

with a ball through the back and coming out in the cheek, scarce utters a murmur; another woman, a buck-shot through and through, bears it with the fortitude of a veteran soldier; there are several other wounds, given accidentally, of course, in the pell-mell of the fight and in the pursuit of the canoes.

I, of course, regretted very much not having been along, but consoled myself with the idea that I'll have a chance yet. In fact, I was on a scout some time ago, when we ran a large boat and canoe ashore, captured the boats, but the Indians escaped. To-night I start with fifteen men in three boats, my principal object being to capture an Indian for guide up the St. Lucie's River; expect to be gone five days. The boat has just arrived from the bar; it is the schooner *Frances* from Havana, bound to Augustine, so it will answer my purpose of sending this, though hurried.

I presume you have heard how Colonel Harney had been in the Everglades capturing eleven warriors, ten of whom he hung, and twenty-eight women and children. This boat brings the news that, seeing fires on the beach, about ten miles this side of Key Biscayne, ran in and fired a gun, which was answered from shore, and presently a small canoe came out, hailed, and four soldiers in them taken aboard. They were four of Colonel Harney's men, who said that it was Colonel Harney's camp; that they had gone on the 1st instant, with two hundred men, soldiers, and marines, in boats, with a guide, to Sam Jones' camp. They had found Sam much stronger in numbers than they had expected, and admirably posted, so that he could not have attacked him without receiving at least three deliberate shots from about one hundred warriors, so the Colonel decided to return for an accession to his force. He doubtless took a prudent course,

though I think he should have attacked Sam. The secret of the matter is, I think, he felt no confidence in the marines and sailors, for he is no coward. He had, however, attacked a small party, capturing six and killing six.

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

Through all the letters during the following spring, there appears great impatience at the nature and prolongation of the Indian wars. His promotion to the grade of first lieutenant, which came in 1842, was therefore very welcome, as it involved a change of station.

FORT PIERCE, F., July 14, 1841.

My Dear Brother:

There is considerable talk up at St. Augustine that our regiment is going north in the fall, but I won't believe any such thing until the order comes; in fact, I want to stay till next spring, for I really believe that there is a shadow of hope of terminating this war in the coming winter, provided always no "treaties, truces, or talks."

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

FORT PIERCE, F., Oct. 11, 1841.

My Dear Brother:

As to matters and things in Florida, they are as they have always been,—Indians plenty always coming, but none come, whilst the officer commanding flatters himself the war is just on the point of ending.

A short time ago a ship went ashore about sixty miles south of this, from New Orleans bound to Cowes, with a cargo of tobacco and Dutchmen (two hundred and odd). The latter went ashore, taking a tent and some beef and pork; but fortunately the steamboat that runs on the coast found them, and advised them to go aboard this vessel whilst she went in search of some wreckers (a species of pirates, who, for a high per cent, save portions of cargo and sometimes ship), who returned to her and luckily got her off the beach, it being calm; but it seems that whilst the steamboat was gone, some Indians came down on the beach and stole the things they had put ashore. As soon as we learned this, Major Childs, who commands here, immediately fitted out an expedition to look into matters and things down in that section. An old Spaniard we have here informed us that in rear of where the vessel had gone ashore there was a fine lake, and in all likelihood the Indians lived on it. As the object was to get on this lake in small open boats, this we effected by going an inland passage for forty miles, then hauled our boats over a narrow strip of land into the sea, launched our boats, and, going about ten miles further, landed, and hauled our boats again into the unexplored lake. We were here six days, searching the islands and bays, and though we found evidences of a great number of Indians and canoes, we were able to discover but two fellows, who escaped us. We got, however, plenty of roasting ears, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and other Indian things. A great many fields, amounting in all to upwards of thirty acres, in very fine cultivation indeed, having, beside what I've already mentioned, beans, pumpkins, tobacco, and rice. So you see that Indians know, beside the use of their legs and the rifle, that of the hoe. But a few days ago a vessel

belonging to the Government, and loaded with supplies for this post, ran ashore about thirty miles north of us. I was sent up with thirty men, and though I was unable to save the vessel, I succeeded in bringing off about \$1000 worth of provisions and property. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

PICOLATTO, F., Feb. 15, 1842.

My Dear Brother:

You doubtless saw my promotion announced in "Orders." I have been exceedingly fortunate, attaining a rank which generally requires five or eight years' service in the short period of seventeen months. This promotion separated me from the company to which I formerly belonged and from a garrison of officers to whom I had become much attached, yet I was of course rejoiced at being promoted to this company, which guards the road between St. Augustine and this place,—the road upon which so very many murders have been committed during the war. I command here a guard, have fine quarters, constant communication with the world, and although very little society, and no officers with me, I can mount my horse, and in a couple of hours can have both in the ancient city of St. Augustine, only eighteen miles distant. St. Augustine, you know, is the oldest town in the United States, nor does its appearance belie its age,—narrow, winding streets, close-built houses with the balconies meeting overhead, denoting its Spanish population. There are some few old English families, who remained when the Floridas were ceded to Spain, and together with the few Americans whom the delightful climate has enticed, constitute the best society. The Spaniards, or rather Minorcans, are very ignorant and

have no desire to travel beyond their own circle. There is an old fort, built at enormous cost by the Spanish Government; but for want of appropriation, it is fast falling to decay. . . . The inhabitants still preserve the old ceremonies and festivities of old Spain. Balls, masquerades, etc., are celebrated during the gay season of the Carnival (just over), and the most religious observance of Lent in public, whilst in private they cannot refrain from dancing and making merry. Indeed, I never saw anything like it,—dancing, dancing, and nothing but dancing, but not such as you see at the north. Such ease and grace I never before beheld. A lady will waltz all the evening without fatigue, because it is done slowly, with grace; but it is in the Spanish dance they more especially excel, enchanting all who behold or participate. This, together with the easy and cordial hospitality all extend to officers, is what has captivated so many within the past few years.

In June, 1842, General Sherman was ordered to Fort Moultrie, S.C., where he remained for the next four years.

FORT MOULTRIE, S.C., May 23, 1843:

My Dear Brother:

Leaving the seasons to look after themselves, I'll try and give you an idea of how our days pass in a garrison like this. Here at Fort Moultrie we have about 250 soldiers, divided into four companies. These are quartered some inside the wall, some outside. All the unmarried officers—eight of us—live inside; all the married, five, outside. This being the headquarters of the regiment, we have the Colonel and his band of about fifteen instruments. Every morning at daylight all get up at reveille, attend a drill, either as infantry or artillery, at sunrise; breakfast

at seven, have a dress parade at eight, and half an hour after the new guard takes the place of the old one,—a new officer relieving the old one. After that each one kills time to suit himself till reveille of next morning commences the new routine. Thus it is every fair day except Sunday, when we have an extra quantity of music, parade, and inspection in honor of the day and to keep our men in superfine order at church. Thus, you see that every day at nine o'clock and after we have nothing to do but amuse ourselves. Some read, some write, some loaf, and some go to the city. For the latter class a barge is in attendance, going and coming. Although six miles from a city, we have all its advantages, whilst separated from its annoying noises, taxes, and expenses. . . .

During the past winter I have been at North Carolina twice, at Savannah once, and at Charleston some hundred times. The fact is, in the summer time we are so enveloped with citizens that we have to make acquaintances whether or no. When they move to Charleston and the country, they send invitations which must be accepted, or give offence. The consequence was that two or more of us had to go constantly as representatives of the whole,—always in rotation, unless duty or pleasure coincided, when a greater number would cross the water. These parties are very various, from the highly aristocratic and fashionable, with sword and epaulettes, or horse-racing, picnicing, boating, fishing, swimming, and God knows what not. A life of this kind does well enough for a while, but soon surfeits with its flippancy,—mingling with people in whom you feel no permanent interest, smirks and smiles when you feel savage, tight boots when your fancy would prefer slippers. I want relief, and unless they can invent a new Florida war I'll come back and spend a few months with you in Ohio. But as

my visits have been, heretofore, in the spring and summer, I'll wait for the fall this time, when I hope once more to see you all at home and Mansfield both. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

In the autumn of 1843, General Sherman went on leave to Ohio. An account of his return is given in the following letter, also a description of those parts of Georgia which he afterwards visited with his army. The observations made on his first visit undoubtedly assisted him on his march.

FORT MOULTRIE, S.C., Jan. 19, 1844.

My Dear Brother: It was about the middle of November, and on one of those mornings so peculiar to your atmosphere, that I deposited my bones in the Chillicothe stage. I went to Portsmouth, thence down the Ohio to Cincinnati, where I remained with Lamp a couple of days, and then took my departure for St. Louis in the steamboat *Manhattan*, loaded with every species of animal from men to Durham cattle. There were more than 200 souls on board a second-class boat, from which circumstance you can readily infer that the bodily comforts were not well cared for. Yet I was much pleased. Louisville, at which we stopped several hours, is a beautiful place; in fact, the whole river realized my wildest conceptions. In six days we reached St. Louis, which, you know, is trying to rival our queen city; but, although it has great merits and beauty beside a population of 30,000 people, it has not that fixed and solid appearance that Cincinnati now wears as an established city of business and manufacture. I spent ten days in and near St. Louis, after which I embarked in a new and very fine boat, called the *John Aull*, for New Orleans. . . . The

trip cannot fail to interest one who has never been in the South, but, as I was familiar there, it could not produce its full effect. Imagine yourself, as I was, at the mouth of the Ohio in a heavy snowstorm, the shores clothed in ghost-like garb; the following day the snow is no longer seen, and before another day passes by the shores are clothed here and there in green corn and grass. Soon the oak appears with its green leaves, then the magnolia, orange, etc., and soon you find yourself down between the rich sugar-fields of Louisiana, the stalks ungathered and waving beautifully and luxuriantly in the breeze. . . . At Mobile I took a steamboat and ascended the Alabama River to a town called Montgomery. There, on a vehicle called a car on what was denominated a railroad to a town called Franklin, from which place I staged it over roads such as you have about Mansfield, except the clay is slipperier, the hills shorter and steeper, and the drivers such as can be had nowhere else. Thus I went 120 miles to a town in Georgia called Griffin. Here I waited twenty-four hours for the cars, which had as usual run off the track. However, they came at last, and we started towards Macon, a distance of only sixty miles, which it took us twelve hours to accomplish. However, at Macon I found a well-finished railroad which led to Savannah, a distance of 190 miles, over which we passed in exactly the same time that it took us the day before to accomplish the sixty. From Savannah to Charleston I had the regular steamboat. Thus it has taken me the whole sheet to give you an outline of my journey, the details of which volumes would scarcely record. At last, on the 27th of December, after an absence of five months and two days, I stood once more in my old quarters at Ft. Moultrie. Since my return the weather has been so bright and de-

lightful that I have almost renounced all allegiance to Ohio, although it contains all whom I love and regard as friends. I have been so busy of late that I have not even been to Charleston to see my old acquaintances, and could only steal time the other day to accept an invitation of some planters on an adjacent island to participate in a fox hunt and the consequent dinner and frolic.

On October 24th of the same year, with his hatred of politics and scorn of politicians, he learns that John has been stump-speaking. The letter shows a singular mingling of disapprobation and pride. As long as he has seen fit to seek political advancement, he is pleased with his success. The letters that follow from Fort Moultrie are descriptive of the life led on plantations about Charleston.

FORT MOULTRIE, S.C., Oct. 24, 1844.

My Dear Brother: . . . What in the devil are you doing? Stump speaking! I really thought you were too decent for that, or at least had sufficient pride not to humble and cringe to beg party or popular favor. However, the coming election will sufficiently prove the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the American people, and may deter you from committing a like sin again. . . . For my part, I wish Henry Clay to be elected, and should rejoice in his success, for various reasons, but I do not permit myself to indulge in sanguine feelings when dependence has to be placed on the pitch-and-toss game of party elections.

I rejoice in the winter period of relaxation to enable me to devote more time to reading. Look out that I don't turn out a pettifogging lawyer, and rival you in fame at some cross-roads in the Far West. . . .

Let me conclude by hoping that you will now in the outset of life do all things in your power to advance your interest and fame, and to neglect no chance to better your fortune. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

SMITHVILLE, N.C., April 4, 1845.

My Dear Brother: I am going to return to Charleston to-night by sea, and expect to be turned wrong side out, as the wind is blowing a half gale. I have been to Wilmington in this State to stand by a young friend who exchanged the independence of the bachelor for the charms of Governor Dudley's daughter. We had a brilliant wedding,—dinner-parties and balls for three days,—when I came here to see a friend, and will now go home by the first steamboat that comes along. . . . I expect upon my arrival at Ft. Moultrie to find a letter from mother and yourself, and if I do not—good-by, for devil the word has reached me from Mansfield for four months. Love to all. Smithville is on the Cape Fear River, near the outlet.

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

In the autumn of 1844 he was sent to Augusta Arsenal, Ga., on some special duty, remained there a few months, and then returned to his post.

At the first rumor of war with Mexico he shows the greatest anxiety and impatience to be sent to Texas. It was this anxiety that made him lose all chance and sent him to California instead.

AUGUSTA ARSENAL, GA., Aug. 29, 1845.

My Dear Brother:

I got back from Key West earlier than I anticipated by taking advantage of a small pilot boat that happened to be going to Charleston from Key West. In it we returned in four days, which contrasted somewhat with the passage out of eighteen days; but the Gulf Stream was favorable in the first instance, but not in the latter. A few days ago I was ordered here and assigned to duty with the company that occupies the arsenal, and on the same day an order arrived from Washington for one more company to sail for Arkansas Bay. Everybody supposed the Colonel would send the company to which I belonged, because we, its officers, are all young and unmarried, whereas the others were all differently situated; but in army affairs age has precedence of merit, and an older Captain Burke was sent, leaving us again behind. There are still two companies at Ft. Moultrie; and in case of a requisition for more men, we, or rather my old company, will certainly go, in which case I have the Colonel's promise that speedy notice will be given me, and I be ordered to go along. Also I am promised to go in case this company goes, thus securing two chances, which will inevitably enable me to go to Texas, in case more troops be required, and then most heartily will I give all the aid I can to further the views of Government to extend the "Area of Freedom." . . . As to Texas having been annexed for the sole purpose of extending slavery, I do not believe. Some politicians may do so, and abolitionists may act upon that decision and affect it; but if matters be permitted to take a natural course, the result will be as surely the reverse as water flows down hill.

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

FORT MOULTRIE, S.C., Jan. 4, 1846.

My Dear Brother: I had to go to North Carolina on a wedding tour at Christmas time, and as soon as I got back I went to a plantation, not very far off, to spend the New Year. I am pretty well acquainted with all the rich people round about, and have from them enough invitations for the balance of the winter. It is a great relief occasionally to slip off from our monotonous drill and duty to ramble among the green and noble live oaks — the most magnificent evergreen in our forest. Then again, the planters have plenty to eat and drink, and can, without seeming inconvenience, entertain any number of straggling acquaintances. When we expect any assemblage large enough to dance, we take along four or five musicians from our band, which makes us doubly welcome during the Christmas holidays. The people here were not a little alarmed about war, for it would at once crush their prosperous rice and cotton trade — the only articles of trade here. Moreover, the English, in case of war, would doubtless do all they could to make the slaves rise and would supply them with the necessary arms and ammunition to make them really formidable. I have never seen the least sign of disaffection on the part of the negroes, and have seen them in the cotton field and rice ditches, met them hunting at all hours of day and on the road at night, without anything but "How d'ye, Massa? Please give me some bac." However, it is easy, no doubt, to make them believe they can own the fields and houses they now see, and to excite them to resort to means that would even astonish their provokers; but I have heard but one or two who in conversation would admit even such danger in case of war; but all admit that the price of negroes would so fall as inevitably to destroy such as would be compelled

to sell such property, such as estates to be divided among children, etc. There would be no difficulty in taking Charleston — our fort is weak and has only about 100 men — it is not ditched or strengthened in such a way as to defy an assault. A new fort is being built in the channel which, when done, will be very strong, but its walls are as yet barely out of water. The Charlestonians have such confidence in Mr. Calhoun, who is decidedly opposed to war, that since his arrival they have no apprehension. All here think that such resolutions as Mr. Hannigan introduced in the Senate, and such speeches as were made by Allen and Cass will cause immediate war for which no preparations are in progress, or even contemplated. If war takes place, I shall do all I can to better my future and rank, but if it slides by, as other rumors have, I must remain contented with my present commission. . . .

Your affectionate brother,
W. T. SHERMAN.

In April, 1846, he writes:—

You may be surprised to learn that in a few days I will go to New York City and then to some place to me still unknown. Tell mother that she will have no more writing to Fort Moultrie for a long time, as I will, in all probability, be absent two years. I must be at New York on the 1st of May, and then shall learn my future station, which may possibly be at the West.

And later, still hoping to be sent to Texas, he writes:—

Direct a letter to me, if you want to write, at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor. It should reach there at or before the 1st of May or I won't get it. Tell me then whether your railroad is done from the lake, and what

conveniences there are to reach Columbus, for it is in the reach of probability that I may receive orders for New Orleans or Texas, and be allowed to steer my own course, in which case I might give you a hasty call, if it wouldn't delay me too long. . . .

On July 14th he sailed from New York, with one hundred and fifteen men and five officers, for California, on the *Lexington*, an old sloop-of-war. On November 10th he wrote a long letter to his sister Elizabeth,¹ which was passed about in the family and finally found its place in John Sherman's letter-book.

UNITED STATES SHIP LEXINGTON AT SEA,
Nov. 10, 1846.

My Dear Sister: The wind is now so strong and fair that we have hopes of reaching Valparaiso in about ten days, and, as our stay there will be too short to gratify curiosity and write letters too, I must prepare them beforehand. We sailed from Rio on the evening of the 21st of September, and ran down the coast of South America with nothing to disturb the usual monotony of a sea life till, on the twenty-first day out, we made Statenland, an island to the north and east of Cape Horn. It had become cold, and the bleak mountains, covered with snow, looked desolate enough. Soon they were sunken beneath the horizon, and our vessel felt the majestic swell of the Pacific. We were then in the sea so much dreaded by sailors, but a bright sun made us for the day think the dangers like most others, more imaginary than real. We were soon undeceived, for the southwest wind arose, driving us to the eastward amidst a conflict of waves such as I had never seen before. For twelve

¹ Mrs. Reese.

days we struggled with the storm, snow, ice, and cold, and when the wind lulled, we found that no progress had been made. A favoring breeze then enabled us to reach Cape Horn, with its snow-capped rocks, and we passed quite near it, with a clear sky and bright sun overhead. We began to flatter ourselves that it was done with us, but we were again mistaken; for a northwester began and served us more rudely than its predecessor. For another twelve days it was one continued struggle for mastery, and really it seemed more than once as though the ship must be swamped. All hands were completely exhausted; our Captain Baily of the navy has made the passage some ten or twelve times, and the purser still oftener, and each say they never encountered so heavy a sea or such persevering head gales. Often our decks were covered with ice and snow, the rigging dangling with icicles, whilst the wind moaned and whistled as in our western woods. I will not attempt to give you an idea of the height or force of the waves, — words are inadequate to convey a true idea, and one must experience them to feel their full force. I trust, however, you may never have to seek such experience. Yesterday, however, the observation of the sun placed us in $54^{\circ} 40'$ or north of Cape Horn, whose latitude is $55^{\circ} 59'$, or we had been twenty-six days south of the Cape passing through a distance we might return in less than two. Our course on the chart is jagged and crooked enough; the farthest south latitude we made was 59° . Here it is now spring and the days very long. I have seen the sun rise before four in the morning and set after eight, with twilight extending nearly the whole night. Were we to remain here a month longer, we might see the sun throughout twenty hours out of twenty-four. Travellers always allude to the strangeness of seeing the sun to

the north, new constellations in the sky, etc., but education explains causes, removes mystery, and strips travelling of nearly all its ancient zest. The constellation of the Southern Cross is composed of four stars that are not very conspicuous. You may look up any night and see the same in any latitude. The Magellan clouds are three small patches of nebulae like the Milky Way. They are near the South Pole, and cannot, of course, be seen in the northern hemisphere. In no other respect does this part of the world differ from any other, for the sea, monotonous sea, is the same everywhere, differing only according to the freshness of the breeze. The little world, bounded by the walls of our ship, continues the same limited monarchy, with its grades and distinctions. The captain in his cabin, the officers in the wardrooms, and sailors and soldiers forward. Of the three, ours, being the middle rank, is doubtless the most pleasant, for it embraces eleven in number, with books, cards, and music. We are thrown into the most intimate contact, and thus far have not suffered from a feeling of jealousy that is very apt to arise among officers of different services. Strange, too, for it is an *imperium in imperio*. We are passengers, having our soldiers under one species of command—the naval officers are on duty with the sailors. We are bound to do nothing, but still do make one-fourth of our men stay on deck all the time to assist in working the ship, for the crew is very short. Such a mixture of duties seldom prospers, but here, by a good understanding on the part of the officers, we have had no trouble at all, all feeling our mutual dependence. Since we have been off the Cape it has been so cold that we have been compelled to wrap up and keep more to ourselves in our staterooms, sleeping or reading, the former having the preference—the better the sleeper,

the happier the man. Never was time more perfectly sacrificed, for we have been afloat near four months, and now, for the first time, we head towards our destination, after having sailed about nine thousand or ten thousand miles. If you hear about a subscription opening to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, you may put me down any amount, for really I do not fancy a voyage of twenty-four thousand miles to accomplish a distance of less than two thousand. However, I do not permit myself to dream of a return to the United States for five or six years, when I hope to pass through Mexico. We are all most anxious to hear the state of the war. How many fights have been had, how the volunteers act, how General Kearny progresses, for we expect him to be in California this winter; yea, and a thousand other things that will be old before they reach our ears, for our own slow progress teaches us how slow and uncertain is communication by sea, to which we shall have mainly to rely for news and letters. The long, tedious time on board ship has given us ample time to reflect upon the past and make me feel a little astonished at my rapid movement from Pittsburgh. There I was well off, but, impelled by a feeling of shame at leading so quiet a life when my comrades were at war, I wrote to the Adjutant-General, requesting him to order me upon any expedition, — the more hazardous, the more it would be to my liking. This letter was before him when Captain Tompkins, without my knowledge, made application for me. The coincidence produced the result, and I was ordered. My order reached Pittsburgh when I was absent of my own accord, so that when I reached Pittsburgh I found that the expedition would sail immediately; I started without regard to private risk or interest lest I should be too late and lose a reputation for prompt and willing

obedience of dangerous orders. I wish now I had been more slow and made better preparations for so long an absence, but it is now too late and I must trust to fortune. I repeat these things that they may be known in case of accident to me. . . . I cannot imagine now how I was so hasty at Pittsburgh, except that then I had an idea that we were to land in California to act offensively with a battery instead of being planted to grow rusty and old in one place till Government be good enough to recall us. The only objects of life and curiosity in this region of earth are the whales and birds; the former do not show themselves often, but are known by the peculiar misty spout of water made as they rise to the surface for breath; but the birds are seen in a clearer element; they crowd in flocks all around the ship, following it for days and weeks, pouncing upon every piece of pork or bread that is thrown overboard. This greediness makes them an easy prey, for, with a baited hook and line, they are easily caught, and I don't know when I have had a more hearty laugh than at the simple idea of fishing for birds; but the idea is now a fact, having myself caught of all kinds. The most peculiar of them is the Cape pigeon, a beautiful, innocent bird exactly like a tame pigeon, except that it sits the water like a duck, and has webbed feet; but the albatross, the huge bird of the Cape, is more to my liking, and seems so perfectly indignant at being caught by stratagem. There are of these several varieties, the gray, the quaker (color) and white; the latter is the largest, measuring as much as twelve feet from wing to wing; their bodies are white and as large as a swan, and the spread of their wings great indeed. They soar about, scarcely moving a feather, just above the surface of the water, and, let the sea be as agitated as possible, they rise and fall with the huge waves,

moving along them like a spirit upon the face of the waters. To the soldier officers catching these birds, the sailors, ever superstitious, attribute our hard luck in passing the Cape. . . .

We expected to have reached port ere this, but the sea is very uncertain, giving us a foul wind instead of fair; but now a strong south wind is carrying us straight towards Valparaiso. Already are they shortening sails, ready to lay to for morning, as soon as the lighthouse is made. It is Sunday, and the day has been remarkably beautiful; sailors, soldiers, and officers have crowded the spar deck to enjoy the warm sun and watch the varying shades of the distant Andes. They are distinctly visible, their sides and caps shining in their wintry garb, whilst the dark line of green at their base adds beauty to their cold, sterile magnificence. These mountains are from seventeen to twenty-two thousand feet in height, and may be seen at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles; but so accustomed have I been to read accounts of them and to see and dream pictures of snow-clad mountains, that these seem more like a representation than reality. I hope, however, to stroll as high up as possible, so as to realize all their magnitude and enjoy the splendid scenery grouped around them. Sixty-four days have now elapsed since we sailed from Rio, and you can easily conceive our anxiety to reach port. . . . There is a large fleet of English in harbor, but it seems that they have taken no steps to oppose our taking California. A lieutenant called upon our captain from the usual mark of politeness. I am officer of the day, and cannot go on shore, but will have the next three days to myself; then again I'll be officer of day, and will write to mother. Good-by.

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

II

First letter from John Sherman—Progress of the Mexican War—Predicts political break-up, owing to the war—Majority of the country opposed to it—Letters from Tecumseh from Monterey—The situation in California—The gold excitement and its effect on labor, trade, and prices—Desertion of soldiers and sailors—Marriage to Miss Ewing—Death of President Taylor—Goes to New Orleans—Resigns from the army and enters the banking firm of Lucas, Turner & Co.—Goes to San Francisco to establish a branch—John's election to Congress—The San Francisco Vigilance Committee—Abandons banking—The Pacific Railroad scheme—Beginnings of the civil struggle—Letter on the Italian War of '59—Letter from John Sherman from Paris—Impressions of foreign countries and peoples

THE date of the first letter from John Sherman in General Sherman's letter-book is May 2, 1847. At this time he was twenty-four years of age, and practising law in Mansfield, Ohio. As we have seen in General Sherman's letters, he had already "dabbled" in politics.

John Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823, the eighth child in a family of eleven. His father died when he was six years of age. At fourteen he had already begun to support himself, being a rodman on the Muskingum River Improvement Company. For a year he was engineer in charge, and was removed because he was a Whig. At seventeen he began the study of law in the office of his eldest brother, Charles, at Mansfield. In 1848 he was sent to the National Whig Convention at Philadelphia, and from that time his political life may be said to have begun. In 1851-1854 his intense interest in the excitement over the Missouri Compromise led to his election for Congress. From December, 1855, when he took his seat in the House of Representatives in Washington, his firm convictions and his earnestness in expressing them made him prominent. He was appointed by Congress on the Kansas Investigating Committee, a