

THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

MARCH 1972

Vol. 15 No. 7

_____ 125th Meeting _____

DATE: TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1972

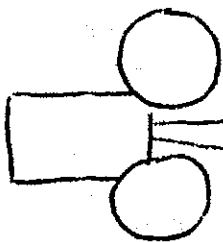
SPEAKER: MOVIE & BOOK SALE

SUBJECT: "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE"

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB, DODGE COURT

PRELIMINARIES: 6 PM DINNER 7 PM

MOVIE



RED
BADGE
OF
COURAGE

SALOON



LUNCH

BOOK
SALE

BRING Yours Too!

DUES

We still have 22 regular members who have not yet gotten off their duffers and send in their 1972 dues. Please fellows--- MOVE IT!

CLEVELAND CWRT BULLETIN BOARD

IN MEMORIAM

We all are most saddened by the passing of a gallant Virginia Gentleman, Bill Ralls. Bill was a charter member of our Round Table and one of its greatest boosters. Ill health these past few years necessarily limited him attendance. Many of us remember with pride and relish Bill's talk concerning what he felt was the degradation of a distant relative of his, one John Singleton Mosby. Sleep well old friend we will miss you.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Donald Breen, 879 Georgia Avnue, Amherst, Ohio- Out of Town Member
Mr. Richard Hoover, Box 305 American Embassy, APO New York 09080-Out of Town Member
Rev. Howard Kerner, S.J., John Carroll Univ., Cleveland 44118- Regular Member
Rev. Clarence Liederbach, St. Augustine Manor, 7818 Detroit Ave, Cleve 44102-Regular
Mr. David Martinson Jr., 1729 Maple St., Wickliffe, Ohio 44092- Regular Member
Dr. Frank Meany, 13519 Edgewater Drive, Lakewood, Ohio 44107- Regular Member

HISTORIC AMERICAN ENGINEERING SITES

Member John C. Harkness, metallurgist for Cleveland Twist Drill Company, is seeking the assistance in uncovering historically important metallurgical sites that may be recommended to the AMERICAN SOCIETY for METALS for recognition on either a local or national level. Briefly the ASM wants to officially recognize and possibly assist in preserving or restoring, selected landmarks of local or national historical importance in the fields of metallurgy and metal working. Criteria for site selection and ASM recognition activities are as follows:

1. The site must in some way be of significant historical importance in the field of metals and metalworking in the United States or Canada.
2. Emphasis should, in general, be on important technological developments rather than on individuals, (although individuals will often be associated with such developments).
3. Sites should be eligible which have been preserved or restored and which are authentically typical of metallurgical activities of former times, even if not associated with any specific technological advance or innovation.
4. While it is preferable that some of the original structures should survive, sites of real importance in terms of technological achievement should be recorded and marked with a plaque even if no trace now remains.
5. Unrestricted access by the public should not be required as prerequisite for accepting a site, although some agreement for reasonable access by responsible interested individuals should be worked out.
6. ASM obviously cannot accept responsibility for restoration and preservation of sites but should aid and encourage local organizations to do this, (e.g., local Historical Societies, Chambers of Commerce, etc.) However, it would be unreasonable to insist on any guarantee of restoration or maintenance as a prerequisite for acceptance of a site for marking and recording.
7. Consideration should be given to including metalliferous mining operations of outstanding importance.
8. There is no specific criterion as to age or date, but generally recommended site or structures should be at least 50 years old.

Contact John Harkness at The Cleveland Twist Drill Company, P.O. Box 6656, Cleveland, Ohio 44101 (phone: 431-3120, ext. 325 area code 216).

THE COURIER
OF
THE CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

FOUNDED FEBRUARY 19, 1957

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

ULYSSES S. GRANT

In preparing the February newsletter concerning the U.S. Grant Association, its work and publications I realized that another newsletter and possibly two would be needed to do it the justice it deserves. With this newsletter I would like to bring you some of the early newsletter articles. In this way, those of you who are just learning of the wonderful work that John Simon and his group are doing on the U. S. Grant Papers, can enjoy those articles no longer available on an individual basis at present. I have selected those that I feel are representative and most interesting in the limited space that I have in this newsletter. I hope you agree with my selections.

To date the Association has published three volumes entitled THE PAPERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. These volumes are available for purchase at \$15 a piece from the Southern Illinois University Press, Carbondale, Illinois 62901.

GRANT'S EARLY YEARS

The most reliable source of information about Ulysses Grant's life before he entered West Point at the age of seventeen is what Grant himself recalled when he wrote his MEMOIRS. A series of articles about Grant's boyhood which appeared in the NEW YORK LEDGER in 1868 under the name of his father were actually written by reporter for the LEDGER who drew on Jesse Grant's recollections. Almost all other information about Grant's early life comes from reminiscences of acquaintances collected long after the events had taken place and are frequently tinged by an understandable eagerness to discern seeds of greatness in the young boy.

Of these reminiscences, one of the most engaging appeared in the NEW YORK TIMES on July 30, 1885. It has a ring of reliability in that the assessment of Grant is in accord with available facts and the general view is in harmony with Grant's MEMOIRS, which were not yet available. Little is known of James M. Sanderson beyond what is available in this newspaper account; his comments to the TIMES reporter, however, seem sufficient to identify him as a truthful and discerning witness.

"James M. Sanderson has for two years made his home at the residence of his daughter and son-in-law in the town of Gorham, in Ontario County. He was born in Georgetown, Ohio, and lived there until he was 18 years old, and has an unusually clear recollection of the early life of Gen. Grant in that place. Mr. Sanderson is 66 years of age--three years older than the General. He has been a resident of Cincinnati the greater part of his life. He was paralyzed six years ago. His residence is seven miles from the nearest village. To a correspondent of The Times, who called upon him to-day, he talked quite freely of his old friend.

"My memory of Gen. Grant as a boy," said Mr. Sanderson, "has been kept particularly keen because I realize as long ago as 1847 that he was destined to become one of the famous men in the United States. I have recalled from time to time, little by little, thousands of incidents in the General's boyhood days in which I think

myself fortunate to have been a participant. I have related his early life over and over again to my children. The earliest recollection I have of Grant was about 1830. He was then 8 years old. His father and mother had moved to Georgetown several years before, I believe. Grant and I went to the same country school in Georgetown. He was a little short, fat fellow, and I was unusually tall and lank for my age. He usually went with boys older than himself because he passed for a boy three or four years older than he really was. He had such a quiet, sedate way that made him liked by the school teachers. I do not remember much about him in his classes at school except that he was good in arithmetic. I remember that he especially liked problems in mental arithmetic. The teacher used to give us a lot of them, one after another, every other day during the term. Most of us hated them and would make all kinds of excuses to get out of the exercise, while young Grant was anxious to have the teacher fire them at him. His mind seemed exactly fitted for solving such problems on a moment's notice. While the majority of us pupils would be just getting the problem settled in our minds Ulysses would shout an answer. That would make the older pupils feel ashamed that such a little fellow was smarter than they were.

'My uncle, Thomas Upham, was teacher at that school for two Winters while Grant attended there. My uncle told me 20 years ago, after the General became so famous, that his former pupil's standing in arithmetic was unusually good, but that he had no taste for grammar, geography, and spelling, although he was not noticeably dull in any of these studies. The teacher once introduced essay writing in the school, but it was not a success. Young Grant would do almost anything to avoid writing an essay, although he wrote two or three of merit for a boy of 11 or 12 years. They were very brief, and each did not consist of more than 150 words. Then an attempt was made to have the boys declaim every two weeks. This, my uncle said, was unbearable to young Grant. He spoke only once or twice, and then by the greatest exertion. He could not bear to get up and face a whole room full of boys and girls. Once, my uncle said, he spoke a selection from Washington's Farewell Address, but he made fearful work of it, and after school said he would 'never speak there again, no matter what happened.' The proudest day my uncle ever experienced was when he voted for his former pupil for President of the United States in 1868. He wrote a letter to the General at Galena the same day, and in reply received an invitation to visit the General's family. How he longed to accept the invitation! but he was too poor to make a trip from where he was in Ohio to Illinois. He died two months before President Grant was inaugurated in 1869. He fully intended to witness the inauguration, and had saved quite a sum of money for the trip South. A few days before he died he said he considered his life a successful one because he had helped educate a President of the United States and the foremost man in America.

'I first became intimately acquainted with young Grant by borrowing some books from his father's library. There were about 35 books in it altogether, and that seemed like a mighty big book collection in those days in Ohio. Ulysses said he guessed his father would let me borrow some of them, and that he himself did not care to read books, and he gained his father's consent to loan me the books and would bring them to me one at a time, and when read would carry them back to the house. I remember that one of the books was a cheap edition of Irving's "Sketch Book." It must have lain about the Grant house for some time, but had evidently not been read until I had it. On the fly leaf were some of the boy scrawls of Ulysses, who had written "Hiram U. Grant" there in several places. Another book was a collection of articles about Methodism in America. I did not read that book very much, and I remember Grant laughed a little when I opened the book and showed how dry it was.

'In those early days the boy took a fancy to horses and delighted in getting astride one of them. In return for the books he had loaned me I several times allowed him to ride a 4-year-old colt which my father had in a lot near Georgetown village. His eyes fairly stood out with delight when I told him one day, after I had found that my father had gone several miles away from home, that he could put a bridle on the favorite animal and ride him up and down the road for a half an hour. He always rode bare back, except that once in a while he put a blanket across his own father's horse for a ride. He seemed perfectly fearless of horses, and would sometimes ride a break-neck speed, with only a bridle on the horse's head. I can see him now, in my mind's eye, dashing through the village at a speed that frightened nearly every female old and young in the place. Several times he begged me to allow him to let my father's colt jump fences with him, but I feared an accident to father's animal, and refused.

'Ulysses Grant was one of the quietest boys I ever knew, and yet he was liked by every boy in Georgetown who knew him, and that is saying a good deal, because we Western boys used to be as noisy and rollicking a lot of fellows as there ever was. There was something about Ulysses that made the boys respect him. He always seemed to be thinking and to take things that excited us to the highest pitch so easy. I don't remember that I ever once saw him excited, and I knew him so well. Even on Fourth of July celebrations, when we were always excited all day long, he was as cool as a cucumber, although he joined in our fun as much as any one. He always had some kind of a firearm for shooting on those days. A pistol was his favorite, while we had shot guns. He was up to any lark with us, but went about everything in such a peculiarly businesslike way. He never cared much for hunting, and that was strange because there was scarcely a boy in all that region that did not love to hunt, some of them for whole days at a time. I remember he joined a party of ten of us once to go out for a three days' hunting in the woods. We had grand success from the first hour, but he did not enter into the sport, and early on the morning of the second day he and my cousin started back to Georgetown, already tired of the excursion. I don't remember that he ever joined us in another long hunt. He loved 'to shoot at the mark,' and when about 15 years of age was a good marksman. I think he won a badge for the best shooting among the boys of his age at the Forth of July celebration.

'In swimming he was quite an expert, and many a time outswam boys larger and stronger than he, but as an athlete, in which nearly all Western boys of my day particularly prided themselves, he was not up to the average except in horsemanship, in which he, of course, was the best anywhere in our locality.

'After Ulysses became 13 years old he began to work about his father's tannery in Georgetown. When he was a little boy he used to hold the horses on men who drove up to the little tannery to transact business with his father, and would take more pleasure in that than in playing with the boys. In Summer vacations he worked in the tannery, and worked hard, too. Many a time we had been there to get him to go for some fun with us, and he would refuse in that quiet way of his that would make us like all the more for sticking to work. I don't remember what particular work he did about the tannery. I have seen him doing a good many things--changing the hides from one vat to another, unloading tanbark from the wagons, and scraping hair from the hides before placing them in the liquor. He seemed to be used as a general boy for all work. Of his going to WestPoint I have a distinct recollection. How we boys envied him when he heard that old Gen. Hamer had appointed him to the Military Academy, although I was older than Ulysses. Thellad did not say much about the appointment himself until a few days before he started for the East. We all thought him about the biggest boy we had ever seen. His father, I am sure, was very sorry to lose Ulysses from home, but saw that he would never make much of a tanner. It was too much drudgery for such a young fellow as Ulysses. A short time after Ulysses went to West Point his folks moved away from Georgetown and I went to Cincinnati a little later. I did not hear anything more about Grant until about 1848, when I went to Georgetown for a visit, and learned that he, had been made a Lieutenant in the army and had done finely in the Mexican War. Some of the boys from Georgetown told me a year later that Grant had been married and was fighting Indians out West. I lost track of him until 1861, when I read that he was commanding an Illinois regiment. Of course, I have watched his wonderful career ever since.

'In 1871 I went to Washington, and sent my card to the President. I wrote 'Georgetown, Ohio,' at the bottom of the card. It was only a few minutes before I was called into the President's private room at the White House. Over 100 people had been waiting for hours to see the President, and I went right in before them. It was the first time I had seen my old companion since he went to West Point. He was very cordial, and begged me to sit down for a chat with him about where I had been, and what I had done since we had last met in old Georgetown. He referred to many of the people we used to know there, and remembered nearly all of them unusually well.Of course our conversation was a short one. He had so much business before him that I felt uneasy at detaining him, and excused myself from his presence. He wanted me to come and see him and his family the next evening, but I had to leave Washington the next day. I intended to see him and his family in New York, but have been such a helpless paralytic that I cannot even go a foot without help. ... Those early days in Georgetown, in the light of the General's great achievements, seem to me like a dream."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Taken from the newsletter of the U.S. Grant Association, Volume IV.

In the first year of publication of the Confederate Veteran, the widow of William S. Hillyer, impressed by the tone of reconciliation in the magazine, contributed a letter written by her husband four days after the battle of Shiloh. Hillyer was a Kentuckian who took up the practice of law in Indiana. After serving one term in the Indiana legislature, he moved to St. Louis and devoted himself to law. His offices were close to those of Grant and Boggs, real-estate agents. After the unprofitable years at Hardscrabble, Grant had gone into business with a cousin of his wife, Harry Boggs, only to discover that there was insufficient business to support two families. In the course of learning this, he found much time on his hands, which he passed agreeably in Hillyer's law office. In August, 1861 Brigadier General Grant appointed Hillyer to serve as aid-de-camp. Hillyer accompanied Grant through his campaigns until his resignation on May 15, 1863.

On the morning of April 6, 1862, Hillyer arrived at Grant's headquarters in the Cherry Mansion at Savannah, Tennessee at the awkward hour of 4:30 in the morning. His arrival awakened John A. Rawlins, Grant's adjutant, who remained up to talk with Hillyer. Perhaps they awakened Grant, usually a late sleeper, for they were all at an early breakfast when they heard the sound of firing from Pittsburg Landing some miles away. Grant was separated from his army because he was expecting to confer with General Don Carlos Buell, bringing his army to join Grant's in a drive into Mississippi.

Hillyer's letter is here reprinted as it appeared in the Confederate Veteran in October, 1893. The omissions occurred in the original printing. We are indebted to Ray D. Smith of Chicago for a valuable analytical index to Grant in the Confederate Veteran which led to this letter. It is dated "Pittsburg, April 11 1862. On the Battlefield."

"The excitement of the great battle is in a manner subsiding, and my thoughts are constantly reverting to the place where my heart and home are. As I stated to you before, I arrived at Savannah early Sunday morning -- about half past four o'clock. While we were at breakfast, about seven o'clock, a gentleman reported that heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Pittsburg, which is about nine miles from Savannah. The General and staff hurried down to our dispatch boat, the "Tigress", and started up the river. When about half way we met a boat coming down and received from her a dispatch stating that the enemy had attacked our center and right at daylight, driven our center back and a heavy fight was raging.

We arrived at Pittsburg about half past eight o'clock, got on our horses and galloped out to the battle-field. Arrived there we found the enemy had attacked and were engaging our right and center in overwhelming force and our troops were falling back. We met hundreds of cowardly renegades fleeing to the river and reporting their regiments cut to pieces. We tried in vain to rally and return them to the front. We rode on to the center, ordering all the reinforcements we could command, and soon I found myself in the midst of a shower of cannon and musket balls. Cool and undismayed as ever, the General issued his orders and sent his aides flying over the field. While executing an order a cannon ball passed within two feet of my horse's head, and a cavalry captain near by called out to me, "Did it hit you, Captain?"

Soon after there was a lull in the center, and the heaviest firing was on our right. We galloped over there and rode along the line when the battle was raging fiercely. At this time our forces had been driven back about a mile and the enemy had taken a large portion of our division (General Prentiss') prisoners. Suddenly there was a lull on the right as well as the center, and most of us thought that the enemy were worsted and retiring. "Not so," General Grant said. "I don't like this quiet. I fear the enemy are concentrating on our left" (where we were weakest). "Captain Hillyer, ride over and order a company of cavalry to make a reconnoissance on the left." "Yes, sir; where shall I find you on my return?" said I. "Wherever you hear the heaviest firing.", was the consoling reply. And, when I had executed the order, the only guide I have back to the General was the heaviest musketry and cannonading. In the meantime he had ordered reinforcements to the left, and his apprehensions were well founded. But a few minutes had elapsed when the enemy attacked us with desperate courage on our left. One continuous roar of artillery, varied only by the unceasing rattle of musketry, was heard, and Death, with fifty thousand mowers, stalked over the field. Oh! it was an awful day. From then till

dark apprehension of defeat, knowledge of the terrible slaughter and shadows of the direful consequences of defeat filled our hearts with sorrowful forebodings, but General Grant was still as calm and confident as ever. "We'll whip them yet!" was his reply to the announcement that our troops were falling back, and his confidence inspired all his command.

Gen. Lew Wallace's division, which was at Crump's Landing, on the river, between Pittsburg and Savannah, a force ten thousand strong, were ordered to move up to Pittsburg about eleven o'clock. They were but four miles distant, and should have been there by noon. Every moment we expected to hear from them, but by some unpar-donable delay they came not. We assured the left that Wallace should soon be up to reinforce them, and, thus encouraged, our forces stood their ground against desperate odds. But the field was being strewn with our killed and wounded, and the battle raged hotter and hotter.

About two o'clock General Buell arrived. One of his divisions (General Nelson's) was marching and would soon arrive opposite Pittsburg, where boats waited to carry them over. In answer to General Grant's inquiry as to his other forces, Buell in-formed him that General Crittenden's command had been halted two miles from Savannah to await further orders. General Grant immediately ordered me to proceed to Savannah with sufficient boats and order Crittenden to move immediately to the river with his men and embark for Pittsburg, leaving his transportation and baggage behind.

I got to Savannah about half past three, rode out to Crittenden's camp and gave the order, which he received with the utmost enthusiasm, for there he was, within hearing of the battle, and without permission to advance. I asked him where was McCook's division. He said just behind him, and Wood's just behind McCook's. What should I do? I had no order's except for Crittenden, but we needed all the rein-forcements we could get. I quickly determined to assume the responsibility. I sat down and wrote an order in General Grant's name and dispatched a courier, ordering General McCook to leave his transportation and move his available force immediately to the river to General Wood, and followed it with an order to General Thomas, who was a few miles behind Wood. I returned to Savannah; there, I remembered, we had three regiments. I thought they were not needed there. I again assumed responsibi-lity and ordered two of the regiments to embark for Pittsburg. I made all the arrangements for transportation and returned to report to General Grant. By this time it was night. I found the General and the rest of his staff stretched on the ground, without a tent or any protection, and the rain pouring down!

I reported to the General what I had done; he said I had done exactly right. In consequence of my assumption of responsibility we had, in addition to Crittenden's and Nelson's commands, the whole of McCook's and a part of Wood's division, together with two regiments from Savannah, in the fight the next day, and we needed them all!

Sunday evening the enemy had pushed our lines back until their batteries almost commanded our transports; a little further and they would have made it impossible to land our reinforcements. But, fortunately, they got within range of our two gunboats, which were lying anchored in the river, and which opened upon them with a perfect shower of shells. Night never was more welcome to any poor mortals than that night to our little army at Pittsburg. I say "little army" because our force at Pittsburg at this time did not exceed forty thousand men...Wallace's division had not arrived, nor any of Buell's command. Notwithstanding this disparity, we labored under another serious disadvantage; the enemy, being the attacking party, could concentrate their whole force at any point, while we were compelled to maintain our lines on the right, left and center, not knowing what moment the enemy might shift their position under cover of the woods.

Before morning we had received twenty-five thousand reinforcements, and before Monday's battle was over ten thousand more.

Sunday night General Grant ordered that at the break of day our forces should advance on the right, left and center, attacking the enemy all around the lines wherever he could be found.

The first dawn of morning lighted our men onward toward the foe. In a few moments our whole line was engaged, and the battle ragdd with even more severity than on Sunday. The enemy were moving forward with the confidence inspired by their partial success on the preceding day; our's with the confidence inspired by the knowledge that we had been reinforced. I have not time to describe this day's action. It was the most terrible conflict I have ever witnessed. Our line of battle

engaged at one time could not have been less than five or six miles, and wherever the battle raged hottest General Grant could be seen with his staff. At one time the rebels evidently distinguished him as a commanding general, for they opened a battery which filled the air around us with bursting shells and solid shot, and, as we advanced along the line, they followed us for a quarter of a mile. Fortunately, the range was a little too high, and the ricochet passed beyond us. One ball passed under the General's horse. I rode over the battle-field after the battle. Our men were busy burying the dead. The scene was horrible. Hundreds and hundreds of dead bodies strewed the ground. For miles and miles, wherever we rode, we found dead bodies scattered through the woods in every direction.

Oh! there will be many desolate homes and comfortless hearts as the details of this battle are known through the country. Many a mourning Rachel will find little consolation in the victory which finally crowned our arms. But future ages will look with admiration on the desperate valor of our troops and bless the memory of the dead who fell at Pittsburg fighting for the maintenance of our good government. You and I cannot be too grateful to the kind Providence who has preserved your husband and our children's father through these two terrible days.

I have seen enough of war. God grant that it may be speedily terminated. I cannot retire now till we have driven the enemy from Corinth. When that is done I think I will leave it to others to finish up this rebellion, which I look upon as already mortally wounded.....

Kiss my little darlings for papa. Tell them that papa's thoughts often went after them, even during the excitement of the battle-field, and nothing but a sense of duty reconciled him to the risking of his life.

Good bye. God bless you. Your, husband, W.S. Hillyer."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Taken from the Newsletter of the U.S. Grant Association, Volume 1 No. 2, January, 1964.

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WHAT HIS ENEMIES SAID OF GRANT

Major General Ulysses S. Grant 3rd had made an interesting collection of comments on his grandfather by persons active in the Confederate cause.

Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, first met Grant on January 31, 1865, at City Point, Virginia, where Stephens and two other prominent Confederate officials had come to discuss terms of peace.

...I will say, in the first place, that I was never so much disappointed in my life, in my previously formed opinions, of either the personal appearance or bearing of any one, about whom I had read and heard so much. The disappointment, moreover, was in every respect favorable and agreeable. I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of everything life affectation, show, or even the usual military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. Upon Colonel Babcock's rapping at his door, the response, "Come in," was given by himself, in a tone of voice, and with a cadence, which I can never forget.

His conversation was easy and fluent, without the least effort or restraint. In this, nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or avoid conversation, but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point, and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw before being with him long, that he was exceedingly quick in perception, and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more of brains than tongue, as ready as that was at his command.

We were here with General Grant two days, as the correspondence re-

ferred to shows. He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his despatch boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently, and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly, that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place, and from all that was said I inferred -- whether correctly or not, I do not know -- that he was fully apprised of its proposed object. He was, without doubt, exceedingly anxious for a termination of our war, and the return of peace and harmony throughout the country. It was through his instrumentality mainly, that Mr. Lincoln finally consented to meet us at Fortress Monroe, as the correspondence referred to shows.

But in further response to your inquiry, I will add: that upon the whole the result of this first acquaintance with General Grant, beginning with our going to, and ending with our return from Hampton Roads, was, the conviction on my mind, that, taken all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met with, and that his career in life, if his days should be prolonged, was hardly entered upon; that his character was not yet fully developed; that he himself was not aware of his own power, and that if he lived, he would, in the future, exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of this country, either for good or for evil. Which it would be, time and circumstances alone would disclose. That was the opinion of him then formed, and it is the same which has been uniformly expressed by me ever since.

The following are extracts from a speech delivered on April 27, 1892 by Colonel John S. Wise, son of Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, and an officer in the Confederate Army.

Surely no Southerner would take more pleasure than I do in honoring the memory of General Grant, and no place could be more congenial than the city of Philadelphia...

My experiences here, at the close of the war were rather unique. I escaped the surrender of General Lee by being the bearer of despatches from him to Mr. Davis. Hearing of Lee's surrender I journeyed southward and joined Johnston's army, surrendering with it at Jamestown, and being temporarily out of employment, my military ventures having somewhat miscarried, I came at once to Philadelphia, took up my domicile at the house of General Meade, who married my mother's sister, foraged on the enemy, and reviewed from time to time, the returning armies of the Union.

Thus, in about two months, I had been in two Confederate and one Union army, and you will understand by that circumstance that I am not sectional or partisan in the views I entertain as to the events then transpiring....

Dropping this view of personal reminiscence, and bearing in mind the lateness of the hour, let me say as a very humble representative of the Confederate soldier, that, in my judgment, the time has come, and a sufficient period has elapsed for the subsidence of passion, for people on both sides to realize much that they could not appreciate when inflamed by the angry passions of war. I think we may no philosophise somewhat as to the causes and the results of the great struggle which made Grant famous.

As nothing came out as I expected it would I sometimes amuse myself by thinking of what might have happened.

In the first place did it ever occur to you that any man who was on either side in that struggle might easily have been upon the other side?

That sounds absurd but it is not. Think how many Northern men were South and how many Southern men were North, merely through force of the accidental circumstances surrounding them at the outbreak of hostilities. Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas, were Lieutenant-Colonel and Major respectively, of the same regiment. Both considered long and patiently

which side they would take, and where their duty lay. On every theory of probabilities Lee was the man who would remain with the United States Army, and Thomas would go South. By every tradition Lee was a Federalist. The fame of his family had been earned in building up and sustaining the glory of the Union, for which his own blood had been shed in Mexico. He was the pet of General Scott, Commander-in-chief of the Union Armies, and no favorite of Davis, or Bragg or Hardee, the leaders of the Confederacy. Above all, he was identified in every way with the feelings of that closest of all corporations in America, West Point, and had been taught to yield first allegiance to the Union. Thomas remained in the North. Lee went South. There was no telling, at that time, on which side men would fetch up. Pemberton and Lovell, both Northern men, cast their fortune with the South....

The Confederate soldier has come to know Grant as the conscientious brave, pertinacious upholder of the Union cause, who, fighting to the death for his convictions, was free from all bitterness, and who, when his point had been fully carried, was anxious to forgive and to forget, and to build anew the fabric of fraternal love, without one reminiscent taunt or reproach.

I heard the distinguished Secretary of the Interior speak of Grant as he knew him in his youth. Like him, when I was a boy I knew Grant. But we made his acquaintance in different ways. I first heard his drums beat in the early morning as his interesting army lay in the mists that hung about the beleaguered lines of Petersburg. We believed him to be a mere military butcher, so recklessly bent on carnage that we even hoped his own troops would turn against him for their remorseless slaughter.

I have seen his legions move forward to our assault. I have seen them repulsed, and again have fled before them. He is my old and honored friend, our dearest foe. While war was flagrant we did not fully understand him. It was not until we surrendered to him that we realized how much of noble magnanimity and generosity was mingled with the stern, bloody pluck which crowned him victor.

It was a genuine surprise to see his old foemen, when, almost before they had completed their surrender to him, he seemed more anxious to feed his prisoners from the rations of his own men than he was to secure his captives.

When we expected harsh orders we heard the command that we retain our horses and our sidearms.

When civil prosecutions of our officers were attempted it was our old foe Grant who stood in the breach and demanded that his parole be respected.

When the triumphal armies of the Union entered our deserted capital he refused to taunt his old and honored foemen with a Roman triumph.

And so as the years rolled by the Confederate soldier in his poverty learned to draw near to Grant as his friend, in full assurance that whoever else should chide him for his past there was one great generous heart who held the grimy Johnny Reb as second only to his own brave boys in blue, in right to claim his loving care and tenderness.

Thus it is, Mr. Chairman, that I, not as a citizen of the dead Confederacy, or with any lurking regret as to its fate, but as a true and loyal and loving citizen of the United States of America claim share in this demonstration with privilege of doing honor to myself and to my people, in honoring the memory of Grant.

We have the happiest, the freest, the best nation, that the sun shines upon in his course.

None love it more. None are truer in their allegiance. None more honestly earnest in the hope that it shall be united for all time to come---than the men from whose opposed ranks Grant carved his noble fame, the soldiers of the dead Confederacy.

General Richard Taylor in Destruction and Reconstruction (1879) bitterly indicted the Grant administration, but also gave this account of his trip to Washington in the summer of 1865 when he sought to obtain the release of Confederate officials from federal custody.

The officers of the army on duty at Washington were very civil to me, especially General Grant, whom I had known prior to and during the Mexican war as a modest, amiable, but by no means promising, lieutenant in a marching regiment. He came frequently to see me, was full of kindness, and anxious to promote my wishes. His action in preventing violation of the terms of surrender, and a subsequent report that he made of the condition of the South -- a report not at all pleasing to the radicals -- endeared him to all Southern men. Indeed, he was in a position to play a role second only to that of Washington, who founded the Republic; for he had the power to restore it. His bearing and conduct at this time were admirable, modest, and generous; and I talked much with him of the noble and beneficent work before him. While his heart seemed to respond, he declared his ignorance of and distaste for politics and politicians, with which and whom he intended to have nothing to do, but confine himself to his duties of commander-in-chief of the army. Yet he expressed a desire for the speedy restoration of good feeling between the sections, and an intention to advance it in all proper ways.

The following conversation of General Robert E. Lee is taken from the biography of Grant by James Grant Wilson.

Within a few weeks of Grant's death, a member of General Lee's staff said to a friend, who had mentioned Hancock's high opinion of his old chief: "That reminds me of Lee's opinion of your great Union general, uttered in my presence in reply to a disparaging remark on the part of a person who referred to Grant as a 'military accident, who had no distinguishing merit, but had achieved success through a combination of fortunate circumstances.' General Lee looked into the critic's eye steadily, and said: 'Sir, your opinion is a very poor compliment to me. We all thought Richmond, protected as it was by our splendid fortifications and defended by our army of veterans, could not be taken. Yet Grant turned his face to our capital, and never turned it away until we had surrendered. Now, I have carefully searched the military records of both ancient and modern history, and have never found Grant's superior as a general. I doubt if his superior can be found in all history.'"

Albert D. Richardson, in A Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant (1868), reported a conversation of Confederate General Richard Ewell, early in the Civil War.

There is one West Pointer, I think in Missouri, little known, and whom I hope the Northern people will not find out. I mean Sam Grant. I knew him well at the Academy and in Mexico. I should fear him more than any of their officers I have yet heard of. He is not a man of genius, but he is clear-headed, quick, and daring.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Taken from the Newsletter of the U.S. Grant Association, Volume 1 No. 4, July, 1964 and Volume 2 No. 1, October, 1964.

CIVIL WAR HUMOR

Contract Surgeon: Soldier, I have some good news and some bad news for you.
First the bad news. I amputated the wrong leg.
Wounded Soldier: Well Doc....what's the good news?
Contract Surgeon: We won't have to amputate your other leg after all!

GRANT AND LONGSTREET

One year ahead of Ulysses Grant at West Point was James Longstreet, a tall Georgian who graduated third from the bottom of his class and then was assigned to the Fourth Infantry at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis. Nearby lived his kinsman, Frederick Dent, related to Longstreet's mother, Mary Anne Dent, since they were descended from two brothers, George and Peter Dent of Charles County, Maryland. The Dents were a hospitable family with a comfortable estate, White Haven, a few miles outside St. Louis, and children close to Longstreet in age: one son, Fred, was at West Point in the class one year behind Longstreet.

After Longstreet had been in St. Louis for one year, the next West Point class provided additional officers for Jefferson Barracks. Fred Dent had gone elsewhere, but his roommate, a shy and frail brevet second Lieutenant named Grant, soon was introduced to the comforts of White Haven. Grant made frequent visits and heard much about the Dent's oldest daughter, Julia, who was spending the winter in St. Louis with friends of the family so that she could enjoy a fuller social life than could be found at White Haven. When she returned, she and Grant fell in love. Longstreet's recollection that he introduced Grant to his future wife was probably incorrect; yet he had been a close friend of both during their courtship.

Grant and Longstreet were also together when the Fourth Infantry was sent to the Southwest before the Mexican War. Longstreet remembered the theatricals designed to break the tedium at Corpus Christi in which Grant was to play Desdemona until the proposed Othello insisted that an actress be brought from New Orleans.

Grant's first opportunity to meet Longstreet in battle would have come at Chattanooga in 1863 had not Bragg unwisely detached his force for a drive on Knoxville. By the end of the year Bragg had been thrown back into Georgia while Longstreet still caused consternation in Tennessee. Grant's Christmas visit with his wife in Nashville was cut short by news of Longstreet. "Now Ulysses," said Julia, "you know that you are not going to hurt Longstreet." "I will if I can get him," was the reply, "he is in bad company." But Longstreet was able to rejoin Lee with his army intact; the first encounter came in the Wilderness, where Longstreet was so severely wounded that he was unable to join Lee until late in the war.

Grant remembered Longstreet in Mexico as "a fine fellow and one of the best of the young officers." In contrasting Longstreet with Bragg, Grant called him "brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, but jealous of his own rights which he had the courage to maintain."

In later years Longstreet often spoke admiringly of Grant's generalship. As the most prominent Confederate to join the Republican Party and hold office under the Grant administration, Longstreet was on bad terms with his former associates, and his praise of Grant balanced criticism of Lee. Years after the war, Longstreet told Grant's former staff officer, Horace Porter, that when news was received at Lee's headquarters that Grant would assume personal direction of the Army of the Potomac, he had said, "We cannot afford to underrate him." At the time, however, Longstreet had done just that, telling Lee, "I do not think that he is any better than Pope."

Indeed, many of Longstreet's recollections of Grant appear to be colored by his postwar role. Of the prominent Confederate leaders Longstreet surrendered most abjectly (albeit profitably) to his former foes.

On April 24, 1899, Mrs. Mary Louise Littleton spoke to Longstreet about Grant and transcribed his comments. Some years later, Mrs. Littleton sent her interview to Major-General Ulysses S. Grant, 3rd, who has supplied a copy to the Newsletter.

The fame of Grant is of the kind that endures. Times will reveal more distinctly the strong, simple, massive grandeur of his character and career. The 20th century will nationalize more and more its heterogeneous civilization and will nationalize its heroes, and Grant will hold a place with Washington in the hearts of his countrymen. His military genius was of the highest order. He is of the class and kind of Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte, superior to them in that his military achievements were actuated by the purest patriotism. The victorious leader of a mighty army, he was guilty of none of the excesses of Napoleon; "Let us have Peace" were words of sincerity --

spoken by one who accomplished mighty deeds without ostentation, content with having done his duty. My friendship for Grant began at West Point and continued unbroken even by the Civil War to the day of his death. At West Point he concealed under an excessive modesty those qualities which later led to eminence in peace and war. Personally Grant was a warm-hearted, lovable friend, a magnanimous opponent. More than any man of the century he embodied in his character the genius of the American people; loyalty to the Constitution, tireless activity, executive power and swiftness and profound respect for American citizenship. His greatness was marked by a modesty of mind and manner that never forsook him, a modesty so noticeable as to win for him the appellation of 'the silent man of destiny'. His life taken as a whole was rounded and complete. Victorious as a soldier, eminent as a statesman, honored as a private citizen with the salutations of the world, happy in his domestic relationship, he closed his long and brilliant career as the historian of the era he so largely shaped.

EDITORS NOTE: Taken from the Newsletter of the U.S. Grant Association, Volume II, No. 2, January, 1965.

EYEWITNESSES AT FORT HENRY

by

Roger D. Bridges

On February 6, 1862, the Confederate defense line in the West was breached when a small rebel force in Fort Henry surrendered. Although Brigadier General Ulysses S. Grant commanded the expedition, his troops were not yet in place around the fort when the gunboats, commanded by Flag Officer Andrew H. Foote, forced the seventy-eight remaining defenders in the fort to surrender. The fort had been defended by 2,610 men, but the bulk of them had been evacuated earlier in the day.

The events surrounding the capture of Fort Henry have been described on numerous occasions, in newspaper accounts, official reports, reminiscences, and military histories. In preparing material for publication in THE PAPERS OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, three letters--two of them previously unpublished and the other printed only in part--providing eyewitness accounts of the encounter came to light which were peripheral to the PAPERS, but too important to be passed over. Written by officer participants in the capture of the Confederate fort, these letters provide interesting and informative private observations.

Connecticut-born Flag Officer Andrew Hull Foote, who entered the Navy as a midshipman in 1822, had a long and distinguished career before the outbreak of the Civil War. He had participated in the African Slave Patrol in 1849-1851 and had reduced the Barrier Forts below Canton, China, in 1856 after attacks on the American flag. In August, 1861, he was placed in command of naval operations on the upper Mississippi River. On November 13, 1862, Foote was appointed a flag officer, placing him on a level of rank with Army major generals. The gunboat flotilla commanded by Foote was under control of the Army, so Brigadier General Grant commanded the expedition to Fort Henry. Foote's letter to his wife, Caroline Augusta Street Foote, provides a graphic account of the role taken by the gunboats in the reduction of Fort Henry.

Flag Steamer Cincinnati

Off Fort Henry Tennessee Feby--6/62

My dear Wife. Bless the Lord who has given me the victory after a horrible fight, of an hour and fifteen minutes. I earnestly & almost agonized in prayer for victory this morning, and we have it and to me the Fort was unconditionally surrendered.

This morning at 11 o'clock, after having made signal & had all Captains aboard and given them orders, and referring to my written orders when I had planned the attack two of which orders fortunately, as victory has crowned our arms, I have sent to the Secretary of the Navy. I then

made signal to get underway and when the Army moved on each side of the river, I moved with seven Gun Boats over the torpedoes or in the channel where they were placed and where we hauled up five yesterday. We were in sight of the Fort for 2 miles. I opened the fire with rifle guns and soon they were returned by the Fort. I ran up rapidly to the distance of 700 yards, taking with me the "Essex," "Cin." "Carondelet" and "St. Louis," ordering them to keep abreast of me in the Flag Ship (Cincinnati). I ordered the three boats not iron clad to keep one mile astern. We are cut all to pieces & only the steam mach(in)ery has escaped. Other Boats except the Essex not hurt. The fire from the Fort, as the General said was directed upon me to sink or cripple the Flag ship, and we were struck with rifle & heavy shot & shells 30 times. I had the breath, for several seconds, knocked out of me, as a shot struck opposite my chest, in the iron clad pilot house on deck. Porter in the Essex received a shot in his boilers, which scalded to death his two Pilots and I don't know how many men, & dropped out of the action--receiving as I saw, two other plunging shots as he went. The fire now had become terrific and I had to signalize the two other iron plated Boats to run abreast of me, and I was constantly going ahead all this time. It was a fearful struggle, but I felt it must be victory or death. This ship was then in less than 700 yards & we began to get a beautiful range & poured shell in upon them fearfully. I all the time going ahead. One killed and nine wounded men were lying on deck groaning horribly. At length, and at a moment, when it seemed as if we must be killed or sunk the big Secession flag was hauled down & victory was ours. A cheer ran up from this ship, a yell in fact & I had to run among the men & knock them on the head to restore order. The Surgeon hollered & bawled I told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. He said it was coming from death to life. He expected to be killed for the last half hour & to hear the cheer he could not help roaring with all his might. Officers ran up & congratulated me, while the Captains of the other Gun Boats came up & rushed aboard. A Boat came off with the Adj. Genl. & Captain of Engineers, and asked if I would see their General. I told them yes, but he must come aboard. Soon afterwards Genl. Lloyd Tilgham an elegant gentle man and a West Point graduate came aboard, & said he wanted to treat. I had in the mean time taken possession & hoisted our flag in place of the Secession. I told the General he was a prisoner of war, with 17 Guns & all the effects in the Fort. He soon struck up an intimacy as he is a great admirer of Dr. Mason in Easton. He said he well knew me by reputation. He said that I showered shells upon him & nothing could stand it, but I do admire your course so much towards me. I let him write to his wife & friends & told him to tell them that he defended his fort with determined gallantry. He says that in 50 minutes seven of the eleven guns bearing on us were dismounted or burst. About this time Genl. Smith took quiet possession of the Fort opposite, which, did not have its guns mounted and he marched in his troops without opposition. Genl. Grant also came aboard and his 10,000 men marched into the Fort which now had the American flag flying. We got ahead of the Army all to pieces. I am now running back to Cairo, to work in getting Mortar & Gun Boats ready, and we have made the narrowest escape possible with our Boats & our lives. I have sent Phelps up the river in chase of the rebel Gun Boats, and let the Army swell with its 15,000 men. I suppose they will go over to the Cumberland and try to take Dover. The Army is rather cop fallen. Porter I am sorry for but he has made too much of his little skirmishes. This vessel did the brunt of the work, & I will pay Stemple by getting his son into West Point, who acted as my aid. A good day's work & I mean always to thank God for it. I never again will go into a fight half-prepared. Men were not experienced & perfectly green. The rifle shots hissed like snakes. Tilghman said he would have cut us all to pieces, had his best rifle not burst, & his 128 pounder been stopped in the vent. Now you may read this to your parents & friends. It is of course written in a great hurry. God bless you, children & friends.

ever Affly A H FOOTE

A prominent Illinois Democratic lawyer-politician and Congressman, John A. McClernand had been confirmed in his appointment as brigadier general on August 5, 1861, although he had little previous military experience. Lincoln was anxious to gain Democratic support for the war effort and McClernand, one of that party's most popular leaders in Illinois, doubtless owed his high rank to his politics. He had preceded Grant at Cairo by a few days, and remained as post commander after Grant moved his District of Southeast Missouri headquarters there.

McClernand commanded the 1st Division of Grant's army at Fort Henry. Two days after the surrender of Fort Henry, McClernand bypassed normal military channels and reported the results of the action directly to Commander-in-Chief Lincoln. Although the letter may have been personal, it was highly irregular. Ever anxious to advance himself, McClernand wrote as if he commanded the expedition and avoided any mention of Grant.

Head Quarters 1st Division
Fort Foote Feby. 8th, 1862.

His Excellency A. Lincoln Pres. U.S.

Sir:--I snatch a moment amid the tumult of a rapidly increasing camp to advise you of events which, while illustrating the success of your administration, will find a blazoned page in history.

The day before yesterday I took up the line of march with a division consisting of eleven regiments of Infantry and Cavalry combined and four companies of Light Artillery against the enemy, from seven to eight thousand strong, at Fort Henry. Starting at eleven o'clock A.M. my whole division reached here before night fall--a considerable portion of the column coming in by three o'clock P.M., passing over the worst possible roads for the whole distance of about seven miles.

Meantime the Gunboats, under the command of Commodore Foote, starting from the same place, (Camp Halleck) opened fire on the Fort at one o'clock P.M., which closed at two o'clock and ten minutes, when the enemy's heavy guns were disabled and the evacuation of the Fort commenced. At no time being further from the Gunboats than two miles the firing was distinctly heard by my whole command who hailed it with enthusiastic shouts.

Word being sent to me that the enemy were evacuating the Fort, I hastened forward my column and ordered my Cavalry, in advance, to push on, engage the enemy, or if he had left the Fort to pursue him and put him to rout--capturing all whom they overtook.

The advance of the Cavalry came up, rapidly, but found the enemy, except a few of his number remaining behind, retreating outside of his defences. They made rapid pursuit killing one of them and capturing some forty prisoners, all of his Artillery (eight pieces) and a great number of animals. The rout was complete.

Besides the trophies mentioned all of the commissary, Quarter Master's and Ordnance stores, in depot, were captured, including eighteen pieces of cannon in the Fort.

My division was the first into the Fort and was the only one that pursued the enemy. Gen. Smith moved up on the other bank of the Tenn.

Yesterday I sent forward different detachments of the Cavalry which driving in the pickets of the enemy, extended their reconnoissance to a point within a mile and a half of Fort Donnelson and to the rail road bridge across the Tenn. seventeen miles above this Fort.

Both detachments came in with prisoners of war--one of the detachments destroying a portion of the telegraph wires and other bringing in quite a number of the enemy's beehives.

In honor of the commander of the "Mississippi Fleet" I have changed the name of the Fort here from the name of Fort Henry to Fort Foote.

Whether considered with reference to the spoil captured or military consequences this is perhaps the most complete victory achieved during the war.

Your Obt. Servt. JOHN A. MC CLERNAND

Colonel William H.L. Wallace, of Ottawa, Illinois, a successful lawyer and a prominent Republican politician before the Civil War, had been a delegate to the 1st Republican National Convention in 1856. Wallace, had been a 2nd Lieutenant in the Mexican War, abandoned his law practice at the outbreak of the Civil War and was mustered as colonel of the 11th Illinois on April 30, 1861. In June the 11th Ill. was ordered to Bird's Point, Mo., opposite Cairo.

Wallace commanded the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division of Grant's army under Brigadier General John A. McClernand at Fort Henry. The day after the fort surrendered, Wallace described the action in a letter to his wife, Martha Ann Dickey Wallace, daughter of T. Lyle Dickey who had been a prominent Illinois lawyer, judge, and politician, and presently was colonel of the 4th Illinois Cavalry with Grant.

Fort Henry Tenn. Feb 7, 1862

Dear Ann:--We are here--got in yesterday afternoon after the gun boats had shelled the enemy out--we (the 2nd Brigade) were some 3 or 4 miles out, on the march, when the cannonading ceased--It lasted about two hours & was tremendous--The effect of the fire on the fortifications here was terrible--Guns dismounted--earthworks torn up & the evidences of carnage meet the eye on every hand--It was a strong place & could have been held by a determined force for a long time--The enemy seemed to have been siezed with a panic & the whole body some 4 or 5,000 left, leaving an artillery company in the Fort--Genl. Lloyd Til(gh)man who is in command of this district or division of the rebel forces is among the prisoners--Our loss aside from the scalding of some 30 men on one of the gun boats by the cutting of a steam pipe, was one man from the 4th Cavalry, belonging to Capt. Shepherdson company --The 4th Cavalry did good service in following up the retreating enemy They took eight cannon & 40 prisoners They feel mighty fine over it--The 11th didnt get under fire but hope for better luck next time.

I am exceedingly tired & this morning I had a tremendous headache the worst I ever had--induced doubtless by long continued exposure & loss of sleep & irregularity in my meals--I have just laid down in Capt Rawlins stateroom on the steamer & slept an hour or so, & got some dinner & I feel much better & am now going out to my command which is encamped on the hills--Genl. Grant invited me to take a state room on his boat & perhaps I will for tonight--

I dont know where we go to next, but I suppose we will follow them up & perhaps attack Ft. Donaldson on the Cumberland which is 13 miles distant--

The men have been without tents most of the time since we started--The 11th had not had a tent since we landed & they were exposed to a tremendous rain the night before we marched here--The roads were horrible--but notwithstanding this they marched & took the heavy trains of artillery over the worst roads I ever saw--

God bless you my darling wife--I feel to rely on His providence & protection more & more--I know He will take care of us all if we do our duty, & in this I feel I am doing my duty--The prospect for being with you on the 18th are not flattering at present, but yet I am not altogether without hope--Kiss Blossom & Tilly for me--My regards to all our good friends & believe that I love you with my whole heart--Good bye--

Yours W H L WALLACE

EDITOR'S NOTE: The first two accounts of Commodore Foote and General McClernand were unpublished whereas the letter of Colonel Wallace was published in part in Isabel Wallace, LIFE & LETTERS OF GENERAL W.H.L. WALLACE. These appeared in the newsletter of the U.S. Grant Association, Volume VII, No. 3, April, 1970.