booth was afterward established *to be utterly without truth*. It was ascertained subsequently by a member of the impeachment managers in the great impeachment trial of President Johnson, *that when he had been Military Governor of Tennessee, he and J. Wilkes Booth were keeping two sisters as their mistresses in Nashville, and that they were not infrequently in each other's company!* For reasons of state, it is presumed the facts were never disclosed. This information came to me in a most guarded manner from my father, who was subsequently chairman of the Senate Committee on President Johnson's Impeachment. His source of information was one of the managing members of the House of Representatives in that great trial, and who secured it by private detectives.

Sometime afterward, during one of my father's social calls upon Secretary Stanton at his home, where the two were wont to talk over professional experiences and affairs of state, my father volunteered his own private opinion and belief as to *Johnson being an accessory before the fact* of Lincoln's assassination, but all the reply he received from the greatest War Secretary of ancient or modern times was a French shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say: "I could disclose a great deal of very interesting information on that particular subject, but it will not do to tell even you, my friend."

Perhaps it may account for the grim, unprecedented tenacity and tenacity which Stanton exhibited in clinging to his office as Secretary of War, and positively refusing to give it up when demanded of him by Johnson, to a man

whom he regarded as a dangerous President, if not an arch conspirator. This hitherto unpublished information also may have been the secret force that impelled Congress to enact the celebrated "*Tenure of Office Act*," in order to enable the Secretary of War to checkmate any possible treasonable move that might be contemplated by Johnson and his coterie of friends, by authorizing Stanton specifically to retain his office till his successor had been *confirmed* by the "radical" Republican Senate. Perhaps "the rebellion" was regarded as only scotched, not killed, and the fear of its renewal under the more formidable Southern statesman—Andrew Johnson—from Tennessee being in the chair of the Chief Executive of the Republic!

WAS MRS. SURRETT JUSTLY CONVICTED AND HANGED?

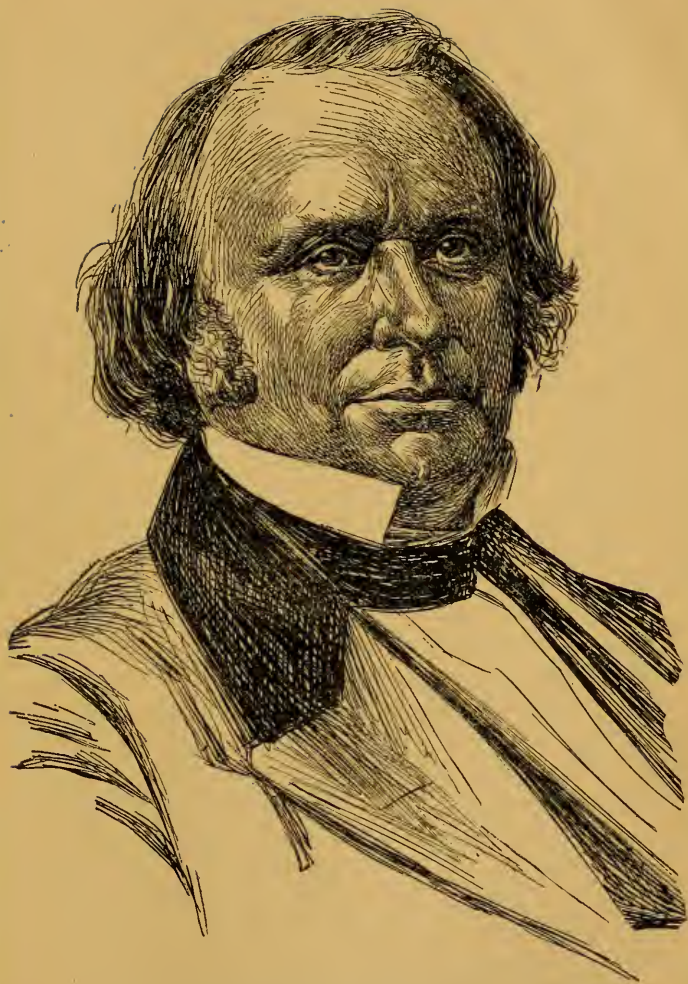
Subsequent to the above-related interview, it was my fortune to be present during the private relation of other incidents by an individual of unique personality, bearing upon this subject of President Lincoln's assassination. The relator was known familiarly as "THE FIGHTING ILLINOIS PARSON." His name was Col. — JACOKES. During his conversation, which was largely about his own personal history, he incidentally remarked that he was the exact "double," in facial appearance, of Jefferson Davis, and that that gentleman himself had so remarked to him personally during an interview sought and held by the Colonel, in the midst of the war, as a self-appointed peace commissioner, with the consent of President Lincoln, however, in Richmond, Va. The Colonel had obtained Mr. Lincoln's assent to use his own personal efforts to secure a cessation of hostilities, with a view to a permanent peace by some sort of a compromise. General Grant had given him a pass through his lines to those of the Confederates. After he had been admitted into the latter, he met and overcame many obstacles and annoyances from officers of the lower

grade. He had to be blindfolded in going from one place to another, and was interviewed by this military officer and that civil functionary, in Richmond, until he was at last admitted to the presence of Judah P. Benjamin, then secretary of war of the "Confederate States of America."

After satisfying that most astute of all the Southern leaders that he had no other designs than those of peace between the nation and the seceded states, he was duly escorted, blindfolded, into the presence of the "President of the Confederate States of America," Jefferson Davis. The bandage covering the Colonel's eyes was removed, and the first exclamation uttered by Mr. Davis was one of surprise at the remarkable resemblance, even to the defect of one eye in each, between them.

The "fighting parson" labored long and earnestly, but in vain, to convince Mr. Davis of the error of his rebellious ways. The Colonel's errand was, therefore, fruitless, but, as he said, he had satisfied his own conscience and sense of Christian duty. He was politely treated and shown every consideration consistent with the existing situation. He returned to Washington and received an appointment from President Lincoln personally to do certain special detective work in the secret service of the Federal army.

He had been engaged in his new occupation some months, when he asked for, and obtained, a leave of absence in order to return to his old home in Illinois to perform the marriage ceremony for his daughter and her betrothed. Sometime about the beginning of the month of April, 1865,—the end of the first week,—he began his journey, going by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, via Baltimore—his intention being to attend to some private business in New York before journeying to Illinois. He entered the train, and as he was passing along the aisle of the day coach (there were no drawing-room cars and vestibule trains in those days), he espied a lady dressed in mourn-



U. S. SENATOR HENRY WILSON, MASSACHUSETTS
LATER VICE-PRESIDENT

ing, who was alone and occupied half a seat. He politely asked if he could seat himself in the other half, and she replied in the affirmative. He was soon on conversational terms with her, and found she was a lady of unusual intelligence, inclined to be talkative, but at times holding a strong restraint over herself, as if she were very much afraid of disclosing some important secret. The Colonel soon discovered this peculiarity and resorted to every possible effective expedient to draw out her bursting mystery. He said he was a minister of the gospel, and that he constantly prayed for the war to cease and peace to come over the whole land. At last she could hold in no longer the secret that was fostering her vanity as being worthy to possess it.

As the train was approaching Baltimore, she confidentially whispered in close proximity to the Colonel's ear, with startling emphasis, the information that "*within a few days the people of the North would receive the greatest nervous shock they had ever had.*" The intense earnestness of the voice, the fanatical and defiant look of the eye she exhibited, at once aroused a determination in his mind to ascertain all he could about this woman, and perhaps it would lead to some important disclosures in behalf of the Government. In order, not to arouse her fears on account of the slight disclosure she had made, by a too abrupt and summary questioning as to her identity, he determined to take what he deemed a more delicate and chivalric mode of doing so. He replied simply, "Indeed!" and as the train entered the station in Baltimore, he courteously asked her if she would remain in the depot until he could secure her a cab to take her to her destination in the city. She replied she would, and the Colonel left her with the intention of securing a hackman who, by a liberal fee, would agree to disclose to him her destination. He secured the hackman, but on returning to the depot to get her, the bird had flown!

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After the first chagrin and disappointment were over, he satisfied himself that the woman was, after all, probably but a mild species of "crank," and so dismissing her from his mind, and anxious to be with his family at home again in far distant Illinois, as well as not to disappoint his daughter in his promise, he abandoned, for the present, further investigation for the fascinating stranger and resumed his journey homeward. In due time he reached his ultimate destination in Illinois, and basked in the warmth of a family greeting. A few days after the marriage of his daughter, he was startled by the terrible news that flashed over the wires announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. He at once started on his return to Washington, where he arrived in due time. It was not long before the several names of the active conspirators in the assassination began to appear before the public.

Among these was that of a widow at whose house it was charged the conspirators had been in the habit of holding their meetings. Her name was MARY SURRETT. It was said that the plan at first was the kidnapping of Mr. Lincoln, but as the difficulty of accomplishing that object seemed to increase, the plot changed rapidly in its character to one more desperate, as the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy corresponded in character, and the killing of Lincoln, Seward, and others was resolved upon by the active conspirators. The great mystery was, who or what was the motive power, if any, behind these conspirators. The Colonel, after considerable search in Washington, secured a photograph of Mrs. Surratt, and, said he, "*It was the picture of the very woman with whom I had ridden side by side in the car,*" on the occasion referred to above and who made the startling remark that had aroused his curiosity, and who had so neatly given him the slip. His opinion was that she was perhaps, only cognizant of a contemplated, or already-decided, plan to seize Mr. Lincoln's

person, by the band of conspirators, and transport him into the lines of the Southern Confederacy and hold him there as a hostage, as a last resort to effect their independence and close further hostilities. The defeat of Lee by Grant at Appomattox had precipitated the more diabolical deed of murder, from that of kidnapping.

At this distant period of time it seems almost incredible that a woman of Christian enlightenment, and a mother at that, should have voluntarily entered into a conspiracy with men of the well-known stamp of Booth, Harold, Atzerott, et al., to murder so kindly and inoffensive a man as Lincoln. But the military trial court was composed of as honorable and chivalrous chieftains as ever swung a saber on the field of battle; was presided over by the late MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, one of the most honorable of men, and their deliberate verdict was that SHE WAS AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT, *a participant in the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln. It is due her memory, as a Mother, to state, that she protested her innocence to the last, both in the confessional and at the scaffold!* She is the only woman ever hung by the United States Government.

Were all the real culprits punished with death? Were there other and more powerful agencies working through these active participants in the most momentous crime in history? There have been strong hints and suggestions of such being the fact. Did the United States authorities from "considerations of state" forbear in making further developments public?

What were the ramifications of the diabolical and traitorous conspiracy? The deed was done. Should the Government jeopardize its very life at a most critical period by possibly unearthing still further, a colossal conspiracy, foreign or domestic, composed perhaps of elements hostile even to a republican form of government? The new President himself was plainly opposed to such a proceeding. He

soon completely severed his political relations with the Republican party which had elected him as Vice-president with Lincoln as President, and identified himself with their opponents. Never in political history was there a baser betrayal of party. His hostility was not passive in character, but was intense, bitter, and malevolent, and tended to confirm in many ways the suspicions of even his former intimate acquaintances that he was beyond all question an accessory before the fact in the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln!

I append the following clipping, as a note:

Assassination of Lincoln

MRS. HARRIET RIDDLE DAVIS RELATES AN INCIDENT CONCERNING IT

The last meeting for the season of the *Columbia Historical Society*, held last evening at the Shoreham, was enlivened with an interesting paper by Mrs. Harriet Riddle Davis, on an unpublished incident regarding the assassination of President Lincoln. The audience, which filled the hall, listened to it with close attention.

Mrs. Davis was a little girl attending a *Roman Catholic academy* in the city at the close of the war. Her teacher, to whom she referred only as Miss Annie X, was a sweetheart of John Surratt, and according to later evidence was employed by the conspirators to secure a room in an F Street hotel where one of them hid, prior to the murder.

"The conduct of Miss X, while teaching in the academy," said Mrs. Davis, "was full of puzzling surprises to the children. One morning just prior to the assassination of President Lincoln, she appeared in the school room in a state of great excitement. Her clothes were covered with dust, as if she had just returned from a long hard ride across country. 'Kneel,' she cried hysterically to the roomful of affrighted children, and as they fell on their knees the woman broke out into an agonizing appeal for help and pardon for some unknown persons who were planning a terrible crime. The effect of it was heightened upon the childish imaginations by her haggard appearance and her evidence of great distress. At the conclusion of the prayer she summarily dismissed the pupils for the day."

The little girl, who is now Mrs. Davis, was much perturbed by the affair, but none of her family paid any attention to her story of it, and she herself almost forgot it. Later, at the trial of John

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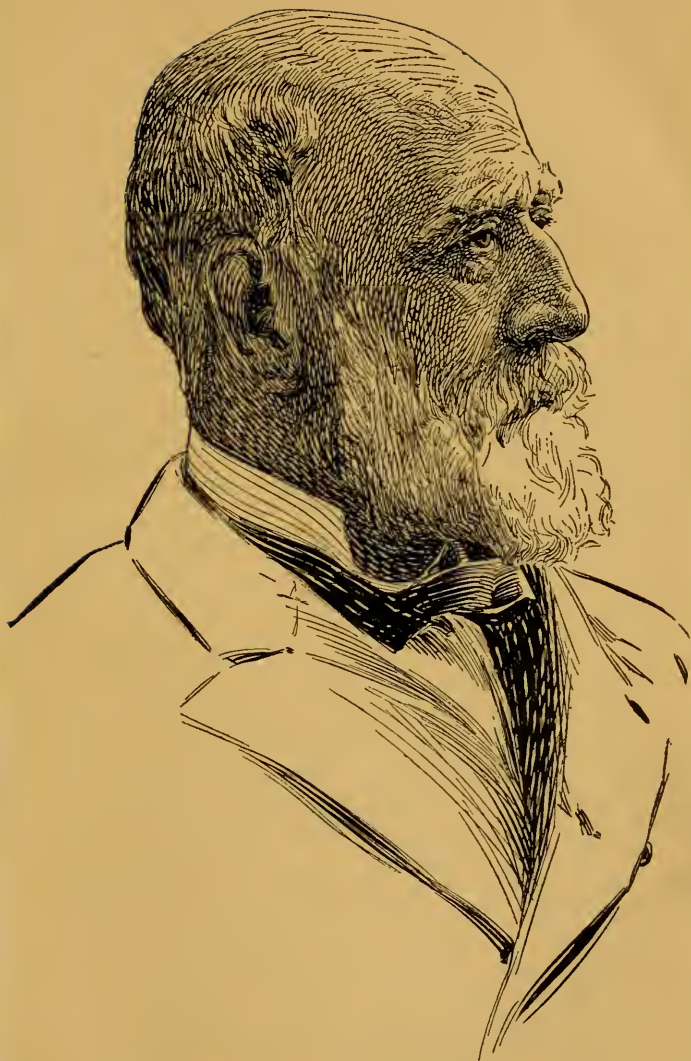
Suratt for complicity in the murder of the President, Mrs. Davis' father, Judge Riddle, was employed by the Government as one of the prosecutors. The jury failed to agree, and after the trial Judge Riddle happened to mention in the presence of his daughter that conviction might have been assured had it been possible to get Suratt's sweetheart, Miss X, as a witness.

"Why, she was my teacher; what did she know about it?" inquired the girl, and then she told the story of the young woman's mysterious appearance in the school room, and her agonizing prayer. Judge Riddle was profoundly impressed by the circumstance, and confirmed the facts by another girl, who had been present in the school at the time. Later, however, it was deemed impossible to get a jury in Washington that would convict Suratt, and the case against him was nolle prossed. *All efforts to trace Miss X. proved useless.*

"From that time," said Mrs. Davis, in conclusion, "I never saw Miss X. until three years ago, when I met her face to face in a street car. She was more haggard than of old, and was, of course, aged, but otherwise she was little changed. Although our eyes met she did not recognize me, and I have never seen her since. I have reason, however, to believe that she still makes long visits occasionally to the academy where as a teacher she appeared before us on that eventful day."

In passing I will say that I was reliably informed that during much of President Johnson's term of office, he was periodically visited in the White House and instructed in *political economy and the science of government* by the late *Father McGuire*, of the Jesuit fraternity. The well-known secrecy prevailing in this order, was, doubtless, the reason of such choice of an instructor. My informant was the late MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON, a liberal catholic, of Washington, D. C., founder of the "DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," and my esteemed personal friend.

In order to obtain as full and reliable an account as possible of the great criminals in the background in this assassination, if there were any such, I mailed after the foregoing pages had been written, the following letter, addressed to my friend, HON. HENRY H. WELLS, of Washington, ex-Provost Marshal of the District of Columbia, later Governor



U. S. SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, VERMONT

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of Virginia, and subsequently United States District Attorney at Washington, D. C., now deceased:

MY DEAR SIR: * * * I am engaged in writing a book, to be dedicated to the "Preservers of the Federal Union," one chapter being devoted partly to the assassination of President Lincoln—my information being derived from hitherto unpublished sources, and as related in my presence by parties witnesses on the scene. As you may possibly know, some people were firmly of the opinion that the active conspirators were backed and instigated by other ulterior sources—(*Was it, as has been charged, the Jesuit order?*)—and that Andrew Johnson, Vice-president, knew of some contemplated action in that line, or was an accessory before the fact. * * * I know also that you took active participation, as did Col. Baker, in the capture of J. Wilkes Booth. I desire to add to my own account an authentic statement from yourself, or any information as to the assassination as well as of the capture of Booth, private or otherwise, that has hitherto been unpublished, for which I shall give you entire credit in my book. Am I asking you too much in begging you to favor me with such an account suggested, covering, say twenty or twenty-five legal cap pages? * * *

Please favor me with an early reply.

Sincerely your friend.

To which I received the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

* * * * *

"I received your letter of the 11th some days since, and was glad to hear from you as I did not know your whereabouts until that time.

I have taken some little time to consider the suggestion which your letter contains. I have very frequently been asked to write my recollections of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the subsequent trial of his murderer. Indeed I have lectured frequently on that subject in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Saratoga and other places, east and west, but *I do not think from my own investigations or subsequent events, that that unparalleled crime originated from the source referred to in your note to me.*

My connection with the case was the result of a telegraphic order sent from the War Department late at night on the night of the assassination.

If I should undertake to write my own recollections of that transaction up to the time of the capture of Booth, it could not be done, I am sure, in the space which you so kindly offered in your book. Indeed, it could hardly be well done and properly brought within

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the space of a book of four or five hundred pages. Under these circumstances it seems best that I should decline your very considerate proposal.

Yours sincerely,
H. H. WELLS.

The reader will be interested in this account of

THE FLAG THAT CAUSED BOOTH TO FALL

The silk flag which tripped Wilkes Booth, causing him to break his leg on the night he shot Abraham Lincoln, has been moved from the office of the captain of the watch in the Treasury to the corridor in the northeast corner of the building. The removal has brought up the question of what ought to be done with the flag. Opinion is growing stronger around the Treasury and among G. A. R. men who know the flag that it ought to be sent to the National Museum for preservation. It is among the most historic relics of this country, and yet is permitted to grow dusty and cracked for lack of the attention which is given such invaluable relics at the museum.

The flag, it will be remembered, was presented to the Treasury Light Guard in 1864, by the ladies of that department and other friends of the organization. Just after Gen. Jubal Early's raid in the direction of Washington, frightening many people here, a battalion of the Treasury employees was organized for the additional defense of the city. The organization maintained its existence until after the close of the war. Two silk flags were presented by female friends and admirers. In addition to the one mentioned is another bearing the coat-of-arms of the District of Columbia. This one is wrapped in a piece of paper, and is also kept at the Treasury.

On April 12, 1865, two nights before the assassination of President Lincoln, the Treasury Guard gave an entertainment at Ford's Theater for charitable purposes. The theater was beautifully decorated. On the boxes occupied two nights later by President Lincoln and the White House party, were the two flags mentioned. They gave the boxes such a pretty appearance that the manager of the theater requested that the flags be allowed to remain until the night of the 14th, when the President was expected to be in attendance at a play. The request was granted, and on the arrival of the President at the theater on the fatal night, he commented with pleasure on the decorations, and expressed admiration for the flag which hangs in the Treasury.

In jumping from the box after shooting the President to the stage below, one of the spurs on Booth's boot caught in the folds of the flag, causing him to lose his balance and fall, thereby breaking his leg. The rent in the flag is shown to visitors, and has been on exhibition for years.

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The flags were returned to the Treasury, and the historic one was some years later placed in a glass case. It has remained in the case to this time. Treasury watchmen take as much care as possible of the relic, but are not acquainted with the scientific methods for handling and preserving such an article. Capt. Cobaugh, in charge of the Treasury guard, thinks that the proper place for the flag is the museum. All that is necessary to send it there is an order from Secretary Gage, and it is believed he would issue the order should the matter be properly presented to him. The organization which owned the flag has been out of existence for years, and there could be no sentiment about keeping the flag where it is now. In the National Museum it would be open to more visitors than now, as more people go there than to the Treasury.

The flag is free from moths in the glass case which holds it, but the heat in the Treasury building is injurious. If it is kept where it is now it will be in pieces in a few years.

J. Wilkes Booth's Death, by an Eyewitness

I present from a Baltimore paper an account of an interview with Rev. Dr. R. B. Garrett, of Austin, Tex., perhaps the only man living who *witnessed the death of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln*. Although at the time Dr. Garrett was but twelve years old, the events are stamped indelibly upon his memory:

In his room at the Howard House, Baltimore, he described in an interesting way the events, which occurred over thirty-five years ago.

"My father," said Dr. Garrett, "who was Richard Garrett, lived on a farm about two and one-half miles south of Port Royal, Va. About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of April 24, 1865, three men came to our farm gate. Two of them wore the uniforms of Confederate soldiers, while the third was dressed in the garb of a civilian. The civilian was riding a horse, and was suffering from an injured leg. My father was called to the gate, and the men introduced themselves as Capt. Jett, Lieut. Ruggles, and the injured man, who was John Wilkes Booth, although my father was not aware of it at the time, was introduced as James W. Boyd. The officers said that he had been wounded by Federal soldiers, and asked if he might stop until his wounds became better, or until he was able to travel. My father consented, and Boyd was lifted from the horse. With the aid of a crutch which he carried, and with the assistance of my father, he hobbled into the yard. My mother brought out a large

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arm-chair and pillow, and the injured man was made as comfortable as possible on the greensward.

"After remaining for a short time the officers who accompanied Mr. Boyd left. My father and myself remained in the yard with the injured man for some time, but as he seemed to be in considerable pain and not inclined to talk, he was left to his own thoughts. That same evening two of my older brothers, who were serving in the Confederate army, returned home on a furlough. When supper was announced we helped Mr. Boyd into the dining room, and the family, with the wounded stranger, sat down to supper.

"The supper seemed to revive our guest, and during the meal his spirits revived and a very pleasant hour was spent. My two brothers, fresh from the scenes of conflict, related stories which were listened to with considerable interest by our guest. Both of my brothers wore the Confederate garb, which was torn and very much worn. During the meal Mr. Boyd said he had an idea of rejoining the forces as soon as his injury would permit, and asked one of my brothers if he would trade his uniform for the civilian dress worn by him. The suit worn by Mr. Boyd was neat, and of the finest texture, and my brother passed the remark off as a meaningless joke. Mr. Boyd was persistent, however, and finally brother declined for the reason that he wished to keep the uniform on account of the associations connected with it. After supper the hours were spent in general conversation until bedtime. Our guest, in the meantime, had relapsed again into a morose and thoughtful mood, and had little to say. He shortly expressed a desire to retire, and was shown to a room. My brother and I occupied the same apartment.

"When Mr. Boyd retired, we assisted him to undress. My childish curiosity was attracted to a belt containing two big pistols and a pearl-handled revolver, which he hung on the bed-post. A pair of pearl opera glasses were also laid on a chair.

"The next morning I awoke before the stranger. I shall never forget to my dying day the picture as imprinted on my mind of the man as he lay there asleep in bed. Such a face I never saw before, or never expect to look upon again. Jet black curls clustered about a brow as white as marble, and a heavy dark mustache shaded a mouth as beautiful as a woman's. One hand was thrown above the head of the sleeper, as soft and as white as a child's.

"That morning, when he arose, he went out into the yard, and spent most of the time laying on a couch under an apple tree, from which the white blossoms were falling, playing with the children. About noon he went into the house and asked if I could get down a map hanging on the wall and place it on the floor. He laid down on the map and traced what I supposed a course which he intended to take in making his escape. After considerable study he drew a line in pencil to Norfolk, thence to Charleston, S. C., and from thence to Savannah, Ga. From there he traced the line to Galveston, and from there down into Mexico. This, I think, is the only

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clew he ever gave as to his plan of escape. I have that map still at home, with the lines still traced by Booth, as he lay on the floor, with me standing over him, in my father's house.

"Next day my brother brought the news of Lincoln's assassination. We were cut off from any information with the outside world on account of the war, although the tragedy happened only sixty miles away. My brother said there was \$100,000 reward offered for the murderer, and also remarked that he had better not get in his way. Our guest, who had been a silent listener, said:

"'Why, you wouldn't betray a friend for that amount would you?'

"In the afternoon Lieut. Ruggles drove up with a companion, who proved to be Harold, and delivered a message to the stranger. He immediately sent up stairs for his belt and pistols, and, after buckling them on, left and went out into the woods. The message brought by the lieutenant was that the troops were on his track, and had crossed the Rappahannock a few miles below the farm. They came back in the evening and asked if they could not sleep in the barn, as they said the soldiers were probably after him for shooting a soldier a few days before in Maryland. Permission was granted, and they went to the barn, where a lot of refugees from Port Royal had stored a lot of furniture. During the night the soldiers arrived, and my father hearing a noise, went out to the barnyard. A pistol was placed at his head and he was told to reveal the hiding-place of a man he was concealing. My father denied that he was concealing any one, and a rope was placed about his neck. My brother then told them that two men were in the barn.

"The officers asked the stranger and his companion to surrender, but were met with a stout refusal. Harold finally weakened and came out. Considerable parleying ensued, and finally it was determined to fire the structure. A wisp of hay was pulled through a crack of the barn and a match applied. In an instant the flames leaped to the roof and a red glare was thrown around the inside. Through the cracks could be seen the form of Booth standing in the middle of the building, supported by his crutch. In his hands he held a carbine which Harold had left. At this instant, Sergeant Corbet, who died in an insane asylum in Kansas two years ago, fired through a crack in the wall, and Booth fell to the floor. He said afterward that Booth had his gun to his shoulder and was about to kill one of the officers. This is not so, as I was standing within six feet of Corbet when he fired the shot, and Booth never made a motion to shoot.

"The assassin was dragged from the barn by my brother and carried to the porch, where he died. My mother and sister made him as comfortable as possible, and the family was with him when



U. S. SENATOR OLIVER P. MORTON, INDIANA

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he breathed his last. One of his long, black locks had fallen over his forehead, and this my mother cut off. His last words were:
“*Tell my mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was right.*”

Alas! Alas! What a parody on patriotism!

As the great Suffolk says in the Shakespeare play, Henry VI:

“Great men oft die by vile benzonians:
A Roman sworder and banditti slave
Murdered Sweet Tully; Brutus’ bastard hand
Stabb’d Julius Cæsar, savage islanders,
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.”

Why have most of the leading benefactors of humanity had to undergo the death of the martyr? Why did the greatest and gentlest of all, JESUS OF NAZARETH, Personification of Divine Love, have to undergo the most horrible of deaths? Why did the mightiest warrior in the tide of time and teacher to “*The Common People*”—so-called—of their own invincible power—NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE—have to gnaw out his heart on a barren rock in the sultry southern sea? Why was Lord High Chancellor FRANCIS BACON, foremost scholar, philosopher and jurist of the world, hurled down to disgrace worse than death? Why did the kindest-hearted, most thoroughly, typical of Americans—champion of Freedom, and Emancipator of four millions of bondmen and bond-women—he who had “*MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR ALL,*” whose fame shall grow brighter and brighter, eclipsing all others of his countrymen—save that of WASHINGTON—he who was the personification of “*UNION, ONE AND INSEPERABLE, NOW AND FOREVER*”—the one central martyr in whose memory all patriots, North, South, East, and West, shall assemble whenever impending perils threaten our existence as a Nation—the Immortal

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN—why was he shot to death like a dog by an assassin?

The answer is:

“God moves, in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

Is it not that the lesson of how transient is mortality—however great—may be more effectively impressed on human hearts? And that the good done by the martyr be ever remembered?

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF JACOB THOMPSON AND BEVERLY
TUCKER.

As a striking corroboration of the above-related account by Governor Saloman, the following extracts from letters of two prominent representatives of the South, written in 1865, before President Johnson had openly exhibited his treachery to the party which elected him, have reached me:

EXTRACTS FROM JACOB THOMPSON'S LETTER.

I know there is not half the ground to suspect me as there is to suspect President Johnson himself.

First. There was an absence of all motive on my part. To have removed Lincoln at the time it was done was most unfortunate both for me and for the people of the South. This I have believed, and have often so expressed myself. President Johnson was to acquire a dazzling power in the event of Lincoln's death.

Second. A paper is found in President Johnson's room, after the assassination, signed by the assassin himself, to the effect that he (Booth) does not wish to trouble him, (Johnson,) but wants to know if he (Johnson) is in. Now, consider, this note is from a private citizen to a high official, and it is certain that if it had been sent by any other man at any other time, to any other official except the one most deeply interested in the event about to happen, it would have implied previous intimacy and intercourse, and a wish to have an interview without witnesses, which the writer expected, circumstances admitting it.

Third. President Johnson goes to bed on the night of the assassination at the unusual hour, for Washington, of 9 o'clock, and is asleep, of course, when an anxious gentleman leaves the bedside of

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the dying President to inform the new incumbent of his great good fortune, which filled him with unutterable distress.

Now, mark me; I do not say that all this creates a suspicion in my mind of the complicity of President Johnson in the foul work upon President Lincoln. But this I do say: That if such circumstances could be so well taken against the Hon. B. G. Harris, of Maryland, Ben Wood, of New York, or Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, they would have been received in the Bureau of Military Justice as testimony as strong as proofs from Holy Writ. These facts may possibly suggest to President Johnson, and those who owe their official position and personal consequence to the breath of his nostrils, a good and sufficient reason why the excited public mind of the people of the United States, which has been lashed into fury by well-concerted manipulations, and now demands a victim, should believe that there was evidence in the "Bureau of Military Justice" to convict Southern men—"rebels and traitors"—of having "incited, concerted and procured" the assassination of President Lincoln. But, at all events, these facts ought to teach President Johnson a lesson of moderation and charity to all those suspected. I feel confident no fact, susceptible of being tortured by the shrewdest ingenuity into a coloring so unfavorable can be shown in truth against President Davis or myself, nor do I believe against any one of the gentlemen named in the proclamation.

EXTRACTS FROM BEVERLY TUCKER'S LETTER.

He, at least, who charges me with such a crime must expect to be dealt with as a man, not as a potentate—an individual, not the Chief Magistrate of a once great and Christian country. * * * He shall not escape me by a dastardly attempt to throw the responsibility on the subtle tools, the venial minions in his employ. I intended to strike at the head, not at the tail, and if God spares my life, Andrew Johnson, and not I, shall go down to a dishonored grave. * * *

Fearing to mete out the punishment of what he falsely names the treason of (Jeff Davis) a true patriot and statesman, Andrew Johnson's little soul seeks to suborn witnesses, and otherwise to obstruct the course of justice by a packed military court. He proclaims to the world that Jefferson Davis is the instigator of the death of Abraham Lincoln, and offers from his bankrupt coffers the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for his head.

But let us now look to the proof, or rather to the want of it.

What object, then—what the motive for conspiracy for his death, when Andrew Johnson was to be his inevitable successor? Where is the record of his humanity, magnanimity, and mercy? Does any part of his public career point to the Christian virtues of charity, forgiveness, or temperance? Let the hearts of Tennessee, made desolate by his relentless cruelty, answer! Was his

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character such as to commend him to the good opinion of any respectable man, North or South? *Let the degrading spectacle, recently exhibited on the floor of the Senate chamber, answer!* Nay, nay, citizens of the United States, the people of the South had no interest in the death of Abraham Lincoln. They, of all others in the length and breadth of this Western Continent, would have been the last to desire or promote such an event. And Mr. Seward—what public man in the South did not believe him to be the only conservative adviser of President Lincoln, and of whom it is said to-day he repudiates the atrocious proclamation, and that, but for his illness, he would have overruled the blood-thirsty lust of his chief. Think you he too was a fit victim for the Southern blade? But let us now glance at the proof, or rather want of it, upon which he may rely for the conviction of the parties embraced in the proclamation of the President. J. Wilkes Booth has paid the penalty, with his life, of having been the perpetrator of the death of Mr. Lincoln. The recognition of him by so many, to whom his appearance was familiar, the manner of his death and his dying declaration, fully attest this fact. We are, therefore, charged with complicity only. In the absence or suppression of all evidence to implicate us, we are forced to confine our inquiry to the private or public motive in the heart of any man in the South, or connected with her interests, at such a crisis, to put an end to the life of Abraham Lincoln.

First. It is equally a maxim of common sense, and the established law of evidence, that no man shall be adjudged guilty of any crime who can not be shown to have been in a position likely to be benefited in some way by its commission—while the evidence fails to settle upon one of whom the contrary is established. *Cui bono?* is the question of questions which I respectfully put to the reflecting people of the United States. What object could I, or any one of those named in the proclamation, have had in desiring, much less conspiring for, the death of Mr. Lincoln? It is true he has prosecuted the war against the State to which I deemed my highest allegiance due with such unrelenting energy and extraordinary success as to destroy our last hopes. But those who knew him best claimed for him humane and kindly qualities that “would have plead like angels against the deep damnation of his taking off.” The surrender of our armies, and the general capitulation that ensued, inspired with the hope that these properties would be exercised toward an over-powerful but honorable foe, and that kindly consideration would impel him to exercise his power in healing the yet fresh bleeding wounds of our country. Indeed, it is known that several of our most eminent public men, among them Generals Lee and Johnston, partaking of this confidence, promptly declared that the death of Mr. Lincoln was a great calamity to the South.

Where, then, was the motive? Murder is never committed without a motive, either in interest, revenge, or some kindred quality of

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the human heart. The valorous twenty-six, those valiant knights, who failed to capture alive, as the interests of justice demanded they should have done, one poor crippled youth, have sealed the only lips that could unravel this dark and mighty mystery. Did they, it has been more than once pertinently asked, act in this respect under instructions; and if not, why have they so promptly received the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servants?" *Would it have been inconvenient to any one to have taken him with the power to speak?* Alas! we can never know all that died with this daring, yet misguided young man, and we are left to grope our way among the motives of the living to fix complicity in this fearful tragedy. I have shown, in the only way open to us at present, that this charge can not be against the South, or any of her right-thinking and intelligent people; and surely the lamentation that has gone up throughout the North, from the Kennebec to the Pacific, at the premature demise of their beloved chief, acquits the people of that section of complicity in this.

It follows, then, from this course of reasoning, that there could have been no widespread conspiracy; that the plan and perpetration were confined to a few individuals, and to no particular section of the country. Did Booth commit this fearful deed with no other motive than that which inspired the youthful Erostratus to fire the temple of Diana, at Ephesus? *If so, why did he call upon Mr. Johnson eight hours before the time fixed for his fell purpose? Did he call upon him with the design of assassinating him, as has been attempted to be shown by the newspapers in the interest of the Government? Surely none of his acts bear out the inference that he was mad enough to suppose that he could murder Mr. Johnson at two o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln eight hours thereafter, in a public theater. What, then, was the motive of his call, and how came Booth to address the Vice-president of the United States in words of such familiarity, showing certain acquaintance, if not intimacy, with him?*

*"I do not wish to disturb you, but would be glad to have an interview."
"J. Wilkes Booth."*

These are words of strange and mysterious import, and are not to be lightly set aside in so great a matter as unmeaning and insignificant. Is it doubted that if Mr. Johnson were a private citizen, instead of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, seeking to despoil honorable men of their characters, and to visit upon them the ignominious death of the gallows, that he would have been among the first brought to the bar of that immaculate substitution of the indefeasible right of trial by jury, the "Military Bureau of Justice?" Is there one, of all that multitude of prisoners of both sexes—the refinement of whose tortures are made the theme of glowing recital in the Northern journals—who could hope to escape



U. S. SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING, NEW YORK

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

conviction, with such a communication upon that very memorable day, from the confessed assassin himself? *Is it impossible that Booth may have met Mr. Johnson in that lower circle they were both known to frequent, and thus have formed an intimacy which a common vice begets?* Andrew Johnson, let it be borne in mind, has been for many years past an almost frenzied aspirant for the Presidency. All the arts and appliances which the fruitful brain of the unscrupulous demagogue could invent and employ have been exhausted to attain this goal of his audacious ambition. After a struggle of years—and not until the States of the South, including his own, had separated themselves from all political connection with the North—did he reach the position of second civil officer of the Government. Then the prize, so long dazzling his vision, seemed within his grasp. Like Ludovico, he touched his brow in anticipation of the encircling diadem.

But the illusion was short-lived, for the public and private criticisms pervading all classes upon that most disgraceful scene of March 4th was well calculated to dampen his hopes of the realization of his long-cherished aspirations, and remove farther, if not forever, from his grasp the glittering prize. The crimsoned blush of indignation and shame mantled the cheeks of ambassadors, senators, justices, and the lesser dignitaries that witnessed the disgusting scene, while the saddest countenance in all that throng was that of Abraham Lincoln, who, it is said, on the evening of the same day, at the inauguration ball, declined to recognize him. The prayers of a whole people—friends and foes of President Lincoln—ascended to heaven that his life might be preserved, and thus spare them the humiliation of having such a man to rule over them. Are we to believe that all this passed unnoticed by Andrew Johnson, and if not, is his the nature to harbor no resentments? That great master who, as if by inspiration, knew and so fearfully delineated the dark workings of the human heart, gives us fearful instances when ambition, interest, and revenge have impelled men to enact like crimes, and puts in ghostly lips the fearful disclosure to the sorrowful and half-suspecting son of the Danish monarch:

"'Tis given out that sleeping in my father's orchard a serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark is, by a forged process of my death, rankly abused. But know thou, noble youth, the serpent that did sting thy father's life now wears his crown."

And how did it happen that Andrew Johnson, of all men fondest of demagoguing in public, should have remained quietly in his room upon the fatal evening when to the attraction of the theatrical entertainment was to be added a wild and tumultuous demonstration at the presence of the great military hero? True, it was Good Friday, which in most Christian countries is only wont to be celebrated by solemn worship and holy praise. Would that the mantle of Christian charity could be extended, and that his seclusion could be ascribed to this laudable cause. And how are we to account for

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the mysterious and concealed manner in which the whole of the judicial examination is conducted, for the avowed purpose of ascertaining all the particulars of this dreadful tragedy, and of bringing the real culprit to justice? Why should the prosecutors, more than the alleged criminals, fear the light of day?

And this, it is true, is but hypothesis, and yet, when you support it by the fact that Andrew Johnson is the solitary individual of the thirty-five millions of souls comprised in that land who could possibly realize any interest or benefit from the perpetration of this deed, and that Booth was not captured alive, as he unquestionably could have been, we must induce some one more plausible ere we wholly reject this. Dead men tell no tales, and the wantonly hushed voice of this unhappy man leaves behind his bloody tragedy a fearful mystery.

WILKES BOOTH'S DIARY

When Booth was captured his diary was found beside him. He had kept a faithful record to the last moment. This diary was deposited in the Department of Justice, and is now there. I make the following extracts:

APRIL 14.—Friday, the Ides. Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But, our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. "I shouted "*Sic semper!*" before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg, tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of punishment.

The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. The night before the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the South.

FRIDAY, 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being forced by gunboats till I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And for why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down

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a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the other had not only his country but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain; I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone; a country groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end. And yet, now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God can not pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I can not see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the heavens for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God! try to forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river, with the intention to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh, may He, may He spare me that and let me die bravely! I bless the entire world. I have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy Harold with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me.

These were the last words he recorded.

What a picture is here presented of the state of the mind under which the great criminal labored! How he still seems to have tried to keep up the delusion that he had performed a heroic act! Not even to himself would he admit the pangs of remorse. Evidently he felt that he had sinned against the laws of God, and scarcely dared to plead for forgiveness. His prayers were answered that he might meet his fate bravely. Hunted like a wild animal, he sought refuge in a barn, refusing to surrender even after having been wounded. He defended himself to the last, and cheated his captors out

of the triumph of being taken to Washington alive. The Secretary of War saw fit to invest the death and burial of Booth with mystery, so that for several years it was not known where the body was buried. The commonly received story at that time was that after the remains were brought to Washington the Secretary examining them, had the head cut off, the body mutilated, and then caused weights to be attached to the feet, and the mangled remains conveyed to the deepest part of the river, and there sunk fathoms deep. This report was not denied until the old arsenal was destroyed, when the families of Booth, Mrs. Surratt, and the others who were hung for being accessory to the conspiracy, were notified that they would be permitted to remove the bodies. Wilkes Booth lies in the family burying ground at Baltimore. The bullet which killed Mr. Lincoln, and the bullet which was extracted from the head of Wilkes Booth, are both among the curiosities of the Medical Museum, in Washington, D. C.

RULERS WHO WERE ASSASSINATED

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

By sword, dagger, poison, bomb, and revolver, scores of the world's rulers and leaders of men have been struck down by men in most cases greatly inferior to them.

The trail of blood can be traced down the centuries from before the birth of Christ to A. D. 1903. Almost all countries have suffered by the hands of assassins, and even woman has not been spared.

One who kills by surprise or secret assault, one who treacherously murders any one unprepared for defense, is looked down upon by the world as one of the meanest cowards and lowest of criminals, yet royalty has not failed to descend to this means to bring about its ends, and royalty has suffered repeatedly at the hands of assassins.

The terrible affair in Belgrade, Servia, in 1903, shocked the whole world, and it was the first of its kind in the world's history. There is no parallel to it. Not only were the king and queen killed, but the queen's brothers and the king's ministers were massacred.

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A LONG LIST OF VICTIMS

The most important assassinations since the world's history began are the following:

- Philip of Macedonia, B. C. 336.
- Julius Cæsar, March 15, B. C. 44.
- Thomas A. Becket, December 29, A. D. 1170.
- Albert I, emperor of Germany, May 1, 1308.
- James I, of Scotland, February 21, 1437.
- Allesandro de Medical, January 5, 1537.
- Cardinal Beaton, May 29, 1546.
- David Rizzio, March 9, 1566.
- Lord Darnley, February 10, 1567.
- James, earl of Murray, regent of Scotland, January 23, 1570.
- William of Orange, July 10, 1584.
- Henry III, of France, August 1, 1589.
- Henry IV, of France, May 14, 1610.
- Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, August 23, 1628.
- Wallenstein, February 25, 1634.
- Archbishop Sharp, May 3, 1679.
- Gustavus III, of Sweden, March 16, died March 29, 1792.
- Marat, by Charlotte Corday, July 13, 1793.
- Gen. Kleber, at Cairo, June 14, 1800.
- Paul, Czar of Russia, March 24, 1801.
- Spencer Percival, premier of England, May 11, 1812.
- Duc de Beri, February 13, 1820.
- Charles III, duke of Parma, March 26, died March 27, 1854.
- Prince Danielo, of Montenegro, August, 1860.
- Abraham Lincoln, by Booth, April 14, died April 15, 1865.
- Michael, Prince of Servia, June 10, 1868.
- Marshal Prim, December 28, died December 30, 1870.
- Earl of Mayo, governor-general of India, February 8, 1872.
- Sultan Abdul-Aziz, June 4, 1876.
- Alexander II, of Russia, March 13, 1881.
- James A. Garfield, by Guiteau, July 2, died September 19, 1881.
- Lord Frederick Cavendish and T. H. Burke, in Dublin, May 6, 1882.
- President Carnot, of France, June 24, 1894.
- M. Stamboloff, in Sofia, Bulgaria, July 15, 1895.
- Shah of Persia, May 1, 1896.
- Senor Canovas del Castillo, of Spain, August 8, 1897.
- Empress Elizabeth of Austria, September 10, 1898.
- King Humbert I, of Italy, July 29, 1900.
- William McKinley, at Buffalo, September 6, died September 14, 1901.
- King Alexander and Queen Draga, of Servia, at Belgrade, June 11, 1903.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

THREE OF OUR PRESIDENTS HAVE FALLEN

Heads that do not wear crowns may at times be uneasy, for in the last forty years three of the Presidents of the United States have fallen at the hands of assassins. When such things happen in a republic, composed of the most enlightened people on the face of the earth, it is no wonder that people governed by kings and emperors occasionally strike at the mighty ones.

In the foregoing list no mention has been made of the horrible succession of assassinations of the early Roman emperors. Caligula, the third after Augustus Cæsar, was killed by some of the officers of the prætorian guard; Claudius was given a dish of poisoned mushrooms; Galba, Otho, and Vitellius succeeded one another very quickly. Each reigned a little time and was killed.

In more ancient times assassination was not unknown, as in the Bible instances of Ehud and Jael, and in the murder of Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogeiton. But the assassination by enthusiasts and men devoted to an idea first became really prominent in the religious struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To this class belong the plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth.

THE MURDER OF JULIUS CAESAR.

What the world has generally recognized as the most important assassination was that of Julius Cæsar, called Augustus Cæsar, the greatest Roman of them all, perhaps the greatest man of all the ancient world. His death and the events that followed changed the course of events and marked an epoch in the history of mankind.

The story is familiar to nearly all. Emperor Cæsar, of the Roman empire, had bitter personal enemies who plotted his downfall. There were, too, lovers of the old republic who desired to see restored the liberties which Cæsar had overthrown. The people got the idea that he was trying to make himself king. Several times a crown was offered to him in public, but he thrust it aside, although there is no doubt he secretly desired it. It was feared that he intended to make Troy or Alexandria the capital of the proposed kingdom, and therefore many, because of love for Rome and for the old republic, entered a conspiracy to kill Cæsar.

The Ides of March, the fifteenth day, forty-four years before Christ, the day the senate convened, witnessed the assassination. Seventy or eighty conspirators, headed by Brutus and Cassius, both of whom had received special favors from Cæsar, were among the plotters.

Cæsar was warned by soothsayers, who had some knowledge of the conspiracy, and on his way to the senate meeting a paper cautioning him, was thrust into his hand, but he did not read it.

As soon as the emperor had taken his seat the conspirators crowded about him, as though to present a petition. At a signal

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their daggers were drawn. For a moment Cæsar defended himself, but seeing among the conspirators Brutus, a man upon whom he had lavished gifts and favors, he exclaimed:

"Thou, too, Brutus," drew his mantle over his face, and received without resistance all their thrusts. Pierced with twenty-three wounds, he fell.

The poet Dante relates that in the center of the earth, in the bottom pit of hell, Lucifer holds in his three mouths the three greatest malefactors the world has ever seen—Brutus and Cassius, who betrayed their sovereign and their country, and Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his Master with a kiss.

PERSISTENT ASSASSINS.

Henry IV, of France, had a busy life, for it is said that eighteen attempts were made to kill him, the eighteenth being successful. A knife was plunged into his heart by Ravallac. Henry IV was the Bourbon's greatest king, their noblest man.

Russia is the empire that people always associate with plots, bomb-throwers and assassins. Her first emperor was assassinated in the night between the 23d and 24th of March, 1801. His name was Paul, and at the time of his death he was considering a plan to join with Napoleon to conquer India.

The latter part of the reign of Alexander II was a period of great commotion in Russia, on account of the spread of Nihilism and the attempts upon the emperor's life, which at last were successful March 13, 1881. In the cities in which his despotic father had walked about, fearless, without a single attendant, the mild and amiable Alexander was in daily peril. Danger lurked everywhere. He rarely slept twice in the same bed room, and dared to eat and drink only when every precaution had been taken that ingenuity could suggest.

On April 16, 1866, Karakozof shot at the emperor in St. Petersburg. In the following year another attempt was made by a Pole, Berezowski, while Alexander was at Paris on a visit to Napoleon III. April 14, 1879, Solovioff shot at him.

The same year saw the attempt to blow up the Winter Palace, and to wreck the train by which the Czar was traveling from Moscow to St. Petersburg. But, despite all precautions, death came to him March 13, 1881. He was driving along a canal in St. Petersburg, when a bomb was thrown at him, and did no more damage than injuring the carriage. The Czar alighted and walked toward the place where the police held the culprit. A second bomb was thrown by an accomplice, with deadly effect. It shattered the emperor's legs and the lower part of his body. The man who threw it and a child in the crowd were killed. Many spectators were injured. Calling out "Help me," his majesty fell. He was taken to

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the Winter Palace, and died during the afternoon. Five of the conspirators, including a woman, were publicly executed.

THE MURDER OF JAMES I

The death of James I, of Scotland, was a spectacular event. He was to spend Christmas at Perth. Before he crossed the Forth he was warned by an old Highland woman that if he passed he would not return. She tried unsuccessfully to get access to him again at the Dominican monastery at Perth, where he lodged.

At midnight, when he was half undressed, Graham, who had been banished, came with 300 men and surrounded the monastery. Their approach was heard, but it was found that the bolts had been removed by treachery. James was hastily concealed in a vault underneath a room. Before the conspirators entered, a brave attempt was made by Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids, to bar the door with her arm; but the fragile obstacle broke, and Graham burst in. The fall of another of the maids into the vault discovered the king, who fought fiercely for his life. The queen was wounded in trying to save him. At last, after killing two of his assailants, he fell overcome by numbers. Within a month all the murderers were executed in a manner exceeding even the barbarous usages of the times. Such was the sad fate of the king who was the best of the Stuarts.

It is noticeable how often the work of the assassins did not accomplish the real end sought. They succeeded in killing the person or persons obnoxious to them, but the ideas, the plans of the victims, have not always died. Of the great Cæsar, Cicero said:

"The tyrant is dead, but the tyranny still lives."

A BLACK RECORD

The record of the last 100 years is unparalleled in history, in the matter of assassinations.

In England, the prime minister, the Right Hon. Spencer Percival, was shot while he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, by John Bellingham.

In Paris the Duc de Berri was murdered. He had spent a number of years in Edinburgh and London, occupying his enforced exile with plans for the restoration of the French monarchy. He thought the signs were favorable, and landed at Cherbourg in 1814 and went to Paris. The duke and duchess attended the royal theater one night. Shortly after the close of the opera, the duke escorted his wife to her carriage, and he returned to take part in a bal masque that was to follow. A spectator sprang between the sentinel and the footman who was closing the carriage door, and taking a strong hold



U. S. SENATOR REVERDY JOHNSON, MARYLAND
LATER, U. S. MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN

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on the duke, plunged a dagger to the hilt in the duke's right breast. He vanished in the crowd, leaving the weapon in the wound.

The Duke of Parma was done to death while walking in his city. He was so unpopular that no one sought to rescue him.

The deaths of Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley in our own country are so fresh in the minds of the people and the stories are so well known that any extended mention is not necessary here. The republic was shocked from boundary to boundary by these terrible crimes, and the criminals who committed them paid the penalty with their lives.

Prince Danielo, of Montenegro, was fatally wounded by a political refugee at Cattaro.

Prince Michael, of Servia, was attacked by three men armed with revolvers, and left dead near Belgrade, the scene of the latest assassinations.

Marshal Prim, of Spain, was waylaid in Madrid. The progress of his carriage was stopped by two cabs by pre-arrangement, several men alighted and fired into his carriage. Seven bullets went into his left shoulder and he died in forty-eight hours.

Lord Mayo, governor-general of India, was stabbed by a convict while leaving the Andaman convict settlement after a tour of inspection.

A week after the enthronement of Murad V, sultan of Turkey, it was learned that the previous ruler, Abdul-Aziz, had been found dead, lying in a pool of blood in the palace. Five grandees were sent five years later into penal servitude for the crime.

Another assassination in Turkey concerns Servia. Mehemet Ali Pasha, extraordinary commissioner of the porte in Albania, was credited with a design to hand over the country to Servia. His house was set on fire shortly after his arrival in Jakova, September 7, 1878. Twenty of his escort were killed. He secured temporary refuge, but his hiding place was discovered and he was butchered.

Lord Cavendish, chief secretary for Ireland, and Thomas H. Burke, under secretary, were stabbed to death in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by four men.

President Carnot, of France, was being driven to a performance at the Grand Theater, Lyons, when he fell back in his carriage. It was learned that a man had stabbed him in the region of the liver. The criminal, Santo, an Italian, ran toward the president's carriage, holding a large bouquet, from which he drew a poinard while he stood on the carriage step.

The Shah of Persia was shot while he was at the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim.

Senor Canovas del Castillo, the most prominent public man in Spain, was shot down at his wife's feet while he was reading a newspaper.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, was assassinated by an Italian anarchist named Luccheni.

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King Humbert, of Italy, was killed at the town of Monze, near Milan, after distributing the prizes at a gymnastic carnival, by an anarchist, Bresci. Queen Margherita cried:

"It is the greatest crime of the century. Humbert was a good, faithful man. Nobody loved his people more than he. He bore no ill-will to any one."



U. S. SENATOR JAMES W. NYE, NEVADA

CHAPTER THREE

Society as Author Found It—Notable Receptions, Levees, and other Functions

AUTHOR'S EARLY DIFFIDENCE—MRS. R.'S RECEPTION—MRS. B.'S
DITTO—SENATOR C.'S DITTO—JUDGE W.'S DITTO—GEN.
GRANT'S DITTO—NOTED BEAUTIES DESCRIBED—COLONEL
FORNEY'S STAG PARTY—SECRETARY SEWARD—SENATOR
SIMON CAMERON—THADDEUS STEVENS—FERNANDO
WOOD—HENRY WINTER DAVIS—GEN. N. P. BANKS—
GEN. R. C. SCHENCK ("POKER BOB")—SPEAKER
SCHUYLER COLFAX—SUPREME COURT JUSTICES, CHASE,
MILLER, DAVIS, AND CLIFFORD—MR. PHILIP'S SELECT
STAG PARTIES—MAJOR R.'S DITTO—ENGLISH BOATSWAIN'S
SONG—THE NEGRO "MILLION-O'-AIRS" CLUB, THEIR
FUNNY SONGS—POEMS, "FRIEND ALWAYS," "THE PER-
FECT WOMAN," "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," ETC.



IT IS urgently suggested by some of my lady friends that I give in these pages accounts of the social swim in the Capital during my sojourn there in war days. To this I accede somewhat reluctantly, as I have never been much of either a society or a club man. I had been living in Washington but a short time and was attending closely to keeping up with my class at college by pursuing my studies under my father's tutorship, when he suddenly seemed to realize the social advantages for me to be derived from entering the ranks of a society as cosmopolitan as that of Washington—advantages educational in character and as manifold almost as continental travel. He,

therefore, strongly urged me to accept all invitations to levees and receptions received. I was exceedingly diffident as a lad, and the misfortune was not the less as a young man. A rarely sensitive temperament was enhanced by a lack of what is popularly termed "brass" or "gall." I invariably shrank from prominence or publicity, and used to think when a boy it was chiefly on account of this excessive, shrinking bashfulness that I was selected about every two weeks by the teacher of the academy which I attended to deliver a "speech," which was mostly a rhetorical recitation of some memorized phillipic of the great Irish orators. A naturally chivalric instinct toward the gentler sex had been carefully developed and fostered by my mother. As a susceptible and romantic school boy I early selected and remained steadfastly true to a fair, blue-eyed playmate, who almost outranked my mother in affectionate regard.

A little bit of cruelty on the former's part as I was about leaving home for college—perhaps justified—left a marked effect on my subsequent attitude toward woman—a sort of indifference to, or rather dread of, her influence. As my mind matured my exactions in the requirements of her attractions increased.

My innate reverence for her in the abstract was, and still is, deep and most profound. I rejoice in having had several invaluable friendships among my lady acquaintances. The disinterested friendship of a pure, honest, gentle, refined woman, be she in silk or calico, in many respects is the greatest boon vouchsafed to man.

I have deemed it necessary to give this little insight to my character in order to enable my reader to judge of the advantages or disadvantages under which this relator moved. It will be seen that my social experience, outside of my quasi-hothouse, educational, routine life, had been quite limited before I reached Washington, as a college sophomore, but I was alive in every fiber, and keenly observant

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of all surroundings, in robust health, with only the one drawback mentioned, extreme diffidence, to mar my social enjoyment.

As illustrative of this mental condition, I may mention that among the first social functions to which I was formally invited, was at the large mansion of Mrs. R., an old-time resident of Washington, a lady of great social prominence, and whose drawing-room was invariably filled on such occasions with the elite of official, civil, and military life. I attended, after much urging, in company with my older brother, who was then an officer in the army, temporarily on duty in the War Department. He got me as far as the dressing room upstairs, but my heart soon failed me, and, "muffling up" my face, which, "all the while ran" streams of perspiration, I beat an ignominious retreat, and in spite of the remonstrances and protests of my brother, I hastened down the stairway, passing several galaxies of beautiful young ladies perched thereon for my especial delectation! I fairly shot out of that house and into the cool night air, resolved never again to be "patronized" by society—my natural antipathy to any species of conventional restraint also rousing a high degree of rebellion in my heart.

My next essay in the social field was a little more successful, although accomplished at the cost of much agony. It was my first invitation to an afternoon "five o'clock" at the home of a private citizen of great wealth, whose permanent home was in a leading city in the country, but who had purchased an old-time aristocratic residence on a conspicuous "Terrace," and with his most charming and queenly wife, passed the gay winters in the Capital city and gave magnificent and most sumptuous entertainments. He was well-known in polite society all over the land as a cultured and scholarly gentleman, without any political office-holding

aspirations. He was the possessor of a picture gallery that was unique and significant in that its walls held all the portraits in oil of the Presidents of the United States, save one, to wit: Andrew Johnson.

The hostess, Mrs. B., was one of the most charming women I have ever met, and I recall her cordial, graceful and tactful hospitality with great pleasure, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century. She was of a prominent Virginia family and showed the fine breeding of her race in every feature of her bright and beautiful face, and courtliness of movement in her carriage. I shall never forget the almost motherly greeting she gave me as I timidly entered her reception room. Her nephew, Mr. L., and I were quite warm friends, and through his urgent solicitations added to a kind message received from his aunt, I promised to attend the first of the series, provided he would meet me in the hall leading to the reception room. Well, after I had walked around the square half a dozen times, I had the requisite courage to enter the portals, where a servant speedily relieved me of hat and outer coat and I was served with a tiny cup of coffee at the rear end of the hall, where other gentlemen were engaged in a like occupation. I was disappointed in not finding my friend there, and equally ashamed to make a retreat, so I managed to get to the doorway opening into the reception room and timidly looked in. I was at once recognized by Mrs. B., who smilingly advanced toward me, and extending her hand, greeted me in such a charming manner as to disarm my diffidence.

She introduced me to her maiden sister, and requested her to take my arm and make me acquainted with some young ladies. Almost before I knew it I was in the ballroom and dancing the only dance I had learned, "the gallop."

It was at this function that I first met General Parker and his little, decidedly pronounced blonde wife. The General had been a member of General Grant's staff, on the

field. He was a full-blooded and strongly individualized Mohawk Indian; a classical scholar, graduate of an Eastern university; a large, affable, courtly, gallant gentleman, in evening dress-suit. He was at the time, I think, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

My next case of embarrassment which I fully recall was at a very "swell" reception given by Senator C. and wife, at their palatial brown-stone front, to which I was invited, not because I was a subordinate office-holder—clerk of a Senate committee and private secretary—but by virtue of the fact that I was "a Senator's son"—a very potent sesame to Capital society. After having attended to our attire in the gentlemen's dressing room upstairs, I descended with my father, and as we entered the door of the reception room, mid the strains of an orchestra, the usher, in a perfunctory manner, announced the name of each. We, in turn, were cordially greeted by a hand-shake from host and hostess, and with some empty, frivolous or playful remarks, we passed on into the midst of a large, gorgeously-attired assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. Senators, Ambassadors, Justices, Generals, and other officials in their respective elegant regimentals, were plentiful. The reputation of the host for presenting a bountiful supply of good things to eat and drink doubtless had much to do with drawing together such a distinguished company. The ladies, of course, were of the highest social rank, and the splendor of their adornments was bewildering. No bird of beauteous plumage ever strutted in more vain delight than did some of the granddames in silks, satins, velvets, and precious gems on almost every visible portion of their person. All the great ones in society were present. At the time for refreshments I descended to the basement, which was used for the purpose, escorting a lady with whom I was very well acquainted, considerably my elder, of great beauty



U. S. SENATOR ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, MICHIGAN
LATER, SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

of face and figure—one of the Southland's rarest flowers. She was exquisitely gowned in a mauve pink silk, very low neck with two rows of large white pearls strung together and attached to the border of her bodice at the top. Her neck and shoulders I have never seen surpassed but once, and that was by a lady whose first husband was one of the most distinguished senators of the United States and whose name, up to the breaking out of the "War of the Rebellion," was a household word, and her second and present husband was an officer of high rank in the United States army, and who is elsewhere described in these pages.

As we were waiting to be served in the midst of the crowded throng, I observed General William Tecumseh Sherman and another distinguished gentleman gradually approaching us, the General all animation and admiration.

They stopped at a little distance-away and I heard the General observe, sotto voce, to his friend, "Ye Gods! Judge, what a magnificent bust and figure Mrs. — has!" To which the other replied in the affirmative. The lady herself did not hear the complimentary remark of General Sherman.

On my stating that I had just heard that distinguished man make a highly complimentary remark about her person, she asked me what it was. I replied I was afraid it would offend her did I repeat it. She said it would not, and demanded of me to tell her. I did so, and playfully remarked that ladies' figures and busts depended largely on the kind of corsets they wore. She replied she wore none at all, and to prove it she playfully placed my hand on her side at the waist to see if she told the truth. I found her statement confirmed!—but, she was from a section of the republic "whar,"—to use the words of a native to myself—"are raised the most beautiful women, suh, the bravest and largest men, suh, the finest horses, suh, and the best whisky, suh, on top of this y'earth, suh!"

Shortly after this little episode, I found myself with a fair young lady partner, noted for her refinement and purity of character, and who was passing the winter social season in Washington, at the head of a set in the "Lancers." Our backs were toward the front drawing room and we stood just in the opening between the two rooms. As we were waiting for the set to be filled our attention was for the moment attracted to some kind of movement going on immediately behind us in the crowd.

We both turned simultaneously and were greeted with a sight never to be forgotten. As the people parted, we beheld approaching through the lane thus made, a large, fat, woman, with exceedingly low bodice and sleeveless dress and almost literally covered with precious gems as to her head, neck, bosom, arms, and hands. She was followed by a little short, stuffy gentleman arrayed in diplomatic costume. I think this couple were the Brazilian minister and wife. Just before the latter arrived near us and as she was stooping forward, she exposed her bosom in a very disgusting manner by means of the "low and behold" style of her gown! I was exceedingly embarrassed and cautiously took a look into the face of my gentle partner. I shall never forget the contemptuous look of offended purity and of disgust that was stamped upon it; she did not try to conceal it. I mention this scandalous scene to point a moral and adorn a tale. Modesty is woman's chief charm, either in speech or in act. Let my fair reader profit by this related scene; such is my sole purpose in describing it. Vulgarity and immodesty are close in kinship.

The refreshments for the inner man were not in the least disappointing. Champagne was literally more plentiful than water. There was everything to tickle the palate that money could supply. A foreigner looking on this scene of gaiety and splendor would not have dreamed that "grim-visaged war" had lately been rife in the land, and that

thousands of poor, wounded, and fevered soldiers and sailors were stretched upon hard cots in hospitals, trying to recover from the hardships of the field or prison pen.

I recall a very delightful reception at the home of Judge W. and wife, both old-stock Virginians. The house was located facing a prominent "Circle" (a hub of intersecting streets), large, brick, roomy and old-fashioned. Many people of distinction in the city were present. I happened to be invited because the judge and his most estimable wife were especial friends of my parents.

While strolling about through the crowded rooms I passed through the front hall and saw standing there, engaged in solitary conversation, two of the foremost figures of the war—in some respects the diametrically opposites of each other. One was General Ulysses S. Grant, the other, General Benjamin F. Butler. I stopped, retreated to a quiet corner, and closely watched their faces and actions. Their relative positions and attitudes led me to believe at once that Butler had laid in wait, and in some way had mildly entrapped Grant to stop in that identical spot and submit to an unsought and disagreeable interview. I think this was not long after Grant had made his famous report about Butler being "bottled up." Of course, I was surprised to see these two generals of such antagonistic proclivities together. Grant had an annoyed look upon his face, but also a stolid, calm, sphinxlike expression. It was not haughty nor contemptuous in the least. It seemed to say: "I am equal to this cunning and astute man, but I must not offend him causelessly." Butler, on the other hand, had the aspect of an eager cross-examiner. I could not catch the words of either and did not try to do so. I only noticed that Butler did the most of the talking and Grant replied generally in monosyllables.

The picture impressed itself indelibly upon my memory. The facial actions were characteristic of each general. They soon separated, but not before I availed myself of the opportunity to shake the hand of each. Butler's hand was cold and soft, and his hand-shake was listless and perfunctory. His face had no color in it. Grant's hand was small, flesh firm and strong. His face was full of color, and his manner, most affable dignity. This party of Judge W.'s was a noted society event, but so long a period of time has elapsed that I can not recall any other notable personages as present than those of the two already mentioned. Mrs. W. was a lady of fine accomplishments and a rare conversationalist, descended from a long line of distinguished Virginia ancestors, who filled many of the highest civil offices in the Republic.

One of the most recherche receptions I ever attended was at the residence of General Grant when he was General of the Army, and living in the house presented him, formerly the home of Senator Stephen A. Douglas. After the quiet, cordial, and unaffected greeting by the General and his equally hospitable wife, I was soon perambulating through the crowded apartments, fragrant with the perfumes of flowers and filled with the soft and low strains of music by an unseen orchestra. There was a predominance of epaulets and gold-fretted fixings, showing the Army and Navy were well represented. It was a particularly brilliant scene from a society standpoint.

All the social leaders, men and women, were present. As I passed through a large drawing room my attention was at once attracted to a little collection of gentlemen, numbering, perhaps, six or eight, who formed a half circle in front of a woman of semi-divine mold, engaged in an animated conversation, apparently, with the entire party about her. Her matchless violet eyes sparkled with the intoxication

received by the adulation offered her from such a splendid male presence hanging on to her words and in rapt adoration of her superb personality. Her noble, low, broad, marble white brow was crowned with dark hair, parted in the center and brushed plainly and close to the head. I shall not attempt to describe her divine, oval face, but the poise of the rounded head and the most perfect neck, shoulders, and bust ever vouchsafed to woman, were simply irresistably ravishing. I did not wonder that this superb creature—a veritable goddess as was ever conceived in poet's, painter's, or sculptor's brain—had such power of attraction over man, and had speedily brought to her feet one of the greatest statesman that ever honored the Senate chamber, Stephen A. Douglas, and, after his death, one of the handsomest and most gallant officers in the Army.

I, a youngster, dared not intrude near the charmed circle and so was compelled to stand at a distance and admire her. It was for me a dumb show, but one never to be forgotten. I fairly feasted my budding æsthetic passion for female beauty, as I saw before me my ideal of it. I stood and gazed upon this divinity until I began to think I might be taken for a private detective or an idiot, and so by an unwritten law of good breeding, never to be outraged or broken, I cut short my rapturous entrancement and passed on to another quarter of the mansion, where my eyes were again greeted with another vision of female loveliness.

Clinging to the arm of one of the Empire State's most distinguished and most majestic senators—himself an Apollo-Hyperion, with reddish-yellow curly hair crowning an imperial head that rested some six feet two inches or more above the velvet carpeted floor, whom my reader can readily identify, was one of America's fairest and renowned women. She was the brilliant and adored daughter of a great man who was a leading member of Lincoln's Cabinet, and subsequent thereto the presiding officer of the highest



U. S. SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN, OHIO
LATER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND SECRETARY OF STATE

judicial tribunal in the world. It was believed, even then, she was not happily married to her little senator husband.

But what a magnificent appearance this arm-linked couple presented this evening as they slowly passed along. She was the personification of grace in the movement of head and body and carriage generally. Her head and face were small and wholly feminine in contour, resting upon perhaps the most perfectly swan-like neck ever molded by the Divine Sculptor. Her neck and poise of head were her distinguishing physical features. Her eyes were large and dove-like; her skin like wax in its purity; her hair simply dressed, and her toilet and jewel adornments beyond my descriptive powers. I gazed at this couple with their marvelous endowments of physical perfection, perhaps as I did at the participants in the first opera I attended in New York—*L'Africaine*—when I was unconsciously but literally transported, psychically speaking, to the “seventh heaven.” I was greatly fascinated and seemed for the time to be in another and higher or grander existence, where the immortals had come to mingle awhile among the poor, earth-born plodders and wranglers for the necessities of mundane existence.

These two people were intended by their Creator for each other, judging from external appearances. Unfortunately, each was already married, and, if public rumor was true, each was unhappily mated. The lady subsequently evoked the sympathies of the entire nation in her divorcement.

She was ambitious, proud, and high-spirited, and rightly resented the reported ill-treatment received from a husband whom she was precipitately induced to marry from reasons of state perhaps as much as any thing else. She was primarily devoted to her distinguished father and his personal interests and ambitions. She should have married years before, her escort of this evening, and, perhaps, would have been the guiding star that would have prevented his political shipwreck.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

Another very charming lady with whom I danced the lancers, was the cherished daughter of a senator from the far west, and who was born in New York City. She inherited much of her father's wonderful brilliancy and wit.

Our vis-a-vis was a couple composed of a son of a prominent senator and a young lady in rather outrê and extravagant attire. The latter, as soon as the dance opened, began to put on all the scallops and genuflections imaginable, and at once betrayed her provincialism, attracting, of course, general notice. The looks upon the distressed face of her partner and the aside comments made to me by the witty young lady at my side, were almost too much for me to suppress my risibilities. Some people in company are only happy when they draw attention to themselves by really uncouth conduct.

"STAG PARTIES"

Some of the most interesting and entertaining social functions given in Washington during my eight years' residence were those popularly known as "stag parties," or for gentlemen alone. There were many and frequent card parties and dances held by the permanent guests in the leading hotels which were quasi-public in character. There were also little private select levees and receptions which it would plainly be improper for me to take the public into, unbidden. I have purposely forbore giving my reader the names of characters described, save that of General Grant, so far in this chapter for obvious reasons, but I see no impropriety in presenting the names of gentlemen renowned for their "stag" hospitality, or those also whom I met at their receptions.

I think the first really "swell" stag party I ever attended was given by Col. J. W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate. His residence was upon Capitol Hill just at its brow, near

the House wing of the capitol. He was noted for his Epicureanism, especially his "Terrapin" salad. I arrived in due season and found myself in the midst of many of the most distinguished public men of the nation, irrespective of party affiliations. The Colonel himself was a typical host. He was rather of the dramatic cast of personality in his demeanor, language, and action. He was, indeed, an intimate personal friend of a man whom I shall ever regard as the greatest of all American actors—Edwin Forrest. Colonel Forney was a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania.

Well, let me see, who was present in that company. Here is WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE in both Lincoln's and Johnson's cabinet; a wee, little, frail, dried-up body, surmounted by an immense head of oblong dimensions and covered with a mass of iron gray hair; not very high forehead, but broad and deep from front to line of ears; calm, steel gray eyes, deep set, and heavily fringed by eyelashes and eyebrows; an enormous Roman nose, but well formed; rather a sensuous mouth, smooth shaven face, showing a rather receding chin, which was drawn in and down. His diminutive body, large head, and face made him a marked personality aside from his great reputation as a statesman.

He was conversing with another man who resembled him in appearance in a marked degree—SIMON CAMERON—first Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, afterward United States Senator, and father of Senator Don Cameron.

There is old THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, the greatest "Commoner" this country has ever produced. A leader of leaders, ironical, sarcastic, incisive, apt, fearless, a master in debate. His face was large, imperious in bearing, bloodless; large, strong, aquiline nose; square jaw; grand forehead; eye of an eagle; massive head covered with an old faded wig that was generally askew. He limped when walking, being afflicted with a deformed

foot. He was the leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives—the champion of “greenback” money.

Here is FERNANDO WOOD, representative from New York City. A cold, haughty, stiff, formal, polished gentleman of the old school “befoh-the-wah.” Tall, straight as an Indian, coat invariably buttoned up to the neck; standing high shirt collar; clean shaven face, save a snow white mustache; rather military in bearing, and elegantly attired.

Here is HENRY WINTER DAVIS, representative from Maryland. What a winsome, clean-cut, scholarly, thoroughbred gentleman! Handsome as a picture, with black curly hair, surmounting the face and head of a Greek god; a voice as seductive and winning as a morning thrush; altogether a most delightful personality and withal an orator of the highest order, and to whose silvery voice the whole House invariably listened with delight and pleasure. He stood in the same relation in the House of Representatives that Senator James W. Nye did in the Senate—both incomparable orators.

I am now shaking hands, and shortly quaffing champagne, with GEN. N. P. BANKS, ex-speaker of the House; a gentleman of very courtly manners, sonorous and musical bass voice, rather low beetling brow, stiff iron-gray hair, heavy mustache and imperial only; decidedly military in appearance, straight, alert, and very affable. His conversation was clean and free from any lapses; his diction lofty and scholarly. In tones and style of language he closely resembled Charles Sumner.

I am now standing before that sturdy, soldier-statesman-patriot, GEN. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, representative from Ohio, afterward Minister to Great Britain, and chief tactical expounder to the benighted heathen of that little provincial island of the beauties and rules of the American national game of cards known popularly as “draw poker.” What a personification of pugnacity Schenck was in per-

sonal appearance, and his looks did not belie his real character! He was rather light and fair as to complexion; round bullet head, square jaw, half closed eyes, close-cut, bristling hair, stubby mustache, thick-set sturdy frame, short neck, quick and impetuous in action, and brusque in speech—a jolly, hearty, wholesome, big-souled patriot.

And who is it he is talking to so animatedly and jocosely? Why, it is SPEAKER SCHUYLER COLFAX, afterward Vice-president; a lightly built, lithe, nervous, colorless gentleman, with a perennial smile—always and ever smiling and cordially greeting by name every one whom he has ever met and who approaches his presence. He was a mild, agreeable, intelligent, decisive man, of great natural and acquired capacity, who absorbed parliamentary law, and masterly administered the same with great credit. I knew him personally, and can not believe there was any dishonesty in his character. He was an inveterate smoker of cigars, and probably died from the excessive absorption of nicotine. He never drank liquors of any kind for the reason, as he said to me, because he was afraid of them.

At this little card table, playing the absorbing game known as "Blitz," were seated the four largest, and, by reason of their official stations, the most important gentlemen present. They were, respectively, CHIEF JUSTICE S. P. CHASE, OF OHIO; ASSOCIATE JUSTICES SAMUEL F. MILLER, OF IOWA; DAVID DAVIS, OF ILLINOIS, AND NATHAN CLIFFORD, OF MAINE—ALL OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. A brief personal description of their appearance and analysis of their characters must suffice here.

CHASE was a finely proportioned man in the neighborhood of six feet in height, compactly built, and with a sort of shuffling gait in walking, or rather a springing from the toes.



U. S. SENATOR JAMES HARLAN, IOWA
LATER, SECRETARY OF INTERIOR

He had the scholarly stoop to his shoulders. His face was large, aristocratic, refined, handsome, and in perfect proportions, with a preponderance to forehead, which was large, high, and wide. His hair was thin and slightly curly, dark brown and gray. His face was clean shaven; mouth somewhat sensuous and sensitive; chin well-molded and decisive.

He was an exceedingly fine looking man, courtly, and affable. In early manhood he had gone to Washington and taught a select school there. I was told by an old lady resident that she attended his school and that he was very poor and scantily clad; that the children used to laugh at his odd walk; he usually wore low shoes and his trousers were very short and badly worn around the knees and ankles, showing his faded blue socks; that in those days he was a very bashful man in the presence of ladies. Justice Chase was regarded more as a statesman than as a jurist.

JUSTICE MILLER was esteemed, by Republican lawyers especially, as the ablest constitutional jurist on that bench. He was a man of powerful build, immense chest and square shoulders; a strong, sturdy, vigorous, alert, honest, fearless man, thoroughly devoted to truth. His face was massive and commanding when in repose; when engaged in conversation it lighted up with wrinkles of smiles all over, and a gentle, kindly glance shot from his sparkling eyes. It suggested the good, kind, family physician. In fact, in early manhood he was a practicing physician and abandoned the practice of medicine for that of law. His head was large, forehead broad, and full over the eyebrows; strong aquiline nose, firm mouth, square, finely proportioned chin. His grasp of legal and constitutional principles was profound. He brushed away small technicalities and quibbles that stood in the path of his search for great underlying principles of right. He believed in the eternal supremacy

of the Federal Government; that this is a Nation and not a Confederacy. He was the antithesis of Chief Justice Taney of Dred Scott reputation. His rank should be by the side of John Marshall. Living in the same hotel with him I saw much of him, and am happy in this opportunity to bear my brief and humble tribute not only to his charming personal character, but to his great intellectual qualities as well.

JUSTICE DAVIS was a man of immense avoirdupois—must have weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. There was nothing striking about his face unless it was that it suggested a satisfied, contented spirit and a fondness for a good, square meal. His forehead was rather low, but full and square, Roman nose, rather drooping eyelids, beard, but no mustache. He was brilliant and somewhat voluble in speech, and was generally regarded as politically ambitious even before he resigned from the bench to enter the Senate. He was afflicted with the same form of moral myopia that troubled Justice Chase, to wit: an inordinate desire to become President of the United States. This well-known inclination on his part detracted from his weight as a jurist, but like Chase the bee had entered his bonnet. Davis was an inordinate eater. It was said at the hotel that Justices Davis, Clifford, and Senator Morton, of Indiana, ate more food than any other twelve ordinary people! In the matter of liquid appetizers they were all abstemious—none being addicted to the use of heavy liquors.

JUSTICE CLIFFORD was noted chiefly for his corpulency, grave solemnity, immaculate linen, and white necktie. He must have weighed over three hundred pounds also. It was humorously charged that when he was about to prepare a legal opinion he sent word to the librarian to send him all the books on a given subject and its kindred. Two or three hand carts would be required, and the ponderous jus-

tice would load them all into his opinion in some way like he did the immense quantities of food into his stomach!

But this was undoubtedly libelous and due to his strong Democratic partisanship.

Another prominent host who used to entertain his friends in a most sumptuous manner was a Mr. Philips. This gentleman was a merchant of wealth, owning a superbly furnished house on K street. He held open house to his friends and their friends every Sunday evening. The floors were inlaid hard woods, oiled and waxed, and covered only with magnificent skins of lions, tigers, white polar, and black bears, etc., etc.

The walls were adorned with rare old oil paintings. An upright grand piano stood in the back drawing-room upon which at intervals during the evening a hired lady singer played an accompaniment to her beautiful soprano voice. In the rear was a dining-room, the perfection of taste, and in the center of it a large oval table literally loaded with every conceivable kind of food and liquors. The colored waiters, in full dress, stood around the table to serve the guests. One could have any kind of wine or liquor he desired, but no water. I was invited to attend this gentleman's function by my warm, personal friend, John Jay Knox, who was then Comptroller of the Currency. It was a most enjoyable and memorable occasion.

By urgent requests, General Banks, one of the guests present, in his deep, sonorous voice, recited the following old, anonymous poem, entitled:

The Knight's Toast

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
 In lordly cup is seen to shine
 Before each eager guest;
 And silence fills the crowded hall,
 As deep as when the herald's call
 Thrills in the loyal breast.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! A toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiled and said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant Knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And called the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those thousand eyes;—
A gallant Knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all;
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall—
The flower of Chivalry.

St. Leon flash'd his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high;
"I drink to ONE," he said,
"Whose image never may depart;
Deep-graven on this grateful heart,
'Till memory be dead.

"To ONE whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To ONE whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Each guest upstarted at the word,
 And laid a hand upon his sword,
 With fury-flashing eye;
 And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
 Proud Knight, of this most peerless dame
 Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood,
 Thus lightly to another;
 Then bent his noble head as though
 To give that word the *reverence due*,
 And gently said: "*My Mother!*"

This was very appropriately followed by one of the loveliest old English ballads, rendered by Mrs. Fannie Hart Joslyn, formerly of London, later of Detroit, in the most superb contralto voice ever given woman, and who kindly consented to "sing just one song for the occasion," by special invitation. Here are the words:

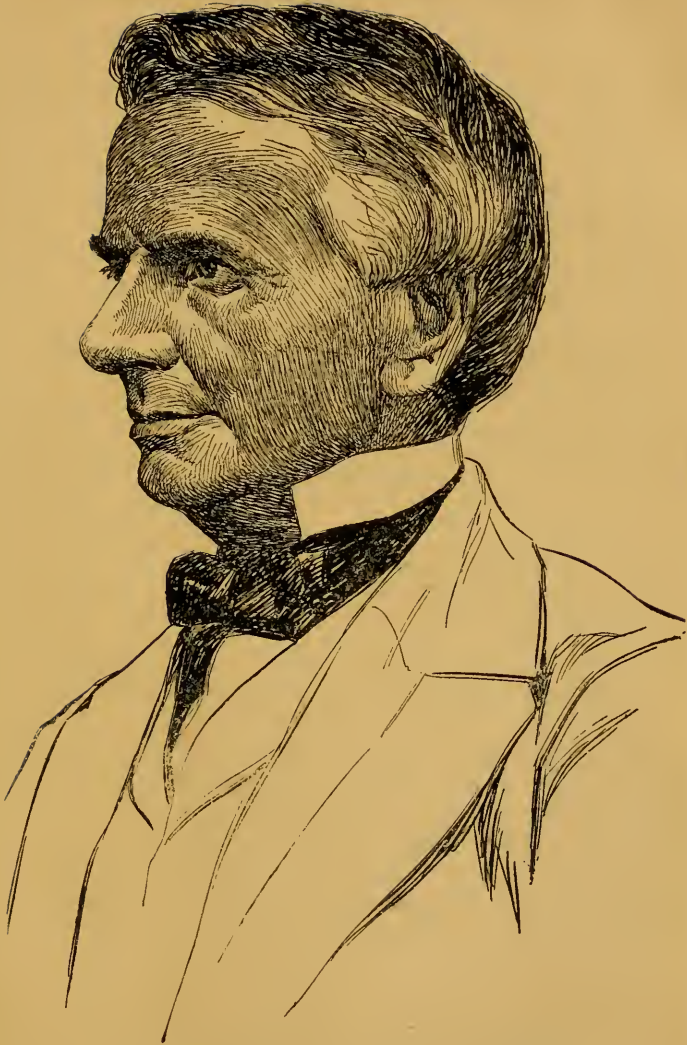
Likeness of the best of mothers:
 Oh, how dear thou art to me!
 As I thus behold thine image,
 Fancy bears me back to thee!

Brighter far the fond resemblance
 Than the artist's hand can trace,
 [In my soul there shines reflected
 All thy goodness and thy grace.]—2—: ||:—: ||:

Mother dearest, best and kindest,
 Thou art gone so far away!
 : ||: Would thine eyes were on me smiling,
 As upon thy breast I lay.—: ||:—: ||:—(3 times)

Oh, return, my dearest mother,
 For I pine for thee alone,
 And the world is sad without thee;
 All my joy with thee is gone.

All my longing, all my yearning—
 Is thy loving face to see!
 : ||: Oh, I can not live without thee,
 Let me fly again to thee.—: ||:—: ||:—(3 times)



U. S. SENATOR TIMOTHY O. HOWE, WISCONSIN
LATER, POSTMASTER-GENERAL

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

General Banks was then persuaded to give another recitation, and chose the following poem by D. R. Locke— (“Petroleum V. Nasby”):

“Let Me But Touch His Garment”

“Let me but touch His garment”—on death’s very verge,
All soaked and sodden with impure desires,
With blood thrice heated with hell-lighted fires,
No power less than His the sun-stained man can purge.

“Let me but touch His garment;” I came not as came
The Syrian woman, whose despairing wail
Went up to heaven for her frail body’s ail:—
A bruised and sinking *soul* hath much the better claim.

“Let me but touch His garment”—in my sorest need
His side I cling to, for I know and feel
The man-enveloped God hath power to heal:
Let me but touch the hem, I shall be well, indeed.

“Let me but touch His garment”—stand ye all aside,
Nor access to my soul’s relief deny;
A lost soul writhing, shrieks in agony—
Who hath better claim? I will not be denied.”

A fitting finale to a Sunday evening’s entertainment by a charming host and long to be remembered by this relator.

Mr. Philip gave these receptions on Sunday because on week days his guests being high Government officials could not or would not care to attend a stag party, on account of their official duties, and besides it tended to remove the ennui of Sunday. His house was subsequently occupied, I believe, by the British Commissioners, who negotiated the Alabama claims, or the “Washington Treaty,” so-called.

The last and most interesting stag party I attended in Washington was given by Major R., an army officer, who had been dismissed from the army by a summary order of the Secretary of War. He desired to be restored and

was resorting to every possible means to accomplish that result. He was a civil appointment, a native of New York City and the son of a prominent judge of that place. He was quite a handsome fellow and believed thoroughly in the efficacy of high social influence; therefore, he decided to give a function to his influential friends and their friends. The Major had seen considerable staff service, and, as a natural consequence, had learned the qualities of different liquors—but personally preferred “old rye.”

After the “shank of the evening” had passed, by some playing cards, others chatting, joking, and smoking, the eatibles were brought into the rooms—the Major’s quarters were a flat on Pennsylvania Avenue, in the neighborhood of Willard’s Hotel—from a neighboring restaurant, consisting of clams, oysters, shrimps, crabs, salads, and an immense platter of olives.

Champagne flowed freely. After the food was disposed of, a few humorous little speeches were made, and the fun grew fast and furious. The Major limited his occupation chiefly to carrying around a huge demijohn of old rye on his right forearm, and insisting upon every one he met having his glass filled with that beverage, no matter what it had previously contained! He at last got us all lined up around the room, glasses in hand.

Standing immediately to my left was a “loud” member of the Austrian Legation, with monocle in his left eye, long yellow mustache twisted up over his ears, and his clothes were “built” in the highest art of the tailor. He had already entered the silly stage of inebriety. The Major came along the line, filling each glass from the demijohn on his arm, and when all were filled, he would propose the toast, “You know how ’tis yourself!” My Austrian neighbor was the reported cause of the domestic infelicity of Senator Charles Sumner. He certainly showed great astuteness on this occasion, when, instead of drinking the

strong liquor he tried to toss it over his shoulder out through the open window, but owing to his unfortunate condition simply poured it down the back of his dress coat! I kept my own head by quietly and quickly emptying my glass at each round in a cuspidor at the side of my feet without attracting the attention of the other guests. After I had enjoyed the sight of my neighbor drenching his back, I called his attention to it, greatly to the hilarity of the occasion. The sport increased, interspersed with songs and dramatic recitations; among the former was the following little English boatswain's song, rendered in an excruciatingly funny manner, by a purser of the navy—great stress being laid upon the first word of each line, as the oars are supposed to strike the water, with a short pause.

English Boatswain's Song

'S'not! leavin hold Hingland I cares about;
 'S'not! leavin my hown native land.
 'Hits! leavin the harms of my pollywog,
 Vithout e'en a kiss of the hand!

CHORUS

Sing! Too-ral-i-oo-ral-i-ooral!
 Chant! too-ral-i-oo-ral-i-ay!
 Warrrrble! too-ral-i-oo-ral-i-ooral!
 Chorus! too-ral-i-oo-ral-i-ay!

Hi! vish that some sveet little seagull,
 Vould! give me it's vings for to fly!
 Hi'd! fly to the harms of my pollywog,
 Hand! on her sveet bosom I'd die.

—*Chorus:*

Hits! the capting as vell as the boatswain,
 Hits! the hossifers as vell as the crew,
 Hits! the married ones as vell as the single vuns
 Don't! care what ve poor divils go through!

—*Chorus:*

But decidedly the most humorous event of the evening occurred when our rollicking host escorted in, and introduced to our bewildered visions, four Afro-Americans, composing what he gravely termed:

“THE MILLION-O’-AIRS QUARTETTE”

I should not be doing my full duty as a truthful chronicler of events were I to omit description of the personalities and the names of this renowned club, as well as to give a few of the songs rendered by it, in the most ridiculously odd and fantastic African manner. The two most witty and fun-loving races on this globe are, unquestionably, the Irish and African. A broad-minded, scholarly and cultured Irish friend at my elbow prophesies that the “Coming Race”—not that of Lord Bulwer’s facile pen, nor the ambidextrous “Coming Race” of Charles Reade—in the United States, will be a result of the mixture of these two peoples!

The tall and thin leader of this band of singers bore the euphonious name of Hyacinthine Dewsnipe—a falsetto—called “Wou-Wou,” on account of his sad and dyspeptic countenance; he was troubled somewhat with a bad tremolo.

The tenor was Epaphroditus Bilgewater, called “Pap,” pink-eyed, red-headed, short and fat, and full of beer and onions, and a robusto voice. The long-necked, light-colored baritone “Millionaire” Jubal Heliogabalus was called “Bellowing Gab,” a head waiter in a station eating-house, and with an immense mouth. The basso was Ahasuerus Falstaff, called “Weeper,” a large, greasy, be-jewel, ebony-black fellow, with the pompous air of a peacock, and a lacrymose voice, the head barber of the United States Senate barber shop.

Their musical instruments consisted of an accordion, a violin, a banjo, and a guitar, as accompaniments.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

I recall but five of the songs rendered. After much hemming and hawing by the quartette and numerous gibes uttered by the guests, the "Millionaires" started with the following ditty, sung in a mournful monotone, as "a roundelay"—all the voices blending quite harmoniously—repeating the whole several times.

"Man's life's a vapor, full of woes;
When he cuts a caper, down he goes;
Down he—down he—down he—down he—
Down he goes!" (Slowly.)

Then followed another song in a weird negro melody—

"Oh, my wife died—(pause)—Oh, then! Oh, then!
Oh, my wife died!—(pause)—Oh, then! Oh, then!
Oh my wife died—(pause)—I'll be hanged if I cried!
I war glad I war single again;"

"I married another—(pause)—Oh, then! Oh, then!
I married another—(pause)—Oh, then! Oh, then!
I married another—(pause)—She is worse than the udder!
I wish I war single again!

The last song was repeated over and over, and the poor fellows were plied with various kinds of liquids until they also fully "caught on" and sang with great impressiveness the following little love song, which resulted almost in a riot of enthusiasm:

Come, dearest, the daylight has gone;
The stars are unveiling to thee;
Let us wander together alone,
If alone thou can'st call it with me.

Let us go where the wild flowers bloom,
Mid'st the soft dews of the night;
Where the orange dispels its perfume,
And the rose speaks of love and delight.

Remember, love, soon I must leave thee,
To wander 'mid strangers alone,
Where at eve thy sweet smile will not greet me,
Nor thy gentle voice at morn.



U. S. SENATOR JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, WISCONSIN

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

But Oh, 'twill be sweet to remember,
When I am far from thee,
That the hand of Fate only can sever
My lasting affection for thee!"

Prof. Ahasuerus Falstaff closed the musical feature of the occasion by singing in the most doleful basso, the following idyl, with piano accompaniment:

"Life's a farce; the world a stage!"
So sang a jolly ancient sage.
What curious thoughts our minds engage!
What petty things give umbrage!
What a puzzle to see through the struggle,
For wealth and fame—in each, the same!

To end in what?
Only a lot or spot,
Under ground,
Beneath all sound;
Above, a mound,
On which abound—
Weeds and grass,
Alas! Alas!

Also the oldtime minstrel song entitled:

"Strangers Yet"

Strangers yet! After years of life together:
After fair and stormy weather;
After travel in far lands:
After touch of wedded hands:
Why thus join'd, why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet, strangers yet, strangers yet?

After childhood's winning ways;
After care and blame and praise;
Counsel asked and counsel given;
After mutual pray'rs to Heav'n;
Child and parent scarce regret,
When they part as strangers yet, strangers yet, strangers yet.

Will it evermore be thus, Spirits still impervious?
Shall we never fairly stand,
Soul to soul, as hand in hand?
Are the bounds eternal set, to retain us strangers yet, strangers yet?

This was followed by all four "millionaires" dancing the "Pigeon Wing Glide," which was irresistibly and indescribably funny, consisting mostly of turning in and out their feet in common unison, genuflections of the knees, their thumbs inserted into their ears and fingers spread wide apart, and their whole hands flopping up and down in front of their ears like wings, clapping of hands and kicking up of feet, all keeping time together and to the music of an accompanying piano.

The following little tribute was then recited by its modest author, one of the guests, who handed it to this relator, only on condition that his name remain unknown:

[TO MY SERAPHITA]

Friend Always

There's a word that is dear to my heart,
 When linked with the name of friend,
 It tells of the unchanging part
 That lives to the uttermost end.
 As the magnet is true to the pole,
 As the heart turns to earlier days,
 So yearns my enraptured soul
 For my beautiful—"friend always."

See the imperial Bird of Jove,
 In his lofty flights to realms above,
 In quest of his fugitive prey!
 He rides the storm
 In fury-land born,
 And wings on his wondrous way;
 But ever he turns his eager eye
 To his eyrie dear in the cliff on high,
 Where his fearless heart finds rest
 And peace and joy in another breast:
 So would I ever and fondly gaze,
 On my beautiful—"friend always."

As sinks to rest the fiery King of Day,
 Gilding the azure vault with gorgeous ray;
 Or when he smiles in matin mirth,
 And strews with pearls the drowsy earth,

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Aloft in all their glories bright,
The starry watchers of the night,
In chorus chant celestial lays
Of the Creator's own sympathies,
Ever and on their heavenly ways,
Through age and age of endless days:
So let me raise my humble praise
To my beautiful—"friend always."

Always tender, always true,
Always joyous, always new,
Always sunshine, pure and holy,
Always fleeing melancholy:
Let me linger near thy ways,
To me, be a—"friend always."

Then came these beautiful lines from Dante, recited by an author of distinguished reputation, with exquisite delicacy of feeling:

The Perfect Woman

"Within her eyes my lady beareth love,
Therefore all things grow kind beneath her gaze.
Where she doth pass, all turn in sweet amaze,
And whom she greeteth as a frightened dove,
His heart doth tremble; and unworthiness
His downcast face and flaming cheek confess.
Before her purity, flee Pride and Ire:
Sweet dames! To honor her with me conspire.
All gentleness, each pure and gracious thought,
Into his heart are born who hears her speech,
And blest the place that sight of her doth know;
And all the charm wherewith her smile is fraught
May not be told, or e'en remembered; each
New smile a miracle so rare doth show!"

The whole company then sang Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," to the tune of "Annie Laurie," with charming effect.

The following inspired tribute to the Star Spangled Banner, by an unknown author, said to have been a little girl thirteen years of age, was then rendered by this relator:



"The Star-Spangled Banner"

FLAG OF THE PLANET GEMS!
Whose sapphire-circled diadems
Stend every sea and shore and sky;
Oh! can Thy children gaze
Upon Thy golden blaze,
Nor kindle at Thy rays
Which led the brave of old 'o die?
Thou banner, beautiful and grand,
Float Thou forever o'er our land!

FLAG OF THE BIRD OF JOVE!
Who left his home the clouds above
To point the hero's lightning path!
Around Thee will we stand,
With glittering sword in hand,
And swear to guard the land
Which quelled the British Lion's wrath!
Flag of the free and brave in blood,
For aye be Thou the best of God!

FLAG OF THE STRIPES OF FIRE!
Long as the bard his lofty lyre
Can strike, Thou shalt inspire our song;
We'll sing Thee round the hearth;
We'll sing Thee on strange earth;
We'll sing Thee when we forth
To battle go, with clarion tongue!
Flag of the West! Be Thou unfurled
'Till the last trump arouse the world!

FLAG OF TWO OCEAN SHORES!
Whose everlasting thunder roars
From deep to deep, in storm and foam!
Though with the sun's red set,
Thou sinkest to slumber, yet
With him in glory great
Thou risest, and shalt share his tomb!
Thou banner, beautiful and grand,
Float Thou forever o'er our land!

CHAPTER FOUR

GREATEST CRIMINAL TRIAL IN HISTORY—IMPEACHMENT OF
PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON—THE AUTHOR A DAILY
ATTENDANT.

Preliminary Proceedings in the Senate

IN THE IMPEACHMENT OF ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES, FOR HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.—FORTIETH
CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.—HON. BENJAMIN F.
WADE, PRESIDENT PRO TEMPORE.

TUESDAY, *February 25, 1868.*

Mr. Representative Stevens and Mr. Representative Bingham appeared at the bar of the Senate, and were announced as the committee from the House of Representatives.

Mr. STEVENS. Mr. President, in obedience to the order of the House of Representatives, we appear before you, and in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States we do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office; and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him and make good the same; and in their name we demand that the Senate take order for the appearance of the said Andrew Johnson to answer said impeachment.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Senate will take order in the premises.

The committee of the House thereupon withdrew.

Mr. Howard, by unanimous consent, submitted the following resolution, which was read, considered, amended, and agreed to:

Resolved, That the message of the House of Representatives relating to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be referred to a select committee of seven, to be appointed by the Chair, to consider and report thereon.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore* subsequently announced the committee, to consist of the following senators: *Mr. Howard*, Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Conkling, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Morton, Mr. Pomeroy, and Mr. Johnson.

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WEDNESDAY, *February 26, 1868.*

Mr. HOWARD, from the select committee appointed to consider and report upon the message of the House of Representatives in relation to the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, reported the following resolution:

Whereas the House of Representatives, on the 25th day of the present month, by two of their members, Messrs. Thaddeus Stevens and John A. Bingham, at the bar of the Senate, impeached Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and informed the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit particular articles of impeachment against him and make good the same; and likewise demanded that the Senate take order for the appearance of said Andrew Johnson to answer to the said impeachment: Therefore,

Resolved, That the Senate will take proper order thereon, of which due notice shall be given to the House of Representatives.

And the committee further recommended to the Senate that the Secretary of the Senate be directed to notify the House of Representatives of the foregoing resolution.

The resolution was considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to.

Mr. HOWARD. I ask that an order be made directing the Secretary to transmit the resolution just adopted, which is in the usual form, to the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. That will be done, as a matter of course, without any formal order.

FRIDAY, *February 28, 1868.*

The Senate postponed all other business, and proceeded to consider the report of the select committee respecting impeachment, presented by Mr. Howard. It embraced the rules of procedure and practice in the Senate when sitting for the trial of an impeachment; which, after discussion and amendment, were adopted on March 2, 1868.

WEDNESDAY, *March 4, 1868.*

The managers of the impeachment on the part of the House of Representatives appeared at the bar, and their presence was announced by the Sergeant-at-arms.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The managers of the impeachment will advance within the bar and take the seats provided for them.

The managers on the part of the House of Representatives came within the bar and took the seats assigned to them in the area in front of the Chair.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Mr. Manager BINGHAM. Mr. President, the managers of the House of Representatives, by order of the House, are ready at the bar of the Senate, whenever it may please the Senate to hear them, to present articles of impeachment and in maintenance of the impeachment preferred against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, by the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Sergeant-at-arms will make proclamation.

The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence, on pain of imprisonment, while the House of Representatives is exhibiting to the Senate of the United States articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

The managers then rose and remained standing, with the exception of Mr. Stevens, who was physically unable to do so, while Mr. Manager Bingham read the articles of impeachment.

The Trial of Andrew Johnson

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.—THE UNITED STATES VS. ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT.

THE CAPITOL, THURSDAY, *March 5, 1868.*

At 1 o'clock p. m. the Chief Justice of the United States entered the Senate chamber, accompanied by Mr. Justice Nelson, and escorted by Senators Pomeroy, Wilson, and Buckalew, the committee appointed for that purpose.

The Chief Justice took the chair and said: Senators, I attend the Senate in obedience to your notice, for the purpose of joining with you in forming a court of impeachment for the trial of the President of the United States, and I am now ready to take the oath.

The oath was administered by Mr. Justice Nelson, the Senior Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to Chief Justice Chase in the following words:

"I do solemnly swear that in all things appertaining to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, I will do impartial justice according to the Constitution and the laws; so help me God."

[The senators rose when the Chief Justice entered the chamber, and remained standing till the conclusion of the administration of the oath to him.]

The CHIEF JUSTICE. Senators, the oath will now be administered to the senators as they will be called by the Secretary in succession. (To the Secretary.) Call the roll.

The Secretary proceeded to call the roll alphabetically, and the Chief Justice administered the oath to Senators Anthony, Bayard,



U. S. SENATOR THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, INDIANA
LATER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Buckalew, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Davis, Dixon, Drake, Ferry, Fessenden, Fowler, Frelinghuysen, Grimes, Harlan, Henderson, Hendricks, Howard, Howe, Johnson, McCreery, Morgan, Morrill of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Morton, Norton, Nye, Patterson of Tennessee, Pomeroy, Ramsey, Ross, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Sumner, Thayer, Tipton, Trumbull and Van Winkle.

The Secretary then called the name of Mr. Wade, who rose from his seat in the Senate and advanced toward the chair. His right to sit as a member of the court was questioned by Senator Hendricks and discussed, and a motion to adjourn was made and carried. A report of the debate will be found in the third volume.

The Chief Justice thereupon declared the court adjourned until 1 o'clock to-morrow, and vacated the chair.

FRIDAY, *March 6, 1868.*

At 1 o'clock the Chief Justice of the United States entered the Senate chamber, escorted by Mr. Pomeroy, the chairman of the committee appointed for that purpose, and took the chair.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The Senate will come to order. The proceedings of yesterday will be read.

The Secretary read the "proceedings of the Senate sitting on the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, on Thursday, March 5, 1868," from the entries on the journal kept for that purpose by the Secretary.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. At its adjournment last evening, the Senate, sitting for the trial of impeachment, had under consideration the motion of the senator from Maryland, [Mr. Johnson,] that objection having been made to the senator from Ohio [Mr. Wade] taking the oath, his name should be passed until the remaining members have been sworn. That is the business now before the body.

After discussion, Senator Hendricks withdrew his objection, and the Chief Justice announced that the motion made by the honorable senator from Maryland fell with it.

The Secretary called the name of Mr. Wade, who advanced and took the oath.

The Secretary then continued the call of the roll, and the Chief Justice administered the oath to Senators Willey, Williams, Wilson, and Yates, as their names were respectively called.

The Secretary then called the names of Senators Doolittle, Edmunds, Patterson of New Hampshire, and Saulsbury, who were not present yesterday; and Mr. Saulsbury appeared, and the oath was administered to him by the Chief Justice.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. All the senators present having taken the oath required by the Constitution, the Senate is now organized for

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the purpose of proceeding to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. The Sergeant-at-arms will make proclamation.

The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS. Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence on pain of punishment while the Senate of the United States is sitting for the trial of the articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Mr. HOWARD. I move that the Secretary of the Senate notify the managers on the part of the House of Representatives that the Senate is now organized for the purpose of proceeding to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. Before putting that question the Chair feels it his duty to submit a question to the Senate relative to the rules of proceeding. In the judgment of the Chief Justice the Senate is now organized as a distinct body from the Senate sitting in its legislative capacity. It performs a distinct function; the members are under a different oath; and the presiding officer is not the President *pro tempore* of the Senate, but the Chief Justice of the United States. Under these circumstances, the Chair conceives that rules adopted by the Senate in its legislative capacity are not rules for the government of the Senate sitting for the trial of an impeachment, unless they be also adopted by that body. In this judgment of the Chair, if it be an erroneous one, he desires to be corrected by the judgment of the court, or of the Senate sitting for the trial of the impeachment of the President, which, in his judgment, are synonymous terms, and therefore, if he may be permitted to do so, he will take the sense of the Senate upon this question, whether the rules adopted on the 2d of March, a copy of which is now lying before him, shall be considered the rules of proceeding in this body. ("Question.") Senators, you who think that the rules of proceeding adopted on the 2d of March should be considered as the rules of proceeding of this body will say "ay;" contrary opinion, "no:" [The senators having answered.] The ayes have it by the sound. The rules will be considered as the rules of proceeding in this body.

Mr. HOWARD submitted the following resolution and orders, which were read, considered, and adopted:

Resolved, That at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon the Senate will proceed to consider the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, at which time the oath or affirmation required by the rules of the Senate sitting for the trial of an impeachment shall be administered by the Chief Justice of the United States as the presiding officer of the Senate sitting as aforesaid, to each member of the Senate, and that the Senate sitting as aforesaid will at the time aforesaid receive the managers appointed by the House of Representatives.

Ordered, That the Secretary lay this resolution before the House of Representatives.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Ordered, That the articles of impeachment exhibited against Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be printed.

Ordered, That a copy of the "rules of procedure and practice in the Senate when sitting on the trial of impeachment" be communicated by the Secretary to the House of Representatives, and a copy thereof delivered by him to each member of the House.

Mr. POMEROY submitted the following order, which was read and considered:

Ordered, That the notice to the Chief Justice of the United States to meet the Senate in the trial of the case of impeachment, and requesting his attendance as presiding officer, be delivered to him by a committee of three senators to be appointed by the Chair, who shall wait upon the Chief Justice to the Senate chamber and conduct him to the chair.

The order was agreed to; and the President *pro tempore* appointed Messrs. Pomeroy, Wilson, and Buckalew the committee.

TUESDAY, *March 10.*

The Senate considered the order offered by the senator from Rhode Island, [Mr. Anthony,] in relation to admissions to the Senate gallery during the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, as it was reported by Mr. Howard, chairman of the select committee to which it had been referred. After discussion and amendment, the order was adopted, as follows:

Ordered, That during the trial of the impeachment now pending no persons besides who have the privilege of the floor and clerks of the standing committees of the Senate shall be admitted to that portion of the Capitol set apart for the use of the Senate and its officers, except upon tickets issued by the sergeant-at-arms. The number of tickets shall not exceed one thousand. Tickets shall be numbered and dated, and be good only for the day on which they are dated.

Second. The portion of the gallery set apart for the diplomatic corps shall be exclusively appropriated to it, and forty tickets of admission thereto shall be issued to the Baron Gerolt for the foreign legations.

Third. Four tickets shall be issued to each senator; four tickets each to the Chief Justice of the United States and the Speaker of the House of Representatives; two tickets to each member of the House of Representatives; two tickets each to the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; two tickets each to the chief justice and associate justices of the supreme court of the District of Columbia; two tickets to the chief justice and each judge of the Court of Claims; two tickets to each Cabinet officer; two tickets to the General commanding the army; twenty tickets to the private secretary of the President of the United States for the use of the

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President, and sixty tickets shall be issued by the President *pro tempore* of the Senate to the reporters of the press. The residue of the tickets to be issued shall be distributed among the members of the Senate in proportion to the representation of their respective states in the House of Representatives, and the seats now occupied by the senators shall be reserved for them.

Such is the official record of the beginning of the greatest criminal trial in profane history, before the most august tribunal on earth—the accused being at that date the highest civic officer of state in the world—the chief magistrate of forty millions of people—ANDREW JOHNSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES by virtue of the death of his predecessor—a trial prosecuted by the House of Representatives, through its chosen managers, seven in number and the leading members of that body, before the United States Senate, representing at that time—March, 1868—twenty-seven sovereign states, and presided over by the Chief Justice of the United States, sitting as a trial court!

The charges were contained in eleven articles, the first nine of which concerned violations of the so-called “Tenure of Office Act”—a law especially provided to enable Secretary of War, Stanton, to retain his portfolio in spite of the repeated attempts of President Johnson to remove him therefrom, the President claiming the law to be unconstitutional, without waiting for the Supreme Court of the United States to so pronounce it in legal and constitutional manner. The tenth article related to ribald speeches uttered by the President in several large cities with intent to bring into disgrace, ridicule, hatred, contempt, and reproach the Congress of the United States, and to destroy the respect of the people for them. The eleventh referred to unlawful attempts to prevent Mr. Stanton from resuming the functions of his office, the execution of the clause in the appropriation act of 1867 requiring that all orders should pass through the official channel of the General of the Army; and also the reconstruction acts of March 2, 1867.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

I was a daily witness, from the floor of the Senate, of this momentous proceeding that lasted in the neighborhood of two months in duration. It is the purpose of this chapter to present the reader with a few hitherto unpublished facts in the nature of state secrets, some dramatic incidents, and specimens of forensic oratory that probably have never been surpassed in either hall of Congress or elsewhere, in connection with this trial. My confidential relations as private secretary to my father who, as above shown from the official record, was chairman of the "Select Committee of Seven" in the Senate on the impeachment trial, enabled me to come into possession of several important secrets, given me by him.

Directly preceding the trial he was informed by a leading member of the House that Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase had said he should positively refuse to preside over the Senate as a court of impeachment to try President Johnson. That member had, therefore, at once prepared articles of impeachment against Chief Justice Chase and was ready to present them before the House if he still persisted in such refusal; whereupon a special committee was appointed by President pro tempore, Wade, as will be seen from the above record, to notify Chief Justice Chase that the Senate was organized as a court of impeachment and was ready to receive him as its presiding officer according to the provisions of the Constitution. My father quietly informed Senator Pomeroy, the chairman, of the foregoing facts and suggested that he so inform Chief Justice Chase privately. This course was pursued, and Chase came into the Senate chamber with a decided frown upon his face and exhibited considerable petulance in his manner. His disinclination to act in accordance with the requirements of the Constitution, doubtless arose primarily from the fact that if the President should be convicted and so removed from office, the place would be filled temporarily at least,



U. S. SENATOR CHARLES R. BUCKALEW, PENNSYLVANIA

by that intense "radical," Benjamin F. Wade, also of Ohio, the then President *pro tempore* of the Senate, by virtue of that office, and so Chase's presidential aspirations would suffer defeat. Such was the surmise of the knowing ones.

The earliest dramatic scene in the trial I recall was shortly after it had begun. A motion to retire for consultation on the question of the right of the Chief Justice to primarily decide all interlocutory questions of law and evidence had been tied by receiving the same number of senators' votes—25 to 25—when Chief Justice Chase abruptly and haughtily, without explanation, assumed for himself the undelegated right to cast the deciding vote as presiding officer. In an instant a dozen or more leading Senators were on their feet, shouting and gesticulating, some going so far as to mount their chairs. Threats and denunciations filled the air.

Chase looked flustered and scared, but quickly arising from his seat, and pounding the desk with his mallet, put the motion for adjournment or recess, declared it carried and leaving the chair, descended the steps of the dais and passed out of the chamber, amid a shower of hisses and harsh epithets. He purposely and plainly showed his disapprobation of the impeachment proceedings, and thus at the start, doing all in his power, as the presiding officer, to discourage its continuance. When I saw this scene and heard such cries as "infamous," "traitorous," "outrageous," "damnable," coming from the months of staid, sedate, and dignified but terribly excited senators, I immediately, concluded in my callow mind that "here and now is the beginning of the end of this republic." The excitement continued and feeling ran very high for the rest of that day. The impeachment of Chase was freely discussed, but by the next session of the court, quiet was restored. The contention was that the Chief Justice was not a member *per se*, of the Senate sitting as a trial court, but was simply a pre-

siding officer to maintain order and put questions to the vote of senators who alone composed the "Court." The Chief Justice, however, was sustained later on, by a vote of thirty-one to nineteen, through the adoption of an order by the Senate as a court, granting him specifically the power.

The President did not appear before the Senate in person, but only by counsel, they being Attorney General Stanbery, Benjamin R. Curtis, William M. Evarts, William S. Groesbeck, and Thomas A. R. Nelson; Groesbeck being substituted in place of Jeremiah S. Black—all of whom were leading lawyers of the nation. The first move on the part of the defense was for more time to plead, in which they were partially defeated, the time being limited to March 23. Then followed the formal written answer of President Johnson to each article of impeachment, read by Mr. Evarts, with another request for more time for preparation, which was denied. The next day the "Replication" was presented by Mr. Boutwell, one of the House managers.

On Monday, March 30, 1868, at half-past twelve o'clock, the great trial virtually began, the whole House of Representatives coming into the Senate in a body, headed by Mr. E. B. Washburne, chairman of the Committee of the Whole.

The case was opened on the part of the prosecution by BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, OF MASSACHUSETTS, in an exhaustive and masterly presentation of facts and law, occupying three hours in its delivery. I can give only a portion of its closing sentences:

"Thus we charge that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, not only endeavors to thwart the constitutional action of Congress and bring it to naught, but also to hinder and oppose the execution of the will of the loyal people of the United States expressed in the only mode by which it can be done, through the ballot-box, in the election of their representatives. Who does not know that from the hour he began these, his usurpations of power,

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he everywhere denounced Congress, the legality and constitutionality of its action, and defied its legitimate powers, and, for that purpose, announced his intentions and carried out his purpose, as far as he was able, of removing every true man from office who sustained the Congress of the United States? And it is to carry out this plan of action that he claims the unlimited power of removal, for the illegal exercise of which he stands before you this day. Who does not know that, in pursuance of the same plan, he used his veto power indiscriminately to prevent the passage of wholesome laws, enacted for the pacification of the country? and, when laws were passed by the constitutional majority over his vetoes, he made the most determined opposition, both open and covert, to them, and, for the purpose of making that opposition effectual, he endeavored to array and did array all the people lately in rebellion to set themselves against Congress and against the true and loyal men, their neighbors, so that murders, assassinations, and massacres were rife all over the Southern States, which he encouraged by his refusal to consent that a single murderer be punished, though thousands of good men have been slain; and further, that he attempted by military orders to prevent the execution of acts of Congress by the military commanders who were charged therewith. These and his concurrent acts show conclusively that his attempt to get the control of the military force of the government, by the seizing of the Department of War, was done in pursuance of his general design, if it were possible, to overthrow the Congress of the United States; and he now claims by his answer the right to control his own will, for the execution of this very design, every officer of the army, navy, civil and diplomatic service of the United States. He asks you here, Senators, by your solemn adjudication to confirm him in that right, to invest him with that power, to be used with the intents and for the purposes which he has already shown.

“The responsibility is with you; the safeguards of the Constitution against usurpation are in your hands; the interests and hopes of free institutions wait upon your verdict. The House of Representatives has done its duty. We have presented the facts in the constitutional manner; we have brought the criminal to your bar, and demand judgment at your hands for his so great crimes.

“Never again, if Andrew Johnson go quit and free this day, can the people of this or any other country by constitutional check or guards stay the usurpations of executive power.”

It seems almost superfluous to present any delineation of this masterful man and great lawyer, but perhaps a brief one, at least, is due. He was not an orator, though he came very near being one, according to the definition of Cicero. His voice was harsh and rasping, one eye was turned in-

wardly—(as Senator Nye said, one day—“My boy, when you see a fellow with one eye trying to gnaw through the bridge of his nose to get at the other eye, look out for him!”)—his figure was rather podgy and ungainly; his neck, short and large; his head, enormous and very bald—it was oblong and wide; his face colorless and resembling in contour somewhat that of an eagle. He was the personification of the alert, tireless, adroit, pugnacious, cool, intellectual New Englander of Miles Standish proclivities and terribly earnest convictions, with mind self-confident and well poised. He was unquestionably the aggressive leader of the House forces, sharing with John A. Bingham the greater portion of the hard work of examination of witnesses and resultant argument on questions of law.

In the examination of witnesses for the prosecution, many and interminable legal questions arose for discussion, carried on by Messrs. Butler and Bingham of the one side, and Attorney General Stansberry and Mr. Evarts, on the other, the witnesses being many of the most prominent men in the nation; among the first was Gen. W. H. Emory, U. S. A., whose testimony was of a very important character, and condemnatory of Johnson. It related to several interviews with Johnson as to efforts to remove Stanton from office, and led to a long discussion in regard to rules of admissibility of evidence. He was followed by several more witnesses whose testimony gave rise to many arguments which would not interest the general reader. The question as to the admissibility of telegraphic dispatches was decided in the affirmative by a vote of 27 to 17; not voting, 10. Then followed the reading of President Johnson's celebrated and scandalous speeches in Cleveland and other cities, in which he grossly abused Congress; then, the testimony of the old chief clerk of the State Department, giving a long list of appointments and removals during the sessions of the Senate, and by other witnesses on the same subject; then journal-

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ists and reporters as to the accuracy of the copies of Johnson's outrageous speeches. The House here rested its case.

The opening on the part of the accused was made by BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, a wonderfully clear headed, dispassionate, logical reasoner, full of learned lore. He moved along in graceful, dignified diction; a better logician than Butler. His argument lasted three and one-half hours and closed with the following learned and pregnant sentences, which should be read by every statesman, editor, and scholar in the land:

"I submit, then, senators, that this view of the honorable managers of the duties and powers of this body can not be maintained. But the attempt made by the honorable managers to obtain a conviction upon this tenth article is attended with some peculiarities which I think it is the duty of the counsel to the President to advert to. So far as regards the preceding articles, the first eight articles are framed upon allegations that the President broke a law. I suppose the honorable managers do not intend to carry their doctrine so far as to say that unless you find the President did intentionally break a law those articles are supported. As to those articles there is some law unquestionably, the very gist of the charge being that he broke a law. You must find that the law existed; you must construe it and apply it to the case; you must find his criminal intent wilfully to break the law, before the articles can be supported. But we come now to this tenth article, which depends upon no law at all, but, as I have said, is attended with some extraordinary peculiarities.

The complaint is that the President made speeches against Congress. The true statement here would be much more restricted than that; for although in those speeches the President used the word "Congress," undoubtedly he did not mean the entire constitutional body organized under the Constitution of the United States; he meant the dominant majority in Congress. Everybody so understood it, everybody must so understand it. But the complaint is that he made speeches against those who governed in Congress. Well, who are the grand jury in this case? One of the parties spoken against. And who are the triers? The other party spoken against. One would think there was some incongruity in this; some reason for giving pause before taking any very great stride in that direction. The honorable House of Representatives sends its managers here to take notice of what? That the House of Representatives has erected itself into a school of manners, selecting from its ranks those gentlemen whom it deems most competent by precept and example to teach decorum of speech; and they desire the judgment of this



BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, M. C., MASSACHUSETTS
FORMERLY MAJOR GENERAL U. S. VOLS.; GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

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body whether the President has not been guilty of indecorum, whether he has spoken properly, to use the phrase of the honorable manager. Now, there used to be an old-fashioned notion that although there might be a difference of taste about oral speeches, and, no doubt, always has been and always will be many such differences, there was one very important test in reference to them, and that is whether they are true or false; but it seems that in this case that is no test at all. The honorable manager, in opening the case, finding, I suppose, that it was necessary, in some manner, to advert to that subject, has done it in terms which I will read to you:

“The words are not alleged to be either false or defamatory, because it is not within the power of any man, however high his official position, in effect to slander the Congress of the United States, in the ordinary sense of that word, so as to call on Congress to answer as to the truth of the accusation.”

Considering the nature of our government, considering the experience which we have gone through on this subject, that is a pretty lofty claim. Why, if the Senate please, if you go back to the time of the Plantagenets and seek for precedents there, you will not find so lofty a claim as that. I beg leave to read from two statutes, the first being 3 Edward I, ch. 34, and the second 2 Richard II, ch. 1, a short passage. The statute 3 Edward I, ch. 34, after the preamble, enacts:

“That from henceforth none be so hardy to tell or publish any false news or tales, whereby discord or occasion of discord or slander may grow between the King and his people, or the great men of the realm; and he that doeth so shall be taken and kept in until he hath brought him into court which was the first author of the tale.”

The statute 2 Richard II, ch. 1, sec. 5, enacted with some alterations the previous statute. It commenced thus:

“Of devisors of false news and of horrible and false lies of prelates, dukes, earls, barons, and other nobles and great men of the realm; and also of the chancellor, treasurer, clerk of the privy seal, steward of the King’s house, justices of the one bench or of the other, and of other great officers of the realm.”

The great men of the realm in the time of Richard II were protected only against “horrible and false lies,” and when we arrive in the course of our national experience during the war with France and the administration of Mr. Adams to that attempt to check, not free speech, but free writing, senators will find that although it applied only to written libels it contained an express section that the truth might be given in evidence. That was a law, as senators know, making it penal by written libels to excite the hatred or contempt of the people against Congress among other offenses; but the estimate of the elevation of Congress above the

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people was not so high but that it was thought proper to allow a defense of the truth to be given in evidence. I beg leave to read from this sedition act a part of one section, and make a reference to another to support the correctness of what I have said. It is found in Statutes at Large, page 596:

“That if any person shall write, print, utter, or publish, or shall cause or procure to be written, printed, uttered, or published, or shall knowingly and willingly assist or aid in writing, printing, uttering, or publishing any false, scandalous, and malicious writing or writings against the Government of the United States, or either house of the Congress of the United States, or the President of the United States, with intent to defame the said Government, or either house of the said Congress, or the said President, or to bring them, or either or any of them the hatred of the good people of the United States, or to stir up sedition within the United States, or to excite any unlawful combinations therein, &c.”

Section three provides—

“That if any person shall be prosecuted under this act for the writing or publishing any libel aforesaid, it shall be lawful for the defendant, upon the trial of the cause, to give in evidence in his defense the truth of the matter contained in the publication charged as a libel. And the jury who shall try the cause shall have a right to determine the law and the fact, under the direction of the court, as in other cases.”

In contrast with the views expressed here, I desire now to read from the fourth volume of Mr. Madison's works, pages 542 and 547, passages which, in my judgment, are as masterly as anything Mr. Madison ever wrote, upon the relations of the Congress of the United States to the people of the United States in contrast with the relations of the government of Great Britain to the people of that island; and the necessity which the nature of our government lays us under to preserve freedom of the press and freedom of speech:

“The essential difference between the British government and the American Constitution will place this subject in the clearest light.

“In the British government the danger of encroachments on the rights of the people is understood to be confined to the executive magistrate. The representatives of the people in the legislature are only exempt themselves from distrust, but are considered as sufficient guardians of the rights of their constituents against the danger from the executive. Hence it is a principle that the Parlia-

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ment is unlimited in its power, or, in their own language, is omnipotent. Hence, too, all the ramparts for protecting the rights of the people—such as their Magna Charta, their Bill of Rights, &c.—are not reared against the Parliament, but against the royal prerogative. They are merely legislative precautions against executive usurpations. Under such a government as this, an exemption of the press from previous restraint, by licensers appointed by the King, is all the freedom that can be secured to it.

“In the United States the case is altogether different. The people, not the government, possess the absolute sovereignty. The legislature, no less than the executive, is under limitations of power. Encroachments are regarded as possible from the one as well as from the other. Hence, in the United States, the great and essential rights of the people are secured against legislative as well as against executive ambition. They are secured, not by laws paramount to prerogative, but by constitutions paramount to laws. This security of the freedom of the press requires that it should be exempt not only from previous restraint by the executive, as in Great Britain, but from legislative restraint also; and this exemption, to be effectual, must be an exemption not only from the previous inspection of licenses, but from the subsequent penalty of laws.”

One other passage, on page 547, which has an extraordinary application to the subject now before you:

“1. The Constitution supposes that the President, the Congress, and each of its houses may not discharge their trusts, either from defect of judgment or other causes. Hence they are all made responsible to their constituents at the returning periods of election; and the President, who is singly intrusted with very great powers, is, as a further guard, subjected to an intermediate impeachment.

“2. Should it happen, as the Constitution supposes it may happen, that either of these branches of the government may not have duly discharged its trust, it is natural and proper that, according to the cause and degree of their faults, they should be brought into contempt or disrepute, and incur the hatred of the people.

“3. Whether it has, in any case, happened that the proceedings of either or all of those branches evince such a violation of duty as to justify a contempt, a disrepute, or hatred among the people, can only be determined by a free examination thereof, and a free communication among the people thereon.

“4. Whenever it may have actually happened that proceedings of this sort are chargeable on all or either of the branches of the government, it is the duty, as well as right, of intelligent and faithful citizens to discuss and promulgate them freely, as well as to control them by the censorship of the public opinion as to promote a remedy according to the rules of the Constitution. And it can



WILLIAM M. EVARTS, OF NEW YORK
LATER, U. S. SENATOR AND SECRETARY OF STATE

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not be avoided that those who are to apply the remedy must feel, in some degree, a contempt or hatred against the transgressing party."

These observations of Mr. Madison were made in respect to the freedom of the press. There were two views entertained at the time when the sedition law was passed concerning the power of Congress over this subject. The one view was that when the Constitution spoke of freedom of the press it referred to the common law definition of that freedom. That was the view which Mr. Madison was controverting in one of the passages which I have read to you. The other view was that the common law definition could not be deemed applicable, and that the freedom provided for by the Constitution, so far as the action of Congress was concerned, was an absolute freedom of the press. But no one ever imagined that freedom of speech, in contradistinction from written libel, could be restrained by a law of Congress; for whether you treat the prohibition in the Constitution as absolute in itself, or whether you refer to the common law for a definition of its limits and meaning, the result will be the same. Under the common law no man was ever punished criminally for spoken words. If he slandered his neighbor and injured him, he must make good in damages to his neighbor the injury he had done; but there was no such thing at the common law as an indictment for spoken words. So that this prohibition in the Constitution against any legislation by Congress in restraint of the freedom of speech is necessarily an absolute prohibition; and therefore this is a case not only where there is no law made prior to the act to punish the act, but a case where Congress is expressly prohibited from making any law to operate even on subsequent acts.

* * * * *

It must be unnecessary for me to say anything concerning the importance of this case, not only now, but in the future. It must be apparent to every one, in any way connected with or concerned in this trial, that this is and will be the most conspicuous instance which ever has been or can ever be expected to be found of American justice or American injustice, of that justice which Mr. Burke says is the great standing policy of all civilized states, or of that injustice which is sure to be discovered and which makes even the wise man mad, and which, in the fixed and immutable order of God's providence, is certain to return to plague its inventors.

The defense then began its testimony by placing on the stand old Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant General, who had been appointed "Ad interim, Secretary of War," after

it had been successively declined by General Grant, Lieutenant General Sherman, and Major General George H. Thomas. "Old Ad Interim's" testimony elicited much acrimony, and amusement as well, and prolonged discussion.

His examination in chief was conducted by Mr. Stanberry and covered great length. His cross-examination was made by General Butler and was equally tedious, but as it drew toward the end it became quite dramatic.

It was plain to be seen that the witness was tired out and greatly annoyed by Butler, who stood with his back toward the witness, leaning up against the clerk's desk which was elevated upon a dais and used as the witness stand. While standing in this position, so that all the witness could see was the back and top of Butler's bald pate, that gentleman "fired" question after question at the witness, addressing them up into the diplomatic gallery on the opposite side of the chamber. The affront by Butler was great and deserved rebuke, but poor old Thomas with face naturally red, steadily growing more and more suffused with righteous indignation, kept answering the rapid questions with the remark—"I don't recollect, sir"—"I don't recollect, sir." When the proceeding began to have the appearance somewhat of a farce, Butler whirled around, like a hawk on a June bug, and thrusting forward his head, said in the most insulting and aggravating manner: "I won't trouble your *recollection* any further, sir!" Thomas left the stand, livid with rage.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL SHERMAN followed as to interviews between himself and Johnson about the former's contemplated appointment in Stanton's place, eliciting long legal discussions between Butler and Stanberry as to the competency, as evidence, of the declarations of Johnson's intentions as given to Sherman. The Attorney General cited the celebrated case of Hardy, reported in State Trials, Vol. XXIV, p. 1065, referring to the cases also of Lord George

Gordon and Lord Russell, as to the right of counsel to state in court what he expects to prove by a witness where the question is one of intention, evoking a scathing argument in reply from Butler for reading only the argument of counsel in those cases, and of which proceeding he said "a more unprofessional act I never knew." Butler also gave a masterly dissection of this celebrated Hardy case, which was a trial for treason—the court which tried it consisting of Lord Chief Justice Eyre, Lord Chief Baron McDonald, Baron Hotham, Justice Buller, Sir Nash Grosse, Justice Lawrence, and other distinguished jurists. It sat from nine o'clock in the morning until one o'clock at night! Erskine's great speech in that trial occupied nine hours in its delivery. This case was discussed also by Evarts and Manager Wilson.

Johnson tendered the appointment of "Secretary of War ad interim" to General Sherman twice. He declined. The chief question that arose in Sherman's examination was as to the admissibility in evidence of matters of opinion "other than those involving professional skill." He was at last allowed to give the President's declarations as to his intentions in offering witness the portfolio of war in place of Stanton. This was followed by the testimony of Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and other distinguished persons. Lastly came documentary evidence, with numerous and learned discussions over admissibility, and questions of estoppel, habeas corpus, and quo warranto.

To me, a young student of law, these masterly discussions of its great principles were indeed a revelation and a school of inestimable advantage. Aside from the personalities of the eminent jurists carrying on the many-sided and learned arguments, serving as models of forensic demeanor in their own persons, added to the majesty of their diction, my eager mind absorbed many profound principles of law that have tended, somewhat, perhaps, to shape its

later development. It was my "Law school," supplemental to my law studies under the supervision of my father.

I was especially struck with the ready and immediately-available knowledge of legal principles and constitutional law exhibited on a multitude of occasions by Butler and Evarts. Their quivers were always full to overflowing. Each was wary of the other, and it was indeed a combat between two giant intellectual gladiators in the grandest arena of the world.

Butler, ever on the attack; Evarts, ever cool, calm, and collected.

Butler, a little inclined, at times, to play to the galleries; Evarts confident and conscious of his own strength.—"Radical" against "Conservative," fittingly represented in these two great and powerful characters—both descendants of old Puritan stock. "When Greek joined Greek, then was the tug of war!"

But how eagerly did the crowded galleries, as well as the members of both houses present, look forward to the rapidly approaching hours when that magnificent Senate chamber was to resound with the closing arguments on each side of this greatest of all criminal trials.

And they were not disappointed, for in those arguments was exhibited the highest order of forensic oratory. It contained, besides the charm of marvelous voice-culture and dramatic action of gesture and look, the deepest research into civil and constitutional law, political and military history, inductive philosophy, the drama, religion and natural sciences—all sources of knowledge and culture were ravished to delight the souls of listeners and convince the judgments of senators.

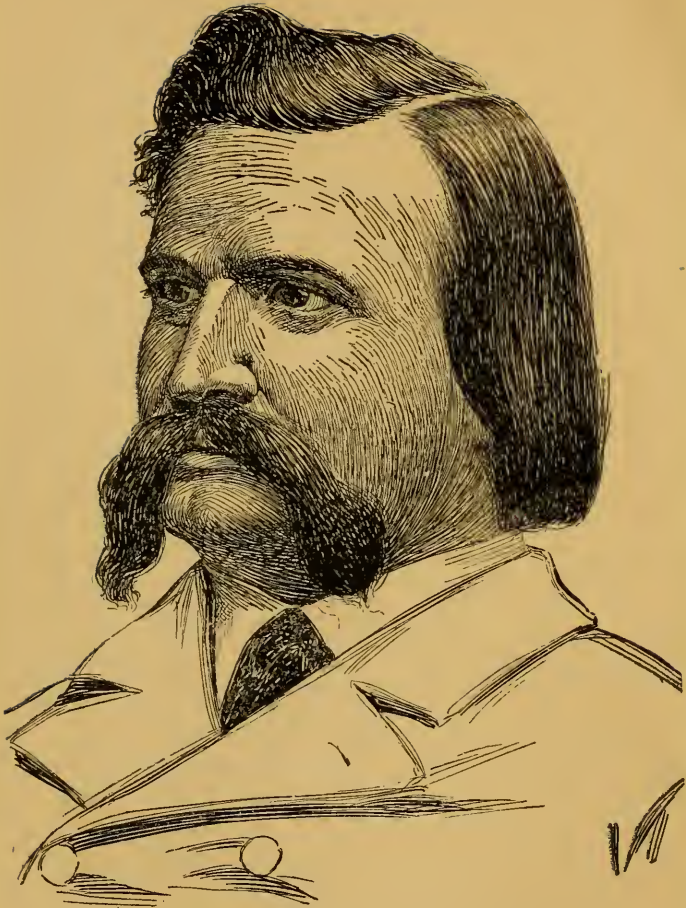
I can not resist the temptation to give my readers brief extracts from these superb examples of American oratory. It seems almost sacriligious to disembowel, as it were, a portion of an oration, but the necessities of the case caused

by a fixed limitation to these pages, must be my plea for this act of mayhem.

First comes the fiery, fearless soul, JOHN A LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS, late a major general of volunteers, U. S. A., one of the managers on the part of the House of Representatives. What a striking looking man he is! Looks like a very superior American or Asiatic Indian, dark and swarthy, straight and grand in his carriage and movements, an immense, sweeping black moustache, a strong, long nose, square chin, piercing black eyes, full, noble brow, long "slick" coal-black hair.

He has a decided military bearing with much suavity and dignity; looks like a man who would rather fight than eat. Hear the glowing peroration of this great man, afterward a senator and Republican candidate for Vice-president.

"From the 14th day of April, 1865, to this day, as shown by the testimony, he has been consistent only with himself and the evil spirits of his administration. False to the people who took him from obscurity and conferred on him splendor; who dug him from that oblivion to which he had been consigned by the treason of his state, and gave him that distinction which, as disclosed by his subsequent acts, he never merited, and has so fearfully scandalized, disgraced, and dishonored; false to the memory of him whose death made him President; false to the principles of our contest for national life; false to the Constitution and laws of the land and his oath of office; filled with all vanity, lust, and pride; substituting, with the most disgusting self-complacency and ignorance, his own coarse, brutalized will for the will of the people, and substituting his vulgar, vapid, and ignorant utterances for patriotism, statesmanship, and faithful public service, he has completed his circle of high crimes and misdemeanors; and, thanks to Almighty God, by the imbedded wisdom of our fathers found in the Constitution of our country, he stands to-day, with all his crimes upon his head, uncovered before the world, at the bar of this the most august tribunal on earth, to receive the awful sentence that awaits him as a fitting punishment for the crimes and misdemeanors of which he stands impeached by the House of Representatives, in the name and on behalf of all the people. Here, senators, we rest our case; here we leave the great criminal of the age. In your hands, as wisely provided by the charter of our liberties, this offender against the Constitution, the laws, liberty, peace, and public decency of our



JOHN A. LOGAN, M. C., OF ILLINOIS
EX-MAJOR GENERAL U. S. VOLS.; LATER, U. S. SENATOR AND REPUBLICAN
CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

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country, is now left to be finally and in the name of all the people, we humbly trust, disposed of forever, in such manner as no more to outrage the memories of an heroic and illustrious past, nor dim the hopes, expectations, and glories of the coming future. Let us, we implore you, no more hear *his* resounding footfalls in the temple of American constitutional liberty, nor have the vessels of the ark of the covenant of our fathers polluted by his unholy hands. Let not the blood of a half million of heroes who went to their deaths on the nation's battlefields for the nation's life cry from the ground against us on account of the crimes permitted by us, and committed by him whom we now leave in your hands. Standing here to-day for the last time with my brother managers, to take leave of this case and this great tribunal, I am penetrated and overwhelmed with emotion. Memory is busy with the scenes of the years which have intervened between March 4th, 1861, and this day. Our great war, its battles and ten thousand incidents, without mental bidding and beyond control, almost pass in panoramic view before me. As in the presence of those whom I have seen fall in battle as we rushed to victory, or die of wounds or disease in hospital far from home and the loved ones, to be seen no more until the grave gives up its dead, have I endeavored to discharge my humble part in this great trial.

"The world in after-times will read the history of the administration of Andrew Johnson as an illustration of the depth to which political and official perfidy can descend. Amid the unhealed ghastly scars of war; surrounded by the weeds of widowhood and cries of orphanage; associating with and sustained by the soldiers of the republic, of whom at one time he claimed to be one; surrounded by the men who had supported, aided, and cheered Mr. Lincoln through the darkest hours and sorest trials of his sad yet immortal administration—men whose lives had been dedicated to the cause of justice, law, and universal liberty—the men who had nominated and elected him to the second office in the nation at a time when he scarcely dared visit his own home because of the traitorous instincts of his own people; yet, as shown by his official acts, messages, speeches, conversations, and associations, almost from the time when the blood of Lincoln was warm on the floor of Ford's theater, Andrew Johnson was contemplating treason to all the fresh fruits of the overthrown and crushed rebellion, and an affiliation with and a practical official and hearty sympathy for those who had cost hectacombs of slain citizens, billions of treasure, and an almost ruined country. His great aim and purpose has been to subvert law, usurp authority, insult and outrage Congress, reconstruct the rebel states in the interests of treason, insult the memories and resting-places of our heroic dead; outrage the feelings and deride the principles of living men who aided in saving the Union, and deliver all snatched from wreck and ruin into the hands of unrepentant, but by him pardoned, traitors. But, all honor to the

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servants of a brave and loyal people, he has been in strict conformity to the Constitution arrested in his career of crime, impeached, arraigned, tried, and here awaits your sentence. We are not doubtful of your verdict. Andrew Johnson has long since been tried by the whole people and found guilty, and you can but confirm that judgment already pronounced by the sovereign American people.

"Henceforth our career of greatness will be unimpeded. Rising from our baptism of fire and blood, purified by our sufferings and trials under the approving smiles of Heaven, and freed, as we are, from the crimes of oppression and wrong, the patriot heart looks outward and onward for long and ever increasing national prosperity, virtue, and happiness."

He was followed by GEORGE S. BOUTWELL OF MASSACHUSETTS, manager, afterward a senator and Secretary of the Treasury. He is also a man of somewhat similar complexion as General Logan and like build, but he is more scholarly and exhibits the New England culture, holding himself in close constraint.

Hear this able lawyer as he closes a most eloquent and scholarly argument with these words:

"Caius Verres is the great political criminal of history. For two years he was prætor and the scourge of Sicily. The area of that country does not much exceed ten thousand square miles, and in modern times it has had a population of about two million souls. The respondent at your bar has been the scourge of a country many times the area of Sicily, and containing a population six times as great. Verres enriched himself and his friends; he seized the public paintings and statues and carried them to Rome. But at the end of his brief rule of two years he left Sicily as he had found it; in comparative peace, and in the possession of its industries and its laws. This respondent has not ravaged states nor enriched himself by the plunder of their treasures; but he has inaugurated and adhered to a policy which has deprived the people of the blessings of peace, of the protection of law, of just rewards of honest industry. A vast and important portion of the republic, a portion whose prosperity is essential to the country at large, is prostrate and helpless under the evils which his administration has brought upon it. When Verres was arraigned before his judges at Rome, and the exposure of his crimes began, his counsel abandoned his cause and the criminal fled from the city. Yet Verres had friends in Sicily, and they erected a gilded statue to his name in the streets of Syracuse. This respondent will look in vain, even in the south, for any testimonials to his virtues or to his

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public conduct. All classes are oppressed by the private and public calamities which he has brought upon them. They appeal to you for relief. The nation waits in anxiety for the conclusion of these proceedings. Forty millions of people, whose interest in public affairs is in the wise and just administration of the laws, look to this tribunal as a sure defense against the encroachments of a criminally minded chief magistrate.

“Will any one say that the heaviest judgment which you can render is any adequate punishment for these crimes? Your office is not punishment, but to secure the safety of the republic. But human tribunals are inadequate to punish those criminals, who, as rulers or magistrates, by their example, conduct, policy, and crimes become the scourge of communities and nations. No picture, no power of the imagination, can illustrate or conceive the suffering of the poor but loyal people of the south. A patriotic, virtuous, law-abiding chief magistrate would have healed the wounds of war, soothed private and public sorrows, protected the weak, encouraged the strong, and lifted from the southern people the burdens which now are greater than they can bear.

“Travelers and astronomers inform us that in the southern heavens, near the southern cross, there is a vast space which the uneducated call the hole in the sky, where the eye of man, with the aid of the powers of the telescope, has been unable to discover nebulae, or asteroid, or comet, or planet, or star, or sun. In that dreary, cold, dark region of space, which is only known to be less than infinite by the evidences of creation elsewhere, the Great Author of celestial mechanism has left the chaos which was in the beginning. If this earth were capable of the sentiments and emotions of justice and virtue, which in human mortal beings are the evidences and the pledge of our Divine origin and immortal destiny, it would heave and throw, with the energy of the elemental forces of nature, and project this enemy of two races of men into that vast region, there forever to exist in a solitude eternal as life, or as the absence of life, emblematical of, if not really, that “outer darkness” of which the Saviour of man spoke in warning to those who are the enemies of themselves, of their race, and of their God. But it is yours to relieve, not to punish. This done and our country is again advanced in the intelligent opinion of mankind. In other governments an unfaithful ruler can be removed only by revolution, violence, or force. The proceeding here is judicial, and according to the forms of law. Your judgment will be enforced without the aid of a policeman or a soldier. What other evidence will be needed of the value of republican institutions? What other test of the strength and vigor of our government? What other assurance that the virtue of the people is equal to any emergency of national life?

“The contest which the House of Representatives carries on at your bar is a contest in defense of the constitutional rights of the Congress of the United States, representing the people of the United States, against the arbitrary, unjust, illegal claims of the executive.

"This is the old contest of Europe revived in America. England, France, and Spain have each been the theater of this strife. In France and Spain the Executive triumphed. In England the people were victorious. The people of France gradually but slowly regain their rights. But even yet there is no freedom of the press in France; there is no freedom of the legislative will; the Emperor is supreme.

"Spain is wholly unregenerated. England alone has a free parliament and a government of laws emanating from the enfranchised people. These laws are everywhere executed, and a sovereign who should wilfully interpose any obstacle would be dethroned without delay. In England the law is more mighty than the king. In America a President claims to be mightier than the law.

"This result in England was reached by slow movements, and after a struggle which lasted through many centuries. John Hampden was not the first nor the last of the patriots who resisted executive usurpation, but nothing could have been more inapplicable to the present circumstances than the introduction of his name as an apology, for the usurpations of Andrew Johnson.

"No man will question John Hampden's patriotism or the propriety of his acts when he brought the question whether ship-money was within the Constitution of England, before the courts;" but no man will admit that there is any parallel between Andrew Johnson and John Hampden. Andrew Johnson takes the place of Charles I, and seeks to substitute his own will for the laws of the land. In 1636 John Hampden resisted the demands of an usurping and unprincipled king, as does Edwin M. Stanton to-day resist the claims and demands of an unprincipled and usurping President.

"The people of England have successfully resisted executive encroachment upon their rights. Let not their example be lost upon us. We suppressed the rebellion in arms, and we are now to expel it from the executive councils. This done republican institutions need no further illustration or defense. All things then relating to the national welfare and life are made as secure as can be any future events."

Boston, Mass., Sept. 18, 1867.

My dear Sir:

I am glad to hear from you, and what
you say about public sentiment, with regards
with what I hear and see in Massachusetts.

Of the republicans none are against impeach-
ment. A few say "Would it not be best to let Johnson ^{finish}
go through his term?" He is worthless & Congress
can control him &c. The Democrats are
not disposed to sustain him. He is utterly
frivolous and generally despised.

I consider it certain that the House
will prefer articles of impeachment. The
case will go to the Senate. I get nothing

from Wilson, but Johnson's conduct in reference
to Stanton & even Wilson are sufficient to
change his position. I hope he will use the
occasion. I know indirectly that Johnson
is very desperate, but he is a coward. As
the day for the meeting of Congress approached
he will wilt and wither away. Judge Black
will desert him. Blair will desert him
Seward will try to save himself. He despises
Johnson and Johnson hates Seward. McCulloch
is weak but will act with impediment
and ruin for Johnson's benefit. Grant is
true as steel. Has done more for the country
since Mr. Lincoln's death than he had
done before.

None of the President's

arguments will leave Johnson in power
during the autumn of '68. He is sure to
involve the country in civil war if he remain
in office through the election campaign.

Our newspapers and capitalists are filled with
the most serious apprehensions they can get
and security only this Johnson's removal.

For myself I am so thoroughly convinced
that he deserves impeachment and removal
that I shall devote myself to the work till
I see the end.

Respectfully,

Geo. A. Eastwell



GOVERNOR GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, M. C., OF MASSACHUSETTS
LATER, U. S. SENATOR AND SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

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Then comes THOMAS A. R. NELSON, OF TENNESSEE, an elderly gentleman and able lawyer of long practice at the bar of his state, and decidedly of the old school. He is one of President Johnson's friends and attorneys on this trial. He begins with fulsome praise of the President, repeating many times the query, "Who is Andrew Johnson?" with eulogistic answers, and declaring he "worshipped the Constitution of his country next to his God."

His address was exceedingly long and politically learned. To apprise my readers of his southern style of oratory, I am pleased to give part of this gentleman's peroration. He was prolix, and inclined to be personal and at times, offensive, in his remarks. Hear him:

"Mr. Chief Justice and senators, you and each of you, personally and individually, have struggled through life until you have reached the positions of eminence you now occupy. It has required time and study and labor and diligence to do so; but, after all, the fame which you have acquired is not your own. It belongs to me; it belongs to others. Forty million American citizens are tenants in common of this priceless property. It is not owned alone by you and your children. We all have a direct and immediate interest in it. Whatever strife may have existed among us as a people; whatever of crimination and recrimination may have been engendered amid the fierceness of party passion, yet in the cool moments of calm reflection every true patriot loves his country as our common mother, and points with just pride to the hard-earned reputation of all her children. Let me invoke you, therefore, in the name of all the American people, to do nothing that may even seem to be a stain upon the judicial ermine, or to dim, for a moment, the bright escutcheon of the American Senate. The honorable manager who addressed you on yesterday [Mr. Boutwell] referred in eloquent terms to Carpenter's historical painting of emancipation. Following at an humble distance his example, may I be permitted to say that I have never entered the rotunda of this magnificent and gorgeous Capitol when I have not felt as if I were treading upon holy ground; and I have sometimes wished that every American sire could be compelled by law and at the public expense to bring his children here, at least once in their early years, and to cause them to gaze upon and to study the statuary and paintings which, at every entrance and in every hall and chamber and niche and stairway, are redolent with the history of our beloved country. Columbus studying the unsolved problem of a new world, and the white man and Indian as

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types of the march of civilization, arouse attention and reflection at the threshold. Within, the speaking canvas proclaims the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their sublime appeal to the God of oceans and of storms; their stern determination to seek a "faith's pure shrine" among the "sounding aisles of the dim woods," and "freedom to Worship God;" and the divine and angelic countenance of Rose Standish as she leans, with woman's love, upon the shoulder of her husband, and looks up, with woman's faith, for more than mortal aid and guardianship, so fixes and rivets attention,

"That, as you gaze upon the vermil cheek,
The lifeless figure almost seems to speak."

"And there is the grand painting that represents Washington, the victor, surrendering his sword after having long before refused a crown—one of the sublimest scenes that earth has ever seen, presenting, as it nobly does, to all the world the greatest and best example of pure and unselfish love of country. Not to speak of other teeming memories which everywhere meet the eye and stir the soul, as I sat a few days since gazing upward upon the group (Washington and the sisterhood of early states) who look down from the topmost height of the dome, methought I saw the spirits of departed patriots rallying in misty throngs from their blissful abode and clustering near the wondrous scene that is transpiring now; and as I sat, with face upturned, I seemed to see the shadowy forms descend into the building and arrange themselves with silent but stately preparation in and around this gorgeous apartment. I have seen them, in imagination, ever since! I see them now! Above and around us. There in the galleries, amid those living forms of loveliness and beauty, are Martha Washington and Dolly Madison and hundreds of the maids and matrons of the Revolution, looking down with intense interest and anxious expectation, and watching with profoundest solicitude the progress of the grandest trial of the nineteenth century. And there, in your very midst and at your sides, are sitting the shades of Sherman and Hamilton, Washington and Madison, Jefferson and Jackson, Clay and Webster, who in years that are past bent every energy and employed every effort to build our own great temple of liberty, which has been and will continue in all time to be the wonder, the admiration, and the astonishment of the world. If there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, and if the shades of Dives and Lazarus could commune across the great gulf with each other, it is no wonder that the spirits of departed patriots are gathered to witness this mighty inquest, and that they are now sitting with you upon this, the most solemn of all earthly investigations. Behind the Chief Justice I see the grave and solemn face of the intrepid Marshall; and above, among, and all around us, are the impalpable forms of all the artists of our former grandeur! Mr. Chief Justice and senators, if you can not clasp their shadows to your souls, let me entreat you to feel the inspira-

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tion of their sacred presence; and as you love the memory of departed greatness; as you revere the names of the patriot fathers; and as you remember the thrilling tones of the patriot voices that were wont to speak "the thoughts that breathed and the words that burned" with deathless love for our institutions and our laws, so may you be enabled to banish from your hearts every vestige of prejudice and of feeling, and to determine this great issue in the lofty spirit of impartial justice, and with that patriotic regard for our present and future glory that ever prompted the action of the purest and best and greatest names that, in adorning our own history, have illuminated the history of the world. And when the day shall come—and may it be far distant—when each of you shall "shuffle off this mortal coil," may no thorne be planted in the pillow of death to imbitter your recollection of the scene that is being enacted now; and when the time shall come, as come it may, in some future age, when your own spirits shall flit among the hoary columns and chambers of this edifice, may each of you be then enabled to exclaim—
"Here I faithfully discharged the highest duty of earth; here I nobly disregard all passion, prejudice, and feeling; here I did my duty and my whole duty, regardless of consequences; and here I find my own name inscribed in letters of gold, flashing and shining, upon the immortal roll where the names of all just men and true patriots are recorded!"

On April 25, 1868, was delivered one of the ablest and most scholarly arguments of all to which the Senate had listened or was to listen. It was by WILLIAM S. GROESBECK OF OHIO, one of the counsel for the accused.

It was comparatively short, but compact and "full of meat." His style of delivery was superb, graceful and dignified, with a grand diction and deep sonorous voice, and little gesticulation—a splendid-appearing, scholarly gentleman. I give but a brief excerpt from his peroration:

"What else did he do? He talked with an officer about the law. That is the Emory article. He made intemperate speeches, though full of honest, patriotic sentiments; when reviled he should not revile again; when smitten upon one cheek he should turn the other.

"But, says the gentleman who spoke last on behalf of the managers, he tried to defeat pacification and restoration. I deny it in the sense in which he presented it—that is, as a criminal act. Here, too, he followed precedent and trod the path on which were the foot-prints of Lincoln, and which was bright with the radiance of his divine utterance, 'Charity for all, malice toward none.' He was



THADDEUS STEVENS, M. C., OF PENNSYLVANIA
"THE GREAT COMMONER"

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eager for pacification. He thought that the war was ended. It seems so. The drums were all silent; the arsenals were all shut; the roar of the cannon had died away to the last reverberations; the army was disbanded; not a single enemy confronted us in the field. Ah, he was too eager, too forgiving, too kind. The hand of conciliation was stretched out to him and he took it. It may be he should have put it away, but was it a crime to take it? Kindness, forgiveness, a crime? Kindness a crime? Kindness is omnipotent for good, more powerful than gunpowder or cannon. Kindness is statesmanship. Kindness is the high statesmanship of Heaven itself. The thunders of Sinai do but terrify and distract; alone they accomplish little; it is the kindness of Calvary that subdues and pacifies.

“What shall I say of this man? He is no theorist; he is no reformer. I have looked over his life. He has ever walked in beaten paths, and by the light of the Constitution. The mariner, tempest-tossed in mid-sea, does not more certainly turn to his star for guidance than does this man in trial and difficulty to the star of the Constitution. He loves the Constitution. It has been the study of his life. He is not learned and scholarly, like many of you; he is not a man of many ideas, or of much speculation; but by a law of the mind he is only the truer to that he does know. He is a patriot second to no one of you in the measure of his patriotism. He loves his country. He may be full of error; I will not canvass now his views; but he loves his country. He has the courage to defend it, and I believe to die for it if need be. His courage and his patriotism are not without illustration.

“My colleague [Mr. Nelson] referred the other day to the scenes which occurred in this chamber when he alone of twenty-two senators remained; even his state seceded, but he remained. That was a trial of his patriotism, of which many of you, by reason of your locality and your life-long association, know nothing. How his voice rang out in this hall in the hour of alarm for the good cause, and in denunciation of the rebellion. But he did not remain here; it was a pleasant, honorable, safe, and easy position; but he was wanted for a more difficult and arduous and perilous service. He faltered not, but entered upon it. That was a trial of his courage and patriotism of which some of you who now sit in judgment on more than his life know nothing. I have often thought that those who dwelt at the north, safely distant from the collisions and strife of the war, knew but little of its actual trying dangers. We who lived on the border know more. Our horizon was always red with its flame; and it sometimes burned so near us that we could feel its heat upon the outstretched hand. But he was wanted for greater peril, and went into the very furnace of the war, and there served his country long and well. Who of you have done more? Not one. There is one here whose services can not be over-estimated, as I well know, and I withdraw all comparison.

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"But it is enough to say that his services were great and needed; and it seems hard, it seems cruel, senators, that he should be dragged here as a criminal, or that any one who served his country and bore himself well and bravely through that trying ordeal should be condemned upon miserable technicalities.

"If he has committed any gross crime, shocking alike and indiscriminately the entire public mind, then condemn him; but he has rendered service to the country that entitles him to kind and respectful consideration. He has precedents for everything he has done, and what excellent precedents! The voices of the great dead come to us from the grave sanctioning his course. All our past history approves it. How can you single out this man, in this condition of things and brand him before the world, put your brand of infamy upon him because he made an *ad interim* appointment for a day, and possibly may have made a mistake in attempting to remove Stanton? I can at a glance put my eye upon senators here who would not endure the position which he occupied. You do not think it is right yourselves. You framed this civil-tenure law to give each President his own cabinet, and yet his whole crime is that he wants harmony and peace in his.

"Senators, I will not go on. There is a great deal that is crowding on my tongue for utterance, but it is not from my head; it is rather from my heart; and it would be but a repetition of the vain things I have been saying the past half hour. But I do hope you will not drive the President out and take possession of his office. I hope this not merely as counsel for Andrew Johnson; for Andrew Johnson's administration is to me but as a moment, and himself as nothing in comparison with the possible consequences of such an act. No good can come of it, senators, and how much will the heart of the nation be refreshed if at last the Senate of the United States can, in its judgment upon this case, maintain its ancient dignity and high character in the midst of storm and passion and strife."

Two days afterward followed THADDEUS STEVENS OF PENNSYLVANIA, one of the strongest characters that ever sat in the halls of legislation in any country. Who can forget that imperial Cæsarean countenance! What a noble forehead that! What a commanding air! What a fearless searching eye!

What a massive face! And what a pity he was, on this occasion, so feeble and worn out from public service that he was unable to personally finish his argument! Hear this great statesman and "manager" as with almost dying breath he closed with the words:

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“Andrew Johnson had changed Lincoln’s whole code of politics and policy, and instead of obeying the will of those who put him into power, he determined to create a party for himself, to carry out his own ambitious purposes. For every honest purpose of government, and for every honest purpose for which Mr. Stanton was appointed by Mr. Lincoln, where could a better man be found? None ever organized an army of a million of men, and provided for its subsistence and efficient action, more rapidly than Mr. Stanton and his predecessor.

“It might with more propriety be said of this officer than of the celebrated Frenchman, that he ‘organized victory.’ He raised and by his requisitions distributed more than a billion dollars annually, without ever having been charged or suspected with the malappropriation of a single dollar; and when victory crowned his efforts he disbanded that immense army as quietly and peacefully as if it had been a summer parade. He would not, I suppose, adopt the personal views of the President; and for this, he was suspended until restored by the emphatic verdict of the Senate. Now, if we are right in our narrative of the conduct of these parties and the motives of the President, the very effort at removal was a high-handed usurpation as well as a corrupt misdemeanor for which of itself he ought to be impeached and thrown from the place he was abusing. But he says that he did not remove Mr. Stanton for the purpose of defeating the tenure-of-office law. Then he forgot the truth in his controversy with the General of the army. And because the General did not aid him, and finally admit that he had agreed to aid him in resisting that law, he railed upon him like a very drab.

“The counsel for the respondent allege that no removal of Mr. Stanton ever took place, and that therefore the sixth section of the act was not violated. They admit that there was an order of removal and a rescission of his commission; but, as he did not obey it, they say it was no removal. That suggests the old saying that it used to be thought that ‘when the brains were out the man was dead.’ That idea is proved by learned counsel to be absolutely fallacious. The brain of Mr. Stanton’s commission was taken out by the order of removal—the rescission of his commission—and his head was absolutely cut off by that gallant soldier, General Thomas, the night after the masquerade. And yet, according to the learned and delicate counsel, until the moral remains—everything which could putrefy—was shovelled out and hauled into the muck-yard there was no removal. But it is said that this took place merely as an experiment to make a judicial case. Now, suppose there is anybody who, with the facts before him, can believe that this was not an afterthought, let us see if that palliates the offense.

“The President is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. In what part of the Constitution or laws does he find it to be his duty to search out for defective laws that stand recorded upon the statutes in order that he may advise their infraction? Who

was aggrieved by the tenure-of-office bill that he was authorized to use the name and the funds of the government to relieve? Will he be so good as to tell us by what authority he became the obstructor of an unrepealed law instead of its executor, especially a law whose constitutionality he had twice tested? If there were nothing else than his own statement, he deserves the contempt of the American people, and the punishment of its highest tribunal. If he were not willing to execute the laws passed by the American Congress and unrepealed, let him resign the office which was thrown upon him by a horrible convulsion and retire to his village obscurity. Let him not be so swoolen by pride and arrogance, which sprang from the deep misfortune of his country, as to attempt an entire revolution of its internal machinery, and the disgrace of the trusted servants of his lamented predecessor.

"The gentleman [Mr. Groesbeck] in his peroration on Saturday implored the sympathy of the Senate with all the elegance and pathos of a Roman senator pleading for virtue; and it is to be feared that his grace and eloquence turned the attention of the Senate upon the orator rather than upon the accused. Had he been pleading for innocence his great powers would have been well exerted. Had he been arguing with equal eloquence before a Roman senate for such a delinquent, and Cato, the Censor, had been one of the judges, his client would have soon found himself in the stocks in the middle of the forum instead of receiving the sympathy of a virtuous and patriotic audience."

[Mr. Manager Stevens read a portion of his argument standing at the Secretary's desk; but after proceeding a few minutes, being too feeble to stand, obtained permission to take a seat, and having read nearly half an hour from a chair until his voice became almost too weak to be heard, handed over his manuscript to Mr. Manager Butler, who concluded the reading.]

Next comes THOMAS WILLIAMS, OF PENNSYLVANIA, also one of the "managers," a modest, retiring man, but a strong logician and fine speaker. I give a short portion of his closing:

"And now, let me ask you, in conclusion, to turn your eyes but for a moment to the other side of the question, and see what are to be the consequences of a conviction—of such a verdict as, I think, the loyal people of this nation, with one united voice, demand at your hands. Do you shrink from the consequences? Are your minds disturbed by visions of impending trouble? The nation has already, within a few short years, been called to mourn the loss of a great Chief Magistrate, though the bloody catastrophe by which a rebel hand has been, unfortunately, enabled to lift this man into his place,

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and the jar has not been felt as the mighty machine of state, freighted with all the hopes of humanity, moved onward in its high career. This nation is too great to be affected seriously by the loss of any one man. Are your hearts softened by touching appeals of the defendant's counsel, who say to you that you are asked to punish this man only for his divine mercy, his exalted charity toward others? Mercy to whom? To the murdered Dostie and his fellows, to the loyal men whose carcasses were piled in carts like those of swine, with the gore dripping from the wheels, in that holocaust of blood, that carnival of murder which was enacted at New Orleans? To those who perished in that second St. Bartholomew at Memphis, where the streets were reddened with the lurid light of burning dwellings, and the loyal occupants, who would have escaped, were cast back into the flames? The divine mercy itself is seasoned by justice, and waits only on contrition. This is no place for such emotions. If it be, it is but mercy to loyalty and innocence that cries aloud for the removal of this bold, bad man. If it be, remember that while your loyal brethren are falling from day to day in southern cities by the assassin's knife, and the reports of the Freedmen's Bureau are replete with horrors at which the very cheek turns pale, your judgment here stains no scaffold with the blood of the victim. No lictor waits at your doors to execute your stern decree. It is but the crown that falls, while none but the historian stands by to gibbet the delinquent for the ages that are to come. No wail of woe will disturb your slumbers, unless it comes up from the disaffected and disappointed South, which will have lost the foremost of its friends. Your act will be a spectacle and an example to the nations, that will eclipse even the triumph of your arms, in the vindication of the public justice in the sublimer and more peaceful triumph of the law. The eyes of an expectant people are upon you. You have but to do your duty, and the patriot will realize that the good genius of the nation, the angel of our deliverance, is still about us and around us, as in the darkest hour of the nation's trial."

On the same day WILLIAM M. EVARTS OF NEW YORK began the longest speech of the trial, finishing it on May 1. I need describe his personal appearance but briefly. In physique he was slight and about five feet nine inches in height; a thin, highly intellectual, classical face, Roman nose, full, broad, and high forehead, a large, wide and oblong head, set and held somewhat on the order of Senator Fessenden's. His elocution was slow and exceedingly deliberate, gestures sparse; courteous and considerate—a walking encyclopedia of law and history, sacred and profane. His sen-



U. S. SENATOR SIMON CAMERON, PENNSYLVANIA
EX-SECRETARY OF WAR

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tences were decidedly Miltonic in their great length and ponderous gravity and scholarship—"without terminals," as he once said.

My reader must rest content if I serve no more of Evarts' than I have given of the other speakers. I offer the peroration of what many regarded as the ablest of all these mighty intellectual offspring. Listen, ye lawyers and scholars:

"Power does not always sway and swing from the same center. I have seen great changes and great evils come from this matter of unconstitutional laws not attended to as unconstitutional, but asserted, and prevailing, too, against the Constitution, till at last the power of the Constitution took other form than that of peaceful, judicial determination and execution. I will put some instances of the wickedness of disobeying unconstitutional laws and of the triumph of those who maintained it to be right and proper.

"I knew a case where the state of Georgia undertook to make it penal for a Christian missionary to preach the gospel to the Indians, and I knew by whose advice the missionary determined that he would preach the gospel and not obey the law of Georgia, on the assurance that the Constitution of the United States would bear him out in it; and the missionary, as gentle as a woman, but as firm as every free citizen of the United States ought to be, kept on preaching to the Cherokees.

"And I knew the great leader of the moral and religious sentiment of the United States, who, representing in this body, and by the same name and of the blood of one of its distinguished senators now [Mr. Frelinghuysen] the state of New Jersey tried hard to save his country from the degradation of the oppression of the Indians at the instance of the haughty planters of Georgia. The Supreme Court of the United States held the law unconstitutional and issued its mandate, and the state of Georgia laughed at it and kept the missionary in prison, and Chief Justice Marshall and Judge Story and their colleagues hung their heads at the want of power in the Constitution to maintain the departments of it. But the war came, and as from the clouds from Lookout Mountain swooping down upon Missionary Ridge came the thunders of the violated Constitution of the United States, and the lightnings of its power over the still home of the missionary Worcester, taught the state of Georgia what comes of violating the Constitution of the United States.

"I have seen an honored citizen of the state of Massachusetts, in behalf of its colored seamen, seek to make a case by visiting South Carolina to extend over those poor and feeble people the protection of the Constitution of the United States. I have seen him attended

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by a daughter and grandchild of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a framer of the Constitution, who might be supposed to have a right to its protection, driven by the power of Charleston and the power of South Carolina, and the mob and the gentlemen alike, out of that state and prevented from making a case to take to the Supreme Court to assert the protection of the Constitution. And I have lived to see the case thus made up determined that if the Massachusetts seamen, for the support of slavery, could not have a case made up, then slavery must cease; and I have lived to see a great captain of our armies, a gentleman of the name and blood of Sherman, sweep his tempestuous war from the mountain to the sea, and returning home trample the state of South Carolina beneath the tread of his soldiery; and I have thought that the Constitution of the United States had some processes stronger than civil mandates that no resistance could meet. I do not think the people of Massachusetts suppose that efforts to set aside unconstitutional laws and to make cases for the Supreme Court of the United States are so wicked as is urged here by some of its representatives; and I believe that if we can not be taught by the lessons we have learned of obedience to the Constitution in peaceful methods of finding out its meaning, we shall yet need to receive some other instruction on the subject.

“The strength of every system is in its weakest part. Alas for that rule! But when the weakest part breaks, the whole is broken. The chain lets slip the ship when the weak links break, and the ship founders. The body fails when the weak function is vitally attacked; and so with every structure, social and political, the weak point is the point of danger, and the weak point of the Constitution is now before you in the maintenance of the co-ordination of the departments of the government, and if one can not be kept from devouring another then the experiment of our ancestors will fail. They attempted to interpose justice. If that fails, what can endure?”

“We have come all at once to the great experiences and trials of a full-grown nation, all of which we thought we should escape. We never dreamed that an instructed and equal people, with freedom in every form, with a government yielding to the touch of popular will so readily, ever would come to the trials of force against it. We never thought that what other systems from oppression had developed—civil war—would be our fate without oppression. We never thought that the remedy to get rid of a despotic ruler fixed by a Constitution against the will of the people would ever bring assassination into our political experience. We never thought that political differences under an elective presidency would bring in array the departments of the government against one another to anticipate by ten months the operation of the regular election. And yet we take them all, one after another, and we take them because we have grown to the full vigor of manhood, when the strong passions and interests that have destroyed other nations, composed of human

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nature like ourselves, have overthrown them. But we have met by the powers of the Constitution these great dangers—prophesied when they would arise as likely to be our doom—the distractions of civil strife, the exhaustions of powerful war, the intervention of the regularity of power through the violence of assassination. We could summon from the people a million of men and inexhaustible treasure to help the Constitution in its time of need. Can we summon now resources enough of civil prudence and of restraint of passion to carry us through this trial, so that whatever result may follow, in whatever form, the people may feel that the Constitution has received no wound? To this court, the last and best resort for this determination, it is to be left. And oh, if you could only carry yourselves back to the spirit and the purpose and the wisdom and the courage of the framers of the government, how safe would it be in your hands! How safe is it now in your hands, for you who have entered into their labors will see to it that the structure of your work comports in durability and excellency with theirs. Indeed, so familiar has the course of the argument made us with the names of the men of the convention and of the first Congress that I could sometimes seem to think that the presence even of the Chief Justice was replaced by the serene majesty of Washington, and that from Massachusetts we had Adams and Ames, from Connecticut, Sherman and Ellsworth, from New Jersey, Patterson and Boudinot, and from New York, Hamilton and Benson, and that they were to determine this case for us. Act, then, as if under this serene and majestic presence your deliberations were to be conducted to their close, and the Constitution was to come out from the watchful solicitude of these great guardians of it as if from their own judgment in this high court of impeachment."

Next comes HENRY STANBERRY, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES, and of counsel for the accused President; a large, dignified, able lawyer.

He addresses himself to each article of the impeachment, seriatim, citing numerous authorities on the question of "ouster,"—a legal procedure for removal from office,—quoting from the Shakespeare plays, reading testimony, etc. He closes his argument with the following words:

"Yes, senators, I have seen that man tried as few have been tried. I have seen his confidence abused. I have seen him endure, day after day, provocations such as few men have ever been called upon to meet. No man could have met them with more sublime patience. Sooner or later, however, I knew the explosion must come. And when it did come my only wonder was that it had been so long

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delayed. Yes, senators, with all his faults, the President has been more sinned against than sinning. Fear not, then, to acquit him. The Constitution of the country is as safe in his hands from violence as it was in the hands of Washington. But if, senators, you condemn him, if you strip him of the robes of his office, if you degrade him to the utmost stretch of your power, mark the prophecy: The strong arms of the people will be about him. They will find a way to raise him from any depths to which you may consign him, and we shall live to see him redeemed, and to hear the majestic voice of the people, 'Well done, faithful servant; you shall have your reward!'

"But if, senators, as I can not believe, but as has been boldly said with almost official sanction, your votes have been canvassed and the doom of the President is sealed, then let that judgment not be pronounced in this Senate chamber; not here, where our Camillus in the hour of our greatest peril, single-handed, met and baffled the enemies of the republic; not here, where he stood faithful among the faithless; not here, where he fought the good fight for the Union and the Constitution; not in this chamber, whose walls echo with that clarion voice that, in the days of our greatest danger, carried hope and comfort to many a desponding heart, strong as an army with banners. No, not here. Seek out rather the darkest and gloomiest chamber in the subterranean recesses of this Capitol, where the cheerful light of day never enters. There erect the altar and immolate the victim."

On May 4, 1868, the closing argument of the case was begun by JOHN A. BINGHAM, OF OHIO. The speech was for the prosecution, and was finished on the 6th of May. It was unquestionably the most thorough in its analysis, the most powerful in its invective, the most thrilling in its eloquence, and the most convincing in its logic of any that were delivered during the entire trial. It exhibited a thorough knowledge of the political history of this as well as the mother country. It was remarkably free from quotations—citing only a few of Daniel Webster's interpretations of the provisions of the Constitution. He closed with an exegesis of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and with quavering voice, powerful and penetrating, his whole soul aflame with love of country, his graceful figure drawn up to its full height, his face aglow with pride and passion, his grandly shaped head, with massive brow, thrown back and uplifted, with sometime one arm

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and hand held aloft and then the other, he rivaled Demosthenes and Cicero in their palmiest days and Wendell Phillips, the greatest orator of modern times, as he uttered the following magnificent peroration:

“Senators, you will pardon me, but I will detain you but a few moments longer, for asking your attention to another view of this question between the people and the executive. I use the words of England’s brilliant historian when I say had not the legislative power of England triumphed over the usurpation of James, ‘with what a crash, felt and heard to the furthest ends of the world, would the whole vast fabric of society have fallen.’ May God forbid that the future historian shall record of this day’s proceedings, that by reason of the failure of the legislative power of the people to triumph over the usurpations of an apostate President through the defection of the Senate of the United States, the just and great fabric of American empire fell and perished from the earth! The great revolution of 1688 in England was a forerunner of your own Constitution. The Declaration of Rights to which I have referred but reasserted the ancient constitution of England, not found in any written instrument, but scattered through the statutes of four centuries.

“The great principles thus reasserted by the Declaration of Rights in 1688 were, that no law should be passed without the consent of the representatives of the nation, no tax should be laid, no regular soldiery should be kept up, no citizen should be deprived for a single day of his liberty by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, no tool of power should plead the royal mandate in justification for the violation of any legal right of the humblest citizen, and forever swept away the assumption that the executive prerogative was above the fundamental law. These were the principles involved in that day in the controversy between the people and their reculant sovereign. They are precisely the principles this day involved in the controversy between the people and their reculant President. Without revolution, senators, like the great Parliament of 1688, you are asked to reassert the principles of the Constitution of your country, not to be searched for through the statutes of centuries, but to be found in that grand, sacred, written instrument given to us by the fathers of the republic. The Constitution of the United States, as I have said, embodies all that is valuable of England’s Declaration of Rights, of England’s constitution and laws. It was ordained by the people of the United States amid the convulsions and agonies of nations. By its express provisions all men within its jurisdiction are equal before the law, equally entitled to those rights of person which are as universal as the material structure of one man, and equally liable to answer to its tribunals of justice for every injury done either to the citizen or to the state.



JOHN A. BINGHAM, M. C., OF OHIO
LATER, U. S. MINISTER TO JAPAN

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"It is this spirit of justice, of liberty, of equality that makes your Constitution dear to freemen in this and in all lands, in that it secures to every man his rights, and to the people at large the inestimable right of self-government, the right which is this day challenged by this usurping President, for if he be a law to himself the people are no longer their own law-makers through their representatives in Congress assembled; the President thereby simply becomes their dictator. If the President becomes a dictator he will become so by the judgment of the Senate, not by the text of the Constitution, not by any interpretation heretofore put upon it by any act of the people, nor by any act of the people's representatives. The representatives of the people have discharged their duty in his impeachment. They have presented him at the bar of the Senate for trial, in that he has usurped and attempted to combine in himself the legislative and judicial powers of this great people, thereby claiming for himself a power by which he may annihilate their government. We have seen that when the supremacy of their Constitution was challenged by battle, the people made such sacrifice to maintain it as has no parallel in history.

"Can it be that after this triumph of law over anarchy, of right over wrong, of patriotism over treason, the Constitution and laws are again to be assailed in the capital of the nation in the person of the chief magistrate, and by the judgment of the Senate he is to be protected in that usurpation? The President by his answer and by the representations of his counsel asks you—deliberately asks you—by your own judgment to set the accused above the Constitution which he has violated and above the people whom he has betrayed; and that, too, upon the pretext that the President has the right judicially to construe the Constitution for himself, and judicially to decide for himself the validity of your laws, and to plead in justification at your bar that his only purpose in thus violating the Constitution and the laws is to test their validity and ascertain the construction of the Constitution upon his own motion in the courts of justice, and thereby suspend your further proceeding.

"I ask you, senators, how long men would deliberate upon the question whether a private citizen, arraigned at the bar of one of your tribunals of justice for a criminal violation of the law, should be permitted to interpose a plea in justification of his criminal act that his only purpose was to interpret the Constitution and laws for himself, that he violated the law in the exercise of his prerogative to test its validity hereafter at such day as might suit his own convenience in the courts of justice. Surely, senators, it is competent for the private citizen to interpose such justification in answer to crime in one of your tribunals of justice as it is for the President of the United States to interpose it, and for the simple reason that the Constitution is no respecter of persons and vests neither in the President nor in the private citizen judicial power.

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"Pardon me for saying it; I speak it in no offensive spirit; I speak it from a sense of duty; I utter but my own conviction, and desire to place it upon the record, that for the Senate to sustain any such plea, would, in my judgment, be a gross violation of the already violated Constitution and laws of a free people.

"Can it be, senators, that by your decree you are at last to make this discrimination between the ruler of the people and the private citizen, and allow him to interpose his assumed right to interpret judicially your Constitution and laws? Are you really, solemnly to proclaim by your decree:

"Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it?"

"I put away the possibility that the Senate of the United States, equal in dignity to any tribunal in the world, is capable of recording any such decision even upon the petition and prayer of this accused and guilty President. Can it be that by reason of his great office the President is to be protected in his high crimes and misdemeanors, violative alike of his oath, of the Constitution, and of the express letter of your written law enacted by the legislative department of the government?"

"Senators, I have said perhaps more than I ought to have said. I have said perhaps more than there was occasion to say. I know that I stand in the presence of men illustrious in our country's history. I know that I stand in the presence of men who for long years have been in the nation's councils. I know that I stand in the presence of men who may, in some sense, be called to-day the living fathers of the republic. I ask you to consider that I speak before you this day in behalf of the violated law of a free people who commission me. I ask you to remember that I speak this day under the obligations of my oath. I ask you to consider that I am not insensible to the significance of the words of which mention was made by the learned counsel from New York: 'justice, duty, law, oath.' I ask you to remember that the great principles of constitutional liberty for which I this day speak have been taught to men and nations by all the trials and triumphs, by all the agonies and martyrdoms of the past; that they are the wisdom of the centuries uttered by the elect of the human race who were made perfect through suffering.

I ask you to consider that we stand this day pleading for the violated majesty of the law, by the graves of a half million of martyred hero-patriots who made death beautiful by the sacrifice of themselves for their country, the Constitution, and the laws, and who, by their sublime example, have taught us that all must obey the law; that none are above the law; that no man lives for himself alone, but each for all; that some must die that the state may live; that the citizen is at best but for to-day, while the common-

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wealth is for all time; and that position, however high, patronage, however powerful, can not be permitted to shelter crime to the peril of the republic.

It only remains for me, senators, to thank you, as I do, for the honor you have done me by your kind attention, and to demand, in the name of the House of Representatives, and of the people of the United States, judgment against the accused for the high crimes and misdemeanors in office whereof he stands impeached, and of which before God and man he is guilty."

As Mr. Manager Bingham concluded there were manifestations of applause in different portions of the galleries, with cheers.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. Order! Order! If this be repeated, the sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries.

This announcement was received with laughter and hisses by some persons in the galleries, while others continued the cheering and clapping of hands.

Mr. GRIMES. Mr. Chief Justice, I move that the order of the court to clear the galleries be immediately enforced.

The motion was agreed to.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries. [Hisses and cheers and clapping of hands in parts of the galleries.] If the offense be repeated the sergeant-at-arms will arrest the offenders.

Mr. TRUMBULL. I move that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to arrest the persons making the disturbance, if he can find them, as well as to clear the galleries.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. The Chief Justice has already given directions to that effect.

[The sergeant-at-arms, by his assistants, continued to execute the order by clearing the galleries.]

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, I hope the galleries will not be cleared. A large portion of persons in the galleries had a very different feeling from that expressed by those who clapped and applauded. It was one of those extraordinary occasions which will happen sometimes—

Several SENATORS. Order.

Mr. FESSENDEN. I call the senator to order.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. Debate is not in order.

Mr. CAMERON. We all know that such outbursts will occasionally take place—

Mr. JOHNSON. I call the member to order.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE. The senator from Pennsylvania is not in order. The galleries will be cleared.

Mr. CONNESS. Mr. President, I move that the court take a recess for fifteen minutes.

Several SENATORS. Not until the galleries are cleared.

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The CHIEF JUSTICE. The question is on the motion of the senator from California, that the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, take a recess for fifteen minutes.

The motion was not agreed to.

Mr. DAVIS. I ask the presiding officer to have the order to clear the galleries enforced.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The sergeant-at-arms states to the presiding officer that the order is being enforced as fast as practicable.

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. President, is it in order to move that the Senate retire to its chamber for deliberation? I will make that motion, if it is in order.

Mr. TRUMBULL. I hope not.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The Chief Justice thinks that until the order of the Senate is enforced it can not properly take any other order or proceed with any other matter.

Mr. SHERMAN. Very well.

Mr. TRUMBULL. No order can be made until the galleries are cleared. That order is being executed.

Mr. SHERMAN. I think many persons in the galleries do not understand that they are ordered to leave the galleries. There is some misapprehension, I think.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The persons in attendance in the galleries are informed that the Senate has made an order that the galleries be cleared, and it is expected that those in the galleries will respect the order.

The galleries having been cleared with the exception of the diplomatic gallery and the reporters' gallery,

Mr. ANTHONY. Mr. President, I move that the further execution of the order be dispensed with.

Mr. TRUMBULL. I insist that the order be executed.

Several SENATORS. So do I.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. Does the senator from Rhode Island withdraw his motion?

Mr. ANTHONY. No, sir; I make the motion.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The senator from Rhode Island moves that the further execution of the order in regard to clearing the galleries be suspended.

Mr. CONKLING. I wish to ask a question of the Chair. I inquire whether the suspension of the order will open all the galleries for the return of those who have been turned out?

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The Chief Justice thinks it would have that effect.

Mr. TRUMBULL. I hope the order will not be suspended. Let it be executed.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The question is on the motion to suspend the order clearing the galleries.

The motion was not agreed to.

The CHIEF JUSTICE. The galleries will be cleared.

From May 7th to the 12th, the Senate, as a court, was engaged in settling upon the manner of taking the final vote upon the question of the guilt of the accused President as charged. On the latter day, Tuesday, the Senate voted to adjourn to the following Saturday on account of the serious illness of Senator Howard, of Michigan, caused by overwork and indigestion. On that day, the 16th of May, 1868, having been under the skillful treatment of Doctor Bliss, he arrived in the Senate chamber—its floor and galleries filled almost to suffocation—and after having filed an elaborate opinion, when his name was called arose and pronounced his verdict of "Guilty," the vote first being taken on article eleven. The total vote was thirty-five, guilty, nineteen not guilty. Thus one vote was lacking to make the requisite two-thirds in order to convict, out of a total of fifty-four Senators.

An adjournment was taken to the following Tuesday and the voting resumed on the second and third articles; the result was the same—35 to 19—one vote wanting in order to convict! It being thus demonstrated that a conviction was an impossibility, the Chief Justice announced that as Rule XXII provided that if "*Upon any of the articles presented, the impeachment shall not be sustained by the votes of two-thirds of the members present, a judgment of acquittal shall be entered,*" he thereupon ordered the judgment to be entered by the clerk, and that "*The Senate, sitting as a Court of Impeachment for the trial of Andrew Johnson, upon articles of impeachment presented by the House of Representatives, stands adjourned without day.*" Thus closed the great trial, midst a deathlike stillness.

I personally felt convinced long before the first of the votes was taken upon the question of guilt that the verdict would be in favor of the President. I hope my reader will not deem me unduly egotistical in stating that I had made a prediction in writing that the identical seven Republican



NATHANIEL P. BANKS, M. C., OF MASSACHUSETTS
EX-SPEAKER, U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES;
EX-MAJOR GENERAL, U. S. VOLS.

senators who voted for acquittal would do so. I had for several years during the sessions of Congress made a careful study of the temperaments and characteristics of these, as well as other senators; I seemed to be able to penetrate their inmost habits of thought, and I wrote out their names on a sheet of paper and explained to my father why I was certain their votes would be cast as they were. It was purely inductive reasoning from facts gathered at odd times and occasions. The vote of one of these seven Republican senators I know positively was given in favor of the President purely out of personal gratitude to him for past favors and kindnesses rendered the senator's invalid and dying wife by the President and his family. The source of this state secret is forbidden me to disclose. That senator is now dead. Let these concluding remarks be but the dying "echoes" of the great state trial, which I have thus briefly attempted to describe, leaving much that must be supplied by the imagination of my reader. Perhaps, after all, it was the dangers feared from bluff old Ben Wade's "radicalism," by the seven Republican conservative senators who voted for acquittal, that largely resulted in producing the final vote, rather than an absence of sufficient cause shown for conviction. Such was the belief of many people. Reaction against "radicalism" in Congress may be dated from this great trial.

The Senate as a Court of Impeachment

The Senate has sat as a Court of Impeachment in the following cases:

William Blount, a senator of the United States from Georgia; charges dismissed for want of jurisdiction; Monday, December 17, 1798, to Monday, January 14, 1799.

John Pickering, judge of the United States District Court for the district of New Hampshire; removed from office; March 3, 1803, to Monday, March 12, 1804.

Samuel Chase, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, acquitted; Friday, November 30, 1804, to March 1, 1805.

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James H. Peck, judge of the United States District Court for the district of Missouri; acquitted; Monday, April 26, 1830, to Monday, January 31, 1831.

West H. Humphreys, judge of the United States District Court for the middle, eastern, and western districts of Tennessee; removed from office; Wednesday, May 7, 1862, to Thursday, June 26, 1862.

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States; acquitted; Tuesday, February 25, 1868, to Tuesday, May 26, 1868.

William W. Belknap, Secretary of War; acquitted; Friday, March 3, 1876, to Tuesday, August 1, 1876.

Charles Swayne, judge of the United States District Court for the northern district of Florida; acquitted; Wednesday, December 14, 1904, to Monday, February 27, 1905.

CHAPTER FIVE

Flotsam and Jetsam—A Melange

GENERAL MEADE'S FEAR OF REMOVAL AFTER BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—GENERAL SICKLES' CONFIRMATION AS MAJOR GENERAL; HOW IT WAS DONE—FUN AT GENERAL KILPATRICK'S HEADQUARTERS—REVIEW OF SECOND ARMY CORPS—JAMES G. BLAINE'S INDISCREET MIDNIGHT CALL—SECRETARY EDWIN M. STANTON'S VIOLENT TALK ABOUT FRENCH OCCUPATION IN MEXICO; HIS CHARACTERISTICS—A TRIP ACROSS THE PLAINS WITH GENERAL HANCOCK, HIS APPEARANCE, ETC.—GRAND BUFFALO HUNT—MRS. GENERAL CUSTER—HUMOROUS IRISH SURGEON, HIS SONGS, "MARY-EYE-JANE," "YE'LL COME BACK AGIN," ETC.—"WILD BILL," GREATEST OF U. S. SCOUTS—A VERY PATHETIC AND PICTURESQUE SCENE—NOTABLES AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA.: MISS BECK, OF KENTUCKY—AN OLD-TIME U. S. SENATOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA, HIS VIEWS—JEFFERSON DAVIS, HOW THE AUTHOR MET HIM—"BEAU" HICKMAN—EVENING WITH PRESIDENT GRANT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Major General George G. Meade

A short time after the decisive battle of Gettysburg, to wit: immediately upon the assembling of Congress, my father was called upon in Washington by his old-time friend, Gen. George G. Meade, U. S. A., who had been the general in command of the Federal troops at that battle,

and was at the time still in command of the Army of the Potomac. After the exchange of the usual salutations, the general, wearing a troubled and anxious look, said he desired to converse in private with him, whereupon I withdrew.

General Meade was a gentleman of the old school, every inch the soldier, cultured and scholarly, with a classical face; simple and unaffected, decidedly aristocratic in bearing. He previously had been a resident of my native city, where he was stationed as an officer of the Engineer Corps.

The general remained closeted a couple of hours or more and took his leave, shaking hands with much warmth and concealing his agitation with great apparent difficulty. After he had gone I presumed upon my confidential relations as son and secretary, to inquire what it was that had so agitated him as to cause his sobs and voice to be heard in the adjoining room. The reply was that the general had called to enlist my father's kindly aid to forestall and prevent an attempt, as he charged, then being made by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles and his admiring friends to have Meade removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and replace him with Sickles, on the ground that the latter officer was really entitled to the credit of the victory on that field, as he had begun the battle and forced the fighting, notwithstanding Meade had already ordered a retreat. Such was the claim put forth by Sickles, he said, and that it was false; that he had not ordered a retreat; that he had done the best he knew how; that he did not profess to be a great soldier, but was ready, as he had always been, to lay down his life for his country. He explained the whole plan and action of that battle in general outline to my father, who himself having a decided taste for military affairs, and being familiar with the history of most of the great battles of the world, as well as being the second member of the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate, was in a posi-

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tion to comprehend and appreciate General Meade's story from his own lips. He assured the General that he should be defended in any attempt to remove or disgrace him. General Meade was not displaced from his high position.

Major General Daniel E. Sickles

The mention of the name of General Sickles—who, with Gen. John A. Logan, formed the two most distinguished volunteer officers of the Federal army—recalls a little incident worth mentioning, connected with Sickles' confirmation as a major general, as related to me by my father. His name had been sent to the Senate by President Lincoln for confirmation to this high position. Following the usual custom, it was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, which was composed of seven members. At a full meeting of the committee the subject was discussed, pro and con, until it looked as if his name was going to be rejected. Whereupon my father, with his usual judicial discrimination and love of fair play, suggested that General Sickles be allowed to appear before the committee and plead his own case, so that its members could personally see and judge him. This action was adopted, and shortly that gentleman and brave soldier made his appearance from an ante-room, where he had been awaiting action. As my father told it, he expected to see a red-shirted, short-haired, red-faced, bloated, New York rowdy, and what was his surprise to behold one of the most courtly, gallant, modest, high-bred gentleman he had ever met. His language was that of the scholar, chaste, and refined. After he had spoken and politely withdrawn, my father's vote decided the question, and the favorable report made by the committee was the means of confirming him major general.



ROBERT C. SCHENCK, M. C., OF OHIO
EX-MAJOR GENERAL U. S. VOLS.; LATER, U. S. MINISTER TO
GREAT BRITAIN

General Kilpatrick—His Hospitality, etc.

During the winter of '63-'4, the Army of the Potomac lay in camp in winter quarters, with the Second Army Corps and Gens. Judson Kilpatrick and George A. Custer's cavalry corps also, near the Rappahannock River. Kilpatrick was eager to be confirmed as a full major general. His headquarters were in a large frame house near Brandy Station, and but a few miles distant from Culpeper Court House, Va. In order to ingratiate himself with the senators, he extended a large number of invitations to them and their families to pay his headquarters a visit and witness a general review of the Second Army Corps. Many accepted, of whom this relator was one. Quite a trainload started, properly guarded, and in due time we were deposited at Brandy Station. Kilpatrick was happy, and as active as a flea and almost as ubiquitous. Wines, liquors, and eatables were in profusion. His hospitality was unbounded. He was a little man, with loud, swaggering voice, full of fun and profanity, florid face, square, prognathous jaw, firm, large mouth, prominent Roman nose, quick, deep-set, piercing, fearless gray eyes, full, square forehead, large round head, large ears, dark, thin, and short hair.

The guests were domiciled at different quarters. I had the good fortune to be invited to share two mattresses in common with eight jolly good fellows who were staff officers and newspaper correspondents. Our bedstead was the floor of the attic, which had been badly damaged by a cannon ball fired from a battery previous to Kilpatrick's taking possession. The ball had struck the attic just above the floor and then descended through the latter, making a large hole which had been temporarily and loosely boarded over in the attic, and the hole through the ceiling in the room below had been pasted over with ordinary newspaper. After a most enjoyable evening spent in dancing and music

and an extemporized negro minstrel performance by the officers, feasting and smoking, taps were sounded. In common with my mess we ascended to the attic, not, however, entirely satisfied with the fun so far—it was truly a god-send to those weary winter-bound officers to have a few civilians around. After lounging quietly on our beds, enjoying a final smoke, our ears were delighted with the sweetest sound on earth to man—save the lullaby of a mother to her babe—the musical laughter of woman; this came from some of the ladies of the party, who, we discovered, were occupying a room immediately beneath our own roost. Silently we removed our shoes, as also the boards on the floor that covered the aperture mentioned, “doused the glim,” quietly squatted around the hole in the floor, and each obeying orders, stuck our individual index fingers into our individual respective mouths, withdrew them and simultaneously wetted the paper mentioned, which was all that shut out our vision below. The screams of laughter were simply too great a temptation for our good manners to withstand, under the refreshing circumstances of the place and occasion! Soon we had made quite a “rent” in the paper ceiling, and as it gradually grew larger by frequent applications of wet fingers, the laughter below suddenly ceased and our eyes were shortly ravished by seeing a noted beauty of New York City in white, open-necked nightrobe, holding a lighted candle aloft and shedding its rays over her lovely face, bosom, and falling mass of golden hair, approach and with a mystified, innocent look, gaze up at the “rent” we envious Cascas had made in the paper ceiling “mantle” that had shielded her privacy. We were unquestionably bold, bad men, and I blush to record my baseness, but we were simply hypnotized by the Spirit of Mischief!

Out went the light in a flash, and the battle of brooms began, the ladies trying to stop up the hole, and we “mon-

sters of iniquity" pushing the articles out again. At last, as is invariably the case, we "brutes" sued for quarter and pacified the ladies' demands, in letting down, by a rope, half a dozen pint bottles of Pommery Sec. These eight ladies were quartered four to a bed, and slept across side-wise on the beds, as they, next day, informed us.

Review of Second Army Corps by General Meade

The following day we were all mounted on fine saddle horses and started, with a bodyguard of forty cavalrymen as escort, to witness the grand review of the Second Army Corps, etc. I was the most conspicuously attired individual in the outfit, having, in addition to a dark civilian suit of clothes, my first high silk hat. Had it not been for my youthful appearance I might have been taken for some prominent civilian officer of the government, and so have "passed muster."

I was mounted on a horse belonging to a foreigner—a staff officer—and not just liking the horse's action after I had ridden a few miles, mentioned my disappointment to that officer, who at once called up an orderly and suggested that I return and take another of his horses. I acceded and returned with the orderly, and was soon mounted on the back of a magnificent bay stallion with a grand sweep to his lope. We started after the general and party, and reached Culpepper Court House without overtaking them. As we slowly passed along through the main street of the little town, I suddenly realized I was under the scrutiny of "Billy Wilson's Bowery Zouaves." I was saluted with much mirth: "How are you, Plug?" etc. But with slight urging of my steed, I escaped without any other "wounds." How I did wish I could have exchanged that "blamed plug" for a military hat!

I had soon caught up with General Kilpatrick's party, and in due time we were all stationed on the reviewing field. The troops were duly aligned. Here, great parks of artillery, with shining guns on their carriages, and blue-coated, red-striped soldiers seated on the caissons, the officers brilliantly uniformed in dark blue, red, and gold, mounted upon splendid horses; next were squadrons of cavalry, the men in light blue with yellow trimmings, all mounted, and several thousand strong, with shining sabers and carbines; last, the grim, bronzed infantry, in dark blue uniforms and slouch hats, composing all kinds of foot soldiers, and extending a long distance. All these troops stood facing the commanding officer, Major General Meade, surrounded with his large staff in glittering and gorgeous uniforms. The day was perfect in temperature; the scene most memorable.

General Kilpatrick and our party were quietly resting in saddle in the rear of the cavalry, when he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashed off with the rest of us at his heels, in the direction of the spot occupied by Meade. Away we galloped fast and furious. The staff escorted the ladies of the party, some of whom were natives of Kentucky, and, of course, therefore, superb mounts, while a noted correspondent of a New York paper and myself followed close in the rear of several other civilians, the most conspicuous of whom was Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota—with the exception, perhaps, of myself, by reason of my being the only individual on that entire vast field with a high silk hat upon my head. On we sped like the wind, until to my sudden amazement I beheld Kilpatrick and the entire party in my front leaping their horses over an immense ditch which had at first looked to me about forty rods wide, but was really about a dozen feet across. I prided myself on my skill in horsemanship, but had never tried to jump a horse over a ditch or anything else. Acting on my first impulse

of self-preservation, I reined in my steed and quickly turning to my companion, said, I could not jump that ditch; he quietly said I must or be disgraced. I had no spurs on, but quickly gave the horse his head, drove my heels at his sides, and with a few more bounds he arose beautifully and bore me gallantly over the ditch, landing me safely on the further side. But *horribile dictu*, his rider cut a most sorry and ludicrous figure, and that, too, under the critical eyes of thousands of brave boys in blue. The moment my noble steed struck the ground, my feet struck out of the stirrups and up into the air, my corporosity also arose from the saddle and without ceremony as quickly returned thereto, my poor "Dunlap" plug, which, with my black suit had become a nice reddish brown, owing to the color of Virginia dust, arose of its own motion, and in order to expose the chagrin upon my distressed and beardless face, retreated to the back part of my head where it hung! The breath also left my lungs. I reined up this time "for keeps," and with my kind newspaper friend, we turned to one side so as to get out of the way of the fast following bodyguard.

A Humiliating Position

Of course, the soldiers in close proximity set up a laugh but no violent ebullition of hilarity at my expense was indulged in for fear of punishment due to strict discipline, or to my presumed importance.

As we were resting I was approached by a young fellow, on a little bit of a yellow nag, who came up smiling and addressed me by my christian name, with the remark, "Hello, don't you know me? I used to go to skule with you at the Barstow skule." Horror of horrors! And I was recognized, too! I was reminded of the story of old Senator Tiffin, of Ohio, who migrated from Connecticut to that state. He was attending a public reception in Washington



SPEAKER SCHUYLER COLFAX, M. C., OF INDIANA
LATER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

shortly after his term as senator began, and was approached by an old crank townsman of his native village, who familiarly slapped the senator on the shoulder by way of greeting. The senator turned and rebuked the boor, whereupon the latter retorted: "I knew you, Tiffin, when you was driv outen town on account of your infidelity;" To which the little, pipe-voice senator replied: "Jones, I knew you twenty-five years ago; you were a damphule then, and you haven't changed any since."

Had I used such a retort I might have fared as did the newly-elected Senator Roscoe Conkling on one occasion, when, in passing the Metropolitan Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, he was accosted by Senator William Pitt Kellogg, than a "carpet-bag senator" from Louisiana, and with whom I was tolerably well acquainted. Kellogg joined Conkling by slapping him on the shoulder and saying: "How are you, Conkling, any how?"

To which unheard-of-act of trespass upon the person of that majestic senator, the latter responded with great gravity: "I am Senator Conkling, of New York, sir," eliciting from Kellogg the response: "The hell you say; I'm Bill Kellogg, of Louisiana."

To resume my narrative, I was soon in the midst of General Meade's little party, composed of General Kilpatrick's guests also. General Meade received me, I thought, with a special kindly consideration on account of my father's friendship for him. Soon the maneuvers and reviews began. I have no knowledge of military affairs or army maneuvering. It must be described briefly and in terms of the layman. The cannon were unlimbered, deployed hither and yon, battery after battery galloped up the hill and then down; the air was filled with loud commands of officers, and with imaginary cannon balls; batteries were massed, and excitement generally seemed to be let loose. The cannon were not

fired; simply the motions of loading and firing were gone through. Then, after a while, there seemed to be perfect order restored, and the batteries marched in stately time by the place where General Meade's headquarters for reviewing had been fixed.

Next came a charge of several thousand cavalry, at the head of which rode the redoubtable Kilpatrick. (General Custer was away on leave of absence, I think, in the north.) Great Cæsar! What a thrilling sight that was to a young, peaceful collegian who had never before seen anything more formidable than football and baseball! With sabers all drawn and carbines dangling by the side, and beginning with a slow, forward movement, the skirmishers out in advance on the front and sides, the buglers at intervals sounding the orders in silvery, clear, high notes, the pace quickening as the squadrons approach the hill, the skirmishers gradually drawing in closer and closer to the main body. At last the buglers sound the charge, and with one mighty shout, the glittering sabers held high up in the flashing sunlight, every man rising in his stirrups, the vast column rushes on like a mighty river that has overflowed its banks and sweeps everything before it. That sight stirs our blood the most of all.

With one accord we all, ladies and gentlemen, hurrah. Up the hillside they sweep, yelling and flashing sabers, over the brow, and then down. It seems as if nothing could stop those reckless, brave, death-dealing troopers and their horses.

Colonel Dahlgren; His Attempt to Capture Richmond

At last the cavalry pass by in front of us. I recognize many a brave fellow. Who is that exceedingly young-looking colonel, with just a little down upon his face, about my own age? He is mounted upon a magnificent coal-black stallion. He is Colonel Dahlgren, who has already lost his right leg below the knee. He is a son of Admiral Dahlgren.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

He blushes like a school girl when I talk with him. In a few weeks after this review he sought and obtained permission to lead an attack, with only fifteen hundred cavalrymen, upon Richmond, being confident he, alone, with this handful of men could capture that city which had already baffled the attempts of older soldiers. He believed all the fighters were drawn away to the front and that he could easily whip the home guard of old and sick men and boys. Alas! that he should have been allowed to undertake this task in which he offered up his noble young life as a sacrifice for his country! Gladly do I pay this humble tribute to his memory.

Last of all moves the infantry in all the several movements known to the military tactician. Skirmishers, sharpshooters, sappers, and miners, attack and repulse, charge and retreat, until at last the vast mass charges forward on the double quick up the hill, over it, and down.

The scene was to me indescribably grand, as showing what an incomparable instrument of destruction is an aggregate mass of disciplined humanity. After these maneuvering scenes came the stately review of the several arms of the service, passing by in front of General Meade and staff.

The following evening we all attended a ball given by the officers of the Second Army Corps in a newly-erected large wooden pavilion. I had the honor of opening the first dance in the leading set with General Meade as my vis-a-vis, my partner being the blonde young lady mentioned above, who had so innocently presented herself in her robe de nuit the previous evening.

The dancing continued till long into the morning. The following day found our entire party back in the most charming city in the United States—the city of Washington, noted equally for its delightful society and its world-renowned attractions.



SPEAKER JAMES G. BLAINE, M. C., OF MAINE
LATER, U. S. SENATOR FROM MAINE; REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR
PRESIDENT

Hon. James G. Blaine—His Indiscreetness

One Sunday evening in the year 186-, while the rain was pouring down, and after the hour of ten had struck, as I was reading to my father, as was my custom, the door bell rang and the servant soon handed him a card, upon sight of which he told the boy to show the gentleman in where we were seated in the back parlor. In a moment, Speaker James G. Blaine entered, having removed his mackintosh. He apologized for the lateness of the call, but attributed it to the pressing importance of the business. His manner was slightly brusque, but, of course, perfectly respectful.

As already stated in these pages, my father was chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads, a position to which he was assigned by the Senate on account of his well-known incorruptability and legal attainments. At the time of this call of Mr. Blaine, there was pending before that committee, referred to it by the Senate, a bill to aid Gen. John C. Fremont and others in the construction of a railroad by a corporation bearing the high sounding title of "The Memphis, El Paso, Transcontinental, Pacific Railway Company," of which that gentleman was leading incorporator. Fremont, his secretary, named L'Espagnol, and the former's brother-in-law, had almost flooded the small moneyed classes in Paris, France, with circulars, pamphlets, and maps, outrageously distorting the physical geography of the United States to serve their purposes and setting forth grossly untruthful statements, and had received thousands of dollars for bonds utterly worthless, as they were based upon a railroad not yet in existence, but wholly in expectancy!

Minister Elihu B. Washburne, at Paris, had sent my father copies of all these documents, and had also written full particulars of the swindling operations of these gentle-



U. S. SENATOR WILLIAM SPRAGUE, RHODE ISLAND
EX-GOVERNOR OF RHODE ISLAND

men. General Fremont's brother-in-law was imprisoned for his share in the cheat. Fremont and his secretary had made a hasty retreat to this country and were now before Congress with the bill mentioned.

My father had openly stated his opposition to the bill, and it was well-known he would deliver a speech in the Senate against it. This was the cause of Speaker Blaine's urgent call that night upon him. He plead and urged a great many reasons why my father should withdraw his opposition—in the interest of the Republican party—and all this in the face of the terrible exposure which was given from Washburne's letters, etc. Mr. Blaine was possessed of great persuasive powers and political astuteness, but his attempts to seduce my father by argument or indirect promises of political preferment were, of course, in vain. He finally took his leave after two hours' interview, and in a somewhat threatening manner, quite different from that on his entrance. When the bill subsequently came up in the Senate for debate, my father delivered a masterly argument against it, but he mustered only seven Republican votes, together with the Democratic votes. Republican leaders like Sumner, Nye, and others became frightened, and for the sake of party, as Blaine had urged, also defended Fremont. The bill died, however, in the House. I mention this incident as to Blaine to show his somewhat impulsive indiscreetness and strong partisanship, traits that caused him much trouble. I do not intend to attribute this call to corrupt motives.

Edwin M. Stanton

One Sunday afternoon, not long after the close of the "War of the Rebellion," my father and self were strolling slowly along Pennsylvania avenue in front of the White House when our attention was attracted to an old rattle-

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

trap of a hack overtaking us, and being driven up to the curb. Edwin M. Stanton, the great Secretary of War, was alone inside. He opened the door and asked us to get in, which we did. The hack was then driven directly to the old war department building, but a short distance away.

Stanton said he wanted "somebody of sense" to talk to on an important matter. He was quite cordial with me, and asked if I had met his son, Edwin; I replied that I had, and esteemed him highly. When we were ensconced in the secretary's inner office, he produced, out of a locker, a bottle of old sherry wine and some glasses. After he had drunk a glass of wine, Mr. Stanton's tongue was entirely loosened, especially upon the subject then uppermost in his mind, to wit: the ruthless invasion of Mexico by the troops of Napoleon III, and the attempted establishment of Maximilian upon the throne there. He was exceedingly vehement in his language of denunciation of Napoleon, and fairly made the air blue and sulphurous with his fearful oaths. It was an explosion of profanity that far outstripped old Senator Ben Wade in his palmiest hour. I saw in this great man's intensity of feeling the secret of his great strength, and his quenchless patriotism and love of liberty that led him practically, by overwork, to lay down his life for his country. It was the same spirit that induced him afterward to defy President Johnson's order for his removal in the face of the "Tenure of Office Act," enacted by Congress for Stanton's especial benefit, as well as from a nervous distrust of Johnson's entire loyalty, and to remain in the office of Secretary of War in the War Department building, night and day, and finally resulting in the great impeachment trial of that President. Edwin M. Stanton loved this Union as much and gave up his life as effectually as any brave soldier did who died on the field of battle.

He said he had got Gen. Phil. Sheridan down on the border of Texas with an army having in the neighborhood

of fifty thousand troops, and at the first opportunity he was going to start him into Mexico and "drive those — Frenchmen down into the sea and drown them like a lot of blind pups!" I thought his language extravagant and violent, but his feelings were intense, and it gave me an opportunity to study the character of the greatest war secretary of all time when he was not upon his guard. He was rather short and stout; thick neck, large head, high, full forehead, dark complexion, dark hair and beard, spectacles on his nose, quick and decisive in his walk and movements generally.

I recall a little account, as related to me by my father, given him by Mr. Stanton privately. During the period of the latter's enforced seclusion in the War Department, caused by President Johnson's attempt to remove him from office, Stanton was daily informed of what was going on in the White House. His source of information was an army official who stood very close to the President by virtue of his assignment to special duty by him. This officer owed his appointment originally in the army to the act of Secretary Stanton, and ever retained first and true loyalty to him as a consequence. He lost no opportunity of advising Stanton of the plans and pitfalls for his overthrow that were hatched in the Executive Mansion. He was really an invaluable spy acting in Stanton's, and, therefore, the Nation's interest. I dare not publish some of the things disclosed by this officer to Secretary Stanton and by the latter to my father, who told them to me. With the knowledge thus obtained by Stanton, it is not to be wondered at that he distrusted Johnson's loyalty, and that he persisted in following Senator Sumner's advice to "stick" to his post. The acts of debauchery and violation of the moral code perpetrated under the roof of the White House by Andrew Johnson, as disclosed by this officer mentioned, in private to Mr. Stanton, if published to the world even at this day,

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would cause the people of the United States to hang their heads with shame. Out of regard for the honor of the White House I forbear to publish these "state secrets." I content myself with simply this hint.

An interesting incident illustrating Mr. Stanton's character may be added here. It arose from my father's first official call upon him at the War Department. He called to request a reopening of the case of Col. Orlando M. Moore, who had been summarily dismissed from the army. The colonel was the hero of the battle of "Tebb's Bend," where, with a mere handful of three hundred men, he defeated Gen. John Morgan with five thousand troops in his raid toward Cincinnati. Stanton was exceedingly brusque, and asked finally what my father proposed to do about it; to which the latter replied that he, Stanton, would probably see very soon, and abruptly left the room. He had not reached the outer door of the department, down stairs, before he was recalled by an orderly sent by the secretary. On his reluctant return he was asked by the latter what he wanted done, to which was replied: "A restoration to the army, of this brave soldier," whereupon Stanton said, "Well, make out the order," to which my father replied, "I prefer you to make it out, sir." It was done speedily. This little episode was the beginning of a close friendship that lasted till death severed it. I subsequently met Colonel Moore at Fort Abraham Lincoln, North Dakota, and heard from his lips a modest account of his memorable encounter with the most dashing raider of the Confederate army. The colonel exhibited the identical bugle which he used personally to deceive Morgan by sounding calls in different parts of the forest in rapid succession as he dashed, horseback, around through them.

This bugle, together with skillful maneuvering of skirmishers, made Morgan think the Federal troops were much larger in numbers than they were, and so he deflected his

CIVIL WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER SKETCHES

course from the city of Cincinnati and returned south; thus, that city was saved from being sacked and burned or plundered.

The two following reported interviews are presented without apologies:

Stanton's Courage

The circumstances under which Mr. Stanton became a member of the Buchanan cabinet and the work he did there for the Union are not told fully in the biographies. A brother-in-law of Mr. Stanton, Mr. Walcott, is the authority given for the story about to be told, every word of which is believed in Steubenville. At the time Mr. Stanton, then a lifelong Democrat, was asked to become a member of it, the Buchanan cabinet was composed of Cass, in the State Department; Cobb, in the Treasury; Black, as Attorney General; Thompson, in the Interior Department; Floyd, as Secretary of War; Toucey, as Secretary of the Navy, and Holt as Postmaster General.

"In this cabinet," to use the words of one who was the friend of Stanton from boyhood, "there were traitors, both active and passive. Buchanan was not a traitor himself, but a weak, irresolute old man, bound hand and foot by those in his cabinet who were. Floyd had dispersed the army to different and distant points, so as to make it unavailable at the capital. Toucey had scattered the navy to different and distant parts of the world, so that it could not be collected for months. Thompson had stolen more than \$1,000,000 in Indian bonds. Cobb had the treasury empty and the rebels were in arms. The signs of the times were appalling. Cass saw nothing before him but political ruin. He resigned his office, and Black was appointed in his place, leaving the law department of the government vacant. In addition to other causes of alarm Floyd had attempted to ship all of the heavy ordnance at Pittsburg to the south, and was only checked by the uprising of the people, who sent a deputation to Washington to inform the President and to enter their protest against the movement.

"In this extremity President Buchanan sent for Mr. Stanton, and asked him what he thought about the signs of the times. The answer was characteristic:

"'You are sleeping on a volcano. The ground is mined all around and under you and ready to explode, and without prompt and energetic action, you will be the last President of the United States.'

"'Mr. Stanton,' said the feeble old man, 'for God's sake, come in and help me. The Attorney General's office is vacant. Will you accept it?'

"'If you desire my help I will,' was the reply."

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This is the story of Mr. Stanton's invitation to enter the cabinet, as it comes from an immediate relative. There is no reason to doubt that it is told practically as it was given in family confidence by Mr. Stanton himself. The same applies to the account of what took place after he entered the cabinet:

"The first day of Mr. Stanton's incumbency of the office of Attorney General he passed in ferreting out the grand larceny of Thompson on the Indian fund. When the cabinet met in the evening, Mr. Stanton was late in arriving. As the new Attorney General entered, he saw Floyd pacing the room, and gesticulating furiously in a tempest and whirlwind of speech against somebody who had cut down his flagstaff, broken off the trunnions of his guns and cut and burned his wheels, and so on. Mr. Stanton sat down without uttering a word and without pretending to understand what was up. When Floyd stopped somebody asked:

"What do you think about it, Mr. Attorney General?"

"About what?" said Mr. Stanton.

"About Major Anderson's breaking up camp at Fort Moultrie and going into Fort Sumter."

"The most glorious event since the 8th of January, 1815," answered the new member of the cabinet. "It has stirred the heart of every loyal man in the nation."

"What!" demanded Floyd, "an officer of the army violating his orders?"

"What orders?" retorted Stanton. "Did you, Mr. President, give orders to Major Anderson to remain in that old, dilapidated fort, surrounded by enemies, when a stronger one was available?"

"No," said Mr. Buchanan, "I gave no such orders."

"Did you know of any such orders being given?" Mr. Stanton asked.

"No, sir. I never heard of it before," said the President.

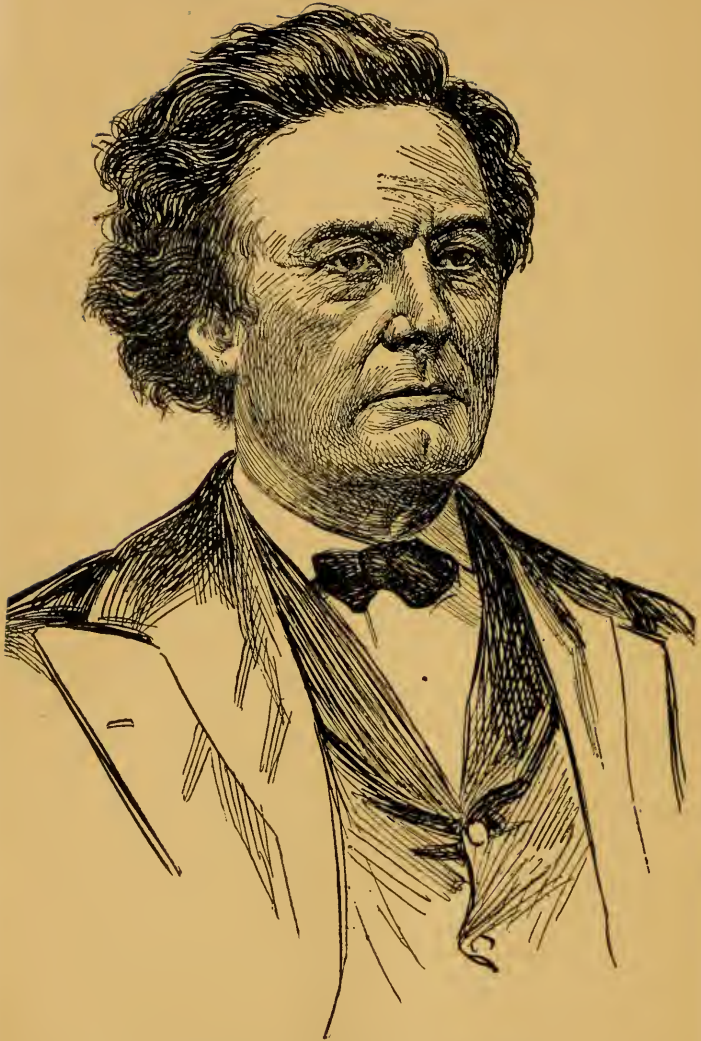
"Then," said Mr. Stanton, "the man who gave such orders ought to be hanged on a gallows higher than Haman's."

"Here Secretary Thompson interposed to rebuke the insolence of so new a man in the cabinet.

"Mr. Thompson," said Mr. Stanton, in reply, "I have been here long enough to find out that you have stolen nearly a million of Indian bonds, and expect to stay here till I see you punished for it."

"Then the tempest rose and raged till midnight, when the meeting broke up. The next morning Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson resigned. In a single night Stanton broke the conspiracy in the cabinet which was killing his feeble old friend. There were now two honest men in the cabinet—Stanton and Holt. Through their influence, Gen. John A. Dix was put at the head of the treasury.

"There is a reason to believe, and I for one do believe," said the friend here quoted, "that but for the bold stand taken by Mr. Stanton on that memorable evening Mr. Lincoln never would have been inaugurated in Washington. The knives of the assassins were already



U. S. SENATOR RICHARD YATES, ILLINOIS
EX-GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

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whetted, and he would inevitably have been murdered. But the active traitors being driven from the cabinet, General Scott collected a few soldiers and marines, to the number of about one thousand, and secured the peaceful inauguration of the new President.'

"When the Buchanan cabinet dissolved, Stanton went back to his law practise. Nine months later Mr. Lincoln sent for him and asked him to be his Secretary of War. He defended his action on the ground that he wanted Stanton not for his politics, but for his patriotism and power.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Knew Stanton Well

"The first time I was in Washington was in 1863, and I spent about six months as clerk in the War Department," said A. D. Sharon, one of California's multi-millionaires and the owner and proprietor of San Francisco's famous Palace Hotel, to a Star reporter at the Normandie. "I came at the suggestion of my dear friend and law preceptor, Edwin M. Stanton, who was then Secretary of War. I don't recall that I did any work during the six months, and I finally became disgusted and threw up the position.

"My relations with Stanton? It would take a volume to tell them, and then I don't know that they would be of any great interest. Stanton was one of the first persons I ever knew. He was much older, but there was always a feeling between us akin to that of brothers. And for a few years of his life he was practically a brother. That is, he lived in my father's family and was one of the family.

TAKEN BY SHARON, SENIOR

"I've heard my father tell the story and I have heard Stanton himself relate it many a time. My father was a prosperous farmer in Smithfield township, Jefferson County, Ohio. He was drawn as a grand juror. He was leaving the old Steubenville court house at the close of the jury session when he was attracted to a little fellow, nine or ten years old, whose boots were out at the toes, and who was shivering with the cold that easily penetrated his ragged clothes.

"'What's your name?' father asked him.

"'Ed. Stanton,' was the ready response.

"'Well, come along with me,' said father, and they went over to May's store on Second Street, where the boy was fitted out with a new pair of boots. A superficial inspection disclosed to father the importance of the lad's having a new suit of clothes, and they were provided. Then father asked him where he lived.

"'Around on Third Street, sir,' the boy replied.

"'So father accompanied the lad around to his home, and there met his mother.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

“Mrs. Stanton,” he said, ‘I want that boy. If you will let me have him until he is fifteen years old, I will learn him to plow, sow, reap, and mow, and I will clothe him and give him four months’ schooling each year.’

“Father always considered plowing, sowing, reaping, and mowing the four great requisites of life.

“Mr. Sharon,” said Mrs. Stanton, ‘I wish you would take Ed. He is a good boy, and I know that you will do more for him than I can do.’

“Mrs. Stanton was in poor circumstances and she looked upon this opportunity for Ed. as a God-send. To make a long story short, the youngster came into our family down in Smithfield township and father did by him as he agreed. He laid the foundation for his great mind in the little district school and he became proficient as a farmer lad. So that was the reason Edwin M. Stanton and I were such friends.

STANTON'S VISIT TO STEUBENVILLE

“But I was going to tell you how I happened to come to Washington. I had been out in the 157th Ohio Regiment under Col. George McCook, one of the ‘fighting McCooks,’ and Stanton’s law partner. The judge of the common pleas court in Jefferson County had died and Governor Brough had appointed me to fill the vacancy. I served several months, until an election could be held, and was very glad to retire. I was only twenty-one years old, and was no more capable of administering the law than a cow. You know, a boy of that age doesn’t do much thinking. I had just gone into partnership with a couple of legal friends under the firm name of Miller, Sherrard & Sharon. One day the office door opened and who should come in but Stanton. He shook hands all around, wanted to know how everything was in Steubenville, and then turned to me and said:

“I want you to go across the river with me.’

“All right,’ I replied.

“I put on my hat and we started out. On the way down stairs he placed his hand on my shoulder and said:

“This is a glorious day, and I want to go over across to the hills, and I want you with me.’

“I assured him that I was pleased to accompany him. He had just gotten in from Washington. I recall him as he looked, clad in a linen duster, a garment that was much more in evidence a third of a century ago than at the present time. We walked down the street, stopping frequently for Stanton to grasp the hand of some old acquaintance or friend. I went into a store, while Stanton waited outside talking with some one of the town folk, and bought fifteen cents’ worth of ginger cakes—ginger snaps, we used to call them.

“We then proceeded down to the ferry. Hardly a word was said while going across. We climbed up the rocks together, occasionally slipping back a little, but finally reaching a point that to Stanton

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seemed congenial. A beautiful place it is across the river from Steubenville. You get a view of the country for miles, and particularly the Ohio River Valley above and below.

A SILENT MAN

"It was about eleven o'clock when we reached this delightful place. Stanton sat down on a rock and for several hours was in deep thought. He stroked his long whiskers time and again and now and then rubbed his temples, suggesting to me that he was struggling with some abstruse mental proposition, which doubtless he was. He was uncommunicative and I was independent. I said to myself, 'Old fellow, if you don't want to talk I won't force a conversation.'

"I got up and walked about, but at all times was within speaking distance. Now and then I came back and sat down, but not a word from Stanton. He still maintained his position on the rock. And he pulled away at his whiskers with a pertinacity that attracted my attention to the utmost. Finally, about the middle of the afternoon, he broke the silence by saying:

"'Don't you think it's pretty near time we were getting back?'

"I told him I was ready at any time; that I was with him to go at his convenience.

"'But,' said I, 'don't you think it's pretty near time that we were eating our ginger snaps?'

"'I had forgotten all about them,' he said. 'I guess you are right.'

"So I opened the bag and we sat there and ate our lunch, I was as hungry as a bear, and Stanton proved that he had not entirely lost his appetite. On the way back he said to me:

"'Why don't you come to Washington?'

"I told him I had never given the matter any thought.

"'I don't know what I would do there,' I said.

"'I'll give you a place in the War Department,' he replied.

"'But,' I continued, 'it takes money to get to Washington and to get started. I am not in a condition at present to consider going anywhere.'

"Without a word he went down into his vest pocket, and, counting off from a roll of bills, handed me one hundred dollars.

"'I want you to come to Washington, and I want you to promise me that you will do so,' he said, after a silence of a few minutes .

EASY WORK AS A CLERK

"I told him I would, and I did. I went on to Washington, and was duly installed as a clerk in the War Department. But, as I told you before, I never did any work. Stanton's son Fred was also a clerk. I used to report to the department every day. Stanton would usually say:

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

“Why don't you and Fred go fishing down on the Potomac?”

“And at that we would start off for a day's sport. The next day, when we reported for work, he was likely to say:

“Well, you boys didn't seem to have very good luck yesterday. Better go down and see if you can't redeem yourselves.”

“And if we had been successful, he would suggest that we go back and fish to keep up our reputation. And that's the way it went. I can see now what he wanted. He was friendly to me and wanted me to have a good time. There was no especial work he wanted of me; only to see me occasionally. Yes, Fred and I put in a pleasant summer and fall. But it finally became tiresome, and I threw up the position and went back to Steubenville, where I practised law until the early 70's..

“Edwin M. Stanton was one of the greatest men that this country ever produced. He was a fine-grained man; sensitive to the extreme. And his whole soul was given over to the one thought—the preservation and maintenance of the Union. A great many persons thought him cold and unsympathetic. He was as kind-hearted and sympathetic as Lincoln, but he knew that there were times that things must be ruled with an iron hand.

KILLED BEFORE HIS TIME

“I went to the White House with him one day and I heard him talk to Mr. Lincoln as few men would think of talking to an employer. ‘What we must do,’ was the basis of his talk, and it was said with emphasis. Yet tears were in his eyes when he turned and left the President. If Lincoln had lived, I positively believe that Stanton would have lived longer than he did. President Johnson's attitude toward him, and treatment of him practically killed him before his time.”

Mr. Sharon is a cousin of ex-Senator Sharon, and was his partner in business. He has been a resident of California for more than a quarter of a century. He is also a cousin of Senator Clark of Montana.

“Yes, Bill Clark and I are cousins,” Mr. Sharon said. “And do you know, when Clark bought the Verde mine he came to me and wanted me to go in with him.

“I can buy the mine for twenty-seven thousand dollars, and I would like to have you take half,” he said.

“No, Bill,” said I, ‘you'd better go it alone.’ And since then I knew that at one time he was offered twenty-seven million for the mine. But then, I had enough. So what's the difference.”

Mr. Sharon's present visit to Washington was in the interest of having the government purchase a park in California, in which are located some of the biggest trees in the world.—*The Washington Star*.

"Hancock, the Superb," Across the Plains

In the early summer of 1867, before Congress adjourned, my father received an invitation for us both from Mr. John D. Perry, of St. Louis, Mo., then president of the Union Pacific Railway Company, E. D. (previously known as the Kansas Pacific Railway Company), to participate in an excursion over the completed line of that road in Kansas, in company with other guests.

In accordance with his strict rule of conduct as chairman of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, not to seek or accept any favors of railroads, indebted in whole or in part to government aid, he turned the invitation over to me, saying I could accept the invitation for myself if I chose. I did so, and arrived at the Southern Hotel, in St. Louis, in company with a young gentleman friend residing in my home city, whom I had taken the liberty to invite as a companion-du-voyage. We arrived at that hotel on June 2d, dressed in the height of fashion and wearing high silk hats.

After reaching our room our first act was, of course, to wash. Pouring out the water into the bowl, its color and texture appalled me. I rang up the bell boy and, showing him the yellow, dirty liquid, asked him if that was the very best the hotel could do in the way of water for a gentleman to wash his face in. His reply was that it was "de werrybest"—that "all de watah was jest like dat"—that "pussons likes it cause it was so—sawft!" I at once surrendered to the inevitable. I have no recollection, however, of seeing my companion use any water for any purpose while in St. Louis. He was exceedingly fastidious, as will appear further on in this narrative.

The following day our excursion party was mustered, and on its roll-call appeared the names of gentlemen who were then quite prominent and who since have attained



U. S. SENATOR MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, WISCONSIN

national reputations. For the purposes of these pages, however, the names of a few will suffice. Hon. C. H. Van Wyck, M. C., from New York, afterward a senator from Nebraska, to which state he removed; also a brother of his, an Episcopalian minister; Hon. A. H. Laffin, M. C., of New York, and Hon. J. L. Thomas, M. C., of Maryland; Mr. C. C. Beaman, Jr., clerk of Senator Sumner's Committee on Foreign Relations, afterward law partner of William M. Evarts, and Mr. George Abell, son of the proprietor of the Baltimore Sun. Quite a number of invited ladies also accompanied us on the train, which bore us rapidly to the end of the track at Fort Harker. The larger portion of the guests returned east from this point, but some fifteen or more, including the above-named, accepted a cordial invitation extended by MAJ. GEN. W. S. HANCOCK, U. S. A., to accompany an expedition he was about to make to Denver, distant some four hundred miles overland by the surveyed route. He promised fine buffalo and antelope hunting, but carefully refrained from any allusion to Indians.

I shall never forget the occasion when I saw, for the first time, and shook the hand of, this "Bayard" of the army. What a magnificent figure—what an ideal officer! What a suave, gallant, thoroughbred air the man possessed! What a commanding and affable manner! Truly, he was "HANCOCK, THE SUPERB!"

As he stood erect and stately we were presented to him, in turn, by Mr. Perry, each advancing to shake his hand. His greeting was the perfection of manly grace. When introducing my friend, Mr. Perry awkwardly or rudely remarked: "Mr. —, of whom I know nothing." My friend, a thorough gentleman of the highest social circles at home, quickly stopped, blushed, and looked down. I was about to go to his relief and say he was my friend, when at once I was forestalled by General Hancock, him-

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

self, advancing and taking my friend's hand within both of his own, saying he was very glad to meet him and hoped he would join the number of his guests. It was one of the most courtly, well-bred acts of a gentleman I ever beheld.

That night we camped in tents. Rain and a small Kansas cyclone effectually dissipated the silk tiles of my friend and myself. My visorless scotch cap remained and was worn throughout the trip. The outfit consisted of eight ambulances, twenty-six six-mule wagons, and an escort of fifty infantry men, and as many of the guests as chose were provided with saddle horses. I selected a splendid, large, somewhat vicious, black stallion that had never been ridden by man, and which had been but just purchased by the government. As we struck tents in the morning I secured a big teamster, who said he would mount the wild and powerful brute and break him in for me. He did so very well, and the following day I mounted him, by the teamster's help, and holding in my right hand an immense pistol, joined a party of three other gentlemen, all under charge of Lieutenant Hunter, in a grand field day for buffalo hunting. What sport! At a distance of a mile or more across the prairie we shortly spied a herd of four old bull buffaloes, that had been driven out of some larger herd by the younger bulls. We started for them "licka-ta-split." On we sped through puddles of mud and water, prairie-dog villages—the little, brave animals standing on top of their mounds and barking defiant warnings, and as we approached scudding down into their holes that were antechambers to their underground homes—over small hills, until we were seen by the herd.

Up went their tails and down their heads, and away they scattered in different directions. My noble steed behaved finely, and soon Lieutenant Hunter and I were jointly pursuing an immense old fellow, each taking a pistol shot as we neared him. The blood was pouring from his sides as

he ran, when suddenly he stopped and faced about to show fight. At the same instant my horse bucked and veered to the left, from fright; I involuntarily grabbed the pommel of the saddle with my right hand which also held the big pistol, and in doing so fired it off, the ball just missing Hunter. As the big buffalo stood at bay we were joined by another gentleman who carried a carbine.

He and Hunter dismounted, left their horses a few steps, and advanced to get better shots. As they fired, the ferocious look of the buffalo and the report of the guns frightened their two horses who turned and swiftly ran away. My horse was also terribly frightened, rearing and plunging and cavorting generally, and was unmanageable. As he was just broken to the saddle I gave him his head, shouting to my two friends that I would try and catch the other two horses. I succeeded in getting one; the other was later corralled by the Indian scout who attended our train.

The buffalo escaped—so did the rest of us! We rode that day in the chase, at a high speed, upward of twenty-five miles. The next day my grand typical black stallion was almost a wreck and had to be dragged behind a wagon. I was tolerably near being a wreck myself; my nose certainly was, for the hot sun had peeled off every thing but the inner epidermis. Henceforth, I must be content to ride with the other tenderfeet in an army ambulance.

In three days we reached Fort Hayes, and there I met for the first time one of America's model wives in the person of Mrs. Custer, wife of Gen. George A. Custer, who was absent from that post on duty somewhere else for the time being. She and her lady friend sat up and entertained us all most delightfully until midnight. She unites in her charming personality all that goes to make up woman attractive to a manly, chivalric man.

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

At the end of eight days we had reached Fort Wallace, having fairly reveled on buffalo and antelope meat. We saw on the way thousands upon thousands of moving buffalo. Several times we had to stop our train and allow the vast herds to gallop past, their great bushy heads bobbing up and down like waves upon the surface of an ocean.

The last time I saw General Hancock was when we bade him good-bye at Fort Wallace, on the plains about two hundred miles east of Denver, where, having met Gen. Pitcairn Morrison, U. S. A., on his way east with a small escort of fifteen soldiers, our excursion party decided to return under the latter's escort. My latest view of Hancock showed him in fatigue uniform, mounted upon a magnificent, immense roan stallion, a fitting steed to carry the most majestic figure that has ever adorned the army of the United States or of any other country. Readily do I recall the consummate grace and superb abandon with which, on the trip, he would take the old gallon demijohn from the hands of his orderly, raise it aloft, turn it over his forearm by a "simple twist of the wrist" until its mouth and his own joined issue, followed by a gurgling sound in the throat and a smack of the lips that denoted entire satisfaction with the results of such a joint and mutual contact! The contents were not water, it is, perhaps, needless for me to state. Any old soldier of the plains can readily tell what it was.

The Irish Surgeon—His Jokes and Songs

The night passed at Fort Wallace, the end of our westward journey, was made memorable by Dr. —, the surgeon of General Hancock's staff, and the funniest and brightest Irishman I have ever met. As the commissary of our mess of four I had purchased two large bottles of old rye—"to prevent scurvy." As Representative Laffin, General Van Wyck, Mr. Abell, and myself were quietly chatting

in our tent before retiring, this fine "ould Irish Gentleman" dropped in to bid us adieu. I produced one of the bottles, and suggested a "parting salute" and a "night cap." The doctor most readily agreed, as he was a most terrific drinker, having, as he said, been "all through the Crimean war without a dhrop." His tongue was soon unlimbered by the liquor and the occasion, and he regaled us with many a song, joke, and conundrum, helping himself after each one to the bottle. I recall one of his conundrums, "What is the difference between a fixed star and a Digger Indian—the lowest of all Indians?" The answer to which I hesitate to give, but the incongruity of the ideas, is my excuse, "you see one with a naked eye, the other with a naked — back!" He became a little hilarious and at last, at midnight, I politely remarked that the other gentlemen were tired and sleepy and asked if I could have the honor of escorting him to his tent. He replied "certainly," and having reached his tent he invited me in to take a "little medicine for my nerves," with which I complied. Whereupon, he gallantly said, "And now, sorr, allow me the honor to escort you to your tent!" He was irresistible, and so we both returned to our previous quarters, where he again broke loose in song and Irish brogue stories and recitations, finishing the other bottle and greatly annoying Messrs. Laflin and Van Wyck, whom he persisted in entertaining with his favorite songs.

He sang the following, *con expressione*, to the air of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls":

There wuz a fauncy charcoal mon,
 McClusky wuz hiz nayme;
 Hiz foightin wayte waz sevin sthone, tin,
 And he luv'd swayte Mary Eye Jane;
 He tuk her out ridin' in his charcoal cart—
 'Twas on Saint Patrick's Day—
 Oh, the donkey tuk froight at a
 Soldier-mon, and he tried for to run away!



U. S. SENATOR EDWIN D. MORGAN, NEW YORK
EX-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

S K E T C H E S A N D S T A T E S E C R E T S

They both did schrame, wid all their moight,
 The donkey, for to shtop;
 He upset Mary Eye Jane and all roight
 Into a grocery shop;
 McCluskey seen the cruel deed,
 And at the soight tuk pity;
 He stab'd the dom'd donkey wid a piece of charcoal,—
 And he shtarted for—Salt Lake City!

This was succeeded by another exceedingly funny song, the manner of rendition being quite impossible to describe; it was this inimitable manner which largely gave it the humorous character. The air is a simple one—typically Irish—in a high-pitched tenor or falsetto, on a minor key:

"Ye'll Come Back Agin"

Oh! the divil, he came to the farmer's door:
 Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
 whistle, whistle);
 Sez he, "wan of yure fam-ly I must hayve sure!"
 Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

"Oh, wife, wife! what have we done?"
 Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
 whistle, whistle);
 "The divil, he's come for our oldest son!"
 Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

"'Tis not yure oldest son I crave:"
 Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
 whistle, whistle);
 "But yure owld woman I now must hayve!"
 Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

Wid that, he clap'd her into his sack:
 Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
 whistle, whistle);
 And down to hell he wint, click-a-ty-clack!
 Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

There stands the owld king, all loaded wid chains:
 Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
 whistle, whistle);
 She up wid her futt, and kicked out his brains!
 Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

A little he-divil peeked over the wall:
Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
whistle, whistle);
Sez he,—“take her away, or she’ll murther us all!”
Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

Wid that he chucked her into his sack:
Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
whistle, whistle);
And loike a domphule, he wint lugging her back!
Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

Now, all you owld women fond of sin:
Bi-z-z-z, w-i-t-t! (whistle), (pause), (whistle), (pause), (whistle,
whistle, whistle);
If ye go to hell;—YE’LL COME BACK AGIN!
Sing;—tidery-eye-um; sing;—tidery-eye-aye!

Here is one of the doctor’s stories, with apologies to him:

“Tim Murphy waz on his death bed, and sint for Father Mulrooney to administer the last sacred rites of religion. The Father sez to Tim, sez he: ‘Tim, I fear your soul is lost; ye’ve never done annything for your God.’ Tim sez, sez he: ‘I have, yer reverince.’ ‘Phat wuz it, Tim?’ sez Father Mulrooney. ‘I saved a soul, yer riverince.’ ‘Yez did, eh? Whose soul?’ ‘A Jew’s,’ sez Tim. ‘And how?’ sez the Father. ‘This way,’ sez Tim: ‘Me and the Jew wint out sailin’; a storm arose and the boat capsized; I clum up onto the upturned bottom of the boat, and I’d no sooner got safely seated, than up comes the Jew out of the water, and caught hold of the boat. I sez to myself, sez I, ‘Timothy Murphy, now’s yer chance to save a soul;’ so I grabbed the Jew by the hair and I sez to him, sez I, ‘do you belayve on the Lard, Jesus Christ?’ Sez he, ‘No, I do not.’ Then, yer riverince, I just chucked his infiddle head down under the water for awhile, and when I pulled him up, I axed him agin the same question, and he, a spittin’ and sputterin’, said he did belave. Wid that, yer riverince, I chucked him under agin, and held him down till he wuz

sthone dead—for I wuz afeared the blayguard would recant.”

The doctor then recited, in the richest brogue, the following beautiful Irish lines, the author of which was Alfred Percival Graves:

Father O'Flynn

Of priests we can offer a charming variety,
 Far renowned for larnin' and piety;
 Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn, as the flower of them all!
 Slaintè, and slaintè, and slaintè agin;
 Powerfullest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
 Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
 Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
 Faix and the divils and all at divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all;—
 Come, I vinture to give ye my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard—
 Down from mythology
 Into thayology,
 Troth! and conchology, if he'd the call;—
 Here's a health to ye, Father O'Flynn, etc., etc.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you;
 All the ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you;
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,—
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick!
 Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,
 Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control;—
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,
 Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick:—
 Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn; etc., etc.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still at seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
 At comicality, Father, wid you?

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest;—
 "Is it, lave gaity
 All to the laity?
Can not the clargy be Irishmen too?"
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn;
Slaintè, and slaintè, and slaintè agin;
 Powerfullest preacher,
 And tindest teacher,
And kindliest creatures in ould Donegal.

He closed by drawing out the old, almost-forgotten song:

"Joe Bowers"—"Had a Brother Ike"

My name it is Joe Bowers, and I've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri, all the way from Pike;
I'll tell you why I left thar and why I came to roam,
And leave my poor old Mammy, so far away from home.

I used to court a gal thar; her name war Sally Black;
I axed her if she'd marry me; she said it war a whack.
Says she to me: "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
You oughter get a little home to keep your little wife."

"O, Sally! dearest Sally! O, Sally! for your sake,
I'll go to California, and try to make a stake."
Says she to me: "Joe Bowers, you are the man to win,—
Here's a kiss to bind the bargain," and she hove a dozen in.

When I got to that far kentry, I hadn't nary red;—
I had such wolfish feelings, I wished myself most dead;
But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelings git,
And whispered hopes to Bowers—I wish I had 'em yet!

At length I went to mining; put in my biggest licks;
Went down upon the boulders, just like a thousand bricks;
I worked both late and early, in rain, in sun, in snow;—
I was working for my Sally—'twas all the same to Joe.

At length, I got a letter from my dear brother Ike;
It came from old Missouri, all the way from Pike;
It brought to me the darn'dest news that ever you did hear!
My heart is almost busting, so pray excuse this tear.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

It said that Sal war false to me, her love for me had fled;
She'd got married to a—butcher! the butcher's hair was red!
And more than that the letter said—it's enough to make me swear—
That Sally had a baby; the baby had red hair!

Now I've told you all I can about this sad affair,—
'Bout Sally marrying a butcher, that butcher with red hair;
But whether 'twas a boy or gal child, the letter never said;
It only said that the baby's hair was inclined to be red.

At three o'clock a. m. he left us. At four a. m. our train started, and our mess had no preventive for snake bites, or chills and fever, or scurvy!

"Wild Bill" Hickox—A Dramatic Scene

The most notable occurrence on our long, drawn-out trip, was when we were within three or four days' distance from our original starting point.

Several of our party had long since returned by the overland stages; among them my fastidious companion-du-voyage, and the M. C. from Baltimore, who complained of the scarcity of quail on toast, terrapin, clams, and champagne, and of being compelled instead, to eat "eternally" strong buffalo and antelope meat and dry ham, and imbibe alkaline water that often was scooped up from buffalo wallows, and was full of little lizards, snakes, and "things" generally.

The incident referred to was one of the most dramatic and picturesque scenes in my life.

Our little train had reached a lonely ranch that had the appearance of having been but just raided and deserted; not a living thing upon it. We stopped, and some of us espying what looked like a human being lying out on the ground at a distance, went to it and found a man's body that bore the marks of a bullet hole through the back and the scalp was but lately cut off the top of his head. We



MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U. S. A.
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

knew then that hostile Indians were somewhere about. Placing the cold body upon a blanket we brought it back to the yard in front of the little deserted cabin that stood on a slight knoll.

We covered the body with a blanket, and as we stood around it with blanched faces and fluttering hearts, expecting any moment to be charged upon by several thousand savage Indians and mercilessly slaughtered, and counseling what had best be done, the Episcopal minister having in his hand the book of prayer preparatory to performing the beautiful service of that denomination over the burial of the dead, our eyes were quickly gladdened and amazed at the sight of a distinguished horseman who dashed up in much aplomb.

It was the celebrated "Wild Bill"—the most noted government scout ever on the western plains. His real name was William Hickox. He, also, was mounted upon a large roan stallion that was adorned with all the gorgeous quarterings of an ancient knight. Let me describe "Bill." Although he was rather taciturn, I became tolerably well acquainted with him during the balance of our journey. He was of invaluable service to the government, and widely known and feared by Indian and white man alike. He was the best pistol shot I have ever seen.

WILD BILL'S DEADLY AIM

His duel with Dave Tutt in the Public Square at Springfield, Mo.

"It was in the spring of 1865 that Wild Bill and Dave Tutt, ex-chief of Confederate scouts, tried conclusions in the public square at Springfield, Mo.," said Dr. Hogeboom, surgeon of the A., T. & S. F. Railroad. "The war was over, as far as fighting in the field was concerned, but the peculiar vindictiveness that characterized all the warfare on both sides in Missouri still existed and showed itself in many ways. A strong force of United States troops occupied the town, the Kansas regiment to which I was attached among them. A picturesque and striking figure among those who had fought on

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

the Union side was Wild Bill, whose daring and valuable services as a Federal scout were fresh in the minds of men. There were many ex-confederate soldiers in town, and Tutt, a brave and desperate man and a dead shot, was the leader of that element. They lost no opportunity to show their ill-will to the Unionists, and between Tutt and Wild Bill bad feeling was strongly manifested. It came to the point of an open quarrel one night when Tutt, with his gang, came into a saloon, where Wild Bill was seated at a game of poker. He had been winning, and with the pile of money before him on the table was a gold watch and chain that some one had wagered and lost. Tutt had come for a quarrel. He watched the game for a few minutes, then said suddenly:

"Bill, I want you to pay me the money you owe me."

"I have paid you once, isn't that enough?" said Wild Bill, looking up from the hand of cards he held.

"Tutt reached over and took the gold watch and chain from Wild Bill's pile of winnings.

"'You owe me that money,' he said, 'I'll keep this watch to satisfy the debt.'

"Wild Bill looked at him with perfect calmness. 'Better put it back, Dave,' he said. 'You'll be sorry if you don't.'

"Tutt laughed and put the watch in his pocket, which ended the matter for that night. Next day he sent word to Wild Bill that on the following Saturday, at noon, he would carry the watch and chain across the public square, entering it at the northeast corner. This was a challenge which Wild Bill could not ignore.

"I'll be there," he said, when the message was given him, and went home and cleaned and oiled his pistols. He did not show himself about town much until Saturday noon came. Then as Tutt appeared at the northeast corner of the public square, Wild Bill walked in at the southwest corner. As the two men approached each other, walking from the corners diagonally opposite, it was seen that a group of Tutt's friends were gathered at the corner to the left of Wild Bill, and nobody present doubted that they were there to take a hand in the shooting if the fight went against Tutt.

"The distance between the two men at the start was one hundred and forty yards. They walked steadily toward each other, with pistols in the belts, until about fifty paces separated them. Then Tutt made a motion as if to draw his pistol. Instantly Wild Bill's pistol came up, and holding its butt with both hands without sighting, he fired at Tutt, who threw up his hands, staggered and fell dead on his face, shot through the heart.

"With the crack of his pistol Wild Bill wheeled and faced the group of Tutt's friends, pistols in hand. Some of them had drawn their weapons, but they put them up in a hurry, and declared that the duel had been a fair one. Wild Bill was king of the town after that, as he was chief for many a year afterward on the plains and in the tough frontier towns."—*New York Sun*.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

He stood exactly six feet and two inches in height in stockings. He wore high-top spurred boots, buckskin trousers with long fringe on the outer leg seams, a striking indian-beaded belt around his waist, and in which, behind on his back, rested two beautiful ivory-handle six-shooter pistols, large calibered and silver-mounted, also a knife and sheath; his shirt was an immaculate white linen, pleated and pearl laundried front, fastened by three large, pure white diamond studs, a turn-down linen collar, low in the neck, red silk scarf under it, tied loosely with short flowing ends; a red cloth, highly embroidered in gold and blue, Zouave short jacket just covering his pistol handles behind, and open wide and unbuttoned in front, exposing the great expanse of shirt bosom over his immense chest, studs, and long, heavy, gold link neck watch chain. His neck was large, but not gross and was perfect in mold. His face was a remarkable one. In type he was a semi-blonde. Fearlessness was stamped upon every lineament of his face, which was long and fairly full; a firm, square chin, adorned with an imperial; mouth covered with a silky, large, drooping, light-brown mustache; a straight nose with wide open nostrils; deep set and steady, piercing steel-gray eyes; a noble brow surmounted by a mass of light-brown hair parted on the middle of the head and falling down in long curls that reached his shoulders. The whole crowned with an immense gray sombrero. Such was the appearance of this most noted of all Uncle Sam's scouts as he presented himself unexpectedly to our gaze.

"Abilene isn't much like the Abilene of a third of a century ago," said Col. J. W. Burton, a former well-known Kansas politician, at the Normandie. In the old days it was the hottest town of its size in America. The cowboys were the ruling factor, and municipal government went to very loose ends.

"Wild Bill was city marshal of Abilene at one time, and his never-failing sight, when applied to the barrel of a six-shooter, had a ten-

dency to bring some semblance to order out of the usual chaotic lawlessness that pervaded the town. What he said was a law in itself, and the one who disregarded his utterances was quite apt to become possessor of a small claim in the cemetery that had been opened on a rise of prairie ground just outside the town.

"Wild Bill was just the kind of a man for the times. While many persons owed their death to his unerring aim, he was far from being a bad man at heart. Bill had a heart as big as an ox's, and it could be touched as easily as a woman's."—*Washington (D. C.) Star*.

Wild Bill's Bravery

"As good an example of the 'bad man' turned marshal as one can point out is 'Wild Bill' Hickock, whose fame will endure as long as that of his cousin, 'Buffalo Bill.' 'Wild Bill' was known as a fighter in the various cities from Dodge to Denver and from Tombstone to Deadwood. He began his fighting career in the Civil War, one of the most famous of his exploits being the spiking of the guns at Fort Pillow. The Federal fleet did not dare ascend the Missouri under the guns of the fort. 'Wild Bill' was dropped into the river, having around his neck a string of light files with which to spike the cannon. He strangled the sentry, climbed inside the fort and forced the files into the priming holes of the cannon. When he was spiking the last gun he was discovered. He escaped over the wall, swam away, notified the fleet, and the Federals came up the river past the helpless fort.

"When 'Wild Bill' was living on the Big Blue, near Manhattan, Kansas, eight pro-slavery men visited his cabin with the intention of killing him. He was at the spring when they came, but he shot two of them dead, got into the house and shot four more before his pistol was empty. The two remaining men sprang upon him, but he killed them both with his knife. Such feats made 'Wild Bill' famous throughout the entire west, and there was a rivalry among the lively cities of the frontier to secure him as a marshal. He was one of the most picturesque figures of the old days. His hair was long, brown and curling. His moustache gave a fierce look to his face and his keen eyes made him a man who would be picked out as extraordinary in any crowd. He had the shoulders of a hercules and the waist of a woman, and his physical strength was phenomenal.

"His chief characteristic, however, was the quickness with which he could draw his revolvers. He never took aim, but the weapons were discharged as soon as they were drawn from their resting places. This fact doubtless saved him from death a hundred times. He always depended on the fraction of a section advantage which his own quickness gave him over his opponent.

“OTHER EXPLOITS

“In Hays City, two soldiers undertook to kill ‘Wild Bill’ and they crept on him from behind. One of them knocked him down with the butt of a revolver. As he lay on the ground half-stunned, ‘Wild Bill’ instinctively drew his terrible revolvers and both soldiers were killed before they could complete their work.

“At another time a noted gambler sought to kill ‘Wild Bill.’ Hickox not only shot the gambler dead, but killed one of the man’s friends who was running to assist him. Then he paid the funeral expenses of both men. A refractory alderman of Hayes City, whose vote was needed, swore that not even ‘Wild Bill’ could take him to the council chamber. ‘Wild Bill’ walked up to the man, threw him on his shoulders, and carried the alderman into the council chamber like a sack of flour. As a marshal ‘Wild Bill’ made a wonderful record and usually his mere appearance was enough to make a law-breaker submit to arrest. This hero of a hundred battles, like nearly all other men who have depended on the revolver, met an ignominious death in a saloon at Deadwood, being shot in the back by an Irishman with whom he had had an altercation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When told of our find he dismounted quickly, and seizing a handy axe began chopping the lines for a grave through the prairie sod, at each blow uttering frightful oaths and maledictions against the “Red Devils of Hell.”

What a memorable picture for an artist! A dozen Eastern gentlemen in civil life—frightened almost out of their wits for fear of Indians—and half as many more soldiers, all standing with uncovered heads around the body of a newly-massacred pioneer—the preacher with prayer-book in hand—and all gazing at this gaudily attired and strikingly magnificent scout as he emitted volley after volley of oaths and curses upon the Indians with each powerful blow of his axe into the earth! He would stop once in a while, draw himself up to his full height, shade his eyes with a hand, and take a sweeping survey of the horizon to see if there were any more Indians lurking around. I am glad I had the privilege of shaking the hand of this noble and brave man. He was subsequently killed in a saloon by being



"WILD BILL" HICKOX, U. S. SCOUT

shot through the back of the head—exactly the way he foretold his death to me.

Every succeeding night during the return trip, my friend Beaman, who I believe was a native of Boston and subsequently achieved great distinction in the profession of law in New York City, would solemnly say to his fellow tent lodgers: "Boys, I believe I'll sleep with my boots on tonight!" The first night he went so far as to quickly slip into my hand a little bit of paper, which he quietly told me was his will, and said that whereas he would undoubtedly be among the slain, I, being the youngest member of the party, would manage in some way to escape.

But we all safely arrived in due time in St. Louis, none the worse, only as to increased appetites—for the only provisions we had had during the trip back consisted of ham and coffee for breakfast, ham, coffee, and big yellow canned peas for dinner, and ham, peas, and coffee for supper! My friend Abell and I made ourselves sick by overeating our first meal at the Southern Hotel. I had thus had the privilege on this trip of "touching elbows" with two very distinguished personages—General Hancock and "Wild Bill," or William Hickox.

Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

In the summer of 1870 my system became impregnated with the malaria that usually prevailed in the region of Washington, and I was greatly reduced in health. My father suggested a trip and sojourn at the noted Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia. We accordingly went there together, he staying a few days, while I remained about a month. In those days this was, and had for many years been, a noted favorite summer resort for Southern people; in fact, it was regarded as the "Saratoga of the South."

My father's name had become quite well known among prominent people in that section by reason of his being the author of the Thirteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, commonly known as "The Howard Amendment;" as well as the further fact that he was chairman of the subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, having charge of Virginia, North and South Carolinas, and as such had personally before him for examination as to the conditions and sentiments of the people many of the most prominent gentlemen who had been connected with the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy, including General Robert E. Lee and others. I will stop in my narrative to say, parenthetically, that General Lee made a most favorable and agreeable impression upon him, as a man of lofty ideals and pure, conscientious motives, but unfortunately for him, who was infused with the false doctrines of John C. Calhoun and his school.

Kentucky's Most Beautiful Daughter

Owing to my father's public prominence I at once secured all that might be desired in the way of a room and seat at table. I was invited by Hon. Richard T. Merrick, a leading member of the bar of Washington, and who had been counsel to John H. Surratt in the trial of the conspirators in the assassination of Lincoln, to occupy a seat at the table held for his own family and that of representative, afterward Senator James B. Beck, of Kentucky, the latter consisting of Mrs. Beck and her two daughters—the two latter having a wide reputation for exceeding beauty.

I shall never forget the first time I met the elder of the two young ladies—Miss Margaret. Never in my life had I seen such a rare and radiantly beautiful girl. My pen hesitates at the task of description of her personality. My eyes were not blinded by the little god of Love, for I had been informed she was engaged to marry a Washington

gentleman of great expected wealth; to wit, a nephew of Banker Corcoran. As described by a resident correspondent of a Baltimore paper: "There is a struggle for supremacy of the blonde and the brunette in her, with eyes as soft as the down that shares the cygnets' nest."

Her figure was perfect in outline, her complexion a light, fair, rich olive cream, with pink color in her cheeks; ripe, rosy lips, parted slightly and disclosing the most perfect and wondrous pearly-white teeth ever possessed by woman; a Grecian nose, wide nostrils, a pair of superbly beautiful violet blue eyes, dark, long lashes and arching eyebrows, never by any possibility surpassed by a mortal; a low, broad brow, smooth and devoid of lines of carking care, crowned with a mass of wavy, fine light-brown, silky hair—all this added to a wondrous charm of unaffected and innocent manner.

This maiden was unquestionably the most beautiful of all the many noted beautiful daughters of Kentucky, celebrated the wide world over, in that line especially. She informed me she never drank tea nor coffee nor liquors of any kind. She was fond of and was satisfied with pure milk. Daily I feasted my eyes on this charming girl at table, and twice in masquerade balls where she appeared as "Queen Elizabeth" and "Martha Washington," respectively. The following fall she was married to Mr. Corcoran and within two weeks immediately thereafter she passed beyond this earth life, having died of a fever. I attended the funeral ceremonies in the mansion of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, and gazed upon her lovely person for the last time as it lay robed in her white satin wedding gown, in a casket of white, covered with the rarest exotics of earth's flowers. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Another most fascinating and rarely accomplished lady there, who also graced our table set, was Mrs. B——y, whose husband had been the only member of Congress from

the state of Louisiana who remained steadfastly loyal to the Union.

I recall her costume, made by Worth, which she wore at a fancy masquerade ball given in the 300-foot long ball-room hall of the hotel. I find a description of it in my scrap book, and am tempted to copy it for the benefit of my lady readers. Here it is: "Mrs. B——y, of Washington, D. C., as the 'Muse of Poetry,' wore an underskirt of sky blue satin over which a trained black satin robe, dotted with golden stars, was looped with heavy gold cords and tassels; the bodice of buttercup satin, with garlands of flowers embroidered in floss silk; a veil of spangled gauze and a diadem of gold, shooting diamond stars—probably the most gorgeous and elegant costume ever worn at this place." I was her escort as "Don Cæsar de Basan," in black velvet costume.

Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina

I had been at these springs but a few days when I became acquainted with a gentleman of marked individuality and historical character. He was ex-Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, the first senator to abandon his seat in the United States Senate at the commencement of hostilities in the great Civil War. He was a thoroughly, typical Southern gentleman of the days "befoh de wah." He had not applied for a pardon and scorned to do so.

Under the seductive influence of a couple of boxes of the finest Havana cigars, obtained personally on that Island and presented me by my warm-hearted and generous friend, General O. E. Babcock—President Grant's private secretary, on my leaving Washington—I soon got through the outer crust of the shell of this old "chestnut," and was greatly entertained by his reminiscent conversation. Our talks were, of course, desultory and adapted to the present occasion largely. I recall some of his ideas distinctly.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

Speaking of the acts of secession of the southern states and the following opening of hostilities, he said the mistake the South made was it seceded about six weeks too soon; that they were not quite ready; that, without intending to give me the slightest offense by his words, there was no question but that "one Southerner was equal to five Northerners in the matter of physical bravery, as the men of the South were accustomed to the free use of firearms from youth up to manhood, while you Northern people are purely a commercial people, engaged in commerce and trade, and as a consequence totally unaccustomed to the use of firearms!"

Such was this statesman's deliberately pronounced estimate of the men of the North, held even after they had conquered those of the South! He said they conquered simply by numbers. I shall not intrude before my readers my answering comments to contradict his statements. He was as bitter against the Federal Government of the United States at this time as when he seceded with his state from the Union. Personally, he was a delightful old gentleman, but abounding in the old-time Southern formality and ceremony. He invariably accepted one of my cigars every evening after dinner, and shared his talk and company with me. I learned much of Southern character from these companionable interviews.

Jefferson Davis and James M. Mason

Two other leading Southern statesmen I saw, in close proximity, at this summer resort. One was Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the "Confederate States of America," and James M. Mason, of Virginia, ex-United States Senator, and later Confederate Minister to England. The latter gentleman sat at an adjoining table, in the dining room—Mr. Corcoran's. He was built physically somewhat on the order of Stephen A. Douglas and resembled him in

face in a marked degree, if my memory serves me correctly. It will be remembered that Mr. Mason, together with Mr. Slidell, of Louisiana, having been appointed special commissioners to negotiate treaties with foreign nations in behalf of the Southern Confederacy, were captured on a British vessel sailing under British colors, by Captain, afterward Admiral Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy, acting upon his own responsibility and sturdy sense of right. They were shortly released on Britain's demand, by advice of Secretary Seward, and so a foreign war was averted.

One day I was strolling through the crowded galleries of the hotel, when I bumped into a rather attenuated gentleman coming toward me looking in another direction, as I was also partly doing myself. We both quickly apologized, when, upon looking into his face, the thought flashed into my mind: "If you are not Jefferson Davis, judging from his engraved pictures, you certainly are his twin brother, and you certainly do bear a remarkable resemblance to that fighting parson of Illinois, Colonel Jacokes." I noted especially the defect in his eye, and a peculiar, pinkish-gray spring overcoat he had on his person. We each gave way to the other, and he passed on. Shortly I was informed that Mr. Davis was present at the hotel and so I was confirmed in my surmise. I did not see him again. He must have kept close to his quarters. So we "touched elbows."

"Beau" Hickman; His "Gall" and Tact

Another noted character there was "Beau" Hickman; poor, old, frayed out "Beau," a striking specimen of the genus "decayed respectability." His regular haunts were at the hotels in Washington, where he was well known. He was a wag and practically a beggar. It was related of him that while sojourning at the springs, there was also a noted English swell snob with his lackey, who attended

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him at his sulphur baths, and was ordered in a loud voice to bring his master his pants as numbered. On one occasion when this cad was on the gallery in the midst of the hotel guests, Hickman, approaching as near as he dare, shouted out: "John! John! bring me paunts number forty-nine!"

The resulting laughter and quiet gibes were too much for even the English asinine hide, and he precipitately fled, and the next day the place was freed from the presence of the most detestable creature on this earth—an English snob!

Another good story of this character told by himself with great glee: A rich acquaintance made him a wager at big odds that he could not go from Washington to New York without paying his fare. He accepted the wager and was shortly ensconced in a seat in a railway car, having upon his head an antiquated high silk hat (his usual hat was of this order). He speedily opened the car window, and when he caught sight of the conductor entering the car to collect tickets, Beau put his head out of the window as far as he could and kept it there until he was roughly shaken by the former, who asked for his ticket. Beau, in a well simulated and indignant manner, drew his head back into the car, managing to knock his old plug off as he did so. He, then, with well assumed mingled dignity and anger, told the conductor that his ticket was stuck in the band of his hat which he had lost owing to that official's impudence! He was passed on through to New York, besides receiving the cost of a new hat!

He told me another one, perhaps worth recording, as he was for many years a very noted character in the Capital City.

Some wealthy friend, full of fun, purchased Beau an elaborate suit of clothes and paid his fare to New York, giving him a cordial letter of introduction, under an as-

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

sumed name, to a hotel-keeper of like fun-loving proclivities as the writer. Beau arrived in due season and was given the best the house afforded, preserving his incognito until after the lapse of a few weeks, when the landlord received a note from his joking friend in Washington, asking him how he liked Beau Hickman! The landlord "tumbled to the racket," and resolved to have some fun himself at the expense of his fellow hotel-keepers, and so introduced old Beau to one of them with all due ceremony as "Count ——" This game was kept up by each proprietor on another until, as Beau said, he had passed "a very enjoyable season at the leading hotels of New York without a dammed cent's expense, suh!"

An Evening, en Famille, at the White House

During the early spring of 1871, my father's relations with President Ulysses S. Grant, were fast becoming more intimate. The latter was exceedingly pleased with the character of the former's report to the Senate, as chairman of the committee on the purchase of the Island of San Domingo, a proceeding which it strongly favored, and in which the President was profoundly concerned, as that island would be an inestimably important coaling station for our navy and marine in southern waters. It was on this rock that the long-time friendship between Mr. Sumner and many of his friends split, the former allowing his bitter hostility to Grant to control his better judgment, and so lose his place as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Calling one evening with my father at the White House, we were met very cordially in the Blue Room by the President, who asked us to come out and join Mrs. Grant and others on the back porch or gallery. Arriving there we found a small party of distinguished people, among them I

recall especially General James Longstreet, of Confederate fame. My recollection of him is that he was in the neighborhood of six feet in height, exceedingly courtly and suave in speech and movement, with all the manly graces acquired from good birth and breeding and mingling in refined society. He was a noble-looking man with rather pale complexion, side whiskers and mustache, and I think he wore a gloved cork hand. The conversation was of a general nature, as to him, but I was struck with the silvery smoothness of his well modulated voice. I can not recall any of his remarks. I was shortly engaged in a reminiscent conversation with Mrs. Grant as to her early life in my native city, while my father and the President were quietly and amicably discussing affairs of state. On our return to our hotel, father informed me that the President had offered him the chairmanship of the Southern Claims Commission, and requested him to think it over and not decide at once. He had been defeated for the third election, and his second term as senator was soon to expire on March 4, 1871. Shortly thereafter he mailed the President his declination of the honor tendered, as he had become tired of public life, and longed for the quiet of home life again. There was little of the active politician about him. He died of apoplexy within a month after his return to his home. Shortly after his decease in April, 1871, I received a private note of condolence and sympathy from General O. E. Babcock, in behalf of President and Mrs. Grant, and informing me that it had been the former's intention to offer my father the portfolio of Attorney General of the United States. President Grant shortly tendered this relator the Federal office of United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Florida, which, after due consideration, was declined with thanks.



FERNANDO WOOD, M. C., OF NEW YORK
EX-MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

My readers will pardon a paragraph or two entirely personal, as illustrative of one phase of General Grant's character.

While this relator was a temporary resident of the territory of Utah, where he was engaged in mining with a younger brother, whom President Grant had appointed Register of the United States Land Office there, I was desirous of being appointed as a member of the Utah Commission, a body established by Congress to regulate the matter of suffrage. I accordingly wrote General Grant, whose term as President had expired, asking his kindly aid in procuring the office, and received the following considerate reply from him:

NEW YORK CITY, *June 1.*

DEAR SIR: I have your letter of the 29th ult. Perhaps I should have written to you on the receipt of your former letter to tell you what I had done in the matter of your request. My excuse for not doing so is that I receive more letters in regard to appointments than I can possibly answer.

But as soon as your letter was received I made as favorable endorsement as I could on it, and forwarded it to the President. If I had retained a copy of my endorsement I would enclose it to you. But I did not. I remember, however, that I called the attention of the President to the services and standing of your father; to the fact also that you resided in Utah, and could, therefore, afford to accept the position, although the compensation would not justify a person from outside, competent for the place, in accepting it except as a sort of missionary work.

Very truly yours,
U. S. GRANT.

The first time I met General Grant after the receipt of the foregoing letter was after the lapse of several months. He was in my home city and holding a quasi-public reception. As I approached to shake his hand he was standing at rest, with his eyes looking down upon the floor, there being a cessation of callers. On my name being announced to him by the chairman of the reception committee, he

quickly looked up, smiled, cordially grasped my hand, and remarked as if the subject was fresh in his mind: "I suppose you have not heard from Washington yet. I wrote as strongly as I could to the President, but I am afraid we made a mistake in asking your appointment to be credited to Utah." He was right. I did not get the appointment. His remarkable recollection of a comparatively insignificant matter as that here referred to, coming so unexpectedly before his mind simply by my presence, shows the celerity of his mental action even in trivial things.



JACOB M. HOWARD

U. S. Senator from Michigan, 1862-71; Author of the First Platform of the Republican Party, and of the 13th Amendment to the United States Constitution; Chairman Pacific Railroads Committee, and Select Committee on President Johnson's Impeachment

CHAPTER SIX

Senator Jacob M. Howard, LL.D., Michigan

GRADUATE OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS—MEMBER OF THE MICHIGAN STATE LEGISLATURE—MEMBER OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH UNITED STATES CONGRESS—ATTORNEY GENERAL OF MICHIGAN, THREE TERMS, 1854-1860—UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN, 1862-1871—AUTHOR OF FIRST PLATFORM, AND GODFATHER OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—AUTHOR OF THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION ABOLISHING CHATTEL SLAVERY, ETC.

JACOB M. HOWARD was born in Shaftsbury, Vermont, July 10, 1805. His father was a substantial farmer of Bennington County, and the sixth in descent from WILLIAM HOWARD,¹ of England, who settled in Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1635, five years after the town was established.

The subject of this sketch, although frequently in requisition to assist in farm labors, early evinced a taste for study, which he was permitted to gratify by attendance at the district school. Subsequently pursuing preparatory studies in the academies of Bennington and Brattleboro, he entered Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1826, and graduated in 1830. He immediately commenced the study of law in Ware, Massachusetts, and in July, 1832, removed to Detroit, then the capital of Michigan Territory, where he was admitted to the bar in the following year. In 1835 he was married to Miss Catherine A. Shaw—a kinswoman of Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw,² whose mother was a Howard—

¹Hon. William Howard Taft of Ohio, is his namesake, and the 8th generation in descent. ²Of Massachusetts.

whose acquaintance he had formed at Ware, and who, beloved by all who knew her, departed this life in 1866, leaving two daughters and three sons surviving her.

In his professional career, Mr. Howard was ever faithful to the interests of his clients, bringing to their service great industry, a mind well-stored with legal learning, much native sagacity and force of logic.

In 1835, he was a Whig candidate for a seat in the convention to form a State Constitution, but was not elected.

In the controversy of 1834 and 1835 between the Territory and Ohio, respecting a tier of townships which had ever belonged to Michigan, on her southern border, embracing the present city of Toledo, Mr. Howard took strong ground against the claim of Ohio; and, having employed his pen in repelling it, finally, when Mr. Mason, the territorial governor, thought it necessary to employ military force against a similar force from Ohio, Mr. Howard volunteered, and proceeded with arms to make good the arguments he had advanced. The expedition was, however, productive only of wasteful expenditure to the Territory, and a large slaughter of pigs and poultry.

In 1838, Mr. Howard was a member of the State Legislature, and took an active part in the enactment of the code known as the Revised Laws of that year; in the railroad legislation of the state, and in examining into the condition of the brood of "free banks," known as "wildcat banks," that had come into pernicious existence under the free-banking system enacted the year before. This examination developed such a scene of fraud and corruption in the local currency of the state, that the paper of those banks soon lost all credit; and the State Supreme Court, as soon as the question was fairly brought before it, adjudged them to be all unconstitutional and void; a decision in which the community most heartily acquiesced.

In the presidential canvass of 1840, which resulted in the election of General Harrison, Mr. Howard was a candidate for Congress, and was elected by 1,500 majority. During the three sessions of the Twenty-seventh Congress he engaged seldom in debate, but was an attentive observer of the scenes which passed before him. His feelings and opinions had ever been against slavery, its influences, its crimes, its power. John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings, both members of the House, championed the anti-slavery cause. Henry A. Wise, Mr. Gilmer, and Mr. Malloy, of Virginia, and Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, were the leading combatants on the other side. The conflict, which occupied a large portion of that Congress, was fierce and fiery.

With what interest did Mr. Howard, then a new member and a young man, drink in the words of the "Old Man Eloquent,"³ as he unfolded his mighty argument against the "sum of all villainies," and the dangers it menaced to the liberties of our country! He left that Congress with the full conviction that the final solution of the great question would be a civil war, though hoping that some measure might be devised less radical and terrible, that should calm the deeply-stirred passions of the people. He remained steadfastly attached to the Whig party, and in the presidential canvasses of 1844, 1848, and 1852, exerted himself to promote the election of Mr. Clay, General Taylor, and General Scott.

In the trial of a slave case, under the fugitive slave act of 1850, in the United States Circuit Court, before Judge McLean, he denounced that act as a defiance, a challenge to the conflict of arms by the South to the North, and predicted that sooner or later it would be accepted; and char-

³John Quincy Adams.

acterized its author (Mr. Mason, of Virginia,) as an enemy of his country and a traitor to the Union.

On the defeat of General Scott, he resolved to withdraw entirely from politics; but on the passage of the Act of 1854, repealing the Missouri Compromise, he again entered the political arena in resistance to that flagrant encroachment of the slave power. He was among those who took the earliest steps to effect an organization for the overthrow of the Democratic party of the North, which had become the willing ally of the pro-slavery or secession party of the South. He saw that such a party must embrace all the elements of popular opposition to the principles and aims of the slaveholders. The old Whig party, never as a party having made its influence felt in opposition to those principles and aims, had become powerless as an agency whereby to combat them—or even to move the hearts of the people. Yet by far the greater portion of its members in the free states were in sentiment opposed to the schemes of the slave power, now too manifest to be misapprehended or viewed with indifference.

To count upon this portion of the Whig party was obvious. The great end to be obtained was a firm and cordial union of this with two other elements, the old Abolition party proper, and the "Free Soil Democracy." In Michigan, these last two had already coalesced and had put in nomination a state ticket, at the head of which was the name of Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham as their candidate for Governor.

A call, numerously signed, was issued, inviting all free-men of the state, opposed to the recent measures of Congress on the subject of Slavery, to assemble at JACKSON, (MICHIGAN,) on the 6th of JULY (1854).

The assemblage was numerous, and the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. "Whigs," "Abolitionists," "Free Soilers," and "Liberty Men," met and shook hands like a band of brothers. A deep seriousness pervaded the

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whole, and a prescience of the events soon to develop themselves, seemed to teach them that this was the "beginning of the end" of slavery.

MR. HOWARD WAS THE SOLE AUTHOR OF THE SERIES OF RESOLUTIONS THAT WERE ADOPTED. THEY STRONGLY DENOUNCED SLAVERY AS A MORAL, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL EVIL, AS A SOURCE OF NATIONAL WEAKNESS AND ENDLESS INTERNAL STRIFE; THEY CONDEMNED THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE AND THE CONSEQUENT OPENING OF ALL NEW TERRITORIES TO SLAVERY; THEY ENCOURAGED IN NO EQUIVOCAL TERMS THE FREE SETTLERS OF KANSAS TO RESIST THE TYRANNY AND OUTRAGES WITH WHICH THE SLAVE POWER WAS SEEKING TO CRUSH THEM. THEY WENT FURTHER—THEY DEMANDED, NOT THE RESTORATION OF THAT COMPROMISE, BUT, AS AN INDEMNITY FOR THE FUTURE, AS JUST AND NECESSARY SAFEGUARDS AGAINST THE GRASPING AMBITION OF SLAVEHOLDERS, THE BANISHMENT OF SLAVERY BY LAW FROM ALL THE TERRITORIES OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, AND ALL OTHER PLACES OWNED BY THE GOVERNMENT. THEY INVOKED THE CORDIAL COÖPERATION OF ALL PERSONS AND PARTIES FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF THESE GREAT ENDS; AND GAVE TO THE NEW PARTY THERE CONSOLIDATED THE NAME OF "REPUBLICAN," BY WHICH IT HAS SINCE BEEN KNOWN.⁴

Mr. Bingham was here again nominated for Governor, and Mr. Howard against his own earnest remonstrances put in nomination for Attorney-General of the state. At the ensuing November election, the whole ticket was elected by a large majority, notwithstanding the earnest appeals

⁴"Wilson's Rise and Fall of Slave Power." Vol. 1, pp. 412-3.

"The Republican Party," by Curtis. Vol. 1, pp. 1 and 185-192.

(NOTE—Mr. Horace Greeley suggested, by telegraph, the name of "Democratic-Republican Party," but as the Democratic party had been the authors and abettors of the measure complained of, the new party rejected even any nominal connection with them.)

of General Cass and other speakers from the stump, struggling against the popular current.

Mr. Howard was a member of the Committee on the Address at the first National Republican Convention held at Pittsburg, February 22, 1856. He held the office of Attorney-General of Michigan for six years, and left it January 1, 1861. While holding that important office, his incessant labors attested his fidelity to his trust; and the published reports of the Supreme Court evince his thoroughness and talents as a lawyer. To him the state is indebted for its excellent law, known as the Registration Act, by which all voters are required to enter their names on the proper books of townships and wards.

Mr. Bingham was elected to the United States Senate in January, 1859, and died in October, 1861. On the assembling of the Legislature in January following, Mr. Howard was chosen to fill the vacancy. He was made chairman of the Committee on Pacific Railroads—the largest committee in the Senate—from 1862 to 1871; was an active member of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and that of Military Affairs and on Private Land Claims. He gave an earnest support to all the measures for the prosecution of the war to subdue the rebellion, and was among the first to recommend the passage of the Conscription Act of 1863, being convinced that the volunteer system could not safely be relied upon as a means of recruiting and increasing the army. Every measure for supplying men and means found in him a warm supporter. He favored the principle of confiscation of the property of the rebels, and one of his most elaborate and eloquent speeches was made on that subject in April, 1862. A careful observer of the movements of parties, he early came to the conclusion that General McClellan was acting in the interests of the anti-war portion of the Democratic party, and consequently lost all confidence in his efficiency as a commander. Influenced by this feeling,

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he called on President Lincoln, in company with Senator Lane, of Indiana, in March, 1862, and earnestly urged the dismissal of that general from the command of the Army of the Potomac. But Mr. Lincoln thought it best, as he said, "to try Mac a little longer." He added: "Mac is slow, but I still have confidence in him." And thus McClellan was re-tained.

MR. HOWARD WAS AMONG THE FIRST TO FAVOR AN AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION, ABOLISHING SLAVERY THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES, IN THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE SENATE, WHO REPORTED THE AMENDMENT AS IT WAS FINALLY PASSED BY BOTH HOUSES AND RATIFIED BY THE STATE LEGISLATURES. HE DRAFTED THE FIRST AND PRINCIPAL CLAUSE IN THE EXACT WORDS IN WHICH IT NOW APPEARS (XIII Article).

Some members of the committee remarked despairingly: "It is undertaking too much; we can not get it through the Legislatures, or even the Houses of Congress." Mr. Howard replied with animation: "We can! Now is the time. None can be more propitious. The people are with us, and if we give them a chance they will demolish slavery at a blow. Let us try!"

In January, 1865, Mr. Howard was reelected to the Senate for the full term commencing on the 4th of March of that year. The successes of our arms in the southwest, and the hope of converting rebels into Union men there, had induced President Lincoln to send General Banks with a large force to New Orleans, and by formal instructions to invest him with authority to hold, under his own military orders, elections of members of new state conventions, to result finally in the reconstruction of the state governments. This strange plan of reconstruction required the assent of only one-tenth of the white voters. The crudest and most unsatisfactory of all plans of reconstruction, it went into

operation in Louisiana, and was, in truth, the suggestion of that stupendous plan of usurpation of the powers of Congress under pretense of reconstructing the rebel states afterward, in the summer of 1865, attempted to be carried out by Andrew Johnson, when he became President by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. A joint resolution for the recognition of Louisiana, organized under the military orders of General Banks, came before the Senate from the Judiciary Committee, and was the subject of animated and elaborate discussion.

Mr. Howard opposed it, and on the 25th of February, 1865, delivered a speech in which he fully and clearly demonstrated, that in the reconstruction of the seceded states the authority of Congress was supreme and exclusive, and that the Executive as such was invested with no authority whatever. He insisted that by seceding from the Union, and in making war upon the Government, the rebel states became ENEMIES in the sense of the laws of nations, and thus forfeited their rights and privileges as states; that, consequently, when subdued by the arms of the Government, they were "CONQUERED," and lay at the mercy of their conquerors, for exactly the same reason as prevails in cases of international wars; that it pertained to the law-making power of the United States, not to the President, to deal with the subjugated communities, and that Congress in its own discretion was to judge of the time and mode of readmitting them as states of the Union. And this is the doctrine that has practically and finally prevailed, after a most gigantic struggle between the two branches of the Government.

In the reconstruction legislation of 1867 and 1868, the principles of constitutional law, thus affirmed by Mr. Howard, were fully recognized and put into practise; for that legislation rests exclusively upon the ground that Con-

gress, and not the President, is vested with the power of reorganizing the rebel states.

During the session of 1865-6, he served on the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, one of whose duties was to inquire and report on the condition of the rebel states. For convenience, the committee divided them into several districts, and to Mr. Howard was assigned Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The voluminous report of this committee, containing the testimony of the numerous witnesses examined, shows the extent of their labors and the perplexing nature of the subjects committed to them.

As the principal result of their labors, they submitted to Congress a proposition to amend the Constitution, now known as the Fourteenth Article; a most important amendment, which, after thorough discussion, in which Mr. Howard took a leading part, passed both Houses of Congress, and was submitted to the state legislatures for ratification. Had it been ratified by the state governments of the rebel states, inaugurated by the executive proclamation of Mr. Johnson, all the troubles that followed would have been averted. But that singular man and a majority of his cabinet strenuously opposed and defeated it in those bodies. The result is known. Forced to vindicate their own authority, and to prevent anarchy in those states, Congress, in March, 1867, enacted the first of that series of statutes known as the Reconstruction Acts, by which they declared those states without legal governments, and subjected them to a quasi-military rule until proper state constitutions could be formed on the principle of impartial suffrage of whites and blacks, and until Congress should formally readmit them. In the earnest struggle to uphold this legislation, Mr. Howard was ever at his post of duty.

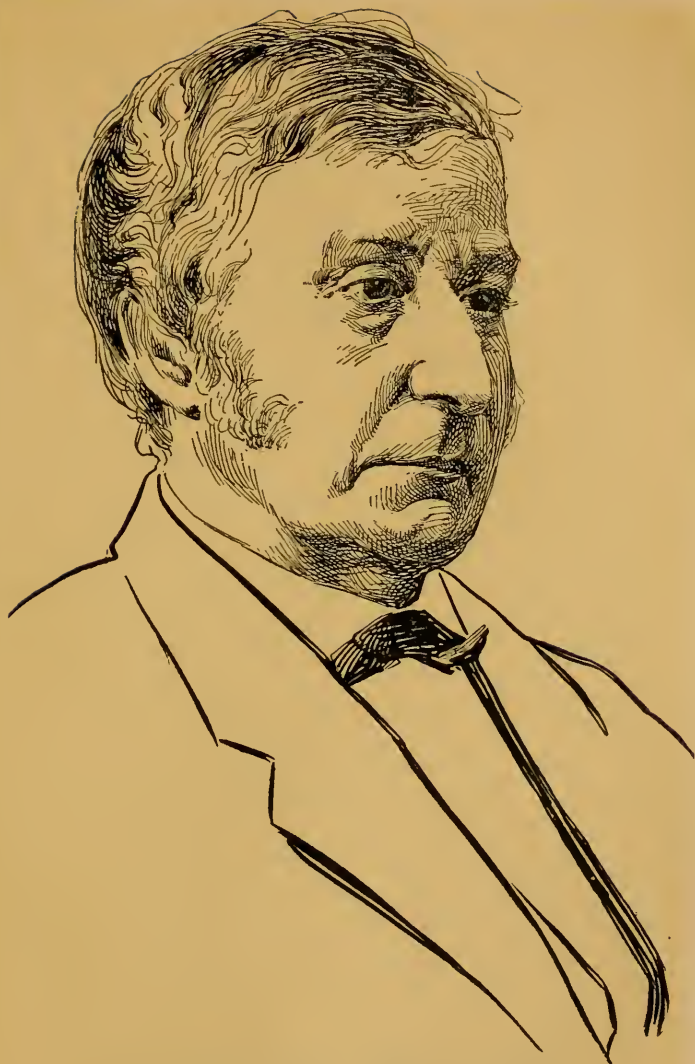
He drew the report of the Committee on Military Affairs, on the removal of Honorable Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, by President Johnson, strongly condemning

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that act, and exposing Mr. Johnson's complicity in the "New Orleans Riots."

When the contest between the two branches of the Government resulted in the impeachment of Mr. Johnson by the House of Representatives, Mr. Howard—who was Chairman of the Senate Impeachment Committee—voted the accused guilty of the high crimes and misdemeanors charged in the articles of impeachment.

He is a man of medium stature—five feet, ten inches in height; chest, 44 inches; weight, about 200 pounds; head, 23¾ inches; and has much power of endurance. He is an eloquent speaker and a formidable antagonist in debate. He is as exemplary in his private life as honorable in his public career.—(*"Barnes' Fortieth Congress."*)



U. S. SENATOR JACOB M. HOWARD, MICHIGAN
FORMERLY, MEMBER OF THE XXVII U. S. CONGRESS
ATTORNEY-GENERAL (1854-61) OF MICHIGAN
AUTHOR OF FIRST PLATFORM OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY
AND OF THE THIRTEENTH AMENDMENT TO U. S. CONSTITUTION

DEATH OF HON. JACOB M. HOWARD

At a session of the Supreme Court, held at the court room, in the City of Detroit, on the seventh day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one:

Present—HON. JAMES V. CAMPBELL, Chief Justice.

HON. ISAAC P. CHRISTIANCY, }
HON. BENJAMIN F. GRAVES, } Associate Justices.
HON. THOMAS M. COOLEY, }

His excellency, Gov. Baldwin; Hon. John W. Longyear, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan; Hon. Daniel Goodwin, Circuit Judge of the Eleventh Circuit, and Hon. Jared Patchin, Circuit Judge of the Third Circuit, were seated with the justices.

ATTORNEY GENERAL MAY addressed the Court:

May it please the Court: The unpleasant duty of announcing to this honorable Court the recent death of the Hon. Jacob M. Howard has been assigned to me by the bar of the state. I am also charged with the duty of presenting to your Honors a series of resolutions, unanimously adopted at a meeting of the bar, expressing sentiments of great regret at the sudden demise of our late brother, and paying a fitting tribute of respect to his memory as a profound lawyer, erudite scholar, and accomplished statesman.

Indeed, so full and complete are these resolutions, and so just in their estimate of his mental qualities, and so accurate in their analysis of the character of Mr. Howard as a man, a lawyer, and a statesman, that whatever I may say I feel will only detract from their force and effect.

SKETCHES AND STATE SECRETS

The name of Jacob M. Howard is a household word in Michigan. There is no man within its borders so poor or so ignorant who is not familiar with that name. During all its years of existence he has been one of its strong pillars of support, and has left the impression of his great mind upon its wonderful growth and prosperity. He grew up into perfect manhood within its borders, and has been closely identified with every interest tending toward its development.

No wonder, then, that he loved his adopted state, with a tenderness of affection never excelled and seldom imitated.

He was a man of mark. The stranger stopped and looked at him, and instinctly received the impression that he was in the presence of a man of great physical and mental power. He was a true man—true to his clients, true to his convictions, true to all the great and varied interests committed to his care by an intelligent and confiding constituency. He was true to his country when armed treason sought its life, and he loved his country and its institutions with a zeal that amounted to a passion.

He united the simplicity of the child with the strength of the lion. The constitution of his mind was such that he loved truth, right, and justice, for their own sakes, and loathed and spurned deception and fraud with a strength rarely equaled.

Amid all the rancor and hate engendered by partisan strife during the past few years, no man could honestly charge Mr. Howard with trickery or dishonesty. However much his great powers may have enriched others—HE DIED POOR. With advantages for gain possessed by few—commencing the practice of the law nearly forty years ago, and acknowledged by common consent by the bar to be a leader in the profession, yet HE DIED POOR. Actively engaged in the Congress of the nation at a time when, it is said, and

sometimes believed, that others grew rich, still HE DIED POOR. Proud words these to adorn the monument of the dead statesman. No man could desire a more fitting epitaph. They speak volumes for his honesty and indicate that whoever else may have worshiped mammon, and enriched themselves at the expense of the Government, Jacob M. Howard always kept strictly within the golden rule. Indeed, like Webster, whom he strongly resembled, he cared quite too little for gold and silver and the accumulation of wealth. He worshiped at no such shrine.

With a strong mind in a sound body—early trained to severe discipline—and enriched by ancient and modern literature—united with a fine presence, and a wonderful command of pure English, few men were his equals at the bar, in the forum, or on the hustings. His death is a great public loss, and will be mourned by thousands throughout the length and breadth of this continent—and by none more sincerely than by a recently enfranchised race, whose earnest and eloquent friend he lived and died.

But I will no longer detain the Court. There are others present who can more fittingly portray the many excellent qualities of our dead friend and brother, and who are more familiar with his early history. I now have the honor to present THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE BAR, and in its name and behalf ask that they be spread upon the records of the Court.

Resolved, 1 That the members of this bar have learned with deep sorrow of the sudden death of one of their oldest associates, Jacob M. Howard, who has been suddenly smitten by death, while yet apparently in the full possession of his mental and bodily powers, after having with preeminent ability, filled the highest professional and legislative positions, and that the discharge of a public duty, as well as the promptings of our private feeling, lead us to attempt to

give expression to our estimate of his character, capacity, and services.

2. That in his long professional career, Mr. Howard exhibited great legal talent and sound and extensive learning. He came here in 1832 and soon after commenced practice. He witnessed the growth of our political institutions and of our jurisprudence. He aided in their development as a legislator. Always devoted to his clients, yet never unfair toward an opponent; well prepared on the law and the facts of his cases, he was second to no one at the bar as an effective advocate and convincing lawyer. His power of condensed, lucid, vigorous statement was remarkable. It left little for further discussion. It was in itself exposition and argument. The strength of his convictions, his earnest manner, his transparent and forcible diction, gave him great power and success. He was emphatically a strong man; of robust and massive intellect, and with corresponding physical appearance and manner of delivery. His elevation to the office of Attorney General, and his retention of it for three terms, followed naturally the accession of his party to political control. He was, as a lawyer, their foremost man, and recognized as such by general consent.

3. As a statesman he had an opportunity of exhibiting his qualities in the legislature of this State and in Congress. He was elected to the House of Representatives, and subsequently, after an election in 1862 for the unexpired portion of Gov. Bingham's term, he was, in 1865, elected for the next full term to the Senate of the United States. There he was recognized at once as one of the ablest of its members. He was placed at the head of the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, was one of the Judiciary Committee, of the Military Committee, and also of the Committee on Private Land Claims, and of the Committee on the Rebel States. In all these, as in the discharge of his general duties as senator, he evinced great ability and exerted great influ-

ence. His name is inseparably connected with the momentous legislation and constitutional changes of the last ten years. He was, in fact, and was admitted to be, without a superior and with few peers in the Senate. His manner of speaking in public was part of his intellectual character. It was strong, terse, incisive, direct, and earnest; and his delivery ever evinced sincere and deep conviction. Hence he always commanded attention and made deep impressions.

4. As a man, and a neighbor, and a friend, those who knew Mr. Howard best were most attached to him. Though apparently somewhat distant and reserved, he had a kindly and affectionate temper, and social disposition. He was confiding and unsuspecting in his intercourse with others. He was noted for strict integrity in public and private matters, and with unsurpassed opportunities for speculation and accumulating wealth, is understood to have died comparatively poor. His intellectual tastes were refined and cultivated. He was an excellent classical scholar; was conversant with the language and literature of France,* and was familiar with the best English writers, and especially with poetry and history.

Whether we regard him as a lawyer, statesman, scholar, or citizen,

“He was A MAN take him for all in all.”

5. That the Attorney General of the state be requested to present these resolutions to the Supreme Court of this state, and that the District Attorney of the United States be requested to present them to the Circuit Court of the United States.

6. That the secretary send to the family of Mr. Howard a copy of these resolutions.

*In 1847, he published a translation of “Secret Memoirs of the Empress Josephine”; two volumes.

7. That we will attend the funeral of the deceased and wear the usual badge of mourning.

Remarks were offered by Mr. Theodore Romeyn, Mr. Levi Bishop, Mr. D. Bethune Duffield, Mr. Hovey K. Clarke, and Mr. Henry M. Cheever.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE:

The Court will accede very willingly to the suggestion of the bar, and they will order the resolutions that have been presented to be spread at large upon the records, and also to be published in the next volume of their reports. But it would hardly be proper for those who have stood in such relations to Mr. Howard as we have, to stop at any mere formal expression of that sort. The sense of this bereavement has come upon us with the force of a personal sorrow. We have all of us known him—some of us very long—some of us very intimately. We have met him at the bar as allies, and we have met him as an antagonist, and I need not say to any of you that no better ally was ever found in the trial of a cause, and that no man need ever desire to find a more formidable antagonist. If he did not, as has been suggested, possess that sort of an intellect that would enable him to wield the slender scimeter of Saladin to sever the gauzy veil that was not worth serving, he was able to wield the ponderous battle-axe of THE LION-HEARTED, before which iron and steel went down like wood.

We have been honored by his personal friendship. We have felt honored in the honors that have been bestowed upon him vicariously, when he, as the representative of our state, has stood forth in a body where there are some great men, than whom he certainly was not inferior. He met none but peers there at the best. No man overshadowed his fame while he was in the United States Sen-

ate. It is well for Mr. Howard's memory that the laudations and eulogiums that have been bestowed upon him on all sides, and by men of all beliefs, have not been indiscriminating. Indiscriminating eulogy is of very little service to any man's fame. After all that has been said by honest friends and honest foes, enough is left to show a grand, an eminent character, and one which will not become dimmer as time goes on. Such faults as Mr. Howard had were the faults which belong very naturally to a man of strong character. Such virtues as he had are possessed by few, and the eminence that he attained is not to be attained by all.

It has never seemed to me a very wise thing, nor a very appropriate thing, to speak of our American statesmen in comparison with the statesmen of other countries, or of olden times, as a second this man, or a second that man. It has always seemed to me that they are able to stand alone, and I think, as time goes on, Mr. Howard's greatness will appear still greater in the eyes of our children than it can possibly appear in the eyes of his own generation. And if they should be unwise enough to seek for parallels and prototypes in Greek and Roman history, perhaps they may find in him something that may remind them of what CATO would have been if he had lived in later times and in a Christian commonwealth.

When this Court received its present organization Mr. Howard was ATTORNEY GENERAL of the state, and of course we were brought into official, and also into close personal connection with him. There was not a member of the bench, as at first organized, who was not an old acquaintance and friend, and our intercourse therefore was particularly agreeable. There were also at that time, perhaps, more than there have been since, a large number of cases of great importance, some of which had been accumulating for a considerable time—and the amount of business that

was thrown upon him in the Supreme Court was very great. He displayed, in the treatment of those cases, those qualities which have been so freely described by the members of the bar—qualities which showed him to be a master in the law. Nor in the treatment of those cases did those apparent defects in his intellectual character, that have been spoken of, appear as defects at all. Indeed, if he had possessed those qualities in a more marked degree, he would not have accomplished what he did accomplish in obtaining the ends of substantial justice. He was a man, as you all know, who was thoroughly grounded in the old principles of the common law, but he was no slavish admirer of a principle simply because the common law, or any branch of the law, laid it down. He had sense and judgment enough to discriminate between living principles and dead principles, and he never undertook to galvanize into life the dead principles of the law; but, holding on closer to those living principles that would apply in all ages and generations, he made the law a science of justice and of power, and turned it to good ends, and did not allow it, at least in his hands, to turn into any bad channels.

Mr. Howard's style of legal eloquence was very remarkable. He never appeared in a court of justice except with great gravity of demeanor, not one that was put on for the occasion, but one that was natural to a man who felt impressed with the feeling that he was a minister of justice, and his diction was of that lofty kind that, applied to lesser subjects, would have been very inappropriate, and applied by lesser men would have had very little effect. But when behind his ponderous language, was his ponderous intellect, and when every word that he said had its meaning, and every idea came out with all the force that language could give, then those rounded periods had something of magic in them, and there was as much gained, perhaps, by that manner of his, as could be gained by any of

the aids of rhetoric that have ever been devised. But I will not suppose it necessary or desirable that I should dwell here upon these things that have come to every one's notice in his practise at the bar, and with which all who have ever known him have been very familiar. To my mind there was a side to Mr. Howard's character in which he appeared to quite as great an advantage, in which, if his example could be happily followed by those who are now coming on to the stage, I think a great deal of good might be done to this generation and many future generations. *Mr. Howard was, I think, the best specimen of the natural product of American institutions, in their best form, that we ever have had among us.* He was a man whose development was peculiarly American, and he had an utter contempt for those imported foibles which have sapped and destroyed the energy of so many republics in olden times, and which, if they were allowed to run here, as they have run there, will give us trouble enough, and give our children enough in maintaining the integrity of our institutions.

Mr. Howard was not an ascetic. He never despised the rational enjoyments of life. He never despised or underrated any embellishment or acquisition of civilized life, but only despised those enjoyments, and those recreations, and those shows and frivolities, which instead of exalting, sap and destroy the vigor of civilized life, and of all healthy existence. He did not respect that power which wealth possesses, of making display and show, whereby feeble minds might be led into mischief, and whereby domineering minds are enabled to become vested with power that they do not deserve. He did respect the uses to which wealth can be put, for private benefit, and for public advancement. But in his private life he was a model of manly simplicity, a perfect representative of what republican institutions should bring forth. He lived plainly, he

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dressed plainly; he had no false dignity, as it is sometimes very carelessly called, which would lead him to regard any man except upon his own merits. He could always find pleasure and profit in associating with any man, whatever might be his station, and whatever might be his wealth or accomplishments. He was as much at home by the fireside of the poorest and plainest man, as he was in the house of luxury, and wherever he went, there was no overpowering sense of dignity attending him, but the quality which makes all men regard others, who acted as he did, as friends and companions, forgetting, for the time, that there is any difference in station or position, and remembering only those qualities that put them upon the footing of a common humanity, and give them those interests that are common to all the world, and that never die.

Mr. Howard, while he possessed this plainness, and while he despised all those things that are despicable, had a most hearty admiration for everything that could really illustrate and embellish. *As a scholar I knew no one whose reading was more extensive or select.* There was no branch of scholarship that he despised or neglected. He read history and the more solid branches of reading. He did not despise works of imagination. He delighted in poetry and song; he explored, as far as was possible for a man in his busy life, all of the arcana of science, and whatever he read, and whatever he learned, he made his own and incorporated it in the store of his own knowledge. He was an enthusiastic lover of music; he was an intelligent and cultivated critic of art, and no man ever enjoyed refined society more, and no man ever did a better part in performing his functions and doing his best to aid others in the enjoyment and delights of society; and although in his public acts he never lost the gravity nor the sobriety of demeanor that so well become one engaged in great pur-

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suits, in private life he was very genial. He had a very keen sense of humor. He enjoyed everything, in other words, that all healthy minds enjoy, and there was not a morbid spot, that I know of, in any part of Mr. Howard's existence.

In his love for his family and his friends there was something much more than is usual. His attachment to his family has more than once prevented him from taking advancement that has been offered him. It is, unless I am greatly mistaken, but a very short time since, when, purely to avoid leaving his family, he refused to accept a position, and, I am not sure but more than one position, which would have been courted by any man, and which was not beneath his ability. His proverbial attachment to his friends is well known in this community. Indeed, as has been suggested by a member of the bar, it perhaps went far enough to be a weakness; but such weaknesses are certainly not to be despised, and they show a good heart behind them. We can not imagine that they went far enough to interfere with the dignity or the grandeur of his character, nor can any one believe that they will interfere with or lessen his fame in coming generations.

His determination, under all circumstances, so far as was in him, to bring about that which he thought ought to be brought about, was one of those features in his character which certainly deserves the highest commendation. *He was always willing to bide his time.* He never desired to advance things until they were ready to be advanced, but when he had once made up his mind that the end was desirable, and that it was within the possibility of things to bring that end about, no man ever saw him falter until the end was attained.

It is hardly desirable, on such an occasion as this, to recur very much to individual recollections, but I can not abstain from referring to one, which I think was in entire

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accord with his character, and one which perhaps may afford a key to a great many things that have been done by Mr. Howard, which have been criticised, and which have been praised, according as different men have viewed the same things with different prepossessions. Being a near neighbor of Mr. Howard while he was in the city, it was very common for us to spend more or less of each day together, going up and down from our respective abodes, engaged in conversation. I remember meeting him on the day when the news of the first battle of Bull Run was received. You all know very well how that struck this community. Our first regiment, the flower of our youth, all of us having many devoted friends in it, was cut down at the front. Gen. Wilcox was left on the field, and his fate was uncertain, and many others to whom we were fondly attached were there, and no one could tell whether they were living or whether they were dead, whether they were free or whether they were in the hands of the enemy. The whole city was absorbed in grief. I met Mr. Howard as I came away from the telegraph office. His eyes were full of tears, and his whole frame shook with emotion. We stopped, and in a few earnest words, that he could hardly utter for his emotion, he expressed calmly and quietly his sense of the great disaster that had come upon us, and also the sorrowful conviction that he felt, that we now had work to do that would try us, in all of our fortitude, but that that work must be done and success must be pursued until it was gained. So Mr. Howard acted in all things. He was conscientiously determined in all things, to do that which he believed to be right, and whether his judgment was right or whether his judgment was wrong, in following different results, no man can say that in any of his mighty efforts he swerved for an instant from that which he believed, at all events, to be demanded by the good of the country.

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He was a man who represented better than any man I have ever known in this community, and somewhat as the lamented Mr. Lincoln did, the great popular common sense of the people. He was remarkable for reflecting that. You could almost always be sure that as an ordinary matter struck Mr. Howard, so it struck the average sense of the community, at least when passion was over, and when the time for sober reflection of those emotions and those feelings that actuated the great mass of mankind, I think that we can find in that peculiar trait of his character one very great reason for his great success. When he spoke to a jury he knew how everything would strike that jury; when he addressed a court, if that court possessed ordinary qualifications and common sense, he knew how those ideas would strike the court, and that they would understand them. When he addressed the Senate or when he addressed the larger audiences of the people of the United States, in like manner he knew that what he said would go right home to their hearts, and that they, at all events, would appreciate and understand him, whether they did or not agree with him in that which he was seeking to bring about. And I think myself that when time has made his memory a thing of the past—when his fame has become the property of future generations, although he may be remembered as a great man, although he may be remembered for his learning, for his eloquence, and for the qualities that have struck most admiration into the great mass of mankind, HE WILL BE STILL FURTHER VENERATED AND REMEMBERED AS A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN, WHO VALUED ABOVE ALL OTHER THINGS THE GREAT AND ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF MANHOOD.—From the 20th Vol. Appendix: Michigan Supreme Court Reports.

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THE FUNERAL SERVICES

“The funeral services of Mr. Howard took place yesterday afternoon, and drew out an immense concourse of people—fully as large as any similar occasion in this city has ever done. Flags were displayed at half mast on the post-office building, new city hall, hotels, printing offices, and on various buildings throughout the city. During the afternoon the public offices were closed, as were many places of business during the passage of the procession to the grave. The sidewalks were thronged with people, drawn thither evidently by no idle curiosity, but to testify their respect to the memory of the deceased.

After appropriate religious exercises at the house, the remains were removed at half-past 2 o'clock p. m. to the Fort Street Congregational Church, at which place had previously repaired in a body the governor, who had come all the way from Lansing to attend the funeral, and the committee of the state legislature, committees sent from other cities to attend the funeral, the city officers, and members of the common council, the judges and members of the bar, the Detroit Board of Trade, and the colored people. These latter came in a body, to the number of several hundred, all wearing badges of mourning, and expressing by their sad countenances the sincerity of their sorrow. A great multitude of people had assembled at the church, but only a small proportion were able to gain admission.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCH

The services at the church were very impressive, and were attended by a vast concourse of people. The body of the church pews was reserved for the various delegations, and family friends, the side seats being filled—at an early hour—

by citizens generally. About 2:30 o'clock the funeral cortege entered the church in the following order: First, the family relatives and immediate friends. Next, the body was borne in, the following named gentlemen acting as pall-bearers: Alanson Sheley, Robert McClelland, A. D. Frazer, G. V. N. Lothrop, Theodore Romeyn, E. B. Ward, Philo Parsons, N. W. Brooks, A. B. Maynard, Giles Hubbard, D. E. Harbaugh, S. M. Holmes.

Then came the judges of the Supreme Court, Governor Baldwin, and officers of the state, members of the legislature, and members of the Detroit bar, all of whom were seated on the left side of the center aisle. On the right were the common council, judges and officers of the city and Detroit courts, and a large delegation of colored citizens. On the right of the side aisle were a large delegation of the members of the Union League, and friends of the deceased from various, and, in some cases, remote parts of the state, many of them gentlemen of prominence. The seats which were not entirely occupied by the various delegations were offered to the numerous assemblage, who filled the aisles and vestibule of the church and crowded the steps outside. The services were opened by the Rev. Mr. Ballard, pastor of the church, by prayer, after which the chant "I am the man that hath seen affliction," was sung by the choir. Several selections of Scripture were read by Mr. Ballard, from Genesis xv. 1 Samuel xii, and the Epistle to the Philippians ii.

The Rev. Dr. Hogarth then delivered the funeral sermon, choosing as his text, Isaiah iii; 1, 2, 3:

"For behold, the Lord, the Lord of hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah, the stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water. The mighty man, and the man of war, the judge, and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient. The captain of fifty, and the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator."

"We are," he said, "gathered together to-day in the house of God, as citizens to pay respects to the memory of one who has dwelt with us long. In various ways has the memory of him, who was one of us, been respected. The governor of the state has called upon the legislature to recognize in a fitting manner the sad occasion, the judges of the courts and members of the bar have, too, expressed their reverence in a peculiarly appropriate and fitting manner. To-day, as we are gathered together, all our separate interests and feelings yield, as it were, to the voice of death. At such a time the deeper and truer feelings of our nature come to the surface.

"To our brother—now deceased—his fellowmen, while he was living, accorded praise as an advocate, counselor and statesman. He was, too, a most scholarly man, as well as a statesman, and a most earnest seeker after knowledge. Business of no kind ever deprived him of the time for self culture, and he was always a hard worker, never retiring from the strife and study of life. His earnest devotion to literature, language, both ancient and modern, gave a flavor to his speech and language at once pleasing and gratifying in its uniqueness.

"But it is more particularly as a public man that we should speak of him here. *He was, in the first place, most eminently a statesman, and leaves behind an unblotted record.* In the dark hour of his country's peril and danger he boldly and firmly took and maintained his place as a defender of all those rights which the Constitution defined as such. In the knowledge and research of general and constitutional law he was equaled by few, and was a man of marked ability. When he had become firmly convinced of certain principles, he accepted the issue of those principles, sinking self to accomplish all that was good or grand. His decisions were always expected to be weighty, and were so, because they were freighted with sincere convictions, which

were the result of research and reflection. *He was a great public debater.* First, because of the cast of his mind, and second, because of his habits and extensive reading, and also from his great knowledge of political principles. *He was also a patient-minded man;* indeed his calling, his profession demanded that quality, and he always knew whether his investigations, made with the most patient research, referred to truth or principle. *With all this he was a compact speaker,* he condensed in a small space whatever he had to say on any and all occasions. It would not be said, probably, by many, that he was a popular orator. He was not gifted, to a great extent, with great imaginative powers. But he well knew that truth would forever stand where the mere emotion would have long ago lost its influence. Often in public speaking, it has seemed to me that *he cared nothing, either to obtain the interest or good opinion of those whom he addressed, but principle was always foremost in his mind.*

“In his style of speaking, he was decidedly forensic and senatorial, indeed his papers, on even minor and less important topics, read like state papers. When he spoke, and in earnest—as he most invariably did—there was no trifling. *His words fell like trip-hammers, and men quivered beneath the strokes.* Of him it has been truly said, *he was an honest man.* His opinion was held the same, whether with the few or many, openly, truthfully and frankly. It had been said of him while living, that he was reserved, morose, and unapproachable. But if he was reserved, it was not from that cause, and he was always approachable. He was, as is the case with great thinkers, generally absorbed and occupied with other things, and would often pass through the streets, seeing or hearing no one, his whole mind wrapped in the contemplation of some absorbing theme.

“His private life is not known, perhaps, to the many, but I have known him for many years, and on all topics and sub-

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jects was he frank and unreserved. *His private charities were large, and it may be truly said of him that his was a large and generous heart.* I think perhaps his intellectual nature was much the strongest and most predominant. But, as with such men, whenever the emotional overcomes the intellectual part, the former proves the stronger in the end, and, like the onward rush of the tidal wave, sweeps away all barriers, of whatever kind of strength.

“To the needy he was always charitable, and his hand and heart were ever open to the poor and oppressed, who were never turned away. *In his private life he was not ostentatious.* He was surrounded in his home by plenty and comfort, and its adornments were pleasant and comfortable, but were never sacrificed to mere show, and thus quietly and plainly he lived and died.

“We, as a people, have a right to mourn him to-day. The great gifts and powers of a man were not bestowed upon him for self alone, but for the benefit of his fellowmen. Some men belong to trade, commerce, and society, but few are born who, like him, belong to a nation. In his life we may read and learn a useful lesson, and in his death a warning to be prepared, ‘for ye know not the day or the hour the Son of Man cometh.’”

After the close of the sermon the 1183d hymn, “I Would Not Live Always,” was sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Ballard.

An invitation was extended to all those present to take a farewell look at the face of the dead, and nearly the whole assemblage passed in front of the coffin, the various delegations going first, after which came hundreds of citizens.

THE PROCESSION TO ELMWOOD

was a very large one. First came a squad of police to clear the passage, and following close after them was the Light Guard Band, which played solemn dirges. Then fol-

CIVIL-WAR ECHOES—CHARACTER

lowed the hearse and a line of fifty carriages. Also escorting the remains were the legislative committee, the bar, board of trade, colored people, etc. The streets were filled with spectators of the passing cortege.

The remains were interred at a beautiful spot in Elmwood by the side of the members of Mr. Howard's family, gone before. The body was slowly lowered to its final resting place, the last sad rites of respect were paid, and the procession retraced its steps to the busy, bustling city."—*Detroit Free Press*.

EXECUTIVE MANSION

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 3, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. HOWARD:

In your sudden and deep affliction it may not ease a single pain to know that we all feel deeply with you in the great bereavement, but it will make me feel better to write you a short note to tell you how much pained we all are.

The President and Mrs. Grant have both called my attention to the Nation's loss—in the death of your honored father.

In the sadness we must remember that only the body is dead; his works will live after him, as long as republican institutions and freedom exist.

SENATOR NYE paid him a handsome tribute in our office this morning when he said: "I SAT BESIDE HIM FOR YEARS, AND WHEN IT WAS THE DARKEST AND THE LIGHTNING FLASHED THE BRIGHTEST HE WAS THE COOLEST, AND ALWAYS READY FOR AN ENEMY OR A FRIEND. HE WAS TRUE OAK."

If to know in your sadness that the hearts of others are afflicted by the same cause, can ease your heart, you will find great relief, for we all mourn the Nation's loss.

I am very truly,

Your sincere friend,

O. E. BABCOCK,
(Brig. Gen. U. S. A.)

To Mr. Hamilton G. Howard, Atty., etc.,
Detroit, Mich.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Maj. Gen. George A. Custer, U. S. Army

IMPORTANT LETTERS FROM HIM TO SENATOR HOWARD, WRIT-
TEN FROM THE FIELD



MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, U. S. A.

Lanoue Park
Bronxville N. Y.
March 18th 97

My dear Mr Howard
I hope
that I am not too
late in sending the
photograph of my
husband for your
book. I waited till
I could get one that
I liked best of all
he had taken I
now own the negative.
This picture was

taken when my husband
was about thirty five
^{but} ~~and~~ many that have
been published, him
was taken when he
was the "boy general".

It will give me a
great deal of pleasure
to have my husband's
photograph in your
book and I cannot
see how your work
can fail to be
successful with your
father's valuable

collection of
letters and portraits
to all you
wishing you success
I am

Very truly yours

Elizabeth B. Custer

2nd Regt 3rd Div 10th Corps R.A.
Jan. 4th 1864

Hon. J. M. Howard, U.S.S.

Sir

When I

had the pleasure of meeting you
last fall in Detroit, you kindly
proffered me your aid if I
should make known my wants.
I have just learned of an attempt
to be made, to prevent my confirma-
tion, the only grounds stated
are first my "extreme youth"
and "older men desired and
should have had the position"
In answer, so far as my knowledge
extends, is made against me
as to a lack of ability & fitness
to hold the position I now hold.
Neither do they attempt to disparage
my services, I hope it will be

in accordance with your sense
of duty to exercise your influence
on my behalf, being on the Prizemy
Committee I presume it would
be in your power to not only
influence, to a great extent, but
to hasten the action of the Senate
in my case. And now, if
I am not asking too much
of you, I would like to add
another request, could and would
you, to favor me, write to the
General Commanding my Corp,
Major Genl. Pleasonton, asking him
to give his opinion as to my
merit and ability also to mention
my services, he would gladly furnish
you the information and, coming
from him, it could be successful,
secured by you on my behalf.
Pardon me for this encroachment
upon your valuable time and
Believe me

Truly Yours
G. H. Bates
Prizemy Corps

Headquarters 3rd Division Cav Corp
Army of the Potomac Jan 19th 64
Hon P. M. Howard M. S. S.
Dear Sir.

Yours of the 16th
has just been received, and I thank
you for affording me an opportunity
to give you a brief expression of my
views regarding the war policy of
the administration. Having, at a
very early age, adopted the profession
of arms, I have never deemed it
proper or advisable to assume an
active part in politics, I have endeavor-
-ed to be a soldier and not a
politician, so far has this sentiment
controlled me that, at the last
presidential election, of the three
candidates who were nominated
for the presidency I never expressed
nor entertained a preference for
either, since the commencement of

The war many questions and issues
have sprung up which have and
an important bearing upon the
great work before us that it was
to a certain extent necessary that
I should meet something of the people
with the soldier. I refer to those
important questions set forth in the
proclamations of the Executive regarding
Money, Conscription, emancipation
&c. The President of the United
States as Commander in Chief
of the Army and as my superior
officer cannot issue any decree
or order which will not receive
my unqualified support. This would
be my duty as a soldier, be my
duty, but I do not stop here.
I do not merely tender my
support to the war measures of
the President, but all his acts
proclamations and decisions
embraced in his ^{war} policy have
received ^{not only} my support, but my

most hearty, earnest and cor-
-dial approval, And further-
-more I am convinced upon
every principle of reason and
by the light of experience, that
it is only by the adoption
and execution of the present
policy of the President that we
can hope to establish and
secure an honorable and
lasting peace. I seldom discuss
political questions, but my friends who
have heard me, can testify that
I have insisted that so long as
a single slave and held in
bondage, I for one, was opposed to
peace on any terms, and to show
that my acts agree with my words
I can boast of having liberated
more slaves from their masters
than any other General in this
Army, this is a fact which can
be verified by referring to Major General
Pleasanton and a host of other officers.

As to "Compromise," I know of no
compromise with rebels by which
we could retain our dignity and
yet suspect no a nation of freedom
if I could decide the question, I
would offer no compromise
except that which is offered at
the point of the bayonet. And
rather than that we should accept
peace, except on our own terms,
I would, and do, favor a
war of extermination, I would
hang every human being who
possesses a drop of rebel blood
in their veins whether they be
men, women, or children.
Then, after having freed the country
from the presence of every rebel,
I would settle the whole southern
country with a population loyal
and patriotic who would not
ever forget their obligations to the
then country and to themselves. There
is no measure which has for its
object the weakening and destruction
of the rebel power that will not

command my hearty support
and approval. From what I
have said you will have no
difficulty in discerning my
true sentiments. And, to you
as to others to whom I have
expressed the same opinion; with
respect to the coming presidential
election I say frankly that I
am not committed to any one
man, but that of all who have
been prominently spoken of for the
position I know of none
who would in my estimation
conduct the affairs of government
as ably and successfully as
Mr. Lincoln has the past three
years. I regret Mr. Howard
that it has become necessary for
me to defend myself from such
slandrous charges, and I
regret that our personal acquaint

and has not been more into-
-mate, that you might see
the absurdity of the charge
you refer to in your letter.
In my view as to the best and
most effective method of subduing
the rebels and of implicitly the
most possible honor I am
as far in advance of Mr
Lincoln's present policy as his
policy is in advance of that
advocated by Seymour. I understand
you recognize no right of
a rebel that I am bound to
respect, and I think the more
rebels we kill the fewer will
be to pardon and the better
for us. Another question which
has excited considerable discussion
is that of military arrests in
states where the rebellion does not
exist if the President has erred
at all it has been my mistake to
feel arrests. I am go to Washington

and arrest a large number
of disloyal persons in this
one state than the President
has throughout the United States.
I will now explain how
and why the rumors were spread
and reached you, to the effect, that
I was an opponent of the Administration.
I was promoted and appointed
on the Staff of Gen McClellan
for an act of gallantry, and at
a time when I was almost a
total stranger with McClellan
he having seen me but twice
before and never had spoken
twenty words to me. During the
time McClellan was in command
I, as any soldier would, respected
him, but I have never allowed
my personal obligation, to him for
his kindness and favor towards
me, to interfere with my duty,
and I leave it to you to say
whether my approval of the

sentiments expressed in the fore-
part of this letter can be considered
as any endorsement of Mr. Plett's
policy. The real reason why this
charge has been brought against me
is simply for the lack of some
other, than our those who desire
to see me defeated and no
effort has been spared to ^{bring} influence
to bear with you and Hon. L. Chace
to prejudice my case. My conduct in
the field has afforded them every ^{possible} ^{opportunity} ^{to} ^{defame} ^a ^{man} ^{whose} ^{name} ^{is} ^{not}
as a last hope they have chosen ^{the} ^{most} ^{likely} ^{to} ^{do} ^{me} ^{the} ^{most} ^{harm}
one more lacking in truth and ⁱⁿ ^{character} ^{than} ^{any} ^{other} ^{which} ^{they} ^{could} ^{bring}
consequences than any other which they
could bring. I have written fully
and frankly and ~~have~~ been
compelled to write more lengthily than I
intended. I hope you will give this
communication your careful consideration.
So much for ^{the} ^{corrections} I can
refer you to Hon. J. P. Christman who
has been in correspondence with me for
a long period and probably knows me better
than any man in Michigan. If convenient
I would like to hear from you ^{again}
and believe me
Yours truly
J. H. Jones

Fort Riley Kansas
Dec 26th 1864

Gen. J. M. Howard M.D.

My dear Sir

Enclosure you
will find ^{copies} of correspondence
with Gen. Alger and Col
Mc Reynolds which I hope
you will read carefully and
judge accordingly. I assure
you I have been much
although I will admit I
have given full ground
I have never been the
supporter of Mr Johnson's
policy as represented
on the contrary I have
always condemned his
unlimited exercise of the
executive power as well
as the conferring of political
powers upon leading rebels
I attended the Phil Committee

not to support Mr Johnson
on his policy but with the
hope that there would be
arranged a plan upon
which Congress & the President
might unite. As soon
as I saw the uses made
of the movement by Copperheads
I saw peace men who hoped
thereby to regain their former
power & turned my back
upon the movement since it
was the only section where I
endeavored to exercise an
influence, my own I feel, I
was deceived, and antipathy
against the Johnson Candidate
and supporters from F. C. Pickens,
and as I believe increased
the latter majority by no in-
considerable number of
votes. It has been stated
that the President gave me
my appointment as Lt Col

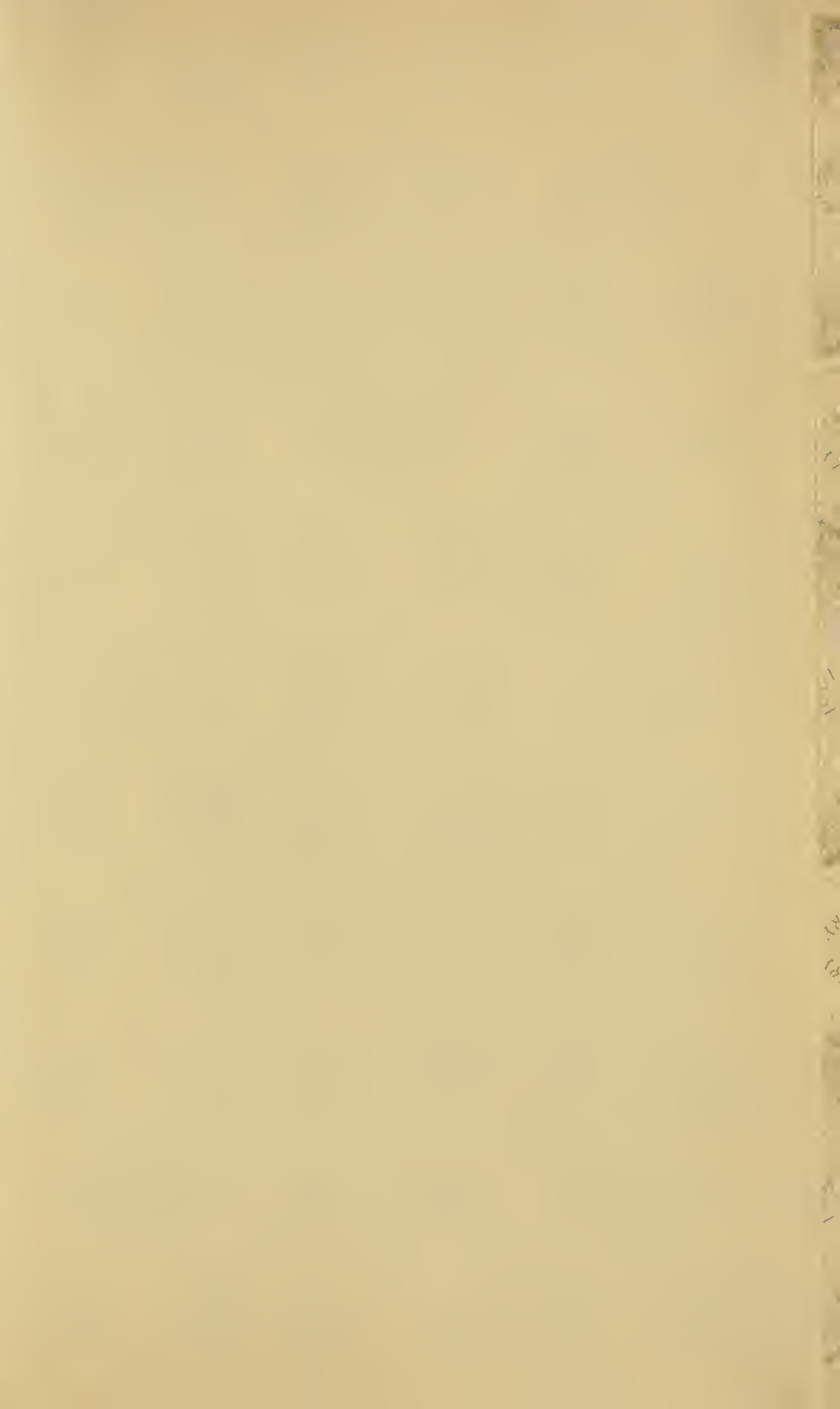
in the Warren Army this is
an error & am indebted
to Andrew Johnson for
nothing. My appointment
was decided upon by the
Secy War & Genl Grant
without the knowledge or
advice of the President and
before I had taken any part
in political affairs. This can
be negated by the Secy of
War. I am opposed to the
idea of general amnesty, being
amnesty should never be
granted to the leaders, so far
as political power is con-
cerned, I would grant the
right of suffrage to the
Colonel of Men but would
prefer the method of "qualified
suffrage" rather than "universal
suffrage." I trust you will
give this an account of
papers your favorable consideration

and believe me
my Dear friend
Yours &c
G. Stearns
N. York City
P. S. My friend

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