REMINISCENCES

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Esther F. Hallowell
from her father.

1897.

REMINISCENCES

WRITTEN FOR MY CHILDREN BY REQUEST OF THEIR MOTHER

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WRITTEN FOR MY CHILDREN BY REQUEST OF THEIR MOTHER

Dear Children, — Your mother has asked me to give some account of the closing scenes at Ball's Bluff, Virginia, and at some other battles of the War of the Rebellion.

I was the last commissioned officer to get away in safety from the Bluff on the night of October 21, 1861. My company, H, was drawn in from the woods on the right of the field of action in time to participate in the final rally mentioned in Captain William F. Bartlett's letter to his mother, as published in his memoir by Francis W. Palfrey. Immediately after the failure of that rally I heard Colonel William R. Lee say: "I have done all I can do. You are at liberty now to care for yourselves." I marched my company in tolerably good order to the base of the Bluff. There was much confusion but no panic prevailing then at that place. Captain Bartlett at once raised his sword and called out: "Those who desire to surrender will follow me," — under the circumstances a perfectly rational thing for Captain Bartlett to do.

Some eighty men and officers followed him. How they marched up the banks of the Potomac and escaped by means of a skiff, discovered to them by a negro, is well known. Their escape was an amazing bit of luck due to the kindness of the negro. I told the men of my company to follow Captain Bartlett, or to remain with me, as they might prefer. Those who remained were kept together pretty well until darkness covered the river and made a swimmer fairly safe from the enemy's bullets. I then encouraged every man who could swim to make an effort to reach Harrison's Island, which lies midway between the Virginia and Maryland shores. A goodly number did so with success. In the meanwhile, a brave man, one of the unknown heroes of the war, Captain Timothy O'Meara, of the Tammany Regiment, with excellent judgment, true courage, and rare steadiness of nerve, called for volunteers, and soon had a well-established line of pickets halfway up the Bluff. An occasional shot was fired in the darkness at real or imagined enemies. That picket line and those shots furnish the true explanation of the hesitancy of the rebels and the long delay before they closed in upon the remnant of our command. It may have been eight o'clock P. M. when I stripped and swam, sword in hand and watch suspended from my neck, to Harrison's Island. Cold, but not greatly exhausted, I walked to an improvised hospital, where Surgeon Nathan Hayward gave me a shirt and pair of drawers. I then returned to the

river, where I found some men constructing a raft of fence rails, which they lashed together with strips of rubber blankets and bits of clothing. A soldier was overheard to say he thought he knew the whereabouts of a rowboat on the Maryland side of the island. He and others were urged to get that boat. They did so. It made several trips to the Virginia shore, returning with wounded men, one of whom was Corporal Charles Cowgill, of my company. From Corporal Cowgill I have learned that the boat would be met by Captain O'Meara when it got across to the Virginia shore. He personally saw the boat properly filled with the wounded. Through it all Captain O'Meara calmly stood as though he had a whole division around him. He and his little picket guard made it possible to rescue certainly thirty or forty men before the rebels swooped down upon the picket line and around the remnant of the Union band. The brave Irish captain was captured and taken to Libby Prison. Since then I have heard not a word about him.

To return to the raft. When that crazy structure was completed, a soldier whose face probably I have never seen by daylight and whose name I have never learned, volunteered to help me pole it across, or perhaps it was I who volunteered to help him — I don't remember. The current carried us a distance much below the Bluff. As we neared the Virginia shore we heard through the darkness the sounds, "Hist, hist!" They came from Union

soldiers there in hiding. We took three aboard and started to recross the river. When somewhat more than halfway over, the raft went to pieces. We all had to swim for it, the second time for me. My comrade and one other besides myself reached the island. The remaining two disappeared in the darkness, swept down and under, no doubt, by the strong and rapid current. The net result, then, of our venture was one man rescued and two drowned.

It may have been ten o'clock P. M. when again I reached the hospital. There I found my captain, John C. Putnam, whose good right arm had been amputated at the shoulder. The arm was buried decently on the island with one of Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Ward's legs. As dawn was breaking we carried my captain on a litter to the Maryland side of the island. Thence we were taken over to the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, and there put upon a canal-boat which took us to Edward's Ferry. In due time our camp at Poolesville, Maryland, was reached. A letter to his sister, begun a day or two before by Captain Putnam's right hand, was now finished by his left hand.

I want my children to look occasionally upon the photograph of my captain, which hangs upon a wall of our library, and to note his empty sleeve and benignant face, albeit the latter gives sad evidence of the physical torment from which he was never free during the remaining years of his life. His constant mental effort, induced by muscular

action to move the fingers of his missing hand, perplexed his mind and wore away his life.

There was another Putnam, Lieutenant William Lowell, who received his mortal wound at the Bluff — a lad of high resolve, and beautiful. The golden lock of hair in our 20th album belonged to him.

Perhaps a few more reminiscences of the Bluff may be of interest. Going back to the beginning of my narrative, my company crossed the river to Virginia in a scow at two o'clock P. M. or thereabouts. Major Paul Revere crossed at the same time. The river was eight to ten feet deep and some six hundred feet wide between the island and the bluff. As before stated, our place was in the woods on the right, and our instructions were to deploy as skirmishers, which we did. Before our line was fairly established a mounted rebel, peering through glasses, was observed slowly approaching along a trail. One of the sergeants was nervously anxious to shoot him. He was restrained by Captain Putnam until he had steadied down. He was then permitted to fire. His shot dropped his man, and the riderless horse returned to the enemy's lines. I did not see the incident. The first one of our company to be hit was Captain Putnam. The man who shot him was not in uniform. He wore a red shirt. I did not see him. The captain did. The command of the company then fell upon me. We were soon engaged with rebels who appeared to be dismounted cavalrymen. It did not take long

to drive them off. My skirmishers and the rebels, too, fired from behind trees. My recollection is that one man only was mortally wounded at this time. When he fell, some four or five comrades proposed to carry him to the rear, impelled by various natural motives.

It was then my good fortune to have my line inspected by General Edward D. Baker. It made me wince to see the general, so handsome, brave, and cool, expose himself with such noble disdain of friendly trees. He asked me whether I could stand off the rebels from working through those woods, and he extended and readjusted my line. He made some cheery remark as he left, and soon afterwards was killed.

Our main line was now hotly engaged, while we, the skirmishers, had not much to do. Some of my men, however, were so posted as to get good shots at the rebels. One of them was Private John Leonard, a veteran of the Crimean War. My eye fell upon him as he paused a moment to cut, not bite, a bit of plug tobacco. I approached him with the remark, "Leonard, I think that is just what I want to get between my teeth." He gave me what I wanted. The man was altogether the coolest man on our side at that time. Later on, at the river bank, he pointed out a log and offered to put me across on that log. I had previously had my mother send to our camp several bottles of cod liver oil for his troubled lungs. Some years afterwards I met Leonard as he ascended the steps

of the State House at Boston. He was much wasted by consumption. I gave him a lot of money. Per contra, I discovered a number of my men scared pink and cowering in a small ravine. I yanked them out into their proper positions. The rebels were now in force across the open in the woods, firing diagonally upon our main line, which was in position at the head of the Bluff. Without orders I took six men and posted them behind as many trees immediately opposite the rebel line. I equipped myself, too, with rifle and cartridges. The rebels, obscured by their own smoke and busy with our main line, did not observe our skirmish fire until we had delivered some half dozen shots apiece at short range, which must have been quite effective. They then let fly at us what appeared to be a company or regimental volley. Corporal Cowgill dropped with a ball in or through his side, but he managed to get off, and the rest of us skedaddled to where we had been put. I have often thought that the issue might have been different if I had had the sense to send word to Colonel Lee that two or three companies in my position could get in an unexpected fire which would wipe out anything opposed to it. The same line of thought presented itself the second day of Fair Oaks, when our picket line stood all night long right up against the retreating rebel columns, so near that one could hear the tramp of men and the commands of officers given in smothered tones. But then, what a fine thing is hind-sight, and how easy it is to fight battles upon paper!

One more incident at the Bluff comes back to me. Captain Alois Babo and Lieutenant Reinhold Wesselhoeft essayed to swim the river with packs of clothing on their backs. I called them back and persuaded them to throw away their packs. Again they started in, and struck out together for Harrison's Island. I watched them now and then until I could see them no more. They perished, whether carried to their watery graves by the rapid current alone or hastened thereto by hostile bullets I do not know.

One is always startled when he meets a man who he thought was dead. A private of Company H, whose name escapes my memory, was left for dead at the Bluff. Some months later he walked into camp with a letter of condolence which I had written to his mother. It seems that a bullet had made the half circuit of his body between his skin and his ribs, coming out at a point in his back about opposite the point where it went in. He had revived in time to be taken to Libby Prison, where he passed the winter of 1861–62. My recollection is that he based an application for promotion upon the good opinion of him expressed in my letter to his mother.

My watch and sword, already referred to, deserve further mention. The watch was purchased from my valet, an undersized German named August, whose photograph you will find in our 20th album. The consideration paid was eight dollars. It hung for many years in one of our little parlors.

Then it mysteriously disappeared. My theory is that it was taken by a woman peddler who had Bibles for sale. Your mother, I believe, smiles at the theory with an expression of incredulity. The sword hangs upon a wall of our library. My name and rank as First Lieutenant are inscribed upon the hilt. It was given to me by my beloved college chum, Colonel William H. Forbes.

It was no part of my duty to handle a rifle in action, and I was green and foolish to do so at the Bluff, instead of looking after the men. Nor was I right in leaving my assigned position on the skirmish line. On the first day of Fair Oaks, when my Company D was in perfect discipline, I did the same thing, standing as captain in the front rank on the right as I fired. That, too, was wrong. Again, on picket at Fair Oaks, I fired repeatedly at some annoying rebels. On that occasion I witnessed a beautiful duel between one of my men and a rebel. Both men stepped from the woods into a road simultaneously, each sighted the other with deliberation, both fired at short range, and both missed. Finally I sent in for a telescopic rifle, which was handled with desired result by the sharpshooter who brought it out. At the same post I drew the rebel picket fire by elevating my hat from behind a stump. I then retired from the stump, leaving my hat to be fired at. In the Shenandoah Valley, at some place now forgotten, I established an advanced picket post in the woods, giving strict orders that no one should for a mo-

ment sit down. I returned to my line, followed soon by one of the pickets with a bullet-hole through one of his feet. He had coolly disposed himself on the ground with one leg crossing the other so as to throw one foot up in the air. Through that foot a round bullet had made one of the most symmetrical holes it was ever my pleasure to look through. There were a few rough, drunken characters in my company. Upon one occasion such a one called me by a phrase which reflected upon my pedigree. I struck him down with the blunt edge of my sword. His comrades remarked, "Served him right." Subsequently the same fellow was tied to a tree. He cursed me out, saying, among other things, "Robespierre would not own you for a brother." Adjutant Charles L. Peirson is authority for the statement that I put a rope around that man's neck and led him to headquarters, where I requested permission to hang him. The man deserted.

At Fair Oaks, the 20th, while supporting Kirby's battery, repulsed with much slaughter an impetuous charge of the rebels. The left wing of the 20th, being in the open, did its work more quickly than did the right wing, skirting the woods. There the rebels fought more stoutly, but finally were beaten and broken. In utter disorder they streamed out of the woods across our front, and were shot down in a merciless manner. In a moment of sympathy and weakness I ordered my company to cease firing. A soldier called out, "Remember Ball's

Bluff!" He had in mind the shooting of our men as they swam the Potomac. I told him that that was just what I did remember. Darkness ended the battle. A large number of rebel wounded were then gathered in, among others General Pettigrew, to whom I gave my rubber blanket when the rain began to fall, and a Lieutenant-Colonel of a Georgia regiment, who prayed loud enough to be heard all over the field and then died.

After the action at Savage's Station it was my fortune to establish a picket line in the woods. Under cover of darkness I worked my men right up against the rebels, some of whom carried lanterns in their hands while others carried off their wounded. There was small temptation to molest them. At last I became conscious that our army had resumed its retreat to the James, and I awaited at first with composure an order to follow after. The hours passed, but no order came. The gray dawn would soon begin to break, and the conviction was forced upon me that my command was to be sacrificed. I thought it all out, and came to the conclusion that it was intended we should retard the advance of the enemy to the utmost. That meant serious work. I remember saying to myself that if I got out of this hole I should never again be scared. Happily the summons came in the nick of time, and your Popsy-wopsy escaped.

At Glendale I was quite sure that I was badly wounded. An examination discovered three small scratches made by as many buckshot, which had

perforated my clothes and reddened the skin of my left side. I did not write home about it, and was amazed and amused to receive a letter from my father chiding me for not advising him of my hurt. A disabled officer of the 20th, on his way to Boston, had reported me wounded, and indeed I am so put down among the statistics. Lieutenant Henry L. Abbott had much the same experience at the same place. He, too, received a scratch which he magnified into something awful. As a consequence he handed over the command of his company to a sergeant and moved towards the rear as required by the regulation tactics. As Abbott was wont to tell the story, he soon said to and of himself, "You damned fool, you are not hurt." He then resumed command of his company. I did have several close calls, however, at Glendale. A bullet furrowed my clothes right down to the stomach; the shock was as though some one had struck me a blow on that part. An exploding cannon-ball killed two files of men on my right, burning my cheek, singeing my beard, frizzling my eyebrows and eyelashes, and making my eyes ache. Lieutenant James J. Lowell did not get off so well. I saw him fall forward when he received his mortal wound. We left him and others at a farmhouse with a Union surgeon, and he there died in the hands of the enemy. Meanwhile, his sister in the service, it may be of the Sanitary Commission, had awaited his arrival on the James. She embraced his sword only.

At this same battle we swept through an abandoned battery where there had been hot fighting. A horse stood by the side of a gun, his head drooping over his dead master. At Antietam I noticed two horses standing quietly in the midst of much sound and great destruction, the one cribbing the neck of the other in a friendly way. At Malvern Hill I covered the upturned face of a dying officer with my handkerchief, and moistened the parched tongue of a dying horse with water from my canteen. The officer was beyond the realms of consciousness, but the horse begged through his appealing eyes for more. It was here that Major Revere rode up to my company and dismounted. While conversing he leaned against his horse and fell asleep.

The seven days of battle on the Peninsula were six victories and one defeat. The whole was a retreat. General Ulysses S. Grant would have put us into Richmond six times over.

On the night of South Mountain day, it became necessary to halt my company so that the dead body of General J. L. Reno might be carried by. As a result my command became separated from the companies ahead. The gap between us was further widened by a second halt, this time to let General George B. McClellan and his long escort pass. I resumed the march in the expectation of overtaking the 20th. The night was made beautiful by the camp-fires of two hostile armies blazing in all directions. While trudging along without

the slightest apprehension, I heard from afar off through the darkness our family whistle, and knew at once that brother Ned was seeking me. We whistled at each other until he rode up with the startling information that if I was not already within the enemy's lines I should certainly get there unless I turned about p. d. q. The about-face movement was executed with rapidity.

Your Uncle Edward was not a contentious man, — far from it; but he was one of the few men I knew who really seemed to enjoy a fight. He appeared to go into action with grim delight, and to get out of it with something like regret. And yet in a marked degree he had that peculiar tenderness which is so often the characteristic of strong men. I shall never forget him on Antietam day, as he dashed by with General N. J. T. Dana's staff, waving his sword in recognition of the 20th, with the light of battle on his countenance. Throughout that same Antietam night he wandered over the field, turning up the faces of dead men as he searched for the brother whom he thought was dead. Holding my shattered left arm, I had walked right through the rebel ranks, whose men were in much confusion and too busy with their onward work to notice or to care for my presence. A shot in the back, whether by chance or design, dropped a Union soldier who preceded me by a few yards. Before long I gained the little farmhouse marked on the maps as the Nicodemus House. The yard was full of wounded men, and

the floor of the parlor, where I lay down, was well covered with them. Among others, Captain O. W. Holmes, Jr., walked in, the back of his neck clipped by a bullet. The baggage train had not been up for many a day, so that I had replenished my wardrobe by appropriations of chance clothing from various sources. It so happened that I wore on that day the light blue trousers and dark blue blouse of a private soldier. When the rebels, a little later, were busy in the yard, paroling some and taking others to the rear, paying marked attention, of course, to officers, I was glad to have taken the precaution to remove my shoulder-straps and to conceal them with my sword under a blanket.

The first Confederate to make his appearance put his head through the window and said: "Yankees?" "Yes." "Wounded?" "Yes." "Would you like some water?" A wounded man always wants some water. He off with his canteen, threw it into the room, and then resumed his place in the skirmish line and his work of shooting retreating Yankees. In about fifteen minutes that good-hearted fellow came back to the window all out of breath, saying: "Hurry up there! Hand me my canteen! I am on the double-quick myself now!" Some one twirled the canteen to him, and away he went.

An Irishman in the yard, whose side had been scooped out by a shell, was asked by a rebel whether he could walk. He replied humorously:

"Would I be here if I could? I'll just leave it to yourself." And then he died. For a while the farm-house appeared to be midway between the opposing forces. Shells broke the window panes, and ploughed up the wounded in the yard, but not a shot went through the house.

During some fifteen or twenty minutes only we were within the rebel lines. Late that afternoon ambulances carried us off to Keedysville. Not us alone. I directed some one to bring along many jars of preserves which burdened the tables and the shelves of the little house. My recollection is uncertain as to the time which elapsed before my arm received attention. Sometimes I think it was twenty-four hours. At other times I make it thirty-two hours. At all events, when they did get at me it was much swollen, and they and I scooped out the maggots from my side and arm which had been generated by the wound. The long delay was all right. Every one was immensely busy, too busy with more urgent cases, until a cavalry-man from Philadelphia had looked at me as he passed, and, looking again, had asked my name. "Hallowell," I replied. "Are you from Philadelphia?" "My father is Morris L. Hallowell of that city," I said. "What!" he exclaimed. "Why, I know him!" It was not long before he had several surgeons at me. Among them was Surgeon Thomas Antisell, the Medical Director of the 12th Army Corps. He said there was a chance to save the arm, and asked me whether he should try. I

may have told him to take the chance, but I think I told him I did not care. At all events, after etherization I found the arm there, where it now is, a beautiful exhibit of the surgical operation known as exsection. The surgeon handed me three quarters of an inch of bone to keep as a souvenir. I told him to throw it away. When coming out of my stupor I heard some one say, "He will hardly pull through." I did not then care a rap whether I should pull through, and I think they might have buried me alive without protest. It may have been the next day or later when a woman of masculine but not ungainly presence burst into my room, exclaiming, "Who has some brandy?" My flask was at her service. She disappeared, to return in time to sit by my side and to say that her wounded husband, in the adjoining room, was sinking fast when my brandy revived him. The husband was General Francis C. Barlow.

While lying on my cot I was startled to see my brother Ned come wandering in. He looked at me a second, saying, "They told me thee was dead." He then attempted to get up to the top of the house or, it may be, to an attic by a rude set of steps, as I remember them, or perhaps a ladder. He had maintained his search for his brother, albeit his oncoming typhoid fever had unhinged his mind. My loud calls brought attendants, who persuaded him down and cared for him. The next surprise was my blessed father. How in the name of all that is rational his beaming face

was then and there permitted to shine upon me I knew not. Was he tired out? Not a bit tired. Father never tired when he had something to his fancy to put through. Into a hack Ned and Lieutenant-Colonel Palfrey and I were hustled. Had any one ever before seen a hack in Keedysville? Ned carried on pretty hard, pulling at the curtains, and starting at uniformed men who he thought were after him for desertion. We were driven to Hagerstown. There father put us into an empty freight car. At this juncture the thought came into his mind that the floor of a freight car would not be a suitable place for him. Through an open door of a house near by he espied a rocking-chair. No one was in the room to consent. The train might start at any moment. Promptly he appropriated the chair, and made off with it. His triumph was cut short by a pursuing woman. Her he pacified by a token of good will big enough to put a rocking-chair into every room of her house. As the train started, a little contraband boy begged to be taken along. Father yanked him into a dark corner of the car, and off we started on an all-night journey to Philadelphia. Lieutenant-Colonel Palfrey, under pressure of great suffering, begged hard to be put off at the several stations where the train stopped. Altogether it was a great night for father as he sat contented, comfortable, and satisfied in that rocking-chair, with three officers and one little contraband under his masterful control. At Philadelphia the contra-

band disappeared. The others were taken to our home, the House called Beautiful, as Doctor O. W. Holmes has written. Wounded officers of the 20th had been there before. Our home was a hospital, so to speak, whose matron was your Grandmother Hallowell, and whose nurses were your three sister aunts, Anna, Emily, and Susan. Among the officers cared for was Captain George A. Schmitt, then late professor of German at Harvard College. Captain Schmitt had received five wounds, of no great import, at the Bluff. He would lie on his cot in the parlor, patient and sufficiently polite, but somewhat uncommunicative. Evidently something was not just right. He kept the sisters guessing for some days, when at last Anna had an inspiration. She filled a pipe with tobacco, which she handed to him with lighted taper. Schmitt's broad German face beamed with smiles, and thereafter he overflowed with conversation.

In 1868 your mother and I made our wedding trip to Antietam and other places. Of course we hunted up the Nicodemus house, where we found a worthy couple of that name. They proved to be Union people who had fled upon the approach of battle on September 17, 1862. I startled the old lady by asking after a little clock which had stood in a certain place on that day. She showed us the clock in an adjoining room, to which it had been removed. Her curiosity was further excited when I asked her what she had intended to do

with all those jars of preserves. She replied that their business was to make preserves, and that a large supply was just ready for market when the battle came on, and the soldiers took it all. I confessed the theft, and was forgiven even before she was induced to accept twenty dollars. As we departed your mother stubbed her toe against a bit of iron embedded in the yard, which proved to be an exploded Hotchkiss shell. She brought it home. The shell now stands upon the mantelpiece of our library. The two large shells standing at the fireplace were brought by your mother and me in 1887 from Morris Island, South Carolina: the round shell from the site of Fort Wagner; the conical shell from the site of Fort Gregg, at the northern end of the island. Both are unexploded Union shells which, I dare say, were fired at the respective forts by the war-ships of our navy. The conical bullets which are strung together by a wire, were picked up on the beach of Folly Island, near the site of the camp of the 55th, in 1863. They do not appear to have been fired.

When the 20th regiment made its start from Readville, Mass., for the South, a certain member of Company H announced that he proposed to throw his New Testament from the car window to the first pretty girl he should see. In those days great numbers of people would stand by the roadside, waving adieus to the soldiers in the passing trains. The soldier's requirements for beauty were not satisfied until the train reached the neighbor-

hood of Wilmington, Delaware. At that point there were three girls standing in the gateway of a country residence, waving their handkerchiefs. "There she is at last!" he exclaimed, as he threw his Testament at the middle girl of the three. Every one laughed, and then dismissed the incident. Some weeks later he brought to my tent for inspection a neat little Testament and a letter from the sender, in which she expressed some regret that he should have been willing to part with his Testament, which, however, she would keep, having sent to him one to take its place. She had discovered his name, company, and regiment written upon the fly-leaf of the book. The letter was altogether proper and well expressed, as indeed it could not be otherwise, coming as it did from my cousin, Ellen Penrose.

When the 20th passed through New York city it camped for some hours in City Hall Park, where the Post Office now stands. At dinner hour we were visited by Grandfather and Grandmother Haydock and one of their kid daughters. The latter seemed to be entertained by watching me as I inspected the canteens of the men and emptied on the ground every one which contained whiskey. I paid some little attention to the child, such as a buck of twenty-two years would pay to a kid of fifteen years. Indeed, I gave her my photograph. In later years she became your mother, and now will tell you how she carried that photograph face outwards in the omnibus, so that the passengers might see her soldier.

There is nothing exceptional about the reminiscences which now have been put down in writing. They are of a kind common to many thousands of men who were in the service. My sufficient apology for writing them out is the oft-repeated request of the aforesaid mother. It has long been my life to do everything she desires. If you would be as happy as I am, you would better cultivate the same habit.

Your father,

N. P. HALLOWELL.

Nöddebo, West Medford, Mass.,
12th Mo., 25th, 1897.

THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

REBECCA.

A SLAVE GIRL FROM NEW ORLEANS

THE

NEGRO AS A SOLDIER

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY

NORWOOD P. HALLOWELL,

COLONEL, FIFTY-FIFTH REGIMENT, MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

READ BEFORE THE MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY 5, 1892.

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THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER

IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

ONCE upon a time, at our old home in Philadelphia, there were two little girls whose names were Rebecca and Rosa. They had Caucasian features, an abundance of long wavy hair, and complexions that were suggestive merely of a clime sunnier than our own. Taking one of their hands into your own, your eye might have discovered at the finger tips a color of a darker hue than the other parts. It was the fatal single drop of negro blood that cursed the whole beautiful fabric and made it possible for these children to be fugitive slaves. Hid away in the barn of our country residence was another fugitive, — a tall, lithe, muscular man, black as anthracite, Daniel Dangerfield by name, now forgotten no doubt, but then enjoying for a brief period a national reputation. The police force of Philadelphia was watching for that man. The detectives looked mysterious as they went about on their false scents and failed to see our Daniel as he passed on to the next station of the Underground Railroad, comfortably seated in my mother's carriage, the curtains drawn, my brother Edward on the box quite ready to use

his five-shooter, and a younger brother in the less heroic part of driver.

These fugitive-slave scenes, once so familiar, are recalled because, to appreciate correctly the military significance of the arming of citizens of African descent, it is necessary to forget for the moment the great "Amendments," and to remember the old times. To estimate the colored man as a soldier it is essential to recall his status before the war, for the reason that his previous condition of slavery in the South, and his social, political, commercial and religious ostracism in the North, ought naturally, and in fact does do somewhat, to interpret his qualities when bearing arms. The subject is complex. The characteristics of the English are such that the expression, an "English soldier," conveys a distinct idea; the words, a "German soldier," at once suggest a well-defined picture. To say simply a "French soldier" gives still another well-understood type. A "negro soldier" or "colored soldier" conveys, no doubt, to most minds some similar plain meaning; but is the impression made necessarily a correct one? Is not the expression "a colored soldier" as vague as the expression "a white soldier"? I think it is. Had we only to deal with the thick-lipped negro of Congo, the subject would be simple enough. But we are dealing now with the soldiers of a people in whose veins is an admixture of the blood of every nationality that is represented on this continent. The blood that coursed through the veins of our little slave girls was, barring the one fatal drop, the same blood that coursed through the veins of one of the proud families of Louisiana, — a family that sent its sons, the white ones, to our New England colleges. It was not the same thing — ninety-nine one hun-

dredths of it was not — that flowed beneath the skin of Daniel Dangerfield, innocent as he was, apparently, of any such admixture, and yet it is all called "negro."

Nicholas Said, a private in our Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, was a native of Bornou, Eastern Soudan, Central Africa. He was tattooed on his forehead after the manner of the ruling class of his tribe. His linguistic ability was very marked. In the regiment he wrote and spoke fluently the English, French, German and Italian languages; while there is no doubt that he was master of Kanouri, (his vernacular), Mandra, Arabic, Turkish and Russian, — a total of nine languages. The First Louisiana Native Guards, mustered into the service at New Orleans, were recruited from the free colored population of that city. They are described as men of "property and education, a self-reliant and intelligent class." "The darkest of them," said General Butler, "were about the complexion of the late Mr. Webster."[1] On the other hand, the First South Carolina Regiment had not one mulatto in ten, and all the enlisted men had been slaves.

Such, in part, were the heterogeneous materials that made up our colored regiments. Obviously, it will not be safe to draw many arbitrary conclusions and to brand the whole as distinctively African. Avoiding, however, any further consideration of the difficulties suggested by ethnology, let us interpret the colored soldier as best we may by a partial review of his record in the War of the Slaveholders' Rebellion. "The war for the Union was not the first one in which the African fought for the liberties of our country. Black faces were not uncommon among the ranks of the patriots in Seventeen hundred

[1] Higginson's History of Black Regiments, 1.

Seventy-six. The first man to fall in that struggle was Crispus Attucks, who led the mob in its attack on the British troops at the Boston Massacre. At Bunker Hill the free negroes fought intermingled with the whites; and when Major Pitcairn was killed, it was by a bullet from a negro's rifle. At the battle of Rhode Island, Colonel Greene's black regiment repulsed three successive charges, during which they handled a Hessian regiment severely. In the War of 1812 General Jackson issued a proclamation authorizing the formation of black regiments, and subsequently, in an address to the colored troops thus enlisted, acknowledged their services in unstinted praise."[1] General Washington, with characteristic caution, wrote to Henry Laurens: "The policy of our arming slaves is in my opinion a moot point, unless the enemy set the example. . . . Besides, I am not clear that a discrimination will not render slavery more irksome to those who remain in it." He adds, however, that these are "only the first crude ideas" that struck him. Alexander Hamilton, on the other hand, gave his unqualified and hearty support to the measure. "An essential part of the plan," he urged, "is to give them their freedom with their muskets."[2]

The first systematic attempt to recruit colored men in the War of the Rebellion was made by General Hunter at Hilton Head. His effort was valuable as an example of how not to do it. Impatient at the slow progress of his work, he made the fatal mistake of forcing the freedmen into the ranks. While working on the plantations they were rudely seized by squads of soldiers and taken into

[1] Fox's Regimental Losses, 52.

[2] Livermore's Historical Research, 168.

camp as prisoners. Here they were told by their enemies that they were to be returned to slavery or sent to Cuba. There was no mutual confidence between officers and men. Desertions were numerous, discontent general. In five months the regiment was disbanded without pay. One company, however, maintained its organization, doing some good work by hunting down and driving the rebels from St. Simon's Island, — a job that had been initiated by the colored residents of the island themselves. Twenty-five of these natives had armed themselves, under the command of one of their own number, whose name was John Brown. He was ambuscaded and shot dead, probably the first black man, says Colonel T. W. Higginson, whose recital I am following, almost literally, who fell under arms in the war. This was the first armed encounter, so far as known, between the rebels and their former slaves; and it is worth noticing that the attempt was a spontaneous thing, and not accompanied by any white man. The men were not soldiers, nor in uniform. The rebel leader, one Miles Hazard, and his party made good their escape. In the following year there was captured at the railroad station in Jacksonville, Florida, a box of papers. Among them was a letter from this very Hazard to a friend describing the perils of that adventure, and saying, "If you wish to know hell before your time, go to St. Simon's and be hunted ten days by niggers."[1]

The arming of slaves by Major-General Hunter, and a similar movement initiated by Brigadier-General Phelps at New Orleans, stirred President Jefferson Davis to the innermost recesses of his unhappy mind. On August 20th, 1862, he directed that both generals should be no

[1] Higginson's History of Black Regiments, 275.

longer held and treated as public enemies of the Confederate States, but as outlaws; and that in the event of the capture of either of them, or that of any other commissioned officer employed in drilling, organizing or instructing *slaves*, with a view to their armed service in the war, he should not be regarded as a prisoner of war, but held in close confinement for execution as a felon at such time and place as might be ordered. On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress passed an act which outlawed all commissioned white officers who should command negroes or mulattoes, *whether slaves* or *free*, in arms against the Confederate States.

The attention of the country at large was first seriously directed to the consideration of this new element in the army when Governor John A. Andrew obtained an order from Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, authorizing him to organize persons of African descent into separate corps for the volunteer military service. As a consequence, a line of recruiting depots, running from Boston to St. Louis in the West, and to Fortress Monroe in the South, was established and maintained to the close of the war. Two infantry regiments, the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth, and one cavalry, the Fifth, were raised, and the ranks kept at the maximum number; a good piece of work, involving an immense amount of labor, which was done mainly by two citizens of Medford, — George L. Stearns and Richard P. Hallowell.

Public opinion in the North was either avowedly hostile to this scheme or entirely sceptical as to its value. In Philadelphia, recruiting was attended with some little danger, and with so much annoyance that the place of rendezvous was kept secret and the squads were marched

A Lacerated Slave.

FROM BATON ROUGE, LA.

under cover of darkness to the depot. In Ohio it was considered a good joke to get the "darkies on to Massachusetts," — a joke that was bitterly repented when Ohio at a later day tried in vain to get those same "darkies" credited to her quota. In Boston there were contemptuous remarks by individuals from both extremes of society; by certain members of a prominent club, who later on hissed the Fifty-fourth Regiment from their windows as it marched on its way to the front; and by a Boston journal whose editors disgraced their columns with reflections too vulgar for repetition. There was, too, much good-natured laughing and harmless joking among other classes. Before long, however, the prevailing undertone of thought became thoroughly respectful and kind, while the pecuniary aid given was limited only by the amount asked for.

The colored man from the free States as a soldier may be conveniently and fairly tested by the record of our Massachusetts regiments, for the reason, as we shall see later, that those regiments contained every known variety of citizen of African descent, and were recruited from every class and condition of colored society. That the Massachusetts regiments were not composed of picked men, except as to physique, is conclusively shown by the statistics. Those of the Fifty-fifth are here given. Those of the Fifty-fourth do not materially differ.

STATISTICS OF THE FIFTY-FIFTH REGT. MASS. VOLS.

BIRTHPLACE.

Maine	1	New Jersey	8
Vermont	1	Pennsylvania	139
Massachusetts	22	Maryland	19
Rhode Island	3	Virginia	106
Connecticut	4	North Carolina	30
New York	23	Georgia	6

Alabama	5	Tennessee	24
Mississippi	9	Michigan	8
Louisiana	1	Wisconsin	7
Arkansas	1	Iowa	9
Missouri	66	District of Columbia	10
Ohio	222	Nova Scotia	1
Indiana	97	Canada	3
Illinois	56	Africa	1
Kentucky	68	Unknown	11

TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

Farmers	596	Firemen	2
Laborers	74	Coppersmith	1
Barbers	34	Machinist	1
Waiters	50	Rope-maker	1
Cooks	27	Fisherman	1
Blacksmiths	21	Tinker	1
Painters	7	Harness-maker	1
Teamsters	27	Caulker	1
Grooms	7	Glass-grinder	1
Hostlers	9	Musician	1
Coachmen	3	Moulder	1
Coopers	5	Confectioner	1
Sailors	20	Tobacco-worker	1
Butchers	8	Clergyman	1
Iron-workers	2	Broom-maker	1
Shoemakers	9	Baker	1
Masons and Plasterers	16	Student	1
Brick-makers	3		
Whitewashers	2	No. who had been slaves	247
Stonecutters	2	No. pure blacks	550
Printers	3	No. mixed blood	430
Boatmen	6	No. who could read	477
Teachers	6	No. who could read and write	319
Clerks	5	No. church-members	52
Porters	5	No. married	219
Carpenters	6	Average age	$23\frac{4}{5}$ years
Wagon-makers	2	Average height	$5\frac{7}{12}$ feet [1]
Millers	2		
Engineers	3		

Every school has its obstreperous boys, every class at Harvard has its fast men, every regiment in the service had its hard characters. The problem to be solved in almost

[1] Record of the service of the 55th Regiment of Mass. Vols. Infantry, 110 *et seq.*

every congregation of men is not so much the care of the virtuous many as the discipline of the troublesome few. Colonel Robert Gould Shaw was not a sentimentalist. He imposed the strict discipline of the Second Regiment, from which he came, upon the Fifty-fourth. The men of a slave regiment required, and in the case of the First South Carolina received, treatment very different from that required by mixed regiments like the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth. In a slave regiment the harsher forms of punishment were, or ought to have been, unknown, so that every suggestion of slavery might be avoided. This was Colonel T. W. Higginson's enlightened method, — the method of kindness, and it was successful. Colonel Shaw's method was the method of coercion, and it too was successful. The unruly members of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth were stood on barrels, bucked, gagged and, if need be, shot; in fact, treated as white soldiers were in all well-disciplined regiments. The squads of recruits which arrived at Readville for the Fifty-fifth could hardly at first sight have been called picked men. They were poor and ragged. Upon arrival they were marched to the neighboring pond, disrobed, washed and uniformed. Their old clothes were burnt. The transformation was quite wonderful. The recruit was very much pleased with the uniform. He straightened up, grew inches taller, lifted, not shuffled, his feet, began at once to try, and to try hard, to take the position of the soldier, the facings and other preliminary drill, so that his ambition to carry "one of those muskets" might be gratified. When finally he was entrusted with the responsible duties of a guard, there was nothing quite so magnificent and, let me add, quite so reliable, as the colored volunteer. The effect of camp dis-

cipline on his character was very marked. His officers were gentlemen who understood the correct orthography and pronunciation of the word "negro." For the first time in his life he found himself respected, and entrusted with duties, for the proper performance of which he would be held to a strict accountability. Crossing the camp lines by connivance of the guard was almost unknown. "Running guard" was an experiment too dangerous to try. The niceties of guard-mounting and guard-duty, the absolute steadiness essential to a successful dress-parade, were all appreciated and faithfully observed. The cleanliness of the barracks and camp grounds at Readville was a delight. Not a scrap of loose floating paper or stuff of any kind was permitted. The muskets, the accoutrements, were kept clean and polished. Every one was interested, every one did his best. The Sunday morning inspections discovered a degree of perfection that received much praise from several regular as well as veteran volunteer officers. It is not extravagant to say that thousands of strangers who visited the camp were instantly converted by what they saw. The aptitude of the colored volunteer to learn the manual of arms, to execute readily the orders for company and regimental movements, and his apparent inability to march out of time at once arrested the attention of every officer. His power of imitation was great, his memory for such movements was good, and his ear for time or cadence perfect. You may call the imitative power a sign of inferiority, or what you will. We have now to do with the negro as a soldier, and as such it may be accurately said that the average colored soldier adapts himself more readily to the discipline of a camp, and acquires what is called the drill, in much less time than

the average white soldier. These characteristics stand out clear and undisputed by those who have had experience in both kinds of regiments. Treated kindly and respectfully, the average colored citizen is the most inoffensive of persons. He prefers to get out of rather than in your way. Innately he is a gentleman. Instinctively he touches his hat when passing. The requirements of military discipline were very favorable for the full development of these traits, so much so that in the matter of etiquette and polite manners one felt that he was in command of a regiment of a thousand men, — each man a possible Lord Chesterfield.

Fort Wagner.

Fort Wagner was situated on the north end of Morris Island, Charleston Harbor. It was an enclosed work constructed of huge timbers and rafters, covered over with earth and sand, some twenty feet thick. In its bomb-proof shelter a garrison varying from 750 to 1400 effective men withstood with trifling loss the bombardment which lasted almost uninterruptedly night and day for fifty days. The terrible fire of the Federal land batteries and the "Ironsides," eight monitors and five gunboats, seemed sure to tear out the very insides of the fort, but, in fact, simply excited a lively commotion in the sand. It was surrounded with a ditch and provided with a sluice-gate for retaining the high tides. It extended from high-water mark on the east, six hundred and thirty feet, to Vincent's Creek and the impassable marshes on the west. It was armed with eighteen guns of various calibre, of which number, fifteen covered the only approach by land, which was along the beach and was the width of scarcely half a company

front in one place. This approach was swept not only by the guns of Wagner, but also by those of Battery Gregg on Cumming's Point, the very northern extremity of the island, and by those of Sumter, and it was enfiladed by several heavily-armed batteries on James and Sullivan Islands.

The first assault, in which the colored troops took no part, was made on the morning of July 11th, 1863. General Gillmore officially reported: "The parapet was gained, but the support recoiled under the fire to which they were exposed, and would not be gotten up." The second and more famous assault was made at twilight on the evening of July 18th, by two brigades, the one under command of Brigadier-General Strong, the other under Colonel Putnam, and the whole under Brigadier-General Seymour. The First Brigade was designated to storm the fort, the Second to support the First. Our Fifty-fourth Massachusetts led the column. In quick time that devoted column went on to its destiny, heedless of the gaps made in its ranks by the relentless fire of the guns of Wagner, of Gregg, of Sumter, of James and Sullivan Islands. When within two hundred yards of the fort, the fire from the Federal batteries ceased, so that our men might not be destroyed by it. In an instant the rebel garrison swarmed from the bomb-proof to the parapet, and to its artillery was added the compact and destructive fire of fourteen hundred rifles at two hundred yards' range, a storm of solid shot, shells, grape, canister and bullets that annihilated the head of the column and staggered for the moment the regiments that followed. Something must be done, and that quickly, or everything would go down under that appalling fire. Not with the intoxicated cheer of men who rush on to victory, but with the reckless

shout that men give when they lead a forlorn hope, the two hundred yards were passed, the ditch was crossed, the parapet was gained, and the State and National colors planted thereon.

A characteristic of veteran troops is that they cannot always be made to attempt the seemingly impossible. Over and over again we read of soldiers tried in many a campaign, who, though hearing orders, heed them not, but stand appalled and benumbed. A characteristic of the white veterans who were engaged in the two assaults on Wagner was that they "could not be got up," that is to say in sufficient numbers to push the advantage gained to complete success. On the second assault fragments of regiments survived the narrow passage on the beach and put in an appearance within the fort. Other fragments, unable to scale the parapet, found shelter by lying down on the slope of the fort. Colonel John L. Chatfield with his Sixth Connecticut and fragments of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts and other regiments occupied the south-east bastion. The Thirty-first North Carolina Regiment (Confederate), which was to have defended that bastion or salient, demoralized by a new and strange experience, failed to respond, and remained in the bomb-proof. For one hour the captured bastion was held against the incessant attacks of the enemy, who now added pikes and hand grenades to their weapons of defence and assault. It was a valiant garrison, hard pressed, and was driven, for a moment, from one side of the work to seek shelter among the traverses; but when reinforced from Sumter, at the critical moment, it triumphed.

Colonel Shaw fell dead upon the parapet. Captains Russell and Simpkins and other brave men fell while

keeping the embrasures free from the enemy's gunners and sweeping the crest of the parapet with their fire.[1] Lieutenant-Colonel Edward N. Hallowell reached the parapet. Desperately wounded, he rolled into the ditch, was again hit, and with great difficulty managed to crawl to our lines. An unknown number of enlisted men were killed within the fort. Forty enlisted men, including twenty wounded, were captured within the fort. The State flag, tied, unfortunately, to the staff with ribbons, was lost. The staff itself was brought off. The national colors planted upon the parapet were upheld and eventually borne off by Sergeant William H. Carney, a heroic man whose wounds in both legs, in the breast and the right arm, attest his devotion to his trust. The regiment went into action with twenty-two officers and six hundred and fifty enlisted men. Fourteen officers were killed or wounded. Two hundred and fifty-five enlisted men were killed or wounded. Prisoners, not wounded, twenty. Total casualties, officers and men, two hundred and sixty-nine, or forty per cent. The character of the wounds attest the nature of the contest. There were wounds from bayonet thrusts, sword cuts, pike thrusts and hand grenades; and there were heads and arms broken and smashed by the butt-ends of muskets.

As bearing upon the disposition of Colonel Shaw's body we have the letter of Assistant-Surgeon John T. Luck, U.S.A., dated at New York, October 21, 1865: —

To the Editor of the Army and Navy Journal: —

Sir, — I was taken prisoner by the rebels the morning after the assault on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 19th, 1863. While being conducted into the fort I saw Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) Regi-

[1] Emilio's Fort Wagner, 12.

ment, lying dead upon the ground just outside the parapet. A stalwart negro had fallen near him. The rebels said the negro was a color-sergeant. The colonel had been killed by a rifle-shot through the chest, though he had received other wounds. Brigadier-General Hagood, commanding the rebel forces, said to me: "I knew Colonel Shaw before the war, and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him." [1]

General Hagood affirms that he has no recollection of the conversation as given by Surgeon Luck, and attempts to show that Colonel Shaw's burial in the trench with his negroes was without significance. There appears, however, to be no good reason for changing the record. The manner of Colonel Shaw's burial has been circumstantially related by two Confederate officers, — Major McDonald, Fifty-first North Carolina, and Captain H. W. Hendricks, — both of whom were present at the time. Colonel Shaw's body was stripped of all his clothing save undershirt and drawers. This desecration of the dead was done by one Charles Blake and others. The body was carried within the fort and there exposed for a time. It was then carried without the fort and buried in a trench with the negroes. Colonel Shaw was the only officer buried with the colored troops.[2]

"I know not," said Governor Andrew as he handed the colors to the Fifty-fourth, "when, in all human history, to any given thousand men in arms there has been given a work so proud, so precious, so full of hope and glory, as the work committed to you."

[1] Harvard Memorial Biographies, 211.

[2] Emilio's History of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, 98 *et seq.*, and 226.

Colonel Shaw was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, — how young it seems now! — and had seen two years of hard service in the Army of the Potomac. His clean-cut face, quick, decided step, and singular charm of manner, full of grace and virtue, bespoke the hero. The immortal charge of his black regiment reads like a page of the Iliad or a story from Plutarch. I have always thought that in the great war with the slave power the figure that stands out in boldest relief is that of Colonel Shaw. There were many others as brave and devoted as he, — the humblest private who sleeps in yonder cemetery or fills an unknown grave in the South is as much entitled to our gratitude, — but to no others was given an equal opportunity. By the earnestness of his convictions, the unselfishness of his character, his championship of an enslaved race, and the manner of his death, all the conditions are given to make Shaw the best historical exponent of the underlying cause, the real meaning of the war. He was the fair type of all that was brave, generous, beautiful, and of all that was best worth fighting for in the war of the slaveholders' Rebellion.

Yes, the colored troops fought well. That is not the most that may be said for men. The courage that is necessary to face death in battle is not of the highest order. The lower the scale of civilization the higher the degree of that kind of courage. It is all very well of course to praise the bravery of these men as soldiers, but with what words may we express our admiration of the dignity, self-respect, self-control, they showed in their conduct as men as well as soldiers in the matter of pay? They were promised the same pay, and, in general, the same treatment, as white soldiers. No one expected the same treatment in the sense of courtesy, but every one believed a

Col. Robert G. Shaw.

great nation would keep faith with its soldiers in the beggarly matter of pay. They were promised thirteen dollars per month. They were insulted with an offer of seven dollars. Massachusetts resented the insult, and attempted to remedy the wrong by offering to make good the difference between the thirteen dollars promised and the seven dollars offered. The State agents, with money in hand, visited the camps on Folly and Morris islands, and pleaded with the men by every argument, by every persuasion they could command. In vain; they were the soldiers of the Union, not of a State. They would receive their pay in full from the United States, or they would not receive it at all. The Nation might break its faith, but they would keep theirs. Every mail brought letters from wives and children asking for money. In some instances their homes were broken up and the almshouse received their families. At times the regiments were driven to the verge of mutiny. In point of fact, the Fifty-fifth did one morning stack arms, not in an angry, tumultuous way, but in a sullen, desperate mood that expressed a wish to be marched out to be shot down rather than longer hear the cries from home and longer endure the galling sense of humiliation and wrong. But better counsels prevailed, and a grand catastrophe was averted by the patriotism and innate good sense of the men, added to the infinite patience, tact, and firmness of the officers. One poor fellow, a sergeant in the Third South Carolina, induced his company to stack arms on the ground that he was "released from duty by the refusal of the Government to fulfil its share of the contract." He was logical, but it was in time of war, and the only thing to be done, was done. He was court-martialled and shot. In the scathing words of Governor

Andrew: "The Government which found no law to pay him except as a nondescript and a contraband, nevertheless found law enough to shoot him as a soldier." Seven times were our regiments mustered for pay. Seven times they refused, and pointed to their honorable scars to plead their manhood and their rights. The men of the Fifty-fifth for sixteen, of the Fifty-fourth for eighteen, months toiled on and fought on without one cent of pay, and at last they won, — won through long suffering and patient endurance; won through a higher and rarer courage than the courage of battle, — a victory that is not inscribed on their flags by the side of Wagner, of James Island, of Olustee, and of Honey Hill, but which none the less fills one of the noblest and brightest pages in the history of their race, as it does one of the most disgraceful in the record of our war.

In January of the year 1781, under conditions far less exasperating, the American army quartered at Morristown mutinied for lack of pay, declared their intention of departing to their homes, and were only restrained from carrying their threat into execution by the personal influence and solicitation of the Commander-in Chief.[1]

The tender of full payment from date of enlistment, when finally made by the United States, was made to those only who would make oath that they were free on or before April 21, 1861. We must thoroughly respect the tender consciences of two or three men who could not in strict conformity with the truth and who did not make this oath, and who therefore never received their pay, but we have no harsh words for the many who were equal to the occasion by swearing to their freedom on April 21st,

[1] History of the Bank of North America, 24.

or any other day. Those who were fugitive slaves, and hence in a legal sense not free at the time specified, had overcome too many difficulties in their escape from the South, and in their efforts to avoid the slave-hounds in the North, to be seriously annoyed by this grotesque proposition to swear away their back pay by denying their freedom.

Fort Wagner was finally reduced by regular siege operations extending from July 18th to September 7th, 1863. Five approaches or parallels were run across the island from the right to the marshes on the left; the fifth and last parallel was within two hundred and forty yards of the fort. In its construction the remains of Federal soldiers who had been buried by the rebels after the assaults were excavated. The ground was thick with torpedoes, which were removed, not without some distressing casualties. Their presence explained the inactivity of the garrison, which hitherto had been a mystery. This reliance upon torpedoes instead of upon constant sorties to harass the fatigue parties and to delay or destroy their works is noted by Gillmore and others as the capital defect in the defence of Wagner. A further trench, which may be called a branch of the fifth parallel, permitted an approach within one hundred yards. Indeed, on the night preceding the evacuation, the sappers pushed on by the south face, leaving it at their left, and removing a sort of palisade made up of projecting pikes and sharp-pointed stakes "firmly planted in the counterscarp of the ditch." By means of calcium lights the fort was kept well illuminated, and our own men all the more enshrouded in darkness. The work was done under constant fire and almost altogether at night. Finally, on the morning of September 7th, when General Gillmore was again prepared to assault, both

Wagner and Gregg were evacuated with the trifling loss to the rebels of two boats containing nineteen sailors and twenty-seven soldiers of the rear guard. In the somewhat contemptuous language of the Confederate Major Robert C. Gilchrist, "Seven hundred and forty men were driven out of a sandhill by eleven thousand five hundred."

The following official inquiries were made of the engineers who directed the operations of working parties of both white and black troops during the siege of Wagner:

1. Courage, as indicated by their behavior under fire.

2. Skill and appreciation of their duties, referring to the quality of the work performed.

3. Industry and perseverance with reference to the quantity of the work performed.

4. If a certain work were to be accomplished in the least possible time, *i. e.*, when enthusiasm and direct personal interest are necessary to attain the end, would whites or blacks answer best?

5. What is the difference, considering the above points, between colored troops recruited from the free States, and those from the slave States?

Six replies to these inquiries were received from engineer officers who had been engaged in the siege; the substance of them is embraced in the following summary: —

1. To the first question, all answer that the black is more timorous than the white, but is in a corresponding degree more docile and obedient, — hence more completely under the control of his commander, and much more influenced by his example.

2. All agree that the black is less skilful than the white soldier, but still enough so for most kinds of siege work.

3. The statements unanimously agree that the black will do a greater amount of work than the white soldier, because he labors more constantly.

4. The whites are decidedly superior in enthusiasm. The blacks cannot be easily hurried in their work, no matter what the emergency.

5. All agree that the colored troops recruited from the free States are superior to those recruited from slave States.

The average percentage of sick among the negro troops during the siege was 13.9, while that of the white infantry was 20.1 per cent.

The foregoing summary is taken from the appendix to Gillmore's Report, where also two of the replies are given in full, and are supposed to be a fair sample of the others. One of the engineers says: "I will say, in my opinion their courage is rather of the passive than the active kind. They will stay, endure, resist and follow; but they have not the restless, aggressive spirit. I do not believe they will desert their officers in trying moments in so great numbers as the whites; they have not the will, audacity or fertility of excuse of the straggling white, and at the same time they have not the heroic nervous energy or vivid perception of the white, who stands firm or presses forward. I do not remember a single instance, in my labors in the trenches, where the black man has skulked away from his duty, and I know that instances of that kind have occurred among the whites; still, I think that the superior energy and intelligence of those remaining, considering that the whites were the lesser number by the greater desertion, would more than compensate." The other reply reads, in answer to the first inquiry: "I have found that black troops manifest more timidity under

fire than white troops; but they are, at the same time, more obedient to orders and more under the control of their officers, in dangerous situations, than white soldiers."

The evidence of the engineers was more favorable than was expected by those who knew them. With the exception of what they style "superior intelligence" and "enthusiasm," their replies quite make up the beau ideal of a soldier. To stay, to endure, to resist, to follow, to work patiently, doggedly, to obey orders, never to skulk, or to desert their officers in trying moments, — what more do you expect, what more do you find in the mass of men who go to make up an army? "Superior intelligence" they had not, — that is an essential for an officer; average intelligence may be, "superior intelligence" is not, needed in the soldier. The engineers themselves did not want it; they did not even want "nervous energy" and "enthusiasm" in the trenches. The simple fact is, the engineers clamored for details of black troops, and were always disappointed and provoked when they could not get them. The engineers were good fellows, most of them. They were competent to pass judgment upon the working parties in the trenches, but they did not know how to write it out. In their willingness to try to say the fair and the correct word, they admit more in their comparisons with the whites than I should care to claim. Their conclusion seems to be a jumble; namely, that although the blacks did the greater part of the work, did it more faithfully than the whites, stuck to their officers in trying emergencies more devotedly than did the whites; that although they preferred the blacks in the trenches; yet, after all, some how or other, they don't exactly know why, yet

they do prefer whites! In the matter of "enthusiasm" the engineers are altogether at fault. In five minutes you can excite a regiment of blacks into a pitch of enthusiasm that will carry everything before it, provided you yourself are sincere; provided you respect and trust them and they respect and trust you; provided always you know how to spell and to pronounce the word "negro," — that sure test and gauge of refinement in an American.

The alleged timidity, want of enthusiasm, heroic nervous energy, and all that sort of thing, is not, for the engineers, very happily illustrated by the next action in which the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts took part. In an effort to surprise Battery Lamar on James Island, the Federal column was itself surprised by a section of artillery posted in an old field-work, and supported, though not heavily, by both cavalry and infantry. One white regiment, a good one too, that has the names of twenty battles inscribed upon its flags, was driven in the utmost confusion to the rear. One colored regiment, armed with nearly worthless old Austrian rifles, soon after condemned, did but little better. The Fifty-fifth went right on in perfect order, charged the battery, captured two twelve-pounder Napoleon guns, turned the guns upon the flying enemy, and brought them off in triumph with a loss of two officers wounded and twenty-six enlisted men killed or wounded. It may be well at this point to pay brief attention to the oft-repeated question, "Did the colored fight as well as the white troops?" by calling the attention of the inquirer to the obvious fact that these captured guns were defended, under favorable conditions, by white troops.

Olustee.

In the disastrous affair of Olustee, Florida, February 20th, 1864, the redeeming feature appears to have been the conspicuous gallantry of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. That regiment was hurried into action at the very crisis of affairs. It checked the onward sweep of a victorious enemy, and covered the retreat towards Jacksonville in a thoroughly creditable manner, as I am told, under the immediate direction of Colonel Edward N. Hallowell. In this battle the Eighth U. S. Colored Infantry lost three hundred and ten dead, wounded and missing, — the missing mostly dead or wounded left on the field, — one of the severest regimental losses during the war.

Honey Hill, S. C., November 30th, 1864.

This assault, in its main features, was a repetition of Wagner. The only approach attempted to the rebel batteries and intrenchments was the narrow cutting through which the road crossed the swamp. Through this defile five companies of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts were ordered to storm the enemy's works. The order is not free from the charge of down-right recklessness. Against the concentrated fire of artillery and musketry at one hundred yards' range the five companies charged in vain, were rallied twice and then withdrawn with a loss of twenty-nine killed and one hundred and fifteen wounded, or one half the officers and one third of the enlisted men engaged. A useless slaughter, not compensated for by some brilliant fighting both before and after the charge.

In passing, I desire in affectionate remembrance to simply give the names of Captain William Dwight Crane

Col. Edward N. Hallowell.

Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

and Lieutenant Winthrop Perkins Boynton, who were chums in Harvard College, officers in the same company, devoted friends, who seemed always to move, to think and to act in beautiful accord, and who here fell together in a common death.

Besides these, the more important actions, there were many minor affairs, not large enough to be dignified by the name of battles, but entirely sufficient to test the mettle of the men as soldiers. In these, our Massachusetts regiments appear to have been uniformly successful. There were reconnoissances and raids, rifle pits were charged and captured, prisoners were taken, and the resources of the enemy removed or destroyed. There is not time, nor is it necessary, to more than mention the conspicuous service rendered by the colored troops in the other military departments.

Port Hudson.

At Port Hudson and at Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, the official reports commend the colored troops for steadiness in maintaining positions and for heroism in charging the batteries of the enemy.

In a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, by General John C. Palfrey, the conduct of the black regiments at Port Hudson, June 27, 1863, is recorded in these forceful words: "Between the attacks of Weitzel and Augur an assault was ordered from our extreme right by the black regiments as a diversion. Their ground was very difficult and disadvantageous, and the garrison received them with special temper and exasperation. But they fought without panic, and suffered severely before falling back in good order. Their conduct and its indication of character and manliness made a profound impression

on the army, and later through the country. The day should be one of the famous dates in the progress of their race."

Petersburg.

At the first attempt on Petersburg, Virginia, in June, 1864, Hinks' Division of the 18th Corps, under fire for the first time, carried the line of works in its front, and captured in succession seven pieces of artillery with great spirit and dash. This decided success of the colored troops gave to General Smith an opportunity to seize Petersburg, advantage of which, however, was not taken, whether through a misinterpretation of General Grant's orders, or because the city was believed to be untenable, is a matter of considerable debate.

Chaffin's Farm and Fort Gilmer.

Paine's Division of the 18th Corps and Birney's Colored Division of the 10th Corps were conspicuously engaged at Chaffin's Farm, in the assault on Fort Gilmer and the intrenchments at New Market Heights. At Fort Gilmer they scaled the parapet by climbing upon each other's backs. A distinguished rebel general wrote at the time: "Fort Gilmer proved the other day that they would fight."

The Crater.

At the battle of the Crater, at Petersburg, July 30th, 1864, the colored troops were ordered in after the assault was a bloody failure. They failed to retrieve the disaster, but were in no way responsible for it. Their casualties in Ferrero's Division were 1327 killed, wounded and

missing. The white soldiers in the Crater were permitted to surrender; many of the blacks were given no quarter.

Nashville.

In the victory at Nashville, December 16th, 1864, the heaviest loss in any regiment occurred in the 13th U. S. Colored Infantry,— 55 killed and 106 wounded: total 221. General George H. Thomas, the hero of that battle, a Virginian and at one time a slaveholder, when riding over the field, saw the dead colored troops commingled with the bodies of the white soldiers, and said, "This proves the manhood of the negro."[1]

Fox enumerates 52 battles and actions in which colored troops were prominently engaged, and from the same authority it appears that before the war closed there were 145 regiments of infantry, 7 of cavalry, 12 of heavy artillery, 1 of light artillery, and 1 of engineers: total 166. Of these, about 60 were brought into action on the battlefield, the others having been assigned to post or garrison duty. Fox makes the following judicial remark: "Of the regiments brought into action, only a few were engaged in more than one battle; the war was half over, and so the total of killed does not appear as great as it otherwise would have done. The total number killed or mortally wounded was 143 officers and 2751 men."[2] The actual fighting done by the colored troops was not, under the conditions stated, inconsiderable. The indirect benefit to our armies was incalculable. When General Grant gathered together his forces to make the supreme effort that

[1] Van Horn's Life of Thomas, 347.

[2] Fox's Regimental Losses, 56.

culminated in the capitulation of General Lee, he added to his Army of the Potomac the white veterans that held the forts, the cities and the islands of the Atlantic Coast, as well as some of the more interior parts of the mainland. The vacated points must be held against the enemy by some one. They were so held by the colored troops. I am not able to state accurately the number of reinforcements thus contributed to the Army of the Potomac. Certainly the entire 10th Army Corps was relieved and sent to Virginia. It is probably safe to say that 40,000 men is not an over-estimate. When we remember that General Grant lost 60,000 men in 60 days, a number equal to General Lee's effective army at that time, it well becomes a question worthy the serious attention of the historian what might have been the fate of Grant's Army in the Wilderness had there been 40,000 fewer veterans than there were.

It remains to be recited that in the last desperate days of the expiring Rebellion the Confederate Congress passed a bill which provided that not more than twenty-five per cent of the male slaves between the ages of eighteen and forty-five should be called out. It is worthy of note that General Lee gave his unqualified advocacy of the proposed measure. Unfortunately the passage of the act had been so long delayed that the Confederacy collapsed before results were obtained. I wish it had been otherwise. I have no hesitation in saying that the slave regiments would have deserted *en masse* to the Yankees, and that the supposition that they would have fought for the Confederacy is hugely and grotesquely preposterous.

In conclusion, let us never forget the debt we owe to the colored soldiers. Let us always be willing to give

them whatever credit is their due. We called upon them in the day of our trial, when volunteering had ceased, when the draft was a partial failure and the bounty system a senseless extravagance. They were ineligible for promotion, they were not to be treated as prisoners of war. Nothing was definite except that they could be shot and hanged as soldiers. Fortunate indeed is it for us, as well as for them, that they were equal to the crisis; that the grand historic moment which comes to a race only once in many centuries came to them, and that they recognized it. They saw that the day of their redemption had arrived. They escaped through the rebel lines of the South; they came from all over the North; and, when the war closed, the names of one hundred and eighty-six thousand men of African descent were on the rolls.

AN ADDRESS

BY

N. P. HALLOWELL, '61.

DELIVERED ON MEMORIAL DAY,

MAY 30, 1896,

AT A MEETING CALLED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

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THE

MEANING OF MEMORIAL DAY.

An Address

DELIVERED ON MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 30, 1896, AT A MEETING CALLED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

As we stand before the tablets in yonder hall and read the familiar names of our old classmates and comrades in arms, there is somewhat of satisfaction in the thought that there never was an internecine struggle in which principle played so great, passion so small a part as in the war of 1861–65. In making this broad and general remark it is not necessary to forget the crimes committed in Kansas and in Missouri by the guerilla chief Quantrell, the massacre of unarmed recruits at Fort Pillow by General Forrest, the intended indignity put upon the body of Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner, and the pitiless cruelty of the Andersonville pen; but, in spite of these somewhat serious exceptions, it remains true that one of the characteristics of the war was the absence of personal antagonism. Every veteran within sound of my voice will readily recall familiar examples coming within his observation and experience illustrative of my meaning, — how the opposing pickets would begin by chaffing each other, and would end by a pleasant interchange of courtesies: the rebel would crave a little quinine or other medical store of which he was

always in sore need; the Yankee would aeecpt a bit of tobacco, of which the supply at times was seant.

Those whose good fortune it was to be in Scdgwiek's division on the day of Fair Oaks will remember the passage of the Chiekahominy on Sumner's floating bridge, — a structure held in position against the rising torrent only by the weight of the marehing column; and they will remember, when the further side was reached, how the vietorious rebel battalions, on the point of sweeping Casey's division into the river, butted against this unknown and unexpeeted reinforcement, and met with a bloody repulse. When darkness closed upon the field of battle, the ground was thickly strewn with rebel dead and rebel wounded in every stage of suffering. To add to the discomforts of the situation, a drizzling rain set in. As the men of Sedgwick's division were about to dispose of themselves for the night, and to get what proteetion from the elements they could with the rubber blankets they had slung round their shoulders that morning when they broke eamp, a eolonel of a eertain Massachusetts regiment walked down the ranks, and made a call for rubber blankets with whieh the rebel wounded might be covered. Not a rubber was held back; so far as one eould tell, every blanket was handed in, and the exhausted men of that regiment, who had marehed and fought from midday until sundown, stood up in the rain through that dreary night without a murmur.

When General Grant, at Appomattox, with a nicety of feeling and simplicity of statement whieh were the eertain marks of that great eaptain, said to the surrendered foe, "Retain your side-arms; keep your horses, — they will be needed for the spring ploughing," he not only stamped his

own character with the noble attribute of magnanimity, but at the same time gave fitting expression to that spirit of humanity which always pervaded the old Army of the Potomac.

Generals Grant and Sherman, and Sheridan, too, never failed to draw a sharp line of distinction between a traitor and a fighting rebel. The one is a thing greatly to be despised; the other, a person much to be respected. Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, Floyd of Virginia, and Thompson, the Secretary of the Interior, — one a United States senator, three members of President Buchanan's cabinet, — while still under oath of office, conspired to overthrow the government they had sworn to maintain. They scattered our navy over remote waters of the globe; they stationed our little army in the far distant posts of Texas; they crammed our munitions of war into the arsenals of the South; — Secretary Floyd even put the hand of a thief upon the trust. funds of the United States. Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, James Longstreet, and other men of their kind, handed back their commissions to the government first, and cast their lots with their respective States second. Whatever was good in the lives of such men is the common inheritance of their children and of ours.

With some little pride, which I know you will excuse, I shall read a letter written by the schoolmaster of Robert E. Lee, my kinsman, Benjamin Hallowell, a venerable Quaker, late of Alexandria, Va. Mr. Hallowell writes: "Robert E. Lee entered my school in Alexandria, Va., in the winter of 1825–26, to study mathematics preparatory to his going to West Point. He was a most exemplary student in every respect. He was never behind-times at

his studies; never failed in a single recitation; was perfectly observant of the rules and regulations of the institution; was gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful in all his deportment to teachers and his fellow-students. His specialty was finishing up. He imparted a finish and a neatness, as he proceeded, to everything he undertook. One of the branches of mathematics he studied with me was conic sections, in which some of the diagrams were very complicated. He drew the diagrams on a slate; and although he well knew the one he was drawing would have to be removed to make room for another, he drew each one with as much accuracy and finish, lettering and all, as if it were to be engraved and printed.

"The same traits he exhibited at my school he carried with him to West Point, where, I have been told, he never received a mark of demerit, and graduated at the head of his class."

Lee's record as a soldier is almost as perfect as his record as a schoolboy. In the long list of battles which he planned and fought there is only one not worthy of his genius. "When the Army of the Potomac had forced its way through siege and battle to within sight of the spires of Richmond, it was rolled back upon the James in a seven-days' conflict." Hard pressed, our divisions gathered themselves together upon the plateau of Malvern Hill, and, encircling their lines with artillery, stood at bay. Lee came on, flushed with success, hot with pursuit, and hurled his brigades, first, one upon our lines there, then another here, all without concert of action. Five thousand rebel dead and wounded were the penalty of his rashness. It was McClellan's best, Lee's worst, fought battle of the war. Lee never repeated his mistake; nor did McClellan.

There are few pages in history more pathetic than the beginning and the ending of Robert Lee as a rebel. He was the favorite of General Scott. At the instance of President Lincoln, the command of the armies of the North was offered to him. But neither the confidence of Lincoln, nor the affection of Scott, nor the instincts of his better nature could prevail. Out of an agony of conflict with himself he came to the fatal conclusion to draw his sword against his country. When defeated and crushed, he rode from Appomattox to his home; and from his home he was soon borne to his grave. There was no great bodily ailment. The man had simply died of a broken heart.

You may think that I have lapsed into an eulogy of rebels. And indeed it is pleasant to dwell upon the virtues of our old friends, the enemy. And yet there should be neither mental nor moral confusion as to the real meaning of this Memorial Day and this Memorial Hall. I unite with the late William J. Potter, of the Class of 1854, who warns us not to be caught by the sentimental sophistry that since there were heroism and fidelity to conviction on both sides, we may commemorate those virtues of both armies as American, and thereby try to forget there were ever two armies or two causes. Fidelity to conviction is praiseworthy; but the conviction is sometimes very far from praiseworthy. Slavery and polygamy were convictions. Such monuments as Memorial Hall commemorate the valor and heroism that maintained certain principles, — justice, order, and liberty. To ignore the irreconcilable distinction between the cause of the North and that of the South is to degrade the war to the

level of a mere fratricidal strife for the display of military prowess and strength. War, horrid war, waged for its own sake is ignoble, brutal; but when waged in defence of convictions which deserve to prevail, then indeed may war be glorified and sanctified by the sufferings and lives of its victims. So long, then, as there is a distinction between the principles of liberty and those of slavery, may monuments to Confederate dead be erected on Southern, not on Northern soil, and may this Memorial Hall stand for those Harvard men who fought for liberty, and not for those who fought for slavery.

The courage necessary to face death in battle is not of the highest order; that of the non-resistant is of a better kind. Some forty Friends, called Quakers, of North Carolina, were forced into the rebel service. Their religious convictions would not let them fight. They refused to drill or carry a musket. They were prodded with bayonets, strung up by the thumbs, knocked down with the butt-ends of muskets, lashed on the bare back, starved in jails until, in some instances, death ended their sufferings. You and I, my veteran friends, were courageous, I dare say; but to sustain us we had the vicissitudes of camp life, of the march, and of battle. The women who stayed at home to work, to endure, and to suffer in silence, — they, too, were courageous.

One of the best examples of courage, combined with dignity, self-respect, and self-control, was the conduct of our colored troops in the matter of pay. They were promised the same pay and in general the same treatment as white soldiers. No one expected the same treatment in the sense of courtesy, but every one believed a great nation would keep faith with its soldiers in the beggarly matter

of pay. They were promised $13 per month. They were insulted by an offer of ~~$10~~. Massachusetts resented the insult, and endeavored to remedy the wrong by offering to make good the difference between the $13 promised and the ~~$10~~ offered. The State agents with money in hand visited the camps on Folly and Morris Islands, and pleaded with the men by every argument, by every persuasion they could command, to accept State money. In vain. They were soldiers of the Union, not of a State. They would be paid by the United States in full or they would not be paid at all. The nation might break its faith, but they would keep theirs. Every mail brought letters from wives and children asking for money. In some instances homes were broken up and the almshouse received their families. At times our regiments were driven to the verge of mutiny. In point of fact, the Fifty-fifth did stack arms one morning, not in an angry, tumultuous way, but in a sullen, desperate mood that expressed a wish to be marched out to be shot down rather than longer hear the cries from home and longer endure the galling sense of humiliation and wrong. But better counsels prevailed, and a grand catastrophe was averted by the patriotism and innate good sense of the men, added to the sympathy and firmness of the officers. One poor fellow, a sergeant in the Third South Carolina, induced his company to stack arms on the ground that he was "released from duty by the refusal of the Government to fulfil its share of the contract." He was logical, but it was in time of war. The only thing to be done, was done. He was court-martialled and shot. In the scathing words of Governor Andrew, "The Government which found no law to pay him except as a nondescript and a contraband, neverthe-

less found law enough to shoot him as a soldier." Seven times were our regiments mustered for pay. Seven times they refused and pointed to their honorable scars to plead their manhood and their rights. The men of the Fifty-fifth for sixteen, of the Fifty-Fourth for eighteen months, toiled on and fought on without one cent of pay. At last they won — won through long suffering and patient endurance, won through a higher and rarer courage than the courage of battle — a victory that is not inscribed on their flags by the side of Wagner, James Island, Olustee, and Honey Hill, but which, none the less, fills one of the best and brightest pages in the history of their race.

Among the names inscribed upon the shaft on Soldiers' Field is that of Robert Gould Shaw. How he and Russell and Simpkins and other brave men went down in death on the bloody slopes of Wagner, is known to all. Colonel Shaw was then twenty-five years of age. How young it seems now! His clean-cut face, quick, decided step, and singular charm of manner, full of grace and virtue, bespoke the hero. The immortal charge of his black regiment reads like a page of the Iliad or a story from Plutarch. I have always thought that in the great war with the slave power, the figure that stands out in boldest relief is that of Colonel Shaw. There were many others as brave and devoted as he, — the humblest private who sleeps in yonder cemetery, or fills an unknown grave in the South, is as much entitled to our gratitude, — but to no others was given an equal opportunity. By the earnestness of his convictions, the unselfishness of his character, his championship of an enslaved race, and the manner of his death, all the conditions are given to make Shaw the best historical exponent of the underlying cause, the real meaning of

the war. He was the fair type of all that was brave, generous, beautiful, and of all that was best worth fighting for in the war of the slaveholders' rebellion.

It is an awe-inspiring sight, — the charge of men upon a fort to be stormed or a battery to be taken. The popular conception of a charge is a rush. There is indeed a final rush, should there be any survivors to make it. But to my mind the grandeur of a charge is in the quiet advance which precedes the final struggle. One does not run through life; no more did Pickett double quick his mile or more over the open fields of Gettysburg. His lines came on slowly, majestically. They were ploughed with solid shot; blown into shreds by bursting shells; decimated by canister in front, by musketry on flank. At every step those torn ranks would shrivel and shrink. The survivors closed in on their colors and calmly walked to their fate. For one brief moment they struck the Union centre, and then — they were no more.

Comrades, who are the remnant of a once mighty host, we must thus march shoulder to shoulder. There is work ahead for each one of us! Our ranks are thinning. A comrade drops out to-day, another to-morrow. Peace to them! But, steady, men! Close in on the colors! With old-time courage oppose a bold front to the foe, until the last survivor shall hand over the standard to these younger men, and rejoin his comrades in that land where there are "neither wars nor rumors of wars."