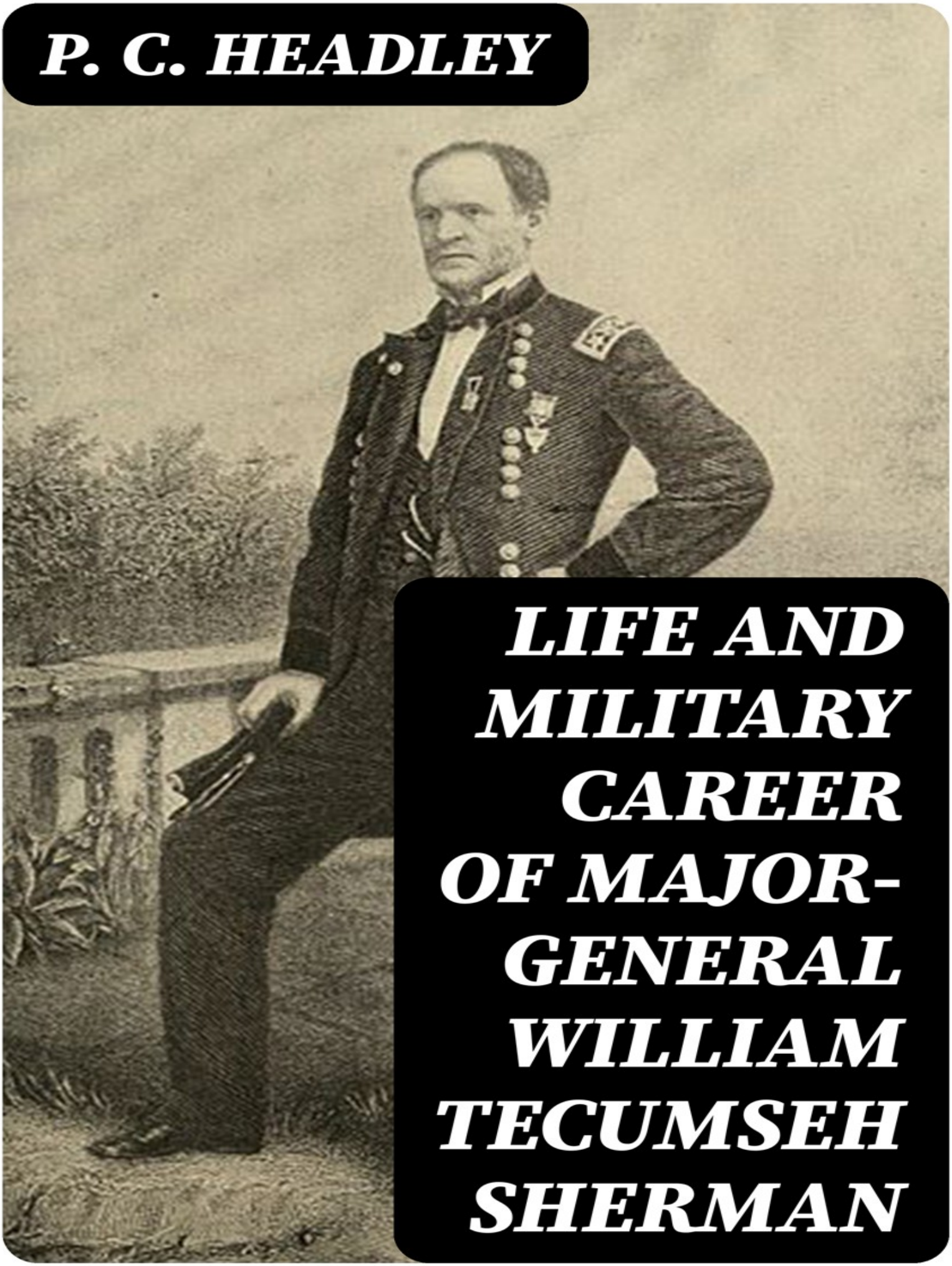
P. C. HEADLEY



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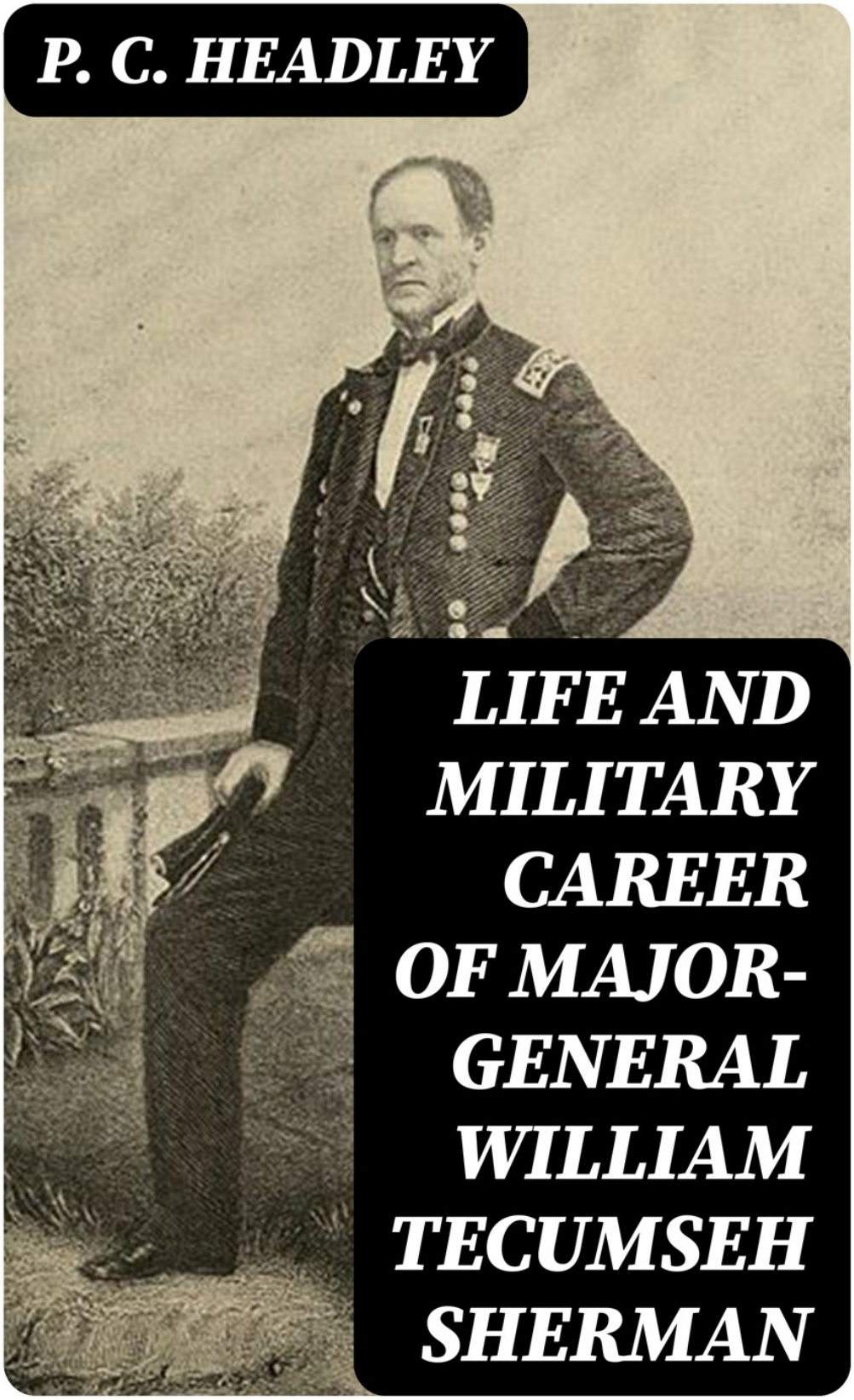

LIFE AND MILITARY CAREER OF MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

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Life and Military Career of Major-General William Tecumseh Sherman

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Contact: DigiCat@okpublishing.info

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PREFACE.

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Although General Sherman's military career has only reached its most interesting and brilliant period, grateful and admiring thousands will welcome an authentic outline of his history to the present time. The facts of his early life were obtained from those who knew him best.

To Colonel Bowman, an appreciative friend of General Sherman, whose sketches of him in the U. S. Service Magazine were graphic and reliable, to the Army and Navy Journal and able correspondents, we are indebted for valuable material.

The pen-portrait of the great commander, by Mr. Alvord, which has never before been published, will be read with special interest.

The volume is not offered to the public as a complete biography, with all that might have been omitted carefully sifted from the essential statements, but the annals of a remarkable man, with incidents connected with his movements; affording the youth and all others, a general view of the nation's hero, from infancy to the unrivalled distinction he now holds.

May the unpretending volume stimulate the youthful mind to virtuous and noble deeds, while it contributes to the more complete and voluminous memoirs which will be written in the peaceful future before us, for whose blessings of a perpetuated Union and civil liberty we shall owe a lasting debt of gratitude to General Sherman.

CHAPTER I.

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The Boyhood of Heroes—The ancestry of William Teeumseh Sherman—The death of his Father—Why the name of the Indian Chief was given him—The Birth-place of William Tecumseh.

Y youthful reader, you have heard the adage, “the boy is father of the man;” which means clearly, that the principles and habits of early years form the character and destiny of after life. And you will find in the history of nearly all great and good men, in this country certainly, that they began, in humble circumstances, their career. Not that poverty is necessary to success, but the struggle to carve one’s own way in the world, the almost unaided effort to secure an education for a profession or business, develops and strengthens character.

Another thing is true of deservedly eminent men; they were obedient and dutiful while under the parental roof. A selfish, rebellious boy, never made an honored member of society and of the State. You will find illustrations of these truths in the lives of Washington, Adams, Lincoln, Grant, Mitchel, Sherman, and many others, whose fame is lasting as our institutions.

In the year 1634 the Hon. Samuel Sherman, his brother, Rev. John Sherman, and their cousin, Captain John Sherman, who were residents of Dedham, England, came to this

country. This was only thirteen years after the May Flower, with its pilgrim company, rocked in Massachusetts Bay. There were no ocean steamers then proudly ploughing the broad Atlantic. In a ship like the plain bark which bore the first colony, whose free principles, civil and religious, lie at the foundation of this Republic, they embarked for the wilderness of the New World.

You can see, in imagination, the white-winged vessel glide from its haven into the “wide, wide sea,” and float like a speck over the waste of waters. The winds blow, the crested billows toss the Shermans, with the rest of the ship’s company, about for weeks; they little dreaming of quite a different storm, in which a descendant would figure so conspicuously, just two hundred and thirty years later. At length the ship reached Boston harbor.

The Rev. John Sherman; a graduate of Immanuel College, “and a Puritan,” went at once to his work. The Sabbath dawned, and under an ancient tree in the present town of Watertown, three miles from Boston, you might have seen a quiet and attentive congregation listening to his first sermon in America. Here he settled, after receiving a call to Milford, Conn. Some of his descendants were excellent and popular divines. The captain also settled there; and from his branch of the family came Roger Sherman, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The Hon. Samuel Sherman pushed on to Wethersfield, Conn. Soon after he removed to Stamford, and finally settled down in Stratford. The “coat of arms,” that is to say, the family escutcheon or badge, bears a lion rampant, and a sea lion on the crest. The motto is: “Conquer death by

virtue.” From him descended the “hero of our story,” whose grandfather, Taylor Sherman, for many years judge, died May 4th, 1815, in the ripeness of his manhood, at the age of fifty-eight.

The widow, like the families of Generals Grant and Mitchel, and of our most worthy President, turned her face toward the far West; for it was then a long and weary way to the rich valleys of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The beautiful State of Ohio—the empire State of the western world—became her home. The prospects, for her sons especially, on the cheap, rich soil, and in the rising towns of that vast and new territory, were much better than in New England.

The pleasant settlement of Lancaster was their first residence. Subsequently she removed to Mansfield, in the same State, where she died in 1848. Her children were Charles Robert, who was born September 26th, 1788, Daniel and Betsey. Charles married Mary Hoyt, May 8th, 1810, and settled in Lancaster. His profession was law, in which he excelled particularly as an advocate; he was very eloquent and successful in pleading the cause of his clients before the judge and jury.

In the year 1823 he was elected judge of the Superior Court of Ohio. He continued in this high position till June 20th, 1829. Could you have stood in the court room on that early summer day, you would have seen the fine intelligent face of the judge suddenly grow pale, followed by an expression of suffering. The eyes of the “gentlemen of the bar,” and of citizens present, are turned with anxious interest toward him. Soon after, he is compelled to leave the

bench and remove to his private apartment, where he rapidly sinks into the embrace of death. His disease was supposed to be that fatal scourge of eastern lands and our own—the cholera. Probably my young reader was not born when it spread terror through nearly all the cities of our Union. In 1840 his remains were removed to Lancaster, Ohio. Should you become a western lawyer, you may have occasion to consult his decisions, contained in the first three volumes of the Ohio Reports.

This gifted, highly educated and popular judge left a widow with eleven children. She was a devoted wife and mother, and a communicant in the Presbyterian Church. Charles T., the eldest, is now a successful lawyer in Washington, D. C.; the next in order was Mary Elizabeth; the third, James; the fourth, Amelia; the fifth, Julia; and the sixth, William Tecumseh, our hero. After him were L. Parker, John, the able and loyal senator from Ohio, who was born May 10th, 1823; and after him were Susan D. Hoyt and Frances B.

William Tecumseh was born February 8th, 1820. It was quite difficult to decide upon a name for the boy. “What shall we call him?” was the topic of much domestic chat. Two or three favorite names were suggested and discussed, but still the child was nameless.

One day the father, who had seen the Indian chieftain Tecumseh, and admired that really great man, came in and said, “I have the name of a better man than either we have mentioned.” The eye and ear of those around the cradle were turned to know whom he could be. The bright boy only seemed to have no interest in the matter. “Tecumseh, we

will name him," was the almost startling announcement. It was softened down to the tone of civilized life by the addition of William. The further reason for the selection of a warrior's name who fought for the English, I will tell you, as I did the story of "Ulysses S. Grant," now his lieutenant-general, in the language of another who wrote me on the subject: "Tecumseh, the celebrated chief and warrior of the Shawanoese tribe, who was killed at the battle of the Thames, October 5th, 1813, was for a long time kept in rather fond remembrance in this immediate vicinity, by those who were engaged in that conflict, of whom Captain Sanderson is still a resident here; because they knew that several times he prevented the shedding of innocent blood. This fact, with the desire of Mr. Sherman to have one son educated for military life, led him to choose Tecumseh for the boy, he being born not long after the death of that chieftain."

Tecumthé, or as it is written Tecumseh, a Shawanoese Indian, was born in Piqua, since called West Boston, on Mad River, in Clarke County, Ohio. Tecumseh's grandmother was the daughter of a Southern English colonial governor, who fancied the handsome young Creek, and married him. Their only son took for his wife a Shawanese woman, who gave birth to Tecumseh while on a journey from the southern to the western hunting grounds. A few years later three more sons were born at the same time, one of whom, Tenskwautawaw, became the famous prophet who was the artful and unprincipled instrument of his brother, Tecumseh, in his great lifework, which was to arouse and unite the western tribes in the last determined effort to drive and

keep their white neighbors from the valley of the Mississippi. While a boy, his splendid genius gave him the leadership among his playmates, and he “was in the habit of arranging them in parties for the purpose of fighting sham battles.”

When about fifteen years old, he was so shocked at the scene then common among the Indians—burning prisoners at the stake—that he determined to give his voice against the horrid custom. The young reformer first displayed his commanding eloquence in his bold condemnation of the practice, which through his powerful influence gradually disappeared. He advocated total abstinence from ardent spirits, the principal source of savage degradation and destruction, and urged his people to drop all superfluous ornaments, and abstain from the use of articles sold by the traders. Like his illustrious namesake, our hero, he was mighty in speech as well as in the battle-field. I will give in illustration a brief address made August 12th, 1810, to Governor Harrison, whom he met in council at Vincennes, on the Wabash River. The fine words and grand views of the warrior, will make you think of our own Tecumseh marching over the very country from which the ancestors of the Shawanoese came:

“I have made myself what I am; and I would that I could make the red people as great as the conceptions of my mind, when I think of the Great Spirit that rules over all. I would not then come to Governor Harrison to ask him to tear the treaty; but I would say to him, Brother, you have liberty to return to your own country. Once there was no white man in all this country; then it belonged to red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Spirit

to keep it, to travel over it, to eat its fruits, and fill it with the same race—once a happy race, but now made miserable by the white people, who are never contented, but always encroaching. They have driven us from the great salt water, forced us over the mountains, and would shortly push us into the lakes; but we are determined to go no further. The only way to stop this evil is for all the red men to unite in claiming a common and equal right in the land, as it was at first and should be now—for it never was divided, and belongs to all. No tribe has a right to sell, even to each other, much less to strangers, who demand all, and will take no less. The white people have no right to take the land from the Indians, who had it first—it is theirs. They may sell, but all must join. Any sale not made by all is not good. The late sale is bad; it was made by a part only. Part do not know how to sell. It requires all to make a bargain for all."

This upright, humane, and unequalled warrior, after struggling in vain to save his declining race, fell gloriously during the last war with England, in the battle of the Thames, not many miles from Detroit, on the Canada side.

His American namesake, by a singular course of providential events, as you know and will read in the record of his life more fully, became the greatest military commander of the age, in the very region from which, with his people, he emigrated to the West.

I will now take you to the place of William Tecumseh's birth. Lancaster is in Fairfield County, Ohio, on the Hockhocking River, twenty-eight miles east of Columbus, the capital of the State. The valley is very beautiful. It was the home of the Wyandots less than a century ago, and was

called Tarh or Crowtown, from the name of the principal chief. His wigwam was on the bank-border of a prairie, near a clear and living spring, from whose gushing waters he slaked his thirst for many years.

In 1800 a Mr. Fane laid out Lancaster on Mount Pleasant, called by the Indians, who at that time still lingered there, “Standing-Stone,” because the summit was formed of masses of sandstone. It was a place of popular resort on account of the extensive and magnificent views of the surrounding country. Duke Saxe Weimar, who travelled in this country about forty years since, carved his name on its rock.

For several years after Lancaster was settled, the people had a curious regulation, of which I must tell you, and something like which would not be a bad arrangement at the present day. Stumps of the forest trees so lately there, were scattered along the streets; and when a man was caught intoxicated, the penalty was, the removal of a stump. The drunkards and the stumps both were thinned out; for whenever a citizen went staggering among the remnants of the primeval woods, he was watched till sober enough to go to work, then set to digging at the roots. Tipplers were careful to walk abroad in straight lines; and if one failed to keep within the limits of temperate drinking, he must take good exercise at the stump, which was both a public exposure and a blessing to the village.

Lancaster is now a handsome city, full of western activity, and keeping step to the music—

“Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

Such was and is the birthplace of William Tecumseh Sherman.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH IN THE SAND BANK.

CHAPTER II.

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The Eventful Call—“Cump” in the Sandbank—The Unexpected Summons—He obeys—His new Home—School days—A Studious and Reliable Boy—Is appointed Cadet—Leaves Home for West Point—His Life in the Academy—Graduates and goes to Florida.

“

OTHER, may I go and play in the sand?” said a bright boy one day, cap in hand, ready to bound into the open air. Almost before the expected “yes” had ceased to echo in the room, “Cump,” as he was familiarly called, hastened to a bank in which excavations had been made, and the sand taken away. He was soon “busy as a bee,” throwing up miniature fortifications and heaps in various forms, after the models of his own juvenile invention.

Meanwhile the distinguished Hon. Thomas Ewing, now the venerable representative of the statesmen of the past, a resident of Lancaster, entered the widowed mother’s dwelling. He knew that the benevolent and departed father had not left her large family a fortune. It would therefore be no easy task to educate and start them in the world. And his errand there was to ask her to commit one of the boys to his home and care. He said, with a playful earnestness, “I must have the smartest of the lot; I will take no other, and you must select him for me.” After a short consultation between the mother and eldest daughter, the choice fell upon

“Cump.” So it was decided that Mr. Ewing should take him to his house and educate him with his own children.

Leaving the mother and sister saddened with the prospect of parting with the boy, he went to the sandbank, where we just now left William at play. “Come, my boy,” said the unexpected visitor, “you are going to live with me. I have seen your mother; she has given her consent.”

The astonished little worker listened, and looked a moment at his benefactor, then straightened up, brushed off the sand, and started after him. That night he went to his bed in his new and beautiful home with strange thoughts, and a shadow upon his young spirit. He had left mother and the home of his childhood for life; only as an occasional visitor. It was a crisis in his history, and one which decided in the result his brilliant martial career. The public schools, which are now the pride of our land, were not then known in Ohio. But Lancaster could boast a good academy, and into its English department Tecumseh was entered as a pupil. He had reached his ninth year, and soon convinced his teacher and companions that he could take a high rank among the boy-students of his age.

Mr. Ewing assured me that there was nothing remarkable or eccentric in his experience during the years that followed, excepting his executive ability in little matters of business committed to him. He “never knew so young a boy who would do an errand so correctly and promptly as he did. He was transparently honest, faithful, and reliable. Studious and correct in his habits, his progress in education was steady and substantial.” At the age of sixteen, Mr. Ewing, in his official position, had at his disposal the appointment of a

cadet to the Military Academy at West Point, and determined to offer it to his “protégé.” Tecumseh had a taste for military life, and of course gladly accepted the honor.

Before we follow him to that institution we will take another glimpse of the home of his adoption. Mrs. Ewing was a highly intelligent lady, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and had the privilege of educating her children in her own faith. Her daughter Ellen was at this time an attractive girl of nearly the same age of Tecumseh. For half a dozen of life’s most careless, happy years, they had been to school, talked and played together. And it is not strange that among the friends he left behind him, when he turned the second time from home, and now for a distant abode among strangers, that to part with her should be no common trial for his young and manly heart. But he had entered for himself

“Upon life’s broad field of battle,”

and hastened to the ordeal of examination for admission to the academy. The bright day of trial has come. Look in upon the spacious hall where the Examining Board and distinguished visitors have gathered, to see and hear what the young candidates for freshman honors may know. Now listen; young Sherman’s name is called. He is modest, yet perfectly self-possessed. After answering a test question with remarkable propriety and dignity, a professor remarked: “He is a blooded fellow!” that is, he was of good blood—had the ingrained qualities of manliness, and the promise of honorable distinction. This was in the summer of 1836. He advanced from class to class, mastering the

studies in the course, and maintaining a high reputation in all his relations to the officers and students of the academy. He was quite at home in artillery, which you know is the handling of heavy guns; and in the saddle at the riding school of the institution. He graduated fifth in his class June 30th, 1840. The rebel General Beauregard was a classmate.

You have learned that, as a man, he loses no time in his military movements. Created second lieutenant in the Third Artillery, he repaired to Florida in the service of the regular army. When the autumnal leaves rustled in the war-path, he was fairly in the ranks and under the old flag, which he was destined to honor so well, and with whose stars his name would shine while it floats over the land of his birth.

CHAPTER III.

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The Lieutenant in the Florida War—Its Origin—The “Exiles”—Seminole Indians—Osceola—His wife made prisoner—The second Seminole War—Wild Cat’s Daughter—Peace—Lessons of the events before and after.

HEN Lieutenant Sherman reached the Southern peninsula, our war with the “exiles” and Seminoles had been in progress about five years. “Who were the ‘exiles?’ ” you ask. In answering that question I shall give you some account of the Florida wars, in which many of our West Point graduates have been actors; among them Generals Grant, Mitchel, and Sherman. And I shall let a distinguished statesmen, who has recently died,[1] and who wrote a book about the “exiles,” tell you some interesting things concerning these people.

“Florida was originally settled by Spaniards in 1558. They were the first people to engage in the African slave trade, and sought to supply other nations with servants from the coast of Guinea. The colonists held many slaves, expecting to accumulate wealth by the unrequited toil of their fellow-men.

“Carolina, by her first and second charters, claimed a vast extent of country, embracing St. Augustine and most of Florida. Here was the first occasion for hostilities, the conflicting claims to jurisdiction, of the Spaniards and the colonies. The Carolinians also held many slaves. Profiting by

the labor of their servants, the people sought to increase their wealth by enslaving the Indians who resided in their vicinity. Hence in the early slave codes of that colony we find reference to ‘negro and other slaves.’

“When the boundaries of Florida and South Carolina became established, the colonists found themselves separated by the territory now constituting the State of Georgia, at that time mostly occupied by the Creek Indians. The efforts of the Carolinians to enslave the Indians brought with them the natural and appropriate penalties. The Indians soon began to make their escape from service to the Indian country. This example was soon followed by the African slaves, who also fled to the Indian country, and, in order to secure themselves from pursuit, continued their journey into Florida.

“We are unable to fix the precise time when the persons thus exiled constituted a separate community. Their numbers had become so great in 1736 that they were formed into companies, and relied on by the Floridians as allies to aid in the defence of that territory. They were also permitted to occupy lands upon the same terms that were granted to the citizens of Spain; indeed, they in all respects became free subjects of the Spanish crown. Probably to this early and steady policy of the Spanish Government, we may attribute the establishment and continuance of this community of ‘exiles’ in that territory. A messenger was sent by the Colonial Government of South Carolina to demand the return of those fugitive slaves who had found an asylum in Florida. The demand was made upon the Governor of St. Augustine, but was promptly rejected. This was the

commencement of a controversy which has continued for more than a century, involving our nation in a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, and it yet remains undetermined. The constant escape of slaves, and the difficulties resulting therefrom, constituted the principal object for establishing a free colony between South Carolina and Florida, which was called Georgia. It was thought that this colony, being free, could afford the planters of Carolina protection against the further escape of their slaves from service. These ‘exiles’ were by the Creek Indians called ‘Seminoles,’ which in their dialect signifies ‘runaways,’ and the term being frequently used while conversing with the Indians, came into almost constant practice among the whites; and although it has now come to be applied to a certain tribe of Indians, yet it was originally used in reference to these ‘exiles’ long before the Seminole Indians had separated from the Creeks.”

These “exiles,” once slaves, had settled in rich valleys, and had their flocks, and herds, and children around them. The great State of Georgia did not like to see this paradise of escaped bondmen prosper. Indeed, she looked with covetous eye upon every foot of Indian territory within her limits, and seems to have early decided, with or without the national sanction and help, to take possession of the “exiles,” and of the lands belonging to the Aborigines. The first thing was to get Florida from Spain, then seize the “exiles.”

Such influences were brought to bear upon Congress, that in secret session a law was passed in 1811 to wrest the territory from the authority of Spain. And now commenced

the invasion of that country by the most desperate men. It was like the outrage upon “bleeding Kansas” since.

The Seminoles had refused to surrender the “exiles,” and the Georgians determined to exterminate them. This injustice and cruelty opened the first war with the Seminoles. Hostilities continued for many years, attended with deeds of savage heroism, scenes of horror and of death, till many an American soldier found a grave in the gloomy everglade and dark river channel. At length there was a pause in the terrible border warfare. Outrages by the white people continued, “exiles” were captured, treaties broken, and the effort renewed to remove the Seminoles to the western territory. Upon a certain day when a consultation was held over a speech addressed by the Secretary of State, General Cass, urging emigration, a youthful warrior, named “Osceola,” since very famous, drew his burnished knife from his belt, and said, while striking it into the table before him, “This is the only treaty I will ever make with the whites.” It was a threat of war again, soon realized. He was the son of an Indian trader, a white man named Powell. His mother was the daughter of a Seminole chief. He had recently married a woman said to have been very “beautiful.” She was the daughter of a chief who had married one of the “exiles,” but as all colored people, by slaveholding laws, are said to follow the condition of the mother, she was called an African slave. Osceola was proud of his ancestry. He hated slavery, and those who practised the holding of slaves, with a bitterness that is but little understood by those who have never witnessed its revolting crimes. He visited Fort King in company with his wife and a

few friends, for the purpose of trading. Mr. Thompson, the agent, was present, and while engaged in business, the wife of Osceola was seized as a slave. Evidently having negro blood in her veins, the law pronounced her a slave; and, as no other person could show title to her, the pirate who had got possession of her body, was supposed, of course, to be her owner. Osceola became frantic with rage, but was instantly seized and placed in irons, while his wife was hurried away to slaveholding pollution. He remained six days in irons, when, General Thompson says, he became penitent, and was released. From the moment when this outrage was committed, the Florida War may be regarded as commenced. Osceola swore vengeance upon Thompson, and those who assisted in the perpetration of this indignity upon himself, as well as upon his wife, and upon our common humanity. The “exiles” endeavored to stimulate the Indians to deeds of valor. In general council they decreed that the first Seminole who should make any movement preparatory to emigration, should suffer death. Charley E. Mathlu, a respected chief, soon after fell a victim to this decree. Osceola commanded the party who slew him. He had sold a portion of his cattle to the whites, for which he had received pay in gold. This money was found upon his person when he fell. Osceola forbade any one touching the gold, saying it was the price of the red man’s blood, and with his own hands he scattered it in different directions as far as he was able to throw it. But his chief object appeared to have been the death of General Thompson. Other Indians and “exiles” were preparing for other important operations, but Osceola seemed intent—his whole soul was absorbed in

devising some plan by which he could safely reach Mr. Thompson, who was the object of his vengeance. He, or some of his friends, kept constant watch on the movements of Thompson, who was unconscious of the danger to which he was exposed. Osceola, steady to his purpose, refused to be diverted from this favorite object. Thompson was at Fort King, and there were but few troops to protect that fortress. But Indians seldom attempt an escalade, and Osceola sought an opportunity to take it by surprise. With some twenty followers he lay secreted near the fort for days and weeks, determined to find some opportunity to enter by the open gate, when the troops should be off their guard. Near the close of December, 1835, a runner brought him information that Major Dade, with his command, was to leave Fort Brooke on the twenty-fifth of that month, and that those who intended to share in the attack upon that regiment, must be at the great “Wahoo Swamp” by the evening of the twenty-seventh. This had no effect whatever upon Osceola. No circumstance could withdraw him from the bloody purpose which filled his soul.

“On the twenty-eighth, in the afternoon, as he and his followers lay near the road leading from the fort to the house of the sutler, which was nearly a mile distant, they saw Mr. Thompson and a friend approaching. That gentleman and his companions had dined, and, on taking their cigars, he and Lieutenant Smith, of the second artillery, had sallied forth for a walk and to enjoy conversation by themselves. At a signal given by Osceola, the Indians fired. Thompson fell pierced by fourteen balls; Smith received about as many. The shrill war-whoop

followed the sound of the rifles, and alarmed the people at the fort. The Indians immediately scalped their victims, and then hastened to the house where Mr. Rogers, the sutler, and two clerks, were at dinner. These three persons were instantly massacred and scalped. The Indians took as many valuable goods as they could carry, and set fire to the building. The smoke gave notice to those in the fort of the fate that had befallen the sutler and his clerks. But the condition in which the commandant found his troops forbade his sending out any considerable force to ascertain the fate of Thompson and his companion. Near nightfall a few daring spirits proceeded up the road to the hommock, and brought the bodies to the fort, but Osceola and his followers had hastened their flight, not from fear of the troops, but with the hope of joining their companions at Wahoo in time to engage in scenes of more general interest."

The election campaign for President occurred the very fall Lieutenant Sherman went to Florida. Martin Van Buren was defeated, and there was no greater cause of it than the continuance of the Florida war, wasting precious life and treasure. You will be interested in the story of Wild Cat's daughter. He was the son of King Philip, a Seminole chief, and became himself one of the mighty leaders in the Indian struggle for existence. Not far from the time young Sherman went to the field of conflict, the daughter of Wild Cat, "an interesting girl of twelve years of age, fell into the hands of our troops in a skirmish near Fort Mellon. This was regarded as a most fortunate circumstance, as it would be likely to procure an interview with the father. Miceo, a sub-chief and

friend of Wild Cat, was despatched with a white flag, on which were drawn clasped hands in token of friendship, with a pipe and tobacco. He found Wild Cat, and delivered the message of the commanding-general, requesting an interview. Wild Cat agreed to come in, and gave Miceo a bundle of sticks, denoting the days which would elapse before he appeared in camp. Miceo returned and made his report.

“On the fifth of March Wild Cat was announced as approaching the American camp with seven of his trusty companions. He came boldly within the line of sentinels, dressed in the most fantastic manner. He and his party had shortly before killed a company of strolling theatrical performers, near St. Augustine, and having possessed themselves of the wardrobe of their victims, put it on. He approached the tent of General Worth, calm and self-possessed, and shook hands with the officers. He then addressed the general without hesitation and with dignity, saying he had received the talk and white flag sent him. He had come according to invitation to visit the American camp with peaceful intentions, relying upon his good faith.

“At this moment his little daughter escaped from the tent where she was to remain till General Worth should think the proper time to present her to her father had come. With the feelings and habits of her race, she gave him musket balls and powder which she had managed to obtain and secret until his arrival. On seeing his child he could no longer command that dignity of bearing so much the pride of every Indian chief. His self-possession gave way to parental

emotions; the feelings of the father gushed forth; he averted his face and wept.

“Having recovered his self-possession he addressed General Worth, saying: ‘The whites dealt unjustly by me. I came to them, when they deceived me. I loved the land I was upon; my body is made of its sands. The Great Spirit gave me legs to walk over it; eyes to see it; hands to aid myself; a head with which I think. The sun, which shines warm and bright, brings forth our crops; and the moon brings back the spirits of our warriors, our fathers, our wives and children. The white man comes; he grows pale and sickly; why can we not live in peace? They steal our horses and cattle, cheat us, and take our lands. They may shoot us —may chain our hands and feet, but the red man’s heart will be free. I have come to you in peace, and have taken you all by the hand. I will sleep in your camp, though your soldiers stand around me thick as pine trees. I am done: when we know each other better, I will say more.’

“During the interview, Wild Cat spoke with great sincerity; frankly stated the condition and feelings of his people; stated the friendly attachment between the ‘exiles’ and Indians; said that they would not consent to be separated; that nothing could be done until their annual assemblage in June, to feast on the green corn; that, hard as the fate was, he would consent to emigrate, and would use his influence to induce his friends to do so. After remaining four days in camp, he and his companions left, accompanied by his little daughter, whom he presented to her mother on reaching his own encampment.”

Young Sherman was created first lieutenant November, 1841, and soon after the war closed, followed by the removal of the “exiles” to the country beyond the State of Arkansas, joining the Creeks there.

There are two very interesting facts you will think of in this glimpse of the early experience of our cadet-soldier. The first is, the real beginning of the great rebellion, in the unjust and oppressive claims of the Southern States upon other races, and upon our national legislation. The other curious fact is the awful desolation of that leading State in this wrong, Georgia, by the lieutenant, more than a score of years afterwards, in the defence of our own imperilled liberties.

[1] Hon. Joshua R. Giddings.

CHAPTER IV.

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Lieutenant Sherman in Fort Moultrie—The Fortress—The Mexican War—He goes to California—His Service there—Appointed Captain—His Marriage—Exciting Scenes in California—In the Commissary Department—Resigns his Commission—Turns Banker.

IEUTENANT SHERMAN was next ordered to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, in Charleston harbor. Do you know the origin of that fortress and of its name? Six days before the Declaration of Independence was signed, there was a memorable battle and victory here, over the British squadron commanded by Sir Peter Parker. A post had been commenced, which, upon the appearance of the fleet was hastily completed, under the command of General Moultrie, a very brave officer.

General Charles Lee, the commander-in-chief at this post, urged Moultrie to abandon the works, because the men-of-war would soon blow them to pieces. "Then we will fight behind the ruins," said the gallant leader of a band, who answered his bold words with a "hurrah!" The battle opened, and soon the American flag, which was then a white crescent on a ground of blue, went down. The spectators at a distance thought the post had surrendered. But no—the flag-staff was shot off, and Sergeant William Jasper leaped through the embrasure of the wall, and seizing it, restored it to its place on the battlements. He was