GENERAL SHERMAN.*

For a few days prior to the first of November last, a tall, spare man, with erect soldierly bearing, a face curiously furrowed up and down, crosswise and diagonally, with wrinkles, gray, stubbly beard, but with light brown hair showing scarcely a trace of time's first touches, and with a hazel eye of a keen and youthful expression, might have been seen directing the packing of books and papers in a large, handsome room of the new War Department building at Washington. He wore a simple business suit, and the two assistants who helped him in the task of arranging the volumes and documents were also clad in plain clothes. Occasionally the tall man sat down at a desk and wrote a page or two of foolscap, which he added to a pile of manuscript, or rapidly wrote a letter in a small, clear, peculiar hand. His movements were so alert and his physical expression was so vigorous that no one, seeing him for the first time, would have thought for a moment of calling him old. It was William Tecumseh Sherman, General of the Army of the United States; the manuscript was his last report as Commander-in-Chief; the assistants were his aides-de-camp, and the preparations going on were for the removal of his personal papers, and for turning over the office to his successor. A recent act of Congress provided for the retirement from active service of all officers on reaching the age of sixty-four. General Sherman will reach this limit of age on the 18th of February, but he anticipated the date for relinquishing his command to the Lieutenant-General, in order that the latter might make recommendations concerning the army, as its new chief, to Congress at the present session.

The signing of a few official papers, and a cordial shaking of hands with the new commander, was all there was of ceremony connected with the transfer of command. The control of the military forces of a powerful nation was passed over without the beat of a drum or the firing of a salute. Aside from the great martial renown of the two general officers who took part in this simple ceremony, the event was one of national interest. Our system of government provides very few positions of dignity in which the tenure is sufficiently long for the occupants to get a firm hold upon the regard and memory of their fellow-citizens. Presidents come and go, and the fame of each largely effaces that of him who went before. As to cabinet ministers, who can remember those in office ten years ago? The office of commander-in-chief, on the other hand, is one of both dignity and permanence. Even if there had been no Shiloh, no Vicksburg, no Atlanta, and no March to the Sea, the retirement from this high post of one who, like General Sherman, has held it for nearly fifteen years, would be a memorable event. When such an event marks the withdrawal from public life of one of the most famous generals of modern times and one of the great popular heroes of our Civil War, it attracts universal attention.

The title of General does not pass from Sherman to Sheridan with the transfer of the command of the army. Sheridan remains Lieutenant-General. In 1869, soon after the promotion of Sherman to the rank of general, made vacant by Grant's accession to the Presidency and the consequent promotion of Sheridan to Sherman's former rank of lieutenant-general, Congress, in a spirit of small economy both of titles and of pay, enacted that the two highest grades in the military establishment should continue only during the life of the then incumbents. Thus there is no further promotion beyond the grade of major-general. Since the foundation of the government there have been but three commanders with the full title of general. The first was Washington, upon whom the rank was conferred by Congress a few weeks before his death, and a few months after he had been made lieutenant-general in anticipation of a war with France; the second was Grant, to honor whom Congress revived the grade in 1866; the third was Sherman, who was promoted to Grant's place in 1869.†

The Memoirs of General Sherman, written by himself, and published in 1875, begin at his twenty-sixth year and end with the close of the civil war. They form a remarkably vivid and graphic picture of nineteen years of his life. The personality of the writer is everywhere infused into the narrative. The book mirrors the man. It takes no account, however, of his boyhood or early manhood.

* The writer wishes to acknowledge indebtedness in particular to General Grant and to General Sherman, for information and for revision of the proofs.

† The following is a list of the officers who have acted as commanders-in-chief of the army, by seniority of rank or by special assignment from the President:

Its opening sentence is, "In the spring of 1846, I was a first-lieutenant of Company G, Third Artillery, stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina." We like to read about the early careers of famous men. We want to know whether the boy showed the budding of the genius which made the man great, what conditions molded his character, what circumstances threw him into the channels of action where he won renown. General Sherman has left this curiosity to be satisfied by some future biographer. A few facts concerning his youth and early manhood have been gathered for this sketch.

General Sherman did not come of a military family. His ancestors were mainly lawyers and preachers. The Sherman genealogy, like that of most old New England families, goes back to the first of the name who emigrated from Europe, and no further. Edmund Sherman left Dedham, Essex County, England, in 1634, with his three sons, and landed in Massachusetts. The sons were Edmund, Samuel, and John, and all were at Boston in 1636. John was a preacher. There also came over a cousin, one Captain John Sherman, from whom descended Roger Sherman, of Revolutionary fame, and William M. Evarts and George F. Hoar, statesmen of the present day. From Samuel descended the family of General Sherman, through the following line: Rev. John Sherman, born 1650; another John, born 1687; Daniel, a judge, born 1721; and Taylor, also a judge, born 1758, grandfather of the General, who married Betsey Stoddard and had three children — Charles, Daniel, and Betsey. To Grandmother Betsey might be attributed the talent of the later members of the family. She was a woman of uncommon strength of character, who was always called on to give advice in times of trouble to her whole circle of relatives and descendants — a strong-willed, intelligent, managing woman, of a type much rarer in the present generation than it was a century ago. Judge Taylor Sherman was a man of position in Norwalk, Connecticut, and was one of the commissioners appointed by the State to quiet the Indian title to the Fire Lands district in Ohio, a part of the tract ceded by Congress to compensate Connecticut people for their losses in Benedict Arnold's raid. The Fire Lands are embraced in the present counties of Huron and Erie. Judge Sherman established the county seat of Huron and named it Norwalk, from his home town. He received two sections of land for his services, and, returning to Connecticut, died in 1815.

His son, Charles R. Sherman, was admitted to the Norwalk bar at the age of twenty, and signalized the event by marrying his sweetheart, Mary Hoyt, in defiance of the dictates of prudence; and then, starting for Ohio to make a career for himself, leaving his bride behind, he settled at Lancaster, and next year returned to bring his wife and a baby, that had arrived in the meantime, out to his new home, by a horseback journey of over six hundred miles. The young lawyer volunteered in the war of 1812, but saw no fighting, his service being as a commissary; and after that brief episode he came back to his practice at Lancaster. His family increased and multiplied, as was the way of the sturdy New England stock of that day. Eleven children were born to him, six boys and five girls, and all grew up and married. Of these are now living Elizabeth, William Te-

1. George Washington, from June, 1775, to December, 1783.
2. Henry Knox, from December, 1783, to June, 1784.
3. Major Doughty, from June, 1784, to September, 1789. There was no United States army during this period, except two companies of artillery commanded by a major. The Continental line had been disbanded, and a new army had not been formed.
4. Josiah Harmar, from September, 1789, to March, 1791.
5. Arthur St. Clair, from March, 1791, to March, 1792.
6. Anthony Wayne, from March, 1792, to December, 1796.
7. James Wilkinson, from December, 1796, to July, 1798.
8. George Washington, who was created a lieutenant-general and resumed the command of the army, from July, 1798, to December, 1799.
9. Alexander Hamilton, from December, 1799, to June, 1800. It used to be a mooted question in the War Department whether Hamilton had ever commanded the army, but the recent discovery of an order bearing his signature as "major-general commanding" settled the dispute.
10. James Wilkinson, from June, 1800, to January, 1812.
11. Henry Dearborn, from January, 1812, to June, 1815, the period of the war of 1812.
12. Jacob Brown, from June, 1815, to February, 1828.
13. Alexander McComb, from May, 1828, to June, 1841.
14. Winfield Scott, from June, 1841, to November, 1861, the longest term of all. Scott was the first officer, after Washington, who held the rank of lieutenant-general. This was conferred upon him by Congress after the outbreak of the civil war, but did not pass to his successor in command.
15. George B. McClellan, from November, 1861, to March, 1862.
16. Henry W. Halleck, from July, 1862, to March, 1864.
17. Ulysses S. Grant, from March, 1864, to March, 1869.
18. William T. Sherman, from March, 1869, to November, 1883.
19. Philip H. Sheridan, from November, 1883.

The portraits of all these commanders, except Major Doughty, can be seen on the walls of the Army Headquarters office at Washington.

cumseh, John Hoyt, and Fanny. The father took a fancy to the character of the Indian chief Tecumseh, who flourished in the Northwest in the early part of the present century and was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, and wanted to bestow the name on his first-born son; but the mother objected, and the baby was called Charles, after one of her brothers. The father renewed his proposition when the second son was to be named, but was again overruled in favor of James; but after both brothers had been honored, a third son was born, and a compromise was effected by the parents, by virtue of which the father assented that his first name should be William, and the mother that the cognomen of the Indian chief should be his second, or "middle name." So he was called William Tecumseh Sherman, and as he grew up his companions, seizing upon the more uncommon word, usually nicknamed him "Cump," or "Tecumps." The father was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1824, soon after Tecumseh's birth, by Governor Ethan A. Brown. One of the General's earliest recollections is of the group of children waiting on the porch of the Lancaster house for the Judge to come riding home from his circuit, and of their competition for the honor of mounting his horse and taking it to the stable. On one occasion success in this rivalry came near being fatal to Tecumseh, for the animal threw him upon a pile of stone, where he was picked up for dead with wounds upon his head, the scars of which he still carries.

Judge Sherman died suddenly in Lebanon, in 1829, leaving his widow an income of only two hundred and fifty dollars a year with which to bring up eleven children. The second boy had obtained a place in a store in Cincinnati. The eldest was in college at Athens. The other children were at home attending the village schools. Fortunately, the Judge had left behind him many friends, who came forward with practical offers of assistance to the family. He was a kindly, social man, and was greatly beloved by his associates of the bench and bar. Good humor beamed from his face. He had a clear head, a generous heart, and a ready wit. The three older boys were adopted by friends and relatives. Charles Hammond, of Cincinnati, took Lampson. John, the future Senator and Secretary of the Treasury, was sent to an uncle in Mount Vernon. Tecumseh entered the household of Thomas Ewing, then a member of the United States Senate, and one of the most powerful of the Whig statesmen of that day. Ewing was warmly attached to the dead Judge, and treated his friend's son as though he had been his own. The lad was destined for the West Point Military Academy by his guardian, and his studies in the village schools took the direction of preparing him for the examination required for admission to that institution. One summer he laid aside his books and worked as rod-man with the engineers who were constructing the Hocking Valley Canal. For every day's work he was paid a silver half dollar, and he was supremely happy in the possession of the first money gained by his own toil.

In looking back upon his youth in Lancaster, General Sherman does not remember that he had even the ordinary boy's fondness for reading about wars and battles. He cared most for history and books of travel, and was very fond of novels — a taste he has not outgrown. The grizzly veteran of sixty-four reads a good romance with as much interest as did the school-boy of eighteen. He is a remarkably fast reader, having a faculty of going through a volume rapidly and extracting what is new and interesting to him, while rejecting all the dullness, repetition, and mere padding. For poetry he never cared much, reading with most pleasure Shakspere and narrative poems of dramatic character, such as Scott's "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." He was a good student, getting along in his Latin as far as Horace, and in Greek to the Græca Majora, before going to West Point. In his physical habits he was active and vigorous, fond of outdoor sports and of long tramps with rod and gun. All the region around Lancaster was as well known to him as his own door-yard. Every wood, stream, and hill was familiar ground. He had a great memory for the topography of a country and an instinct for pushing his way through forests and thickets—faculties that in after years stood him in good stead.

He went to the Military Academy with no ambition to be a soldier, but with a great desire to secure the education offered. In that day, to get an education was the ambition of every bright boy in the West. Good schools were rare then, and the people were poor. Education was not the cheap and convenient thing it is to-day. To be fed, clothed, and housed at the expense of the Government, and taught mathematics, languages, and engineering, seemed an enormous prize to lads who worked hard on farms and in shops eight months in the year to get the means to go to school the other four. The fortunate possessors of cadetships at West Point were universally envied. Young Sherman did not, like Lincoln and Garfield, pass through a boyhood of toil and privation, for his guardian was in comfortable circumstances; but he fully appreciated the advantage of going to the Military Academy. His idea at the

time was that he would not stay long in the army when through with the Academy, but would go West and become a civil engineer.

He was sixteen when he received his appointment to West Point, procured by the influence of his guardian, and started on what then seemed a long and adventurous journey. Three days and nights of stage travel brought him to Frederickstown, Maryland, whence there was a railroad to Washington; but he was advised to avoid the novel and dangerous mode of travel and stick to the coach, which he did. General Jackson was President at the time, and was at the zenith of his fame. The young cadet stared for an hour through the wooden palings of the White House grounds, watching the great man pace up and down the gravel walk, muffled in an enormous overcoat and wearing upon his head an uncouth cloth cap. The journey to New York was made by railroad to Baltimore, boat to Havre de Grace, rail to Wilmington, boat to Philadelphia, boat to Bordentown, rail to Amboy, and boat to New York. Sherman stopped at the American Hotel in Broadway, just above the Astor House, kept by "Billy" Cozzens, and the next day went up the river to West Point, and reported at the Academy. He had no trouble in passing the examination.

The life of the Academy was irksome to him because of its restraints. In the Corps of Cadets he was not considered a good soldier. This is shown by the fact that he was never selected for any office in the corps, but remained a private for the entire four years. He was not particular in his dress, and his bearing was not sufficiently military to secure the commendation of the martinets of the school. He applied himself closely to his studies, however, stood high in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and philosophy, and so succeeded in reaching the grade of sixth in a class of forty-three. It is perhaps worth remarking here that men who have successfully conducted great campaigns and fought great battles have not, as a rule, taken much interest in the polishing of buttons, or the exact alignment of a company of troops.

Sherman's distaste for military matters went further than the details of dress and drill. He felt no special liking or aptitude for the profession of a soldier. That he succeeded in it so remarkably he now attributes to mental grasp and intensity of purpose rather than to any inborn talent. In his own opinion he was not a natural soldier; but he could make all his thoughts and feelings converge to one point, which he acknowledges to be a military quality. He had no love for pomp and parade, for uniforms, gold lace, and feathers; the paraphernalia of war excited no enthusiasm in his nature, and he instinctively abhorred violence. We must admit that there was nothing manifested in the character of the West Point cadet that marked him as one destined to play a great part in the greatest war of modern times. Yet he displayed excellent qualifications for either soldier or citizen—self-poise, a quick intelligence, close application to the task at hand, keen observation both of persons and things, and conscientiousness.

After his graduation, in 1840, Sherman was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Third regiment of artillery, and sent to Florida with a company of recruits. General Zachary Taylor was in command there. The worst of the Seminole war was over; but there were still many savages lurking in the Everglades, and the business of the troops was to hunt them out, capture them, and remove them to the Indian Territory. It was rough work for the young lieutenant; but he enjoyed the wild life of the forest, the bayous, and the swamps. The habit of independent judgment which characterized his opinions and operations during the civil war, showed itself thus early. He thought the policy of the Government toward the Seminoles a mistake. The Indian Territory he believed to be much better fitted for the abode of white people than Florida. The latter was an Indian paradise, abounding in game and fish, but of small account for white settlement. The Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Creeks should have been concentrated in Florida, where they would have been surrounded by the sea on all sides but one, and could easily have been protected against encroachment, and the vast agricultural plains west of Arkansas should have been left open to civilization. This was his idea then, and he has never changed it.

From Florida, after two winter campaigns, Lieutenant Sherman was transferred to Fort Moultrie, near Charleston, South Carolina. There he remained four years, fretting, no doubt, at the uneventful life of the garrison, but finding diversion in hunting all through the lowland counties of the State, and in the aristocratic society of the then rich and proud little city close at hand across the bay from the fort, to which his uniform was a passport. Charleston then exercised an intellectual and political leadership throughout the South out of all proportion to her population, and Sherman was able to gain an insight into the Southern character which was of great service to him when he came to march armies through the Southern States. What was of even greater importance, he learned, and never afterward forgot, the topography of the

region. After the March to the Sea in 1864, when his victorious army turned northward through South Carolina, he knew the roads and the fords, and remembered that when the "up country" was impassable by reason of the spring mud, the low country, nearer the sea, was sandy, and the river bottoms were hard.

It is remarkable to what an extent Sherman's early career gave him special fitness for the great part he played during the rebellion. In 1843 he was ordered to Marietta, Georgia, on some duty connected with losses of property during the Seminole war. He spent three weeks there, and, with his habit of riding and hunting, became well acquainted with the region north of Atlanta, where he was to fight battles and conduct grand strategic movements twenty-one years later. A ride across western Georgia to Belfonte, Alabama, and a stay of four weeks at the Augusta Arsenal, gave him a further acquaintance with the region. "That the knowledge I then gained was of infinite use to me, and consequently to the Government, I have always felt and stated," wrote General Sherman in a recent letter referring to his early career. When he fought his way down to Atlanta in 1864, pushing back mile by mile a daring and active enemy, he remembered all the features of the country—the course of the streams, the gaps in the mountain ranges, the roads, and the strong defensible positions. His knowledge even went so far as the location of farms and houses. On ordering General McPherson to charge with his corps the Confederate intrenchments on Kenesaw Mountain, he said: "About half-way up the mountain you will find a plateau where there is a peach orchard; it will be a good place to stop and let your men get breath for the assault." He recalled, just at the time when the recollection was most valuable, his visit to the peach orchard in 1843, and how the owner had told him he had planted it on the north side of the mountain so that the buds would not develop too soon and be nipped by the spring frosts.

The Mexican war gave Sherman no experience in fighting. His company was sent out to California to help hold the territory on the Pacific coast just wrested from Mexico. He got a valuable experience, however, as adjutant to Colonel Mason, who exercised both civil and military power prior to the organization of the State. In this position he mingled in the political and business life of the strangely varied and energetic community which the gold discoveries had attracted to California. It was an excellent place to study human nature, and to weigh the characters and powers of individuals. There was little military routine in the life of the lieutenant of artillery, but a great deal of active intercourse with men and affairs. In 1850 he returned to the East, and on May day married in Washington Ellen Boyle Ewing, a daughter of his former guardian, Senator Thomas Ewing. The house in which the wedding took place is still standing on Pennsylvania avenue—a very plain building now, but a fine mansion in those days. There were famous guests at the wedding—Clay, Webster, and Benton, and President Zachary Taylor with all his cabinet—and it was a brilliant affair, with music, dancing, and feasting, and was followed by a bridal tour to Niagara Falls.

The lieutenant was appointed Captain and Acting Commissary of Subsistence and stationed at St. Louis, whence in 1852 he was transferred to New Orleans. In 1853 he accepted a proposition to go back to California with money furnished by a St. Louis capitalist, and in company with a friend to start a bank in San Francisco. He was tired of the army, where there seemed to be nothing ahead for him but the rank of major, which was the highest he supposed he could reach by a lifetime of service; so he embraced this very flattering opportunity to get into civil life, and threw up his commission. The St. Louis capitalist must have reposed extraordinary confidence in the two young ex-officers to whom he gave his money to use on the other side of the continent; but they justified his faith in their honesty and capacity. The bank was established and did a good business. Sherman took it safely through a panic, mingled in the turbulent, eager life of those days of wild speculation, sudden fortunes, and as sudden ruin, vigilance committees, and political upheavals; a major-general of State militia at one time, and at all times a conservative citizen, upon whom men could rely to pay debts when due, give sound advice, keep a cool head under all circumstances, and act energetically when occasion required.

The San Francisco bank flourished for five years; but in 1858, after the flush times were over, the St. Louis capitalist wished to withdraw his funds. So the business was closed up and all the creditors were paid in full, and Sherman soon found himself back in his boyhood's home at Lancaster without occupation. In 1859 he went to Leavenworth, Kansas, as a lawyer and real estate agent. He knew nothing of law except what he had learned from reading Blackstone and Kent while in the army; but Judge Lecompte said he would admit him to the bar, without examination, "on the ground of general intelligence." He was now thirty-nine years old, with a wife and children, and had still his place to make in life. From his thirteen years' army service he

had gained the reputation of being a quick, intelligent, willing officer, and that was all. From his venture in business life he had gained plenty of experience, but no fortune. The expenses of his family and of travel had consumed his savings.

In this situation, and with no very flattering outlook for legal business in a rude frontier town, he was glad to receive an offer from the Governor of Louisiana, through the influence of a friend, of the superintendency of a new educational institution endowed with a grant of land from Congress and of money from the State, called the "Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy," to be established at Alexandria. The State conferred upon him the title of Colonel, and he set to work with his characteristic zeal and concentration of purpose to organize the school. In a few months it was in good shape, with a fair attendance of cadets. The superintendent was well liked and respected; but the high excitement of the Presidential campaign of 1860 soon made his position uncomfortable. The mania of secession was spreading rapidly through the South. A growing prejudice against Northern men pervaded all classes. Colonel Sherman's brother John was a United States Senator from Ohio, and one of the most conspicuous of the Republican leaders. Naturally the Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy fell under suspicion as being unsound on the slavery question and the so-called rights of the South. Some of the leading politicians undertook to corner him at a dinner party, and asked him point-blank to give his views on the institution of slavery. He did not hesitate to say that he thought the field hands should receive better treatment, and that the practice of separating families, and selling wives away from their husbands and children from their mothers should be reformed altogether. The slave-holders respected him for his frankness, and did not trouble him further; but when Louisiana prepared to join in the mad whirl of disunion, Sherman wrote to the Governor asking to be relieved from his position at the Academy the moment the State determined to secede. "On no earthly account," he wrote, "will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States." He left Louisiana soon after, with an official acceptance of his resignation and a letter from the Governor abounding in handsome and hearty compliments. His family were sent to the Ewing homestead in Lancaster, a refuge always in times of trouble and uncertainty, while he went to St. Louis to look for something to do. When the rebellion began with the firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, he was president of a street railroad company in that city.

Soon after the first outbreak of hostilities, Sherman proffered his services to the War Department in a frank letter, in which he said that his army record would indicate the position in which he could be of most service. He was offered the chief clerkship of the War Department, coupled with the promise of early advancement to the post of Assistant Secretary. This clerkly office in a Washington bureau was not at all to his liking. He did not volunteer under the three months' call for troops, because he had a family to support and could not give up his new business relations for a ninety-days' commission. Besides, he had no faith in Secretary Seward's ninety-day theory of the war. His residence in Louisiana had impressed him with a just conception of the determination, enthusiasm, and courage of the Southern people. He knew they were in earnest in their States' rights doctrine, and believed they would fight long and bravely in defense of their idea. With that idea he had no sympathy, and he was eager to combat it in behalf of the unity and supremacy of the nation. When the three years' call for volunteers was made by Lincoln in May, 1861, he was eager to go to the field, and gladly accepted the colonelcy of one of the new regiments of regulars, the Thirteenth. It was a long step forward from his last army rank of captain to the colonelcy of a regiment; but those were days when colonels and even generals were made out of shop-keepers and lawyers, and trained soldiers were in great request. It might be said that Sherman had powerful friends close to the Administration at Washington, who no doubt had a hand in influencing his appointment; but, on the other hand, there was his West Point education, his thirteen years of army service, and the impression he had everywhere made upon his seniors as a man competent for command and for the management of large affairs. If he had had no brother in the Senate and no friends in the Cabinet, he would in the end have made his way to the front of events just as Grant did, and Sheridan and Thomas and McPherson, and all the other really great commanders of the civil war.

Soon the War Department sent for the new colonel to come to Washington and to leave the recruiting of his regiment to his subordinates. Into the next four years were closely crowded the great events, experiences, and successes of Sherman's life. He now entered upon the field of action for which his whole previous career was a fortunate schooling and training. His military studies; his campaigns in the Florida Everglades; his hunting excur-

sions and travels in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama; his intimate acquaintance with the Southern people; his participation in the military government of California; his business career in that State in times when the strongest qualities of human nature were developed by the eager rush and competition of a wild multitude from all over the world seeking sudden wealth; his residence in Louisiana and association with its public men when the ferment of secession was in progress — all this varied experience was a remarkably effective preparation for a quick-brained, positive, patriotic man to play a great rôle in the war. There was nothing fortuitous in Sherman's success. He had no "lucky star." His great military achievements were the result of training and experience acting upon a nature at once susceptible and resolute, thoughtful and energetic, prudent and courageous. Let us add that he had the emphatic advantage for a military commander of perfect physical health and a robust, wiry constitution, capable of enduring great fatigue, and that he was forty-one years old, and therefore in the full enjoyment of his bodily and mental powers.

It is not within the scope of this article to describe in detail the events connected with Sherman's war record. They are a part of recent history, known to every school-boy. Besides, he has himself described them in the very frank, clear, straightforward narrative of his "Memoirs," wherein the story of his campaigns, his relations with his superior and subordinate officers, and his personal opinions and feelings, from Bull Run to Bentonville, is fully told. Within the limits of the present sketch, we can only glance at the most salient points of his war record — turning-points where the pathway to success was not plain, or steps of progress to greater eminence as a commander.

At Blackburn's Ford, just before the Bull Run battle, he "saw for the first time cannon-balls strike men and crash through the trees." He commanded a brigade in the battle, and threw his three regiments in succession, in good military shape, across an open field upon a portion of the enemy's line sheltered in a wood, but each came back repulsed. He held them together, however, and did not take them off the field until the rout became general all around them. Then he brought them back to the forts near Washington in rather better shape than most of the other brigades. He was profoundly mortified at the result of the affair; and when a report came to camp that he with certain other colonels were to be made brigadier-generals, he was incredulous, and remarked that it was more probable they would all be court-martialed and cashiered, as they deserved, for the loss of the battle and the shamefully disorderly retreat.

The promotions were made, however, and Sherman was sent off to Kentucky as a brigadier-general. He had gained a valuable experience at Bull Run, though he did not realize it at the time. He had discovered that he could handle a brigade under fire with coolness and presence of mind, and that he did not "get stampeded," as the expression was at the time, by disaster.

The beginning of Sherman's career as a general officer was clouded by a cruel slander, which gained wide currency in the press of the country and came near blasting all his hopes of usefulness in the struggle against the rebellion. From Washington he was sent to Louisville, and was, temporarily and much against his wishes, placed in command of the forces gathered to resist the movement of the enemy into Kentucky. While busy organizing his raw levies, he was visited by the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, who asked him how many troops he wanted in his department. At that time, new regiments, as fast as raised, were being sent either to the army of the Potomac at the East or to Fremont in Missouri. McClellan had one hundred thousand men to operate on a line sixty miles long; Frémont as many to move from a base one hundred miles long; while Sherman had only eighteen thousand men to hold a line three hundred miles long, which was the center and key to the whole position. With these facts in mind, he answered Cameron's question by saying, "Sixty thousand men now, and two hundred thousand before we are done." Soon after, some one in the war office, in a conversation with Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, at which a newspaper correspondent was present, said, "Sherman must be crazy; he wants two hundred thousand men sent to Kentucky." Next day it was telegraphed to a New York daily that the Secretary of War thought Sherman crazy, and in a few days' time the story had spread throughout the press of the country that he was actually insane, or, at least, rather off his mental balance. Perhaps his quick, nervous, earnest manner gave some color to the wretched story; at all events, there were returning officers who pretended to know him and who professed to have doubts as to his soundness, when questioned by newspaper reporters. His "insanity" proved to be prophecy, for before six months had elapsed there were more than sixty thousand Union soldiers in Kentucky, and before the war ended the Federal armies south of the Ohio were fully two hundred thousand strong. Sherman was relieved and sent to St. Louis,

where Halleck had succeeded Frémont. Halleck put him in command of a camp of instruction; but when General Grant began his brilliant campaign against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, he was posted at Paducah to gather troops from Indiana and Ohio and send them up to reënforce Grant. Both Grant and Sherman were brigadier-generals; but Sherman then outranked Grant by virtue of his regular army colonelcy, and Congress had not passed the law which authorized the assignment of general officers to command seniors of the same grade. Nevertheless, Sherman made no assertion of his right to command. Every boat loaded with troops which went up the Cumberland or the Tennessee brought to Grant a cordial note from him, asking what more he could do to aid him, and offering to come and serve under him in any capacity. Here was the beginning of the historic military and personal friendship which lasted throughout the war and since, and was never marred by clashing ambition or jealousy.

Grant was made a major-general for the capture of Fort Donelson, so there was no question of relative rank after that. Sherman joined him soon after with fresh troops, and was assigned to the command of a division. From that time on, whenever Grant was promoted, he recommended Sherman for the position he had vacated. As the one advanced, the other followed, step by step—to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, to the command of the four armies operating in the military division of the Mississippi, to the lieutenant-generalship of the army after the war, and then to the post of general when Grant became President.

General Sherman's hardest battle was Shiloh. He commanded the key of the position and held it. He regards it as the most severe struggle of the war. There was no chance for military genius to show itself by strategy and maneuvers. It was a soldiers' fight—a test of manhood where courage and steadiness won the day. The question was whether Grant's forces could stand their ground against the tremendous assaults of the enemy until dark, when Buell could come up with reënforcements. General Grant has often said, in describing the battle, that, as he rode from end to end of the line again and again, he always felt renewed confidence when he passed Sherman's position and exchanged a few words with him. Whatever happened, he felt sure Sherman would hold his ground.

Shiloh gave Sherman new life. He had been cast down by the newspaper stories about his sanity. "Now I was in high feather," he writes in his Memoirs. He had led a division in a pitched battle, and felt confidence in himself. The insanity story was revived again after his repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; but he had gained the friendship and good opinion of his commanding general and the love of his soldiers, and could afford to laugh at it. The Chickasaw Bayou affair was a part of the failure of General Grant's first demonstration against Vicksburg. Grant moved down from Holly Springs; Sherman with his division went down the Mississippi and up the Yazoo on steam-boats; they were to meet in the rear of Vicksburg. The Confederate generals Van Dorn and Forrest raided and destroyed Grant's communications. Sherman, who was cut off from telegraphic news of his chief, failed to get a lodgment in the rear of Vicksburg, and the whole plan miscarried, to be succeeded, however, by the more brilliant and entirely successful movement of the following spring.

Certain incidents connected with the Vicksburg campaign of 1863 are well worth narrating here, as showing Sherman's lack of the jealousy and egotism which marred the characters of many of the generals of the late war. All that rainy winter, when the country along the Mississippi was flooded and the army was inactive, General Grant held to a purpose, never once divulged to any person, of sending the fleet past the Vicksburg batteries when the spring opened, and throwing his army below the town to invest it from the south. When fair weather came, he secured the coöperation of Admiral Porter, and then issued his orders to his division commanders. Sherman's part in the plan was to go up the Yazoo and make a feint against Haines's Bluff. When he received his orders, he hastened to Grant's head-quarters and argued against what seemed to him a very hazardous move. He thought Grant was placing himself in a position where an enemy would have maneuvered a year to get him—a hostile force on both sides of him, and one of them between him and his base of supplies. Sherman failed to convince Grant, who had been cut off from his base at Oxford some months before and had learned that he could subsist an army upon the country. Besides, he believed that in the critical condition of opinion in the North, a great risk ought to be taken for the prospect of a great success. In a letter to Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, written next day, Sherman reiterated his objections to the plan of campaign. The letter was shown to Grant and remained unanswered. With perfect loyalty to his chief, and without the least feeling of resentment for the rejection of his plan of falling back on Memphis and operating on the line of the railroad, Sherman carried out his part of the campaign as zealously and

energetically as though the whole scheme had been his own. During eighteen days of forced marches and fighting and forty-nine days of siege, he did not once take off his clothes to sleep. After Grant's forces had crossed the Big Black, Sherman was given the lead in the advance upon Vicksburg. The two generals rode out one morning ahead of the marching columns, careless of the occasional bullets that came whistling by from squads of retreating rebel pickets. They reached the top of Walnut Hills, which Pemberton, the Confederate general, had occupied the year before, and which Sherman had in vain assaulted from the low land in front. There Sherman exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Grant, this is the biggest campaign in history. You ought to write a report on it at once. Napoleon never made a campaign like this." A few days later, when Sherman was holding the lines facing east from the Big Black to Haines's Bluff, Governor Yates came down from Illinois to visit the camps, accompanied by all the State officers. As Grant was passing along the lines one day, he came upon Sherman, whose back was toward him, and who was saying to a knot of the Illinois visitors: "This is the greatest campaign in history, and Grant deserves all the credit for it. I wrote him a letter before we started, in opposition to the whole plan." Now the letter was never sent to the War Department, nor made public in any way, and Sherman need not have mentioned it; but he was not willing to have any credit given to him which belonged to Grant.

After the fall of Vicksburg, the battle of Chattanooga, and the relief of Knoxville, Sherman marched across the State of Mississippi from west to east, making what is known in the history of the war as the Meridian raid. He had two divisions of troops, and found no great difficulty in penetrating the enemy's country, and foraging for supplies for his men and animals. The success of the raid set him to thinking about the feasibility of a much longer one, which should cut the Confederacy in two. Indeed, the expedition was the forerunner of Sherman's March to the Sea. It emancipated him from the "base-of-supplies" theory of campaigning, to which all the Union generals in the first two years of the war had been closely wedded, and from which the rough experience of having his communications cut and his stores burned had freed Grant the previous fall after his advance south from Holly Springs. The autumn of 1863 brought the half-defeat, half-victory of Chickamauga, the retirement of Rosecrans from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, the concentration of forces under Grant at Chattanooga, the skillfully planned and brilliantly fought battle of Missionary Ridge, in which Sherman bore a conspicuous part, the promotion of Grant to the general command of all the Union forces and the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, and Sherman's succession to the leadership of the four armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Trans-Mississippi. Sherman now felt that the time was close at hand to strike a death-blow at the vitals of the Confederacy. He had in round numbers one hundred thousand men, after providing for the garrisons in his rear and for the protection of the railroad to Nashville which brought him supplies. The conditions of the war had changed. For the first two years of the struggle, no general was wholly responsible for the result of a movement, because no one could be sure that his plans would be carried out by his subordinate commanders. Well-meaning incompetency, bungling zeal, if not positive disobedience of orders, were constantly spoiling the best-laid schemes. When a commanding general sent a brigade or a division out on one or the other flank to march to a given place, or make a particular demonstration, the chances were hardly even that the orders would be strictly carried out. But by 1864 the political generals, and what the soldiers called the "corn-stalk brigadiers," had been weeded out or seasoned into good officers, and the rank and file had been inured to hard marching and steadiness under fire. "We could now play the game of war," says Sherman, speaking of the plans for his Atlanta campaign. How well he played the game need not be rehearsed here. By vigorous attacks in front, followed by skillful flank movements, he crowded his enemy southward through the broken and difficult country of upper Georgia, driving him from one strongly fortified position after another. The campaign might truthfully be called a hundred-days' battle, for there was hard fighting almost every day, from the time the advance began until the evacuation of Atlanta. Up to that time Atlanta, the focus of the Georgia system of railways, had been the objective point; but when Atlanta fell, and the Confederate General Hood extricated his army from the steadily encircling grasp of his antagonist, and made off into Alabama, with evident designs on Middle Tennessee and Kentucky, Sherman chose a new objective point—the army of General Lee, nearly a thousand miles distant at Richmond, Virginia. Here was the crisis of his career. Here his military genius shone with the brightest luster. Both Lincoln and Grant urged him by telegraph to follow Hood in his retreat—urged, but did not com-

mand, and wisely, at last, left all to his own judgment. Sherman penetrated Hood's plans, divining that, after gathering up reënforcements in Alabama, he would strike at Nashville. He sent back the prudent, courageous Thomas with two corps to encounter Hood and hold Nashville, and destroying his own communications set out with sixty thousand men to march through the enemy's country to the sea, three hundred miles distant, with the ultimate purpose of getting in the rear of Lee's army in Virginia.

The plan of this boldest and most successful strategic movement of the war was entirely Sherman's. There was no council of war. The first information the corps commanders had of the movement was in the orders for the march. Each received a map showing the sea-board, from Hilton Head to Ossabaw Sound, and the country back as far as Atlanta. Sherman had no doubt about his ability to subsist his army on the country as he advanced, and if provisions should wholly fail he reflected that he had twelve thousand horses and mules. He remembered that, while he was in California, an army officer had traversed two thousand miles of desolate country with a small party, living upon mule meat the whole way. Besides, he had carefully studied the latest census returns from the counties he expected to march through, and knew about how many thousands of people were living in each. These people must be producing corn and meat, and their food supplies would subsist his soldiers.

General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces engaged in resisting the advance upon Atlanta, once narrated the following incident, which well illustrated the impression Sherman had made upon the minds of the Southern soldiery at that time as a commander of resources and ready expedients. Johnston stood on Kenesaw Mountain watching with his glass the movements of his enemy's wagon-trains on the great plain to the northward. A staff officer came riding up with the news that the rebel cavalry had got in the rear of Sherman's army and had burned a number of railroad bridges. The officer had been forced to make a detour of two days to get around the Union Army. Scarcely had he finished speaking when a whistle was heard, and a moving train appeared in the distance, showing that Sherman had already rebuilt the bridges and re-opened his communications. Walking past a group of soldiers lounging in the shade a few minutes later, the General overheard them discussing Sherman's chances of success. Said one of them: "We'll make it a Moscow campaign and destroy his whole army." "How can you make it a Moscow campaign without any snow?" asked his less enthusiastic comrade. "I mean that we'll cut his communications, destroy everything, and starve him out. We'll burn all the bridges." "Don't you know he carries duplicate bridges along with him?" "Well, we'll blow up the big tunnel." "Oh, hell!" exclaimed the other man, with a look of disgust; "you don't know old Tecumseh Sherman. He's got a duplicate tunnel too!"

The Atlanta campaign, followed by the March to the Sea and the subsequent rapid movement through the Carolinas, may be said to have disemboweled the Confederacy. The rebellion collapsed when Lee surrendered his army in Virginia to Grant, because there was no line of retreat, no practicable point for resistance. Hood's army had been crushed by Thomas at Nashville in exact accordance with Sherman's foresight. After the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina, there was no organized rebel force nearer than Texas powerful enough to be called an army. Public opinion North and South was right in instantly according to Grant and Sherman the supreme honors for bringing the war to an end.

For Sherman, however, the war closed, as it had begun, with much bitterness and injustice. His laurels were made very thorny for a time by a fierce political animosity which cruelly misconstrued his acts and motives. The terms of surrender for Johnston's army, which he forwarded to Washington for approval, raised a tempest of passionate denunciation. He was accused of surrendering to Johnston. Even the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, usually cool-headed and just, sent a dispatch to the newspapers intimating that Sherman was facilitating the escape of Jefferson Davis with wagon-loads of specie. At this distance of time it is difficult to comprehend this sudden outburst of distrust and hostility, and impossible to find excuse for the calumnies heaped upon a gallant soldier who had rendered such conspicuous service to his country. His terms for Johnston's surrender provided that the rebel soldiers should return home with a pledge that they would not be molested so long as they obeyed the laws, and that the State governments existing in the South should go on with their civil functions. A short time before he had met Lincoln, and believed that these conditions were approved by the President. But since then Lincoln had been assassinated, and the new President, Andrew Johnson, was at that time full of gall and bitterness toward the conquered South. The Republican leaders had conceived projects of holding the conquered States by military force, obliterating their local governments, and giving the elective franchise to the blacks. Sherman's simple and

generous terms clashed with these plans. Grant was sent post-haste by Stanton to take charge of matters in North Carolina; but on arriving there he wisely left Sherman to negotiate the new terms with Johnston, and to march his victorious army up to Washington to be mustered out. The whole question of the political future of the revolted States was left for Congress to determine. Sherman soon realized the truth of the prediction made by old General Scott in 1861, that after the war should end no power on earth would be able to restrain the fury of the non-combatants.

That the question was determined unfortunately and wrongly, General Sherman still believes. Though a Republican in his party attachment, he had no sympathy with the reconstruction measures. He still thinks the long epoch of misgovernment, turbulence, discontent, and bloodshed through which the South passed, after the war ended, to reach its present condition of quiet and prosperity, might have been avoided; that a dozen years were worse than lost, and the general progress of the whole country checked; that negro suffrage was prematurely enforced; that it would have come in good time through the operation of political forces in the States themselves. In his opinion the long, costly, and angry experiment of reconstruction only brought the South, in the end, to the point where he proposed it should start when arms were laid down — that is to say, to the enforcement of order and individual rights by local public opinion and State law, without the interference of the national government.

SHERMAN'S habits during his campaigns were of the simplest. He rose early in the morning, and was up late at night. In the face of the enemy, five hours' sleep sufficed him. Before the reveille sounded, he was often in the saddle and out on the most exposed parts of his line. The orders were always to arouse him at any hour of the night, if reports came in. During the Atlanta campaign he set the example to his troops of discarding tents and reducing baggage to a minimum. There was but one tent attached to his head-quarters, and that was used by his adjutant-general and his clerks. With his staff he slept on the ground under a tent fly, which was stretched at night over a pole resting in the crotches of some convenient saplings. It used to be said that his head-quarters were in a candle-box, because one or two small boxes, emptied of the candles they originally had contained, served to transport his papers. The soldiers called him "Old Tecums" and "Uncle Billy," the latter nickname coming into general use in the army during the March to the Sea. At his head-quarters a single sentry stood guard; but nobody, whether officer or private soldier, who wanted to speak to the General, was stopped. He always had a cordial and encouraging word for the soldiers when he rode along the lines in front of the enemy or passed a marching column. For the details of military etiquette and ceremony he cared nothing; but for steadiness in action and endurance in hard marching, he had a quick eye and a ready word of praise. He was usually communicative and outspoken, unless his plans demanded secrecy. Sometimes his frankness deceived the enemy more than concealment would have done. After he captured Savannah, he sent a flag-of-truce boat to Charleston and gave permission to go upon it to the families of Confederate officers who wished to get inside the Confederate lines. Among the applicants for passes was the wife of a Confederate surgeon, who told the General she wanted to go to Columbia, South Carolina, to join her husband. "Don't go to Columbia, madam," exclaimed Sherman. "I shall be there myself in a few days with my whole army. You are at liberty to tell that to your rebel friends in Charleston." The lady made haste to communicate this information to the Confederate commanders in Charleston as soon as she arrived; but all agreed that, if Sherman actually meant to march to Columbia, he would never have said so. His advance reached Columbia a day after the surgeon's wife arrived.

Many good anecdotes of Sherman were current during the war. Some of them, he once said, when they were brought to his notice, had been told of every general since Hannibal. Here is one of unquestionable authenticity, which shows his sagacity in dealing with the population of conquered towns. After he occupied Memphis, the people kept the churches, schools, and places of business closed, so that, save for the movements of the soldiers, the place looked like a city of the dead. He issued an order directing that the stores and shops should be opened during business hours, the schools resume their courses, and the churches hold their customary services. Among the people who called at his head-quarters to protest against this order, or to ask for explanations, was the clergyman of an Episcopal church, who said that the ritual of his denomination contained a prayer for the President which, under the circumstances, embarrassed him. "Whom do you regard as your President?" asked Sherman, bluntly. "We look upon Mr. Davis as our President," replied the minister. "Very well; pray for Jeff Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great

deal of praying to save him." "Then I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no. He's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion," answered Sherman, instantly divining that the worthy clergyman wanted to pose as a martyr before his parishioners, and had hoped that he would be ordered to use the prayer for the President of the United States. The next Sunday the prescribed prayer was so modified by the preacher as to leave out all mention of the President, and to refer only to "all in authority."

After the great review of homeward-bound troops in Washington, in the spring of 1865, General Sherman was sent to St. Louis, to command in the Indian country. He was not intrusted with any of the business of reconstruction, and wanted nothing to do with it. In the West he found a field of effort entirely congenial, the protection of the great Pacific Railroad then being built westward from the Missouri River. He took the warmest interest in this enterprise, regarding it as destined to complete the work of consolidating and unifying the American people—a work in the progress of which the great civil war would be regarded from the historical point of view as only a tragic incident. Much of the time he spent out on the line in Nebraska and Wyoming. He held councils with the Indian tribes, and told the chiefs that if they interfered with the construction of the railroad the Government would send out all the soldiers it lately had in the South and exterminate them. In later years, the Northern and Southern roads to the Pacific had the benefit of his active interest and protection. His troops guarded the surveyors and track-builders, and cleared hostile Indians from the path of the advancing rails. Strongly inspired, as always, with the national idea, he saw in the long lines reaching across the continent the bands of perpetual union for the Republic as well as the arteries for the circulation of the forces of civilization.

Since his promotion to the rank of general, Sherman has been the commander of the army in fact as well as in name. He has traversed every State and Territory, and visited every military post in the country except two. He used to direct the movement of troops in Idaho and Arizona by telegraph from his head-quarters in the War Department as effectually as he had those of the companies at the Washington Arsenal, almost within sight of his windows. It may well be doubted whether there is any man living as familiar with the geography, resources, and means of communication of the whole United States, from Florida to Alaska and from Maine to Mexico. He has been a great traveler, making long journeys every summer, traversing thousands of miles of bridle-trails and rough roads over deserts and mountains, in the far West, to inspect the garrisons, visit the Indian reservations, and facilitate the construction of the Pacific railroads,—always observant, energetic, hardy and cheerful, defying fatigue, and picking up bits of information from every one he met,—a delightful companion for a tough march or for an evening at a frontier post or by a hunter's camp-fire.

In 1871 and 1872 General Sherman spent a year in the Old World, visiting the Mediterranean countries, Turkey, the Caucasus, Russia, Austria, Germany, and the nations of Western Europe. He kept a journal of the tour—a big, solidly bound volume, written in a clear, graceful hand, intended only for a personal record, but abounding in vigorous descriptions of people and places. Friends who are privileged to read it do not find much about the armies of Europe. He attended reviews when invited, but he cared more for the affairs of peace—the people, their ways of living, and their comparative standing in the scale of civilization; the cities and their characteristics; the railways, ports, agriculture, and manufactures of the regions he visited. In time of peace he is evidently more a citizen than a soldier. He went to the battle-fields of the then recent Franco-Prussian war, however, and, remembering with what vigor his antagonist at Atlanta, General Hood, had resisted the movements to coop him up, what tremendous blows he had struck in quick succession at different points on the steadily enveloping line, and how he had finally escaped with his whole army, he came to the conclusion that, with courage and good generalship, Napoleon could have cut his way out of Sedan, or Bazaine out of Metz.

It may be permitted to glance at the home and social life of one who has been so long in a conspicuous public position. Eight children have been born to General Sherman, of whom six are living. One died an infant, and was never seen by the father. Willie, the eldest boy, who was with the General in his campaign on the Mississippi, and was greatly beloved by the soldiers, died in 1863. The eldest of those living is Minnie, now Mrs. Fitch, whose husband resigned a lieutenancy in the navy that he might enjoy a home life, and is now a manufacturer. The second daughter, Lizzie, is unmarried. Thomas, the eldest son remaining, was educated first in the Georgetown Seminary, then at Yale College, and then in the St. Louis Law School.

He gave up a law partnership to become a Catholic priest, greatly against his father's wishes. The third daughter, Ella, Mrs. Thakara, is, like her eldest sister, the wife of an ex-naval officer, who is now engaged in manufacturing. Rachel and Philemon Tecumseh are the two younger children.

General Sherman enjoys a harmonious and affectionate family life. He is social in his nature, and during his long residence in Washington he mingled freely in the society of the capital, liking best, however, not the grand parties and receptions, but small gatherings having an intellectual bent — a paper to be read, perhaps, on some scientific discovery or some recent explorations, and afterward a little unpretentious music and much good conversation. Such gatherings are frequent in Washington during the winter season, and the tall, erect form of the General of the Army was often conspicuous at them. It made no difference whether the house was that of a millionaire or a foreign Minister, or of some poor artist or department clerk; for Sherman was always very democratic in his social habits, caring little for wealth or high position. He is exceedingly fond of the drama in all its higher forms, and is a frequent visitor of theaters. Writing of this taste in a private letter, published in the newspapers not long ago, he said:

> "To me the stage is not only a powerful instructor, but the very best kind of a rest in the midst of the cares of life. Seated in an audience, with some well-arranged play, one experiences not only a needed rest, but more, a cheerful mental support, relieving the mind far more than reading or even social converse. I have always been, am now, and purpose to be, a great friend of the drama, a friend of those who play upon the stage, and a friend of the managers who bear the burden of preparation and arrangement."

He is active and temperate in his habits, eating but twice a day and taking much exercise on horseback and on foot, frank and cordial in his manner, accessible to all, still fond of the woods and the fields, of good novels, and of young company, and not appearing as old within eight or ten years as the Army Register makes him out to be. It seems a pity that he should be shelved upon the retired list when he is as well fitted as ever for command.

If we were to shut our eyes to the verdict of history and to the glamour of romance which surrounds successful commanders, and should take an original and coldly critical view of General Sherman's career during the civil war, we should still have to dissent wholly from his modest estimate of himself, that he had no natural military genius. For the minor business of soldiering as a profession we may grant that he had no taste or special talent; but for leading great armies he certainly displayed the highest qualities. His is the genius, not of drills and reviews, but of grand maneuvers and of decisive action in the crisis of a campaign,— the genius that directs large bodies of troops over a wide expanse of country to produce a prearranged result; that divines where an enemy is going to strike and prepares for the event; that sees the weak spot in an adversary's strategic plan or line of battle and delivers an effective blow at the right time; the genius, too, that inspires a whole army with lofty, patriotic fervor and perfect *esprit de corps*, that commands the confidence of officers and men, and that makes of regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps a single vast organism moved by one will. In these highest attributes of successful generalship, Sherman must fairly be ranked with the great military chiefs, not of our own country and our late war alone, but of the whole world and of all history.

E. V. Smalley.

HER CHOICE.

"BEHOLD! it is a draught from Lethe's wave.
Thy voice of weeping reacheth even that strand
Washed by strange waters in Elysian land;
I bring the peace thy weary soul doth crave.
Drink, and from vain regret thy future save."
She lifted deep, dark eyes wherein there lay
The sacred sorrow of love's ended day,
Then took the chalice from the angel's hand.
Life with new love, or life with memory
Of the old love? Her heart made instant choice;
Like tender music rang the faithful voice:
"O sweet my love, an offering to thee!"
And with brave smile, albeit the tears flowed fast,
Upon the earth the priceless draught she cast.

Eliza Calvert Hall.

W. T. Sherman