

New Jersey and the
CIVIL WAR

THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SERIES

Edited by

RICHARD M. HUBER

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Volume 2
The New Jersey Historical Series

New Jersey and the
CIVIL WAR

AN ALBUM OF CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS



Edited with INTRODUCTIONS by
EARL SCHENCK MIERS

1964

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FOREWORD

Many tracks will be left by the New Jersey Tercentenary celebration, but few will be larger than those made by the New Jersey Historical Series, a monumental publishing project that is the product of a remarkable collaborative effort between public and private enterprise.

New Jersey has needed a series of books about itself. The 300th anniversary of the state was a fitting time to publish such a series, and it is to the credit of the State's Tercentenary Commission that this series was postulated, pursued, and published.

In an enterprise of such scope, there must be many contributors, and each of these must give considerably of himself if the enterprise is to succeed. The New Jersey Historical Series, the most ambitious publishing venture ever undertaken by a state, was conceived by a committee of Jerseymen—Julian F. Boyd, Wesley Frank Craven, John T. Cunningham, David S. Davies, and Richard P. McCormick. Not only did these men outline the need for such an historic venture; they also aided in the selection of the editors of the Series.

Both jobs were well done. The volumes speak for themselves, and I should like to speak of the devoted

and scholarly services of Richard M. Huber and Wheaton J. Lane, editors, whose efforts are part of every book in the series. The editors have been aided in their work by two fine assistants, Elizabeth Jackson Holland and Bertha DeGraw Miller.

To D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc. my special thanks for recognizing New Jersey's need and for bringing their skills and publishing wisdom to bear upon the printing and distributing of the New Jersey Historical Series.

My final and most heartfelt thanks must go to Earl Schenck Miers, who accepted my invitation to write *New Jersey and the Civil War*, doing so at great personal sacrifice and without thought of material gain. We are richer by his scholarship. We welcome this important contribution to an understanding of our State.

RICHARD J. HUGHES
Governor

INTRODUCTION

New Jersey and the Civil War seeks to recapture the emotions and motivations of a century ago by telling the story of these tragic years through participants. A wide variety of actors speaks in the pages that follow—the President of the United States, two governors, generals and men in the ranks, poets and reporters, a nurse, a chaplain, a disgruntled inventor, angry politicians, a distinguished foreign minister, a defeated presidential candidate, a Confederate officer, and others who were patriots and near-traitors.

The story begins with February 21, 1861, when Mr. Lincoln, traveling from Springfield to Washington, passed through New Jersey. There were those who feared for Mr. Lincoln that day. In a state where Negroes were still held in slavery, strong sympathy for secession existed. The Democrats, dominating the political institutions of the State, tended to blame the President-elect and his Black Republicans (as President Buchanan said with asperity) for “the long-continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern states” that now had produced “its

natural effects." But there was in Mr. Lincoln a mystical quality that reached out and drew people to him; and Jerseymen, forgetting the cries of "buffoon," "baboon," and "Illinois ape" they had hurled at Mr. Lincoln during the campaign, could not resist the spell of the man.

Jerseymen would also learn, listening to Mr. Lincoln that day, that the President-elect possessed the courage of his political faith. When he spoke, they saw how his "shoulders seemed to straighten and his eyes to kindle"; and he left no doubt in their minds what course he would take if the secessionists pushed him too far. On a startled April morning, seven weeks and one day after Mr. Lincoln visited New Jersey, the echo of a mortar rolled across Charleston Harbor, and the war no sane person wanted became a cruel reality. The vigor with which New Jersey reacted to the President's call to arms is shown in the second section of this collection. Although the attack on Sumter, as the *Newark Daily Advertiser* commented, "produced feelings of acutest grief," all but a handful of Jerseymen were swept by "the sternest determination to sustain and reestablish the honor of the country."

Overnight New Jersey bristled with war spirit; men enlisted, bands played, Union meetings drew vast audiences, sweethearts wept, boys strutted along the streets carrying broomsticks for guns, and the *New Brunswick Fredonian* wondered how long it could continue publishing with its printers running off to war. After First Manassas (Bull Run), only a fool believed that the conflict could be quickly ended.

Indeed, the war became one such as the world never had known—a war fought viciously in more than ten thousand places—and for this reason, within the scope of the present publication, the section devoted to the part Jerseymen played in battle must be highly selective. The intention is to represent rather than to detail these experiences; death and grief have the same dignity and nobility in every family.

In like manner, the story of the home front must be sharply focused. New Jersey felt this war. Hospitals for its wounded were established at Jersey City, Newark, Beverly, and Trenton; national cemeteries for its dead exist at Newark and Beverly. Sharp political controversy arose within the State as the war dragged on, and there is nothing appealing in part of *that* story; yet the determination of Jerseymen, both at home and on the field of battle, to see the conflict through to its sad, inevitable end withstood the angry fulminations of biased politicians and partisan editorial writers. In time, the war did end honorably, but the heady exultation over news of General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House was pitifully brief. And, finally, we sit with a New Jersey officer in Ford's Theater, witnessing the unbelievable act that left the nation torn with grief at the death of Mr. Lincoln. Yet these are moments which have great spiritual pregnancy; and, 25 years later, speaking in Camden, Walt Whitman tells us why.

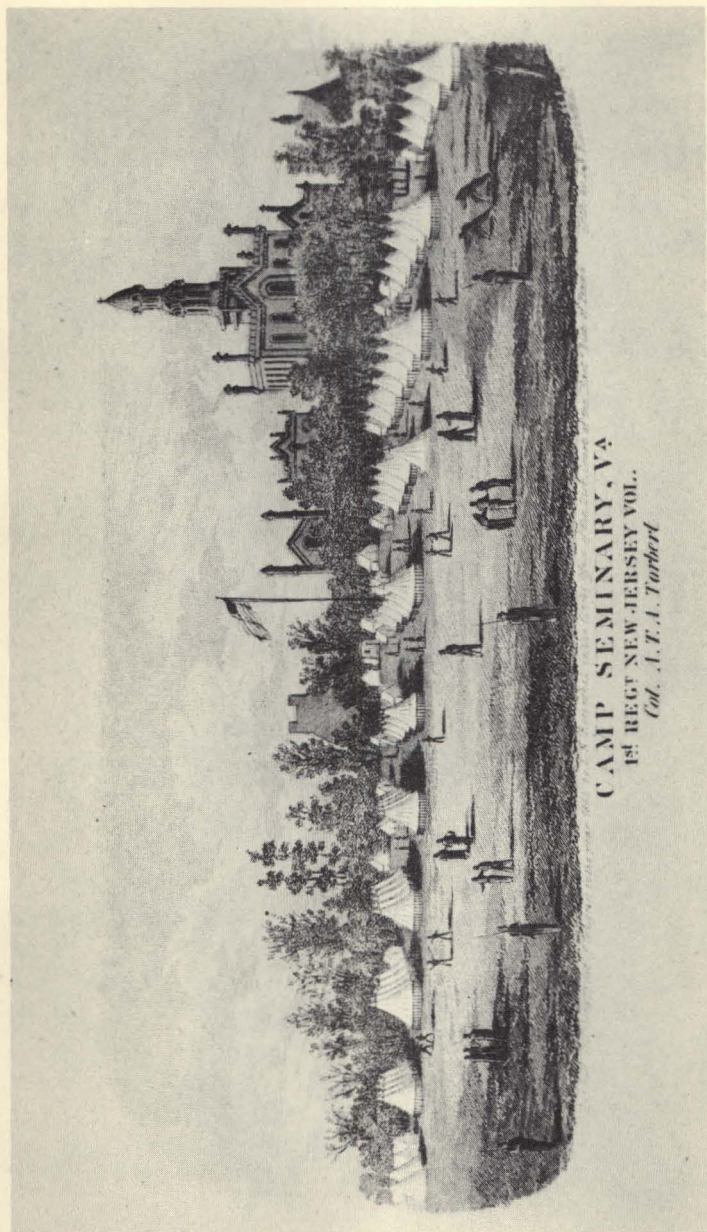
New Jersey well can be proud of its record in the Civil War—proud of its heroes like Philip Kearny and Judson Kilpatrick, Sir Percy Wyndham and

Joseph Kargé, Gershom Mott and, yes, stubborn old Sam French who fought Sherman to a standstill at Kennesaw Mountain, to mention only a few. The cost of this war was enormous to both North and South, a fact that any Jerseyman soberly accepts when he visits the 2436 graves of Southern soldiers who died as prisoners of war at Fort Delaware on Pea Patch Island in Delaware Bay. So we live with our memories—these memories which, as Walt Whitman said, are so “unspeakably and forever precious.”

EARL SCHENCK MIERS

Edison, New Jersey

September, 1963



CAMP SEMINARY, VA
1st REGT NEW JERSEY VOL.
Col. J. T. A. Tarbert

Courtesy of Rutgers University Library



CAMP MIFFLIN, 10TH N.J.Y.
Col. C. Murphy - Lt. Col. Trues.

Courtesy of Rutgers University Library

I

PRELUDE TO CONFLICT

FOR THE FIRST TIME since leaving Springfield, Illinois in the cold morning drizzle of February 11, 1861, the President-elect, journeying to Washington, crossed country that was politically hostile. In the presidential election the previous November the Democrats in New Jersey had followed the national pattern with one faction supporting Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois and the other Kentucky's pro-Southern John C. Breckinridge; in round figures, the two Democratic candidates had won over Lincoln by a combined margin of 6,000 votes.

Governor Charles S. Olden, with a Quaker's love for conciliation, had moved swiftly to heal the breach. He invited Mr. Lincoln, "in compliance with the request of the Legislature of this State," to visit the State Capital, thus "affording the citizens of New Jersey an opportunity to express the respect they feel for your character and position." The President-elect had accepted in warm spirit, suggesting in a post-script: "Please arrange no ceremonies that will waste time."

LINCOLN'S VISIT

On Thursday, February 21, (when, as a poet of the time observed, "in the pursuing brightness of ten thousand eyes the dawn of the morning yielded to perfect day,") Mr. Lincoln boarded the ferryboat, the *John P. Jackson*, for his journey to Jersey City. With him traveled a reporter for the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

At eight o'clock yesterday, the President-elect and his suite left New York for Philadelphia. Taking carriages the party drove rapidly to the West Jersey ferry. Here the Metropolitan Police had taken possession of the ferry, and we all passed quickly onto the boat, amid the enthusiastic cheering of the crowd assembled on the wharves. Dodworth's band played the national airs from the front part of the boat as we pushed off; a salute was fired by the Cunard steamer lying at her wharf as we glided by. Large numbers of ships and smaller crafts were decked with flags.

We landed at Jersey City, and proceeded to the centre of the large depot, where a large platform had been erected. . . . The cars had been all removed, and the spacious depot was filled by at least 20,000 people. Mr. Lincoln stepped upon the platform and one wild yell went up; for several minutes all was drowned in the shouts of thousands of strong throats. The President-elect came on the platform, accompanied by the Joint Committee of the New Jersey Legislature and the Common Council of Jersey City, and was received by Mayor Van Vorst, who simply welcomed the President-elect to Jersey City, and

introduced by Mr. William L. Dayton, who addressed the distinguished visitor in behalf of the State of New Jersey as follows:—

“Sir—In the absence of the Governor, and acting as his substitute, I give you a cordial welcome to New Jersey. I welcome you to the hearts and homes of our citizens. We may not hope to equal the magnificence of the ovation which has thus far attended your course to the Capitol, but in cordiality we are second to none. We have assembled to testify our appreciation of your character, our unwavering loyalty to the laws and the Constitution, and our devotion to the great interest of this country and the perpetuity of the Union. [Enthusiastic applause.] . . .”

Mr. Lincoln came forward, and it was some moments before the enthusiastic cheers subsided and allowed him to speak. After acknowledging by repeated bows the cordiality of his reception, he spoke briefly, as follows:—

“Ladies and gentlemen:—I shall only thank you for this very kind reception, given, not to me personally, but to the temporary representative of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. In the kindness of the people I shall be frequently met today as I am here, and time will not permit me to do more than express my thanks for your reception, and briefly to say farewell. You have done me the distinguished honor to extend your welcome to me through your great man, one whom it would be a pleasure to me to meet anywhere, and no State which possesses such a man can ever be poor. [Cheers.] It would require an hour, in a well-considered address, to properly reply to his brief speech, and I can only say that I heartily respond to and endorse all that he has said. Allow me most kindly to bid you farewell.”

Then followed a rush to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln, and in the rush and crush the policemen and reporters were nearly annihilated. Loud cries were kept up for "Lincoln, Lincoln," and to quiet the crowd Mr. Lincoln once more came to the front of the platform and said:—

"There appears to be a desire to see more of me, and I can only say that from my position, especially when I look around the gallery (bowing to the ladies), I feel that I have decidedly the best of the bargain, and in this matter I am for no compromise here." [Applause and much laughter.]

At this point Mickey Free, a son of Aaron [Erin], some four feet high, managed to raise himself on the platform and shook hands with Mr. Lincoln; immediately after which a policeman made free with Mickey, and punched him off the platform with his club, to the immense amusement of the crowd.

The President-elect then entered the car, which was appropriately adorned with American and New Jersey flags. The train started from the depot at five minutes to nine o'clock, and moved away amid cheers from the crowd, "Hail Columbia" from Dodworth, and a cannon salute of thirty-four guns.

The fine engine was gaily decked with flags, and called the "Speaker Pennington." The rear car was magnificently fitted up by the West [New] Jersey Railroad Company for Mr. Lincoln and his family. As we left the depot the track was lined for a long distance with thousands of beings anxious to catch a glimpse of the President. He bowed adieu from the

rear car amid the cheering of the masses and the pealing of cannon.

HIS ARRIVAL AT NEWARK

On entering the depot, Mayor Bigelow addressed Mr. Lincoln as follows:—

"Mr. President-elect: On behalf of the Common Council and my fellow citizens I most cordially welcome you to our city and tender its hospitality. I welcome you, sir, on behalf of the citizens of the metropolis of this State in point of population and trade, who have ever been loyal to the Constitution and maintained the integrity of the Union, and who entertain the ardent hope that your Administration will be governed by that wisdom and discretion which will be the means of transmitting the Confederate States as a unit to your successors and through them to the latest generations."

Mr. Lincoln, in a low tone, but with emphasis, replied substantially as follows:

"Mr. Mayor: I thank you for the reception of your city, and would say, in response, my heart is sincerely devoted to the work you desire I should do. With my own ability I cannot succeed, without the sustenance of Divine Providence of this great, free, happy, and intelligent people. Without these I cannot hope to succeed—with these I cannot fail. Again I return you my thanks."

We left the cars and took carriages to pass through the city. A large police force cleared the way. The President, in a fine open barouche, escorted by a large body of citizens, mounted, started off. Our

route through the city was about a mile long, and upon emerging from the depot, a scene was before us that, for wild, crazy excitement, had not been equalled since we left Springfield [Illinois]. On both sides of the streets was one dense mass of people.

Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and men uncovered their heads. Stalwart mechanics cheered as though their lungs were made of bell metal. Small boys were all happy, and one, as he ran along by our carriage, "wished he had his mother here."

Thousands rushed wildly after the cortege, and, one man falling down, there was soon a pile of men about five feet high, accumulated. From every window and housetop the fairest of the fair bid us welcome and adieu. At the corner of West Park and Broad street a large display of flags was made. The Minnehaha Lodge and Hook and Ladder Company made a fine display of the Stars and Stripes.

Hanging by the neck to a lamp-post was an effigy, with a placard attached, inscribed "The Traitor's Doom." At the Public School about one thousand small children were assembled in front of the building, and as we passed, sang the well known Hutchinson melody of "We are a Band of Brothers." Mr. Lincoln's carriage halted a moment; he bowed to them, and we passed on. A gentleman informed us that Newark has a population of about 80,000, and gave a Democratic majority of 400. It is estimated that at least 75,000 persons witnessed the reception. Mr. Lincoln bid them good-bye, and we were once more on our way at 10.17 A.M.

An extra car was here added and an additional number of committee men were given passage. . . .

In the rear car, was Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-President elect, and his lady, a young and beautiful woman. . . .

At Elizabethtown there was an immense crowd—near 15,000 people surrounded the cars as soon as we halted. The cheering was long and loud—cannon were roaring at the side, and Mr. Lincoln went to the platform and spoke a few words.

Rahway—About 3000 greeted us.

At New Brunswick, some 5000 were assembled. We changed engines. A brisk snow squall here blew up.

At Princeton, there was a large concourse, who cheered as we passed, but our train did not stop. As we rushed on the people from every house on the road came out. At one place handkerchiefs failed the large hearts of the ladies and sheets were substituted. Every farm house which could boast a gun or large pistol, had them out, and gave us a salute. . . .

The party had a pleasant trip to Trenton, and having arrived there, were taken in charge by the Trentonians and escorted to their hotel, where they patiently awaited the arrival of the President-elect. *

THE OPPOSITION

In an unruly mood some members of the Assembly awaited Mr. Lincoln's arrival as the Minutes of the House on that momentous Thursday attest:

Mr. Dobbins offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That when this Assembly shall have

* *Philadelphia Inquirer*, February 22, 1861.

seen Abraham Lincoln, they will have seen a man six feet four inches in height.

Which was read and laid upon the table.

Mr. Graham offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That when this house shall have seen Abraham Lincoln, they will have seen the ugliest man in the country.

Which was read and laid upon the table.

Mr. Horton offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we trust this Legislature may always have a democratic member that shall exceed the President-elect by two and a half inches in height.

Which was read and laid upon the table.

Mr. Dobbins offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we all go for Abraham Lincoln.

Which was read,

When the Speaker declared the same to be out of order.*

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE

Unaware of the derisive mood of Assemblymen Dobbins, Graham, and Horton, Mr. Lincoln at the moment was concluding his remarks to the New Jersey Senate. He had listened to a gracious greeting from President Perry, who had ended: "Go, honored sir, to your great task, and may God go with you." Then, clearly fatigued, Mr. Lincoln had risen to the full height of what a reporter for the *New York World* described as "a sort of gentlemanly ungentele-

* *Minutes of Votes and Proceedings of the Eighty-Fifth General Assembly of the State of New Jersey* (Jersey City, 1861), 500.

ness"; his response carried him back to a memory of youth:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW-JERSEY: I am very grateful to you for the honorable reception of which I have been the object. I cannot but remember the place that New-Jersey holds in our early history. In the early Revolutionary struggle, few of the States among the old Thirteen had more of the battle-fields of the country within their limits than old New-Jersey. May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen, "Weem's Life of Washington." * I remember all the accounts there given of the battle fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New-Jersey. The crossing of the river; the contest with the Hessians; the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that those men struggled for; that something even more than National Independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come; I am exceedingly anxious that this

* Mr. Lincoln's reference is to Mason L. Weems' *The Life and Memorable Actions of George Washington*. [Ed.]

Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle. You give me this reception, as I understand, without distinction of party. I learn that this body is composed of a majority of gentlemen who, in the exercise of their best judgment in the choice of a Chief Magistrate, did not think I was the man. I understand, nevertheless, that they came forward here to greet me as the constitutional President of the United States—as citizens of the United States, to meet the man who, for the time being, is the representative man of the nation, united by a purpose to perpetuate the Union and liberties of the people. As such, I accept this reception more gratefully than I could do did I believe it was tendered to me as an individual. *

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ASSEMBLY

Then Mr. Lincoln was escorted into the chamber of the Assembly, where, a contemporary report asserted, "Spectators in the rear cried: 'Down in front,' and those in front said 'sh-sh!'" until the matter waxed exceedingly disorderly, and the Speaker of the Chamber spoke, in order to drown the strife." The members of the Assembly, the Speaker assured Mr. Lincoln, "sympathize with you in the difficulties with which

* Roy D. Basler (ed.), *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New Brunswick, 1953), IV, 235-236.

you are surrounded"; he commented gravely on the "dark clouds of disunion" that now obscured "a portion of those stars which lately shone in an undivided constellation" and hoped that at the close of Mr. Lincoln's administration we would again be "a united and harmonious nation." The President-elect, falling into a tone of "conversational dignity," revealed that he was aware of both his danger and his responsibilities:

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN: I have just enjoyed the honor of a reception by the other branch of this Legislature, and I return to you and them my thanks for the reception which the people of New-Jersey have given, through their chosen representatives, to me, as the representative, for the time being, of the majesty of the people of the United States. I appropriate to myself very little of the demonstrations of respect with which I have been greeted. I think little should be given to any man, but that it should be a manifestation of adherence to the Union and the Constitution. I understand myself to be received here by the representatives of the people of New-Jersey, a majority of whom differ in opinion from those with whom I have acted. This manifestation is therefore to be regarded by me as expressing their devotion to the Union, the Constitution and the liberties of the people. You, Mr. Speaker, have well said that this is a time when the bravest and wisest look with doubt and awe upon the aspect presented by our national affairs. Under these circumstances, you will readily see why I should not speak in detail of the course I shall deem it best

to pursue. It is proper that I should avail myself of all the information and all the time at my command, in order that when the time arrives in which I must speak officially, I shall be able to take the ground which I deem the best and safest, and from which I may have no occasion to swerve. I shall endeavor to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper—certainly no malice toward any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am. [Cheers.] None who would do more to preserve it. But it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. [Here the audience broke out into cheers so loud and long that for some moments it was impossible to hear Mr. L.'s voice. He continued:] And if I do my duty, and do right, you will sustain me, will you not? [Loud cheers, and cries of "Yes," "Yes," "We will."] Received, as I am, by the members of a Legislature the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is; for, if it should suffer attack now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage.

Gentlemen, I have already spoken longer than I intended, and must beg leave to stop here.*

* Roy D. Basler (ed.), *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New Brunswick, 1953), IV, 236-237; *Minutes of Votes and Proceedings of the Eighty-fifth General Assembly of the State of New Jersey* (Jersey City, 1861), 501.

II

OFF TO WAR

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SPENT approximately seven hours in New Jersey. After lunch at the Trenton House he sped on toward Philadelphia, and when again a train bore his corpse into the State capital, the country had passed through four years of war and was returning once more, in the words of the Speaker of the Assembly, to the status of "a united and harmonious nation."

In *The Impending Crisis in the South*, a book that played an influential role in bringing the nation to the brink of war, Hinton Rowan Helper called New Jersey "a second-rate free state," and perhaps so we seemed. Certainly the fact that New Jersey went against Lincoln in the 1860 presidential canvas awakened paeans of praise in the Democratic press, North and South, but from the instant citizens of the State learned of the attack upon Fort Sumter there could be no question of where Jerseymen stood—they were for the Union, no matter what the sacrifice.

A CALL TO ARMS

"Whatever may have been the former political divisions, there are but few sympathizers with the rebels in this community, and a deep seated indignation is felt against them," reported the *Newark Daily Advertiser* on April 15, 1861. Throughout the State meetings of "Union loving men" were held as town vied with town in pledging its sons and fortune to the national cause. Within ten days, or so the *New Brunswick Fredonian* chronicled, the price of American flags rose by 400 per cent. A Jersey City paper commented joyfully, "A lady, who displayed a secession flag in a Sunday School in Jersey City on Sunday, was compelled to leave the building." On April 17 Governor Olden issued a proclamation:

WHEREAS, the President of the United States has requested me to cause to be immediately detached from the militia of this State FOUR REGIMENTS, consisting of *seven hundred and eighty men each*, to serve as infantrymen or riflemen for a period of three months, unless sooner discharged. The mustering officers will be instructed to receive no man under the rank of commissioned officers, who is in years over forty-five or under eighteen, and who is not in physical strength and vigor.

In compliance with the requisition, orders have been issued to the several Generals or Divisions, to furnish, each one regiment, and that they will fill the regiments severally required, to be furnished as far as practicable with volunteers, the regiments to be completed by draft from the reserved militia.

It is therefore directed that all individuals or organizations willing to respond to the call thus made, report themselves within twenty days of the date hereof, to the Major General's office in the respective Divisions, within the bounds of which they reside. The Captains of such Companies as accept the invitation will, with the offer of service, transmit a roll of their respective Companies.

CHARLES S. OLDEN

TRENTON, April 17, 1861*

THE STATE IN DANGER

On April 30, in a message read to extra sessions of both the Assembly and the Senate, Governor Olden said, in part:

. . . New Jersey is the natural highway from the South to the North. Not only does the line of travel for years show this, but the fact is impressed upon us by the memories of the war of the Revolution, when a ravaging army marching through our borders, preyed upon the substance, burned the houses, devastated the fields, and pillaged the granaries of the people. From the spirit already manifested by those who have risen up to be the enemies of the nation, I advise that reliance for defence be placed only on God and the strong arm of power. We should be prepared to resist invasion, should circumstances threaten it. The selection of several positions in the southern part of our state, or perhaps the establish-

* *Trenton Gazette and Republican*, April 17, 1861.

ment there of a single central camp, where troops may be posted, drilled in the duties of military service, practiced in artillery, and be in a general readiness of organization, equipment and discipline, may become essential to our protection. The states of New York and Pennsylvania having a common interest with us in this defence, would doubtless, if necessary, coöperate with New Jersey. The fifty-ninth section of the militia law has reference to this defence, but its provisions are inadequate. It has been suggested to me by highly respectable citizens of some of the counties, that in order to provide for the families of volunteers, and to have the expense fall with some equality on the citizens, an act should be passed authorizing the board of freeholders of any county to lay a tax on their citizens for that purpose. I commend this subject to your respectful consideration.

Power should be given the Executive to supply, at his discretion, regiments that may be accepted, with rations, and to give them compensation when employed by the State, without being mustered into the service of the United States.

While some of the measures of defence suggested, and most of the expenditure alluded to, properly falls within the province of the Federal Government, still we would not rely exclusively upon others. The people of this State are able and willing to defend themselves, and as far as in their power to relieve the General Government. Nothing will be done contrary to the will of the General Government, when the subject is rightfully under their control—and that government will not hesitate to reimburse the State all the expenditures which are its to pay.

I have thus called your attention to the importance of adopting means and measures for the defence of our State and Nation. The necessity for this defence has come upon us at a time when abundant capital lies unemployed, when a surplus of provision fills the land, when men are not fully occupied, and when there is an entire unanimity at the North. These favorable circumstances, while they remove all uncertainty as to the result, do not relieve us from the necessity of thorough preparations.

I am firmly persuaded that it is time for the states to be in earnest in the defence of our institutions. We have a government which, while parties have erred, and states and municipalities have been exacting, has from the hour of its formation, never come to any individual, north, south, east or west, with any thing but unmingled blessings. Deep-laid plans to destroy that government are manifest. The South, under the indiscriminate charge of fanaticism at the North, makes war against its best friends, and while assuming to deprecate coercion, moves on for our virtual subjugation. This is an atrocity for which there is no excuse, and no palliative. To gratify mere passion, they ruthlessly destroy for a time our national interests, and rob us and the world for generations after generations of one of God's most priceless blessings. *Since the termination of the first half century of the Christian era, I know not that history records a graver crime against heaven and earth.*

If there are friends of the Union at the South, as I hope there are, let them now stand forth, not by the exertion of a mere moral influence, but in their physical power, and millions will aid them in the maintenance of those fundamental laws of the nation

which no local majorities have a right to subvert. It is impossible that allegiance to the government of any state of this Union can ever conflict with fealty to the General Government in matters which a free written constitution has defined and committed to its control. To maintain and enforce any other doctrine destroys the nation.

The issue in which many at the South enlisted has been adroitly changed by cool, designing politicians. It is no longer one of politics, to be settled at the ballot box, but the issue is "*shall this nation continue to exist*"; and the place indicated for its determination is the field of battle.

Many may have been deceived by smooth words into participation with crime which, under its true name, they would have scorned to entertain. The events of the last month have given definition to terms, and "secession" is now found to be a synonym of "treason," and means to attack the capital, subvert the government, and destroy the prestige, if not the existence of the nation.

New Jersey will meet the crisis, and rise to the height of her great duty, ever standing firm by the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws.*

A NOTABLE CITIZEN'S REACTION

The wave of national loyalty that swept the State found a vigorous spokesman in Robert Field Stockton, whose family had lived in what Lincoln called "Old Jersey" since 1696. Richard Stockton had

* *Journal of the Seventeenth Senate of the State of New Jersey* (Belvidere, 1861), 658-660.

signed the Declaration of Independence, and his son, "Richard the Duke," had served in the United States Senate. Robert—better known as Commodore Stockton for his service in the United States Navy since the War of 1812—now lived in the lovely Princeton homestead, "Morven," whence in late April he wrote a letter to Governor Olden that many New Jersey newspapers printed:

PRINCETON, April 20, 1861

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, CHARLES S. OLDEN:

My dear Sir,—You are aware that I have for months, without regard to personal reproach or convenience, done but little else than to use my best efforts to preserve the peace of the country. In spite, however, of my efforts, and your efforts, and the efforts of the whole people of New Jersey, War is upon us. My apprehensions often expressed to you are realized. Civil War is now raging in Baltimore.*

I will therefore take the liberty to suggest, that after you have complied with the requisition of the National Government for troops, you consider the best means to preserve our own State from aggression. You remember that it is only the river Delaware which separates New Jersey from the Slave States. If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely tendered.

This is not time to palter about past differences of opinion, or to criticize the administration of public

* On the afternoon of April 18, 1861, the 6th Massachusetts, en route to Washington, was fired on by pro-Southern sympathizers. [Ed.]

affairs. We are in the presence of an awful danger. We feel throes of political convulsion, which threatens to bring down to ruins the noblest fabric of Government ever constructed for the purposes of civilization and humanity.

Every citizen should feel that any sacrifice that he is called upon to make in such a crisis is as nothing. I am ready to do all I can to maintain our own rights and to preserve peace.

I will hoist the Star Spangled Banner at Morven, the former residence of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. That flag, which, when a boy, I nailed to the mast-head of the Frigate President—that flag whose honor I have maintained in more than one personal combat—that flag which I have carried, honored and respected in every clime—which I hoisted on Cape Mussurado in Africa, and carried through the territory of California—that identical flag which I bore across the Rio San Gabriel and over the plains of Mesa, and hoisted in triumph in the City De Los Angeles, in the face of a despotic foe—that flag which the *immortal Washington, in the name of our Country, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, planted on the ramparts of Liberty.*

Faithfully,

Your ob't servant,

R. F. STOCKTON*

* *Trenton Gazette and Republican*, April 22, 1861.

MOBILIZATION

Jerseymen rushed to the defense of the nation. The Governor's Proclamation detached four regiments from the militia of the State to serve the Federal government for three months, and the Olden Guard of Trenton was organized within a week. William S. Stryker, the State's adjutant-general, reported in 1876: "Within a week thereafter, the four regiments were complete and were formed into a brigade, and as such were the first fully organized brigade to reach the National Capital. These regiments were called the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Regiments, New Jersey Militia, and afterward designated the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th Regiments of Infantry." The editor of the *New Brunswick Fredonian*, visiting Trenton, found this mustering point busy:

On Tuesday [May 28] we visited the soldiers at Trenton—at Camps Olden and Perrine and at the Arsenal. Camp Olden is situated near the "Sandtown Road," two and a half miles east of the Trenton Locomotive Works and Rolling Mills, and is reached by hacks and other conveyances which are constantly plying between the Camp and the Trenton House—which charge the *moderate* sum of a quarter of a dollar. The Camp is in a large field adjoining a wood, and quite pleasantly situated. Along the road, without the grounds, were a number of shanties and wagons in which a thriving business was apparently being done in the way of selling cakes, pies and refreshments to the soldiers on furlough and their

friends who visited them. The Camp grounds were surrounded by strong picket-guard and none allowed to enter except by the aid of a pass, to be procured of some friendly captain or regimental officer. . .

We found the New Brunswick boys all in good health and spirits, and well pleased with their quarters and officers. They were quartered in Sibley tents, from twelve to fifteen in each tent—the bottom of which is well covered with straw. In some tents the men have ticks filled with straw to sleep on. We believe all ought to have this useful article when they get regularly settled down. Outside the tents each company has a parade ground of about forty feet in width and perhaps a hundred and fifty yards long. While we were there a portion of "Company I" were engaged in leveling off and grading their parade, and appeared to be in great glee over their work—some hoeing, shoveling and raking the ground; while about twelve or fifteen were harnessed to a plow, turning up the sandy soil in fine style. The plowman, we thought, had rather harder work than generally falls to the lot of those who hold a plow, owing to the fractious pranks of his team, who sometimes suddenly started on a full run, compelling him to "mind his eyes" or be grounded on the spot in the furrows oftener than was desirable. He sometimes brought them up "all standing," by getting the point of his plow deeper in the ground than they desired, thus getting even with them occasionally. The ground, after being plowed, would not hardly pass the favorable inspection of some of the committees appointed at our agricultural fairs, but nevertheless answered the purpose on this occasion.

At one end of each row of company tents is a rude shed where the cooking is done—each company cooking its own food, cooks being appointed in regular turns. The soldiers all declared that the quality of their food was excellent, but some complained of not having enough. They did not appear to understand who was to blame, but felt very certain of being cheated by somebody. We took the pains to inquire into the matter a little, and were satisfied that the fault was partly owing to the inexperience of the soldiers themselves, who had not yet learned all of their rights and duties, and just how to guard against imposition and improvidence. The soldiers are supplied by contractors, who contract to deal out a certain quantity of provisions to each company per day—the salt meats and many other articles being dealt out in quantities to last for a certain number of days. It is the duty of the Orderly Sergeants to see to the receipt and disbursement of these provisions—and if the contractor does not deliver the necessary quantity and quality it is the Orderly Sergeant's duty to report to the commanding officer of the regiment without delay. For this purpose the Orderly Sergeant should be provided with the proper weights and measures, and the members of the company should see that he attends to his duty in this particular or report him to the Captain of the company. Having received his provisions, the Orderly Sergeant should daily divide them out to the cooks, who should also be looked after closely by the men in order to see that they do not waste them. The quantity contracted for by the Government is sufficient to properly feed the men, if it is delivered and husbanded by the several companies as it ought

to be. There is a mutual responsibility all the way down, and when the soldiers properly understand this, we presume there will be less complaint among them about the quantity and quality of their provisions. Colonel Montgomery, of the First Regiment, who has seen twenty-five years' service in the regular army of the United States, was on the ground while we were there, and we heard him instruct the Orderlies of the different companies present in their duties, and he promised the men that they would be properly provided for, and that he would bring to a speedy account anyone who did not do his whole duty in this particular.

In the rear of the Camp is a hospital tent, in which we learnt there were some half a dozen sick from the different companies. Not far distant was the guard house, in which were put the refractory soldiers who disobeyed orders. There were some eight or nine full companies on the ground, out of the thirty which had been ordered there this week. Several companies arrived in Trenton on Tuesday, and a large proportion of the remainder are expected to report today (Wednesday). As soon as the companies are sworn in and receive arms they are ordered to Camp Olden. The companies are now receiving old flintlock muskets, but expect to receive before leaving the State proper arms. The companies now on the ground drill three or four hours each day. The time they will be stationed there is not yet known, but probably several weeks. It is generally thought best to drill the three year's troops well before sending them off, if they are not really needed by the Government sooner, and therefore it will

probably be sometime before the Jersey troops are called out of the State. . . .

After leaving the boys in Camp Olden, we went back to Trenton to see the Olden Guard. Just before reaching the Arsenal we met them coming back from the State House where they had been sworn in and examined. In their examination only one (a young man named Vacter) was rejected, and because he *stuttered!* He appeared to be much attached to the company, and the members of the Company to him, and he felt badly because he was rejected, and the last we saw of him later in the day, he was begging Captain Way to let him go with him in the capacity of cook, if he could not be received in any other way. As he was rejected by the proper officers of course he could not be recognized and receive pay as a soldier of the Government, and some of the men were talking as we parted with them about providing for him out of their own purses, but we presume that this will not be done. . . .*

ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON

A correspondent for the *New Jersey Mirror and Burlington County Advertiser* of Mount Holly described the unforgettable moment when the first New Jersey troops reached the national capital:

WASHINGTON CITY, May 8—Yesterday was a proud day for the New Jersey Brigade. The whole four regiments were out in full parade on Pennsylvania

* *New Brunswick Fredonian*, May 30, 1861.

Avenue. They presented a most formidable appearance, and were cheered at almost every point by the hundreds who had assembled to see them.

They marched through the grounds at the White House, where the President stood, with hat in hand to receive them. He remarked that New Jersey, according to her population, had presented a fuller and more completely equipped body of men, than any other State. Every man felt proud that he was a Jerseyan, and especially a Jersey volunteer.

In the morning a band of music serenaded Major Anderson and General Runyon,* at Willard's hotel. Major Anderson first appeared and made a short speech. General Runyon was wildly called for, and being inspired by the occasion, made a most eloquent speech. Several others followed, in all of which reference was made to the conservatism, loyalty and promptness of gallant New Jersey, in every emergency. The heads of Departments, the military officers connected with the Government, all took occasion, in some way, to compliment the New Jersey troops.

Yesterday the Commissary Department were busy in supplying the Jersey regiments with cooking-stoves, kettles, wood, &c., &c. It is quite likely we shall be camped out in the open fields, in a few days. I ate my dinner today, cooked by two persons selected out of the company. It consisted of a piece of pork, four biscuits and a tin cup full of coffee. I relished

* Major Robert Anderson, defender of Sumter, and General Theodore Runyon, Commander of the New Jersey Brigade. [Ed.]

it well. After dinner, our men all said, "Well, now we are beginning to live."*

Another proud moment for the New Jersey troops came a month later:

President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, on Wednesday (yesterday) visited the camp of the New Jersey Volunteers. The troops were at work in the trenches, and so saluted with spades instead of muskets. This is the first time that Mr. Lincoln has made a visit to Virginia since that State has resumed sovereignty. He will visit each camp in turn. The President and Secretary were wildly cheered by the men whenever they were recognized. . . .

The following extract of a letter from Lieut. F. S. Mills, to the Trenton *True American*, will be read with interest:

"We have been hard at work, throwing up entrenchments for our defence, in case of an attack. These defences are on a large scale, and when completed, will probably be a mile in length. Some eight hundred men are constantly at work, in companies of fifty under the command of a Commissioned Officer. I had such a company placed under my command yesterday. My instructions were to supply each man with an axe, and to cut down all the pine trees which obstructed the view in the direction of the enemy. I had the overseeing and directing of the work which I found quite as much as I desired to do.

"The country around us, is wretchedly poor. Off in the

* *New Jersey Mirror and Burlington County Advertiser* (Mount Holly), May 16, 1861.

distance, you can see the fine residence* of General Lee, the commander of the Virginia forces, that of Washington Custis, Lieutenant Hunter, and a few others, but the general character of the houses is poor and dilapidated. I called at several farm houses, and found them all of the same stripe. Some of them have no water within an eighth or a quarter of a mile; and one man said the spring was a half mile off. I asked him why he did not sink a well. He replied that he was not the owner of the place and could not afford it, and that the owner himself had said it would not pay! Everything looks poor—houses, cows, hogs, chickens. I started out to find a wash-woman, and called at several places where I supposed they would be glad to wash for the officers, but they all said with one accord, 'We don't understand the business.' We shall be compelled to send them to Washington, or wash them ourselves.

"We found an old widow occupying a small house, opposite our camp. To our surprise, we found her in possession of several barrels of whiskey; and very little else. She had some tea and a few eggs. I paid a shilling for a cup of tea. As soon as the whiskey was discovered, the old lady had a grand rush, so great that a guard of men had to be placed at the door. When the officers saw that the whole camp was about to get drunk, Gen. Runyon dispatched a soldier to tell her to sell no more; she continued to do so nevertheless, when the General sent some men to knock in the heads of the barrels. The old lady declared she was ruined.

"The chickens and pigs have very extensive privileges in the houses about here. They can be found in every part. While a few of us were eating a scanty supply of breakfast from one of the farmer's tables, the hogs stood at the door and chickens were running under our feet and on the bench on which we were sitting at the table." †

* The reference is to the Lee Mansion on Arlington Heights. Standing on its porch, one can look across the Potomac at the Lincoln Memorial—a splendid experience for any American. [Ed.]

† *New Jersey Mirror and Burlington County Advertiser* (Mount Holly), June 6, 1861.

A CAMP IN VIRGINIA

A correspondent for the *American Standard* of Jersey City, who visited his home-state boys in their new Virginia encampment, dispatched an enthusiastic report:

CAMP PRINCETON

ROACH'S SPRINGS, VA., June 3, 1861

Dear Sir:—I have just returned from Washington, and as quiet prevails in the tent, I embrace the opportunity to write to you.

We are settled in our new encampment, and feel quite at home again. As you are aware, we crossed the river on Friday, May 21st, and on the 28th our tents were received and pitched. During the interval we occupied a small barn, which, to me, was very uncomfortable quarters, and I rejoiced when again a denizen of "Independence Hall," as we have dubbed our camp quarters.

The aforesaid "Independence Hall" is filled with seventeen as good natured and good hearted men as can be found. Each one strives to promote the comfort of all. When we met in Trenton, a month ago, nearly all were strangers to one another. Now, the ties of friendship are so strong that it would be hard disrupting them. No better evidence of this can be given than that an additional tent was furnished the company when we came here, and although we are much crowded and more room could have been obtained in the new tent, no person has left our squad. We prefer being a little discommoded to running the risk of getting into less agreeable companionship.

We are encamped on the right of the road leading to Fairfax Court House, upon a table land about twenty or thirty feet above the level of the Potomac. The land belongs to a man named Roach, a large slaveholder and strong secessionist. It appears not to have been cultivated in a number of years. When we took possession, the field was filled with cedar trees, which have been used for our camp fires until a few remain. . . . Our situation is not as pleasant as that at Meridian Hill,* and I fear not so healthy by reason of the close proximity of the river and canal. The latter runs about 200 yards from our tent and its injurious influence is already manifest, fever and ague having made its appearance in the company.

Work on the redoubt is progressing rapidly. The bulk of the work is completed; finishing up and building two stockades remains to be done. It is said that when completed, 5,000 men will be able to hold it against an attack of 50,000. Swivel guns are to be planted on each angle. The woods and underbrush for half a mile around are being cleared away, so that an attacking force may have no lurking places for cover. The New Jersey Brigade is now the only one at work. It is divided into two reliefs, each working three hours per day. Our company went out this morning, at 6½ o'clock. We prefer

* Meridian Hill was two miles north of Willard's Hotel on the road to Harper's Ferry. It was the best encampment around Washington, affording a splendid view of the city and, a contemporary account said, "stretching away like a beautiful lake to Alexandria." President James Madison once had lived here, as had other occupants of the White House who wished to escape the capital's summertime heat and humidity. New Jersey troops shared this site with the 7th New York. See William J. Roehrenbeck, *The Regiment That Saved the Capital* (New York, 1962), 142 *et seq.* [Ed.]

this hour to a later one for we thus escape working in the heat of the day.

On Saturday last (a week before) at one o'clock, General Runyon raised a beautiful silk flag, bearing the arms of New Jersey, encircled by thirty-four stars, being the same as has for some time past floated from the dome of the State House at Trenton, and which had been forwarded to the General by our patriotic Governor. As this beautiful emblem of New Jersey's loyalty floated to the breeze, an eagle hovered over it for a moment and then sailed away heavenward. The ancient Roman soldiers were inspired by omens; may not we transform this incident into an augury of the success of our cause, and of the continued reign of our national emblem, the "Stars and Stripes" and the American Eagle?

Part of the Hudson Guards, under command of Lieutenant Van Riper, were stationed at the canal bridge immediately after arriving here and remained in that position until yesterday, when they were superseded by a detail from Company B. The Hudson Guard boys had built very cozy quarters of cedar trees and rails. They moved out last night about nine o'clock, and signalized their departure by burning the shed. The conflagration lighted up the camp and presented a beautiful appearance. There are rumors in the camp that we will be required to swear in for three years very soon, and that all refusing to do so will be discharged. The inquiry, "Will you swear in for three years?" meets with various responses. But the prevailing opinion is to go home, if the test is applied. Most of the men are anxious to serve until the end of the war; but

they have formed the opinion that the regiment is not properly officered; and this has made them discontented. Most of them have friends in the New York regiments, and intercourse with them tends to heighten their discontent. They seem to forget that the New York regiments belong to the regular militia and are under officers who have long held their present positions, while ours is, as one may say, a *volunteer* regiment, and the officers require a little time before they can properly understand their duties. When the men realize the facts that for half a century we have enjoyed an almost continuous peace; that during this time the military system has been almost lost sight of; and that now, within fifty days after the issuing of the President's proclamation, over 60,000 men are under arms at the seat of war, almost all of whom are recruits, officered by men with little, if any, military experience, I think they will view the matter in a different light, and conclude that, with the exception of a few regiments from New York, the 2d New Jersey Regiment is as good in every particular as any that has arrived in Washington.

We are almost without music; the drum corps being reduced to half a drum head! As I write, the Zouaves are passing with a fife, a tin pan, and a piece of tin, which gives forth martial strains of a peculiar character. I think the Colonel would do well to engage them for the regimental band. . . .

Yours,

J. M. W.*

* *American Standard* (Jersey City), June 8, 1861.

A DIPLOMAT'S FAREWELL

A distinguished Jerseyman who served the Union cause was William Lewis Dayton. Born February 17, 1807, in Basking Ridge and graduated from Princeton, Dayton served in the United States Senate and as the State's Attorney-General. He was a staunch advisor and friend of President Zachary Taylor and attracted national attention for his vigorous opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. Dayton joined the Republican Party in 1856, and among the candidates over whom he won the vice-presidential nomination that year was Abraham Lincoln. Not surprisingly, Lincoln wanted Dayton in his official family, appointing him Minister to France in 1861 (a position that he held until his death in Paris on December 1, 1864). In a farewell address to the New Jersey Bar, Dayton gave his reasons for believing that a Jerseyman possessed special qualifications for this important diplomatic mission:

. . . Of our own country in the present condition of things I scarcely dare trust myself to speak, I feel almost as if my being here on this half festive, half sad occasion, were a desecration—an exhibition of an unworthy indifference to passing events. I purposely avoid in the midst of the excitements of the hour all reference to those unhappy circumstances which to a greater or less extent occupy and press upon the minds of all. But these very events remind me of one incident of historic interest in the long and friendly relations between France and the

United States; an incident which we at least should never forget. France was our first, our only friend, in the war of our Revolution. She supplied us with munitions of war, with ships, with money, and men. Not Lafayette only but Rochambeau and DeGrasse and their followers were fellow soldiers with Washington. They stood side by side in the closing struggle at Yorktown. France did more to make this American Union than any other people outside of ourselves and she will not, I think, be the first to ignore her work. She "stood by its cradle" and if the Union be true to itself (as I trust with God's help it may) she will not be called upon "to follow its hearse."

But as a *Jerseyman*, I feel that I shall carry with me a letter of credence to the reigning family of France, outside of the certificate of the Department of State. It is said that on a certain occasion when clouds and darkness were gathering around the prospects of the first Emperor, he, in conference with his family, called for a map, and placing his finger on Central New Jersey, (a spot removed from the large cities and yet convenient to the sea coast) designated that as a place of rendezvous and refuge, should disaster and misfortune drive them as exiles from France. He failed to reach that home which our people would so gladly have given; but his brother, Joseph, ex-King of Spain, with his nephew, Murat, (whose kind and genial nature is not forgotten by the many friends he left behind him here) found with us a home for 26 years or more, in sight almost of the spot where we are now assembled. As a mark of high appreciation for himself and family our

State Legislature, by a *special* law, relieved him from all the property disabilities of alienage, and he became, as you know, an extensive landholder at Bordentown.

His unpretending simplicity of life, his liberality and his kindness endeared him to the entire community. Here he was honored for his virtues while living, and mourned while dead. I believe that in no country location in the world, of the same extent, outside of France, can there be found so many portraits, prints and other souvenirs of the Bonaparte family treasured up as in this part of New Jersey. If received at St. Cloud, I shall feel that I represent not only the kind feelings of my government, but a large amount of personal good-will and kind wishes from my neighbors and friends.*

* *Trenton Gazette and Republican*, April 18, 1861.

III

SINEWS OF WAR

STATISTICS TELL A SUCCINCT STORY of how loyally New Jersey forces stood by the Union through the tragic years of war. In all classifications the State supplied 88,305 men, or 10,057 more than called for. New Jersey's 40 regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and five batteries of light artillery were represented on every major battlefield of the conflict, and 6082 enlisted men and 218 officers gave their lives so that the Nation might endure. New Jersey paid its soldiers and members of their families \$2,275,000 in pensions and allotments and more than \$23,000,000 in local bounties.

Yet statistics cannot tell the whole story. For the boys in blue from New Jersey the war followed a pattern: the casual hilarity of early camp life, the grubbiness of field duty, the loneliness of picket duty, the weariness of long marches (so often in circles, seeming to go nowhere), the brutal shock of battle with its moans of the wounded and the dying, and finally the wisdom and the studied movements of the veteran who had mastered the art of killing his fellow man. In the early summer of 1861, it seemed

as though the war would never begin. With Confederate forces assembling at Manassas Junction, about twenty-five miles from Washington, fear for the safety of the national capital led Federal forces to occupy the Virginia approaches to the Potomac. Theodore Winthrop, who fought with the 7th New York, recalled with amusement for readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* how, as a result, the first Jerseymen to reach Washington soon learned that more than parades and high-spirited talk in the bar at Willard's were needed to make a war:

SWEAT WITHOUT TEARS

The New Jersey brigade were meanwhile doing workie* work on the ridge just beyond us. The road and railroad through Alexandria follow the general course of the river southward along the level. This ridge to be fortified is at the point where the highway bends from west to south. The works were intended to serve as an advance *tête du pont*,—a bridge-head with a very long neck connecting it with the bridge. That fine old Fabius, General Scott, had no idea of flinging an army out broadcast into Virginia, and, in the insupposable case that it turned tail, leaving it no defended passage to run away by.

This was my first view of a field-work in construction,—also, my first hand as a laborer at a field-work. I knew glacis and counterscrap on paper; also, on paper, superior slope, banquette, and the other dirty parts of a redoubt. Here they were, not on paper.

* "Workie work" is "made" work to keep the men occupied. [Ed.]

A slight wooden scaffolding determined the shape of the simple work; and when I arrived, a thousand Jerseymen were working, not at all like Jerseymen, with picks, spades, and shovels, cutting into Virginia, digging into Virginia, shovelling up Virginia, for Virginia's protection against pseudo-Virginians.

I swarmed in for a little while with our Paymaster, picked a little, spaded a little, shovelled a little, took a hand to my great satisfaction at earth-works, and for my efforts I venture to suggest that Jersey City owes me its freedom in a box, and Jersey State a basket of its finest Clicquot.*

A COASTAL OPERATION

North and South clashed at Manassas Junction, Virginia, in late July of 1861 in a well-conceived battle that ended in a kind of Dixie knife-fight and Bowery barroom brawl; the results were indecisive beyond awakening both sides to the probability of a long and harrowing war. Then an early success for the North came in February and March of 1862 when a combined land and naval force seized Roanoke Island and captured New Bern, North Carolina. The 9th New Jersey took part in both actions.

The verses that follow were reputedly composed in German by A. Loewe and translated by a friend, L. F. Kampmann of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who declared in a letter dated May 15, 1862: "The author of this poem was a soldier of the Ninth regiment of New-Jersey Volunteers. He participated in the battles

* *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1861, 116.

of Roanoke and Newbern. He was wounded in the latter engagement, and when lying in the hospital (where he soon after died) he dictated this ode . . . to one of his companions." Perhaps Mr. Kampmann is right and the official records are incomplete or inaccurate; the only Loewe listed in the records is August Loewe, who fought with the 35th New Jersey and whose entry reads: "Deserted April 12, '65, near Goldsboro, N.C." This is the tale his lines relate:

ON THE VICTORIES
Gained by the Ninth Regiment of
New-Jersey Volunteers, at
Roanoke and Newbern, N. C.

As the angry storm-clouds crashing
O'er the dark horizon go,
Pealing thunder, lightning flashing,
So we marched against the foe.

We behold the grave-like passes,
Isle of Roanoke, so drear!
But we heed not thy morasses,
Nor thy blazing batt'ries fear.

Each his polished weapon aiming,
Toward the battery we drew,
Jersey rifles fast proclaiming
That they carry far and true.

This th' affrighted rebels seeing,
Leave their ground with panic dread;
'Fore the men of Jersey fleeing,
Who those deadly bullets sped.

Driving them from each position,
Like the wild hunt, on we go,
Till they yield without condition:
Thus we overcame the foe.

In the west the sun sinks glorious,
And our work is fully wrought;
Roanoke sees us victorious,
Quicker than we erst had thought.

Bolder grew the fearless bearing
Of our Burnside from that day;
"Up!" he cries, "ye men of daring!
Up! once more unto the fray!"

Passed our three weeks' resting-season,
We to Newbern turn our prow;
Once again to conquer treason:
Fortune fair, attend us now!

Eighteen miles from Newbern City
We step bravely on the land;
Well supplied with balls (oh! pity!)—
And the rifle in our hand.

Dark, umbrageous forests greet us,
Like the doors of gloomy night;
There they stand, as 'twere to meet us,
Ready for the coming fight.

Though the subtle rebel foemen
Lurk therein like tigers sly,
Yet they soon shall learn to know men
Who can make them turn and fly.

Ha! there barricades are rising,
But behind them stands no foe;
This good omen us advising,
They already backward go.

Shouts of joy the woods awaken;
Lo! a powerful battery,
By the enemy forsaken—
Does he now before us flee?

To the work ourselves addressing,
Forward still our march is bent;
Through the gloomy forest pressing,
Sternly on the fight intent.

See! the skies are filled with sadness,
Curtained thick with murky clouds;
And the sun the wonted gladness
Of his shining face enshrouds.

Pours the rain; in streams of sorrow
Heaven deplores the coming fray,
Weeps for those who shall to-morrow
Be the king of terrors' prey.

Night, her careful robe outspreading,
Doth at last the earth enclose;
Halt then—no rebel dreading—
Great and small may now repose.

Soon the cheerful camp-fires, glowing,
Light the dingy forests round,
O'er the heavens a bright glare throwing,
Whilst our loud "hurrahs" resound.

Stacked in pyramidal beauty,
Flashing rifles stand for walls:
"On the morrow do your duty,
Hit, that every rebel falls!"

Morning comes at length—a morning
That to many is their last;
Shadowy mists, of death forewarning,
Spectre-like come sweeping past.

Strikes the hour that leads to action;
Strikes, the hero's heart to try:
"Forward! 'gainst the rebel faction;
Forward now, to win or die!"

Hark! loud roars the cannon's thunder;
On we go with hearts elate:
Jersey rifles never blunder;
Jersey men can meet their fate.

"Jersey men have come to fight you:
Know ye the Ninth regiment,
That at Roanoke did fright you?
That is now upon your scent."

"Never quailing at your forces,
Onward! is their battle-cry;
They shall all be turned to corpses,
Ere a man of them will fly."

Then the glittering rifles shower
Leaden hail on rebel hordes;
'Fore those sacks of blue they cower—
"Rebel, fear'st thou mud-sill* lords?"

* "Mud-sill" referred to a member of the laboring class; in 1858 Senator J. H. Hammond of South Carolina said: "In all social systems there must be a class to perform the drudgery of life. . . . It constitutes the mud-sills of society." [Ed.]

Four long hours we fought; the flying
Rebels then gave o'er the strife;
Each poor fellow inly sighing:
"Jersey bullet, spare my life!"

Blood and corpses tell the story
Of the Ninth's heroic might.
Brave and firm it stood: let glory
Wreathe its brows with laurel bright!

Jersey Ninth, so great and glorious,
Raise on high thy flag unstained;
Write upon it, twice victorious,
Roanoke and Newbern gained!*

AN ENGINEER REPORTS

When after defeat at Manassas Junction the Army of the Potomac fell back on Washington, it became (or so George B. McClellan, its new commanding general, insisted) a "mere collection of regiments cowering on the banks of the Potomac." No one could deny McClellan's ability as an organizer; quickly he ended straggling, enforced discipline, and whipped the army into fighting trim.

Washington Augustus Roebling of Trenton, who would one day share fame with his father as the creator of the Brooklyn Bridge—the engineering marvel of the century—was then a private with the Army of the Potomac. Under McClellan, Wash had to confess that he was learning how to stand up under Rebel fire. On December 19, 1861, while stationed

* Frank Moore (ed.), *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events* (New York, 1861-1868), IV (Poetry), 59-60.

at Camp Dickinson in Budd's Ferry, Maryland, Wash wrote his brother Ferdinand:

We had lots of sport yesterday firing into the Rebel batteries at Shipping Point opposite. It was my turn to go down yesterday with my piece and another one on picket on the river; we left at three in the morning and returned at eight in the evening. A sort of a pit has been dug out of the sand—say four feet deep, the dirt being thrown up in front for protection. Openings are left for the guns to fire through—there is no covering on top. To this exposed little hole one section comes down daily, being relieved the next day by a section from one of the other three batteries. It will be my turn again in nine days. We fired in all about forty rounds. It required some time before we got the range of the battery, the distance being about two miles. After that we hit them every pop.

Usually the Rebels do not think it worthwhile to answer to our shots from the light batteries, but this time they got mad and opened fire on us with nine-inch shell. The moment the guard sees the flash from their gun he cries out "here she comes" and all hands tumble head over heels for the hole, where they lie in a heap until the shell has passed over or burst. The first shell burst in the ground a few hundred feet past us, a piece of some eight-pound weight flying back to where we were and striking within ten feet of the captain. The next shell burst in the water in front of us. The balance of their shells went over us, bursting after they had passed us. Two did not go off; these we dug up

together with a solid shot and took them to camp. While the boys were digging up the first one another shell came along striking in the same place; fortunately it did not burst else their cake would have been dough.

The report reaches us about four seconds before the shell. Then the shell comes whizzing along slowly—with the fuze burning; if they should happen to burst over the pit we would all go to the devil; a section of Smith's Battery were driven out last week. The cause of the shell not bursting is owing to the poor fuzes; one shell had a cotton spool for a fuze plug. Toward evening we had quite a laugh at a lieutenant of the 1st Massachusetts pickets; he was standing in front of a low Negro cabin and boasting that he would never run under cover when a shell came; a few minutes afterwards a shell went through the roof of the cabin behind him, and a more frightened man I never saw. We did not have the luck to have any gunboats pass that day; whenever that is the case they have a lively time. The Shenkl shell is very good; it beats the Hotchkiss shell very considerably in range, while the line shots are perfect.

Oysters in the shell are very cheap here, twenty-five for ten cents; the Negroes bring them around in ox carts. They are very good on the half shell. Deserters come over often; they all report that great dissatisfaction exists among the Rebel camps. The regiments opposite to us are from Alabama and Mississippi, General Holmes commanding.*

* Roebeling Papers (MSS in Rutgers University Library); Earl Schenck Miers, *Wash Roebeling's War* (Newark, Del., 1961), 11-12.

A SECOND VISIT

Abraham Lincoln made his second visit to New Jersey in late June, 1862. General Winfield Scott, who had resigned the chief command of the army under pressure from McClellan, was now Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and the President had journeyed there to discuss the conduct of the war with the old general. Lincoln spoke briefly at Jersey City on the return trip to Washington. His sense of humor saved him from possible embarrassment:

When birds and animals are looked at through a fog they are seen to disadvantage, and so it might be with you if I were to attempt to tell you why I went to see Gen. SCOTT. I can only say that my visit to West Point did not have the importance which has been attached to it; but it conceived [concerned] matters that you understand quite as if I were to tell you all about them. Now, I can only remark that it had nothing whatsoever to do with making or unmaking any General in the country. [Laughter and applause.] The Secretary of War, you know, holds a pretty tight rein on the Press, so that they shall not tell more than they ought to, and I'm afraid that if I blab too much he might draw a tight rein on me.*

* Roy D. Basler (ed), *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New Brunswick, 1953), V, 284.

A FIGHTING JERSEYMAN

General Philip Kearny loved to fight. Educated in law, he soon sought more vigorous battlegrounds than the courtroom. While still in his early thirties, he served as an observer with the French cavalry in the Algerian War of 1840; and, of course, he could not resist the Mexican War where he earned many honors and lost his left arm in the capture of Mexico City. Later he won the Legion of Honor at Solferino, fighting with the French in Italy; and at the outbreak of the Civil War he was placed in command of the first New Jersey brigade to be organized.

There was style to Kearny; men in the ranks adored his dash, his courage, his lusty profanity. In later years the town of Kearny was named in his honor, and the Kearny Medal for officers and the Kearny "Cross of Valor" for enlisted men were created as awards for those who exemplified his daring spirit.

In the spring of 1862 the public's demand for action—and Lincoln's sharp orders—finally prodded McClellan to move against the Confederates along that strip of land between the York and James Rivers known as the Peninsula. Yorktown fell easily, but there was bitter fighting in old Williamsburg, and the hero of that turbulent day was Kearny. McClellan pushed on toward Richmond—true, with his heart in his throat, for he lacked Kearny's spunk and spirit—but heavy rains, swelling the Chickahominy, also slowed his advance. Within sight of Richmond, McClellan had the two wings of his army separated by

the Chickahominy, like an ox caught over a fence, when the Confederates struck in the Battle of Seven Pines. Disaster threatened the Northern Army, and again it was Kearny, rallying his boys with his one good arm, who saved the day. Among those inspired by the legend that Phil Kearny became at Seven Pines was Edmund Clarence Stedman, then a war correspondent and later both a successful Wall Street broker and a noted literary figure:

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

I

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield.
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry and
Birney,
Against 20,000 he rallied the field!
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor
rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps, through the dark
oak and pine;
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and
nighest;
No charge like Phil. Kearny's along the whole line!

II

When the battle went ill and the bravest was solemn;
Near the dark Seven Pines where we still held our
ground,

He rode down the length of the withering column
And his heart at our cry leapt up with a bound,
He snuffed like his charger the wind of the powder.
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign.
Loud our cheer as we rushed; but his laugh rang
the louder!
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole
line!"

III

How he strode his brown steed; how we saw his
blade brighten!
In the one hand still left; and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy, when the holidays heighten;
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the Reserves to the mêlée infernal
Asking where to go in through the clearing or pine?
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel,
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line." *

ROEBLING REPORTS AGAIN

In the Battle of the Seven Days that followed,
McClellan was driven back from Richmond and
gloom descended on Washington. Whatever success
the Union could claim thus far in the war had come
at Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh, where the Confed-
erates had been forced out of Tennessee and into
Mississippi, and at Island Number 10, below Colum-
bus, Kentucky, where a Northern victory had secured

* Thomas Kearny, *General Philip Kearny* (New York, 1937),
259-260.

control of the upper Mississippi River. It was to boastful, cocky John Pope, the hero of this river action, that Lincoln turned now to save the Union's military situation in the East.

Pope, filled with brag and bluster, inflamed Robert E. Lee with an order that virtually made spies of all Southern civilians who did not swear an oath of allegiance to the national government. Lee never despised anyone as much as he did the "miscreant Pope," and he intended, at the first chance, to trounce him thoroughly. In this vengeful spirit, Lee moved toward Manassas Junction, scene of the first great battle of the war, and here during the humid summer of 1862 he smashed at Pope's army. Caught up in the Union disaster that resulted was New Jersey's Washington Augustus Roebling, who was in no mood to spare his bragging commander in a letter of August 24, 1862 to his distinguished father:

For the last ten days I have been on the trot constantly, scarcely ever out of the saddle and have lost one horse which I was compelled to abandon on the retreat, it being unable to get along. The day after I wrote you my last letter I surveyed a road out of Madison Court House and returning late at night received orders to accompany an expedition to Louisa Court House twenty miles within the enemy's lines. This trip was safely accomplished, having been in the saddle thirty-six hours and riding my horse to death which I bought only a week before. But little was seen of the enemy during the trip—and not more than eight or ten stragglers captured;

on the way out we took by-roads but returned on the main road, and here it was at five o'clock in the morning that we surprised the Rebel Major General [Jeb] Stuart and staff at breakfast. The general himself escaped through the stupidity of a major, he being afraid to shoot him, but some of his staff were caught. This occurred only two miles from Stuart's cavalry camp and as he was escaping in that direction with lightning speed, we were certain of a speedy pursuit which our jaded horses could not stand and therefore we made a straight cut in the direction of Fredericksburg, crossing the river some fifteen miles from that place to Germanna Mills, before the enemy arrived there. Once over there and the hurry was over. The information obtained and roads surveyed were quite valuable, or rather will be so whenever we get back there, if ever, which I doubt. . . . Next day upon reaching Culpeper I learned to my surprise that the whole army had retreated, for no apparent cause whatever, and that I was about the last man left. I was fortunate enough to get on the last train with my saddle, and so went to Rappahannock Station on the Rappahannock River. Here the army was posted on the north shore ready to make a stand against an enemy who was perfectly justified in supposing that we had left from fear and on account of our smaller [number]. On the next day the enemy's cavalry made its appearance already, whipped our cavalry and drove in everything so that we retained nothing but two small hills on the south side of the river on which batteries were placed—communication was held from the north shore with the one hill by the railroad bridge

and with the other by a low trestle bridge put up in one night. The position was quite strong. Sigel had the right, McDowell the center, next came Banks, then Reno. The next morning the enemy commenced feeling us; he opened light batteries at different points. I happened to be at Furman's Ford when he opened first with two guns on a battery and regiment stationed to guard the ford. The accuracy of his firing was such that in fifteen minutes his two guns silenced our battery of six and drove away a regiment (Maryland of course); all our troops were drawn up in line of battle, the enemy actually crossed at the ford but was repulsed. The cannonading continued all day, the enemy being everywhere driven back by us. . . . During that night it rained, which raised the river, carried off the trestle bridge which in turn endangered the railroad bridge. . . . In the meantime the enemy crossed near Sigel, who drove them back in a little fight in which he is reported by the papers to have taken 2,000 prisoners. He took none at all. Our loss up to now was perhaps 200 killed and wounded in all. . . . Our force was say 45,000 effectives and the question was shall we cross the river, whip this division and fall on the enemy's flank or shall we retreat and give up this point of the Rappahannock? Pope decided on the latter course—the man, you remember, who snubbed McDowell about lines of retreat. McDowell's corps consisting of King's, Ricketts' and McCall's divisions and 3,000 cavalry retired to around Warrenton, Sigel went to Sulphur Springs and Waterloo further up on the river. Banks and Reno also moved up on the river but camped some five miles from it. When

we retired from the river the enemy did not cross in force, showing the correctness of the supposition that he was there only in small force and that his main body was crossing farther up. . . . The day before our arrival at Warrenton our headquarters trains which had been sent to Catlett's Station for safety were attacked by the advance guard of Rebel cavalry; the things destroyed belonged principally to Pope.

Rumors now began to circulate that a portion of McClellan's Army was somewhere in the neighborhood but where was not known; communication between Warrenton and Washington was interrupted and Pope had neither the brains for devising any plan of operation much less for executing it. A dozen orders were given and countermanded the same day and the troops subjected to a lot of useless marching which only fatigued them and lost two precious days and rations also which were running short. . . .

The next afternoon McDowell's troops left Warrenton on the main pike, which runs to Centreville crossing the Manassas Road at Gainesville and passing through Bull Run battlefield. We encamped that night eight miles from Warrenton, being joined by Sigel and Reynolds with their Pennsylvania reserves. Early next morning Ricketts' Division was dispatched west to Thoroughfare Gap in Bull Run Mountain to prevent Longstreet's Corps from passing through and reinforcing the Rebels, but the Rebels, finding him there, passed through Hopewell Gap four miles further on and joined their main force, Ricketts apparently knowing nothing of Hopewell Gap although laid down on every map. The main

body of our army moved forward, crossing the Manassas Gap Road at Gainesville where Sigel turned off following the railroad, while King and Reynolds kept on. . . . Suddenly a Rebel battery opened on us in front with shell which came very near killing some of us, General McDowell and staff as usual riding at the head of the column. Our forces were deployed in line of battle, which took an hour, and then proceeded to determine whether we had come up with the main body or only a portion of the enemy; but by that time their battery had ceased firing and retired two miles. Five men killed was the damage sustained. Well, after wasting four precious hours more, spent in robbing orchards and cornfields and watching immense columns of dust in front of us, McDowell made a further division of force by leaving King there to march down the pike late in the afternoon and went himself down the railroad towards Manassas in search of Pope, leaving Reynolds to follow him slowly. We arrived at Manassas at dark and ascertained that Pope, with Hooker and Kearny, had gone in the direction of Centreville; we understood that Pope had been hunting McDowell and McDowell was likewise hunting Pope. While at Manassas that evening very heavy cannonading was heard about two miles in advance of where King had been left; it seems that King had advanced that afternoon, was attacked by the main body of the enemy, lost 500 killed and wounded in one brigade, retreated and arrived at Manassas at three o'clock the next morning. McDowell, hearing that firing, wanted to get there by making a short cut across the country, but it was dark. We lost our way

three times and finally at one o'clock encamped along the roadside for a few hours, getting under way again by four-thirty. . . .

. . . McDowell returned towards Manassas and led his two divisions of King and Ricketts towards the old battlefield of Bull Run where the main body of the enemy was; it was one or two o'clock on Friday afternoon when we got there, the fight had commenced a few hours before with Hooker, Kearny and Sigel; about thirty guns were in position then and firing as fast as possible, silencing most of the enemy's guns which were poorly handled and counterbalancing the poor result of Hooker's and Kearny's infantry attack in the afternoon. It was a very interesting scene; much valuable ammunition was, however, thrown away for which we paid dearly the next day. Sigel arranged most of the artillery. It was massed together very well, but was placed on two high elevations; every shot lodged where it struck in place of glancing and bounding off to do more mischief. The day was cloudy and windstill so that the battlefield was covered with a dense livid cloud of smoke. It was late in the day before McDowell's troops were deployed in line of battle and pushed forward to the proper place on the center and left of the center. Before Hatch's Brigade had arrived at its place it was pitch dark; Hatch had not the remotest idea where he was going, pushed too far ahead, got into a cross fire which the Rebels suddenly opened on him, had half his men killed and wounded and the other half ran off. So ended that day. . . .

Our troops were tired to death and very hungry. McDowell and staff went over and joined Pope and

staff, McDowell seeing Pope for the first time in four days. The night passed quietly; even up to ten o'clock in the morning everything was quiet, [and] all sorts of rumors began to pervade camp that the enemy had run away during the night. Some of Pope's staff officers, low Western fellows, were preparing to get drunk when at once the fight reopened with artillery, principally on the center. . . . The attack on the center and left grew hotter and hotter; every moment seemed to show that the enemy had hurled his entire force on the left. McDowell saw it plainly enough and tried his best to avert the blow, but was unable to do it with his own troops alone. He had been warned earlier in the day by General Reynolds that the enemy then already were trying to turn his left. . . .

The running of our men had already commenced, at least 10,000 were on the full go. Many had not even heard the whistle of a shot before they ran. This was a most humiliating spectacle, showing the utterly demoralized condition of the men. A lot of reinforcements had come in, composed of raw troops; the mere sound of the firing sufficed to set them off. In the meantime the troops on our right had been brought over to the left, principally regulars; McDowell put himself at their head and succeeded in repulsing the Rebels some distance. More troops came up in support enabling us to hold our line with security. It was also known that Franklin's Corps of fresh, well-tried troops was only four miles in the rear. By this time night had set in, the infantry firing had mostly ceased, and only two batteries continued a random firing. We were, in my opinion, in a good condition to recommence the fight in the morn-

ing with complete success. Rebel prisoners reported that they lived on mule and horse flesh for two days. They were so short of ammunition that we fired twenty cannon shots to their one, and in place of lead they fired stones from their muskets. Well, it was at this juncture that a certain General by the name of P - - e ordered a retreat; the Rebels were of course so utterly surprised that they did not even offer to pursue. . . . McDowell is a brave and courageous man who doesn't hesitate a moment to expose himself when necessary, and I followed him closely. It is true there is something wrong about McDowell, but he is a jewel compared with the commander who was never to be found when wanted and did not even expose himself enough to get a general view of the battleground and see how affairs went on.

As for the future I have no hopes whatever; I assure you on Saturday night last I felt utterly sick, disgusted and tired of the war; being somewhat rested now, I feel more hopeful. Our men are sick of the war; they fight without an aim and without enthusiasm. . . . In the next place one Rebel is equal to five Union men in bravery—that is about the proportion.*

A WIDOW'S GRIEF

Neither the North nor New Jersey was yet finished with Pope. One of the flanking actions that was fought, as an aftermath to Second Manassas, occurred around a mansion called Chantilly. The date was September 1, 1862—a dark, wild, rain-swept

* Roebing Papers (MSS in Rutgers University Library); Earl Schenck Miers, *Wash Roebing's War* (Newark, Del., 1961), 14-19.

night, with cannon drowning out the rumble of the thunder. "You must never be afraid of anything," Philip Kearny had taught his junior officers, and in that spirit Kearny rode his horse into the battle of Chantilly. The Rebels found him afterward, dead in the mud, and, looking down at the fallen hero, Confederate General A. P. Hill muttered: "Poor Kearny! He deserved a better death than that." Another who shared General Hill's belief was Kearny's grief-stricken widow, who poured out her heart in a bitter letter to the President of the United States:

BELLE GROVE, NEWARK
Sep—13th 1862

MR. LINCOLN—

It may seem unbecoming in this dark hour of my heavy affliction, to address you—and although too late, for words to have effect I must yield to conscience, and have the privilege of saying that my heroic husband, Gen. Kearny, was sacrificed—sacrificed. The pang of sorrow is rendered more keen, from the knowledge, that he always felt, he would be sacrificed in this war.

You have once spoken of him as "your General"—why did you not firmly stand to him—and see that justice was done him? that after being called up in *every battle*, and in *every crisis*, he was not placed in the highest command. Could you name one other, unless Hooker, who has really done *his service* in this rebellion? who has so undauntedly braved the foe, while leading his men to victory? obliged to do it, as force of example, to insure success. An example of which, there never has been another—why was he



Courtesy of Rutgers University Library

not rewarded at once, long ago, while bounding in Life? Why lament your loss now—alas! you deemed him secure to your cause—you knew he was above favors of political intrigue—that he was serving his Country and his God—no ambition from motives of gain, extolled him to do his duty—and now you mourn, the country mourns—oh, that he had not died a martyr in the Cause! He was sacrificed. Your high officers failed to do their duty—and had they done their full duty, that hero, would have been spared for greater deeds. But he knew too well, the position he was braving—he knew he was the “tool of knaves, fools, or traitors”—and in this case “he always had to do, ten times his share of fighting—” one of the latest expressions he used to me—this is why he said, he would be sacrificed! And in my overwhelming grief, I feel it, and must say it.

It adds agony to my desperate affliction, to find that those officers, who now bear a stigma, and most deservedly, should not at your hand, be justly dealt with. So long as our cause is left to the command of such men, we cannot well prosper. From the beginning proper men, have not been placed in proper positions, naturally success, cannot follow in their tracks.

Pardon me, Sir, for intruding myself upon your notice—but a voice from Above, has been counselling my heart, to speak out, in justice for the blessed dead—

“He died a hero, and died a Martyr.”

Very respectfully yours,
MRS. PHILIP KEARNY

*President Lincoln **

* Robert Todd Lincoln Papers (MSS in the Library of Congress).

Mrs. Kearny's umbrage over the failure of the commanding generals in the East was shared in many quarters. On September 2, 1862—the day after Phil Kearny died at Chantilly—Pope was relieved of command. McClellan, restored to leadership, fought a battle in Maryland at Antietam which forced Lee, the invader, to retreat into Virginia. This “failure” for Lee gave Lincoln the basis he sought for issuing a preliminary warning that he would declare all slaves in those regions of the South which still resisted the Union after January 1, 1863, to be “forever free.” (Insofar as New Jersey was not in rebellion against the National Government, the Emancipation Proclamation that Lincoln proposed would not free those Negroes still held as slaves within the State.)

After the battle at Antietam (September 17, 1862), McClellan delayed so long in pursuing Lee that Lincoln became discouraged with McClellan and his “slows.” The great military organization in the East that he commanded—the Army of the Potomac—was actually the marvel of its age. Whenever this army moved, it was as though a city like Albany or Columbus or Indianapolis had awakened one day and walked away with all its clothing, food, medicine, ammunition, horses, wagons, and people. Why this Army, for which the North had sacrificed so much, could not win became the great torment of the war. For a commander, Lincoln had tried McClellan on the Peninsula and McClellan had failed. Next he had tried John Pope and Pope had failed at Second Manassas. Restoring McClellan to his command before Antietam, Lincoln had to admit that McClellan

had done no better the second time. Next he tried Ambrose E. Burnside, who was badly beaten at Fredericksburg (December, 1862), and afterward he tried Joseph E. Hooker, who was as badly beaten at Chancellorsville (May, 1863).

After the Peninsula, Second Manassas, Antietam (a successful escape), Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the legend began to grow that Robert E. Lee was unbeatable. One person who did not believe this legend was Sir Percy Wyndham, who in the spring of 1863 commanded the 1st New Jersey Cavalry. Since the age of fifteen, when he had taken part in the French Revolution of 1848, Sir Percy had fought wherever the "fighting was lovely"—with the 8th Austrian Lancers and in Italy under Garibaldi—and he was drawn to the American Civil War like a homing pigeon to its roost.

Wyndham was a figure to admire and to respect—"a stalwart man," Confederate General Richard Taylor remembered, "with huge mustaches, cavalry boots adorned with spurs worthy of a *caballero*, slouched hat, and plume [who] strode along with the nonchalant air of one who had wooed Dame Fortune too long to be cast down by her frowns."

In this spirit, Sir Percy made the 1st New Jersey Cavalry a fighting outfit respected throughout Virginia. In the action here described by Henry R. Pyne, the Regiment's chaplain, the Confederates' vaunted Jeb Stuart came within an eyewink of ending his career, for a New Jersey colonel fell, the *New Brunswick Fredonian* reported, "at the very entrance to Gen. Stuart's tent":

CAVALRY ACTION

It was on the eighth of June that Gregg's Division broke camp at Warrenton Junction, to march to Kelly's Ford. Arriving there after nightfall, the men, formed in column of battalions, holding their horses during the night, bivouacked without fires or sound of bugles. In consequence of these and other precautions, Duffie's Division was well on the road to Stevensburg, and Gregg moving towards Brandy Station, before the rebels had taken the alarm. Capturing or cutting off the vedettes,* Captain Yorke led the advance around the position of the rebel cavalry, and debouched through the woods beyond Brandy Station, while the enemy was still between that place and the Rappahannock River. As Jones' Brigade hastily formed to receive us, the First New Jersey Cavalry dashed out of the woods, charging down among them. Without even an attempt to charge, the rebel line broke in confusion; and driving them back, pell-mell, the regiment pressed upon their rear. With a hundred and fifty prisoners, taken by a body of only two hundred and fifty-nine enlisted men, the regiment then rallied and re-formed for the greater work before them.

Nearly half a mile apart, on two eminences of a continuous line of hill, stood a couple of country houses, surrounded by their customary farm buildings and enclosures, though both had been dilapidated by the frequent presence of the soldiery of both armies. At the one facing the right of the line General Stuart had established his headquarters, and each of them was protected by a battery of horse artillery. Leaving the First Pennsylvania Regiment to support

* Mounted pickets. [Ed.]

his battery, Wyndham formed the First Jersey for a charge. Lieutenant-Colonel Broderick was at its head, and in column of battalions it advanced, with a steady trot, its line more accurate than ever in parade. As it passed over the difficult ground in the vicinity of the railroad, there was danger of its front being compressed by the narrowness of the defile. Without a pause, Hobensack led the left squadron of the first line down the steep bank of the cutting, and up the other side—a steep descent and rise of nine feet each way, taken by the whole body without a waver or hesitation. While the right squadrons of the other battalions followed Broderick against Stuart's headquarters, the left wings, under Lucas and Malsbury, accompanied Hobensack and dashed at the hill on which stood the other battery. So rapid was the advance of both columns that the batteries of the enemy endeavored in vain to get range upon them; while our own guns, admirably directed by Martin and his officers, played with terrible effect upon the stationary rebel line. With a ringing cheer Broderick rode up the gentle ascent that led to Stuart's headquarters, the men gripping hard their sabres, and the horses taking ravines and ditches in their stride. As the rebels poured in a random and ineffectual volley, the troopers of the First Jersey were among them, riding over one gun, breaking to pieces the brigade in front of them, and forcing the enemy in confusion down the opposite slope of the hill. Stuart's headquarters were in our hands, and his favorite regiments in flight before us. At the same time, far away at Beverly Ford, were heard the guns of Buford, as Pleasanton hurled his division, in column of regi-

ments, against the shaken enemy. By the same orderly who carried off Stuart's official papers, Wyndham ordered up a section of his battery and the regiment of Pennsylvanians. Leaving the artillery to the support of the First Maryland, the noble Pennsylvanians came to the attack. It was time that they did so; for a fresh brigade of rebels was charging the hundred men of Broderick. Gallantly did the Lieutenant-Colonel meet the charge. As the enemy advanced, down against them rode our men: Broderick and his adjutant in front, Hart, Wynkoop, Cox, Jemison, Harper, Sawyer, Brooks and Hughes, all in their places, leading their respective men. With a crash, in went the little band of Jerseymen into the leading rebel regiment, the impetus of the attack scattering the faltering enemy in confusion right and left. Through the proud Twelfth Virginia they then rode, with no check to their headlong onset; and with dripping sabres and panting steeds emerged into the field beyond. No longer in line of battle, fighting hand to hand with small parties of the enemy, and with many a wounded horse sinking to the earth, they met a third regiment of the rebels, no longer faltering before an unbroken enemy, but rushing eagerly upon the scattered groups of combatants. Even in this emergency the confidence of the men was not shaken in their leaders. Against that swarm of opposers each individual officer opposed himself, with such men as collected round him; and slowly fighting, breaking the enemy with themselves into bands of independent combatants, the Jersey fell back up the bloody hillside. Not a man but had his own story of the fight to tell. Kitchen, left alone for

a moment, was ridden at by two of the rebels. As one was disabled by his sabre, he spurred his horse against the other. As the animal bounded beneath the goad, a bullet penetrated his brain; and, throwing his rider twenty feet beyond him, the steed, all four feet in the air, plunged headlong to the earth. As the adjutant, trembling from the fall, slowly recovered his senses, he saw another rebel riding at him. Creeping behind the body of his dead horse, he rested his revolver on the carcass to give steadiness to the aim; and frightening off his enemy, managed to escape to the neighborhood of the guns, and catch a riderless horse to carry him from the field.

In the middle of the fight, Broderick's horse fell dead beneath him. Instantly his young orderly bugler, James Wood, sprang to the earth and remounted him. While the bugler himself sought for another horse, a rebel trooper rode at him with an order to surrender. As Wood was taken to the rear, he came upon a carbine lying upon the ground. Seizing it and leveling it at his captor, he forced the man to change places with him; and thus, with an empty weapon, repossessed himself of arms and horse, together with a prisoner. Jemison, on foot and alone, was chased around the house upon the hill, when he saw Broderick again unhorsed in the midst of a crowd of enemies, and Sawyer riding to his rescue. At the moment when Jemison was giving himself up for lost, he saw his pursuers stop, wheel and hurry away; and running himself around the corner, he beheld Taylor, sword in hand, leading the charge of the Pennsylvanians. Around the base of the hill the sturdy regiment swept along, driving

the enemy before it; and making a complete circuit of the position, returned again toward Brandy Station.

In the meantime, the left wing of the regiment had directed its efforts upon the other battery of the rebels. Keeping to the trot, their unbroken ranks moved steadily against the hill, on whose top stood the cannoneers and a few horsemen observing their approach. As they came nearer, all these men disappeared except one, who maintained his position; and as they came within two hundred yards of the summit, this man lifted his hat, beckoning with it to those in his rear. In one moment the whole hill-side was black with rebel cavalry, charging down as foragers, pistol and carbine in hand. Hobensack glanced along his squadron. Not a man was out of place, and every horse was taking the gallop without a blunder or over-rush of speed. At the sight of this united band of enemies, the confused rebel crowd hesitated and shook. With an ill-directed, futile volley, they began to break away, and the next moment, a shrieking mass of fugitives, they were flying before the sabres of our men. The rebel battery of four guns was left with but two men near it, and with their eyes fixed upon it our officers pressed upon the fugitives. When within a hundred yards of the guns, and when looking over the hill, Lucas could see yet another brigade coming in the distance to re-enforce the broken enemy, an ejaculation from Hobensack caused him to turn his eyes to his own rear. There was the main body of the force that had broken the right wing, coming in line of battle full upon their rear.

"Fours, left-about, wheel!" was the instant order.

"Boys, there's a good many of them, but we must cut through. Charge!" and obliquely against their line rushed down the Jersey troopers.

Enthusiasm and desperation supplied the place of numbers, and cutting their way out, the little band opened a path toward the section of our battery. Three times was the guidon of Company E taken by the enemy. Twice it was retaken by our men; and the third time, when all seemed desperate, a little troop of the First Pennsylvania cut through the enemy and brought off the flag in safety. Once the rebels who hung upon the rear attempted to charge our retiring men; but the wheel of the rear division sufficed to check their assault, and the left wing of the Jersey reached Clark's two guns, annoyed only by the revolvers of the rebels.

Under cover of the fire of the artillery, and assisted by the charge of the Pennsylvania, Hart had succeeded in bringing off the remnant of the right wing. He was the senior officer of that half of the regiment. Broderick was dying in the enemy's hands; Shelmire lay dead across the body of a rebel; Sawyer* and Hyde Crocker were prisoners; Lieutenant Brooks was disabled by a sabre stroke on his right arm; Wyndham had just received a bullet in his leg. Men and horses had been fighting for over three hours, and were now utterly exhausted. Duffie was in line of battle two miles and a half to the rear; but there was no support upon the field. Kilpatrick's brigade, which had charged on our right and rear, had beaten the rebels opposed to it, the First Maine bearing off a battle-flag; but it was now formed on our flank,

* For the meaning to New Jersey of the case of Henry Washington Sawyer, see Chapter IV, "The Home Front." [Ed.]



Courtesy of Rutgers University Library

some distance from the field, to cover us from being entirely cut off. The enemy were indeed terribly demoralized, and the charge of a dozen of our men again and again routed a hundred of the rebels; but now there were not a dozen horses that could charge—not a man who could shout above a whisper. The guns were across a ditch, which rendered their removal very difficult; and it was their fire which kept the rebels from crossing the hills to charge against us. So, with a desperate hope that Duffie might come up after all, our worn-out troopers stood by the gallant cannoneers of the Sixth New York Independent Battery—New Yorkers by commission, but Jerseymen of Rahway in their origin.

Presently the apprehended moment came, and the last reserves of the rebels, fresh and strong, poured down on three sides upon the exhausted little knot of Jersey troopers. While the cavalry fought hand to hand across the guns, the artillerymen continued steadily serving their pieces and delivering their fire at the enemy upon the hill. Time after time, as a rebel trooper would strike at a cannoneer, he would dodge beneath a horse or a gun-carriage, and coming up on the other side, discharge his revolver at his assailant, and spring once more to his work. At length, from mere exhaustion, Hart, Hobensack and Beekman, with their comrades were forced back a little way from the guns; and while they were forming the men afresh, the rebels rode again upon the cannoneers.

As one of the gunners was ramming home a charge, a rebel officer cut him down, with three successive sabre strokes. Then, springing from his

horse, he wheeled the piece toward our troopers, not fifty yards away. Hobensack turned to Hart, stretched out his hand, and said: "We must shut our eyes and take it. Good-bye!" and clasping each other's hands, they waited for their death. The roar of the piece thundered out, and the smoke wrapped them in its folds; but the charge flew harmlessly over their heads. The piece had been elevated against the hill, and the rebels had not thought of changing its angle. They were so savage at the harmlessness of the discharge, that they actually advanced halfway towards our men; but beyond that they dared not come; and the Jersey regiment marched calmly off the field without an effort being made to pursue them.*

GOVERNOR PARKER IS WORRIED

For the first time in months, the action at Brandy Station had found the Union upsetting Lee's best laid plans. Now, rather than detach part of his army to help besieged Confederate forces in Vicksburg, Mississippi, Lee hurried forth with his second invasion of the North. New Jersey had no sense of total war; with Lee in Pennsylvania, New Jersey never understood that Lee was attempting to reduce pressure in the West; and so, thoroughly worried, the Governor of New Jersey wrote a presumptuous letter to Abraham Lincoln:

* Henry R. Pyne, *History of the First New Jersey Cavalry* (Trenton, 1871), 147-154.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
TRENTON, June 29, 1863

To the President of the United States:

The people of New Jersey are apprehensive that the invasion of the enemy may extend to her soil. We think that the enemy should be driven from Pennsylvania. There is now certainly a great apathy under such fearful circumstances. That apathy should be removed. The people of New Jersey want McClellan at the head of the Army of the Potomac. If that cannot be done, then we ask that he may be put at the head of the New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania troops now in Pennsylvania defending these middle States from invasion. If either appointment be made the people will rise *en masse*.

I feel it my duty, respectfully, to communicate this state of feeling to you.

JOEL PARKER *

The President refused to be panicked:

WASHINGTON, June 30, 1863

To Governor Parker:

Your dispatch of yesterday received. I really think the attitude of the enemy's army in Pennsylvania presents us the best opportunity we have had since the war begun.

I think you will not see the foe in New Jersey.

I beg you to be assured that no one out of my position can know so well, as if he were in it, the difficulties and involvements of replacing General

* Samuel Toombs, *New Jersey Troops in the Gettysburg Campaign* (Orange, 1888), 127.

McClellan in command, and this aside from any imputations upon him.

Please accept my sincere thanks for what you have done and are doing to get troops forward .

A. LINCOLN *

LINCOLN AND A POLITICAL GENERAL

Lincoln proved correct and New Jersey did not "see the foe." As Lee led his troops homeward after three days of bitter fighting at Gettysburg, an unusual meeting took place in Washington. A witness to that scene was James Fowler Rusling, who was born in Washington, Warren County, on April 14, 1834. Educated at Dickinson College, Rusling had been admitted to the bar of Pennsylvania and New Jersey at the time the war started. His military service began as a first lieutenant with the 5th New Jersey; subsequently he became inspector of the quartermaster's department of the Army of the Potomac, served as chief assistant quartermaster in the Department of the Cumberland and was named brigadier-general by brevet in 1866. After the war he resumed the practice of law and in 1899, then a resident of Trenton, wrote a delightful volume of wartime reminiscences that included this tale of a July afternoon in 1863 when the President of the United States believed he might have found a general who could win the war:

The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln was on Sun-

* *Ibid.*, 127.

day, July 5, 1863—the Sunday after the battles of Gettysburg and Vicksburg—and it happened on this wise: Gettysburg was fought on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. In the great conflict of Thursday, July 2—(held by many to have been the real battle of Gettysburg, because of the heavy fighting and tremendous Confederate losses, which sapped the life of Lee's army)—General Daniel E. Sickles, of N. Y., commanding the Third Corps, had lost his right leg, and on the Sunday following (July 5) arrived in Washington, D. C., with his leg amputated above the knee. He was taken to a private dwelling on F Street, nearly opposite the Ebbitt House; and here I found him in a front room on the first floor, resting on a hospital stretcher, when I called to see him, about 3 P. M. I was then a Lieutenant Colonel on his staff, and naturally anxious to see my chief.

We had not been talking long, when his orderly announced his excellency the President; and immediately afterward Mr. Lincoln walked into the room, accompanied by his son "Tad," then a lad of perhaps ten or twelve years. He was staying out at the Soldiers' Home; but having learned of General Sickles's arrival in Washington, rode in on horseback to call on him, with a squad of cavalry as escort. They shook hands cordially, but pathetically; and it was easy to see that they both held each other in high esteem. They were both born politicians. They both loved the Union sincerely and heartily. And Sickles had already shown such high qualities, both as statesman and soldier, that Lincoln had been quick to perceive his weight and value in the great struggle then shaking the nation. Besides,

Sickles was a War Democrat, astute and able; and Mr. Lincoln was too shrewd a Republican to pass any of these by in those perilous war days.

Greetings over, Mr. Lincoln dropped into a chair, and, crossing his prodigious arms and legs, soon fell to questioning Sickles, as to all the phases of the combat at Gettysburg. He asked first, of course, as to General Sickles's own ghastly wound; when and how it happened, and how he was getting on, and encouraged him; then passed next to our great casualties there, and how the wounded were being cared for; and finally came to the magnitude and significance of the victory there, and what General Meade proposed to do with it.

Sickles, recumbent on his stretcher, with a cigar between his fingers, puffing it leisurely, answered Mr. Lincoln in detail, but warily, as became so astute a man and soldier; and discussed the great battle and its probable consequences with a lucidity and ability remarkable in his condition then—enfeebled and exhausted as he was by the shock and danger of such a wound and amputation. Occasionally he would wince with pain, and call sharply to his orderly to wet his fevered stump with water. But he never dropped his cigar, nor lost the thread of his narrative, nor missed the point of their discussion. His intellect certainly seemed as strong and astute as ever; and in an acquaintance with him of now over thirty-five years I never saw it work more accurately and keenly. He certainly got his side of the story of Gettysburg well into the President's mind and heart that Sunday afternoon; and this doubtless stood him in good stead afterward, when

Meade proposed to court-martial him for fighting so magnificently, if unskillfully (which remains to be proved), on that bloody and historic July 2nd.

"No," replied Honest Old Abe; "no, we can't do that. General Sickles may have erred; we are all liable to! But at any rate he fought superbly! He gave his leg—his life almost—for the Union! And now there is glory enough to go around for all." *

When Mr. Lincoln's inquiries seemed ended General Sickles, after a puff or two of his cigar in silence, resumed the conversation substantially as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, I beg pardon, but what did you think about Gettysburg? What was your opinion of things while we were campaigning and fighting up there?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I didn't think much about it. I was not much concerned about you!"

"You were not?" rejoined Sickles, as if amazed. "Why, we heard that you Washington folks were a good deal excited, and you certainly had good cause to be. For it was 'nip and tuck' with us a good deal of the time!"

"Yes, I know that. And I suppose some of us were a little 'rattled.' Indeed, some of the Cabinet talked of Washington's being captured, and ordered a gunboat or two here, and even went so far as to send some government archives abroad, and wanted me to go, too, but I refused. Stanton and Welles, I believe, were both 'stampeded' somewhat, and Se-

* "Old Abe," if he said this, and he probably did, was overly generous. Sickles, moving precipitately on the second day at Gettysburg, threw the Union lines into confusion. Losing a leg in that action, Sickles had it packed in a special "coffin"; it became afterward quite a political asset, for he exhibited it at political rallies as evidence of his wartime heroism. [Ed.]

ward, I reckon, too. But I said: 'No, gentlemen, we are all right and we are going to win at Gettysburg'; and we did, right handsomely. No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg!"

"Why not, Mr. President? How was that? Pretty much everybody down here, we heard, was more or less panicky."

"Yes, I expect, and a good many more than will own up now. But actually General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. Of course, I don't want you and Colonel Rusling here to say anything about this—at least not now. People might laugh if it got out, you know. But the fact is, in the very pinch of the campaign there, I went to my room one day and got down on my knees, and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him that this was His country, and the war was His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then and there I made a solemn vow with my Maker, that if He would stand by you boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him.

"And after thus wrestling with the Almighty in prayer, I don't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but, somehow or other, a sweet comfort crept into my soul, that God Almighty had taken the whole business there into His own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg! And He *did* stand by you boys at Gettysburg, and now I will *stand by Him*. No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg, and that is the *why*!"

Mr. Lincoln said all this with great solemnity and impressiveness, almost as Moses might have spoken

when he came down from Sinai. When he had concluded there was a pause in the conversation, that nobody seemed disposed to break. Mr. Lincoln especially seemed to be communing with the Infinite One again. The first to speak was General Sickles, who, between the puffs of his cigar, presently resumed, as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, what are you thinking about Vicksburg nowadays? How are things getting along down there?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Lincoln, very gravely, "I don't quite know. Grant is still pegging away down there. As we used to say out in Illinois, I think he 'will make a spoon or spoil a horn' before he gets through. Some of our folks think him slow and want me to remove him. But, to tell the truth, I kind of like U. S. Grant. He doesn't worry and bother me. He isn't shrieking for reinforcements all the time. He takes what troops we can safely give him, considering our big job all around—and we have a pretty big job in this war—and does the best he can with what he has got, and doesn't grumble and scold all the while. Yes, I confess, I like General Grant—U. S. Grant—'Uncle Sam Grant!' [dwelling humorously on this last name]. There is a great deal to him, first and last. And, Heaven helping me, unless something happens more than I see now, I mean to stand by Grant a good while yet."

"So, then, you have no fears about Vicksburg either, Mr. President?" added General Sickles.

"Well, no; I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Lincoln, very soberly; "the fact is—but don't

say anything about this either just now—I have been praying to Almighty God for Vicksburg also. I have wrestled with Him, and told Him how much we need the Mississippi, and how it ought to flow unvexed to the sea, and how that great valley ought to be forever free, and I reckon He understands the whole business down there, ‘from A to Izzard.’ I have done the very best I could to help General Grant along, and all the rest of our generals, though some of them don’t think so, and now it is kind of borne in on me that somehow or other we are going to win at Vicksburg too. I can’t tell how soon. But I believe we will. For this will save the Mississippi and bisect the Confederacy; and be in line with God’s laws besides. And if Grant only does this thing down there—I don’t care much how, so he does it *right*—why, Grant is my man and I am his the rest of this war!”

Of course, Mr. Lincoln did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen, on July 4, and that a United States gunboat was then speeding its way up the Mississippi to Cairo with the glorious news that was soon to thrill the country and the civilized world through and through.* Gettysburg and Vicksburg! Our great twin Union victories! What were they not to us in that fateful summer of 1863? And what would have happened to the American Republic had both gone the other way? Of course, I do not pretend to say that Abraham Lincoln’s faith and prayers saved Gettysburg and Vicksburg. But they certainly did not do the Union any harm. And

* General Grant’s dispatch, announcing the capture of Vicksburg, reached Lincoln on the morning of July 7, 1863. See Earl Schenck Miers (ed.), *Lincoln Day-by-Day* (Washington, 1960), III, 195.

to him his serene confidence in victory there, because of these, was a comfort and a joy most beautiful to behold, on that memorable July 5, 1863.*

AFTERMATH OF BATTLE

Cornelia Hancock was born in the little New Jersey village of Hancock Bridge, four miles beyond Salem, and was eighty-seven years of age when she died in 1926. No memory of her long lifetime eclipsed her recollections of that summer in 1863 when as an assistant to Dr. Henry T. Child of Philadelphia, her brother-in-law, she reached the battlefield at Gettysburg. Not without reason would Captain Charles Dod of the 2nd New Jersey Cavalry call this pretty young Quakeress "the Florence Nightingale of America." The aftermath of the battle was not a pretty sight for the young girl to behold:

We arrived in the town of Gettysburg on the evening of July sixth, three days after the last day of battle. We were met by Dr. Horner, at whose house we stayed. Every barn, church, and building of any size in Gettysburg had been converted into a temporary hospital. We went the same evening to one of the churches, where I saw for the first time what war meant. Hundreds of desperately wounded men were stretched out on boards laid across the high-backed pews as closely as they could be packed together. The boards were covered with straw. Thus

* James F. Rusling, *Men and Things I Saw in Civil War Days* (New York and Cincinnati, 1899), 12-17.

elevated, these poor sufferers' faces, white and drawn with pain, were almost on a level with my own. I seemed to stand breast-high in a sea of anguish.

The townspeople of Gettysburg were in devoted attendance, and there were many from other villages and towns. The wounds of all had been dressed at least once, and some systematic care was already established. Too inexperienced to nurse, I went from one pallet to another with pencil, paper, and stamps in hand, and spent the rest of that night in writing letters from the soldiers to their families and friends. To many mothers, sisters, and wives I penned the last message of those who were soon to become the "beloved dead."

Learning that the wounded of the Third Division of the Second Corps, including the 12th Regiment of New Jersey, were in a Field Hospital about five miles outside of Gettysburg, we determined to go there early the next morning, expecting to find some familiar faces among the regiments of my native state. As we drew near our destination we began to realize that war has other horrors than the sufferings of the wounded or the desolation of the bereft. A sickening, overpowering, awful stench announced the presence of the unburied dead, on which the July sun was mercilessly shining, and at every step the air grew heavier and fouler, until it seemed to possess a palpable horrible density that could be seen and felt and cut with a knife. Not the presence of the dead bodies themselves, swollen and disfigured as they were, and lying in heaps on every side, was as awful to the spectator as that deadly, nauseating atmosphere which robbed the battlefield of its glory,

the survivors of their victory, and the wounded of what little chance of life was left to them.

As we made our way to a little woods in which we were told was the Field Hospital we were seeking, the first sight that met our eyes was a collection of semi-conscious but still living human forms, all of whom had been shot through the head, and were considered hopeless. They were laid there to die and I hoped that they were indeed too near death to have consciousness. Yet many a groan came from them, and their limbs tossed and twitched. The few surgeons who were left in charge of the battlefield after the Union army had started in pursuit of Lee had begun their paralyzing task by sorting the dead from the dying, and the dying from those whose lives might be saved; hence the groups of prostrate, bleeding men laid together according to their wounds.

There was hardly a tent to be seen. Earth was the only available bed during those first hours after the battle. A long table stood in this woods and around it gathered a number of surgeons and attendants. This was the operating table, and for seven days it literally ran blood. A wagon stood near rapidly filling with amputated legs and arms; when wholly filled, this gruesome spectacle withdrew from sight and returned as soon as possible for another load. So appalling was the number of the wounded as yet unsuccored, so helpless seemed the few who were battling against tremendous odds to save life, and so overwhelming was the demand for any kind of aid that could be given quickly, that one's senses were benumbed by the awful responsibility that fell to the living. Action of a kind hitherto unknown and

unheard of was needed here and existed here only.

From the pallid countenances of the sufferers, their inarticulate cries, and the many evidences of physical exhaustion which were common to all of them, it was swiftly borne in upon us that nourishment was one of the pressing needs of the moment and that here we might be of service. Our party separated quickly, each intent on carrying out her own scheme of usefulness. No one paid the slightest attention to us, unusual as was the presence of half a dozen women on such a field; nor did anyone have time to give us orders or to answer questions. Wagons of bread and provisions were arriving and I helped myself to their stores. I sat down with a loaf in one hand and a jar of jelly in the other: it was not hospital diet but it was food, and a dozen poor fellows lying near me turned their eyes in piteous entreaty, anxiously watching my efforts to arrange a meal. There was not a spoon, knife, fork or plate to be had that day, and it seemed as if there was no more serious problem under Heaven than the task of dividing that too well-baked loaf into portions that could be swallowed by weak and dying men. I succeeded, however, in breaking it into small pieces, and spreading jelly over each with a stick. A shingle board made an excellent tray, and it was handed from one to another. I had the joy of seeing every morsel swallowed greedily by those whom I had prayed day and night I might be permitted to serve. An hour or so later, in another wagon, I found boxes of condensed milk and bottles of whiskey and brandy. It was an easy task to mix milk punches and to serve them from bottles and tin cans emptied of their

former contents. I need not say that every hour brought an improvement in the situation, that trains from the North came pouring into Gettysburg laden with doctors, nurses, hospital supplies, tents, and all kinds of food and utensils: but that *first* day of my arrival, the sixth of July, and the third day after the battle, was a time that taxed the ingenuity and fortitude of the living as sorely as if we had been a party of shipwrecked mariners thrown upon a desert island.*

A NEW JERSEY CONFEDERATE

The southern tip of New Jersey reaches some forty miles below the Mason-Dixon Line, and in ante-bellum days Southerners vacationed along its white beaches. New Jersey exported to the South a considerable number of shoes and carriages—and theologians from Princeton; and, with distinction, Jersey-men served the Confederacy. Samuel Cooper, ranking general officer in the Confederate service and Adjutant and Inspector-General throughout the war, was born June 12, 1798, in Hackensack. John Beauchamps Jones, who won fame as the author of *A Rebel War Clerk's Diary*, lived in Burlington at the outbreak of the war.

Another distinguished Confederate general was Samuel Gibbs French, born November 22, 1818, in Gloucester County. A graduate of West Point (1843) and a veteran of the Mexican War, French acquired

* Cornelia Hancock, *South After Gettysburg* (Philadelphia, 1937), 4-6.

by marriage a large plantation in Mississippi. French fought through the war—and fought through it grudgingly, understanding the change that the years brought: Lee winning success after success in the East, while in the West, under generals like Ulysses S. Grant, George P. Thomas, and William Tecumseh Sherman, the North marched on to one decisive triumph after another. The beginning of the end for the South came in the spring of 1864 when Lincoln brought Grant east to fight Lee, while Sherman, placed in command of the western armies, jumped off from Chattanooga and slugged his way southward toward Atlanta. The strategy of the North was superb—Grant was to keep Lee busy fighting, while behind Lee's back Sherman was to destroy the South's resources for waging the war. Sherman plunged on, winning victory after victory, until he was opposed at Kennesaw Mountain by the New Jersey-born Confederate. Here Sam French administered a stinging blow to Northern hopes—as these extracts from his diary reveal—although within less than a year the dream of Southern Independence for which French fought would end in heartbreaking defeat:

June 19—The enemy made rapid pursuit, and before my line was established on Kennesaw Mountain, skirmishing commenced, and by 12 m. artillery fire from the enemy was rapid. It ranged up and over the spur of the mountain with great fury, and wounded General Cockrell, and put thirty-five of his men *hors de combat*.

The position of our army to-day is: Hood on the right, covering Marietta on the northwest. From his left, Polk's corps (now Loring's) extends over both Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains, with the left on the road from Gilgal church to Marietta. From this road Hardee extended the line nearly south, covering Marietta on the west, the left of my division was fixed on the Marietta road; thence it ran up to the spur or the mountain called Little Kennesaw, connecting with General Walthall. Featherston was on the right of Walthall, and joined Gen. Hood's left; Walker, of Hardee's corps, was on my left; then in order came Bate, Cleburne and Cheatham.

Kennesaw Mountain is about four miles northwest of Marietta. It is over two-and-a-half miles in length, and rises abruptly from the plain, solitary and alone, to the height of perhaps 600 or 700 feet. Its western side is rocky and abrupt. Its eastern side can, in a few places, be gained on horseback, and the west of Little Kennesaw, being bald and destitute of timber, affords a commanding view of all the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach, except where the view is interrupted by the higher peak.

June 20—Busy this morning in establishing batteries on the road, on the spur of the mountain and on the top of Little Kennesaw. In the afternoon changed the line lower down the mountain side, so as to command the ascent as far as possible. Heavy cannonading on the left of my line. Lost ten horses and a few men.

June 21—Went to the top of the mountain this morning and while there witnessed the artillery duel between the batteries on Hardee's line and those of the enemy in his front. . . .

June 22—The constant rains have ceased; the sky is clear, and the sun, so long hid now shines out brightly. Skirmishing on my line last night; rode to top of the mountain quite early, to where I had placed nine guns in position. During the night the enemy had moved a camp close to the base of the mountain. It was headquarters of some general officers. Tent walls were raised, officers sitting around, orderlies coming and going, wagons parked, and soldiers idling about or resting under the shade of the trees; and all this at my very feet. Directed cartridges for the guns to be reduced, so as to drop the shells below, and that the enemy should be left awhile in his fancied security, for no doubt, they thought we could not place artillery on the height above them and they were not visible to my infantry on the mountain sides by reason of the timber.

At length the gunners, impatient of delay, were directed to open fire on them. They were evidently much surprised, and disregarding rank, stood not in the order of their going, but left quickly, every man for himself; and "their tents were all silent, their banners alone," like Sennacherib's of old.

The enemy appear this morning to be moving permanently to our left, and the firing this afternoon extends further in that direction. Towards dark opened guns again on the enemy, also at 11 P.M.

June 23—Yesterday Cockrell had fourteen men wounded. All quiet this morning. During the night the enemy removed their tents, wagons, etc., from their abandoned encampment that was shelled yesterday, and the place looks desolate. At 10 A.M. when all was quiet on the mountain, the enemy commenced a rapid artillery fire from guns put in position during the night, and concentrated it on our guns on the mountain. Yesterday we had it all our own way—today they are repaying us, and the cannonade is “fast and furious.” Last night there was fighting on our left, but so different are the reports received that I cannot get at the truth.

June 24—There has been but little fighting during the day.

June 25—The everlasting “pop,” “pop,” on the skirmish line is all that breaks the stillness of the morning. Went early to the left of my line; could not ride in rear of Hoskins’ Battery, on account of the trees and limbs felled by the shells. From top of the mountain the vast panorama is ever changing. There are now large trains to the left of Lost Mountain and at Big Shanty, and wagons are moving to and fro everywhere. Encampments of hospitals, quartermasters, commissaries, cavalry and infantry whiten the plain here and there as far as the eye can reach. Our side of the line looks narrow, poor and lifeless, with but little canvas in spots that contrasts with the green foliage.

The usual flank extension is going on. Troops on both sides move to left, and now the blue smoke

of the musket discloses the line by day, trending away, far away south towards the Chattahoochee, and by night it is marked, at times by the red glow of the artillery, amidst the spark-like flash of small arms that looks in the distance like innumerable fireflies.

At 10 A.M. opened fire on the enemy from the guns on Kennesaw. Enemy replied furiously, and for an hour the firing was incessant. Received an order to hold Ector's brigade in reserve. In the afternoon considerable firing, and all the chests of one of my caissons were blown up by a shell from the enemy, and a shell from one of the chests killed a gunner. They have now about forty guns in my fronts, and when they concentrate their fire on the mountain at any one place, it is pretty severe, but owing to our height nearly harmless. Thousands of their parrotshells pass high over the mountain, and exploding at a great elevation, the after-part of the shell is arrested in its flight, and falling perpendicularly, comes into camp, and they have injured our tents. Last night I heard a peculiar "thug" on my tent, and a rattle of tin pans, and this morning my negro boy cook put his head into my tent and said: "See here, Master Sam, them 'fernal Yanks done shot my pans last night. What am I going to do 'bout it?" A rifle ball coming over the mountain had fallen from a great height, and, perforating the pans, had entered the ground.

June 26—This is Sunday, and all is comparatively still in the lines up to this, 4 P.M., excepting one artillery duel; but now cannon are heard on our

extreme left. We have not opened our batteries here, and we have not been annoyed much. Enemy moving to our left. The day has been very warm.

June 27—This morning there appeared great activity among staff officers and Generals all along my front and up and down the line. The better to observe what it portended, myself and staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain, sheltered by a large rock that rested between our guns and those of the enemy, the infantry being still lower down the side of the mountain.

Artillery firing was common on the line at all times, but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left, and then from fifty guns burst out in my front, and thence, battery after battery following on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire line. Presently, and as if by magic, there sprung from the earth a host of men, and in one long waving line of blue the infantry advanced and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.*

In the unemotional language of an official report General French described the fighting at Kennesaw:

I have the honor to report to you that yesterday morning (27th) between the hours of 8 and 9 A.M. the enemy in my front and that portion of Major-General W. H. T. Walker's front, on my left, were seen forming in lines of battle behind their entrench-

* *Kennesaw Gazette*, undated, (Emory University Library).

ments, and at the same time their batteries opened on my line with all their guns. Soon after the enemy's line of skirmishers rose from their works and were followed by two lines of infantry. They were soon seen to be in an almost hand-to-hand conflict with the skirmishers on General Walker's right, and after a short but spirited contest most of those skirmishers appeared to have been killed or captured. Soon after my skirmishers in General Cockrell's front were forced from their pits on the right of the road by an attack in front and on their left and rear, and many were killed and captured. From my position on the west extremity of the mountain I could see but little of my line to the left in the woods, but observing the enemy in force on the right of Walker's front, I directed the artillery to be run down to the west end of the Kennesaw Mountain, and it opened on the enemy to the south of the road in Walker's front with such effect that they were driven back.

In the meantime the enemy on the right of the road and in my front advanced and attacked the line of entrenchments occupied by Brigadier-General F. M. Cockrell, commanding the Missouri brigade, and a portion of the left of the line occupied by General Sears' brigade, and after a spirited contest of an hour were signally repulsed with severe loss. The killed of the enemy that fell nearest our lines were left on the field. So severe and continuous was the cannonading that the volleys of musketry could scarcely be heard at all on the line. My impression is that my artillery almost enfilading the lines of the enemy on the left of the Marietta road, drove them back, and thus frustrated the attack intended

on General Walker's right. General Cockrell sent an officer to inform the brigade commander on my left that we were being hotly pressed by the enemy, but from some cause the artillery that could command my front in part was not fired. . . .

Our loss, I regret to say, was pretty severe, being 17 killed, 92 wounded, and 77 missing; total, 186. The enemy's loss is not known, but by those who had the best opportunity to observe, it is computed at 500. . . .*

* *Kennesaw Gazette*, undated, (Emory University Library).

IV

THE HOME FRONT

THROUGH THE HOT SUMMER months of 1863, New Jersey blazed with anger and shed unashamed tears over the case of Captain Henry Washington Sawyer of Cape May. Severely wounded at Brandy Station (see page 68), Captain Sawyer was sent to Libby Prison in Richmond. The previous May at Sandusky, Ohio, General Burnside had ordered two Confederate captains executed as spies; in a vengeful mood, and perhaps shaken by military reverses at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, the Confederate Government proceeded to rewrite the rules of war. Dr. Carlos E. Godfrey, who served in the New Jersey Adjutant-General's Department, described the astonishing events that followed:

THE ORDEAL OF A PRISONER

When Colonel Robert Ould, agent for the exchange of prisoners of the Confederate Army, learned through the press of these executions, he immediately informed Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Ludlow, agent for the exchange of prisoners of

the Federal Army, that the Confederate authorities had ordered two of the Union captains in their custody to be selected for execution in justification of this alleged barbarity, and in the event that his information was correct the officers selected would be executed. On May 25, 1863, Colonel Ludlow informed Colonel Ould that Captains Corbin and McGraw were executed upon conviction of being spies, and that if he proposed to select brave and honorable officers who have been captured in fair open fight on the battle-field and barbarously put them to death in just retribution for the punishment of spies, he gave him formal notice that the United States Government would exercise their discretion in selecting such persons as they thought best for the purpose of counter retaliation. Before this warning from Colonel Ludlow had been received, the Confederate authorities had already condemned to death Captain Samuel McKee, of the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, and a Lieutenant Shepherd, Federal officers, as a retaliatory measure for the execution of the two complained of; but after a few days close confinement, through powerful influence of some of their Southern connections with President Davis, they were relieved from this engagement.

With the ostensible purpose of carrying their threat into execution, Brigadier-General John H. Winder, commanding the Department of Henrico, Virginia, issued Special Orders No. 160 on July 6, 1863, directing Captain Thomas P. Turner, commandant of Libby Prison, in Richmond, to select by lot two captains from among the prisoners to be shot in retaliation for the execution of their two

officers by General Burnside. Captain Turner immediately summoned all the captains from their quarters into a lower room of the prison. These officers did not know the object of this unusual proceeding, but supposed, of course, that they were to be paroled or exchanged. When the captains had assembled, Captain Turner said: "Gentlemen, it is my painful duty to communicate to you an order I have received from General Winder, which I will read." After the order was read the prisoners were formed into a hollow square, when slips of paper, containing the name of every man present written upon them and carefully folded up, were deposited into a box; whereupon, Captain Turner informed them that the first two names drawn would indicate the officers to be shot, and that they might select whom they pleased to draw the names. After a brief silence, Captain Sawyer suggested a chaplain of the United States Army. This was acceded to, when three chaplains were called down from an upper room, and Reverend Joseph T. Brown, of the Sixth Maryland Infantry, accepting the task, amid silence almost death-like, the drawing commenced. The first name taken out of the box was that of "Captain Henry Washington Sawyer, of the First New Jersey Cavalry," and the second that of "Captain John M. Flinn, of the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry." The Richmond papers, in their published accounts of this scene, agreed in saying that Captain Sawyer met the trial with unfaltering courage, while Flinn was very pale and depressed. These two condemned officers were then immediately conveyed to the headquarters of the provost-marshal in Richmond, where

they were warned not to anticipate any hope of escape, as retaliation must and would be inflicted. Captain Sawyer, however desperate the situation seemed, did not despair, believing if his condition could be brought to the knowledge of his Government he might be rescued. With this primary object in view, he asked permission to write to his wife, which was granted on condition that the authorities should read the letter, when he immediately wrote the following, which none other than a brave and true man, thus standing in the very shadow of death, could pen:

PROVOST-GENERAL'S OFFICE
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, July 6, 1863

My dear wife—I am under the necessity of informing you that my prospect looks dark.

This morning, all the captains now prisoners at the Libby military prison drew lots for two to be executed. It fell to my lot. Myself and Captain Flynn, of the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry, will be executed for two captains executed by Burnside.

The Provost-General, J. H. Winder, assures me that the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, will permit yourself and my dear children to visit me before I am executed. You will be permitted to bring an attendant. Captain Whilddin, or uncle W. W. Ware, or Dan, had better come with you. My situation is hard to be borne, and I cannot think of dying without seeing you and the children. You will be allowed to return without molestation to your home. I am resigned to whatever is in store for me, with the consolation that I die without having committed any crime. I have no trial, no jury, nor am I charged with any crime, but it fell to my lot. You will proceed to Washington. My Government will give you transportation to Fortress

Monroe, and you will get here by a flag of truce, and return the same way. Bring with you a shirt for me.

It will be necessary for you to preserve this letter, to bring evidence at Washington of my condition. My pay is due me from the 1st of March, which you are entitled to. Captain B—— owes me fifty dollars—money lent to him when he went on a furlough. You will write to him at once, and he will send it to you.

My dear wife—the fortune of war has put me in this position. If I must die, a sacrifice to my country, with God's will I must submit; only let me see you once more, and I will die becoming a man and an officer; but for God's sake do not disappoint me. Write to me as soon as you get this, and go to Captain Whilldin; he will advise you what to do.

I have done nothing to deserve this penalty. But you must submit to your fate. It will be no disgrace to myself, you, or the children; but you may point with pride and say, "I give my husband"; my children will have the consolation to say, "I was made an orphan for my country." God will provide for you, never fear. Oh! it is hard to leave you thus. I wish the ball that passed through my head in the last battle would have done its work, but it was not to be so. My mind is somewhat influenced, for it has come so suddenly on me. Write to me as soon as you get this; leave your letter open and I will get it. Direct my name and rank, by way of Fortress Monroe. Farewell! farewell! and hope it is all for the best. I remain yours until death.

H. W. SAWYER

First New Jersey Cavalry

The *Richmond Dispatch* of July 7 said: "Sawyer wrote a letter home, and read it aloud to the detective standing near. Upon coming to the last part of it, saying, 'Farewell, my dear wife, farewell, my children, farewell, mother,' he begged those standing by to excuse him, and turning aside, burst into tears. Flinn said he had no letter to write home, and only wanted a priest."

After writing this letter Captains Sawyer and Flinn were placed in close confinement, in a dungeon under ground. Here they were fed on corn bread and water, the dungeon being so damp that their clothing mildewed. When Sawyer's devoted wife received her husband's communication she immediately hastened to lay the matter before influential friends, and these at once proceeded to Washington and presented the case to the President, who, without delay, ordered Major-General Henry W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, to send the following dispatch to Colonel Ludlow, at Fort Monroe, Virginia:

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1863

Colonel Ludlow, Agent for Exchange of Prisoners of War:

The President directs that you immediately place General W. H. F. Lee and another officer selected by you not below the rank of captain, prisoners of war, in close confinement and under strong guard, and that you notify Mr. R. Ould, Confederate agent for exchange of prisoners of war, that if Capt. H. W. Sawyer, First New Jersey Volunteer Cavalry, and Capt. John M. Flinn, Fifty-first Indiana Volunteers, or any other officers or men in the service of the United States not guilty of crimes punishable with death by the laws of war, shall be executed by the enemy, the aforementioned prisoners will be immediately hung in retaliation. It is also directed that immediately on receiving official or other authentic information of the execution of Captain Sawyer and Captain Flinn, you will proceed to hang General Lee and the other rebel officer designated as hereinabove directed, and that you notify Robert Ould, Esq., of said proceeding, and assure him that the Government of the

United States will proceed to retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

H. W. HALLECK,*
General-in-Chief

The Sawyer case became a *cause célèbre* in the New Jersey press. When Mrs. Sawyer, reaching City Point, Virginia, reportedly was not permitted to proceed to Richmond to visit her husband, the *American Standard* of Jersey City scored this "evidence of atrocious vindictiveness on the part of the rebel leaders"; nor were New Jersey tempers soothed by the taunting comment in the *Richmond Examiner*: "When the Yankees conduct themselves like Christians in their intercourse with us, they may expect a like return." But the case, as Dr. Godfrey chronicled, had a happy ending; the threat of retaliation "ultimately produced the desired effect," and arrangements were made for an exchange of prisoners:

Early in March, 1864, the prison doors were at last opened to these brave captains. The satisfaction with which Captain Sawyer once more walked forth a free man, and found shelter under the Old Flag, was such as only a man coming from death unto life—from dismal bondage into joyous and perfect liberty—can ever experience, and none other, certainly, can appreciate.

Upon the recommendation of Colonel Percy Wyndham, Captain Sawyer was commissioned major

* Charles E. Godfrey, *Sketch of Major Henry Washington Sawyer* (Trenton, 1907), 10-11.

of his regiment on March 22, 1864, to date October 12, 1863, and received his commission that day in the State House at Trenton from the hands of Governor Joel Parker, and proceeded with his wife to his home at Cape May, being on furlough granted by the War Department on the 18th of that month. He was mustered-in as major at Washington, D. C., on August 31, 1864, and immediately rejoined his command, with which he continued until the regiment was mustered-out and honorably discharged at the close of the war at Vienna, Virginia, July 24, 1865.

Major Sawyer immediately returned to Cape May, and in 1867 became proprietor of the Ocean House at that famous summer resort, which he conducted until April, 1873, when he removed to Wilmington, Delaware, and became proprietor of the Clayton House. In 1876 he returned to Cape May and built the "Chalfonte," which he owned and managed for many years, when he retired. He was for a number of years a valued member of the City Council of Cape May, and was at one time Superintendent of the United States Life Saving Service for the coast of New Jersey, and a member of the New Jersey State Sinking Fund Commission from 1888 to 1891. He died suddenly of heart failure at Cape May City on October 16, 1893.*

PEACE RESOLUTIONS OF 1863

As the war approached the close of its second year, New Jersey politicians in opposition to Lincoln

* *Ibid.*, 11.

struck boldly. So-called "Peace" Democrats and Copperheads (the two often were difficult to separate) capitalized upon the passions and prejudices aroused by the issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation. Many communities drew up petitions declaring that they never had agreed to sacrifice their sons and fortunes to free the "nigger"—and these strong anti-Negro feelings, shaping political action in the State, resulted finally in the passage on March 18, 1863, of a remarkable series of "Peace Resolutions":

PASSED MARCH 18, 1863

1. *Be it Resolved by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New-Jersey*, That this State, in promptly answering the calls made by the President of the United States, at and since the inauguration of the war, for troops and means to assist in maintaining the power and dignity of the Federal Government, believed and confided in the professions and declarations of the President of the United States, in his inaugural address, and in the resolutions passed by Congress on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1861, in which, among other things, it was declared "that the war is not waged for conquest or subjugation, or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States, but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, with the rights and equality under it unimpaired, and that as soon as these objects shall be accomplished the war ought to cease"; and that, relying upon these assurances, given under the sanctity of

official oaths, this State freely, fully, and without delay or conditions, contributed to the assistance of the Federal Government her sons and her means.

2. *And be it Resolved*, That this State having waited for the redemption of the sacred pledges of the President and Congress with a patience and forbearance only equalled in degree by the unfaltering and unswerving bravery and fidelity of her sons, conceives it to be her solemn duty, as it is her unquestioned right, to urge upon the President and Congress, in the most respectful but decided manner, the redemption of the pledges under which the troops of this State entered upon, and to this moment have continued in, the contest; and inasmuch as no conditions have delayed nor hesitation marked her zeal in behalf of the Federal Government, even at times when party dogmas were dangerously usurping the place of broad national principles and executive and Congressional faith, and as the devotion of this State to the sacred cause of perpetuating the Union and maintaining the Constitution has been untainted in any degree by infidelity, bigotry, sectionalism, or partisanship, she now, in view of the faith originally plighted, of the disasters and disgrace that have marked the steps of a changed and changing policy, and of the imminent dangers that threaten our national existence, urges upon the President and Congress a return and adherence to the original policy of the Administration as the only means, under the blessing of God, by which the adhering States can be reunited in action, the Union restored, and the nation saved.

3. *And be it Resolved*, That it is the deliberate

sense of the people of this State that the war power within the limits of the Constitution is ample for any and all emergencies, and that all assumption of power, under whatever plea, beyond that conferred by the Constitution, is without warrant or authority, and if permitted to continue without remonstrance, will finally encompass the destruction of the liberties of the people and the death of the Republic; and therefore, to the end that in any event the matured and deliberate sense of the people of New-Jersey may be known and declared, we, their representatives in Senate and General Assembly convened, do, in their name and in their behalf, make unto the Federal Government this our solemn

PROTEST

Against a war waged with the insurgent States for the accomplishment of unconstitutional or partisan purposes;

Against a war which has for its object the subjugation of any of the States, with a view to their reduction to territorial condition;

Against proclamations from any source by which, under the plea of "military necessity," persons in States and Territories sustaining the Federal Government, and beyond necessary military lines, are held liable to the rigor and severity of military laws;

Against the domination of the military over the civil law in States, Territories, or districts not in a state of insurrection;

Against all arrests without warrant; against the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in States and

Territories sustaining the Federal Government, "where the public safety does not require it," and against the assumption of power by any person to suspend such writ, except under the express authority of Congress;

Against the creation of new States by the division of existing ones, or in any other manner not clearly authorized by the Constitution, and against the right of secession as practically admitted by the action of Congress in admitting as a new State a portion of the State of Virginia;

Against the power assumed in the proclamation of the President made January first, 1863, by which all the slaves in certain States and parts of States are for ever set free; and against the expenditures of the public moneys for the emancipation of slaves or their support at any time, under any pretence whatever;

Against any and every exercise of power upon the part of the Federal Government that is not clearly given and expressed in the Federal Constitution—reasserting that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

4. *And be it Resolved*, That the unequalled promptness with which New-Jersey has responded to every call made by the President and Congress for men and means has been occasioned by no lurking animosity to the States of the South or the rights of her people; no disposition to wrest from them any of their rights, privileges, or property, but simply to assist in maintaining, as she has ever believed and

now believes it to be her duty to do, the supremacy of the Federal Constitution; and while abating naught in her devotion to the Union of the States and the dignity and power of the Federal Government, at no time since the commencement of the present war has this State been other than willing to terminate peacefully and honorably to all a war unnecessary in its origin, fraught with horror and suffering in its prosecution, and necessarily dangerous to the liberties of all in its continuance.

5. *And be it Resolved*, That the Legislature of the State of New-Jersey believes that the appointment of Commissioners upon the part of the Federal Government to meet Commissioners similarly appointed by the insurgent States, to convene in some suitable place for the purpose of considering whether any, and if any, what plan may be adopted, consistent with the honor and dignity of the National Government, by which the present civil war may be brought to a close, is not inconsistent with the integrity, honor, and dignity of the Federal Government, but as an indication of the spirit which animates the adhering States, would in any event tend to strengthen us in the opinion of other nations; and hoping, as we sincerely do, that the Southern States would reciprocate the peaceful indications thus evinced, and believing, as we do, that under the blessing of God, great benefits would arise from such a conference, we most earnestly recommend the subject to the consideration of the Government of the United States, and request its cooperation therein.

6. *And be it Resolved*, That His Excellency the

Governor be requested to forward copies of these resolutions to the Government of the United States, our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governors and Legislatures of our sister States, with the request that they give the subject proposed their serious and immediate attention.

7. *And be it Resolved*, That the State of New-Jersey pledges itself to such prompt action upon the subject of these resolutions as will give them practical effect, immediately upon the concurrence or coöperation of the Government and Legislatures of sister States.*

AND THE REACTION FROM THE FIELD

The politician in Trenton and the New Jersey soldier in the field were far from being of the same mind concerning the conduct—and the purpose—of the war. Twenty-eight officers of the 11th New Jersey left no question of how they reacted to this political maneuver:

CAMP OF THE ELEVENTH NEW-JERSEY VOLUNTEERS,
BELOW FALMOUTH, VA., March 10, 1863

Whereas, The Legislature of our native State, a State hallowed by the remembrance of the battles of Princeton, Trenton, and Monmouth, fields stained by the blood of our forefathers in the establishment of our Government, has sought to tarnish its high honor, and bring upon it disgrace, by the passage of resolutions tending to a dishonorable peace with

* Frank Moore (ed.), *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events* (New York, 1861-1868), XII, 679-681.

armed rebels seeking to destroy our great and beneficent Government, the best ever designed for the happiness of the many; and

Whereas, We her sons, members of the Eleventh regiment New-Jersey volunteers, citizens representing every section of the State, have left our homes to endure the fatigues, privations, and dangers incident to a soldier's life, in order to maintain our Republic in its integrity, willing to sacrifice our lives to that object; fully recognizing the impropriety of a soldier's discussions of the legislative functions of the State, yet deeming it due to ourselves, that the voice of those who offer their all in their country's cause, be heard when weak and wicked men seek its dishonor; therefore

Resolved, That the Union of the States is the only guarantee for the preservation of our liberty and independence, and that the war for the maintenance of that Union commands *now*, as it ever has done, our best efforts and our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That we consider the passage, or even the introduction of the so-called Peace Resolutions, as wicked, weak, and cowardly, tending to aid by their sympathy, the rebels seeking to destroy the Republic.

Resolved, That we regard as traitors alike the foe in arms and the secret enemies of our Government, who, at home, foment disaffection and strive to destroy confidence in our legally chosen rulers.

Resolved, That the reports spread broadcast throughout the North, by secession sympathizers, prints, and voices, that the army of which we esteem it a high honor to form a part, is demoralized and clamorous for peace on any terms, are the lying

utterances of traitorous tongues, and do base injustice to our noble comrades who have never faltered in the great work, and are now not only willing but anxious to follow their gallant and chivalric leader against the strongholds of the enemy.

Resolved, That we put forth every effort, endure every fatigue, and shrink from no danger, until, under the gracious guidance of a kind Providence, every armed rebel shall be conquered, and traitors at home shall quake with fear, as the proud emblem of our national independence shall assert its power from North to South, and crush beneath its powerful folds all who dared to assail its honor, doubly hallowed by the memory of the patriot dead.

Robert McAllister, *Colonel*; Stephen Moore, *Lieutenant-Colonel*; John Schoonover, *Adjutant*; Garret Schenck, *Quartermaster*; E. Byington, *Assistant Surgeon*; Geo. Ribble, *Second Assistant Surgeon*; Frederick Knighton, *Chaplain*; Luther Martine, *Captain*; John T. Hill, *Captain*; Wm. H. Meeker, *Captain*; Philip J. Kearny, *Captain*; Thos. J. Halsey, *Captain*; William B. Dunning, *Captain*; S. M. Layton, *First Lieutenant*; Ira M. Cony, *First Lieutenant*; Lott Bloomfield, *First Lieutenant*; A. H. Ackerman, *First Lieutenant*; Ed. S. E. Newberry, *First Lieutenant*; W. H. Lord, *First Lieutenant*; Miller S. Lawrence, *First Lieutenant*; E. L. Kennedy, *First Lieutenant*; Samuel T. Sleeper, *First Lieutenant*; John Oldershaw, *First Lieutenant*; S. W. Volk, *Second Lieutenant*; E. R. Good, *Second Lieutenant*; John Sowter, *Second Lieutenant*; Alex. Beach, *Second Lieutenant*; James Bulkley, *Second Lieutenant*.*

* *Ibid.*, 681-683

JOURNALISTIC BRICKBATS

New Jersey newspapers divided sharply over whether "Mr. Lincoln's War" was a success or failure. No issue was too trivial to supply an excuse for tossing verbal brickbats, especially between such arch enemies as the editor of the *Monmouth Democrat* of Freehold and the editor of the *Ocean Emblem* of Toms River:

Some journal, in noting the arrivals at the different watering places, says:

"Mrs. Lincoln and her son Robert arrived at the White Mountains. A Maine paper suggests that when Mr. Lincoln joins them he will leave his retinue in Washington, and have only Mrs. Lincoln for a body-guard."

Whereupon the Monmouth "Democrat" flings dirt as follows:

"We trust that Mr. Lincoln will join Mrs. Lincoln either with or without his body-guard. We desire that Robert shall be relieved from the duty of playing "gal-lant" for his mother. We should think that his cheeks would tingle with shame whenever he met a wounded soldier, or the mother of a dead hero. Why is not this young man in the army? He ought to have been there two years ago, instead of sporting away his college vacations at Long Branch and the White Mountains. Thousands of sons have gone and died. What better is he than those others for whom Mr. Lincoln has made such loud calls, and whom he threatens to force into the service? It is hard to resist the conclusion that either the President is a very great hypocrit and does not believe the war to be the holy thing that he professes,

or that he is too selfish to make the sacrifice which he demands of other parents. The draft is proceeding in Washington; is "Bobby" at the White Mountains to escape enrollment?"

Not quite so fast, Jimmy. A friend and neighbor of ours has a brother in the same class with the President's son at Harvard, and together they remained at their post until nearly 70 students had been drafted from their number, and being entirely at liberty *after* the draft to go where his good father thought proper, he concluded to seek recreation in a *pure atmosphere*, among the White Mountains. Has the "Democrat" any *objections*? If so would you not do well to have Gov. Seymour write to the President about it, and have the young man called home. Fire again, Jimmy.*

A SOUR NOTE

Even at a moment of celebration for a great victory the rabidly anti-Lincoln, anti-Negro *New Brunswick Times* found cause for commenting bitterly:

When the news of the victory at Gettysburg was received in this City all our citizens rejoiced—especially those who adhere to our glorious Constitution and the Union as our fathers made it. The Abolitionists, however, resolved to have a celebration of their own account, in the hope that a little political capital might possibly be made out of it. Certain office-holders—some of them selected by democratic

* *Ocean Emblem* (Toms River), September 3, 1863.

votes—labored hard all day to do *something*, and at night a procession was formed and marched through our streets. Cannon were fired, rockets were set off, tar barrels were burnt, and cheers were given at the houses of the most prominent Abolitionists. Insulting remarks were freely indulged in, in meeting or passing the houses of men who support the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws, and don't yet think the nigger is better than the white man.

The celebration might have been a general one, but this was not in accordance with the wishes of the leaders.

We are not disposed to grumble, however; there will be a reckoning in November.*

A POLITICIAN'S DILEMMA

In late August of 1864 the Democrats, meeting in Chicago, nominated General George B. McClellan as their presidential candidate. The war was a failure, the Democrats averred. The argument might have prevailed except that Sherman, smashing his way into Atlanta, made Lincoln's war effort seem eminently successful.

McClellan, the general Lincoln twice had dismissed, now lived in Orange and was so well liked by New Jersey Democrats that they would elect him governor from 1878 to 1881. But in 1864, McClellan was as hard pressed as a presidential candidate as ever he had been as a general. As he composed his letter accepting the nomination, one baffling question

* *New Brunswick Times*, July 9, 1863.

confronted him: How could a man be elected now on a platform that called the war a failure? McClellan discarded his party's creed and wrote his own:

ORANGE, N. J., September 8th
TO HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR AND OTHERS, COMMITTEE, &C.:

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me of my nomination by the Democratic National Convention recently held at Chicago, as their candidate at the next election for President of the United States.

It is unnecessary for me to say to you that this nomination comes to me unsought. I am happy to know that when the nomination was made, the record of my public life was kept in view. The effect of long and varied service in the army, during war and peace, has been to strengthen and make indelible in my mind and heart the love and reverence for the Union, Constitution, laws and flag of our country impressed upon me in early youth. These feelings have thus far guided the course of my life, and must continue to do so until its end. The existence of more than one Government over the region which once owned our flag, is incompatible with the peace, the power, and the happiness of the people. The preservation of our Union was the sole avowed object for which the war was commenced. It should have been conducted for that object only, and in accordance with those principles which I took occasion to declare when in active service. Thus conducted the work of reconciliation would have been easy, and we might have reaped the benefits of our many victories on land and sea.

The Union was originally formed by the exercise of a spirit of conciliation and compromise. To restore and preserve it, the same spirit must prevail in our councils and in the hearts of the people. The re-establishment of the Union, in all its integrity, is and must continue to be the indispensable condition in any settlement. So soon as it is clear, or even probable, that our present adversaries are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, we should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practised by civilized nations and taught by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country, to secure such peace, reestablish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace. We ask no more.

Let me add what I doubt not was, although unexpressed, the sentiment of the Convention, as it is of the people they represent, that when any one State is willing to return to the Union it should be received at once with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights. If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain these objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union, but the Union must be preserved at all hazards. I could not look in the face my gallant comrades of the army and navy who have survived so many bloody battles, and tell them that their labors and the sacrifice of so many of our slain and wounded brethren had been in vain, that we had abandoned that Union for which we had so often perilled our lives. A vast majority of our people, whether in the army or navy or at home, would, as I would, hail with un-

bounded joy the permanent restoration of peace on the basis of the Union under the Constitution, without the effusion of another drop of blood, but no peace can be permanent without Union. . . .*

A WARTIME INVENTOR

In 1865 Solomon Andrews of Perth Amboy published *The Art of Flying*. Wrote Andrews: "Some forty years ago, on a Sunday, whilst a boy of 17 years of age, in church, listening to a sermon preached by my father, and looking out of a window at the soaring of an eagle in his winding way through the air, I caught as with an electric shock the key to the whole system of aerial flight. From that moment my aim of life was fixed." Although educated in medicine, Andrews never abandoned his resolution to build a flying machine. After various experiments, Andrews erected a building "like a ship house" in Perth Amboy, and here in 1849 constructed an airship 80 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 10 feet deep. Thirteen hundred yards of silk, "varnished by a machine invented and constructed by myself," covered the frame; no effort was made to fly the ship. The Civil War interrupted Andrews' experiments, but his dream suddenly found new direction:

After the war of the rebellion broke out . . . medical men were wanted, and were called for by the Government. My services were volunteered, first to the Sanitary Commission on transports for the

* *Annual American Cyclopaedia*, 1864, (New York, 1864), 794.

sick and wounded, and subsequently to the army at Harrison's Landing, upon James River. There I witnessed the repeated attempts made by Mr. Lowe, the Government aeronaut, to reconnoitre the enemy across the river, by means of captive balloons, which so far proved a failure, that the rumors of the enemy in ambush on the opposite shore were not believed till they opened a bombardment on the Union forces and their hospitals, and drove them down the river. It was then understood in the army that the balloons and balloon corps had cost the Government some hundred thousand dollars, and that no information had by their use been derived of the enemy but what was otherwise obtained by scouts and spies; and that the balloon reconnoissance was a lamentable failure. The fact, which I witnessed, was so palpable that it determined me to relinquish the duties of Assistant Surgeon in the army, and to return home to construct an air ship for the use of the Government. I did not doubt but I would be authorized to build one on the same proposition as that made by Mr. Ericsson for the *Monitor*, as it would not cost one fortieth as much money, and be of more use to the country. Accordingly the following letter was written and mailed:

PERTH AMBOY, August 9, 1862

To His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

Sir: Having been for years engaged in the study and experiments on aerial navigation and long impressed with the duty of producing an aerostat for reconnoissance if nothing more, in aid of the armies of the Union, I can no longer refrain from asking privilege of presenting a well-digested plan for its accomplishment, to the

United States Government, and if the plan be approved, to solicit an order for its immediate construction.

The plan is so simple that the cost will not be much more than that of a common balloon, but it requires secrecy to prevent the enemy from becoming acquainted therewith before the Government shall have availed itself of its benefits. I have no doubt of being able to give it locomotion in any and every direction, not only in calm weather, but against a considerable wind. As the best evidence of my confidence in the project, permit me to say that I am willing to pledge real estate, now in my possession, valued at not less than fifty thousand dollars, for the success of the undertaking. I will sail the air ship, when constructed, five to ten miles into Secessia and back again, at no pay. My cash capital is all invested in the padlock business and in the execution of a contract with the Post Office Department for U. S. mail locks and keys, or I would build the aerostat on my own account, and present it to the Government.

Should this proposition so far meet your approbation as to give me a hearing, I will present myself before you, or before any properly authorized official, and make all necessary explanations at such time and place as you may be pleased to name.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your very obed't serv't,

SOLOMON ANDREWS

Not receiving any answer on the 18th of the same month a somewhat similar letter was written to the Secretary of War, which elicited the following answer, viz:

WAR DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON CITY, August 21st, 1862

Sir: The Secretary of War directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 18th instant, proposing to build an aerostat for reconnoitering purposes, and to

inform you that if you will send drawings and description of the same, they will be referred to the Chief of Ordinance, who will advise you if your invention is found to possess anything new and of practical utility, adapted to and needed for the public service.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

P. H. WATSON

Assistant Secretary of War

Solomon Andrews, Esq., Perth Amboy, New Jersey

On the 1st of September following, drawings and a description of the invention were submitted to the War Department, which were referred to the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, and I waited in person at the office of Major Woodruff for three days, expecting a hearing before the examiners—Colonel Abert, U. S. Army, being the chief of that bureau. During this period I was invited upstairs by Captain Lee, and was asked by him a few questions as to the drawing, which he held in his hand. I explained it to him briefly, and he then asked me "how much it would cost." I told him "not to exceed five thousand dollars, and I would guarantee its success, or no pay." All I asked was the order by the Government to construct it. Very little more was said by him, though I assured him I was prepared and would be happy to make ocular demonstrations to the Board of Examiners of the correctness of the principles on which it was based. The day following, another gentleman, whose name I know not, came into the office of Major Woodruff, where I was sitting, and asked me "what was my motive power," to which I replied "gravitation." He turned on his heel and left the room without another word. On the third day I was informed by Major Woodruff that he

believed the report was made, and that I might apply for it to the Assistant Secretary of War. I repaired immediately to the War Office, and was informed by the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Watson, that a letter containing the report had been sent to me at my residence in New Jersey. I then sought in vain through the Department to obtain a knowledge of what that report was, but could find nothing of it even in the record office, and had to return home to obtain the letter, which is as follows, to wit:

WAR DEPARTMENT,

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., September 8th, 1862

Sir: The Secretary of War instructs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, with accompanying drawings of your aerostat, and to inform you that they were referred to the Chief of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, who reports that the device appears to be ingenious in a high degree; but that not being duly convinced of the possibility of this method of locomotion, he cannot perceive that the invention is of practical utility, and adapted to and needed for the public service.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

P. H. WATSON

Assistant Secretary of War

Mr. Solomon Andrews, Perth Amboy, New Jersey

On the 13th, I wrote to the Secretary of War to have my drawings returned; for I feared that by some hocus pocus they would get from the War Department into Secessia. Receiving no answer, I wrote again on the 22nd, as follows:

PERTH AMBOY, September 22d, 1862

Sir: I wrote, on the 13th inst., requesting my drawings

and description of aerostat for reconnoissance might be returned to me. To that letter I have received no answer.

Will you have the goodness to forward them to me? As the invention "is deemed of no practical utility," there can be no reason why they should be retained in the War Department. I intend to build one immediately on my own account, and if successful I shall present it to the U. S. Government, in the hope that it may shorten the war.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obed't. serv't.

SOLOMON ANDREWS

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War

A few days after, my drawings and description were returned to me, and I commenced immediately to make arrangements for building the ship.

For this purpose I purchased 1,300 yards of cambric muslin, and employed Mr. John Wise to varnish it, and to construct for me 21 spheres, 15 [spheres] of 12 feet diameter, and 6 of 7 feet diameter. He made them in the shape of common balloons, instead of spheres—probably supposing the terms synonymous! I purchased also about 1,200 yards of Irish linin, which Mr. Wise engaged to varnish and to construct for me in the form of three cylindroids. All this at his own price. From the latter he afterwards backed out, saying "it could not be done and put together with a net fitten on," as I required. Accordingly I varnished it and made it myself, and completed the whole machine by May following. Then I prepared a gas apparatus with eleven 200-gallon hogsheads, and filled the aerial vessel with hydrogen gas by the vitriolic process.

Fourteen of the spheroidal balloons made by Mr.

Wise were inflated inside of the two outer cylindroids, to divide them into compartments for safety, and for other reasons. This first trial was made in June, when all but one of the Wise balloons collapsed by leakage in less than half an hour after inflation, and lay a dead weight in the bottom of the cylindroids. It was also an extraordinary fact that the interspaces in the outer cylindroids and the entire area of the centre cylindroid were filled with gas through the leaks in the spheroidal balloons of Mr. John Wise, the aeronaut. Mr. Wise wrote to me that they were made in the best possible manner. But the outer covering or cylindroids being tight, a perfect demonstration was made notwithstanding their collapse, that the vessel would move with power against the wind. She was put back into the building, the balloons were taken out, and another trial was made in July with the cylindroids alone. Another was made in August with some alterations in the framework and rig; and again the final one in September, with a different and improved rig.*

Andrews now was prepared for another tussle with the authorities in Washington. A letter to Lincoln on August 26, 1863, described the ship as "ready for the final trial"; and Andrews added: "I have not the slightest doubt that it can be made more useful in crushing out this rebellion than five iron-clad vessels." Then on September 8, the *New York Herald* threw its support behind Andrews:

* Solomon Andrews, *The Art of Flying* (New York, 1865), 7-10.

AERIAL NAVIGATION

We have this week the pleasure to record the success of the most extraordinary invention of the age, if not the most so of any the world ever saw—at least the greatest stride in invention ever made by a single individual.

In October last, Dr. Solomon Andrews, of Perth Amboy, N.J., commenced the construction of a war aerostat, for reconnoitering purposes, on his own personal responsibility, not being able, after submitting his plans to the War Department, to make the Honorable Secretary of War "see the utility" of a machine which would go over into Secesh and reconnoitre the force and position of the enemy. His plans showed on the face of them to any one not stupid that the machine could not do otherwise than go ahead in any direction in which the bow was pointed, and that, too, with any amount of power or force which might be desired, and which greenbacks would readily procure. The power required and the propelling apparatus added but little weight to the aerostat, whether of large or small dimensions; consequently it did not increase the dimensions of the aerostat beyond that of balloons of ordinary construction, much less in size than many that are now made. The machine made by Mr. Andrews would carry up three men in addition to all the fixtures and paraphernalia for its forward movement. It contained twenty-six thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas. It carried him, weighing one hundred and seventy-two pounds, and two hundred and fifty-six pounds of ballast.

Upon his invitation last spring, we have sent our reporters at three different times to witness his experiments with his machine, and have watched its progress with great interest.

Its form was that of three cigars pointed at both ends, secured together at their longitudinal equators, covered by a net, and supporting by one hundred and twenty cords a car sixteen feet below, under its centre.

The car was twelve feet long, made of basket work, and was sixteen inches wide at the bottom. The aerostat, or cylindroids, were made of varnished linen, like ordinary balloons.

On Friday, the 4th instant, he made his last experiment, and demonstrated to an admiring crowd the possibility of going against the wind, and of guiding her in any and every direction with a small rudder having only seventeen square feet of surface. He made no long flight in one straight line, lest his *modus operandi* should be divulged; but by a most ingenious plan demonstrated her capabilities beyond all possibility of doubt, whilst he prevented a public knowledge of his method of propelling.

After a few short flights, to satisfy himself and a few friends that all was right, and that she would do all he had contemplated, he set her off in a spiral course upward, she going at a rate of not less than one hundred and twenty miles per hour, and describing circles in the air of more than one and a half miles in circumference. She made twenty revolutions before she entered the upper strata of clouds and was lost to view. She passed through the first strata of dense white clouds, about two miles high, scattering them as she entered in all directions. In her upward flight could be distinctly seen her rapid movement in a contrary direction to the moving clouds, and as she came before the wind passing by them with great celerity. As she was distinctly seen thus to move both below and above the clouds, on the clear blue sky at five o'clock P.M., with the sun shining clear upon her, there could be no mistake or optical delusion to the beholder.

As to her propelling power and motive apparatus, it behooves us not now to speak. It might be considered contraband of war, or affording aid and comfort to the enemy; for with such a machine in the hands of Jeff Davis, the armies around Washington would be powerless to preserve the capitol.

We think Dr. Andrews deserves more praise for the

patriotic ingenuity with which he has preserved his secret, and yet tried his grand experiment in the open air before the public, than even that manifested in the conception and construction of his machine. Of that and its beautiful simplicity we may have occasion to speak hereafter. We have the documents.*

Letters from a number of witnesses to the successful flight were sent to Lincoln; a long petition went "To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States"; wrote Andrews sadly: "The petition to the House could not be found one week after its presentation and reference." But Andrews persisted; a scientific commission, composed of A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, Joseph Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and J. C. Woodruff, Major of Engineers, reported to Secretary of War Stanton that "it is not impossible that he [Andrews] can really perform what he has asserted he can do." Andrews continues his story:

It is important to notice here that this commission was selected by the Hon. Secretary of War, as the most scientific and able men in this country, and of course the least liable to be mistaken or deceived. The reputation of the first two, so well established throughout the world, would be seriously impaired, if not ruined, by a report in favor of a flying machine which might prove a failure, and hence the strong probability of an adverse report, which would doubtless have been agreeable to the War Department.

* *Ibid.*, 12-13.

This scientific commission begins by a candid statement that they at first considered the invention a "chimera." After hearing the scientific principles on which it was based, and the mechanical appliances, they considered it a "possibility." After they saw the working model they admit the "probability," and finally conclude it is so "highly probable" that they volunteer to "recommend to Congress to make an appropriation to thoroughly test it on a suitable scale." This much was not expected.

Some time after the receipt of the foregoing copy of the report, I received a letter from the Chairman of the Military Committee of the House of Representatives, stating that they had not yet obtained the report of the scientific commission, and could not therefore act in the matter, and requesting me to forward mine. I immediately sent my copy to them, and then repaired to Washington to see if I could obtain the original for their action. After several attempts with the Assistant Secretary of War, I obtained a promise that the report should be sent to the Military Committee, and then returned home.

Hearing from the Committee that it was not forthcoming, and that they could not act on my copy, I went again to Washington, on the 22nd of January, 1865, to renew my efforts to obtain the original report for the Committee. I arrived there on the day of the fire in the Smithsonian Institute, rejoicing in the fact that the report, being out of that institution, was not burned up with all the rest of my papers which had been placed in the hands of the scientific commission. I went to the War Department by request of the Chairman of the Military Committee,

who told me he had been twice or thrice and had also written for it, but could not obtain it. My authority as a messenger from him was doubted, and then I obtained from him a written authority to procure the report for his Committee. Still I did not obtain it, but so far succeeded that it was sent to that body some days afterward, if I have been rightly informed.

By a written request from the Chairman of that Committee, the Commissioner of Patents placed the invention in the secret archives of his office for a further period of six months, to give Congress time for deliberation on it, the period allowed by law to inventors having expired.

My personal efforts might here have ceased. I had no more duty to perform but to wait patiently or impatiently the results. And thus did I wait, knowing nothing and doing nothing except sending a detailed estimate to the Military Committee of the lowest probable cost of one machine, which estimate at the then high prices did not reach nine thousand dollars, and two or three letters asking for information. To these no answer was obtained till after the adjournment of Congress, when I received the following:

NEW YORK, March 22, 1865

Dear Sir: Your several letters would have been sooner answered, but I have had an enormous labor in bringing up arrears of correspondence since the adjournment of Congress.

I return now your synoptical argument, as you requested.

Nothing was done in regard to the aerial ship. I found after various discussions, that I stood alone in my Com-

mittee as a friend and favorer of the project, willing to make or recommend an appropriation for testing the invention in actual practice. Some of the Committee made distinct and positive opposition; others were willing that I should make a report, but on my own responsibility, and without their support in the House of Representatives, and all but myself were incredulous.

Under these circumstances I thought it most advisable not to bring the subject forward for what promised to be but a hopeless effort against doubt and prejudice.

Expecting yet some day to witness successful aerial navigation conducted on the principle of your invention, I am, very respectfully yours,

ROBERT C. SCHENCK

Dr. Solomon Andrews, Perth Amboy, New Jersey

This original letter, I think, will yet be framed and placed in the public archives, as commemorative of the wisdom of the writer. The report of the Scientific Commission will also require a niche in the temple of fame, provided the original document can be found a year hence.

At the time of the reception of Mr. Schenck's letter my left arm was broken, having been thrown out of a carriage, and I was thus prevented from any further immediate action. But I embraced the earliest moment in preparing the foregoing publication in the furtherance of my plans for developing aerial navigation to the world. Surely it will not and cannot now be considered contraband of war to make an exposé of this invention to the public. The Executive Government has declined it. Congress has declined it. They have refused it even as a gift. The war is near its close. The end of the rebellion is at hand, for its "backbone" is dislocated at every articulation. And there is no reason why this inven-

tion should not be introduced for peace purposes in aid of the extinguishment of the enormous war debt. Its greatest value is for commerical purposes; and it must be brought into use for the benefit of mankind.*†

* On June 5, 1866 Dr. Andrews successfully flew his ship from Perth Amboy to Oyster Bay on Long Island. "About 5 P.M. yesterday," reported the *New York Times* on June 6, "the promenaders on Broadway were astonished at the appearance of apparently a large fish sailing in the air about 1500 feet over their heads. The commotion along that great thoroughfare was tremendous." Reported the *New York Post*: "The balloon kept her course before the wind, the aeronauts throwing out sand, which being very dry could be seen in little clouds." Handbills floated down from the ship; they read: "Souvenir of her trial trip from the car of Andrews' Flying Ship." [Ed.]

† *Ibid.*, 27-29.

V

PEACE

A NEW JERSEY OFFICER described an evening he would never forget:

TRAGEDY AT FORD'S THEATRE

LINCOLN U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL

WASHINGTON, D. C. April 17th, 1865

Dear Parents

I would have written home before but the excitement has been so great that I could not think of writing. On Friday evening I understood that President Lincoln & Genl. Grant was going to attend Fords Theatre and I concluded that I would go, not to see the play particular, but to see those two *great men*. While sitting looking at the performance about 1½ 10 o/c a shot was fired, I took no notice of it neither did any of the Audience, as it was thought to be part of the performance till we saw a man leap from the Presidents Box and light on the stage, he lingered a second and then shot off like an arrow every one was struck with astonishment until he had disappeared behind the scenes, when it was announced that the President was shot then the

greatest excitement prevailed. I had a Revolver with me, and would to God I had presence of mind enough at the time the man jumped to have shot him, several other Officers had revolvers but the thing was done so quick that there was hardly time to draw them and shoot. The President was taken to a house oposite. After waiting about the house for an hour or so I went up to the Hospital, and was telling the news to the Officer of the day When a horse galloped up saddled and Bridled but no rider, a Guard and myself succeeded in stoping it. The sweat was pouring off of it. I thought immediately that it had something to do with the *murder*, about that time a squad of Cavalry came up to Scout the country about there. I reported having taken the horse to the Officer in charge. He wanted to take it but I refused letting him have it. But went myself with it (it being then about 1½ 1 o/c) to Maj. Genl. Augurs Office and delivered it up. This horse was afterwards identified as the one Booth rode. The Adj. Genl thanked me and desired a Captain and myself and a guard should search the houses about the Hospital thinking he might have been thrown from his horse and be secreted in some place. We searched until morning without success. The next day I attended to my regular duties and in the evening the Doctor called me to his room and said that he was afraid the soldiers would *mob* the rebel prisoners at our Hospital, as they (the soldiers) were very much aroused at the death of our President and desired me to take a guard and be around that night I put a guard over every ward and would not let a man out. So you see I was on duty for

Forty (48) eight hours with out sleep. Dan'l Wordin is with me now. The report this evening is that they have caught the man who attempted the life of Sec. Seward. The City here is all draped in mourning. The night the President was murdered I done something that I have not done in a good while and that was to *Cry* the tears showed themselves before I knew it. We Officers are to wear the badge of mourning for 6 months. Last night I had a good rest and am feeling well. Write to me soon. I am going down tomorrow to *See* the Presidents remains as I understand it is to lay in state

Love to all

From your aff. Son

JOHN JAMES

Danl. sends his love*

LAST PASSAGE

For many, like James, "the tears showed themselves" before they realized it. In *Myths After Lincoln* Lloyd Lewis described the passage across the State of Lincoln's funeral train: "All New Jersey seemed to have come to the tracks in the ghostly dawn. Twenty thousand persons had gathered in Trenton just to see the train go through. A great choir of Germans filled the ferry-station at Jersey City with hymns as the casket was carried to the boat, and their voices floated across the water as Lincoln passed to that mad celebration in New York."

* John James Toffey Letter, (MS in Rutgers University Library).

The real tribute to Lincoln was in the simplicity of grief along those Jersey tracks. Farmers, standing with their families, raised their hats. Children threw flowers before the chugging engine. What did this great outpouring of sorrow mean—to the Nation, to New Jersey? Twenty-five years after the event, in Morgan Hall, Camden, Walt Whitman spoke on "The Death of Abraham Lincoln." He said:

Nor will ever future American Patriots and Unionists, indifferently over the whole land, or North or South, find a better seal to their lesson. All serves the true spirit, the true development of America. Life serves, and death also—even the death of the sweetest and wisest. Crumbled and wordless now lie his remains long buried there in his prairie-grave—aside from cities, and all the din of wealth-making and politics and all contention and doubt. The storm is long over. The battle, the anguish, the uncertainty whom to trust, are over, the slur, the envenom'd bullet and the slug of many a traitor's tongue and pen, are over. With the first breath of a [the?] great historic triumph, and in murder and horror unsurpassed, Abraham Lincoln died. But not only the incalculable value he gave the New World in life survives for ever, but the incalculable value of his death survives forever. The final use of the greatest men of a Nation is not with reference to their deeds in themselves, or their direct bearing on their times or lands. The final use of a heroic-eminent life—especially of a heroic-eminent death—is its indirect filtering into the nation and the race, and to give, often at many removes, but unerringly, color and

fibre to the Personalism of the youth and maturity of that age, and all ages, of mankind. Then there is a cement to the whole People, subtler, more underlying than any thing in written Constitution, or courts or armies—namely, the cement of a first-class tragic incident thoroughly identified with that People, at its head, and for its sake. Strange, (is it not?) that battles, martyrs, blood, even assassination, should so condense—perhaps only really, lastingly condense—a Nationality.

I repeat it—the grand deaths of the race—the dramatic deaths of every Nationality—are its most important inheritance-value—in some respects, beyond its literature and art—(as the hero is beyond his finest portrait, and the battle itself beyond its choicest song or epic.) Is not here indeed the point underlying all tragedy? the famous pieces of the Grecian Masters—and all Masters? Why, if the old Greeks had had this man, what trilogies of plays—what epics—would have been made out of him! How the rhapsodies would have recited him! How quickly that quaint tall form would have entered into the region where men vitalize gods, and gods divinify men! But Lincoln, his times, his death—great, emotional, eventful, as any, any age—belong altogether to our own, and are autochthonic. Sometimes indeed I think our American days, our own stage—the actors we know and have shaken hands, or talk'd with—more fateful than any thing in Eschylus—more heroic than the fighters around Troy: afford kings of men, prouder than Agamemnon—models of character cute and hardy as Ulysses—deaths more pitiful than Priam's—Afford too, (as all history for

future use is resolv'd into persons,) central figures, illustrators, in whom our whirling periods shall concentrate—the best future Art and Poetry find themes—and around which the whole congeries of time shall turn.

Thus my friends I draw to a finish the duty I spoke of and to which I have invited you—turning aside a moment from all our business and pleasure—from the rush of streets and crowds and din and talk—to give a commemorative moment, this twenty-fifth anniversary to the dead President—and in his name, and truly radiating his spirit, to all the dead soldiers of the war—all indeed all—I feel myself to say, to faithfully fervently invested, or lost or won, or South, or North.

When, centuries hence, (as it must, in my opinion, be centuries hence before the Life of These States, or of Democracy, can be really written and illustrated,) the historians and dramatists seek for some special event, incisive enough to mark with deepest cut, and mnemonize, this turbulent Nineteenth Century of ours, (not only These States but all over the political and social world)—something, perhaps, to close that gorgeous procession of European Feudalism, with all its pomp and caste-prejudices, (of whose long train we in America are yet so inextricably the heirs)—Something to identify with terrible identification, by far the greatest revolutionary step in the history of The United States, (perhaps the greatest of the world, our century)—the absolute extirpation and erasure of Slavery the last, general underpinning and lingering result of feudalism from The States—those historians will seek in vain for any point to

serve more thoroughly their purpose, than Abraham Lincoln's death.

Dear to the Muse—thrice dear to Nationality—to the whole human race—Precious to this Union—precious to Democracy—unspeakably and forever precious—their first great Martyr Chief.*

* Roy D. Basler (ed.), *Walt Whitman's Memoranda During the War and Death of Abraham Lincoln* (Bloomington, 1962), 12-14.

THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SERIES

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



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NEW JERSEY TODAY

With selected historic sites

- State Capital *
- County Seats *
- County Boundaries - - - - -
- Toll Highways 
- Other Important Highways 
- Interstate Route Numbers 
- Federal Route Numbers 
- State Route Numbers 
- Selected Railroads 
- Abandoned Canals 

SCALE OF MILES

0 10 20 30 40 50

