

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

EDWARD W. EMERSON



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By Edward Waldo Emerson

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LIFE AND LETTERS OF
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL





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OF
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

CAPTAIN SIXTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY
COLONEL SECOND MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY
BRIGADIER-GENERAL UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

BY
EDWARD W. EMERSON



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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PREFACE

JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL ended her noble life here not two years ago. It was her wish that I should print this sketch, written many years since, of her husband, General Charles Russell Lowell. She allowed me and other friends to overrule her opinion that his letters would not be of interest to the present generation, and gave me leave to publish the extracts from them here given. This is done in the firm belief that in them shine out the qualities that will always move men and women, whether young or old. Charles Lowell, as son, friend, husband, patriot, showed in his letters the double life of action and thought — a higher and fairer background at times appears.

The gifts and powers which made him a brilliantly effective soldier would never have been turned into war's negative and destructive channels, had not the life and ideals of his Country been in peril. He fought because the war was of a character which left no choice to a man of his condition. The readers of these let-

ters will see how far removed from the spirit of mere adventure or glory-seeking of aggressive and political wars was that of the young men who sought to save the Republic, and the free institutions it stood for, from wreck. The elder Lowell thus told of the call as it came in those days to the best young men in the North : —

“ Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
 And cries reproachful, ‘ Was it then my praise
 And not myself was loved ? Prove now thy truth,
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase ;
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate.’ ”

From the camp and the battlefield Charles Lowell was looking into the quiet beyond the smoke, where he hoped, as a citizen, to work at the harder tasks of helping to solve the problems that we face to-day. His especial wish was to raise the standard of life and thought of the workingmen of America.

His personal friend, Major Henry Lee Higginson, seldom speaks to Harvard students without trying to pass on to them something of the inspiration Lowell was to him. Approving the publication of these letters, of which many were written to him, he says, —

CONTENTS

Life	1
Letters	
I. Scholar and Workman	73
II. Sickness and Two Years' Wandering	97
III. Railroad and Iron-Works	167
IV. The School of the Soldier	199
V. Guarding the Border. Marriage	227
VI. The Greater Service	319
Notes on the Life	367
Notes to the Letters	379
Index	485



ILLUSTRATIONS

- Colonel Charles Russell Lowell *Frontispiece* ✓
From a photograph taken in 1863
- Charles Russell Lowell, at the age of nineteen 74 ✓
From his Class picture in 1854
- A Morning Reconnoissance in the Shenandoah
Valley 200 ✓
From a painting
- Colonel Charles Russell Lowell and Miss Jose-
phine Shaw 228 ✓
From a photograph taken in 1863
- Colonel Charles Russell Lowell 320 ✓
From a photograph taken in 1863
- Map showing Battlefields referred to in Colonel
Lowell's Letters 368 ✓

WE sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!

.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:

.
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not. — Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;

And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;

.
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

Commemoration Ode, LOWELL.

Know thou, mighty of men, that the Norns shall order all,
And yet without thine helping shall no whit of their will befall;
Be wise! 't is a marvel of words, and a mock for the fool and
the blind;

But I saw it writ in the heavens, and its fashioning there did
I find:

And the night of the Norns and their slumber, and the tide
when the world runs back,

And the way of the Sun is tangled, it is wrought of the
dastard's lack.

But the day when the fair earth blossoms and the sun is bright
above,

Of the daring deeds is it fashioned and the eager hearts of love.

Sigurd the Volsung.

LIFE

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE Grecian myth of unknown antiquity told of the hero Meleager—I give the version of an English poet—how at his birth

“ Came in

Three weaving women and span each a thread,
Saying ‘ This for Strength,’ and ‘ That for luck,’ and one
Saying ‘ Till the brand upon the hearth burn down
So long shall this man see good days and live.’ ”

The queen, his mother, leaped from the bed, beat and blew out the fire, and hid the brand away, fearing for her babe, little thinking who should light it later :—

“ But those grey women with bound hair,
Who fright the Gods, frightened not him — he laughed.”

The like was strangely true of the man of brief but crowded life — once reprieved too from death — of whom this volume tells. Healthy and virile, he believed that a man held the essence of his fate in his own hand, and, tingling with purpose and power, of Fate he felt no fear. But that other deity, Fortune, of whom

Dante tells, among the lovely primal creatures gliding happy on her wheel or ball, unconscious of what its turn means to men of bliss or misery, — of her, because of her lavish gifts to him, — unearned, he thought, — he confessed his fear; and surely the conditions of his birth, the place, the heredity, the coming of age in time to do a man's work in that great struggle for Freedom and country, seem a free grace of Fortune.

Charles Russell Lowell, scholar, mechanic, railroad treasurer, iron-master, cavalry commander, was born in Boston, January 2, 1835, the son of Charles Russell Lowell and Anna (Jackson) Lowell.

Of the strands coming out of the Past to each human being, those that met and twined in his thread of life were strong and fine, among them one of rich dye.¹

Traditions of hardihood, of high thought, of self-help were there, and especially the influence of a noble mother, and these were more than the education of the schools and the college, where, among the youngest, he led his classes by quality of mind and the *power of concentration on the work of the moment*. But he was no pale student: ruddy and eager this same force

carried his small and sturdy body to victory in the games of his age.¹

His uncle, the poet, writing in 1871 of the keen joys of northern winter and the power of the snow to make boys of men, says: "Already as I write it is twenty odd years ago; the balls fly thick and fast. The uncle defends the waist-high ramparts against a storm of nephews, his breast plastered with decorations, like another Radetsky's. How well I recall the indomitable good humour under fire of him who fell in the front at Ball's Bluff, the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks, the ardor in the charge of the gallant gentleman who, with the death-wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek."²

The circumstances of his family and the surroundings were such that he had the fortune to take from Poverty and from Riches their best gifts.

He was prepared for Harvard College at both the Latin and the English High Schools in Boston. The following picture of the boy in college has been given me in a letter by Mr. Horace H. Furness of Philadelphia, from which I venture to quote:—

"Charlie Lowell was the youngest member

of our Class, I think, and during the First Term, Freshman, wore a roundabout jacket. . . . Of all the rest of us he won his way into my best graces by his vivacity, his thoroughly boyish open-heartedness, his eagerness for fun and frolic, and his indifference to the high rank which at once he attained by easy strides and maintained.

“What a bright image arises in my memory of his boyish beauty, his rosy-tinted complexion, his wavy hair, his bright eyes that could flash with merriment or glow with intense conviction!

“In all my intercourse with him I was continually struck with his quick perception of the refined boundaries of what was morally right or wrong,—it seemed to be instinctive. I recall an instance—very insignificant and hardly rising to a moral height, but inefaceable in my memory—that once befell when we were initiating a member of the Hasty Pudding Club. The ceremonies took place in the upper room of ‘Massachusetts,’ and some Freshmen, rooming on the second floor, conceived the idea that we were Sophomores ‘hazing’ some one of their class, whom it behooved them to rescue, or assist by keeping their room-door open,—a fatal hindrance to our secrecy.

Thereupon four or five of us rushed into the Freshmen's room, closed the door, and planted our backs against it. Some of us were inclined, or began, to treat the poor Freshmen roughly. 'Good heavens, fellows,' cried Lowell, 'don't do that! Don't you know we're invading their room?' Thus it always was. He instantly recognized the fact that in a private room passive obstruction on our part was alone justifiable. . . .

"I doubt that any first scholar ever held that position with more unwavering acquiescence on the part of his classmates in his right to it than Lowell."

In college his reading was wide, and the best; but more, he laid out the plan of his life on large lines, namely, to bring his powers and training to the service of his generation in a working life with those who had had less opportunities.

At Commencement, the fresh and boyish-looking senior, of nineteen years, valedictorian by right of scholarship, came forward in his academic gown on the college rostrum, and steadily looking the grave dignitaries of the University and the Commonwealth in the face, spoke to them on "The Reverence due from

Old Men to Young." It was no piece of bravado. How much the boy felt what he said in defense of youthful ideals may be known from this: that within a year, when, as a result of weak-kneed desire to preserve at any price peaceful commercial relations with the imperious Cotton States, a poor black man who had almost reached the sure freedom in Canada which the North Star held from afar to the sad eyes of the slave, was held for trial in Boston, her gray heads weakly and sadly assenting, the young Lowell with another spirited boy vainly tried to get speech with the United States judge who was to give the doom, to plead with him against the shame. And when the man, guarded by soldiers, reinforced by Boston merchants, against rescue, was led down State Street to the vessel which carried him back to bondage, these boys looked on with burning cheeks, and one said, "Charley, it will come to us to set this right." He spoke truly.

The boy might well think that the men of the ruling generation had much to learn. So feeling, he presented his case bravely and earnestly. The best passages of this remarkable speech are here produced for their merit, and to

show that, with his hand on the latch of the gate leading right to the work-a-day world of New England, then absorbed in material prosperity, he had looked before he leaped into the stream and considered the danger.

“No nation, of course, can view its young men with indifference: the nurse of Crishnâ, when she looked, in the infant’s mouth beheld whole kingdoms; so each nation sees in its young men the means of fulfilling its wishes. Once, when these wishes were gratified less by the head and more by the hands, when Courage and Strength were virtues . . . some of the favorite gods possessing in fact no others, youth could not but receive some little share of reverence. Youth too charmed by its beauty, and men imagined rightly that those were most like the gods who longest kept their young-manhood. But *now*, when the work of the world is done more by brains than by muscles, since it is hard to prove that the brains of young men are better, since too the beautiful is now crowded out by the useful, men seem to make God’s earth a Mahomet’s heaven where sons may be born and grow up in an hour. They seem to forget that in Nature ‘the shortest way to an end is one which lies through all the means.’

“Young men have always been sought . . . and never more than at present—but for what are they sought? Because they are a power on the earth, because they bring zeal and vigor which the world is eager to use. But that they feel keenly the pleasure of labor is no proof that labor is their highest function—is no proof that their elders are right in wishing to turn the fresh current of youth into canals to move mill-wheels. We hear nowadays much wholesome truth about the dignity of labor.

“. . . But when a young man is burning to do the world great service it is falsehood to tell him that faithful labor is the best gift the world expects of him. If young men bring nothing but their strength and their spirit, the world may well spare them. But they do bring it something better: they bring it their fresher and purer ideals.

“While mankind is constantly rising to higher ideals, there is always danger that the individual may sink to lower ones. Labor has been blessed as the Lethe of the past and the present; it may well be cursed as the Lethe of the highest future. Apart from the fact that in changing wishes to wills and wills to deeds much is always lost that is never missed, . . . gratified vanity

may become a syren to lure man to destruction. The ideal power may stoop to form pictures of worldly success. Or he may flatter himself that he is still true to his ideal, when to every one else it is clear that his nature is subdued to that it works in, like the dyer's hand.

“Therefore the old men, the men of the last generation, *cannot* teach us of the present what should be, for we know as well as they, or better; they should not tell us what *can* be, for the world always advances by impossibilities achieved, and if life has taught them what *cannot* be, such knowledge in the world's march is only *impedimenta*. In short, though men are often too old to learn, they are often too young to be taught. . . .

“‘Nature, in making young men the builders of castles in the air, meant them also to be the architects and master-builders in the great edifice which the world is slowly rearing: Out of the thousand fragile *châteaux* in Spain rises this one Gibraltar.’

“If beauty, then, which has been called the promise of function, causes youth to be *loved*, the function which already brings the world its life and its growth should cause it to be *reverenced*. A nation that feels this reverence has

its Golden Age before it. It cannot be wholly undone by unprincipled governments or evil institutions. Where this is not felt, though the course may seem rapid and prosperous, a swift undercurrent is sweeping it surely to destruction. . . . Never before in any country was action so much valued. . . .

“Far be it from me to say aught against action: as Bacon has finely said, ‘In the theatre of the world God and his angels only have a right to be spectators.’ Still, mere action is no proof of progress; in over-valuing its amount, we necessarily under-value its direction: we make it our boast *how much* we do, and thus grow blind to what we do; so that we foolishly wish to convert into tools those whom we should rejoice to follow as guides. Action, then, is the Minotaur which claims and devours our youths: Athens bewailed the seven who yearly left her shore; with us scarce seven remain, and we urge the victims to their fate.

“Apollonius of Tyana tells us in his Travels that he saw ‘a youth, one of the blackest of the Indians, who had between his eyebrows a shining moon. Another youth named Memnon, the pupil of Herodes the Sophist, had this

moon when he was young; but as he approached to man's estate, its light grew fainter and fainter and finally vanished.' The world should see with reverence on each youth's brow, as a shining moon, his fresh ideal. It should remember that he is already in the hands of a sophist more dangerous than Herodes, for that sophist is himself. It should watch lest, from too early or exclusive action, the moon on his brow, growing fainter and fainter, should finally vanish, and sadder than all, should leave in vanishing no sense of loss."

From the gowned eminence of an academic rostrum at Commencement he stepped next day into the place of boy in a commercial counting-room in Boston, to gain some knowledge of bookkeeping and business methods, where, in the six months of his stay, according to the head of the house, his quick intelligence "penetrated the mysteries rapidly." The next spring found him a common workman in the Ames Company's mill at Chicopee, cleaning old chains or filing iron, but studying all that went on around him — the processes and details of iron working — with keen interest; also the *kick of the gun*, the reaction of the business on the human being, workman, boss, or member of

managing corporation, was no less a matter of thought for him.

He met the workmen simply and bravely and made himself acquainted, as far as he could, with this, to him, new type. He interested himself in them, neither sentimentally nor yet patronizingly, but had respect for them.¹ Of course in his life of thought when evenings and Sundays came he was much alone.

He wrote to his mother : —

“My life here is just exactly what we all expected ; neither better nor worse, and I go on my way rejoicing.”

“Chicopee, it is true, is not a distant Grecian sky, but Sons of Agamemnon may be nursed here.”

“A silent man can ask himself enough questions in two hours to keep him thinking for a month and to make him wiser for a lifetime.”

In the autumn he was offered a promising and responsible position in the Rolling Mills at Trenton (N. J.) and straightway went there and plunged into iron manufacture with a zeal and intelligence which at once won high praise from his employers ; but a sudden failure of his forces, explained soon by serious hemorrhage from the lungs, forced on him the know-

ledge that, if he would live, he must, for a time, leave his chosen path. A two years' banishment in the South of this country and of Europe, involving delay and disappointment, and worse, the incurring obligations to others, was his sentence.

In bodily health mental health is a prime factor; and of this last the measure has been said to be "the disposition to find good in all things." Hence Lowell was destined to recover. He writes to his anxious mother, "As to fear about myself, why, as Emerson somewhere says, 'I sail with God the seas!' My only fear now is that which led the tyrant of Samos to throw his ring into the sea. I am frightened and oppressed by the terrible good fortune which always has attended me, by the kindness which I have done nothing to earn and which I can never repay. For Heaven's sake don't feel anxious about my enjoying myself. I am in the agony of enjoyment all the time now."

Having gone abroad to regain his strength, he turned the force and originality of his mind to that object; neither drifted nor went by conventional ways. Up to this time as unused to riding as most New Englanders of his day, he

forthwith bought horses and hardened himself to the saddle on mountain roads in Spain, Italy, Germany and Algiers, making a study of the horse and his needs and possibilities, thus learning to get the most out of him in companionship and in cheerful work ; remembering also what was due from the man to his dumb friend. Frank, fearless, catholic in temperament, he made friends with English, French, or Italians, and gained knowledge of language and men.

Although then with no dream of a military career, it appears as if, even against his theories, the Austrian and French soldiers and their manoeuvres had a fascination for him, and for exercise he learned something of the use of the sword.

The strife for freedom then beginning in Kansas began to draw him, and, with the college friend who had blushed with him at the surrender of Anthony Burns, he considered the plan of going thither on his return, but only for a time, for he had no thought then of a war to come. Removal to a Virginia farm was sometimes discussed in his letters home, but only because of his weak lungs and those of some members of his family. Yet, read in the light of what came after, some passages in his letters

about a life in Virginia for the next few years, and a horse's back being his destined vehicle, sound strangely prophetic. Determined to be of use when he did come home, he bravely stayed away, in spite of limited means, drawing stoutly on his future.

“It seems almost a tempting of Providence for me to receive so much who have never given anything, but I live in the future, and if ever a fellow had awful motives to work, *I* shall when I return — to work for others, I mean.”

So he had courage to stay and play the game out, and thus returned sound, and at once was offered by an older business man who had divined his power, and been captivated by his traits, the place of local treasurer on a rising Western railroad.¹ He at once accepted, put his whole power into this new work, which soon began to show the effects. The present strong and successful head of a great Western road was initiated into work and inspired by Lowell.

“We made long days in the office in Lowell's day,” he told me, when I came on to the road; “often and often went down after supper and worked until eleven o'clock. He made the road a labor of love.”

His home and friends were in the East, the

climate was trying, and to a scholar and man of culture the river town in its early days had but barren companionship to offer, and a great temptation was suddenly set before him, a flattering offer of a position of trust insuring a speedy fortune in the East Indies. This brilliant offer was, after a day's consideration, simply put aside. Lowell knew that his mother, to whom he was most loyal, would hate to have him go, and he knew also that strong manhood was worth more than easy wealth. His first duty, he said, was to earn an independence for himself and his family; this he would hope to do in ten or fifteen years in the West. "This satisfied, my one ambition is to recover and keep up my power of work; to be able to *toil terribly*, as Mr. Emerson says of Sir Walter Raleigh; for this I am training. . . . I am sure I shall be happier with head and hand in good working order than with unlimited means of enjoyment in any other sort."

When, on his first return from Europe, it was a question into what manner of life he should go, and a relative sent word that he must not be allowed to let himself go too cheap, Lowell remarked: "*Nothing* can repay a man for what he has done well, — except the doing of it."

But soon came a call that drew him; iron-

works in the mountains of Maryland, with every apparent natural advantage, steadily unprosperous, and needing a good manager. Iron was his first love, and he obeyed her call. When he left the railroad, after three years of service there, Mr. John M. Forbes, who was always one of the pillars of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy system, and later its president, said that he was fit to be at the head of any railroad in the West that needed a manager. "He left his mark indelibly wherever he went," says a railroad man, now famous, who worked with him; "the affection with which he is remembered by the many, especially working-men, with whom he was brought in contact in his business, is remarkable."

Lowell, in good sooth magnetic, heard the cry of iron and went towards it, but hardly had he reached the Border State whence it seemed to come, when the stronger cry of a Country in danger, already smitten with iron balls from rebellious Carolina, came to him in the Maryland mountains. He heard that the soldiers of Massachusetts had been fired on in Baltimore, instantly resigned his place and went to Washington, arriving on foot after communication with the North had been cut off. Sure that the

struggle was to be long, and, for the Country, a struggle for life, he saw in the army a commanding call and also a career. In his letter to Senator Sumner, asking for his aid in getting a commission in the regular artillery, he thus states his qualifications:—

“I speak and write English, French, and Italian, and read German and Spanish; knew once enough of mathematics to put me at the head of my class in Harvard, though now I may need a little rubbing up; am a tolerable proficient with the small sword and single-stick; and can ride a horse as far and bring him in as fresh as any other man. I am twenty-six years of age, and believe that I possess more or less of that moral courage about taking responsibility which seems at present to be found only in Southern officers.”

While waiting the result of his application he served as he might, doing some scouting in Virginia; and as agent for the State of Massachusetts, from which, he wrote, “I shall hereafter always hail,” he, in those days of dire confusion, used his organizing and executive powers in attending to the needs of her promptly arriving regiments. His common sense here showed him how much better it was, and kinder

to the soldier, to teach him to make himself comfortable with what he had than to load his knapsack with unessential comforts sent by fond patriots at home.

Secretary Cameron, when he saw him and heard what he had done, gave him a captaincy in the Third U. S. Cavalry, afterwards numbered Sixth — a rare honor to a civilian. His colonel was William H. Emory, an officer of honorable record later, as commander of the Nineteenth Army Corps. Captain Lowell at once was sent to Pennsylvania and Ohio to recruit for the regiment, but when it was assembled his energy and ability showed so conspicuously that he was put in charge of a squadron (two companies). His regiment did active fighting in General McClellan's Peninsular Campaign.

How well a young college-bred civilian, utterly unused to war, bore, by quick eye and mind and ready hand, but more than all by trained character, the responsibilities of the regular army in his very first ordeals, the following passages from letters written by a Western boy, who was Lowell's orderly, may tell. It must be remembered that they were written perhaps four years after the events, around which

an atmosphere had gathered, and if the boy saw a halo around his hero's head in those his first battles, there is small wonder. A private, too, knows nothing of general plan or orders. But in the main the story, which runs as naïvely as a fairy tale, is true:—

“Our Regiment was advance-guard from Yorktown to Williamsburg;” at Fort Magruder, “Gen. Stoneman ordered us to draw in line and charge” . . . but “the Rebs’ cavalry charged us first. We fell back, and as we were crossing a swamp the Rebs overtook us. Capt. Lowell had charge of Companies K and E. The Rebs charged Company E first, and the Captain joined that Company with our Company K, and fought them with the sabre for about 10 minutes — then we retreated out of the swamp. Our Captain ordered six men to go out as skirmishers from the right of the first platoon. I was one of the six that was sent out, and Sergeant R. was ordered to take charge of us. The Sergt. had been drinking too freely, and he said that *every one of us that did n’t charge and kill 20 Rebs, he would put in the guard-house.* Our Capt. told R. he could go to the rear and consider himself under arrest; then he said he would lead us himself. When we got to the

swamp, he ordered two of us to dismount and take saddles off the dead horses, while he and the other men skirmished. He laughed at us for dodging when we heard the shells whistle past: he said there was no use to dodge after we heard it whistle.' The day following we were drawn up behind the infantry, but did not get into an engagement.

"After the battle [of Williamsburg] we were advance-guard. . . . Major Williams ordered our Capt. to go through a path that led through a pine forest, with his two companies, and see what he could see. When we had got pretty near through, the rear-guard came in and said that there was one hundred dismounted Rebs in our rear. Our Capt. said: 'We are not going backwards, we are going forwards, — they will not trouble us.' We went a piece farther, when our advance-guard came in and said that there was a thousand in advance of us. Our Capt. said: 'We shall not turn back: I would rather fight one thousand fair than one hundred in ambush — we will go and see the thousand.'

"When we came out of the woods, the Rebs were formed in line. One squadron of the Rebs fired on us and one squadron charged us with the sabre. Before they got down where we were

our Capt. charged us on another squadron of theirs and charged five times until we made the big road. Our Capt. was the first man through the rebel lines every time we charged through them that day. While we were fighting our Capt. rode after a retreating Reb with a shotgun on his shoulder: our Capt. rode to his side and ordered him to surrender, — the Reb threw the gun across his arm and fired it at our Capt.; the shot lodged in his overcoat that he had on the saddle behind him. Our Capt. ordered Lt. W. to form the men in line in the road: he staid to see the men all off the field. Lt. X. was thrown from his horse in the first charge and when our Capt. was leaving the field to join his squadron he found him hid behind a stump, — he cried out ‘ Captain! Captain! say Captain, have you seen my horse?’ Our Capt. said, ‘ I am not hunting your horse — you had better come and get on behind me, for you cannot stay there long.’ When they got to the squadron, the Rebs were making a charge on us, — then we could see our Regt. coming up behind us. Our Capt. charged the Rebs and we took a great many prisoners.¹

“ If I remember right, our next place was up the Pamunkey River, — there we laid under

cover of gunboats until near night, then we heard a good deal of firing and Gen. Stoneman ordered Capt. Lowell to go and see what it was. He took his squadron and went about three miles and a half when we met a Pennsylvania Colonel who said he had had a fight, and he told our Capt. he had better not go any farther or he would get captured. Our Capt. said we would go and see. We went on three miles farther and there had a skirmish. . . . We did not have much fighting to do till we got to the Chickahominy. Near there, when we were supporting a battery, the Rebel cavalry charged us. Our Capt. had one Company dismounted behind a stone wall, and they fired into the Rebs, and they fell back to a town (I forget the name of it) and there we had a fight with them again, and they crossed the Chickahominy. We could see the steeples and hear the church-bells ring in Richmond. It was Sunday.

“In a few days after, we were sent to tear up a railroad; there was our squadron and two companies of infantry and two pieces of artillery. Lowell was in command. The rebel Infantry was guarding it and we could hear a train coming. We ran out a piece of artillery and fired into the engine and they let down the brakes and

jumped out and ran. Then our infantry went to burn the cars and the rebel infantry drove them back. Then the Captain dismounted and gave me his horse to hold and he led the infantry himself,—he said ‘ Men, I know you are brave, follow me.’ He drove the Rebs back, held them in check and burnt the cars and built a fire and heated the R. R. bars and bent them. Then we retreated back to Hdqrs.”¹

On the 27th of June, just at the beginning of McClellan’s change of base, General Porter, to whose command the cavalry were now attached, believing that they were likely to be cut off, ordered General Stoneman to fall back on White House and re-join the army as best he could; hence Lowell was not in the severe fighting of the “ Seven Days.” The cavalry rode down the Peninsula and re-joined the army at Harrison’s Landing. During those days, Lowell’s younger brother, James Jackson Lowell, a first lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, refined and scholarly, but utterly brave, was shot at the battle of Glendale, June 30, and died in the enemy’s hands, a few days later.

From Charles Lowell’s few letters home during the campaign, his friends learned little of

his own part in it. From Harrison's Landing he wrote in praise of his horse Bob to his friend Mr. Forbes, who gave him, and says:—

“As to adventures, unless Bob draws the long bow on his own account, you will hear nothing worth listening to. Except in the trenches, we have done our share of all there was going — we have escaped wounds and sickness and hope we may continue to escape them, even if one of us thereby loses a month's visit to his friends. Thus far, we have found the campaign a very pleasant one — healthy camps, clear water, a country producing everything in abundance. It is only the infantry, poor fellows, who have suffered from swamps and from scurvy. Just now we are rather dull: Harrison's Landing in July can, at best, not be lively, and the manner in which we came here was certainly not cheering.”

Captain Charles Lowell “for distinguished services at Williamsburg and Slatersville” was recommended for the brevet of Major, and was placed by General McClellan upon his staff. In enumerating his aides the General says: “Before the termination of the campaign Captains W. S. Abert and Charles R. Lowell, of the Sixth Cavalry, joined my staff as aides-de-camp,

and remained with me until I was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac. All of these officers served me with great gallantry and devotion; they were ever ready to execute any service, no matter how dangerous, difficult, or fatiguing."

McClellan's temporary eclipse was followed by Pope's disasters; and when Lee threatened the North, and McClellan, recalled to the army in the dire emergency, followed him to South Mountain, in the battle there the courage of the young staff-officer was conspicuous; but his severest trial yet came on the morning of Antietam, when the troops of Mansfield and Sedgwick, successively attacking on the right, were rolled back with terrible mortality. Into the storm of lead, to which the oak-trunks and rail-fences around the Dunker Church still testify, young Lowell, conspicuous as a mounted staff-officer, rode carrying orders to the divisions engaged. Meeting a portion of Sedgwick's division broken and retreating under the heavy fire, he threw his whole powers to rally it, and by the natural command that was in him, the fire, the concentration and singleness of aim, stayed the tide at an awful moment, re-formed the line, and rode with it into the deadly woods.

His horse was shot twice, his scabbard cut in two, and the overcoat on the saddle spoiled by a piercing bullet, but he came out unhurt. He kept no witnessing trophies of a work which perhaps saved local disaster from becoming general; the broken scabbard he threw away, gave the torn coat to a negro, and writing a short note home, mentions that we "had a severe fight yesterday," tells of friends killed and wounded, and incidentally of his need of a new horse. That is all the friends learned from him about himself. General McClellan, however, chose him for an honour, equivalent to a recommendation for promotion, of carrying to Washington and presenting to the President the thirty-nine captured standards of South Mountain and Antietam.¹

Now came a change: a proposition to raise in Massachusetts a new and choice cavalry battalion, Lowell to take command. As at first presented, it did not please him; the interests of the country and a chance to work to advantage were what he thought of, not his personal advancement.

"The battalion as an independent organization," he writes, "is not recognized by the War Department. If I get permission to take com-

mand of such an organization, it can only be through improper influence and in defiance of general orders.”

He believed himself more useful on the staff of the commanding general than serving with his regiment. “But with my own Regiment, as Captain, I should now almost always have command of a battalion. Were I then to accept [this] offer, I should merely be exchanging active service for at least temporary inaction for the sake of getting rank and pay as Major. I want to keep my military record clearer than that.”

But a feature of this offer, which would have pleased the imagination of many a young officer, offended a man used to weigh his fellows by other standards than those of Beacon Street. “A *regiment of gentlemen?*” he asks — “What do you mean by gentlemen? Drivers of gigs?”

But when the command was put on a recognized and business-like basis, he got leave to go home for the winter to raise the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, a regiment of varied and at first seemingly incompatible material, California furnishing one battalion of strong and brave young riders, the other two being recruited at home with some difficulty at a period of war

when bad characters constantly enlisted for high bounty with intention of immediate desertion, very frequently successful. Coming into the recruiting office in Boston one day, Colonel Lowell found a squad of men there quartered in active mutiny, against their sergeant. He ordered the men into line, and the ironing of the ringleader, promising to hear their complaint when order was restored. The man, a notorious malefactor, backed by others, resisted arrest with arms. His instant death, shot after fair warning by the Colonel, quelled the mutiny and showed the rough characters once for all the kind of man with whom they had to deal. Lowell knew his duty as man and as officer. The shot he fired was a terrible wound to his nature, but his duty was clear. In the excited crowd that gathered in the square outside on hearing the news, one was heard saying, "I was with Lowell at the High School, and if he did it, it was right." 1

In camp his standard was high, and he worked his regiment hard and schooled them severely. The men may have grumbled sorely at the time at the severity of the horse-drills, but later, when all depended on their good horsemanship, they blessed him for it. A good mechanic,

he kept the enginery with which he was to work — the men, the horses, and the arms — in the best possible condition; cared little for the mere show, but exacted neatness and looked strictly into details in all important matters. He was never cruel, and he respected his men. In the days of their apprenticeship they saw in him their taskmaster, but one who never spared himself, and who was absolutely just. "If there was a doubt," says one of his sergeants, "Lowell always gave the private the benefit of it rather than the officer." No man in the regiment, Lowell said, could complain of any promise unkept, for the very simple reason that in inducing them to enlist no promise had been made.

In May, 1863, Colonel Lowell moved the two battalions of his regiment to Washington (the First Battalion had gone in January to Yorktown, serving in the Fourth Army Corps), and, on June 1, they went into camp in Maryland, some eight miles northwest of Washington. At this time Lee, encouraged by his defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville, began his invasion of the North by way of the Shenandoah Valley. As he approached the Potomac, the guerrilla force of Mosby made a sudden

raid into Maryland as a diversion, and the first service of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry was in his pursuit; but they were notified too late. Lowell was then ordered to guard the Potomac below Harper's Ferry.

Then the Army of the Potomac pressed northward, and Lowell joined it, by General Hooker's order. This order was promptly countermanded from Washington, but meanwhile Stuart, with the Confederate cavalry, passed into Maryland, much to Lowell's chagrin, by the road he had left. He continued his active and responsible watching of the Potomac till Lee had retreated from Gettysburg, when his command was ordered to the neighborhood of Centreville.

Lowell took pleasure in the way his command took the field. He wrote:—

“I wish you could see how my Battalion will turn out to-morrow morning: not an extra gew-gaw; nothing for ornament. If they want ornamental troops around Washington, they'll let me go. Indeed I have dropped some few things which generally have been considered necessaries; two of my companies go without any blankets but those under their saddles,—that is pretty well for recruits!”

Every pound on a horse's back, he well knew, would tell in the long marches and rapid chase.

In the important but hard and disagreeable duty of protecting the war-front of Washington and the lines of communication with the forces in the field from the incursions of irregular, "partisan" troops, led by Mosby and others, Lowell showed ceaseless vigilance and great activity, and made his command take root in their saddles, and schooled them into a most efficient regiment.

The Massachusetts contingent, weeded, by desertion of bounty-jumpers, of the worst element, disciplined, physically improved by regular habits and campaigning, and taught to ride, became excellent and trustworthy soldiers, and held their own with the picked Californians, except in horsemanship, in which the latter excelled.

To hold in check a daring force within our lines and eager for plunder, the individual members of which knew the broken country and wood and mountain paths from boyhood,—who were scattered through two counties mainly friendly to them, often appearing as Union soldiers or citizens, but who, when their rela-

tives had noted and informed their chief of the exact numbers and direction of march of one of Lowell's parties, would meet, armed and mounted, by night, and make a sudden raid or attack at every advantage, scattering afterwards, and having no camp, — was a task requiring courage, tact, and endless vigilance. Lowell, more than any other officer to whom this duty was assigned, won Mosby's respect as an energetic adversary. Lowell wrote to a friend: "I feel all you say about 'inglorious warfare,' but *it is all in the day's work.*"

And again: —

"I do not fancy the duty here, serving against bushwhackers. It brings me in contact with too many citizens, and sometimes with mothers and children."

While doing this irksome but exacting day's and night's work as a soldier, Lowell quietly did good work as a citizen. For he was constantly consulted on the large questions of the hour by an older friend, Mr. John Murray Forbes of Boston, a staunch and wise patriot, aiding in the counsels and strengthening the hands, not only of Governor Andrew, but of the Secretaries of War, the Navy, and the Treasury. On the slavery question, the methods of

recruiting and conscription, on retaliation, on exchange of prisoners, Lowell gave clear and strong advice, always unselfish, looking broadly, but also practically, at the question. At need Lowell would write a manly letter to the Secretary of War or other Washington official, never forgetting, however, that he was a soldier.

On the employment of negroes as soldiers he early took strong ground. He felt it very important that the experiment be soberly tried, and therefore rejoiced in the choice of the brave Robert Shaw as colonel of the first negro regiment, rather than a man of the fanatical reformer type.

While at Readville, he had become engaged to Colonel Shaw's sister, and this, of course, deepened his interest in Shaw's manly acceptance of the important trust.

As a soldier, Lowell protested to high officials in Washington at such demoralizing and mischievous use of the new negro regiment as the plundering and burning Darien Expedition, on which a part of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment had been ordered.

Colonel Shaw's death among his men in the gallant and desperate assault on Fort Wagner, in the trenches of which the scornful foe buried

him, — still among them, — moved Lowell deeply. Shaw seemed to call him to help in that cause, and when it was talked of organizing black troops in the West on a large scale, Colonel Lowell offered his services if needed. Of Colonel Shaw he said, “He died to prove the fact that blacks will fight, and we owe it to him to show that that fact was worth proving; better worth proving at this moment than any other. I do not want to see his proof drop useless for want of strong men and good officers to act upon it.”

The First Battalion, under command of Major Caspar Crowninshield, came back from the Peninsula at the end of July, and thereafter served with the regiment.

Colonel Lowell had now been appointed to the command of a brigade consisting of the Second Massachusetts and the Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York cavalry regiments. With these, during the rest of the summer and the autumn of 1863 and the following winter, he had upon his shoulders the wearing task of neutralizing as far as possible the activity of the various guerilla bands in four counties of Virginia near Washington.

I quote from the interesting paper by Rev.

Charles A. Humphreys, Colonel Lowell's chaplain, published in the "Harvard Monthly" of February, 1886.

"The winter of 1863-64 was passed in this unpleasant, but very responsible service of guarding a line of thirty or forty miles from the incursions of Mosby's Partisan Rangers, and other unorganized guerrillas. To do this effectually the regiment made constant counter-excursions into the surrounding country, and broke up the haunts of guerrillas whenever scouts discovered them. Though the country was necessarily unfamiliar and every engagement was with unknown forces in their own chosen positions, the men never hesitated . . . and, by the boldness of their onset, seldom failed to strike terror into their ranks."

A colonel of cavalry with a now well-seasoned command eager to serve in the Army of the Potomac, Lowell's patience was sorely tried in the winter of 1864 by being set the task of supplying system and a master, sorely needed, in a great cavalry depot near Washington. This task lasted four weeks in February and March. He did not murmur — did his work well; "All in the day's work," was still his cheerful view.

He consoled himself in inactivity by dealing with difficult horses. "I do not fancy horses who at the outset do not resist; but they must be intelligent enough to know when they are conquered, and to recognize it as an advance in their civilization." Colonel Lowell rode well; light and active and tough, he seemed incapable of fatigue.

The headquarters of Lowell's brigade was at Vienna, Virginia, a short distance south of the Potomac and fifteen miles from Washington. The colonel was married on the last day of October to Josephine, daughter of Francis George and Sarah Blake [Sturgis] Shaw of Staten Island. Mrs. Lowell lived with her husband in a little house in the camp, and interested herself in the regiment, doing all that she could to make life pleasanter for the officers and enlisted men. She helped the surgeon and chaplain in the hospital, and read to the sick or wounded soldiers. She stayed in camp until her husband was called to more important service.

When, at last, the time of inaction past, Lowell took the field at the opening of Grant's Wilderness Campaign, and was sent on an important reconnoissance, he led his command sixty miles the first, and fifty the second day. The regimen-

tal surgeon, Dr. Oscar De Wolf, told me he had seen Lowell fresh and cheerful after seventy hours without sleep, laughing at his officers for their woe-begone countenances.

In July, 1864, when Early pushed his raid close to the very defenses of Washington, Lowell with his little force seriously harassed his retreat, and in a sharp skirmish at Rockville, Maryland, showed his strange power over men in the onset of a sudden and great danger. I will tell the story as told to me by a brave young Californian lieutenant, who was in the fight, whom I met while he was recovering from a severe wound, the following autumn. The rear of Early's retreating columns, he said, was being sharply followed up by Lowell's command, which was entering Rockville. Major Crowninshield with his battalion had gone forward and was attacking briskly when the cavalry of the irritated enemy turned and charged in great force. Suddenly, upon Colonel Lowell's column advancing through the streets, a torrent of riders, flyers and pursuers, came pouring at full speed. It would have been in vain to have charged them. Lowell's men were armed with the new Spencer repeating carbine. He shouted confidently the order, *Dismount! and let your horses go!* (no

horse-holders could be spared, nor was there time), and the men obeyed and made a hasty line. He waited till the enemy came near, fired one volley at short range, — it checked the rush; another, — it stopped it. Then Lowell, on foot, ran out before them, waved his hat, and they ran forward firing, while their scattered comrades turned and rejoined them, and the rout was averted. Then he fell back slowly, having suffered a considerable loss, but taken many prisoners. After Early's retreat he returned with his brigade to camp, first at Vienna, then at Falls Church near by.

On the 26th of July Colonel Lowell was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, and put in charge of the Provisional Brigade made up of his own regiment and small detachments from many others; but soon this motley command was weeded and improved. His own regiment was good, and he trained the others, and the brigade fought well at close quarters at Winchester and elsewhere in the Valley, as part of General Sheridan's command.

In the field Lowell began to shine out before his men, who had never rightly measured him before. His bugler, then a boy, said to me, thirty years later, when I asked if he had any

criticisms on his commander: "The only fault I could ever find with the colonel was the places he led me into." A sergeant said: "We always felt sure, in however bad a place we were, that the colonel could get us out all right." After they learned really to know him in the field, he said that the men's confidence in and admiration for their leader were entire. The surgeon told me that soon after the brigade was put into active service he saw Lowell ride out from the column, and leaving his staff behind, go to a hilltop to reconnoitre, and there remain for a minute or two, with round shot from the enemy's cannon plowing up the ground repeatedly very close to him, perfectly unmoved and holding steady his restive horse, then quietly rejoin his command. Lowell, he said, knew as well as anybody how undesirable it would be to have his limbs shattered, but at that period of his men's education (up to this time they were unused to artillery) he thought that to learn how much safer for an individual it was than it looked to be shot at with cannon, would be a valuable enough lesson to them, to make it worth while for once to take what risk there was. Incidentally he was educating his horse. One of his sergeants said that he had heard the

colonel direct a small reconnoitring party thus: "Ride up to that point, and do thus and so; but when you return don't look behind, keep your heads straight to the front."

In action Colonel Lowell always wore the insignia of his rank. He never was willing to wear a linen coat or other protection from observation of the enemy's sharpshooters. Though far from a dandy, he dressed carefully and as became his position. When asked why he wore, while scouting in a country full of bushwhackers, the crimson sash of the officer of those days, he answered: "It is good for the men to have me wear it."

One of his officers wrote from the field:—

"On July 30th [four days after taking command] he was ordered to make a reconnoissance towards Shepardstown, which he did, driving the Cavalry brigade of 'Mudwall' Jackson before him.' His loss was light, and, having accomplished his errand, he returned to Harper's Ferry, and the same night was ordered to South Mountain, which he reached at sunrise Sabbath morning (31st), after a march of seventy miles in twenty-four hours."

In the first days of August, 1864, Grant sent Sheridan to take charge of the Shenandoah

Valley, a highly important region; a fruitful valley not only in good supplies to the Rebels, but hitherto in disaster to us, as being a back entry through which, by seizing the few gaps in mountains to the eastward, an army living on the country and little encumbered by trains could rapidly move on Maryland and Pennsylvania, or, by a flank movement, on the Capital.

General Sheridan, on assuming command, collected his forces, by General Grant's orders, at Harper's Ferry. Thence he advanced and pushed the forces of General Early some forty miles down the Valley to Strasburg, where the Confederate commander took up a strong position. In the middle of August Sheridan received a message from Grant warning him that heavy reinforcements for Early were marching from Richmond, and would come through the gaps of the Blue Ridge upon his flanks and rear unless he retired. Sheridan slowly drew back to the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, where he took up a strong defensive position at Halltown. His deliberate retreat was closely pressed by the enemy, and upon his cavalry fell the heavy and incessant task of holding them in check. General Torbert was Chief of Cavalry, and in the First Division (General

Wesley Merritt's) Colonel Lowell commanded the Third Brigade.

In the movement up the Valley, on August 10, three days after General Sheridan took command, "Colonel Lowell led the advance, and next day met the enemy six miles north of Winchester, and after a sharp skirmish turned them about and drove them pell-mell through the town. The army followed slowly, and on the afternoon of the 12th had reached Strasburg, where the enemy was in strong position." During those weeks, though he was untouched, his horses were shot so constantly under him that it was with difficulty he could keep mounted.

This extract from a letter to his friend, Mr. Forbes, who had helped to keep him in horses, and was the father of one of his officers, may give some idea of the conditions. It was dated at Halltown, Va., August 25, 1864: "About horses; I have a sad story to tell. The very night after I wrote you how finely Atlanta was looking, she was stolen from the line . . .

"Monday I rode Dick, though he is very unsteady under fire — his off hind leg was broken and he was abandoned. On Tuesday I tried Billy, who proved excellent under fire, — and

he got a bullet through his neck : very high up, however, and not at all serious. He is just as hearty as ever and will not lose an hour of duty. . . . [Dick and Billy were the horses of Major William H. Forbes, then in a Southern prison, and were used by Lowell at need by permission of Mr. Forbes.] I should not have ridden these horses, but Berold has become entirely uncontrollable among bullets, and poor Ruksh, last Friday, the first time I rode him (since he was laid up), got another bullet in his nigh fore-leg, which will lay him up for a month, and, I fear, ruin him. You see I am unlucky in my horses. That is not all — The gray is badly corked, and can scarcely hobble. However, I find no officers have any scruples about riding Gov't horses when they can get them, and I shall keep myself somehow mounted at U. S. expense.

“Don't mention my ill luck; I have only written about it to Effie, — and, after all, it is the best form in which ill luck could come.”

How soon Lowell saw the quality of his commander this extract from a letter shows :—

“By the way, I like Sheridan immensely, whether he succeeds or fails: he is the first general I have seen who puts as much heart

and time and thought into his work as if he were doing it for his own exclusive profit. He works like a mill-owner or an iron-master, not like a soldier — never sleeps, never worries, is never cross, but is n't afraid to come down on a man who deserves it."

That General Sheridan could count on one of his brigade commanders for vigilance and fidelity as well as brilliant service on the field, this scrap from a short letter of Lowell's to his wife, written from a barn on a rainy autumn morning, bears witness: —

Sept. 5th, '64.

. . . Good morning. It is n't a real good morning nor even a fresh one: it's a limp good morning; interruptions last night before one o'clock and then a line from the General that he anticipated an offensive movement this A. M. from the enemy, and that we must be saddled, &c. at 3. So I had to order myself to be *called* at 2, and after all had to wake the sentry, instead of his waking me. The consciousness that this would be the case cost me several wakes in between. That's why I am not fresh, though I have been duly shaving and washing and brushing. Nothing offensive yet. . . .

There was daily fighting for about a fortnight, Lowell generally having the rear of the retreating column, pressed closely by the enemy.

The orderly's letter to Mrs. Lowell, earlier cited, and written soon after the war, simply and picturesquely supplies details of these anxious days of march and fight, never given by Lowell in his letter.

“ . . . We retreated, I think, to Cedar Creek. There we took rear-guard and were skirmishing nearly all day. The Colonel got orders to fall back from Cedar Creek. There was a piece of wood mounted on two wheels of a wagon to represent a cannon. The Colonel ordered it to be taken along. We raised a little hill and there we made a stand. The Rebs were getting range on our cavalry, the Colonel ordered this piece of wood to be brought out and go through the motion of loading. The Rebel artillery took range on that wood, and while they were firing at that, the Colonel shifted his cavalry under cover of the hill, out of range of the artillery. We fell back from there. We went down a hill and through the woods, and in a field we found our ammunition trains that had not been moved. Then the Rebs were on top of the hill behind us, and the Colonel had to turn and charge and

drive them back from the ammunition trains; then he dismounted the men behind stone walls, and held them in check until they moved the ammunition. I saw the Colonel sitting behind the stone wall on his horse, and a shot from a cannon struck the wall by him, and for a good while I could not see him for the dust and stones that flew over and around him. We were rear-guard back to Winchester. . . . We kept rear-guard until we came up to the army just before we came to Harper's Ferry. When we got there, General Sheridan wanted to see the Colonel. The Colonel went and saw him, and came back and took us over on the left of the Army. We lay there, near Harper's Ferry, and for three or four nights we charged the Rebel skirmish-line, and took prisoners. The last night General Sheridan and staff came over just as the Colonel had four companies ready to charge the Rebel lines. The Colonel went up a hollow,— he could go within two hundred yards of them. Before they could see him, he went out of the hollow, and formed in line and charged. The Rebels had rails piled up to form breastworks. The Rebels fired a volley into the men. They stopped, and the Colonel rode out ahead of them and waved his sabre and

cheered them; then the men started, and he led them, and he was the first man to jump the rail-pile in to the Rebs; then they broke and run, and the Colonel captured sixty-seven privates and seven commissioned officers.' General Sheridan's orderly told me that when the Colonel jumped the rail-pile, the General said, 'Lowell is a brave man.' . . . They made another stand between Winchester and Charlestown, and we were sent out on the left. We got there after dark, there was lots of Rebel infantry and cavalry there ahead of us. The Colonel had the drums out of the bands, and beat 'tattoo' all around, like as if there was a lot of infantry encamping there. The Rebels did not attack us until the next day; then the Sixth Virginia charged the First Maryland. [Lowell's brigade then consisted of the Second Massachusetts, First Maryland, and Twenty-fifth New York cavalry regiments.] The First Maryland was on picket, and the Second Massachusetts was just ready to go to relieve them when they were charged. Then the Colonel went in with the Second Massachusetts, and whipped them, and took some prisoners; when the prisoners came in, they said: 'Where is your infantry?' They told them there was no infantry.

They said they thought there was lots of infantry when they heard the drums beat in the night. They said, if they had known that, they would have been in on us in the night. Then we went back into camp, and that is the last I know, for I got my discharge."

It should be added that in the Adjutant-General's Report (Massachusetts) it is stated that in July and August the regiment marched eight hundred miles. To give to the private's chronicle of his hero something of the solidity given to a photograph by the binocular vision through the stereoscope, I am permitted to quote Dr. DeWolf's letter, written from the field to Mr. John M. Forbes only two months later than the events it describes occurred:—

"On the 16th of August, General Sheridan commenced retiring towards Harper's Ferry, the cavalry in the rear, and from this day to August 31st Lowell's brigade was skirmishing every day (fifteen days), a kind of irregular fighting that no one outside the army immediately surrounding him ever heard of, but which in several instances was very gallant, and always requiring that sleepless anxiety and devotedness for which Colonel Lowell was so remarkable, and which always commended him to his com-

manding officer. On the 24th of August, the enemy had advanced to within five miles of Harper's Ferry and had put out a pretty strong picket of two hundred and fifty men which was immediately confronted to Lowell's command. Two brigades of Rebel cavalry were in reserve, half a mile in the rear. On the 25th, General Sheridan ordered an attack upon their advance. The infantry did not support Colonel Lowell promptly and the attack failed. Captain Eigenbrodt was killed. The next day, Colonel Lowell was ordered to repeat the attack. To succeed, it must be done with so much rapidity that the reserve could not be brought up. Colonel Lowell led the attack, charging up to a rail fence behind which were the enemy and over which he could not jump his horses, and actually whacked their muskets with his sabre.

“In tearing down the fence, men were clubbed with muskets — two were killed in this way — but over they went, nothing could resist them. The Second Massachusetts captured seventy-four men, one lieut.-colonel, three captains, and several lieutenants. Colonel Crowninshield led his own men; his heart was steel that day, and always is in a fight — God bless him and protect him! Well, this was a small affair, but it

was the first of a series of cavalry fights in this campaign, of which you do not nor ever will know the half. It was the first time that Colonel Lowell's men had ever really measured him. Such a noble scorn of death and danger they never saw before, and it inspired them with a courage that quailed at nothing. You may believe that my personal regard for Colonel Lowell colours this a little. You are mistaken; it is temperate and reliable. With one or two exceptions, his officers wished for nothing so much as to show him what they dared to do, and he would watch them with tears in his eyes. On the 13th of September, while making a reconnoissance across the Opequon Creek, the enemy were found strongly posted behind a fence and could not be flanked. General Sheridan said they must be moved, and Lieutenants Crocker and Thompson (2d Mass., and both now wounded) begged permission to do it—and they did it. And on the 19th of September the command was suffering a good deal from a line of skirmishers behind a stone wall. Colonel Lowell could not move,—the position was important and must be held,—and Lieutenant Crocker said, 'Give me two companies and I will clean them out, or I won't come back.'

In this charge Crocker was badly wounded. I give you these incidents because you know the officers. They are only two among a great many."

General Sheridan, who had never known Lowell before these weeks, saw how valiantly and warily this young man handled his command, and had borne his responsible part in guarding the rear in the retreat down the Valley from almost incessant attack.

He gave Lowell, early in September, the Reserve Brigade, composed of the First, Second, and Fifth United States Cavalry regiments, with his own, the Second Massachusetts, accompanied by a battery of horse artillery (Battery D, Second United States Artillery). This was a high compliment to the regiment and its commander.

Lee, sorely pressed at Richmond and Petersburg, could spare the force sent to Early's aid no longer. The present need of the troops to defend their capital outweighed the moral effect on the North and in Europe of their bold invasion by way of the Valley, which Sheridan had effectively blocked, as well as cutting off their subsistence there. So, after four weeks, the troops of Anderson and Kershaw returned to

Richmond. The moment their withdrawal was surely known, Grant came by way of Washington and visited Sheridan at Charlestown, Virginia, bringing with him a plan of battle. But the eager Sheridan had, through prisoners and scouts, already learned that Early no longer outnumbered him. "Then," said he, "our time had come." On the other hand, Grant says: "I saw that there were but two words of instruction necessary,—*go in*," and he never showed Sheridan the plan he had brought.

General Sheridan lost no time. He vigorously attacked at Winchester with his whole army, crossing the Opequon, which defended Early's front, at dawn on the 19th of September. The battle was stubborn, bloody, and long all day, but in the evening he could telegraph to Grant: "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester, and we are after them to-morrow. The army behaved splendidly." The utter rout of Early, two days later, from his strong position at Fisher's Hill completed the signal victory. A writer of authority on the campaigns of the Civil War¹ says: "This battle restored the lower Valley to Union control, from which it was never again wrested; it permanently relieved Maryland and Penn-

sylvania from the periodical invasions to which they had been subjected during three years, and the National Capital from further humiliation." In this battle before Winchester, from first to last, the cavalry bore their full share. The Reserve Brigade, operating against Early's left, won great credit, fighting both mounted and dismounted, against infantry and cavalry. In this campaign it had been Lowell's aim to educate his command up to attacking infantry and artillery, and he showed the way himself, leaping the ditch or breastwork of rails, sword in hand. The regimental surgeon, in the letter above quoted, said: "At the battle of Winchester, Lowell's brigade was only one among a mass of cavalry, all of which excited admiration from friends and terror in foes. During this war the sabre has never reaped such a harvest as on that day. After the first charge I could not follow him, but sent an orderly to keep as near him as possible, and to let me know when he was wounded. He captured two guns and one colour. At one time he found himself with one captain and four men face to face with a Rebel gun. More were coming, but horses were exhausted, and could not be forced to keep up with him. The piece was discharged, killing

both horses and tearing off the captain's arm. The Colonel quietly mounted the first horse that came up, and the gun was his." [The officer was Captain Rodenbough of the Second United States Cavalry, then acting on Lowell's staff. He survived the war, and became colonel in the regular army.] Colonel Newhall of General Sheridan's staff tells, in his spirited and amusing book, "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign," that in the first two years of the war the trooper, as he rode jingling by the dusty infantry column, was apt to hear one say to another: "Say, boys, who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" Those days had gone by. The loss in battle of cavalry, as compared with infantry, in proportion to the numbers engaged, in the Shenandoah Campaign, seems to have been upwards of three to four.

General Grant had ordered Sheridan to lay waste the Valley, that it might no longer entice to invasions of the North, support passing Confederate troops, and feed those in the field, as well as harbor guerilla bands. To save the Valley and harass Sheridan, a fresh force of cavalry now came on the scene, commanded by General Rosser, an enterprising and brave officer.

On the 9th of October, when this newly ar-

rived commander had "had the temerity," as Sheridan put it, "to annoy my rear-guard considerably" with cavalry, the General ordered General Torbert to go in with the cavalry "*and either give Rosser a drubbing or get whipped,*" and himself deliberately went, with his staff, on to a hill, as to a spectacle, to see it done.

In Lowell's letters one must read between the lines. At sunrise on the morning of this great cavalry fight he writes his wife:—

NEAR STRASBURG, Sunday, 7 A. M., Oct. 9.

Our boys have n't been able to find any water for us this morning and we have n't washed our faces. The first time that I remember in the history of the war. It's jolly cold however, so we don't mind so much. We actually had snow flurries yesterday, and to-day promises worse.

We had a skirmish yesterday with their cavalry. Lieut. Tucker wounded and Sergt. Wakefield;—the roan horse killed, and to-day I shall have to ride the gray unless I can find Sergeant Wakefield's horse. Enos has been looking for him for two hours. We are expecting another brush with their cavalry to-day, as we are ordered to advance again. I should like to have Sundays quiet.

And next day:—

NEAR STRASBURG, Monday, Oct. 10.

It is just noon, and we have gone into camp for the day in a lovely green field with plenty of forage and lots of rails to burn,—and I've just had a bath. It's still cold (frost and ice this A. M. and I have to lie with nothing but my overcoat) and I have two or three slight colds in the head—but it's splendid October and very exhilarating.

Enos found Sergeant Wakefield's horse yesterday and I rode him all day, and he did n't get hit, though his saddle did, and our brigade chased two Rebel brigades more than ten miles and took a battle flag and four guns and caissons and wagons, &c., &c., so my disinclination for "fight" yesterday morning was a presentiment that came to naught.

Lowell commanded one brigade of Merritt's three, and with it (probably within an hour of the time he writes the first letter) opened in the early morning this, which has been called by some writers the greatest cavalry fight in the war.

In the two letters one sees little picture of

that gallant tournament of many brigades, clad in faded blue jackets and gray blouses —

“ The clank of scabbards
And thunder of steeds,
The blades that shine like sun-lit reeds,
The strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear the proud attempt shall fail.” ¹

That came later in the day, but first the young Colonel on horseback led his dismounted line into the fierce fire. I was told that when, in the mounted fighting that day, the golden moment of the *wavering* came — which side shall run? — quick as a flash Lowell saw it and at his order his trumpets rang out the charge. All the troops engaged, Merritt's and Custer's divisions fought Rosser, Lomax, and Johnson gallantly. The rout was so complete, and the pursuit so fast and far, that the day was called in the region Woodstock Races. Officially it is known as the action of Tom's Brook.

The surgeon of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, a strong, skilful man, who had seen much service, writing of Lowell, on the day after his death, to one of his friends, said : —

“ During the present campaign no command has been called on so often as the Reserve Brigade to do difficult work — and I know it has

always been done well. He exposed himself mercilessly, and I used to tremble for his safety. Many times when his dismounted skirmish-line were hard pressed, or falling back, he would ride up among them and keep them to their work. Mounted, he was a prominent mark for the enemy, and they never spared him. On the 9th of this month [the fight at Tom's Brook] he rode up to a corner of a fence where two men of his skirmish-line were crouching to protect themselves from the storm of bullets, and ordered them to advance. I dared not look at him for *I knew he would fall*, and yet he came back steadily and all right, his horse always wounded or killed, and himself never, until I began to feel that he was safe — but how, God alone knew."

Yet in these very days Colonel Lowell was writing to his young wife at home, who had lived with him in the camp near Washington until he was called out to the campaign in the Valley: —

"I don't want to be shot till I've had a chance to come home. I have no idea that I shall be hit, but I *want* so much not to be now that it sometimes frightens me."

When they had indulged in a dream of quiet travel after the war, he wrote: "The Nile would

be very pleasant, but we do not own ourselves and have no right to even wish ourselves out of harness." . . . "Do not feel anxious. It is not our business."

When General Early, on the memorable 19th of October, during Sheridan's absence, surprised at dawn and nearly routed our army at Cedar Creek, Lowell's brigade had much to do in preventing more complete disaster. The night before, he had been ordered to make an early reconnoissance on the right, and at dawn he rode with his command into the heavy mist, under cover of which Early's whole force was stealing upon the camp of the sleeping Union army. Lowell's punctuality averted complete surprise on the right, where he soon came on the enemy's cavalry, engaged them, and delayed their advance. Unhappily the weight of the Confederate attack was upon the left flank, and there the surprise and their success was at first complete. Camps were plundered, stragglers by hundreds crowded the road to Winchester, but General Wright, in temporary command, with the troops which Crook, Emory, and Ricketts still held in hand, fell back, regaining order as they went, and fighting stubbornly. The cavalry did particularly well, and the horse artillery

which accompanied them are said to have been the only batteries in action for several hours.

Colonel Lowell, who with the Reserve Brigade had obstinately opposed the Rebel advance on the right, was now ordered to the left, where the need was far greater. He rode at the head of his brigade three miles along the front of the retiring battle, between the skirmishers and the main line, though often under fire, as coolly as though on parade, and the sight revived the courage of the brave Nineteenth Corps. General William Dwight, commanding its First Division, wrote thus of Lowell's passage: "They moved past me, that splendid cavalry; if they reached the Pike, I felt secure. Lowell got by me before I could speak, but I looked after him for a long distance. Exquisitely mounted, the picture of a soldier, erect, confident, defiant, he moved at the head of the finest body of cavalry that to-day scorns the earth it treads." He took up and, with part of his brigade dismounted, held, under galling fire, his position near the extreme left at the village of Middletown, and made two mounted charges on the infantry, checking their advance. Sheridan says that when later in the forenoon he arrived from Winchester, Lowell's cavalry and a part of the Sixth Corps

were all the troops he found actually engaged with the enemy, and his first message was to Colonel Lowell, inquiring whether he could hold his position. He said that he could, and the new line was formed close behind it. The command was in a slight depression of the ground, affording some shelter; nevertheless a Rebel battery was very troublesome, and sharpshooters on the roofs of Middletown were sending their bullets incessantly among his skirmishers posted along a stone wall. The mounted Colonel was a mark for them as he rode out to reconnoitre, and a rifle ball, probably glancing from this wall, struck him in the chest with great force, but did not penetrate.¹ It caused faintness and loss of voice, so he lay for a time on the ground, covered by the overcoat of one of his staff and sheltered from shot, till his strength should come back, determined to lead when the line should advance. "It is only my *poor* lung," he said, when he raised blood, and would not leave the field, as General Torbert urged him to do. But in the middle of the afternoon it was evident that the great forward movement of the whole army, re-formed and inspired by Sheridan, to redeem the honour of the day, was at hand. The Colonel was helped on to his horse — the thir-

teenth horse in as many weeks had been shot under him in one of the forenoon charges — and formed his brigade for the last time, whispering his orders to his aides, for his voice was gone, determined again to charge and to take the destructive battery before them. He drew his sabre and took position, not as brigade commander in rear of the line, but as colonel before it. The bugles gave the signal, and the command, formed in brigade front, rode rapidly towards the enemy. Almost immediately the Colonel was struck by a bullet and fell. The brigade swept on towards the battery. That charge was repulsed with loss,¹ but was renewed, and soon the day ended in a great and conclusive victory. It cost the life, with many more, of Lowell, whose faithfulness, cool courage, and tenacity had done so much to save its ending in disaster and rout. He was carried forward in the rear of his charging cavalry to the village of Middletown.

When, twenty-five years later, the writer of this memoir sought out the surgeon of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry in a Western city, he told the story of his Colonel's last hours thus: "I can see that old house in Middletown as plainly as if I were there. It was on the left

of the road. I could go straight to the place. There were four or five that night in the room. Lowell lay on the table, shot through from shoulder to shoulder; the ball had cut the spinal cord on the way. Of course, below this he was completely paralyzed. Four others were lying desperately wounded on the floor. One young officer was in great pain. Lowell spent much of his ebbing strength helping him through the straits of death. 'I have always been able to count on you, you were always brave. Now you must meet this as you have the other trials — be steady — I count on you.' When he heard the groans of the Rebel wounded that were brought into the yard, he sent me away to look after them. As the night wore on and his strength failed, I said: 'Colonel, you must write to your wife.' He answered that he was not able, but I said it could be managed; so, putting a scrap of paper on a piece of board, I held his arm above him, putting a pencil between his fingers, and holding the hand against the paper, told him I thought he would find that he could use his fingers. And thus he wrote a word or two of farewell to her."

These further details of the Colonel's last hours, given by his staff officers who were with

him, are borrowed from Professor James Mills Peirce's Memoir, mentioned before. "He gave no signs of suffering; his mind was perfectly clear and he rested calm and cheerful, though he knew from the beginning that he had no chance of life. He dictated some private messages of affection. Then, from time to time, as his waning strength would allow, he gave complete directions about all the details of his command. Not the smallest thing was forgotten; no one was left in doubt. In the intervals he remained in silence, with his eyes closed. He expressed pleasure in the triumphant issue of the fight, and in Colonel Gansevoort's victory over Mosby, news of which was brought that day. As dawn approached it was evident that the spirit was gradually freeing itself from its vesture of decay. He had finished his 'day's work,' and he lay tranquil, his mind withdrawn, it seemed, into that chamber of still thought, known so imperfectly to the nearest of his friends, wherein was the seat of his deepest life. Even in his last hour he was fully conscious and seemed to retain his strength. But he spoke less and less often; and as the day rose into full morning he ceased to breathe the air of earth."

Charles Lowell was twenty-nine years old

when he died. For a year he had done to the full the work of a brigadier-general. While he was fighting his last fight on the field of Cedar Creek, his commission as such in the volunteer army was signed at Washington. It never reached him, but he had little care for that. Like the Norse hero he might well say, —

“Where the gods have asked for one gift, I have ever given them twain.”

I remember, one rainy day when the sudden gusts blew the yellow leaves in showers from the College elms, hearing the beautiful notes of Pleyel's Hymn, which was the tune to which soldiers were borne to burial, played by the band as the procession came, bearing Charles Lowell's body from his mother's house to the College Chapel; and seeing the coffin, wrapped in the flag, carried to the altar by soldiers; and how strangely in contrast with the new blue overcoats and fresh white and red bunting were the campaign-soiled cap and gauntlets, the worn hilt and battered scabbard of the sword that lay on the coffin. The venerable Dr. Walker used with great feeling the beautiful words of the Old Testament: “The beauty of our Israel fallen in the high places” — and the rest.

Yet Lowell stood and stands to all who saw and knew him for Life, and not for Death. Sometimes death seems but a wall with varying portals through which life flows out of sight.

Slight in frame and stature, with commanding intellect and fine taste, a lover of the classics and versed in philosophy, he led a crowded life, never drowned by his work—and found all in the day's work *good*: filed iron or kept his ledger, rode in the rain or kept his men quiet under fire, or fought hand to hand with sabre among, or before them. He exacted full measure of duty, and built up a standard for his men, but he advanced that standard by his own example. As a soldier, he showed them the truth that underlay what in early youth he said to their seniors, — that a supposed knowledge of *what cannot be* but hampered their onward movement; that “the world advances by impossibilities achieved.” Just and faithful to his men, they trusted him entirely in the field. He had great power over his officers, and tried to help them. Even in an active campaign he studied, and at his field headquarters his brother officers were astonished to see some of the best works on military science.

Some general officers were pleased to have a ready writer at their headquarters, and thus have their deserts widely heralded. Lowell would not allow a newspaper correspondent in his camp. For danger or service only did he put himself forward. Rewards must find him, and he was silent about himself. "He held that a straight line was the shortest way between two points," said one of his staff.

He worked or fought mainly with his head, but never hesitated with his hand at the fitting time. His performance seemed to cost him no effort. It was given to him at the moment what he should do. Sheridan said, "I never had to tell him what to do. He had seen and done it." Thus he always found his life fortunate.

He believed in his Country; at her call weighed life and all that such life meant as dust in the balance. He seemed born for a soldier, but his wish was to be a good citizen, his hope, to raise the standards, and widen the horizons of the working multitudes of Americans.

"Forms of faith were nothing to him," said one who knew him in his early youth, "but he lived always in the presence of the invisible." ¹

The daring image conveyed in these lines of

a New England man, a poet, who also fought for his country, seems to me a fitting close for this story: —

“Is it so unhappy then
 To die for God and for Mother,
 Rendering the Soul like men?
 Is it grievous, weapon in hand,
 For faith and the holy name
 To pass in strength to the wondrous land
 By the portal of steel and flame?”

“Thunder to-day at the outer gate,
 Earth's eager squadrons form;
 The daring spirits that could not wait
 Are taking Heaven by storm:
 The splendour of battle in their eyes
 They enter even now, —
 How it lights the port of Paradise,
 The death-gleam on each brow.”¹

LETTERS

I

SCHOLAR AND WORKMAN

The generous spirit, who when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.

The Happy Warrior.



I

SCHOLAR AND WORKMAN

TO H. L. HIGGINSON ¹

CAMBRIDGE, September 12, 1852.

DEAR HIGGY,—I really felt perfectly ashamed of myself the other day when I reflected that, although it was nearly six months since you left, you had never received from me a single line. But you remember that although the six months may seem a perfect age to you, who have had so many new experiences, with me they have passed very quickly. A pretty poor excuse, you will say, and so it is, but let it go for what it is worth.

Now then for some news, and as I am writing to a newly fledged Sophomore, the football game very naturally occupies the first place.² And a splendid affair it was! The "Fresh" (or fresh) kicked grandly, and so did about a dozen of the Sophs. But the greater part of your class, and there were a great many

of them on the ground, behaved spoonily. In the first two games your class came off "victorious," as was to be expected, but in the heat and tumult of the third something very unexpected turned up. The Freshmen, having got a fair kick, had driven the ball almost home, amidst loud cheers from us Juniors, and with redoubled shrieks on their own part. Deceived or confused by the yells, the stupid Soph who was nearest the ball picked it up, and walked quietly down with it under his arm, of course admitting it was a beat. This movement was greeted by the Fresh by tremendous — I-don't-know-what-to-call-'ems, which we Juniors caught up and repeated, to the exceeding wrath and indignation of the few sophomoric Sophs, who knew how the matter really stood, but their resistance was no go. Your class was fairly bluffed, and the game was not tried over again. As the case now stands, the Fresh claim one *victory*, while the Sophs condescendingly admit that the Fresh kicked very well, and confess with a lordly air that it was hard work beating the third game. In the three games which followed between the Seniors and Sophs on one side, and our Class and the Fresh on the other, we were outrageously beaten. Steph Perkins

was on the ground *fighting lazily*, and I observed *tuum fratrem* on the fence. What a pity it was, by the way, that Perk did not go abroad with you, as he has, as you know, got to leave college for this term at least. . . .

Matters in Cambridge go on very much as they always have, notwithstanding the absence of the great Higginson, although he doubtless can hardly believe it. Yesterday were given out the parts for exhibition, and the Latin Version fell to your humble servant, who, as you know, has taken a gigantic step from Soph to Junior, and seriously, I assure you, the change from Soph to Junior is much greater than that from Fresh to Soph.

I really feel a great deal older now than I did three years, or even two months, ago. "A change has come o'er the spirit of my dreams."

Jim Savage¹ tells me he is going to write to you at once, but, as he is going pretty strong into history, I don't know when he will get time. . . . "Our Mutual Friend," Peirce, has had quite an experience this vacation. He was going down the Hudson in the "Henry Clay" when she caught fire and burnt up. P., as the papers said, "swam ashore from the burn-

ing vessel" with his baggage and traps; but, from our experience in the Saco, you know very well that he cannot swim a stroke, and that he could as easily fly ashore with his trunk as swim. In reality he escaped by rushing through the flames to the bows, and jumping thence upon the shore. Still, it was quite an awful experience, and more than fifty people were burnt or drowned.¹

I remain, old fellow, with many best wishes,
Your affectionate cousin,

CHARLIE.

TO HIS MOTHER

CHICOPEE, April 1, 1855.

For your satisfaction I will say that my life here is just exactly what we all expected, neither better, nor worse, and I go on my way rejoicing: although Chicopee is not the place to pass one's life in — the ripening process going on so slowly that it must take at least five hundred years to turn an infant into a full grown man, — yet for a year I shall find enough and more than enough which will be very interesting and very improving. A little occasional friction is necessary, however, and that I expect to get from Springfield.

TO F. B. SANBORN¹

CHICOPEE, April 15, 1855.

You know very well that I am by no means "a most excellent devil of wit" when I get a pen in my hand: and a letter to answer always makes me wish to "retire silent for three days together, to my bed," like the "rugged Brindly."² You will therefore be rather surprised at hearing from me at all. Your proposal that I should pass the last Sunday of April in Concord suits me exactly.

Verily, the lines have fallen unto you in pleasant places, there in Concord; so far as enjoyment goes, both your *circumstantes* and your *circumstantia* are infinitely ahead of mine; but I do not by any means envy you — different plants need different soils, and the place where I am now vegetating is quite as good for me as yours is for you. In mere handiwork, I am and always shall be a machine of one-very-small-boy power, but that of course is nothing to me, and the number of *real* things which *ought* to be done, which one comes across in a life like mine, is perfectly astonishing,

"And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do and I'll do."

Active life *alone* however never made a man of anybody, and I can assure you, I depend not a little upon you and Bancroft to make an integer of me; Johnny to keep me right with one half the world; ¹ you, with the other and with myself, — rather a hard task, a *labor Herculis*, but as Carlyle says, “Infinite is the assistance man can render to man.”

Here in my hermitage my mind is more than ever impressed with the mighty power of conversation; in “mere talk,” when aided by actual meeting of the “I and thou.” Socrates was a wiser man than I ever supposed before, and was perfectly right to abstain from lectures and speeches, and even books. I am bent therefore upon having a club, and using this engine in that small way at least. It will be of assistance in a thousand things; gerund-grinding, for instance, is in some sort a mechanical operation; may not I who am studying all sorts of mill-work, be able to give you some new ideas in the matter? Homer says in the *Odyssey* that “the Gods know one another even though they dwell far apart,” — not so men; but men *should* know one another, and must, if they wish to do good service in any common cause.

TO WILLIAM J. POTTER ¹

CHICOPEE, Sunday, May 20, 1855.

MY DEAR POTTER, — Letters of advice are not down among the regular college studies (and, by Plato! I'll never attempt one again as an "elective"), so an A. B. can hardly be expected to indite a good one: neither do they "come by Nature," at least not to rude mechanics like myself; therefore, O Pedagogue, drop for a time thy rod of office, and remember that I am not trying for a *bene*, and care for nothing beyond the end of my file. I knew, of course, my dear fellow, that you would be disappointed in the scheme proposed, — so am I, — so are all of us who have in our minds what Fichte would call the Divine Idea of a club. Did you ever see three old toads perched on the corner of a doorstep, or squatting at the side of a gravel walk? If you have, you have seen my idea of a perfect club — three good fellows who have hopped together *instinctively*, who can *enjoy* one another's company even in silence, and can interpret all spoken words by that silence which Carlyle calls the better part of speech, — even here the highest height is not reached till one of the three goes to sleep, *then* we have two

active poles and between them a centre of rest, and as Coleridge would say, *then* the club has *Life*. You see, I grow absurd up here in my solitude: but you know well enough what I mean. We have had "times" in college which suggested the possibility of *infinite* enjoyment from a club, but these are like beautiful sunsets, they are things to be remembered and things to be sighed for, but not things to be "got up," nor is it from *noctes* like these that the desire of our present "Club" has grown up; in my mind, at least, there is a difference of kind as well as of degree, and *this* must not be thought ridiculous, because *those* were so sublime. You and Sanborn and I are by nature reformers, we have hands given us, the age and the country furnish stuff enough, the only thing is to improve the tool, and for this we must study the nature of the metal we are to work in; these are cant terms, I know, but strip off the cant and you will find a germ of the genuine in them. Now what better specimen of the really "honourable" man could you pick out than Erving, or of the earnest scientific man than Agassiz? In Higginson we have a real honest soul, and in Johnny, genius and taste without the reforming ingredient, — if Perkins and Brooks' come in

as the satirist and the humourist, why, so much the better for us, but by Jove! Potter, even without them we have a variety not to be surpassed. And now, I suppose you will ask in a quiet way what good all this variety is going to do *you*, who will only rub against it, *very* gently, for two or three hours in the course of a month. It certainly is surprising, as Thoreau says, how many souls with their bodies can be collected in a very small room, and separate without feeling aware that they have been near to one another. Now why is this? I go out, of a Sunday evening, and walk by the banks of the Chicopee; I come home and read Wordsworth; and then of course thoughts arise which I perfectly yearn to communicate with some one. But suppose that yearning is stifled, one's wings drop, and down one comes to the commonplace. . . . Now in so far as such thoughts are purely personal in their nature, they are the precious life-blood of the soul, and reserve about them is holy,—for life-blood cannot and should not be parted with. But the very longing we have to tell them proves that they are not wholly personal, but rather in a great measure universal and, in so far, are, or should be, true and fitting for all men, at all times, in all places, and re-

serve about them is undesirable. The common complaint that the one half of the world does not know how the other half of the world lives is far more true of spiritual life than of physical, and it is true enough of this. When I was in college, I *knew* that old Potter, whom all the class imagined so staid and so serious, was one of the youngest and freshest men we have, and this gave him a charm which to me was worth all his solid thought a thousand times over. But old Potter possessed (to borrow from Carlyle) the wonderful power of "consuming his own smoke:" naturally enough he became disgusted with us men of the — stamp, who belch forth all their fire and smoke together, — this acted badly on him, and besides consuming his smoke, he also in his disgust concealed his fire, — this again acted badly on us open-mouthed chimneys, and sometimes we poured forth the rankest blasphemy, — more 's the shame to us; but the only moral I draw *now* is, that men who have fires should not hide them under bushels, for indirectly and involuntarily they may produce conflagrations which even Phillips' Fire-Annihilators cannot extinguish. And now to apply all this to our club; I start with the proposition that man does not live by

bread alone; this I follow up by the position that almost everything which is food for one, is also food for all, — the peculiar in a man is very small compared with the common in him; still, if I attempt to force upon another man this little peculiarity of mine (which, though food to me, may be poison to him) I am acting foolishly and wrongly, — and therefore I maintain that the great work of every man who wishes to become a Teacher or Priest, is to discriminate *exactly* where the universal within him terminates. When he has done this, he will no longer hesitate or feel bashful about speaking it out. Now I am going to this club, for the express purpose of settling this boundary as distinctly as I can, and I want you to do the same, — I will use the knowledge I get to check my tongue, you use what you get to spur you on. A better chance, so far as it goes, could not be desired. The members are about our own age, have about our own acquirements, — and are entirely uncongenial in their tastes. A silent man can ask himself enough questions in two hours to keep him thinking for a month, and to make him wiser for a lifetime.

TO HIS MOTHER

CHICOPEE, June 24th.

DEAR MOTHER,—Your last letter was really delightful, by far the balmiest I have got since I came here,—I only wish you could find time to write oftener. I am glad to hear that the pantaloons are finished, not, however, because, as you hint, I think it “necessary to exclude work” to make life “gracious as roses.” There is, of course, a poetry in pantaloons, as well as in women and youth, but the point I insist on is that you are not yet able to enjoy it. For our family, work is absolutely necessary, but, by Plato! our lives need not for that cease to be poems. Roses work — there is a good deal of force-pumping to be gone through before a rose can get itself fairly opened — and force-pumping, your ears will tell you this evening, is rather hard on the muscles. But you mistake, I think, in not choosing more judiciously the sort of work. Roses never think of forcing their red juice into their roots,—if they did, their poetry would soon vanish: but beets don’t find this work at all prosaic; — on a fine day like this I can fully understand that the joy of swelling and swelling should make it highly poetic. You

feel the necessity of a choice in great things, such as settling my profession—but in small things I am afraid you are inclined to overlook it. Sweep rooms,—that you can do poetically,—but don't make any more pantaloons at present: even George Herbert's "Elixer" can make *that* but poor prose for you.¹ The pleasure of sewing at an open window I fully enter into,—the happiest afternoon I ever knew (and I use the word *happiest* in its highest sense) was passed at an open window, the first of the season, filing away on cast iron. I am thinking that you did not understand my meaning when I endeavored to convince you that the need of work is a disease: I mean that the "divine men" have no such need. . . . The "Heroes" of the world have certainly needed work and had it and done it well, and it is Heroes that we must try to be.

I have tried a three months' experiment and found that the life suits me, and now what is to be done next? You know what my feelings about corporations were before I came up here: you know that they have only been confirmed by what I have seen here, and you know my desire to establish some concern which shall be permanent in the family, after the English and not the American mode.

I have spoken to Mr. Ames about the Novelty works, — he says it is the best place of the sort in the country, but thinks it would be well to work with my hands still longer. About this, therefore, I have written to young Stillman, also inquiring the conditions, the prospectus, &c. If his answer is favourable, I shall go down there and get a thorough knowledge of steam work, practical and scientific, for they, Mr. Ames tells me, are scientific, while up here there has been no science since N. P. Ames died, — no chance for any, in fact, except on the water wheels, and all these they get from Boyden in Boston, who is the greatest living authority.¹ The knowledge which I shall get of steam in three or four years will enable me to command a salary of some sort, and will always give me something to fall back upon, — but my ultimate plans go beyond this, the business I mean to put my real energy into is bronze-founding. I have looked into the outside of the matter a good deal since I have been here and have come to the deliberate opinion that here is an opening for a permanent private concern, and that a corporation cannot, in the long run, at all compete with it.

I spent four or five hours with Richard Green-

ough,¹ the other morning, and took occasion to get all I could from him with regard to the prospective demand for bronzes in this country. He thinks that even within ten years there will be an immense increase in the number required both of large and small. Now it seems to me that here is an opening for me. I shall study all that books can tell about the practical part, and a good deal has been written on the subject. I shall get from Stillman and his friend Brown, &c., just what are the great desiderata in the finish, &c., for here Ames is still deficient. I shall learn to speak German, which will be very easy in New York, and French, which will be harder. *Then*, if the Ames Company want any one, I shall be able to come in on different terms: if *not*, and this is what I expect, I shall within ten years be able to get money enough to go to Munich and to Paris, study their peculiar processes, and if need be, get a few foreign hands; for if I can show a really good chance for a business, — partners with capital are not difficult to find in this country. You see I do not expect to grow rich in a hurry, but merely hope to found a respectable *English* foundry, under the control of partners, not agents.

Don't think I am growing uneasy, for I never was better situated, and don't be afraid that I shall grow unsettled,—

“To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.”¹

By the way, I have been reading “Walt and Vult” yet again, and with renewed delight,—Jean Paul enjoyed the poetry of common life better than any one that has ever written. He made the world he lived in. So did Sir Thomas Browne, and it is for this, among many other things, that I am so fond of him.

TO HIS MOTHER

CHICOPEE, July 10th, 1855.

Don't suppose that the great city is what attracts me to New York,—on the contrary, in my present mood I swear by Pythagoras, and would like nothing better than a seven years' silence. Alter the Orphic saying of one of our mythical Cabot great-aunts, and you have my “idees” exactly,—“It's bad enough to be poor, without having to have things”—including among “things,” of course, all the paraphernalia for starting. The best way to learn to swim is to plunge. I shall not think

of going to New York without some sort of salary, and I shall go, not to learn, but to earn. This, with my feelings about Corporations, explains all that I can by letter. If I had either definite prospects or immediate support, I should be perfectly satisfied where I am, for several years. Chicopee, it is true, is not "a distant Grecian sky," — but sons of Agamemnon may be nursed here. You remember Schiller's "Artist." It applies equally well to men. By the way, one would suppose from the manner in which you rub diamond-dust into me from Mrs. J.'s common-place book, that you thought me a very rough diamond, needing polish. I am afraid, however, my carbon is not crystallized. I have a lance to break with you yet for James, and also for Emerson.¹

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CHICOPEE, July 22, 1855.

Verily, verily, my dear Book-keeper, it would be no breach of charity to call thee fool. Why were you not in Springfield yesterday? Could not the Ledger take care of itself for a few hours? Better it were that a mill-stone were hanged about thy neck than such a book. I surely counted on your passing the day with

me, and going down on the Sunday night train, and now, in this my grievous disappointment, I am sitting with ashes on my head, waiting for the shops to open that I may buy a garment of sackcloth. By the Sacred Styx, my dear Nabob, as soon as you can afford it — *it* being the time and money — you must come up and pass Sunday with me. Now, however, I wish to ask a favour of you. Will you lend me two vols. of your Schiller, the one containing “William Tell,” and the one containing essays on the “Mission of Moses” and “The Systems of Solon and Lycurgus,” &c.?

TO HIS MOTHER

CHICOPEE, Sunday, Aug. 12.

The last two Sundays I have passed at Springfield and been to church twice a day, and my “moral retrogradation,” as Whewell says, is very perceptible. I shan’t go often. I meet too many “first cousins to Lady Jones and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.” For “Balder” I am very much obliged.¹ I like it extremely, — on that, however, I won’t commence, nor on Henry James’s book, of which I got a snatch at Dr. Stone’s. I will keep them until September.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CHICOPEE, August 22, 1855.

DEAR HIG,—I *shall* be in Chicopee on Sunday, and you *can* pass the day with me ; can leave here on Monday at 6.30 and be in Boston at 11.30. Surely that princely Nabob Sa Muelaus Tin¹ would not grudge his faithful scribe one demi-Monday more. . . . I intreat you, in Plato's name, to *come*. Wheelbarrows shall be in readiness at the depot to convey you to *all* the principal parts of the city, and the banks and places of business shall all be closed during your stay.

I expect you to spend the Sunday after with me at Beverly.

How are gunnies?

Yours in haste,

C. R. L., JR.

P. S. A business man should sign his *full name*.

TO HIS MOTHER

TRENTON, ² Sunday, Sept. 24th.

The part of the business which I am to attend to at first is the puddling, and I am very glad of it,—for it is the first and perhaps the

most important of all, and while engaged in this I shall have plenty of chances to learn everything about the rolling, &c.

I have n't yet unpacked my trunk, and haven't opened a book, except on iron or mathematics, since I've been here. In a week, however, this will change.

TO HIS MOTHER

TRENTON, Sept. 30th, 1855.

Is it not being "rayther hash on a stranger," to force upon me a whole page of truisms about health, and then leave the last page without a word save your name and love, — upon me too, the individual, who, moved by the solicitations of an anxious Mother, actually swallowed two doses of laudanum and two lumps of sugar for the purpose of breaking up a cold? Do you not know that I respect health and the healthy more even than I do morality? I hold that a man of forty-five, who is in the healthful possession of his bodily faculties, must almost of necessity be a fine character; "reading and writing come by nature" but not health,—the *wholesome* man, as George Herbert would say, the man *integer vitæ*, must have fought a good fight with the climate, with society, with him-

self, and with his business. Such a man I must respect,— he shows a deep sense of at least one half of life's demands upon him, — and I shall certainly feel a very great self-contempt, if at the age of thirty-five I have puddled myself down into a miserable nervous “ball” of discomfort to self and friends. I mean no more to be a domestic porcupine myself than I do to take a dragon for a spouse. *Nous verrons*. As to the iron fever, which makes iron our meat and our drink, and even our visitor in visions,— my antidote for that will be a good walk in Pennsylvania on Sundays, — Shakespeare, Schiller, and a *wonderfully* good little Town Library of about 1000 vols. and your letters. Trenton itself is decidedly a “one horse” city, — the people, as far as I have seen them, pleasant enough, but with no very “great ideas,” as the Chicopeans say. If I can only lay hands on an intelligent German, I shall try to learn to talk the language ; it would be of great use to me with our puddlers, as many of them talk German to one another, and only very broken English to the “boss.”



LETTERS

II

SICKNESS AND TWO YEARS' WANDERING

Winged sandals for my feet
I wove of my delay.
From the shutting mist of death,
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.

The Fire Bringers.

II

SICKNESS AND TWO YEARS' WANDERING

TO HIS MOTHER

TRENTON, Sunday.

Such a famous long letter as your last does really deserve a grateful answer, but the day is like gloomy November, and my spirits, I am sorry to say, are not like Niebuhr's, rising as the weather grows duller. I really believe I am growing old and lazy, — it was hard enough sometimes in Chicopee, scraping away at cast-iron to believe, as Emerson says, that "To-day is a Monarch in disguise," but after tea, when I got at Carlyle or Wordsworth or old Sir Thomas Browne, I generally found my faith grew stronger. Now, however, I have n't the spirit to touch a book; even Shakespeare is heavy, and Schiller flat: it is not hard work by any means, — I have enough to do and of an interesting kind and on that score could desire nothing better, — it may be homesickness, —

it may be because I am on probation, and, babyish though it may seem, I should be glad to think it were either of these, anything rather than lose an interest in things really high. However, I am resolved to give at least an hour a day to my ancient Gods, and next week I hope to write in better spirits. I often think of the last verse of "Balder,"— it is certainly very fine.¹

TO HIS MOTHER

STEAMSHIP CAHAWBA, March 2d, 1856.²

It is the 2d day of March and there is a very strong east wind blowing, — but an east wind within 200 miles of Havana barely succeeds in keeping the thermometer down to 90° and its softness is more delicious than anything Boston ever dreamed of. It is something like a June day in Cambridge, only for the Green we have the Blue, and such a Blue. It makes one feel that homesickness which Novalis says is the soul of all philosophy, — and yet such a selfish state does it produce, that you could not think of wishing your best friend here to enjoy it *with* you, — the idea would be too absurd, — it is all-absorbing and complete in itself, — three or four years at sea would be better than three or four years under a barrel which C. recommends.

TO HIS MOTHER

NEW ORLEANS, ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

April 6th, 1856.

I shall say very little about my past trip, but a good deal about my plans. I *cannot* tell you how kind Mr. Forbes has been, not more about money than every other thing—had not the bad management on Southern R. R.'s kept us for the last half hour dodging about after baggage, &c., I am certain we should not have separated without *one* cry. He says he considers me engaged to him when I come back,—and I would *willingly* lose a year, if I were sure of being able then to live in Boston. I am going to try. I have thought a good deal at different times of engineering in Missouri. . . . Mr. Forbes advises my not *settling* in the West if I can help it, but thinks from two to five years would be good there: so do I, *if* at the end of a year, I can't stay with him.

All this is old talk with both of us, I know, but as it occupies me *now*, in deciding what to do *to-morrow*, I write it. There sails on Monday or Tuesday for Trieste a fine ship of 800 tons—one year old—belonging to a N. Y. & Liverpool line of Packets, but sent here be-

cause freights are dull there. Of course she has very sumptuous accommodations for passengers, in which she differs, Mr. Whitney tells me, from the usual class of vessels that go to the Mediterranean with cotton. Mr. W. also speaks highly of her Captain, and I like the looks of both him and his mate; her name is "Wm. F. Schmidt." This tempts me to the Mediterranean.

TO HIS MOTHER

Afternoon, April 6th.

Well, my dear Mother, I have decided to sail to-morrow *Eastward*. . . . To-morrow morning at eight my trunks go on board, and we shall go down stream at night — when you get this I hope to be out of the Gulf — and now for directions about my letter of credit, &c.

.

The vessel, as I said, is going to Trieste, but will *probably* touch at Gibraltar—if she does, I stop there. . . . In Mobile I met my classmate McLemore, who returned two months ago from Europe and who had travelled on foot through the Pyrenees down to below Madrid. He said that from the middle of May to the middle of September the Pyrenees were a great

deal frequented by such people as go to Lenox or Brattleboro' with us ; he always found good quarters and pleasant people — saw or heard nothing of robbers — needed no guide, the roads are then so much travelled — but advised me to go on horseback rather than on foot, as being little, if at all, more expensive.

TO HIS MOTHER

GIBRALTAR, Tuesday, May 27.

Well, my dear Mother, here I sit at the foot of Hercules' pillar, sucking oranges and fattening on British beer. I discovered my new world about two o'clock on Sunday. . . .

Our passage was not quick, and I lacked the excitement of clipper-sailing, — but the weather was fair, the sea smooth and the ship crank and easy. We lay four days on the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, and for thirteen days more were drifting about the Gulf of Mexico in a dead calm.

I have worked the Captain's observations for him almost every day and have occasionally wielded a quadrant myself, appearing on the quarter-deck with an antique instrument that might have served Ulysses.

From Hatteras down to the Western Islands

I might have been seen during about six hours of each day promenading the deck . . . always followed in a most serious manner by little Mr. Pig, who was also making his first voyage and who manifested his disapproval of sea life by an incessant grunting. When tired of viewing my own soul, I would attend a woman's rights meeting among the hens, or endeavor to convince the Captain of the truth of the great doctrine of Compensation, or go forward and amuse myself with the remarks of the black crew.

On the whole, I am very glad I did not go to China.¹ I have grown fonder, far fonder of the blue sea than ever, but have not grown fond of shipboard, — am decidedly not sorry to have seen that little world and lived that life, — but hope that I have now died to it forever — shall be content henceforth to be a “creeping thing” on *terra firma*.

I do not entirely understand what you mean by your remarks about “præter-natural fears.” I have been fussy and fidgety and have perhaps been unnecessarily careful about exposure, but as to fear about myself, — why, as Emerson somewhere says, I “sail with God the seas,” — my only fear now is that which drove the tyrant of Samos to throw his ring into the sea, — I am

frightened and oppressed by the terrible good fortune which always has attended me, by the kindnesses which I have done nothing to earn and which I can never repay.

For Heaven's sake don't feel anxious about my enjoying myself. I am in an agony of enjoyment all the time now. I am as stout as Henry and as strong as Samson, — cough once or twice in a week, and shall soon get over my cold, or the irritation in my throat, in this delicious weather.

TO HIS SISTER ANNA

GIBRALTAR, KING'S ARMS, May 28, 1856.

I wish you could have been with me in a long walk I took this morning, out to the end of the point. The bay of Gibraltar runs up for a mile or two with the land at right angles to the Strait, — so that, whatever be the direction of the street you are in, there is always a landscape with a bit of sunny blue water in the foreground, and behind, either the bold rocky pillar or the African coast or some distant peak in Spain. Out towards the end of the Rock, in the Government gardens and on the ramparts, you, of course, get the whole sweep of the Strait and bay at once, but I think I prefer the glimpses

got down the steep and narrow streets through a vista of little yellow houses, all with flowers at the windows and on the roofs, here and there an orange tree or graceful young poplar hanging over a garden wall, — with perhaps a troop of donkeys carrying water-casks, or a flock of goats following the bell-wether from door to door to be milked, — or a knot of solemn white-turbaned Moors, or mild looking young Turks with fez and mustache from the man-of-war in the harbor. Everywhere, of course, is seen the British redcoat, — you see them planted solitary upon the rampart, or on the lines, each with his red or yellow mat of grass cloth stretched above him, sheltered like some delicate exotic from the sun, — you see them set in rows in the parade ground as hot and uncomfortable looking as tiger-lilies, — and you continually meet them marching with music through the streets. The ugly Saxon face is here seen in perfection; the handsome type with the broad forehead and blue eyes rarely met, except among the officers. I am sure, I hope by this time, you are on your feet enjoying the early summer. I hate to think of your lying there while I am having so much and so various enjoyment out here. However, — Good-bye.

TO HIS MOTHER

SEVILLE, June 16, 1856.

Hola, my dear Mother, after ten days' travelling here I am again alone on the banks of the Guadalquivir, the Moslem's "big river" — I have eaten of the snows of the Sierra Nevada, have plucked a myrtle twig in the courtyards of the Alhambra, have drunk from the fountain in the grand Mosque at Cordova, and am now getting a little homesick in the finest city in Spain, — for the Spaniards say "See Seville and die."

For a week after landing in this old world, I stretched my legs up and down the sides of Gibraltar enjoying everything, — the exercise, the weather, the views, the faces of men, — yea, even the fife and drum. A traveller soon tires of the place, but I am fresh, and, in my land-sick state, with the aid of the fair, the review, &c., I got on famously. After seven days, however, I began to think more seriously of my solitary trip to Granada or Cadiz. I attacked our consul with questions, and was myself exposed to the pertinacious assaults of a youth called Jacob, who is in the habit of attending American shentlemen to Malaga and Granada,

and will be mosht happy to accompany me if I wish a companion. Still I am loath to start. I cannot help expecting letters from the Professor or from Ned, so for two days more I lengthen my breath in the steep walks about the Rock or amuse myself watching the officers at cricket,—keeping as much from the hotel as possible to avoid a burr-like Yankee Captain whose vessel was in port repairing. He stuck like Socrates, and was very fond of discussing in a loud undertone the possibility of a war with England and the probable result. At length, on Wednesday, after watching three regiments land who had seen hard fighting in the Crimea, I was waiting for my dinner in the coffee-room, when I walked a couple of gentlemen of between thirty-five and forty, with very remarkable hats on, hats evidently from some hotter climate,—one was a bald-pated, rosy-faced, rather precise little Englishman, the other larger, thinner, and very brown, looking so much like an American that I addressed him, and we arranged to dine together. They proved to be Australians on the way to England, who had stopped over one steamer at Gibraltar and were meditating a ten days' trip to Granada and back. We liked one another at dinner, I mentioned my plans and

we agreed to join, — but alas ! it was then half past four, and the last ferry boat across the bay to the steamer *Tharsis* left at half past five. Still I would try it, so I shifted the needful raiment into the two bags, got a porter, rushed up to the consul with my passport, begged letters from him to two or three friends in Malaga, and reached the ferry boat just as the screw began to turn. But my friends the Englishmen were not on board ; perhaps they had gone earlier and were already at the *Tharsis*, — so I kept up my spirits very well, in spite of a heavy “ black Levanter ” which had come up within half an hour, — but on board the steamer it was no better, not a soul spoke English, and making up my mind not to go farther than Malaga alone, I turned in on a sofa and was soon asleep. I woke up dreaming I heard English voices, and, sure enough, there were my two companions. They had crossed with no little risk in a small sail-boat, though the storm was so violent that it delayed the steamer for three hours. Of course, as it was chiefly on my account they risked it, I set them down for trumps, — and a bottle of Valdepeñas, Don Quixote’s favourite wine, made them forget their ducking. We reached Malaga about daybreak, spent the day

there marching about the town, and started for Granada at about ten o'clock P. M. on top of the diligence. After a very rough and hilly ride we entered the "vega" or plain of Granada about noon, and descended from our lofty seats at three, very tired and very dusty. Every one tells us we are very lucky in coming just at this time, for all over the country there have been very heavy rains till within a few weeks, and now vines and olives are at their greenest. You know Granada is the city of fountains, and after our ride, its walks (Alameda) were delicious to see. But the greatest beauty of Granada (better even than the Alhambra) is the view from the Moorish tower, — we watched the sunset from there on Sunday, — underneath and around is the plain (about eight miles across) looking not unlike the valley of the Connecticut as seen from Mt. Holyoke when the corn is greenest, but more beautifully sprinkled with clumps of trees and little white homesteads. The sun goes down over a group of hills, in the midst of which, as they tell us, is the bridge where Columbus was overtaken by Isabella's messenger calling him back to discover a new world. To the east, high up, lies the Sierra Nevada, still white halfway down its sides, the summit,

Muley Hassan, just tipped with sunlight, and the rest of a delicious pink or purple, — southward is a dark little hill from which Boabdil took his last look at the “vega,” — it is “el ultimo suspiro del Moro,” — and towards the north is a remnant of Roman handiwork called by the Moors “Omar’s chair.” We found in Granada that by hurrying a little we could visit both Cordova and Seville and be back by the 14th at Cadiz, so we left on the diligence early Monday morning for Jaen and Baylén, which last village we reached at midnight. In the morning we made inquiries about the diligence and made our first acquaintance with the “cosas de España” — roundabout roads are, of course, excusable, but the delays and the want of method are intolerable to one in a hurry, and worst of all is the constant *Io no sé* of the officials. The Spaniards shrug their shoulders and smile at all this, and so, of course, did I, but my companions were anxious to reach Cadiz by the end of a week, — and here we were told that it might be a fortnight before we got a seat to Cordova. Our best move seemed to be to take a stray coach for twelve miles to Andújar, and thence to Cordova on horses. We left at three expecting to reach Andújar about seven, but no,

it was fairly nine, too late for horses that night, they tell us, but they will have them at the door the next morning at four; so we make arrangements to be called at three, and after waiting two hours for our dinner, we get to a bed of fleas and mosquitoes at half past eleven. The next day, at half past five the horses appear, two of them without stirrups; this will never do, so another half hour is spent in tying stirrups together with a string passed under the blankets and over the broad pack saddle, then we start, and, with the exception of an occasional drink of water and a two hours' rest, we do not leave the saddle till half past eleven at night: the distance was forty-two miles and we allowed ten hours for it, but we did not understand the common Spanish horse, — even Mr. Everard, who has been used to ride six hours a day for the last fifteen years, was fairly fagged out. It did us no harm however; — we slept deep into Thursday and got up as fresh as ever, and having by good luck secured seats for Seville the next day, we had nothing to mar our enjoyment of the Grand Mosque. On Friday at nine, we started for Seville and reached here on Saturday at precisely noon. . . .

At Cordova, I felt no desire to stop longer,

but here I should like to stay a month, — there is no building like the Alhambra or the Mosque, but the Cathedral is very beautiful, there are scores of fine churches, &c., and the streets (and I gladly live amid the real) are full of life, very bright, and the light of the sun in the principal streets always softened by the awnings stretched across under the eaves of the buildings, so that, even at midday, one enjoys them, — and then here, too, are more than thirty beautiful Murillos, almost all in light, dry rooms, which I can visit conscientiously, and not in damp Cathedrals which I can only sneak into for a few minutes and then must leave. Murillo lived here and died here, you know. The people, too, I enjoy quite as much now as the day I landed; then I was pleased with the mere sight of faces and amused with the novelty of the dresses, but it soon grew in some sort painful to keep meeting man after man of whose character I could guess nothing, — all my old physiognomes were quite useless, and I felt most unpleasantly how ignorant I must be of both Greek and Roman; every day, however, I have improved, and now I feel almost as much at home in the “Calle de la Sierpe” as in Washington Street. The most

disagreeable feature in all these Spanish towns is the beggary; at every turn some disgusting specimen is exhibiting himself. If I were a rich American, I should certainly hire some monarch to travel with me, for then they are cleared from the streets and naught unpleasant meets the eye of royalty. I am growing much attached to the Spaniards: they are so merry, contented, and good natured, — so moderate, too, in their habits and desires, and yet so splendidly proud. They cannot be very idle, I am sure, for between Granada and Andújar there was not an inch of ground where the soil was not sure to be washed away the first freshet, which did not have its vine, its fig tree, its olive, or its pomegranate, — olives are far the most common, — fences are not used, and in many places as far as the eye can see there rises hillock after hillock covered with olives more thickly than Wellington Hill with apples. The tree by itself is not striking, — but when mixed with vine and walnut trees, the effect is beautiful. The Spaniards do not seem to be a humorous people, though Don Quixote belongs to them, — they are lively and easily pleased with trifles, — you have no idea of the smiles excited by my companions' hats, — every city we went to was

convulsed,—when we entered the bull-ring yesterday afternoon for more than five minutes 10,000 out of the 15,000 present turned to stare at us, and we were greeted with showers of jokes which I was unable to interpret (by the way, I am interpreter, — neither of my companions speaking a word of Spanish). One word more about bull-fighting, and then I must finish. It is some'ut cruel certainly, still I rather like it; it is very exciting, and requires great nerve, agility, courage, and mind on the part of the torreras — their cerebella were all small, their frontal developments splendid. I shall start on Wednesday for Cadiz, and be at Gibraltar Saturday.

I grow stronger and feel better already than when I landed (more like my old self in mind and spirits, I mean), but still I know that this rapid travelling does not make such quick work of my disease as would a few weeks on foot or horseback in the mountains, — first Pyrenees, then Alps in August.

TO HIS MOTHER

GENOA, June 30, 1856.

Really, my dear Mother, I think it was rather a “tempting of Providence” for Columbus to

go about to discover a New World, when he had such a good old one as this to take root in: if I had been born in his old house here, I doubt if I should have left my mamma. There is at present a dispute between the authorities and the citizens, as to whether the square in front of his birthplace shall be occupied by a monument or a railway station. Christopher, I think, would "go in" for the railway. But I am forgetting to tell you how I came here. I reached Gibraltar from Cadiz on Saturday (21st). The only boat for some time was one to Genoa that afternoon, which I took, and after five days' homesickness was landed here yesterday morning.

And now of my last purchase — by Castor and Pollux! I have bought a pony, a Sardinian pony with the true grin about his upper lip, showing that he has fed on the herb. To this I was led by divers considerations, — it certainly is better (*i. e.* pleasanter and healthier) than travelling through the Alps per diligence, with my heavy trunk. Walking is equally pleasant and equally invigorating, but I catch cold rather easily and should like, in this variable up and down country, to take more clothing than a knapsack will hold. If I walk, or

send baggage round by stage to this place and that, as I am likely to want it, the total would soon be as great as the expense of the horseback trip, — I think greater. Therefore my trunk is going to the Customs House at Geneva for the next two months and I am going to push about the Alps.

I am in tremendous spirits at the idea of Ned, mountain air and all, — I am really gaining breadth and strength, but hair still too short for a photograph, and feel as if I could carry clothes enough to clothe a Dutchman; but the knapsack won't be overcrowded, and saddlebags take the surplus and make sure work about taking cold. Pony is bought with saddle and bridle all on him, which saves something. He is a dark bay, and I mean to call him "Jip" for a former Scotch friend of ours.

TO HIS MOTHER

ST. GALL, July 27, 1856.

The last time I wrote I think I was just starting for the Alps on the back of a horse called Gyp, but I soon found that the mountain air agreed so well with the flies that they made nothing of eating a cold horse for luncheon, — so for ten days more or less, I rode by

night and slept by day, not a pleasant way of travelling, where one is alone and where one wishes to enjoy the scenery, — so when I reached Geneva and met Ned, I decided to sell the equine. From Genoa, I came up through Turin, Susa, Mont Cenis, Modane, Chambéry, Aix, and Annecy, through the very midst of Savoy and Piedmont in fact, and as they speak there one very wretched French-Italian patois, and I speak another equally wretched, you may imagine I had a rather funny time of it, — still, it was quite worrying sometimes.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

VEVEY, Sept. 10, 1856.

I have been very anxiously expecting a letter from you for two months. Are you going to Kansas? You'd better, I think, unless things look brighter. Do not you or John sail till you hear from me again. I am only waiting for another steamer to decide what I shall do. I think it will be Kansas. Don't breathe a word of this to any one but John. I have kept perfectly dark even with Ned and cousin Frank Lowell. I am waiting awhile at Vevey to make up my mind calmly, and hoped to hear from you before the closing of the mail for U. S. A.'

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

VEVEY, Sept. 16, 1856.

Not a word from home since my last. Do not, however, be influenced by my letter of the 10th. *I shall not come home yet, but shall be in Florence after October 20th* to welcome Johnny on his arrival. Whether afterward to Egypt depends, of course, upon the weather. I have written, however, to our Minister at Constantinople to make sure of the best assistance, in case I go by the Nile.

TO HIS MOTHER

MILAN, Sept. 28, 1856.

DEAR MOTHER,—It is Sunday, and your two letters which I found here yesterday deserve a good, long, homesick Sunday answer, but today, I am not homesick; it is gloomy and rainy outdoors, but I feel uncommonly happy,—my only fear, dear woman, is that my plans may make you unhappy. You say I have failed—true; but on my long voyage this seemed to me a mark of the gods' peculiar favour,—to those whom they love they send early warnings. Better to fail now, when the choice of my career is my own, than two years hence when my ties

would have been more binding. But how to choose? Again I say I have failed at the right moment. You know I always assured the girls that it was not on their account that I went into business, and it was not: nor was it on yours. You were successful, and that is its own reward. I certainly would not have worked ten or fifteen years to give you the largest fortune in Boston. But with dear Father it was quite a different case, — to him my success would have been an immense gratification, — this was why I was eager to go to China. I even felt, dear Mother, as if I should gain in this way as a scholar and critic. The best cheese (*stracchino*) is made from the cows who arrive in the plain of Lombardy tired (*stracchi*) by their march down from the Alps. I made a God of Niebuhr, and thought that action was necessary to complete my character, — and that the evenings would be longer than whole days of leisure. But when, last December, it became clear to me that these evenings could no longer exist to me for many years, and that I must content myself for the future with a winter day's work, — by Jove, the question became a different one. At first I took a doggedly blue view of the matter, and resolved, in

spite of my Chicopee experience, to swear off from books resolutely. But on my 21st birthday I got from Father a dear, tender letter which quite changed my plans. I never can read it now without crying, and from that moment I resolved that I would take a good long time to recruit, and if it still seemed clear that my health had need of my evenings, I knew that I should have your hearts, if not your judgments, on my side, if I made up my mind to come back to Cambridge and teach pupils in the old blue room, earning all I could and studying and strengthening mind and body to take hold in five or six years of that model school which Sanborn and Potter and I and so many others are so anxious for; with either Sanborn or Potter as principal, I know I could make a good auxiliary.

To most of the many friends who have been so kind to me, I can yet repay, perhaps, my debt,—if not to them, why, to their children. Uncle Pat, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Ward,—all have young lads coming to college soon, to whom I can sometimes perhaps be of use,—at any rate I shall trust as usual to the Gods. I suppose Aunt E. would hardly confide Cabot to me as

a pupil,—at any rate I shall spend this winter here in Rome and spend grandmother's money. I did think seriously, a fortnight since, of passing the winter in camp in Kansas (not settling there of course), but have decided not to on many accounts.

TO HIS FATHER

MILAN, Sept. 29, 1856.

DEAR FATHER,—Here I am in a city about the size of Boston,—it seems a little odd to be entirely idle in such a place, but time goes very quickly and pleasantly. I have not been to the Gallery yet or the Library. I pass the day walking about the city, dodging into churches during the showers which continually fall at this season. . . . I am dipping a little into Italian, particularly the oaths, and have amused Eckly a good deal by the gravity with which I introduce the “Corpo di Baccho,” &c., into all our traffic with fruit dealers. Milan, you know, is not a bit of a sight-seeing place, and I like it the better for that. The only antiquities it boasts of are a solitary Corinthian column in front of one of the churches, and a row of pillars (ruins of the baths of Hercules) which stand now in the very centre of a crowded thorough-

fare,— it is really sad to see the poor things thrust out thus among a crowd of black-coated Milanese and jaunty Austrian soldiers. These soldiers, by the way, are to me the greatest attraction of the city,— I like them, in spite of myself, and go out to see them drilled on the Champs de Mars. My plan when I last wrote to you was to come into Italy with Furness, but that I gave up.

Last Wednesday I at length crossed the Pennine Alps and descended upon the great plain of Lombardy by the Simplon Pass (Napoleon's wonder road). I met a young Englishman at Brieg and walked with him to the summit; there we were wrapped up in a thick cloud (a very permeating garment when the wind blows), and as some travellers mounting from Italy told us that about an hour below they had emerged from a steady rain, we established ourselves cosily in the *coupé* and thus entered *la bella Italia* just at nightfall. Hannibal, I believe, led his troops up a high peak and in a "nit spitch" pointed out the great Transpadana Campus: it was quite unnecessary — the first chestnut bough they broke on their march would have inspired them, though they had been blacks from Central Africa. Even

cooped up inside a diligence, our lantern throwing its light only on a bit of splashy road and a dripping postilion, bobbing up and down on a dripping post-horse,—even then, one felt the difference, —Switzerland is great, but Italy is, — Italy.

TO HIS MOTHER

VENICE, Oct. 20, 1856.

I am enjoying myself so very intensely that I should find it hard even to tell you of it, *much more* to write. Could you sit down and write if you had made a new friend to-day, a friend from among the sweetest, the purest, the most deep-eyed of the earth, — and yet I have, — I have seen a face by Giorgione for which Byron said “one might go mad because it cannot walk out of its frame.” Yesterday, too, how could I write? I had just come from a picture by Tintoretto, a Venus and Bacchus, which, as Mrs. Tappan truly said, I might almost take as my aim, my ideal in life — and certainly it did give me a push, a swing, which I think I shall never entirely lose. The figure of Venus fills the same place, in my idea of life, that the Venus of Milo does in my religion.¹ And you must remember, my dear Mother, that

when we are seeing such pictures we *always* think and talk of how much, and *how*, you and some others would enjoy them. I saw on Saturday a Faith by Titian, which I enjoyed wholly through Aunt E.'s eyes, so that I must always feel as if she had seen it,—it looked like Lucy, but Lucy as she ought to be,—a radiant face and a face that “knows no shadow of turning.” And then at Milan, twice every day of the seventeen I was there, I used to wander into that great solemn Duomo and think of you, or the girls, or Aunt E., and of the unity it would give your lives or the lives of any women to have such a place to pass a daily hour in,—really one cannot write after such days,—if one were “chipper” like —— one could easily say it,—but one is not “chipper” exactly.

TO HIS MOTHER

FLORENCE, Nov. 27, 1856.

It is Thanksgiving day, dear Mother, and though I know —— has just dropped a long letter into the post office, I am actually writing you one also,—and for what? to thank you for your book!!¹ will you believe it? Yes,——lent it to me soon after she reached here,——

and though, of course, opposed to it on principle, I have really enjoyed looking over it extremely. How the great men do stand out among the merely able, or the merely earnest men: Bacon and Goethe, by the side of Henry Taylor and Carlyle; even Emerson and William Humboldt by the side of Helps and Kingsley, &c. Rather discouraging to us moderate people. I have also to thank you and Father for the two very kind letters which I have received within two days. I had rather dreaded to receive the first, but found you even kinder and wiser than I had fancied. I am endeavoring to follow Sydney Smith's advice and take none but short views of life, but find it rather hard. You are entirely right in all you say about an active life being the thing for me, unless I had changed my spots a good deal. You know how I felt about going back to Mr. Forbes unless I could work as many hours and as closely as any of them. When I came out of Switzerland I doubted if I should in June, — now I feel differently, — at any rate I can go out West.

I am having a most delightful time here, walking, talking Italian, and reading.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

FLORENCE, Dec. 4, 1856.

DEAREST BOY, — It is you who need a companion, it seems, and not I. Remember this and make your plans accordingly. You need distraction, perhaps work, perhaps amusement. You can best tell, but remember that here am I with a stock of cheerfulness so great that my spirits verge upon the idiotic, and for anything south of the Alps, dear fellow, I am entirely at your disposal. . . .

I decided to spend the winter here, and go to Rome in the middle of February.

TO HIS MOTHER

FLORENCE, Jan. 15, '57.

DEAREST MOTHER, — I am sorry to find by the constant tone of your letters how much you had set your hearts on my going to Egypt. Really I got the best advice of all my best friends here, and it was all in favour of Florence.

By February 1st, Spring may be expected : for the Carnival the days must be fine, — even January, you know, looks both ways, and last year the willows had begun to swell and bud by this time.

Anna asked me to write her an account of Florence; but how can I? what is there left to say? has not Mr. Hilliard exhausted the subject? *I* have a most superb ignorance of the history of Art and Artists, and grope my way about among old Christian paintings with an exemplary blindness. I do not find that my love for the Giotto's and the Fra Angelico's increases as I become better acquainted with them. They are, of course, exceedingly interesting, as they throw a new light on the history and literature of the age in which they were painted, — it is like travelling among a new race all whose beliefs and motives to action are different, — so different from mine, indeed, that I stare at them with curiosity, but without sympathy. Even Raphael's Madonnas *I do not enjoy at all*. I can perfectly believe that many people, Cousin — *per esempio*, enjoy them exceedingly, and feel really happier and better and stronger after seeing them and the Peruginos. But it is not so with me. I would rather have Michael Angelo's Three Fates than any Madonna I shall ever see, — it is to me the most instructive picture I have met (except one, perhaps, by Tintoretto) — the old crone in the background, holding the distaff and sending forth to all

eternity one monotonous, unheeding shriek, is crushing, — she is better than a Greek tragedy. The Gothic spirit, as they call it, seems to me suited to music and architecture, but not to painting and sculpture, — these are too positive, — one wants perfection, not aspiration. However, Art is by no means my province, it may have unsettled Mr. —, but to me every day adds a new conviction that my road is in quite another direction, — and, oddly enough, this gives me a new sort of pleasure in visiting galleries.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

FIRENZE, Jan. 27, 1857.

I was terribly ground by your note about Switzerland. For God's sake come along now and bring Stephen with you, leaving the *Cornice* till later in the season. Do come. We will go to Pisa, Lucca, Pistoia, and Prato on our way up, making an excursion of three or four days on foot, if you please, and then from Florence we can make a trip to Volterra, being gone three days more. By the 15th, I hope to start for Rome. Mr. Perkins is going, and his carriage has at least two spare places. My plan, however, is to go on horseback, changing our

horses at every post, and passing the night at the inns where the Perkinses stop, thus securing dry and warm rooms. I think it probable that Mrs. Tappan and party will go at the same time, taking *vettura*. We shall be at least eight days on the road, seeing all the pictures and the ruins, Roman and Etruscan. Does n't this tempt Stephen?

I have been obliged to postpone my Sicilian tour until March; shall stay in Rome until then, chiefly making excursions on the Campagna.

N. B. — In Marseilles . . . be sure to get for me Fresnel's "Researches on Light."

TO HIS MOTHER

ROME, April 2, '57.

DEAREST MOTHER, — I have entirely decided to stay abroad another winter, — not that I am not well enough now, but because I can be better, the Doctor says. You, I see, are much more afraid of my growing selfish than of my becoming unfitted for business. It is a selfish enough life I am leading, I know, but I do not forget that I am daily giving new bonds to aid others, — if it is Grandmother's "privilege and office" to help me now, it will be my *awful* duty to repay

it hereafter. The Gods will hold me responsible and I am too superstitious to provoke the avenging Goddess. Good-bye.¹

TO HIS FATHER

ROME, May 6, 1857.

What a splendid move it is, this trip to Virginia! I hope you will not give up your plan of bringing them back by land, and to crown the whole, I hope you will all three take a fancy to Virginia and decide you would like to migrate. If we are going to leave Massachusetts, let us go to Virginia. It would be far better than the West — we should continue to live in the last half of the 19th century and not fall back a generation, as most Western men do. It seems to me that eight or ten years from now, say when I am thirty years old, the field in Virginia will be quite as great as in the West — I feel now what Uncle James said last year, I shall have to fight shy of all temptations to very great activity until I am thirty.² Every little over-exertion I feel much more markedly than quite a sudden change of weather. However, let us hear what Mother reports: perhaps after another year I shall do best to stay in Boston.

TO J. C. BANCROFT

ROME, May 7, 1857.

MY DEAR JOHNNY, — How the Gods do love to tease us *homunculi* occasionally! Last February, when Henry [Higginson] joined me in Florence, we laid our heads together to get you across the water; as a preliminary standpoint we concocted an extensive plan of migration, you and Jim Savage and Henry and I were all to move to Virginia or somewhere — we were to cultivate the vine and the olive, to think none but high thoughts, to speak none but weighty words, and to become, in short, the worthies of our age: the programme of your life being thus settled, we could urge with much convincingness the importance — nay, the necessity, of two or three years' foreign travel to stock your mind, my dear fellow, with ideas and images which in our hallowed intercourse with Nature were to develop into character. It was charmingly reasoned, and you could not refuse to come, when — pop! down came a little bombshell of fact into our castle, you were going to Surinam as soon as the ice melted, by Jove! — the contrast was irresistibly comic. As long as the Gods send you such chances as

that, I shall hold my tongue; if you have more such arrows in your quiver, shoot away, and don't read what I shall write on the next page, — remember that it is all based on the hypothesis that you have not yet attained to the “one equal temper of heroic mind” in your plans and aspirations for the future.

Come out here, not with the intention of devoting yourself to any art, or to all of them, but simply that you may become acquainted with yourself, — come out to “*sfogare*” yourself — it is astounding how the smoke clears away when one is here looking at the whole concern from afar, — come for your own sake and for us who love you.

TO HIS MOTHER

FLORENCE, June 4, 1857.

Next to the sea, give me mountains for companionship, — it is the Sabine and the Alban hills that give the Campagna its chief charm, its never-ceasing variety, — my pleasantest days in Rome were passed on top of the baths of Caracalla or in front of St. John Lateran, watching the hourly changes of the landscape, — the Villa Albani is another lovely spot to “loafe.” I went there with Mrs. Tappan, and

we agreed that you would enjoy a day there more than the finest picture or statue in Rome or Florence. Oh, if you could only sit and sew, and now and then look up and breathe in the beauty of the Campagna.

I hope the newspaper accounts of fearful snowstorms through Virginia and the South have been exaggerated, — Hatty only speaks of the patches on the Blue Ridge and the tops of the Alleghanies; from Rome you see snow on the Apennines all through the summer, I believe. And now, dear Mother, if your visit has given you any idea of the life there, I wish to know if you think that A. and H. ever could enjoy it. I gather from your letters and from Anna's that there is sometimes *serious* talk in the family of leaving Massachusetts and moving South or West. I trust it has not come to that yet. You might enjoy it, but for the rest it would not be the thing at all. Emigration, unless in a company large enough to be its own society, is not the thing for any young women. I have seen something of life in our small villages, — something of mechanics and their wives, and I have heard from others a good deal about farmers' wives, and I know no harder lot than to be thrown among them for society. In France, the women

in the middle and lower classes, in the cities at least, are said to be much superior to the men; in the United States it is quite the reverse, the women are small-minded and mean-minded beyond belief. I cannot bear the thought of your going West. At first, Virginia pleased me better; I knew that there were cultivated people in the State and thought there might be friendly intercourse with them; but the more I read, the more I hear, of the state of feeling at present existing, the more convinced I am that as long as the question of slavery there is undecided, free settlers, however cultivated, will be under a taboo, — may even be in danger from personal attack from the vagabond whites. As visitors, you are courteously received; as settlers, you would find things changed. Nothing would induce me to expose the girls to it. And, after all, why talk of emigration? Hatty's cough is already gone, and if it is on my account, I hope at the end of another year to find all climates alike; the work is as we choose to make it, the West is no less under pressure than the East. Even if I have to go away, it will be but for a few years, — or let us say for five or ten, — it is certainly better than having me in China, is it not? Individually, I should

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it would be either pleasant or strengthening till I got as far north as the Tyrol ; it has been both. Dr. Wilson, whom we saw in Florence, feared the sun might be too trying on the Lombardy plain, and advised us to avoid being on the road between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. ; we have not always succeeded, even on fair days, but have felt no evil effects. I just ride as much or as little as the spirit moves me, sometimes thirty miles, sometimes not an inch. Both our horses have proved sound and kind : Henry's was bought from a carter and has shown himself a miracle of endurance, but he has worked too hard in his youth to enjoy much now ; mine, on the contrary, had always rollicked on the Campagna, had never worn shoes, and I feared the monotonous routine of labour might be intolerable to him, in spite of the solid oats he earned at both ends of the day. Madam, my fears were groundless,— that *cavalino* works as well, eats as fast, sleeps as sound as his more staid companion, and life is to him tenfold less bitter ; our midday siesta is a season of ever new delights to him, he rejoices in the song of the birds, in the rustling of the leaves, in the wind that shakes his mane : the other takes his rest as gladly in the shadow of a

house as under the shade of forest trees. I call my animal Nosegay, — nor is it physically inappropriate, as he has a bright pink spot on the end of his nose. In leaving Florence we avoided the great route direct to Bologna and took a less travelled road over the Apennines, passing through Pistoia to Modena, — it is thought by some that Hannibal crossed here descending into Etruria. For three days we were more or less among the mountains, often in fine old chestnut forests with just the symmetrical, flowerlike foliage which Tintoret loves to paint. From Modena we struck off to Parma, returned to M., and then eastward to Bologna. This gave us three days of unbroken cultivated level. You say that you first saw our Mother Earth face to face in the fertile swelling roll of Virginia. *Here*, strangely enough, one loses sight of her entirely; as the eye travels along the straight road in front, or down between the straight lines of trees on either side, something is missed sadly: the festoons of the vine, the waving surface of the wheatfields, are still lovely amid all the monotonous rectangularity; they assert themselves by their beauty to be the gifts of Gods; but the “bounteous mother dwells not there.” It is not that she

veils herself, but she *is not there*, and her absence very soon disgusts one with the scene. Fortunately we had the Apennines always in our near horizon, not crouching, as American hills often do, nor yet marching stately, like the blue Campagna hills, but raising their faces into the pure white light above them with a calm triumph which reminds one of Milton's sonnet on his blindness. I see now where the early religious painters got their backgrounds, — it was not a conventionality but a necessity with them. From Bologna we went seaward to Ravenna, and then north among lagoons and heavy sand roads to Mestre within five miles of Venice, where we left our beasts. The road was chiefly interesting as showing what Venice sprang from. In Parma and Ravenna I was disappointed; Bologna I found uninteresting before, but Modena repaid us, and the little towns Imola and Faenza were very characteristic of North Italy. Venice is better than ever, — it is for pictures what Rome is for statues. We go north in a few days, shall spend some weeks in the Tyrol and then on to Dresden.

I ask no questions about the West, for I shall hear it all ere this reaches you.

TO HIS MOTHER

LIENZ, July 8, 1857.

DEAREST MOTHER, — . . . Have you decided to emigrate *en masse*? If you have, of course we must go West; the risk in Virginia is far too great for us to stake our all upon it: for me alone it would be very different. You speak of Quincy [Illinois] as a promising place: I wish you would give me some idea of your plan. How much land you intend to buy, — how you intend to cultivate it, &c.? Also whether, in the course of time, there is likely to be any chance for manufacturing, rather than farming. I think there is no doubt we might prosper out there, for Quincy must be a great grain-centre in time, and some one will make fortunes: but successful speculation requires a talent by itself, of which I have never seen in myself the slightest proof. In anything connected with manufactures, or even with the lower branches of railroad management, ability will answer, and that I once had. However, money, after all, is not what we are seeking for, so much as some other things. I had hoped to repay some of Grandmother's kindness, by giving Cabot a lift, in case I had luck myself:

but I fear that is all over. By the way, did you see any farms, out West, worked on the joint profit principle, giving the hired labourers an interest in the success of the whole by making a part of their wages depend on the profits? I always wanted to try that, or rather to see it tried in our cotton and iron mills, and on a large farm the experiment would be equally valuable. If you will give me a full account of your plans, I can tell whether I can assist you at all by going West next winter. As far as I can judge out here, there is likely to be a fall in everything within a year or two.

TO HIS MOTHER

ISCHL, Aug. 16, 1857.

I am glad Jim^r does not yet feel quite made up as to the choice of his profession, — he must not forget that the “choice of a profession” is an Old World institution; in New England it need not trouble anybody — young fellows generally do bother themselves a good deal about it, unless, as in my case, there happens to be a foregone decision of long standing. Jim will not go to work quite as blindfold as I did, but perhaps, on the other hand, he will not have so good a chance to learn his mistake. If anything

could add to my conviction that manufacturing, not trade, was my place, it is the daily contact with a chap like Henry, who is a thorough born merchant. I hope that, if Jim makes a blunder the first time, he will have some such friend by with whom to test himself.

I am glad you have given up all anxiety about my future, — but I hope H—— fully understands that, if it proves better for her to go West, I go there as gayly as a horse to battle.

“To give room for wandering is it,
That the world is made so wide.”

I should look forward to a different career there, but I believe it might be quite as useful.

We start northward Tuesday, and shall travel through Bohemia to Prague. Horses and selves all well and in good spirits.

TO HIS MOTHER

DRESDEN, Sept. 3, 1857.

Dresden, dearest Mother, was our goal when we bought our horses in Rome, but it was in such a distant horizon and there were so many tempting stopping places on the route that nobody, not even Henry and myself, quite believed we should reach it. Here at length we are. We arrived Monday afternoon, having

driven from Teplitz that morning, and were both of us rather glad to put off our dusty riding garments and settle down into civilization.

We "vote" our mode of travelling to be in every respect the best that young men can find, except walking with a knapsack. There are no scales at hand, but I am quite sure I must weigh ten pounds more than at any time since I left home.

TO HIS MOTHER

DRESDEN, Sept. 16, 1857.

John and I are rooming together in the house of a Professor Muller (he is Professor of History in the Cadet School, and a very kind and obliging man): we have abjured English in theory, but in practice find it very difficult to abstain. Since John and Henry came along . . . we only go in to talk with the Professor and his wife between 8 and 9 in the evening. My chief anxiety here is how to get the needful amount of exercise. I ride two hours every day and generally pretty fast, — I row one hour, and of course do a good deal of walking, but I miss the grand exercise which we have had on our journey.

TO HIS MOTHER

DRESDEN, Oct. 5, 1857.

The first four days of last week I was quite occupied with the military manœuvres on the hills round the city. It was not a mere review, but the Saxon troops, some 30,000 in number, were divided into two bodies, and the campaign of 1813 was fought over on a small scale. It was well worth seeing, as the ground was historical.

I start for the South day after to-morrow; I shall take with me two very good letters to the director of the military hospitals in Algiers, the one from Dr. Reichenbach, the other from a Mr. Gunther, a Dresden architect and a capital fellow; he was in Algiers two or three years ago. They both say that the French Doctor is a trump, — that he will be delighted to help me, and will, without doubt, give me a good chance to get into the back country with some of the troops which are constantly detached there.

TO HIS MOTHER

VIENNA, Oct. 13, 1857.

You beg me to come home in the Spring with my mind as far as possible made up about my future, — I do not like to disappoint you

in your school plan, but you know that all that keeps me abroad this second year is the strong hope and belief that this additional exercise will make me almost as good a worker as I ever was. In this idea I shall rather omit my French lessons this winter than lose a good horseback expedition into the interior. Whether it be a railway, a rolling-mill, a machine-shop, or a cotton-factory, depends not so much on me as on circumstances, — but I am quite convinced that for ten or fifteen years my true field is in manufactures.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

STEAMER OFFICE,

MARSEILLES, Oct. 31, 1857.

I arrived this morning from Livorno. . . . Have you heard from John since ——'s failure? I hope that neither that nor ——'s will affect your brother. I hear that it is possible that Cousin F —— may have to go home in consequence of the stoppage of the Pemberton. His letters were waiting for him in Florence when I left, some having been there more than a fortnight. That looks as if he had made some change in his plans. Have you heard anything about how the loss on the Pemberton is divided? . . .

What does it amount to when a Railroad stops paying on its floating debt? Is it failure? If so, the Michigan Central has failed. Mr. Forbes is in England with the twins for six days trying to raise \$2,000,000.¹

. . . I tremble for the Pepperell, but perhaps, now the banks have stopped, things will be easier. I hear they are easier in New York.

TO HIS MOTHER

ALGIERS, NOV. 2, 1857.

DEAREST MOTHER,— Here I am in Africa. You will be glad to get me safe there, I dare say. I came from Vienna by way of Trieste, Venice, and Florence to Marseilles, — this being the cheapest though not the quickest route. I took a second cabin passage, and the air was so stifling that I was as sick as even — could have succeeded in being. I am exceedingly obliged to him for his letter to young Bonaparte, and shall certainly deliver it, if he is stationed here. I am now writing in the fourth story. All the hotels are high French buildings. . . . I have a little balcony which commands a view of the bay and am allowed the run of the roof, which at night — it is now moonlight — is very pleasant.

After visiting Dr. Guyon, it is possible I may go back fifty miles in the interior; it will be cooler and the chance for exercise will be better. I met some young Frenchmen on board the steamer who have come over for some shooting, and if nothing better offers, I may go back with them to Medeah. The weather feels charmingly hot after the cool winds of Genoa, and among all these Arabs and Moors I feel myself growing already Oriental.

TO HIS MOTHER

ALGIERS, Nov. 24, 1857.

DEAREST MOTHER,— Day after to-morrow is "Thanksgiving Day," I suppose. It will be but a dull festival in Boston; but we have a great deal to thank the Gods for.

Aunt Mary, too, has added one more to her many kindnesses — she has got me acquainted with an exceedingly agreeable, cultivated, and — what you will value more — motherly French lady, Mme. Girault,— who is here for her son's health. I live on the same floor and run in very often of an evening to see them,— you see there is no chance of my ever becoming a man; I find some one to take your place wherever I go.

My French teacher is a capital fellow, an exile since '52; I have other acquaintances too, both French and English,—among them an old Scotch Doctor in the Indian service, with whom I play chess two or three times a week, more on his account than mine, as I grudge the time,—but he is lonely and not very well. I believe we are going to have an uncommonly fine winter,—thus far, the weather is magnificent, far finer than I had expected. It is not unlike our fine October weather, but rather warmer,—when it rains, no human can stay out, but the sun dries the streets in a very short time. You see I have everything to make me happy here.

I cut out what I began about your proposal for the “Atlantic” and will not answer at present—know, however, that I am more than ever, since I left you, impressed with my utter lack not merely of the power of expression, but still more of observation. I enjoy my surroundings, as Adam and Eve enjoyed Paradise, according to Mr. Carlyle.

TO J. C. BANCROFT

ALGIERS, Dec. 5, 1857.

I am living very contentedly here. Not rising very early, I manage, by dint of a little rid-

ing and a good deal of walking, to get on as far as ten or ten and a half A. M., then I breakfast at the Café, take another turn in the *Place*, — and am boarded by my French teacher, who stays with me till 2 P. M. At two, I mount my beast and continue in the saddle till 5, read a little again, and dine at six, or six and a half. I dine now with an Englishman, a very pleasant fellow, who sketches in water colours and will put you through, I fancy, if you come here. After dinner we take our coffee and adjourn to the Club, where I have lately, since my eyes were troubled, passed all my evenings. There is plenty of billiard playing, — chess playing and gambling. Thus the day endeth, — unprofitable enough, is it not? If you come, we will do our riding before breakfast, and then you will have from 11 till 5 for your studio. There is no end of sketching both in and out of the city. I will confess at once another project I have which must not appall you, — the “Atlantic Monthly” gives ten dollars a page, — Mother has been twice asked, by Mr. Emerson and by the Editor¹ independently of each other, to get some letters from Algeria out of me. There is certainly enough to write about here, — but alone I should never get it into

form ; if you come, perhaps we can strike out something together.

TO HIS MOTHER

ALGIERS, Dec. 10, 1857.

DEAREST MOTHER,— What would you give for a climate which permits you, at 8 o'clock in the morning on the 10th of December, to write by an open window? Even here they talk of their mild and their hard winter—and happily this year promises to be one of the former. Last year there were 60 days of incessant rain,—as yet, we have not had a day when we could not find four or five hours at least for exercise. When I first came, I thought I should get along without riding, but at this season I found it would not do, I must secure a certain number of hours of violent exercise,—so I hired a horse. But he did not prove very good, and almost broke my neck on one of the descents here, so finally I have again bought a horse. Of course, I shall lose something in the Spring, but not a great deal, I hope, as the animal is sound and strong and I have already been offered 50 francs for my bargain.

But the main point is that you should not be pinching yourself in the necessaries this

winter. I am drawing on my future, but feel as sure as any one can that I have the work in me to repay you all, even your love, dear Mother, but not with work. Since the first of November I have not once regretted that I have stayed abroad this second year; that is saying a good deal for a fellow of my changeable temperament.

TO HIS MOTHER

ALGIERS, Dec. 31, 1857.

Buchanan is getting in deeper and deeper in the Kansas matter,—he'll need his four regiments there yet. I am glad to see that even such men as Douglas are too consistent to follow him where he is plunging now. I never read anything weaker than the part of his address that related to Kansas,—except one of Mr. Vernon Smith's or Sir C. Wood's speeches. Will there be no chance to do something in Kansas next Autumn,—can you find out for me through Mr. H. what Stephen Perkins is doing or proposing to do? What a funny Government we live under,—where the Treasury Department suspends payment three days after the President has announced to Congress that it would on no account suspend.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

Jan. 2, 1858.

. . . If you do not stay another year in Europe, what do you propose to do next Autumn? Business? Will it be settled by that time? I think I shall probably go West, after all, but do not write home about it. Kansas affairs are becoming interesting again, and I should think by the Spring we ought to know if it would be a free place for a "*free man*" to settle. . . . All failures seem to turn out worse than they were expected to. . . . What an asinine rogue Buchanan shows himself in what he says about Kansas. I was glad to hear Douglas was hard on him, but which will the Democrats of the North acknowledge as their mouthpiece? Douglas, I think; not to-day, perhaps, nor to-morrow, but before the end of the year.

TO HIS MOTHER

ALGIERS, February 9, 1858.

After much ponderation, I have finally decided to pull up my tent-sticks and start again for Europe; whether I go to Nice or Naples depends entirely on whether I can get a good price for my horse. If I cannot, I shall take

him with me to France, and ride eastward and southward along the Riviera to Pisa, and perhaps even to Rome. I gave up all idea of going into the interior some time ago — the snow on the neighboring hills here gave me a notion of what there must be on the chain of the great Atlas, and the heat, two months from now, will be something scorching, if I can judge by the sun which occasionally touches my face up. My chief reason, then, for changing is that I may utilize the time between now and April 1st, which I should otherwise have to pass in or about this city; not a bad sort of life, to be sure, but I don't put so much muscle on my limbs as when *en route à cheval*. I have never been so strong as when I reached Dresden after our ride from Rome.

TO HIS MOTHER

MALTA, March 13, 1858.

It is four weeks to-day since I left Algiers, and a very pleasant four weeks it has been, especially the fortnight I spent at Tunis. Mr. Davis, the gentleman sent out by the British Museum to collect what he can on the site of Carthage, had us twice at his house among the ruins, and gave us a very jolly picnic. Pretty

much all that is to be seen now dates, I fancy, from Roman and not from Punic Carthage,—but the site of Dido's ancient city is unmistakable, and a noble site it is,—quite equal to that of Rome, and of Rome's other rivals, Veii and Caire. The flowers were already coming out there.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

MALTA, March 13, 1858.

Why not come south and join me again at Rome? I left Algiers four weeks ago to-day, feeling sick and weary of the place. I have spent more money there and got less benefit than from any three months since I left home. I was tackled by a cold on the last day of 1857—so was all the world, but mine hung on all through January, until I could stand the place no longer, so I left, in company with an Englishman, a capital fellow, for Tunis. I have passed two very jolly weeks there, and am now nearly a week in Malta—cough gone, colour back, and happy as a skylark. I am travelling in saddle-bags, *i. e.* with only such traps as I can strap on the back of a horse when I get to Italy. I shall take the steamer for Naples to-night.

. . . What an offer L[ouis] N[apoleon] has made Agassiz, and what an ass A. will be if he accepts it. \$20,000 a year and a seat in the Senate, — but for how long?

I often think of you, Sir, and wish to see the light of your removed countenance. Good-bye.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

ROME, April 8, 1858.

DEAREST HENRY, — Yours of March reached me (or rather I reached it) yesterday morning. I have taken the night to consider your business plan, and although I have found it fascinating at first, have decided that I cannot honestly join you, as you wish. Your offer was a very generous one, and many thanks for it, old fellow. My strongest feeling at the moment (burnt into me by the events of the last six months) is to make no promises which I am not sure to be able to keep. But in my present state of health, of what can I be sure? That damned Algiers showed me clearly that for the next six or seven years I must have no engagements which would involve either much excitement or much confinement. If I borrow money to start a farm, I shall do it with the feeling that for an out-of-door life I am to all intents

a strong man, and can make promises with as good a risk as ever. Even in that event, however, I shall be more cautious than I once should have. I have lost all confidence in myself. It is rather a shameful confession, but it is the fact.

I have based my refusal, you see, on the simplest grounds. I have said *gar-nichts* about my feeling to my mother, or about any aspirations which I may have lingering somewhere for science or for study — nothing about the loss of the many pleasures, which he who expatriates himself while the youthful sap is still running, must, of course, resolve to forego. This last consideration touches you.

Remember, dear boy, that the bloom lasts on the rye but a little little while, and I think you can suck more pleasure out of old Boston, squeezed as it is.

TO HIS MOTHER

ROME, April 9, 1858.

Roman society, so far as I have seen it, is trivial beyond belief, — perhaps the artists keep all their deep and serious life for their marble and their canvas, but, except Hawthorne, I doubt if there is an earnest, thinking American at

Rome. I ought to except Eliot Cabot also, but he leads so quiet and domestic a life, that but for the pleasure of knowing that there is so calm, high, and thoughtful a man near you, — he might almost as well be at home. I doubt but he is a success.

TO HIS MOTHER

PARIS, May 1, 1858.

I have delayed my letter to tell you what Louis¹ said on Thursday and Michon yesterday. Louis, after ausculting, says, "*L' auscultation n' indique pas l' existence d'une affection tuberculeuse* — Seulement, le bruit respiratoire est faible sous la clavicule droite avec une diminution de sonorité, comme s' il y avait eu de ce coté une pleurisie."

You hope I am enjoying myself — it is part of my philosophy to enjoy myself, — but really my three weeks in Rome were a little more balmy and blissful than any weeks in Europe yet.

You talk of leaving Cambridge with me, if I go West or South. You must not make up your mind at all before seeing me. I certainly should be utterly unwilling to drag either Father or the girls away from Cambridge.

TO HIS MOTHER

PARIS, May 13, 1858.

I am glad Jim has decided to study law. As to your plan of sending us together to look up a farm in Virginia, . . . you do not reflect that I am perfectly able to pass a year in Boston without the least risk. I have not been travelling two years for nothing. I could live there perfectly, if necessary, — but I have not the courage I once had; I can't think of keeping up two lives now, — one is quite enough, and business and money are by no means so attractive as a quiet life in the country with time for Mathematics. I should think I might get a pupil or two, enough to pay my expenses, during the time I stay in Cambridge.

I have been to the theatre several times, and have heard Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire at the Sorbonne, — I shall go Saturday to hear Leverrier and Lionville.

TO HIS MOTHER

PARIS, May 27, 1858.

I am sorry to lose Devonshire, but thank Fortune for playing me an ill turn now and then; the wheel must turn sometime and I get

frightened when my spoke points too long at the zenith.

Before the 25th, I shall in all probability be cleaving the blue. I come back as destitute of plans as I was full of them four years ago; there is an indefinite word "farming" which has been knocked between us backwards and forwards across the Atlantic very often during the last two years, — but do you know what "farming" is? I don't; I suppose I shall learn. Is it "life," or is it only a "means"? Less purely a "means" than most other callings which men are tied up to in these days, but yet not quite a "life." I look at it with great complacency, because I think I can earn thereby an honest livelihood without entirely abandoning my favourite Mathematics, but it is not the way to win a fortune. If it is necessary in the present state of things that some one of the family should pile up a fortune, — as A. seems to fancy, — why, I had better not become a farmer, nor Jim a lawyer. I suppose we could get employment out West on railways, or something of that sort, which would pay much more handsomely. *Mais, nous verrons.* Mr. Forbes's plan strikes me as pleasanter in many respects for you than anything we could manage in Virginia, but I don't know

how much responsibility it involves. I think you might even enjoy it—but Virginia I am sure would come too hard.

TO HIS MOTHER

PARIS, June 10, 1858.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I am still detained, you see, by that Syren Capital whose corkscrew voice so soon relieves young travellers' long ears of the plugs of good advice which Fathers and Mothers have so fondly thrust therein,—still detained, but now an unwilling inmate of the sty. . . .

Allons, courage, mes enfants!—a page filled without an idea, except the false one that I have not enjoyed Paris. Blessed be the man that invented words! I *have* enjoyed Paris, I have enjoyed immensely the Louvre and the Tuileries Garden,—Titian and Giorgione are as great in France as in Italy,—and in little children one likes materialism, provided it be jolly, and can pardon fine dress, if it do but jump rope unconsciously. The Théâtre Français, too, might by judicious management be made to wear for many months. But Paris streets and Paris dinners are at most but a nine days' pleasure.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

LIVERPOOL, July 2, 1858.

HENRY, APPLE OF MY EYE,—I write to thee not because the mood is upon me, not because there is news to tell thee, nor yet because I labour under a pressure of private opinion, and must let out to some one or burst my *dura mater*. No, I write to say *Farewell*. God speed thee, for in ten days the great waters will stretch between thee and me, in ten days I shall be kissing my mother's forehead. I kiss thee adieu on either cheek, sweet friend. I send thee love. Ask me not to send thee wit, for I am just arisen from beastly roast beef, and still more beastly stout; but, an thou lovest me, my Henry, within ten days of my arrival on the other shore let me read a superscription in thy well-known mercantile paw-writing to say "Great is Allah, who giveth us friends." Write me how come on the little songs, thou sucking nightingale, whether thou dost confine thyself to simple bobolink melodies, or art thou ambitious, like ——?

To each young sprout
Hirsute,
That doth thy snout
Pollute.

which copy of verses, *à la* Pistol, please excuse, or, if not excusable, set them unto music and I will cry quits.

TO J. C. BANCROFT

NAUSHON, Aug. 15, 1858.

I am now down at Naushon, — getting up muscle and coaching young Forbes¹ through Algebra and History. It is the finest island on the whole Atlantic coast, — horses *ad libitum*, — guns enough for a regiment, — and a squadron of sail-boats. The house is filled with a constantly changing crowd of visitors, — who are always the best people in the country, each in his department. The woods are part of the primeval forest, and you canter out of them on to a stretch of downs, unsurpassed on this side of the water. Am I not a lucky dog to tumble into such a jollitude, and be paid for it too?

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

NAUSHON, Aug. 23, 1858.

MY RETROSPECTIVE COUSIN, — Thy epistle has reached me, launched from the depths of Steyrmart. With its moody pathos, it has knocked my wind out in this snug little Puritan isle. Thou canst not expect me to fall in

with thy humour. I am galloping through a month of life more distracting than Paris, more attracting than Naples; and what have I to say to thee, thou whey-drinking, backward-looking old hydropath? Get thou behind me, mole; thou work'st i' the earth.

By the time this hits thee in the pit of the stomach, I shall probably be in the far West. Cheerful, is it not? More than a week ahead I have ceased to look, but the West stares me in the face whenever I open my eyes. A railway, probably; salary small, but a chance ahead if found smart — cheerful again — you know I hate smartness.

But if I don't look forward, no more do I look backward — I live in the moment — I breathe an atmosphere of rifles and fishing tackle and saddle horses — and I snap my fingers at ideas, at thoughts, at sentiments. How could a returned European better pass his first month, — how could a departing Westerner better pass his last month? I have kissed my Mother and found her good, better, best — have shaken hands with my brother, and found him more of a man than myself — as for my sisters, the one who was going to migrate with me is engaged, and of course lost to *me*. I'm a differ-

ent man to what I was, Henry—worse, I fear—less hopeful, I know. One thing, however, consoles me in this Western scheme. It is easy enough to live along in Cambridge, in Boston, in Europe, and never to know that you are nobody. In Missouri or Iowa this will be harder,—the shaking up comes oftener, and the light peas go over the sides demnition rapid. It's no use being a feller out there, unless you're a hell of a feller. But then it's scarcely worth while to be a feller at all, I admit.

. . . Our friend Stephen is an altered man—more hopeful, younger. . . . I send thee many warm handshakes, old boy, and some little love. Good-bye.

LETTERS

III

RAILROAD AND IRON-WORKS

By commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st.

JOHN FLETCHER.

They 're all awa'! True heat, full power, the clanging chorus
goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purring dynamoes ;
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed
To work, Ye 'll note, at any tilt, an' every rate o' speed.
Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an'
stayed,

An' singing like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they were made.
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson, theirs and mine,
" Law, Orrder, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline."'
Mill, forge and try-pit taught them that when roarin' they
arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand
My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord! they 're
grand — they 're grand!

Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties
stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things
good?

Not so! O', that world-lifting joy no after-fall could vex;
Ye 've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man — the Artifex!

McAndrew's Hymn.

III

RAILROAD AND IRON-WORKS

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Sept. 13, 1858.

Burlington is a very nice sort of place, — I much prefer it to either Detroit or Chicago, — it stands high, — being built on the sides and tops of two lofty bluffs which slope together and touch knees in a heady, self-willed little torrent called Hawkeye Creek. By the way, this is the Hawkeye State, I believe, — I now live and move and have my being among Hawkeyes.

The town, of course, has a half-fledged look, the pin-feathers being still very apparent, — but the savage sullenness of the Mississippi tones it down in a measure, and seems to *justify* a semi-demi-civilization. I wish, by the way, it had the same effect on the prices, — for all I can see yet, considerably more than four fifths of my salary will go for boarding, washing, and lights; at the hotel I shan't get off for less

than 35 dollars a month, and boarding-houses seem hard to beat up. However, it is only for a year.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, Nov. 12, '58.

It is not so sunshining out here that I can spare the little rays I get from thinking of you. I am selfish in every way. It is my nature: but this is a selfishness which your own yearning should make you in part excuse: I am selfish by very dint of having you too much in my heart, and not by forgetting you.

I am contented here, perfectly, but man does not live by bread alone, he must have human sympathy, real or imagined. Do I ever read a Canto of Spenser, or of Chapman's stout old Odyssey without thinking fifty times how you would relish this or that, and fancying your sympathy? If I were at home, I doubt if I should enjoy it as fully — I shall value these books fifty-fold more for this all through my life. Now, dear, when I feel this, how can I sit down and write you? it would spoil it all, — in schoolman's phrase, it would make object what I now enjoy as subject. I know how poets ease their hearts by writing out their sorrow, but I am no

poet, and the heaviness on my heart is a sweet heaviness which I do not wish to shake off, I wish to gust it fully; the dull blue indefinite homesickness which weighs and wears I do not feel here, I am too busy.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, Nov. 14, 1858.

Put me in the first 200 pages of Peirce's book which was overlooked in the upper drawer of my bureau, also his Curves and Functions. Item, one pair of thin boots I left, as there may be gay doings among the Germans. If Uncle James has Child's Chaucer, perhaps he will lend me his Tyrwhitt's.

I see Froude has launched a history of Henry VIII. He will never be able to manage him, the men are so unlike. I enclose part of our Thanksgiving Proclamation, — the recommendation to invest a day in Thanksgiving is delightfully Israelitish.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, Nov. 22, '58.

If Anna will lend me her little Pilgrim's Progress, I should like it, also your Pascal's Provincial Letters, — and my Amts German

Grammar, if there is room, for I fancy even a box from home has limits of capacity. I should like my Spanish, English, and my Greek Dicks.

Of the photographs, dear, I want you to have the Fortune framed and hang it in your room; the Lady with the wheel and the Venus of Milo divide the world between them, remember Dante's "*Questa è colei*"¹ and take her as a pledge, dear, that there are days in store for you more "gaudy" than Mr. and Mrs. E. can ever compass in fancy.

Your last Sunday's letter was given me yesterday just as I was taking my foot from the stirrup. I started my fire and dined calmly, then read your note, and was just sitting down to answer it when there was a rap, and from then till 9 1/2 P. M. I was not left alone, not even at supper. Talking Swedenborg in a warm room after a 20 miles ride rather melts the brain and does not leave much either for "uses" or correspondence, — so I have been pushed back into to-day which is pretty crowded. I have only one more word, dear; you say you have a cough: if you don't get over it, I shall come home, and take care of you; you must remember, when you are well I am well; you are the very root of my life now and will be perhaps forever.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, Dec. 14, '58.

DEAREST MOTHER, — The box arrived yesterday afternoon, and in the evening, with due pomp, it was opened and its treasures displayed. Such miracles of warmth. I slept under the *plumeau* last night and have felt all day an inward sense of triumph, half wishing cold weather to return that I might calmly show it my superiority to its worst efforts.

I welcomed Emerson's Poems, glanced at "Two Millions" and turned it over to Carper, — and was quite overcome at the sight of Carlyle; I shall have him for my table companion for a month.

I have lately seen Buckle's Essay on the Influence of Woman. It is really refreshing to meet a writer so totally destitute of cleverness. I would not wish him a minim more perception of style, — it would take away from the sense of conviction which he inspires. Have you read the Essay? It is worth reading. It makes one wish to know Buckle's mother, — he grows eloquent when he speaks of Mothers. He is a good fellow, I am sure.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, March 27, '59.

As for me, my programme is simple, — gold-digging till I am 35, then, — big nugget or empty pockets, — I shall vote myself free and shall strike for something better and pleasanter. Talk about the best years of one's youth. *Che! Che!* one is young as long as one chooses, and the best years are those when one lives the most; it is a halting life that lives down its best years in the first twenty-five.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, April 15, 1859.

Do not fancy that I shall hold on here from any fear of the future; that is a thralldom I am entirely free from. I am more ambitious than you know, and if I count on ten or twelve good years here, I should desire nothing better, for the pay is certain, — but I will run no risk of being broken down, either halfway or at the end.

Do not think of bringing Hatty out here, — it is no place for women; they can't stand the climate or the mode of life, and the society is cliquish to an extent unknown in the East. You

and I will be society to one another, if you please, but it would be cruelty aforethought to bring H. here.

By the way, Solger has been here on a lecture tour ; I had three minutes with him, he seemed glad to escape from the confinement of Boston into the freedom undefiled of the West, where every man is a law unto himself, and such a law. Solger is very quick-minded : his lecture is good but not artistic.

Such weather as we have had here since March 10 ! hot South sultry rains turning short round into snow-squalls and cold bleak North-west prairie winds, always raining when warm, when fair always bleak and Marchy, sometimes four changes in 24 hours, and such mud,—the tradition is that the Red man wandered West and when he reached this delta, struck with the beauty of the hunting ground, said, "Iowa. Here I rest :"—commentators are in error ; he said, "Here I stick." I heard of a Pike's Peak party to-day that left here five weeks ago,—and have made but 140 miles West, just four miles a day with four horses.

TO CHARLES E. PERKINS, ESQ., CINCINNATI

BURLINGTON, June 28, 1859.

MY DEAR PERKINS, — I have just received your note of the 24th, and, filled with deep pity, hasten to enlighten you. Not know what “B. and M.” means! To ye Railway mind it typifies the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad — running due West from Burlington, bound for the Big Muddy — now taking breath awhile on the banks of the Des Moines. In winter and spring it means seventy-five miles of mud and water between Burlington and Ottumwa — in summer and autumn it is seventy-five miles of as pretty rail and ties as you would wish to see. You would have the title of Cashier, would have a credit at the Bank against which you would check for all bills as presented, duly entering the same in your books, and filing them as your vouchers. Not a complicated duty, and not likely to overtask you. It would leave you time to study the details of the Freight and Passenger business — and on our short road this would naturally be more open to you than a long road, where there is more subdivision of labour and more red tape.

I think, myself, the place is quite a good one.

Perhaps the *best* introduction to Railway life is to commence on the construction — as rodman or engineer. But a position where you are forced to observe the cost of each and every article used and the cost of each branch of the service, cannot fail, I think, to be of service to you, whatever office you may settle into hereafter. There will be some drudgery, of course—but there will be some pleasant work to relieve it. At the beginning of every month you will be several days on the line paying off the agents and workmen—in fine weather this is very pleasant.¹

The good city of Burlington, as a sojourning place, is not to be sneezed at—and the surrounding country is now charming. We can boast but two packing houses, and at first you will naturally feel sad for the pigs you left behind you. Carper and I will do our best to cheer you—we are at this moment in treaty for a small house in the suburbs, with trees, one and a half acres of ground, and a plank walk to approach it!—if successful, we can offer you as pleasant a nest as you would find even in Cincinnati or Cambridge. At any rate, we have now a large spare room to offer you in our mansion, on the third floor. We have some

good books already, and every few months a box from the East brings more. My office is profaned by boxing-gloves, and foils and masks — and though I cannot say “my bark is on the shore,” there is a friend of mine who gladly lends me his for a little piece of silver. We will make even your small pay leave a margin for extras.¹

TO H. L. HIGGINSON (IN VIENNA)

BURLINGTON, Oct. 11, '59.

MY DEAR HAL, — Thy letter of August 15th was most grateful, — the more, in that thou promisest to write me soon again. Do so, old boy, but next time let not thy “Pistol vein” lead thee swaggering down two whole pages before thou comest to thy most sweet self. Let thy letter be all of thee, — thy shoulder, thy strength, and thy short-comings. So mine shall be of me and my surroundings.

Burlington, as you know, perhaps, is on the Mississippi, — a large and muddy river running North and South. The dwelling-houses of the place stand mostly on high bluffs, — the business streets lie in a half-egg-shaped hollow, where the bluffs retreat from the river to let in a little stream called the Hawkeye. The site is

not bad,—and the country for five or six miles round is, at certain seasons, exceedingly pretty. The population is about ten thousand, about one third German, the rest equally divided among the Middle and Northern States, with a sprinkling of our Milesian brethren,—this gives the place a certain cosmopolitan character, and in spite of its diminutiveness I think the tone here is less provincial than in our Mother city,—other merit it has none, no society, and it wants none,—no amusements, and it wants none,—prices and the presidential campaign furnish sufficient excitement. The Germans attempt amusement, but cannot achieve it,—they give two or three good concerts each winter, and twice as many miserable vaudevilles—nobody goes to either. The place is too long settled to have any of the border spice left; it has ceased to grow, so corner lots have lost their interest, and what little life it has, it owes to our one-horse railroad. Last year I lived at a public house and cursed God; in July I took a snug little cottage about half a mile from town; there we now housekeep—our general agent, Carper, a Bohemian, Charley Perkins, my cashier, whom you remember, and myself. We have two acres of good land and a

small stable, where I shall put a pony as soon as I can afford it. You would like the room in which I am writing, — it is oak painted, about 17 feet square, with a big open fireplace projecting from the East wall. It has two windows North and South, the latter overgrown with a large sweet-brier, now red with hips, the former sheltered by a roomy stoop running the whole length of the house. Over the fireplace hangs a photograph of Masaccio. In the recesses on either side the chimney are Raffaele's Hours, and over against them, by the door, the Fortune of Michael Angelo. The carpet and wall-paper are a blue and brown which you would fancy — chairs, tables, and book-boxes oak, and enough books to civilize the whole. Put me about five feet from the bright wood-fire, and you have my "exact location," — is not that a little Eden?

You speak about spheres. I am getting over vague Charleynesses about inner life. I am drying, my lad, drying, — if I ever do burn, you will see less smoke.

My ambition now is to be able to "toil terribly," like Sir Walter Raleigh, — let me but get and keep this, and I may yet do something. Meanwhile, I occasionally bite unripe apples to

set my teeth on edge, as of old. I want to know something still, but don't know what I want to know. Railroading, I fancy, is as honourable as other kinds of business,—you know I put them all below honest mechanic handiwork. What makes railroading dangerous, is the fact that the roads here are built too early. Build a cheap road two thirds through a new country, mortgage this to build the other one third; then find that the business of the country is too light to keep the road in thorough running order, to pay interest on bonds, and to give dividends to needy stockholders,—this is the history of most Western roads, and this complicates things. In the adjustment of this conflict of interests, the ideal, the good road, perfect in all its parts, is apt to be lost sight of, and a man does simply the day's work that lies nearest him, better or worse according to his honesty and talent. This is not cheering, is it, old boy? And yet as long as our people will rush on and will fill more land than they can honestly till, this evil must continue; there lies the original dishonesty, and we must bear the consequences. . . .

Seriously, mine ancient, write me of thy hopes in art and elsewhere. One of the saddest things

in the life here is the absence of new interests, and the gradual scaling off of the old ones. The West may make a man strong, massy, rock-like, — never large and generous and manly. There are no new roots tempted out, — but the old ones, if they are left, may tap deeper.

By Plato, Henry, my pen has got the bit between his teeth. . . . What I mean is, write, and I will write. Write only four lines, but write often. Do you know any true-hearted, violet-eyed women, or any cultivated men? What operas do you hear, and which do you like best? When shall you come home? Shall you pass through Italy? If you do, buy me a Giorgione. I will pay you when I can, or never. I hear of Johnny through Miss — ; nothing but good. . . . I hope, ten years from now, to live with him in a little Italian villa, and drink in a little art through his eyes. At any rate, I shall enjoy the sunshine and the gray olives and the people, cattle, and the fulness of Italy. Good-bye, dear old fellow.

P. S. — The last great event is the casting of my first vote. I threw it to-day in favour of Republican State officers.

TO HIS SISTER ANNA

BURLINGTON, Oct. 29, '59.

I cannot see why our housekeeping should be "funny;" in high art the ludicrous is scarcely admissible, and our housekeeping is art of the highest. You should have tasted our pea-soup of to-day, — in successive failures wisdom had been gathered and garnered up, and to-day we plucked the fruit: such colour, tawny as the lion's mane: such consistency, slow flowing as of milk and honey, with which the spoon is loath to part: such fragrance, more grateful than odour of pea-blossoms wafted on the Southwest breeze, — and this great result all wrought with a handful of split peas and a little water, — verily, if architecture is frozen music, cooking is melody boiled and roast. Boiled melody reminds me of boiled mutton: I should like to show you one of our successful efforts in that line, — plain, unmarred by the flamboyant caper. Or our Doric codfish of a Friday, — not Doric either, its salt is Attic, is it not from Boston?

All this and much more I would show you, could you pass a week with me, but nothing "funny."

TO GEORGE ASHBURNER, ESQ.

BURLINGTON, Dec. 23, 1859.

Your offer was, of course, quite a temptation to me at first, — but after thinking the matter calmly over, I am convinced that it is wiser to remain where I am. For three or four years past I have been obliged to pay some regard to climate, living where the air was dry, and where the weather invited to exercise. In these respects Iowa suits me exactly, and here my chance of being happy and useful, — in a word, strong, is as good as anybody's. The opening you propose in the East is far more brilliant, but this is outweighed in my case by the risk, — my power of resistance to the damp enervating heats of Calcutta would, I fear, be small.

There is another reason which has more weight with me now than it would once have had. A sound man feels that he has a right, himself, to dispose of himself, but a fellow who has been ill feels that his kindred have a new claim on him. My mother's hold upon me has increased tenfold within four years, — and she *must* be included in my plans for the next ten years. She takes great comfort in my present position in Burlington, believes in the

climate, and means to make her home with me a part of each year. I cannot disappoint her, — and I know from my own feeling that, apart from the anxiety, the long separation would be very hard upon her.

In declining your offer, I need not say that I feel your kindness deeply, — I hope to have an opportunity of thanking you in person.

TO JOHN M. FORBES¹

BURLINGTON, Dec. 23, 1859.

I was rather in hopes of getting a note from home this morning — but your letter covers the ground so completely that I need no more light. If my Mother's opinion was strongly expressed, I am sure that it was not a mere opinion, but that there was a strong wish behind it. This has weighed much with me, but, even without it, I think I should have decided the same way. My first duty is to earn an independence. This satisfied, my one ambition is to recover and keep up my old power of work, — to be able to "toil terribly," as Mr. Emerson says of Sir Walter Raleigh: for this I am always training. The Jacksons belong so distinctly to the useful, and not the ornamental half of mankind, — that supposing an independ-

ence secured, I am *sure* I shall be happier with hand and head in good working order than with unlimited means of enjoyment in any other sort.

Dropping upon me on one of our most Arctic days, — mercury at zero with a wind, the offer of a residence in a tropical climate was startling, and for an hour or two very tempting. After letting the smoke clear away a little, however, and revolving the matter quietly, I came to the above conclusion as to what I wanted, — and I suppose there can be no question that the life here is more likely to lead to that.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, Dec. 25, 1859.

Your note of last Sunday was unaccountably delayed — I only got it this morning. I had already answered Mr. Ashburner and Mr. Forbes — had said No. — *So* lucky I should have happened to decide that way, just as you wanted me to.

I stay here because I think in the end I shall be happier for it, — and because you, I know, will be happier to have me here. It was a chance to steal a march on Fortune, — and I believe Fortune will be none the less kind to me, that I have let the chance pass.

In justice to myself I must say that, climate apart, there are few young men to whom Calcutta would be so little dangerous as to me,—this is not a boast, but a simple statement of opinion, which may be wrong.

This freedom of American youth to come and go, which Mrs. T—— praises, has its thorns; like the possession of a head and hands, it adds responsibilities. To hoist my flag for the Indies under such auspices was very tempting,—an Oriental like myself always longs for the Sacred River. However, there is life to be had everywhere, in Iowa, as in Italy or India, if one can only get hold of the taps to draw it off.

By the way, dear, and what does this mean about marrying? “All we want is *a* wife.” No such disloyal sentiment was ever breathed by *me*. *A* wife—I should as soon think of applying the indefinite article to *a* Mother. At present I am not against marriage, but certainly not for it—if ever I meet *the* wife, the matter may have some interest for me.

TO GEORGE PUTNAM¹

BURLINGTON, May 24, '60.

How does the Chicago platform and nomination please the Puritans,—it shows pluck,

and that, in an American, generally argues strength. Deliberately I prefer Lincoln to Seward, especially since the latter's Capital and Labor speech, that shivered a little in the wind's eye. Lincoln is emphatic on the irrepressible conflict, without *if* or *but*. Had Greeley's pet, Bates, been successful, this State, at least, would have gone for Douglas. Since Douglas's last rally in the Senate, he stands in a Samson Antagonistic attitude, which is attractive to the Northwest.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CAMBRIDGE, June 13, 1860.

Your letter from Düsseldorf was handed me by your father in person. In this Puritan city, the levity of its tone was more grating to my serious mind than it might have been in the city of Burlington. You must mend your manners, or you will be sent West yourself.

I have come twelve hundred miles, as you will know, to see the matrimonial noose adjusted around the first of our family.

. . . I dined at your house on Monday with George, Stephen, and Channing. . . . G—— and C—— are to appearances unchanged, but S—— has grown older, and much less solemn

and cynical. We had some pleasant talk ; he maintained that it was wiser for a penniless chap, who wanted to know something, to pitch in at once and trust to the young ravens for his board. I, admitting the superior magnanimity of this method, but pleading a weakness for butter, which the young ravens do not supply, and urging that, in my case, at least the education, which five or ten years among men and things would give to my character, was worth more than what I should pick up from ever so great an application to books. Of course, we could not agree, but he had rather the best of the argument, so I shall have to knock him in the practical result.

It was so refreshing to get a letter inviting advice that I sent you an answer, equally refreshing, refusing to offer a crumb. Don't bother with plans, but be governed by circumstance. Damn it, a man who has got himself up as much as you have, ought to be happy enough anywhere. Even I manage that, since I was abroad, and as for use, — mind your own business, and you cannot help being useful.

What a gaudy summer you and John will have. If you are in Paris together, go and enjoy my Giorgione on the left-hand wall as you enter

the square room at the Louvre, — an allegorical representation of effect of music and sweet sounds, I take it. Also Titian's Entombment, which seems to me much finer than the one in the Manfrini at Venice, which we saw together.

Give my love to Johnny, and perhaps, when he feels like it, he will save a sketch for me. Only but one, and a little wee one. Let him do just as he pleases, however. Eight years from now I shall be able to enjoy that Italian villa with him.

As to dogs. Dogs are my weakness, especially terriers, as you know, but I am too poor to stand the expense. If you can get a fellow cheap and send him home by sailing vessel, I shall perhaps be able to take him off your hands.

TO HIS MOTHER

BURLINGTON, June 30, '60.

It is interesting, is it not, to see Seward's "irrepressible conflict" so speedily illustrated at Baltimore. The quadrangular fight may result in the election of the worst man of the eight, General Lane of Oregon; but I hope that Lincoln will make a good enough run to prevent the choice going to the House or Senate. The Republican party is now so old that

its followers have fallen into line,—and many will now vote for the candidate who four years ago would have gone for Douglas, had he stood in his present attitude towards the South. The wisdom in selecting Lincoln is now apparent,—a man from any other section of the country would have stood no chance in the Northwest against Douglas, whose personal popularity is immense.

TO J. N. DENISON ¹

BURLINGTON, October 25, '60.

I know I may assume without vanity that you will be sorry to hear I have resigned my place on B. & M.—I know it because I am sorry myself to tell you so, though I am changing to a business which has always had the strongest attractions for me.

I have never got over the “iron-fever,” and when a place was offered me at Mt. Savage, though the pecuniary prospect was no better than at Burlington, the chance to become an iron-master was too good to be refused.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

MT. SAVAGE, MARYLAND, Dec. 28, 1860.

MY DEAR BOY,— . . . If you have any respectable mode of getting through your days,

and do not feel yourself in danger of becoming a demned disreputable, dissatisfied loafer, I should advise you to be in no hurry to plunge into trade. Cotton is unthroned, but Corn is not yet king, and meanwhile Chance rules. The South is just now a mere mob, and *no man* can tell whither a mob may rush. This only is certain, that whatsoever course is most to be avoided, that Mr. Buchanan will select. If war is possible J. B. will make it a sure thing, and in case of war so many new doors to wealth will be opened, and so many old ones be closed, it seems to me it would be unwise to be in a hurry. Hold your horses until after March 4th at any rate.

. . . Much obliged for your suggestion of wines—but get thou behind me, Satan! A man in debt must drink water.¹

TO HIS MOTHER

MT. SAVAGE, [MARYLAND,] Jan. 27, '61.

Living in a border state, politics are personally too interesting for me to enjoy the papers. It is hard to see clearly, but I fear Phillips was more than half right in his denunciation of Seward's speech; it was certainly a stultification of his previous course, more worthy of a politi-

cal dodger than a statesman. The best explanation I have seen of it, is that it was the change of foot from offensive to defensive. The speech may save the Union, but I will never give its author my vote for any high office. We want higher thinking than that in times like the present. I fear the London "Times" is right in saying that the salt and savour of the Union is gone out of it, no matter how the event turns. One thing is *clear*, that the South have struck a blow at their Cotton King which he will never get well over. The mischief is already done. Cotton must and will be raised elsewhere, too. Whether or no the agitators succeed in their political game of brag, it is certain they will repent hereafter the damage to their material interests in the Union or out of it. Have you seen South Carolina's tax-laws? they are as ruinous to trade or manufactures as Duke Alva's laws in Holland.

TO JOHN M. FORBES

MT. SAVAGE, February 11, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. FORBES, — I was delighted to see your name among the Massachusetts Commissioners — and very glad to hear that you were going to take Mrs. Forbes and the

young ladies with you.' If all the Representatives and Commissioners would show the same confidence in the good intentions of Maryland and Virginia towards the Capital, it might have a good effect—but perhaps it would be unsafe to trust too many ladies together at a Peace Conference even.

I see that in some of the Western Delegations, there are more "Generals" than "Judges." I hope this does not indicate fight.

If Massachusetts stands where Charles Francis Adams has put her, it seems to me she will be right, and will look right in history. I did not know till now that Webster was so nearly correct in his 7th of March speech. I have always supposed he stretched the facts to suit his purposes.

We had a Union meeting in this county some three weeks ago which was more anti-slavery than Faneuil Hall dares to be—but this seems by no means the feeling throughout the State. I doubt if any compromise which did not virtually acknowledge the right of secession would be acceptable here: and yet with this right acknowledged, will not the credit of the General Government and of many of the States be badly damaged abroad—will not New York and

Massachusetts be asked to endorse the Federal securities?

As to the extreme South — I suppose Benjamin & Co.,¹ after the raid on the New Orleans mint, will scarcely come back unless we all express through the Constitution our approbation and admiration of stealing. It seems likely now that we shall avoid a war with them; but will not the fighting mania they have encouraged force them into an attack on Cuba or Nicaragua — and thus bring about a war with some strong foreign power which will enable us to re-cement the Union on *our* terms? I sincerely hope that Lincoln will not consult too nicely what is *acceptable* even to the Border States, but will take his stand on the principles which the framers of the Constitution stood upon, and if there comes a collision, call upon the Border States *alone* to aid him — I believe they would at once rally to sustain him, even in a course which they would now pronounce totally *unacceptable*.

As my views are taken from the New York papers, they will probably be novel to you.

In fact, I write chiefly to express a faint hope that we may see you and the ladies at Mt. Savage. Mr. Graham tells me that he has invited you. In these dull times I cannot be ex-

pected to have acquired very much information about the manufacturing of Iron, but I should like very much to go over the ground with you. If the works are ever to go on, I am well satisfied with my change from Iowa — I think there are practical economies to be introduced in almost every department.

TO HIS MOTHER

MT. SAVAGE, March 28, '61.

Dana's speech was excellently manly, — but events move so rapidly now, that the matters he most dwells on have lost their prominence. Who cares now about the slavery question? Secession, and the new Oligarchy built upon it, have crowded it out. Lincoln must *act* soon, or forfeit his claim to our regard: he should call Congress together at once and demand power to collect the revenue, or permission to acknowledge the Cotton Confederacy, — the alternative to be accompanied by a recommendation to so amend the Constitution as to make it clear that the Nation is *one* Nation, and the government a real government. It is absurd to talk of *national* deliberation with seven States in open revolution; but if attempted, not Slavery but Secession should be forever laid. Let the

States that claim it as a right make a Confederacy, and the States that do not claim it a Union. I think Seward will soon begin to look foolish with his policy — its inevitable result seems to me a reaction and a war.

TO HIS MOTHER

MT. SAVAGE, April 15, '61.

Do not send the box yet — this war news is so startling that I do not quite know where I am, — I should be sorry to see the box miscarry and find itself in a Southern-Confederacy State.

I fear our Government will be hard pushed for the next six months — it can raise 75,000 men easily enough, but can it use them after they are raised? I am not over hopeful, dear, — it may be my liver again.

LETTERS

IV

THE SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER

Smite now, smite now in the noontide !

Ride on through the hosts of men !

Lest the dear remembrance perish,

And to-day not come again.

Sigurd the Volsung.

He, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives.

Character of the Happy Warrior.



Wm. Emerson

IV

THE SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER

WASHINGTON, April 23, '61.

DEAR SIR, — Have you at your disposal any appointment in the Army which you would be willing to give me?

I speak and write English, French, and Italian, and read German and Spanish: knew once enough of Mathematics to put me at the head of my class in Harvard — though now I may need a little rubbing up: am a tolerable proficient with the small sword and the singlestick: and can ride a horse as far and bring him in as fresh as any other man. I am twenty-six years of age, and believe I possess more or less of that moral courage about taking responsibility which seems at present to be found only in Southern officers.

I scarcely know to whom to refer you, — but either Mr. J. M. Forbes, or my Uncle, James Russell Lowell, will put you in the way of hearing more about my qualifications.

If you have no appointment at your disposal,

perhaps you could get me one from Iowa or even Maryland. I have been living in the latter State for a little over six months, in charge of a rolling mill at Mount Savage. I heard of the trouble at Baltimore and of the action of Governor Hicks on Saturday, and at once gave up my place and started for Washington, and was fortunate enough to get through here yesterday, after several detentions.

I am trying to get an appointment on the Volunteer staff—my companion, Mr. Stewart, an Englishman, was yesterday named aide-de-camp to Colonel Stone in command of the district troops: it was a lucky hit, and I fear I shall not make as good a one.

Whether the Union stands or falls, I believe the profession of arms will henceforth be more desirable and more respected than it has been hitherto: of course, I should prefer the artillery. I believe, with a week or two of preparation, I could pass the examinations.

Our mails are cut off—but Gurowski tells me he has means of getting letters through, and I shall ask him to enclose this. Any reply might be addressed to Gurowski's care.¹

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL, JR.

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, April 24, '61.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I was fortunate enough to be in Baltimore last Sunday and to be here at present: how Jim and Henry will envy me.

By a happy succession of blunders, the Administration has got into a delightful embarrassment — it may pull through — *mais j'en doute.*

TO EDWARD JACKSON

WASHINGTON, April 24, '61.

I have come down here anticipating that Lincoln's "masterly inactivity" would soon force a crisis. The Mount Savage Company owes me about \$325, but could not give me any currency that would pass in Washington. I am going to buy a horse, and shall probably have to draw on you (or Mother) for the money necessary for that and for my board and lodging for a month or so — shall draw for \$225 or \$250 probably. If you will pay the draft, I will settle as soon as I get home. I have no position yet, but hope to get a place on the staff by and by.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES

WASHINGTON, April 29, '61.

I have just got the promise from Cameron of a 2d Lieutenancy — don't yet know in what branch. Hope to get into the Flying Artillery or Artillery of some sort.

I have had no letters from home for seventeen days and do not know how Mother feels. I am sure that she will agree with me that, come what may, the army must hereafter be a more important power in the State than hitherto — and if Southern gentlemen enlist, Northern gentlemen must also. I send her and Father my best love. Am living here in her two flannel shirts and six collars — and Grandmother's neck-cloth — no trunk, Mother's bag.

I need not tell her that I am not in the least bloodthirsty — and not nearly so hopeful about the good results of this war as our Massachusetts Volunteers — but I believe that it will do us all much real good in the end.

TO JOHN M. FORBES

WASHINGTON, May 6, 1861.

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As soon as I find out exactly what Government will do about Maryland volunteers, I

shall make an effort to stir up my friends in Alleghany County. I wish to make sure that the Government will muster them into service, and will be ready with arms, accoutrements, and uniforms, and, above all, with a proper commissariat the moment the men present themselves in sufficient numbers at Chambersburg. With proper management, I am sure two regiments could easily be raised in Maryland. Two or three hundred men could be had in Alleghany County.

TO JOHN M. FORBES

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1861.

An agent ought to be sent here permanently to manage Massachusetts interests. A vast deal of official and unofficial time and patience is wasted by new men going over and over old ground. Where so much is to be done it ought to be done by the best man and with the best tact. Otherwise it will be undone or done wrong. Judge Hoar was admirable. He always persisted till he got his answer. I should think some equally *good man* ought to be put here *at once*. Large quantities of Massachusetts Brigade stores are coming round here from Annapolis. . . . I shall remain here for a week at least, and perhaps two or three. Any service I

can render meanwhile will be a real gratification. I believe I am the only one of our family who is not doing or giving something, and I feel quite ashamed at wasting so much time about a personal matter. Will you yourself request whoever comes as agent to call on me for what work I can do?'

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, May 13, '61.

I feel confident I am all right for a commission in the first batch of civilians — since my application none have been given except to the graduating class of West Point. When I am fairly appointed, I shall want you to send me a copy of "Oakfield"² with your love and fondest wishes — in exchange *perhaps* I will send my photograph. Although I did not consult you, dear, in coming here, I was very glad indeed to have your letter and Father's approving. I think, too, you will agree that I am right in trying to enter the regular army, even with lower rank than I might get in one of the three-year regiments. I have thought from the first — and in this I am confirmed by what I see here — that while the *volunteers* will furnish fully their share of military talent, and more than their share

of food for powder, it will fall mainly on the *Regular* organization to keep the armies in the field and to keep them moving. Military science I have absolutely none, — military talent I am too ignorant yet to recognize, — but my education and experience in business and in the working of men may, if wanted, be made available at once in the *Regular* army: the Acting Commissary for this whole military district is only a Lieutenant of Artillery. Of course I am too old to be tickled with a uniform, and too apathetic to get up such a feeling against the worst traitor among them as to desire personally to slay him — but, like every young soldier, I am anxious for one battle as an experience: after that, I shall be content to bide my time, working where I can do most service and learning all I can from observation and from books. I believe no one is more anxious to see the Government “go through” than I am — I want to see the Baltimore traitors put on trial at once, and armed rebellion everywhere crushed out; but I cannot help feeling that the task is a long one and of uncertain issue — and whether we are to have a long war and subdue them, or a short war and a separation, it is evident that the Army is to assume a new position among us — it will again become a profes-

sion. Hence my anxiety to get into the Artillery: if the change is to come, I want to be in position to take the best advantage of it.

I have no doubt that Jim on duty at the Arsenal¹ has a far better experience of military realities than I have here. The Government troops parade here and crowds stare at them — in Alexandria (six miles off, — I was down there last week) the Virginia troops parade and crowds gape *at them*, — as to fancying any hostile relation between them, it is almost impossible, and yet I firmly believe there will be a collision within three weeks.

My room-mate, Stewart, was at Richmond (protected by an English passport) last Friday — drove all about the town and visited the camps in the neighborhood: he reports them to be in quite large force and very anxious for a fight, thoroughly convinced that they were fighting the battles of Freedom!

[On the envelope.] I shall always hail from Massachusetts hereafter.

TO JOHN M. FORBES

WASHINGTON, MAY 21, 1861.

I shall not try to thank you for all you have done for me during the last ten days — I felt it

more yesterday on getting letters . . . one from yourself, one from Judge Hoar, and one from home. Still, I do not change my purpose about going into the Artillery, and am only sorry that there has been a misunderstanding. . . . I thought I had made it clear to Judge Hoar, and clearer to Mr. Burt, that I would do what I could for a short time, but only until the *right man* could be sent out permanently. He should be a man of age and weight, — should be able to put the screws on Cameron occasionally.

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, May 25, /61.

After the movement yesterday across the river, all passing to and fro was forbidden; but Mr. Dalton and myself, by going up to Georgetown and making interest with the Irishmen of the 69th, who have a rather Milesian idea of sentry's duty, succeeded in getting into Virginia. We visited the earthworks and many of the camps, and dined at Arlington House on corn pone and milk. There were no troops yesterday within two miles of Arlington, and the place was just in the prime of its Spring beauty. I have seen no place like it in this country — for position and for well-improved natural advan-

tages. I suppose to-day it is occupied, and in spite of its importance and of its owner's treason, I cannot think of it with much pleasure.

How are Jim Savage and Henry coming on? I hear there is some hitch about their regiment — nothing serious, I hope.

I have been in Washington more than four weeks — in spite of fairest promises, I have not got my commission yet, but still have faith. If I have been of any use to the Massachusetts troops, I am very glad of it.

I wish our people would not feel so very anxious about their *comfort*. Their health and *morale* is excellent and they are as efficient as any troops here. I am sure you do not worry so much about *my comfort*, and I do not see why other mothers should. The greatest kindness to our troops now is to teach them to use what they have.

TO CHARLES E. PERKINS

WASHINGTON, June 7, '61.

I am down for a Captaincy of Cavalry and have good hopes of being put upon N. P. Banks's staff: but I cannot say I take any great *pleasure* in the contemplation of the future. I fancy you feel much as I do about the profit-

ableness of a soldier's life, and would not think of trying it, were it not for a muddled and twisted idea that somehow or other this fight was going to be one in which decent men ought to engage for the sake of *humanity*, — I use the word in its ordinary sense. It seems to me that within a year the Slavery question will again take a prominent place, and that many cases will arise where we may get fearfully in the wrong if we put our cause wholly in the hands of fighting men and Foreign Legions.

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, June 9, '61.

Banks leaves here to-night for Baltimore and has promised to write in a day or two if I can be of use to him. Until I get my commission, he thinks of putting me at Baltimore as Censor over the telegraphic communications — a suggestion of Mr. Forbes. I believe I can be of use there.

Thanks to Wilson and Sumner, I am down for a Captaincy of Cavalry. There may be a slip, but the thing is as sure as anything of that sort can be made in Washington. When I shall get the commission signed I cannot guess.

If I get sick or wounded at any time, I promise to have Anna out at once to nurse me — she is a good little girl.¹

I am glad Father is pleased with my military prospects — I wish I knew as much about the business as he does, or even Jim must. A more ignorant Captain could scarcely be found. I suppose you scarcely fancy the life — though like a good Mother you don't say so.

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, June 17, '61.

I am not so hopeful about the future as you are — the Administration seem to me sadly in want of a policy — the war goes on well, but the country will soon want to know exactly what the war is *for*.

TO HIS MOTHER

WASHINGTON, June 19, '61.

Don't let any one blame Governor Andrew — he is good and thoughtful, and if he is sometimes misled by good nature, he is never hampered by ulterior personal aims; all *the faculty of ways and means* in the world, if so hampered, is a curse to the country. At least I am sometimes tempted to say so.²

TO HIS MOTHER

NEW YORK, July 1, '61.

DEAR MOTHER, — Got my orders this morning all right — have taken the oath of allegiance, and signified my acceptance of the appointment, —so I am now fairly in the U. S. Army. I shall leave here to-morrow evening for Pittsburg — learn from Captain Cram of our Regiment that the captains will probably be put on recruiting duty for a month or more. This will not be a very pleasant occupation for the summer months, but the barracks and riding school at Pittsburg are not ready, and anything is better than idleness or Washington.

Dr. Stone is very impatient under Scott's wise delay.

It seems to me that the necessity for martial law throughout Virginia and Maryland is daily becoming stronger. Our Army is becoming demoralized — Union men are alienated and treason is encouraged by even Banks's operations in Baltimore: he can arrest men, but what can he do with them without martial law?

You would not like to see me in uniform — I look like a butcher.

TO HIS MOTHER

FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA, July 15, '61.

I am just in from a ride of thirty-four miles — have averaged over twenty-five for the last eight days. Whether you fancy my soldiering or not, you would be glad to see how hard I am getting in this mountain air with thumping about on a country horse. We have about twenty recruits secured — a very good beginning: now that a nucleus is formed, I think they will collect rapidly.

I shall start on Wednesday for Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio: this is the Western Reserve, and I believe is settled by Yankees. I must say I shall be glad to escape from the Democratic atmosphere of Pennsylvania; party lines are as strong as ever they were in Franklin — it is said there are nearly one hundred subscribers to the "Day Book" here. As I am now a "National" man and forbidden to talk politics, I listen in silence — but it is not pleasant.

TO HIS MOTHER

WARREN, TRUMBULL Co., OHIO, July 20, 1861.

I am "located" (or "stationed" I believe is the proper word now) in what is called the Western Reserve: a glorious place to recruit

it must have been two months ago, but unfortunately all the young men were too patriotic to wait for a chance in the Regular Cavalry and went off in the Volunteers and are now fighting in Virginia: none but married men or elderly men are left — three companies went from this little town and as many more from the southern part of the county, I believe.

This is Ben Wade's district — quite a refreshing change after Pennsylvania.

The news from the seat of war is also cheering, now that Scott's columns have started; they seem to do their work well, but I think they will yet find that the Rebels will fight well before they fall back on Richmond — especially if it be true that Johnson has succeeded in joining them.

TO C. E. PERKINS

WARREN, TRUMBULL Co., OHIO, July 21, '61.

I sometimes doubt whether I have done quite the right thing myself, indeed I have of late begun to doubt seriously whether I ever did anything right. I have a very good chance to "loafe and view my own soul" just now. I am here recruiting and do not pick up men very fast. It is dreadfully tedious — but not to be despised as an experience. I am now in the

“Western Reserve” and among men who are awake to the position and rather ahead of the Administration. It is quite a relief after Pennsylvania, where one still hears of nothing but plunder and party lines.

TO HIS MOTHER

WARREN, July 22, '61.

I write out of sheer dulness; a mounted officer without a horse, a Captain without a Lieutenant or a command, a recruiting officer without a Sergeant and with but one enlisted man, a human being condemned to a country tavern and familiar thrice a day with dried apples and “a little piece of the beef-steak”—have I not an excuse for dulness? I am known here as “the Agent of that Cavalry Company”—and the Agent’s office is the resort of half the idle clerks and daguerreotype artists in town—but those fellows don’t enlist.¹

TO HIS MOTHER

WARREN, Aug. 5, '61.

I am expecting daily to get official notice to enlist for three years instead of five—had I had this three weeks ago, I could ere this have filled my company, which unfortunately is now only

half filled. I hope to receive orders to move my rendezvous at the same time.

You seem to feel worse about the Bull Run defeat than I do. To me, the most discouraging part of the whole is the way in which company officers have too many of them behaved since the affair—skulking about Washington, at Willard's or elsewhere, letting their names go home in the lists of killed or missing, eating and sleeping and entirely ignoring the commands of their superiors, and the moral and physical needs of their men. I regard it as a proof of something worse than loose discipline—as a proof that those officers, at least, have no sense of the situation and no sentiment for their cause: if there are to be many such, we are whipped from the outset. Fancy Jim or Willy behaving so! I know that my Southern classmates in the Rebel ranks would never have treated their companies of poor white trash so contemptuously: they respect them too much as means for a great end.

TO HIS MOTHER

WARREN, Aug. 8, '61.

I should think the hardships of the poor wives would interfere more or less with recruiting—I

hope it does. — What will you do with ten more regiments of families to support next winter? . . . I am glad you are getting old enough to feel the beauty of youth, — I have felt it for some years — I have a perfect longing for young things. I am afraid the Colonel will object to many of my recruits that they are too youthful, but I cannot help the tendency.

TO HIS MOTHER

CAMP NEAR BLADENSBURG, Sept. 9, '61.

You see I am at Washington first, after all. I was ordered from Rochester, August 31st, the order stating that my company was ready to organize and march at once. The first train from Rochester was September 2d, and on reaching Pittsburg I found that my company had gone forward under a lieutenant — that the camp at Pittsburg was broken up, and a new camp formed at Bladensburg. I went on with Lieutenant-Colonel Emory, overtook the company at Baltimore — took command of the detachment (230, and 44 horses) and brought them into camp Wednesday at midnight, in a pouring rain, without tents or great coats. Fortunately it was very warm, and nobody has suffered. We got our tents on Friday afternoon.

We have about 650 men now in camp, and 44 horses — besides team horses. Only two companies have arms. The horses are assigned to my Company ; this makes the labour greater at first, but pleases the men.

TO C. E. PERKINS

CAMP, SIXTH CAVALRY, EAST OF CAPITOL,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, '61.

By Jove, old fellow, I wish I could see you for an hour or two. I hardly know myself in this new style of life, and though I fancy it much, I still see everything "through a glass darkly." I feel as though I were in a dream, and positively yearn for some old fact, like yourself, occasionally.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CAMP EAST OF THE CAPITOL,
Dec. 25, 1861.

MY DEAR HENRY, — . . . I hear your regiment is nearly ready to start South. I hope you may be ordered here and not to Texas or Canada.

A merry Christmas and happy New Year to you, old fellow.

TO HIS FATHER

CAMP EAST OF CAPITOL, Jan. 23, '62.

I don't know whether the newspapers, which have so many facts to telegraph, have said anything about the rainy, muddy thaw which has been the most important fact in the Army of the Potomac since the first of January. It is particularly hard on cavalry, encamped on a clay bank — the horse splashed with wet clay after three hours' drill is not a cheerful spectacle to the recruit who has to clean him — it opens his eyes to some of the advantages of infantry. Our fellows, however, are kept in spirits by the constant hope of an "advance" — an advance where, or upon what, they do not stop to think; the regular cavalry in the Army of the Potomac are brigaded together under General Cooke, and are all kept upon this side of the river: for more than three weeks they have had orders to be in readiness at a few hours' notice: but the country on the other side is so unfavourable to mounted troops, except in small bodies, as vedettes and patrols, that I am inclined to think these orders were only a ruse to deceive Congressmen, and perhaps to get into the papers, and so find their way to the rebels.

You will be glad to hear that the Colonel is sometimes pleased to compliment me, and has even talked of rearranging the squadrons so as to give me command of one — to get a squadron is the height of a Cavalry Captain's ambition. My chance for some time, however, is still a very slim one.

TO HIS MOTHER

HARRISON'S BAR, July 18, 1862.

Your two last letters have told me more about Jimmy than I had learned from his friends here — they seem to bring me very near to him and also to you and Father — nearer than I might ever have been, had the little fellow lived. It is very pleasant to have had him with you so entirely last winter. I wish I had seen more of him on the Peninsula.

I think that the officers of his regiment feel his loss very much, for besides being a gallant officer, they all tell me he was a good one, which is much rarer — his noble behaviour after he received his wound has impressed them very much. George will tell you about this; — even Palfrey cannot speak of him without tears.¹

Do, dear Mother, write to me a little oftener

and try and help me to be a little more like what you saw me as a little child.

Your really loving Son.

TO HENRY LEE, JR.

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 23, '62.

I have no doubt I could get permission from the War Department to take a Massachusetts regiment, if offered me, and I should have no hesitation in making an application to Governor Andrew, if that is the proper course — unless you think that better men are likely to be appointed.

I have had my training in what I may now without boasting call a "crack" regiment, — through the whole campaign, I have commanded a squadron, though not by my regimental rank entitled to it, and in campaign you know a squadron of cavalry is quite as much an independent command as a regiment of infantry. I can safely refer to General Emory for testimony as to the discipline and efficiency of my squadron and as to my general qualifications,¹ — and to General Stoneman for evidence as to what I have done.

Perhaps *you* think me too young — it is eight years to-day since I graduated — *I* have to apol-

ogize to myself for being so old. Younger men than I have done good service in command of regiments and even brigades during this campaign, witness my friend Barlow.¹

I hear there is some chance of Henry's being ordered North: I hope he may come to the "Army of the Potomac," — though I am convinced by observation that, here on the Peninsula, infantry is the arm for hard fighting.

Since we have been at this place I have been getting a little experience of Staff life and duty, being now Acting A. D. C. to General McClellan — it is an honourable position and valuable in the way of education, but I much prefer a command.

TO HIS MOTHER

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 27, '62.

. . . It is painful to think that you were still in suspense about dear Jimmy. George will have told you, before this, all that he learned from the surgeon who was with him. Nelson's Farm is still far within the enemy's line, but I hope that we may move in that direction sometime. I am glad the little fellow was not moved to Richmond, merely to die and to be buried where we never could find him — he would have felt it. Palfrey told me about his taking

Jimmy's sword — it was a sacred thing to him, and he carried it through some heavy marches — he was crying as he talked of it.

TO HIS MOTHER

Aug. 9, 1862.

I was very glad to get your letters of Friday and Saturday, with photograph of Jimmy, all safe: it is a great thing to have so good a likeness. I was out on Monday with Hooker and Sedgwick's reconnoissance to Malvern Hill: early Tuesday morning we passed over the Nelson Farm and not very far from the house where Jim was carried; unfortunately the firing had already commenced in the front, and I could not stop even a moment, but I saw the place and the roads, and shall have much more chance of getting there again, if ever the opportunity offers.

TO HIS MOTHER

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Sept. 19, 1862.

We had a severe fight day before yesterday — a good many officers on our side wounded because the men in some brigades behaved badly. Frank Palfrey is wounded, not seriously, — Paul Revere, slightly wounded, — Wendell

Holmes shot through the neck, a narrow escape, but not dangerous now, — Hallowell badly hit in the arm, but he will save the limb, — Dr. Revere is killed, — also poor Wilder Dwight, — little Crowninshield (Frank's son) shot in the thigh, not serious, — Bob Shaw was struck in the neck by a spent ball, not hurt *at all*, — Bill Sedgwick very badly wounded.¹ A good many others of my friends besides are wounded, but none I believe in whom you take an interest. None of General McClellan's aides were hit.²

This is not a pleasant letter, Mother: we have gained a victory — a *complete* one, but not so *decisive* as could have been wished.

TO J. M. FORBES

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Friday Evening, Sept. 19.

MY DEAR MR. FORBES, — I have just received your letter of 13th. We had a severe fight here on Tuesday, and a battle on Wednesday in which the loss among our officers was very serious.

I have had my usual good luck, but shall have to buy a new sabre and shall have one horse the less to ride for a month or two.

Young Bob was in the fight of Tuesday and the afternoon of Wednesday, but was untouched.¹

Our victory was a *complete* one, but only *decisive* in so far as it clears Maryland. Had Harper's Ferry not been yielded, this battle would not have been fought, — Jackson and A. P. Hill marched on Tuesday from Harper's Ferry, and reinforced Lee, Longstreet, and D. H. Hill. On Wednesday morning we had their whole army in front of us — about 80,000 on our side and not less than 100,000 on theirs; ² we took the positions we attempted and in most cases held them; the enemy at no point occupied the field of battle at dark, though, in the neutral ground between the lines, the dead and wounded of both sides at some points lay mingled. During Thursday we received reinforcements of fifteen or twenty thousand men, and should have renewed the fight to-day, had not the enemy withdrawn. They commenced moving away about 9 P. M. and by daybreak none but stragglers and wounded were on this side the Potomac. Remember that McClellan started from Washington with a demoralized army, and I think you will admit that the campaign has been very creditable to him.

LETTERS

V

GUARDING THE BORDER. MARRIAGE

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain ;
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime,
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

The Loyal Woman's No.

More brave for this, that he hath much to love.

WORDSWORTH.



V

GUARDING THE BORDER.
MARRIAGE

TO J. M. FORBES

BERLIN, MARYLAND, Oct. 30, 1862.

MY DEAR MR. FORBES, — I hardly know what to say to your plan: if the question were simply, Will you take the Colonelcy of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, a regiment to be raised on same terms and in same way as the First Massachusetts? — I should have no hesitation in saying yes: but Mr. Lawrence's offer I hardly see my way clear to accept.

1st. The *Battalion*, as an independent organization, is not recognized by the War Department: if I get permission to take command of such an organization, it can be only through improper influence and in defiance of General Orders, and I do not care to attempt it: — leave of absence to take command of a regiment is authorized, and I should not hesitate to apply for it. 2d. I have always thought I was

more useful on General McClellan's staff than I should be serving with my own regiment¹ — but with my own regiment as captain, I should now almost always have command of a *battalion*: were I then to accept Mr. Lawrence's offer, I should merely be exchanging active service for at least a temporary inaction, for the sake of getting rank and pay of Major. I want to keep my military record clearer than that.

3d. [A Boston gentleman] speaks of Mr. L.'s battalion as "a battalion for home use — *i. e.* in the militia." Does he really mean for *home use* when we are so short of cavalry in this Army — or does he merely mean that it is composed of nine months' men? My honest opinion is, that it is an injustice to the Government to raise any cavalry for so short a period; still, if it is decided to do so, that would not make me decline a command. Two months' drill and two months in the field under a good commanding officer will make a regiment of some account — but I would not take any command which was meant for home use.

4th. Mr. L. has the principal voice in naming officers — would any influence afterwards be used to keep in position officers proved incompetent, and for whose removal all proper military steps had been taken?²

You will see from the above that while I should like very much to take command of a *Second Massachusetts Cavalry*, — I am unwilling to say “yes” to the present offer, unless (or until) the affair assumes such shape that the Governor can ask for me, from the War Department, leave of absence to take command of a *regiment*.

I have been very much obliged to you for several letters, but I have never answered your questions. Only, if General McClellan silently shoulders all the errors of his subordinate generals, is it not fair to give him credit for their successes? I have never been more annoyed than, when in Washington a month ago, to see the avidity with which people gathered up and believed Hooker’s criticisms on the General. I did not care to open my lips against them: personally I like Hooker very much, but I fear he will do us a mischief if he ever gets a large command. He has got his head in the clouds.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

READVILLE, MASS., Jan. 21, '63.

. . . As for Porter’s case: — the evidence leaves little doubt that Porter got “demoral-

ized," not more, probably, than you or I would have under the circumstances — but still dangerously "demoralized." He heard Pope say the enemy was here, or there, or in a bag, and always found it quite to the contrary, and unconsciously he said, "This is not war, this is chance, I cannot do anything here," and he rather let things slide. He was no worse than twenty thousand others, but his frame of mind was un-officer-like and dangerous. This sort of feeling was growing in the army, and the Government and the Country felt that it must be stopped. Porter was made the example.¹ I am very very sorry for him, and shall always treat him personally with as much regard as ever; but I accept the lesson, and do not propose to be demoralized myself, or let any of my friends be, if I can help it. . . . I think good and brave people are wanted at home now more than in the army.

I was going to end there and sign "yours truly," but on looking over what I had written I thought it might give you the impression that I felt disappointed about the state of public opinion *here*. Not at all. In December I had begun to feel quite disheartened, but within a few weeks I think I have noticed a change.

People are waking to the fact that this is a war which concerns them, that whether we have leaders or no, there is something for every man to do. They are beginning to think and look about, and correspondingly others are beginning to think and look about how to *instruct* the people. This is difficult. You will be surprised to notice how entirely some men, whom we had relied upon, are lacking in public spirit, and how others shine out, whom we had overlooked. I find myself judging men entirely now by their standard of public spirit. It is of course partial and unfair so far as individuals are concerned, but in a time like this, one naturally refers everything and everybody to its or his effect upon the State.

Good-bye, old fellow, and a speedy raid.

TO HIS MOTHER

BOSTON,¹ Feb. 4, 1863.

I am very glad to see that the Negro Army Bill has got so well through the House,— Governor Andrew is going to try a *Regiment* in Massachusetts. I am afraid he is too sanguine—it would be wiser to start with a smaller number, to be increased to a regiment in South Carolina, Texas, or Louisiana. The blacks here

are too comfortable to do anything more than talk about freedom. I hope you are not too *comfortable*; *comfort is so "demoralizing."*

TO HIS MOTHER

BOSTON, Feb. 9, '63.

. . . You will be very glad to hear that Bob Shaw is to be Colonel, and Norwood Hallowell Lieutenant-Colonel of the Governor's Negro Regiment. It is very important that it should be started soberly and not spoilt by too much fanaticism. Bob Shaw is not a fanatic.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

READVILLE, Feb. 15, '63.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I wrote you last a most "quaintly moral" letter. . . . I think public opinion here is getting stouter, more efforts are making to educate the great unthinking. Good editorials are reprinted and circulated gratis.' A club is now forming in Boston, a *Union Club*, to support the Government, irrespective of party, started by Ward, Forbes, Norton, Amos Lawrence, etc., etc. This seems to me a very promising scheme. Clubs have in all trying times been great levers for moving events along.

A similar club has already been started in Philadelphia under equally good auspices.

Our black regiment is likely to provoke discussion also, and in that way, if no other, to do good. Bob Shaw comes as Colonel, to arrive to-morrow, and Pen Hallowell as Lieutenant-Colonel (been here some days).¹ I have no idea that they can get a full regiment in New England, but think they can get enough intelligent fellows here to make a *cadre* for one or more regiments to be raised down South. I do not know how much you may have thought upon the subject, and I may send you a few slips to show you how *we* feel. I am very much *interested* without being at all *sanguine*. I think it very good of Shaw (who is not at all a fanatic) to undertake the thing. The Governor will select, or let Shaw select, the best white officers he can find, letting it be understood that black men *may* be commissioned as soon as any are found who are superior to white officers who offer. The recruiting will be in good hands. In the Committee of consultation are Forbes and Lawrence ;² in New York, Frank Shaw ; in Philadelphia, Hallowell's brother. You see this is likely to be a success, if any black regiment can be a success.

If it fails, we shall all feel that *tout notre possible* has been done. If it fails, it will at least sink from under our feet the lurking notion that we need not be in a hurry about doing our prettiest, because we can always fall back upon the slaves, if the worst comes to the worst. You remember last September, upon somewhat the same ground, we agreed in approving the Proclamation, however ill-timed and idle it seemed to us. We shall knuckle down to our work the sooner for it. My first battalion (five companies, 325 strong) leave on Thursday for Fort Monroe. The battalion from California will be here in March. We have only about 175 more men to get here to reach a *minimum*. Now that Stoneman is Chief of Cavalry, I think I can get where I *want* to, so you can see me before the end of the summer.

TO MISS JOSEPHINE SHAW

May 13, 1863.

We are just passing Schuyler and it is only 7½ o'clock, so we shall be at the Jersey dock before nine, — that I call very good luck. I wonder whether Berold looks at it in that light; I think he'll be glad to leave the steamboat, at all events; he is wedged in tight be-

tween Ruksh and Nig, wanting to kick both, but unable to raise a foot, without human sympathy (lumps of sugar), for even Robbins has not been able to get near him since he came on board. However, he was well fed and watered on the dock last evening, — the government horses, poor things, going to bed supperless. We had a tedious time of it packing 440 horses where not over 200 ought to go, and running to and fro in the dark with miscellaneous baggage enough “for an army,” none of which seemed to belong to anybody. We finally cast loose at half past twelve and rested, feeling that no more men could slip off for eight hours; at roll-call this A. M. only one deserter is reported and he is supposed to be on board. The men (and officers too) after their good night’s work and poor night’s sleep look — well, I think it would take a very long typhoid fever to make them look interesting even to you; from a glimpse I have had of the horses, I think they will look very interesting.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP EAST OF CAPITOL, May 15, 1863.

I date this May 15, 1863, — ought it to be 1864? — it seems to me a month since this

morning and at least a year since Tuesday noon. The other part of my date carries me back a year, — for “Camp East of Capitol” was the familiar name of the barracks where my military young idea was taught to shoot.

I wish you could look in at tea now, and see what a pretty scene our camp presents. You would be sitting on the grass at the edge of a very pretty orchard, in which (behind you) Ruksh and Nig are quietly feeding, — in front the ground slopes gently off and at fifty yards' distance commence the company lines, — from here you look down into these so entirely that not a man can swear or a horse switch his tail in anger without our knowing it. The tents are in three rows, the two companies of a squadron being on a line, the horses of each squadron to the right of the tents, — stable duty is just over and the men are swarming about before getting supper. I may have forgotten how a camp-fire smokes, or it may be I am partial to the fires of my own camp (you know my weakness); certainly these camp-fires look uncommonly blue — and picturesque, — even Will's' fellows have contrived to get up a jolly blue smoke.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY S. RUSSELL¹

CAMP E. OF CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 16, '63.

Started precisely at 12 M. Tuesday (427 men and officers, 437 horses), reached boat at 5 P. M. (start earlier and feed on pier): boat too small for so many horses, delay in loading, finally started from wharf at 1/2 A. M. Wednesday — reached Jersey City at 9 A. M. — terrible confusion watering and loading horses, did not leave by train till 5 P. M.: lost ten men here: had to handle all our own baggage here, as also the night before at Stonington. Reached Camden (opposite Philadelphia) at 1 A. M., Thursday; waited two hours while R. R. men handled baggage and transshipped horses, crossed to Philadelphia by ferry, got an excellent breakfast at the Volunteer Relief Rooms; ² left by train at 6 A. M., arrangements excellent. Reached Baltimore at 3 P. M., horses and baggage dragged through city without transshipment; gave men coffee and dinner at Union Relief Rooms (164 Eutaw St., close to Depot). Left Baltimore at 5 P. M. and, after much delay, arrived in Washington at 2 A. M. Friday — breakfast ready for men at barracks near Depot; immediately after,

commenced unloading horses and traps, and at 9 A. M. had horses fed and watered and on picket lines (saddles, &c., by them and company and Quartermaster property in wagons); at 12 M. started for camp, which I selected, and before 6 P. M. officers and men were all in tents, and horses all at permanent lines,—total loss 11 deserters and 1 dead horse,—gain 6 horses! On the whole I recommend this route highly.

I had a very strong guard detailed (70 men and officers) and kept it on duty for the trip—every door (to cars and yards) was guarded before the command entered.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP E. OF CAPITOL,
9 P. M., May 20, 1863.

I wrote yesterday that General Casey^r had ordered a review for to-day. In my baby innocence, I prepared him a nice one, strictly according to tactics, and had rehearsed with my fellows, moving them round by companies at a walk with successful solemnity; but the naughty Casey, when he arrived on the ground, directed me to take them round by platoons at a walk, and then at a trot. I did it, thinking that “’t were done when it were done” and therefore “’t were well

it were done quickly" (Shakespeare) — but it was not done, — graceless Casey sent me word to take them round at a gallop. I smiled, — I knew I was well mounted and could keep ahead of my Command, — I knew I could take round most of my horses and perhaps a few of my men, — I smiled, for I thought of Casey's probable fate, — one Major-General less, dead of a review, ridden over by wild horses. When I made the last turn, I glanced backward, the column was half a mile wide where I could last see it and seemed to stretch *ad infinitum*. When I re-formed my line, there were half a dozen riderless horses, but straight in front in the old place was troublesome Casey, smiling and satisfied as ever. I was disappointed, I thought nothing could resist that charge; I have lost half my faith in cavalry, and Casey, an Infantry General, has lived to see it. Don't blush for us, — we are entirely satisfied with our own appearances, — and there was only one carriage-load of female military judges present, so don't blush.

TO MISS SHAW

May 21st, Taps.

The Nile would be very pleasant, but we do not own ourselves and have no right to

even wish ourselves out of harness. I do not think I grow any less appreciative as I grow older, — I hope I never may, for my own sake and for yours.

TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW

CAMP E. OF CAPITOL, May 23, 1863.

E. wrote me an account of your flag presentation and sent the speeches: I suppose the responsibility of your own speech to follow prevented you from appreciating the Governor's speech as he was delivering it — but, as read, it seems full of feeling and sense, lofty sense and common sense — he is a trump.

Your regiment has proved such an entire success — has given such good promise of taking a very high place among our Massachusetts regiments — that it is easy to forget the circumstances under which you took hold of it: I feel like telling you now, old fellow (as an officer and outsider, and not as your friend and brother), how very manly I thought it of you then to undertake the experiment.

When the First Massachusetts Cavalry were at Hilton Head, they had far less illness (70 or 80 per cent less) than the regiments on the right

and left of them. Dr. De Wolf attributes this in great measure to the liberal use of quinine — every morning from May 1st to August 30th every man who chose to come for it at sick-call got a couple of grains of quinine in a drink (*quantum sufficit*) of whiskey. I believe Mr. Forbes sent down at different times 60 pounds of quinine. I mention this for Dr. Stone's benefit — though probably you and he have already heard it. I do not fancy the blacks will suffer much, but I advise you officers to take whiskey and quinine freely if you are in a malarial region — it is not to be taken beforehand to prepare the system against a time when you may be in an unhealthy camp; but when you go into a malarial camp, commence taking it at once as a specific and direct antidote to the malaria which you are taking.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY S. RUSSELL

CP. E. OF CAPITOL, May 23, 1863.

We have no intimation yet of our probable destination — I am getting daily more and more indifferent about it. The officers whom I see from the Army of the Potomac give such discouraging accounts of its discipline and *morale*,

of the bickerings and jealousies among the general officers, and of the general wrongness of things, that I hesitate about taking steps to get ordered there.¹

You may rely upon it, Harry, that *Lee* will not remain idle if *we* do ; he will send a column into Maryland again when the crops are ready : I look for a repetition of what occurred last summer. Do not think I am demoralized, not a bit of it : but I am a little disappointed, and am contented not to look ahead very much, but to remain quietly here *drilling*. The companies here are doing well, — the horses and men learn faster than I expected, — I put them at battalion drill yesterday.

TO MISS SHAW

Sunday, 24th May, 6.30 P. M.

I have probably quoted twenty times that motto of one of the Fathers, — “*In necessariis, unitas ; in non-necessariis, libertas ; in omnibus, caritas*” — “ In essentials, unity ; — in non-essentials, freedom ; in all things, love.” I like it, — it is more for opinions than for actions or habits, but it is good to bear in mind in society and in affairs, and I think that, written over every young fireside and read by the

light of real love, it would smooth many differences.

Sometime this summer at your open window, you should read the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," — they are lamps to live by as well as to build by.

About the Regiment, — did I tell you I had a regimental drill on Friday P. M. and another at 7½ this morning, really very successful? I should wish you here to see one, only to the outsider there is little visible but a cloud of dust. The men are getting on so well in squadron drill that to-morrow I shall commence with the "individual drill" for the morning, squadron drill three afternoons, and regimental drill two afternoons and Sunday morning. The training of the horse, and the teaching of the trooper to ride, you see, which ought to come first, come last in our method of raising cavalry regiments, — we must do the best we can, however. That expression brings me to my visit to Stanton. He commenced by asking after the regiment, and why I had not been to see him, — told me that he expected a great deal from it; that he would do anything and everything I wanted to make it an "Ironsides" regiment (I do not know what that means, but I told

him I would do all I could to make it a good regiment). He said he knew it (*sic*), and added that he was away from Washington when that affair in Boston occurred, or he should have written me a personal letter of thanks.¹ I spoke of bringing up my companies from Gloucester Point,—he said it should be done, that I should drill them here, should have all my requisitions filled by preference, and when I said I was ready, he would send the regiment where it should meet the enemy, and would give it the post of honour (I quote his exact words,—it remains to be seen whether he will be able to act up to them,—of course I told him that was all I wanted). When I got up to go, I happened to mention the Fifty-Fourth, and stopped a few minutes to tell him what a success it had been. He seemed very much pleased, and said he did not know why Governor Andrew preferred Port Royal to Newberne; but if the Governor thought that was the best field for them, he wanted to give them the best chance, and had ordered them there accordingly. I tell you of this visit for your benefit, so far as it relates to Rob; for my benefit, so far as it relates to me.

TO JOHN C. BANCROFT

CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, May 24, '63.

We have been ten pleasant, sultry, summer days in camp here, monotonous, but enough occupied not to dislike the monotony, — dry and cool and dewy in the morning, and still and cool in the evenings, — with a very pretty view from my tent front (where we sit under a fly) — nothing striking, only green hills and fields and cattle, and off on the right the Potomac, and beyond rise the heights, where they have put forts, — you would not suppose it, however, it looks as peaceful as a Sunday should. It makes me infernally homesick, John, — I should like to be at home, even to go to church, — nay, I should even like to have a chaplain *here* to read the service and a few chapters I would select from the New Testament, — you'll think it *must* be a peaceful scene to lull me into such a lamblike mood.¹

Lamblike, however, seems to be the order of the day, — unless, indeed, Grant's success at Vicksburg is to be believed. The Army of the Potomac is commonly reported to be going into summer quarters.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP, May 27, 1863.

Did I tell you what an interest the black fellows at my barber's (under Willard's) take in me because I am a Massachusetts Colonel, — they are so pleased at the Fifty-Fourth, and at its being the Fifty-Fourth and not the First Massachusetts Coloured Regiment (as it is in the District and in most other States), — and I told them all I could about it, without boasting how near an interest I felt in its Colonel, — was n't that magnanimous? Had I said the word, I believe they would have pressed all the offices of their trade upon me, willy-nilly, and instead of my short bristles, I should have left with a curled wig perfumed and oiled. Governor Andrew's argument about officers seemed to satisfy them (that he wanted the best officers he could get for this Regiment, and they were every one white), and they felt (as I do more and more, the more I learn of regiments raised and raising elsewhere) that it is a great thing to have the experiment in one case tried fairly.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP, May 28, 1863.

I am expecting another horse out of town,— a horse which I have just bought in expectation of selling Nig. Nig is very pleasant, but has not quite as much character (obstinacy, perverseness) as I like,— I do not fancy horses who do not at the outset resist, but they must be intelligent enough to know when they are conquered, and to recognize it as an advance in their civilization.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP, May 29, 1863, 11 P. M.

Your Capri and Sorrento have brought back my Campagna and my Jungfrau and my Paestum, and again the season is “la gioventù dell anno,” and I think of breezy Veii and sunny Pisa and the stone-pines of the villa Pamfili-Doria,— of course, it is right to wish that sometime we may go there; of course, the remembrance of such places, and the hope of revisiting them in still pleasanter circumstances, makes one take “the all in the day’s work” more bravely—it is a homesickness which is healthy for the soul. I should not have criti-

cised your wishing that, but I did feel a little superstitious about the way in which you thought of going: I don't believe you wish there was no "harness," nor yet to be out of harness, by reason of a break-down: collars are our proper "wear," I am afraid, and we ought to enjoy going well up to them; but when the time for a free scamper comes, huzza for Italy!

I am sorry that my Stanton summons frightened you, and yet I am again going to startle you by saying that to-day I was directed by General Casey to report at once how much notice I required to take the field. I replied two hours, officially: this does not mean anything: I relate it because a succession of these false alarms makes the real start a relief when it comes. I have seen how it works with men and officers,—it is human nature.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. S. RUSSELL

CAMP, May 30, '63.

As soon as you are filled to a *minimum*, shut down on all but *first-rate* men. I do not want another "scalawag" to come into the regiment; they will *fight*, but they are an infernal nuisance.

I was yesterday required to report officially how soon this Battalion could take the field.

I reported two hours, — but better not before June 20th. I do not think they mean to move us, but they are in constant dread of a rapid move towards the upper Potomac; apparently one whole cavalry division of the Army of the Potomac moved to Bealetown (below Warrenton Junction) on Thursday.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 1, 1863.

I am cross; — “rumpled and harassed” don’t begin to express my condition. I feel as if I were playing soldier here, and that I always disliked in peace, and disliked still more in war, — and now I’m doing it.

Now for narrative. Our move to-day was tolerably satisfactory, no end of “bag and baggage,” certainly ten or twelve times as much as there should have been; but we broke up a permanent camp, and reëstablished it, and had plenty of daylight to spare. We are now near Fort Stevens, about four miles north of Washington, on rough ground thickly studded with oak stumps; not so pretty a site as our last, but much healthier; we do not present so attractive an outside to visitors, but in reality are probably better off. I have two companies and a half

on picket at points fifteen miles apart, and am expecting some night alarms, knowing it to be all play and got up for drill purposes. I would much prefer to drill my men for the present in my own way, not in General Heintzelman's way, hence I am cross, — it is very unmilitary to be cross.

I foresee that this camp is going to be a very cross place, — rough camps always are, — they are so hard to keep clean. It is astonishing how much easier it is to make men do their military duty than it is to make them appreciate neatness and cleanness.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 3, 1863.

The change from the camp to the field (we are now, so far as work and life go, to be counted in the field, though there seems to me a good deal of "sham" about it) is a very critical one for a regiment, it is so important to start picket duty aright, so hard to make men understand that the only way to keep tolerably clean is to keep perfectly clean, so hard to get new officers to keep the proper line between their men and themselves. I am going to try the experiment, too, of taking off my camp guard and giving

my "pet lambs" a chance to wander where they please, — punishing them, of course, if found outside of camp. I am not sure how it will work.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 4, 1863.

I think it all comes back to my old maxim, "keep healthy and well-balanced," cut off instincts only when they are growing too long or too thick for other instincts: a man is meant to act and to undertake, to try and succeed in his undertakings, to take all means which he believes necessary to success; but he must not let his undertakings look too large, and make a slave of him; still less must he let the means. He must keep free and grow integrally.

TO HIS MOTHER

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 5, 1863.

I do not see what you and Mr. Child find to be so hopeful about, — I see no evidence of yielding on their part, and no evidence of greater vigour on ours; we are again on the defensive as we were last August, — are again idle for want of troops, — and Lee will again be in Maryland without a doubt. I do not think this at

all a hopeless state of things, but I see no prospect of any immediate end, which, I suppose, is what you are looking for.¹ The people are of a more resolute temper than at this time last year, but, on the other hand, party lines are drawing more distinctly, and I should not be surprised to see exhibitions of disloyalty in some of our Northern cities; these will be put down, and in the end the Government will be the stronger for them, but meanwhile may not military operation be embarrassed and perhaps postponed? Do you remember, Mother, how soon another Presidential canvass is coming round? I seriously fear that *that*, too, will be allowed to delay very vigorous operations, — and all this time the South is growing stronger. *However*, we *may* get Vicksburg, and may cripple Lee, if he comes into Maryland. I think we are altogether too apt to forget the general aspect of affairs and regard single events as of entire importance: this makes any predictions useless, — it would operate *for* us in case of success as it has hitherto operated *against* us: but so far from feeling hopeful, I am sometimes inclined to believe that we are going to see a change: that whereas we *have* had few victories, but have been on the whole success-

ful, we are now going to gain victories and find them comparatively useless.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 7, 1863.

Don't suppose I approve of McClellan's present position; nor do I wish to see the Administration forced to take him back; but I should feel very thankful if he were now at the head of affairs and were out of the hands of the men who are now duping him. I am afraid it may yet be necessary to call on McClellan, when the Government cannot do it with much dignity; I hope not, however. I consider him more patriotic and more respectable than the men who are now managing the Army of the Potomac. Will you pardon this? you know I must tell you what I think, and you know I am very fond of McClellan: that Copperhead meeting did expose him to the worst imputations,—but I know him to be a good and true patriot.'

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 10, 1863.

You know I believe Heaven is here, everywhere, if we could only see God, and that, as a

future state, it is not to be much dwelt upon, only enough to make one content with death as a change not infinitely different from sleep, — that prayer is not an asking, but a thanking mood, — that this world and all that is in it being created for the glory of God (and for what other end can such a fearful and wonderful “nature” be designed?), we especially ought to glorify him by being thankful and seeing his glory everywhere. Just how we are to show our thankfulness is a more searching question; I think not by depreciating this world to exalt another, perhaps by “*bene vivere*,” perhaps by “loving well both man and bird and beast,” — probably by one person in one way, by another in another.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 10, 1863.

The way in which men are put into action the first time is so important, at any rate in cavalry, — I am very anxious my fellows should be started right, and not checked up just where they should be spurring.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June [14th?], 1863.

I don't believe we are going to have marching orders, after all. For twenty-four hours we have been all ready to move at a moment's notice. I want marching orders very much, but am afraid I shall be kept here. I wish you could see how my Battalion will turn out tomorrow morning; not an extra gew-gaw, nothing for ornament. If they want ornamental troops around Washington, they'll let me go, — indeed, I have dropped some things which have generally been counted necessities; two of my companies go without any blankets but those under their saddles. That is pretty well for recruits.

If we use it rightfully, I think the Pennsylvania movement an excellent thing for the cause, — but that is *if*. What effect will it have on the opposition? For the moment, of course, all differences will be dropped, — but afterwards will not the Administration be the weaker for it, unless the *if* be avoided? You would not suppose I had thought much about it, from the loose and simple way in which I write, but I have: only, so much depends now on the skill

of Hooker and Halleck (*Eheu!*) and on the nerve of Lincoln and Stanton, — depends, that is, on *individuals*, — that it is impossible to foresee events even for a day.¹

TO HIS MOTHER

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 17, '63.

I have been expecting orders for some days past — but the raid into Pennsylvania seems to be blowing over — and they have n't come. I hope Hooker will seek to get a battle out of Lee at once — he will never have a better chance, with the six months' troops called for; he will be able to reap the fruits of a victory if he gains one, and a defeat would not be very disastrous.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 17, 1863.

I wonder whether I shall ever be able to repay Cousin John in any way for his many kindnesses and for the many pleasant days and evenings I have passed at Milton and Naushon. Do you know that after Chancellorsville he wrote that he had more than half a mind to come home at once to help raise a new army, and, if necessary, to take a musket himself.² Perhaps

one of these days I may have a chance to do something to gratify him. I wonder whether my theories about self-culture, &c., would ever have been modified so much, whether I should ever have seen what a necessary failure they lead to, had it not been for this war : now I feel every day more and more that a man has no right to himself at all, that indeed he can do nothing useful unless he recognize this clearly : nothing has helped me to see this last truth more than watching Mr. Forbes, — I think he is one of the most unselfish workers I ever knew of : it is painful here to see how sadly personal motives interfere with most of our officers' usefulness. After the war, how much there will be to do,— and how little opportunity a fellow in the field has to prepare himself for the sort of doing that will be required : it makes me quite sad sometimes ; but then I think of Cousin John and remember how much he always manages to do in every direction without any previous preparation, simply by pitching in honestly and entirely, —and I reflect that the great secret of doing, after all, is in seeing what is to be done. You know I'll not be rash ; but I wish I could feel as sure of doing my duty elsewhere as I am of doing it on the field of battle, — that is so

little part of an officer's and patriot's duty now.

We are still at our old camp, and with less prospect of an immediate move than there was three days ago. Did I tell you poor Ruksh had been sent to a hospital in town, — to be turned out to pasture if he lives. I am going to town to pick out a Government horse to take his place as well as maybe.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 18, 1863.

Sumner talked a great deal about the black troops, — about the President's views and Stanton's intention of having 200,000 in the field by the end of summer, which I thought rather wild, considering the total number of arms-bearing blacks in the South to be 360,000; Fremont wrote in the same way. Sumner had some excellent ideas on the probable duration of the war, — he thinks it ought to be a very long war yet. He does not find in history any record of such great changes as we expect to see, having been brought about except with long wars and great suffering. I think his ideas excellent because they agree with mine. What should we do with a peace, until events have shaped out a

policy which a majority of people at the North will recognize as the necessary one for a successful reorganization of the Southern territory and Southern institutions? What two men agree about such a policy now? What one man has any clear, practical ideas on the subject at all? — not Charles Sumner certainly. If black armies can be organized on a large scale and made to fight, the question of slavery and the disposition of the slaves becomes comparatively easy of solution: but our whole Constitution, and perhaps our whole form of government, has, it seems to me, to be remodelled,— and that cannot be done until a new generation, better educated in such things than the present, takes hold of it. How many years it took to form our present Constitution.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, A. M., June 20, 1863.

I look for a general action soon, — and shall not be *surprised* if Lee has Washington by August 1st. Don't think me gloomy, — I should regard the loss of Washington as the greatest gain of the war.

I don't wonder Rob feels badly about this burning and plundering, — it is too bad. In-

stead of improving the negro character and educating him for a civilized independence, we are re-developing all his savage instincts. I hope when the Fifty-Fifth goes down there, they may be able to make a change in negro warfare. Such a gentle fellow as Rob must be peculiarly disturbed about it.¹

TO MAJOR CASPAR CROWNINSHIELD²

CAMP BRIGHTWOOD, June 20, '63.

We are lying here anxiously expecting orders, — two squadrons are just back from over the river collecting stragglers from the Army of the Potomac. The First Massachusetts Cavalry had a severe fight at Aldie on Wednesday afternoon. Captain Sargent and Lieutenant Davis (not Henry) reported killed, — Major Higginson wounded in four places, not seriously, — Lieutenant Fillibrown wounded, — Jim Higginson captured, — loss killed, wounded, and missing, 160 out of 320, according to Major Higginson, who is at Alexandria, — but this is evidently a mistake.³ The loss in prisoners is great, because Adams's squadron was dismounted and was supposed to be supported by the Fourth New York, which neglected to support at the proper moment and left our fellows unprotected.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP, June 22, 1863.

Lee is in earnest in some direction, and, within a month, I think we shall need all the troops we can raise, either to enable us to reap the full benefit of a victory or to lessen the disaster of a defeat. I am going to write to Governor Andrew that it is not enough for Massachusetts to be ahead in volunteering, ahead in coloured troops, and ahead in so many things, she must be ahead in conscribing, that is the example needed now, — conscription for old regiments, no more officers, only men: and in conscription, why should not Massachusetts set the example of no substitutes? She has already so many men ahead against the next draft, that the conscription will not be very severe, and why should not all go who are chosen?

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP, June 23, 1863.

I like your idea of convenient and comfortable duties — excellent, — no family should be without them, — let us order a small lot at once. Seriously though, it does seem strange that in a

world where it would seem so easy to enjoy, — this conscience should so often come in to make us “move on.” Carlyle says (and many others say) that conscience is the sign of man’s fall, that it is the fruit of knowledge which drove man out of Paradise.

TO MISS SHAW

JUNE 24, NEAR ROCKVILLE, 9 P. M.

I wish I had received your letter of Monday three hours earlier. I would certainly have called on Stanton and made a strong case against land piracy. I went into town on business and had just time to call on Henry Higginson (who is going home to-morrow) when I learned that orders had been sent me to move camp to Poolesville, and picket the Potomac from the mouth of the Monocacy to Great Falls. I got your letter about an hour before starting. Poor Rob, — it is very trying indeed. I think Governor Andrew might easily be persuaded to remonstrate against such usage of Massachusetts troops. I have not quite decided whether or no, as an officer of the army much interested in black troops, I might not properly write to Stanton on the strength of what I have seen in the paper about Darien.

TO HON. WILLIAM WHITING

CAMP NEAR POOLESVILLE,

HEADQUARTERS 2D MASS. CAVALRY, June 26, 1863.

HON. WILLIAM WHITING, SOLICITOR OF WAR
DEPARTMENT :

Dear Sir, — Have you seen in the newspapers (our own and the rebel) the account of the destruction of Darien by our black troops, — a deserted town burned in apparent wantonness? If this were done by order, I cannot think that the effect of such orders has been duly considered. I know how constantly you have been in favour of employing negroes as soldiers, and how much you have done to aid it, and I write in the hope that, if you find my views just, you may some time help to prevent the repetition of such expeditions.

If burning and pillaging is to be the work of our black regiments, no first-rate officers will be found to accept promotion in them, — it is not war, it is piracy more outrageous than that of Semmes.¹ Without first-rate officers (and even with them) expeditions in which pillaging is attempted *by order* will infallibly degenerate into raids in which *indiscriminate* pillaging will be the rule, and, instead of finding ourselves at

the end of the summer with an army of disciplined blacks, we shall have a horde of savages not fit to fight alongside of our white troops, if fit to fight at all. Public opinion is not yet decided in favour of black troops ; it is merely suspended, in order to see the experiment tried. I do not believe it can be made favourable to their employment if it sees only such results as these : unfavourable public opinion will still further increase the difficulty of getting good officers, — and so on *ad infinitum*.

Of the absolute right and wrong of the case, I say nothing, — and of the effect upon the *black* race, — for those are outside questions : but in a *military* point of view, I think the net result of Darien expeditions will be against us. Expeditions to help off negroes and to interfere with corn crops are too important a mode of injuring the rebels to be neglected : if made by well-disciplined blacks, kept always well in hand, they could be carried far into the interior and made of great service ; but troops demoralized by pillage and by the fear of retaliation, which would be the natural consequence of such pillage, will not often venture out of sight of gunboats. I have done what I could for the coloured regiments by recommending the *best*

officers of my acquaintance for promotion in them, and I was very sorry to see that one Company of our Fifty-Fourth Regiment (in which I had taken an especial interest) was at Darien: I can fancy the feelings of the officers. This is written in haste, and is written loosely, but I wanted to call your attention to the matter.

Always with respect and regard,
 Your obedient servant,
 C. R. LOWELL, JR.

TO MISS SHAW

POOLESVILLE, June 26, 1863.

We have come to Poolesville just at the right moment — the whole army is passing here. I have seen a great many officers whom I know — especially at Headquarters, which are here to-night.

While I have been writing this, I have received orders to march to-morrow to Knoxville, to report to Major-General Slocum for temporary duty.¹

TO MISS SHAW

NEAR BROOKVILLE, June 29, 1863.

I am afraid your Colonel is disgraced forever; — in consequence of my regiment being

removed and of Hooker's neglecting to picket it with another regiment, Stuart's Cavalry came across yesterday and are making pretty work in the neighbourhood of Washington. I have been after them for eighteen hours, — but presume I shall not harm them much.

TO MISS SHAW

POOLESVILLE, July 1, 1863.

On Friday night at half past ten, I got orders to report next day to General Slocum. As I had to get in my patrols from a space of over thirty miles and had besides to reduce the baggage of the Regiment from eight wagons to two, I did n't start till 8.30 the next morning, made a comfortable march of twenty-five miles, reported as ordered, and went quietly into bivouac for the night, as I supposed. But about 11 came two despatches from General Heintzelman, one ordering me to remain at Poolesville, or to return if I had left, the other notifying me that General Halleck sent the same order. I was considerably disturbed, and telegraphed at once to General Hooker and to General Heintzelman and notified General Slocum. In the morning, 4 o'clock, I got order from General Hooker to report to General French, and from

French to report immediately ; also orders from Heintzelman to take no orders that did not come through his, Heintzelman's, Headquarters. This was embarrassing, but I decided with much reluctance to obey Heintzelman, as he was backed by Halleck, though I was sorely tempted to stay with Hooker in the Army of the Potomac. So I moved down the Potomac about fifty-seven miles, and, when I reached the mouth of the Monocacy, met some of my wagons with the news that the rebels in strong force had crossed the Potomac at the very ford I was especially to watch ; that there had been no picket there at all, and no notice had gone either to Washington or to Hooker till nearly twelve hours after the crossing. Of course I was troubled, expecting that I should be made the scapegoat, although I was only to blame for having been unmilitary enough to express a wish to General Hooker to serve in a more active place and to leave the "all quiet along the Potomac" to some poorer regiment. I had no forage, but fortunately had rations in the wagons, which I issued, and started in pursuit.¹ I made excellent time and was far ahead on the Washington side, of any other troops. It was in an interval of pursuit, after two nights without much sleep,

that I wrote that disagreeable pencil note. We did a good deal of hard marching Monday and Tuesday, but captured a lieutenant and four privates, and managed to keep Heintzelman pretty well informed of the movements of the Rebels who were in large force (Stuart with three brigades and Wade Hampton's legion), but I was still anxious lest I should be placed in arrest for leaving my post without orders from proper authority, — as not a word had I heard from Heintzelman, — and was very much relieved yesterday afternoon, when a despatch arrived stating that the General Commanding was gratified with my activity, and ordering me back to Poolesville as before. So back I have come, making a march of over thirty miles after 5 o'clock last evening, and reaching here in just the condition to enjoy amazingly the six hours of balmy languor which I have indulged in, — and then at length came the wagons and a general refreshment and reorganization of toilette. . . .

Wars are bad, but there are many things far worse. I believe more in "keeping gunpowder dry" than you do, but am quite convinced that we are likely to suffer a great deal before the end of this.

TO MISS SHAW

POOLESVILLE, July 3, A. M.

You ask me what I know of Meade, and to write something comforting. I have seen a good deal of Meade at various times, and though I do not think him a great man at all, I believe him to be brave and judicious, — he is a soldier and a good man, and not an adventurer like——, and I am sure the *morale* of the Army, so far as the officers are concerned, will improve under him.¹ Anything immediately comfortable in our affairs I don't see, but comfortable times are not the ones that make a people great, — see what too much comfort has reduced the Philadelphians to. Honestly, I dare scarcely wish that the war should end speedily, — but I still feel more than ever as if their concern were getting more and more brittle, and *might* go to pieces in a month, if we could gain one or two successes: we know that one or two disasters, so far from breaking *us* up, would only strengthen our determination to do our work thoroughly. If there is any fight in the Army of the Potomac, I think Lee's position not a very formidable one: I am more afraid now that we shall be tempted to move

up against him and that he will slip by our left into Washington, — however, I know nothing of what is being done.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP ON SENECA CREEK, July 5, 1863.

Yesterday our teamsters brought rumours of the battle of July 3d and of our immense success, and all day we have been waiting anxiously for the papers; — at length they have come, with Meade's despatch and Lincoln's proclamation. I hope, before this, you had news in New York which will be comforting to your Mother and will make her feel that all is not lost, even for this year. As it now stands, what has been done makes me only the more anxious about what is to come, — the decisive battle is yet to be fought. It seems to me out of the question that after these heavy rains, with bad roads and a river behind him rapidly rising, Lee should dare to retire without another trial, and if the newspaper account is true, Meade's line is much longer and weaker to-day than during the fight of Friday. What croaking this will sound, if your papers have a glorious victory the morning you get this letter. Never mind, I feel a little like croaking, — or rather, perhaps, I feel

a good deal perverse and not inclined to rejoice too much when the papers are rejoicing, — you know how perverse I always am with newspapers. Perhaps, too, I am a little more perverse than usual because I am vexed at having to remain here when there is so much going on close by. I almost wish I was back a captain in the Sixth: however, I have done all I dare to get away, and I must e'en bide my time. You must not be disappointed; I suppose there will come a time when the Regiment will have a chance.

TO MISS SHAW

CAMP ON SENECA CREEK, July 7, 1863.

Don't you wish that your Colonel was one who belonged to the Army of the Potomac? He does, I'm sure. We haven't seen the papers since Sunday, but we have scraps of news by telegraph and by messengers, and, as far as we can learn, Lee is in full retreat and Meade in hot pursuit: they say even that the pontoons at Shepardstown (if there were any there) have been destroyed by a column from Frederick: if so, we are likely to make the defeat a rout. Beyond the natural rejoicing at so great a victory to our arms, the circum-

stances under which this fight was won make it doubly acceptable: a defeat would have forced the Administration to take back McClellan, and, as a citizen, I should have regarded that as very unfortunate,—a victory under Hooker might have been almost as bad as a defeat.

But Meade is a good man and a modest man,—his head will not be turned,—and furthermore, he having been so short a time in command, I think that, while due credit is given to him for skilful disposition and for pluck, we may yet without injustice attribute something more to Fortune, and much more to the Army itself, than we should have been disposed to, had Meade's command been even a week older. How do you adapt this victory to your theory,—do you give up the theory, or do you expound the victory as an indication that we have been sufficiently humiliated, have mended our ways and are now all right? I hope people in general will not take the latter view, for it seems to me that this is only the beginning of our real danger, and that it is going to be more difficult to use victories than to bear defeats. Oh, I can't help often wishing that the times were not quite so much out of joint. Will

and I were counting over the "satisfactory" people of our acquaintance, the other day, and very few they were: it seems to me that this change in public affairs has entirely changed my standard, and that men whom two years ago I should have almost accepted as satisfactory, now show lamentably deficient: men do not yet seem to have risen with the occasion, and the perpetual perception of this is uncomfortable.

TO MISS SHAW

July 9th (?).

What glorious news about Vicksburg!— and I am particularly glad to have that and Gettysburg come so near the 4th of July—a year ago on that day Jimmy died in a farmhouse on the battlefield of Glendale. The little fellow was very happy,— he thought the war would soon be over, that everything was going right, and that everybody was as high-minded and courageous as himself. For Mother's sake, I wish you had known him,— he was a good son and a pure and wise lover of his Country,—with Father and Mother, I shall never fill his place, nor in the Commonwealth either, I fear.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 19, 7 P. M.

All Thursday and Friday, we lay by the roadside, booted and saddled, — waiting for orders. Yesterday, about noon, orders came, and since then we have been marching hard. I have n't told you yet that I was serving with infantry, — and indeed I hope I have shaken them off for some time, — they are fifteen miles behind, and I don't mean to let them draw any nearer. I was ordered on Wednesday to take command of all the available cavalry in the district (about 650 only) and report to General Rufus King, who was to move out along the line of the Orange and Alexandria R. R., and get it ready to supply Meade's Army at Warrenton or Manassas Gap. I was to precede his march and reconnoitre towards the front and towards the Gaps.¹ Yesterday word came that Lee was again "conscripting" along the Occoquan, and that the conscripts (all men under 45) were to be at Bentsville; so down I started with three squadrons, found no conscripts, but arrested the Lieut.-Colonel who had ordered the draft, and brought him in with quite a number of other prisoners, — much to the delight, I believe, of

the neighbourhood. To-morrow I don't know where I shall go, but to-night I wish you could see our bivouac ; it is on the slopes of Centreville facing West, one of the most commanding positions in Virginia ; now, just at dusk, it commands a lovely, indistinct view stretching quite out to the Blue Ridge.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 20, 1863.

This has been a day of dozes, taken under an apple-tree on a breezy slope, — dozes interrupted by impertinent questions about horse-shoes and forage and rations and what not. In the field though, these dozy days after hard marching are among the pleasantest. In my case, they have always associated themselves with delightful days at Interlaken and with images of the Jungfrau, because after several long tramps I returned to Interlaken and lay off there to rest, choosing always some horizontal position with a view of the mountain at will, — I think the exceeding restfulness of the Jungfrau must impress every one, but it must be seen in the dozy state, when repose is the only idea of bliss, to be fully enjoyed, — I mean mere physical repose ; there is another higher repose about the

Jungfrau which must be grateful to all who are weary or heavy-laden. . . .

I don't feel anxious, perhaps, but I feel very wrathful against these fellows. I do hope that this will lead General McClellan to shake off Seymour and his set, — he is n't either a fool or a knave, — he is simply *innocent*.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 23, 1863.

People used to tell me, when I was at Cambridge, that those were to be the happiest years of my life. People were wrong. Dissatisfied as I have always been with myself, I have yet found that, as I grew older, I enjoyed more and more.

I picked a morning-glory (a white one) for you on the battlefield of Bull Run, the other day, but crushed it up and threw it away, on second thought, — the association was not pleasant; and yet it was pleasant to see that morning-glories could bloom on, right in the midst of our worries and disgraces. That reminds me that I have n't narrated where I went on Tuesday; we started very early and went over the whole Bull Run battleground down to Bull Run Mountains and Thoroughfare, thence to War-

renton, and back to near Manassas Junction, by the Orange and Alexandria R. R.,— a killing march of between 52 and 54 miles on a scorching day and nothing learnt, except this, that there was nothing to learn. However, men and horses have stood it pretty well. At Manassas Junction I met General Gregg and his division of Cavalry. Gregg told me he had applied for my regiment some time ago ; that he had a brigade of five regiments which he meant to give me, but the War Department did n't answer his application,—the Brigade was still waiting for me ; — provoking, is n't it? ¹ However, I long ago gave up bothering about such things ; I see so many good officers kept back, because they are too good to be spared, and so many poor ones put forward merely as a means of getting rid of them, that I never worry. Don't think that a piece of vanity, I don't mean it so. I don't call any cavalry officer good who can't see the truth and tell the truth. With an infantry officer, this is not [so] essential, but cavalry are the eyes and ears of the army and ought to see and hear and tell truly ; — and yet it is the universal opinion that P——'s own reputation, and P——'s late promotions are bolstered up by systematic lying.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 24, 1863.

I must protest against your theory and Mr. Smalley's,¹ though I know the danger of opposing a newspaper: *historically*, I am sure it is not probable the war will end yet, by victories or otherwise; *speculatively*, I believe it is not *desirable* it should end yet; our opinions as to what the war was for are not distinct enough, our convictions of what it has done, are not settled enough — *i. e.* I do not see that we are ripe for peace, I do not read that nations are wont to ripen so quickly, — I do not feel in myself that either people is prepared to stop here and give up, — *ergo*, I look for a long war still. But I cannot assent to your Jewish doctrine that it is not desirable this chosen people should have peace yet, or victories yet, and therefore, it will not have them: that seems to me to be arrogating too much for ourselves. I agree with George² that when a nation, or a man, has to learn a thing, it is clutched by the throat and held down till it does learn it: but I object that not all nations, and not all men, do have to learn things. It is only the favoured nations and the favoured individuals that are selected for education, — most fall

untaught. Why may not we? Why may not we fall by victory? May it not be the *South* that is being taught? May it not be some future nation, for whose profit our incapacity to learn is to be made conspicuous? No, I object entirely to your theory. Many nations fail, that one may become great; ours will fail, unless we gird up our loins and do honest and humble day's work, without trying to do the thing by the job or to get a great nation made by any patent process. It is not safe to say that we shall not have victories till we are ready for them; we shall have victories, and whether or no we are ready for them depends upon ourselves: if we are not ready, we shall fail, — *voilà tout*. If you ask, What if we do fail? I have nothing to say; I'm an optimist (if the word can be used with that meaning) as well as yourself. I should n't cry over a nation or two, more or less, gone under. I find I have n't half stated my case, so if you answer, you must expect a great deal more cogent reply. Am I not an arrogant reasoner?

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 24, P. M.

“Each and All” is a true poem and in Emerson's best strain, — but don't misunder-

stand it; Emerson does n't mean to bring in question the reality of beauty, or the substantial truth of our youth's hopes, but he has seen how unripe and childish is the desire to appropriate, and how futile the attempt must always be. He does not lament over this, perhaps he rather rejoices over it,— everything is ours to enjoy, nothing is ours to engage; open, we are as wide as Nature; closed, we are too narrow to enjoy a seashell's beauty.

I wonder whether you will ever like Wordsworth as much as I do, — I wonder whether I liked him as much when I was “only nineteen.” He is clumsy, prosy, and sometimes silly, but he is always self-respectful, serene, and (what I like, even in a poet) responsible, — more of a man than any other modern poet, if not so much of a “person” as some, — less exclusively human and therefore more manly. I don't believe you'll ever like him as much as I do. Indeed in my heart I hope you will not; he is rather a cold customer, not an ardent Protestant, and yet far from Catholic; but then he lived pretty high up and a good deal alone.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 25, 1863.

I don't at all fancy the duty here, — serving against bushwhackers; it brings me in contact with too many citizens, — and sometimes with mothers and children. The other night a fine looking young fellow stumbled against our pickets and was captured, — it proved that he had been out to visit his mother, — she came to bid him good-bye the next morning, a Quakerlike looking old lady, very neat and quiet. She did n't appeal to us at all; she shed a few tears over the son, repacked his bundle carefully, slipped a roll of greenbacks into his hand, and then kissed him farewell. I was very much touched by her. Yesterday we took a little fellow, only sixteen years old, — he had joined one of these gangs to avoid the conscription, which is very sweeping; he told us all he knew about the company to which he belonged, but he was such a babe that it seemed to me mean to question him. The conscription now takes all between eighteen and forty-five, and practically a good many both under and over: I had the satisfaction the other day of

arresting the Lieut.-Colonel who had charge of the draft in this and the neighbouring counties, and hope I have stopped it for a time. You see I'm "opposed to the draft" as unconstitutional.

TO HIS MOTHER

CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE, July 26, '63.

You will write me, I know, all you learn about the Fifty-Fourth. I see that General Beauregard believes Bob Shaw was killed in a fight on the 18th,—I hope and trust he is mistaken. He will be a great loss to his regiment and to the service,—and you know what a loss he will be to his family and friends. He was to me one of the most attractive men I ever knew,—he had such a single and loyal and kindly heart: I don't believe he ever did an unkind or thoughtless act without trying to make up for it afterwards—Effie says he never did (I mean she has said so, of course I have not heard from her since this news)—in that, he was like Jimmy. It cannot be so hard for such a man to die—it is not so hard for his friends to lose him.

TO LIEUT.-COLONEL RUSSELL

CENTREVILLE, July 26, '63.

I cannot help having a *strong* hope that Beauregard is mistaken in supposing Rob Shaw killed. If he *is* dead, they've killed one of the dearest fellows that ever was. Harry, I felt thankful that you and he were out of the Second at Gettysburg, — I thought of you both as surely safe, I had *always* felt of Rob too, that he was not going to be killed.

It was very noble of him ever to undertake the Fifty-Fourth, but he had great satisfaction in it afterwards, both of himself and from his friends' satisfaction, — I believe he would rather have died with it than with the old Second. Will it not comfort his Mother a little to feel that he was fighting for a cause greater than any National one?

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Sunday, July 26.

Cousin John has just sent me the report about dear Rob. It does not seem to me possible this should be true about Rob. Was not he preëminently what

“Every man in arms should wish to be?”¹

The manliness and patriotism and high courage of such a soldier never die with him; they live in his comrades, — it should be the same with the gentleness and thoughtfulness which made him so loveable a son and brother and friend. As you once wrote, he never let the sun go down upon an unkind or thoughtless word.¹

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 27.

Will and I have been talking over the good fellows who have gone before in this war, — fellows whom Rob loved so much, many of them: there is none who has been so widely and so dearly loved as he. What comfort it is to think of this, — if “life is but a sum of love,” Rob had had his share, and had done his share.

When I think how Rob’s usefulness had latterly been increasing, how the beauty of his character had been becoming a power, widely felt, how his life had become something more than a promise, I feel as if his father’s loss were the heaviest: sometime perhaps we can make him feel that he has other sons, but now remember that in a man’s grief for a son whose

manhood had just opened, as Rob's had, there is something different from what any woman's grief can be.

That is the time to die when one is happiest, or rather I mean that is the time when we wish those we love to die: Rob was very happy too at the head of his regiment where he died: it is pleasant to remember that he never regretted the old Second for a moment.

TO J. M. FORBES

CENTREVILLE, July 27, '63.

My experience is that, for *cavalry*, raw recruits sent to a regiment in large numbers are worse than useless; they are of no account themselves and they spoil the old men,—they should be *drilled* at least four months before they join their regiment. Now has not Governor Andrew the power — I mean can he not get it — to establish a camp of instruction and Reserve Depot for his two cavalry regiments at Readville? There is a good drill-ground there, good water and good stabling for 400 horses, all that are ever likely to be there at one time. I should have the horses, arms, and equipments a permanency, — with raw recruits, trained horses are of immense importance — 150 trained horses

are enough, however. If some such arrangement could be made, Harry put in charge of both regiments and all new officers and men sent there to learn their A B C's, I think the Massachusetts regiments would be started on a footing that would keep them more effective than I see a chance of any regiments being under the present system.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, July 28.

I am very sorry that I did not more than half bid Rob good-bye that Tuesday. It is a little thing, but I wish it had been otherwise. It is pleasant to feel sure, without knowing any particulars, that his regiment has done well,—we all feel perfectly sure of it. I hope he knew it, too. I do wish I could be with you quietly, without disturbing any one: I thought I could write after getting letters, but I do not feel like it: it seems as if this time ought to belong wholly to Rob,—and you would like to tell me so much about him,—it would comfort you so much, for everything about him is pleasant to remember, as you say. Give my love to your mother;—it is a very great comfort to know that his life had such a perfect ending. I

see now that the best Colonel of the best black regiment had to die, it was a sacrifice we owed, —and how could it have been paid more gloriously?

TO MISS SHAW

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON,
 Sunday noon, August 2d.

I found, when I reported in the evening, that I was ordered to take command of all the Cavalry in the Department (only three regiments, not very magnificent), headquarters to be at Fairfax Courthouse or Centreville.¹

Everything that comes about Rob shows his death to have been more and more completely that which every soldier and every man would long to die, but it is given to very few, for very few do their duty as Rob had. I am thankful they buried him "with his niggers;" they were brave men and they were his men.²

TO MISS SHAW

WILLARD'S, Aug. 3, P. M.

It is a satisfaction to think that the President's order is the result of your father's letter, — one immediate good out of Rob's death and out of the splendid conduct of this regiment.

Negroes at Port Hudson had been treated just as barbarously, but it passed unnoticed by the Administration,—they could not pass this over: I wish the President had said a rebel soldier shall die for every negro soldier sold into slavery. He ought to have said so.

TO MISS SHAW

WILLARD'S, Aug. 4, 1863, P. M.

For two days I have been seeing a good deal of the officers of——. On the whole, I am well satisfied with them, though I must say I should like a little bit more enthusiasm. I am not much of an enthusiast, you know, but I have done what I could to discourage sneering, and to encourage a ready recognition of good intention. I am getting to hate that narrow spirit which sees nothing good outside its own beaten routine and which requires a man to be well up in a certain kind of “shop” talk before he is fit to associate with. I shall have to take it out of some of my First Battalion officers, I'm afraid. I have not seen the letters in the California papers and do not think I care to. Reed is a very good officer, takes the greatest pride in his company, and, since that trouble, has done well by them; his fellows have been under fire since

those letters were written, and I feel sure that now the feeling is changed. I think the men in all the battalions are beginning to feel that their officers know more than the officers of any regiments they are thrown with; and this feeling, of course, has a healthy effect on their *morale*. You must never allow anything you see in the papers to disturb you,—I have seen enough to convince me that all reports which go through Washington are systematically falsified. Of course this does not apply to letters like those you have, but remember that one man who has been roughed and feels aggrieved can easily profess to express the feeling of a company.

Do you suppose I object to your telling me not to be rash?—I think not; but you don't want me not to be rash, if I think it necessary.

TO J. M. FORBES

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, P. M.

With what you say about Negro Organization west of the Mississippi I entirely agree; it is a more *aggressive* movement than the Army of the Potomac has ever ventured upon, and in a larger view, it is incomparably important; every black regiment is an additional guarantee

for *that* settlement of these troubles which we regard as the only safe one, and will continue to be a guarantee for the permanency of that settlement when made. Mr. Sumner has told me some of the difficulties in finding the man. I do not know any General who has the stuff in him, who is not too much tied up. Would it be impossible to get Mr. J. W. Brooks made Major-General and appointed to that Department, — he is so peculiarly the right man, — that is, if there is a chance of getting him? It ought to be tried. He is almost the only man I know who has the grasp and the originality for so large and so novel a work. Convince Stanton of his fitness, and by next December Brooks would have convinced everybody.¹ Military knowledge is the only thing he lacks, and that is the least of the things required. Brigadiers enough can be found to supply it; for a start, I would suggest General George L. Andrews; he is very strong on drill and discipline and minor organizations. He is already in the Southwest, and has probably lost by nine months' men the best part of his command.² Harry knows about him. Others could be found in the West and, when the fighting time comes, Barlow and many others would jump at the

chance. In selecting officers from the Western Army, Brooks would have peculiar advantages, — he knows so many people there who would assist him in his inquiries. If there is to be cavalry (and of course there should be) I shall be very glad, if no better officer can be found, to try my hand under any General commanding. I shall probably never be so much with my regiment as I have been — I am now in command of the Cavalry of this Department (not very much), and if we go to the Army of the Potomac shall undoubtedly have a Brigade. This in reply to your remark about my leaving the Second.

Since Rob's death I have a stronger *personal* desire to help make it clear that the black troops are *the* instrument which alone can end the rebellion; he died to prove the fact that blacks will fight, and we owe it to him to show that that fact was worth proving, — better worth proving at this moment than any other. I do not want to see his proof drop useless for want of strong men and good officers to act upon it. I did what little I could to help the Fifty-Fourth for his sake and for its own sake before, but since July 18th, I think I can do more.

N. B. I have no wish to be made a Brigadier for any specific purpose, — when I am promoted I wish to be Brigadier for blacks, whites and everybody, and wherever I go. I am sure that will come in good time, but I shall be very glad to assist in the organization of black cavalry — if I am wanted.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 9, 1863.

After I reached camp at Fairfax Station, I was busy all the evening with parties after Mosby, who again made his appearance capturing wagons, — we retook them all, but did n't take Mosby, who is an old rat and has a great many holes; on Friday moved camp to Centreville, and am not half established yet; my tents are not here. Did I write you, that in our skirmish with Mosby ten days ago, we lost two more men killed and two wounded, also two prisoners, but we followed him so far that we recaptured these and eight others whom he had taken from a Pennsylvania regiment. I dislike to have men killed in such an "inglorious warfare" as Cousin John calls it, — but it's not a warfare of my choosing, and it's all in the day's work.¹

TO J. M. FORBES

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 12, '63.

I am very sorry that the conscription is being made such a farce — somebody must be neglecting his duty shamefully.

I agree with you that we are likely to get more aid from blacks than from conscripts, — States seem to me likely to fall short of their quotas, even when the second class is reached. Might not an impulse be given to recruiting contrabands in territory still recognized as rebel by enlisting *State* enterprise? For example, let Massachusetts organize a skeleton Brigade (as in case of Colonel Wilde), and for every *two* thousand men obtained receive credit for *one* thousand on her quota and take the \$300 per man (or any less sum the Government would allow) to pay expenses of getting the two men. I know there are grave objections to such a scheme, but I believe the work of recruiting would go on with far more success.

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I feel all that you say about “inglorious warfare,” but it is “all in the day’s work,” Mr. Forbes, — and has to be done. You must not exaggerate the danger. Mosby is more keen to

plunder than to murder, — he always runs when he can.¹ As to insignia of rank, I never encourage my officers to wear *any* conspicuously, nor do I think most of them are distinguishable at 100 yards. I have my private feeling about the matter, — and if I am to be shot from behind a fence would still rather be in uniform than out of it. I never express this feeling to my officers, however, Mr. Forbes.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 13, 1863.

One of my beliefs is that no two persons ought to believe exactly alike; that truth must be seen from different sides by different people, — or rather that different views of truth must, to persons of differing character and temperament, present themselves with different degrees of reality and importance, and that each person must cling to the one which is most real, most internal, most near to him.

TO J. M. FORBES

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 13, '63.

I learned yesterday that the President was very weak on the subject of protecting black troops and their officers; said the Administra-

tion was not ready to insist upon their having equal rights with others, and that it would be very hard on our other prisoners to keep them at Richmond while we are debating about exchanging one or two officers now in Charleston. This is a singularly soft-hearted view to take of the question — exceedingly American: but it seems to me your black recruiting and organizing will be much interrupted by its becoming the *avowed* policy of the Administration to adopt the *Southern* view of black troops and their officers, — much interrupted by the *uncertainty* which now exists even: that is the sort of fact which might weigh with an American President, if he could be made to believe it. I suppose it would be impossible to convince him that, after what the Government has said and done through its Adjutant-General and through other trusted officials, there is probably not one decent officer in the service who would not feel outraged at the proposed neglect — probably not one now in Richmond who would not rather stay there six months than be even silent parties to such a pusillanimous backdown.

I have great hope that Stanton will yet stand stiff for the honour of the Department, — but

there is no doubt about the President's inclinations, — William Russel saw him on the subject and was answered as above. I cannot go on recommending good officers for coloured troops and advising them to make applications, if the Government is going to rate them so much cheaper than officers of white troops.¹

In the case of the Fifty-Fourth it seems to me that Massachusetts is involved, — that she ought to demand that her officers be treated all alike; but it is discreditable that the Government should make it necessary.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 20, 1863.

I came in about ten last evening, after four days' vain endeavour to get a fight out of White's Battalion, — four very pleasant days in one of the loveliest countries in the world, South and West of Leesburg.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 31, 1863.

I told you last week that Stanton had ordered a Court of Inquiry about some horses taken from us by Mosby, — his order said "horses taken from Thirteenth New York Cavalry." I

wrote at once that the horses were lost by Second Massachusetts Cavalry, my regiment, and that I wished to take the blame, if there was any, until the court settled where it belonged. He made General Stoneman President of the Court, and that vexed me, for all such courts hurt a fellow's chances, and Stoneman had intimated that he was likely to give me command of one of his three Cavalry Depots, which would have been very pleasant winter-quarters. Now, whatever the court may find, I do not consider myself at all to blame, and really I shall not care for the finding, but I am ashamed to say that last week my pride was somewhat hurt and I felt a good deal annoyed, although Heintzelman had told me he was more than satisfied, was gratified at what had been done. In our arrangements for catching Mosby, as he took off the horses, Captain ——, one of my best fellows, had the most important post;— he went insane in the afternoon, and Mosby's gang got enough the start to escape us.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 2d.

Did I tell you that I saw my classmate, William J. Potter, in Washington? Potter was

settled as clergyman in New Bedford, was drafted, preached an excellent sermon on the "draft," saying he should go if accepted, and that meanwhile (previous to the examination) he should use every means to improve his muscle and should feel much humiliation if rejected as unfit to fight for his country.¹ Some one sent the sermon to Stanton; Stanton wrote asking him to come at once to Washington. Potter declined, saying "if accepted he should be under orders, but he preferred to take his chance with others." He was accepted, and just afterward received another letter from Stanton asking him as a particular favour to come on and confer with him; so Potter was in Washington as an enlisted man on furlough, in a full suit of black. Stanton had had one "conference" with him, and finding that he did not think himself very fit for a chaplaincy with a regiment, had told him he wanted to keep him in Washington, that he wanted such men there, and had proposed to make him chaplain to a hospital, *pro forma*, with outside duties, — Potter was to see him again in the evening and to breakfast with him the next morning. Such little things as that make me like Stanton, with all his ferocity of manner. He acts on *impulses*,

and is often wrong, but oftener right; on large questions, he is almost always right, I believe. I think Stanton must have the credit in the Cabinet of having carried through the "Negro Army," in spite of great opposition there, and some doubts at the White House. It was very pleasant to see old Potter again, coming out all right.

TO MISS SHAW

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 10, 1863.

I to-day had to call attention in a general order to the prevalence of profanity in the command, and at the same time to add that perhaps I had not set them a good example in this respect. I don't swear very much or very deep, — but I do swear, more often at officers than men, and there is a great deal of swearing in the regiment which I wish to check: of course, I shall stop it in myself entirely; I shall enforce the Articles of War if necessary. . . .

I think we must make up our minds to a long war yet, and possibly to a war with some European power. For years to come, I think all our lives will have to be more or less soldierly, — *i. e.* simple and unsettled; simple because unsettled.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CENTREVILLE, VIRGINIA, Sept. 14, 1863.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I was glad to see your fist on an envelope some weeks ago. I ought to have written you sooner, but it is so infernally quiet here now that to get together material for a letter is a labour.

I am glad, old fellow, to hear that your wound is at length convalescent. It would have been a bore to carry a ball in it all your life, with a chance of its giving you a twinge any minute. . . .

You ask me no end of questions about the army. As if *we* take interest in the *army*. *We* are an independent, fancy department, whereof I command the cavalry, and *we* take no interest in wars or rumours of wars. I have *seen* men who profess to be going to and from the "front," — but where *is* the "front"? We are in the "front" whenever General Halleck has an officer's application for "leave" to endorse. Stanton is so fond of us, however, that he keeps us on the *safe* "front" — the "front" nearest Washington, whereby I am debarred from the rightful command of a brigade of five regiments in Gregg's division, which Gregg offered me, and

which he applied for me to take, my own regiment being one of the five. But Stanton is *very fond* of us, and keeps us where it is safe.¹

. . . I hope you will be kept at home until next January, for between now and then I mean to be married (if President Lincoln and General Lee do not interfere), and I shall be glad to have your countenance, so do not let your wound heal itself too rapidly. What do you hear from Frank? Give him my love, when you write. Tell him I gave him myself as a sample to be avoided, and I now give him Rob Shaw as a pattern to be followed. I am glad Frank remained in that regiment. It is historic. The Second Massachusetts Cavalry and some others are more mythic. . . .

About coloured regiments, I feel thus, — I am very glad at *any* time to take hold of them, if I can do more than any other available man in *any* place. I will *not* offer myself or apply for a place looking to immediate or probable promotion. If one goes into the black business he must go to stay. It will not end by the war. It will open a career, or at any rate give experience which will, inevitably almost, consign a man to ten or twenty years' hard labour in Gov-

ernment employ, it seems to me. Since Shaw's death I have had a personal feeling in the matter to see black troops made a success; a success which would justify the use (or sacrifice) made of them at Wagner.

Do you know the President is almost ready to exchange your brother Jim, and leave Cabot (it might have been Frank just as well) in prison at Charleston, after all the promises that have been made by the officers of the Administration? This is disgraceful beyond endurance almost.¹

TO MISS SHAW

WILLARD'S [WASHINGTON], Sept. 15, 1863.

I have had a very pleasant hour with Governor Andrew. He talked about Rob and how very fond he had become of him. He said that, at the Williamstown Commencement Dinner, he mentioned him in his speech, and there was not a dry eye in the room. He said too that he meant to live long enough to help finish a monument at Charleston which should be connected in the Nation's heart with Colonel Shaw, as Bunker Hill is with Warren. His tender, affectionate way of saying "Colonel Shaw" touched me very much, — it made me feel like crying too.

I wish we had a large-hearted man like Andrew for President. Andrew had been to see Mr. Lincoln to-day about the coloured regiment prisoners, and thinks the right thing will yet be done. I talked with Stanton about them, and find he feels exactly as we do; that we must stop all exchanging till all prisoners are placed on the same footing.

TO HIS AUNT ELLEN

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 16, '63.

I had occasion to see Stanton to-day, — and introduced [the subject of] coloured prisoners, of course. He said he had long ago ordered General Gilmore to demand from the rebel General a statement of what Fifty-Fourth prisoners he had, and what their treatment was; — he had had no reply from Gilmore, and was proposing to send an officer to Charleston on that special mission, — if no satisfactory reply could be got from Beauregard, we should assume the worst, and should retaliate. The Government had *no* information of what men or officers they had, or even of what they were believed to have.

We cannot insist upon their exchanging this or that officer in this or that regiment, but we

can rightly demand an acknowledgment of the equal claims of all, and can compel this *uniform treatment*. He was in favour of refusing exchanges until we had secured these two points, — he did not pretend to say, however, that this would be the policy of the Administration, though he himself had the matter very much at heart.

Governor Andrew saw Mr. Lincoln yesterday and urged the same points again to him, — he had an impression that it would be “all right” yet. Stanton recognizes entirely the injustice and the impolicy of yielding a hair’s-breadth in the matter.

TO J. M. FORBES

CENTREVILLE, Sept. 17, '63.

Stanton is *entirely right* on the black prisoner question, and I think will yet keep the President straight: Governor Andrew had a conversation on the subject with the President and does not think him so shaky as William Russel found him. I believe Mr. Lincoln has a way of stating to himself and to others, as strongly as may be, the arguments *against* the course he really has in his mind to adopt — many women are made so.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CENTREVILLE, VA., Sept. 28, 1863.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I have heard from E. all sorts of pleasant tidings of you and ——. I did not, of course, expect to hear from *you* again, though I should like to hear from *some one* just how you are in body, and just when you expect to be in saddle again. I saw —— and ——, a few days ago, and heard rather bad accounts of you — something about inflammation. . . .

Did I tell you that I hoped to get a leave of absence sometime about November 1st, and meant therein to come home, — and that's not all, but meant also to be married? I don't believe I did tell you, for the plan, though inchoate, was not in shape to bear telling. Now I think it will; of course, I do not expect to get my leave, but I think I shall ask for it; Halleck is such a splendid old veteran that I expect he will refuse. I shall ask for twenty days, and shall try to be married in the first five (one of the first five, Henry; it only takes one day) and I want you to be married on one of the other five. E. and I would so much like to be at your wedding, old fellow. . . . Of course, in these times, weddings are what they should be,

quiet, simple, and sacred. . . . My plan for the winter is headquarters at Fairfax Court House, with E. for Commander-in-Chief. She is not such a veteran as Halleck, but I think she can manage men better, in the field or anywhere else.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

CENTREVILLE, Oct. 1, '63.

MY DEAR BOY, — I was very glad to receive your note; not the less that it was in a new handwriting, — in a *better* handwriting, I think. . . .

You must not be impatient to return, and, above all, must not, when you begin to feel fairly well, be bullied by any Boston hypersensitiveness into returning too soon because you are having too good a time at home. If you are away six months, you will be back before the war is over, my sanguine prophet, — yes, three years before. Your regiment is now guarding a portion of the railroad near Catlett's Station, — about two hundred and twenty men for duty and all the officers they require. If "all New England" gets too many for you, can you not be detailed as Superintendent of Regimental Recruiting Service? . . . I consider that a very important duty.

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“How could I be married without ‘daily bread’?” A pertinent question, Henry. There are still ravens, but it does not appear that Elijah ever taxed the powers of his by marrying. A year ago, I should have told you condescendingly that each party having had its own ravens in the single state, we might reckon confidently upon their pulling together in the married state: *now*, I *sometimes* think that confidence too hasty. . . . Though I mean to *make* this change my habits, I do *not* mean to allow it to change my old trustfulness. I have nothing, as you know; I am going to marry upon nothing; I am going to make my wife as happy upon nothing as if I could give her a fortune — in that I still have faith; in that one respect this war is perhaps a personal Godsend. “Daily bread” sinks into insignificance by the side of the other more important things which the war has made uncertain, and I know now that it would be unwise to allow a possible want of “daily bread” in the future to prevent the certainty of even a month’s happiness in the present. In peace times this would not be so clear. . . . I remember dining with — last winter, and feeling that I would rather commence in a garret than in a house too big and too thoroughly furnished. . . . Fresh air,

light and heat are indispensable ; these the Government furnishes liberally. One dollar *per diem* for food and one for clothing ought to provide for each party's wants, and I am glad that our pay allows for this twice over. "After the war," if that time ever comes, I do not think that there will be more men than there are places for them to fill.

TO MISS SHAW

FAIRFAX, Oct. 8, 1863.

I believe with Lord Bacon, who was a very wise old fellow, that whatever be your income, it is only just to yourself, your wife, and your fellow-men, to lay aside a large fraction for wet days, and a large fraction for charity: I have never acted up to my theory, but I mean to begin now,—I don't mean to worry about money, and I don't mean to have you worry ; *ergo*, you must expect to see me keep an account-book, and occasionally pull it out and warn you how much water we are drawing, and how much there is under our keel. Mother ends by saying that she has put a thousand dollars in the bank to be something to fall back upon during the first year, but I think we ought to get along without needing that,—my pay is \$2400 a year,

not including horses, one servant, and fuel and quarters "commuted" when on duty in a city, — of course these latter are supplied in the field. I know what officers of my regiment have done easily on a captain's pay, and I know what I used to do when I kept house in Burlington, — and I know we can live suitably and worthily on that, and be very happy and see friends as we want to see them, only we must start right.

Did I tell you, by the way, that Stoneman's Court of Inquiry recommended me to be more careful for the future, mentioning two points where I seemed careless? I was not careless, as Will or any of my officers will tell you, — I was not at all to blame. I was particularly careful on one of the points where I am blamed, — but I am perfectly willing to shoulder the blame, — prefer to, in fact, — for I think a commanding officer is to blame for everything that goes wrong under him.

TO MISS SHAW

FAIRFAX, Oct. 9, 1863.

I saw that paragraph in the "Herald," — it is not true. I had orders from Heintzelman to clear out the whole country inside of Manassas Junction more than a month ago. I began it,

and the parties arrested were sent back from Washington almost as fast as I sent them there. I also had orders to burn the houses of all persons actively assisting Mosby or White. I have burnt two mills and one dwelling-house, the latter belonging to a man who can be proved to have shot a soldier in cold blood the day after the battle of Bull Run, and to have afterwards shot a negro who informed against him. This man was taken at his house at midnight in rebel uniform, with two other soldiers; he claimed to belong to a Virginia Cavalry regiment and to be at the time absent on furlough, and denied being one of Mosby's men; he had no furlough to show, however, and we knew that he had been plundering sutlers and citizens for more than a month. I therefore ordered his house to be burned; it was done in the forenoon and our men assisted in getting out his furniture. I wrote Mosby saying that it was not my intention to burn the houses of any men for simply belonging to his command; that houses would be burnt which were used as rendezvous; that that particular house was burnt because it harboured a man who was apparently a deserter and was known to be a horse-thief and highwayman, a man obnoxious equally to both of

us (officers acting under orders) and to all citizens. I shall probably have to burn other houses, but it will be done with all possible consideration. You must not feel badly, not more badly than is inevitable, — I hope you will always write about such things: it will make me more considerate, and in such cases one cannot be too considerate.

TO MISS SHAW

Oct. 13, 1863.

I am sorry to disturb George, — but Mosby is an honourable foe, and should be treated as such. S. and I had various tilts on that subject two years ago. I have not changed my opinion in spite of the falsehoods of Beauregard and the perfidy of Davis or his War Department. We have acknowledged them as belligerents, and we must treat them accordingly; we gain more by it in our State questions than we lose by it in military respects.¹

TO MISS SHAW

VIENNA, October, 1863.

It has been a lovely day, — I hope we shall have such days after you come here, — the woods in all their softest and warmest colours,

and seen in the light of a balmy Italian spring sky. I am afraid it has "demoralized" me or discouraged me, and made me feel as if the end of the war were a great way off yet: we don't deserve to have peace yet: what I have seen of the Army of the Potomac really pains me: I do not mean that the men are not in good spirits and ready to fight, but the tone of the officers (those that I see) does n't seem to improve in earnestness at all. I almost think we shall need a Cromwell to save us. I cannot feel about Lincoln at all as you do, — and as to Halleck — . . .

I do not see that this war has done us as a nation any good, except on the slave question, — in one sense that is enough; but how is it that it has not taught us a great many other things which we hoped it would?'

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

VIENNA, VA., Nov. 19, 1863.

. . . I wish that you and — could make as pleasant arrangements for winter-quarters as E. and I have made. We have all the luxuries and some of the necessaries. Housekeeping is under difficulties, but is a success. It's a great thing, *pendant l'hiver*, to have a Brigade in

a fancy Department, and to have your wife out to command it. In spite of Mosby, we have a good canter every day, have enough books, and only have not enough time to read them.'

This is not a letter. Merely hearing how soon you were to be married, I wish to express my satisfaction and to give my formal consent. I would advise you not to be impatient about returning to your regiment. Haste is poor speed in such matters, but of course I know nothing of your condition (as we say of horses) or of your intentions. If you go to the Army of the Potomac on horseback, you must manage to pass through Vienna. Remember this, boy. How old are you? To see a fellow like you, whom I've seen grow up from a hinfant, go and be married, makes me feel very old. . . . When you leave the service, you must permit — to arrange your life so that we can occasionally see one another. I dare say she and E. could manage it. I have great confidence in them. Good-bye.

TO J. M. FORBES

GIESBORO' POINT, Feb. 24, '64.

I left Vienna, not from choice, but because I had to. I am sent over here to straighten out

the Cavalry Depot, — the Depot which supplies all the Eastern Departments. There has been no head here, and there was a sad want of system. They say at the War Department, at the Cavalry Bureau, and at General Augur's Headquarters, that I should only be here two or three months, — in that case I shall not object. There is a great deal of work to be done, and I am getting interested in it, — but shall leave when I get the machine fairly running. The command of 16,000 to 25,000 indifferent (or worse) horses is not much for glory.¹

About going into active service I cannot tell: I wrote to General Gregg and got answer that he would apply to Pleasanton for the Regiment and could probably get it, — I have heard nothing more.²

TO J. M. FORBES

GIESBORO', March 5, '64.

I have not had time to do much myself about the Spencers, — but meeting Lieutenant Pinkham, I sent him to the Ordnance office to make the necessary inquiries, — they say they have none to spare us, but that any arrangement we can make with the State of Massachusetts will be favourably endorsed at the Bureau.³ I shall

be very glad if the Governor can see his way to let us have a supply ; enough for the whole Regiment if possible — if not, at least enough for two squadrons. Perhaps it might be a good thing *in other ways* to have Massachusetts furnish the California Battalion with these arms ; it would convince the men that there were some advantages in belonging to a Massachusetts regiment — however revolting it might be to their pride.

LETTERS

VI

THE GREATER SERVICE

Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, and in thy majesty ride prosperously because of truth and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things.

Psalm xlv, 3, 4.

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired,
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

The Happy Warrior.



VI

THE GREATER SERVICE

TO HIS WIFE

TENALLYTOWN, July 11, 1864.

There is no end of confusion out here, and very little known of the enemy. I took over our 1st squadron, with a miscellaneous assortment from the Dismounted Camp, to within two miles of Rockville this morning, met a superior force of Rebs (nothing very fierce, however) and fell gradually back towards Tenallytown, they following with a gun and a gradually diminishing column. They are reported approaching similarly on the 7th St. road, — it looks at present more like a move to mask heavier movements than like a serious effort against this part of the fortifications. I gather from what I hear that you are cut off from Baltimore and cannot do otherwise than stay.

We had only two men wounded this morning, neither seriously, — several horses, among

others Ruksh, very slightly, just across the back behind the saddle, injuring an overcoat for me as once before on the Peninsula. As Ruksh had a sore back before, it did not pay him to get this scratch.

Am I not "good" to write such narratives to you? — it is attributable to the flies and the heat and the company I am in.¹

TO HIS WIFE

HALLTOWN, Aug. 9, 1864.

I've been ever so busy lately; I've hardly had time to sleep or think, except Sunday, when I slept all day, having been up all the night before. I am to have the 3d Brigade, — 1st Division in the New Cavalry Corps, — nothing very stunning, I fear, but good enough for a beginner. General Merritt has the Division. Everything is chaos here, but under Sheridan is rapidly assuming shape. It was a lucky inspiration of Grant's or Lincoln's to make a Middle Military Division and put him in command of it; it redeems Lincoln's character and secures him my vote, if I have one.

It is *exhilarating* to see so many cavalry about and to see things going *right* again.²

TO HIS WIFE

STRASBURG, Aug. 12, 1864.

Nothing very interesting here, — the rebels have been falling back slowly for two or three days, — forming line of battle once or twice a day, letting their trains pass, — moving on just before our infantry could come up. Yesterday their line was on Cedar Creek, a strong position, very difficult to flank, — to-day we look for them at Fisher's Hill behind Strasburg, — but it is not by any means certain that either general intends to fight. If there is a fight, it will not be our affair, but will be left to the infantry.

TO HIS WIFE

Sunday Morning, 7 A. M.

Oh, you must n't let yourself or your friends talk about my leaving the army, — *we* are bound, if any one is, to do our all to see the war well finished, for without the war, I dare say we might n't have come together — and then I'm sure I should n't have cared so about leaving the army.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR BERRYVILLE, Aug. 19, 7 A. M.

We are falling back : we commenced the day after the day I wrote you. I had the right rear, with orders from Grant to drive in every horse, mule, ox, or cow, and burn all grain and forage, — a miserable duty which continued till Winchester.¹ Just in front of Winchester (on the old ground where Shields and Banks and Milroy and Hunter had already been outwitted) Torbert made a stand with Wilson's Division and my Brigade of cavalry and a small Brigade of infantry. He stood till nightfall, just long enough to lose nearly the whole of the Infantry Brigade and some of Wilson's Cavalry, — my men were only engaged in the very beginning, and were withdrawn as soon as Torbert discovered he had infantry in front of him. That was Wednesday, — the next day we held the Berryville Pike at the Opequan till Rhodes's Infantry drove us back, and now for two days we have been picketing about halfway between there and Berryville, expecting every minute to be driven back, — our infantry having moved back some twelve miles. Longstreet's Corps is in the valley, and Lee's Cavalry, and Sheridan

feels too weak to fight them far from his base. If the rain does not raise the Potomac, I think they will be in Pennsylvania again within a fortnight. It has been raining for two days at intervals and still continues. I am writing in a fortunate snatch by the light of the Doctor's lantern,—as I have no blankets and we allow ourselves no great fire, the nights are a little "tedious,"—however I'm entirely well, and at this moment, not even homesick,—am too anxious about the Rebs, I suppose, to leave room even for that.¹

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR HALLTOWN, Aug. 24, 5 A. M.

We have had the rear-guard nearly every mile of the way down,—have had no real heavy fighting, but a great deal of firing; have got off very well, losing in the whole brigade not over seventy-five. I have had my usual bad luck with horses—Ruksh was wounded on Friday in the nigh fore leg, pastern joint; the ball went in, and came out apparently about one third of the way round, but I have got him along to this point and may save him. Monday morning I was on Will's "Dick," and his off hind leg was broken and we left him, and

yesterday I tried Billy, and a bullet went through his neck, — it will not hurt him at all, however, — will add to his value in Mr. Forbes's eyes at least a thousand dollars.¹ Berold is so foolish about bullets and shell now (feels so splendidly well in fact) that I really can't ride him under fire, so it's probable you'll see him again. I'm training the gray and shall try to use him habitually, — as I mustn't risk Billy again. Please don't speak of my bad luck with horses, it seems foolish, — of course I shall have to write Mr. Forbes. I think I shall write Charley Perkins to sell that farm, — I don't see how we shall keep ourselves in horses otherwise.²

TO J. M. FORBES

HALLTOWN, Aug. 25, '64.

Foster seems to be the man now through whom to work exchanges: if Will's can be obtained, I would certainly manage it, for such special exchanges do not, as I understand it, affect the general question or the position which the Government takes upon it. If by letting Will stay, you could at all strengthen their back-bone against exchanges *in toto* — I would say let him stay there, however hard. I admit that *myself*, if taken, I would rather remain there

than be got out till the rest were, — I dare say Will has the same feeling, — but you're not bound to consider that. About horses I have a sad story to tell, — the very night after I wrote you how finely Atlanta was looking, she was stolen from the line, — I have had men searching for her ever since, and have our Veterinary Surgeon still out, — but without much hope of success.' On Monday I rode Dick, though he is very unsteady under fire. His off hind leg was broken and he was abandoned. On Tuesday I tried Billy, who had proved excellent under fire, — and he got a bullet through the neck, very high up however, and not at all serious, — he is just as hearty as ever and will not lose an hour of duty, — his back is all right. I should not have ridden these horses, but Berold has become entirely uncontrollable among bullets; and poor Ruksh last Friday (the first time I rode him) got another bullet in his nigh fore leg, near the pastern, which will lay him up for a month and I fear ruin him. You see I am unlucky on horses — that is not all, — the gray is badly corked and can scarcely hobble. However, I find no officers who have any scruples about riding Government horses when they can get them, and I shall keep myself somehow

mounted at U. S. expense. Don't mention my ill luck; I have only written about it to Effie, — and after all, it is the best form in which ill luck could come. Sheridan has not done anything very brilliant in the Valley yet, — but I have great confidence in him.

TO HIS WIFE

HALLTOWN, Aug. 25, 1864.

It's nice to have you be at home picking yourself up again; don't you like to have lives continuous and not "jumpy"? I do. I shouldn't want a monotonous life, but to get the full benefit from a varied life, I think you must have a "base" to return to occasionally and quietly ruminate. You see I'm arranging so that just as long as the war lasts, you'll *have* to be leading just the best theoretic life. After the war is over (ten years from now) we shall be so old that some other life will be theoretically better, — or perhaps we shall be too old to care much for theories.

I wish you could look in and see what a pretty little grove we are in, — you'd be quite jealous of me, unless Hastings is very pleasant, — and you'd see the red blankets, and of course me upon them, and I should get up and we'd

go and see Berold together. The rascal, I think he is quite proud of his discovery about bullets, and exaggerates his feelings on the subject accordingly. However, he's a good horse, the best horse I have.

TO HIS WIFE

Aug. 28, 2 P. M., CHARLESTOWN.

Every morning I am waked at 3.30, and since we started on the campaign I can remember but two nights in which I have slept over two hours consecutively. At this moment I have half my men out on reconnoissances towards the front, and am constantly receiving and expecting reports. Every day but one for the last ten, we have had more or less fighting, and as my command is a very mixed one, — the largest regiment (25th N. Y.) having only joined four days ago, and having had its horses only seven days before that, — only time to march from Washington, — I have my hands full. You will be sorry to hear that Captain Eigenbrodt is killed, and Lieutenant Meader ; Captain Phillips wounded in the arm by a guerrilla ; several of our best sergeants and men are gone too. The Second has been more fortunate, too, than either of my other regiments. Day before yesterday, we made

a nice dash on the Rebs, killing two, wounding four or five, and capturing 70, including a lieutenant-colonel, three captains, and three lieutenants, — all of a South Carolina Infantry Regiment. Yesterday, if I had had a little more pluck, I think I might have sent you a battle-flag, but Caspar thinks it more likely *I* should have gone to Richmond.¹ To-day we are trying to find out what the enemy is after, whether really retreating, or only feigning. Berold is right in front of me eating oats.

Two orderlies since I began to write this page, and General Sheridan is the most restless mortal, — he would like a report every five minutes, if he could have one.

It is one thing to be one's own master, as at Vienna, and another to be a small part of a large body, — as I am now. I like it, but I should be sorry to have it continue more than four weeks longer. I sincerely hope that Lee will find he needs Early near Richmond! That's "demoralization," only disguised in a patriotic dress.²

TO HIS WIFE

SUMMIT POINT, Aug. 30, 8 A. M.

If we ever do have any money to help the Government with, I would rather put it in the

5-20 Bonds than in those 7-30 fellows, — I don't believe in the policy or wisdom of the latter, and prefer not to encourage them by my support! Before I got your letter, I had already written Charley Perkins to sell my land at \$200 (?), though that is too cheap for such a pretty place. By the way, I *am literally* a "peniless colonel," — I have not a single cent left, except a silver dime-piece which an officer gave me a day or two ago for luck. The Rebs will be disgusted if they ever have occasion to "go through me." I do wish George,¹ or somebody, would write a candid article showing that the great weakness of this Administration has been from first to last in every department a want of *confidence* in the people, in their earnestness, their steadfastness, their superiority to low motives and to dodges, their clear-sightedness, &c. I think the whole Cabinet have been more or less tricky, — or rather have had faith in the necessity of trickiness, — and the people are certainly tired of this.

I was interrupted here and sent out to drive in the enemy's picket in front of us. We have brought back five prisoners, killed two lieutenants and three privates, — Captain Rumery and two privates very slightly wounded, and

two men of Second Maryland killed. Successful, but not pleasant, — the only object being to get prisoners, and from them to get information. We now have orders to move camp at once. Good-bye, I don't think it's pleasant telling you about our work, and I think I shan't tell any more, — it does n't give you any better idea of my whereabouts or my what-abouts.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR SMITHFIELD, Sept. 1, 1864, Evening.

If you could only just step in here, — such a pretty place for Headquarters, — two wall-tents facing West, in a perfectly green and smooth front-yard with locust and maple trees for shade. On the porch of the house you would have enjoyed seeing five little darkies, the oldest not over six, dancing while the band was playing an hour ago. And to complete it, Berold is right in front looking over the fence very inquisitively at a two-year-old colt that has just been brought in, stolen, — that's the way it was an hour ago, I mean, — it is dark now, but we have a blazing fire of rails which lights up everything gloriously.

Poor McClellan, I am sorry his name is to

be dragged through the mud so, — what a contemptible platform! Honestly I believe that if by chance McClellan is elected, the North will split before his four years are passed, and we shall be left in the condition of the South American republics, or worse.

If success to our arms will further Lincoln's chances, I feel as if each one of us, both in the army and at home, had a tenfold motive for exertion now. If McClellan is chosen, I shall despair of the Republic; either half a dozen little republics, or *one despotism*, must follow, it seems to me. What a state of affairs Governor Brough's proclamation about the draft indicates! I should *not* like to be an editor now, or at any other time. Don't be alarmed about that, in spite of my fondness for writing!

By the way, I do wish that Sherman's letter could be made, in this campaign, the platform, so far as the contraband question goes. I feel as if the bill for recruiting in the Southern States, and the continual efforts to prove that black troops are altogether as good as white, were going to damage us, and rightly too, for *I* do not consider either of the above positions tenable, when looked at *largely*.

TO HIS WIFE

Sunday, Sept. 4, SUMMIT POINT, 6 A. M.

We are on the right flank of the Army again—indeed, are the only cavalry there—and are constantly on the go. By the way, Billy got another bullet yesterday; it struck the ring of his halter and shivered it,— has bruised and cut him a little, but we cannot decide where the bullet is.

TO HIS MOTHER

SUMMIT POINT, Sept. 4, 1864.

You must not feel despondent about public affairs. Lincoln is going to be reëlected. Every officer ought to show double zeal, and every citizen double interest in recruiting, if any military success is to have an effect on the result. I think that four years under McClellan would destroy what is left of the Republic. I am very, very sorry that his name is to be used by men like Wood, Vallandigham, and Cox.

TO HIS WIFE

6 A. M., September 5, 1864.

I stopped here because supper was ready, and then it was dark and the band played. Now

I'm going to say Good morning, — it is n't real Good morning nor even a fresh one, it's a limp Good morning — five interruptions last night before one o'clock, and then a line from the General that he anticipated an offensive movement this A. M. from the enemy, and that we must be saddled, &c., at 3 A. M., so I had to order myself to be called at half past two, and after all had to wake the sentry, instead of his waking me. The consciousness that this would be the case cost me several wakes in between, — and that's the reason I'm not fresh, though I have been duly shaving and washing and brushing. Nothing "offensive" yet, — but I expect a fight during the day, as the two armies are face to face in sight of each other. It will be an affair of the infantry, however; the cavalry ended their work yesterday, when they got the Rebs into position and reported them there.

And now good-bye. I'm going to move my camp about half a mile, so as to make closer connection towards the left, — and it's raining, so I shan't be able to write there probably. This is writ in a barn which is my Headquarters, — Headquarters Third Brigade, First Cavalry Division, — that's the official name of the barn.

TO HIS WIFE

SUMMIT Pt., 7 P. M., Sept. 5, 1864.

This evening in a very heavy rain our wag-
ons came up, and I am now snugly ensconced
in a tent on top of my red blankets. How are
“yous all” feeling about public affairs? I am
growing more hopeful daily,—Atlanta falls
very opportunely, Early has not got back into
Maryland, and I hope Sheridan will not let
him go there. By the way, I like Sheridan im-
mensely. Whether he succeeds or fails, he is
the first General I have seen who puts as much
heart and time and thought into his work as if
he were doing it for his own exclusive profit.
He works like a mill-owner or an iron-master,
not like a soldier,—never sleeps, never worries,
is never cross, but is n’t afraid to come down on
a man who deserves it. Mosby has been “too
many” for him again however, and has taken
some more ambulances,—the fault of subordi-
nates who will send trains without proper escort.
Good-night; this is a mere scrawl, to tell you
that the enemy did not attack but seems to
have fallen back once more to Winchester.
Good-night; it’s only eight o’clock, but you
know how unfresh I was this A. M. and I have

had no nap all day,— but don't suppose from that that I'm sick!

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR SUMMIT, 9 P. M., Sept. 8, 1864.

To-day has quite changed the face of things, — the Third Brigade (my brigade) has been broken up: the Second Massachusetts is transferred to the "Reserve Brigade," and I take command thereof, Colonel Gibbs being transferred to command of Second Brigade: the change looks like making the Second Massachusetts a permanent member of the Army of the Potomac, or that portion of it which is here.¹

I am now where, if there is anything to be done for Mr. Linkum² in the way of fighting, I may have a chance to do it. Good-night, — it's dark and rainy and windy enough to make a move to-morrow certain, — it's just the night to injure forage and rations, and very naturally they have arrived.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR RIPON, Sept. 9, 1864.

I have stepped into a rather trying position now, — the regular Brigade is hard to run; there are many prides and prejudices, — and then,

too, much more is expected from an officer commanding it, than from one commanding a little patched-up affair like my last command. However, I shan't worry at all, but shall try to do what I can. I don't think I now care at all about being a Brigadier-General. I am *perfectly* satisfied to be a Colonel, if I can always have a brigade to command ; — that's modest, is n't it?

TO J. M. FORBES

RIPON, Sept. 10, '64.

Billy is all right and in excellent spirits, — in spite of two more bullets since I last wrote, one striking the halter ring, splitting that and making an ugly cut near the throat, which has not troubled him in swallowing, however, and is now healed, the other (day before yesterday) crosswise through the point of the withers, cutting the bridle rein and piercing the edge of the blanket, the bullet passing quite above all bones and apparently not troubling Billy in the least, — the wound has already closed and there is no soreness about the part, — so I call him “all right.” I am rather ashamed to confess the above, — and so have rather made Billy out to be a hero, hoping the glory would make you for-

get the risk. You will think it much better Billy should come home at once, but I will try to keep him away from bullets hereafter and to turn him over to Will without even a *healing* wound.

As to your question, — I have only seen my name once in the papers since I left Fall's Church, so I really don't know what I have done or where I have been. I have no idea of being a brigadier, — for various reasons.

I believe Sheridan is entirely satisfied with what we have done, — I know Augur was, for he stipulated that I should have a brigade if the Regiment was taken from *him*,¹ — and yesterday I was placed in command of the Reserve Brigade (the regular Cavalry, — the Second Massachusetts being transferred to that, in place of the First New York Dragoons, transferred to Second Brigade); so I am all right for the campaign, though I wish we could take the offensive, or rather the initiative, a little more, instead of being obliged to regulate on Early.

I have great confidence in Sheridan. He works at this business as if he were working for himself, watches everything himself (except his trains occasionally) and keeps his officers pretty

well up to their work. If the campaign does not succeed, it will not be for want of interest and energy on his part.

TO H. L. HIGGINSON

RIPON, VA., Sept. 10, '64.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I have been meaning to write to you ever since you became Mr. again, to ask about your health and prospects; or have n't you any of either?

I felt very sorry, old fellow, at your being finally obliged to give up, for I know you would have liked to see it out; however, there is work enough for a public-spirited cove everywhere. Labour for recruits and for Linkum, and you will do more than by sabring six Confederates. How do you earn your bread nowadays: or, if you are not earning it, how do you manage to pay for it? I daily congratulate myself that I drink no sugar in my coffee, that butter and eggs are unattainable, and that army beef is still only 13 cents, — for how should I be able to live on my pay? And for a civilian, Mr. Chase's successes must be awful to contemplate. I hope, Mr. Higginson, that you are going to live like a plain Republican, mindful of the beauty and the duty of simplicity. No-

thing fancy now, Sir, if you please. It's disreputable to spend money, when the Government is so hard up, and when there are so many poor officers. I hope you have outgrown all foolish ambitions and are now content to become a "useful citizen." . . . Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. The useful citizen is a mighty unpretending hero. But we are not going to have any Country very long unless such heroism is developed. There! what a stale sermon I'm preaching; but being a soldier, it *does* seem to me that I should like nothing else so well as being a useful citizen. That's modest, is it not? — well, trying to be one, I mean. I shall stay in the service, of course, till the war is over, or till I'm disabled; but *then* I look forward to a pleasanter career, one in which E. can be even a more better half. By Jove! what I have wasted through crude and stupid theories. I wish old Stephen were alive. I should like to poke fingers through his theories and have him poke through mine. How I do envy (or rather *admire*) the young fellows who have something to do now without theories, and do it. I believe I have lost *all* my ambitions, old fellow (military ambition Abraham has the "dead thing"

on; he cures us all of that). I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. *All* I now care about is to be a useful citizen with money enough to buy bread and firewood, and to teach my children how to ride on horseback and look strangers in the face, especially Southern strangers. I'll stop now; don't be alarmed.

Where are you going to live? — New York or further West; not Boston, I presume, unless your father wants you very much, and then why not move him too? What are you going to do? I am beginning to think old Cato was about right — “graze well,” “graze, graze ill.” Grazing is a good business, though it does take one away from the big plans. If I could stand the life, however, and could get enough to live upon, I suppose I should yield to the temptation of New York. . . . Don't take this letter as a sample of my usual tone now. I measure every word now when I talk. (Did you not caution my wife to stop my abuse of the Administration in my letters to a certain Army officer, — Major H. of First Massachusetts Cavalry, — the said talk being dangerous, and the said Major untrustworthy? Know, young man, that

I am a good enough friend of the Administration to be able to abuse its errors and its oversights without stint to *safe* ears, but I choose my ears carefully.)¹

I'm forty years old, — yes, forty-five,² — and I never talk without thinking now — “a devil of a thinking.” I wonder whether I shall ever see you again to prove this. I fancy the hard fighting in the Valley has hardly begun yet, though the cavalry has been very *busy*, and this autumn campaign will run well into December. About December 15th I shall try for a leave of absence, 30 days, if I can get it; and then perhaps we'll pass an evening together.

I wish you could have got to Falls Church. I was very glad that Mother and Father paid me a visit there, when they did, to see how comfortable a wife can be in quarters. However, what are quarters to you now, or you to quarters? . . .

TO GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW

RIPON, VA., Sept. 10, '64.

Take care of yourself, old fellow. Just get your mother to take you to some quiet place and make much of you — don't think too much

of campaigns and of elections. This is n't the end of the world, though it is so important for us. Don't mind Lincoln's shortcomings too much: we know that he has not the first military spark in his composition, not a sense probably by which he could get the notion of what makes or unmakes an Army, *but* he is certainly much the best candidate for the permanency of our republican institutions, and that is the main thing. I don't think even *he* can make the people tire of the war. What *you* want is rest and care; don't be foolish, my dear fellow, and neglect to take them. Unless you give yourself some time now, you will never half complete your career. What the devil difference does it make where a man passes the next six months, if the war is to last six years? If it is to be ended in one year, you have done and suffered your share in it.¹

There are better things to be done in the Country, Barlow, than fighting, and you must save yourself for *them* too. I remember we said to each other six months ago, that the man who was n't in the coming campaign might as well count out. Bah! it has n't proved. There are as many campaigns for a fellow as there are half years to his life.

TO HIS WIFE

RIPON, Sunday, 8 A. M. (Sept. 11).

A lovely morning after one of the most stormy nights I ever remember. Torrents of rain and continuous thunder and lightning and wind for six or eight hours, — the Doctor¹ and I were quite washed out, — our tent seemed to be a through-drain for all the surrounding country. Did you see the moon last evening? — here, she was a perfect stage moon, — the whole scene what scene-painters aim at, when they have to put her to sleep on a bank. We had the band up and they were quite sentimental in their choice of music, and I grew as homesick as possible.

I received a long note yesterday from the Governor's Secretary, Colonel A. G. Brown, — it occupied me yesterday afternoon, and stimulated me to writing to such a degree that I wrote to Mr. H. L. Higginson and to Barlow and to Blagden and to Major-General Hitchcock and to Cousin John, — the latter about Will, who is soon to be released, and about Billy and about another little horse (two sizes smaller than Billy) which he wishes me to take and ride. I accepted the offer conditionally, and

with scruples. It is a colt of "Countess's," a "Bob Logic" colt, and Mr. F. says is good, though small. I hope it won't stop so many bullets as Billy.

I stopped here to send for a paper, and have read McClellan's letter. It won't do, though it's much better than a Peace platform.

TO HIS WIFE

RIPON, Sept. 12, 1864.

I'm expecting to start a new colour for the Brigade this afternoon. The old one, — red, white, and blue, with cross sabres in the white, — is entirely worn out. I shall run up, for the present, a white triangle with dark blue border, and cross sabres in the middle, — this is furnished by Government; but in a week or so I expect from Baltimore a new one of the old pattern. My colour for the old Brigade (3d) was the L Company, Second Massachusetts guidon, red and white silk, with a wreath and a star with L in the centre, — very ambitious forsooth, but the prettiest colour in the army. The others are all of bunting, except General Sheridan's, and perhaps others I have not seen. You'll wonder at me, being willing to carry anything so "gaudy," but my well-known modesty enabled me to do it.

TO HIS WIFE

RIPON, Sunday, P. M. (Sept. 18th).

Billy *teases* me more than he does you. I generally resolve to ride some other horse, and *do* ride one till the real time comes, and the other horse behaves so that I have to mount Billy in a hurry. This has happened three times now. The gray and Berold are perfectly unmanageable now, unless one can give them entire attention. I'm glad you mentioned Billy, for I don't want you to imagine for a moment that I was running him into danger inconsiderately. I have bothered a good deal about it, but have done by him just as I should wish Will to do by Berold in like case.

TO HIS WIFE

Tuesday evening (September 20).

We had a very successful action yesterday, and the cavalry did well. Both the other brigades of the division got battle-flags,—one two, the other four; we got none, but did well and took a couple of guns. Poor Billy was shot in three places and is dead. I had not an orderly near at the time, or I should have changed him. During the afternoon, I had one horse killed

and two wounded,—all taken from orderlies. I could n't get the gray to go anywhere: I have not a scratch. We have two officers of the Second Massachusetts wounded, the Doctor fears, mortally,—Lieutenants Baldwin and Thompson; Lieutenant Home prisoner: but the Second Massachusetts was not in the real fight, for some unaccountable reason it stayed behind,—so that I had not over 150 men in the command at Winchester,—otherwise I think we should have done even better. I feel very badly about it, but it can't be helped.' We are now in front of Strasburg, and the infantry will attack if they come up in time: I fear that the enemy will make off in the night, if we do not press them.

TO MISS FORBES .

NEAR STRASBURG, Sept. 21, '64.

I write to you, rather than to your Father, to tell you that poor Billy was mortally wounded in the fight of Monday. I know how badly you will all feel,—I feel even worse than I did when Will was taken. The little fellow was shot in three places; but not being able to get up, James finally shot him. He was wounded in a charge of the Second U. S. Cavalry to take

some guns from Breckenridge's Corps, — the charge failed, but not through any fault of men or horses. Had there been any of the Second Massachusetts near, I should have changed Billy before the charge, but I had not even an orderly near me to dismount. The fight of Monday was a very handsome one for the cavalry. I hope that I have heard of a horse in Washington, that will mount Will when he returns, — but of course he can never replace Billy.

TO HIS WIFE

NEWMARKET, 10 A. M.

HEADQUARTERS RES. BRIGADE (Sept. 24?).

We have been in Luray Valley and entirely away from communications. I send you a little purple *Gerardia*, picked for you by General Wilson (whom you don't know, but who must have heard Mr. Dana speak of you): he had just handed it to me, when my unfortunate Adjutant-General was shot right behind us (not fatal, though we feared so for some time), so it has not very pleasant associations. We did capture a battle-flag yesterday, so I'm tolerably satisfied. If you could only look in here for a minute, — it's in the loveliest mountain scenery you can imagine.¹

TO HIS WIFE

STAUNTON, 7 A. M., Sept. 27, 1864.

I did n't tell you what a magnificent spring-wagon I have now,— four stylish white horses and driver to manœuvre them,— it beats Tyler's red turnout, I think : it's for you to ride out in next winter. In this army (and in the Army of the Potomac) some such affair is a recognized part of a brigade commander's equipment,— general orders always mention a spring-wagon for each headquarters, &c.,— so you see we are likely to be very magnificent this winter,— as commanding the Regular Brigade I am expected to indulge in even more *luxé* than my neighbours,— we shall quite disappoint the world,— shan't we,— with our republican simplicity ! I have n't told you either that, the day before yesterday at Luray, I organized a small black boy, bright enough and well brought up ; his name is James, but as we have already two of that name about here, I call him Luray, which is quite aristocratic. You can teach him to read and to write this winter, if you have time. The Doctor thinks you would find more satisfaction in him than in your pupils of Vienna.

I wish you could see the splendid country we are in,—we are about one mile beyond Staunton, facing towards the Blue Ridge—we have found out pretty well where the Rebs are, and I have a notion that we shall be getting back pretty soon toward the infantry.

TO HIS WIFE

WAYNESBORO, Sept. 28, 1864.

I expect orders to move very soon,—we have a way now of marching late into the night and of starting very early in the morning, which is not very pleasant.

I used to look forward to things somehow—now I don't look forward, but all the old pleasure of looking forward seems to be stirred in with things as they come along. I can't explain what I mean, but the difference is immense.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR MT. CRAWFORD, Sept. 30, 1864.

We did leave Waynesboro' the other afternoon, and in a hurry,—what was left of Early's army came in upon our left flank and came near doing us a mischief, but we got away in the dark and marching all night reached here yesterday

evening, — and are safe under the wing of the infantry. Colonel Crowninshield lost “Jim” (his old sorrel, you know, which you used to recognize so often), and in the march lost “Tinker” and the pack-mule which carried his mess things. Mr. Kinny got a slight wound from a spent ball and Lieutenant Woodman had his leg broken, and the ball is still in, making an ugly wound. I had a horse hit, but only slightly, — a Sergeant of the Second Cavalry claims to have saved my life by running in and getting very badly sabred himself.¹

Here we are all safe and comfortable again, however, after a long night’s sleep, — to bed at 9, and not up till 6.30.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR MT. CRAWFORD, Oct. 5, 1864.

I have *reveille* about one hour before day-break, — am always awake, but never get up now, unless there are Rebs round.

Did you see the new moon last night within a quarter of an inch of the evening star, and turning her back on him? They must have been close together an hour before I could see them; for an hour after, they were still less than an inch apart. They looked very strangely calm

and peaceful and almost reproachful in the West last night, — with the whole North and East, far and near, lighted up by burning barns and houses. Lieutenant Meigs was shot by a guerrilla, and by order the village of Dayton and everything for several miles around was burned.¹ I am very glad my Brigade had no hand in it. Though if it will help end bushwhacking, I approve it, and I would *cheerfully* assist in making this whole Valley a desert from Staunton northward, — for that would have, I am sure, an important effect on the campaign of the Spring, — but in *partial* burnings I see less justice and less propriety. I was sorry enough the other day that my Brigade should have had a part in the hanging and shooting of some of Mosby's men who were taken, — I believe that some punishment was deserved, — but I hardly think we were within the laws of war, and any violation of them opens the door for all sorts of barbarity, — it was all by order of the Division Commander, however. The war in this part of the country is becoming very unpleasant to an officer's feelings.

We have moved camp once every day since Saturday, but only for short distances ; so the date is still the same.

I think —— [the mail-carrier] is miserably timid about guerrillas, — he won't come unless he has at least a brigade for escort, — perhaps he is right, however ; important despatches from General Grant to Sheridan were taken, day before yesterday, by guerrillas, — provoking enough when we are hoping to hear that Petersburg is taken, or perhaps to get the orders which instruct us how to coöperate in taking it.¹

I think that we shall move soon. As we are foraging our horses entirely upon the country, we have to move frequently, but lately we have done a little too much of it. This is a very scrubby letter and written before breakfast, too.

I *do* wish this war was over! . . . Never mind. I'm doing all I can to end it. Good-bye.

TO HIS WIFE

EDINBURG, Oct. 7, 1864.

About leaves ; that is a thing I don't like to do, — come away from the field before winter-quarters, — especially with a new command, — even if we go into winter-quarters for a few weeks soon. I feel as if I ought to devote myself to my command, — I should certainly be missed then.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR STRASBURG, Sunday, 7 A. M., Oct. 9.

Our boys have n't been able to find any water for us this morning and we have n't washed our faces,— the first time that I remember in the "history of the war." It's jolly cold however, so we don't mind so much. We actually had snow flurries yesterday, and to-day promises worse.

We had a skirmish yesterday with their cavalry.¹ Lieutenant Tucker wounded and Sergeant Wakefield;— the roan horse killed, and to-day I shall have to ride the gray unless I can find Sergeant Wakefield's horse. Enos has been looking for him for two hours. We are expecting another brush with their cavalry to-day, as we are ordered to advance again. I should like to have Sundays quiet.

TO HIS WIFE

NEAR STRASBURG, Monday, Oct. 10.

It's just noon, and we have gone into camp for the day in a lovely green field with plenty of forage, and lots of rails to burn,— and I've just had a bath, soaped from head to heel. It's still cold (frost and ice this A. M. and I had to lie out with nothing but my overcoat) and I

have two or three slight colds in the head, — but it's splendid October and very exhilarating.

Enos found Sergeant Wakefield's horse yesterday and I rode him all day, and he did n't get hit, though his saddle did, and our Brigade chased two Rebel brigades more than ten miles, and took a battle-flag and four guns and caissons and wagons, &c., &c., so my disinclination for "fight" yesterday morning was a presentiment that came to naught.¹

I've said (to the Doctor and others) again and again that, if I was taken, I did n't want any special exchange, and wanted that understood, and I guess that's the way you feel too, in spite of your "concluding" that you did approve of special exchanges. It would be very hard, but I don't believe that I should be ill there, or should suffer even my share, and you would know just what the risk was. There's not one chance in a great many, however, that I shall be taken, — that's consoling.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 12, 1864.

We've gone into a pleasant camp to-day (last evening), directly upon the Shenandoah, and are

likely to stay for a week, I think, — our horses needing rest sadly. I am glad it is not nearer Winchester, for then I should be tempted to wish you might come down for a few days, or I might go home, but now we are still in the front, and it is out of the question.

How shall you like to have me come home in Government clothing? — they're so *much* cheaper, I hope you won't object. I like them better too, think them more respectable, when tailors charge \$32 for trousers, and Government only \$5; or \$75 for coats, and Government only \$4. This *is* a poetic letter, is n't it? You must keep your eyes open for opportunities for both of us *after* the war, — I mean, be thinking about the matter. You see I talk quite rationally now about "after the war," — it may be ten years, in which case I shall probably never leave the army, but it may be only ten months, and then we don't want to be taken by surprise. I'm galloping over this and the officer is waiting at the tent door, so Good-bye.

TO HIS WIFE

October (?), 1864.

. . . I don't want to be shot till I've had a chance to come home. I have no idea that I

shall be hit, but I *want* so much not to now, that it sometimes frightens me.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 12, 1864.

It's raining again this afternoon, and I am interrupted in the midst of my airing and drying operations. I have a drill going on, however, about 100 yards in front of our tents,—the first drill since we left Vienna, I believe!—and I stop every now and then to look out and see the recruits. You would n't enjoy it much, for it's dismounted only. I like to have you write a little sometimes about the war and about politics,—they're the best views I get now, or ever get indeed,—and you need only make the letters a little longer, you know. *A'n't* I exorbitant? I always was,—I believe the first word I learned to say was "more." It was with reference to crackers, I think after eating several dozen.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 13, 1864.

I went into winter-quarters yesterday, that is, I abandoned thin boots for morning wear, and substituted the Guvveys' with leather ears,

which you may recollect, — you can fancy me now in all the magnificence of them. In proposing to come home in Government clothing, I did *not* think of parading New York in those ears; don't be alarmed.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 14, 1864.

Firelight, 4 A. M.

I sent such a fat-looking envelope yesterday morning, with only one sheet after all, that I meant to have written again in the afternoon, but at dinner the Rebs began shelling the infantry camp on our right, and then the "general" sounded, and then we waited a while in the cold, and then we moved, — so I had no time at all.¹

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 14, 1864.

You're an innocent. Go on with the shoulder-straps, you need n't be expecting any change, — those eagles will flourish a good while yet. I'm perfectly satisfied too, now that I have this Brigade; it has only been commanded before by Buford and Merritt. Colonel Gibbs had it for a few weeks at a time temporarily.²

Our movements here are so entirely depend-

ent on Grant's success before Richmond, that I can't form the faintest idea of the prospect of a speedy rest here.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 15, 1864.

I've only ten minutes to write to you; I was out all this morning visiting, junketing at the various headquarters, and only came home to dinner at two o'clock. Since that, has come an order to get in light marching order, and be in readiness to move. I conjecture a raid is on foot for our Division, — perhaps to Charlottesville, — if so, you will not hear from me again for a week or even ten days.

I think Sheridan will have to fight one more battle here, probably while we are gone, — I am sorry to miss it, but perhaps we shall be of more use where we are going. You will know that I am safe, at any rate, — so safe do I feel to-night that I shall be riding Berold; I rode him this morning, too, in making my calls. I heard for the first time that poor Colonel Wells of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts was killed in the attack the Rebs made on our camps day before yesterday, — he was considered an excellent officer.¹

What a letter this for the last one for ten

days, but you know how I am when I have anything on foot, I'm all distracted.

TO HIS WIFE

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 16, 1864.

We started all right last evening and marched till 1 A. M., camped at Front Royal till 5.30 A. M. and were then ready for a fresh start, — waited till nearly 7 A. M. and then started back on our winding way to near our old camp, — some new information received, or some wise second thought, having changed plans. I am not very sorry, and suppose you will not be, for I cannot see any great military benefit to result from it. The destruction of a few stores or of a few miles of railroad would not have been worth the injury to horseflesh. I am glad to be back here, and I hope to get letters to-night or to-morrow, — better to-morrow, for I'm too sleepy this afternoon to enjoy them.¹

Oct. 17th, SAME CAMP.

Good-morning. Such a night's sleep as I had — ten hours strong — only interrupted a few minutes at *reveille*, waking up and reflecting cosily that it was *not* yet time to turn out!

I am very glad that George is nominated for

Congress, and hope that, in the great revolution which has been going on, his chance of election may be better than you describe it.¹

TO CHARLES E. PERKINS

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 17, 1864.

I hope and trust and believe that you are doing all you can for Lincoln,— and I believe that McClellan's election would send this country to where Mexico and South America are. Do what you can to prevent it.

TO J. M. FORBES

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 17, 1864.

In spite of Will's anxiety to be back with us, and of our desire to have him back, I cannot but hope for your sake that he may somehow be delayed till we are safely in winter-quarters. Mails are very irregular up and down the Valley, and during active operations I am sure you and Mrs. Forbes would be constantly anxious about him,— more even than you can be now. Let him come back in time to open the Spring with us; that will be early enough to "retrieve all disasters" that you speak of. It was very kind of you to write me as you did about Billy; I know how you feel about him. I will tell

you, what I believe I did not tell Alice, that I got off and walked some time before finally deciding to take him into the charge where he was hit, and that I had three orderlies' horses killed or disabled under me that day. I tried to use him as I knew you and Will would wish him used. He was a dear little horse,— *did not* always have a sore back, had got over that weakness bravely,—you see he was improving to the last day of his life.

I get the Chaplain's "Army and Navy Journal" for the present,—shall subscribe myself when he returns,—I have generally liked its articles about operations before Richmond, as they told me all I ever learned about that campaign. Its notices about this Shenandoah campaign have not been very good: it has been wrong in some most important facts and in some of its criticisms. It has been entirely wrong too in praising——so constantly;——from the beginning has been the laughing-stock here,—his absurd newspaper reporter may have caused this,—but worse than that, his false despatches to the General and his constant habit of having "infantry" in front of him, and of falling back "pressed," have on two occasions come very near causing great disasters.

I am very glad, my dear Mr. Forbes, that we have not a handy writer among us. The reputation of regiments is made and is known in the Army,—the comparative merits are *well* known there. Such a notice as I saw of the ——th —— Cavalry makes a regiment ridiculous, besides giving the public false history,—yet I have no doubt the writer meant to be honest.

TO HIS MOTHER

CEDAR CREEK, Oct. 17, '64.

There's really nothing to tell here; I never have anything to tell even to E. We are in a glorious country, with fine air to breathe and fine views to enjoy; we are kept very active, and have done a good deal of good work; I have done my share, I think,—but there's nothing to make a letter of.

We hear to-day that Pennsylvania and Indiana are all right. Poor Grant seems to have a hard task at Richmond: he has n't the same army now that he started with in May, and I shall not be surprised if he is obliged to go into winter-quarters soon and re-organize, or at least drill. If so, people must be patient; we are going quite fast enough. I only write this to make you write to me. Is n't it lucky that

I keep always well and hearty? My friends never feel any anxiety on *that* account and I never have to write letters to tell them how I am.¹



Breathe, trumpets, breathe slow notes of saddest wailing,
Sadly responsive peal, ye muffled drums.
Comrades, with downcast eyes and muskets trailing,
Attend him home : the youthful warrior comes.

Wrap round his breast the flag that breast defended,
His Country's flag, in battle's front enrolled :
For it he died, — on earth forever ended
His brave young life lives in each sacred fold.²



NOTES ON THE LIFE

NOTES ON THE LIFE

Page 4, note 1. Ten days after Charles Lowell's death at Cedar Creek, the Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, minister of the West Church in Boston (the church of the young soldier's grandfather, Dr. Charles Lowell), in his memorial sermon, "The Purchase by Blood," said of the grandson's ancestry: "He had of talent a heritage fourfold, and was of a lineage on either side distinguished in the foremost places of business, inventive enterprise, and every useful profession. . . . In his own achievements he but continued the line of ancient fame, — his great-grandfather Lowell having, from a righteous and instructive foresight, so worded the preamble to our Bill of Rights as to make slavery forever void in Massachusetts."

The late Colonel Henry Lee, who knew everything about Boston and her old families, wrote to Mr. John M. Forbes after reading his reminiscences of Lowell: "Go on with your thousand and one instances of Charlie Lowell's ceaseless vigilance, sleepless conscience, all of which came straight down from his grandfather, Patrick Jackson. When he [Patrick Jackson] died, the old Colonel shut himself up in his room, for never lived three such men as the Judge, the Doctor, and Patrick. Their eyes were single, and their whole bodies full of light." The "old Colonel" was Thomas Handasyd Perkins, a leading merchant in Boston, with whom both Mr. Forbes and Colonel Lee had family and business connections.

Page 5, note 1. Charles Lowell's aunt, Miss Ellen Jackson, gave these traits of his childhood: "As a child, he *cared*

so much that he was a great cry-baby, showing the intensity of his purpose and desire. He was very easily influenced by talk, when properly approached and made to understand the matter. His feelings were strongly affected by reading or hearing of suffering or heroism. But he was a very droll little boy, full of spirits, fun, and laughter. A keen sense and love of the ludicrous always remained with him and made his talk delightful."

Page 5, note 2. These, in the order mentioned by their uncle, are William Lowell Putnam, James Jackson Lowell, and Charles Russell Lowell. It is of them, too, that he spoke in the poem *Memoriae Positum*, —

"I speak of one
While with sad eyes I think of three."

William Putnam was his sister's son. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry in July, 1861, and in October was killed in his first battle, at Ball's Bluff. Professor Francis J. Child speaks of "Putnam, with his fair hair, bright complexion, deep eyes, and uncontaminated countenance," as "the impersonation of knightly youth." The late Colonel William H. Forbes wrote of him: "I only saw him once or twice, but sometimes wonder why his face . . . always comes so plainly when his name is mentioned; a delicate, but firm and noble face. No touch of earthliness had yet come to him;" and adds, of James Lowell, whom he knew well, "He was like his cousin Putnam, gentle, but very fine, though firm enough too." James Lowell was a captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, was wounded at Ball's Bluff, and a year later mortally wounded in the battle of Fair Oaks or Glendale.

Page 8, note 1. This boy was Henry Lee Higginson, Lowell's nearest friend, who, though he served his country as an officer, first of infantry (Twentieth Massachusetts) and later of cavalry (First Massachusetts), until disabled by wounds, happily to this day is serving her as a useful, eminent, and beloved citizen.

In the *Life of Richard H. Dana* by Charles Francis Adams there is a very interesting account, from Mr. Dana's diary, of the incidents of the trial and rendition of the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns.

Page 14, note 1. One who knew Lowell well, writing of this experience, said: "I think his feeling of the close relations of men to one another began as soon as he had any thought or ideas. He had a very tender feeling always to the less fortunate of mankind. He liked discipline, wished each person to do his part well, but his instincts and sympathies were, I think, with the workers, and he cherished the hope of helping them to have richer and nobler lives. I remember his eager sympathy with the workmen at Chicopee. He wanted them to have singing classes, and asked me to give him some good novels to lend them in place of the wretched trash they had."

Page 17, note 1. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, in Iowa. Lowell was sent there by Mr. John Murray Forbes, one of the directors.

Page 23, note 1. General Stoneman was in command of the cavalry in the Peninsula. Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke, under him, commanding the First and Sixth U. S. Cavalry, pursued the rebel force retreating on Williamsburg after the abandonment of Yorktown on May 5. This command overtook General Stuart's cavalry defending the Confederate rear, and skirmished with them. Soon after, emerging

from the woods, they found themselves before the earthworks here defending the narrowed Peninsula, the most important of which was Fort Magruder, six feet high and with a ditch in front. The cavalry were drawn up in line of battle, and private Robbins supposed the order was to "charge Fort Magruder." The fact was that the works were impregnable to cavalry, the infantry was far behind, and General Stoneman wished to show a bold front meantime. Seeing that the enemy were sending out infantry to turn his right, he made a demonstration on their flank and some good charges were made by our cavalry which gained time. But the infantry not arriving, General Stoneman withdrew his troops from the galling fire from the works for the night.

Page 24, note 1. As Captain Lowell's orderly wrote these reminiscences of the Peninsula fighting at least three years after the occurrences mentioned, he seems, not unnaturally, to have mixed up the incidents of two or more actions in that fatiguing and exciting campaign. The story seems to refer to the cavalry fighting on May 9, but perhaps also to the actions on May 27 and 29 at Hanover Court House and Slatersville when the bridges over the South Anna were destroyed, thus cutting off all communications with Richmond from the North. General McClellan, in his account of his campaigns published after his death (with unfortunate additions by his editor), thus writes of the first action : —

“On the 9th, Stoneman occupied and held the junction of the West Point and Williamsburg roads, about three miles from New Kent Court House. The occupation of this place occurred as the result of a brisk skirmish in which a portion of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, under Major Williams, and Robinson's Battery took part ; one squadron of the Sixth, under

the personal command of Major Williams, made two very handsome charges." Major Williams had general command, but of course the captain led his own squadron.

The incident of Lowell's disconcerting the antagonist with the shot-gun is authentic, and not hard to believe by any one who knew his commanding personality. His brother James, the infantry captain, wrote home : —

"I heard yesterday of a narrow escape which Charley had. He was charging, and came upon a man who aimed a double-barrelled carbine at him. C. called out to him, 'Drop that!' and he lowered it enough to blow to pieces C.'s coat which was strapped on his horse behind him."

Lowell never mentioned the matter, but long after, being asked by the lady who became his wife if it were true, simply said, "You can usually make a man obey you if you speak quickly enough and with authority."

Page 26, note 1. General McClellan records : —

"On May 28, a party under Major Williams, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, destroyed the common road bridges over the Pamunkey, and Virginia Central Railroad bridge over the South Anna. On the 29th he destroyed the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad bridge over the South Anna and the turnpike bridge over the same stream." In answer to the despatch announcing this, President Lincoln replied : —

"Your despatch as to the South Anna and Ashland being seized by our forces this morning is received. Understanding these points to be on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, I heartily congratulate the country, and thank General McClellan and his army for their seizure."

Page 29, note 1. Captain Lowell was not promoted for service at Antietam.

Page 31, note 1. Mrs. Lowell, anxious that the exact facts be known, wrote for me this account of the

MUTINY IN BOSTON.

“A very painful incident took place while Colonel Lowell was recruiting for the Second Cavalry, which impressed him very much.

“Stopping as usual, at eight o'clock one morning, at the recruiting station, he found the small squad of new recruits who were to be transferred that day to the camp at Readville, in a state of mutiny. Hearing the noise on his arrival, he descended at once to the basement, and the Sergeant in command explained that he had ordered a man to be handcuffed, that the others had said it was unjust and should not be done, and had resisted. Colonel Lowell at once said: ‘The order must be obeyed.’ ‘No! No!’ shouted the men. He continued: ‘After it is obeyed, I will hear what you have to say, and will decide the case on its merits, but it *must* be obeyed *first*. God knows, my men, I don't want to kill any of you; but I shall shoot the first man who resists. Sergeant, iron your man.’ As the Sergeant stepped forward with the irons, the men made a rush, and Colonel Lowell shot the leader, who fell at once. The men succumbed immediately, some bursting into tears, such was their excitement.

“The whole incident was very painful to Colonel Lowell, especially because he had always regarded it as one of the privileges of an officer that he did not have to kill with his own hand.

“The circumstances, however, turned out as fortunately as was possible in such a case. The man had no relatives, so far as could be discovered, and his record showed that he was a

very bad man, and had previously been in the Regular Army, so that he knew very well what he was doing in resisting an order."

One of Governor Andrew's staff, who was present when Colonel Lowell reported his action, gave the following account, which I copy from Professor Peirce's life of Lowell in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*:—

"Entering his Excellency's room, he made a military salute and said, 'I have to report to you, sir, that in the discharge of my duty I have shot a man;' then saluted again, and immediately withdrew. 'I need nothing more,' said the Governor to a bystander, 'Colonel Lowell is as humane as he is brave.'"

Page 43, note 1. "Mudwall" would appear to have been a nickname given by our soldiers to Brigadier-General W. L. Jackson, one of Early's cavalry commanders.

Page 50, note 1. This charge, which appears to have been the same as the second described by Dr. DeWolf in the following letter, was made with the object of capturing prisoners for the sake of obtaining information. It was of the utmost importance for Sheridan to know when the reënforcements lately sent to Early should be withdrawn, that he might resume the offensive.

Page 55, note 1. Mr. George E. Pond, in *The Shenandoah Valley*, in Scribner's "Campaigns of the Civil War."

Page 60, note 1. I borrow these lines from "Keenan's Charge," a spirited and moving ballad written by the late George Parsons Lathrop. It is founded on an incident of the battle of Chancellorsville, but unhappily the facts had been grossly misrepresented to its author, giving credit to a general who deserved none, but deliberately gave false testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. The fact

remains, however, that Major Keenan fought gallantly and fell with many of his Pennsylvanian troopers in a purely accidental charge, due to stumbling upon a marching column of the enemy in a wood-path, at a critical time in the battle.

Page 64, note 1. Colonel S. H. Hastings, of Denver, Colorado, who rode out by Colonel Lowell's side to reconnoitre, and received him into his arms when, struck by the first ball, he reeled on his horse, told me the circumstances of this first wounding, and showed me the distorted Minié rifle ball which fell out when he opened the Colonel's clothing to search for what he and Lowell had supposed was a fatal wound. Colonel Hastings then rejoined his command, by Lowell's order, and was not with him when the mortal shot struck him.

Page 65, note 1. Although the great final movement to victory had begun, Lowell fell leading a charge on a destructive battery opposite his part of the line. This appears in Colonel Crowninshield's official report, and was also told to me, two months after the battle, by one of the officers. Another charge led by Colonel Crowninshield succeeded. Of it Chaplain Humphreys quotes him as having said: "I never expected to succeed or get out alive. The enemy's fire was terrific. Compared with it Ball's Bluff was child's play. But I saw the infantry charging on the right and I charged and said, 'God, just take my soul!'"

Page 70, note 1. At the end of the Notes to the Letters is given the testimony of General Lowell's superior officers. Here, I have the privilege of quoting the tributes of some of those who served in his own regiment.

Captain Archibald McKendry, speaking, long after the war, to his brother officers and soldiers in San Francisco, said:

“Lowell towered grandly above his fellow-men in my estimation twenty years ago, and in memory he grows greater to me as the years go by.”

Dr. J. Warren Ball, one of the few survivors of the line-officers of the Second Cavalry in Boston, said lately to me : “Lowell had a vigorous mind and his action was equally so. He was in the army *to advance his side*, and absolutely reckless of self. His men regarded him as an efficient officer. He always occupied a better position than his commission called for. Colonel Lowell was genial, in a sense, — forceful when he talked. In action, he seemed, so to speak, prepossessed of the situation, and self possessed.”

Rev. Mr. Humphreys, the chaplain, said this to me of his chief: “*Nobody could disobey him*. When he commanded, the thing was done.” By Mr. Humphreys’ kindness I add the following passage from his notes of the war to the same purpose. “With the Regulars of his command it may have been the prompt obedience of discipline, but with the Massachusetts volunteers, it was the prompt obedience of trust. He was always ready to expose himself when the occasion demanded, and once, with his own sabre, he cut down a rebel who was reaching out his hand to seize a colour. Yet, with all this overflowing energy of action, Lowell had a deep repose of thought, and delighted in nothing more than philosophic contemplation. How often on the march, in scouts after guerrillas, and even in the near presence of danger, have I listened with wonder to his subtle speculations in metaphysics and his keen insights in social science ! He kept always his refined taste and his scholarly habit. He dwelt always in the purest atmosphere of high thought and delicate feeling.” Major Henry Lee Higginson, Lowell’s nearest friend and brother-officer, —

though not of his regiment, — after I read him the above words of Chaplain Humphreys, wrote : “ It reminded me of what Mrs. Lowell [his mother] once said to me about Charley. Speaking of him and of his habits of thought, she mentioned the old Eastern philosophers, who disappeared, as it were, sunk themselves in profound thought about profound subjects. She admired this mood, or state of mind or spirit, in him and thought it remarkable, and so it was. Charley was very fond of metaphysics and of philosophy, and very fond of going as far up and down as he could in his speculations about the mind and the spirit and the meaning of this life.”

Page 71, note 1. These lines are from the poem “ *Suspiria Coeli.*” The author, Henry Howard Brownell of Hartford, Connecticut, was, happily for posterity, an officer on Admiral Farragut’s flag-ship, and to him we owe the epics “ *The Bay Fight,*” “ *The River Fight,*” the popular satire on Secession, called “ *The Old Cove,*” and other verses of a noble patriotism in his *Lyrics of a Day.*

NOTES TO THE LETTERS

NOTES TO THE LETTERS

Page 75, note 1. The following letter remains, written by Charles Lowell, a boy of nine, to Henry Lee Higginson, his more than lifelong friend. The two families lived near to one another in Boston, the Lowells in Winter Place, the Higginsons in Chauncy Place; later, the Lowells moved to Quincy Street, Cambridge.

SCHOOL HOUSE, 11 A. M.

TO HENRY L. HIGGINSON, Esq.,

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, — I have marked the forenoon and evening lesson in your book. School does not keep to-morrow, and I hope you will be well enough to go out and play.

Your obedient serv't,

C. R. LOWELL, JR.

(Written about November, 1844.)

Page 75, note 2. In those days, on the first Monday evening after the College assembled in September, a football match always took place on the Delta between the newly entered class and the Sophomores. Three games were played, usually won by the older, stronger, and united class over young boys brought together for the first time. Then, according to invariable custom, the Juniors joined the Freshmen, and the Seniors the Sophomores for three more games. This was a generation before the importation from England of the present game, and football was really the kicking of an inflated india-rubber ball to goal, with no formation, an indefinitely large

number of players, and active "scrimmages," but the ball must be struck with foot or hand. On "Bloody Monday" night, however, the game became gradually increasingly rough, and many local fights arose. This led the Faculty to forbid the game in 1860, when the football was buried on the Delta with solemn rites, resulting in human sacrifices on the altar of parietal justice. Three years later, its Resurrection occurred, followed by other sacrifices of the same kind. Finally, on the fatal anniversary, in 1864, the Apotheosis of the football occurred, and while a hymn was sung, the soul of the football (a child's balloon stained black), soared into the twilight heaven from the Delta.

Page 77, note 1. In this letter, addressed to Lowell's nearest friend, the names of two others appear, James Savage and Stephen Perkins, who, ten years later, as officers of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, lost their lives at the battle of Cedar Mountain. Major Henry Higginson, when he gave to Harvard College the Soldiers' Field, dedicated "to the Happy Memory of" his "friends, comrades, kinsmen, who died for their country," said, after speaking of five of them:—

"These friends were of unusual powers, but they all bowed down to the goodness and purity of one other, — James Savage. He also was an enthusiast, who had little health and no words, but ate himself up with his thoughts and his fiery wishes; sometimes as gay as a lark, and then depressed from ill health and disappointment with himself; very fond of his books and of nature; much given to games, and a great rusher at football from pure will-power and enthusiasm; courageous to the last degree. We two fellows went to Fitchburg, just after war was declared, to recruit a company for the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and when our regiment was ready to

march, the colours were entrusted to us. This recruiting was strange work to us all, and the men who came to our little recruiting office asked many new questions which I did my best to answer, but often these recruits would turn to the 'Captain,' as they called him, listen to his replies and then swear allegiance, as it were, to him. He, the quietest and most modest of men, was immensely impressive, for he was a real knight, just and gentle to all friends, defiant to the enemies of his country, and to all wrong-doers. He also fell wounded in that most foolish battle where his regiment was sacrificed to the good of the army. He died in the hands of the enemy, who tended him kindly, and were deeply moved by his patience and his fortitude. . . .

“ Another fine, handsome fellow, great oarsman, charming companion, wit, philosopher, who delighted in intellectual pursuits, and in his fellow creatures, whom he watched with his keen eyes and well understood, was killed in a foolish, bloody battle while stemming the tide of defeat. He was at this time too ill to march, but with other sick officers left the ambulances because he was needed in this fight. I well remember almost our last day together, sitting on a log in a sluggish stream in Maryland . . . and his wonderful talk of the delights of an intellectual life. That was his realm, and no one in our young days did more to mould his mates than Stephen Perkins did.”

Page 78, note 1. The late James Mills Peirce, who succeeded his father, Benjamin Peirce, as Professor of Mathematics in Harvard College. He wrote the admirable memoir of Lowell, to which I am indebted, in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*.

Page 79, note 1. Mr. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, still

living in Concord, who graduated a year later than Lowell. At that time and for eight years thereafter, he had a remarkable private school there. In spite of Mr. Sanborn's radical opinions, never concealed, on religion and politics — he was the friend of Theodore Parker and John Brown — the school drew and held sons and daughters of parents of strong and opposite opinions from the North and South, East and West. General Butler's nephew, two youths of slaveholding antecedents, a Baltimore fire-eater, three daughters of John Brown and one of advanced Philadelphia Quakers, a son of Whitman of Kansas celebrity, the children of John M. Forbes and of Boston families, those of Judge Hoar, Horace Mann, Hawthorne, Emerson, and others in Concord, and many from the farming towns around, were there happily assembled.

Page 79, note 2. James Brindley, born in Derbyshire, England, in 1716, was a remarkable engineer. It is told of him that "he seldom used any model or drawing, but when any material difficulty intervened, quietly retired to bed, and there meditated on the best mode of overcoming it." Carlyle, in his *Past and Present*, lauds Brindley as a silent Man of Practice, as contrasted to the adroit Man of Theory.

Page 80, note 1. The late John Chandler Bancroft, an artist, son of Hon. George Bancroft, the historian.

Page 81, note 1. William James Potter, Lowell's classmate, then a teacher; later, earnest in promoting the Free Religious Association, and the valued minister of the First Congregational Society in New Bedford. His honourable course, when drafted as a soldier, is told in a later letter.

Page 82, note 1. Rev. Phillips Brooks, afterwards Bishop, was a junior when Lowell was a senior.

Page 87, note 1. Herbert's beautiful poem beginning: —

“ Teach me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything
 To do it as for Thee.”

The verse referred to runs thus : —

“ A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgerie divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and th’ action fine.”

Page 88, note 1. Nathan Peabody Ames, the founder of the Works where Lowell was for a time an apprentice, was a remarkable man. He was born in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1803, and supplemented his small opportunities by his mechanical genius and energy. In 1829 he had become a remarkable sword-maker. In 1834 he established the Ames Manufacturing Company’s works at Cabotville or Chicopee. In 1836 he added bells and cannon to their products, and later cast statues, notably the Washington in Union Square, New York, and the Franklin in School Street, Boston, and Ball’s equestrian statue of Washington in the Public Garden.

Uriah Boyden, of Foxboro’, beginning life as a blacksmith, became an inventor and man of science. The turbine wheel contrived by him used ninety-five per cent. of the water-power.

Page 89, note 1. Richard Greenough of New York, the sculptor and architect.

“ Young Stillman ” was the artist and writer, William James Stillman, later the friend of Greece and Crete. His interesting autobiography tells of his friendship with James Russell Lowell, Ruskin, Agassiz, and other remarkable men. Emerson, in his poem “The Adirondacs,” celebrates his powers as a woodsman.

Page 90, note 1. From Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."

Page 91, note 1. Mrs. Lowell had evidently been writing about the new books which she had been reading, Mrs. Jameson for one. Henry James (the father of Dr. William James and Henry James the novelist) had just published a religious and philosophical work, *Substance and Shadow*, and Mr. Emerson his *Conduct of Life*.

Page 92, note 1. The allusions are, first, to an oft-quoted old English epitaph, and, second, to Matthew Arnold's poem.

Page 93, note 1. Higginson was in the employ of Mr. Samuel Austin, whose name is in Oriental disguise in the letter.

Page 93, note 2. Lowell had now found a place in the rolling mills of the Trenton Iron Company in New Jersey, the heads of the firm being the son and son-in-law of Peter Cooper of New York (founder of the Cooper Institute), Edward Cooper and Abram Stevens Hewitt.

Page 100, note 1. Matthew Arnold's poem, "Balder Dead."

Page 100, note 2. The listlessness shown in the last letter proved to be the initial symptom of trouble with the lungs, then seldom cured. Some hemorrhages occurred. Mr. John M. Forbes, one of Boston's best citizens, and at this time a merchant engaged in the China trade, knew Lowell's family, and, hearing that he was ill, called on him. He found himself strangely drawn to this youth, and wished to save him. When he had rallied a little, he gave him light work in his counting-room. Mr. Forbes was going on a trip to New Orleans and the West Indies, and insisted on his young friend's accompanying him, and to make it easier for him to accept, asked him to look after and teach his boy, then nine years old, whom

he had taken along with him on the trip. It was probably one of those *ruses* which Mr. Forbes resorted to to preserve the self-respect of any friend whom he wished to help. It accomplished its object in giving a check and upward turn at a critical time to dangerous disease, but it was the beginning of a strong and lasting friendship. Mr. Forbes loved youth and spirit, but with Lowell he was charmed, and he recognized at once the fine quality of his mind, his high standards and energy in work. Lowell, on his side, saw the great working power, the wisdom and humanity tempered with humour, and always a romantic and chivalrous side, in his older friend. Until Lowell's death, the friendship grew, and in their work for the same great ends the difference of age was lost sight of. The large way of looking at life and activity which characterized Mr. Forbes was a bond between them. He never allowed mere business to swamp his head or heart. A partner in his firm in China said of him : —

“ Mr. Forbes never seemed to me a man of acquisitiveness, but very distinctly one of constructiveness. His wealth was only an incident. I have seen many occasions when much more money might have been made by him in some business transaction, but for this dominant passion for building up things. The good also which he anticipated for workmen and settlers through opening up the country always weighed much with him.” This last, of his railroad enterprises.

Page 104, note 1. It appears from this letter and that of Sept. 28, 1856, that Mr. Forbes had offered to recommend Lowell to his friends in the great house of Russell & Co. in Canton.

Page 118, note 1. On the passage of the bill organizing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, but repealing the Mis-

souri Compromise, which would have confined slavery to a region south of them, societies had been formed in Massachusetts and Connecticut to assist Northern emigration to that fertile region, that their influence might hold it for freedom. The Northwest also poured in settlers, but Missourians too came in, bringing their slaves. A fierce struggle arose, and at the elections hordes of armed men from Missouri crossed the border to vote illegally for slavery and intimidate the Free State men. Franklin Pierce, then President, used the power and influence of the administration to further the pro-slavery cause. The Emigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts furnished Sharp's rifles to the Northern settlers to defend their homes and rights.

Page 124, note 1. One may here recall the belief held by many,— and to some extent supported by other statues and figures on coins, — that the noble Venus of Milo (Melos) was never meant for Aphrodite, but a haughty victory announcing, from a tablet she held, the heroes' names.

Page 125, note 1. *Seed-grain*, a book made up of high thoughts from ancient and modern writers, by Mrs. Lowell, then just published.

Page 131, note 1. Mrs. Patrick Tracy Jackson, with loving generosity, had gladly made possible the European journey and prolonged stay which saved her grandson's life from the advance of the incipient consumption.

Page 131, note 2. Dr. James Jackson, Mrs. Lowell's uncle, a man of virtue, great sagacity, and sweetness, had long been the leading physician of Boston. Besides his strictly scientific publications on medical subjects, he wrote a little book, well worth reading to-day, called *Letters to a Young Physician*. Dr. Jackson's life has been well written recently by his grandson, Dr. James Jackson Putnam.

Page 136, note 1. Frederick Law Olmsted's *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*, giving account of the social conditions and the bitterness on the slavery question there prevailing, had just attracted attention in the North. His *Texas Journey* followed in 1857.

Page 137, note 1. Mr. Henry L. Higginson has given me these pleasant recollections of the other two friends of the three who crossed the Alps so happily together when they were passing from youth to manhood.

“It was about mind and spirit and the meaning of life that I used to hear Charley discussing with Stephen Perkins. Neither of them took anything for granted, as it were, in such conversations, which I suppose is the only true attitude.

“They both of them had an immense belief in the natural affections, such as love of one's family, maternity, and the like, but this far-away, lofty mood was a thing that Charley enjoyed and indulged in at times, and it is all the more strange because of his great capacity for active, practical life, and his enjoyment of it. He was, at one time, crazy about self-development, and, as you can see by his letters, he threw that over, by and by, for the higher wish to do his duty to his fellow creatures in the world.

“This love of practical life, dealing with daily affairs, Stephen Perkins did n't enjoy, but he did enjoy the intellectual life enormously. It was a wonderful thing to see him — very handsome and tall, with a complexion and hair that any woman would envy, dressed with care — acting as second lieutenant in the Second Infantry [M. V. M.] and directing the men in sweeping the company street, cleaning the kitchens, and making the camp tidy. It was really a pitiful sight, for he belonged where his brain could be used, and not where common

hands were needed. He was always very particular in the care of his own person, just as Charley was — they could n't bear to have dirty hands for half an hour.

“They both really loved their friends very much. They did n't mind spanking them, or vexing them, and their tongues would wag very freely — but they loved their friends dearly. Irish in part they both were; Stephen from the Sullivan family, and Charley from the Tracy family. Another point about Charley was his immense love for the young, — young animals, young people, — and he would have been very glad to have a large family.

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“I repeat that it was a wicked and a very dull thing for the high officers of the Government to let Charley lead either a regiment or a brigade. The lightning processes of his mind and his eye would have directed ten thousand cavalry (which is as much trouble as one hundred thousand infantry) just as well as they would have directed a regiment, and his orders would have been obeyed. The higher up he went, the better he did.”

Page 142, note 1. His younger brother, then a Senior at Harvard College.

Page 147, note 1. This was the panic of 1857, of which Mr. John M. Forbes said that it was more extensive than that of 1837 and equally sharp while it lasted. He wrote to a friend : —

“We are in such a crisis here as only those who went through 1837 can conceive of. J. K. Mills & Co. and many stronger houses have gone, and many other larger ones in Milk Street only exist by sufferance, and many large manufacturing companies are in the same straits. New York Central has

run down from 87 to 55, Michigan Central from 95 to 45, while the weaker concerns are clear out of sight — Erie 10, Southern Michigan 10 to 15.”

Early in October, Mr. Forbes was urgently requested to go to London to get a loan of two million dollars to save the railroad from bankruptcy. He took the next steamer, and succeeded in obtaining the amount from the Barings, but, of course, at a very high rate. The Lowell family connection had important interests in the factories of Massachusetts.

Page 150, note 1. The *Atlantic Monthly* had just begun its long life under the editorship of his uncle, James Russell Lowell.

Page 158, note 1. Of Pierre Charles Alexandre Louis, the great pathologist and clinical instructor, his pupil, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, thus wrote: “He was the object of our reverence, I might almost say idolatry. . . . Our physicians of the old school have not the slightest idea of the confidence and certainty with which such a man as Louis speaks of his patient.” He speaks of Louis as of the class of “men who know no master and teach no doctrine but Nature and her laws, pointed out at the bedside for those to own who see them, and for the meanest student to doubt, to dispute, if they cannot be seen.”

Page 163, note 1. William Hathaway Forbes, who, five years later, after service in the First Massachusetts Cavalry, was commissioned captain in Colonel Lowell’s regiment, soon became major, and finally lieutenant-colonel. He was active and efficient in the service against Mosby, but was captured in July, 1864, in a disastrous fight after a gallant resistance. After several months of captivity in the South, escape and recapture, he was released on parole, and exchanged just

in time to rejoin his regiment, in the last campaign ending at Appomattox Court House. A friend wrote of him : “ Before he left camp at Readville he had already distinguished himself by his ability to deal with men, and afterward, in the field and in prison, his courage, his fortitude, and his solicitude for others won the regard and respect of officers and soldiers. Colonel Lowell not only held him as a friend, but regarded him as one of his best officers.”

After the war, Colonel Forbes led a busy and active life, useful, helpful, and loved, until 1897, when he died of consumption, the seeds of which, though long in his system, seem to have been kept dormant by his healthy manner of life.

An early friend and neighbour, the late Professor James Bradley Thayer of the Harvard Law School, paid the following loving tribute to William Forbes's memory : —

“ He was a boy at school when I first saw him — ten years old ; a beautiful yellow-haired little fellow, alert, straight, fair-faced, courageous, frank, full of life, an image prophetic of all that he was to become in after days. As he grew older I had frequent occasion to observe, for a year or two, that he was not uniformly addicted to his books, nor ever lacking in a healthy boyish love of mischief. These qualities got him into trouble in college, where in carrying out certain bold pranks he held a leader's place and, in presently coming to grief, suffered a leader's fate. These matters in no degree touched his honour or essential worth, but they lost him his degree. Later he won it back at a time when the college itself was honoured in bestowing it. Manly, vigorous, and of abounding energy, he was yet wholly free from the vulgar vices and dissipations which often beset strong natures in their youth ; he was indeed ‘ largely possessed,’ as a friend said of him at that time,

'of those graces and attractions which are the flower and crown of youth.' And so, when soon the war came, it happened, naturally enough, before the year was out, that he had entered the army among those 'wisest scholars' whom Lowell [in the *Commemoration Ode*] celebrated a little later on. . . . How bravely he went through the great ordeal, how honourably and with what endurance in his captivity, has been told by others.

"When the war was over, he came home to take a brave man's part in helping to settle the policy of the country under its new conditions. Up to the end of his life, he was always to be counted on among those who struggled to conform the conduct of public affairs to the highest standards; for he had learned at home, at his father's knee, that

'Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field.'

"For the last twenty years and more he has been a leader of those who built up the great and complex industry of the telephone. [He was President of the American Bell Telephone Company during the years of its establishment and introduction.] Here, as elsewhere, he has shown the qualities of a sagacious, prudent, and high-minded man of affairs.

"During the year that ended the war, he married the younger daughter of R. W. Emerson. For Mr. Emerson himself he cherished always a great and affectionate appreciation, which was fully reciprocated. His sagacity in business enabled him to render Mr. Emerson very important service.

"His domestic life was a lovely spectacle, adorned as it was, not only with all that can make existence outwardly comfort-

able, but with much else most precious that money cannot buy, and especially with his own manly accomplishments and modest graces of character. After all else, he had inherited a certain noble style of personal beauty and a simple dignity of bearing, that were the true index of his own soul.”

Page 172, note 1. The passage alluded to runs as follows: —

Quest'è colei, ch'è tanto posto in croce
Pur da color, che le dovrian da lode
Dandole biasmo a torto e mala voce.

Ma ella s'è beata, e ciō non ode :
Con l'altre prime creature lieta
Volve sua spera, e beata si gode,

Inferno, Canto VII, 91-96.

Dr. John Carlyle thus renders the whole instruction which Virgil gives to Dante concerning Fortune (the English of the verses above quoted is italicized): —

“ ‘Master,’ I [Dante] said to him, ‘now tell me also: this Fortune of which thou hintest to me; what is she, that has all the good things of the world thus within her clutches?’ And he to me: ‘O foolish creatures, how great is this ignorance that falls upon ye! Now I wish thee to receive my judgment of her. He, whose wisdom is transcendent over all, made the heavens and gave them guides; so that every part may shine to every part equally distributing the light. In like manner for worldly splendours He ordained a general minister and guide, to change betimes the vain possessions from people to people, and from one kindred to another beyond the hindrance of human wisdom. Hence one people commands, another languishes, obeying her sentence which is hidden, like a serpent in the grass. Your knowledge cannot withstand her.

She provides, judges, and maintains her kingdom as the other gods do theirs. Her permutations have no truce. Necessity makes her to be swift, so oft come things requiring change.

““ *This is she who is so much reviled, even by those who ought to praise her — blaming her wrongfully and with evil words. But she is in bliss and hears it not. With the other primal creatures joyful, she wheels her sphere and tastes her blessedness.*””

Page 177, note 1. The invitation was accepted by Mr. Perkins, and, initiated into work and inspired by Lowell's spirit, he became, not long after Lowell's departure, superintendent of the road, then reaching no farther than Ottumwa, seventy-five miles. When business enterprise revived, after the coming of peace, the road soon justified its name by reaching to the Missouri at Council Bluffs. Now the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system spreads wide in the newer States on the plains and through the mountains, and reaches the Pacific. Of this great system Mr. Perkins became the president.

Page 178, note 1. I venture to quote here some passages from a letter written by Mr. Perkins, in answer to certain inquiries of mine: —

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Aug. 20, 1906.

Your letter takes me back just forty-seven years, to the time when I arrived here, in August, 1859, to go to work as Charles Lowell's clerk, at thirty dollars a month. Lowell was then Assistant Treasurer of the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company, the Treasurer being at the headquarters in Boston. . . . Without looking it up, I think his salary was eight hundred dollars a year ! . . . John G. Read

was Vice-President and Superintendent. . . . In 1861, or possibly early in 1862, he entered the Regular Army, and was killed at the second battle of Bull Run. . . .

Lowell was not subordinate to Read, but reported independently to the Boston headquarters.

There was in the service of the Company, at that time, a young Bohemian named Leo Carper, who had the title and the duties of General Freight and Ticket Agent, under Read. . . . He was a man of character and intelligence, and he and Lowell had set up housekeeping together in a small, white brick house, with an acre of land around it, in the western part of this town, where they took me in as a boarder at twenty dollars a month. The housekeeper and cook was Mrs. Patrick Kelley. . . . When I came here I was not quite nineteen years old, while Lowell was twenty-four. We lived together a little over a year. . . . I looked at Lowell with a boy's eyes.

Our life was uneventful, and consisted in getting up early and going to bed early, working hard all day, sometimes even all day Sunday, and often at night, with a sperm-oil lamp and candles. When not at work on Sunday, we walked, and during the last eight or ten months of his life here, Lowell had a little sorrel mare, which he rode more or less. For reading we had the *Daily Hawk-Eye*, and anti-slavery publications which were freely circulated during the last half of Buchanan's administration, and Lowell occupied himself at times with the *Philosophy of Immanuel Kant*, or the then recently published works of Charles Darwin and Henry Thomas Buckle, but neither his friend Carper nor I could digest such highly seasoned food. We had little social life, calling on a few families now and then, but, as a rule, we

stayed at home in the evening, either reading or casting trial balances. We kept a cow, and when she had a calf, in the summer of 1860, we each lifted it daily, intending to keep on doing so until it grew up, but the march of events prevented. Once, and once only, we gave a dinner party, and it was for Mr. Ashburner, an English gentleman, who, being a stockholder, came with letters from Mr. Forbes. Lowell and Mrs. Kelley arranged the dinner at our house, and Read supplied the wines, consisting of a few bottles of champagne and a bottle of absinthe !

Besides being Assistant Treasurer, Lowell had charge of the land grant of about three hundred thousand acres, which had been given by the General Government, in 1856, to aid in the construction of the road across the State. As the road then terminated at Ottumwa on the Des Moines River, and the lands granted were west of there, they were then unsaleable, and there was not much to be done about them. He and Read were good friends, and Read consulted him freely about all the Company's affairs, so that his clearness and force was felt everywhere in the service. It was such a little railroad that we were all in close touch with everything about it.

Lowell was liked by all who came in contact with him, both in and out of the railroad service, from the Irish section-man who got seventy-five cents a day to our United States Senators, one of whom lived here, James W. Grimes, while the other, James Harlan, lived only a few miles away at Mount Pleasant. I was too young to know it then, but I have felt since that Lowell possessed what John Locke calls the greatest part of true knowledge, "a distinct perception of things in themselves distinct." He certainly had a very clear,

keen and definite intellect. He told me once that he considered *judgment* the great and rarest quality of the human mind. My impression is that he had it.

Sincerely yours,

C. E. PERKINS.

Page 185, note 1. Shortly after Lowell's death, Mr. John M. Forbes sent to Mr. Ashburner the letter on the subject of this offer, accompanied by the following :—

MILTON, December 12, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. ASHBURNER, — Making up my old files I came upon a most characteristic letter from Lowell, and my wife wishes you to have a copy of it which she has made. With his taste, refinement, consciousness of intellectual power, and his love of the beautiful, I can hardly conceive of any greater temptation, since the Lord was taken into a high place, than that which you set before Lowell (I don't mean to extend the comparison on your side), situated as he was in that dull place amid rough men and away from all that was tasteful and pleasant. His letter shows how the temptation came to him and how it was resisted. It took more solid character, more self-sacrifice than many a desperate charge — and he made some before which that of Balaclava will not, or should not, stand in more heroic colours. 'If you have no objection (suppressing your name if you wish it), I think this letter should be published when his life is written. He had a taste for luxury, a delicate frame, his family looking to him for help, yet how loyally and bravely he rejects wealth and position, offered him, too, in such a flattering way. One of the strange things has been how he magnetized you and me at

first sight. We are both practical, unsentimental, and perhaps hard, at least externally ; yet he captivated me, just as he did you, and I came home and told my wife I had fallen in love ; and from that day I never saw anything too good or too high for him, more knowledge confirming first impressions — but he is gone and leaves us only memory of a Genius departed. . . .

Page 187, note 1. Mr. George Putnam, a lawyer in Boston, Lowell's classmate, in the following month married his sister Harriet.

Page 191, note 1. Mr. Denison was the treasurer, in Boston, of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company.

Page 192, note 1. The following passage I borrow from Professor Peirce's Life of Lowell in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies* : —

“ In November, we find him at Mount Savage in a position of great responsibility at the head of a small city of workmen ; and once again his chosen work seemed to lie before him. But now going into a Border State at the moment of the great election of 1860, and remaining there during the following five months, Lowell could not fail to find himself brought into more positive relations than ever before to political affairs, and his long cherished plans of professional activity thrown into abeyance by the urgent anxieties and excitements of that disturbed winter. He had for years been a decided enemy to slavery and to the system by which it was supported. . . . But his opinions, though radical, were not generally violent, and even in some of his last letters it is evident that his mind dwelt habitually above the range of the ordinary thought of any political party.

“In December he visited New Orleans on business connected with the mill, and he wrote to his mother on his return:

“‘ MT. SAVAGE, December 28, 1860.

“‘ I suppose you fancied me burned, or at least barrelled ; but, after all, I suppose I ran less risk than friend —— exposed himself to in panic-stricken Boston. . . . In New Orleans a Union lover dare not speak under his breath . . . though I believe the *vote* of New Orleans city will show a majority for Union. I was present, at that great historical act, the unfurling of the “‘ Pelican Flag ” when news was received of South Carolina’s secession! It was an instructive spectacle. I wonder whether the signers of the Declaration of Independence looked as silly as those fellows.’ ”

Page 194, note 1. “‘ The war,” wrote Mr. Forbes, in his notes, “‘ virtually began for me with what is called the ‘ Peace Congress ’ of February, 1861. In January, Virginia asked the other States to send delegates to a congress for the purpose of devising means to avert the civil war then threatening. This was pretty generally responded to at the North, and resulted in the meeting of what was called the Peace Congress at Washington, in the early part of February, 1861. It was unauthorized by law and entirely informal, and simply a conference of men of the different States. Each State was represented by as many delegates as it had members of Congress, our Massachusetts contingent being thirteen (I think), all nominated by Governor Andrew under authority from the legislature. Of my colleagues I recall the names of George S. Boutwell, J. Z. Goodrich, F. N. Crowninshield, T. P. Chandler, and B. F. Waters of Marblehead, as having been the

most active. We started nearly all together, about February 10, with the political horizon everywhere darkly lowering. My wife and daughter accompanied me. . . . I had secured an asylum for them with Baron Stoeckel, the Russian ambassador, to be availed of in case the rebels pushed into Washington, an event which seemed as probable as it really was easy of accomplishment, had the rebels been half as smart as we thought them. . . .

“We soon plunged into our work, our [the Massachusetts delegation’s] advent having very much the effect of a bomb-shell explosion. Before our arrival, the talk had been chiefly of compromise, and some progress seemed to have been made in preparing the way for a surrender by the North, on the basis of the Crittenden Resolutions, so called from Senator Crittenden, who introduced them into the Senate. They practically surrendered the ground which the North and West had taken against the extension of Slavery, and gave up the advanced position for Freedom which had been gained after long years of conflict, and which was represented by the election of Lincoln. . . . We who went to see what chance there was of any real peace, soon found that the Southerners in the convention were ready to *receive any concessions from us* ‘in the hope that it might do some good,’ but to commit themselves to nothing.

“When we asked the Border States, ‘Suppose the North concedes what you ask, will you join them in forcing the South to obey the laws?’ ‘No,’ was the reply, ‘but we should hope that such concessions would lead to a settlement, and we will do all we peaceably can to bring this about.’ . . . Our only policy then was to stand firm, and, as the Fourth of March was approaching, when the weak old Buchanan and his Cabi-

net would go out, to make all the time we could in the Peace Convention and avert, as long as possible, the onslaught of the better prepared South, which was plainly impending. . . . So the Massachusetts delegates introduced a resolution calling upon the representatives of the Border States, who had asked us to meet them, for 'a statement of the grievances which we were asked to redress.'

“This led to long debates, and some of us who had not the gift of speaking, and could read the reports of the convention in print, turned our thoughts naturally to some other modes of saving the Union.” (JOHN MURRAY FORBES, *Letters and Recollections*, edited by his daughter, Sarah Forbes Hughes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899.)

Mr. Forbes wrote a draft for a report of the Peace Commission to Governor Andrew, in which he said: “We have no belief that any absolute settlement was practicable, short of an entire subversion of the constitutional rights of the majority of the people of the United States.”

Page 195, note 1. Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew, came to North Carolina in early youth, and became a prominent lawyer and politician in New Orleans. He was a leading secessionist and was Secretary of War, and, later, of State, to the Confederacy. After the war, he was a noted practitioner of law in England. He died in Paris.

Page 202, note 1. Count Adam Gurowski, a Polish patriot, exiled for his part in revolutionary politics at home, came to America and became a student and man of letters.

Page 206, note 1. Yet, in these weeks, Lowell was by no means spending all his time on the “personal matter” of getting permission to give his best powers and life to his Country in the army. Mr. Forbes had purchased two steamers for

the transportation of Massachusetts troops and stores, and Lowell was arranging for a supply of coal for one of these, the "Cambridge;" also about unloading the supplies for the troops, and perhaps selling her to the government.

Page 206, note 2. *Oakfield*, a story of army life in India, by an officer, the brother of Matthew Arnold, which seems to have created a stir in England at the time.

Page 208, note 1. The wise precaution of guarding the Massachusetts Arsenal at Cambridge from traitorous injury or theft had been taken, and a volunteer company largely composed of Harvard students and graduates was stationed there.

Page 212, note 1. Miss Anna Lowell, his younger sister, became an army nurse in the hospitals at Washington, and devoted herself to this service throughout the war.

Page 212, note 2. As for our good and great War-Governor, the doubts concerning him when elected, his early unpopularity, and his triumphant record, I quote the words of that admirable citizen, the late Colonel Henry Lee of his staff:—

“ Meeting the Governor just after his election, at a political levee, I refrained from joining in the congratulations generally expressed because I was afraid he might be one-sided and indiscreet, deficient in common sense and practical ability. . . . I unexpectedly received a summons to a position upon his staff. . . . Work began at once. But it is needless to repeat the hundred-times-told tale of Governor Andrew’s military preparations, the glory whereof has since been comfortably adopted by Massachusetts as her own — by right of eminent domain, perhaps — whereas in fact nearly all Massachusetts derided and abused him at the time, and the glory was really as much his individual property as his coat and hat.

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“The war had begun, and Massachusetts, that denounced State which was to have been left out in the cold, had despatched within one week *five* Regiments of Infantry, *one* Battalion of Riflemen, and one Battery of Artillery, armed, clothed, and equipped. Behind every great movement stands the man, and that man behind this movement was the ridiculed, despised fanatic, John A. Andrew. As the least backwardness on the part of Massachusetts, whose sons had done more than all others to promote the ‘irrepressible conflict,’ would have endangered the Union and exposed us to the plottings and concessions of the Conservatives and ‘Copperheads,’ so her prompt response, in consequence of the courage and foresight of her Governor, strengthened the timid, rebuked the disaffected, cemented the Union, fused the whole country into one glow of patriotism.

“Saint Paul was not more suddenly or more thoroughly converted than were many of those who had, up to that week, been loudest in their lamentations, or denunciations of the Governor. Rich men poured in their gifts. . . . Conservatives and Democrats rushed to pay their respects and to applaud the very acts which they had so deplored and ridiculed.” (*Memoir of Henry Lee*, by John T. Morse, Jr. Boston: Little & Brown, 1905.)

Page 216, note 1. One soldier, certainly, of those enlisted by Lowell, on the very day he wrote this letter, proved a credit to his Country’s service in all the grades from lowest to highest. The following letter was received by me, in answer to one of inquiry, from Lieutenant-General Chaffee, lately retired: —

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, August 26, 1906.

DEAR Mr. EMERSON, — I have your letter, dated the 17th instant. While I was not the first, I was one of the first dozen

enlisted by General Lowell at Warren, Ohio, in the summer of 1861; my hand being held up on the 22d of July.

On that day, I was *en route* from my home to Columbus, Ohio, to enlist in the 23d Ohio Volunteers. Walking along Main Street, in Warren, I observed a recruiting-poster on the wall of a building, with a picture of a mounted soldier. I stopped for a moment to take in the situation and read, "Recruits wanted for the United States Army." Standing in a near-by door was a fine looking man in uniform, and he said to me, "Young man, don't you wish to enlist?" I told him of my intention to join the 23d Ohio. He at once set forth the advantages of the cavalry service *and the Regular Army* in such fascinating terms that within fifteen minutes I determined to accept his opinion of what was best for me to do.

I enlisted in his troop — K, Sixth Cavalry — and served as an enlisted man in the troop until May 12, 1863, on which date I received my commission as second lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry. I left the regiment on promotion to major, July, 1888.

At date of my appointment as lieutenant, Captain Lowell was on detached service or on leave of absence, and I believe he never thereafter served with the Sixth Cavalry, except as its brigade commander in the Shenandoah Valley, he being at the time Colonel of the Second Massachusetts.

I knew General Lowell only as an enlisted soldier may know his captain in the regular service. He was my instructor, I his obedient soldier. There were, of course, no discussions of campaigns or superior officers in my hearing, — so observations of him when captain of my troop in camp and battle, and occasionally later, when in command of the Reserve Brigade, is all I know of him of a personal nature. . . .

None of them [the technically educated line-officers of the regiment] in my opinion equalled his activity and great enthusiasm as an officer of cavalry.

For self-control, personal courage, daring exposure to wounds or death in battle, I did not see his equal during the war. For bravery he is yet, after forty years of experience in the Army, my idol—*the brave officer*. As he was viewed from the *ranks*, he seemed unconscious that he possessed bravery in larger degree than usual with men. He was not one to do anything for mere show. . . . During the Valley Campaign an officer suggested more caution, less unnecessary exposure to the fire of the enemy; whereupon General Lowell remarked that *the bullet had not been moulded that would harm him*. In less than a month he was struck twice—both the same day—the last his fatal hurt. . . .

Captain Lowell was always kind to his men, duly considerate of all faults and failures on their part; he was, nevertheless, strict in his discipline.

I regret not being able to assist you materially in the special direction you mention, — his actions, words, etc., that marked his individuality.

I simply recollect that he was always ready, always enthusiastic in whatever of duty came to his lot, — *splendid officer*.

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Very truly,

ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

Page 218, note 1. Mrs. Lowell was carrying out a plan for supplying army work to the wives of soldiers.

Page 220, note 1. Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke commanded, during the Peninsular Campaign (under

General Stoneman, Chief of Cavalry), the Cavalry Reserve, consisting of Emory's and Blake's brigades. Major Laurence Williams then commanded the Sixth Cavalry.

Page 221, note 1. Major Higginson, in giving the Soldiers' Field, said of James Lowell: —

“One of them was first scholar in his class — thoughtful, kind, affectionate, gentle, full of solicitude about his companions and about his duties. He was wounded in a very early fight in the war, and after his recovery and a hard campaign on the Peninsula, was killed at Glendale. . . . Hear his own words: ‘When the Class meets, in years to come, and honours its statesmen and judges, its divines and doctors, let also the score who went to fight for their country be remembered, and let not those who never returned be forgotten.’ If you had known James Lowell, you would never have forgotten him.”

I add this account of James Lowell's parting from life, given by Professor Francis J. Child in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*: “When our troops moved on, and orders came for all who could to fall in, he insisted on Patten's (his 2d lieutenant) leaving him. . . . ‘I have written them all. Tell them how it was, Pat.’ The officers of his regiment who went to bid him farewell tell us that the grasp of his hand was warm and firm and his countenance smiling and happy. He desired that his father might be told that he was struck while dressing the line of his men. Besides this he had no message but ‘Good-bye.’ He expressed a wish that his sword might not fall into the enemy's hands — a wish that was faithfully attended to by Colonel Palfrey,¹ through whose personal care it was preserved and sent home. . . .

¹ Francis Winthrop Palfrey, Colonel of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, and later brevetted Brigadier-General U. S. V., a good soldier,

“Two of our surgeons, who had been left with the wounded at the farm, were much impressed with his behaviour, and one of them told the Rebel officers to talk with *him*, if they wished to know how a Northern officer thought and felt. . . .

“While the soul of this noble young soldier was passing slowly away, his sister, who had for some time been serving as volunteer nurse on a hospital steamer, which was lying at Harrison’s Bar on the James River, only a few miles off, heard of his dangerous wound, and tried every expedient to get to him, but without success.”

Page 222, note 1. General Emory, formerly Lowell’s colonel, regarded Lowell as the best officer appointed from civil life he had ever known.

Page 223, note 1. Colonel Francis C. Barlow, a man of extraordinary gifts, who had graduated at Harvard the year after Lowell, — like him, first scholar in his class. He enlisted as a private, April 19, 1861, was married on the 20th, and sent to the seat of war on the 21st. Distinguishing himself on every field on which he fought, he rose rapidly in the service, and, though badly wounded again and again, returned to the field, and was at the close of the war Major-General of Volunteers. Lieutenant-General Miles said of him: “The clear and comprehensive intellect that had enabled him to pass his rivals in his educational race also enabled him to absorb the books on military affairs, and to acquire a useful knowledge of military history. Within a few months he had made himself absolute master of military tactics. It was as familiar to him as the alphabet or the multiplication table, and equally so were the Army Regulations. He not only knew what they required, and the author of the volume *Antietam and Fredericksburg*, No. V, in “Campaigns of the Civil War.”

but comprehended the principles and was enabled to comply with them, and also to instruct his subordinates."

More will be said of General Barlow in a later note.

Page 225, note 1. This was the great battle of the Antietam, at Sharpsburg, Maryland. The friends here mentioned were officers of the Twentieth and Second Infantry, two of the best regiments that Massachusetts sent to the war. Colonel Palfrey of the Twentieth has already been mentioned. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. (now Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States), was captain in the same regiment. His father, the Doctor, has told the story ("My Hunt after the [wounded] Captain") in his works. Norwood P. Hallowell became colonel of the Fifty-Fifth Massachusetts (coloured) regiment. Dr. Edward Revere (a grandson of Paul Revere), a noble man and devoted surgeon in the Twentieth, after arduous work among the wounded under fire, was shot dead as he rose from operating on a hurt soldier. Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight, early in the war, wrote, after hearing of a military success elsewhere, "I had rather lose my life to-morrow *in a victory* than save it for fifty years without one. When I speak of myself as not there, I mean the Massachusetts Second in whose fortunes and hopes I merge my own." He had been largely instrumental in raising that, the first three-years regiment from his State. His wish was granted.

Lieutenant Francis Welch Crowninshield was a youth of delicate constitution, whose great spirit carried him through the whole period of the war, although he was struck by bullets at Winchester, Antietam, Chancellorsville, and elsewhere. Yet he steadily returned to his regiment, the Second Massachusetts Infantry, which he encouraged to reënlist. He became a captain, shared in the actions of the Atlanta Campaign,

and, in spite of his frequent injuries, marched through to the sea with Sherman. The year after the war ended, his constitution succumbed to the effects of wounds and exposure, and he died in Italy. Of Robert Shaw much has been already, and will be, said in this volume.

William Dwight Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts, a good and strong man, well born, and of excellent attainments, was practising law in St. Louis when the war broke out. Eager in his patriotism, he at once joined the Second Massachusetts Infantry as a first lieutenant. The next year he was placed on the staff of his uncle, the gallant and loved General Sedgwick, with the rank of Major and Assistant Adjutant-General. While carrying orders at Antietam he was shot in the spine, and died in the hospital ten days later.

The stories of all these officers are told in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*.

Page 225, note 2. Lowell said no word of his important service, as one of the aides of the general in command, in helping to rally General Sedgwick's division, of the Second Corps, broken and retreating before the terrible fire. An officer who recognized him said, "I shall never forget the effect of his appearance. He seemed a part of his horse, and instinct with a perfect animal life. At the same time his eyes glistened and his face literally shone with the spirit and intelligence of which he was the embodiment. He was the ideal of the *preux chevalier*. After I was wounded, one of my first anxieties was to know what had become of him; for it seemed to me that no mounted man could have lived through the storm of bullets that swept the wood just after I saw him enter it." (See Professor Peirce's *Life of Lowell* in the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*.)

Page 226, note 1. "Young Bob," also mentioned in the letter from Harrison's Landing, was a vigorous young horse, raised by Mr. Forbes at Naushon, and given by him to Lowell.

This is the story of the day from the orderly's point of view: "At the battle of Antietam, the Captain was carrying orders from General McClellan to every Corps Commander. He went with some orders to General Hooker on the right: when we got there, the men were coming back in disorder, and the Captain went in and helped rally them, and a solid shot struck his scabbard and shivered it to pieces. He told me, before he got back to Headquarters, that Berold [a handsome, tall sorrel] was giving out, — he could only trot, — and he told me to take the saddle and put it on Bob. When I took the saddle off Berold, there was two great lumps on each side of him as big as a hen's egg. He had been shot. I kept the Captain's scabbard a long time, and, when we started for Boston, he took the sabre and would not let me keep the scabbard, but told me to throw it away. I wanted him to keep his overcoat that he got shot full of holes, but he said No, and gave it to a coloured man after the battle of Antietam."

Page 226, note 2. Lowell evidently gives the figures as then estimated by his General, whose foible was, as Lowell later appreciated, the over-estimating of the enemy's strength. As a matter of fact, now conceded, Lee had the smaller army. General Palfrey, who endeavours judiciously to sift the varying statements on both sides, calls attention to the fact that, of the 87,000 troops which General McClellan reports that he had at the battle, two corps and the cavalry hardly had any share, thus reducing the force to less than 60,000; and adds: "If

any allowance be made for the notorious difference between morning report, totals, and effectives in action, it will appear that the Federals engaged cannot have outnumbered the Confederates in more than the proportion of three to two, and probably did not outnumber them so much. This is by no means large odds when the attacking force has to deal with a force occupying a strong defensive position, as the Confederates confessedly did, and one where the ground was admirably adapted for the safe and secret and rapid transfer of their troops from a less pressed to a more pressed portion of their line."

Page 230, note 1. This was but eight days before General McClellan was removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Page 230, note 2. Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, whose name has been given to a city where he promoted successful manufacturing interests, was not only a leading citizen of Boston, but brave, generous, and active in measures tending to resist the encroachments of the slave power before the war, and, when the strife began, in efforts to carry it on to a righteous and successful end. He was associated with Mr. Forbes in founding the Union Club in Boston, the Loyal Publication Society, and especially in the business of recruiting soldiers for the Volunteer Regiments of Massachusetts, as wisely and economically as possible, at a time when it was exceedingly hard to secure men. This difficulty it was which probably gave rise to the proposition to raise a battalion instead of a regiment. Colonel Lowell's other Boston correspondent must have misunderstood the proposition, for it certainly was not proposed to raise "home-guard" cavalry.

Page 232, note 1. Major-General Fitz John Porter, com-

manding the Fifth Army Corps, an officer of excellent record in the Peninsular Campaign, was accused by General Pope of disobedience to his orders before and during the battles near Manassas, August 28 and 29, 1862. A court-martial found him guilty. After the war, when the excitement had subsided, President Hayes convened a board of officers of high character and ability, who were free from personal relations to that campaign, Major-General Schofield, Brigadier-General Terry, and Colonel Getty. After a careful and patient examination of the case, including much new and important evidence which could not be procured at the time of the court-martial, this board completely exonerated General Porter from the charges on which the court-martial had found him guilty.

Page 233, note 1. Relative positions were now reversed, as Captain Lowell had been detailed to raise and drill the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, and his mother had been summoned to Washington, to the bedside of her daughter Anna, a nurse in Armory Square Military Hospital, who had fallen ill.

Page 234, note 1. The New England Loyal Publication Society had this origin:—

Mr. John M. Forbes kept an eye on the newspapers or other publications, irrespective of party, for any strong and sensible paragraph, speech, or article advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war. In the midst of all his important public and private works, he had these copied and multiplied and sent, at his expense, all over the country, especially to local newspapers. When the work became too serious an undertaking for one man, he formed the society, which became an important and efficient agency, during the last three years of the war, for the spreading of sound doctrines in politics and

finance. Party and personal issues were excluded. Mr. Charles Eliot Norton took charge of the work as editor, and James B. Thayer, Esq., was the secretary. The Executive Committee were J. M. Forbes, President; William Endicott, Treasurer; C. E. Norton, J. B. Thayer, Edward Atkinson, Martin Brimmer, Rev. E. E. Hale, Henry B. Rogers, Professor W. B. Rogers, Samuel G. Ward.

Page 235, note 1. Readville, near Boston, was then the principal camp of assembly and instruction, and the Second Massachusetts Cavalry and the Fifty-Fourth Infantry were camped side by side. The latter was the first coloured regiment that went to the war from New England. It was regarded as a dangerous and doubtful experiment, — by some persons as a wicked one. Part of the men were obtained in Massachusetts, but a great number of them from Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, by the energy and patriotism of Major George L. Stearns. Braving much hostile public opinion and ridicule, the field officers of the regiment, and many of the line, left white regiments to make the Fifty-Fourth a success.

The Colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, had served with credit in the Second Massachusetts Infantry; the Lieutenant-Colonel, Norwood Penrose Hallowell, a gallant fighter of Quaker stock, had already served in the same regiment, and later became Colonel of the Fifty-Fifth, while his brother Edward succeeded him as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-Fourth.

Major Higginson in his address, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Field, said of Robert Shaw: —

“I first saw him one evening in our first camp at Brook Farm — a beautiful, sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy, gay and droll and winning in his ways. In those early days of camp

life, we fellows were a bit homesick, and longed for the company of girls . . . and I fell in love with this boy, and have not fallen out yet. He was of a very simple and manly nature — steadfast and affectionate, human to the last degree, without much ambition, except to do his plain duty. You should have seen Robert Shaw as he, with his chosen officers, led away from Boston his black men of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts amid the cheers of his townsmen. Presently he took them up to the assault of Fort Wagner, and was buried with them there in the trench.”

Page 235, note 2. Of the summer of 1862, Mr. Forbes wrote in his notes: —

“In that summer I had the satisfaction of getting up the Committee of a Hundred for promoting the use of blacks as soldiers, and acted as chairman of it.

“We raised, I think, about \$100,000 by subscription among the most conservative Republicans. . . . I was able to do something towards the choice of the right officers, as well as in raising the men.”

Page 238, note 1. Major William H. Forbes commanded a Massachusetts battalion, Major D. W. C. Thompson the California Battalion, which had only landed in New York on April 14 and had, consequently, been but a month in camp at Readville. This was of less importance, as the Californians were all good riders, and had probably had some elementary instruction in military duties and drill before sailing. The First Battalion, under Major Caspar Crowninshield, already serving in the Peninsula, contained the “California Hundred,” under Captain J. Sewall Reed, and several Massachusetts companies. These components of the regiment became thoroughly welded by the active service in the Valley, but at

first the state line was sharply drawn by the soldiers. Lieutenant S. W. Backus, in his reminiscences of the regiment, wrote: —

“While we were comparatively recruits, marching past other troops, whenever the question was asked, ‘What regiment is that?’ the answer would come from one part of the line ‘California Hundred,’ from another ‘California Battalion,’ and from still another, ‘Second Massachusetts Cavalry.’ No wonder the questioners were often puzzled to know who we really were. We soon, however, overcame this folly, and to say we belonged to the Second Massachusetts Cavalry was honour enough in our minds.” But the Lieutenant adds, with amusing recurrence to the first thought: —

“We, however, indulged ourselves in the thought that the Californians really did constitute the regiment, and with this idea we felt satisfied that we would not completely lose our identity.”

Page 239, note 1. Captain Henry S. Russell, of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, had been detailed to help in preparing for the field the Second Cavalry, of which he was to be second in command. He had been left behind to secure and forward recruits to the regiment. I copy the following from Mr. John M. Forbes’s *Reminiscences*: “Harry had distinguished himself in the Second Infantry, under Gordon, as a good soldier, reaching the rank of captain, and then had suffered himself to be captured at the battle of Cedar Mountain, under Banks, where he stood by his mortally wounded friend James Savage, and passed some months in prison. . . . He left the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, where he was lieutenant-colonel, to recruit the Fifth (coloured) Cavalry, as colonel. This regiment got its first impetus from a tele-

gram which I received one day, when on a visit to Washington, from Governor Andrew, directing me to see Secretary Stanton, and apply for leave to recruit a regiment of coloured cavalry. It was a time when recruiting was beginning to flag, and, taking the message in my pocket, I soon got access to the Secretary, with whom I was always on good terms, and within five minutes of showing the message leave was given to go ahead; and Harry gave up his easier place of lieutenant-colonel in a splendid white regiment to build up the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry (coloured), which, however, was destined to do most of its work unmounted." Colonel Russell was wounded, but survived the war. A man of courage and decision, and with a natural dignity and military habit in dealing with men, he was singularly kind and modest. He served the city of Boston to much purpose and with honourable fidelity, first as Commissioner of Police, and later of the Fire Department, for many years.

Page 239, note 2. The bounteous hospitality extended to all regiments and soldiers passing through this city, by the Philadelphia Volunteer Relief Association during the war, is held in grateful remembrance.

Page 240, note 1. Brigadier-General Silas Casey, U. S. V., a veteran of the Seminole and Mexican wars and service in the Puget Sound District, was then assisting in organizing the troops in and around Washington. In the following year he distinguished himself as a division commander at Fair Oaks. He was the author of *Infantry Tactics* adopted by the Government in 1862.

The summons sent, nine days later, by General Casey to Colonel Lowell, preparing him to take the field, showed that he had seen good promise in the regiment.

Page 243, note 1. Dr. Lincoln Ripley Stone, of Watertown, Massachusetts, was the surgeon of the Fifty-Fourth.

Page 244, note 1. This was during the lull following the defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville, and while Lee was planning the invasion of the North which was checked at Gettysburg.

Page 246, note 1. Edwin M. Stanton, the vigorous and patriotic Secretary of War, had probably met Lowell, when he came, sent by General McClellan, to present to the President the sheaf of Rebel battle-flags captured at Antietam. He had heard from Governor Andrew and Mr. Forbes of Lowell's prompt quelling of the mutiny of the bounty-jumpers in Boston, as well as of the daring and intelligence shown in the conduct of his squadron of United States Cavalry in the Peninsula.

Page 247, note 1. Soon after, Rev. Charles A. Humphreys was appointed Chaplain of the Second Cavalry, and joined the regiment in Virginia. He was cordially received and treated with consideration by Colonel Lowell, and remained with the regiment until the close of the war, except during some months in the summer and autumn of 1864, when he was in a Southern prison with Major Forbes and Lieutenant Amory, all having been captured in a disastrous fight at Zion's Church. Mr. Humphreys held his Colonel in the highest esteem. He wrote an article about him, in the *Harvard Monthly*, in February, 1886, to which I am indebted. It was through Chaplain Humphreys' instrumentality that the marble bust of Colonel Lowell, which adorns the Memorial Hall, at Cambridge, was made by the sculptor Daniel Chester French,— a gift of the officers and friends of the regiment.

Page 254, note 1. Professor Francis J. Child, the accom-

plished and genial scholar, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, later of English, at Harvard College, and remembered by his admirable editing of *English and Scottish Ballads*, was an ardent and useful patriot. His spirited collection, *War Songs for Freemen*, set to stirring tunes, were sung in the college yard by youths, many of whom soon left their studies for the front.

This letter shows surprising foresight in Lowell. Lee's invasion began immediately afterward, was checked at Gettysburg, and Vicksburg fell before Grant; but within a week draft riots in Boston and New York, dangerous and bloody, broke out and were sternly suppressed. In spite of the defeats, the Rebel power was not broken. The Presidential election was a great victory, and England did not dare to aid the Confederates; yet the war dragged slowly until Grant's advance on Richmond began, in May. In spite of his siege of Richmond, Washington was again endangered in July, 1864, and Maryland and Pennsylvania threatened by Early even later.

Page 255, note I. Colonel Lowell's opinion of McClellan as man, citizen, and soldier, should carry some weight, as coming from a man of high standards and "in friendship stern," who had been closely associated with McClellan in times of his severest trial, by the enemy before him and the Administration behind him. As to politics, and his becoming a candidate in opposition to Lincoln, evidently Lowell felt that McClellan had made a great mistake, but, like many another honest soldier in the field before and since, was innocently the victim of a party whose designs he did not fathom. It should be remembered too, that, rightly or wrongly, McClellan evidently felt that interference by a civilian Administration had thwarted and clogged his movements and

plans in carrying on the war, which, of course, was, at the time, the one great issue for the country. Lowell also often felt that the President's course with regard to matters relating to army discipline and the conduct of the war was halting or unwise, yet, as matters stood, he considered it all-important that he be reelected and McClellan defeated. Mrs. Lowell wrote of her husband, that he "cared very much for General McClellan, and had a great respect for him as a man and a patriot. He always defended him against attacks. I remember his saying that the trouble with him as a general was, that he had a very high ideal of excellence for his army and felt painfully every deficiency, never realizing that the enemy was in much worse plight than he himself, but fancying them to be in perfect condition in every particular, and so was anxious not to come to close quarters until he could bring his army to a state of perfection too."

Major Henry L. Higginson has done me the kindness to send me this little wayside memory, as it were, of the Antietam campaign, much to the purpose.

November 5, 1906.

"In September, 1862, our regiment (First Massachusetts Cavalry) had just been brought from the South. The senior officers were away, and I was in command of such part of it as was together — one battalion having been left at the South. As we went through Washington, coming from Alexandria, I went into Headquarters to see if I could find Charles Lowell; and he was there, and in very good spirits, because General McClellan had just been put into command again; for the army had had a terrible lot of beating under Pope, was much disorganized by these reverses, and was just going through Maryland in such order as the soldiers came in.

“I did n’t see Charles again until one day during the same week, when we stopped for our nooning. The country was covered with soldiers in every direction, — in the roads, and fields, and everywhere else, — and they were all marching northerly. Noticing a lot of good tents near by, I asked what they were, and was told it was Headquarters; so I went up and found Charles there. He and I lay on the grass during an idle half hour, and he told me about General McClellan. He had been on his staff some time, after having served with his regiment on the Peninsula, and he had pretty distinct ideas about the man on whom so much depended. He said to me, ‘He is a great strategist, and the men have much faith in him. He makes his plans admirably, makes all his preparations so as to be ready for any emergency, just as the Duke of Wellington did, and unlike the Duke of Wellington, when he comes to strike, he does n’t strike in a determined fashion; that is, he prepares very well and then does n’t do the best thing — strike hard.’ Now, of course, that conversation was confidential and could n’t have been repeated at the time, nor was it; but look at the two battles! In a day or two we fought at South Mountain, and I lay on the extreme outpost the night before the fight. I saw the troops come by, — these demoralized troops, full of the devil, laughing and talking, — and saw them go up South Mountain on all sides and pitch the enemy out quickly and without hesitation. It was a beautiful field to see and the fight was beautifully done, but the Johnnies never had a chance. We were in greater force, and the attack was made at various points. It was a very gallant action. That was Sunday morning, and the fight continued through the day.

“If General McClellan had pushed right on with the army

on all sides, both there and at Crampton's Gap, and everywhere else, he would have beaten the Southern army more readily at the next fight. We could have gone on that night, for we did no fighting at all, and there was cavalry enough and plenty of infantry that also could have gone on. Monday we crossed the mountain and rode along until we came to Sharpsburg and the Antietam Creek. There lay Lee's men in excellent position, and there they remained until we fought them. The army was up that night, and McClellan came by somewhere about six o'clock, and was cheered all along the line as he rode to the front. It was Tuesday afternoon before we did anything, and Wednesday came the great fight. If you will read McClellan's diary, you will see that he fought at one point, then fought at another, and then at another. He told Burnside to move at either eight or half-past eight. Charley took the order to Burnside. Burnside moved at twelve. If McClellan had been a little uglier, he would have dropped Burnside right out, at nine o'clock, and somebody would have made the attack at once that was made at twelve. If this had been done, striking hard on the left, it would have cut off Lee from Shepherd's Ford, and he would have had no other retreat. If McClellan had struck on the left and on the right at the same time, it would have been very confusing to General Lee, and it would have cut off the reinforcements that came in that day.

“I am not accurate, of course, in my statements about details, but the general story is this : that, having made excellent preparations, and having an army that was fighting well, he did n't strike as hard as he could — and it was just what Charley had said. His strategy was excellent, but his movements were slow, and when the decisive moment came, he hesitated. You

should remember, by the way, that General McClellan had Lee's order to his subordinates in his own hands on Saturday night. You may remember that General D. H. Hill lost his orders; one of our men found them and took them to General McClellan, and he read them Saturday night, which of course was an immense advantage to us.

“Charles's opinion about McClellan was of course confidential, then. Now it is a matter of history; but there was the judgment of a very keen, clear-sighted man, who had great powers of analysis, and who had a very high opinion of his commanding officer, and who was entirely loyal to him.”

Lowell, then, though quite aware of General McClellan's limitations, respected his character, and, withal, his important services to the country in creating and training an efficient army, — services which are too often ignored. It is well to recall the facts: an engineer officer — with short but creditable experience in the war with Mexico, then employed as teacher at West Point and as explorer on the Plains and in the Mountains, who had had indeed an opportunity at British headquarters in the Crimea to watch an ill-conducted war, and then returned to command of a cavalry squadron in peace at home, then resigned and became for four years a railroad manager — found himself, at the age of thirty-six, commander of a vast but unskilled and untrained army, in a fierce and determined struggle for the existence of a nation. General F. A. Palfrey, a military critic who admits McClellan's failure as a great commander, yet says, “Under him ‘the uprising of a great people’ became a powerful military engine. His forces were never worsted, or decisively beaten by the enemy. They never came in contact with the enemy without inflicting a heavy loss upon him. He never knocked his head against a

wall, as Burnside did at Fredericksburg ; never drew back his hand when victory was within his grasp, as Hooker did at Chancellorsville ; he never spilt blood vainly by a parallel attack upon gallantly defended works, as Grant did at Cold Harbour. He took too good care of his army. His general management of the move from the lines before Richmond to the James was wise and successful, though, if he had been a fighter instead of a planner, . . . the movement might have been, as it ought to have been, attended with vastly greater proportionate loss to the Confederates, and perhaps have been concluded by a crushing defeat at Malvern Hill."

Page 258, note 1. The invasion of the North was beginning, by way of the Shenandoah Valley, and Hooker, intent on guarding Washington, had not yet started in pursuit. Mosby, with his guerrilla band, had crossed the Potomac into Maryland on the night of the 10th and 11th, and Lowell was telegraphed : "Go where you please in pursuit of Mosby !" and promptly set out ; but unfortunately before the message came Mosby had made his raid, re-crossed to Virginia and scattered his band.

Page 258, note 2. The subject of this letter's just praise was Mr. John Murray Forbes. He was not "Cousin John" to Lowell, but the bond of friendship and trust was so strong between the men that, as he was Miss Shaw's kinsman, Lowell liked to take advantage of the kinship, before his marriage should entitle him to it. Mr. Forbes was at this time in England, a private citizen sent by his government on a mission of vital importance. I copy from his *Reminiscences*, privately printed, the same story I have heard from his own lips : —

"All through the early months of 1863 the alarm in regard

to the Laird ironclads had been increasing until, one Saturday morning in March, I received a telegram from Secretary Chase of the Treasury asking me to meet him the next morning, Sunday, in New York, where Secretary Welles of the Navy would also be. I was half ill, but could not refuse, and so met the two Secretaries and W. H. Aspinwall at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, as requested. They wished Aspinwall and me to go at once to England, and see what could be done in the way of selling United States bonds, and stopping the outfit of Confederate cruisers, and especially ironclads. We agreed to go, and we were asked to draw our own instructions, which we did, making them very general in their terms, the main features being a very wide discretion and the unrestricted use of ten million of 5-20s then just being prepared for issue to the public on this side, but not yet countersigned. It was thought necessary that I should embark by the Cunard steamer of Wednesday from Boston, and that Aspinwall should follow with the bonds in a week. I returned home that night, packed up my baggage, left my business, and started, as arranged on Wednesday, the 18th of March. . . . Aspinwall agreed to bring one of his old steamship captains as an expert, to help us in our examination of the British shipyards, then reported to be swarming with the outfitting Rebel cruisers." Mr. Forbes went to the Barings "and suggested, as a first want, that they should put at my disposal £500,000, for which they were to have perhaps \$4,000,000 of 5-20s as security." This required consideration. Mr. Joshua Bates, of the firm, "was the best of Americans, and he was always for the strongest measures. His consultation with Mr. Baring resulted in their handing me a bank-book with £500,000 at my credit, subject to cash draft; and so, when Aspinwall arrived, a week later, our

finances were all right, and he deposited the 5-20s in Baring's vaults, part as security for the money, and the rest subject to our orders." Mr. Forbes used every effort to show the English where "their sympathy was due, and that, as neutral, it was their duty to stop the sailing of the ironclads known to be built for the Confederacy." The Society of Friends and the Peace Society were friendly, but cold; and, bad as things were, he wrote, "Bright, Cobden, W. E. Forster, the Duke of Argyle, and a few others were with us heartily and took bold ground in our cause; but, generally speaking, the aristocracy and the trading classes were solid against us. Gladstone . . . had not found out the merits of our cause, and Lord John Russell, called a liberal member of the Cabinet, was with official insolence sneering, even in a public speech, at what he called 'the once United States.'" Mr. Forbes worked hard to quicken the sympathies of the Society of Friends. His coming was welcomed by our brave minister, Charles Francis Adams, whose task had become indeed anxious and heavy. The work of selling the 5-20s in England and on the Continent was pushed, the purchase of the most threatening ironclads, which had been contemplated, proved impracticable. Then Mr. Adams took the final step. On the 5th of September he wrote to Lord Russell: "At this moment, when one of the ironclad vessels is on the point of departure from this kingdom on a hostile errand against the United States, it would be superfluous for me to point out to your lordship that *this is war.*"

The answer (Sept. 8) was: "Instructions have been issued which will prevent the departure of these two ironclad vessels from Liverpool."

Page 262, note 1. One company of the Fifty-Fourth Massa-

chusetts Regiment had been part of a force under Colonel Montgomery, an old Kansas fighter, which had burned the village of Darien, Georgia. See Colonel Lowell's letter of June 26, to Hon. William Whiting of Massachusetts.

Page 262, note 2. Major Caspar Crowninshield of Boston, noted in college for his great strength and rowing prowess in victories of Harvard over Yale, had done good service in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry. Thence he was commissioned Major of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, took the field in command of the First Battalion, and continued in service throughout the war. After Colonel Russell's promotion to the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry he became lieutenant-colonel, and, as such, commanded the regiment from the moment that Colonel Lowell commanded a brigade. After the colonel's death, he, for a time, commanded the Reserve Brigade.

Page 262, note 3. Major Higginson's wounds from shot and sabre proved so severe as to necessitate his resignation, after a long period of suffering. His brother was, as here reported, taken prisoner on the same field. Captain Lucius Manlius Sargent, left for dead on the field, recovered, and did active service until December, 1864, when he was killed in action at Bellfield, Virginia. Captain Adams, the son of our minister to England, has since become well known as a good citizen and author.

Page 265, note 1. Semmes commanded the rebel privateer Alabama, which did enormous mischief to our commerce, by burning ships at sea.

Colonel Lowell was, in the following year, obliged, under orders of Grant and Sheridan, to take part in the wholesale destruction of crops and factories, and driving off of cattle in

the Shenandoah Valley, but this was an important strategic measure to cut off supplies from a great storehouse and high-way of the Confederate armies.

Page 267, note 1. General Hooker, commanding the Army of the Potomac, sent this order to Lowell, who was at Poolesville, Maryland, watching the Potomac for spies, blockade-runners, guerrillas, or important raids. Lowell obeyed, and reported to Slocum, and was sent to Sandy Hook. June 28, Major-General Schenck, commanding Middle Department at Baltimore, was hastily notified from Washington: "A strong brigade of the enemy's cavalry have crossed . . . near Poolesville. Colonel Lowell, with five companies of the 2d Mass. Cavalry, who are there, should be warned, so that he may be ready for an attack." Then Halleck, General-in-Chief, learned that Lowell was not there, and telegraphed Hooker: "Lowell's cavalry is the only force for scouts in this department, and he cannot be taken from General Heintzelman's command." Lowell was also telegraphed to take no orders from General Hooker, and to return and watch the fords from Poolesville to Harper's Ferry. But unhappily Stuart had passed in his absence. Lowell's force was not large enough to cope with the rebel force, had he been there, and the raid seems to have resulted in more good than harm. General Doubleday, in his *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*, says: "It is thought that he [Stuart] hoped by threatening Hooker's rear to detain him and delay his crossing the river, and thus give time to Lee to capture Harrisburg, and perhaps Philadelphia. His raid on this occasion was undoubtedly a mistake. When he rejoined the main body, his men were exhausted, his horses broken down, and the battle of Gettysburg was nearly over."

Page 269, note 1. Colonel Lowell, in a report to head-

quarters at Washington during this pursuit, telling that the enemy are apparently out of reach, unless driven back towards him by Hooker's cavalry, cheerfully ends thus: "Rations are out to-day, but I can manage, if you have any information that they are likely to return this way. Shall wait here for orders from you."

Page 271, note 1. Major-General George G. Meade had just been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, *vice* Hooker resigned, a position which he kept until the end of the war, though, in its last year, acting immediately under the orders of General Grant, who was with that army in the field.

Page 276, note 1. On July 14, General Lee succeeded in re-crossing the Potomac into Virginia, before General Meade felt ready to assume the responsibility of attacking him, and was now comfortably retreating by the way he came, down the rich Shenandoah Valley. He needed watching lest he venture some bold stroke through the gaps in the Blue Ridge toward Washington. Even before he came, Lowell had been sent to make some thorough reconnoissances of the passes, and had done so, inflicting and suffering some loss, and bringing in prisoners.

Page 279, note 1. General David McM. Gregg had known Lowell in the Peninsula, having been a captain with him in the Sixth U. S. Cavalry.

Page 280, note 1. George Washington Smalley, a graduate of Yale, and lawyer by profession, was the war-correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. He was for a time on General Fremont's Staff. He was correspondent for the same journal in the Austro-Prussian war, and then in London established the European edition of the *Tribune*. Still later, he was connected with the *London Times*.

Page 280, note 2. George William Curtis, good citizen, patriot, writer, and orator, had married Miss Shaw's older sister.

Page 285, note 1. From Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior," a poem that Lowell in his youth had greatly cared for, and which was strangely descriptive of his later career.

Page 286, note 1. The story, in brief, of the gallant but unsuccessful assault upon Battery Wagner in Charleston harbour is this: The Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment (coloured), after some six weeks' service in Georgia and South Carolina, where it won respect and praise, even from original scoffers, had, at Colonel Shaw's request, been transferred to General Strong's brigade. The colonel asked "that they might fight alongside of white soldiers, and show to somebody else than their officers what stuff they were made of." Therefore, at six o'clock on the evening of Saturday, July 18, the regiment reported at General Strong's headquarters on Morris Island, after forty-eight hours of marching, or waiting, without shelter in rain and thunder, for boat transportation, or stowing in tropical heat, with little to eat or drink. They were worn and weary. General Strong told Colonel Shaw that he believed in his regiment, and wished to assign them, in an immediate assault on the enemy's strong works, the post where the most severe work was to be done and the highest honour won. "They were at once marched to within 600 yards of Fort Wagner and formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first, and the Major the second battalion.

"At this point, the regiment, together with the next supporting regiment, the Sixth Maine, the Ninth Connecticut, and others, remained half an hour. Then, at half-past seven, the

order for the charge was given. The regiment advanced at quick time, changing to double-quick at some distance on. When about one hundred yards from the fort, the Rebel musketry opened with such terrible effect that for an instant the first battalion hesitated; but only for an instant, for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front and waving his sword, shouted, ‘Forward, Fifty-Fourth!’ and with another cheer and a shout they rushed through the ditch, and gained the parapet on the right. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on was shot dead, and fell into the fort.”

The attempt to take the fort was a desperate one, and failed. The Fifty-Fourth did nobly, and suffered terribly. Little quarter was given. In that furious fight in the last twilight, lit only by gun-flashes, it is said that the firing from our own ships was, for a time, disastrous to the regiment.

Emerson, in his poem called “Voluntaries,” commemorates the sacrifice of Robert Shaw and his men:—

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
 The youth replies, *I can.*

.
 Best befriended of the God
 He who, in evil times,
 Warned by an inward voice,
 Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
 Biding by his rule and choice,
 Feeling only the fiery thread
 Leading over heroic ground,

Walled with mortal terror round,
 To the aim which him allures,
 And the sweet Heaven his deed secures.
 Peril around, all else appalling,
 Cannon in front and leaden rain,
 Him Duty through the clarion calling
 To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
 Knowing this,— and knows no more,—
 Whoever fights, whoever falls,
 Justice conquers evermore,
 Justice after as before,—
 And he who battles on her side,
 God, though he were ten times slain,
 Crowns him victor glorified,
 Victor over death and pain.

Page 289, note 1. Besides that already mentioned, other important reconnoissances, and escort duty to supply-trains, were performed by Colonel Lowell's command during July. In the end of the month, Mosby with his "Partisan" force made some very successful raids on the army wagon-trains, capturing near Alexandria between one and two hundred prisoners, with many horses, mules, wagons, etc. General King ordered Lowell to pursue, and he returned on the last day of July, with many men and horses recaptured. About the 1st of August, he was put in command of a brigade, consisting of the Second Massachusetts and Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York Cavalry regiments. The First Battalion now rejoined the Second Cavalry, after several months' service in the Peninsula.

Page 289, note 2. In the *Reminiscences* of Mr. J. M. Forbes (privately printed) is a letter written to him by Mr. Frank G. Shaw, just after his son's death, from which I am allowed to quote : —

“ He has gone from us, and we try not to think of our loss, but of his gain. We have had no doubt since the first news came. We had expected it. . . . We thank God that he died without pain, in what was to him the moment of triumph ; and we thank God especially for his happy life, and that he did not rise to his eminence through suffering, but through joy.”

Mr. Forbes adds, “ I have seen no reference yet to our late friend's manly nobility [Mr. Shaw had recently died]. Every one remembers the brutal answer of the rebels to our flag of truce, when General Gilmore, after the assault on Fort Wagner, asked for Colonel Shaw's body: ‘ We have thrown him into the ditch under his niggers.’ When we recaptured the fort, an attempt was made to find the sacred relics ; and the general in command, or probably Secretary Stanton, wrote to Mr. Shaw asking some intimation as to what should be done in case of their recovery, and suggesting a monument recalling the indignity which had been offered. No thought of vengeance had ever been mixed up with Frank Shaw's patriotism or clouded his serene brow. . . . The answer which now came — I think from both parents — was grand in its . . . simplicity. ‘ We wish no search made, nor is there any monument so worthy of a soldier as the mound heaped over him by the bodies of his comrades.’ ”

Page 292, note 1. Mr. John W. Brooks left Massachusetts as a youth to begin life as a civil engineer on the New York Central, and, later, the Michigan Central Rail-

road. He had grown in power even more rapidly than these growing roads, and was occupying an important position in the management of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. He had no military experience whatever except as having helped Governor Andrew by his advice in the purchase, through Mr. Forbes, of English cannon. Yet Lowell, a soldier, who knew Brooks's powers and intelligence, recommends him for a major-general, in a place where his administrative powers would be worth more than one or two battles gained. Mr. Forbes, in the spring of the same year, writing to Governor Andrew, had said of him, "Brooks is more than engineer or man of business : he has that wonderful combination which seems to me to amount almost to Genius ; his mind is both microscopic and telescopic, according as the valves are pulled, and, above all, is sound at the medium, every-day insight which makes common sense ; just as Napoleon could make parties and command armies while reforming his code of laws in detail. In fact, Brooks is more like Napoleon I than anybody else. Now, on all matters relating to the handling of men, Brooks has had great experience, and on any questions that come up about managing the draft, or giving bounties, or getting men, . . . nobody's judgment will be as good as his."

Page 292, note 2. General George L. Andrews, an officer in the Regular Army, had been the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, which he had helped to raise.

Page 294, note 1. As, for the following twelve months, the energies of Lowell and the officers and soldiers of his brigade were kept on the strain by day, and more often by night, by the dangerous activity of the guerrilla chief Mosby and his band, it seems well to give some account of them here. By a strict construction of the laws of war, the prac-

tices of this and similar bands then operating within our lines would probably have outlawed them. The Administration, however, did not take this stand, probably from the fear of provoking endless retaliation.

John Singleton Mosby, born in Virginia, a lawyer by profession, was a man of intelligence, daring, and great energy, which gifts he devoted to the service of the Southern cause, but in an irregular channel. His first military service was as a private in the First Virginia Cavalry, where he attracted the attention of Colonel, afterwards General J. E. B. Stuart. Seeing the advantage which the operations of a mounted guerrilla force would have, operating within the lines of the armies of the United States in the neighbourhood of the national capital, their main source of reënforcement and supplies; also the romantic and material attraction that such service would offer to young men, in contrast to army discipline and hardship for precarious pay, Mosby drafted a bill authorizing such a force, which was passed by the Confederate Congress in March, 1863.

I quote, with the publisher's permission, from Mosby's *War Reminiscences*, the following passages as to this bill and the principles (if one may so call them) on which he recruited his command and waged war:—

“The Partisan Ranger Law was an act of the Confederate Congress, authorizing the President to issue commissions to officers to organize partisan corps. They stood on the same footing with other cavalry organizations in respect to rank and pay, but, in addition, were given the benefit of the law of maritime prize. There was really no novelty in applying this principle to land forces. England has always done so in Her Majesty's East India service. . . . Havelock, Campbell, and

Outram returned home from the East loaded with barbaric spoils. As there is a good deal of human nature in people, and as Major Dalgetty is still a type of a class, it will be seen how the peculiar privileges given to my men served to whet their zeal. I have often heard them disputing over the division of the horses before they were captured, etc.”

“To destroy supply-trains, to break up the means of conveying intelligence, and thus isolating the army from its base, as well as its different corps from each other, to confuse their plans by capturing despatches, are the objects of partisan war. . . . The military value of a partisan’s work is not reckoned by the amount of property destroyed, but by the number he keeps watching. . . . I endeavoured, as far as possible, to diminish the aggressive power of the Army of the Potomac, by compelling it to keep a large force on the defensive. . . .

“My men had no camps. If they had gone into camp, they would soon have all been captured. They would scatter for safety, and gather at my call like the Children of the Mist. . . .

“I often sent small squads at night to attack and run in the pickets along a line of several miles. Of course these alarms were very annoying, for no human being knows how sweet sleep is but a soldier. I wanted to use and consume the Northern Cavalry in hard work. It has always been a wonder with people how I managed to collect my men after dispersing them. The true secret was, that it was a fascinating life, and its attractions far more than counterbalanced its hardships and dangers. They had no camp duty to do, which, however necessary, is disgusting to soldiers of high spirit.”¹

¹ *Mosby’s War Reminiscences*. Boston : George A. Jones & Co., 1887.

General J. E. B. Stuart, the brilliant cavalry leader, a friend and admirer of Mosby, shows, in a letter to him on his appointment to the new command, that he thought it well not to be quite frank as to this new kind of soldier. "Already a Captain," he writes, "you will proceed to organize a band of permanent followers for the war, but by all means ignore the term 'Partisan Rangers.' It is in bad repute. Call your command 'Mosby's Regulars,' and it will soon give it a tone of meaning and solid worth which all the world will soon recognize, and you will inscribe that name of a fearless band of heroes on the pages of our country's history and inshrine it in the hearts of a grateful people. Let 'Mosby's Regulars' be a name of pride with friends and of respectful trepidation with enemies." (*Rebellion Record.*)

Colonel Mosby has the virtue of frankness. He says in his book: "In one respect the charge that I did not fight fair is true. I fought for success, and not for display. There was no man in the Confederate Army who had less of the Spirit of Knighthood in him or who took a more practical view of war than I did. . . . There is no authenticated act of mine which is not perfectly in accordance with approved military usage."

I am also allowed to quote the following extracts from Major John Scott's *Partisan Life with Mosby*, partly for the information they give concerning the method of warfare, and partly for their interesting rhetoric and ethics.

"The principle which distinguishes the Partisan Ranger service is the distribution, among the officers and men, of the spoil captured from the enemy, and, though Mosby refuses to avail himself of it, for his own enrichment, he yet values it as a powerful magnet to attract and bind adventurous spirits

to his standard. The dreaming statesman may indulge the reverie that, in republics, the patriotic principle is sufficient to impel men to the discharge of military duty, but the practical and clear-sighted genius of Mosby knows that mankind are governed by the grosser motive of immediate self-interest and, impressed by this belief, he made the strenuous effort of which I have told you to construct his command on this basis."

For the honour of American manhood one wishes here to enter a protest, and call to mind the sufferings and sacrifices of brave Confederate soldiers of the line, by tens of thousands, for their cause.

Major Scott goes on:—

"This system of warfare, defensive in its object, yet aggressive in its principle, has baffled all these attempts [of Federal officers to suppress him], because, as soon as the blow is inflicted, the assailants are at once scattered before time is afforded to strike them in return. The angry cloud gathers, the thunders roll through the sky, the fatal flash is emitted, and the discharged vapours roll into the air.

.

"Mosby, in an open country, finds security in dispersion among a friendly and chivalrous people. With them the members of the battalion live as boarders and friends; the farmers, for a moderate compensation, and sometimes without compensation at all, providing food and shelter for the soldier and his horse. This familiar association between the soldiers and the citizens has developed a very pleasant and romantic state of society, and its elevating effects on the former are very marked. . . . From their boarding-houses, the men called at various places of rendezvous, which are always selected with reference to the vicinity of a blacksmith's shop. From these

places issue, daily, detachments varying in strength. . . . In addition to his [Mosby's] proper command, there is another element composed of loose and unemployed material, which Mosby is now able to combine and hurl against the invaders of his country. His custom is to advertise about a week in advance a meeting to be held at one of the rendezvous, and to it repair those who love adventure and plunder. But the most abundant and useful source from which these temporary recruits are derived, is from the members of the regular cavalry at home on detail or furlough. . . . Convalescents from the hospitals also will sometimes join him for a single raid ; but when the Yankees come in pursuit, . . . they will find them languidly stretched upon their pallets. . . . You ask if it is by love he controls his men? No, he is not weak enough to be cheated by that fallacy. . . . Fear and Confidence are the genii he invokes, and, united to a conviction of his incorruptible integrity, they have enabled him to enchain his followers to his standard''¹

Mosby's sphere of operations included these four counties of Virginia, — Fairfax, Loudoun, Fauquier, and Prince William ; a region south of the Potomac and east of the Blue Ridge, as large as Worcester County in Massachusetts, lying between Washington and the Army of the Potomac, hence constantly travelled by supply-trains. It was overwhelmingly Confederate in its sympathies. Colonel Lowell, with his small brigade, had the principal responsibility of defending this, picking up such information as he could from the few brave Union farmers, and helped by a few daring local scouts.

Page 296, note 1. A letter of General Lee to General

¹ *Partisan Life with Mosby*, by Major John Scott. New York : Harper and Brothers, 1867.

Stuart shows that, before the "Partisan Rangers" had been four months at work, the military advantages to the Confederacy of their keeping a large force around Washington already began to be outweighed by the obvious evils which must result where discipline was lax, and the soldier kept what horses, clothing, arms, and valuables he took. General Lee, writing on August 18, 1863, observes that Mosby seems to have a large number of men, yet to strike with very few; and "his attention seems more directed to the capture of sutlers' wagons, etc., than to the injury of the enemy's communications and outposts. The capture and destruction of wagon-trains is advantageous, but the supply of the Federal Army is carried on by the railroad. . . . I do not know the cause for undertaking his expeditions with so few men, whether it is from policy, or the difficulty of collecting them. I have heard of his men, among them officers, being in rear of this army, selling captured goods, sutlers' stores, etc. This had better be attended to by others. It has also been reported to me that many deserters from the army had joined him. . . . If this is true, I am sure it must be without the knowledge of Major Mosby." (*Rebellion Record.*)

The official correspondence of General King with headquarters at Washington, and Colonel Lowell's reports, always brief, business-like and conservative, show that August was an active month. Besides Mosby's plundering incursions and picket attacks, he had a new guerrilla foe to deal with in White, as appears in the following extracts from official sources:—

CENTREVILLE, Aug. 1, 1863.

COL. J. H. TAYLOR, CHIEF OF STAFF, WASHINGTON, —
Colonel Lowell goes to Washington to-day to report, as

ordered. He returned from an expedition last night, bringing in about twenty horses captured from Mosby, and all the prisoners taken by Mosby at Fairfax. The gang scattered in all directions, and thus eluded pursuit.

RUFUS KING, *Brigadier-General.*

Mosby reports to General Stuart that, on August 11, he captured nineteen wagons, with teams and many stores; also twenty-five prisoners.

On August 12, Colonel Lowell reported to Washington the recent capture of sutlers' trains by Mosby's and White's men, and that he had sent out parties to look for them, and adds:

"I sent in 61 horses on Monday and 55 more to-day, most of them United States horses, some captured, some collected to the northwest of here, and some near Maple Valley."

August 15. Colonel Lowell advised from Washington to try to find and attack White near Dranesville.

August 20. Colonel Lowell reports his search for guerrillas, lasting two or three days, following up all traces — "could not get a fight out of White" — picked up ten prisoners. Reports that White is seldom with his battalion (about two hundred and fifty strong), but passes about the country with a strong escort. "White is looking up recruits and deserters. He has now six companies, with over 700 men on his rolls, and prisoners say that he expects to take that number with him when he leaves the country."

August 25. General King reports to Washington that one hundred rebel cavalry attacked a party of the Thirteenth N. Y. Cavalry [this was a part of Colonel Lowell's brigade] and ran off one hundred horses.

August 30. General King reports that a party of infantry and cavalry, sent out to Dranesville, found few guerrillas, but learned that White was at Broad Run enforcing the conscription, and that Mosby had been recently wounded and carried beyond the mountains.

September 3. General Humphreys writes to Colonel Lowell, commanding at Centreville, as to White's movements, and adds, "A Richmond paper of 1st Sept. states that Mosby received two serious wounds in the fight near Fairfax Court House, and has been taken to his father's residence near Amherst."

Page 298, note 1. Cabot Jackson Russel, a very young but valiant captain in the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Infantry, had been killed on the slopes of Fort Wagner; but at this time his family thought him a prisoner in the enemy's hands. He was Colonel Lowell's cousin, the only son of Mr. William C. Russel of New York. President Lincoln had given very little encouragement to Mr. Russel as to the Administration's showing the Southerners that it meant to protect officers of coloured troops in earnest.

Page 300, note 1. Mr. William J. Potter, of Quaker ancestry and great virtues and gifts, was pastor of a large, intelligent, and rich society in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and highly esteemed. On July 3, 1863, he was drafted for a soldier, under the new Conscription Act. On the following Sunday he preached to his people a manly sermon, "The Voice of the Draft," from the text "*Make full proof of thy ministry*" (2 Tim. iv, 5), strongly stating the duty and privilege, even for scholars and men with no natural military tastes, to serve in such a war, in such an emergency of the country. Secretary Stanton read it, and had it at once pub-

lished in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, as the word for the hour. He set Mr. Potter the important task of visiting and inspecting all the U. S. hospitals in or near Washington, which he did well and thoroughly, reporting their needs. Then, as chaplain to the convalescent hospital, he lived there in a little hut with his young wife, but resigned to join in the vast and beneficent work of the Sanitary Commission. Afterwards he returned to his church in New Bedford. He was one of the founders and chief workers in the Free Religious Association.

When young Potter was in college, he began to feel strongly drawn to the ministry, yet sorely doubting his fitness. "What society or sect must I go with, believing with none? I have in my mind, it is true, an ideal minister, different from any real one whom it was ever my lot to know." His success was in the measure he approached this ideal.

Page 303, note 1. The Government and Major-General Heintzelman, commanding the Department of Washington, fully appreciated the advantage of having so efficient a cavalry commander and well disciplined a force in the neighbourhood. But they had to resist other competitors, for, besides the desires of General Gregg to have Lowell and his regiment in the Army of the Potomac, another general repeatedly importuned the War Department for them. Major-General N. P. Banks (Department of the Gulf), in his report to General Halleck, March 27, 1863, speaking of his need of cavalry, says:—

"I feel especially the loss of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, raised expressly for my expedition; for, besides its strength, I relied upon Colonel Lowell to infuse the necessary vigour into the whole cavalry service."

Again, April 18, 1863, General Banks sends the following message to Major-General Halleck : —

“ I beg leave, at the risk of being considered importunate, to repeat my earnest request that more cavalry be sent to this department. . . . If you will send me the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, raised expressly for my command, with their arms and equipments, I will mount them here from the horses captured on this expedition. Its commander, Colonel Lowell, is personally nearly as important to us as his regiment.”

As late as September, General Banks was still pleading for the cavalry. General Halleck answered : “ In regard to Colonel Lowell’s regiment, I need simply to mention the fact that it is the only one we have for scouts and pickets in front of Washington.”

Page 304, note 1. The officers here spoken of are Captain James J. Higginson, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry (who was captured in the fight at Aldie, where his brother, the Major, was wounded), and Captain Francis Lee Higginson, his younger brother, and Captain Cabot J. Russel, both of the Fifty-Fourth. As has been said, Captain Russel’s family were not sure of his death. When the news of the raising of coloured troops was heard in the South, it had been threatened that captured privates should be sold to slavery and the officers treated as felons. This threat was not carried out, but difficulties arose about exchanges ; and in this matter, and that of their payment, the course of the Administration and of Congress was for a long time timid and discreditable.

Page 313, note 1. Mr. George William Curtis, Colonel Shaw’s brother-in-law, had evidently had his patience overtaxed by the recent outcrop of barbarity at Fort Wagner, and had little left for guerrillas and their methods. Colonel Lowell

had something of the trait which his uncle, in the poem about Blondel, gave to Richard Cœur de Lion : —

“ To foes benign, in friendship stern.”

Page 314, note 1. Colonel Lowell obtained a short leave of absence, and, on the last day of October, married Miss Shaw, at Staten Island. Soon after, she came with him to his brigade camp at Vienna, and they had their only home life that winter and the following spring, in a little house within the camp lines, and when the camp was moved to Fall's Church, for a short time in a tent. Yet couriers by day, bringing word of Mosby's ubiquitous raids, and sudden and stealthy attacks on the pickets at midnight, constantly harassed the command, and did not allow the Colonel to relax his vigilance.

Page 315, note 1. Chaplain Humphreys wrote home of the kindly and refining influence of Mrs. Lowell's presence in the camp, and of the hospitality that welcomed the officers in turn at the little home which the Colonel and she had established there. He adds : “ With the foreigners in the hospital, I was greatly assisted by the wife of the commander, who visited the patients very frequently. She delighted the Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans, by conversing with them in their own languages, that so vividly recalled their early homes. She often assisted in writing letters for the disabled soldiers, and when I sought to give comfort to the dying, her presence soothed the pangs of parting, with a restful consciousness of woman's faithful watching and a mother's tenderness.”

Page 316, note 1. The official documents show the activity of the brigade during the later months of 1863, scouting

parties and counter raids and picket attacks, of which I mention a few specimens : —

October 13. Colonel Lowell reports a scouting expedition he had made through Thornton, Herndon Station, Frying Pan, to Gum Spring, — nothing found. Reports Captain Rumery's (Second Cavalry) encounter with White's men, capturing one man and three horses from them.

October 22. Colonel Baker (under Colonel Lowell's orders) reports that a detachment of his command, and one from the Californians in the Second Massachusetts, met some of Mosby's men near Fairfax; killed one, and captured "the three celebrated guerrillas, Jack Barns, Edwin Stratton, and Bill Hanover," whom he forwarded to the Old Capitol Prison.

October 19. Mosby reports to Stuart a very successful raid on an army-train near Annandale; that he captured over one hundred horses and mules, wagons with stores, seventy-five to one hundred prisoners, arms, etc., with no loss. Then comes a rumour of another great invasion by Lee and Longstreet about to occur, and General Pleasanton sends General Gregg to operate with Colonel Lowell at Fairfax. General Corcoran reports to Washington that Lowell is scouring the country. It proves that there is no invasion.

October 27. Mosby reports that, the night before, he attacked the centre of a long wagon-train hauling supplies for the army to Warrenton. His men unhitched the teams from more than forty wagons, and ran off one hundred and forty-five horses and mules and "thirty negroes and Yankees." "I had forty men."

November 5. Mosby reports that he has killed Kilpatrick's division commissary, and captured an adjutant, five men, six horses, etc.

November 17. Colonel Lowell reports one sergeant and three men of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry captured by rebels — twenty or thirty, in Union overcoats, advancing to the sentries with a pretended pass, — wounded one man.

November 22. Mosby reports that, since November 5, he has captured seventy-five cavalrymen, over one hundred horses and mules, six wagons, etc.

Each of these raids, at a new place, in a wide region, was followed by a pursuit ; but the freebooters had scattered in every direction, having no camp, only to muster again when ordered.

November 26. Colonel Lowell reports a reconnoissance by one of his captains, with twenty-five mounted and seventy-five dismounted men (the latter concealed as far as possible, and marching chiefly by night), towards the Blue Ridge ; Yankee Davis and Binns (a rebel deserter) as guides. Colonel Lowell, later, with one hundred mounted men, joins these at Middleburg.

December 13. Colonel Lowell reports : “This morning, at about three o'clock, the picket at Germantown were surprised by a party of guerrillas, dismounted, some twenty strong. They crawled up and shot (without any warning), mortally wounding two men and capturing five horses and their equipments.”

December 20. Colonel Lowell reports a reconnoissance led by him, on the 18th, on the trail of Rosser's and White's large force, which had cut telegraph lines and burned bridges, and gone farther. On his way back he chased some of Mosby's men, and brought in two prisoners and sixteen horses.

December 21. Colonel Lowell reports twenty to thirty guerrillas near his camp the night before, who attacked one

of his picket stations, got four horses and wounded two men. The same night they attacked an officer and his escort on Fairfax Road, and wounded two. "One of the wounded men, near Hunter's Mill, was shot a second time through the body by a guerrilla, after he had surrendered and given up his pistol. Party sent in pursuit, but to no purpose."

December 27. Colonel Lowell reports a scout to Leesburg by fifty men of the Thirteenth New York Cavalry, guided by Binns, who had deserted the Confederates. They searched houses, and brought in eight prisoners, "among them Pettin-gall (a notorious scout), Joe White, Bridges (one of Mosby's men), and Beavers, with other suspicious citizens pointed out by Binns." Had a few shots at distant parties.

December 31. Colonel Lowell reports the return of his parties sent on extensive scouting expeditions to Hopewell's Gap, White Plains, Middleburg, Upperville, Philomont, Dranesville, etc. It was supposed that clothing was to be issued to the rebels, but they did not appear at the place specified. A party fell in with some of Mosby's men and some Virginia cavalry; captured one captain, one lieutenant, seventeen privates, forage contractor, and ten suspicious citizens, most of whom were thought to be recruits or conscripts.

The above reports, taken from the *Rebellion Record*, show how constant and exacting was the service of holding the guer-rilla bands in check.

The views of the General-in-Chief on the "Partisans," as tried by the standard of military ethics, is shown in the following extracts from an official letter of Major-General Halleck:—

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 28, 1863.

"Most of the difficulties are caused by the conduct of the pretended non-combatant inhabitants of the country. They

pretend to act the part of neutrals, but do not. They give aid, shelter, and concealment to guerrilla and other bands, like that of Mosby, who are continually destroying our roads, burning our bridges, and capturing wagon-trains. If these men carried on a legitimate warfare, no complaint would be made. On the contrary, they fight in citizen's dress, and are aided in all their rascalities by the people of the country. As soon as they are likely to be caught they go home, put out their horses, hide their arms, and pretend to be quiet and non-combatant farmers. . . . It is not surprising that our people get exasperated at such men and shoot them down when they can. Moreover, men who act in this manner in disguise and within our lines have, under the laws of civilized warfare, forfeited their lives." (*Rebellion Record*, xxix, ii, 347.)

General Stoneman, in a letter from the Cavalry Bureau to Colonel Kelton, A. A. G., written Oct. 30, 1863, tells of the enormous numbers of sick, disabled, and unserviceable horses there, and of the wilful or necessary neglect of them, and their misuse or overuse in the field and camp.

The average issue per month to the Army of the Potomac was 6000. In the details of the number of horses he lately issued to different commands, were only one hundred to Colonel Lowell, against much larger numbers to others. [Yet the guerrilla-hunting service was very destructive to horses.] General Stoneman writes : —

“There are 223 regiments of cavalry in the service. Of these, 36 are in the Army of the Potomac. At the rate horses are used up in that army, it would require 435,000 a year to keep the cavalry of that army up.”

Page 316, note 2. Colonel Lowell's letters during the

winter and spring are very few, because his wife was now with him in camp, and his military duties were many. He still commanded the brigade, with headquarters at Vienna. Of his own regiment, the battalions commanded by Major Forbes and Captain Read were there; Major Thompson with his battalion being stationed on the Maryland side of the Potomac, guarding that approach to Washington. From Vienna, picketing and scouting parties went out against the ever-active foe.

On Feb. 4, 1864, a painful incident — desertion to the enemy by a private of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry — occurred. I tell the story as told to me by Mrs. Lowell and some of the officers. There was in the regiment, as has been said, besides the Californians and the better class of the Massachusetts contingent, unfortunately a bad element of would-be bounty-jumpers and roughs still present, and desertions had been frequent. An example of severe punishment was needed for the good of the service, yet deserters had been pardoned by the President. One night a picket-guard deserted “off post,” taking his horse, arms, and accoutrements with him. Very soon after, a scouting party of the regiment returning from Aldie were attacked in rear by Mosby’s men. Making a counter-charge, the soldiers recognized the renegade among the enemy. A rush was made for him, and he was run down and taken. Colonel Lowell at once summoned a “drumhead court-martial,” which sat all night, and condemned the man to be shot at ten o’clock the next morning. It was done with all the attendant circumstances usual at military executions, to make the incident an impressive one to the brigade. The regiments were drawn up, forming three sides of a hollow square on the drill-ground, and the prisoner, guarded, and accompanied by the chaplain, and preceded by his coffin

and the firing-party, was marched slowly, to solemn military music, around the inside of the square, so that each man could see his face, and then shot.

It not being warranted by the Army Regulations for a subordinate officer to call a "Drumhead Court-martial" and execute its sentence, except in case of emergency, when too far away to communicate with his superiors, and Colonel Lowell being in daily communication with headquarters at Washington, he expected, on reporting the matter that afternoon, to receive at least a severe reprimand. On the contrary, no mention was made of it at all. The fact probably was that General Augur, and Mr. Stanton, who would naturally be consulted in such a case, were both pleased at Colonel Lowell's action, for if the case had been referred to Washington, the President would probably have pardoned the man, who was young and infatuated of a Southern girl; but they could not commend Colonel Lowell for going beyond the authority of the regulations, therefore deemed silence the best means of expressing their approval.

Feb. 20. A severe disaster befell the regiment. A large party, under Captain Read of California, a much valued officer, on their return from a two-days scout, were ambuscaded and routed by Mosby, the captain and nine men were killed, many were wounded, and two officers and fifty-five men were taken, — more than half the command.

March 8. The First Battalion ordered to relieve the Second Battalion in Maryland, the latter rejoined the regiment. Several officers of the Second Massachusetts were commissioned in the Fourth and Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry — a serious loss to the regiment.

April 8. Colonel Lowell returned and resumed command

of the Brigade, and, soon after, three expeditions were made into the neighbouring counties, resulting in the capture of thirty-five officers and men of Mosby's command, and of twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of cotton, wool, blockade-run goods, and Mosby's papers were found in one of his hiding-places.

April 18. Major Forbes brought in six prisoners, taken when on the point of burning some bridges.

April 19. Colonel Lowell reports to Washington on the enemy's forces and the amount of corn in Loudoun County, and brings in eleven prisoners.

April 23. Colonel Lowell reports an attack on his pickets. His truthfulness in giving evidence, even against his command, and his absence of all brag, make all his reports remarkable, in contrast to many others of officers on both sides.

April 26. General Tyler writes to General Augur, now commanding the Department, about some expedition about to start from Washington: "With Colonel Lowell in command of the cavalry, I have no fear of trouble."

Early in May, the regiment furnished a patrol for the Orange and Alexandria R. R.

May 18. Major Forbes conducted a successful night expedition to Rectortown with two hundred men, and returned with ten guerrillas and thirty horses.

June. Early in the month, a large part of the regiment went with ambulances, to help bring in the wounded left in the Wilderness after the battle.

July 6. The regiment suffered another severe disaster, largely due, like that of Captain Read, to the party's being ordered to remain out for a considerable time, visiting certain

towns, which allowed time for the hostile inhabitants to send word to Mosby of the exact number of men in the command, and to direct him where to find them. Colonel Lowell reported that he had sent Major Forbes, with one hundred and fifty men, on a three-days scout towards the gaps in the Blue Ridge, with orders to visit Leesburg on two days. Major Forbes found all quiet, and on the second day learned that Mosby was absent on a raid north of the Potomac; next day he returned to Leesburg, found all quiet, and, in accordance with his orders, began his return march towards Vienna. Meanwhile Mosby, returning from his raid, had been notified of the strength and probable whereabouts of the command, and with a force of two hundred men or more, and a gun, came suddenly upon them at Zion's Church, near Aldie, and opened fire with his gun. The result was a victory for the Partisan force, who killed forty men of the Second Massachusetts and Thirteenth New York Cavalry, wounded many, and took about one hundred horses.

From the accounts of officers there engaged, I add the following. While Major Forbes was feeding and resting his command in a field on the edge of some woods, his vedettes brought in word of Mosby's force being close at hand. He had hastily mounted and formed his squadrons, when the large guerrilla force appeared before them and sent a shell among them. This was an absolutely novel experience to men and horses, who till then had never faced artillery, and made them very unsteady, especially the new squadrons. The obvious and necessary move was an instant charge with the sabre, but a stiff fence before them rendered this impracticable without moving the command. The first squadron behaved well as long as they faced the enemy, but the moment Major Forbes gave the order "Fours right," to shift to a possible charging

ground, the spell was broken, and the men began to break away from the rear. Mosby's men, who had taken down a panel or two of the fence meantime, under cover of the gun, "got the yell" on their opponents, rushed in on their flank with the revolver, and, in spite of efforts of their officers to rally them, the greater part of the command fled. Many were shot in close pursuit. Major Forbes, with a few of the best soldiers, charged and fought gallantly, but these were overpowered or killed. The major ran his sabre into the shoulder of a Captain Richards, and it flew from his hands. At that moment Colonel Mosby shot at him at close range, but the ball fortunately was stopped by the head of his horse thrown up at that minute. The horse fell dead, pinioning Major Forbes to the ground, and helpless, with half a dozen pistols at his temples, he had to surrender. Lieutenant Amory was taken with him. They were at once robbed of part of their clothing and their boots, but when their captors undertook to search Major Forbes's pockets, he is reported to have said they might have his brains, but he meant to keep what money he had, and ordered them to carry him to their officers. Some one of these prevented any further outrage, but the officers had to walk "stocking foot" on the first day's march towards a Southern prison.

Years after, Colonel Mosby, in a newspaper article, said: "One of the regiments I most frequently encountered was from about Boston, the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, Colonel Lowell. I once met a detachment of it under command of a Major Forbes of Boston, and although our encounter resulted in his overthrow, he bore himself with conspicuous gallantry, and I saw him wound one of my best men with his sabre."

The day after the fight, Rev. Charles A. Humphreys,

the chaplain of the Second Cavalry, who was with the expedition and had bravely stayed by a mortally wounded private until his death, was, while burying the body, in spite of his cloth, captured and robbed by a young guerrilla, and sent to join Forbes and Amory in prison.

Page 316, note 3. These were the newly invented repeating breech-loading Spencer carbines, firing seven shots. They were the first repeating carbines in use, and greatly increased the effectiveness of cavalry for dismounted service. This was proved soon after for Colonel Lowell's command, as is later told, at the fight at Rockville.

Page 322, note 1. On July 6th, General Early, arriving by the usual back door of the Shenandoah, crossed the Potomac, and soon after took Frederick, the second city in importance of Maryland. After defeating the small force of General Lew Wallace, he pushed on towards Washington, on July 11th. The day before, Lowell, ordered by General Augur to send one regiment of his brigade to the defence of Washington, sent the Second Massachusetts, and obtained leave to go with it. At 6.30 A.M. on the 11th, Colonel Lowell, now in command of all the available cavalry, began skirmishing, and caused the enemy's advance to fall back several miles, to their reserves, which in turn forced his command back to the infantry picket lines before Tennallytown, a suburb of Washington.

July 12. Colonel Lowell reported that, with three companies dismounted, he had turned the enemy's right flank and driven them back about one and a half miles, while Lieutenant-Colonel Crowninshield drove them one mile on the Rockville pike.

July 13. Early found Washington well defended by the Sixth and Nineteenth Army Corps, just arrived to the rescue,

and began his retreat through Rockville, Md. He was followed up closely by the cavalry. Colonel Lowell, through the morning and up to 2.10 P.M., sends to headquarters frequent detailed reports of the enemy. At 2.30 he reports: "My despatch was here interrupted by the report of a large number of rebels being met just through the town [Rockville] by my advance-guard [part of Second Massachusetts under Crowninshield], who charged at once. My advance was then dismounted and, after a sharp skirmish there, checked a good strong charge of the rebels, after being driven nearly through the town by them. [This was his own brilliant saving of the day described in the biographical sketch.] We fell back to the edge of the town and established a strong dismounted skirmish line, holding them. Learning they were endeavouring to flank us, I retired to a situation two miles from Rockville, slowly. My regiment in the town, I fear, was mostly enveloped by the enemy, and are very severely whipped." Nevertheless, Lowell's men repulsed four charges in Rockville, and next day a great many of his "missing" rejoined the command.

Brigadier-General Hardin, U.S.A., in command in that part of the defences, reported in his despatches, "the information given by Colonel Lowell was always reliable." Colonel Warner, commanding the First Brigade in the defences, in his reports gives Lowell high praise for intelligent activity.

The Second Massachusetts Cavalry, with provisional battalions, all under Lowell, accompanied the Sixth Corps, pursuing Early across the Potomac and through the Blue Ridge gaps to beyond the Shenandoah River. General Wright of this corps had, by General Grant's advice, been given command in this repulse of Early. The regiment, with its colonel, now went back to their camp at Falls Church, July 23d.

Page 322, note 2. July 26. Colonel Lowell was now released from his service against guerrillas, by an order to report with his regiment to General Wright in the Shenandoah Valley. They did duty with the Sixth Corps until August 9th, when General Sheridan was given command of the new department, and gave Lowell the "Provisional Brigade."

After the regiment took the field, of course Mrs. Lowell could no longer stay with her husband, so returned to her parents in Staten Island, and never saw him in life again.

Page 324, note 1. Just after Early had been driven to Fisher's Hill, his strong reënforcement from Richmond, making him greatly outnumber Sheridan, forced the latter in turn to retire down the Valley to a defensible position.

As to the harsh measure of wasting the Valley, Sheridan had no choice. Grant's commands were, in order "that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return, take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for the use of your command. Such as cannot be consumed, destroy. It is not desirable that buildings should be destroyed—they should, rather, be protected; but the people should be informed that, so long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards." As for Loudoun County, a scene of Mosby's constant raids, General Grant said: "Carry off the crops, animals, negroes [to prevent further planting], and all men over fifteen years of age capable of bearing arms. In this way you will get many of Mosby's men. All male citizens under fifty can fairly be held as prisoners of war, not as citizen-prisoners. If not already soldiers, they will be made so the moment the rebel army gets hold of them."

Sheridan issued orders firm and explicit, but as merciful as

might be, in obeying the command of his superior. In his autobiography, he says of Grant: "He had rightly concluded that it was time to bring the war home to a people engaged in raising crops, from a prolific soil, to feed their Country's enemies, and devoting to the Confederacy its best youth. . . . The meat and grain that the Valley provided, and the men it furnished for Lee's depleted regiments, were the strongest auxiliaries he possessed in the whole insurgent section. . . . I do not hold war to mean simply that lines of men shall engage each other in battle, and material interests be ignored. This is but a duel, in which one combatant seeks the other's life. Those who rest at home in peace and plenty see but little of the horrors of such a duel, and even grow indifferent to them as the struggle goes on, contenting themselves with encouraging all who are able-bodied to enlist in the cause, to fill up the shattered ranks as death thins them. . . . Reduction to poverty brings prayers for peace more surely and more quickly than does the destruction of human life, as the selfishness of man has demonstrated in more than one great conflict."

Page 325, note 1. In what was said above, Lowell probably did not mean to criticise General Torbert for his tenacity. Also, he had not yet found out General Sheridan's quality, who had fallen back to Halltown as the only good defensible position in the lower Valley against superior numbers. Early did not get into Maryland, though Sheridan told Grant he purposely left the door open for him, hoping to divide his forces, and thus defeat him.

Page 326, note 1. Ruksh and Berold were fine horses, both of a bright sorrel, Ruksh very tall and with a look of distinction. See the pictures and his wife mounted.

“ And Ruksh, his horse,
 Followed him like a faithful hound at heel.
 Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
 The horse which Rustum, in a foray once,
 Did in Bokhara by the river find,
 A colt beneath his dam, and drove him home
 And reared him; a bright bay with lofty crest,
 Dight with a saddle-cloth of broidered green
 Crusted with gold.”

“ Sohrab and Rustum,” Matthew Arnold.

Mrs. Lowell, during her life in camp, rode Berold, and kept him, later, in peaceful fields, until his death many years after the war.

Billy was the favourite horse of Colonel Lowell's friend and most trusted major, William H. Forbes, then in prison at Columbia. Dick also belonged to him, but his father had given Colonel Lowell permission to use them if necessary.

The unnamed action, so destructive to the colonel's mounts, — risks to the rider, who ignores them, can be imagined, — was on August 22.

General Torbert, in his report, says that on that day a rapid advance of the enemy, with strong infantry skirmishers, was held in check by General Duffié's West Virginian Cavalry and Lowell's brigade of the First Division and part of Wilson's Second Division, until the First Division could withdraw towards Shepherdstown, and the trains get to the rear.

Page 326, note 2. Just before Lowell was called to take charge of the Mt. Savage iron-works, he had bought a farm in Dixon, Illinois. Mr. Perkins succeeded in selling it for him.

Page 327, note 1. Atlanta was a gift from Mr. Forbes.

Page 330, note 1. In the first part of the war, it was held that the day of charging infantry with cavalry had ended with the introduction of the rifle. But by 1864 this was sometimes done with effect; moreover the cavalry, with excellent carbines, constantly skirmished on foot. Lowell evidently made a mistake of one day in dating this letter. It should have been August 27, for on August 25 Torbert reported that his cavalry met Confederate cavalry in a wood near Leetown. From all the information he could get, there appeared to be only cavalry in his front. He at once made dispositions to attack. "Soon after the attack was made, it was found that we were fighting infantry, a division of Breckenridge's corps on the march. . . . The attack was so sudden and vigorous, the division was thrown in complete confusion and back three quarters of a mile. The enemy lost 250 killed and wounded, together with one brigade commander." Torbert then fell back, followed by enemy's infantry and artillery, to his position. Sheridan reported: "This evening General Crook made a dash and drove in their heavy line of skirmishers. . . . Colonel Lowell took advantage of it to make a cavalry charge, capturing 7 officers and 69 privates of Kershaw's division."

Page 330, note 2. August 28, Torbert reports that Merritt's Division (Lowell's was Third Brigade) moved out towards Leetown, met enemy's cavalry in force, and gallantly drove them with the sabre through Smithfield and across the Opequan, a distance of five miles.

Page 331, note 1. George William Curtis.

Page 337, note 1. The reorganization of General Merritt's Division was as follows: First Brigade, Brigadier-General Custer; Second Brigade, Brigadier-General Devin; Reserve Brigade, Colonel Lowell. The Reserve Brigade consisted of

the First, Second, and Fifth United States Cavalry and the Second Massachusetts Cavalry; also Battery D (horse artillery) of the Second United States Artillery.

Page 337, note 2. The negro "contrabands" called their far-off benefactor "Massa Linkum," and the Union Army the "Linkum soldiers."

Page 339, note 1. "If the regiment was taken from *him*" (*i. e.* General Augur), means from the Department of Washington, which Augur commanded.

Page 343, note 1. Colonel Lowell only permitted himself to criticise the Administration—always within bounds—to one or two of his closest friends. One of these, Mr. Forbes, he believed able to influence the Government in favour of special acts or general policies that seemed wise, honourable, and just, and hence necessary. Lowell's temperament was very different from Lincoln's, — he could not have waited for the slow growth of public opinion, — and, moreover, he judged him by such imperfect information as was accessible. He did not, like us, see him from afar, his work successfully done and crowned with his halo.

Page 343, note 2. This is a statement of Colonel Lowell's momentary feeling. He was then twenty-nine years old.

Page 344, note 1. The brilliant career of General Barlow was well sketched by Mr. Forbes, in a letter to a friend, written May 30, 1862, just after Barlow's wounding in the Wilderness Campaign: "You, out West, may not know about Barlow. Graduating high at Harvard some four or five years since [Mr. Forbes was mistaken; Barlow graduated in 1855], he entered one of the New York regiments either as a private or in some subordinate capacity; rose to be Colonel, led his regiment gallantly in the Peninsula and the great battle

of Antietam. While lying on the field, supposed mortally wounded, he received his commission as Brigadier for his services on the Peninsula. Barely recovered from his wounds, he served at Fredericksburg, and again fell at Gettysburg, shot in several places, and pronounced by the Faculty fatally shot. He laughed at their predictions; his strong will prevailed, even under the disadvantage of a feeble frame, and he slowly recovered to be just able to head a Division in the late battles, under Hancock. He led the attack on the 'Salient' [Spottsylvania], when Johnston and his Brigade were captured. . . .

“From his slight frame and youthful appearance, he is often called the ‘boy-General,’ though there is about as much man to him as to any one I know ; and, moreover, he is one of the few men who have achieved distinction without coming through the portals of West Point, or of politics. It is said Hancock or Meade recommended him for a Major-General’s commission the day after that assault, the credit for which Hancock distinctly gives him.”

General Barlow survived the war some thirty years, and practised law with distinction in New York. He married Mrs. Lowell’s younger sister.

General Francis A. Walker, in his *History of the Second Corps*, tells the story of Colonel Barlow’s masterly and successful tactics with his brigade at a dark moment at Antietam, and also of his desperately successful capture of the Salient at Spottsylvania. Another officer who served with him on both these fields, Lieutenant-General Miles, said, “Under the most depressing circumstances, he never was without hope and fortitude. He was apparently utterly devoid of the sensation of fear, constantly aggressive, and intensely earnest in the discharge of all duties. His integrity of purpose, independence

of character, and sterling honesty in the assertion of what he believed to be right and just, made him a marked man among public men. He abhorred a coward; had a perfect contempt for a demagogue, and despised a hypocrite. He believed in the administration of public affairs with the most rigid integrity, and did not hesitate to denounce wrong as he believed it to exist, and maintain what he believed to be right under all circumstances." The same qualities shone out in time of peace. In his short term as United States Marshal in New York he is said to have cleaned out a nest of corruption, and, given special powers by President Grant, he broke up by force a large filibustering expedition about to sail for Cuba, thus averting a war with Spain. As Attorney-General of New York, he officially instituted most of the legal proceedings ending in the impeachment of corrupt judges. Hon. Charles S. Fairchild said of him, "The State owes General Barlow more than she does any single man for results, without which the life of any honest man would have been intolerable in this State."¹

Page 345, note 1. Dr. De Wolf, then acting as brigade surgeon, occupied the same tent with the colonel. Some years after the war, he became the head of the Board of Health of Chicago.

Page 348, note 1. Lowell, with his three Regular regiments and a battalion of the Second Massachusetts, did admirable service, however. On hearing certain news of the withdrawal of Kershaw's force from the Valley, Sheridan, given *carte blanche* by Grant, moved instantly on Early's somewhat scattered command, and the Battle of the Opequan resulted. Torbert reported that Merritt's division, on the right, fording

¹ See an admirable sketch of Barlow's life, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June, 1896, by Edwin H. Abbot.

that creek at daylight, "was opposed by the rebel infantry ; but the cavalry gallantly charged across the creek and drove them . . . about a mile and a half . . . where the infantry held the cavalry in check for some time, they being posted behind stone walls and rail breastworks ; but General Averell, farther to the right turned the flank of this infantry and caused them to fall back." Merritt advanced again, and these two commands drove the infantry and cavalry before them (part of Breckenridge's command) towards Winchester. They endeavoured to make a stand. What followed is thus described by General Sheridan :—

"The ground which Breckenridge was holding was open, and offered an opportunity such as seldom has been presented during the war for a mounted attack, and Torbert was not slow to take advantage of it. The instant Merritt's division could be formed for the charge, it went at Breckenridge's infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry, with such momentum as to break the Confederate left just as Averell was passing around it. Merritt's brigades, led by Custer, Lowell, and Devin, met from the start with pronounced success, and, with sabre and pistol in hand, literally rode down a battery of five guns and took about 1200 prisoners." At the same time, Crook and Wright forced the rebel infantry so hard, that the whole Confederate Army fell back to breastworks formerly thrown up before Winchester. Here Early strove hard to stem the tide, but soon Torbert's cavalry began to pass around his left flank, and the infantry made a front attack. A panic ensued. The result was that Sheridan, after the supplementary routing of Early's army two days later at Fisher's Hill (in which Torbert's cavalry had no part), regained the Valley from the Potomac to Strasburg.

The unhappy General Early wrote as follows, to General Lee, after this defeat :—

“The enemy’s immense superiority in cavalry, and the inefficiency of the greater part of mine, has been the cause of all my disasters. In the affair at Fisher’s Hill the cavalry gave way, but it was flanked. This would have been remedied if the troops had remained steady, but a panic seized them at the idea of being flanked, and without being defeated they broke, many of them fleeing shamefully. . . . My troops are very much shattered, the men very much exhausted, and many of them without shoes.”

Page 349, note 1. General Sheridan had sent Torbert, with most of his cavalry, up the Luray Valley, just before the infantry of General Crook flanked and dislodged Early’s army from the mountains at Fisher’s Hill. He thus expected to cut off the Confederate retreat, and make an end of that army. In his Life, he expresses great disappointment with Torbert on that occasion, as he was held in check by Wickham’s Cavalry until after Early got off with the remains of his force.

Page 352, note 1. On September 26, Wilson’s division and Lowell’s brigade of the First Division had moved towards Staunton, and made large captures there of arms, equipments, and stores; next day they went to Waynesboro’, and, on the 28th, destroyed the railroad bridge over the South Fork of the Shenandoah. In the afternoon they were attacked, and, to avoid being cut off, retired on the main army. September 29, Colonel Lowell was ordered, with his command, to rejoin his division at Cross Keys.

Page 353, note 1. General Sheridan, in a despatch to General Grant, said, “Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engi-

neer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisburg. . . . For this atrocious act, all the houses within an area of five miles were burned. Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler has been bushwhacked by people, many of whom have protection-papers from commanders who have been hitherto in that Valley." It was asserted at the time that the murderer was disguised in the United States uniform. Mr. George E. Pond, associate editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, in his book on the *Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley* (1883), says, "It was ascertained, after the war, that this gallant youth [Lieutenant Meigs], a soldier of brilliant gifts and promise, the son of the Quartermaster-General, fell at the hands of an enlisted Confederate soldier of Wickham's brigade, engaged in scouting."

Page 354, note 1. In 1864, the evils of guerrilla warfare rose to high-water mark. The sure demoralization which such a system wrought in those engaged in it, reached such a pitch that even the Confederate authorities could not ignore it. Matters worked in a vicious circle. Murderous marauding drove the Union commanders to devastating the places known to harbour these men. The devastation naturally enraged the inhabitants, and led them even to private bushwhacking. In the late autumn of 1864, bitter retaliations began on both sides. As early as January, 1864, the Confederate General Rosser, who had had opportunity while serving in the Valley to judge the value of "irregular bodies of troops known as partisans," etc., wrote to General Lee: "I am prompted by no other feeling than a desire to serve my country, to inform you that they are a nuisance and an evil to the service. Without discipline, order, or organization, they roam broadcast over

the country, — a band of thieves, stealing, pillaging, plundering, and doing every manner of mischief and crime. They are a terror to the citizens and an injury to the cause.”

He gives the following reasons for his protest: that it keeps men on this service away “from the field of battle, when the life or death of our country is the issue;” that their latitude and many privileges cause dissatisfaction among the regular troops; this encourages desertion.

He says he finds it almost impossible to manage the companies of his brigade that come from the region occupied by Mosby. “They see these men living at their ease and enjoying the comforts of home, allowed to possess all that they capture, and their duties mere pastime pleasures compared with their own arduous ones; and it is a natural consequence in the nature of man that he should become dissatisfied under these circumstances.” He recommends abolishing this “partisan” service, with its privileges. “If it is necessary for troops to operate within the lines of the enemy, then require the commanding officer to keep them in an organized condition, to rendezvous within our lines, and move upon the enemy when opportunity is offered.

“Major Mosby is of inestimable service to the Yankee army, in keeping their men from straggling. He is a gallant officer, and is one that I have great respect for; yet the interest I feel in my own command and the good of the service coerces me to bring this matter before you, in order that this partisan system, which I think is a bad one, may be corrected.” General Rosser says that General Early and General Fitzhugh Lee can testify to these evils.

On General Rosser’s communication, General J. E. B. Stuart, the friend and admirer of Mosby, indorses: “Major

Mosby's command is the only efficient band of rangers I know of, and he usually operates with only one fourth of his nominal strength. Such organizations, as a rule, are detrimental to the best interests of the army at large."

The above communication was referred by General Lee to the government at Richmond, with this comment: "As far as my knowledge and experience extend, there is much truth in the statement of General Rosser. The evils resulting from their organization more than counterbalance the good they accomplish." Miles, the chairman of the Confederate Military Committee, on February 14, 1864, returns this document to the Secretary of War, saying the House of Representatives has passed a bill abolishing Partisan Rangers.

Yet, in spite of Lee's indorsement of Rosser's communication, he wrote to the Secretary of War, C. S. A., asking that Mosby be made a lieutenant-colonel, and wishing to show him that "his services have been appreciated, and to encourage him to still greater activity and zeal." (*Rebellion Record*, vol. xxxiii.)

In April, Lee enumerated to his government the bands of "partisan rangers," recommending bringing them under the rules and regulations of the regular cavalry, disbanding most of them as organizations; but keeping the men; and adds, with regard to Mosby's battalion, the recommendation that, if they cannot be mustered into the regular service, "they be retained as partisans at present," expressing his belief that their discipline and conduct is better than that of the other bands.

Mosby's and McNeill's commands were retained as partisan rangers.

But the evil went on increasing through 1864. Two days after General Sheridan's report of the killing of his Lieutenant

Meigs, he sends another: "Lieutenant-Colonel Tolles, my Chief Quartermaster, and Assistant Surgeon Emil Oelenschlager, Medical Inspector on my Staff, were both mortally wounded by guerrillas to-day, on their way to join me from Winchester. . . . The refugees from Early's army, cavalry and infantry, are organizing guerrilla parties, and are becoming very formidable. . . . I know of no way to exterminate them except to burn out the whole country, and let the people go North or South."

Yet, bushwhacking aside, Mosby had done great military service to the Confederacy — to quote his own words as to his kind of warfare — "by the heavy details it compels the enemy to make in order to guard his communications, and, to that extent, diminish his aggressive strength." In August, when Sheridan with his army had gone up the Valley, Mosby with a small force made a dash upon one of his supply-trains proceeding to the front, dispersed a large force of "hundred-days men," and ran off three hundred and fifty mules, and burned the wagons and what spoil they could not carry off. In October, Colonel Stevenson wrote to Secretary Stanton, that a supply-train of five hundred and sixty-one wagons, which he was despatching to Sheridan's army, would have a guard of two thousand men "unless this should be too few."

Throughout the campaign, Early was most anxious to keep the rail communications of the Union Army broken, and Mosby harassed the working parties that tried to keep them open. Major John Scott, in his *Partisan Life with Mosby*, gives the following edifying anecdote. It should be remembered that these trains were used by the local inhabitants: "Knowing that the only way to prevent the progress of the work on the road was to keep the force stirred up from below,

on the 9th of October he (Mosby) sent a detachment under a lieutenant to throw off the track a train of cars, as it passed between Salem and the Plains. This duty was successfully performed, and many on board were killed and many severely wounded. In retaliation, the Yankees resorted to the inhuman experiment of arresting prominent citizens of the Southern type residing in Fauquier and Alexandria, and making them ride on every train which ran on the Manassas Gap Railroad. In addition, some of the captured prisoners were sent along. But, with the spirit of an old Roman, Mosby declared, 'If my wife and children were on board, I would still throw off the cars.' "

Page 355, note 1. October 8. The Reserve Brigade was sent back to reconnoitre, and met a superior force of Rebel cavalry. The Second Brigade (Devin's) was sent to reënforce Lowell, who attacked. There was a hard fight till dark, with some loss.

This annoyance of his rear by General Rosser, who had been eagerly looked for to deliver the Valley from the Yankees, caused Sheridan, that night, to order his chief of cavalry, Torbert, to go in and whip Rosser next morning, or get whipped himself.

Page 356, note 1. Sheridan, who witnessed the spectacle from a hill, thus describes the Battle of Tom's Brook, nicknamed "Woodstock Races": —

"Oct. 9th. About 7 in the morning, Custer's division encountered Rosser himself with three brigades, and while the stirring sounds of the resulting artillery duel were reverberating through the valley, Merritt moved briskly to the front, and fell upon Generals Lomax and Johnson on the Valley pike. . . . The two divisions moved forward together,

under Torbert's direction. . . . The engagement soon became general across the Valley, both sides fighting mainly mounted. For about two hours the contending lines struggled with each other along Tom's Brook, the charges and counter-charges at many points being plainly visible from . . . Round Top, where I had my headquarters. The open country permitting a sabre fight, both sides seemed bent on using that arm. In the centre, the Confederates maintained their position with much stubbornness, . . . but at last they began to give way on both flanks, and, as these receded, Merritt and Custer went at the wavering ranks in a charge along their whole front. The result was a general smash-up of the entire Confederate line, the retreat quickly degenerating into a rout. . . . For twenty-six miles this wild stampede kept up, with our troopers close to the enemy's heels."

In a report to General Grant next day, Sheridan wrote : —

"The number of prisoners captured will be about 330. The enemy, after being charged by our gallant cavalry, were broken, and ran. They were followed by our men on the jump twenty-six miles, through Mount Jackson and across the North Fork of the Shenandoah."

And on the 11th of October he wrote again, from Cedar Creek : —

"I have seen no signs of the enemy since the brilliant engagement of the 9th instant. It was a square cavalry fight, in which the enemy was routed beyond my power to describe. He lost everything carried on wheels, except one piece of artillery ; and when last seen, *it* was passing over Rude's Hill, near New Market, on the keen run, twenty-six miles from the battlefield, to which point the pursuit was kept up."

General Torbert, in his report, spoke of this cavalry fight

and victory as “the most decisive the country has ever witnessed. Brigadier-Generals Merritt and Custer, and Colonels Lowell and Pennington, commanding brigades, particularly distinguished themselves ; in fact, no men could have rendered more valuable services and deserve higher honour from the hands of the Government. My losses will not exceed 60 killed and wounded, which is astonishing, compared with the results.”

General Early, who had not failed in courage or persistency, reported to Lee his new defeat : —

“This is very distressing to me, and God knows I have done all in my power to avert the disasters which have befallen this command ; but the fact is, that the enemy’s cavalry is so much superior to ours, both in numbers and equipment, and the country is so favourable to the operations of cavalry, that it is impossible for ours to compete with his. Lomax’s cavalry is armed entirely with rifles, and has no sabres ; and the consequence is, that they cannot fight on horseback, and, in this open country, they cannot successfully fight on foot against large bodies of cavalry : besides, the command has been demoralized all the time. It would be better if they could be all put in the infantry ; but, if that were tried, I am afraid they would all run off.”

The Southerners, as a rule, did not believe in the sabre. Mosby ridicules it ; and, indeed, for his kind of work, the revolver and carbine sufficed. But in the Valley, the furious combined rush of horses ridden by men, with three feet of bright steel, at close quarters, seems often to have been very effective.

Page 358, note I. “Guvveys” means the common cavalry boots, which the Government furnishes to enlisted men.

Page 359, note 1. The meaning of this attack was that the Confederates supposed that a great part of Sheridan's force had been now withdrawn to help Grant before Richmond, and Sheridan's troops, returning from the pursuit of Early, found themselves, on October 13, followed up to Fisher's Hill. Sheridan, who had been summoned to Washington to consult with Stanton on future movements, before the latter should visit Grant, was just setting out, when this movement made him pause and put his army in battle array along Cedar Creek. As he was getting ready to attack, he found that Early, having discovered that he was still in full force, had again withdrawn. Sheridan then went to Washington, leaving General Wright in charge of the army.

Page 359, note 2. Perhaps Mrs. Lowell thought that before her shoulder-straps — the silver eagles on yellow ground of a cavalry colonel — were finished, her husband would be entitled to the single star of a brigadier-general. For more than a year he had borne the responsibility and done the work of one.

Page 360, note 1. George Duncan Wells, a faithful and gallant Massachusetts soldier. He graduated at Williams College, 1846, and at the Harvard Law School, 1848, and practised law until the outbreak of the war. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Massachusetts Infantry, he served at Bull Run and in the Peninsular Campaign. In July, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and served in Western Virginia. In July, 1863, he commanded a brigade with General Naglee, with credit. Next year, in the Shenandoah Campaign, he commanded the First Brigade, in General Crook's First Division, and did good service in many fights in the Valley. He received the personal

congratulations of General Sheridan, on the field of battle at Winchester (Opequan). On October 12, 1864, he was mortally wounded, and died next day, in the hands of the enemy. His commission as Brevet Brigadier-General dated from the day of his last fight.

Page 361, note 1. The explanation of the sudden march to Front Royal and the recall was this. Sheridan had reached that point on his way to Washington, when General Wright sent in haste to tell him that he had read the enemy's signal-flag on their mountain station, thus: —

“TO LIEUT.-GEN. EARLY: — Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan.

“LONGSTREET, *Lieut.-General.*”

Sheridan hesitated whether to return; but his presence in Washington was urgently desired by Secretary Stanton, and there had been many false rumours about Longstreet's coming [this proved to be one, probably a trick to keep Sheridan from detaching forces to help Grant], so he wrote back to Wright: —

“GENERAL, — The cavalry is all ordered back to you. Make your position strong. If Longstreet's despatch is true, he is under the impression that we have largely detached. I will go over to Augur, and may get additional news. . . . If the enemy make an advance, I know you will defeat him. Look well to your ground, and be well prepared. Get up everything that can be spared. I will bring up all I can, and will be up on Tuesday, if not sooner.”

This message was sent Sunday, October 16.

It may seem strange that Early should advance so soon after utter defeat; but Lee had sent five thousand good troops to him and all the local reserves, and called on him for great

efforts. Early was a brave man, and matters were getting desperate. Also the forage of the country had been destroyed, so he must either leave it or supply himself from the enemy.

Page 362, note 1. Excepting the few words of farewell to his wife, written in the last hours of his life, the three following letters, written on the same day, with which this volume closes, were the last which Colonel Lowell ever wrote. Two days later, the bullets, among which for three months he had ridden unheeding, doing his duty to the uttermost, cut short his life. Had Lowell lived through that day, it seems probable that he would have survived the war. The victory of October 19 at Cedar Creek virtually ended the Valley Campaign, and put an end to the dangerous service for the cavalry, except for the short period in spring, ending in Lee's surrender. Moreover, Lowell's commission as Brigadier-General, signed the day of his death, Sheridan intended to follow by making him his Chief of Cavalry, a position in which he would have been less exposed.

Page 365, note 1. General Sheridan had travelled by night, reached Washington on the morning of the 17th, had his interview with the powers there, and left at noon, reaching Martinsburg at night by rail. On the 18th, he rode twenty-eight miles to Winchester, where, hearing by courier from General Wright that all was quiet at his camp, he spent the night. Next morning, he planned to make some examinations with regard to repairing the Manassas Gap Railroad, with two engineer officers sent with him from Washington.

Meantime, let us see what was going on at Cedar Creek. From the abrupt mountain Three Top, close by Early's army,

the camp of Sheridan's army, the division of the forces and guns, the river and creek, the fords and roads, could be plainly seen in bird's-eye view. Early saw that the Union left flank was less strongly guarded, as the country was more difficult than on their right, and yet was accessible to his infantry. He determined to flank it, and take the camp there in reverse by surprise before daylight, and sent Gordon on that errand, while his cavalry was to demonstrate on the left, and he, with Kershaw and Wharton and his artillery, attack simultaneously in front. He even hoped the master-stroke of capturing Sheridan (of whose absence he did not know), by the rush of his flanking party around his headquarters. I am permitted to quote the striking description of the scene before the battle, from Mr. George E. Pond's book, *The Shenandoab Valley in 1864*, in Scribner's "Campaigns of the Civil War."

"Stealthily, an hour after midnight, the Confederate columns moved forward. Since silence was essential to success, swords and canteens were left in camp, lest their clinking should betray the march; while the artillery was massed on the pike at Fisher's Hill, there to wait until the hour set for the infantry attack, when it was to move at a gallop through the town [Strasburg] to Hupp's Hill; for an earlier advance might betray the secret by the rumbling of the heavy wheels, in the dead of night, over the macadamized road. Early accompanied Kershaw, his centre column, and 'came in sight of the Union fires at 3.30 o'clock; the moon,' he adds, 'was now shining, and we could see the camps.' Kershaw was halted under cover, and while his men shivered in the chill night air, Early, during the hour that followed, pointed out precisely how and when this part of the attack should be

made. Kershaw was to 'cross his division over the creek as quietly as possible, and to form it into column of brigades as he did so, and advance in that manner against the enemy's left breastwork.' The scene was memorable. The Union camps, on the hills beyond the creek, wrapped in slumber; a corps of infantry, Jackson's old corps, and a brigade of cavalry, stealing along the base of Massanutten [Mountain], to gain the rear of its unsuspecting foes; in the background, forty guns and more awaiting the signal to rush down the pike; an infantry division creeping over Hupps, and another crouching yonder nearer the creek. Before five o'clock Early ordered Kershaw forward again, and after a time came the welcome sound of a light crackle of musketry on the Confederate right, where Union picket-stations had been set, near the fords at which Gordon was crossing. This petty sound did not disturb the dreaming camps, but to the attent ears of Kershaw and Wharton it was the signal of attack. Kershaw quickly moved down to the creek; and meanwhile, as if Nature had enlisted to aid this enterprise, the moon had vanished and a thick fog, clouding the landscape, now hid from sight the Confederate march."

Sheridan, at Winchester, was considering the questions of the Manassas Gap Railroad with the engineers, when, at seven o'clock, it was reported that some artillery firing could be heard in the direction of Cedar Creek. This was supposed to be from a reconnoissance, but later the sound grew nearer, and the General, mounting with his staff and escort, rode rapidly towards his camp. The heavy cannonade of a battle became unmistakable, and before long he met wagons and stragglers in great numbers. Mr. Pond continues: "Hastily giving orders to park the retreating trains, and to use the spare brigade

at Winchester to form a *cordon* across the pike and fields, so as to stop the stragglers, Sheridan dashed up the pike with an escort of twenty men. He called to the fugitives to turn about and face the enemy, and, as he well phrases it, ‘hundreds of men, who, on reflection, found they had not done themselves justice, came back with cheers.’ On reaching the army, then eleven and a half miles from Winchester, he was received with a tempest of joy.’

In the text of Colonel Lowell’s Life, some account of the part played by his brigade in the action has been given. Below, I give extracts from General Sheridan’s official report of the battle to General Grant, and also from the reports, to their respective superiors, of Generals Torbert, Merritt, and Devin, in which they pay tribute to the memory of Colonel Lowell.

General Sheridan, at ten o’clock on the night of the battle, wrote : —

“I have the honour to report that my army at Cedar Creek was attacked this morning before daylight, and my left was turned and driven in confusion : in fact, most of the line was driven in confusion, with the loss of twenty pieces of artillery. I hastened from Winchester, where I was, on my return from Washington, and joined the army between Middletown and Newtown, [it] having been driven back about four miles. Here I took the affair in hand, and quickly united the corps ; formed a compact line of battle just in time to repulse an attack of the enemy’s, which was handsomely done, about 1 P. M. At 3 P. M., after some changes of the cavalry from the left to the right flank, I attacked with great vigour, driving and routing the enemy, capturing, according to last reports, forty-three pieces of artillery and very many prisoners. Wagon-

trains, ambulances, and caissons in large numbers are in our possession.

“ Affairs at times looked badly, but by the gallantry of our brave officers and men, disaster has been converted into a splendid victory. Darkness again intervened, to shut off greater results.”

And in his second report from the battlefield, written the next day, he speaks of “ a great victory — a victory won from disaster. . . . The attack on the enemy was made about 3 P. M. by a left half-wheel of the whole line, with a division of cavalry turning each flank of the enemy, the whole line advancing. The enemy, after a stubborn resistance, broke and fled, and were pushed with vigour. . . . At least 1600 prisoners have been brought in, also wagons and ambulances in large numbers. . . . I have to regret the loss of many valuable officers killed and wounded, among them . . . Colonel C. R. Lowell, commanding Reserve Cavalry Brigade, killed.”

General Torbert, Chief of Cavalry, reports :—

“ As soon as the cavalry was in position on the left, they attacked the enemy. Colonel Lowell, commanding the Reserve Brigade, First Division, dismounted a part of his little band, and they advanced to a strong position behind a stone wall, from which the enemy’s infantry failed to drive them after repeated attempts. About 12 M. the cavalry was moved to the left about 300 yards, thus bringing it to the left of the pike. Thus matters stood with the cavalry until 3 P. M., holding on to this ground with more than their usual dogged persistence, displaying gallantry which has never been surpassed, while most of the infantry was reforming several miles to their right and rear. . . . About 2 P. M. Major-General Sheridan

arrived on the ground. . . . On the left, the battle was going well for us ; in fact, it could not be otherwise, with the cool and invincible Merritt on the ground, supported by such soldiers as Devin and Lowell." [Sheridan had come on the field, and communicated with Lowell and the Sixth Corps commanders before noon, but probably General Torbert had not seen him personally. In his report he also makes a mistake as to the circumstances of Colonel Lowell's first wounding, so I omit that part.] He goes on : —

“About 4.15 o'clock a general advance of the army was made, and it was truly grand to see the manner in which the cavalry did their part. In this general advance Colonel Lowell, . . . while charging at the head of his brigade, received a second wound, which proved to be mortal. Thus the service lost one of its most gallant and accomplished officers. He was the *beau ideal* of a cavalry commander, and his memory will never die in the command. . . . The cavalry advanced on both flanks, side by side with the infantry, charging the enemy's lines with an impetuosity which they could not stand. The rebel army was soon routed, and driven across Cedar Creek in confusion ; the cavalry, sweeping on both flanks, crossed Cedar Creek about the same time, charged, and broke the last line the enemy attempted to form (it was now after dark), and put out at full speed for their artillery and trains.”

General Wesley Merritt, Lowell's immediate commander, said in his report : —

“No one in the field appreciated his worth more than his division commander. He was wounded painfully in the early part of the day, soon after which I met him ; he was suffering acutely from his wound, but to ask him to leave the field was to insult him almost. A more gallant soldier never buckled

sabre. His coolness and judgment in the field were unequalled. An educated and accomplished gentleman, his modest, amiable yet independent demeanour endeared him to all his superiors in rank. His inflexible justice, temperate yet unflinching conduct of discipline, made him respected and loved by his subordinates. He was upright as a man, pure as a patriot, and eminently free from the *finesse* of the politician. Young in years, he died too early for his country."

— Lastly, Brigadier-General Thomas C. Devin, who commanded the Second Brigade of Merritt's Division, ends his report thus : —

“ During the early part of the engagement at Cedar Creek, when all seemed lost, I did not see a single cavalry straggler, and the men stood up nobly under a most withering fire. When obliged to retire, the movement was effected in perfect order and new lines formed, as if on parade.

“ I respectfully trust that it may not be considered out of place here to mention the hearty and brave coöperation that was at all times extended to me by the brave and lamented Colonel Lowell, commanding the Reserve Brigade. In him the service lost an estimable gentleman and gallant soldier, whose future was bright with promise.”

It has been remarked of Lowell that, in each new place or kind of work to which his path of life led him, his new acquaintances believed that in him they had discovered a remarkable man, made for just that place. Yet all soon saw the performance of the work in hand was but a low power of a force dimly seen behind.

Many years after the war, General Sheridan wrote the following letter to his friend, Mr. John M. Forbes : —

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 31, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. FORBES, — Your letter in reference to the late General Lowell is received. Among those who fell in my Shenandoah Valley Campaign there was no better soldier or brighter man than young Charles Lowell. Youthful in appearance and only twenty-three [*sic*] years of age,¹ he united the rare judgment and good eye of a leader to the unflinching courage which marked so many others. Commanding one of the best brigades of the army, comprised of three regiments of Regulars and his own, — the 2d Mass. Cavalry, raised by himself, — he was always found at the front in the advance. He had three horses killed under him in the first battle of Winchester (Opequan, Sept. 19, 1864), and in the morning of Oct. 19th, Cedar Creek, same year, he was mortally wounded while holding an advance position with his brigade on the left of the retreating army in the village of Middletown. On my arrival on the field, my first order was sent to Gen. Lowell through an aide-de-camp to hold the position he then occupied, if it was possible. His reply was that he would. And when the final charge was made by the whole line in the evening, he was lifted on his horse, but could only whisper his last order for his men to mount and advance against the enemy. I watched him closely during the campaign and, had he survived that day at Cedar Creek, it was my intention to have more fully recognized his gallantry and genius by obtaining for him promotion in rank, and a command which would have enlarged his usefulness and have given more scope to his remarkable abilities as a leader of men.

I am, my dear Mr. Forbes,

Sincerely and truly your friend,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lt.-General.

¹ His age was twenty-nine.

Perhaps a fitting close is this extract from a letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Forbes, returning to his regiment after imprisonment in the South :—

“ Oh, you don't know how I missed Colonel Lowell as soon as I rejoined the regiment ! Every time the bugles sounded in the morning, I half looked to see his light figure in the saddle leading the column ; and each night when, the day's hard marching done, we gathered round the camp fires, whose charm used to be doubled by his presence and conversation, and listened to the band playing the tunes we used to listen to with him, the choking feeling would come, and it always will with me, whenever I think of him. Every one else is a dead weight in comparison.”

Page 365, note 2. These verses are taken from a poem written by Mr. George Lunt, on occasion of the death of a soldier earlier in the war, but read at Colonel Lowell's funeral.

INDEX

INDEX

- ABERT, Captain W. S., 27.
Adams, Hon. Charles Francis, 194 ;
426.
Adams, Captain Charles Francis, Jr.,
262 ; 472.
Agassiz, Alexander, 82.
Agassiz, Louis, Professor, 156.
Ames Manufacturing Company, 13,
88, 89 ; 385.
Ames, Nathan P., 88 ; 385.
Andrew, John A., Governor, 35,
212, 235, 242, 246, 248, 263,
264, 287, 304, 305, 306, 317 ;
375, 403, 404, 417.
Andrews, General George L., 292 ;
434.
Apollonius of Tyana (quoted), 12.
Argyle, Duke of, 426.
Arlington, 209.
Army Corps, Second, 462 ; Sixth,
63 ; 455, 456, 457 ; Nineteenth,
21, 63 ; 455.
Ashburner, George, 186 ; offer of,
18, 398 ; letters to, 184 ; from
J. M. Forbes, 398.
Aspinwall, William H, 425.
Atkinson, Edward, 414.
"Atlantic Monthly" Magazine,
149, 150.
Augur, General C. C., 339 ; 451,
455, 461.
Austin, Samuel, 93 ; 386.
Australian friends, 108, 109, 112.
Averill, General William W., 464.
Baldwin, Captain Josiah A., 348.
Ball, Lieutenant J. Warren, tribute
to Lowell, 376.
Bancroft, John C., 80, 82, 118,
119, 144, 182, 189, 190 ; 384 ;
letters to, 132, 149, 163, 247.
Banks, General N. P., 210, 211,
213 ; 443-444.
Baring Brothers, London, 425.
Barlow, General Francis, 223 ; 408,
461-463 ; letters to, 343.
Bartol, Rev. Cyrus A., sermon on
Lowell's death, 369.
Bates, Joshua, 425.
Battles and skirmishes : Aldie, 262 ;
427. Antietam (Sharpsburg), 28,
29, 224-226, 231 ; 409-412,
421, 422, 462. Ball's Bluff, 5,
29, 370. Berryville, 324. Bull
Run, 217, 278. Cedar Creek,
5, 48, 62-68 ; 376, 473-482.
Cedar Mountain, 382, 383, 416.
Chancellorsville, 32 ; 375, 424.
Fredericksburg, 424. Fisher's
Hill, 55 ; 464, 465. Gainesville,
231, 232. Glendale (Fair Oaks),
5, 221, 223, 275 ; 370, 407.
Guerrillas, service against, 32, 35,
38, 294-299, 311-313, 353 ;
432, 434-442, 446-455, 465-
470. Gettysburg, 33, 272-279,
285. Hanover Court House, 372.
Haltown, 44, 45, 50, 322,
325-329 ; 375, 458, 459. Har-

- per's Ferry, 45, 49-53. Lee-town, 330; 460. Luray, 349, 350. Malvern Hill, 224; 424. Opequon, 53, 55, 56, 347-349; 463, 464. Pamunkey, 375. Rockville, 40, 321; 456. Shepherdstown, 43. Slatersville, 27, 372. South Anna, 26, 27; 373. South Mountain, 29; 421. Spottsylvania, 462. Staunton, 465. Strasburg, 44, 45, 323, 355; 455, 456. Stuart's raid, 33, 267, 270. Summit Point, 331, 332, 334. Tom's Brook, 57, 61, 356; 470, 472. Vicksburg, 275. Wagner, Fort, 36, 37, 284-290, 293-298, 304, 306; 430, 431, 433, 442. Waynesboro, 352; 465. Williamsburg, 22, 23, 27; 371, 372. Winchester, 324 (See Opequon). Yorktown, 371. Zion's Church, 418, 452-455.
- Beauregard, General P. G., 284, 285, 305, 313.
- Blagden, Captain George, 345.
- Bonds, Government: 5-20's, 331, 425; 7-30's, 331.
- Boyden, Uriah, 88; 385.
- Breckenridge, General John C., his corps, 349; 460, 464.
- Brigades (Lowell's), Provisional, 41, 45, 322, *et seq.* Reserve, 54, 337, 338; at Opequon, 56, 347, 348; 463, 464; at Tom's Brook, 59, 60, 356; 470, 471; at Cedar Creek, 63, 65; 480, 482.
- Bright, John, 426.
- Brimmer, Martin, 414.
- Bridley, "The rugged," 79; 384.
- Bronze, 89.
- Brooks, John W., 292-293; 433, 434.
- Brooks, Rev. Phillips (Bishop), 82.
- Brough, Governor, 333.
- Brownell, Henry Howard, 378; extract from poem by, 71.
- Buchanan, James, President of U. S., 152, 153, 192; 401.
- Buford, General John, 359.
- Burns, Anthony, sent back to slavery, 8, 16; 371.
- Burnside, General A. E., 422, 424.
- Cabot, James Elliot, 158.
- California Battalion, 30, 34, 236, 290, 317; 415, 416, 446, 451. "California Hundred," 34, 290.
- Cameron, Simon, Secretary of War, 21, 204, 209.
- Carlyle, Dr. John, translation of Dante, 394.
- Carper, Leo, 173, 177, 179; 396.
- Casey, General Silas, 240, 250; 417.
- Chaffee, General Adna R., 404-406.
- Chase, Salmon P., Secretary of Treasury, 35; 425.
- Chicopee, Mass., 13, 14; letters from, 78-93; Ames Manufacturing Company's works at, 385.
- Child, Professor Francis J., 253; 407, 419.
- Clapp, Captain Channing, 188.
- Cobden, Richard, 426.
- Concord, Mass., 79; 384.
- Cooper, Edward, 386.
- Cram, Captain G. C., 213.
- Crisis, Financial, of 1857, 146; 390.
- Crocker, Captain Henry H., 53, 54.

- Crook, General George, 62 ; 464, 465.
- Crowninshield, Colonel Caspar, 40, 52, 330, 352 ; 376, 415, 427, 455, 456 ; letter to, 262.
- Crowninshield, Captain Francis W., 225 ; 409.
- Curtis, George William, 280, 313, 331 ; 444, 460.
- Custer, General George A., 460, 464, 470, 472.
- Dana, Richard H., Jr., 196 ; 371.
- Darien, Georgia, 36, 262-267 ; 426.
- Davis, "Yankee," 447.
- Dennison, J. N., 399 ; letter to, 191.
- Deserters, 31, 34, 237, 239 ; execution of, 450, 451.
- Devin, General Thomas C., 460, 464, 470 ; quoted, 481.
- DeWolf, Oscar, Assistant Surgeon, 40, 42, 51, 60, 61, 65, 66, 243, 325, 345, 356 ; 463.
- Doubleday, General Abner, quoted, 428.
- Douglas, Stephen A., Senator, 152, 153, 188, 191.
- Draft Riots, 419.
- Duffié, General Alfred N., 459.
- Dwight, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilder, 225 ; 409.
- Dwight, General William, 63.
- Early, General Jubal A., 40, 41, 44, 54-56, 62, 330, 351 ; 455, 457, 463, 473, 474 ; quoted, 465, 472, 474.
- Eigenbrodt, Captain Charles F., 52, 329.
- Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 15, 91, 97, 99, 104, 126, 150, 173, 281 ; 393, 431.
- Emory, General William H., 21, 62, 218, 222 ; 408.
- Endicott, William, 414.
- Erving, Langdon, 82.
- Fates ; Fate, 3, 128 ; 131.
- Fillebrown, Lieutenant H. H., 262.
- Football, "Bloody Monday," 75, 76 ; 381.
- Forbes, Mrs. Edith Emerson, 393.
- Forbes, John Murray, interest in Lowell, 17, 19, 101 ; 386 ; Lowell's gratitude to, 121, 126 ; raises English loan for railroad, 147 ; 390, 391 ; western plans for Lowell, 160, 164 ; procures offer of place in China for, 185, 186 ; mentioned, 201, 211, forming Loyal Publication Society, Union Club, and Committee to recruit coloured regiments, 234, 235 ; 412, 413-415 ; sends 60 lbs. quinine to regiments, 243 ; his ceaseless unselfish work, 258-259 ; deploras Lowell's undesirable task, 294, 295 ; his affection for his son's charger, 326, 348 ; his largeness of mind, 387 ; his account of the Peace Congress, 400-402 ; his gifts of horses to Lowell, 411, 459 ; his account of Colonel Russell, 416, 417 ; his important private mission to England, 424-426 ; his praise of Francis G. Shaw, 433 ; of John W. Brooks, 433-434 ; of General Barlow, 461-462 ; General Sheridan's letter to, 483 ; Lowell's letters to : on declining place in India, 185 ; on political

- situation, February, 1861, 193; on Maryland volunteers, 205; Massachusetts interests at Washington, 205, 208; Antietam and project for Second Massachusetts Cavalry, 225, 229; on permanent cavalry camp at Readville, 287; on raising coloured troops; J. W. Brooks, guerrilla warfare, 291, 295; on protection of coloured troops, 296, 306; Cavalry Depot and Spencer carbines, 315, 316; exchange of prisoners, casualties to horses, 326; horses again, promotion unlikely, General Sheridan, 338; possible release of Colonel Forbes, his horse, newspaper reputations, 362; his letter to Mr. Ashburner, 398.
- Forbes, Colonel William H., 46, 163, 238, 274-275, 327, 339, 345, 349, 362, 363; 391-394, 415, 445, 452-455, 459, 483.
- Forbes, Miss Alice H., 363; letter to, 348.
- Fortune, 3, 15, 70; 390.
- Furness, Horace H., letter on Lowell in college, 5.
- Gansevoort, Colonel, 67.
- Genoa, 115, 116.
- Gibbs, Colonel Alfred, 337, 359.
- Gilmore, General Q. A., 305; 433.
- Grant, General Ulysses S., 43, 44, 57, 247, 322, 324, 354, 360, 364; 424, 427, 457; President, 462.
- Greeley, Horace, 188.
- Gregg, General David McM., 279, 316; 429, 443.
- Grimes, James W. (Senator), 397.
- Guerrillas (see also Partisan Rangers, and Mosby, Colonel J. H.), 34, 35, 38, 39, 283, 294, 295, 298, 299, 312, 353, 354; 434-442, 446-455, 466-470.
- Gurowski, Count Adam, 202; 402.
- Hale, Rev. Edward Everett, 414.
- Halleck, General Henry W., 258, 268, 269, 302, 307, 308, 314; 428, 444; quoted, 448-449.
- Hallowell, Colonel Edward, 414.
- Hallowell, Colonel Norwood P., 225, 234, 235; 409, 414.
- Hallowell, Richard, 235.
- Hampton, General Wade, 270.
- Hancock, General Winfield S., 462.
- Hardin, General Benjamin, 456.
- Hastings, Colonel Smith H., 376.
- Hasty Pudding Club, 6.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 157.
- Heintzelman, General Samuel T., 252, 268, 269, 270, 311; 428, 443.
- Hewitt, Abram Stevens, 386.
- Higginson, Captain Francis Lee, 77, 303, 304; 444.
- Higginson, Major Henry Lee, goes with Lowell to protest against return of fugitive, 8; beginning business life, 91; a born merchant, 143; travels with Lowell, 132, 137, 138, 143, 144; Lieutenant in Second Massachusetts Infantry, 210, 223; 382; Major First Massachusetts Cavalry, wounded, 262, 264; approaching marriage, 315; resignation from service, 340; 371, 386; quoted, letter as to Lowell's philosophic habit,

- 378, 389; words at Soldiers' Field on Savage and Perkins, 382, 383; letter on Perkins, 389; on Lowell's genius, 390; on James Lowell, 407; on Lowell and McClellan, 420-423; Lowell's letters to, from schoolhouse, 381; from Cambridge, 75; Chicópee, 91, 93; Switzerland, 118, 119; Florence, 127, 129; Marseilles, 146; Algiers, 153; Malta, 155; Rome, 156; Naushon, 163; Burlington, 178; Cambridge, 188; Mt. Savage, 191; Washington, 219; Readville, 231, 234; Centreville, 302, 307, 308; Vienna, Va., 314; Ripon, 340.
- Higginson, Captain James J., 262.
- Hill, General A. P., 226.
- Hill, General D. H., 226; 423.
- Hoar, Judge E. R., 205, 209.
- Holmes, O. W. Jr., Captain, 225; 409.
- Home, Lieutenant, 348.
- Hooker, General Joseph, 32, 33, 224, 231, 258, 268, 269, 274; 411, 424, 428.
- Horses, cavalry, consumption of, 449.
- Humphreys, Rev. Charles A., chaplain, 38, 315, 363; 376, 418, 454, 455; quoted, 377, 445.
- Ideals, 10.
- Iron, 13, 19, 87, 93, 95, 191, 196.
- Jackson, Judge Charles, 369.
- Jackson, Edward, 118; letter to, 203.
- Jackson, Miss Ellen, 125; 369; letter to, 305.
- Jackson, Dr. James, 131; 369.
- Jackson, Patrick Tracy, 369.
- Jackson, Patrick Tracy, Jr., 121.
- Jackson, Mrs. Patrick Tracy, 130, 141; 388.
- Jackson Family, 185; 369.
- Jackson, General Thomas J., 226.
- Jackson, General W. L., 43.
- Johnson, General Bradley F., 60; 470.
- Keenan, Major Peter, his charge, 376.
- Kershaw, General, 463, 476, 477.
- King, General Rufus, 276; 432, 440, 441, 442.
- Kinny, Lieutenant Charles W., 352.
- Lathrop, George P., poem quoted, 6; 375.
- Lawrence, Amos A., 229, 230, 234, 235; 412.
- Lee, General Fitzhugh, 324; 464, 467.
- Lee, General Robert E., 32, 33, 54, 226, 244, 253, 254, 261, 271, 273, 276, 330; 411, 422, 428, 429; quoted, 468.
- Lee, Colonel Henry, 369, 403; letter to, 222.
- Lincoln, Abraham, President. See under Lowell, General C. R., opinions, expressions, etc.; also in notes, 373, 401, 450, 461.
- Lomax, General, 60; 470, 472.
- Longstreet, General James, 226, 324; 474.
- Louis, Pierre Charles Alexandre, physician, 158; 391.
- Lowell, Miss Anna, 157, 164, 171,

- 212, 343; 403, 413; letters to, 105, 183.
- Lowell, Mrs. Anna Cabot (Jackson), 5, 164, 184, 185, 187, 275, 310; letters to, from Chicopee, 78, 86-91, 92, 93; Trenton; sailing for West Indies, 100; from New Orleans, 101-103; Spain, 103-115; Italy and Switzerland, 115-140; Tyrol, Dresden, and Vienna, 141-145; Marseilles, Algiers, and Malta, 147-154; Rome and Paris, 157-161; Burlington, 169-190; Mt. Savage, 192, 196, 197; Washington, 203, 206, 209-212; New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, 213-217; Camp at Washington, 218-219; Peninsula, 201-204; Antietam, 224; Boston, 233, 234; Camp, 253, 258, 284; the Shenandoah, 334, 364; quoted, as to her son's Oriental trait, 378; her book, *Seed-grain*, 125; 388
- Lowell, Charles Russell, Sr., 4, 120, 121, 206, 212; letters to, 122, 131, 220.
- Lowell, General Charles Russell, birth, ancestry, and heredity, 4; 369; childhood, boyhood, schools, 4, 5, 31; 369, 370, 371, 381; in college, 5-13, 82, 84; Commencement Oration, 7-13; shame at rendition of slave, 8, 16; in Boston counting-room, 13; at Chicopee manufacturing works, 13, 14, 78-93, 99, 121; 371; ill health, 14, 15, 94, 104; acquaintance with J. M. Forbes, 101; trip to West Indies and New Orleans, 100-102; voyage to Europe, 15, 102-104; travels in Spain, 16, 105-115; Genoa, 115; on horseback in Alps, Savoy, Piedmont, 116, 118, 122; Milan, 122, 125; Venice, 124, 137, 140; Florence, 127-130, 133, 138; Rome, 131, 133, 137, 157; horseback trip with friends through northern Italy and Tyrol to Dresden, 137-145; considers plans for China, 104, 120, 135; for Kansas, 16, 118, 122, 153; for Virginia, 17, 131, 132, 134-136; from Vienna to Marseilles, 145-147; Algiers, 147-153; Tunis, Malta, 154, 155; Paris, 158-161; return to United States, 162-165; life in Burlington, Iowa, and railroad work, 17-19, 165-191; accepts position at Mt. Savage Iron Works, Md., 19, 191; life in Border State, 191-197; outbreak of War, goes to Washington, 19, 20; applies for commission in U. S. Army, 201; acts as agent for Massachusetts, 206, 209; 403; scouting in Virginia, 209; commissioned Captain, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, 21, 210, 211, 213; recruiting service, 213, 218; 404, 405; regiment assembled at Washington, 218-221; service with squadron in Peninsula, 21-27; 371-373; Orderly's reminiscences of Captain, 22-26; his brother mortally wounded, 26, 221, 223, 224; 407; appointed on staff by General McClellan, 223; South Mountain and Antietam, 28-29, 224-226; 373, 410, 411, 421; declines command of a Massachusetts battalion, 29, 229, 230;

detailed as Colonel Second Massachusetts Cavalry, 30, 231; mutiny in Boston, 31, 246; 374; organizing and drilling at Readville, 31; 414; engagement to Miss Shaw, 36; First Battalion sent South, 236; 415; expecting California Battalion, 237; moves Second and Third Battalions to Washington, 32, 236, 240, 247; review by General Casey, 240; interview with Secretary Stanton, 245; Camp Brightwood, 251-263; stationed along Potomac, 264; ordered by General Hooker to Army of Potomac, recalled by General Halleck, 267-270; 428; letters on General Meade, Gettysburg campaign, 271-276; warfare with Mosby and other guerrillas, 34, 38, 276, 278, 283, 294, 295; 434-442, 445-449; Thirteenth and Sixteenth N. Y. Cavalry regiments added to his command, 37, 289; 432; court of inquiry as to loss of horses, 298, 311; talk with Governor Andrew, 304; with Secretary Stanton, 305; retaliation for murder by Confederate, 312; writes to Mosby, 312; marriage, and house-keeping in camp, 39, 315; 445; drumhead court-martial, deserter shot, 450; in charge of cavalry depot, 38, 315; horse training, 39; applies for Spencer carbines, 317; returns to his command, its encounter with Mosby, 451, 455; aids in repelling Early's attack on Washington, 40, 321; 455, 456; ordered to Shenandoah, 41; 457; commands "Provisional Brigade,"

41, 322; conduct in field, endurance, soldiers' testimony, 39-42; praises Sheridan, 322, 336, 339; advance to Strasburg, 323; protecting rear in retreat to Harper's Ferry, constant fighting, 44-54, 324-340; 458-460; given the "Reserve Brigade," 55, 60, 337, 339; 460; his flag, 346; battle of Opequon, 53, 55-57, 347-349; 463; at Luray, Staunton, and Waynesboro', 349-352; battle of Tom's Brook, 57-61, 355, 356; 470, 472; march to Front Royal, 371, 474; service and mortal wound at Cedar Creek, 62-65; 376, 475; commissioned Brigadier-General, 68; death, 66-68; burial, courage, genius, standards, 68, 69, 70; tributes of Generals: Torbert, 479; Merritt, 480; Devin, 481; Sheridan, 482; Chaffee, 405.

Lowell's Opinions, Thoughts, Expressions, and Reading: *Action*, 12, 80, 120. *Administration* (Government; see also Lincoln, Buchanan, and Stanton) to be tested, 197; embarrassed, 203; course as to volunteers, 205; Lowell's loyalty to, 207; wants a policy, 212; must be strict with officers, 232; relation to McClellan, 255, 274; timid as to protecting negro soldiers, 297, 305, 306; bountiful provision for officers, 309, 310; lenient to traitors, 312; should confide in the people, 331; pressed for money, 341; Lowell a cautious and candid friend of, 342-343; *Affections*, family, 389; *Ambition*, 180, 338, 341,

- 342; *Army*, regular and volunteer, 206-207; as profession, 202, 204, 207, 210, 211, 213, 215, 219; officers, tone of, 217, 232, 234, 255, 259, 265, 271, 274, 286, 290, 336; *Art and Artists*: Angelico, Fra, 128; Angelo, Michael, 128-180; Giorgione, 124, 161, 182, 189; Giotto, 128; Masaccio, 180; Murillo, 113; Perugino, 128; Raphael, 128, 180; Tintoretto, 124, 128, 139; Titian, 125, 161, 190; Venus of Milo, 124, 172; 388; Gothic spirit, 129; *Artillery*, 202, 204, 209; *Authors*: Apollonius of Tyana, 12; Arnold, Matthew, 92; Bacon, 12, 126, 310; Browne, Sir Thomas, 90, 98; Buckle, 173; 396; Byron, 124; Bunyan, 171; Carlyle, 79, 80, 81, 84, 149, 173, 264; Cato, 342; Cervantes, 109; Chapman, (Homer), 170; Chaucer, 171; Coleridge, 82; Dante, 172; Darwin, 396; Emerson, 15, 91, 98, 104, 126, 150, 173, 281; Fichte, 81; Fresnel, 130; Froude, 171; Goethe, 90, 126; Hawthorne, 157; Helps, 126; Herbert, 87, 94; 384; Homer, 80; Humboldt, William, 126; Kant, 396; James, Henry, 91, 92; Jameson, Mrs., 91; Milton, 140; Niebuhr, 98, 120; Novalis, 100; Pascal, 171; Peirce, Benjamin, 171; Raleigh, 180; Richter, 90; Ruskin, 245; Schiller, 91, 92, 98; Shakespeare, 98; Smith, Sydney, 126; Socrates, 80; Spenser, 170; Swedenborg, 172; Taylor, Henry, 126; Thoreau, 83; Webster, Daniel, 194; Whewell, 92; Wordsworth, 83, 98, 256, 282; *Boston*, 165, 179, 308; 400; *Bushwhackers*, 283, 353 (see *Guerrillas*); Cabot, J. Elliot, 158; Cambridge, 165; *Castles in the Air*, 11, 249, 277; *Cavalry*, 220, 222, 230, 241, 245, 257, 287, 294, 322; officers of, 279; *Children*, 275, 341, 344; 389; *Clubs*, 80-85; *Comfort*, 210, 271; *Compensation*, 104; *Conscience*, 263, 264; *Conscription*, 36, 263, 283, 333; *Constitution*, 195, 196, 261; *Conversation*, 80, 83, 85; *Cooking*, 183; *Corn versus Cotton*, 192, 193, 196; *Corporations*, 14, 87, 91; *Culture*, self, 259; 389; *Death*, words and actions in presence of, 42, 53, 66, 67, 255, 256, 357, 358; 406; *Directness*, 70; *Dogs*, 190; *Duty* in field, 250, 259, 291; to army, 323, 354; *Duties*, convenient, 263; *Earth*, mother, 139; *Economy*, 309, 310, 314, 330, 332, 340, 357, 358; *Emancipation*, 136, 236, 314; *Farming*, coöperative, 142; *Fate, Fates*, 3, 128, 131; *Fortune*, 104, 105, 159, 186; Michael Angelo's drawing of, 172, 180; Dante's description of, 172; 390; *Government*, see *Administration*; *Grazing*, 342; *Guerrillas* (see General Index); *Heaven*, 255; *Heroes*, 87; *Horses*, 116-118, 129, 137-139, 144, 151, 153, 201, 214, 225, 236, 237, 238, 241, 260, 316, 322, 325-327, 330, 332, 334, 338, 347-349, 352, 355,

- 356, 360, 362, 363; *Ideals*, 10, 13; *India*, 187; *Individuality*, 85, 244, 256, 296; *Infantry*, 223; *Iron-working*, 13, 19, 191; *Leaves of Absence*, 354; *Life*, 165, 170, 189, 244, 248, 253, 259, 328, 351; *Lincoln, Abraham*, as candidate, 188, 191, 195; *President*; must act, 196; how much courage? 258; proclamations, 236, 272; his order, 290; weak on protecting coloured troops, 297, 298, 301, 304, 306; his appointment of Sheridan, 322; citizens and soldiers must work, to reëlect, 333, 334, 337, 340, 362; keeps down military ambition, 341; only candidate to be thought of by patriots, 346; *Love*, 244, 245; *Marriage*, 187, 244, 303, 307, 309, 310, 314, 315; *Mathematics*, 159, 160, 171, 201; *Mississippi River*, 169; *Mosby, Colonel John S.*, 294, 295, 298, 299, 312, 313, 315, 336; Lowell's reports, 441, 446-448, 452, 453; *Mountains*, 123, 133, 140, 277; *Nation*, *Nations*, 11, 196, 280, 281; *Negro troops*, 233-236, 242, 246, 248, 260-267, 284-295 *passim*, 303, 333; protection of, 296-298, 304-306; *Newspapers and reporters*, 70, 291, 363, 364; *Old men*, cannot teach young, 11; *Oriental temptation*, 184-187; mood, 378; *Partisans* (see *Guerillas*); *People, American*, 232, 234, 254, 266, 271, 280, 331, 344; *Prayer*, 256; *Prisoners*, exchange of, 326, 356; *Profanity*, 301; *Profession*, or occupation, choice of, 10, 12, 136, 142, 145, 146, 156, 159, 160, 164, 177, 181; *Promotion*, 229, 230, 294, 338, 359; *Railroads*, western, 181; *Rank*, insignia of, 43, 296; *Rashness*, 291; *Reading*, 94, 95, 99 (see *Authors*); *Recruiting*, 21, 32, 36, 50, 250, 308, 340; *Religion*, 70, 255, 256; *Responsibility*, 77, 131, 152, 184, 192-311; *Retaliation*, 290, 305, 311, 312; *Riches*, 160, 189, 331; *Riding* (see *Horses*); *Roses vs. Beets*, 86; *Southerners*, 201, 217, 342; *Theories*, 341; *Truth*, many-sided, 296; indispensable in cavalry officers, 279; *Thought*, 83; 377, 378; *Victories*, 226, 254, 272-275, 280, 281; *War*, 211, 253, 254, 260, 270, 271, 274, 280, 281, 323; *West*, 165, 174, 175, 182; *White, Colonel*, 298; 441, 446; *Work*, 7, 18, 86, 87, 187, 189, 281; *Workingmen*, 13, 14, 16, 19, 70; *Worship*, 92, 256.
- Lowell, Miss Harriet, 134, 135, 174.
- Lowell, James Russell, 5, 171, 201; 391; lines from *Commemoration Ode*, xiii.
- Lowell, Lieutenant James Jackson, 5, 26, 142, 159, 164, 208, 217, 221, 223, 224, 275; 370, 373, 407, 408; letter to, 204.
- Lowell, Mrs. Josephine Shaw (see also *Miss Shaw*), marriage and life in camp, 39, 314; help in hospital, 445; rides with her husband, 459; as "Commander-in-chief," 308; working shoulder-straps, 359.

- Loyal Publication Society, New England, 234 ; 413, 414.
- Lunt, George, verses by, 365, 483.
- Magruder, Fort, Va., action at, 22; 372.
- Mansfield, General, 28.
- Massachusetts, 194, 204, 205, 208, 298.
- McClellan, General George B., 26-30, 223, 225, 226, 255, 332-334, 346, 362; 411, 412, 419-424.
- McKendry, Captain Archibald, quoted, 376-377.
- McLemore, Marcus C., 102.
- Meade, General George G., 271, 272, 273, 274 ; 429.
- Meador, Lieutenant Charles E., 329.
- Meigs, Lieutenant John R., murdered, 353; 465.
- Meleager, 3.
- Merritt, General Wesley, 45, 59, 322, 359; 460, 464, 472; quoted, 480-481.
- Miles, General Nelson A., 462.
- Morse, John T., Jr., *Memoir of Henry Lee*, quoted, 404.
- Mosby, Colonel John S., 34, 35, 38, 294-299 *passim*, 312, 313, 315, 336 ; 424, 432, 434, 435, 437-442 ; 446-468 *passim*, with letters and reports on, from Generals Halleck, Grant, Sheridan, Lee, Rosser, and Stuart. His *War Reminiscences*, quoted, 435, 436, 454.
- Napoleon, Louis, Emperor, 156.
- Naushon Island, 163, 164 ; 411.
- Newhall, Lieutenant-Colonel Fredrick C., 57.
- Norton, Charles Eliot, 234, 235 ; 414.
- Oelenschlager, Emil, Assistant Surgeon, murdered, 469.
- Ohio, recruiting in, 214-216.
- Palfrey, General Francis Winthrop, 221, 223, 224 ; 407 ; quoted, 423.
- Partisan Life with Mosby*, Scott, quoted, 437-439, 469.
- "Partisan Rangers" (see Guerrillas), law establishing, 435 ; partial abolishment of, 468.
- Patten, Major Henry L., 407.
- Peace Congress, 193 ; 400-402.
- Peirce, James Mills, Professor, 77; 383 ; his life of General Lowell quoted, 37; 375, 399, 407, 410.
- Peninsular Campaign, 21-28, 221-224 ; 372-373, 406-408, 424.
- Pennington, Colonel Alexander C. M., 472.
- Perkins, Charles E., President of C. B. & Q. R. R., 17, 19, 179, 331; 395, 459 ; letters to, 176, 210, 215, 219, 362 ; letter from, 395.
- Perkins, Edward N., 129.
- Perkins, Lieutenant Stephen George, 76, 82, 129, 130, 137, 152, 165, 188, 341 ; 382, 383, 389, 390 ; letter to, 176 ; letter from, 395.
- Perkins, Colonel Thomas Handasyd, 369.
- Philadelphia, Union Club, 234 ; Philadelphia Volunteer Relief Society, 239 ; Philadelphians, too comfortable, 271.
- Phillips, Captain John, 329.
- Pinkham, Lieutenant, 316.

- Pleasanton, General Alfred, 316.
- Pond, George E., his *Shenandoah Valley*, quoted, 375; 466, 476, 477, 478.
- Pope, General John, 28, 232; 413, 420.
- Porter, General Fitz John, 26, 232; 412.
- Potter, William J., 121; his manly sermon and example concerning the draft, 299-301; 384, 442; letter to, 81.
- Poverty and riches, gifts of, 5.
- Putnam, George, letter to, 187.
- Putnam, Mrs. Mary Lowell, 148.
- Putnam, Lieutenant William Lowell, 5, 217, 370.
- Railroads, Burlington & Missouri River, 17, 171, 176; 371, 395-397; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, 19; Michigan Central, 147; Virginia Central, 373; Orange and Alexandria, 276, 279; 452; management of, in West, 181.
- Read, John G., Superintendent B. & M. R. R., 395, 396.
- Readville, camp at, 287; 414, 415.
- Reed, Captain J. Sewall, 290; 415, 450, 451.
- Regiments. *Cavalry*: First U. S., 54; 461, 463; Second U. S., 54; 461, 463; Third U. S., 21; Fifth U. S., 54; 461, 463; Sixth U. S., 21-26, 213, 218-221, 222; 372, 373, 405, 407, 429; First Massachusetts, 229, 242, 262, 308; 391, 420, 427, 444; Second Massachusetts, 30-65 *passim*; recruiting, drill, and moving to Washington, 229-245; 414-416, *passim*; service along Potomac, 264, 267-273; against guerrillas, 276-313 *passim*; 418, 428, 429, 432, 439-455 *passim*; defence of Washington, 321; 455, 456; service in Shenandoah in "Provisional Brigade," 322-337; 456-460; in "Reserve Brigade," 337-364; 460-481, *passim*; mutiny in Boston, 374, 418; Fourth Massachusetts, 451; Fifth Massachusetts, 417, 427, 451; First New York Dragoons, 339; Thirteenth New York, 37, 289, 298; 432, 441, 447, 448, 453; Sixteenth New York, 289; 432; Twenty-Fifth New York, 50, 329; First Maryland, 50; Second Maryland, 332; Eighth Pennsylvania, 376; —th West Virginia, 459; (Confederate) Sixth Virginia, 50. *Infantry*: Second Massachusetts, 219, 285, 287; 382, 383, 409, 410, 416, 434; Twentieth Massachusetts, 26, 224, 225; 370, 407, 409, 427; Thirty-Fourth Massachusetts, 360; 473; Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, 36, 37, 233, 235, 246, 248, 284, 287, 288, 289, 293, 298, 304, 305; 414, 415, 426, 430-433; Fifty-Fifth Massachusetts, 409, 414. *Artillery*: Second U. S., Battery D., 54; regiments, reputation of, 364.
- Retaliation, 36, 290, 305, 311, 312, 353; 427, 428, 449, 457, 458, 466, 468, 469, 470.
- Revere, Edward H. R., Assistant Surgeon, 225; 409.

- Revere, Paul J., Major, 224 ; 409.
 Rhodes, General R. E., 324.
 Richards, Captain Thomas W. (?), 454.
 Ricketts, General James T., 62.
 Robbins, Private James (Orderly), 237, 348 ; 372 ; his letter, 21-26, 48-51.
 Rodenbough, Colonel Theophilus F., 57 ; 460.
 Rogers, Henry B., 414.
 Rogers, Professor W. B., 414.
 Rosser, General Thomas L., 57, 58, 60 ; 447, 470 ; quoted, 466-467.
 Rumery, Captain William L., 331.
 Russel, Captain Cabot J., 121, 141, 304 ; 442, 444.
 Russel, William C., 298, 306.
 Russell, 'Colonel Henry S., 288 ; 416, 417 ; letters to, 239, 243, 250, 285, 288.
 Russell, Lord John, 426.
 Sanborn, Franklin Benjamin, 82, 121 ; 383-384 ; letters to, 79.
 Sargent, Captain Lucius M., 262 ; 427.
 Savage, Lieutenant-Colonel James, 77, 132, 210 ; 382, 416.
 Scott, Major John, his *Partisan Life with Mosby*, quoted, 437-439, 469, 470.
 Scott, General Winfield, 213, 215.
 Secession, 194, 195 ; 400.
 Sedgwick, General John, 28, 224 ; 410.
 Sedgwick, Major William Dwight, 225 ; 410.
 Seward, William H., Secretary of State, 188, 192, 197.
 Seymour, Horatio, Governor of New York, 278.
 Shaw, Francis G., 235, 289 ; 433.
 Shaw, Miss Josephine (see Lowell, Mrs. J. S.), engagement to Colonel Lowell, 36 ; writes of departure of Fifty-Fourth Regiment from Boston, 242 ; quoted as to Colonel Shaw, 284 ; tells of Major Higginson, 307 ; letters to, 236, 237, 238, 240, 244, 248, 249, 251-253, 255-257, 258-261, 263, 264, 267-283, 285, 286, 288-290, 294, 296-301, 304, 310-313.
 Shaw, Colonel Robert G., 36, 37, 225, 234, 235, 284-287, 288-290, 293, 304 ; 414, 415, 430, 431, 433 ; letter to, 242.
 Shaw, Mrs. Sarah Blake (Sturgis), 39, 285.
 Shenandoah Campaign, 41-68, 322-365 ; 375, 376, 405, 406, 457-483.
 Sheridan, General Philip H., given Middle Military Division, 43, 44 ; Grant's or Lincoln's wisdom in so doing, 322 ; setting things right, 322, 328 ; a restless mortal, 330, 335 ; Valley Campaign, 44-64 ; watches Lowell's charge, 49 ; Lowell's praise of, 336, 339 ; Grant's visit to, 55 ; Sheridan's immediate action, 463 ; ordered to waste Valley, 57 ; 457, 458 ; attacks Early at Opequon, 55 ; orders fight at Tom's Brook, 58 ; must fight at Cedar Creek, 62, 64 ; saves the day there, 62, 64 ; 475-479 ; his praise of Lowell, 67, 70 ; 479, 482.
 Slocum, General Henry W., 267, 268 ; 428.
 Smalley, George W., 280 ; 429.

- Soldiers, European, 123, 145.
Spaniards, 111, 115.
Spencer carbines, 316; 455.
Stanton, Edwin M., Secretary of
 War, 35, 36, 245, 250, 258,
 297, 298, 300, 301, 305, 306;
 418, 451.
Stearns, Major George L., 414.
Stevens, Fort, D. C., 251.
Stillman, William J., 88, 89; 385.
Stone, Lincoln Ripley, Assistant
 Surgeon, 243; 418.
Stoneman, General George, 22, 25,
 26, 236, 242, 299, 311; 371-
 372, 407, 449.
Stuart, General J. E. B., 33, 268,
 270; 371, 428; quoted, 437.
Sumner, Charles, Senator, 211, 260,
 261; letter to, 201, 292.
Tappan, Mrs. Caroline Sturgis, 124,
 130, 133.
Tax laws, South Carolina, 193.
Thayer, James Bradley, Professor,
 414; quoted, 392.
Thompson, Lieutenant Edward, 40,
 53, 348.
Thompson, Major DeWitt C., 415,
 450.
Tolles, Lieutenant-Colonel Corne-
 lius W., murdered, 469.
Torbert, General Alfred T. A., 44,
 58, 316, 324; 458, 459, 460,
 464, 465, 470; quoted, 479-
 480.
Tucker, Lieutenant Samuel F., 355.
Union Club, Boston, 234, 412.
Wakefield, Sergeant, 355, 356.
Walker, General Francis A., his
 account of General Barlow,
 462.
Walker, Rev. James, 68.
Ward, Samuel Gray, 121, 234;
 414.
Warner, Colonel, 456.
Welles, Gideon, Secretary of Navy,
 35; 425.
Wells, Colonel George D., 360;
 473.
White, Major, 312; 441, 442,
 447.
Whiting, Hon. William, Solicitor
 War Department, letter to, 265.
Wickham, General W. S., 465,
 466.
Williams, Major Lawrence, 23;
 372, 373, 407.
Wilson, Henry, Senator, 211.
Wilson, General James H., 324;
 465.
Woodman, Lieutenant Henry F.,
 352.
Wright, General Horatio G., 62;
 456, 457, 464, 474, 475.

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