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Eng^d by A.H. Ritchie.

Sincerely your Comrade:

Oliver O. Howard

Major General

GENERAL HOWARD'S REMINISCENCES.

His First Meeting with General Grant—Interesting Campaign Incidents.

Christian Union.—The first time I met General Grant was the 21st of October, 1863. The Eleventh Corps was then at Bridgeport, a place on the Tennessee where the Nashville Railway crosses the river, and my headquarters were in tents near the bridge. Early that morning, taking a return supply train, I went up to Stevenson, some ten miles distant, to pay an official visit to General Hooker. While there Hooker said that our new Military Division Commander was en route from Nashville to Chattanooga, that he was expected on the incoming train. Hooker had made preparations to receive the General and have him conducted to his own quarters. Grant was reputed as very lame and suffering from the injuries occasioned by the falling of his horse a short time before in the streets of New Orleans. Hooker sent a spring wagon and an officer of his staff to the station, but for some reason he did not go himself.

As I must take the same train, south bound, to get back to Bridgeport before dark, its arrival found me there in waiting. I had presumed that General Grant would remain over night with General Hooker, but this presumption was not correct. Several acquaintances among the officers who were on the train met me as I stepped into the forward part of the car. General Grant, sitting near the rear of the car, was pointed out to me, and I passed on at once, as was proper, to pay my respects to him.

Imagine my surprise when I saw him. He had been for some time before the public, the successful commander in important battles; the papers had said much for him, and several virulent sheets much against him, and so, judging by the accounts, I had conceived him to be of large size and rough appearance. The actual man was quite different—not larger than McPherson, at the time rather thin in flesh and very pale in complexion, and noticeably self-contained and retiring.

Without rising he extended his hand as I was presented, smiled pleasantly, and signified very briefly that it gave him pleasure to meet me. He then permitted me to continue the conversation.

General Hooker's staff officer came with the tender of the conveyance and the offer of hospitality. The quick reply, made with quiet firmness, at the time astonished me: "If General Hooker wishes to see me he will find me on this train." I hardly need to say that Hooker soon presented himself and offered his courtesies in person to his new commander.

Hooker was tall, of full build, ruddy, handsome, then in the very prime of his manhood. I wondered at the contrast between the two men, and pondered upon the manner of their meeting. Grant evidently took this first opportunity to assert himself. He never left the necessity for gaining a proper ascendancy over subordinate Generals—where it was likely to be obtained—to a second interview. Yet he contented only a quiet firmness.

General Grant and I shared a common wall for some time. He had a humorous expression which I noticed as his eye fell upon a liquor flask hanging against the tent within: "That flask is not mine," I quickly said. "It was left here by an officer, to be returned to Chattanooga. I never drink." "Neither do I," was the prompt reply. His answer was not in sport; he was free from every appearance of drinking, and I was happy indeed to find in his clear eye and his clear face an unmistakable testimonial against the many prevalent falsehoods which envy and rivalry had set in motion, especially after the battle of Shiloh.

The next morning, after a sunrise breakfast, as Chief of Staff, General Rawlins, who in subsequent years became Secretary of War, lifted his General, then "lame and suffering," as if he had been but a child, into the saddle. The direct route across the Tennessee was held by Confederate Bragg, and the river road on our side was much exposed to sharpshooters from the other bank, and to Wheeler's spasmodic raids. Yet almost without escort Grant risked the journey along the river, through Jasper, across swollen streams, through deep mud, and along roads that were already deemed too wretched and too

dangerous for the wagons. This route was strewn with the wrecks of army vehicles and dead mules which our indefatigable Quartermasters had been forced to abandon. It would have been an awful journey for a well man—a journey of more than forty miles. At times it was necessary to take the General from his horse. The soldiers carried him in their arms across the roughest places. Yielding to no weariness or suffering he pushed through to Chattanooga reaching General Thomas the evening of the 23d of October. It was this remarkable journey which put Grant *en rapport* with Hooker and Thomas, gave practical shape to all good existing plans, and soon changed an army on the verge of starvation into an active, healthful, well supplied, conquering force.

While with the General during his first visit to my Bridgeport tent, we were speaking of officers of rank who were dissatisfied with the size of their commands. He had no sympathy with such grumblers, and as little with the selfishly ambitious. He said, in answer to a remark of mine to the effect that it was hard for an officer to pass from a higher command to a lower, "I do not think so, Howard. A Major General is entitled to an army division and no more. Why, I believe I should be flying in the face of Providence to seek a command higher than that intrusted to me." Such was my first instructive lesson in the great leader. He begged in me a confidence which years and experience never lessened.

For an interview with General Thomas, then commanding our army of the Cumberland, I went, the 14th of November, 1863, from Look-out Valley to Chattanooga. In the evening several officers were sitting together in an upper room when General Sherman arrived, having left his marching column back at Bridgeport. He came bounding in after his usual buoyant manner. General Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers, being free, affectionate and good-humored, greeted him most cordially. He immediately, after the "How are you, Sherman?" and the reply, "Thank you, as well as can be expected!" extended to him the ever-welcome cigar. This Sherman proceeded to light, but without stopping his ready flow of hearty words, and not even pausing to sit down. He seemed like an animated boy just in from an exciting outdoor game.

Grant arrested his attention by some apt remark, and then said: "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," indicating a rocker with a high back.

"The chair of honor? Oh, no; that belongs to you, General."

Grant, not a whit abashed by this compliment, said: "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age."

"Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I must accept."

That night I had the opportunity of hearing the projected campaigns discussed as never before. Sherman spoke quickly, but evinced much previous thought. Grant said Sherman would "bone" (i. e., study hard) his campaigns from morning to night on his horse. General Thomas furnished them the ammunition of knowledge, positive and abundant, of the surrounding mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia. General Grant appeared to listen with pleased interest, and now and then made a pointed remark. Thomas was like the solid Judge, confident and fixed in his knowledge of law; Sherman like the brilliant advocate, and Grant, rendering his verdict like an intelligent jury.

The 23d of November following the conference above referred to, a reconnaissance had been ordered. General Gordon Granger deployed one division of the Fourth Army Corps into line in front of Fort Wood, and supported it by his other two divisions. The Fourteenth Corps, under Palmer, supported the right, and the Eleventh, massed, the left. Generals Grant and Thomas stood by the parapet within the fort, and their staff officers and orderlies were near at hand. I could see both Generals from my point of observation. I was curious to observe them in the approaching action, now sure to come. At first the movement afforded a bright array of arms. The flags waved, and the bayonets, or the barrels of the guns, flashed in the sunlight,

Skirmishers sprang to their places with glad some alacrity, and soon the whole front was covered with them, and the buglers sounded the advance, all as if on parade. The Confederates in our front, doubtless thinking it Grant's review of troops, many of them stood on their embankments to behold the fine display. The men seemed to fly over the space intervening to Orchard Knob. Of course resistance soon came. Skirmish against skirmish, and batteries all along the line were at last awakened, and the air was full of missiles. The enemy, however, was this time surprised, and his outer works taken. All this time, while staff officers became excited and orderlies could not keep quiet, Grant and Thomas stood side by side without exchanging a word. Grant quietly smoked his cigar and Thomas pressed his field glass now and then against his forehead to get clearer views. At last the Orchard Knob is crowned and Rawlins steps to Grant's side and seems to plead with him. He thought that the men should not return as usual after a reconnoiter, but hold what they had gained. "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When the desired moment had come Grant said quietly, "Intrench them and send up support." It was so done. In this brief combat I could observe the perfect self-possession and imperturbability of our leaders. Grant's equanimity was not marred by danger or by the contagious excitement of battle.

In Washington, after the war, when President Johnson unexpectedly became lenient in his policy toward the Southern white people, and Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War, came to Congress, there were, for a time, great fears of conspiracy and revolution. One night, at the War Department, several officers were assembled, and the air was filled with rumors of coming dangers. The capital was said to be full of traitors, parties were conspiring at the principal hotels, some hostiles were approaching from Virginia, and Baltimore was believed as dangerous as early in 1861. Espionage was rife, and everybody exhibited a useless apprehension. General Grant joined us in the Secretary's office. A guard was ordered for the War Department. Speaking of an officer commanding troops, some one said: "Why, you can not trust that officer; he is 'coppery.'" General Grant turned to the speaker and said, severely: "Sir, you must trust him; if you do not have confidence, soon you can trust nobody. Trust him, sir, and he will be true." This time the confidence was reposed in the officer referred to. It was not betrayed.

Gen. O. O. Howard delivered a lecture recently in Brooklyn, N. Y., before a large audience of Grand Army men, his subject being "Reminiscences of Sherman and his march to the sea." On the platform with Gen. Howard were Gen. Slocum and Wager Swaine. The lecture, which was a review of the military career of Gen. Sherman, occupied an hour and a half in delivery. He spoke of Sherman's remarkable accuracy of memory and truthfulness. His memory of detail, topography, and of events was phenomenal, and he hated humbug and quackery. "No leader in the country," said Gen. Howard, "was better prepared upon the outbreak of the war to sweep rebellion away from Georgia and the Carolinas than Gen. Sherman, who was thoroughly acquainted with the lay of the country." The speaker pictured graphically many scenes and incidents of the march to the sea and through the Carolinas. In closing, he said: "How near Sherman was to the Divine Helper in his latter days no man knew, but his morality was noble, grand, and sterling."

Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic, recently inspected McPherson Barracks, the military post at Atlanta, Ga. This is the first visit Gen. Howard has made to Atlanta since the war. During his visit he went over the ground occupied by his troops during the siege of Atlanta, and also examined the spot where McPherson was killed on July 22, 1864. Gen. Howard succeeded Gen. McPherson in the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

Gen. Oliver O. Howard addressed the Quill Club, of New York City, Tuesday evening, Feb. 24, on the Indian question. The General, unlike most Army men, does not favor the proposed transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department.

A Review of Some of the More Serious of Recent Publications

General Howard's "Zachary Taylor."

Henry George's Attack on the Doctrines of the Spencer School.

Live Gossip of Literary Workers.

CHAT OF THE NEW BOOKS.

While in the country a short time ago, I chatted with an acquaintance I had known since he was a chubby schoolboy. Now that he has grown up a financier in the city in which he lives, I naturally expected to find his head full of market quotations and per cents. I don't know how the conversation took the drift it did; in fact, I really remember very little of what was said. One fact which I do remember is that in the most natural and unconscious manner he very soon showed me that his large head had room in it for much more than banking and money-making. He was at home in politics, political economy, and American history. Before I left I asked him right out what in the world he had been reading, and learned that his library shelves were laden with the series of biographies of men that have figured in American history, which facile pens and enterprising publishers have been sending out so liberally in this evening of the century.

One of Thackeray's best lectures is entitled "The Charity of Humor." The "Charity of Book-making" might be quite as appropriately applied to the present praiseworthy zeal of publishers and writers who are sowing broadcast through the land these seeds of patriotism, the biographies of the "Great Commanders" and of the other "Makers of America."

Writers on the art of war used to say, twenty-five years ago, that no histories were of value to the military student, except Caesar's Commentaries, Jomini's Napoleon, Napier's Peninsular War and Frost's History of the United States. Military men could not, or, at least, did not, write history at that time. How different to-day. American history, especially that in the form of biography, teems with works written by great captains, who have learned their art in the theater of war.

General O. O. Howard, one of the able commanders on the Union side in the war of the rebellion, has written the biography of General Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," as the soldiers loved to call him. General Howard has made a thorough study of his subject. Survivors of the Mexican war will read it with delight. Military students will pore over its pages with profit. West Point pedants (they are not all pedants) will have to shut their eyes to avoid admitting that great soldiers may be made, have been made, and might oftener be made without aid from West Point, were the army of the United States as democratic as those of some of the "effete monarchies of the Old World." General Taylor was not a West Point production. He grew to manhood in the country, on a farm, near Louisville, Ky. He was a typical American. Every real American is a soldier when his country needs him. General Taylor went into military life early, and at the battle of Buena Vista he showed the whole world what a General from civil life could do with raw citizen soldiers. All the world wondered at this achievement at the time, and will never get done wondering at it.

The English General, Wolseley, in commenting on some of the civilian captains brought into eminence in the late American civil war, admits that, unembarrassed by the traditions of a military school, many of them taught the world new lessons in the art of war. No writer before General Howard has brought out in such bold and brilliant relief the campaign of the civilian soldier, General Taylor, from Palo Alto to Buena Vista. It is safe to say that no other writer has so clearly and strongly drawn the picture of the battle in the Angostura Pass, in front of Buena Vista, as has General Howard in his admirable biography. That battle was a life and death struggle for General Taylor, for it was against the wishes of the Administration at Washington, who depleted his army, issued orders directly to his subordinates, and in other ways sought to embarrass and thwart him. It was fortunate for General Taylor and for the Nation that he fought and won this battle. It was fortunate for the Nation because it so crippled the Mexican army as to make Scott's triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico possible. Scott won his laurels in spite of obstructions also thrown in his way by Secretary Marcy and the President at Washington. He never could have done it with his handful of men if Taylor, with his five hundred regulars and four thousand almost raw volunteers had not, by desperate valor, almost annihilated Santa Anna's twenty thousand Mexicans at Buena Vista. General Howard sees all this clearly, and he makes his readers see it.

Following General Taylor into the President's chair, General Howard pictures vividly the danger of the secession starting in the Southern States in 1849 and 1850, and how "Old Rough and Ready" met the emergency in a style worthy of "Old Hickory." Readers will be surprised at the revelations of some portions of this part of General Howard's book. He follows his subject into the political life of that day, and sketches his environment with a masterly hand. He tells how when the Governor of South Carolina sent an official inquiry to the President, asking why he was replenishing Forts Moultrie and Sumter, the old hero answered in substance, "The President is Commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army, and has a right to command it without giving his reasons to any man." He tells how when a committee of hot heads sounded him as to what he would do in case of an attempted secession, including the seizing of Washington, he answered, "I will put down any insurrection myself, and do it with Southern men, too."

"Great Commanders. General Taylor" by Oliver Otis Howard. New York, D. Appleton & Company.)

MR. HALSTEAD'S CORRESPONDENCE.

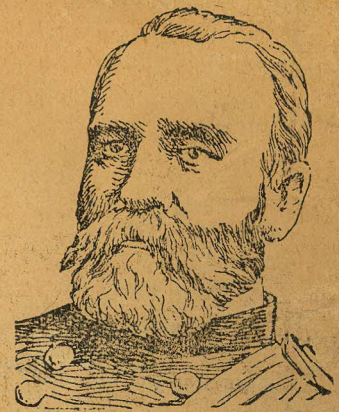
New York, December 15.—(Special).—General Howard says of the prayer on the Spree: "Man's extremity is the Lord's opportunity." On Saturday Mr. Moody asked me to go to his room and pray with him. I did so. We prayed that the sea might be quiet, and that we might be saved. And all united in a fervent petition for the good of all. The sea was quiet and help came, and I think that God showed Himself very merciful to us."

A great many good men have gone down to the sea in ships and perished. The General says of the accident:

"The shaft broke, and its violent revolutions under those conditions knocked a hole in the bulkhead and allowed the water to enter two compartments. It attacked the third compartment, and had it not been for the gallant fight made by the officers and crew against its further inroad, it is likely that it might have resulted in that compartment being flooded."

And in that case the merciful kindness of the Lord might not have availed to save the ship, and the overburdened boats and rafts would, in all probability, only have protracted suffering. The exact efficacy of prayer, we infer, was to send the storms of the perilous days to the spaces of other seas.

Gen. O. O. Howard, who has been a resident of Burlington, Vt., since his retirement from the United States army, has been elected President of the Norwich University at Northfield, Vt.



GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

Meeting of the Memorial Association in Aid of the Memorial Hall Plan.

The ex-prisoners met in large numbers on Thursday night of last week at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. It was the first of the series arranged for by the National Memorial Association in the different cities in aid of a Memorial Hall project. Col. Veazey was loudly cheered. He said that it has come to be regarded that the loftiest expression of loyalty which any class of Union soldiers gave to the world was that of the prisoners of war. More than 71,000 laid down their lives with the song on their lips and in their hearts, "Christ died to make men holy, let us die to make men free." Martyrs as well as heroes, they dragged out the weary, joyless, almost hopeless days in hunger, in filth, in torture of heat and cold and storm, with only rags for a covering, the pain of disease racking their wasted bodies, death stalking daily among them, yet during it all, to the alluring promise of liberty and plenty if they would but forswear the flag of their country, as unyielding as the Savior on the mountain summit to the offered bribes of Satan.

Ex-Congressman Sherman made an eloquent address on the lesson and inspiration in patriotism which a Memorial Hall like that proposed would be to the youth of America in succeeding generations.

The Rev. J. M. Foster, who was introduced as "a graduate of Andersonville," gave a graphic picture of the patriotism of the prisoners of war, which made them proof against all temptation from the Confederates.

Gen. O. O. Howard carried the audience back to the days when Sherman was marching through Georgia. He spoke of the kindness of the negroes toward escaped prisoners, how they had befriended them then, befriended the Federals in the past. He said: "Never let us forget this part of our history, and never let us forget to protect in their rights of liberty." Gen. Egbert Horatio C. King and Miss Clara B. King spoke.

BICYCLES BETTER THAN HORSES.

General Miles Seems to Think So, in Case of War, but General Howard Does Not.

New York, May 18.—Speaking of the relay bicycle race from Chicago to New York, conveying a message from General Miles to General Howard, the latter said: "I am under the impression that General Miles really believes that bicycle courier service will ultimately prove itself superior to that in which horses are utilized. I have always thought that the machine would be valueless in case that bad roads were met with. During the rebellion, when we found no bridges we had to build them. Many time couriers had to make their horses swim streams and a bicycle can't swim. Can it? I am not saying this to oppose the scheme, but simply to cite obstacles that must be met. I shall be pleased to watch the progress and issue of the trial, and shall withhold further comments until it has proved either a success or a failure."