

EIGHTEENTH  
ANNUAL REUNION  
OF THE  
ASSOCIATION  GRADUATES  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,

AT  
WEST POINT, NEW YORK,

*June 9th, 1887.*

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EAST SAGINAW, MICH.  
EVENING NEWS PRINTING AND BINDING HOUSE.

1887.



# Annual Reunion, June 9th, 1887.

## MINUTES OF THE BUSINESS MEETING.

WEST POINT, N. Y., JUNE 9TH, 1887.

The Association met in the Chapel of the United States Military Academy, at 3 o'clock P. M., and was called to order by General George W. Cullum, of the Executive Committee.

The Chaplain was attending a meeting of the Academic Board when the meeting was called to order, so that the usual prayer was omitted.

The roll was then called by the Secretary.

## ROLL OF MEMBERS.

Those present are indicated by a \*, and those deceased in *italics*.

CLASS.		CLASS.	
1808	<i>Sylvanus Thayer.</i>		
1814	<i>Charles S. Merchant.</i>	1823	{ HANNIBAL DAY. <i>George H. Crosman.</i> *EDMUND B. ALEXANDER.
1815	{ <i>Simon Willard.</i> <i>James Monroe.</i> <i>Thomas J. Leslie.</i> <i>Charles Davies.</i>	1824	{ <i>Dennis H. Mahan.</i> <i>Robert P. Parrott.</i> <i>John King Findlay.</i> <i>John M. Fessenden.</i>
1818	{ <i>Horace Webster.</i> <i>Harvey Brown.</i> <i>Hartman Bache.</i>	1825	{ WASHINGTON SEWELL. <i>N. Sayre Harris.</i>
1819	{ <i>Edward D. Mansfield.</i> <i>Henry Brewerton.</i> <i>Henry A. Thompson.</i> <i>Joshua Baker.</i> <i>Daniel Tyler.</i> <i>William H. Swift.</i>	1826	{ WILLIAM H. C. BARLETT. <i>Samuel P. Heintzelman.</i> AUGUSTUS J. PLEASANTON. <i>Edwin B. Babbitt.</i> <i>Nathaniel C. Macrae.</i> <i>Silas Casey.</i>
1820	{ EDWARD G. W. BUTLER. <i>Rawlins Lowndes.</i> JOHN M. TUFTS.	1827	{ <i>Ebenezer S. Sibley.</i> <i>Alexander J. Center.</i> <i>Nathaniel J. Eaton.</i> <i>Abraham Van Buren.</i>
1821	<i>Seth M. Capron.</i>		
1822	{ WILLIAM C. YOUNG. <i>David H. Vinton.</i> *ISAAC R. TRIMBLE. <i>Benjamin H. Wright.</i>	1828	{ <i>Albert E. Church.</i> <i>Richard C. Tilghman.</i> IVERS J. AUSTIN. <i>Gustave S. Rousseau.</i> THOMAS F. DRAYTON. <i>Crafts J. Wright.</i>
1823	{ *ALFRED MORDECAI. GEORGE S. GREENE.		

CLASS.		CLASS.	
1829	CATHARINUS P. BUCKINGHAM. JOSEPH SMITH BRYCE. <i>Sidney Burbank.</i> <i>William Hoffman.</i> <i>Thomas Swords.</i> ALBEMARLE CADY. THOMAS A. DAVIES. <i>Caleb C. Sibley.</i> <i>James Clark.</i> <i>George R. J. Bowdoin.</i> BENJAMIN W. BRICE.	1836	JOSEPH R. ANDERSON. MARLBOROUGH CHURCHILL. <i>James Lowry Donaldson.</i> <i>Thomas W. Sherman.</i> <i>Alexander P. Crittenden.</i> PETER V. HAGNER. <i>George C. Thomas.</i> <i>Arthur B. Lansing.</i>
1830	<i>Francis Vinton.</i> THOMAS J. LEE. <i>Thomas L. Alexander.</i> <i>George W. Patten.</i>	1837	<i>Henry W. Benham.</i> JOHN BRATT. *ISRAEL VOGDES. EDWARD D. TOWNSEND. *EDMUND BRADFORD. <i>Bennett H. Hill.</i> JOSHUA H. BATES. ROBERT M. MCLANE.
1831	<i>Henry E. Prentiss.</i> <i>William A. Norton.</i> JACOB AMMEN. <i>Andrew A. Humphreys.</i> WILLIAM H. EMORY. WILLIAM CHAPMAN. <i>Charles Whittlesey.</i>	1838	PETER G. T. BEAUREGARD. JOHN T. METCALFE. <i>William B. Blair.</i> <i>William F. Barry.</i> <i>Langdon C. Easton.</i> <i>Irvin McDowell.</i> WILLIAM AUSTINE. *HAMILTON W. MERRILL.
1832	BENJAMIN S. EWELL. GEORGE W. CASS. ERASMUS D. KEYES. JOHN N. MACOMB. <i>Ward B. Burnett.</i> <i>James H. Simpson.</i> <i>Alfred Brush.</i> RANDOLPH B. MARCY. ALBERT G. EDWARDS.	1839	GEORGE THOM. LUCIUS H. ALLEN. JAMES B. RICKETTS. THOMAS HUNTON.
1833	<i>John G. Barnard.</i> *GEORGE W. CULLUM. <i>Rufus King.</i> FRANCIS H. SMITH. <i>William H. Sidell.</i> HENRY WALLER. HENRY DUPONT. <i>Benjamin Alvord.</i> HENRY W. WESSELLS. ABRAHAM C. MYERS. <i>Henry L. Scott.</i>	1840	<i>Charles P. Kingsbury.</i> *WILLIAM T. SHERMAN. <i>George H. Thomas.</i> *STEWART VAN VLIET. GEORGE W. GETTY. <i>James N. Caldwell.</i> <i>Pinckney Lugenbeel.</i> WILLIAM ROBERTSON. *OLIVER L. SHEPHERD.
1834	THOMAS A. MORRIS. <i>Gabriel R. Paul.</i>	1841	ZEALOUS B. TOWER. <i>John Love.</i> <i>Harvey A. Allen.</i> <i>Sewall L. Fremont.</i> <i>Simon S. Fahnestock.</i> RICHARD P. HAMMOND. JOHN M. BRANNAN. *FRANKLIN F. FLINT.
1835	<i>George W. Morell.</i> HORACE BROOKS. *HENRY L. KENDRICK. <i>Alexander S. Mabomb.</i> PETER C. GAILLARD. HENRY PRINCE. JOSEPH H. EATON. ISAAC V. D. REEVE. MARSENA R. PATRICK. *THOMAS B. ARDEN. <i>William N. Grier.</i>	1842	JOHN NEWTON. *GEORGE W. RAINS. WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS. <i>Theodore T. S. Laidley.</i> GUSTAVUS W. SMITH. <i>James G. Benton.</i> <i>John Hillhouse.</i> ABNER DOUBLEDAY. *JOHN S. MCCALMONT. <i>George Sykes.</i>

CLASS.		CLASS.	
1842	{ EUGENE E. MCLEAN. <i>Charles T. Baker.</i> SAMUEL B. HAYMAN. JAMES LONGSTREET. JAMES W. ABERT.	1848	{ WILLIAM P. TROWBRIDGE. <i>Robert S. Williamson.</i> <i>Nathaniel Michter.</i> JOSEPH C. CLARK. RICHARD I. DODGE. <i>William N. R. Beall.</i> <i>Thomas D. Johns.</i>
1843	{ WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN. GEORGE DESHON. WILLIAM F. RAYNOLDS. <i>John J. Peck.</i> JOSEPH J. REYNOLDS. <i>Henry F. Clarke.</i> CHRISTOPHER C. AUGUR. <i>Ulysses S. Grant.</i> CHARLES S. HAMILTON. RUFUS INGALLS. <i>Cave J. Couts.</i>	1849	{ QUINCY A. GILLMORE. JOHN G. PARKE. <i>Milton Cogswell.</i> CHAUNCEY MCKEEVER. RUFUS SAXTON. EDWARD MCK. HUDSON. BEVERLY H. ROBERTSON. RICHARD W. JOHNSON. SAMUEL B. HOLABIRD. <i>James P. Roy.</i>
1844	{ WILLIAM G. PECK. DANIEL M. FROST. <i>Samuel Gill.</i> ALFRED PLEASANTON. <i>Winfield S. Hancock.</i>	1850	{ FREDERICK E. PRIME. <i>Gouverneur K. Warren.</i> SILAS CRISPIN. <i>Oscar A. Mack.</i> ROBERT RANSOM. EUGENE A. CARR. FRANCIS H. BATES. <i>Zetus S. Searle.</i>
1845	{ *WILLIAM F. SMITH. THOMAS J. WOOD. <i>Charles P. Stone.</i> FITZ-JOHN PORTER. HENRY COPPEE. <i>Francis Collins.</i> GEORGE P. ANDREWS. <i>Delos B. Sackett.</i> HENRY B. CLITZ. THOMAS G. PITCHER.	1851	{ *GEORGE L. ANDREWS. ALEXANDER PIPER. *CALEB HUSE. ALEXANDER J. PERRY. WILLIAM H. MORRIS. ROBERT E. PATTERSON. WILLIAM D. WHIPPLE. EDWARD A. PALFREY.
1846	{ <i>George B. McClellan.</i> <i>John G. Foster.</i> EDMUND L. F. HARDCASTLE. FRANCIS T. BRYAN. EDWARD C. BOYNTON. DARIUS N. COUCH. CHARLES C. GILBERT. JAMES OAKES. INNIS N. PALMER. PARMENAS T. TURNLEY. <i>George H. Gordon.</i> DELANCY FLOYD-JONES. SAMUEL B. MAXEY.	1852	{ THOMAS L. CASEY. <i>George W. Rose.</i> HENRY W. SLOCUM. DAVID S. STANLEY. JAMES W. ROBINSON. MILO S. HASCALL. JOHN MULLAN. <i>Sylvester Mowry.</i> <i>Marshall T. Polk.</i> PETER T. SWAINE. ALEXANDER MCD. MCCOOK. WILLIAM MYERS. JOHN P. HAWKINS.
1847	{ *JOHN HAMILTON. JOSEPH J. WOODS. <i>Julian McAllister.</i> *DANIEL T. VAN BUREN. ORLANDO B. WILLCOX. JAMES B. FRY. HORATIO G. GIBSON. <i>Ambrose E. Burnside.</i> JOHN GIBBON. ROMEYN B. AYERS. <i>Thomas H. Neill.</i> *WILLIAM W. BURNS. EDWARD F. ABBOTT. EGBERT L. VIELE. <i>Lewis C. Hunt.</i>	1853	{ WILLIAM P. CRAIGHILL. WILLIAM S. SMITH. JOHN M. SCHOFIELD. THOMAS M. VINCENT. *HENRY C. SYMONDS. GEORGE BELL. <i>Louis H. Pelouze.</i> LA RHETT L. LIVINGSTON. <i>Robert O. Tyler.</i> WILLIAM W. LOWE. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN. ALEXANDER CHAMBERS. <i>William Craig.</i>

CLASS.		CLASS.			
1854	{	G. W. CUSTIS LEE.	1860	{	JOHN M. WILSON.
		HENRY L. ABBOT.			EDWARD R. HOPKINS.
1855	{	THOMAS H. RUGER.	M 'y	{	*WESLEY MERRITT.
		OLIVER O. HOWARD.			JAMES P. MARTIN.
		JUDSON D. BINGHAM.			WADE H. GIBBES.
		MICHAEL R. MORGAN.			SAMUEL T. CUSHING.
		OLIVER D. GREENE.			ROBERT H. HALL.
		<i>George A. Gordon.</i>			HENRY A. DUPONT.
		CHARLES G. SAWTELLE.			<i>Orville E. Babcock.</i>
		CYRUS B. COMSTOCK.			ADELBERT R. BUFFINGTON.
		<i>Godfrey Weitzel.</i>			<i>Emory Upton.</i>
		GEORGE H. ELLIOT.			NATHANIEL R. CHAMBLISS.
<i>Junius B. Wheeler.</i>	<i>Samuel N. Benjamin.</i>				
<i>John V. Du Bois.</i>	JOHN W. BARLOW.				
ALEXANDER S. WEBB.	<i>Franklin Harwood.</i>				
FRANCIS R. T. NICHOLLS.	<i>George W. Dresser.</i>				
JOHN W. TURNER.	CHARLES MCK. LEOSER.				
GEORGE D. RUGGLES.	*HENRY C. HASBROUCK.				
LEWIS MERRILL.	FRANCIS A. DAVIES.				
<i>Alfred T. A. Torbert.</i>	MALBONE F. WATSON.				
<i>William B. Hazen.</i>	EUGENE B. BEAUMONT.				
HENRY M. LAZELLE.	CHARLES H. GIBSON.				
1856	{	DAVID C. HOUSTON.	1861	J'ne	*DANIEL W. FLAGLER.
		ORLANDO M. POE.			WILLIAM H. HARRIS.
		HERBERT A. HASCALL.			ALFRED MORDECAI.
		<i>Francis L. Vinton.</i>			<i>Charles C. Parsons.</i>
		<i>Lorenzo Lorain.</i>			LAWRENCE S. BABBITT.
		JEREMIAH H. GILMAN.			PETER C. HAINS.
		THOMAS W. WALKER.			<i>Joseph C. Audenreid.</i>
		<i>George Jackson.</i>			*JOSEPH B. FARLEY.
		HERMAN BIGGS.			PHILIP H. REMINGTON.
		WILLIAM B. HUGHES.			JAMES P. DROUILLARD.
FITZHUGH LEE.	GEORGE L. GILLESPIE.				
<i>John McL. Hildt.</i>	SAMUEL M. MANSFIELD.				
JOHN C. PALFREY.	MORRIS SCHAFF.				
E. PORTER ALEXANDER.	FRANK B. HAMILTON.				
WILLIAM SINCLAIR.	JAMES H. ROLLINS.				
MANNING M. KIMMEL.	JAMES H. LORD.				
GEORGE H. WEEKS.	*PETER S. MICHIE.				
JOHN S. MARMADUKE.	WILLIAM H. H. BENYAURD.				
JOSEPH S. CONRAD.	JOHN R. MCGINNESS.				
*ROBERT H. ANDERSON.	GEORGE W. MCKEE.				
ASA B. CAREY.	FRANK H. PHIPPS.				
<i>William J. L. Nickodemus.</i>	JAMES W. REILLY.				
WILLIAM E. MERRILL.	1863	WILLIAM S. BEEBE.			
*SAMUEL H. LOCKETT.	THOMAS WARD.	JOHN G. BUTLER.			
<i>Moses H. Wright.</i>	ROBERT CATLIN.	CHARLES H. LESTER.			
FRANCIS L. GUENTHER.	CHARLES H. LESTER.	JAMES M. J. SANNO.			
MARTIN B. HARDIN.	*JAMES R. REID.	GARRETT J. LYDECKER.			
FRANCIS J. CRILLY.	ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.	OSWALD H. ERNST.			
CALEB H. CARLTON.	<i>Charles B. Phillips.</i>	VANDERBILT ALLEN.			
*JOSEPH WHEELER.	CHARLES J. ALLEN.	ISAAC W. MACCLAY.			
JOHN J. UPHAM.	EDWARD D. WHEELER.				
WALTER MCFARLAND.					
*HORACE PORTER.					
1860	JAMES H. WILSON.				
JAMES N. WHITTEMORE.					
<i>Alanson M. Randol.</i>					

CLASS.

CLASS.

- 1865 { CHARLES W. RAYMOND.  
A. MACOMB MILLER.  
MILTON B. ADAMS.  
DAVID W. PAYNE.  
WILLIAM H. HEUER.  
WILLIAM S. STANTON.  
THOMAS H. HANDBURY.  
JAMES C. POST.  
JAMES F. GREGORY.  
ALFRED E. BATES.  
HENRY B. LEDYARD.  
JOHN P. STORY.  
J. HARRISON HALL.  
WILLIAM A. RAFFERTY.  
\*APPLETON D. PALMER.  
WILLIAM H. MCLAUGHLIN.  
*Edward H. Totten.*  
JAMES M. MARSHALL.  
WILLIAM S. STARRING.  
EDWARD HUNTER.  
ALEXANDER W. HOFFMAN.  
EDGAR C. BOWEN.  
SAMUEL M. MILLS.  
WILLIAM D. O'TOOLE.  
GEORGE G. GREENOUGH.  
\*WARREN C. BEACH.  
ARCHIBALD H. GOODLOB.  
CASS DURHAM.  
*Robert B. Wade.*  
P. ELMENDORF SLOAN.
- 1866 { BENJAMIN D. GREENE.  
*Richard C. Churchill.*  
JAMES O'HARA.  
CHARLES KING.  
*Isaac T. Webster.*  
WILLIAM H. UPHAM.  
\*ELBRIDGE R. HILLS.  
\*FRANCIS L. HILLS.  
RUFUS P. BROWN.  
JOHN F. STRETCH.
- 1867 { JOHN C. MALLERY.  
CLINTON B. SEARS.  
THOMAS TURTLE.  
WILLIAM E. ROGERS.  
JOHN PITMAN.  
FREDERICK A. MAHAN.  
FREDERICK A. HINMAN.  
*William F. Reynolds.*  
CROSBY P. MILLER.  
THOMAS H. BARBER.  
JOHN McCLELLAN.  
EUGENE P. MURPHY.  
EDWIN S. CURTIS.  
GEORGE A. GARRETSON.  
\*LEANDER T. HOWES.  
STANISLAUS REMAK.  
EDWARD S. GODFREY.  
WILLIAM J. ROE.  
*Orsemus B. Boyd.*

- \*ALBERT H. PAYSON.  
\*EDGAR W. BASS.  
JOSEPH H. WILLARD.  
\*HENRY METCALFE.  
ROBERT FLETCHER.  
DAVID D. JOHNSON.  
EUGENE O. FESCHET.  
*Paul Dahlgren.*  
CHARLES W. WHIPPLE.  
\*DAVID S. DENISON.
- 1868 { ALEXANDER L. MORTON.  
WILLIAM J. VOLKMAR.  
JAMES H. JONES.  
WILLIAM C. FORBUSH.  
JOHN D. C. HOSKINS.  
CHANCELLOR MARTIN.  
FRANK W. RUSSELL.  
THOMAS J. MARCH.  
\*LOYALL FARRAGUT.  
CHARLES F. ROE.  
DELANCEY A. KANE.
- 1869 { ERIC BERGLAND.  
LEONARD G. HUN.  
\*SAMUEL E. TILLMAN.  
\*PHILIP M. PRICE.  
DANIEL M. TAYLOR.  
WILLIAM P. DUVALL.  
HENRY L. HARRIS.  
REMEMBRANCE H. LINDSEY.  
\*CHARLES BRADEN.  
WILLIAM F. SMITH.  
MARTIN B. HUGHES.  
WILLIAM GERHARD.
- 1870 { FRANCIS V. GREENE.  
WINFIELD S. CHAPLIN.  
CARL F. PALFREY.  
JAMES A. DENNISON.  
EDWARD G. STEVENS.  
EDGAR S. DUDLEY.  
CLARENCE A. POSTLEY.  
BENJAMIN H. RANDOLPH.  
RICHARD A. WILLIAMS.  
\*CHARLES W. LARNED.  
*Edmund M. Cobb.*  
SAMUEL W. FOUNTAIN.  
ROBERT E. COXE.  
EDWARD J. McCLERNAND.  
DEXTER W. PARKER.  
*Benjamin H. Hodgson.*  
\*SEBREE SMITH.  
WINFIELD S. EDGERLY.  
CLARENCE A. STEDMAN.  
\*ISAIAH H. McDONALD.  
JOHN CONLINE.  
ROBERT N. PRICE.
- 1871 { ANDREW H. RUSSELL.  
GEORGE S. ANDERSON.  
WALTER S. WYATT.

CLASS.		CLASS.	
1871	{	*WALLACE MOTT. <i>George E. Bacon.</i>	{
		THOMAS M. WOODRUFF. RICHARD H. POILLON. JAMES N. ALLISON. JAMES B. HICKEY. DANIEL H. BRUSH. *FREDERICK D. GRANT.	
1872	{	ROGERS BIRNIE. STANHOPE E. BLUNT. OBADIAH F. BRIGGS. CHARLES D. PARKHURST. GEORGE RÜHLEN. JACOB R. RIBLETT. THOMAS C. WOODBURY. WILLIAM B. WETMORE. THOMAS B. NICHOLS. ALEXANDER OGLE. HERBERT E. TUTHERLY. WILLIAM H. W. JAMES. HENRY H. LANDON.	1877 { ALBERT TODD. WILLIAM W. GALBRAITH. JOHN J. HADEN. *HENRY J. GOLDMAN. JOHN BIGELOW, JR. <i>Ben I. Butler.</i>
		1878 { JAMES L. LUSK. *EDWIN MCNEILL. FRANK DEL. CARRINGTON. *WILLIAM J. ELLIOTT.	
1873	{	WILLIAM H. BIXBY. JACOB E. BLOOM. EZRA B. FULLER. FREDERICK A. SMITH. AUGUSTUS C. TYLER. <i>Samuel N. Holmes.</i> QUINCY O'M. GILLMORE,	1879 { FREDERICK V. ABBOTT. JAMES E. RUNCIE. CHARLES R. NOYES. HENRY DEH. H. WAITE. JOHN S. MALLORY. GUY R. BEARDSLEE.
		1880 { CHARLES S. BURT. CHARLES E. HEWITT. GEORGE H. MORGAN. JAMES S. ROGERS. *FRANCIS J. A. DARR. CHARLES B. VOGDES.	
1874	{	*JOHN P. WISSER. EDMUND K. WEBSTER. RUSSELL THAYER. GEORGE R. CECIL. WILLIS WITTICH. LOUIS A. CRAIG. EDWARD E. HARDIN. THEODORE H. ECKERSON.	1881 { EDWIN ST. J. GREBLE. CHARLES H. BARTH. *ANDREW G. HAMMOND. JAMES T. KERR.
		1882 { EDWARD BURR. ORMOND M. LISSAK. JOHN T. THOMPSON. CHARLES P. ELLIOT. CHARLES J. STEVENS.	
1875	{	JOHN P. JEFFERSON. JOHN M. BALDWIN. ELBERT WHEELER. FRANCIS E. ELTONHEAD. *ALEXANDER RODGERS. JOHN G. BALLANCE.	1883 { EDWIN C. BULLOCK. *ALFRED HASBROUCK. *CLARENCE R. EDWARDS.
		1884 { JOHN B. BELLINGER.	
1876	{	JOHN R. WILLIAMS. HEMAN DOWD. *ALEXANDER S. BACON. HENRY H. LUDLOW.	1885 { JOHN M. CARSON, JR.

General Isaac R. Trimble, class of 1822, declined to preside, in favor of Major Alfred Mordecai, class of 1823, who was conducted to the chair by General Trimble and Professor H. L. Kendrick, class of 1835.

Major Mordecai delivered the following address:

## ADDRESS.

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MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW GRADUATES OF THE MILITARY  
ACADEMY:

Seeing me occupy this place for the *fourth* time, under the rules of our Association, as to seniority, you may perhaps be tempted to exclaim, or at least, to think, with the satirist, that

“ Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage;”

but I am happy to be able, once more, to exercise the agreeable privilege of offering good wishes and a cordial welcome to you all.

I wish that the duty of chairman, at this meeting, could have been performed by one of the few surviving members of our Association senior to me; but it needs not the warning of their absence to remind me that, with advancing age, I may not perhaps be present at a future occasion of this kind. I promise, however, not to avail myself of the indulgence granted to old age, or assumed by it, of “ bestowing all my tediousness on you,” in a long speech; but you will excuse my making a few remarks suggested by the occasion.

Nearly three score years and ten have passed—the Psalmist’s term for the usual duration of an old man’s life—since my classmates and myself first set foot as Cadets on this beautiful spot of ground, so admirably fashioned by nature to be the secluded seat of an institution of learning, although situated on the route of a great thoroughfare of commerce.

I then made the voyage from New York on the steamboat *Chancellor Livingston*, one of the earliest passenger steamboats, and the last one built by Robert Fulton, for navigating the Hudson. These boats had not then attained the art acquired by our modern leviathans, of gliding up gently alongside of a pier and discharging their living freight with little delay. I was, therefore, put ashore from a yawl towed by a rope from the steamboat. At that time we rejoiced wonderingly at the convenience of being able to take a berth in this steamboat, about ten o'clock in the evening, at West Point, and to wake up the next morning in New York; and it was considered a great achievement in navigation when a steamboat, (*The Sun*, I think it was called), first accomplished the voyage from New York to Albany by daylight, on a long summer's day; a journey that is now made in ten hours by water, and in about half that time by the steam-car, which then existed only in the prophetic imagination of Dr. Darwin.

This simple reference to the circumstances of my first landing at West Point naturally suggests the thought—the almost bewildering thought—of the vast progress which has been made, during a part only of my own life, in the arts and sciences and their application to the business and pleasures of man. These reflections on the progress of the world during a single life-time become still more remarkable when we carry our thoughts back to the earliest days of the life of the senior member of our Association, Edward G. W. Butler, of the class of 1820. At the time of his birth, the kindred practical sciences of chemistry, electricity and magnetism, now so extensively employed in the ordinary service of social life, were still in their infancy; steam had not yet been applied to the purposes of navigation; all the territories on the shores of our Mediterranean Gulf of Mexico, now constituting many great States of our Union, were still in the possession of foreign powers; Napoleon Bonaparte was only the First Consul

of the first French Republic, and the second President of the United States had not completed the term of his administration. Although the graduates of the Military Academy may not have had a conspicuous agency in the discoveries and inventions which have distinguished this period of the world's history, we may fairly claim for them an important share in the great military and scientific operations which have extended the benefits of civilization and the arts of life over the vast territory of our republic, and caused "the desert to blossom as the rose."

Recurring to the time when I first reported myself to the Superintendent of the Military Academy, as a cadet, I cannot refrain from again recording my testimony to the great sagacity, knowledge and judgment of that distinguished man, Colonel Sylvanus Thayer—not inaptly called "The Father of the Military Academy,"—as illustrated by the fact, that, although the details of instruction at the Academy have been improved, in accordance with the progress of the 'age, it has not been found necessary or expedient to make any change in the essential provisions of organization and discipline then recently adopted under his administration.

In admitting and applauding the wonderful advancement of recent times, in all that relates to the business and pleasure of life, you see that I do not avail myself of the privilege usually accorded to an old man—*laudator temporis acti*—of depreciating the merits of later generations, in comparison with those that have gone before; nor am I disposed to adopt the gloomy anticipations of the Roman poet, as to the degeneracy of those who are to come after us, when he says:

*Æt as majorum, peior avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores; mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

"Our fathers' age, ignobler than our grandsires',  
Bore us yet more depraved; and we, in turn,  
Shall leave a race inferior to ourselves."

On the contrary, I fondly hope and believe that, in the future as in the past, the pages of our Alma Mater's history will be illuminated by the bright record of the names of her illustrious sons, who shall have emulated the brilliant deeds of their predecessors, and reaped new harvests of honor and fame in the service of our country.

# NECROLOGY.

ISAAC T. WEBSTER.

No. 2138. CLASS OF 1866.

Died, July 7, 1886, at San Francisco, California, aged 44.

LIEUTENANT WEBSTER was born in New York in 1842, and appointed a cadet from Nebraska in 1862; was graduated from West Point in June, 1866, and commissioned Second Lieutenant, Third Artillery, and in September of that year was transferred to First Artillery. He was promoted First Lieutenant in January, 1871. He served at various posts in the East (including one year at the Artillery School) and South until 1873; was Professor of Military Science at Cornell College, Iowa, from March, 1873, to June, 1876; then with his regiment till 1879; from 1879 to 1882 was on duty at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln; from 1882, excepting six months' duty at Willets Point, N. Y., he served with his regiment in California. The following extract is taken from the *Omaha Excelsior* :

Lieutenant Webster was assigned to Nebraska University as Instructor of Military Science in the Fall of 1879, and immediately built up the department and enthused the battalion of cadets so that it became one of the most important factors of the College. The cadets under his administration were known all over the State as one of the best drilled companies in the West. The boys were perfectly devoted to their commandant and friendships of the deeper, truer kind were formed there which have continued to the present time, with frequent interchange of messages and courtesies. At the time of the death of Mrs. Webster, in Lincoln, the cadets formed a guard of honor to the train and evinced the deepest sympathy. Such attachments as these, between teacher and pupil, are of the finest mould, and many an old University boy, when he hears that the last tattoo has beaten for his beloved instructor, will brush away a tear.

SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION.

## JUNIUS B. WHEELER.

NO. 1681. CLASS OF 1855.

Died, July 15, 1886, at Lenoir, North Carolina, aged 55.

There will be universal regret throughout the Army to learn that Colonel Junius B. Wheeler, Professor United States Army, retired, died at his home, at Lenoir, North Carolina, July 15. The deceased officer had an enviable military record. On the 15th of May, 1847, he enlisted as a private of Company I, Twelfth United States Infantry, while but a boy; was promoted to Second Lieutenant of the Eleventh Infantry the following September, and in August, 1848, the war with Mexico having closed, was mustered out of service. In 1851 he was appointed to the Military Academy from his native State, North Carolina; was graduated July 1, 1855; promoted Brevet Second Lieutenant of Cavalry, and soon afterward Second Lieutenant Second Cavalry. In 1856 he was transferred to the Topographical Engineers, having developed a special aptitude for that branch of the service; was promoted First Lieutenant July 1, 1860, and Captain Corps of Engineers March 3, 1863. In the early part of the war he served as Principal Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and in 1863 was assigned to duty as Chief Engineer of the Department of the Susquehanna. Thereafter during the war he served with distinction in the field, receiving the brevet of Major for gallantry at the battle of Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas, and the brevets of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel for his gallant and meritorious services during the war. July 10, 1866, he was promoted Major of Engineers, and after serving at various important points was, September 16, 1871, appointed Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy, and continued to serve in that capacity until retired from active service, at his own request, September 29, 1884, with the pay of Colonel. He returned to his native State to pass the remainder of his days in quiet contentment on his farm, near Lenoir, where he died. His brother is John H. Wheeler, the historian, of North Carolina.

*Army and Navy Journal, of July 24, 1886.*

## WILLIAM H. LOW, JR.

No. 2461. CLASS OF 1872.

Died, July 24, 1886, at Fort Assiniboine, Montana, aged 38.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. LOW, JR., Twentieth United States Infantry, died at Fort Assiniboine, July 24. He was a native of New York; appointed from Illinois to West Point in 1868; was graduated in 1872, and promoted Second Lieutenant. On the 20th of April, 1877, he was promoted First Lieutenant. His service has been mainly on the frontier, and he bore the reputation of being an excellent duty officer. In 1876 he commanded the Gatling gun battery on the Sioux expedition of that year, and in 1877 was Acting Assistant Engineer on the Yellowstone expedition. His loss will occasion deep sorrow to the regiment and his many friends.

*Army and Navy Journal, of July 31, 1886.*

## JOSEPH H. WHITTLESEY.

No 1207. CLASS OF 1844.

Died, August 2, 1886, at Seattle, Washington Territory, aged 65.

MAJOR JOSEPH H. WHITTLESEY, United States Army, retired, was a native of New York; entered the Military Academy in 1840, was graduated in 1844, second of his class, and promoted Brevet Second Lieutenant Second Dragoons, and in 1845 was promoted Second Lieutenant First Dragoons. He served on frontier duty in Louisiana, Kansas and Texas during 1845-6 and in the Mexican war from 1846 to 1848, receiving the brevet of First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. In 1847 he was promoted First Lieutenant; Captain in 1854, and Major Fifth Cavalry November 12, 1861. During the war he served in the command of a regiment in the defence of Washington, the Virginia peninsular campaign, and was engaged in the siege of Yorktown and the battle of Williamsburg. He was captured at Winchester, Virginia, May 25,

1862, and exchanged September 30 of the same year. Afterward he was engaged in recruiting and garrison service, and was retired from active service November 30, 1863, for disability resulting from long and faithful service and from disease and exposure in the line of duty. During 1867 and 1868 he served on a tour of inspection of the educational establishments of the United States, with a view to introducing military instruction into colleges. From 1868 to February, 1870, he served as Professor of Military Science at Cornell University. He was a brave and meritorious officer, and his death will be universally regretted.

*Army and Navy Journal, of August 7, 1886.*

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ROBERT ALLEN.

No. 874. CLASS OF 1836.

Died, August 5, 1886, at Geneva, Switzerland, aged 74.

In the death of Brevet Major-General Robert Allen, retired, the Army and his many friends suffer an irreparable loss and an honorable career has closed, but, like the afterglow of the setting sun, he leaves behind in their hearts the memory of his character; dying, as he had lived, one of the noblest, purest and best of men. Words are inadequate to express the sterling and lovable qualities of the man.

The following splendid record of his life-long service is one that his family and friends may well be proud of:

1836.

(Born, O.)

ROBERT ALLEN.

(Ap'd Ind.)

MILITARY HISTORY:—Cadet at the United States Military Academy from July 1, 1832, to July 1, 1836, when he was graduated and promoted in the Army to Brevet Second Lieutenant Second Artillery, July 1, 1836. Served; On Engineer duty, July 14 to October 14, 1836; in the Florida war, (Second Lieutenant Second Artillery, August 16, 1836) 1837-8; in the Cherokee Nation. 1838, while emigrating the Indians (First Lieutenant Second Artillery, July 7, 1838) to the West; on recruiting service, 1838-40; on Northern frontier at Buf-

falo, N. Y., 1840-1, during Canada border disturbances; in garrison at Fort Columbus, N. Y., 1841-3, 1843-4; in command of depot of recruits at Fort Columbus, N. Y., 1844-6; in the war with Mexico, 1846-8, being engaged as Quartermaster (Captain Staff-Assistant Quartermaster, May 11, 1846) of the Kentucky Cavalry on the march to Monterey, and subsequently of Brevet Major-General Twiggs' division; being present at the siege of Vera Cruz, March 9-29, 1847, battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17-18, 1847, battle of Contreras (Brevet Major, April 18, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo, Mexico), August 19-20, 1847, battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847, and assault and capture of the City of Mexico, September 13-14, 1847; on Quartermaster duty at (Captain Second Artillery, October 19, 1847; vacated October 19, 1847) New Orleans, Louisiana, 1848, and at New York (closing accounts), 1848-9; as Chief Quartermaster of Pacific division, July 15, 1849, to May 14, 1852, and Treasurer of the Military Government of California, July 15 to December 20, 1849; on leave of absence, 1852-3; and as Chief Quartermaster of the Pacific division, March 31, 1854, to August 6, 1861.

Served during the rebellion of the seceding States, 1861-6, as Chief Quartermaster (Major Staff-Quartermaster, May 17, 1861,) of the Department of Missouri, headquarters at St. Louis, Missouri, October 1, 1861, to November 1, 1863, from which point he directed the furnishing of (Colonel Staff Additional Aide-de-Camp, February 19, 1862,) transportation and supplies for the various Armies in the Mississippi Valley—for General Grant's operations in Kentucky and Tennessee, for General Halleck's Corinth campaign, for General Sherman's movement down the Mississippi to the attack of Chicasaw Bluffs and up the river to the capture of Arkansas Post, for General Grant's movements in Mississippi, including (Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, May 23, 1863,) the Vicksburg campaign, for General Steel's operations in Arkansas, and for provisioning Forts Gibson and Smith; and as Chief Quartermaster of the Mississippi Valley, November 1, 1863, to October 6, 1866, headquarters Louisville, Kentucky, furnished all necessary transportation and supplies to the command of Major-General Sherman on his march across the country to join Major-General Grant at Chattanooga, by seasonable provision

enabling him to participate in the victory of Missionary Ridge, fitted out the expeditions to East Tennessee, Kentucky, Southwestern Virginia, and North Carolina, under commands (Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Brevet Colonel, and Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, July 4, 1864,) of Major-Generals Stoneman, Burbridge and others; kept the great Nashville depot, the base of Major-General Sherman's operations in Georgia, constantly supplied with every variety of stores, and provided the troops in (Brevet Major-General United States Volunteers, and Brevet Major-General United States Army, March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services during the rebellion,) New Mexico, on the plains, and in Major-General Sully's several expeditions against the Northwest Indians; and as Chief Quartermaster of the military (mustered out of volunteer service September 1, 1886,) division of the Pacific, November 14, 1866, to Colonel Staff Assistant Quartermaster-General, July 28, 1866. Retired March 21, 1878.

General Allen was universally recognized as one of the brightest intellects of the Army, and, had his busy life permitted, his literary abilities would have won for him a position in the front rank of authorship, as evidenced by the notice and attention elicited by his few contributions to the public press. His style, power and terseness of expression was marvelous, but the characteristic modesty of the man, and his indifference to literary reputation deprived the public of the benefit of his great abilities. To the writer, who was so fortunate as to be intimately associated with him as a confidential subordinate for twelve years, his taste for literary pursuits in his leisure hours was perhaps better known than by his intimate friends generally.

A few brilliant essays and other papers that he allowed the writer to give to the press without signature were attributed to the highest literary talent of the land, and were allowed to pass current as productions of men whom the world honors. In his nature he was as gentle as a woman, amiable, simple in his habits of life, courteous to all. The humblest found in him a patient listener and a kind friend. He extended favors alike to private and officer, and neither ever heard from him a harsh word. Under no circumstances did he ever permit annoyances, great or small, to disturb his equanimity. From those having extensive business relations with him he commanded esteem

and respect, for while faithful to his trust as the servant of his Government he was proverbially just and fair to all.

General Allen's record of services, covering a period of forty-two years, shows a life of action and constant attention to his duties, which during the Mexican war and the war of the Rebellion were of the most arduous and trying nature. His responsibilities were immense. His disbursements amounted to over one hundred and eleven (\$111,000,000) millions.

In the settlement of accounts of this magnitude, such was his fidelity to the interests of the Government, and wonderful judgment, that the well-known close scrutiny of the Treasury Department failed to disallow one dollar of this great sum; in fact, so triumphant and satisfactory was the final adjustment of his accounts at the close of the war as to call forth spontaneously from the Treasury Department a most complimentary letter.

As a Quartermaster General Allen's wonderful abilities were too well known throughout the Army to require more than passing allusion here. Great as those abilities were in this branch of the service, and as important as these services were during the war to the Armies of the South and West, the writer had ever the belief, shared by many who knew him best, that the line was deprived of a gallant and brilliant soldier, who, had he availed himself of the solicitations of his superiors to take the field with high rank and command, would have won laurels for himself and honor for his country; but such was his modesty and consideration for those over whose heads he would have been promoted, that he firmly declined.

Ambition he had not beyond his own department, which he loved, as proved by the wonderful energy and zeal with which he performed his immensely responsible duties.

It is not assuming too much to say that in the successes of the Armies of the South and West he was an important factor. His promptness in supplying them at remote points with transportation and every requisite required at critical moments contributed greatly to their rapid movements, so indispensable at that critical juncture; for no matter how able the General, he is powerless without those vital adjuncts, the Quartermaster and the Commissary.

In the early settlement of California, in 1849, General Allen was

on duty at Benicia and San Francisco, and was made the custodian of nearly a million of dollars, collected as duties by the Military Department of California. The money he essayed to turn over to the Treasury Department, which refused to receive it, on the ground of its illegal collection. Those who paid it made no claim for it, and General Allen found himself embarrassed by the possession of this large amount of money, which no one claimed and no Department would receive, and for which he had not even receipted.

He was applied to by bankers for the privilege of its deposit, and declined offers of high rates of interest that would have been a fortune; but, although this money remained in General Allen's hands for a considerable period, he conscientiously refused the slightest benefit from its use.

After General Allen's retirement from active service he traveled quite extensively, visiting China, where his only daughter was living, and subsequently took up his residence in London, to be near his daughter, who had left China and settled there, where, with his wife, he lived a quiet life, surrounded by his grandchildren, in well-earned rest and comfort. His arduous labors in the service of his country had, however, told upon his once powerful constitution, and day by day his step grew more feeble. He never fully recovered from the shock of the loss of his only son, Robert, a Lieutenant of Cavalry, who was mortally wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and was picked up by a rebel officer and tenderly cared for, out of love for his father.

The writer saw General Allen in London two years ago, and bade him good-bye with the painful consciousness that he would never meet again this noblest of men, and truest of friends.

Leaving London for a brief period, he took up his residence in Geneva, Switzerland, where he passed away, attended by an affectionate wife and daughter.

His life had been so pure that he feared not the end, and met it with calm resignation and the consciousness of duty performed to his country and his fellow man.

His memory will remain green in the hearts of all that knew him, and who will mourn the loss of an able officer and good man gone to his long rest.

“ And when, at last, death's solemn shades unroll,  
And this poor farce of human life is o'er,  
The problem shall be solved and the vexed soul  
Question itself no more.”

R. L. OGDEN.

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HENRY H. SIBLEY.

NO. 971. CLASS OF 1838.

Died, August 23, 1886, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, aged 71.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY H. SIBLEY was born in Louisiana, May, 1816.

He graduated at the United States Military Academy July 1, 1838, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Second Dragoons; First Lieutenant, 1840; Captain, 1847; Brevet Major, 1847, for gallant conduct at the conflict at Mexelin, near Vera Cruz, Mexico; and Major Second Dragoons, 1861. Served in Florida war, 1838-9 and 1840-1; Adjutant of his regiment 1841-6. In the war with Mexico he participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and final capture of the City of Mexico; engaged on frontier duty and on numerous expeditions, notably the two Utah expeditions of '57 and '59 and that against the Nava-joes (1860); resigned from the United States Army (May 13, 1861) and entered the Confederate service, in which he was appointed Brigadier-General soon afterward, and on July 5, 1861, at Richmond, Virginia, assigned to the command of the Department of Mexico, and instructed that on account of his recent service in that district and knowledge of that country and the people, the President had entrusted him “with the important duty of driving the Federal troops from that department,” and to proceed to Texas, and, in concert with Brigadier-General Van Dorn, organize “two full regiments of cavalry and one battery of howitzers” for that purpose. Having organized a brigade in Northwestern Texas, he left Fort Bliss in January, 1862, to effect the conquest of New Mexico, and February 16 appeared before Fort Craig, commanded by Colonel E. R. S. Canby. The action of Valverde was fought February 21, closing by the withdrawal of Colonel Canby's troops to the fort.

Albuquerque and Santa Fe were occupied by General Sibley's troops in March, but the following month he was compelled to evacuate the territory and return to Fort Bliss. Subsequently he served under the command of Major-General Richard Taylor and Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith, with his brigade, during the closing scenes of the war west of the Mississippi.

Before the war General Sibley had obtained a patent from the Government for an invention known as the "Sibley tent," for the use of troops, by remodeling and utilizing the tepee, or wigwam, of the Sioux, Caddo, and Comanche Indian nations, which was found, on trial, so spacious and healthful that the Government contracted for its use in the military service. At the close of the war the officials of the United States Government refused to comply with the conditions of the contract, and General Sibley was left stripped of his supposed ample means for the support of his family.

In this crisis those philanthropists who had instigated war at the expense of the South did not contribute to his relief, but, like the priest and *sevele*, "*passed by on the other side.*"

Having thus become skeptical of mankind, *yet reposing full faith in the providence of God, he heard a voice from Egypt!*

His Royal Highness, the Khedive of Egypt, desirous to secure the services of the highest order of military men for practical genius and experience, tendered invitations to several distinguished officers of the Army of the late Confederacy to enter his military service.

General Sibley was among the number selected by the agent of the Khedive, then in the City of New York, who contracted with him on the seventeenth day of December, 1869, to enter the service of the Khedive as a Brigadier-General of Infantry for the period of five years from that date. The pay was liberal and the rank of Pasha was honorable, and the service of constructing seacoast and river defences, a service to which General Sibley was assigned, was one of the prime interests of the Egyptian Government. The monumental records of the shadowy past, the characteristic features and policy of the existing Government, and the condition of the people, "the *Fellahin*," were subjects of special consideration by him, respecting which he wrote lectures of scientific interest before and after his return home. English influence and intrigue was found prejudicial to the official status

of Americans. General Sibley returned about the close of his engagement to the United States, with broken health, and lingered several years a distressed invalid, vainly endeavoring to obtain his claims against the Government. He was a genial companion, of brilliant conversational powers, of a liberal disposition, and of an honorable military and civic record creditable to his Academic Alma Mater.

During the recent Congress his claims were canvassed in the interest of his dependent family, passed the Senate, affirmed by the committee of the House, and a final vote obstructed by the failure, or refusal, of Speaker Carlisle to recognize the chairman of the committee presenting the bill; and in this manner, in common with an array of other meritorious claims, was consigned to the Tomb of the Capulets.

DANIEL RUGGLES.

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GEORGE H. GORDON.

No. 1314. CLASS OF 1846.

Died, August 30, 1886, at Farmingham, Massachusetts, aged 63.

GENERAL GEORGE H. GORDON was born July 23, 1823, at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant in the regiment of Mounted Riflemen, which was organized at Jefferson Barracks during the Summer of 1846. The regiment proceeded to Mexico with General Scott in December of that year, and Lieutenant Gordon served with great credit during the Mexican war, from the siege of Vera Cruz until the end of the war.

After the close of hostilities in the valley of Mexico there was an irregular guerrilla warfare carried on, and strong escorts were required to keep up the communication with the coast. While on escort duty with a convoy, proceeding from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, Lieutenant Gordon was severely wounded in a conflict with one of the guerilla parties, and while he was gallantly protecting the carriage containing the family of a Mexican gentleman who had taken the advantage of the escort to proceed to the coast. He rejoined his regiment while it was serving in Oregon, and, as far as his duties would

permit him, he devoted himself to the study of law, and in 1854 he resigned his commission and commenced to practice his new profession at Boston.

When the civil war commenced he was one of the first to enter the volunteer service, as Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and he soon rose to the rank of Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers. He was mustered out of service in August, 1865, and returned to the practice of his profession.

During General Grant's administration he was appointed Collector of the Internal Revenue at Boston, and he held this position until, by the consolidation of the districts, his office ceased. He was then nominated as United States Marshal, but through some political influences, or for some "expediency," he was not confirmed. He was then offered the position of Consul-General to Egypt, but this he declined.

General Gordon could have had political preferment, but he was in no way a politician. His military education made it impossible for him to hold any position which depended upon his catering to any man's favor or to any false public sentiment. He was a hater of shams, and a writer of no mean ability, as will be seen by his "From Brook Farm to Cedar Mountain," "The Army of Virginia from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria," and his "War Diary, 1863 to 1865."

General Gordon was a devoted son to a widowed mother, a most affectionate husband, one of the most conscientious and upright of men, and his classmates at the Alma Mater whom he has left on this side of the great river will ever hold him in affectionate remembrance.

I. N. PALMER.

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### LEWIS CASS HUNT.

No. 1363. CLASS OF 1847.

Died, September 6, 1886, at Fort Union, New Mexico, aged 63.

LEWIS CASS HUNT, named for General Cass, was born February 23, 1824. He was the son of General Thomas F. Hunt, Assistant Quartermaster-General, and brother of General Henry J. Hunt, the

well-known Chief of Artillery. He entered the class of '43, graduated in 1847, gave up his graduation leave and went to Mexico, where he joined his regiment, the Fourth Infantry, in the field.

At the Academy he was most distinguished for his literary accomplishments and social qualities, old-fashioned, eccentric, dry and humorous, and somewhat dreamy and poetic. He had as many friends in the higher classes as in his own, in which he was without an enemy. The boy is not always father of the man, but this was one instance of it. The writer knew him from early school days at Detroit, where he lived, after his own father's decease, with his uncle, Mr. George Hunt. The family was one of great distinction, and still gives evidence of honor and ability in the remaining branches. Among his early schoolmates were several fellows who afterward distinguished themselves: Lieutenant John Walker, of the Navy; Henry Schulcrat (nephew of Henry R.); Anson Burlingame, Minister to China; Reverend John Hyatt Smith, and others. Under the cherry trees at Grosse Pointe, on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," in the excitement of the Patriot Rebellion, and in the school debates and contests at Detroit, the retiring, studious boy was recognized as a leader for his calm judgment but ready courage.

Hunt stood well in the Fourth Infantry, a brave and accomplished officer, serving on the frontier in Oregon and elsewhere up to the time of the civil war, when he had attained the rank of Captain, and was married to a daughter of General Silas Casey. He served with great credit in the great war; on May 21, 1862, was appointed Colonel of the Ninety-second New York Volunteers, and after distinguishing himself at the battle of Fair Oaks was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His brevets, four in number, cover distinctions won at Fair Oaks, Virginia; Kingston, North Carolina, and other fields throughout the war.

Says the *Army and Navy Journal* :

His record of over forty years' service is an unblemished one, and his death will be sincerely lamented by many old comrades who survive him.

As I trust that these notices of our beloved classmates are not intended as mere "tombstone epitaphs," I take the liberty of adding an extract from an excellent obituary sketch of Hunt in the *Detroit Free Press*, which gives the class proceedings of a reunion in 1881:

"Cass Hunt, long hunting, seeking health, not gain,  
 And wandering off in calm or storm and rain,  
 On 'lantic's waves, Pacific's waters blue,  
 Kingston and Fair Oaks make fair his record, too."

The subjoined letter from him to his classmates on that occasion is characteristic:

WHITE RIVER, COLORADO, OCTOBER 18, 1881.

To the Reunionist Class of 1847:

MY DEAR CLASSMATES—I had hoped to make one of you at the reunion, but the obstacles have proved insurmountable. Apparently I cannot be spared from this remote, wind-swept valley in the mountains of Colorado. My application for a short leave brings no response as yet. Silence in this case does not give consent, and so, to my great regret, I can join you this time in spirit only, looking forward to future reunions, and especially to the half-century reunion of 1897. Let us hope that on that occasion at least half a dozen gray beards will come out from their military and civic retirements, rally around the festive board, as in days gone by, and, perhaps, make a final effort in the chorus of Benny Haven's and our graduating song. Although I cannot join you in person on the present occasion, I shall do the next best thing. Applying my West Point mathematics to a calculation of the "difference of time," and providing myself about tattoo with a little "hot scotch," I shall devote the evening of the 27th, like yourselves, to the glorious class of forty-seven, to congratulations of the present and the living, to reminiscences of the past and dead, from poor Dick Long, my two-years' roommate, our first loss, down to Burnside, our latest. As the "wee sma' hours" draw near I shall fancy a few choice spirits left still among you for a night session, roaring out "Cram-bambuli," or "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," or "Auld Lang Syne," just as the crew did in days of yore at Benny Haven's, or in the old North Barracks. Let us shake off the thirty-four years since we were last assembled together, and for a little time be boys again.

"Nous nous soutenons."

HUNT, OTHERWISE "CASS."

O. B. W.

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CHARLES WHITTLESEY.

No. 660. CLASS OF 1831.

Died, October 18, 1886, at Cleveland, Ohio, aged 78.

COLONEL CHARLES WHITTLESEY was born October 4, 1808, in Southington, Connecticut, and when but seven years old went to reside

in Ohio. He was the nephew of the distinguished Elisha Whittlesey, eight times elected to Congress, and for a long period subsequently the First Comptroller in the United States Treasury.

Young Whittlesey, living a frontier life amid primeval forests and wild savages, had few advantages of education, except in the study of nature. In his nineteenth year he became a cadet in the Military Academy, from which he was graduated and promoted July 1, 1831, to the United States Fifth Infantry, then stationed on the Northern Lakes. In the spring of 1832 Lieutenant Whittlesey was assigned to the company of which the famous Martin Scott was Captain, and, at the close of the Black Hawk war, he resigned, September 30, 1832, from the military service.

Whittlesey's varied experience, as a boy in the wilds of Ohio and in his manhood as an officer of the army, was an excellent apprenticeship for his subsequent successful career. After a short trial of the law and editorship, he was appointed in 1837, Assistant Geologist of the State of Ohio, another graduate of the Military Academy—Professor William W. Mather—being the Chief. To Whittlesey was assigned the topographical and mathematical parts of this survey, which disclosed the rich coal and iron deposits of Eastern Ohio, the foundation of its vast manufacturing industries. Whittlesey also examined and carefully measured some of the works of the Mound Builders, which operations, with the aid of a friend, were continued in 1839-40. His plans and notes of twenty of these ancient remains, including the extensive Mounds of Newark and Marietta, were embodied in Squier's and Davis' great work, published in the "Smithsonian Contributions," 1841-6, to which Whittlesey made important additions in 1850.

An account of the wonderful productions of the rich copper mines of Michigan, explored by Whittlesey in 1844, was published by him in 1846.

From 1847 to 1851, Whittlesey was employed by the United States Government to make a mineralogical and geological survey of the region about Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi, which was productive of great value to the country. This gave him such a high reputation that he was appointed by the Governor of Wisconsin to

make a geological survey of that State, in which he was occupied till the outbreak of the Rebellion.

Foreseeing that the South would resist the declared wish of the Nation in the election of Lincoln, Whittlesey promptly enrolled himself in the body-guard which was to escort the President-elect to Washington. At the same time he urged the State authorities to make immediate preparations for hostilities, hence Ohio's readiness for the fray. Two days after the President's proclamation of April 15, 1861, for three-months' volunteers, Whittlesey joined the Governor's staff as Assistant Quartermaster-General, and performed the duties of Ohio's Chief Engineer in the Western Virginia campaign, where he was engaged, July 17, 1861, in the severe action of Scary Run, in which his horse was shot under him.

At the expiration of his three months' service Whittlesey was appointed, August 15, 1861, Colonel of the Twentieth Ohio Volunteers, and detailed by General Mitchell as Chief Engineer of the Department of Ohio, being engaged, from September 23 to December 5, 1861, in planning and constructing the defenses of Cincinnati. From this city he was ordered, with four companies of infantry, to Warsaw, Kentucky, to protect Union citizens and to prevent Rebel enlistments, in both of which duties he was eminently successful. Then he joined in the advance upon Fort Donelson, where he led his regiment, and after the battle was sent North with over ten thousand prisoners.

On April 7, 1862, Whittlesey commanded the Third Brigade of Wallace's division in the battle of Shiloh. "It was against the line of that brigade that General Beauregard attempted to throw the whole weight of his force for a last desperate charge; but he was driven back by the terrible fire, that his men were unable to face." Colonel Whittlesey was fortunate in escaping, with his life in constant peril from the Rebel sharpshooters.

This great battle terminated Whittlesey's military career, for he was too sick to keep the field, and therefore tendered his resignation, which was endorsed by General Grant: "We cannot afford to lose so good an officer." Though his whole command and associates were grieved to part with him, he was compelled, from extreme debility, to leave them April 19, 1862.

From the field, where he had won golden opinions, Whittlesey, so

soon as able, resumed his geological explorations in the Lake Superior and Upper Mississippi basin, and was untiring, to the day of his death, in his endeavors to develop the resources of the Great West.

Colonel Whittlesey, though so distinguished in his field-work, will be longest remembered and most highly appreciated for his deep interest and untiring efforts to rescue from oblivion the pioneer history of his adopted State, which culminated, in 1867, in the establishment of the "Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society." He became its first President, and until his death was its honored chief, its ever active leader, and its hard-working master-spirit. The most valuable publications of the society were his, and to his indefatigable zeal is due its eminent prosperity and usefulness.

For over half a century Whittlesey was a conspicuous author, his prolific pen having produced about two hundred works, from large quartos to small pamphlets, on historical, archaeological, geological, biographical, scientific, religious and miscellaneous subjects.

At the ripe age of seventy-eight, October 18, 1886, he died, at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, where the great geologist's grave will be marked by a curious conglomerate boulder of the glacial period, which he had brought from the head of the Sault Ste. Marie. It was his oft expressed wish that, when he should have drifted into the unknown future, this memorial, which had drifted from the unknown past, should mark his last earthly resting place.

At a special meeting of the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society, held October 23, 1886, the following just tribute was paid to the memory of the departed scientist and scholar:

"The recent death of Colonel Charles Whittlesey calls forth heartfelt expressions of sorrow from our citizens, and all unite in honorable mention of his name, but to this society his loss is an event of no ordinary character. From the organization of the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society till the hour of his departure he had been its President, and during all these years its success and permanency had been objects nearest and dearest to his heart, and it was specially gratifying to him, as his life approached its completion, to know that his labor had not been in vain, and that length of days had been given him to see it established on a permanent basis as one of the honored and useful institutions of the land.

“For the duties of his position he was eminently fitted. The scientific training at West Point, the active duties of an Indian campaign, the years spent in the wilds of the Northwest in land surveys and in mineralogical and geological investigations, developed and strengthened his natural love for the useful sciences, for historical research, and for archæological investigation, and gave him such an extended and practical knowledge of men and things as is seldom granted to scientific men. His studious habits, retentive memory and facile pen were invaluable aids in making available to the public the treasures of his mind; and his love for the truth—plain and simple—and his hatred to fraud, combined with an energetic honesty of purpose, gave special weight to his published opinions and statements in all matters of history, archæology and science.”

GEORGE W. CULLUM,  
Brevet Major-General U. S. Army.

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### WILLIAM M. MEDCALFE.

NO. 2600. CLASS OF 1876.

Died, October 21, 1886, at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, aged 33.

LIEUTENANT W. M. MEDCALFE, Ordnance Department, who was killed on Thursday at Sandy Hook, was a native of Maryland, and only 33 years of age. He entered the Military Academy in 1872 and was graduated in 1876, and commissioned Second Lieutenant Fourth Artillery. In March, 1881, he was transferred to the Ordnance Department as First Lieutenant. Lieutenant Medcalfe was engaged in testing ordnance at Sandy Hook for two years, and had under his command a detachment of men from Governor's Island. He was transferred to the Ordnance Department from the Fourth Artillery five years ago, and was an able and very popular officer. Lieutenant Medcalfe's mother, who is still in mourning for her husband, resided with her son at the officer's house, witnessed the sad affair from there, but did not think that her only son was one of the killed until the news was broken to her.

*Army and Navy Register, October 23, 1886.*

N. B.—A more extended obituary of Lieutenant Medcalfe was promised by a classmate, but it did not reach the Secretary of the Association. Therefore the above extract was substituted at the last moment.

HENRY D. WALLLEN.

NO. 1050. CLASS OF 1840.

Died, December 2, 1886, in New York City, aged 68.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. D. WALLLEN was born in Savannah, Georgia, April 19th, 1819. While but a boy he engaged in the Florida war, and his family seeing the bent of his inclinations, procured him an appointment in the Military Academy at West Point. He entered this institution September 1st, 1836, and graduated July 1st, 1840. He was Brevet Second Lieutenant, Third Infantry, July 1st, 1840; Second Lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, October 4th, 1840. Then followed successive promotions to First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant, Colonel, and finally Colonel of the Second Infantry, February 19th, 1873, and was retired February 18th, 1874, for disability contracted in the line of his duty. During these thirty-four years of active military duty, General Walllen performed most gallant and efficient service in almost every portion of our country. He served two years in the Florida war. He was in the Mexican war and was wounded in the battle of Palo Alto. After the Mexican war, he served many years on the Pacific, commanded an exploring expedition to Salt Lake in 1859, etc., etc.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, he was ordered on duty in New Mexico. He discharged his duties there, with efficiency and credit to himself, but the impulse of a true soldier urged him to desire more active duty, to be where more stirring events were occurring. He accordingly made four urgent applications to be ordered to join his regiment, the Seventh Infantry, in the Army of the Potomac.

As it was necessary that experienced officers should be at other points than the front his applications were not granted. Though born in the South, as was his classmate, General George H. Thomas, he was intensely loyal, as this extract from one of his private letters to a friend, written at the commencement of the war, shows: "In my long service I have witnessed so much to bind me, with hoops of steel, to the stars and stripes, and have had so many benefits conferred upon me, that as an officer of the Army and a citizen of the United States I consider it my duty to support the constitution."

On February 23, 1865, he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel for meritorious services rendered by him in New Mexico during the Rebellion, and on March 13, 1865, he was breveted a Brigadier-General for faithful and meritorious services during the Rebellion. General Wallen in early life married the daughter of Surgeon S. G. L. DeCamp, United States Army. The General was a warm friend, a loving and affectionate husband and a devoted father. His wife, four daughters and two sons, one of whom is a graduate of West Point, survive him.

STEWART VAN VLEIT,  
Brevet Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.

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ALONZO L. O'BRIEN.

No. 2789. CLASS OF 1879.

Died, December 12, 1886, at Weston, West Virginia, aged 31.

ALONZO L. O'BRIEN, late First Lieutenant Second Cavalry, was born in Virginia, and entered the Military Academy as a cadet on July 1, 1875, and, graduating June 13, 1879, was commissioned in the Second Cavalry, receiving his First Lieutenantcy on January 9, 1886.

Through exposure incident to field service in Montana, he contracted the lingering disease to which he finally succumbed on December 12, 1886. As a cadet his classmates remember him as quiet and unassuming, but of sterling worth and integrity. As an officer he was universally respected, and in his last long sickness, even after blindness was added to his other afflictions, he showed a fortitude and patience worthy alike of his profession and the high character his cadet days foreshadowed. He died, as he had lived, a worthy son of his Alma Mater.

W. D. B.

GEORGE W. HOWLAND.

No. 1406. CLASS OF 1848.

Died, December 21, 1886, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, aged 62.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HOWLAND was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 22, 1825, and was a descendant, in the seventh generation, of John Howland, a pilgrim of the Mayflower.

He was appointed at large by President Tyler as a cadet at the Military Academy in 1844. On graduating, was assigned as Brevet Second Lieutenant Mounted Rifles; Second Lieutenant June 30, 1851; First Lieutenant March 3, 1855; Captain May 14, 1861; Captain Third Cavalry August 3, 1861; Major Second Cavalry December 1, 1866.

He served in Washington and Oregon Territories until 1851, and from that time until 1863 in Texas and New Mexico. In 1863 he was with Buell's army in Kentucky and Tennessee, and in the march to Chattanooga, and thence to Huntsville, Alabama. From then until 1866 he was in command of his regiment at Little Rock.

He took part in several Indian skirmishes, and was at Valverde and Peralta, receiving a brevet of Major for the former. After his promotion to Major he served in the Department of the Platte until wholly retired, in 1869.

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WILLIAM H. WOOD.

No. 1267. CLASS OF 1845.

Died, January 1, 1887, at Pass Christian, Louisiana, aged 63.

WILLIAM H. WOOD, late Colonel United States Army, retired, was a native of Massachusetts.

He entered the United States Military Academy July 1, 1841, and was graduated July 1, 1845. He joined the Army of Occupation under General Taylor, at Corpus Christi, Texas, early in October of that year, as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry.

He served with distinction throughout the Mexican war and the war of the Rebellion, and was Colonel of the Eleventh Infantry when he retired, after more than thirty-seven years of faithful service, at his own request.

Colonel Wood was a good soldier, a man of strong and sterling character, not given to making many friends, but was ardent and sincere in his friendship.

He was exceedingly sensitive, which may have been the cause of his quiet reserve of manner and reticence.

He married, rather late in life, a charming lady, and left several children. A devoted husband and father, he was very fond of his home. He had the regard and respect of his classmates, fourteen of whom survive him.

A CLASSMATE.

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### JULIAN McALLISTER.

NO. 1334. CLASS OF 1847.

Died, January 3, 1887, at New York Arsenal, Governor's Island, New York Harbor, aged 63.

COLONEL JULIAN McALLISTER, United States Ordnance Corps, the eldest son of Judge Matthew Hall McAllister, of Georgia, and Louisa C. Cutler, of Boston, Massachusetts, was born at the Bowling Green in the lower part of New York City, on October 29, 1823.

At an early age he was sent to the then celebrated school conducted by the Reverend Doctor Muhlenberg, at College Point, on Long Island, and it was there, under the guidance and training of that admirable Christian instructor, that he strengthened the foundations of that faith laid in his childhood, under the teaching and example of his parents, and upon which he built up the structure of that noble life he ever lived.

Appointed a cadet at the Military Academy in 1843, he was graduated in July, 1847, standing number four in a class of thirty-eight members. Appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, served in the war with Mexico, 1847-8; transferred from the Artillery

and commissioned Second Lieutenant of Ordnance April 13, 1848; served successively at Watervliet Arsenal, New York, St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri, Fort Monroe Arsenal, Virginia, Richmond, Virginia, Benicia Arsenal, California, and in New York City; promoted First Lieutenant March 3, 1853; Captain July 1, 1861; Major April 6, 1866; Lieutenant-Colonel June 23, 1874; Colonel June 1, 1881. In command of Benicia Arsenal 1860-4 and 1867-86; Chief of the Ordnance Department of the Pacific 1861-4; assigned to duty May, 1886, as President of the Board for Testing Rifled Cannon, and in command of the New York Arsenal, New York, until his death.

Brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services in the Ordnance Department; brevetted Colonel March 13, 1865, for zeal, ability and faithfulness in the discharge of his duties as Senior Ordnance Officer in the Department of the Pacific.

The Chief of Ordnance, in announcing the death of this distinguished officer, said:

"The death of Colonel McAllister deprives the Department and the Army of an officer whose valuable services, running over the long period of forty years, had proved his capacity, industry and loyalty, and had given him the highest reputation for honesty of purpose, conscientious discharge of every duty, and devotion to the best interests of the country.

His was a genial nature, with the soul of honor and the open hand of generous hospitality. Troops of friends testify to his many virtues as a soldier and gentleman, and to the beautiful example of his true Christian life.

"The Highlands, in whose shadow he lies buried, look down upon the grave of no one more pure in his conduct, more noble in his charity, more perfect in his character."

Whilst Julian McAllister, a Lieutenant, was serving at Fort Monroe Arsenal, Virginia, in 1856, an ordnance laboratory in which he was superintending some work was blown up; two workmen were killed, and Lieutenant McAllister, though seriously injured, escaped with his life. Whilst suffering from the injuries received, he, as a memorial of gratitude for his wonderful escape from death, determined to exert himself toward the building of a place of divine worship at that

post, and the present Centurion Church at Fort Monroe was mainly due to his exertion and liberal contributions. When Colonel McAllister was relieved from the command of Benicia Arsenal in May, 1886, and transferred to another field of duty, his old employes presented him with a silver punch-bowl. In the address accompanying the presentation occurs the following, showing the love and estimation in which he was held:

"Your efforts in behalf of your employes are universally and gratefully acknowledged. Nor does your influence stop with them; for the congregation of which you were the central figure will seriously feel the loss of your presence, and all other religious and charitable institutions will miss your ever open helping hand. The young and feeble, the old and infirm, the poor and helpless will particularly bewail the loss of the ministrations of the beloved members of your family. Personally we regret your departure, because you were ever ready to listen to our complaints and the statement of our grievances, and to correct them if found just, and you never failed to give advice and consolation to whoever applied; you treated friend and foe with evenly-balanced justice. No cases of serious want were ever left unsupplied; no stranger, even, ever left your domain with his immediate wants unprovided for; all of us have been preserved from want and suffering by your patriarchal care.

"Not always, however, has our lot been above that of other mortals. Cares and sorrows have visited all of us at times; nor were you excepted. Your fortitude and Christian resignation to the will of the Almighty have often caused our admiration, and your example has given us strength to more submissively bear our misfortunes."

When the news of his death was received on the Pacific coast the Reverend Bishop Wingfield thus spoke at St. Paul's Church, Benicia, California, of which church Colonel McAllister was for many years the Senior Warden and a Lay Reader:

"My brethren, we may mourn for ourselves, the country for a most exemplary and worthy citizen, the Army for a most faithful and efficient officer, the poor for a most ardent and liberal charity, this parish a most devoted friend, who for more than a score of years went in and out amongst us with words and deeds of goodness and truth. He has borne his testimony here, and in the world for his master.

And as his body reposes in death's cold embrace near the dashing waves of the Atlantic, we, on the distant shores of the Pacific sea, would remember with affectionate gratitude the witness which he bore to the power of a simple, unaffected, unassuming faith. That peaceful, happy end for which he had been so long preparing, by the power of the blessed spirit, came at last, and now he breathes a breath which can never forsake him. \* \* \* Those of us who knew him well will not forget the cheery ring of his voice, the warm pressure of his hand, the kindly word or innocent jest so often springing to his lips. The goodness and generosity of his heart, how abundant! Along the pathway of his life blossom the fruits of deeds of unselfishness and love; and the memory of his gentleness and tenderness of spirit comes back to me, while I speak, as a breath redolent with perfume from the flowery garden which surrounded his beautiful home. \* \* \*

"He was emphatically an ardent son of the church, ever ready with heart and hand to sustain her work at home and abroad. His fearless, outspoken words have often stirred our sleeping energies, while his very presence inspired us with new courage and stronger hope. He was specially anxious to strengthen in this community the church of his love. This very building in which we worship was planned by his busy brain; four times enlarged, and through his munificent energies brought to its present state of completeness; and although so far away from us his heart was ever with us, and his last act, in the midst of pain and suffering, was to remember us with a generous and unsolicited gift in our straightened distress. It is indeed his monument." \* \* \*

In person Colonel McAllister was of massive frame, tall, erect, and of commanding and most winning presence, with a heart as big as his body. Most hospitable, affectionate, generous, and unselfish, continually denying himself that he might aid others or give them pleasure. His many charities were known only to himself and to the recipients.

To the innocence of a child he united the grandeur of a man, and the sunshine of his temperament ever found expression in his handsome face, with its beautiful smile and joyous laugh.

A strong characteristic of Colonel McAllister was his modesty and simplicity. To quote from the letter of one who had known him

all his life: "He was a watchword of goodness. I can imagine the amazement of his dear soul when the 'well done, good and faithful,' shall be thrilled through the multitudes, and he shall be called to go up higher; for the greatest beauty of his goodness was its unconsciousness. He never dreamed that he was more than others."

Colonel McAllister was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Butler, a daughter of Captain John Butler and Gabriella M. Morris. His second wife was Amelia H. Trenor. He leaves sorrowing him his widow and three daughters by his first wife.

And so he died within sight of the place he was born, his ever beautiful smile still illuminating and lingering over his face. And may we not believe that as his earthly hearing grew dull and his vision grew dark he heard with other ears the refrain of the chorus of angels, and saw with other eyes the presence of that angelic host hovering over the same spot where, many years before, they had sung to welcome the birth of the man-child, whose spirit they were now waiting to receive back from the guardian angel into whose charge it had been confided.

And we laid him to rest at West Point, this soldier, so true to his manhood, to his Alma Mater, and to his God; one more to join comrades gone before, who forty years ago "had together changed the gray for the blue."

D. T. V. B., CLASSMATE.

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## WILLIAM B. HAZEN.

No. 1704. CLASS OF 1855.

Died, January 16th, 1887, at Washington, D. C., aged 56.

The death of Brigadier-General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer, was not without anticipation, but it came so unexpected at last, that his wife, who is absent in Europe, was not able to be present at the bedside of her husband. The disease of which he was stricken was not one to give hope of a favorable ending, and a cold which aggravated it, resulted in diabetic coma and he breathed his last in a comatose state at eight o'clock in the evening of Sunday last. General Hazen's

wife, who is a daughter of Washington McLean, of Cincinnati, and a sister of John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is in France. With him when he died were Mrs. Washington McLean, and Mrs. Bugher, his sister-in-law; Captain Greely, who had been with him during the entire day; Lieutenant Thompson and Drs. Huntington, Harvey and Lincoln, the attending and consulting physicians. In the case of an officer so well known as General Hazen, it may be safely left for each one to form a personal judgment as to his character. No one in the service had a more unfortunate faculty for involving himself in controversies, and it has not been easy in all cases to determine to what traits of character his difficulties were chargeable. His history shows that he was a capable soldier in spite of the criticisms to which particular episodes in it are subjected. He was clearly out of place in the Signal Bureau, which required a man of different temperament. General Hazen was of Connecticut ancestry. He was born at West Hartford, Windsor County, Vermont, September 30th, 1830, though resident in Ohio at the time of his appointment to the Military Academy in 1851. He was commissioned on his graduation in 1855, a Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, and saw his first service on the Pacific Coast fighting Indians in Oregon. Then he was transferred to Texas and won repeated praise from the War Department for the vigor and success with which he hunted aboriginal marauders there and in New Mexico. Further evidence of his soldierly qualities was afforded by a wound received in 1859 while in conflict with the Comanches. For gallantry he was promoted to a captaincy in the Eighth Infantry in May, 1861. In February of that year he had been assigned to duty as Assistant Professor of Military Tactics at the West Point Academy; but in September he was granted a leave of absence to take command of the Forty-first Ohio Volunteers and was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in February, 1862. In the last year of the war, December, 1864, he was promoted Major-General, to date from the capture of Fort McAllister, and on the nineteenth of May, 1865, was appointed by the President to command the Fifteenth Army Corps. He was commissioned Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Regular Infantry, and afterward of the Sixth, and during the Russo-Turkish war, in 1876-7, he was United States Military Attache at Vienna. He published a work giving the result of his observations. He was appointed

Chief Signal Officer in 1880. After his appointment he gave offence to the War Department by what was regarded as unwarranted criticism of his superiors. In this, as in other controversies in which he was engaged, says the *New York Herald*, his ruling passion to write as a military critic carried him to extremes, and gave him a reputation for captiousness and bumptiousness that was not deserved. In 1885, General Hazen published a narrative of military service, in the preface to which he said: "Every great war engenders an ignoble swarm of jealousies and calumnies which buzz and sting for long years after kindly nature has repaired the battle-fields. I have had my share of these annoyances, and may feel bound, at some future time, to prepare for the official and professional eye a final presentation of my own case, to the end that testimony may be perpetuated and the record purged of error." This purpose was never fulfilled, subsequent controversies occupying General Hazen's attention and leading to the publication of a volume to explain his connection with the Greely Relief Expedition. General Hazen was buried with military honors on Wednesday, at twelve o'clock, from St. John's Church, Washington. His body is temporarily interred at Oak Hill or Rock Creek Cemetery. The final interment will be made after Mrs. Hazen's return from Europe, probably at Hiram, Ohio, his old home. The pall-bearers were General Benet, Adjutant-General Drum, Paymaster-General Rochester, Quartermaster-General Holabird, General Duane, Chief of Engineers, and Surgeon-General Moore.

*Army and Navy Journal, Jan. 22, 1887.*

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### CHARLES POMEROY STONE.

No. 1237. CLASS OF 1845.

Died, January 24th, 1887, in New York City, aged 63.

The subject of this memoir had the rare distinction of becoming eminent by active service in two continents—America and Africa. He was distinguished in military as well as in scientific life in his native country; so distinguished, that when the ruler of Egypt needed an accomplished and well equipped soldier, he accepted him who had

become a General in the armies of his own country, made him a Pacha—Stone Pacha—and elevated him to the highest rank in the Egyptian army.

Charles P. Stone was born in Greenfield, Massachusetts, September 30th, 1824. He sprang from an ancestry of Puritan stock, among the oldest and most respected of that commonwealth. His soldierly qualities seem to have come to him by heredity, for in every war in which the American people had engaged, some of the ancestors of both his parents had taken part. One of them, General Lincoln, became distinguished under General Washington in the War of the Revolution.

He received his early education in the academies of Massachusetts. On July 1st, 1841, he entered as a cadet into the United States Military Academy at West Point, and graduated therefrom four years afterwards, standing number seven in his class, which during its term had numbered one hundred and thirty-one members.

During his cadetship he became a member of the Protestant Episcopal, and subsequently of the Roman Catholic Church, to the tenets of which he loyally adhered throughout his life, both in theory and practice. By his courteous bearing, springing from the pure teachings of his youth, strengthened by his Christian principles, he secured the lasting respect of his instructors, and the esteem and affection of his comrades. The utmost confidence in his honor and integrity was felt by all, and so strong was this feeling that, in after life, when charged with disloyalty to his country, those who knew him best never doubted that loyalty, but ascribed the slanders, as they have since been proved, to the malice or selfishness of his accusers.

Stone, as a youth, was impulsive in disposition, ever ready for duty, firm in decision and prompt to action. His impulsiveness often caused him trouble in after life; not so much from his methods of action as from his want of tact. No act of his was ever tainted or tarnished by even the thought of injuring another or gaining any advantage by trick or deception. Whatever the occasion, he showed no fear, he fulfilled his promises and was ever true to his friends, his country, and his profession. He acknowledged no earthly Deity, but to the law demanded by the dignity of an officer and the honor of a gentleman he bowed submissive as though that law were divine.

Immediately after his graduation he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps, and, on August 28th, was assigned to duty at the Military Academy as Assistant Professor of History, Geography and Ethics. Before the end of that year, the fact was apparent to his mind that an early war with Mexico was inevitable. Fearing that longer retention on duty at the Academy, not in his special branch of army service, might bury for many years, if not for life, his opportunity for military distinction in the field, in January, '46, he secured relief from duty at West Point, and was assigned to Watervliet Arsenal and subsequently to the Arsenal at Fortress Monroe, which were the only stations at which he could at the same time procure practical instruction in the manufacture of ammunition and also in the equipment and handling of batteries of siege artillery.

At Fortress Monroe, Lieutenant Stone, by his intelligence, activity and energy in the line of his profession, won the confidence of his commanding officer, Captain Benjamin Huger, of the Ordnance Corps, who was soon thereafter selected by General Scott as his Chief of Ordnance for service in Mexico. Lieutenant Stone was chosen by Captain Huger as one of his assistants at the head quarters of the army, and was assigned, with other duties in the Ordnance Corps, to service with the only siege battery used during the Mexican war, and which was commanded by Lieutenant Hagner. By efficient service with the battery and also on General Scott's staff, both in the siege of Vera Cruz, and on the march to and capture of the City of Mexico, he secured the ever abiding confidence of General Scott, and won the brevet of First Lieutenant for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey," and that of Captain for like conduct in the capture of Chepultepec.

While in Mexico he was one of a party to ascend the volcano of Popocatepetl, and upon this occasion fully showed his impulsiveness as well as his energy and perseverance. He conceived the idea of planting the American flag upon its summit, and though knowing the risk of exposure to intense cold, especially when subjected to the fatigue of traveling over snow at high elevation, persisted in his determination, despite the earnest protests of his companions. He accomplished his object, but at the risk of his life, which was saved only by his companions compelling him to keep in motion till he reached camp and then to remain awake till well warmed and rested.

In July, 1848, after the close of the war with Mexico, he obtained leave of absence and permission to visit Europe with the object of improving himself in the line of his profession by studying the movements of great armies of that continent, then on a war footing. He spent a month in Paris, increasing his knowledge of language, so essential to the success of his mission. During an absence of almost two years he most profitably availed himself of many kindly offered facilities for witnessing the operations in peace and war of the numerous active armies of Europe, Syria and Egypt.

Assigned to duty in accordance with his brevet rank, Captain Stone, in January, 1851, sailed from Fortress Monroe, Virginia, via Cape Horn, for California, where, on arrival at San Francisco, he was assigned to duty by the Department Commander as Chief of Ordnance on the Pacific Coast. Availing himself of every opportunity and of the escorts of other Chiefs of Departments, he made reconnoissances of all the country embraced in the department from Southern California into Washington Territory, in order to report on the resources of the country and to select sites for depots and arsenals. He selected the site for the great arsenal of the Pacific Coast at Benicia, and immediately commenced to erect all buildings needed for residences, workshops, store houses, etc., of stone quarried on the ground. The law at that time prohibited the erection of some of these buildings of other material than timber without an appropriation by Congress. Lumber was scarce and so dear that the buildings could be built of stone at much less cost. The climate—exceedingly damp at one season of the year, and as dry at another—so swelled, dried, warped and split the carriages and other wooden materials as to almost ruin them for practical service. It was absolutely necessary that such stores should be on hand ready for any emergency of defence or attack. By order of the Department Commander Captain Stone, much to the dissatisfaction of lumber owners, seeing the necessity for immediate action, erected these store houses from the stone quarried on the ground. He was made to suffer for this offence by the stoppage at the United States Treasury of all his pay and the consequent necessity of borrowing the means of living at a heavy monthly premium. Fortunately, an old order came to light, relieving a subaltern from expenses incurred by orders of his superior officer. The burden, however, had been carried; it was heavy. Though his pay was in time returned, he

was never compensated for his enforced expenses, and was for a long time crippled financially. This was the beginning of trouble.

Captain Stone continued on duty in the Department of the Pacific until 1856. At one time the French Consul General at San Francisco deemed himself insulted, hauled down his flag and threatened the authorities with the arrival of the French fleet. There being no forts in the harbor, Captain Stone was charged by the Department Commander with the duty of putting the coast of San Francisco in as good a state of defence as practicable. Within a few days he mounted a number of heavy guns at Fort Point, prepared two movable batteries of heavy guns, provided means for heating shot at several points, between which the batteries could operate with some show of defence against wooden ships, which were the only war vessels then in use.

In November, 1856, Captain Stone resigned from the army and entered into business as a banker in San Francisco. He, however, was soon obliged to suspend business through the defalcation of his absconding treasurer.

In March, 1857, he was selected by a private association as chief of a scientific commission for the survey and exploration of the State of Sonora, Mexico, which position he held till January 1, 1881. This commission was not sanctioned by the Mexican authorities and brought trouble to Stone, to which must be added the loss of compensation.

During the summer and autumn of 1860, Captain Stone was in Washington, preparing his report of the operations of the Scientific Commission, and supervising the preparation of the maps of the reconnoissances made under his orders in 1857-58-59. Before the outbreak of the rebellion, he was fully alive to the feeling then prominent in the minds of all thinking men. He appreciated the fact that, whatever might be their daily occupation, the hearts and minds of all good citizens were turned to the possible events of the near future. He knew that while some wished to see the Union destroyed, and labored night and day to that end, others were taxing their minds to discover how it might be saved and how the civil war, which seemed imminent, might be averted. Disloyalty pervaded the militia of the District of Columbia and only the small body of regular troops, then in the City of Washington, could be relied upon for the protection of the great interests at stake. No time was to be lost. General Scott had just arrived from

New York, having then been summoned for the first time by the President for consultation on the situation which had become so alarming to him. Acting on the principles, that when the Government needed them, the services of all graduates of the Military Academy should be willingly rendered, Captain Stone promptly offered himself to General Scott for employment in any capacity where he could be useful. His offer was at once accepted, and on January 2, 1861, he was mustered into the United States service as Colonel and Inspector-General of the militia of the District of Columbia, and was assigned to the military command of that district with authority to reorganize its volunteers. This force at that time was largely composed of disloyal and lukewarm elements. These Stone soon got rid of and turned the remainder into a compact body of men which was organized for the suppression of the anticipated rebellion generally, but more especially for the protection of the Capitol. Until relieved by the arrival of the regular and volunteer troops they rendered inestimable service by preventing disturbance in the District, and also by protecting the President during his inauguration.

Colonel Stone devoted himself with unflinching earnestness and unexcelled fidelity to the interests of the Federal Government. He was indefatigable in posting his troops and collecting provisions to withstand a siege in case it should be necessary. Companies of the regular army and volunteers, under command of specially selected regular army officers, were quartered in the public buildings with stores of ammunition and rations. The bridges and highways into the city were well picketed and concerted signals were established for the concentration of troops at special points in cases of attack.

Among the many self-imposed duties of Colonel Stone was that of attending to the safe transportation of the President-elect from his home in Illinois to Washington. To him was due the discovery of the conspiracy to prevent Mr. Lincoln from reaching Washington, and its defeat by secret arrangements which secured the safe arrival of the President-elect in Washington in advance of the hour announced for his intended passage through Baltimore.

Colonel Stone personally took special charge of the defense of the President and of the Executive Mansion, and also kept watch, night and day, over all parts of the city. When the riot in Baltimore severed connection with the North through that city, he promptly took

possession of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad depot, seized trains, sent troops to the Annapolis Junction, and thus secured uninterrupted railroad communication with the forces arriving at Annapolis.

Many prominent Union citizens were in Washington during these days of care and anxiety. They saw Stone and honored and esteemed him for his watchfulness and his prompt and untiring energy and success in the Union cause. One of these visitors, Mr. Leonard Sweet, of Illinois, had come directly from Mr. Lincoln, having his full confidence, to see the state of affairs in Washington and report back to him in person. Mr. Sweet remained several days in the city and became thoroughly informed of the situation. On leaving he said to Colonel Stone:

“Mr. Lincoln, and, in fact, almost everybody, is ignorant of the vast amount of careful work which has been done here this winter, by General Scott and yourself, to insure the existence of the Government and to render certain and safe the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. He will be very grateful to both.”

Stone was no politician, but, with the feelings of a gentleman, he replied, with more sincerity than tact:

“Mr. Lincoln has no cause to be grateful to me. I was opposed to his election, and believed in advance that it would bring on what is evidently coming, a fearful war. The work which I have done has not been done for him, and he need feel under no obligation to me. I have done my best toward saving the Government of the country and to insure the regular inauguration of the constitutionally elected President, on the fourth of next month.”

After the inauguration of President Lincoln Stone continued to hold an independent command in and around Washington, during which time he led his forces into Virginia, captured and held Alexandria, and the entrances into Washington, thereby creating a feeling of security for that city.

Thus, and in other ways, by his intelligent devotion to the interests of the Government, Stone won the confidence of President Lincoln, who, on the recommendation of Secretary Cameron, appointed him, from May 14th, 1861, a Colonel in the regular army, and from the 17th of the same month a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

In June, at Stone's request, General Scott authorized him to take

a command up the north bank of the Potomac to Edward's Ferry, with injunctions to guard the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal and the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, prevent communications between the Confederates in Virginia and their friends in Maryland, strive to secure the grain crops, and to hold himself ready to co-operate and unite, when necessary, with General Patterson, who was then above him on the river, watching Johnston's Confederate forces at Harper's Ferry.

It was feared, at that time, that political pressure and the cry of "On to Richmond" would force McDowell, then at Arlington Heights, to move upon the enemy at Manassas, against General Scott's earnest opposition. It was also feared that such movement on the part of McDowell would promptly become known to Johnston, who, having no enemy on his flank or rear, could, by a small show of forces, deceive and delay Patterson, move back on his own lines and thus, untrammelled, hasten, mainly by rail, to the aid of the Confederates at Manassas. In order to be prepared for this exigency, Stone, at Edward's Ferry, was confidentially communicated with and informed that on Johnston's withdrawal he would most likely be joined by a portion of Patterson's command and followed by the rest, in which case he was to push across the river and hasten to join McDowell's right at Manassas, there to fall upon the enemy's left; and thus it was believed he could ensure victory before all of Johnston's forces could reinforce the enemy.

Stone's ambition was roused, and he was on the alert for prompt action.

The ostensible plan of Patterson's campaign in Maryland was to "hold" Johnston in the Valley of the Shenandoah, to prevent communication between him and his friends in Maryland, and at the same time to protect the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

But the real object, besides the preservation of Maryland to the Union and the protection of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the only practicable one for the purpose, as confidentially understood between General Scott and General Patterson, and so confided to General Stone, was, when McDowell moved toward Manassas, for Patterson to push Stone and Colonel George H. Thomas, with his regular Cavalry and Volunteer Infantry, over the river east of Harper's Ferry,

and then himself to follow with the rest of his command, pushing as rapidly as possible upon Manassas.

Patterson had been recalled from Virginia after having in part crossed the Potomac at Falling Waters, and had been warned not to press Johnston, lest "he should drive the enemy upon Manassas." The recall was considered to be a rebuke to Patterson, especially as he was at once rendered powerless for active operations. His regular Cavalry, and Infantry, and Mounted Artillery were taken from him and ordered to Washington. This was done at the only time he could have been effective against Johnston. Fortunately, after earnest appeals, the Cavalry were permitted to remain. The only other possible use for his forces, indicated by General Scott in his telegrams, was the moving rapidly, at the appropriate time, through Leesburg upon Manassas. In order to secure the definite plan as of record, and to be prepared to execute it promptly, General Patterson addressed General Scott a letter submitting the plan above stated. The proposition was referred by the General-in-Chief to the Secretary of War for approval, and by him to General McDowell, who opposed the offered assistance, and consequently the plan was abandoned. The campaign in Maryland thus became a nullity and the operations were soon turned into a burlesque by sending Stone and Major-General Sanford's fine division of New York troops from McDowell to unite with Patterson in the Valley of the Shenandoah, with the forlorn hope of "holding" Johnston at Winchester, or following and overtaking him in his rapid movements to Manassas. Whether the fear of having two Major-Generals of Volunteers on the Manassas field of operation—both superior in rank to McDowell, and one of much greater experience—was the cause of the sending away of Sanford and the rejection of Patterson's aid, was at the time a matter of suspicion, but is now left to conjecture.

Stone joined Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley, and, with all the Division and Brigade Commanders present at the counsel, opposed, under the then existing circumstances, pushing on to Winchester in pursuit of Johnston. He had set his heart on the movement through Leesburg. His hopes, as well as those of Patterson, were somewhat sustained by the anticipation that the permission, which had been earnestly sought, of allowing Patterson to take the

short line across the Blue Ridge Mountains and to hasten to reach the field of action at Manassas in time to turn the tide of battle in our favor, would be granted. This permission, however proper it seemed, was not granted, and Stone's ambition for distinction, and his hopes, as well as those of every other officer of experience, that the war would have an early termination were destroyed.

In August General Stone was relieved from service under General Banks, who was Patterson's successor in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and was assigned to the command of a special corps of observation on the right flank of the Army of the Potomac. His headquarters were at Poolesville, and he was especially charged with the defense of Maryland, from Seneca Falls to the Point of Rocks. This body of troops was well organized and disciplined by him, and eventually became the distinguished Second Division of the Second Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac. In October a portion of this force was engaged in the contest of Ball's Bluff. For the blunders which led to this defeat of the Union forces General Stone was unjustly held responsible. While this contest was insignificant in regard to the numbers engaged and the losses on both sides, yet, being one of the early struggles of the war, near the Capitol, and following so soon after the disaster of Bull Run, its importance was greatly exaggerated.

General McClellan, in a dispatch to the President from the scene of action, the day after the engagement, exonerated General Stone from all blame. General Stone, before this dispatch had been sent, had strongly urged the appointment of a court of inquiry to fix the responsibility, but this action of McClellan relieved his mind from all care and anxiety on that subject. The confidence which his superior officers, and of his own intelligent subordinates, always reposed in him was not shaken. His command and responsibilities were soon after increased.

But certain members of Congress were dissatisfied, and secured, by political pressure, the appointment of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, and that Committee was directed to inquire into the causes of the disasters of Ball's Bluff. The inquiry began December 27th, 1861, and continued in secret sessions till February 27th, 1862. General Stone was before the Committee on January 5th and

31st. Many witnesses were examined, before and after him. General Stone was not informed of the names of the witnesses against him, nor even given an intimation of the tenor of their testimony other than in a few words by the Chairman, Senator Wade, of Ohio. On January 5th the Chairman said to him: "It is said of you that you take slaves and return them to Secessionists." Stone promptly and forcibly replied: "That is a slander that has been circulated freely, and, I am sorry to say, by men in official position. \* \* It has been uttered on the floor of the Senate."

On January 31st the Chairman said: "In the course of our investigation here there has come out in evidence matters which may be said to impeach you. I do not know that I can enumerate all the points, but I think I can. In the first place is your conduct in the Ball's Bluff affair—your ordering your forces over without sufficient means of transportation, and in that way, of course, endangering your army, in case of check, by not being able to reinforce them. \* \* We deem that the testimony tends, also, to impeach you for not reinforcing those troops when they went over there, in the face of the enemy. \* \* Another point is, you are apparently impeached. I say 'impeached.' The evidence tends to prove that you have had undue communication with the enemy by letters that have passed back and forth, by intercourse with officers of the other side, and by permitting packages to go over unexamined to known Secessionists. \* \* The next and only other point that now occurs to me is, that you have suffered the enemy to erect fortifications or batteries on the opposite side of the river, within the reach of your guns, and that you could easily have prevented."

General Stone's answer was lucid, frank, and full. His explanations were unreserved and his justification complete and unanswerable, and should have crushed forever, even during those days of excitement and suspicion, all premeditated action, especially on testimony taken in his absence and in secret. To the impeachment of disloyalty General Stone replied with much feeling and reproach: "That is one humiliation I hoped I should never be subjected to. I thought there was one calumny that could not be brought against me. Any other calumny that anybody can raise I should expect after what I have received; but that I should have supposed you, personally, Mr.

Chairman, would have rejected at once. You remember last Winter, when this Government had so few friends, who had this city, I might almost say, in his power? I raised all the volunteer troops that were here during the seven dark days of last Winter. I disciplined and posted those troops; I commanded them; and those troops were the first to invade the soil of Virginia, and I led them. \* \* \* I could have surrendered Washington, and now I will swear that this Government has not a more faithful soldier; of poor capacity, it is true, but a more faithful soldier this Government has not had from the day General Scott called me, the 31st day of December, 1860, up to this minute. As to any particular cases of carrying letters across the river, it is utterly false that I have had the slightest improper communication with the enemy. The charge is too false for a soldier to answer." To the last charge, that he had permitted batteries to be erected, etc., General Stone answered as emphatically: "That is equally false." Speaking of his labors in the past and his hopes from them, he said: "I have, so help me heaven, but one object in all this, and that is, to see the United States successful. \* \* I have been as faithful as I can be, and I am exceedingly sore at this outrageous charge." His case had been prejudged. On January 29th, and two days before the last examination, on the report of the Committee and at the instigation of others, an order for his arrest and close confinement had been issued by the Secretary of War. Stone had been called to Washington on the 30th, and from the day of arrival until that order was renewed and served he was treated with all respect and apparent confidence by the President and Secretary of War. He was assured, February 7th, by the Secretary that his explanation was satisfactory, his exculpation complete, no charges were being entertained, and that arrangements were being considered how to increase his command and responsibilities. That day the Secretary was informed by members of the Committee of Stone's last testimony and indignant protest. Without the slightest suspicion of any intention to arrest him, or of the grounds for such action, Stone was suddenly seized at midnight, Sunday, February 8th, and hurriedly sent to Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, where he was incarcerated, with strict orders that he should be kept from all communication with others. This action of the Government was unexplained at the time, and has since re-

mained unexplained; mystery surrounded it and still surrounds it. Why should this man, the first to volunteer in defense of the Union, who had labored so assiduously to preserve that Union, as well as to protect the Capitol, to save it from disturbance, to secure the peaceful entrance of the President-elect and his inauguration, thus, without warning, without trial, without being informed of the cause of his arrest, be suddenly relieved from command, seized as a traitor and incarcerated in a dungeon for months, and shut off from communication with his family and friends, and even denied the advice of counsel?

He was held at Forts Lafayette and Hamilton till August 16th, when he was released. He at once repaired to his home in Washington City, registered at the Adjutant-General's office and applied to be assigned to duty.

A rare instance of patriotism! Could there be any possible doubt of the loyalty of such a man?

Though Stone applied to his superiors and even to the President to learn the cause of his arrest and incarceration and requested a trial on any charge against him, he never received a reply to his letters, nor any intimation from official sources of the real cause of the action against him. The President said on a personal application "that while the arrest was made under his general authority, he did not do it, and that if he told all he knew about the matter, he should not tell much;" and he added, "I told them (Stone's accusers) all the time, that they couldn't make me believe that General Stone was wrong." The committee on the conduct of the war, who had examined into the "Alleged misconduct at Ball's Bluff and undue intercourse with the enemy at that time," reported that "they were satisfied that the information which they had given to the War Department, had, in all probability furnished some of the grounds on which his arrest had been made; yet they did not know till a year subsequent, the immediate cause of his arrest," and the committee endeavored to demonstrate that the blame should be attributed to an individual person. General McClellan, General-in-Chief at the time of the arrest, informed General Stone that the order of arrest was originally given to him January 29th by the Secretary of War, who told him at the time that it was issued at the solicitation of the Congressional Committee and based on testimony taken by them. The order when first made was verbal, but McClellan

insisted that it should be in writing, and the Secretary himself wrote it out. McClellan protested against the order and delayed its execution in the hope that it would be revoked. Subsequently, lest he should be regarded as derelict to duty by withholding what might be interpreted as inculpatory evidence, he presented to the Secretary a sworn statement of a refugee from Leesburg, which, it was alleged, agreed with some of the evidence said to have been taken by the committee. At the same time, however, he stated to the Secretary that he could not, from the information in his possession, understand how charges could be framed against General Stone, and that the evidence was too indefinite. Yet, about midnight of Sunday, February 8th, McClellan received instruction from the Secretary of War, immediately to execute the original order and closely confine Stone at Fort Lafayette. McClellan several times subsequently, suggested a prompt trial, but the Secretary replied that there was no time to attend to the case and that the committee was still collecting evidence.

The report of the committee on the conduct of the war and the testimony upon which the report was based, show conclusively that there was no ground for Stone's arrest, neither for misconduct at Ball's Bluff, nor for disloyalty to the Government. The six month's cruel treatment inflicted upon him during his incarceration led to mental troubles, which were aggravated by illness contracted in service. These troubles finally ended in an aberration of his mind, during which he resigned. It was well known that he was irresponsible at the time of his resignation, but it was promptly accepted.

Causes for the harsh and unusual treatment to which Stone was so long subjected, have been inferred, but none have been openly stated. He had strong suspicions of secret motives operating against himself and others, which, taken in connection with intimations from persons in positions of trust, sustained those suspicions. But the matter is still a mystery. The mystery may yet be solved.

The following statement of facts, believed by him to be true, may aid in the solution of the mystery.

It was alleged that while in command in Maryland, he permitted improper communications between the two opposing armies, by allowing persons to pass and re-pass from one to the other. It was proven in all such cases the parties had the necessary passes from his superior

officer. One individual, who was perhaps disloyal, was said to have been permitted to cross and re-cross the river at all hours; and this is one of the acts, for which, it was alleged, he was arrested; but it was discovered that this person had a pass signed under proper authority, by an Assistant Adjutant-General in the War Department. Since Stone was, soon after the fact was known, exonerated and released from arrest, this may have been one of the causes of his confinement.

In Stone's command were several Massachusetts regiments, some of whose officers were intense Abolitionists. These officers demanded that Stone, a Massachusetts man, should take action in every way against slavery. It happened that when Stone's forces withdrew from Virginia, after Ball's Bluff, a few colored men came with them. Two of these, who had come over unintentionally, begged to be permitted to rejoin their parents, wives and children near Leesburg, where they were well cared for by their master, who permitted them to work for themselves and had considerable of their money in his possession. At that time the only orders to commanders of our forces, which defined a government policy with reference to slavery, were that any slaves found in our camp by their masters and claimed by them, should be surrendered, provided these masters belonged to states not in rebellion. All who escaped from the rebel states were held to be free as "contraband" of war.

Stone permitted these two men to return to their homes, of course of their own free will and under a flag of truce.

Some Massachusetts volunteers hearing that these men had been sent back, wrote to their Governor that Stone was surrendering fugitive slaves to their masters. The Governor sent orders to his Colonels not to permit any slaves, taking refuge in their camps, to be surrendered. He also wrote a strong remonstrance against such policy by the Government and sent it to Senator Sumner. General Stone having been shown the Governor's letter to the Massachusetts Colonel and deeming it inculcating insubordination, wrote to the Adjutant-General of the Army, protesting that those who had been mustered into the services of the Government and placed under his command by lawful authority, could not be permitted to receive orders from the Governor of that state, from whose control they had entirely passed. This letter was unfortunately forwarded to the Governor, though it was never

intended for his eye. Senator Sumner on receipt of the Governor's remonstrance, denounced General Stone on the floor of the Senate. Thereupon Stone hastily wrote him a strong, but passionate and indiscreet letter, justifying himself and protesting against being thus arraigned in a place where he could not defend himself. This roused intense feeling against Stone in both houses of Congress, especially among the many friends of Colonel Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff while in command, and induced many sustaining their party to act on the belief that he was disloyal. Upon Senator Sumner was urged the necessity of vindicating his character and dignity, outraged, as was affirmed, by an officer of the army. The Senator, however, said he did not intend to stir up the matter, but his friends might act as they pleased. A Senator then asserted that he had seen the Secretary of War and 'had urged that Stone should be arrested and punished, and that the Secretary had concluded to issue an order to that effect. Stone's rigorous incarceration may have been due to these causes. At all events he was held without trial, apparently without charges, despite his protest against the wrong and his appeal for justice, and was released from confinement only through the influence of powerful friends and by force of a law passed expressly for the purpose; but the dread of military degradation and a shameful death so preyed upon his mind as to affect him permanently and finally cause him to resign from the army.

Honorable James G. Blaine's manly words in his book recently published, are more than significant. He says, referring to this part of Stone's history, then "not gracefully, but tardily, and it seemed grudgingly, the Government was compelled to confess its own wrong and to do partial justice to the injured by restoring him to honorable service under the flag of the nation."

General Stone remained in Washington from August, '62, to May, '63, but not on any duty. He felt that for some reasons, unexplained to him, and the true nature of which he could only suspect, he was not trusted by those highest in authority, though he had the confidence of all his old associates.

On September 7th, '62, General McClellan wrote to the Secretary of War, expressing his belief in the loyalty and devotion of General Stone and his desire to avail himself of his services, with the army then moving against Lee in Maryland, but unwillingness to do so unless it

met with the approval of the Government. The request was not approved.

In January, '63, when General Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac, he applied for Stone's assignment as his Chief of Staff. The application was "not granted."

In January, '63, Stone was detailed by General Burnside as President of a Court Martial to sit in Washington City. Stone's enemies were roused. Verbal protests were made to the President and Secretary of War by officials having both political and personal influence, who felt that restoration to duty, however just and proper, especially at Washington, would be a reflection upon their action which had so long held him degraded. Under authority of this detail, for the first time in nearly a year, he appeared on the street in full uniform on the way to the Court room, and was met by an order relieving him from the detail. No reason was assigned for this action, but it was generally felt that however cruel and unjust it might be, the authorities would not, by sanctioning the detail, risk the loss of the friendly influences of those who had caused his arrest and incarceration and who feared that he would be restored to the social and official standing from which they had degraded him.

General Stone, while fully understanding his rights and appreciating the wrong which had been done him, made no appeal whatever for public sympathy, nor did he take any public action beyond that of respectful official appeal. He felt, that when the existence of the Government, which his forefathers had helped to establish and which he had earnestly fought to maintain, was in great peril, his personal dignity and his rights were as nothing in comparison, and that that dignity and those rights could safely await vindication in less troublous times. Subsequent events have proved that his action and his judgment were correct; and it is only necessary to refer any one desiring such proof to the Honorable James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," in which the leader of the party then in power fully vindicates General Stone, even by public documents in the case, relating to this particular subject. The secret history of this extraordinary case will doubtless appear in its own good time.

Efforts have been made to hold General McClellan responsible for General Stone's imprisonment. Before Stone left Washington to

join Banks in Louisiana he acquitted McClellan of all blame in the matter, except that, assured of Stone's innocence, McClellan should have thrown up his command rather than obey the Secretary's order. In after years Stone repeated the foregoing to a friend, who replied that that was unreasonable ; that McClellan was not free to abandon his high duties, nor to disobey the positive order of his government ; that he had done his full duty in opposing the arrest and it was better for Stone that a friend should remain in command, rather than give way to another, who would probably be an enemy. To this Stone replied, " I dare say you are right, and I have no other fault to find with him, than his obedience to the Secretary's order."

General Banks, in command of the Department of the Gulf, stating his need of officers of ability and experience to command his troops, and asserting his confidence in General Stone, applied to the Government for his services, and he was immediately, May 6th, 1863, ordered to report to Banks. Thus the Government was gladly relieved of his immediate presence, and, perhaps, in assenting to the detail to a distant point, was no longer influenced by the reasons which, up to that time, had forced them to keep him in retirement.

Stone cheerfully accepted the tender of occupation under General Banks. Though the position assigned him was of far less importance than that from which he had been forcibly removed, and he could not overcome the effects of the blow which had been inflicted upon him as a man and a soldier, he resolved to act with the energy and purpose to wipe out all that had been said against him and to show his countrymen how unreliable were all who had dared impeach his loyalty.

Stone, on reporting to General Banks, at once entered on active duty, taking part in the memorable seige of Port Hudson and as Chief of the Commission to receive its surrender, and later in command of the force sent to the relief of Donaldsonville. Appointed, July 23d, Chief of Staff of the Department, he served in the campaign of the Teche in 1863 and in the Red River campaign in 1864, participating in the battles of Sabine Cross-Roads and Pleasant Hill.

General Ransom, the gallant commander of all the Infantry in the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads of April 8, up to the time he was

wounded, shows his estimate of General Stone. In his official report he says:

"I desire here to bear witness to the gallantry of Brigadier-General Stone, who was on the left of the line with General Lee. He used the small force of Infantry to the best advantage in bravely but unsuccessfully endeavoring to repulse the overwhelming force of the enemy."

He was constantly at the front, and by his reckless bravery did much to encourage the men. He won the hearts of the Army of the Gulf by his gallant conduct at the battle of Pleasant Hill, where, when Banks' left was crushed, he led a portion of General A. J. Smith's division in the charge, which at once changed the face of battle. He aided in following up this success, which resulted in the rout of the enemy. Yet he is not mentioned by his superior. History will yet show that to him was due, in a large degree, the preservation of that army from greater disaster. But disaster did occur. A scapegoat was needed. Stone was selected as that scapegoat. Under orders from Washington, he was relieved from duty, April 16th, 1864, mustered out of the Volunteer service and sent to Cairo, Illinois. He was regarded as one of the best officers in Banks' department, and it was believed at the time that his removal from the staff was due to the same malignant influences that had led to his incarceration at Fort Lafayette. In August he was sent to his regiment with the Army of the Potomac, then before Petersburg.

Shattered in health by constant persecutions, and his mind so affected as not to be able to concentrate his attention upon his own actions and duties, he resigned from the Army and lived in retirement in Massachusetts till the Summer of 1865, when he visited the City of Mexico, and returned that Fall, restored to health and strength.

Stone was occupied as Engineer and Superintendent of a mining company in Virginia. The company was unsuccessful and Stone became financially embarrassed. Recommended to the Khedive of Egypt, who was then seeking the best American officer for the highest rank in his Army, he was tendered a position under the Egyptian Government. He accepted the invitation on condition that under no circumstances should he be called upon to act against the United States. An opportunity was thus afforded to him for the employment

of his varied powers. With other selected officers he proceeded at once to Egypt. Immediately on his arrival in that country he entered upon responsible duties. By his pleasant, ingratiating manners, ready compliance with the forms of the prevailing religion, his ability as a linguist, speaking and writing French, German, Spanish and fairly Arabic, added to his unbroken industry at his bureau in the Cairo War Office, he became the prime favorite of the Egyptian War Minister, and eventually the confidentially trusted and implicitly relied upon Chief of the General Staff of the Army and General Aide to the Khedive. He was promoted to the grade of Lieutenant-General, with the rank of Ferik Pasha, the highest rank which could be attained by anyone not a Prince of the blood. He was charged by the Khedive with many high functions, and, during his stay in Egypt, he organized and superintended expeditions of reconnoissance, explorations, surveys, and other important operations in various parts of Egypt; established military schools of instruction in every battalion, and other appliances for education, which always met the entire approval of the Khedive, and were of the greatest benefit to the country.

The intrigues and combined influences of European powers successfully broke down the powers of the Khedive, revolutionized his systems, destroyed the usefulness of American officers and drove from Egypt all influences antagonistic to their ambitious plans. In 1883 General Stone asked to be relieved from duty in Egypt, and was permitted to return to this country, his citizenship in which he had maintained during his absence. He arrived in this country in March, and in April entered upon the duties of Engineer-in-Chief to the committee for the construction of the pedestal of the great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World"—the gift of the people of France to the people of the United States. Charged, in this capacity, with the construction of the massive pedestal on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, he prosecuted the work diligently and economically, but he received only encomiums of praise for his management and final successful completion of the entire structure.

In this connection the public press said of him:

"His appointment to this position, for which his experience specially qualified him, was an honorable welcome on his return to his native land, and was fully appreciated by him, as indeed it deserved

to be. It is a remarkable instance of poetic justice that almost within the very shadow of Forts Lafayette and Hamilton, where he was so arbitrarily and unjustly confined in 1862, he should, through his scientific knowledge and skill, crown with undying distinction a name and career already honorably enshrined in the history of the country."

General Stone died of pneumonia, in New York City, after a brief illness.

The salient characteristics of Stone were manifested all through his life and have left their impress upon his associates.

He was ambitious, but to further his designs, scorned all meanness; he was pure and irreproachable in conduct; indomitable in adversity; modest when success crowned his efforts; undepressed and energetic in adversity; so courteous to his associates and dignified in bearing as always to command respect and to furnish a model for imitation.

He was a man of true piety and ever responsive to the demands of duty. He loved his home and his family; was economical in his habits, indulging in no extravagances; but the requirements of social duties, arising from the many high and responsible positions he occupied, so exhausted his resources that he died, leaving his family in poverty.

Misapprehended and misunderstood, he was disgraced by an unmerited punishment. Facts then existing, but now explained with others since brought to light, have proved that he was no traitor, and that though disgraced he could not be dishonored.

No reparation can be made to him—he sleeps in his grave—but to the living whom he cherished, the Government which in its blunders wronged the dead, may make some tardy recognition of its error.

His surviving associates know his history; appreciate the wrong done him, and sympathize with those he has left behind.

Let all unite in soliciting that his family shall not suffer because he spent his substance and imperiled his life in the service of his country.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

CHRISTOPHER T. HALL.

No. 2243. CLASS OF 1868.

Died, January 31, 1887, at Shreveport, Louisiana, aged 40.

CHRISTOPHER T. HALL was born in November, 1847, and entered the United States Military Academy as a cadet in 1864, remaining four years, graduating number twenty-five in a class of fifty-four in 1868.

After graduating he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant Second United States Cavalry, then stationed at different points in the Department of the Platte.

He was promoted First Lieutenant in June, 1869.

He immediately found, on joining his regiment, active service in scouting after various bands of the Cheyenne and Ogalalla Sioux that infested and were depredating the country, north and south of the Union Pacific Railroad, then in the process of construction.

He took active and conspicuous part in dislodging all the roving bands of Indians on the Platte, Republican, and Kansas Rivers, in 1868, 1869, and 1870.

He, with a small detachment, gallantly repelled a war party of Cheyenne Sioux at Medicine Bow, Union Pacific Railroad, in 1875, and also took an active and prominent part in the expedition against the Sioux from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, in February, March and April, 1874, and later in the Custer Campaign of 1876, with the lower column, from the Department of the Platte, under Brigadier-General George Crook. In this campaign he was conspicuously brave, at the battles of the Rosebud and Goose Creek, Wyoming.

While being a man who kept well abreast of the times on all current topics, he found much leisure time to devote to the study of, not only military law, but civil law, as well, and devoted nearly all his leisure during four years, to Kent, Blackstone, and various other authors on civil procedure, and finally after a searching examination at Cheyenne and Laramie, in 1875, was admitted to the practice of law for and in the Territory of Wyoming.

He resigned from the army in 1880, practiced law in Chicago, Illinois, for a time, after which he was engaged as an Assistant on the United States Military Engineering work, in progress at Shreveport, Louisiana, where he died January 31st, 1887.

He was, in his daily intercourse with others, as generous to their failings, as he was eulogistic of their virtues, a man reserved in his speech and judgments, an earnest student, a close reasoner, as well as reader of character, a steadfast and true friend, possessing qualities that endeared him to all with whom he was associated, and in his death, which is sincerely mourned by his many friends, who knew him, for his true worth, and to whom he was endeared—the light of one of the brightest rays, which formed the radial lines of the star of 1868, has forever passed below the horizon of mortal ken.

J. L. FOWLER,  
Captain Second Cavalry.

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### SEWARD MOTT.

No. 3169. CLASS OF 1886.

Died, March 12, 1887, at San Carlos Agency, Arizona, aged 25.

A despatch from the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona, conveys the sad news of the death there March 12, 1887, of Second Lieutenant Seward Mott, Tenth United States Cavalry, a promising young officer, under the following circumstances: Lieutenant Mott had been assisting Captain Pierce, Agent at the Reservation, in the division of lands. A young Apache chief, whose father was confined in the guard house, quarrelled with Lieutenant Mott over a division of land, and stabbed him several times, the wounds proving fatal. The murderer escaped, and is now with three renegades who went out to escape punishment for drunkenness, and are being pursued by scouts. Lieutenant Mott was born in New York, appointed to the Military Academy, and was graduated in 1886.

*Army and Navy Journal, March 19, 1887.*

ROSWELL S. RIPLEY.

NO. 1173. CLASS OF 1843.

Died, March 26, 1887, at New York City, New York, aged 64.

It is the common lot of the greater portion of the human family to be satisfied to live—pass away—and leave no evidence of their having been; and thus through the immeasurable ages of the past, their deeds, their hopes, their fears, have all alike perished with them in the grave. A few, however, more fortunate from position or distinction above their fellow-beings, have had their names written on the records of men, and some knowledge of them will live as long as language is spoken; and here, and to this end—for his attainments and services, the name of Roswell S. Ripley is presented to your association as one worthy to have his name inscribed on the pages of your society.

General Roswell S. Ripley was born in the state of Ohio and entered the United States Military Academy, as a cadet from the state of New York, in July, 1839. Appointed from all the states in the Union—with varied opportunities for instruction—there must necessarily be in every class of cadets a diversity of manners, character and degrees of attainments. In Ripley's class there were Franklin, with an analytical mind; Quinby, a profound mathematician; Deshon, with his philosophical acuteness; Steele, with poetical taste; Grant, with unassuming simplicity, that masked reserved powers; and others alike well known for particular traits of character and abilities. Among them all—ere long—as a student, Ripley took high rank and with ordinary application maintained it to the end against competitors.

He was generous, open-hearted, out-spoken; harbored no resentments. He usually saw the humorous side of every occurrence or question, and would illustrate it in a quaint manner, peculiarly his own. His cheerful presence dispelled all unnecessary solemnity in every assembly. While he did not possess that magnetic influence and grace of manner that attracts all who come within its influence, and was too robust of mould to seek and do those little deeds of kindness that win the affections, yet his generous and unselfish disposition formed friendships among his classmates that lasted through life. He was tolerant in all things. He entertained not the same views of life and the "whole

duties of man" as did some of our ancestors who objected to the "popular sport of bear baiting, not that it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators," nor would he have broken a lance with any one because he differed with him on a question of prerogative. His understanding was good and plain, his judgment sound, and could not be diverted from the real fact at issue by any generalities. Above these he was honest, upright in all his dealings and, I think, pure of heart. Such was my estimate of him at the end of our academic career.

He had now reached the first goal of his ambition—graduation—and was prepared to enter on a larger stage of action and begin the real battle of life. His horizon, that for four years had been limited by the Highlands, was now enlarged, and in June, 1843, the world with all its allurements was before him. He may have tasted its joys, but not its sorrows. He was elated with hopes, but not cast down by disappointments—the latter were reserved for after years.

In July the appointments were made, and in the assignments to companies, young Ripley was ordered to join his company in the Third Regiment of Artillery, stationed at Fort McHenry, Baltimore. From there he was sent to Fort Johnston, North Carolina.

In 1844 he was ordered to report for duty at the Augusta Arsenal, Georgia. Next he was detailed for duty at the Military Academy as Assistant Professor of Mathematics, and remained on duty there until September, 1845. Thence he was placed on duty on the coast survey, where he remained until after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, fought May the 8th and 9th, 1846.

Quitting the coast survey, he joined his company and was with the army of General Taylor when on the march to Monterey, no doubt elated with the coveted opportunity for active service and distinction.

He was engaged in the three days' fight (September 21, 22, 23) at Monterey. The city capitulated soon after the close of the third day's fight.

In December following, General Taylor started on his march to Tampico. At this time General Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief, was directed to take the field, and sailed for Vera Cruz. He took from General Taylor all the United States regular troops, except May's squadron of dragoons and two field batteries under Braxton Bragg and

Thomas W. Sherman. With the troops that sailed for Vera Cruz went Ripley's company.

At this time occurred one of those incidents that no doubt changed the entire plan of Santa Anna, Commander of the armies of Mexico. General Scott's order, designating the troops to be taken from General Taylor, was given to Lieutenant Richey at Monterey to carry to Taylor at Victoria. While on his way to Victoria, when passing through the town of Villa Gran, he was lassoed by a Mexican and murdered in the Chaparal, and the dispatches taken from his person were sent to Santa Anna. This information in his possession, with the promptness of a soldier, Santa Anna decided to strike General Taylor immediately in his weak condition, crush him and then return and meet Scott at Cerro Gordo. This led to the battle of Buena Vista.

Lieutenant Ripley was present at the siege and capture of Vera Cruz. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he conducted himself so bravely that he was made a Brevet Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct on that occasion. He participated in the battles of Contreras, Churubusco, and Molino del Rey. At the storming of Chapultepec, September 13th, 1847, he was conspicuous, and for his gallantry was made a Brevet Major in the army. The capture of Chapultepec was followed by the immediate assault on, and the capture of the City of Mexico. In all this campaign Captain Ripley manfully bore his part.

No doubt, when on the march to the city, the ardent young officers often thought of the grand conquest made by the daring Spaniard, who three-hundred years before had trod the same soil when on his way to Mexico. Little they thought that their own achievements would be regarded more wonderful than his. General Scott had now "conquered a peace" and Major Ripley returned to his home. Soon after he obtained a leave of absence and employed his time in writing his history of the war with Mexico. In 1849, the Seminole Indians showed signs of hostility, and troops were sent to Florida to preserve peace, and with other officers Major Ripley was sent to suppress the disturbance. Returning in 1850, he was again stationed at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and finally his service in the army terminated by his resignation, March 2, 1853, after serving in the garrisons of Fortress Monroe and Fort Moultrie, South Carolina.

From this brief narrative of his services in the United States army,

it will be perceived that he joined the army near Monterey—a newly commissioned Second Lieutenant—in September, 1846, and that in September, 1847, one year after, he held a commission of Brevet Captain, and a second one as Brevet Major in the army, both conferred on him for distinguished and gallant services in battle.

After his resignation I have no knowledge of his life, until he appeared again in 1861. No doubt when the troubles of that year were,—in the distance—seen approaching, Major Ripley thoughtfully considered the causes of the discontent. In our endeavor to ascertain the motives that induce a man to espouse a cause or defend a right with his life, there are obvious truths that should not be overlooked.

A man will not die for a metaphor—few will peril life for an abstraction; but a people will perish for a cause. If then a people rose up in arms, without desire for preferment, hope of personal reward, or gaining honor or position in a fratricidal struggle, it is but fair to the memory of those who died and justice to the living to doubt not that they believed their cause was just.

When the time came to defend their homes against invasion, Major Ripley regarded it his paramount duty to obey the laws of the state of which he was a citizen and comply with its behests, and his duty to do so let none gainsay.

After all measures for a peaceful settlement had failed, and the strife of arms commenced, I first heard of General Ripley through his assignments in August, 1861, to the command of the Department of South Carolina and the coast defenses in that state.

This was an important command, and how well the arduous duties were performed, we shall hereafter see.

From his duty in South Carolina, he was ordered in command of a brigade to the defense of Richmond, where the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, approached that city in June, 1862. His brigade formed a part of General D. H. Hill's division, and was engaged, particularly, in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill. In these battles, his command, numbering two thousand three hundred and sixty-six, sustained a loss of forty-five officers and eight hundred and forty-four non-commissioned officers and men killed and wounded. Out of eleven field officers, four were killed and three wounded.

The next important service rendered, was in the severe fight at South Mountain, which was followed by the battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam. In October, 1862, General Ripley was again ordered to Charleston and placed in command of the First Military District, which embraced the defenses of the harbor and approaches to that city. With their powerful armaments, on the seventh day of April, 1863, came the fleet of ironclads and monitors and attacked Fort Sumpter. After a contest of nearly two hours and a half, the fleet withdrew except the monitor Keokuk.

General Ripley was an able executive officer, and at Charleston—in charge of the defenses of the harbor—he had an ample field for his genius. Some of the works constructed there under his charge were worthy of a Vauban, and might be used as models in teaching the science of defensive war.

General Ripley remained in charge of the defenses of Charleston until the city was evacuated, when he joined General Lee at Richmond, and with the surrender terminated his military career in the United States.

All wars must end in the course of time, and after four years of unequal contest the flag of the Confederacy was forever furled. The soldiers returned to their desolate homes, sad and weary. The gray coat for the last time was taken off; and what language can describe the bitter anguish of the heart—intensified by the ruins around him—when, with tearful eye, in poverty and want—it was folded up and carefully put away. There it lies—

"It is rough, it is worn; it is tattered in places,  
But he loves it the more for the story it bears—  
A story of courage in struggle with sorrows—  
And a heart that bore bravely its burden of cares."

But war was a pleasant pastime to the many years of degradation that followed after the surrender, when the purest and fairest in all the land lost faith in the efficacy of prayer and asked, "is there a just God?"

They could not in their trials and humiliation discover the inscrutable hand of Providence working out the salvation of the nation in His own way.

In all these years the soldier with his burden, toiled patiently and

silently on, heeding only to make an extra blade of grass grow for his family, until at last the sympathy that the brave always have for the weak and oppressed was awakened to their condition; and then human love became stronger than the power that oppressed and relaxed the bands and gradually restored to him his civil rights.

Schooled in adversity, they became a stronger people with higher aspirations and noble aims, and hopefully awaited the dawn of complete deliverance. It came at last!

Greater than any victory during the war was the victory of the North over itself, when it accepted the era of good feeling, out of which arose a new nation with history, story and song, made powerful and grand by binding a sundered people with a common love for a one common country—a country perhaps destined to go forward with new lights and accomplish in ages to come the possibilities that may lead to the fulfillment of what was written in Revelation at Patmos.

Surely He who made "the stars in their courses fight against Sisera," guides the destiny of nations.

During the years of "re-construction"—which happily he escaped—General Ripley resided abroad, and was at one time, I understand, engaged in planning the defenses of Paris, pending the Franco-German war. He made England his home also a number of years.

When he returned to this country, I have no authentic information—but of late years he passed most of his time in New York City. He was at the breakfast table in the New York Hotel, when he was stricken with apoplexy and died the next day, March 26th, 1887.

After a varied life, verging on in length of years to that allotted by the Psalmist to man, his spirit crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees on the other side.

His body rests in the silent grave near the home he loved best, there to remain until it shall arise to behold "the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn."

SAMUEL G. FRENCH.

REZIN G. HOWELL.

No. 2043. CLASS OF 1864.

Died, May 2, 1887, at Little Rock, Arkansas, aged 45.

CAPTAIN HOWELL was born at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, appointed to the Military Academy from Kentucky in June, 1860, and from which he was graduated June 13, 1864. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery same date and ordered to join Battery F of that regiment, then serving in the Army of the Tennessee in the field. He joined immediately, and took part in all the battles and engagements of that Army from that time till the close of the war. He was promoted a First Lieutenant of the Second Artillery March 1, 1865, and a Captain of the same regiment November 8, 1882.

Struck down in the prime of a vigorous manhood, his loss is deeply felt by all who knew him, for he was a man beloved by all, a thorough soldier, a polished gentleman, and possessing more of the attributes that go to make the true man than is often found combined in one. His loss will be long mourned, and his memory will be cherished as a precious legacy, for he was a dear friend.

W. P. VOSE,  
Captain Second Artillery.

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THOMAS C. DAVENPORT.

No. 2465. CLASS OF 1872.

Died, May 6, 1887, at Washington, D. C., aged 37.

LIEUTENANT T. C. DAVENPORT, Fourth Artillery, died in this city on Friday. He was a native of Washington, and entered the Military Academy in July, 1867. He became Second Lieutenant Ninth Cavalry in June, 1872, and was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy in June, 1878, and in February, 1886, was transferred to the Fourth Artillery. Lieutenant Davenport was a son of Captain Henry K. Davenport, United States Navy.

*Army and Navy Register, May 7, 1887.*

## ALANSON M. RANDOL.

No. 1855. CLASS OF 1860.

Died, May 7, 1887, at New Almaden, California, aged 50.

COLONEL ALANSON M. RANDOL, of the United States Army, died at New Almaden on Saturday last, of Bright's disease, which he contracted during the rebellion. He was fifty years of age. Colonel Randol was born in Newburgh, New York, and was appointed to the West Point Academy in July, 1855, and graduated in 1860, ninth in a class of forty-one members. He was made a Brevet Second Lieutenant, and in May, 1861, was gazetted a First Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. At the outbreak of the war he was stationed at the Benicia Arsenal, and, at his own request, was assigned to active service in the field. He was transferred to the First Artillery, of which he remained an officer until his death. In June, 1862, he was made Brevet Captain of Volunteers for gallant services at New Market, Virginia, and for bravery at Gettysburg was made a Brevet Major on the field. He served throughout the war with distinction, and took part in many of the principal battles, including the siege of Yorktown, the second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Malvern Hill, Chancellorville, Frederick, and numerous minor engagements, and finally was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House. In 1864 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second New York Volunteers, and in March, 1865, was breveted Colonel for gallant services at Five Forks, Virginia. In June following he was mustered out of the service as a Brevet Brigadier with the rank of Captain in the First Artillery.

Since the war he saw active duty on the Mexican frontier and in the Departments of the East and South. In 1881 he was sent to this coast, and was stationed at the Presidio, serving for a time as Inspector General. In 1882 he was made Major, and lately has been in command of Fort Winfield Scott and Alcatraz. But few officers had a finer record than Colonel Randol. He was a man of magnificent physique, and had many warm friends in and out of the Army. Deceased leaves a widow and four children, and was a brother of J. B. Randol, manager of the New Almaden mine. The funeral took place at one o'clock to-day from the Presidio.

*San Francisco Evening Post, May 9, 1887.*

## HENRY F. CLARKE.

NO. 1178. CLASS OF 1843.

Died, May 10, 1887, at Washington, District of Columbia, aged 66.

HENRY FRANCIS CLARKE, Brevet Major-General United States Army, retired, who died at his residence in Washington, District of Columbia, on May 10, 1887, was born in Brownsville, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on the ninth day of November, 1820, and was the fourth son of Robert and Sarah Clarke. He is remembered by those who knew him at the time as a bright, active boy, and a general favorite with the people of his native town. He was mischievous, as boys generally are, but never vicious, and in all his differences with others always generous and honorable. It may be added here that in these respects the child was father to the man. His family was one of social distinction and his early and religious training was cared for under the paternal roof according to the teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His subsequent life exemplified in a marked degree the happy results of such training, surrounded, as it was, by the influences of a gentle refinement and high culture.

He attended the best schools of his native town until sent to Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, where he was studying with credit when appointed to the Military Academy, which he joined in July, 1839. This class, entering in 1839, proved, in some respects, rather a peculiar one. It embraced, as all classes do, both clever men and studious men, but as a general thing its cleverest men were not studious, and many of the studious were not the cleverest. The standing of the class in studies was, as a consequence, never high; neither was it so in matters of conduct, and it is not unnatural, therefore, that the class as a class was never very hopefully regarded by either professors or officers. They did not see that much could ever be accomplished by a lot of youngsters, many of whom thought more of a successful trip to "Benny Haven's" than of making a good recitation. In respect to "Benny Haven's," the class undoubtedly suffered in reputation from the acts of a comparatively small number, much the greater number not being conspicuously addicted to that sort of thing. It is true, however, that the class, with few exceptions, was not given

to hard study, and suffered in consequence, for when it graduated not one of its members was put in the Engineer Corps and but two in in o.her staff corps. Such a thing had not happened for years. Once in the Army, however, the class made a better record than it had at West Point. During the Mexican war three of its members were killed in battle and seven were wounded, and twenty-one received brevets for gallant and meritorious services; and in the war of the great Rebellion thirteen became general officers in the Union Army and three in the Confederate Army. Later one of the former became President of the United States for two terms. The war record of the class is not excelled by any class that ever graduated from West Point.

General Clarke graduated twelfth in his class of thirty-nine, less than half its original number. His standing in conduct was far above the average. He was a universal favorite not only with his class but with the whole corps of cadets and with officers and professors. Gentle and engaging in manners, unobtrusive but not reticent, always ready in a quiet way for fun and a lark, but never rough or boisterous, never profane, set as a flint against anything low or mean, abhorrent of intrigue, open and manly in expressing his views but considerate and forbearing towards those with whom he differed, of great purity and refinement, he was admired and respected by all. It is not believed he ever had an enemy.

After his graduation he was assigned as a Brevet Second Lieutenant to the Second Artillery, with which he served at seaboard posts until the breaking out of the Mexican war. In the Fall of 1845, being attached to Captain Duncan's Light Battery, Second Artillery, which subsequently became so distinguished at Palo Alto and other memorable battle-fields, he was sent with it to Corpus Christi, Texas, where it became part of the Army of Occupation under General Taylor. When the army marched to the Rio Grande in March, 1846, Duncan's Battery was with it, and at the battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, it did such famous work as had up to that time never been done by artillery in this country. It was the first time our Light Artillery had been engaged, and its success was all and even more than its most enthusiastic friends had claimed for it. On the following day the battery was engaged in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and in September following in the battle of Monterey. Subsequently this battery

was transferred to General Scott's line, Clarke being with it, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, battle of Cerro Gordo, skirmish at Amasoque, capture of San Antonio, battle of Churubusco, battle of Molino del Rey, where he was wounded, and mentioned by name among the deserving by General Worth; storming of Chapultepec and assault and capture of the City of Mexico. Returning from Mexico after the proclamation of peace, he was awhile on recruiting service, and in 1848 went to the Military Academy as an Assistant Instructor of Artillery until 1849, and as Assistant Professor of Mathematics until 1851. In Florida he was engaged in hostilities against the Seminole Indians, 1851-2, and was Adjutant of his regiment 1852-5; an Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry at the Military Academy 1855-7; appointed Captain of the Staff, Commissary of Subsistence, January 12, 1857; as Chief of Commissariat of Utah Expedition 1857-60; as Assistant in Commissary Department in Washington, August, 1860-April, 1861; Chief Commissary Department of Florida, April 30-May 31, 1861—being engaged in the defense of Fort Pickens in April and May, 1861. He was made Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac July 1, 1861, and September 22, 1861, he was appointed on the staff of General George B. McClellan as Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac, with the rank of Colonel and Acting Aide-de-Camp. As such he continued to serve under every commander of the Army of the Potomac until General Grant was called to Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Union. Colonel Clarke feeling, at this time, the need of relaxation from long-continued and arduous labors in the field, was, at his own request, assigned to duty in the city of New York. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, in the interview at which Colonel Clarke preferred his request, said that he felt a pleasure in granting it, for he knew how well he had performed his duty in the field, having never heard a complaint from any of the commanders under whom he had served.

After the close of the war General Clarke rendered duty in his department at the cities of New York, Boston and Baltimore. He served also at Chicago, on the staff of Lieutenant-General Sheridan, as Chief Commissary, Division of the Missouri; and at the date of his retirement, November, 1884, he was serving as Chief Commissary, Di-

vision of the Atlantic, on the staff of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, at Governor's Island.

General Clarke was married in 1861 to Belle, the second daughter of General Joseph P. Taylor, Commissary-General of the Army. She, with her son Joseph, survives him.

As already stated, he was wounded and received honorable mention in the battle of Molino del Rey. Five days after he was engaged in the battle of Chapultepec, where he was detached with a section of his battery, commanded by Lieutenant H. J. Hunt, late the distinguished Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and now nominally retired from active service but really engaged in the very arduous and important duties of Governor of the Soldiers' Home. This section was detached for special service, under the immediate orders of Major-General Quitman.

In his report of its operations that day Lieutenant Hunt says: "I cannot close the report of these operations with your division without calling the attention of the General commanding to the services of Lieutenant H. F. Clarke, Second Artillery, who accompanied the section. He was much exposed in the performance of his difficult duties, and after the section had taken up its position he personally took charge of the six-pounder, and served it with excellent judgment and great effect."

The late General McClellan, with whom General Clarke so long served, bears testimony to his character and services as follows:

"On the first day of August, 1861, Colonel H. F. Clarke, Commissary of Subsistence, joined my staff and at once entered upon his duties as Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac. In order to realize the responsibilities pertaining to this office as well as to form a proper estimate of the vast amount of labor which must necessarily devolve upon its occupant, it is only necessary to consider the unprepared state of the country to engage in a war of such magnitude and the lack of practical knowledge on the part of officers with reference to supplying and subsisting a large and, at that time, unorganized army. Yet, notwithstanding the existence of these great obstacles, the manner in which the duties of the Commissary Department were discharged was such as to meet and call forth the commendation of the entire army. \* \* \* In the important task of designating and

establishing depots of supplies Colonel Clarke was ably seconded by his assistants. \* \* \* A full knowledge of the highly creditable manner in which he and all of the above-mentioned officers discharged their duties was given in the detailed report of Colonel Clarke. The remarks and suggestions contained in his report afford valuable rules for the future guidance of the Subsistence Department in supplying armies in the field. \* \* \* During the entire period that I was in command of the Army of the Potomac there was no instance within my knowledge when the troops were without their rations from any fault of the officers of this Department. I am quite within bounds when I say that no one could have performed his vitally important duties more satisfactorily than did General Clarke. He never caused me the slightest anxiety, and I soon learned he would always carry out my wishes were it in the power of man to do so. A stranger to all petty intrigue, a brave and able officer, a modest man, intent only upon the proper performance of his duty, he has never received the reward and appreciation his valuable services merit.

He held the post of Chief Commissary of the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war, discharging his duties to the entire satisfaction of its successive commanders. \* \* \* As I write—September, 1882—he has just received the grade of Colonel in the ordinary course of promotion, and will ere long be retired with that grade, his only reward having been the empty brevet of Major-General."

General Clarke's various grades in the Army are as follows: Brevet Second Lieutenant Second Artillery, July 1, 1843; Second Lieutenant Second Artillery, June 18, 1846; First Lieutenant Second Artillery, September 8, 1847; Brevet Captain United States Army, September 13, 1847, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Chapultepec; appointed Captain Tenth Infantry, March 3, 1855, but declined; Captain in Subsistence Department, January 12, 1851; Major in Subsistence Department, August 3, 1861; Colonel in Staff, Acting Aide-de-Camp, September 28, 1861; Brevet Colonel United States Army, September 11, 1863, for gallant and meritorious services during the campaign in Maryland; Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence, June 29, 1864; Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Gettysburg; Brevet

Major-General United States Army, March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services in the Subsistence Department during the Rebellion. He was retired from active service November 9, 1884. Such is the honorable record of a gallant and efficient soldier, an honorable and accomplished gentleman, a true and faithful friend, a tender and loving husband, a wise and judicious father. With an accomplished, lovely and affectionate wife, his married life was singularly happy, and his well-ordered home was always open to his hosts of friends, who never entered it but with pleasure and never left it but with regret.

He removed to Washington, District of Columbia, in the autumn of 1886, with every prospect of passing a happy old age among friends and connections, but he was suddenly attacked with a mortal disease, which briefly terminated a career without stain and without reproach. Many a heart was made sad and many an eye grew dim when it was known that *Ruddy* Clarke was dead. With those who knew him his memory will ever remain fresh and green, and often and often will they recall with chastened pleasure the many merry meetings and the warm and cheerful greetings of Auld Lang Syne.

C. C. A.

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## HORATIO MORGAN JONES.

No. 2207. CLASS OF 1867.

Died, June 2, 1887, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, aged 40.

HORATIO MORGAN JONES was born at Roxborough, near Philadelphia, May 13, 1847, the youngest child of Honorable John Richter Jones and of Anna E. Laussat (nee Clay), widow of Antony Laussat, Esquire. On the father's side, his ancestors, of Welsh extraction, settled in Pennsylvania, in the year 1710. The Reverend David Jones, A. M., great-grandfather of the subject of this notice, served as Chaplain under General Wayne in the American War of the Revolution. Horatio's father, who became Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, in 1836, entered the service of the Government at the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion as Colonel of the Fifty-

eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers and fell on the field, in command of his regiment, near Newbern, North Carolina, May 23, 1863. Horatio, serving at that time as a private in the same regiment, was shortly after appointed by President Lincoln a cadet at the United States Military Academy. The vacancies in the corps of cadets from the unrepresented districts of the States in rebellion, were, in the fall of 1863, filled by appointments of young men of loyal family, and it is related that when it was submitted to President Lincoln, that all the other places had been filled, that there was a vacancy in North Carolina, and that Horatio's father had been killed there, the President said: "Let him be appointed from North Carolina."

Appointed a cadet at the Military Academy, his rank as such dating from October 19, 1863, Jones graduated with his class on June 17, 1867, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery. On graduation leave of absence until September 30, 1867, he served in garrison at Battery Rodgers, Virginia, September to October, 1867; at Fort Monroe, Virginia, November, 1867, to June, 1869; at Fort Foote, Maryland, June, 1869, to August 31, 1870; at Fort Riley, Kansas, September, 1870, to April, 1871; at Fort McHenry, Maryland, to September 29, 1872. He was on leave of absence from September 29, 1872, until June 1, 1873, when he resigned. These data are supplied from Cullum's Register (supplementary volume).

After his resignation, Jones was engaged in the lumber business, remaining for some years in Philadelphia, and being at the time of his death associated with a firm in Geneva, New York. On November 12, 1878, at New Castle, Delaware, he married, Lide, daughter of Robert Clay Rogers, Esquire, of San Francisco, California, who survives him. He left no children. Philadelphia was regarded by him as his home and he had been there for some weeks prior to the time, when, on June 2, 1887, on attempting to board a train moving at somewhat relaxed speed, at Linwood, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railway, he was crushed and sustained injuries from which he died shortly after being removed to the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. His family were at once communicated with, but, before the arrival of his wife and sister, Mrs. Emile C. Geyelin, poor "Rash"—by which name he was known in the corps of cadets—was no more. He was

buried, June 6, 1887, in the family lot at Roxborough, near Philadelphia.

His death, occurring thus under circumstances peculiarly harrowing to his immediate family, was also the cause of deep regret to a large circle of friends, who had known and esteemed him for his many engaging qualities. He was beloved in his domestic relations and greeted socially as a genial and agreeable companion. He was actuated at all times by principles of integrity and honor, and in his religious aspirations was unostentatiously sincere. Only a few months before his death, he re-visited West Point, and he dwelt with especial satisfaction upon the pleasure which his sojourn there had given him, cherishing ever an abiding affection for his Alma Mater—an enthusiastic interest in his former comrades and in all pertaining to the profession to which he had been trained. If the opportunities for achieving distinction in that profession were not vouchsafed to him, it can yet truly be said that he walked uprightly and justly in the path allotted to him—that he was faithful in the discharge of the duties which life had imposed upon him, whether as a soldier or civilian.

STANISLAUS REMAK, (Class of 1867.)

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### JAMES H. HOLLONQUIST.

NO. 1803. CLASS OF 1858.

Died, August —, 1883, at Terrell, Texas, aged 49.

JAMES H. HOLLONQUIST was appointed cadet from South Carolina in 1854, and graduated number six in the class of 1858. Was assigned to the artillery as a Brevet Second Lieutenant, and promoted Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery, in February, 1859, and resigned January 1, 1861, to join the Confederacy. His service before the war was at Fort Monroe, in the suppression of the John Brown raid, and at Fort Randall, Dakota. During the Rebellion he was at one time Chief of Artillery of Polk's Corps, but the Association has no record of his other service in the Confederacy. After the war he was employed for a time as a Civil Engineer by Colonel Merrill and General Gillmore. Misfortune in business and the too free use of liquor caused the deceased to take his own life.

SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Of the above Gordon, Hazen, McAllister, Randol, Stone, Webster, Wheeler and Whittlesey were members of the Association.

In the Army.....	17
In civil life.....	9
Total.....	<u>26</u>



## MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS.

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The Treasurer presented the following report, which was accepted and adopted:

WEST POINT, New York, June 9, 1887.

*Lieutenant Francis J. A. Darr, Treasurer, in account with the Association of Graduates, United States Military Academy:*

<i>Dr.</i> — Balance on hand last report (cash).....	\$ 230.49
One \$1,000 four per cent. U. S. bond.....	1,000.00
Initiation Fees .....	120.00
One Year's Interest on United States Bond.....	40.00
Sale of Pamphlets ....	12.50
Surplus from Dinner Fund, June 10, 1886.....	29.58
Total receipts.....	\$1,432.57
 <i>Cr.</i> — Printing Annual Report, 1886.....	\$ 236.36
Postage Stamps for Year Ending June 9, 1887.....	28.60
Army and Navy List.....	2.00
Army and Navy Journal.....	3.00
Secretary's Account, Expenditures for Association.....	5.97
Stationery for Association.....	4.53
Binding Registers.....	4.35
Total Expenditures.....	\$ 284.81
Balance on Hand.....	1,147.76
	\$1,432.57

I certify the above account is correct.

FRANCIS J. A. DARR,

*First Lieutenant Twelfth Infantry,  
Treasurer Association Graduates, U. S. M. A.*

Approved for Executive Committee.

H. C. HASBROUCK,

*Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Cadets.*

Professor G. W. Rains, class of 1842, briefly addressed the meeting and offered the following;

WHEREAS, In the occupations of civil life it may become desirable for an élève of West Point to have that fact known;

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting it is right and proper that each graduate of the United States Military Academy should attach to his name, whenever he may find it expedient, the initials representing the fact of such graduation, *i. e.*, U. S. M. A. G.

After considerable debate it was decided to leave the matter to a committee of five, to report at the next meeting of the Association. The Chairman designated the following to compose the committee: Professor G. W. Rains, class of 1842; Colonel T. B. Arden, class of 1835; General John S. McCalmont, class of 1842; Professor George L. Andrews, class of 1851, and Professor E. W. Bass, class of 1868.

General Burns, class of 1847, offered the following, which was passed.

*Resolved*, That the members of the Association of Graduates of the Military Academy adopt a button of suitable design in the form of that of the Legion of Honor of Napoleon, to be worn at the pleasure of the members.

On motion of Professor Kendrick a committee of three, consisting of General Burns, class of 1847; Colonel Lockett, class of 1859, and Professor Rains, class of 1842, was appointed, to report at the next meeting as to a suitable design.

General John S. McCalmont offered the following, which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this Association, a hall for the preservation of works of art and historical records given to this Association, and hereafter expected to be donated, shall be immediately built.

General Sherman thought that a resolution was not the way to secure such a hall. A petition addressed to Congress, with the approval of the Board of Visitors, would be more likely of success. The Association of Graduates cannot raise the necessary money.

The following telegram was received during the meeting:

ANNAPOLIS, Maryland, June 9, 1887.

*Lieutenant Charles Braden:*

The Naval Academy Graduates' Association, at its second annual reunion, sends cordial greetings to Association of Graduates Military Academy.

CHARLES BELKNAP, Lieutenant.

To which the following reply was sent:

WEST POINT, New York, June 9, 1887.

*Lieutenant Charles Belknap:*

The Association of Graduates of Military Academy, at its eighteenth annual reunion, reciprocates the cordial greeting and kind feeling expressed in the telegram just received.

CHARLES BRADEN, Secretary.

The following resolution, by General Vogdes, was unanimously adopted: That the thanks of the Association be hereby extended to our presiding officer, Major Mordecai, for his interesting, beautiful and excellent address, and to the officers of the Association for the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their duties during the past year.

The Chairman appointed the following committee and announced the officers for the ensuing year:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

GENERAL CULLUM,

GENERAL PARKE,

COLONEL HASBROUCK,

PROFESSOR MICHIE,

CAPTAIN METCALFE.

SECRETARY.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES BRADEN.

TREASURER.

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS J. A. DARR.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

CHARLES BRADEN, Lieutenant U. S. A.,

*Secretary.*

## ENTERTAINMENT.

Immediately after parade the graduates proceeded to the Grant Hall, where the annual dinner was served, Major Alfred Mordecai, class of 1823, presiding.

There was but one regular toast, sent by General E. G. W. Butler, class of 1820, with the following letter:

ST. LOUIS, Missouri, June 3, 1887.

*To Lieutenant Charles Braden,*

*Secretary Association of Graduates:*

DEAR SIR—As the time approaches for your reunion, and I am deprived, by age and infirmity, of the honor and pleasure of presiding at your meeting, I send you a toast, which I pray you to present to your honored colleagues, with assurances of my profound regard and abiding good wishes.

Very kindly your and their friend,

E. G. W. BUTLER.

The toast was:

The Military Academy; the grandest institution in our country and the Alma Mater of its ablest soldiers and of some of its most distinguished statesmen; the defenders of its free institutions, and the protector of law and order.

The response to this was by Professor Kendrick, who received quite an ovation as he rose to reply. Brief remarks were also made by Generals Sherman, Van Vliet, Smith, McCalmont, Professor Andrews, Professor Michie, Colonel Bacon, Senators Cockrell and Dolph, Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Bates.

# CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

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## CONSTITUTION.

ART. I.—THE ASSOCIATION OF THE GRADUATES OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY shall include all the graduates of that institution who shall have assented to the Constitution and By-Laws.

ART. II.—The object of this Association shall be to cherish the memories of the Military Academy at West Point, and to promote the social intercourse and fraternal fellowship of its graduates.

ART. III, *Par. 1.*—The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five members.

*Par. 2.*—The oldest graduate belonging to the Association shall be the President; and, in his absence, the senior graduate present shall preside at the meetings of the Association. The Secretary and Treasurer, to be selected from the members of the Association residing at or near West Point, shall be appointed by the presiding officer, at each annual meeting, for the ensuing year.

*Par. 3.*—The Association shall meet annually at West Point, New York, on such a day of the month of June as shall be designated by the Executive Committee.

ART. IV.—Political, or any other discussions foreign to the purposes of the Association, as set forth in this Constitution, or any proceedings of such a tendency, are declared inimical to the purposes of this organization, and are prohibited.

ART. V.—This Constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Association, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present.

## BY-LAWS.

1. Every graduate desiring to become a member of this Association shall be admitted upon paying an initiation fee of ten dollars.

2. At each annual meeting the presiding officer shall appoint an Executive Committee of five members, whose duty it shall be to make all needful preparations and arrangements for the ensuing meeting, and transact such other business as may not devolve upon the other officers of the Association.

3. The Treasurer shall disburse all moneys of the Association upon the order of the Executive Committee, attested by the signature of its Chairman, and shall at each annual meeting make a full report of his receipts and disbursements.

4. The Secretary shall cause a book of records to be kept, exhibiting the address and occupation of every member of the Association.

5. The records of the Association shall be preserved at West Point, New York, and shall be open to the inspection of the members.

6. All members of the Association who may be prevented, by any cause, from personally attending the annual meeting, are expected to notify the Secretary, and to impart such information in regard to themselves as they may think proper, and as may be of interest to their fellow members.

7. No member of the Association shall speak more than once on any subject or question of business, and no longer than five minutes without the consent of the meeting being first obtained.

8. A two-thirds vote of all the members present at any regular meeting shall be required to alter or amend these By-Laws.

9. Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law shall be authority for the government and regulation of all meetings of this Association.

*The following names have been added to the list of graduates since last report:*

### CLASS OF 1887.

- 3174 1 **Francis R. Shunk**, Add'l Second Lieutenant Corps of Engineers.
- 3175 2 **James J. Meyler**, Add'l Second Lieutenant Corps of Engineers.
- 3176 3 **Eugene W. Van C. Lucas**, Second Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
- 3177 4 **Charles B. Wheeler**, Second Lieutenant 5th Artillery.
- 3178 5 **Edward C. Young**, Second Lieutenant 18th Infantry.
- 3179 6 **Richmond P. Davis**, Second Lieutenant 2d Artillery.
- 3180 7 **George O. Squier**, Second Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
- 3181 8 **Ernest Hinds**, Second Lieutenant 2d Artillery.
- 3182 9 **Wirt Robinson**, Second Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
- 3183 10 **John M. Jenkins**, Second Lieutenant 5th Cavalry.
- 3184 11 **Edgar Russell**, Second Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
- 3185 12 **George F. Landers**, Second Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
- 3186 13 **George W. Gatchell**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 5th Artillery.
- 3187 14 **Harry E. Wilkins**, Second Lieutenant 2d Infantry.
- 3188 15 **Oscar I. Straub**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 1st Artillery.
- 3189 16 **Alfred M. Hunter**, Second Lieutenant 5th Cavalry.
- 3190 17 **Fremont P. Peck**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 4th Artillery.
- 3191 18 **Edson A. Lewis**, Second Lieutenant 18th Infantry.
- 3192 19 **Charles H. Martin**, Second Lieutenant 14th Infantry.
- 3193 20 **John D. Miley**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 5th Artillery.
- 3194 21 **P.D. Lochridge**, Second Lieutenant 2d Cavalry.
- 3195 22 **Thomas H. Slavens**, Second Lieutenant 4th Cavalry.
- 3196 23 **Nathaniel F. McClure**, Second Lieutenant 4th Cavalry.
- 3197 24 **William C. Rivers**, Second Lieutenant 1st Cavalry.
- 3198 25 **Herman C. Schumm**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 3d Artillery.
- 3199 26 **James C. Bourke**, Add'l Second Lieutenant 2d Artillery.
- 3200 27 **William Weigel**, Second Lieutenant 11th Infantry.
- 3201 28 **Frederick A. Tripp**, Second Lieutenant 1st Infantry.
- 3202 29 **Ellwood W. Evans**, Second Lieutenant 8th Cavalry.
- 3203 30 **Robert G. Paxton**, Second Lieutenant 10th Cavalry.

- 3204 31 John C. Gregg, Second Lieutenant 16th Infantry.  
 3205 32 John H. Alexander, Second Lieutenant 9th Cavalry.  
 3206 33 John A. Harman, Second Lieutenant 7th Cavalry.  
 3207 34 Thos. Q. Donaldson, Jr., Add'l Second Lieutenant 3d Cavalry.  
 3208 35 George McK. Williamson, Add'l Second Lieut. 6th Cavalry.  
 3209 36 Thomas G. Hanson, Second Lieutenant 19th Infantry.  
 3210 37 Francis H. Beach, Add'l Second Lieutenant 1st Cavalry.  
 3211 38 Thomas W. Hall, Add'l Second Lieutenant 4th Cavalry.  
 3212 39 Ambrose I. Moriarty, Second Lieutenant 6th Infantry.  
 3213 40 Alonzo Gray, Add'l Second Lieutenant 5th Cavalry.  
 3214 41 Wm. E. Bruce, Second Lieutenant 22d Infantry.  
 3215 42 Herman Hall, Second Lieutenant 4th Infantry.  
 3216 43 Pierrepont Isham, Add'l Second Lieutenant 7th Cavalry.  
 3217 44 Arthur B. Foster, Second Lieutenant 19th Infantry.  
 3218 45 Marcus D. Cronin, Second Lieutenant 20th Infantry.  
 3219 46 Alex. L. Dade, Second Lieutenant 13th Infantry.  
 3220 47 Charles S. Farnsworth, Second Lieutenant 25th Infantry.  
 3221 48 Charles Gerhardt, Second Lieutenant 20th Infantry.  
 3222 49 Samuel Seay, Jr., Second Lieutenant 21st Infantry.  
 3223 50 Wm. P. Baker, Second Lieutenant 10th Infantry.  
 3224 51 Eugene I. Loveridge, Second Lieutenant 11th Infantry.  
 3225 52 James T. Dean, Second Lieutenant 3d Infantry.  
 3226 53 Ulysses G. McAlexander, Second Lieutenant 25th Infantry.  
 3227 54 Wm. K. Jones, Second Lieutenant 14th Infantry.  
 3228 55 Edmund Wittenmeyer, Second Lieutenant 9th Infantry.  
 3229 56 Frederick D. Evans, Add'l Second Lieutenant 22d Infantry.  
 3230 57 Michael J. Lenihan, Add'l Second Lieutenant 25th Infantry.  
 3231 58 Wm. H. Wassell, Add'l Second Lieutenant 9th Infantry.  
 3232 59 Mark L. Hersey, Add'l Second Lieutenant 19th Infantry.  
 3233 60 Walter L. Taylor, Add'l Second Lieutenant 16th Infantry.  
 3234 61 Bard P. Schenck, Add'l Second Lieutenant 7th Infantry.  
 3235 62 Henry R. Adams, Add'l Second Lieutenant 23d Infantry.  
 3236 63 Samuel A. Smoke, Add'l Second Lieutenant 6th Infantry.  
 3237 64 Frank H. Albright, Add'l Second Lieutenant 12th Infantry.

## WEST POINT REMINISCENCES.

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In December, 1817, when I was fourteen years old, I was appointed a cadet and directed to report myself at West Point for examination in September of the following year. I had been, previously, busy with Latin and Greek at Saint Mary's College in Baltimore; and after I had played my part in one of Hannah Moore's dramas, and recited "The Battle of New Orleans," written by one of the professors, at the June examination, I fancied myself already in the army; and at once procured a black cockade, such as military and naval men wore in those days, and displayed it on all occasions. I ought to add, that I was led to doubt its value, when I found that it did not prevent my being ignominiously thrust aside by a United States soldier, when I attempted to cross the space that he was keeping open before the house from which Colonel Armistead, of Fort McHenry fame, was that day to be buried. The crowd laughed and jeered at my discomfiture; and as soon as I got clear of it, I quietly put my cockade into my pocket.

On my last visit to West Point, in 1886, I left Baltimore in a luxurious railroad car, between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M., and dined the same day at the West Point Hotel, at 5 P. M. In 1818, I left Baltimore between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M., in one of the earlier steamboats, and reached Frenchtown towards evening; whence I was carried, by stage, across the Peninsula to Newcastle, where I slept; and, on the following morning reached Philadelphia by a Delaware River steamboat, about noon. The next day, a steamboat took me to Trenton, and, by stage again, I got to New Brunswick, where I slept; and, the day after, by another steamboat, I was landed in New York.

At this time, there were but four steamboats on the Hudson—

the Richmond, the Paragon, the Firefly and the Chancellor Livingston—all slow boats; and I was told at the hotel where I dined, that if I took an Albany sloop, numbers of which were at the wharves close by, I would reach West Point in season for breakfast, the following day.

Relying on this assurance, I got on board a sloop, whose captain promised to set me ashore at West Point, on his way to Albany. I, thus, began what might have been called the seventh installment—by steam, stage and sail—of a journey which had grown to be as important in my eyes as though I had been Hendrick Hudson himself, seeking, by this route, a highway to Cathay.

The favorable wind which had promised so quick a passage to my future home, died away by the time we had reached the Tappan Sea; and was followed by a northwester, which, after nearly capsizing the sloop, left us without a breath of air until the next morning, when we began to beat our way up the river. With both wind and tide against us, it was late in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after leaving New York, that a promontory on our left, with a gray ruin on a hill above it, dominated by high mountains beyond, was pointed out to me as the place that I was bound to.

By this time, the wind had freshened, and the sloop was headed for Gee's Point; when the boat was lowered and hauled alongside, and I got into it with a sailor who took the helm and told me to jump ashore whenever we were close enough to a dock, that we were rapidly approaching in tow of the sloop—to permit my doing so. I jumped accordingly—my trunk was pitched after me—and away went the sloop to make the next tack near Constitution Island.

With Gee's Point I afterwards became familiar; but it was a rough spot, as I now recall it. There was a house near the dock, however, where I obtained a man to carry my trunk and be my guide to Gridley's, or "Grid's," as the place was commonly called, to which the "new cadets" went on their arrival.

A narrow, steep and ill-conditioned cart-road led to the plain above, with the east front of Fort Clinton on the right, and on the left, a precipice with trees wherever they found root among the rocks. On reaching the summit, the first objects I noticed, at some distance on the plain to the right, were several gray stone buildings, which I was told were the North Barracks, the South Barracks, the Academy and

the Mess Hall. Our road lay along the edge of the plain for some distance to a gate, beyond which, and outside of the property of the United States, we came to Gridley's. This, as nearly as I can recollect, was a large two-storied wooden building, standing a few steps to the north of the road down the river. The house was crowded with newly appointed cadets, awaiting examination; and here I had my first experience of sleeping three in a bed.

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My letter of appointment had directed me to report to the Superintendent of the Military Academy; but, in some way that I do not remember, I learned that all that was necessary was to report myself to the Adjutant of the Post, whom I found at his office in the South Barracks. Whatever else I may have forgotten, my recollection of this particular interview is most distinct. I was an overgrown boy, six feet tall, who neither "held his head erect, squared his shoulders, expanded his chest, drew in his belly, turned out his toes, or threw his eyes twenty paces to the front." All this came afterwards. "How old are you?" asked the Adjutant, as I answered to my name, which he called from a list before him. "Fifteen," I replied. The Adjutant looked up from his desk, and said, "Eighteen, you mean;" I then added, "I was born on the 4th of May, 1803, sir." The Adjutant marked this age on his list, saying, "Well, if you are that, now, it may be a comfort to you to know that you will look younger than you really are, should you grow old." Sixty-nine years have since verified the Adjutant's prophecy.

From the Adjutant's office, I was taken to a room in the second story of the east wing of the Academy building, where, with some half dozen others, we were examined touching our proficiency in the knowledge required to justify admission, before some members of the Academic staff. The only one, I now remember, was Mr. Andrew Ellicott, the Professor of Mathematics, an old friend of my father, to whom, as I afterwards learned, the latter had written concerning me; to which I have often thought that I was quite as much indebted for a "plus 3," when the Professor visited the section-room, as to any especial merit of my own on the particular occasion. When my turn came to be examined, I was made to read a page, write some lines from dictation and answer some questions in Arithmetic, including the "rule of three."

I am not certain whether it was on this day, or the next, that I had assigned to me quarters in the barracks, and went to the Mess Hall with the corps. "Board and lodging," however, were soon provided; and I was quartered with Campbell and Alfred Graham, on the third stoop on the south side of the South Barracks, in the last room to the west. The South Barracks consisted of three tiers of rooms, placed back to back, fronting north and south respectively, and opening on galleries, which abutted, at either end, on buildings containing offices and officers' quarters. The galleries were reached by a stairway in the centre of the building. At the end of the several galleries were large woodboxes for the use of the neighboring rooms. Each room was, perhaps, about eleven feet square; and, speaking only of mine, was furnished with three cots, that were nothing more than camp stools widened and lengthened to accommodate a person six feet tall. The head of my cot was in the recess on one side of the fire-place, and on the other side was Campbell Graham's; while Alfred's was at right angles to the latter and directly under the window. The door was opposite to the foot of my cot; and on the wall between it and the window was the rack for our three muskets and accoutrements. There was a shelf above the fire-place and shelves in the recesses over our heads as we lay in our cots. A table and three chairs, a pair of andirons and a fender completed the furniture of a room in which three tall men were "cabined, cribbed, confined." I forgot where we kept our clothes—probably in our trunks under the cots. I often smile, when I remember our first winter's experience in the South Barracks,—as we sat with our feet on the fender around the fire, with the candle on the table behind us, or, on the mantelpiece, so called out of compliment to a narrow board on two brackets.

In 1818, the battalion was divided, when in winter quarters, into two companies of equal numbers, the tallest cadets occupying the South Barracks, and forming the first company, and the second company the North Barracks. This was changed in 1819, when I went into the North Barracks, to my great delight. A long corridor, running north and south, divided this building lengthwise; and at either end were broad stairways to the upper stories, or "stoops," so-called. On the first floor were the guard room and recitation rooms; and above these were the rooms occupied by the cadets. Each of these was

some eighteen feet square, and was divided by a wooden partition, into two rooms of unequal size, the smaller one containing the cots of the occupants, one in each corner. In the larger were a table and four or five chairs, the gunrack with pegs above it for the accoutrements, and a large woodbox in a recess next the fireplace.

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The two barracks were at right angles to each other, a space of about fifty feet intervening, through which many a cap and plume were carried toward the Hudson, when the owner attempted to cross the funnel thus formed, in a northwest gale. Prolonging the line of the South Barracks, west, was the Academy, so-called—a building with wings, containing in the centre, the chapel, over which was the library. The former, a long, narrow and high-ceilinged room, with bare white-washed walls, was lighted by windows at each end. At the east end, were a platform and reading desk; on either side of which, were seats for the officials of the Academy and their families. The body of the hall was occupied by the cadets, seated on narrow benches, as close together as they could well be put, on either side of a centre aisle. Here, any general reading could be indulged in, in every row except the front one, without fear of detection. Both floors of the east wing were used by the Teacher of Drawing, and the Professor of Chemistry had as much as he wanted of the west wing.

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Beyond the Academy, on the same line, and some seventy feet, or more, west of it, was the Mess Hall, a long, two-storied stone building, the west end of which was a hotel, where officers messed, and visitors generally were received; while the two stories of the east end contained the Mess Hall proper of the cadets. The west end of the building abutted upon a road, running north and south, on which were the houses of the Professors and the Superintendent. In front of the Mess Hall were the only trees worthy of the name on the Point—six elms, still standing—under which the cadets constructed a mighty bower for their 4th of July celebrations. General Thayer's statue has been erected in their midst.

Both floors of the east end of the Mess Hall were used for the cadets—the upper story being reached by a flight of steps on the south side.

Nothing could have been plainer than the interior arrangement:—three or four long tables, with the commonest benches for seats, across which we had to stride to take our places. Tablecloths were unknown then, and, indeed, for a long time after. The food, however, was good, and there was plenty of it. The bread, I remember, was excellent, and we often surreptitiously took away with us in our high leather caps enough to have “a toast,” with butter, obtained in the same way, in our rooms, at a later hour. Ah, these were merry days,—when we ate with our knives and two-pronged forks, on plain boards; and when the reply to the carver standing up at the head of the table when he asked a cadet what part of the roast or boiled beef he preferred, was “a big bit anywhere.” Ah, I repeat, these were merry days, and the buttered toast, after “taps,” was more enjoyed than many a feast which, later in life, it has been my fortune to partake of.

From my room in the South Barracks, I overlooked a large yard, enclosed by a high board fence. Between it and the river bank ran the road which I had passed on my way to Grid’s; and within it were the barber and shoeblick premises, opposite to the east end of the North Barracks. The woodyard, too, was within this yard; and here, also, opposite to the Academy, was Mr. DeWitt’s (the sutler’s) store. The gun sheds mentioned by Mrs. Davies in her reminiscences I do not distinctly recall. Beyond the woodyard, the eye rested on the forest-clad mountains of the Hudson—the river itself unseen—which bounded the horizon.

The view from the north side of the South Barracks was very different. Immediately in the foreground was the plain of West Point, beyond which was seen the river, dividing the Cro’ Nest on the one side from the giant mass of mountains above Cold Spring on the other, and forming, with Newburg in the distance and the still remoter range of the Shawangunk, a picture that is not surpassed in beauty in America. From this elevation, the plain seemed flat, except where broken by the remarkable depression called “Execution Hollow.” To the left, or west side, of the plain, concealed by the elms already spoken of, was the residence of Professor Ellicott, fronting on the avenue running north and south; then came Professor Mansfield’s; then the Superintendent’s—the only double house in the row—and then the Chaplain’s, the last on this part of the avenue, which then turned to the left

and passed some stone houses, one of which was occupied by Mr. Berard, teacher of French, and the other by Mr. Gimbrede, teacher of drawing. Beyond these, the avenue terminated at the "North Gate;" although there was a road from thence, passing by the "German Flats" and leading over the mountain, to Cornwall.

From the bend in the avenue there was a road down the hill to the public dock. Of the houses to which it afforded access, I have a less distinct recollection than of those on the plain. The best remembered is Mrs. Thompson's, where, after my first year at the Point, I had my meals, as one of twelve cadets whom, as the widow of a revolutionary officer, Mrs. Thompson was permitted to board. Here we enjoyed the comforts and observances of a private family, at a table at which Mrs. Thompson and one or more of her daughters were always present. Some of the daughters were still alive when I visited the Point in 1849; and the youngest, then an elderly lady, still retained the comely features that made her one of the beauties of my time. But the low-browed yellow cottage, with its paling fence, enclosing a nicely-kept flower-bed or two, had disappeared altogether, or been devoted to other uses. Another house, not far off, was Wilton's, the tailor. Wilton was a genius in his way, who took a pride in his art, and did his best to fashion all the cadets on the same pattern; and, by judicious padding, to supply what was wanting, having regard to the build and soldierly appearance and carriage of the individual; he certainly accomplished, at times, wonders in this direction. It was to Wilton, I have always believed, that the cheveron was made to assume its present form of curved lines, instead of the straight ones on an heraldic shield.

The hospital, so-called, was down the hill; a mean frame building, utterly unworthy of the name given to it. Here I once saw a cadet on his death-bed, whose body the corps followed, a few days later, to be buried at the "German Flats."

Below Mrs. Thompson's, on the left of the road to the dock, was the shoemaker's, known as "George's," where buckwheat cakes might be had by cadets whom the rules of the Academy required should be in quarters. Ah, we had simple tastes in those days, when buttered toast and buckwheat cakes after "taps" were luxuries, all the more enjoyable because forbidden.

Returning now to the plain at the bend of the avenue, and following the outline eastwardly, we come to the flagstaff in its present position, with a battery close by, consisting of one twenty-four-pounder, one twelve-pounder, and four six-pounders; passing which, with "Execution Hollow" on the right, we come to the "Bombardier Barracks," so called, where the cadets were originally quartered, and now occupied by regular soldiers. This was a long, two-storied, yellow, wooden building, the upper story being reached by stairs on the outside, giving access to its several corridors. The present West Point Hotel occupies the site. Beyond this was the ruin of Fort Clinton, on the northeast corner of the plain, turning southerly from which we fall into the road from Gee's Point. The river and south fronts of the fort were still in shape, but the other fronts were in a ruinous condition; and in advance of the west curtain was a deep hollow; now filled up.

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I have described the plain as seen from the "third stoop" of the South Barracks. But it was by no means as level as it appeared from that height. While the only positive depressions were "Execution Hollow" and the sink on the west front of Fort Clinton, the ground in front of the South Barracks became a sheet of water after every heavy rain, and so continued until absorption took place. In winter this was, for a time, a skating pond. I well remember that on my way to my meals at Mrs. Thompson's my path skirted this low ground, while on my right was higher ground, that has since been removed to fill up the depression, and so afford the present artillery drill ground.

I need not say that Kosciuscko's garden was where it now is, and that there was shown to the credulous the indentation on the rock, said to have been his seat, produced by a cannon shot fired at him from the opposite side of the river. But the house once occupied by the celebrated bugler, Willis, is no longer there, to remind one of the rare master of his art, whose name, in those days, was inseparably connected with West Point whenever the latter was mentioned. So much for the theatre of these reminiscences.

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I do not remember upon what principle our class of one hundred and seventeen members was divided into four sections. I recollect,

however, that I was put into the first section, of which General Trimble and myself are now the only survivors. Our recitation room was next the guard room, on the first floor of the North Barracks. Here, on a rostrum, between the two windows, sat Assistant Professor S. Stanhope Smith, and here, with the first volume of Hutton's Mathematics in hand, I began my West Point education. I may as well say that the first sifting, in June, 1819, of my one hundred and seventeen comrades of the year before, reduced the number to fifty-nine, the next sifting to forty-eight, and that the number that got through the meshes of the seive was but forty. Of the others, some resigned, some were "turned back" to go over the year's course a second time, and some were found to be deficient altogether. These last were called, in the parlance of the cadets, "Uncle Sam's bad bargains." \*

But to return to the section room.

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I am not sure that we had desks, but rather think that we were seated on benches against the wall, with a blackboard to supply the place of pen and ink and slates, although I am not certain about the slates. Generally we had the section room to ourselves. Sometimes, however, Mr. Ellicott would pay us a visit and ask a few questions, ending with giving us a sum in algebra, to explain what was meant by "an infinite series," which was the name he went by in the corps.

The first year's course was not an appalling one, and three of us: Edward C. Courtnay, Jonathan Prescott and I, determined to include the second year's course in it, thus reducing our four years at West Point to three. We all began bravely, but at the end of the first week my courage gave out. Courtnay and Prescott persevered, succeeded, and the first graduated at the head of his class, and Prescott followed him, as one of "the five." As for myself, I got only as high as eighteenth in the fourth class; and when I complained to the Superintendent that my French was not credited to me, which would have made

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\*NOTE—To prevent its being inferred that I was one of these "bad bargains," from the fact that I did not graduate with my class of 1822, I venture, as a piece of egotism, to insert the following extract from a letter from Colonel Thayer, dated January 23d, 1864:

"Forty-two years have not effaced from my memory the regret and disappointment I felt, when, near the close of 1821, your resignation was handed to me; for I had always counted upon you as a future officer of engineers. You were then at the head of your class, and without a rival."

To insert the whole letter would only make my egotism the more apparent, without rebutting more effectually the inference referred to.

My resignation was due to the death of my father, and family considerations only.

me sixteenth, I was told, in the Superintendent's courteous way, that, after all, two did not make so great a difference in so large a class; that if I had been one of "the five," for example, it would have been another thing. The next year, when I was, in fact, one of the "five," I had the same cause of complaint, and I have sometimes thought that the Superintendent's remark may have had a good effect; for, certainly, in my third year I had no cause of complaint.

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When I first mingled with the cadets, the names that I heard oftenest were Fairfax, Loring, Ragland, Holmes and Vinning, the committee that had been appointed by nearly two hundred members of the corps to represent to the proper authorities the harsh and tyrannical treatment they received at the hands of Captain John Bliss, the then Commandant. Indeed, I may almost say that these names still ring in my ears, so familiar did they then become. Of this treatment an old letter to my family, that has been preserved, speaks; and in a letter from my father, in my possession, he refers to the meeting of the cadets above mentioned in a way from which it would seem that I had spoken of proceedings against the Commandant himself as having been suggested; for he says that "whatever may be the decision, if it does not effect the removal of Bliss, it will leave you in as bad hands as ever, with the aggravation of his triumph or his disgrace, either of which will make him more unreasonable, angry and severe."

Instead of the Commandant being courtmartialed, however, it was a courtmartial on the committee that took place; and although the court held that it had no jurisdiction as against cadets, yet the decision was overruled by the President, on the advice of the Attorney-General; and it is now recognized law, that the corps of cadets is subject to "the rules and articles of war." In the end, the committee seem to have been dismissed from the Academy, for in the register of the corps of that year their names are marked as "not examined," and in Cullun's most valuable work, his biographical register, they do not appear.

In Boynton's History of West Point the matter is referred to "as a series of events that resulted in the trial of cadets F., H., L., R. and V., as the representatives of one hundred and eighty-nine others, who

had formed a combination, under the impression that, as a corps of the army, they had certain rights to defend." Nothing is said, however, of the grievances which, in my day, were held by the cadets to have become insupportable, and which the corps had hoped to have redressed. Practically, they no longer existed when, in January, 1819, Captain Bliss ceased to be Commandant.

I think now that if Captain Bliss had possessed more of the *suaviter in modo* than was perhaps in his nature, the difficulty referred to might have, possibly, been avoided. His mistake was in applying to the cadets, while instructing them in the duties of a soldier, the methods that he had seen effectual with the rank and file of the line, overlooking the fact that they were, one day, to become officers, and were generally of a material different from that which he had been accustomed to command.

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The cadets were divided, when in winter quarters, into first and second companies, according to height. My height placed me in the first company, where I was twelfth from the right. This company, as already said, occupied, after my first year, the North Barracks, and carried a fourteen-pound musket, and the second company a light affair, like the muskets now carried by the entire corps.

Usually, the companies "fell in" in front of their respective barracks; but on going to, or coming from, the Mess Hall the battalion "fell in" or were "dismissed" on the north side of the South Barracks.

It was quite a manoeuvre to get the company formed for drill in those days. After calling "one, two," and dividing the company into two platoons, the second platoon took one pace forward—number two having stepped behind number one, when, the rear rank of each platoon countermarching, and the second keeping on to the head of the company, and both facing to the front, it was found that the tallest were on the right and left respectively. I have tried in vain to find a copy of Scott's infantry tactics, to make sure that I was right in this sample of the way in which things were done in 1818. I once made a compend of the book for volunteer use, which was portable and became popular, but that, too, has disappeared.

The uniform has not been changed materially. The coat, as perfected by Wilton, padding and all, is identically the same; so are the trousers, with the exception of the black stripe on the outer seam. But we wore leather stocks, the shirt collar showing above them, instead of being turned over the collar of the coat. The cap, however, was a stiff leather cylindrical pot—for it deserved no better name—with a very narrow visor, the seam of the cylinder in front being concealed by a lozenge-shaped brass plate with the arms of the Corps of Engineers. Behind the plate was a socket for the whalebone on which were wound the feathers of the long black plume, which was held to be the crowning glory of a cadet's head-gear, especially when, in "loading by the twelve words of command," the word "prime" caused the plumes of the battalion to nod gracefully together. Each plume had a tulip-shaped holder; and, as if this was not weight enough to carry on one's head, there was a brass curb chain from the top of the cap on each side, and attached to the bottom of the lozenge. Such a cap was simply an abomination, and, rain or shine, we had nothing else to wear. The plume, however, might be removed when we were not on parade or guard. Cross-belts for cartridge-box and bayonet, and waist-belt completed the dress of a cadet in 1818. As to gloves, my memory serves me not, though my impression is that we used to wear mittens on guard in very cold weather.

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Some time elapsed before the arrivals in September were supplied with uniforms. But this did not delay the drilling, which was begun at once, and was continued without intermission when the weather permitted. How well do I remember the parallel lines of shallow trenches, twenty-eight inches apart, on the east side of the North Barracks, over which the squads were marched back and forth, again and again, until they were supposed to be able to step that distance uniformly in the daily drill. Nor have I forgotten my having to stand on one foot with a step half completed until the drill master, by saying "two," permitted me to complete the step. As for the "lock step," that was a trouble for a season that is still remembered. It took a good deal, I have no doubt, to bring me up to the cadet pattern, and the work was done by those who, having gone through the mill them-

selves, seemed to take a malicious pleasure in grinding me between the same stones. I took to the process kindly, however, from the beginning.

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The cadet model originated, I have always thought, with Captain Alden Partridge, one of Colonel Thayer's predecessors as Superintendent of the Military Academy. He made *soldiers* of the cadets, at any rate; and to have been one of "old Pewt's" men, in cadet parlance, was a common boast of "old cadets." In the nine months of Captain Bliss' time there was no relaxation in the rigid discipline of the corps. On the contrary, we were treated too much like common soldiers, in regard to the carriage of the individual, his soldierly bearing, the way he cleaned his arms, and his manner of handling them. In all these respects Captain Bliss kept pace with Captain Partridge, if he did not go beyond him. Now, the class to which I belonged associated with the last class that had been with "old Pewt," and was supposed to have gained by the contact something of the spirit of his time, and was disposed to imitate its practices. For example: in the manual of arms then in use the butt of the musket was pressed against the left hip, and it was "good form," to use a late phrase, in coming from "support" or "present" to strike the butt audibly with a rapid flourish of the left hand. It took an "old cadet" to do this in the right way; and a refinement was to cut away the wood from under the first and second bands, to make them rattle as the butt was struck. It is difficult to believe that anything like "style" could be given to the manual of arms with an old fourteen-pound Springfield musket, but in my time it was done, after a while, by nearly all of us. Now-a-days the musket is browned; but it was not so formerly; and many an hour was passed in making the barrel shine like silver. And as to the breast-plate, it was a labor of love to make it reflect like a mirror.

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Following Captain Bliss as Commandant of Cadets was Captain John R. Bell, of the Light Artillery, a tall, handsome and soldierly-looking man, who was with us for little more than a year, and who, without abating the rigor of the discipline, showed how it could be maintained consistently with a proper regard for the feelings of those

under him. After Captain Bell came Major William J. Worth, in March, 1820, as Commandant of Cadets, and with the materials that Partridge and Bliss and Bell, respectively, had furnished, he made the corps what it was on the march to Boston, and perfected the carriage and bearing which have since marked those who have been educated at West Point, up to the present day.

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The erection of the Wood monument in front of the Academy made it necessary to change the parade ground to a site to the north of North Barracks, and about on a line with their west front. I never think of this parade ground without its being associated with the idea of Major Worth, whom I can, even now, after the lapse of so many years, fancy I hear command, "Attention, battalion," in a way that thrills through and stiffens up every one in the ranks. There was something magnetic in his voice and manner that seemed to establish intimate relations between the cadets and their commandant, when on drill. They obeyed Bliss and Bell because they were their officers; they obeyed Worth because he made them a part, as it were, of himself. It is to Worth, in great measure, that the cadets, even of to-day, are indebted, in my judgment, for their soldierly characteristics. And yet Worth was not a West Point man; but he was instinctively a soldier. He was above, rather than under, the middle height, an erect, well-built man, with dark hair and very dark eyes, which might almost be said to be black; these and his compressed lips gave to his face the expression of determination that was peculiarly remarkable. I have said thus much of "Haughty Bill," as we used to call him, because I have never been able to dissociate West Point and my old commander in my memories of either.

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The camp is now where it used to be in 1818; but it was then octagonal in plan, as appears from an accurate drawing made by me at the time and sent home. The post at the guard tent and the corresponding post in the rear, overlooking the river, were very short, connecting, obliquely, with three posts of equal length on each side of the camp, making eight in all. The post at the guard tent was number eight, the post next to the north was number one, and so on. We

had no sentry boxes then. Rain or shine, it made no difference when the "relief" was called. The guard tents were two wall tents with an A tent between them. The arrangement of the tents, generally, was the same as at present, the officers only having wall tents; all the others were A tents, with three occupants, as a general rule, in each. Just outside of post number three were A tents for the barber and shoeblick, and opposite, just outside of post number five, my drawing shows five A tents marked "musicians," by which I understand "the band."

In front of the guard tent was the cannon used for firing the morning and evening gun, into which were put the remains of the tallow candles used the night before in the guard tent, to increase the ring of the discharge.

It was a tradition of the camp, of my day, that a cadet named Ming Vallean, when on guard, used to roll himself in his blanket and sleep under the cannon, without being awake by the firing of the morning gun.

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In a letter from camp, in 1819, I describe a storm that I have always regarded as one of the severest which, in a long life, I have ever experienced or witnessed. I was on guard, that night, on the third relief, between midnight and two o'clock in the morning; and the roar of the rain as it came over the Cro' Nest and across the German Flats, to reach and inundate the plain and camp, was like the noise that might be produced by the rush of a thousand carriages. The lightning was one continuous blinding glare, varied only by forked flashes, which during the height of the storm intensified it in all directions. The old locust, the one tree deserving the name on the plain, except those in front of the mess-hall, was struck and shivered, not much more than fifty yards from the guard tent. It was under this tree that soldiers were "picketed" when that most cruel punishment was permitted in the regular army. The thunder echoed among the mountains like the continuous discharge of the heaviest artillery; and so dense was the rain that the Bombardier Barracks were, for a time, invisible from the guard tent. Perhaps my memory of this particular storm is quickened by the well-remembered fact that I thought it no impeach-

ment of my valor to reverse my musket, and, sticking the bayonet in the ground, keep at a respectful distance. This was but for a moment, however; for, looking toward the guard tent, I saw my classmate, Silas B. Fillebrown, two inches taller than myself, walking there with his musket at a "support;" when, for very shame, I resumed my own. When the storm was over, and the stars came out, they were reflected from the lake formed by the rain in front of the South Barracks. It may be readily believed that a well-saturated cadet had to sleep himself dry when number seven was relieved that night.

Bad as all this was, it was nothing when compared to standing guard from midnight until two o'clock in front of the south door of the North Barracks, and to keep awake, with nothing to amuse one save the ticking of the guard-room clock and listening for the tread of the first relief as it came over from the camp. Another hated post was the south gate, which had to be kept shut as against "Gridley's cows," although here there was occupation in watching the great Albany sloops, then the sole carriers on the river, as they swept by, to and from New York. Still, on guard or off guard, the camp was pleasanter than the barracks, rain or shine.

I am not sure, but think that we recited "Scott's Infantry Tactics" when in camp, in one of the section rooms of the North Barracks.

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I have mentioned the four six-pound guns that made a part of the battery near the flagstaff. With these the second and third classes were drilled at artillery, when the weather permitted, every morning before breakfast, doing everything with bricoles over our shoulders that is done with horses. Whenever a salute was to be fired the most expert at the drill were detailed for the purpose. I have sometimes thought that on one of these occasions I may have had a narrow escape from death. A salute was to be given to General Jacob Brown, then Commander-in-Chief, and I was number one at gun number one in the battery; John C. Holland, of South Carolina, was number two, and Andrew J. Donaldson, afterward a candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States, was Captain of the gun. One round had been fired, and I took my place to sponge the piece, when Holland, instead of waiting until I had done so, put the cartridge into the

gun. I might have jerked it out myself, sponged, and when Holland had picked it up and inserted it properly, have rammed it home, and still have been in season for our turn. But, instead of this, I shouted "Take out the cartridge till I sponge." Holland seemed dazed for a moment, and did nothing. Number two of the battery fired, number three fired, then would come number four's turn, and then it would be ours, with the cartridge still in the unsponged gun. "Tending vent," as we then called it, was a tall Kentuckian, of the class above me, John S. Craig, who, with his thumb on the vent, took in the situation, and cried out, "Go it, Lat; I'm here," when, wetting the sponge in the little water bucket, I rammed the cartridge home. All went right, and General Brown got his seventeen guns in good style.

Sixty odd years ago, number three, in artillery drill, stood, facing to the rear, his right arm across his body, holding the portfire pointed to the ground, which, at the word "fire," he swung round in a vertical circle to ignite the tube, already in the vent. Now, while I recollect seeing the tall and striking figure of Donaldson, standing with his arms folded, in his proper place, Craig with his thumb on the vent, and Holland opposite to me, I have in vain attempted to recall number three, who should have been in a line between Donaldson and myself, ready to fire the gun; so that I have never been absolutely sure that the discharge was not due to a spark from the preceeding cartridge, as had been the case the year but one previous, when Vincent M. Lowe had been killed, when in my position, at a larger gun in the battery.

However narrow my escape may have been on the above occasion, number one had a still narrower, when a detail from the corps drilled at artillery on Boston common with four brass cannon belonging to the city, during our stay there. On that occasion my friend, George W. Folger, was pricker and primer, and, with his finger in the ring of the pricker, was in the act of piercing the cartridge with the wire, and number one had just withdrawn the rammer and stepped behind the wheel, when the gun went off, being fired by a spark from the last cartridge that the rammer had failed to extinguish, and Folger's hand was thrown violently upward, much burned. The gun was a very old one, and the vent greatly worn. We hardly knew which to

talk about most, number one's escape, or Folger's coolness under his suffering from a most severe burn.

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In my day there were no demerit marks. If, for our sins of omission or commission, we allowed the authorities to run up an account against us, we cleared off the score with extra tours of guard duty or the curtailment of our Saturday afternoon privileges; or, in graver cases, with confinement in the light, or dark, prisons in the North Barracks. On Saturday afternoons it was no unusual thing to see squads of misdoers with wheelbarrows, shovels and brooms policing the barrack yards. No one's standing, when graduating, was affected by the demerit marks that had for four years been accumulating against him. I am not expressing any opinion in regard to either the old or the new system; I am only stating the fact as a reminiscence of the past.

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I have already said that resignations were one of the ways by which our class of one hundred and seventeen was reduced to forty, on graduation. I may add, that there were times when the first thing that a cadet knew of his having resigned was hearing the Adjutant read, as part of the orders at evening parade, that "The resignation of Cadet \_\_\_\_\_ was accepted and would take effect on the\_\_\_\_\_."

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I have mentioned that the first book put into my hands, when I began my West Point career, was Hutton's Mathematics, and the first volume is still in my library, *in memoriam*. I have often heard those who have been more recently educated at West Point speak disparagingly of the Huttonian day, as though *anyone* could have graduated then. The fifty-eight who were "found"—I think that is the term now—at the end of the first year, in my class of one hundred and seventeen, certainly did not think so, nor did the experience of Webster, Ross, Courtney, and others of my contemporaries, who became the heads of colleges of high repute, justify the sneer. The fact is, that the tendency of the last century has been, not so much to add to the knowledge that Euclid and Newton possessed, as to facilitate the means of acquiring it. In this respect great improvements have been

made at the Military Academy. But I doubt whether we had not to "bone" to acquire distinction in 1818-19-20-21 and 22 as hard as in 1880.

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Examinations, in my day, were used to test the proficiency of the cadet in his several studies, and December and June, when these took place, were always looked forward to with anxiety. Colonel Thayer, himself competent in all branches of knowledge taught at the Academy, permitted no carelessness. It was his mission to bring order out of the chaos that prevailed when he took charge at West Point, and he began at the beginning, and both professors and cadets soon understood that the grave, courteous and dignified man who, in his full Colonel's uniform, sat at the head of the table, with the academic staff on either side, and listened to every word, was weighing the merit of each one of the gray-coated lads as they stood at the blackboard.

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For more than two years after I became a cadet, while the Commandant of Cadets had general charge of the discipline, both in and out of barracks, the details were confided to the cadet officers; nor can I recall any interference with them by either Bliss, Bell or Worth. It seemed to be a matter of pride as well as a point of honor to show that they needed no supervision. There was a change, however, in this respect when, in December, 1820, Lieutenant Zebina J. D. Kinsley was appointed Assistant Instructor of Tactics, and, in March following, Lieutenant Griswold was appointed an additional Instructor. Griswold was quartered in the North and Kinsley in the South Barracks respectively, and took immediate charge of them. Griswold was a well-built, square-shouldered man, of soldierly carriage; Kinsley was spare and slender, with nothing remarkable in his appearance, quite unlike his brother officer. Griswold was popular, Kinsley the reverse. The difference was, perhaps, owing to the fact that while both did their duty, Kinsley did it too zealously, and, whether reasonably or unreasonably, was thoroughly disliked. This feeling, after a while, wore off, but it still prevailed when I left the Academy. With me Kinsley was still "old Zeb" many a long year afterward, as the following will show, although not exactly a West Point reminiscence :

One Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1819, before we went into camp, the cry of "turn out the guard," from the North Barracks, brought Tom McArthur and I, "two of the guard," from "baseball," near Easton's rock (still standing), to the guardroom, where we found Hepburn, the officer of the day, who, merely saying, "Take your muskets, trail arms, follow," led the way to the fourth "stoop," and throwing open a door on the long corridor, pointed to Cadet Constantine M. Smith in the corner next the gunrack, red as a turkeycock, with a second company musket at a charge, vociferating, with much swearing, that he would not be put into prison. McArthur and I went to the diagonal corner, next the woodbox, when Hepburn said, without hesitation, "Charge, bayonets; forward—march." There was a momentary harmless clashing of steel, and, closing upon the pugnacious little Irishman, we soon made him a prisoner. By this time Captain Bell reached the scene, along with another person whom I did not recognize at the moment, nor recall afterward, and among us we literally carried Smith to the prison and pitched him in.

Some years, at least thirty, after leaving West Point, when traveling between Philadelphia and New York, I told this story to a friend alongside of me, as an incident of my West Point life, without noticing the close attention paid by a stranger on the seat behind us, who, when my companion laughingly doubted whether such a warlike exhibition could have taken place, exclaimed, "No, sir; every word of Mr. Latrobe's story is true, for I was present." Turning round, I failed to recognize the stranger; but, thinking that he must be a West Point man, I soon fell into talking about old cadets, and asked after "our old detestation," Zebina J. D. Kinsley; when, before I had completed the name, I saw that I was talking to the man himself. I had been a lawyer, by this time, long enough to be able to preserve an unaltered countenance when testimony was going against me; so, without changing my tone, though I must have colored to the roots of my hair, I completed my sentence, saying, "though I have been told that after I left there he became very popular as the Instructor of Artillery." Whether Mr. Kinsley, for he was no longer in the army, was deceived I could not say; but we had a pleasant talk over old times, until we reached New York. We never met again; When I first knew Mr. Kinsley he was very thin-visaged; he was now

a full-cheeked, ruddy-faced man. He was the person who joined us in Smith's room, whose name I had not remembered.

One of the stories told of John S. Craig, already named, in connection with the salute to General Brown, was, that when surprised by Kinsley at cards, with three others, with eggnog at a table alongside, he, with a readiness and effrontery of which Craig alone was capable, rose from his seat and offered Kinsley his hand, saying it was a capital one, and that the Lieutenant was so astonished at the ineffable assurance that he actually failed to report Craig and his companions.

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I have no doubt that both Kinsley and Griswold drilled the battalion, but I cannot recollect their doing so; while I have Worth in my eye as I write, in this connection. I fancy I can hear him, even now, rolling out, in clear, sonorous tones, the long cautionary directions for a complicated manœuvre from Scott's Infantry Tactics. It seems as if it were yesterday only that I saw him stepping backward, facing the battalion, as he marched it in line, to and fro, before the Superintendent's quarters, until there was no unevenness in the alignment. He certainly took more pleasure in its being correct than did a cadet from Maryland, who contributed to the result that was at last obtained. Of Captain Bell as a drill officer I have no recollection. It was Worth alone who left a mark upon the corps that has never been effaced.

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In enumerating the furniture in my quarters, whether in the North or South Barracks, I have omitted what was at times, practically, the most important part of it; and this was neither more nor less than the tinderbox. It is worth describing, too, for there are few now in existence, anywhere. It was a tin contrivance, some four inches in diameter, with a close-fitting cover, containing rags burnt to tinder, a flint and steel. On the top of the box was, sometimes, a socket for a candle. This box, with its accompaniment, a bundle of sulphur matches, were the only means that we had for obtaining fire, before the day of lucifer matches, and it was often out of the way when most wanted. Perhaps these reminiscences would have omitted all reference to so trifling a thing, apparently, as a tinderbox had there not appeared, in

anticipation of lucifer, a semi-cylindrical box, an inch in diameter and some four inches long, with a sliding top, at one end of which was a partition, containing some tinder, a flint and a piece of string, the rest being filled with common matches. Projecting from the tinder end of the box was a small steel wheel, supported like the wheel of a common wheelbarrow. The manner of use was this: Sliding back the top so as to uncover the tinder, the string and flint were taken out and the string was drawn rapidly around the axle of the wheel, causing it to strike against the flint, that was held against it by the left thumb. Sparks would then be thrown upon the tinder, to which the match would be applied and lighted, when, replacing the flint and the string, the sparks in the tinder would be extinguished by closing the sliding top. How long the popularity of the new contrivance survived its introduction into the even current of West Point life I am not able to say; but the probabilities are that it was not very long before the old-fashioned tinderbox, with all its inconveniences, was again our only resource until the lucifer took its place.

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“Class distinctions,” by which I understand, confining the intimacies of cadets to those of their own class, were not, by any means, the rule in my day. The “new cadets,” or, the fourth class, looked up for a season with a sort of reverence to those already in harness, so to speak, and who, as drillmasters, practiced, no doubt, the preemptoriness of command upon the last-comers. This, however, soon wore off, and the personal affinities of individuals, or accident, regulated the intimacies of the corps without reference to the respective classes. I know that this was my own experience.

Then, again, the social class which furnished cadets for the Military Academy in the earlier days of the institution was different, in some respects, from what it now is, so far as I have been able to judge from frequent visits, of late years, to West Point. There were more “gentlemen’s sons” in the corps then, to use a term that is well understood, without intending any invidious application of it. Young men who had been accustomed to the amenities and observances of refined social life at home, when they met at West Point, were naturally drawn together, without regard to the first, second, third or fourth

classes of the Academy. Brains and breeding, however, do not seem to have always gone together. There was W——, for example, who, when he came from ——, promised, apparently, nothing remarkable of the latter, was always one of the “five;” while X——, who had enjoyed all its advantages, was one of the last of his class to graduate. West Point, however, rarely failed to make its mark upon the roughest of the “new cadets,” even though baths bigger than washbasins were unknown, and we strode over benches to take our seats at tables, innocent of tablecloths, ate with our knives and two-pronged forks, and only asked for “big bits” of whatever was set before us at our meals.

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I find that soon after I became a cadet I joined “The Amosophic Society,” a literary and debating association, composed of members, without regard to their respective classes. How the society got its name I never found out, but suppose that the founders, knowing, like Shakespeare, “little Latin and less Greek,” but believing there might be something good in both, divided the name between the two languages by taking a part from each.

The Amosophic Society aimed at accumulating a library, and appropriated the monthly dues of its members to that object. I remember that among its books were “Gibbon’s Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” and “Humes’ Essays.” There was a library belonging to the Academy, in the room over the chapel, but it was rarely resorted to by the cadets. A part of the exercises of the association consisted in reading original compositions. We were not without elocutionary aspirations, either, in the Amosophic, and recitations were not unfrequent, and “Hohenlinden,” “A Chieftain to the Highlands Bound,” and “The Burial of Sir John Moore” were repeated until we, the silent members, devoutly wished that neither Campbell nor Wolf had ever written a line. To hear John F. H——, a man upward of six feet high, and large in proportion, with the voice of Boanerges, recite “Hohenlinden” in a section room was enough to warrant the sentinel in the corridor calling for “the corporal of the guard” had he not known the cause of the uproar. Nor were the exercises of a debating society neglected.

The only members of the Amosophic that I can now remember besides H—— were Maitland, better known among us as “Pop,” and

David Wallace. Maitland was one of the most popular cadets in the corps, and was the author of a parody on "Hohenlinden," only a few verses of which can I recall to memory, familiar as they once were. They ran somewhat thus, and were better appreciated than the original of Campbell:

On Mess Hall, when the sun was low,  
 All trackless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as midnight was the flow  
 Of Hudson rolling rapidly.

But Mess Hall saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at five at night,  
 Commanding tallow wicks to light  
 The darkness of its drapery.

Then follow some forgotten verses.

The combat thickens! on, ye brave!  
 Who rush to eat, and not to save.  
 Wave! Divings; thy red banner wave,  
 And fill thy tables plenteously.

Few, few shall fat, where many eat,  
 For pickled pork's their choicest treat.  
 And e'en brown bread to them is sweet  
 Who live remote from luxury.

Divings was the name of the caterer, who always hung out a red flag as a sign for the drum to beat at meal times.

The other member of our society that I recall was David Wallace, who was regarded as our cleverest writer. He was of the middle height, with black hair and remarkably bright eyes. He was older than I was, but we were very much together; and neither was above boyish propensities; for I find myself saying, in a letter home, that he and William Florence and I went "cherrying together, and, being caught by a shower, took refuge at 'Parson Picton's'."

I refer thus particularly to Wallace because he left the army soon after graduating, was admitted to the bar, went into political life, became distinguished and Governor of Indiana. General Lew. Wallace, who was prominent in the war of the rebellion, and the author of Ben Hur, one of the very best novels of the day, besides having been Minister of the United States at Constantinople, is his son. I have sometimes fancied that the literary tendency that was illustrated in the essays which, when we were boys, the father used to read to me was

perpetuated in the son, while the military education of the former might be traced in the career of the latter.

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To say that there was no distinction between cadets from the slaveholding and the non-slaveholding States respectively would not be true; but I can safely say that it did not affect personal intimacies. In my own case, the dearest friend I ever had was Mansfield, who fell at Antietam and was from Connecticut; another friend, Horace Bliss, was from New Hampshire; Wheelock was from Massachusetts; McCall, distinguished in the late war, was from Pennsylvania, and I might give any number of illustrations to the same effect. Sectional differences were unknown at West Point in 1818.

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Of "hazing," of which so much has been said, of late years, very little was known in my day. Tricks were plucked upon "new cadets," but they were boyish ones, such as tying a hard knot in the leg of a pair of trousers, which caused much swearing by the owner, who had waited for the last roll of the drum at *reveille* before he jumped out of bed, to hurry down three flights of stairs, perhaps, to roll-call; or, taking out the iron pin from the head of a cot and replacing it with a weak wooden one; or, sprinkling snow between the sheets, or substituting bristles for snow. But then in my class there were eighteen "new cadets," only fourteen years old, and I have yet to make up my mind that the change in the standard of age which has since been made is an improvement.

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Now-a-days baths are provided for the use of the cadets, and the use of them is enforced. In the old time, our only bathtub was the Hudson river, and opportunity and inclination alone suggested the use of it. Those who could swim ventured into the river itself; those who could not swim resorted, when the tide served, that is to say, when it made the water deep enough to keep one's feet from the grass and ooze, to a little bay between two rocky points to the west of the public dock. I remember it well, for there was a beach there, on which Sam. Ellis and I hauled, turned over and caulked a leaky boat

that we had bought from French John, whose sloop, with contraband matter on board for cadets who could pay for it, was almost always at anchor off the "flats." When not undergoing repairs, we kept the boat at Havens' dock, at Gee's Point. Well, this bay was our bathtub in 1818.

But it would be ungrateful not to mention a contrivance that some of us got up, not far from the north gate, where a little stream crossed, as it still crosses, the road to the cemetery. On the right of the road, where the bank descends precipitously, we set up a trestle, some six or eight feet high, on which rested one end of a trough, the other end resting on the bank, which in this way was made to receive the water of the stream to supply a sort of showerbath to one standing under the outer end of the trough. The contrivance was as simple as that which helped Phoebe Mayflower to fill her pitcher at the spring, in "Woodstock," and at certain times the supply of water was not much greater. Still, the spot was shady, and there is more than one pleasant memory connected with it. Without the means of ablution here described, our only resources were a washbasin and a toothbrush.

Nor did the nearness of the road interfere, practically, with the use of our showerbath without offense to public modesty. Few persons, in those days, passed that way. The cemetery was a savage spot, compared with what it has since been made. My last visit to it as a cadet was when I was on the escort that fired the volleys over the grave of Andrew Ellicott, the Professor of Mathematics, who lies buried there. I remember that at that time the rubbish had not been cleared away from around the Cadet's monument that had been erected several years before.

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There was an occasion, however, when I might say that I "took the flats flying," that I have often spoken of. One Saturday afternoon Sam. Hobert and I had got to the summit of Cro' Nest almost, when I saw on a broad, flat rock on which I was about to step a handsome brown stick, which I at once determined to substitute for the rough affair that had helped me up the mountain; when, horror of horrors, the stick moved, and the nicely-tapered end that I had intended for a ferrule began to rattle in a way that I can still fancy that I hear. It

was a rattlesnake, lying lazily at full length in the October sun, that I was about to take hold of. Of course, we should have quickly walked out of the snake's way, or have taken stones and killed it; but boys of fifteen do not think of everything, and on this occasion Hobert and I only thought of getting back as fast as we could to where we came from; and, in a panic that almost passes belief, made a "bee line," apparently, for the flagstaff on the plain. I still remember our frantic race, especially my sliding upright on my heels down the steep surface of a sloping rock; and I remember dashing past the ruins of the huts of the German soldiers of the revolution, flying over the "flats," and not stopping until we reached the public road. Remembering this, I could perfectly understand the flight, in a panic, from Bull's Run in 1861.

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There was, I think, in my day, no such place as "Benny's," in the sense to be inferred from the well-known cadet song. Buttermilk Falls was the limit of many a Saturday's walk from West Point; and "Benny Havens" may have moved there from Haven's dock at Gee's Point, after I left the Academy, ignorant of the fame that was in store for him. On this point, however, my memory is a blank. The road to Buttermilk Falls was a rough one, turning aside somewhat in one place, to avoid what had been a small battery intended to command an approach to the main fortifications at the Point. Beyond the battery the road descended, and there was level ground on the left, in which stood, in a cornfield at that time, the Kinsley house, to which the cadets gave the name of "Stony Lonesome." Continuing down the road, which was, in fact, the prolongation of that by which I had come from Gee's Point on the evening of my arrival, we reached the few houses that then formed the village of "Buttermilk Falls." The only house that I can now recall was a low, one-storied frame building, painted red, with white door and window trimmings, that overhung the river on the east, and, on the south, the ravine of the mountain stream, which, when there was water enough, fell in foam down the white-faced, sloping rock into the Hudson, producing the appearance that gave to the spot its name. That this red house was "Benny's" I have little doubt; although I have no recollection of any such "goings on" there as could have justified the reputation that it afterwards acquired.

I have already mentioned the boat owned by Ellis and I, and in which, until it was at last confiscated by the Superintendent, we were in the habit, whenever opportunity served, of making trips with such of our friends as were willing to aid in rowing, to various points along the river. I have no recollection of "Buttermilk Falls" as one of our places of resort, but I do remember "Cold Spring," for just such objects as, at a later day, took members of the corps to "Benny's."

I have often wondered why we did things whose penalty, we knew well enough, was expulsion. It was not the wretched wine that we bought; it was not the momentary excitement that it produced; it was certainly not the headache that was sure to follow; but we were boys then, and it was the pleasure that the very daring of the act produced.

It was at one of these symposia that, having just heard of the death of Napoleon, we drank to his memory. Long years afterward I remembered the occasion, as I looked down upon the tomb of the Emperor, under the dome of the Invalides.

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I have no recollection of anything that could be called dissipation while I was a cadet. The worst that I can recall is the bowl of egg-nog that, somehow or other, made its appearance about Christmas. That swearing was as common "as it was in the army in Flanders;" that we smoked cigars—and very miserable ones they were—without restraint, there can be no doubt; but that we drank whisky and got drunk, we did not; and I say it, at this late day, to the credit of my old comrades, of the class of 1822. I do not pretend that we were saints; on the contrary; but the understanding was general, that we were gentlemen; and it was this feeling that it was pre-eminently the wish of Colonel Thayer, himself the noblest gentleman, to instill into those under his charge.

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I have already referred to the Assistant Professors of Mathematics, Smith and Webster, by one of whom I was introduced to Hutton, in my first year's course. My next Professor of Mathematics, in my second year's course, was one that I have no difficulty in describing, and whom I can never forget, Charles Davies. Personally and men-

tally he was a remarkable man. Of the middle size, with a bright, intelligent face, characterized by projecting upper teeth, which procured for him the name of "Tush" among the cadets, his whole figure was the embodiment of nervous energy and unyielding will. His fearless activity at a fire which happened in a room in the South Barracks, in 1819, added the name of "Rush on" to the other. He was a kindly natured man, too; and the patient perseverance that he devoted to the instruction of his class was not the least remarkable feature of his character. It was with Professor Davies that I began the study of descriptive geometry, for which no books in English had then been published. He had no assistance beyond the blackboard and his own intimate knowledge of the subject and faculty of oral explanation. Fortunately, this was exceptionally great; and even then there was no little amount of actual labor requisite to enable the pupil to understand the difference between the horizontal and vertical planes, and the uses to be made of them. It is to Professor Davies that I have always attributed in a great measure my subsequent successes at West Point; and hence this especial notice of him as a tribute to his memory. A much more enduring tribute is that awarded by the countless beneficiaries, the colleges, schools and individuals who have profited by his numerous publications in connection with mathematical science.

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I have already spoken of the occasional visits of Professor Ellicott to the section room, and have no other recollection of him as an instructor, except once when, while learning surveying, we were chaining a line from a point in front of his house to an angle of Fort Clinton, and back again, our accuracy quite astonished the good old Professor, to whom we did not admit that it was owing to our having used the same holes that the pins had made, in going and returning. Of Colonel D. B. Douglas, his successor, my only recollection is that he was a tall, grave, dark-complexioned man, whom I ought to remember better, for his house was one of the few that I visited at.

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My recollection of Colonel Mansfield, the Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, is most distinct. I was a frequent vis-

itor at his house, where I had the honor to be kindly noticed by his wife, one of the most intelligent and best-informed women that I ever knew. Colonel Mansfield, although a most competent instructor, was very near-sighted, and I am not prepared to say that this defect was not sometimes taken advantage of. I find, however, from a letter home, that it was this third year's course that gave me the most trouble, and required the hardest work to attain the head of the class for the year 1822, the graduating year of the class with which I entered the Academy.

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There are persons whose appearance is never effaced from the memory. Of this class was the Professor of the Art of Engineering, Colonel Claude Crozet, a tall, somewhat heavily-built man, not as straight, perhaps, as a cadet drill-master would have made him, of dark complexion, black hair and eyebrows, deep-set eyes, remarkable for their keen and bright expression, a firm mouth and square chin, a rapid speech and strong French accent. I can, even after the lapse of between sixty and seventy years, fancy that I see the man before me. He had been an engineer officer under Napoleon at the battle of Wagram and elsewhere, and the anecdotes with which he illustrated his teaching were far more interesting than the "Science of War and Fortification," which was the name of our text book at the time. When he left the Academy he became Chief Engineer of the State of Virginia, which is indebted to him for the system that made her mountain roads the best, then, in America. Perhaps my recollection of Colonel Crozet is strengthened by my having seen him long after I ceased to be his pupil.

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Although I have a distinct recollection of each member of the Academic staff, so distinct indeed, as they pass in spectral array before me, that, were they to come into my presence at this moment, I could recognize each one as though we had separated only yesterday; but among them all, Worth, Davies and Crozet would be the most conspicuous.

I ought not, however, to pass, without especial notice, Mr. Thomas Gimbrede, Teacher of Drawing, to whom I was, as already mentioned, an assistant; not that he was a great artist, or personally remarkable. He was an engraver by profession, and his portraits of Perry and McDonough, which I saw again and again while in progress, are still of deserved repute. Imbued, as he was, with a love of art, and familiar with all its processes, he was a most competent instructor, and took great interest in the progress of his pupils. One thing I recollect he told me, which has been my guide in many a gallery of art, both in Europe and America. A tree on canvas, he used to say, should always produce the impression that birds could fly through it, and flesh that it would rebound from the pressure of the finger. Mr. Gimbrede and I divided the class equally between us, and I soon discovered that it was not those who excelled in mathematics that maintained the same positions in the drawing academy. But here, as elsewhere, I found that patience and a determined will enables art to keep close on the heels of science, even though they did not equal it in the race.

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I think it was on my return from furlough, in September, 1820, or after the December examination, that I was appointed Assistant Teacher of Drawing, under Mr. Gimbrede, and became entitled to ten dollars per month extra pay and to wear twice as many buttons on my coat as before, and was relieved from military duty, except, I think, but am not sure, attending roll-call at reveillee. When the corps went into camp I was permitted to select my own room in the South Barracks, and remain there without going again under canvas. When the march to Boston was planned in August, 1821, Major Worth offered me a place on his staff as Second Topographical Engineer—Prescott, of the class above me, being the first—if I would forego my privileges as an assistant teacher. This I was only too happy to do; indeed, I would have marched in the ranks rather than remain behind. In this way I became the historian of the march to Boston as it is reprinted in the proceedings of the Alumni of 1884. In the proceedings of the Alumni of 1885 will be found a letter to my family, giving an account of the march of the corps to Hudson in 1819.

In 1820 the corps marched to Philadelphia. I was on furlough

at the time; but I crossed over the Delaware from New Jersey, where I was staying with some friends, to see the corps in camp at Bristol; and they were in such high spirits, so full of anticipations of pleasure when they reached the city, that I was almost sorry that I was not again under canvas in the midst of them.

A short time before I reached West Point in 1818 the corps had marched across Cro' Nest to bury with military honors a revolutionary officer, I think, at Goschen; after which there was a collation at Newburg, followed by a ball at night, the corps returning to the Point the next day by steamboat. There is no history of this expedition or of that to Philadelphia extant.

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The Professor of Chemistry in my time was Dr. James Cutbush, not at all of the military type in appearance, but an excellent physician, and well qualified, no doubt, to teach us the science as it was then taught; but his laboratory was very indifferent, and although he did the best he could with the means at his command, the knowledge he imparted was, I am afraid, not very profound. He was a most estimable gentleman, and his very charming family was one in which it was my privilege to become intimate while I remained at West Point.

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Colonel Thayer, the Superintendent, I have already mentioned—a grave, dignified and accomplished man, of soldierly carriage and refined and courteous manner, perhaps verging on preciseness—the firmness of whose rule in a position of great responsibility was tempered by its kindness, and commended to all, however affected, by the conviction of its absolute justice.

Familiar with the learning of his profession, and with what had been accomplished in Europe in its military schools from personal observation, Colonel Thayer was pre-eminently qualified, when he became Superintendent of the Military Academy, to produce order out of the confusion; and the proof that he succeeded in the task is to be found in the reputation that the Academy has ever since maintained.

I have already mentioned my appointment as Assistant Teacher of Drawing; but, during the last year of my stay at West Point, I occasionally had charge of the section of Professor Davies in descriptive geometry, when he would be absent for a few days; and, in the same manner, I supplied the places of Messrs. Berard and DuCommun, respectively, the teachers of French. Of Professor Davies I have spoken already. Mr. Berard I remember well; a courteous and refined gentleman, of retiring manners, of the middle size, and a most accomplished teacher. Mr. DuCommun was assistant teacher, and in personal appearance no two men could be more different, the latter being a square-built, full-faced person, with much more of his nation and manner than the other. My recollection of both is most distinct; and to Mr. Berard I owe the proficiency that at that time enabled me occasionally to represent him.

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It only remains to describe the Chaplain and Professor of Ethics, Mr. Picton, a tall, spare man, whose kind, benevolent face was an index of his character, and whose clerical duties were confined to conducting a morning service in the chapel according to the forms of the Presbyterian church and preaching a sermon, the adaptation of which to the spiritual wants of the cadets was not always equal to its excellence otherwise.

This list of our "teachers and masters" at West Point would not be complete were I to omit the bright little man, active as a cat, who, with a padded shield on his right breast, with a scarlet star thereon, and a wire mask on his face, was our teacher of the art of fencing—Mr. Pierre Thomas, eke, the dancing master of the children in the families on the Point. I fancy that I see him now going through the formal salute in fencing, or sending the foil flying out of my hand, by way of teaching me to hold it firmly.

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As to "society," we had little of its humanizing influences beyond what we found among ourselves; for the occasional visits of a few cadets to the houses of the Professors did not afford them; and such polish as we had was generally due to what we may have brought from

home. The closest view of "society" we had in those days was an occasional group of ladies that a fine summer's afternoon would tempt to witness an evening parade, or attend at the chapel on Sunday mornings, in the seats reserved for them. Of these, I am surprised, at the end of more than half a century, to find how distinctly I can recall even the features and the bearing of two lovely little girls, Mary Ann Mansfield, who afterward married Professor Charles Davies, already spoken of, and Mary Picton, afterward the wife of Mr. Edwin Stevens, of the Hoboken Stevenses. Then there were the beautiful Miss Kinsley, sister of the Assistant Instructor of Tactics, who became the wife of my classmate, Henry H. Gird, who, at a later date, was himself Assistant Instructor of Tactics; with Caroline Zantinger, a member of Mr. Picton's family, tall and strikingly handsome, who became the wife of Henry S. Gilbert, Orderly Sergeant of my company when I joined the corps. And we had Mrs. Cutbush, the wife of the Professor of Chemistry, and her sisters, the two Misses Fowler, who became the wives, in succession, of my classmate, Jonathan Prescott—adding three handsome women for the admiration of the corps. Nor must Miss Kate Thompson, the youngest of the sisters already mentioned, be forgotten in this account of the objects of the admiration of the cadets on successive Sundays in fair weather. Of them all, Mrs. Davies only remains to judge of the accuracy of these descriptions of some of her contemporaries of so many long years ago—"a most delightful lady in her eighty-first year," as I hear from Miss Berard, the estimable daughter of my old Professor. And yet, in the end, somehow or other, scant as were our opportunities, "society," in the best sense of the term, had no reason to be ashamed of its contributions from West Point.

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In 1849 I was President of the Board of Visitors; and in the twenty-seven years that had elapsed since I left the institution there must have been many improvements in the various scientific departments, all of which were doubtless stated in the report that it became my duty to make to the Government; but it was, in the main, the same old story over again—drill, drill, drill, morning and evening parade and guardmounting, the bugle calls for recitations, the drum for

meals, the same interminable reveille and tattoo and the same "taps;" nothing here was changed. There was the same gray uniform, padded as of old. But, no; there was a black stripe on the outer seam of the trousers, and the leather pot and long black plume were changed to the present cap and pompon. The North and South Barracks and the Mess Hall were still standing and were occupied as of old. I am not sure about the Academy. It had been destroyed by fire in 1838, and I cannot recollect whether it had been rebuilt. I have also forgotten whether there had been any improvement in the appurtenances of the Mess Hall, and whether the cadets still ate their meals at tables innocent of tablecloths, although I am inclined to think that such was still the case, from the fact that in a conversation with General Grant not long after the late war, when West Point was referred to, he remarked, when recalling his own experience there, "but, you know, they have since got tablecloths." Now, as the General left the Academy in 1843, I infer that the Mess Hall may possibly have been without such luxuries in 1849.

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For many years I have been an annual visitor to the West Point Hotel, and have, during the several weeks of my stay there, attended morning and evening parade and guardmounting as regularly as when discipline compelled me; and now, in the ebbing tide of a life more than ordinarily prolonged, look forward to the time of my annual pilgrimage with a feeling that has not yet weakened with the lapse of years.

"My heart is in the hills; the shades  
Of night are on my brow;  
Ye pleasant haunts, ye quiet glades,  
My heart is with you now." \*

And were I to compare what now is with what was in 1818 these reminiscences would be interminable.

Now, at last, West Point is all that it should be. Not only does a cadet, when he graduates, enter the army with all that science, military instruction and discipline have imparted, but accustomed to the habits and observances of refined society—a credit to West Point and to his country, to which he owes it all.

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\* From the West Point Scrap Book, by Lieut. O. E. Wood.

I cannot close these reminiscences without expressing my appreciation of, and acknowledgments to, the most admirable work of General Cullum, which, for patient and most laborious investigation and sound judgment, is not to be surpassed. I refer, of course, to the "Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy."

JOHN H. B. LATROBE.

May 4th, 1887.