



# THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

---

JANUARY 1975

Vol 18 No. 5

---

---

## 150th MEETING

---

DATE: JANUARY 14, 1975, TUESDAY

SPEAKER: MR. DAVID G. CHOLLET

SUBJECT: JOHN B. HOOD: THE SEIGE OF ATLANTA

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB, DODGE COURT

PRELIMINARIES: 6:30 PM . DINNER 7 PM

---

### DAVID G. CHOLLET

Mr. Chollet was born and lived in Lakewood, attending Gilmore Academy and University Schools. He taught history at University Schools and is presently attending Princeton University, where he presently is a senior majoring in history and minoring in Russian studies. He has lectured on many occasions on the Civil War, and military history is his interest. He is a member of the American Historical Society and has published articles in the Atlanta Historical Bulletin.

### JOHN BELL HOOD

Born in Owingsville, Kentucky, June 1, 1831, and graduated from West Point in the class of 1853, had by all odds the most spectacular advance in rank of any officer in Confederate service. After serving in California and Texas, he resigned his commission as 1st lieutenant in the old army on April 17, 1861. Thereafter he distinguished himself on a dozen fields as a regimental, brigade and division commander in the Army of Northern Virginia. Promoted brigadier general to rank from March 3, 1862, he fought in the Peninsular campaign and at 2nd Manassas. He was appointed Maj Gen to rank from Oct 10, 1862, and as a division commander under Gen Longstreet, distinguished himself at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. Severly wounded in the arm at Gettysburg and losing a leg at Chickamauga, he was appointed Lt. Gen on Feb 1, 1864 to rank from Sept 20, 1863, and assigned to a corps under J.E. Johnston, whom he ultimately superseded (July 1864). Hood was promoted full general with temporary rank on July 18, 1864. Repulsed by Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, Hood marched his army into Tennessee. He was defeated at a bloody engagement at Franklin, Tenn by General Schofield's forces. Hood pressed on to Nashville where his army was shattered by Gen Thomas. He was relieved by his own request (Jan 1865) and reverted to his permanent rank of Lt. Gen. In May he surrendered himself at Natchez, Miss. He later made his residence in New Orleans, where he died with his wife and children of yellow fever on August 30, 1879. (GENERALS IN GRAY--WARNER)

# CWRT of CLEVELAND BULLETIN BOARD

## DUES

A friendly reminder that your 1975 dues are still due. It's \$16 this year with the extra dollar going for a new name badge. If you are subscribing to the CIVIL WAR HISTORY QUARTERLY, please add an additional \$6.50 for a one year subscription. Do it today.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LEE-JACKSON MEMORIAL, INC.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Since its founding in 1953 by Mr. Jay W. Johns, a most wonderful person, there has been a bond of friendship between the Lee-Jackson Memorial and the Cleveland CWRT. It is with this kinship in mind that I reprint President Robert Patterson's "Message from the President" that appeared in the Winter of 1974 issue of their quarterly review. Will all members of our Roundtable and those of you who also read this newsletter heed the call for aid... We need the Memorial desperately and they deserve our support. It's tax deductible.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT

Until now, Lee Jackson Memorial has depended on the income from its endowment, supplemented by generous contributions from friends of Lee and Jackson to provide funds to operate our seven shrines and battlefields. Now, however, income from our securities has been appreciably reduced, consistent with the state of our national economy. Further, contributions have fallen off due either to oversight or a lack of awareness of our plight on the part of would-be donors. This situation has been compounded by the drastically reduced income from admissions and gift sales at the shrines and battlefields, occasioned by the energy crisis' effect on tourism.

Actually, Lee-Jackson has--in its endeavor to teach history--accepted the fact that the properties would never be money-makers and they have continually operated them at a loss. But, as pointed out earlier, this deficit has not been offset by "outside" income. In fact, only through the sale of several properties (of no significance in the lives of Lee or Jackson) have we been able to make ends meet. Obviously, this is not an enduring solution: we have no more properties to market.

And, there is much to be done as any visitor to our activities will quickly surmise. This ranges from replacing the fence at Lee's Boyhood Home in Alexandria, to the renovation of the Jackson Home in Lexington, to building a new museum at Port Republic and Cross Keys. Frankly, with the present state of affairs, it is about all we can do to keep the properties open on a day-to-day basis. Old houses are constantly in need of roof and plumbing repairs, painting and other upkeep maintenance just to prevent deterioration. That's where the available money goes.

So, we come down to money. We are in urgent need, and we believe that the best way to raise it is to ask our "Friends"--those of you who receive the Quarterly Review--to come to our aid. Incidentally, the cost of paper and printing of the Review now makes it a major item in our budget. As contributors you will receive a card authorizing you and your party free admission to all seven shrines and battlefields. Also, you will continue to receive the Quarterly Review which we hope to expand with original or little-known anecdotes and data about our famous generals, battles and shires."

ALRIGHT EVERYBODY LET'S SUPPORT A NOBLE AND WORTHY ENDEAVOR THAT BENEFITS EVERYONE....Send any contribution to THE LEE-JACKSON MEMORIAL, INC 405 Citizens Building, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901.

THE COURIER  
of  
THE CIVIL WAR POUNDTABLE OF CLEVELAND, CHIO  
FOUNDED FEBRUARY 19, 1957

PRESIDENT  
VICE PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

DR. THOMAS GREYTER  
JAMES CHAPMAN  
GUY DI CARLO JR.  
ROBERT BAYLESS

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: 1975: WILLIAM CHAMBERLIN  
MILTON HOLMES  
1976: HARRISON FROST  
DONALD HECKAMAN

---

GUY DI CARLO JR., EDITOR P.O. Box 5028, CLEVELAND 44101

---

I SAW LEE SURRENDER  
by

Seth M. Flint  
with William Ross Lee

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article appeared in the April 6, 1940 issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. With this article the newsletter continues to bring its members accounts that are not readily available.)

"When Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox Court House seventy-five years ago on the ninth of April, I was there; luck and ability to toot a bugle explained my presence. As far as I know, I am the last survivor. Running away from home, I had enlisted in Company H, 5th U.S. Cavalry, in June, 1862. I gave my name as Charles M. Seaver, and my age as eighteen, knowing that the Army shared my family's opinion that a fifteen-year-old was too young for war. Sixteen months of stiff campaigning incapacitated me as a fighting private so I transferred to Company F as a bugler, a change that ultimately brought me to Appomattox.

In the spring of '64, my new company, together with Companies B and K, all under command of Captain Julius W. Mason, was assigned as escort to Lt. Gen Grant. We found that the escort was for work, not show; we carried dispatches, guarded headquarters, had charge of the staff officers' supply wagons and commissary, erected and struck tents, and performed any miscellaneous tasks assigned. Gold braid and fanfare was not Gen Grant's idea of soldiering; he was a matter-of-fact soldier who never worried how he looked or what others thought of it.

Under his direction, the forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, begun on May 4, 1864, ended a little more than eleven months later. The battles of The Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor were behind us; the siege of Petersburg was over, ended by the battle of Five Forks, when Lee's thin, stubborn lines were finally broken. Evacuating Richmond and Petersburg, Lee tried desperately to lead his hungry, decimated columns west, but we pressed him too hard. We caught up with them at Appomattox and the end was in sight; we were sure that the dwindling, but still unbeaten, forces of Lee could not escape. On that day there was an exchange of messages between the Federal and Confederate commanders.

#### HOW A WAR ENDED

On the morning of the ninth, the major part of the escort was left behind to guard the headquarters' wagon train, and the rest of us started out with the general and his staff along the rear of the main army. We had gone several miles when a horseman at top speed was seen coming

from our front lines; as he drew near, I recognized him as a young lieutenant of Gen Meade's staff. He pulled his horse back on its haunches and handed a paper to Grant. We knew that a decision from Lee was expected on a proposed conference with Grant, and we jumped to the natural conclusion that it had finally come.

We crowded about the general in an effort to learn the answer; all of us, without doubt, believing that Grant held in his hand the decision whether it was to be peace or continued warfare. He read the message, but I was wholly unable to get from his countenance a clue to its contents. Then he handed the paper to a staff officer, who hurriedly scanned the words, and, in a voice surcharged with excitement, read aloud to his associates the fateful response of General Lee.

I got just the drift of the reading, which indicated that the Confederate leader had agreed to meet General Grant, but evidently the staff officers construed this to be assurance of surrender, for every last man of them burst into cheers, while we joined heartily. The only one who took no part in the impromptu celebration was General Grant, who merely looked on with bland amusement.

There was a half-decayed log lying by the roadside, and Grant sat down on it, calmly pulled a cigar from his cigar case, and, requesting one of his staff who stood near by to furnish him a sheet of paper, he dug up a pencil from his pocket, hastily wrote a reply. He handed it to Lt. Col. Orville E. Babcock, with orders to take a few members of the escort, headed by Captain Mason, and ride on in advance of the rest of the party to locate the Confederate commander. It happened that I was the only bugler present, and so I went along, much to my satisfaction, for I was eager to see the great leader of the Southern cause.

Babcock, carrying a white flag, such as it was, took his place beside Mason and me, and off we went toward the enemy's lines. Whether Lee was sparring for time was a matter of conjecture. We were, therefore, prepared for any eventuality; and, at a word from Captain Mason, I carried my bugle in one hand to sound the call to arms if we found that the Johnnies were trying to escape. That call would have been echoed all along our lines, and it would have been suicidal for them if they had attempted a get-away, for the Federal troops had them bottled up and outnumbered five to one.

We swung around to the south and to the left wing of our forces, passing through the little settlement of Appomattox Court House, slumbering in the spring sunshine, and soon to awaken to discover itself famous. Out toward the right flank of the Confederates we galloped, every man alert. As we neared their lines, the woods and hills shut off a view of the Union troops, but we could see some Confederates on the hillside in the distance. The headquarters' tents of Lee were plainly visible, though I could see no other shelters.

We had ridden about three quarters of a mile from the patch of houses when, a few hundred yards ahead, we saw a little party of gray-clad figures, and several horses by the roadside. One of the men was sitting under a small tree. A companion stood near by, while a third man--evidently an orderly--was holding the bridle reins of two of the three horses. At a gesture from Colonel Babcock, Mason ordered a halt and the staff officer, his white flag conspicuously displayed, rode on toward the gray-clad horsemen, accompanied by a trooper of the escort.

"I'll wager that's General Lee," said the captain, with a glance at me. "Let us hope things turn out all right."

I took a firmer grip on my bugle, to be ready for any possible emergency, my eyes glued to the scene before me. As the two Federals neared the spot, the man beneath the tree arose and Babcock and he exchanged salutes. The latter was tall, erect and of fine physique. For a few moments they carried on what appeared to be a friendly conversation, much to our relief; and then the entire group started down the road toward us.

It was not difficult to recognize the famous commander of the Arm

of Northern Virginia. I had seen his picture, and, of course, knowing that we had gone out to meet him, I could make no mistake as to his identity. He measured up fully to my expectations--and those expectations were rather elaborate, I assure you. Though I was a lad of only 18, I had been in 15 or 16 battles during the three years, and had come to have a wholesome esteem for the Johnny rebs and their leader. In my active imagination, he had become a sort of legendary figure. It had been his remarkable generalship that had prolonged the war far beyond its expected limits, and he loomed big and menacing as an opponent.

Well, there he was in person, he and Traveler; he was riding to meet his conqueror to negotiate terms of surrender--for him the last scene of the last act of the war drama. His companion, needless to add, was Colonel Marshall, of his staff.

And what a brave pair of thoroughbreds Lee and Traveler were! That horse would have attracted attention anywhere. He was a sturdy gelding deep of chest, with small head and feet, and his color was appropriately Confederate gray, with the exception of man and tail, which were black; a combination that made him a very striking and handsome animal. And when his master was in the saddle, take it from an old Federal trooper, it was a picture that was worth seeing.

General Lee's uniform was immaculate and he presented a superb martial figure. But it was the face beneath the gray felt hat and hair that made the deepest impression on me; I say this because I can still recall it vividly. I have been trying to find a single word that describes it, and I have concluded that "benign" is the adjective I am after; because that means kindly, gracious; and despite its sternness on that day of long ago, I would still call his expression benign. And yet, I remember well that there was something else about him that aroused my deep pity that so great a warrior should be acknowledging defeat.

We joined the little party and rode back to the settlement. Appomattox Court House was a pretentious name for what then was a row of six or seven houses, and now is less. As we passed the first house, we overtook a man, a Mr. McLean, who was walking along the street, and Col Marshall reined up beside him and told him that Gen Lee desired a room where he could hold a conference with Grant. Mr. McLean was astounded, both at the news and at the appearance of blue and gray clad soldiers riding together. He stared at the Confederate commander for a moment in silence, and looked over the Union contingent, as if in search of his famous adversary. Then he pointed to the nearest house, went to the door and knocked.

A woman answered the summons, and, after a brief talk with her neighbor, she invited the two Southerners to enter; but evidently the interior was unsatisfactory, for Lee and his companion quickly came out and Marshall requested McLean to direct them elsewhere. We rode slowly on until our guide stopped before a substantial brick house and informed us that he lived there and would be happy to offer its use.

It was an old-fashioned structure with chimneys at the gable ends; and running along the front, a piazza painted white, with six wooden pillars supporting it. Broad steps, about eight yards wide and seven or eight in number, led up to the platform; and there was a generous yard, partly enclosed by a picket fence, with several large trees standing sentinel-like about it.

General Lee and the colonel dismounted and, preceded by McLean, went into the house, leaving their horses in charge of the orderly; and we Yanks returned to the roadway to await the coming of Grant and his party. It was perhaps ten minutes later--it may have been only five--when the Federal commander rode up with a few staff officers, the other members of the escort and several Union generals, among whom were Phil Sheridan, George Custer, Wesley Merritt and Edward Ord.

There were three members of that little group who would probably attract attention anywhere; two of them for their noteworthy personal appearance and the third both for his appearance and reputation. The

first of these was Custer, the "dandy cavalier" of the Federal cavalry. A low-cut, generous collar, a red necktie that begged for notice, buckskin breeches and a velvet jacket were usually his dress-up uniform; and topping this elaborate array was a patrician face with mustache and small goatee, and a head of luxuriant yellow hair that fell half way to his shoulders. Effeminate, you might say, but there was nothing feminine about Custer. He was a dare-devil on horseback, who feared nothing dared anything, and defied death with reckless abandon. It was this utter disdain of caution that lured him and his command to tragic massacre in 1876.

And there was Ely S. Parker, of the staff, an aide and military secretary to Grant, a man of superb physique and titan strength, a full blooded Seneca Indian, a descendant of Red Jacket, famous Indian chief-tain. He had the so-called copper hue of his race, their long black hair and dark brown eyes. Grant had no one in his official household more devoted to him than the stoical Parker. He was a man of education and culture, a willing worker, and always courteous to the lads of the escort. It was he who, in his excellent handwriting, copied the terms of surrender from the rough draft prepared by the Federal commander.

Phil Sheridan--the dynamic leader of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, was the third of the trio; and he was a general who always had my respect and enthusiastic admiration. He was a pint-sized little fellow out of the saddle, a youngster of thirty-four years, about 5'4" in height and 130 pounds, but he had a strong Irish face. Put him on his horse, the splendid black charger, Rienzi, and he at once became a warrior of heroic proportions. And how that horse could travel, and how that lad could ride! No wonder that Thomas Buchanan Read had to resort to poetry to do justice to horse and man.

Grant looked an old and battered campaigner as he rode into the yard. His single-breasted blouse of blue flannel was unbuttoned at the throat and underneath it could be seen his shirt or undershirt, whichever it was; his top boots were spattered with mud, and splotches of mud were on his trousers. Unlike Lee, he wore neither sword nor sash, and the only marks of his rank were his shoulder straps.

Colonel Babcock informed his superior that General Lee was awaiting him in the house, and without more ado Grant climbed the steps, Babcock alone accompanying him. A few minutes later, however, the staff officer came to the doorway and beckoned to the other officers, inviting them inside.

It was now about two o'clock, and we fellows who were on the outside were in for a long and anxious session of waiting. They say that the watched pot never boils, and it is certainly true that anxious waiting for the verdict seemed to prolong the outcome indefinitely. The day was very warm for early April, and the sun, which of late had been blotted out by heavy rain clouds, was brightly shining in a very clear sky. Spring was with us at last, and the trees were putting on a tinge of green, the buds showing plentifully on the branches. It was good to be alive on April 9, 1865, and it would be better still if this was the end of four years' war. It was Sunday and the Sabbath stillness brooded over the land, a welcome relief from the din and hustle and carnage of recent fighting.

There we were, a group of eager troopers in blue, and a lone orderly in gray. When three o'clock came and went, I began to wonder if our enthusiasm had exploded too quickly. It did not seem necessary to take all that time in deciding whether Lee should surrender or not. With the thoughtlessness of youth, I assumed that such a decision would be the matter of but a half hour at the most.

Four o'clock--and the door opened. Out came General Lee and Col Marshall, with somber faces. The conference was ended, but with what results?

Before the war began, and for some time before, Lee had been Lt. Col. of the 2nd Cavalry, stationed in Texas. That outfit must have been



the crack regiment of the American Army, for the roster of its officers included Albert Sidney Johnston, the colonel whose promising career was cut short at Shiloh; Lee, William J. Hardee, the senior major; George H. Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," junior major; Earl Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Fitzhugh Lee, John B. Hood and George Stoneman, captains and lieutenants. Several members of our escort, Lieutenant Churchill, Sergeant Brown and Corporal Sam Howe, had served in the Second under Lieutenant Colonel Lee, and none had lost any of his high regard for his former commander.

That lad Howe, earlier in the war, had been captured and marched off to Richmond. It was his boast that because he was a one-time member of the 2nd Cavalry, he was quickly paroled, given the freedom of the city, and shortly afterward, through exchange of prisoners, allowed his liberty.

Now, as General Lee came from the house, his soldierly figure erect, even in defeat, these three chaps stiffened up and gave him a salute, and the man in gray courteously returned it. I thought at the time that it was a fine thing for them and him to do. At the moment his soul must have been heavy with sorrow--the years of desperate struggle fruitless--and yet he could return the salute of Yankee troopers.

I heard Sergeant Brown say, after the departure of Lee and Marshall that the former had called him by name as he recognized him; and several of the old boys remarked that it was a noteworthy circumstance that members of his former Texas command should be the first to meet him after the surrender of his army.

We quickly learned the happy news, and it spread like wildfire through the army. Cheers could be heard all along our lines.

That night was one of the happiest I have ever known, and I will wager that the same statement goes for every man on the Union side. A gun salute in celebration had been started by enthusiasts in the late afternoon, but Grant had put a stop to it, presumably out of consideration for the feelings of the other fellows. But, before darkness fell and afterward, there was music--patriotic selections played by the regimental bands--and a general jubilation. When I sounded taps, that sweetest of all bugle calls, thenotes had scarcely died away when from the distance--it must have been from General Lee's headquarters--came silvery clear, the same call; and, despite the sadness of the hour to the boys on the other side, I have a notion that they, like the Yanks, welcomed the end of hostilities and the coming of peace.

Perhaps I should end my story right here, but I want to add my bit to what has been published concerning the pow-wow of the Union and Confederate generals at the McLean house on the day following the surrender. The reader may recall that General Grant, several of the Federal generals, and members of his staff and escort rode out to the Confederate lines for a further conference; after which Grant went back to headquarters, while some of our officers and men remained behind to chat with acquaintances in Lee's army. Lieutenant Churchill, Brown and Howe were among these fortunates, they having received permission to enter the camp of the Confederates. Later on, Sam told me that he had enjoyed a brief talk with General Lee, and was he proud of it!

I was one of the rousp that returned with General Grant, and I was a most interested observer of everything that occurred on and about that friendly piazza. Grant sat down and lighted a cigar. Three or four of his staff brought out chairs and the little party relaxed into lively conversation. Grant was the picture of contentment as he puffed away, listening to the comment of his subordinates, and occasionally offering a remark of his own in his matter-of-fact way. Things had turned out as he had wished and planned.

We were soon to witness a remarkable get-together party on that old front porch and in that spacious yard. I doubt that anywhere in history can we find a similar gathering. The absentees had returned, and they had brought with them several of their late antagonists, rider

in gray, but a few hours before foes of the Union; not as prisoners, not even as enemies, but as old friends and comrades. I remember how amazed I was as I saw that strange company; and when I learned that among them were Longstreet, Pickett and Gordon--well, it certainly seemed impossible.

Perhaps you can imagine my reaction to the spectacle, after three years of desperate fighting, to see three of the most famous Southern leaders, within twenty-four hours of Lee's surrender, shaking hands with Grant and chatting like long-absent neighbors with him and other Federal generals.

Naturally, I made a careful inspection of that formidable trio: Longstreet, rightly call "Lee's war horse," a stockily built, well-bearded fellow, who looked as if he could handle himself anywhere and make it decidedly interesting for any opponent, in either argument or fight; Pickett, the leader of that heroic charge at Gettysburg, whose handsome face, with its mustache and chin whiskers and goatee, with thick hair that reached wellhigh to his coat collar, made him a composite of soldier and poet; and Gordon, the hard-hitting John B., who, in civilian clothes, would be taken for a judge or a doctor--a thinker at any rate--and who had every earmark of a man who would go through hell and high water, if ordered to do so by his superior, and never ask the reason why.

And how Abe Lincoln would have enjoyed that confab! Like Grant, he would have grasped the hands of those soldiers in Confederate gray and welcomed them back home. Had he been spared, there would have been no Reconstruction.

Soldiers don't carry hatred; they leave that to the stay-at-homes. We learned that in the next twenty-years.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NOTES ON ROBERT E. LEE

Back in the days when I was young and ambitious I outlined Burke Davis' book THE GRAY FOX. With the space left I would like to pass along a few of these facts that I dug out.....

1. In early 1861 Lee was 54 years old, stood 5' 11" and weighed 170 lbs.
2. The highest salary ever paid to Lee in his 23 years of Army life was \$1,025.00
3. Lee wrote to General Scott on April 20, 1861 his resignation from the U.S. Army.
4. Lee accepted command of all Virginia's forces from Governor "Honest" John Letcher on April 22, 1861.
5. Lee's nicknames were many: The men usually called him "The Old Man" when he wasn't around. To his face the men cheered him as "Marse Robert", and his private staff called him "The Great Tycoon." When he failed in defending western Virginia he was called "Old Granny." In defense of Richmond he was also called "The King of Spades" for the earthworks he had dug.
6. Lee's personal steward was an Irishman, a foraging genius whose name was Bernard Lynch. Lee called him "Bryan."
7. Traveller
  - a. On the South Carolina campaign he bought his famous horse
  - b. He first saw the horse when on his campaign into Western Virginia.
  - c. He bought him from a Major Broun, but not till after Lee had ridden him for a while.
  - d. Major Broun called him "Jeff Davis" and when Lee used him on trial, he called him "Greenbrier."
  - e. Broun wanted to give him to Lee, but Lee wouldn't do it, so around Christmas of 1861 Lee bought him for \$200 and renamed him "Traveller".