



# THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

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NOVEMBER 1972

Vol. 16 No. 3

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## 130th Meeting

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DATE: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1972

SPEAKER: MR. ROBERT GRIERSON

TOPIC: DAN SICKLES

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB, DODGE COURT

PRELIMINARIES: 6 PM DINNER 7 PM

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### DANIEL EDGAR SICKLES

Daniel Edgar Sickles, always a controversial figure, was born October 20, 1819, in New York City. After attending New York University and studying law, he appraised the chances of advancement in various fields and quickly chose politics. As a Tammany stalwart he became corporate counsel of the city at the age of 28, but resigned the same year to be secretary of legation in London. He then served as New York State Senator and was a representative in Congress from 1857 to 1861. Sickles first achieved national notoriety in 1859 when he shot down, in the shadow of the White House, his young wife's paramour, son of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." During the lurid trial, in which the defense counsel was headed by Edwin M. Stanton, Sickles for the first time in American jurisprudence pleaded the "unwritten law" and was acquitted. Subsequently he enraged both critics and admirers by publicly forgiving his errant spouse. As a War Democrat in 1861, Sickles' offer of his services was eagerly accepted by the administration and he soon found himself a brigadier general of volunteers, ranking from 9-3-61. His later career as division and corps commander, with promotion to the grade of major general to rank from 11-29, 1862, found him frequently at odds with his superiors. Nonetheless, he demonstrated many soldierly qualities and was utterly fearless in combat. His actions at Chancellorsville and later at Gettysburg bespeak his military career.

After recovery of his Gettysburg amputation President Lincoln dispatched him on a tour of Union-held Southern territory for an appraisal of the effects of amnesty, Negro progress, and Reconstruction. Next, he performed a diplomatic mission to Colombia; served as military governor of South Carolina; and in 1869 was retired with rank of major general in the Regular Army, a position which he would hold for forty-five years. At this time Grant appointed him minister to Spain, where he was chiefly distinguished diplomatically by becoming the intimate friend of Isabella, former Queen of Spain. He served a term in Congress in 1893-95. An octogenarian relic of a bygone age, Gen. Sickles became separated not only from his family but from reality and died "irresponsible and cantankerous," on May 3, 1914, at his residence in New York. He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. (Condensed from Generals in Blue, Ezra Warner.

## CLEVELAND CWRT BULLETIN BOARD

### LLOYD RETURNS HERE

Mr. Lloyd Ostendorf, nationally known artist and Lincoln expert, will repeat his talk on "The Magnetism of Lincoln". This time Mr. Ostendorf will give the talk at the Western Reserve Historical Society, Sunday, November 19, 1972 in the afternoon. It was while he was in Cleveland addressing our Roundtable that he visited the Historical Society and discovered an unpublished photograph of Lincoln's inaugural.

We urge all those who did not have the opportunity to hear Lloyd's talk to make a point of hearing him. It is very worthwhile. Welcome back Lloyd.

### ATTENTION ALL REBELS

The CONFEDERATE GENERALS HISTORICAL SOCIETY, P.O. Box 677, Helena, Arkansas 73242 is looking for members. "The Society offers you an adventure into biographical history into the lives of 425 men whose lot it was to serve as general officers in the Army of the Confederacy. The newsletter, Stars & Bars, will offer rare photographs and sketches of these men, anecdotes about their lives and their careers, and facts about the battles in which they were engaged. Dues are \$6 for one year and \$10 for two years.

It is particularly appropriate that Helena, Arkansas, be the home of the Society, in that seven Confederate Generals enlisted from Helena and Phillips County: Major General Patrick R. Cleburne; Maj. Gen. Thomas C. Hindman; Brig. Gen. Charles W. Adams; Brig. Gen. Archibald S. Dobbins; Brig. Gen. Daniel C. Govan; Brig. Gen. Lucius E. Polk; and Brig. Gen. James C. Tappan. This is quite a record for this small Mississippi River town.

### HOW MANY MIAMI UNIVERSITY MEN WERE CIVIL WAR GOVERNORS?

President Phillip R. Shriver of Miami University gave a talk on Ohio Civil War Prisons to our group and also mentioned Miami's unusual number of Civil War governors. Jim Blount of the Hamilton CWRT did some further research on the matter.

Three Midwestern states were led by strong governors who attended or graduated from Miami University at nearby Oxford. They were William Dennison, Class of 1835, who led Ohio from 1860 to 1862; Oliver Perry Morton, a Miami student from 1842 to 1845, who governed Indiana from 1861 to 1867; and Richard Yates, a Miami student from 1828 to 1830, who guided Illinois from 1860 to 1864.

A fourth MU man, Charles Anderson, Class of 1833, moved into the governor's office in Ohio just after the war. Anderson assumed the duties when John Brough died in 1865.

Several other Miami men served in the top state posts before and after the Civil War.

Ralph P. Lowe, Class of 1829, was governor of Iowa, 1858-1860.

John B. Weller, an outstanding lawyer and politician in Hamilton, Ohio after attending Miami from 1825 through 1829, was governor of California, 1858-1860.

In the south, John J. McRae, Class of 1834, was governor of Mississippi, 1854-1858. He later served in the Confederate Congress during the Civil War.

Governors after the Civil War included:

Joseph McClurg, who attended Miami 1843-1845, governor of Missouri, 1869-1871.

Charles H. Hardin, Class of 1841, governor of Missouri, 1875-1877.

John N. Irwin, student from 1862 to 1865, was governor of two states--Idaho, 1882-1883, and the Territory of Arizona, 1880-1892.

Andrew Lintner Harris, Class of 1860, governed Ohio from 1906-1909. The Butler County native entered the Civil War as a private in the 75th OVI and emerged as a Colonel of the regiment and a brevet brigadier-general.

That adds up to three pre-war governors, three during the war, and five who held office after the Civil War.

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

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FORT DONELSON

On our recent fieldtrip to Vicksburg we made a stop in Dover, Tennessee, the site of Fort Donelson. We were so impressed with the reception we received from the personnel of the Park Service and the field itself--it quickly became one of the highlights of the trip.

While tramping the battlefield I thought back on my college days, and I remembered a poem by a favorite of mine, Herman Melville. As I recall it might be considered as sort of a poetic narrative--and strange as it seems, it is entitled "FORT DONELSON."

So as an added thanks to those who received our group at Fort Donelson, this edition of "THE COURIER" is so dedicated.

FORT DONELSON  
by  
HERMAN MELVILLE

DONELSON

(February, 1862)

The Bitter Cup  
Of that hard countermand  
Which gave the Envoys up,  
Still was wormwood in the mouth,  
And clouds involved the land,  
When, pelted by sleet in the icy street,  
About the bulletin-board a band  
Of eager, anxious people met,  
And every wakeful heart was set  
On latest news from West or South.  
"No seeing here," cries one--"don't crowd"--  
"You tall man, pray you, read aloud."

IMPORTANT.

We learn that General Grant,  
Marching from Henry overland,  
And joined by a force up the Cumberland sent

(Some thirty thousand the command),  
On Wednesday a good position won--  
Began the siege of Donelson.

This stronghold crowns a river bluff,  
A good broad mile of leveled top;  
Inland the ground rolls off  
Deep-gorged, and rocky, and broken up--  
A wilderness of trees and brush.  
The spaded summit shows the roads  
Of fixed intrenchments in their hush;  
Breast-works and rifle pits in woods  
Perplex the base.--

The welcome weather  
Is clear and mild; 'tis much like May.  
The ancient boughs that lace together  
Along the stream, and hang far forth,  
Strange with green mistletoe, betray  
A dreamy contrast to the North.

Our troops are full of spirits--say  
The siege won't prove a creeping one.  
They purpose not the lingering stay  
Of old beleaguers; not that way;  
But, full of vim from Western prairies won,  
They'll make, ere long, a dash at Donelson.  
Washed by the storm till the paper grew  
Every shade of a streaky blue,  
That bulletin stood. The next day brought  
A second.

#### LATER FROM THE FORT.

Grant's investment is complete--  
A semicircular one.  
Both wings the Cumberland's margin meet,  
Then, backward curving, clasp the rebel seat.  
On Wednesday this good work was done;  
But of the doers some lie prone.  
Each wood, each hill, each glen was fought for;  
The bold inclosing line we wrought for  
Flamed with sharpshooters. Each cliff cost  
A limb or life. But back we forced  
Reserves and all; made good our hold;  
And so we rest.

#### EVENTS UNFOLD.

On Thursday added ground was won,  
A long bold steep: we near the Den.  
Later the foe came shouting down  
In sortie, which was quelled; and then  
We stormed them on their left.  
A chilly change in the afternoon;

The sky, late clear, is now bereft  
Of sun. Last night the ground froze hard--  
Rings to the enemy as they run  
Within their works. A ramrod bites  
The lip it meets. The cold incites

To swinging of arms with brisk rebound.  
Smart blows 'gainst lusty chests resound.

Along the outer line we ward  
A crackle of skirmishing goes on,  
Our lads croop round on hand and knee,  
They fight from behind each trunk and stone;  
And sometimes, flying for refuge, one  
Finds 'tis an enemy shares the tree.  
Some scores are maimed by boughs shot off  
In the glades by the Fort's big gun.  
We mourn the loss of Colonel Morrison,  
Killed while cheering his regiment on.  
Their far sharpshooters try our stuff;  
And ours return them puff for puff:  
'Tis diamond-cutting work.  
Woe on the rebel cannoneer  
Who shows his head. Our fellows lurk  
Like Indians that waylay the deer  
By the wild salt-spring.--The sky is dun,  
Foredooming the fall of Donelson.

Stern weather is all unwonted here.  
The people of the country own  
We brought it. Yea, the earnest North  
Has elementally issued forth  
To storm this Donelson.

FURTHER.

A yelling rout  
Of ragamuffins broke profuse  
To-day from out the Fort.  
Sole uniform they wore, a sort  
Of patch, or white badge (as you choose)  
Upon the arm. But leading these,  
Or mingling, were men of face  
And bearing of patrician race,  
Splendid in courage and gold lace--  
The officers. Before the breeze  
Made by their charge, down went our line;  
But rallying, charged back in force,  
And broke the sally; yet with loss.  
This on the left; upon the right  
Meanwhile there was an answering fight;  
Assailants and assailed reversed.  
The charge too upward, and not down--  
Up a steep ridge-side, toward its crown,  
A strong redoubt. But they who first  
Gained the fort's base, and marked the trees  
Felled, heaped in horned perplexities,  
And shagged with brush; and swarming there  
Fierce wasps whose sting was present death--  
They faltered, drawing bated breath,  
And felt it was in vain to dare;  
Yet still, perforce, returned the ball,  
Firing into the tangled wall  
Till ordered to come down. They came;  
But left some comrades in their fame,  
Red on the ridge in icy wreath

And hanging gardens of cold Death.  
But not quite unavenged these fell;  
Our ranks once out of range, a blast  
Of shrapnel and quick shell  
Burst on the rebel horde, still massed,  
Scattering them pell-mell.  
(This fighting--judging what we read--  
Both charge and countercharge,  
Would seem but Thursday's told at large,  
Before in brief reported.--Ed.)

Night closed in about the Den  
Murky and lowering. Ere long, chill rains.  
A night not soon to be forgot,  
Reviving old rheumatic pains  
And longings for a cot.  
No blankets, overcoats, or tents.  
Coats thrown aside on the warm march here--  
We looked not then for changeful cheer;  
Tents, coats, and blankets too much care.  
No fires; a fire a mark presents;  
Near by, the tree shows bullet-dents.  
Rations were eaten cold and raw.  
The men well soaked, came snow; and more--  
A midnight sally. Small sleeping done--  
But such is war;  
No matter, we'll have Fort Donelson.

"

Ugh! Ugh!

'Twill drag along--drag along,"  
Growled a cross patriot in the throng,  
His battered umbrella like an ambulance-cover  
Riddled with bullet-holes, spattered all over.  
"Hurrah for Grant!" cried a stripling shrill;  
Three urchins joined him with a will,  
And some of taller stature cheered.  
Meantime a Copperhead passed; he sneered.  
"Win or lose," he pausing said,  
"Caps fly the same; all boys, mere boys;  
Any thing to make a noise.  
Like to see the list of the dead;  
These 'craven Southerners' hold out;  
Ay, ay, they'll give you many a bout."  
"We'll beat in the end sir,"  
Firmly said one in staid rebuke,  
A solid merchant, square and stout.  
"And do you think it that way tend, sir?"  
Asked the lean Copperhead, with a look  
Of splenetic pity. "Yes I do."  
His yellow death's head the croaker shook:  
"The country's ruined, that I know."  
A shower of broken ice and snow,  
In lieu of words, confuted him;  
They saw him hustled round the corner go,  
And each by-stander said-Well suited him.

Next day another crowd was seen  
In the dark weather's sleety spleen.  
Bald-headed to the storm came out

A man, who, 'mid a joyous shout,  
Silently posted this brief sheet:

GLORIOUS VICTORY OF THE FLEET!

FRIDAY'S GREAT EVENTS!

THE ENEMY'S WATER-BATTERIES BEAT!

WE SILENCED EVERY GUN!

THE OLD COMMODORE'S COMPLIMENTS SENT  
PLUMP INTO DONELSON!

"Well, well, go on!" exclaimed the crowd  
To him who thus much read aloud.  
"That's all," he said. "What! nothing more?"  
"Enough for a cheer, though--hip, hurrah!"  
"But here's sold Baldy come again--  
"More news!"--And now a different strain.

(Our own reporter a dispatch compiles,  
As best he may, from varied sources.)

Large re-enforcements have arrived--  
Munitions, men, and horses--  
For Grant, and all debarked, with stores.

The enemy's field-works extend six miles--  
The gate still hid; so well contrived.

Yesterday stung us; frozen shores  
Snow-clad, and through the drear defiles

And over the desolate ridges blew  
A Lapland wind.

The main affair  
Was a god two hours' steady fight  
Between our gun-boats and the Fort.  
The Louisville's wheel was smashed outright.  
A hundred-and-twenty-eight-pound ball  
Came planet-like through a starboard port,  
Killing three men, and wounding all  
The rest of that gun's crew,  
(The captain of the gun was cut in two);  
Then splintering and ripping went--  
Nothing could be its continent.  
In the narrow stream the Louisville,  
Unhelmed, grew lawless; swung around,  
And would have thumped and drifted, till  
All the fleet was driven aground,  
But for the timely order to retire.

Some damage from our fire, 'tis thought,  
Was done the water-batteries of the Fort.

Little else took place that day,  
Except the field artillery in line

Would now and then--for love, they say--  
Exchange a valentine.

The old sharpshooting going on.  
Some plan afoot as yet unknown;  
So Friday closed round Donelson.

LATER.

Great suffering through the night--  
A stinging one. Our heedless boys  
Wer nipped like blossoms. Some dozen  
Hapless wounded men were frozen.  
During day being struck down out of sight,  
And help-cries drowned in roaring noise,  
They were left just where the skirmish shifted--  
Left in dense underbrush snow-drifted.  
Some, seeking to crawl in crippled plight,  
So stiffened--perished.

Yet in spite  
Of pangs for these, no heart is lost.  
Hungry, and clothing stiff with frost,  
Our men declare a nearing sun  
Shall see the fall of Donelson.

And this they say, yet not disown  
The dark redoubts round Donelson,  
And ice-glazed corpses, each a stone--

A sacrifice to Donelson;  
They swear it, and swerve not, gazing on  
A flag, deemed black, flying from Donelson.  
Some of the wounded in the wood

Were cared for by the foe last night,  
Though he could do them little needed good,  
Himself being all in shivering plight.  
The rebel is wrong, but human yet;  
He's got a heart, and thrusts a bayonet.  
He gives us battle with wondrous will--  
This bluff's a perverted Bunker Hill.

The stillness stealing through the throng  
The silent thought and dismal fear revealed;

They turned and went,  
Musing on right and wrong

And mysteries dimly sealed--  
Breasting the storm in daring discontent;  
The storm, whose black flag showed in heaven,  
As if to say no quarter there was given

To wounded men in wood  
Or true hearts yearning for the good--  
All fatherless seemed the human soul.  
But next day brought a betterer bowl--  
On the bulletin-board this stood:

"Saturday morning at 3 A.M.

A stir within the Fort bet ayed  
That the rebels were getting under arms;  
Some plot these early birds had laid.  
But a lancing sleet cut him who stared  
Into the storm. After some vague alarms,  
Which left our lads unscared,  
Out sallied the enemy at dim of dawn,



With cavalry and artillery, and went  
 In fury at our environment.  
 Under ci-er of shot and shell  
 Three columns of infantry rolled on,  
 Vomited out of Donelson--  
 Rolled down the slopes like rivers of hell,  
 Surged at our line, and swelled and poured'  
 Like breaking surf. But unsubmerged  
 Our men stood up, except where roared  
 The enemy through one gap. We urged  
 Our all of manhood to the stress,  
 But still showed shattered in our desperateness.  
 Back set the tide,  
 But soon afresh rolled in;  
 And so it swayed from side to side--  
 Far batteries joining in the din,  
 Though sharing in another fray--  
 Till all became an Indian fight,  
 Intricate, dusky, stretching far away,  
 Yet not without spontaneous plan  
 However tangled showed the plight:  
 Duels all over 'tween man and man,  
 Duels on cliff-side, and down in ravine,  
 Duels at long range, and bone to bone;  
 Duels every where flitting and half unseen.  
 Only by courage good as their own,  
 And strength outlasting theirs,  
 Did our boys at last drive the rebels off.  
 Yet they went not back to their distant lairs  
 In strong-hold, but loud in scoff  
 Maintained themselves on conquered ground--  
 Uplands; built works, or stalked around.  
 Our right wing bore this onset. Noon  
 Brought calm to Donelson."

The reader ceased; the storm beat hard;  
 'Twas day, but the office-gas was lit;  
 Nature retained her sulking-fit,  
 In her hand the shard.  
 Flitting faces took the hue  
 Of that washed bulleting-board in view,  
 And seemed to bear the public grief  
 As private, and uncertain of relief;  
 Yea, many an earnest heart was won,  
 As broodingly he plodded on,  
 To find in himself some bitter thing,  
 Some hardness in his lot as harrowing  
 As Donelson.  
 That night the board stood barren there,  
 Oft eyed by wistful people passing,  
 Who nothing saw but the rain-beads chasing  
 Each other down the wafered square,  
 As down some storm-beat grave-yard stone.  
 But next day showed--

MORE NEWS LAST NIGHT

STORY OF SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

VICISSITUDES OF THE WAR.

The damaged gun-boats can't wage fight  
For days; so says the Commodore.  
Thus no diversion can be had,  
Under a sunless sky of lead

Our grim-faced boys in blackened plight  
Gaze toward the ground they held before,  
And then on Grant. He marks their mood,  
And hails it, and will turn the same to good.  
Spite all that they have undergone,  
Their desperate hearts are set upon  
This winter fort, this stubborn fort,  
This castle of the last resort,  
This Donelson.

1 P.M.

An order is given  
Requires withdrawal from the front  
Of regiments that bore the brunt  
Of morning's fray. Their ranks all riven  
Are being replaced by fresh, strong men.  
Great vigilance in the foeman's Den;  
He snuffs the stormers. Need it is  
That for that fell assault of his,  
That rout inflicted, and self-scorn=  
Immoderate in noble natures, torn  
By sense of being through slackness overborne--  
The rebel be given a quick return;  
The kindest face looks now half stern.  
Balked of their prey in airs that freeze,  
Some fierce ones glare like savages.  
And yet, and yet, strange moments are--  
Well--blood, and tears, and anguished War!  
The morning's battle-ground is seen  
In lifted glades, like meadows rare;  
The blood-drops on the snow-crust there  
Like clover in the white-weed show--  
Flushed fields of death, that call again--  
Call to our men, and not in vain,  
For that way must the stormers go.

3 P.M.

The work begins.  
Light drifts of men thrown forward, fade  
In skirmish-line along the slope,  
Where some dislodgments must be made  
Ere the stormer with the strong-hold cope.

Lew Wallace, moving to retake  
The heights late lost--

(Herewith a break,  
Storms at the West derange the wires.  
Doubtless, ere morning, we shall hear  
The end; we look for news to cheer--  
Let Hope fan all her fires.)

Next day in large bold hand was seen  
The closing bulletin:

VICTORY!

Our troops have retrieved the day  
By one grand surge along the line;  
The spirit that urged them was divine.  
The first works flooded, naught could stay  
The stormers: on! still on!  
Bayonets for Donelson!

Over the ground that morning lost  
Rolled the blue billows, tempest-tossed,  
Following a hat on the point of a sword.  
Spite shell and round-shot, grape and canister,  
Up they climbed without rail or banister--  
Up the steep hill-sides long and broad  
Driving the rebel deep within his works.  
'Tis nightfall; not an enemy lurks

In sight. The chafing men  
Fret for more fight:

"Tonight, tonight let us take the Den!"  
But night is treacherous, Grant is wary;  
Of brave blood be a little chary.  
Patience! the Fort is good as won;  
To-morrow, and into Donelson.

#### LATER AND LAST

#### THE FORT IS OURS.

A flag came out at early morn  
Bringing surrender. From their towers  
Floats out the banner late their scorn.  
In Dover, hut and house are full  
Of rebels dead or dying.  
The National flag is flying  
From the crammed court-house pinnacle.  
Great boat-loads of our wounded go  
To-day to Nashville. The sleet-winds blow;  
But all is right: the fight is won,  
The winter-fight for Donelson.

Hurrah!

The spell of old defeat is broke,  
The habit of victory begun;  
Grant strikes the war's first sounding stroke  
At Donelson.  
For lists of killed and wounded, see  
The morrow's dispatch: to-day 'tis victory.

The man who read this to the crowd  
Shouted as the end he gained;  
And though the unflagging tempest rained,  
They answered him aloud.  
And hand grasped hand, and glances met  
In happy triumph; eyes grew wet.  
O, to the punches brewed that night  
Went little water. Windows bright  
Beamed rosy on the sleet without,  
And from the deep street came the frequent shout;  
While some in prayer, as these in glee,  
Blessed heaven for the winter-victory.  
But others were who wakeful laid  
In midnight beds, and early rose,  
And, feverish in the foggy snows,

Snatched the damp paper--wife and maid.  
 The death-list like a river flows  
 Down the pale sheet,  
 And there the whelming waters meet.

Ah, God! may Time with happy haste  
 Bring wail and triumph to a waste,  
 And war be done;  
 The battle flag-staff fall athwart  
 The curs'd ravine, and wither; naught  
 Be left of trench or gun;  
 The bastion, let it ebb away,  
 Washed with the river bed; and Day  
 In vain seek Donelson.

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#### AMERICANA

This has absolutely nothing to do with the Civil War but it is too interesting to pass up. I am indebted to Mr. Henry Bass of Oklahoma for the information. It is something that I did not know existed. Furthermore I agree with him completely.

"One of the most intriguing tree planting project of which I know is in the White House gardens at Washington. It consists of trees planted in memory of each president. The only flaw is that so far a tree has not been planted for every president. I think this oversight should be corrected immediately and a tree memorializing each who is not represented placed in this garden. The Presidential Memorial trees comprises an interesting list.

8)

1. Magnolia Grandiflora	Franklin D. Roosevelt
2. Magnolia Grandiflora	Warren G. Harding
3. Little-leaf Lindens	Franklin D. Roosevelt
4. Pacific Pride Apple	John F. Kennedy
5. Northern Red Oak	Dwight D. Eisenhower
6. American Elm	John Q. Adams
7. Japanese Maples	Grover Cleveland
8. Children's Garden	Lyndon B. Johnson
9. Giant Sequoia	Richard Nixon
10. White Oak	Herbert C. Hoover
11. Pin Oak	Dwight D. Eisenhower
12. Darlington Oak	Lyndon B. Johnson
13. Willow Oak	Lyndon B. Johnson
14. Magnolia Soulangeana	John F. Kennedy
15. Magnolia Grandiflora	Andrew Jackson
16. American Boxwood	Harry S. Truman
17. American Elm	Woodrow Wilson
18. White Oak	Franklin D. Roosevelt
19. American Elm	Herbert C. Hoover
20. Scarlet Oak	Benjamin Harrison
21. Red Oak	Dwight D. Eisenhower
22. Fern-leaf Beech	Lyndon B. Johnson
23. Fern-leaf Beech	Richard Nixon
24. European White Birch	Calvin Coolidge
25. White Oak	Herbert C. Hoover