realization of the great crisis of which we alone were informed, and, seizing the papers, I ran out into the street and made my way to the officers' quarters, shouting aloud as I went that Fort Sumter had fallen, and war had begun!

CHAPTER XI

An Expedition against the Navajoes — The Modoc Chief, Captain Jack — The Journey Home from New Mexico, at the Outbreak of the Civil War — The Feeling among Army Men — "Stricken from the Rolls" — Experiences in Leavenworth, Topeka, and on the March — General George H. Thomas

AS soon as the news of Virginia's secession from the Union reached me, I sent in my resignation, and prepared to follow it to the States. No one had ever doubted that such would be my course, and all my friends regarded it as the only proper one for me to pursue.

The Navajoes had become hostile, committing many depredations that fall, and we had fitted out a formidable expedition to invade their country during the winter. It was placed under the command of Colonel Canby, who pressed it with severity. While the troops suffered much from the great cold and deep snows, the Indians perished in numbers. They are less savage and more thrifty than any other wild tribe, having permanent homes, flocks and herds, and some manufactures, and are therefore more assailable. They paid a heavy reckoning that winter, for their homes were destroyed and their herds taken from them, and it was said that they dared not stay long in any one place, and that all the children born to them during that campaign perished. They soon and earnestly sued for peace, and

kept it too, until recently hostilities have been renewed in their region.

Canby did his work effectually, and returned to Santa Fé just as I was about to leave it for Richmond. He, with his wife, was our guest there, and I carefully explained to him how and where I had distributed the troops of the department, of which he showed his approval, and I then transferred to him my office and my house. Just four years afterward, I left him my office in Mobile, he and I having closed the great war after the long-contested battle of Mobile, with mutual respect for each other.

During the fighting with the Oregon Indians, in which Jamie Stuart was killed, Walker's command captured a young Indian little more than a lad. The Rifles had scattered a band which took to the river, and as our men were examining the banks in search of fugitives, one of them saw a pair of bright eyes shining through the roots of an overhanging tree, and stooping, caught an Indian boy by his legs, and hauled him out. They took him along for some time, until near where he could make his way to his people, and then set him free. It would have been better for all if the young reptile had been shot then and there. Years afterward, Canby was murdered by the celebrated Modoc chief, Captain Jack. He was the Indian boy caught by Walker thirty years before, and set free, and in relating the history of his life just before his execution, Jack recited the incidents of his capture and of his liberation. The Post chaplain who ministered to him in his last moments felt it his duty to prepare him for his fate, and to reconcile him to it by descanting to him upon the good company who would greet him in the eternal home, to which Jack replied: "I don't know none them peoples. They your

friends. I give you ten ponies you tak' my place tomorrer!"

I sold out my household goods of every sort in Santa Fé, and hired a wagon of the first train to cross the plains, and the quartermaster furnished me with an ambulance and team. At Fort Union, where we halted to make up our party, every consideration and respect was shown us. Lieutenant Enos, a big-hearted young fellow from New York, had been much with me and my family, and showed deep emotion on parting from us. Lieutenant Gay, another manly young officer, took me to one side and said: "You may need a good horse before you get through. I present you with that Navajo mare of mine. I picked her out of a drove of five hundred we captured. She is yours." Webb, the sutler, pressed upon me as much money as I would accept. I assured him I was well supplied, but told him of another of our Southern officers who needed money, and he gave him as much as he could be induced to take.

At every Post upon our route the same kindly feeling met us, and at parting we were told: "I hate to lose you, old fellow, but you are perfectly right. If I were in your place, I would do the same thing."

The season was late, and the grass for half of our journey very bad, and we were forty-five days in our wagons, a wearisome time of suspense and anxiety to us. Our escort consisted of about seventy men, who had just served the term of their enlistment, and were on furlough. With two exceptions, they all intended on reaching the States to join Northern regiments for the approaching war.

As we proceeded, rumors of the coming struggle flew thick and fast toward us, and each day the danger of arrest and detention seemed more imminent, and our

anxiety for the helpless women and children of our party increased. When within two or three miles of Council Grove, we met three rough-looking men in an open wagon, who called out to us as they passed: "You had better look out in Council Grove! They are going to give you hell!"

Captain John G. Walker was in command of the party, and he and I took counsel, finally deciding that he should close his command well up on the rising ground above the village, while I would ride on into it and report if there were any hostile demonstration or purpose to hurt or hinder us. We knew that Jim Lane and the Kansas roughs had been notified of our coming and of our position towards the government of the United States, and that we were now entering the most advanced outposts of the "Jay Hawkers." I rode up to our carriage, and asked my wife to let me have the children's old shoes, telling her I would ride on ahead and buy some new ones, as we should not halt in the place. As she gave them to me, she also let me understand that she knew my real object. I rode forward, and stopping at the largest store, where some horses were hitched, went in and got the shoes. A group of men standing there greeted me sociably, and were inclined to be chatty, and I rode back and told Walker to come on, as there was no danger. We marched rapidly through the town to our camp, four miles beyond, and felt relief at having escaped any trouble. One of our objects in going beyond the village was to prevent the men from obtaining liquor if we could, for it was the Fourth of July, and after their long enforced sobriety upon the march they would be the more apt to indulge themselves too freely now.

Our camp had been pitched, and I was stretched out

on my cot resting after the hard, hot ride, when I was aroused by a disturbance near the guard tent. As I looked out an old Rifleman, named Kearns, knocked the sergeant of the guard down. I have never seen a man knocked as he was. He went tumbling fifteen feet before he rested on his back. Kearns stood, pistol in hand, defying arrest. He was six feet two inches in height, and was known as the bully of the regiment. When he was sober, he was an excellent soldier, but now he was maddened by whiskey. He laid his loaded rifle at his feet, and swore he would kill any one who attempted to arrest him, and, holding his revolver in his hand with his thumb on the hammer, he was ready to make good his word.

Walker, at about forty paces' distance from Kearns, was attempting to cap his Colt's rifle and shoot him down where he stood; for he thought it was the signal for a general uprising; that it meant violence to us and to our wives and children. I snatched up my six-shooter, and ran to Walker, urging him not to shoot Kearns, adding that I would disarm him. Mrs. Walker at the same time clung to her husband, imploring him not to shoot, while I, holding my cocked pistol behind me, advanced rapidly towards my man, striving to keep the while between Walker and him. As I approached him, I held out my left hand for his revolver, and said a few earnest words to him about the helpless women and children he was endangering, ending by ordering him to go at once to the guard tent. He handed me his pistol, saying, "Captain Maury, I've always uphilt ye fer a gintleman, if ye are a Southern man, and I'll do just as ye bid me," and turning he went to the guard tent and lay down.

Next morning when I came out of my tent I saw

Kearns sitting in front of the guard tent, looking the picture of woe. I beckoned him to me, and gave him his arms, and begged him not to drink again upon this march. With very deep feeling he said, "Surr, I'll never forgit your treatment of me as long as I live, and ef iver ye need a friend, ye'll find him in me." He showed sincere emotion, and he kept his word, for he never drank again, and he seemed always on the lookout for an opportunity to help me or to serve me in any possible way. Nor did the insubordinate characters who had encouraged Kearns to his riotous outbreak ever transgress further, though they would have gone to any length had he not yielded.

Two of them were on my tent detail, and the morning I rode away from camp into Leavenworth they stole my revolvers. I was greatly concerned when I heard it, and, after I had reported to the commanding officer, set out for the encampment of our escort with a vague hope of recovering them. I saw a man approaching me, whom I recognized as the rascal I suspected. When he saw me he changed his course, and, as I still approached him, broke into a run. I did likewise, and as he stepped into a little ditch and fell, I sprang on top of him, demanding my pistol, which he relinquished. By that time the sergeant of the guard had come hastily up, and, taking out my memorandum book, I called the number of the pistol. The sergeant said, "It is yours, Captain," and handed it to me. I then ordered him to take the man to the guard tent and hand him over to the officer with my compliments, which was done forthwith. One of the officers had already recovered the other pistol for me, and I thus received another of the many evidences proffered us of the good feeling of our brother-officers towards us, who were so soon to be widely separated from them.

At Topeka, Kansas, the morning papers contained the order announcing that "Captain Carter L. Stevenson, Captain Dabney H. Maury, and Lieutenant Edward Dillon are hereby stricken from the rolls of the army for entertaining treasonable designs against the government of the United States." From that time we naturally doubted if we would be permitted to proceed on our journey southward.

On our homeward march, we crossed the Arkansas at Bent's old ford, and followed the river down its course for many days. Walker had brought with him a huge and savage dog, half mastiff, half bloodhound, of whom everybody was afraid. He was more tolerant of me than of any one, because I used to take him with me on my hunts. But on this particular evening old Cy was very cross, and as in passing I patted him on the head he tossed up his mouth and seized me by the arm with a savage growl. I knew it was war to the death, and I kicked him heavily in the ribs, drawing my knife as I did so. The brute crouched and sprang at my throat, and I caught him fair in the breast with my knife. He drew back, casting a reproachful look at me, and, staggering to the river, rolled over dead. I called out to Walker that I had killed his dog, expressing my regret at having been forced to do so; to which he replied that he was glad I had done it, and that I had no other course, as he certainly would have killed me if I hadn't him.

Our camp was near Fort Atkinson, about which we found some two thousand Indians assembled. They were Arapahoes and Cheyennes, who were awaiting the annual distribution by the Indian agents of presents, etc. About ten minutes after old Cy's death, I observed a number of Indians gathered about his body, and finally

an old squaw emerged from the crowd, exultingly holding aloft one of old Cy's hind quarters, as she went to her tepee shouting in wild Indian fashion. As the group dispersed I went down to the river. They had left nothing of the dog save a little blood upon the grass. They had had no fresh meat for some time, and dog is an Indian's dainty dish.

On our last night out we camped within eight miles of Fort Leavenworth, and very early next morning I rode into the Post, expecting possible arrest, and intending to pass on to Louisville and await my family there, if I found there was any intention to stop me. I rode to the sutler's store just as the morning flag was running up, and found there old Colonel Rich, one of the most respected and beloved of the old-time sutlers. His son was already in the First Missouri Regiment and in the field on the Southern side. Poor lad! He fell gallantly fighting at Shiloh.

I was clad in an old corduroy hunting-suit, and had not been shaven or shorn since I left Santa Fé, and the old gentleman peered curiously into my face as we walked out of hearing before he said, "Why, it's Maury, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'd never have taken you for a gentleman. What are you doing here so early?"

"I am here to learn if they intend to arrest me."

"No, indeed; they will treat you more kindly than ever you were treated in Fort Leavenworth." And so, indeed, they did.

I hastened back to meet the column and come in with the other officers and report to the commander of the Post, Colonel Prince. After cordially welcoming us, he said, "Maury, here's an order interesting to you and

Stevenson," and gave us the order we had seen a few days before at Topeka. I then turned to the paymaster and asked if a month's pay was not due me. He said, "Yes; and I would like to pay it to you, but here is an order just received requiring that it shall be paid to you only in Washington." It has been paid me since.

Our stay in Leavenworth was brief, and when we came away a young kinsman of mine from Virginia, who was employed in the paymaster's department, joined us. His name was Francis Berkeley. He entered a Virginia regiment, shouldered his musket, and played his part like a man, and now lives, highly respected, as Captain Berkeley of Staunton. One of our Virginia regiments was known as "the Berkeley regiment," because the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and the adjutant were all Berkeleys, akin to each other.

The record of the Virginians everywhere, when their State seceded, is full of pride and honor. Many were in distant parts of the army, or on remote stations in the Navy, or otherwise enjoying positions of credit and emolument. Yet, with a promptness and devotion never surpassed, they surrendered every benefit which long and distinguished service had earned for them, and made their way home through dangers and difficulties, from a noble sense of duty to their State and to their people.

Of those who finally decided to bear arms against the South, George H. Thomas easily leads in point of ability and attainments as a soldier. He was born in Southampton County, Virginia, was greatly distinguished in the Mexican War, and was voted a sword by his native State. No man was ever more devoted to his own people, and they greatly loved and honored him. In

the Virginia Convention, which was greatly opposed to secession until Lincoln declared his purpose to march an army across the State to coerce South Carolina, Thomas was thought of as the commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces. Neither Lee nor Johnston had yet declared his purpose in case his State should secede, while Thomas had proclaimed that he would retire from the Federal army and enter the service of Virginia in the event of her secession.

He had active friends to support his claims, and he applied early for an appointment in the Virginia forces, and Governor Letcher held an important office awaiting his resignation from the United States army. With this in his pocket, as it were, he went to New York to sever his connection with the service of the United States, and bring his wife back to Virginia with him. She was a woman of fine character. Her kindred and her property were in New York, and through her influence he delayed his action until he had received from General Scott orders to an important post; and like other great soldiers of history and good men everywhere and in all times past, he was conquered by a woman.

When General Fitz Lee, *en route* to Virginia, after his own resignation, called to see Thomas, he said at parting, "Well, Major, I suppose we shall meet in Richmond in a few days?"

"Yes," replied Thomas. His wife — a handsome woman she was — remarked, "He thinks he will."

Thomas' purposes were as well understood as those of any other man whatever in his position. He made them a matter of record by his official applications for service, which were published and well known before his death. Had he followed his natural inclinations and allegiance, and accepted the commission which Governor Letcher held in reserve for him, his native State would have been the better off by one more able and brave commander.

We reached St. Louis with great anxiety, for party-feeling ran high there, General Lyon being especially vigorous in his course against the secession party. Camp Jackson had been captured and some citizens had been shot. We regretted the fact that we were compelled to remain all night in the city, and could not cross over into Illinois until next morning. Some of our late escort had travelled along with us thus far, and among them a corporal who said he intended to have me arrested. He was an Englishman, and was one of those who had instigated Kearns to his violent outbreak. I had decided to avoid the fashionable hotels in St. Louis, where I might be met and recognized, and went to a quiet house, where such was not so apt to be the case. While registering my name, a man came up beside me to register his, and turning I found myself face to face with the corporal. I gave him a nod of recognition, which he received with an insolent and triumphant air, as I fancied, at having me at last in his power. It was already midnight, and no arrests could be made then, and we were to cross the river before sunrise in the morning, so I said to myself, "If that fellow does not go over into Illinois with us, we are safe." As we stepped on the ferry-boat, one of the very first men we saw was this rascal. I had not been so alarmed since leaving Fort Union. Two trains were waiting the arrival of the ferry-boat, one bound for Chicago, and the other for Louisville, and to our great satisfaction the man took the former, and we saw him no more.

The conductor of our train was a remarkably gentlemanly man, and said, pointing to our servants who had

gone with us to New Mexico: "I presume these are your slaves, and I wish to tell you not to be anxious about them. I have carried more than four thousand slaves over this line, and have never lost one." I was not uneasy on that score, for ours were more afraid of losing us than we were of losing them; but it was with a feeling of general relief that I gathered my little party safely around me in the Galt House in Louisville, and took a julep.

CHAPTER XII

Arrival in Richmond — On the Battle-field of Manassas — Embarrassing Interview with General Joseph E. Johnston — His Protest against being superseded by General Lee — His Removal from the Command of the Army of Tennessee — Anecdotes of Johnston — His Personal Traits and Family Life — His Opinions of Napoleon, Marlborough, Forrest, and Others

WE reached Richmond on July 19th, where all was in active preparation for war. I reported to the governor and to General Lee, commanding the forces of Virginia. I was much impressed by the grave and anxious aspect of General Lee, and remarked to Commodore Maury that it surprised and depressed me. He, too, had observed it. I was appointed Colonel of Cavalry of the Virginia forces, and ordered to report to Adjutant-General Cooper. The same day I received my appointment as Captain of the Regular Cavalry of the Confederacy, and Lieutenant-Colonel of their provisional army.

I told General Cooper that I would take my family to Fredericksburg, where my mother, whom I had not seen for two years, was living, and he replied that he would send my orders there.

The Sunday that I spent in Fredericksburg, we could hear all day the distant firing at Manassas. No orders had yet come for me, but I took the first train for Richmond. I had been apprehensive lest my wife or mother should hinder me from going into battle, but I never

again had any anxiety on that score, for they seemed as solicitous as I that I should be in time for that engagement. On arriving at the adjutant-general's office, I found that my orders had been sent to the Spottswood Hotel, where I had never been at all. But for this mistake, I should have reached Manassas in time for the great battle, for I was assigned to General Joseph E. Johnston, as his adjutant-general.

On my way up, I met people at every station who were full of the news of the great victory. President Davis was on the down train, and had been in the battle, and from the platform of the car made a stirring speech to the exultant multitude. When I reached the field, the Federal dead were not yet all buried, and I remember well the horrid spectacle of near one hundred red-breeched Zouaves who lay about where the Confederates had captured a Federal battery, their swollen bodies and blackened faces making a ghastly contrast with their bright scarlet uniforms and gay trappings.

On my arrival, I immediately presented my orders to General Johnston. As he read them, he exclaimed with great emphasis: "This is an outrage! I rank General Lee, and he has no right to order officers into my army." Of course I was deeply mortified, and after an interval sufficient to allow him to grow calmer, I asked him to let me speak to him. He cordially assented, and, walking off from ear-shot of those about him, and placing his arm affectionately on my shoulder, said, "Maury, you know, or you ought to know, that I would rather have you in this office with me than any other man in the army, but I cannot accept any orders which will acquiesce in so unlawful an assignment of rank of the Confederate generals as has been made." As he spoke, he passed his arm over my shoulder, and showed great feeling for me.

I said: "I know nothing of this, and my position is a very embarrassing one. With your permission, I will go at once to Richmond and request assignment elsewhere." Which I did forthwith.

General Johnston recovered from his wounds at Jalapa in time to enter the valley of Mexico with General Scott, and bear his part in those battles. At Chapultepec, while leading his battalion, he was severely wounded again, making the ninth shot received by him in battle. On the disbandment of the voltigeurs, he was restored to the Topographical Engineers, where he served until 1854. When two new regiments of cavalry were added to our regular army, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the First, and Lee Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second. In the course of four or five years, Johnston was made Quartermaster-General, with rank and pay of Brigadier-General, and the Senior Major promoted to his vacated Lieutenant-Colonelcy. The Confederate Congress made a law that all officers should hold rank in the Confederate army in accordance with that held in the United States army, and Johnston, as the only brigadier-general who came south, felt that he was entitled to be the senior general of the Confederate forces. But it was ordered that he should take position as if he had been a lieutenant-colonel. This placed him below Sidney Johnston, General Cooper, and General Lee, making him fourth in rank instead of first, and was naturally very galling to him, conscious as he was of his great powers and remarkable services.

I subsequently learned that after our interview at Manassas, General Johnston wrote to President Davis, protesting against the injustice of the existing state of affairs, and saying that he would raise no protest now,

nor until the independence of the Southern Confederacy should be achieved, when he would use all lawful means to have his rank rightfully established. The gauntlet then thrown down was accepted as a gauge of battle between the President and General Johnston, ultimately causing his removal from the command of the army of Tennessee and the downfall of the Confederacy, as many now believe. Johnston was critical, controversial, and sometimes irritable by nature, very exact in his statements, and possessed of a wonderful memory. Few men read so much as he, and none I have ever seen retained so accurately facts and impressions, or were so careful in the selection of the words to express their views. It is not probable that any man in our country had ever studied the histories and biographies of wars and warriors as had Johnston.

I find among my papers the following letter from General Johnston, which is interesting as giving his account of the campaign preceding his removal from the command of the army of Tennessee: —

MACON, GA., September 1st, 1864.

My Dear Maury:

I have been intending ever since my arrival at this place to pay a part of the epistolary debt I owe you. But you know how lazy it makes one to have nothing to do, and so with the hot weather we have been enduring here, I have absolutely devoted myself to idleness. I have been disposed to write more particularly of what concerns myself — to explain to you, as far as practicable, the operations for which I was laid on the shelf, for you are one of the last whose unfavorable opinion I would be willing to incur.

You know that the army I commanded was that which, under General Bragg, was routed at Missionary Ridge. Sherman's army was that which routed it, reinforced by the Sixteenth and Twenty-third Corps. I am censured for not taking the offensive at Dalton — where the enemy, if beaten, had a secure refuge behind the fortified gap at Ringgold, or in the fortress of Chattanooga, and where the

odds against us were almost ten to four. At Resaca he received five brigades, near Kingston three, and about 3500 cavalry; at New Hope Church one; in all about 14,000 infantry and artillery. The enemy received the Seventeenth Corps and a number of garrisons and bridge guards from Tennessee and Kentucky that had been relieved by "hundred-day men."

I am blamed for not fighting. Operations commenced about the 6th of May; I was relieved on the 18th of July. In that time we fought daily, always under circumstances so favorable to us as to make it certain that the sum of the enemy's losses was five times ours, which was 10,000 men. Northern papers represented theirs up to about the end of June at 45,000. Sherman's progress was at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day. Had this style of fighting been allowed to continue, is it not clear that we would soon have been able to give battle with abundant chances of victory, and that the enemy, beaten on this side of the Chattahoochee, would have been destroyed? It is certain that Sherman's army was stronger, compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's, compared with that of Northern Virginia. General Bragg asserts that Sherman's was absolutely stronger than Grant's. It is well known that the army of Virginia was much superior to that of Tennessee.

Why, then, should I be condemned for the defensive while General Lee was adding to his great fame by the same course? General Bragg seems to have earned at Missionary Ridge his present high position. People report at Columbus and Montgomery that General Bragg said that my losses had been frightful; that I had disregarded the wishes and instructions of the President; that he had in vain implored me to change my course, by which I suppose is meant assume the offensive.

As these things are utterly untrue, it is not to be supposed that they were said by General Bragg. The President gave me no instructions and expressed no wishes except just before we reached the Chattahoochee, warning me not to fight with the river behind us and against crossing it, and previously he urged me not to allow Sherman to detach to Grant's aid. General Bragg passed some ten hours with me just before I was relieved, and gave me the impression that his visit to the army was casual, he being on his way further west to endeavor to get us reinforcements from Kirby Smith and Lee. I thought him satisfied with the state of things, but not so with that in Virginia. He assured me that he had always main-

tained in Richmond that Sherman's army was stronger than Grant's. He said nothing of the intention to relieve me, but talked with General Hood on the subject, as I learned after my removal. It is clear that his expedition had no other object than my removal and the giving proper direction to public opinion on the subject. He could have had no other object in going to Montgomery. A man of honor in his place would have communicated with me as well as with Hood on the subject. Being expected to assume the offensive, he attacked on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July, disastrously, losing more men than I had done in seventy-two days. Since then his defensive has been at least as quiet as mine was.

But you must be tired of this. We are living very quietly and pleasantly here. The Georgians have been very hospitable. We stopped here merely because it was the first stopping-place. Remember us cordially to Mrs. Maury. Tell her the gloves arrived most opportunely. Mine had just been lost and it would have been impossible to buy more, and they are lovely. Just before I left the army we thought the odds against us had been reduced almost six to four. I have not supposed therefore that Sherman could either invest Atlanta or carry it by assault.

Very truly yours, J. E. JOHNSTON.

Major-General Maury.

When Johnston took charge of the great army of Tennessee, which had been defeated and disorganized before his arrival to its command, it was in wretched condition. Most of the general officers were in open hostility or avowed mistrust of the general commanding, and indiscipline prevailed throughout. When Johnston came, the change was instantaneous, and henceforth no army of the Confederacy ever equalled Johnston's in drill and high discipline.

General Carter Stevenson was one of the division commanders of that army, a man of the largest experience and military accomplishments. He had served in every army of the Confederacy, and actively in all of our wars since 1834. He told me he had never seen any troops in such fine discipline and condition as

Johnston's army the day he was removed from its command. General Randall L. Gibson had been in constant action in the Western army. He it was who closed an honorable record by his masterly command of the defences near Spanish Fort, on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay, in the last great battle of the war between the States. He says that when Johnston assumed command of that army, it was somewhat demoralized, but when the campaign with Sherman opened, the worst regiment in it was equal to its best when he came to its command. A Missouri soldier of Cockrell's brigade, which Johnston declared to be the best body of infantry he ever saw, was on his way back to his regiment after recovery from a wound. I asked him, "What do you all think of the change of commanders?"

"Oh, sir, we are mightily cut down about it. The bomb-proofs and the newspapers complain of his retreats. Why, we didn't miss a meal from Dalton to Atlanta, and were always ready for the fight. We never felt we were retreating."

Just after Johnston's removal, General Wigfall passed Mobile, and sent a request to me to come down to his steamer, for he wanted to have some talk with me. He was just from the army of Tennessee, where he had been with Hood, Johnston having gone away. He spoke with his accustomed vigor relative to the change of commanders, saying: "Mr. Davis' favor was no less fatal to its objects than his animosities. That young man Hood had a fine career before him until Davis undertook to make of him what the good Lord had not done — to make a great general of him. He has removed General Johnston and put Hood in his place. He has thus ruined Hood, and destroyed the last hope of the Southern Confederacy."

Several years after the war, the Legislature of Virginia ordered General Johnston's portrait to be painted by Elder and hung in the capitol of the State. I was asked to be present at the sittings, to keep him in conversation that the artist might have the advantage of the play of his features. The first day he discussed Napoleon, Marlborough, and Wellington. Ranking Napoleon above all great commanders since Cæsar, he criticised him with great animation for more than half an hour. Marlborough he ranked as the greatest commander and statesman England ever produced. He inveighed bitterly against the partisanship of Macaulay, who accepted as authority contemporary disparagement of Marlborough, while he rejected the same authority as unworthy of credit when it assailed King William. The next day he discussed Lee, Jackson, and Forrest, and according to Lee and Jackson the full measure of their fame, he pronounced Forrest the greatest soldier the war produced. These discussions occupied each day the whole time of the sittings. He spoke uninterruptedly. Elder and I listened, and always regretted that his words and emphasis could not be recorded and preserved. The portrait is a good one, and it hangs in the rotunda with those of Lee, Jackson, Maury, and many another of Virginia's sons from colonial days till now.

At Seven Pines, when assured of victory, Johnston was stricken down by the severest injury he had ever received. A shell burst near him, breaking three of his ribs, and at the same time a rifle-ball pierced his shoulder-blade. He fell from his horse, and was borne from the field to the residence of his friend, Mr. Grenshaw, where he lay until somewhat recovered from his eleventh and last wound. While lying there, he was the object of great interest and affection to all our people, who felt we were deprived, at a most critical time, of our great leader, who up to that time had evinced every capacity of a general, while Lee had not yet achieved success in the field. During this period, an old gentleman of Richmond called to pay his respects and express sympathy for our general. He said, "General, I not only deplore this because of the suffering it entails upon you, but I consider it a great national calamity." To his great amazement, Johnston suddenly raised himself upon his elbow, and with his peculiar energy of expression said: "No, sir. The shot that struck me down is the very best that has been fired for the Southern Confederacy yet. For I possess in no degree the confidence of our government, and now they have in my place one who does possess it, and who can accomplish what I never could have done,— the concentration of our armies for the defence of the capital of the Confederacy."

Dr. Fauntleroy, his medical attendant and the chief surgeon of the army, was present at this interview, which he related to me many years after, when Johnston was running for Congress, and when the opposition papers were daily disparaging him. Fauntleroy told me this while I was on my way to the White Sulphur, where General and Mrs. Johnston were established for the summer. I urged Fauntleroy to publish this characteristic anecdote in the Richmond *Dispatch*. He demurred, but I insisted that he owed it to the general to remind our people of those days when he endured so much for them, and he finally agreed to do it, stipulating that he should not sign his name to the story.

Accordingly, it came out in the next issue of the *Dispatch*, signed "Medicus." I went on my way to the Springs, well pleased with the part I had borne in this

tribute to the old man. A few days afterward Johnston returned from his canvass, and was very bright and well-satisfied with the progress of his contest. He hunted me up about dinner-time, and said he had some fresh mint and good brandy at his cottage, where we would go, and his wife would make us a julep. On our way across the lawn, he was so cheery and pleasant that it seemed to me a favorable time to tell him of Fauntleroy's publication, and if he seemed greatly pleased I would impart to him my share in this friendly service. As I proceeded with my narrative, I observed an ominous silence come over him, with an increasing redness about his face and a peculiar twitching of his neck, premonitory of an explosion. Suddenly he stopped still, and in a fierce tone said, "Don't you think it an infamous outrage, sir, to publish a gentleman's name in the newspapers without his permission?" I did not remind him that his name had been daily for many months published in the newspapers without his permission, nor did I think it worth while to allude to the part I had borne in this "infamous outrage," but just went right along. In fact, I rather acquiesced in his views, and changed the subject, till Mrs. Johnston with her delicious juleps and hearty cordiality made us forget all the outrages of the world.

I have never known two people more devoted to each other than they were. Her health was not robust, and he watched over her in her illnesses with the greatest tenderness, and at all times paid her the delicate attentions of a lover. I believe they had been married more than fifty years when her death occurred. It left him very desolate. They had no children, which was a great cause of regret to him, for he was very fond of children and was especially so of mine. He told me

one day with much feeling, "You are certainly blessed in your children."

One day, while living in Richmond, Mrs. Johnston stopped her carriage and asked me if I could tell her where her husband was. I went to seek him, and told him "the handsomest and brightest woman in Richmond was looking for her husband." Drawing himself up, he said: "There is but one woman in Richmond who answers to that description, and she is my wife. Where is she?" Soon after, he fell and hurt his leg seriously. When I went to see him, I found him with his crippled leg supported by a chair, and Mrs. Johnston, sitting by his side, was chaffing him. I told her she ought not to treat a husband so who adored her as he did, and related his compliment of a few days before. She laughed heartily at us both, saying he would never have said it if he had not known that I would tell her.

She was very bright and jovial and loved to banter him, and he enjoyed it all quite as much as she did. One summer we were at the Sweet Chalybeate with our families. The Johnstons occupied a two-story cottage, and one morning we were chatting together on the upper portico and the general was narrating something with interest, when a wild shriek of fright came from the walk below. He looked over the railing, and in a moment had resumed his narration, when he was again interrupted by a yell. This happened the third time, when he looked down upon the frightened shrieker and called out to her fiercely, "Why don't you run away?"

I remarked, "That is fine advice to come from a great commander." He turned upon me. "Well, sir, if she won't fight, the best thing she can do is to run away, isn't it?"

Mrs. Johnston, with her hearty laugh, put in, "That used to be your plan, I know, sir." His fierce face relaxed into a hearty laugh, in which we all joined. A young woman in a red cloak and a turkey gobbler were the cause of the interruptions. The gobbler ran at her; she stood still and shrieked, which repulsed the turkey. Then he turned and charged her again, and she, making no effort to get away, shrieked and shrieked again, till at last assistance came.

Johnston and I had traversed in Texas the beautiful Wild Rose Pass of the Guadalupe Mountains, through which for many miles the Lympia Creek finds its way. In places, the bare cliffs of basaltic rock rise twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the little stream. In other parts, beautiful wooded slopes stretch away for miles, so that the Lympia Cañon has been for years the beautiful wonder of the route from San Antonio to El Paso. One day I asked him how he explained the power of that little stream to make a way for itself through the great mountain barrier, expecting some profound geological solution. I was answered when he said, "I presume the Power that could make the stream could make a way for the stream to pass, sir."

In the last year of his life, he consented to be godfather to my little granddaughter, and we went to Richmond and occupied neighboring rooms at the hotel. I have rarely seen the general brighter or more cheerful. He played with the little child, ran up and down the halls with her, and held her in his arms during the entire service, after which he and the venerable pastor, the beloved Dr. Peterkin, stood long together by the chancel, in deep and earnest conversation. As he turned away, the general's eyes were moist. They both felt they were near the bourne they so soon passed. The

Count de Paris and his suite were in Richmond at the time, and were honored with a reception at the home of Colonel Archer Anderson, who invited us to meet them. The general and the count soon drew off to one side, and for more than an hour were absorbed in earnest discussion of the vexed questions of war.

After our return to Washington, I visited him frequently, and he told me several times that his visit to Richmond was the happiest week he had enjoyed for many years. One day I found him reading an ancient folio, the writings of Tamerlane, Timour the Tartar. He read to me many pages, with great interest to us both. On another day he was reading Thiers' history in the original, and read aloud with much feeling the narrative of the last days and death of Napoleon. Soon after, he contracted a dangerous cold, and gradually sank.

Five or six days before he died, I called to see how he was. As I entered the room, he beckoned from the lunch-table for me to come and sit by him. Open on the table near him lay the memoirs of Du Guesclin. He was quite ill then, and soon took to his bed, from which he never arose, and where he calmly and serenely received the last sacrament of the church. As I bade him farewell, I said "Good by," as cheerfully as I could, adding: "I go to Texas to-morrow. We will soon meet again."

"Yes," he replied, with marked emotion, "we surely shall meet again"; and, drawing me to him, he kissed me twice.