Charles Ewing

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PHILADA

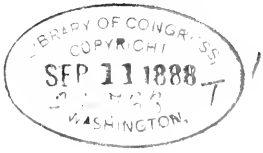
IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES EWING.

BY

HIS YOUNGEST CORPORAL.

"NON OMNIS MORIAR."



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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS hasty, imperfect sketch, thrown together, rather than composed, during the brief hours snatched from the heart of a summer vacation in the intervals of serious labor, is presented to the friends and relatives of Charles Ewing, in the hope that they will accept it in that spirit in which it is offered; accept it as we do the kind offices of a busy man, who when asked to do a favor promises to comply with the request, and, having set about it, finding himself tugged at the skirts by the crying demands of hum-drum duty, is in a position not unlike that of the boys in blue at Vicksburg,—unable to advance, unwilling to retreat. In making a rapid selection from an extensive and interesting correspondence, the effort has been made to put before the reader, as briefly as possible, such extracts as serve either to recall the feelings of the time or the traits of character of Charles Ewing. The interests of truth and justice seem to demand a somewhat fuller and more serious treatment of his

connection with the Indian Bureau than may strictly be required by the nature of this Memorial; but in dwelling on that subject care has been taken to let him speak for himself, with the thought that those interested in the man will be led to sympathize with his work. Those traits of character which made him a shade sweeter, and more lovable than most men, it has been found difficult to photograph in words. Plain black and white will not catch or reproduce the image of the soul in its wondrous complexity and its ethereal subtlety, but still the tear-stained page may bear the heart's vestige and awaken the slumbering sympathies of other souls to admiration of Christian valor and emulation of noble deeds.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHAPTER I.

Early Years—Parents—"Uncle Charley"—Cares of Fortune—"Robbers"—Dominican College—University of Virginia—Kansas.

BEFORE the days when railroads began to produce that concentration in business interests which now alarms the statesman, there was many a quiet town in our Middle States that possessed the social advantages of a city, with few of its drawbacks.

Such a town was Lancaster, Ohio, graced by the names of Philemon Beecher, Hugh Boyle, Thomas Ewing, William J. Reese, Hocking H. Hunter, Charles R. Sherman, William W. Irvin, Samuel Denman, Henry Stanbery, and other men fit to be companions of princes, and some of them possessed of gifts that could command respect as well at the nation's capital as in the narrow limits of Hocking Valley. Lancaster was by no means

unconscious of the high standard of merit among her sons, and her easy tone of good breeding, her modest elegance in hospitable entertainment, were such as to excite the admiration and arouse the lingering regret of the chance guest, be he prelate, senator, or Eastern merchant, who once had tasted the sweets of her society, or felt that unexpected sense of restfulness that comes upon a citizen of the world when he meets in border lands the cultured tone of a metropolis. Born in such a society, amid natural surroundings which might have made a Goldsmith one shade tenderer and sweeter, it is no wonder Charles Ewing was what we always knew him to be,—a model gentleman.

It would be delightful to pause here and say something of the parents of the subject of this sketch, but I am awed by the colossal proportions of Thomas Ewing, physical and mental, —patient laborer, enthusiastic student, profound lawyer, eloquent senator, true statesman, one of those "grand old giants out of the West" who aroused the admiration of Dickens, type of a generation that cannot be reproduced. His greatness forbids a casual mention. And now that years have lent perspective to the soft scenes of the past, who will dare describe Maria Boyle?

—the eye that beamed with a tenderness and sweetness which Christian love infuses into natural affection; the hand that filled the cup of the reverend guest by day, and carried to God's suffering poor by night the much-needed bounty; the voice ever

"Soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman;"

the heart so strong because so tender, so tender because so true, so true because so wholly given to God, and therefore capable of God-like depth, and fulness, and entirety, all for her grand husband, all for her loved children, all for her charming home, all for her admiring friends, all for the poor. What if the second generation of her offspring saw but the sun in its setting? Surely the soft tints of an evening so tranquil, so golden, are fit arguments of the noon-day's resplendence, and we may hasten to add to what has been said in her honor, our tribute of loving remembrance.

The youngest of their four sons, Charles Ewing, the subject of this sketch, was born on the 6th of March, 1835. During his childhood, his mother being in ill health, his sister Ellen took him in charge, and undertook to direct his education. At

this period it was not uncommon, on entering the library, to see the mentor seated in a rocking-chair, with an austere air, engaged in embroidery, and the fair-haired and large-headed embryo general standing in a corner, erect and immovable, in duress for some wandering of the youthful imagination. His sister, in these days, supplied the place of a mother, and supplied it well. As soon as his mother, in the pride of her heart, arrayed Charley in the manly pantaloons, like a true American boy, he took to climbing trees. A black-heart cherry-tree stood in the front yard, near the wall, in view of a person ascending the steps from the pavement, and in its branches one morning, as the fruit shone jet black and alluring, the young gentleman was disporting himself, when his grandfather, Hugh Boyle, appeared on the scene, shook his yellow ivory-knobbed cane at the delinquent, and ordered him down. On reaching the ground he received a lecture, followed by a stern command. The yellow cane was threateningly shaken before him, and his tender-hearted grandsire succeeded in convincing him that an awful chastisement would follow a second ascent into the forbidden tree. On the following morning, at his accustomed hour of eleven,

the old gentleman slowly ascended the steps, and, looking up, saw shining through the green leaves, on the topmost branch of the cherry-tree, the yellow head of his grandson. Their blue eyes met, and a rapid descent from the tree followed. The grandfather was feeble, but in the chase that ensued he succeeded, by a strategic movement, in running his grandson into a corner, where he stood straight up, as he was wont to stand in his corner in the library, awaiting in terror the slow approach of Justice with uplifted cane. In this apparently hopeless situation of affairs he kept his wits about him, and made a skilful and successful appeal to the weak side of the enemy. "Why, Pa Boyle," he said, in an imploring tone, as the cane seemed about to descend, "you wouldn't strike your poor old uncle, would you?" This stroke of genius earned him the name of "Uncle," and he was known ever afterwards in the family as "Uncle Charley."

Charley was early oppressed with the cares of fortune. Driving one day over a farm with his father, a Berkshire pig, then a novelty in the country, attracted his attention, and he made a request for it. His father ordered the farmer to send the coveted animal to town, where it was

penned and fed to suffocation by its admiring owner. One evening he announced at supper-table with triumph that "Billy Pig" had reached such a stage of obesity as to be unable any longer to step over a corn-cob. Thereupon he offered the pig for sale. His father, much amused, and assuming an interest in the transaction, inquired the price, and bought the pig for five dollars. "But," he said, "a draw-back must be allowed for the corn he has eaten, and the result shows the amount to have been quite large, in value, no doubt, over the price you ask, but we will call it even." This settlement was earnestly repudiated, though his older brothers at the table gave it their decided approval, and finally, after a full discussion, his father yielded to his arguments, and passed a gold piece down the table. A discussion now ensued as to what had best be done with it. Banks were pronounced decidedly unsafe; years before, a burglar named Watkins had gone through half the houses in town, and might resume operations at any moment. The only rational decision to be made was finally reached, that riches were a burden too heavy for one of his tender years, and he would do well to repass the money up the table. This, however, he declined, and the party adjourned

to the library. He and his young cousin Wolfley sat apart in whispered conversation until a movement was made to the parlor, when the two urchins stole out on to the porch overlooking the garden, whither they were cautiously followed by Thomas and his cousin, Hampton Denman. Presently the little fellows returned, and after sitting in mysterious silence a few minutes, announced their intention to retire for the night. The two older brothers soon followed, and took up a position from which they could watch their movements; and after a time had the gratification to see them steal down the stairway, half dressed, and over the porch into the garden. The spies followed cautiously, and, hiding in the currant-bushes, watched their operations. Procuring a toy spade, they cast an anxious glance about them in the dark, and bending over to avoid observation, stole under the deep shade of an apple-tree. Here they carefully removed a sod a foot square, and depositing the gold piece in the hole, replaced it, and to mark the place inserted a stick in its centre, and then fled to their room. Early in the morning they rushed to the spot half dressed, removed the sod, and discovered their loss. The gold was gone. The household was aroused by the cry of "Robbers!" At the break-

fast-table the theft was the sole topic of conversation. The boys told how they had gone down in the night and hidden the treasure, and the unanimous conclusion was that robbers were looking at the moment over the alley wall, and had seen them in the act. After a time one of the robbers, Thomas, drew the gold piece from his pocket and tossed it over the table, and the details of the robbery came out amid the hearty laughter of the assembled family, in which the youngsters joined in joy at its recovery.

In Perry County, Ohio, the Dominican Fathers had a college in "early days." Hither Charles Ewing was sent, and here he began to acquire a taste for classical knowledge. The dog-eared Virgil and well-thumbed Cæsar, the tear-blistered pages of Xenophon, left on his budding faculties an imprint that did more than he himself ever realized, to expand the goodly foliage and ripen the fair fruit of culture on the sturdy Ewing stem. A bundle of letters, blue, yellow, and faded white, is in my hand; the ink is yet strong and black, the hand firm and clear, and there is character written on every page. A bundle of old letters of 1853–54! What memories, what aspirations, what a crowd of historical details, do not the years recall! Back

then to the old sandstone of Southern Ohio, back to the valleys clad in walnut, hickory, maple, and sassafras, back to the peaceful and pious seclusion of a Dominican college, and look through the eyes of boyhood speaking to youth:

"ST. JOSEPH'S COLL., Feb. 10, 1853.

"DEAR BROTHER,—You wish to know something about the societies that are now in existence at this college. Their names are the Phil-Historic and Philopedian. I have the honor to be member of the former, and I think I may say one of *the* debaters. Perhaps you have formed too large an opinion of our societies, but you must remember that we are mere boys from sixteen to twenty, so that you could not expect too much from us. But that you might not form too small an opinion of the sons of Herodotus (Phil-Historics), I will send you a copy of the *Somerset Post*, that contains a copy of a lecture delivered by *one* of the members. Tom, what would you think if your old white-headed brother would take the habit of a Dominican? Do you not think that it would be the best thing that I could do for myself in this world? Now tell me just what is your candid opinion.

(Signed) "CHAS. B. EWING."

Was this a passing fancy, a dream, or a true vocation? We shall never know till time ends, and it is not ours to judge; suffice it here to say that Charles Ewing had ever the loftiest appreciation of the exalted state of the religious, that he was earnest and constant in his sympathy with those who embraced that vocation, and that he transmitted to others his own admiration for the life of the cloister.

A short and hasty letter in June of the same year tells us that he is working for honors, that he is now reading Sallust, and that he desires to have an Index Rerum. For the first time in his life he finds time precious, and therefore he scribbles in haste. Returning to his old place in the school next September, he finds himself among the first in "everything except devilment." A sentence from this same letter shows his sincere piety: "We all had the happiness the other day of receiving the benediction of the Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell at High Mass. The bishop said to one of the Fathers that he would remain over night in Lancaster on his way to Columbus, and that he had good reason to believe that father would come into the church. (God grant him grace. Pray for him, brother!)"

He writes in December:

"I have commenced geometry, which I think is a most beautiful study; I passed over the bridge-of-asses (v.1) a day or two ago (my ears are no longer than at first). We had a great debate last week; the question was this: *Resolved*, That as cosmopolites we should adopt the Maine Liquor Law. Phil-Historics against Philopedians. V. B. Burnett, P. Noon, and myself were the foremen on the negative. We fought against two priests and a professor, and gained the point; that is, we put down a law that is similar to the tobacco law of old.

"Pray for your brother,

"C. B. EWING."

Besides this display of pluck in facing old and experienced debaters, Ewing's connection with this little college society displays another trait of his character. "I and my old friend Burnett," he writes, "have at last drawn each other into what has proven a long debate,—it is in respect to admitting members into the society,—he, democratic-like, or I should have said Locofoco-like, is for opening out and admitting every gum-head that may have a little more tongue than his more sensible neighbor. Now, for my part, these are the very men I most fear or dislike to have in the society;

for it is my opinion that 'much tongue and much judgment seldom go together.'" There is a great deal in these letters of tenderness and affection: "Why does he not hear more frequently and more at length?" "How he misses this one and that one!" There is much of transparent frankness and the deepest love for his brother Tom, before whom he lays bare his whole heart; much too of manly independence combined with almost womanly sensibility. A carefully-preserved letter-book, which we extracted from his army-chest, gives the answer to these and other letters. "Dear C. B.," "My venerable old Uncle," "Dear *old* friend," "Esteemed Chevalier,"—these, and other like terms of endearment, bear testimony to the mingled tenderness and affection with which he was always regarded. The old letter-book has a lesson of its own, too, in the easy tone, the raciness of style, the depth and richness of love that bound together brothers and sisters widely separated by the accidents of life. "*Scripta manent*," but the living are not the subjects of this memoir.

When the family moved to Washington, Charles attended for some time the institution of the Society of Jesus in that city, now known as Gonzaga College, and subsequently completed his edu-

cation at the University of Virginia. In the only letter I can find from Charlottesville, he says: "I am well pleased with things in general about the university, and in particular with the mode of instruction. I take mathematics, chemistry, and natural philosophy (with mineralogy and geology). I am not a member of his school, but I attend Dr. McGuffy's lectures on rhetoric." The scientific bent naturally produced by such a course as that here indicated, determined to a great degree General Ewing's professional career.

In this same letter, dated December 24, 1856, he expressed the utmost surprise and confusion over the news that a portion of the Ewing family contemplated settling at Leavenworth, Kansas. "I have myself as completely mixed up," he says, "in trying to reason the thing out as was ever good old 'Uncle Toby' in his descriptions of the siege of Namur, and the spot of ground on which he stood when wounded in the groin."

During the summer of this year he had been engaged in a kind of exploring expedition up the Missouri River. Joining his brother Hugh at St. Louis, and receiving from him an outfit and all the information that city possessed on the matter, armed with a "five-shooter" and a bowie-knife, he

proceeded to the neighborhood of Palmyra, and there began to locate one thousand dollars' worth of land-warrants. It is difficult for the present generation to realize that Missouri was "far West" thirty years ago, or that any peculiar perplexity should arise in the mind of a pushing, ambitious youth at the thought that his friends intended to try their fortunes beyond the Missouri River. I fancy they must have thought of Kansas as we think of Australia or Alaska.

The main object of his life at this period was to fit himself by technical study for the bar. In those days law-schools were not so numerous as at present; the preparation for entrance on professional careers was even more desultory than it is to-day; and it would seem, judging by his letters, which are still my guide, that he varied the dry monotony of the law by farming. I find letters from his father to Charles, written in 1859, giving him directions as to the management of a farm near Lancaster. He has sent him a large four-horse roller, and gives minute directions as to its use: "In rolling, you will have the horses go astride of the row,—that rolls the spaces between two rows; skip one row, and then go astride of the next, and so on, so you will go over the ground

just twice as fast as in marking." But I find no answers by which to conjecture how pleasing the minutiæ of the farmer's life were to Charles. In September of this same year the field of his operations has changed to Leavenworth, Kansas. Here, too, he is a farmer, and his father is still supplying the necessary instructions. He writes that "the wheat must be sown,—the thirty-five acres at once, and the rest as soon as the corn can be cut up. Have it put up in large shocks, in regular rows, at least sixteen rows apart, twenty is better, and let the sowing and harrowing follow the cutting as close as practicable." This letter, and others of this year, are addressed to Colonel Charles Ewing.

CHAPTER II.

Rumors of War—"Is it Secession?"—"Our Banner of Beauty"—"Woe is me, Alhama"—"Fife and Drum"—Letters from Home.

It is time to make some permanent step, to settle down in life. St. Louis is chosen as his future home, and the firm of Ewing & Hunter offer their legal services to the public. His partner, John Hunter, was the son of Mr. Hocking H. Hunter, of Lancaster, and had been Ewing's friend from boyhood.

Scarcely is the ink dry on his first brief when the mutterings of the great storm of civil strife disturb the quiet of the youthful barrister. The new year's letter of an old friend in kindly greeting to the young firm, contains ominous mutterings: "The Union is rather shaky these times, is it not? If there is a clean division between the free and slave States (which I do not expect to occur), are you going with old Missouri? Don't do it, uncle! Make up your mind to live in 'the United States,' and under the stars and stripes, and not in a palmetto and rattlesnake Confederacy.

I do not believe, however, that the old ship will founder, though the sea is rough, and though she may lose a mast or two and have her rigging torn. She has aboard, however, the worst commander 'that ever scuttled ship,' and the most mutinous and quarrelsome and blinded crew that ever chose the rocks instead of a rudder for a guide." (Leavenworth, Kansas, Jan. 1, 1861.)

However, he works away patiently during the year, but agitated and disturbed. In November, his brother-in-law, Captain W. T. Sherman, writes from the Louisiana Military Academy: "At first I did not think seriously of the disunion movement, thinking it would blow over as other similar excitements have heretofore done, but of late it has assumed a bad tone. The governor of Louisiana, Thos. O. Moore, who lives near Alexandria, and is a very large property owner and planter, has just issued his proclamation calling the legislature together, December 10, to take into consideration the critical position of national affairs, etc., the tone of which is decidedly warlike. Now, I think Governor Moore would not assume such a tone were he not certain he would be sustained by the State. Among intelligent circles here it is believed that South Carolina will secede next month; that

Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi will follow; that Texas will draw off on her own original plan, and that Louisiana and Missouri will follow. I am up here in the woods; the mail comes sixty-five miles by stage three times a week, but very rarely do they bring newspapers. I subscribe to the *St. Louis Republican*, but get it very irregularly. We get the New Orleans papers by boat irregularly, but we have received one from that city of November 24th, in which is described a large secession meeting, at which the lieutenant-governor presided, and three of the judges of the Supreme Court of the State attended purposely for effect. All these things convince me that they are in earnest. They will believe that Lincoln's success is the beginning of a series of events that will destroy the value of slave labor, which constitutes the entire wealth of the South. Should these movements proceed much further, it will cut me adrift, for I will not favor secession. I will stick by Uncle Sam as long as he endures. I believe the Southeastern States might cut off, and a line of partition be agreed on, but the Mississippi Valley States are so bound together that they must be together, or a constant contest or war continue till submission is complete. It is impossible now that

one power should hold the mouth of the Mississippi, and be hostile to the mercantile interests residing above."

His brother Hugh, writing from Lancaster a month later, December 24th, tells us what people were thinking of that Christmas eve: "This time next year the disunion dog will be dead. Tend to your business and take no sides,—ignore it, it is the fever of an hour. If they take Moultrie, and it becomes necessary, the North will pour from her frozen loins a deluge on the South. But no fear. This time next year the flag of the Union will wave over Charleston, and the diminished heads of the traitors will be hidden. We have the power to preserve this Union, and intend to exert it." He now shows by his letters that he is full of the excitement of the time, and elicits sympathetic expressions from the folks at home. His sister Ellen writes: "I am glad that you hold such firm and loyal sentiments towards your government, and feel no sickly sentiment of excuse for the multitude of traitors who are rising up from every rank of men. I can find in my heart no shadow of excuse for any one of them. They will bring on their own ruin, but they cannot injure us. We will be better off without them."

The following extracts from his answers need no comment:

"St. Louis, January 10, 1861.

"People made up their minds some time ago that the hostile or peaceable reception of the Star of the West at Charleston would determine the question of war, and now that Charleston has let slip the dogs of war, all agree, both wide-awakes and minute-men, that if the Executive does his duty, he must strike. If there is to be a war, I must have a hand in it, but always for the Union, and our banner of beauty."

"St. Louis, February 4, 1861.

"He who blessed and made the Union what it is can alone see the future that awaits it. I enclose a notice of the Military Bill now before the legislature, and also the oath to be administered to the enlisted men. All that I have to say to the bill and oath is this,—as to the first I think it most despotic, and will not obey it,—as to the oath, I'll break the head of any man that dares to offer it to me, and shall have myself well armed to follow it up with more powerful arguments if there is need."

"ST. LOUIS, February 21, 1861.

"DEAR TOM,—I know that you feel offended with me for not writing, and with good reason. I am much at fault for not writing to you before leaving home, but since my arrival in this good city, it has been out of the question. At first, I was busy all day looking for office-rooms and boarding-house. Then came the quest of furnishing them with an eye to permanency, comfort, and our purses. After I had got everything fixed, and myself settled for work, this hell-born question of disunion was forced upon us, and totally unfitted one for anything in the shape of such unpleasant duties. I have accomplished but little in the way of study, except so much as was necessary to transact the business that has been placed in our hands. The location of our office is as good as any in the city in business times, but I must confess that, in these times of sectional mistrust and hatred, it is the poorest place possible for one who wants to study. All about us we have young and '*gifted sons of the South*,' who are hot on the heels of the cotton States, and believe it to be the duty of Missouri (prompted both by love and interest) to leave the Union, and join, hand and glove, with South Carolina for the slave-trader and free trade. But I had

the whip-hand of them as far as facts and figures went, and so kept it to their spread-eagle speeches on Southern honor and chivalry,—and this they lost by Louisiana's sub-treasury theft, and Florida's sleight-of-hand. On the 18th inst. they gave up the ghost by over four thousand majority; the city spoke out for unconditional Union. Indeed, the news from every part of the State is of the best character. I'm so well satisfied now that Missouri will not go out of the Union that I pay no more attention to the war-news from the South. I was big for war when I thought I would have to leave this State, but now I am not so bellicose by half, and would much prefer spending the next ten years of my life in St. Louis."

His father's answer to the first of these letters demands of Charles a calmness impossible in those days of terrible excitement:

"WASHINGTON, February 8, 1861.

"DEAR CHARLES,—Do not suffer the excitement of the times to disturb you or withdraw you at all from your business or studies. Stand aloof and do nothing in the matter. You are so new in the city that you cannot hope to exert any influence there,

and the best service you can at present render the public is to labor quietly in your own vocation. I am in the convention assembled at the call of Virginia, and hope well of its results. I may perhaps be detained here till the end of the month."

The next month is the one succeeding Lincoln's election, fatal and ever-memorable period of political folly. Charles writes to his brother Hugh,—

"St. Louis, December 19, 1860.

"Enclosed I send you a secession cockade. The minute-men are as thick as hops in this town, they say there are from five to eight thousand of them, all pledged to resist the coercion of any State by the Federal power. Indeed, they have become so powerful, that the wide-awakes have found it necessary to reorganize for self-defence, they say. How it will be possible for these two hostile organizations to exist together in peace, when the causes and material for a mob are so abundant, I am at a loss to see. There is scarcely a boat in port; the levee is as bare as Main Street on Sunday, and thousands of idle men go begging for work. The city is as lifeless as the great Desert of Sahara. It may with reason lift up its hands and cry, 'Oh, woe is me, Alhama.'"

Almost at the same moment with this letter he received from Captain Sherman the tidings that he had resigned his position at the head of the Louisiana Military Academy, and was coming North. He says: "I hope Missouri is not going to secede also, but who knows but the whole fabric of government will vanish in a mist and dissolve. The fact seems to be that we really had no government with form enough to protect itself, and the new one, instead of being weaker, must be stronger."

These are not reassuring sentiments, but, addressed to a youth with whom loyalty was almost a religion, their effect can readily be understood. Even the affectionate epistles of his mother to her darling boy betray the same burden of anxiety:

"We have all been under a cloud for some time on account of the political aspects of the state of the country, and the terrible and melancholy idea of the dissolution of the Union! but now, thank God! the sun is peeping from under the clouds, and we feel animated with hope and confidence that all will be right again,—that we will still be a united and happy people. God grant us this blessing. We have had letters from father within a few days. He is busy and hopeful for the country; thinks he will not be able to get home before the first week

in March, and perhaps not so soon. He had got through with his cases, and was just on the eve of starting for home when a *dispatch* from Columbus was received, informing him that he was one of the commissioners, and hoping that he would remain. You see from the papers that they receive the pay of a congressman, eight dollars a day, and a hundred dollars for their travelling expenses. You have had a very exciting time in St. Louis. I was much alarmed, and, if father had been at home (and had been willing), should have sent for you to come home immediately. Teresa was more alarmed even than I. She thought, no doubt, that you were in as much danger as when going to Washington, when she suffered such fears that your *head* would be *cut off* and dropped in the basket. I trust now the danger and excitement is passed. The Republicans seem to have gained the day indeed, as far as we can judge from the papers, although we scarcely know what to believe, there being so many different statements, one contradicting another. Several young ladies of the town, your sister among the number, have raised forty dollars and sent to New York for a flag for the military company. The flag was received yesterday,—much sooner than they were expecting it. I was sitting

very quietly in my room when I heard the hall-door open (as mine was open at the time). Then I heard the footsteps of gentlemen (five or six of the girls had met here in the afternoon to consult about the presentation of the flag, etc.). As the door was opened *three* loud cheers were given by the gentlemen who had brought the flag, and you may be sure they were responded to by the bevy of girls in the room. They had been taken by surprise. All send love to you. I will write you again shortly. I am ashamed of this letter, and feel unfit for writing, being still very weak. Please present my regards to Mr. Hunter and Helen. Trusting you have been to your duty on the holy festival of Christmas, I remain

"Your affectionate

"MOTHER.

"God bless you, my dear son!"

Now comes Sumter, and with its booming sound we see fog, cloud, and mist of doubt and uncertainty roll away, and their obscuring masses condense into patriotic action. A single page from one of his mother's letters amply recalls the effect, even on a quiet village, of the ear-stirring fife and martial array of the spring of '61:

"LANCASTER, April 18, 1861.

"Yesterday was a glorious day for old Fairfield! She sent off one hundred men to defend the stars and stripes of her country, and defeat the rebels, the traitors of their country. We were feeling so patriotic that I *almost* wished you were one of the company, when (like Mr. Brook and a few others in town) my patriotism and ardor was somewhat abated, a dispatch was handed in for you, an order from the governor: 'Report yourself for duty at headquarters immediately.' You may depend there was a commotion in the old house at home, particularly as father, Philemon, and Boyle were all out of town. We were greatly excited before as your company was about to leave. The fife and drum beating, officers parading the streets, drilling the recruits, etc., etc. Men, women, and children running the streets, going to see their friends, husbands, and sweethearts for perhaps the last time." . . .

My earliest recollections of Charles Ewing belong to this trying time,—the faint echo of a ringing laugh, a bounding step, and a flash of the joyous, bright, and merry presence of a whole-souled, genial, cordial youth beaming upon me out

of the dark depths of 1861. In St. Louis the air is full of rumors and alarms. The world is turning topsy-turvy. The fountains of the deep are opened, the heavens about to crash in ruin overhead. Children do not realize what it means, but they feel the awful thrill, the stillness that goes before a storm,—feel it in the anxious looks of parents, feel it in the sights and sounds in the streets, feel it in unexpected journeys, in sudden partings, and in the unnamed ways that convey to the human intellect, even in its dawnings, tidings of misery and woe. At such a time that cheery, boyish face of his, that warm embrace, that mellow voice, those silken, curly locks, and soft gray eyes, that elasticity and sense of power, that cordial interest in those around and beneath him, warmed a child's heart with a glow that now hurries the words from the eager pen. Oh, the power of a glance, a word inspired by genuine kindness. Neither years nor wars, nor sickness nor heart-burnings, sorrows, sufferings, nor all the barriers time, space, and death itself can erect, wipe from the sensitive soul the sweet traces, the softening effects of kindness.

Sumter's electric shock had taught twenty millions that they were patriots. The virtue shared

by so many does not shine conspicuous, but it is safe to say that few, if any, obeyed the sublime call with heartier good will or purer motive or greater readiness to throw his life at the foot of his country's flag than Captain Charles Ewing.

CHAPTER III.

Under Arms—The 13th Regulars—Halleck is Slow—Memphis —Good-by — Chickasaw Bayou—Arkansas Post — Corn-crib Fortress—Canebrake *vs.* Grape-shot—The Glacis of Vicksburg—The Second Assault—Saving Grant's Life.

COMMISSIONED a captain in the regular army, Ewing was destined to experience his greatest trial while impatiently awaiting an opportunity to display his enthusiasm and ability. The 1st Battalion, 13th U. S. Regulars, to which Captain Ewing was attached, and which he was instrumental in organizing, was assigned by General Halleck to duty near Alton, Illinois, and remained there for nearly a year guarding rebel prisoners. How distasteful this duty was to Charles Ewing, and what difficulties he had to encounter during this dreary period, may be gathered from the following letters:

"CAMP SHERMAN, NEAR ALTON, ILLS.
"May 10, 1862.

"DEAR ——,—We have not heard one word officially of our leaving this place, and I suppose we will not till the war is over, and we are wanted to

garrison some dirty hole down South. As for our receiving orders to join Halleck at Shiloh, I hope they will never come. Halleck sent us here purposely to humiliate us, and I believe he has never given orders for us to be relieved.

"To give you some idea of the deplorable condition in which we have been, I will remind you of the disposition that has been made of our field-officers. Our colonel, a major-general of volunteers since the organization of the regiment; lieutenant-colonel in command—he is one of the kindest, best men in the world, and one of the slowest. Two majors, brigadier-generals since organization of the regiment. The only two West-Point captains in the regiment have never reported for duty. As for military education, there is not one of us that has had any. The little training I had from Cump, and what reading I did while interested in the militia, is a world of knowledge compared to what others know. Every one of our recruiting-officers as soon as he goes out is made a mustering-officer, a disbursing-officer, etc., for the volunteers, and his recruiting duties left to go to the devil. Still we have now seven organized companies. A battalion of four hundred and seventy men could be sent into the field on a moment's notice, and, I

believe, do as much as three times their number of *volunteers.*"

"CAMP SHERMAN, NEAR ALTON, ILLS.
"June 2, 1862.

"—— The battalion was organized better a thousand times than hundreds of others that he (Halleck) was daily hurrying to the Southwest, down the river, and into Kentucky. We were not too few to send into the field, for about the time we came up here a battalion of two companies from one of the old regiments, numbering less than one hundred and ten, was sent down the river, and another (four companies, in all not two hundred men) was sent to Fort Henry. At that time we had four companies of over eighty men each. Question: 'If three hundred and twenty men make too small a battalion to send into the field, how many men should there be to make a battalion big enough?' Answer: 'Two hundred, or one hundred and ten.' (N.B. This answer is not to be found in 'Halleck's Elements of Military Art and Science.') It is useless to talk of organization, drill, and discipline: the regiments that were hurried South were not a month old, and not one out of twenty had any organization—and these men, were the heroes of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson,

Columbus, Shiloh, and Corinth,—but we were not fit for the field, must stay here and guard the prisoners that such regiments have taken. I do wish that I had never heard of the regular army. I had rather be a sergeant in the volunteer service than hold the place I do at Alton.

"We have now *less* than five hundred prisoners of war, and over five hundred to guard them. Why can't this prison be abandoned, and the prisoners taken to Chicago, Indianapolis, or Columbus? We would then be free to go to Elmira, and get out of this department."

No person of spirit can fail to sympathize with the eagerness of youth that longs for action; no person of prudence can withhold his approval of the caution and foresight that checked that eagerness and used its heat in forging the raw material of crude volunteers into a splendid battalion of regulars. Yes, Ewing's fire and Halleck's chilling breath of caution were together required to give tone and temper to that glorious little band of heroes. Relieved from duty at Alton, the battalion was transferred to Newport, Kentucky, where its organization was completed, and the troops were at last embarked in October, '62, to join

General Sherman, at that time military governor of Memphis. From the day they took the field until the close of the war the 13th U. S. Regulars ever kept close to their chief in body and in heart, sharing the chivalrous loyalty, the manly devotion, and unbounded admiration of the captain of "A" Company, the subject of this sketch.

Our hero is now in the tented field. Two steps lead down from the level plain to the earth-floor of his wall-tent. A couple of camp-stools, a box, a small table, — these make up his furniture. Muster-rolls, drills, inspections, are his main duties. Already he is a favorite with his mess. At headquarters he is a welcome guest; brother-in-law of the chief who has proved himself as wise a civil governor in summer as he was in spring a bold bulwark against the overwhelming floods of Shiloh. But the captain of "A" Company is seldom at headquarters. Duty called and duty keeps him.

When the splendidly-equipped garrison of Memphis marched forth to inaugurate a series of campaigns that ended with the downfall of the Confederacy, a lady stood with her child by the wayside, to watch the passing pageant. As the 13th Regulars marched by in column, the captain

of "A" Company stepped aside from his place at the head of the battalion, gave the lady a last embrace, stroked and kissed the boy by her side, and, catching his scabbard half-way down, double-quicked to his place in line. Corporal Luke Clarke, presuming permission from his chief's action, hastily followed his example, clasped the lady's hand, and, seizing the boy in his manly arms, gave him one close hug, then grasping the musket he had for an instant laid aside, regained his end of the file. Simple as was this incident, it made a profound and lasting impression on those who realized but too well that these bold fellows, hastening to meet and face death in a thousand dreadful shapes, did not feel ashamed to manifest, before their comrades, a touch of tender and affectionate feeling at severing the last link that bound them to home, and all they had left behind.

It would extend this sketch beyond assigned limits to give a detailed account of the campaigns in which Captain Ewing bore a part, but taking for granted the reader's knowledge of the war, we may glance at the battalion here and there, as it appears amid the smoke of battle. Along the heights of Chickasaw Bayou, frown the rebel batteries; we imagine the threatening hill-top crowned with

parapets, the open, marshy land below, the bayou, with a narrow bridge thrown across, and our men concealed in the woods beyond. Regiments advance from the woods, cross the narrow passage, form quickly, and charge right up against the hill. The men of the 6th Missouri, losing heavily in their passage, with rebel guns thundering just overhead, and volleys of musketry pouring on them, cling to the hill-side, scoop out holes with their hands, while the rebels lean over the parapets to fire vertically at the bold assailants. Meantime, the 13th Regulars, posted as sharpshooters behind tree-stumps and logs, beyond the bayou, harass the gunners, and keep down the fire that threatens their Missouri comrades. That night our men expected to receive the order to assault next day. As they lay on their arms close to the dark, sluggish stream, they felt that many of them were soon to be borne on its bosom down to the valley of death. But a cheerier task was before them than that of storming those dreary heights. Sherman and Porter, withdrawing from the vicinity of Vicksburg, ascended the Arkansas River, and made a combined attack on Fort Hindman or Arkansas Post. Our gun-boats shelled the fortress while our troops drove the garrison from their outer

works into the main defences. The rebels fought gallantly, but our combined forces silenced their cannon, aud were about to storm the parapets when the white flag appeared, and firing ceased on our side. The 13th Regulars was already close up to the enemy's works, from which a few stray shots still issued. One of these struck Captain Smith, the commandant of the battalion. At this juncture, as our men were about to rush forward to take possession of Fort Hindman, and to enjoy the thrill of victory, the first burst of triumph, the voice of a wounded rebel who lay not far from our advancing line, was heard calling for water. Captain Ewing took the canteen from the nearest soldier, and, stooping there, held the dying man in his arms, gave the cup of water to the fallen foe, and soothed him as his life-blood ebbed away.

During the next singular campaign, with which Porter and Sherman have made the world familiar, Charles Ewing bore his share of toil, hardship, and exposure in swamp and bayou with a cheeriness and activity that rendered him the life-long friend and favorite of his immediate commander, General Giles A. Smith. Both Porter and Sherman were now serving under Grant. Vicksburg, the Sevastopol of the West, was Grant's objective. A glance

at a good map shows the extreme difficulty of the task of reducing it. Having first abandoned the natural and direct approach from the northeast by reason of Forrest's successful raid, and the destruction of his depot at Holly Springs, having failed to secure a position on the right bank above the city, where a network of bayous, marshes, and tangled forests rendered the approach of army and navy alike impossible, Grant undertook to cut a canal through the narrow peninsula opposite Vicksburg, with the intention of passing his boats and army to the south of the city. This attempt failed. What remained to be done? After months of ceaseless effort, Vicksburg on three sides was practically as inapproachable as Gibraltar. It was morally impossible to go back and resume the original and most natural line of approach. But one course remained, and that attended with extreme difficulty and danger. Our gun-boats and transports ran the batteries of Vicksburg by night, while the river was lit up by fires on both sides, and by the blazing, bursting shells. Then Grant left Sherman to make a feigned attack above, while he transferred the bulk of his army to the south of Vicksburg, effected a crossing, swung round the circle, separating the forces of Johnson

and Pemberton, driving the one east, the other west, fought the battle of Champion's Hill, and drove Pemberton into the works of Vicksburg. On his Vicksburg campaign, in great measure, will ultimately rest Grant's claim to be regarded as a strategist.

At this point of our story, the following incident, from General Sherman's memoirs, is of interest: "We pushed on and reached the Big Black early, Blair's troops having preceded us by an hour or so. I found General Blair in person, and he reported that there was no bridge across the Big Black; that it was swimming deep; and that there was a rebel force on the opposite side intrenched. He had ordered a detachment of the 13th U. S. Regulars, under Captain Charles Ewing, to strip some artillery horses, mount the men, and swim the river above the ferry, to attack and drive away the party on the opposite bank. I did not approve of this risky attempt, but crept down close to the brink of the river-bank, behind a corn-crib belonging to a plantation house near by, and saw the parapet on the opposite bank. Ordering a section of guns to be brought forward by hand behind this corn-crib, a few well-directed shells brought out of their holes the little party that was

covering the crossing, viz., a lieutenant and a few men who came down to the river-bank and surrendered." (Memoirs, vol. i., p. 351.)

On another occasion, during the same campaign, the enemy had placed a battery in such a position as to enfilade our advancing column at a bend in the road. The column was halted, and Captain Ewing received orders to charge and capture the battery. To do so he was obliged to pass an intervening canebrake in the valley. As his troops moved forward through the dense brake, Ewing could hear the orders of the officers of the battery as they directed their men to load with grape-shot and train their guns on his little company. It was a trying moment. Anticipating the enemy's order to fire, he commanded his men to fall on their faces, at the same moment throwing himself at full length on the ground. A second later and the shot came crashing, booming, screeching through the dry, rasping cane, and Ewing felt his heart thump hard against the earth. Rising on his elbow to see what effect the shot had taken, he breathed one quick sigh of relief to see the men about him safe and sound, then, springing up, he gave the word, Forward! A minute more and the battery was captured without the loss of a

man. In telling the story of this gallant action, he was fond of dilating on the tempest of feelings that agitate the soul during such moments, and was able to reproduce vividly, but simply, the scene and its surrounding circumstances, so as to thrill and captivate his listeners.

As they approached the defences of Vicksburg, "the battalion of the 13th U. S. Regulars, commanded by Captain Washington, was at the head of column, and pushed the rebels close behind their parapets." General Grant, thinking his enemy badly demoralized by defeat, had no hesitation in ordering an immediate assault. He says, frankly, "I believed he (the enemy) would not make much of an effort to hold Vicksburg."*

The assault was to be made at two o'clock on the 19th. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground few of the troops reached the enemy's lines together. Sherman began his attack with Blair's division, the 13th U. S. Regulars taking the lead. They were met by a deadly fire; no other regiment succeeded in reaching their advanced position, and the assault failed. Those who love to dwell on the record of deeds of daring

* Century article, "The Siege of Vicksburg."

may pause with me a few minutes and watch these gallant fellows at their work. Captain Washington leads his battalion close up to the parapet, but is there met by a stubborn resistance. His standard-bearer is shot dead as he mounts the earth-work. A second, then a third seizes the standard and falls almost at the moment. Captain Charles Ewing then grasps the staff before it falls. At that instant a bullet cuts between his second and third fingers severing the staff; another makes a clean cut through the front of his hat; a shower of balls tear the dear old folds as he clings to the broken standard, and amid the refluent wave of battle is swept back by the leaden hail. At that moment Washington was mortally wounded, and the captain of "A" Company commanded the battalion whose "banner of beauty" was his dearest treasure, and had almost proved his shroud. You who knew him so mild and gentle, so courteous and thoughtful, realize, if you may, the stern realities of that moment, the awful demands of duty. Visitors at Vicksburg in the summer of '63 saw the ground gray with lead, the trees cut deep, and in places their trunks severed by shot and shell; and when they saw the broad ditch and massy works of that Western Sevastopol felt tempted to

judge that it was almost madness to assault. Madness? Yes, the noble madness of the patriot that reasons not, but only feels and glows with unmeasured ardor to lift on high his country's flag. That night was a sad one for the brave 13th. Half their gallant officers and men lay in the trenches, and the next roll-call was a dirge. Worst of all, their gallant chief, whose name alone was enough to fire the hearts of children, lay dead upon the field. As Captain Washington fell, one of Ewing's soldiers, Luke Clarke, stooped and supported the head of his dying commander. Unmindful of the deadly storm of bullets, Clarke remained after the tide of battle swept back alone on that awful field within gunshot of a thousand men mad with the rage of battle. Search the annals of war and find a deed of daring, cooler, or more complete! The dying man is athirst, their canteens are empty. Oh, for a pint of water! To seek it is certain death, for the hands that cannot pull trigger on him who sits supporting the wounded will be quick to punish the rashness that dare venture across that field of blood. It was the supreme moment of a hero's life; one grasp of Washington's hand, a last glance at the dying face, and Clarke rises to go on his errand of mercy. Guns

are pointed, a stray shot or two whiz by him, but there is too much manhood in the American breast to shoot down the angel of charity. They see that he is not withdrawing, but moving towards a ravine in search of water. Along the line passes the word, "Don't shoot that Yankee; can't you see he's getting water for a dying man?" March on, Luke Clarke; thicker than yon parapet is the wall that surrounds you. March on! stronger than triple brass is the protection of your august virtue. March on, and in ages to come, when strategist and statesman are forgotten, future generations will still remember *a man.* He reached the ravine, filled the canteen, returned calmly to the dying man, quenched the horrid thirst caused by loss of blood, received his last injunctions and messages to loved ones in far-off Rhode Island, then closed forever the eyes of the noble Washington. Luke Clarke was reared under the same roof with Charles Ewing.

The assault, so fatal on the 19th, was renewed in better form on the 22d. Every true American knows by heart the story of that awful day. I pause upon it to record but one or two incidents of special interest to those for whom these pages are intended.

In the early days of Vicksburg, a number of

gamblers and misdoers were taken to the suburbs and hanged, and buried at a cut in the ridge that surrounded the town, known thereafter as the graveyard road. When Vicksburg was besieged, the approach to the ditch and rampart was obstructed at all other points, but the graveyard road was left invitingly open. It was covered by the fire of a mitrailleuse and grape and musketry. Down this road, on the 22d of May, the head of Sherman's column charged. "A detachment of one hundred and fifty resolute men led the march with planks to bridge the ditch; Ewing's * brigade followed it in column by flank, a formation rendered necessary by the narrowness of the road. The two other brigades, not being able to deploy alongside of the latter, were held in reserve. At ten o'clock, precisely, Ewing pushes his columns forward at a double-quick through the open space that has to be traversed, and the entire artillery of the division, covering with projectiles that portion of the enemy's line which it is sought to carry, does not allow its defenders to interrupt the march of the assailants. The latter cross the ridge and climb the gentle slope along which the road as-

* General Hugh Ewing, a brother of Charles Ewing.

cends as far as the bastion; they are about passing beyond this work and reaching the inside wall at the point where the road penetrates, when the Confederates open upon them such a terrific fire, from all the fronts commanding this point, that the assaulting column hesitates and halts. The Federal soldiers, unable to advance, and unwilling to fall back, throw themselves into the ditch of the bastion, planting their colors on the parapet, and quickly throw up a small breastwork, in order to shelter themselves from the fire by flank. The two other brigades protect them by firing upon every Confederate who shows his head above the parapet. But they cannot penetrate the fiery circle which Ewing was unable to enter without unnecessarily exposing themselves to inevitable destruction." *

In the midst of the roar of grape and musketry, Grant, ignorant of the situation, was on the point of riding into the cut of the graveyard road to watch the progress of the storming party. Had he done so, he would never have captured Richmond. The troops about him at that moment were the 13th Regulars, forming part of Giles Smith's brigade, which followed that of General Hugh

* Comte de Paris, "Civil War in America," vol. iii., p. 356.

Ewing. Their warning cries were unheard amid the awful din. There was no time then for ceremony, and a young officer, seizing General Grant's horse by the bit, backed him down the steep bank. Grant's life was saved that day by Charles Ewing.

The next day our army was ready to begin its famous investment, the details of which will fill many a page in story with its siege-works, its mining and countermining, its mortars made of wood, the cave-life of the inhabitants of Vicksburg, its hoped-for relief, its daring adventures in passing the lines, its two armies pressed so close against one another that they can hear each other's ordinary talk, and that those blown up by our mines fall within the lines of our army, and all this with a nation watching and waiting day after day, week after week, as North and South keep wrestling there, while on the throw depends the future history of the Mississippi Valley.

CHAPTER IV.

Staff-duty—Inspector General—The Silver Star—The Grand Review.

SERVICES such as he had gallantly rendered could not go unrewarded. In the summer of 1863 Captain Ewing was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and received the post of inspector-general of the 15th Army Corps. This, which had been Grant's old corps, was now commanded by Sherman, and was encamped near the Big Black River, between Vicksburg and Jackson. There they rested, feeling that they had accomplished a great work and not knowing what the future had in store for them. When in the autumn Grant was appointed to succeed Rosecrans, and Sherman took command of the Army of the Tennessee, his inspector-general became the inspector-general of that army, sharing with his chief a promotion in position and in responsibility without advance in rank or pay. One of the mistakes made by the North during the war was to expect men to fulfil difficult tasks and sustain tremendous responsibilities without giving them the rank and emolument

corresponding to their command. For example, a brigadier commands a brigade, a major-general a division, a lieutenant-general an army corps, and a general an army. The principle of order and subordination essential to the life of an army demands this or a similar gradation. The last two grades, which did not exist before the war, could only be created by Congress, and since this body was extremely slow in giving high rank to military men, Grant, Sherman, Meade, Thomas, and all our great leaders who fought the campaigns that saved the nation, led armies served by scores of major-generals, while none of them held a higher rank in name than that of their division commanders. Meade was a major-general at Gettysburg, Grant at Chattanooga, and Sherman at Atlanta. That this affected the staff is evident to those who are familiar with the fact that the rank of the staff depends upon the rank of their general. The personal staff of a major-general should be majors; of a lieutenant-general, lieutenant-colonels; and of a general, colonels. Such were the ranks held by officers when, after the war was over, the grades mentioned were conferred on Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. Why was it that while we hung between life and death we could not see far enough or

be generous enough to adopt a method which common sense suggests, and which would at the time have added greatly to the "esprit" of our armies?

A staff-officer is an additional pair of eyes and ears to his commander. Representing the person of the leader, he extends his moral presence and brings him direct and reliable information of the state of the vast machine he is struggling to operate. The inspector-general has much to do with the discipline and equipment of a force, since it is his duty to pass from regiment to regiment, thus to assure himself of the condition of the men, the perfection of their accoutrement, the state of their arms, clothing, and all things essential to their efficiency in the field. Colonel Ewing, in the discharge of these duties, came into contact with the whole Army of the Tennessee, and, adding to his other soldierly qualities kindliness and cordiality, became a universal favorite. All went smoothly with him till Grant was removed to the East, and Sherman became the head of the Military Department of the Mississippi, including close at hand three armies, that of the Ohio, his old Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of the Cumberland. Aides-de-camp, of course, accompanied him. As for the rest of his staff it was his intention that

they should remain with the Army of the Tennessee. But the corps commander, McPherson, seems to have preferred to have personal friends about him, and Colonel Ewing felt himself in a very delicate position. To remain where he was became impossible. Merely to give up that position would be to take several steps backward. Two courses were open: resignation when great events were about to transpire, or a direct appeal to General Sherman. His relationship to General Sherman, so far from being in his favor, was now his greatest drawback. But he determined very properly to ignore for the moment the brother-in-law, and address himself straightforwardly to the man. The headquarters of the department were then at Nashville; that of the Army of the Tennessee at Huntsville.

"HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, 8th of April, 1864.

"DEAR CUMP,—Knowing that you would be harassed with all kinds of business while here, I determined not to trouble you myself until after you had finished your inspection and got back to Nashville. When you spoke to me on the subject while here I told you that I was satisfied with my position, and at the time could not very well do

otherwise; but the fact is I do not wish or intend to stay here any longer than I can help,—indeed, I would have made an effort to be relieved some time ago could I have had an opportunity to explain the matter to you first. If it can be avoided I do not want to leave the field in the face of the great campaign that is about to open,—it will be mortifying in the extreme, and I know that I will not be satisfied as long as your great army is active, but I cannot stay when I have so many causes of annoyance, and all my thoughts and feelings run counter to the current.

"The written dead law makes me a permanent staff-officer of the corps, but custom, the active governing law, does not sanction it,—and generals do not desire or expect to receive a ready-made staff when they receive a new command; they all want, and I think with reason, to have their friends about them,—it is a necessity with the greater part, who are forced to depend upon others to supply their defects. In a regularly organized staff corps, where position goes by seniority, and not, like kissing, by favor, the law can be, and is, followed, but with our volunteer staff, one had as well almost be damned as to violate custom, to follow law, or to be the representative of such an action.

"The general, when he was ordered to this corps, expected to fill all the places on his staff with his friends; the majority of them were disappointed, and particularly the gentleman who was to fill my place, who is a general favorite, and is still hanging on in hopes that I will give place to him. Although the general treats me with the utmost consideration, yet it is evident my place is wanted for and by this gentleman.

"General McPherson brings all of his old staff with him, and his corps inspector is to be announced for the department. It is not agreeable for me to report to him as matters stand. As matters now stand there will be a general breaking up of your old corps staff, and I, of course, do not want to lose my rank, and go back to my company.

"Dr. Roler has passed an examination at Washington, D. C., for the appointment of 'surgeon of volunteers.' He desires very much to have you drop a note to the surgeon-general, recommending him in the best terms you can. Being too modest to ask it of you himself, I volunteered to do it for him, as I knew that it would give you pleasure to assist him in any way. He has been acting medical director of the corps for the last two months.

"What corps is Blair to have?—if you are at liberty to tell me.

"Affectionately your brother,

"CHARLES EWING."

The result was that he received the appointment of inspector-general of the Military Division of the Mississippi. Any detailed account of his services in this position would be too extensive to suit the purposes of this sketch. It is necessary, however, to inform the reader that in the great movements which followed, the general-in-chief so completely carried out the plan he had adopted of securing freedom of action for himself by having few attendants, that, practically speaking, he had no headquarters, and no staff corps about him. His small staff were all aides-de-camp, as much so as Colonel McCoy and Colonel Audenried. To come and go, to carry orders at any moment to distant points, to act in his stead and by his authority,—these were their tasks.

Colonel Ewing continued to act as a staff-officer until March, 1865, when he received the appointment of brigadier-general, and took command of his brigade. I will let him tell the story of his appointment, and of all that it meant to him.

"HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIG., 3D DIV., 17TH ARMY CORPS,
"NEAR RALEIGH, N. C., 28th of April, 1865.

"DEAR TOM,—I thank you for my appointment, but do very much regret that you had to resign to secure it. However, the war was over, and there were no new laurels for you to win; to me the commission is of value if the army is increased, and I determine to stay in the service. I have been commanding this brigade since the 1st of this month. It is the strongest brigade in three armies, and has a splendid history. Organized at Fort Henry, it embraces in its history all of the important events in the conquest of the Valley of the Mississippi. Our march to Chattanooga, Knoxville, the Atlanta campaign, our trip through Georgia, and our swamp service in the Carolinas. I must say that I will be forced to take its brigade banner home with me. I know that you will feel angry with me for accepting service under Frank Blair, but I can explain that to your entire satisfaction when I see you at Alexandria. In brief, it came in this way: Cump gave me my choice, to remain on the staff, or take command of troops. It did not take me long to elect, and I was ordered to report to General Howard. Legget, hearing of my assignment, requested that I should be ordered

to report to him, and Blair approved and urged the request. I could not object, of course, so the assignment was made, and I assumed command of the brigade. See it when the President reviews the Army of the Tennessee on the arrival, and you will be satisfied.

"What will be done with us when we reach Washington? Learn all you can, and if it fall in in your way secure my commission to me for six or eight months, so that I may get used to the stars. I do not want to be one of the first to be mustered out, particularly as I have seen but little service in this grade.

"Write me at Petersburg.

"Your loving brother,

"CHARLES EWING."

On that 23d day of May, when the American capital witnessed for the first time a more than Roman triumph, General Ewing rode down Pennsylvania Avenue at the head of his brigade. As he mounted his horse on Capitol Hill, a Confederate lady* stepped from the crowd and threw a

* Miss Young, of the District of Columbia, now Mrs. Col. Hampton Denman.

garland of flowers round the horse's neck. Graceful tribute of vanquished to victor, timely acknowledgment that bitter as is defeat it is none the less a blessing when freedom and union are its fruits. Down the great avenue, past the Treasury, and then on beyond the White House stretched the unbroken array of bronzed veterans in splendid procession. Shoulder to shoulder, from one side to the other of that broad expanse, column after column they came, pouring on hour after hour,—a glorious pageant!

The pith and marrow of a young nation's manhood was gathered there to receive the honors of a hundred hard-fought fields. Army and people together were conscious that day of a feeling never so fully experienced before, never to be as keenly felt again; a feeling of boundless exaltation and intense delight,—all hearts borne along on the resistless flood of patriotic enthusiasm. Shout after shout rends the air at sight of each tattered banner, encircled by many a gorgeous wreath of victory. On the President's stand, before the Treasury, on the front row of seats, close by President Johnson, sat a venerable statesman, of marked aspect. Beside him sat his son-in-law, hero of the day, and observed of all observers; but the statesman's heart was otherwhere. Down the long line he

kept glancing. "What troops are these?" "What division will pass next?" he asked, as fresh bursts of applause kept welcoming the appearance of each torn standard with its burden of garlands. At length we were told that the 17th Corps was approaching, then that the 3d Division was near at hand, and finally the head of column of that superb body rounded the Treasury building, and came marching by. At their head a young officer, a little less than thirty, perhaps, light-haired, gray-eyed, sat his horse like a statue. Neither to right nor left glanced he, though conscious of ten thousand eyes turned toward him, conscious that the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and General Sherman, rested their eyes upon him; more conscious still that there was one on that balcony leaning eagerly forward to drink in the sight of his youngest boy riding proudly at the head of his brigade. Tears came and dimmed the old man's sight, and when he had wiped them hastily away, Charles Ewing could no longer be seen, and other heroes were still crowding past.

CHAPTER V.

The Indian Bureau—Freedom of Worship—The Catholic Commissioner—The Peace Policy—The Wards of the Nation—Whose Missions?—Effects of the Policy.

In the year 1867, General Ewing resigned from the army, took up his residence in Washington City, and resumed the practice of law. Omitting, not without regret, an account of his legal career, I shall call especial attention to his connection with the Catholic Indian Bureau. Be it understood from the outset that the Church, which lasts forever, is a spiritual government, capable of having dealings with the civil powers of earth through any agents, lay or ecclesiastical, whom she may choose to appoint, and that such agents are responsible to her, and to her alone, for the proper administration of their trust. The Indian Bureau is the work of the Catholic Church in America, the Catholic commissioner of Indian affairs is the representative of the highest authority we Catholics recognize on earth, and as such he is entitled to respect, esteem, and assistance until censured by Church authority.

But before speaking of General Ewing's connection with the bureau, and of his work in behalf of the Indian missions, I must explain the events which led up to the appointment of the Catholic commissioner for Indian affairs.

No American will deny that every man in the world has a right to worship God freely. Who then can maintain that a law which denies this right, and violates the express prohibition of the Constitution, is anything but a piece of outrageous tyranny and shameless effontery? Yet such a law existed within a few years, and was acted on to the disgrace of our government, and in open contradiction of every American principle. To oppose it was to withstand the power of the mightiest machinery that has existed since the days of the Roman empire, and to incur the enmity and opposition of sects, numerous, wealthy, and cunning, and ready, as their actions in this matter seem to testify, to be the occasion of strife and bloodshed rather than permit to the Church of God that freedom which is allowed her by the Constitution of the United States.

The man who throws himself into a storm of shot and shell, bearing our flag to victory, we call a hero. What then shall we say of one who exposes

himself to a storm of hatred, malignity, and calumny, and who dares to face indifference, contempt, and positive aversion in behalf of a despised, down-trodden race? In his long, dreary, and often unsuccessful battle in behalf of the Indians, Charles Ewing showed the qualities of the Christian hero.

It is well known that General Grant, when elected President, was anxious to place the entire control of the Indians in the hands of the United States army. Had the politicians permitted this step, many millions of treasure and thousands of precious lives would have been saved. But our statesmen could not allow so wise and simple a solution of a complicated problem to be effected. Under their influence, President Grant, in 1870, established what is generally known as the "Indian Peace Policy," the purport of which is given in his message to Congress on the 5th of December, 1870, in the following words: "Indian agencies being civil offices, I determined to give all the agencies to such religious denominations as had heretofore established missionaries among the Indians; and, perhaps, to some other denominations who would undertake the work on the same terms,—*i.e.*, missionary work." Under this policy

the Government of the United States called to its aid, in the accomplishment of its purposes to civilize the Indians, the several religious denominations of the country. It confided the civil administration of each Indian agency to the care of some one religious denomination, which nominated to the Hon. Secretary of the Interior a person as agent, who was appointed to the office upon such recommendation. When the agent ceased to enjoy the confidence of the denomination nominating him, his dismissal was called for, and another designated in his place. The United States Government desired that every Indian agent should conduct the civil administration of his agency in full harmony with the spiritual work of the Indian mission at that agency, and that he and all his employés, if practicable, should be members of the religious denomination to which the agency was assigned, so that their example might aid the missionaries in civilizing the Indians.

This system would doubtless have worked well in a country entirely Catholic. Nor would there have been cause to complain even under the United States Government, with its multiplicity of religious sects, had the plan been carried out according to the intention expressed at the time of the inaugura-

tion of the policy. The President of the United States then announced that each Indian agency would be placed under the charge of that religious denomination which theretofore had been laboring among the Indians located at the agency, and enjoying their confidence. With this arrangement every denomination would have preserved full liberty of action, and the material support the government then promised each would have greatly added to its moral influence. Under this plan Catholic missionaries would have gained more than all others, because they had at their several missions over 100,000 Catholic Indians, or Indians of Catholic ancestry; while missionaries of all the sects together claimed only 15,000. Out of the seventy-two agencies to which the Indians, pagan as well as Christian, were distributed, there were thirty-eight at which Catholic missionaries were the first to establish themselves, and where they alone sought to make converts of the Indians.

But this policy was not, in practice, put into effect as promised. In place of the thirty-eight agencies to which Catholic missionaries were by right entitled under the policy, only eight were assigned to them: Colville and Tulalip in Washington Territory; Umatilla and Grand Ronde in

Oregon; Flathead in Montana; Standing Rock and Devil's Lake in Dakota; and Papago in Arizona; this last being subsequently consolidated with the Pima and Maricopa Agency. The civil and religious administration of the remainder was confided to different Protestant denominations. Some of the missions so assigned had for centuries been exclusively Catholic, and Catholic Indians to the number of eighty thousand, who were distributed among the Protestant agencies, thus passed from Catholic to Protestant control.

This order of things placed the Catholic bishops who had Indians within their jurisdiction in a new and difficult position. They felt it their duty to do full justice to the agencies intrusted to them by exercising an attentive and intelligent supervision over their material, moral, and spiritual interests, and by carefully protecting the rest of their neophytes against the proselytizing efforts of non-Catholics having charge of them. At once it became apparent to these bishops that by individual and unorganized efforts they would fail to secure all the rights of their neophytes, and, acting upon the principle that "union is strength," they agreed upon the necessity of having a civil agent at Washington to represent them before the United

States Government in all that concerned the interests of Catholic Indians. Accordingly, in 1873, His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore (at the instance of Reverend Fathers Deshon, Maguire, Brouillet, and Van Gorp) chose General Charles Ewing to fill this post. On the 2d of January, 1874, General Ewing was formally appointed Catholic Commissioner for Indian Missions, as will appear from the following letter:

"ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE,
"BALTIMORE, January 2, 1874.

"*To those whom it may concern:*

"The Catholic bishops of the United States who have Indian missions within the limits of their dioceses feel that they have suffered great injustice at the hands of the government in connection with those missions, chiefly on account of false and partisan information sent to the department having charge of these matters. Not being able to come to Washington themselves to correct these misrepresentations and to oppose the plan of selfish and interested persons who are constantly at work there, they have earnestly requested me to select and appoint some one living in Washington with whom they could communicate freely and

with confidence, and whom they would enable to place the true state of things before the department.

"In accordance with their views, and at their request, I have appointed General Charles Ewing, of Washington, to act as their commissioner for these purposes. General Ewing has already done a great deal in behalf of the Indian Catholic missions, and is in every way fitted to discharge the duties which will be required of him.

"As the Indian missionary bishops have not the means to pay the necessary expenses of the commission, some members of the Catholic Union in New York and elsewhere have generously offered to contribute an annual sum for this purpose, and I most heartily recommend the commissioner, and the good work in which he is engaged, to their favor and support.

"Given at Baltimore, this 2d day of January, A.D. 1874.

"† J. ROOSEVELT BAYLEY,

"*Archbishop of Baltimore.*"

After receiving this important appointment General Ewing's first step was to issue a circular to the Catholics of the United States, in which, after set-

ting forth the course of events that led to the establishment of the bureau, he proceeds to sketch the character and condition of the Indian tribes, and then adds: "For the protection of these people, and the peace of its Territories, the United States has been forced to take control of the affairs of each tribe; not simply in political matters as it does over citizens in our Western Territories, but in all things in which it is thought possible to improve the condition of the Indians. The only participation ever allowed them in the management of their public affairs was in the negotiation of treaties with the United States, but this right has recently been taken from them, and their laws are now arbitrarily made by the Federal government, and executed by its agents,—the Indians having no voice or vote, holding no offices of trust or authority. They are regarded as children—wards of the United States—who must be governed and directed, so far as is possible, in all matters of life, until they ripen into civilized men. Under certain conditions it provides for them food, clothing, medicines and medical care, farming implements, houses, churches, school-houses, schools, etc. It assumes and exercises the right to provide for nearly all their wants, and, consequently, controls

their minds and bodies as any power can control a people that is so dependent upon it.

"This government of the Indians, or the administration of Indian affairs, is conducted for the President of the United States by the Department of the Interior, through Indian agents or governors, who reside with the Indians, and employ doctors, school-teachers, farmers, carpenters, and others, to assist them in the care and civilization of the Indians; and to these agents or governors the Indian must look for the protection of his life and property, and for the food, clothing, and other gifts which he may from time to time receive from the United States. Indeed, so absolute is the power of the agent, that the Indian cannot leave his reservation to lay in the winter supply of meat for his wife and children without first obtaining a written permit from his agent.

"If they disregard the commands of their agent, and cannot be induced by the gratuitous offer of clothing, rations, and other annuities to reside upon the reservation fixed for them, then they are forced into subjection by the military arm of the United States; and they know full well how hard that arm can strike, for they have felt it often.

"The Indian is not controlled, as I have said, only

in such matters as we are. He cannot fix his place of habitation, and follow with full liberty the pursuits of the life he may choose. He is forced to live within prescribed limits. His surplus wealth of lands is converted into money by this ruling power, the income from which it expends in its own discretion for his benefit. It determines the kind and quality of food and clothing each shall have out of the common fund, and, if it sees fit, deprives the disobedient and unruly of their share. If he is poor and in want, it gives him food and medicine. It is a strong, unyielding power that has imposed itself upon him; from whose judgment there is no appeal; that commands what it sees fit, and enforces obedience to its command.

"When he possessed the whole country, the Indian could find in its varied natural products the means of satisfying all of his wants; and his savage nature made it absolutely necessary for his life that he should have the free range of vast districts of country, and, consequently, when he comes, with his habits, to be confined to narrow limits, he is poor and dependent.

"Except what he may gain by gathering wild fruits and grains, or in the poor harvest that he

reaps from his rude tillage of a few fields, and from what he is able to lay up from the chase or from the chance increase of his untended herds, he must depend for all else upon the government the United States has given him.

"Previous to 1870 the Indian agents, through whom the United States exercised its extended power over the Indians, expended the proceeds of the Indian funds, or distributed its large annuities, were, for a time, appointed from among the friends of the existing administration, to whom these appointments were the rewards for political work. After a time it was found that, through the dishonesty of their agents, the Indians received but a small per cent. of the money or other annuities sent out to them, when the civilians were set aside, and officers of the army were placed in charge of the agencies, and continued to administer the laws and distribute the annuities on all of the Indian reservations until 1870. At this time President Grant, being satisfied that *money* and *force* could not bring the Indian to recognize and obey any fixed law or order, determined to call upon the Christian churches of the United States to help him in caring for the Indians, by uniting the Christian influence of the missions to the influence of the government

under what is now known as his Indian Peace Policy.

"This policy, as announced by the President, gives to each Church the designation of the agent for those Indians among whom it had, in 1870, an established mission and Christianized Indians; and each agent, in all his work, in the exercise of all his vast powers, is expected and required to work in harmony with and for the advancement of the Indian missions *of the Church by which he was designated;* and if he or any one of his employés shall fail in this, his Church has the authority, and, in fact, it becomes its duty, to cause his removal, and substitute for him a man who will conduct the civil affairs of his agency in harmony with the labors of the missionaries.

"The Assistant Secretary of the Interior says that 'the new policy contemplates the moral and religious culture of the Indians, and it is not enough that agents are willing to tolerate missionary work among their people: they should be men who can and will render efficient aid themselves in the work, and cordially acquiesce in all proper missionary appliances;' and this action of the churches is called by the Assistant Secretary the 'missionary branch' of the present policy of the government.

And the Board of Indian Commissioners, in their official report, state that the agents and employés should be honest Christian men and women, who will make successful missionaries, and who, while pursuing their avocations in a faithful manner, will, by precept and example, preach Christianity and morality.

"It is also understood, under the policy, says the same authority, that when a school is opened, it is for the purpose of imparting to the pupils a knowledge of Christianity, as well as the ordinary rudiments of education.

"It is, briefly, the intention of the administration to make the effort to evangelize and Christianize the Indians, and to do so through the religious societies of the country, which are made a 'missionary branch' of the government for that particular purpose.

"In inaugurating this policy President Grant said that he would give 'all the agencies to such religious denominations as had heretofore established missionaries among the Indians,'—*i.e.*, to those churches that had been first in the field and were actually at work in each Indian tribe at the time he promulgated his policy.

"So understood, the President's policy is humane,

philanthropic, and Christian, as it intends to protect and help the missions indiscriminately, without interfering with the freedom of any of the churches or the liberty of conscience of the individual.

"But the policy is not carried out according to its spirit and letter. Contrary to the expressed intention of the President, the appointment of more than thirty agents which should have been given to the Catholic Church, because it was the first and only successful missionary among the Indians of these agencies, was given to favorite Protestant churches, by whom they are still held, despite the protests of the Indians and of our Church. Missions that have been for hundreds of years Catholic, and Indians to the number of eighty thousand who profess the Catholic faith, have been given to the charge of different denominations of Protestants; and this in direct violation of the unquestioned right of all Christians who live under our Constitution to perfect freedom in the worship of Almighty God.

"Many of the Indian tribes have in the possession of the government large sums of money, the proceeds of the sale of their lands, the interest upon which is, in part, devoted to the education of their children; and for other tribes appropriations

are yearly made for the same purpose, for in the education of the child is found the greatest promise of the final adoption by the Indians of the pursuits of civilized men. As religion, under the present policy, or indeed under any conditions, must be the foundation for education, it becomes the duty of the government, in its character of guardian, to see that the schools which it establishes with this trust-fund are supplied with teachers who will educate the children in the faith of their parents.

"But, unfortunately, this plain duty is not fulfilled. The honest purpose of the President has been turned aside, and our Catholic Indians have had their school-funds given for the support of schools taught by Protestants, who are teaching the Indian children religious doctrines antagonistic to the faith of their parents. The Indians have protested against this unjust expenditure of their school-fund, and this attempt, through their own schools, to pervert the faith of their children. They have declared again and again that they were Catholic, and begged for their priests and Catholic teachers. Numbers of such protests and petitions have reached the Indian Bureau, but, so far, only one has secured the desired object, and this through the exertions of this office.

"This condition of affairs, it is plain, places our missions in great danger, and threatens irreparable harm to the Catholic Indians. The bishops in whose dioceses these Indians are located felt it their duty to spare no efforts to rescue them from their present condition, and protect them against the dangers that threaten in the future. But, knowing from past experience that individual efforts would never produce the desired effect, they have agreed to unite, and, trusting in the good wishes and the cordial co-operation of the whole American Hierarchy, have appointed a commissioner to be their representative at Washington, and there to attend to the interests of their Indian missions and of their Indians in their relations with the government.

"In doing this they have done only what the government expected them to do, and what it had been for some time anxious they should do. The nature of the present Indian policy requires large and correct information in Indian mission matters, to enable the administration to deal fairly and justly towards all churches; and this information in regard to Catholic Indians, before the existence of this office, the authorities were at a loss how or where to get, and, in fact, there was no source from which they could get it.

"The Protestant churches of the United States

have their boards of missions, which are their representatives and agents, speak and act in their names, secure unity of action in the management of their affairs, and, keeping constantly informed as to their means and wants, direct their action. Whenever the government wants any information from one of them, the board is prepared to give it. Is there any advantage of any kind offering? The board is there waiting and ready to act. Is the influence of friends needed for any object of interest to their missions? The board knows where to go for it.

"Our commissioner's office has a like object. It is the representative and agent of the whole Catholic Missionary Church among the Indians. It will speak and act officially in its name and behalf. Keeping itself fully informed as to the condition, wants, and means of its missions, it will be always prepared to argue and plead for justice in their behalf, and give them timely direction. By attention and care it will endeavor to lose no opportunity of serving the Indian missions, and by a daily and harmonious communication with the reverend clergy and the numerous benevolent societies under their direction, it will be enabled to know where to find friends and means when they are needed.

"To insure the success of this office in the work that is before it, we must have the active sympathy and charitable help of the Catholics of the United States. Their Christian aid given to defend and secure the religious liberty of the Indian, like all charity, will at least be bread cast upon the waters, and a little reflection will show that it may, in fact, be the defence of our own right to worship Almighty God, and to educate our children to know and worship Him, free from all control or interference on the part of any secular power; for the *cause* of the troubles that have come upon our Indian missions is *the disregard, the practical denial, of the great principles of religious liberty*, that Catholics first proclaimed and alone maintained on this continent, until it won other advocates, and finally became a part of our National Constitution. It is now first attacked in the administration of Indian affairs, and it is certainly our duty to come to the defence of our Catholic brethren of the plains by pleading for the maintenance of the principles handed down to us by our brethren who are gone.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"CHARLES EWING,

"*Catholic Commissioner for Indian Missions.*"

Under the "Peace Policy" war has become almost the rule instead of the exception. So actively have our troops been employed on the plains, so numerous and disastrous have been our campaigns, that the American army is said to have lost more officers, in proportion to its numbers, during the intervening years, than did the Russian forces while actively engaged in war against the Turks. Deprived in many instances of the restraining influences of the only religion they respected, the Indians, when discontented with their agents or with the government, sought redress in barbarian fashion by murdering the nearest white settlers; the agent then called for troops, the tribe took to the war-path, and flight, pursuit, battle, and ambuscade followed; while the world laughed at a great nation feeding, clothing, and virtually arming barbarians, and at the same time maintaining an army at enormous expense to keep their marksmanship well tested. Where should the blame rest? Another forcible document written by General Ewing, the substance of which is embodied in the following chapter, may throw light on the question.

CHAPTER VI.

Effects of President Grant's Indian Policy on the CATHOLIC Missions—More about the Peace Policy—A Startling Admission—Reaping the Whirlwind—What's the Use?—Freedom of Conscience—Victory at Last—Slanders Refuted—The Papal Brief—Knight of St. Gregory.

AT the time of the inauguration of this policy (1870) the Church was in undisturbed possession of nearly the whole Indian missionary field of the United States, and three years later a government officer, the president of the (Protestant) Board of Indian Commissioners, claimed only fifteen thousand for all the protesting churches.

We had our stations and travelling Indian missionaries all over Arizona, among the scattered and impoverished descendants of the children of our once populous and flourishing missions. We had nineteen churches, commodious, substantial brick buildings, with regularly-attended stations among the pueblos of New Mexico, and travelling missionaries over nearly the whole Territory; and in California our missionaries visited regularly and administered to the wants of the few Indians

that were left of the tribes that a hundred years ago gathered about the eighteen Franciscan missions, from which the *true* Peace Policy was first taught practically on the Pacific coast.

In the vast region north of California there were twelve regular stations, from which our missionaries regularly visited every tribe from the mountains to the sea-shore. There were three stations in Idaho and three in Montana from which Father De Smet and his followers journeyed and baptized and taught the lessons of the evangelists among the eighteen thousand Blackfeet and Crows, the forty thousand Sioux, and the numberless tribes of the Northwest and the regions of Wyoming and Colorado. There were two stations in Kansas; two in Wisconsin; one in Michigan; and one in Maine; and from these stations the priests went out in all seasons to lift up and console the remnants of all tribes from ocean to ocean.

When this policy was announced, not a single Protestant Indian mission was known to exist on the whole Pacific slope. No Protestant Church had undertaken the conversion of any Indian tribe in New Mexico, Arizona, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, or Idaho until 1870; and after a fruitless attempt of some eleven or twelve years in

Oregon and Washington Territory, the Methodists and Presbyterians had retired from the missionary field in 1848, and left it untended for twenty-two years.

All who had any knowledge of our Indian tribes in 1870 knew that the Church was the *only* Indian missionary; it followed that we would have control of at least the forty agencies at which we had permanent mission stations if the Peace Policy was honestly administered; but it has not been honestly administered, and consequently we have not a single agency in California, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, or Idaho. We had only one in Arizona for a few years, and it has recently been abolished,—the only one of six agencies, and, by all official reports, the most successful in its work of Christianizing and civilizing its Indians. We have only two in Oregon, two in Washington Territory, one in Montana, and two in Dakota. All the other agencies, seventy-two in number, have been assigned to Protestant churches; and wherever they have obtained control they claim to be in exclusive spiritual as well as temporal control, thus assuming the right to exclude us from some thirty agencies where we have Catholic Indians, and from all others where we have not as yet been at work.

The claim of the Protestant churches to exclusive control, though denied in 1873 by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is now sustained by the same commissioner, and by the Secretary of the Interior, and, having been enforced against us in several cases,—among others, at Round Valley, in California, at Yakima, in Washington Territory, and at Warm Springs, in Oregon,—we have no guarantee that it will not be in all cases.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to these effects of the policy, taken in connection with a letter written on the 27th of December, 1871, to the most reverend archbishop of Oregon, by the late bishop of Hartford, as justifying the suspicion that they are not accidental, but the legitimate fruit of a well-organized plan for the first assault on the Church in this country, and for the success of which the Peace Policy was inaugurated.

This letter is as follows:

"PROVIDENCE, December 27, 1871.

"MOST REV. DEAR SIR,—Some eighteen months ago I read a letter from a Mr. ——, a Protestant gentleman from New Haven, Conn., to some of his relations in this city, in which he spoke with

all the indignation which an honorable man would naturally feel of the regularly-organized plans which had been formed to drive Catholic missionaries from their fields of labor in the far West, and of the efforts making to compel Catholic Indians to abandon the religion of their choice, and to embrace Methodism instead.

"This gentleman, from a mere feeling that it was his duty to stand up for justice and religious liberty, entreated his Protestant relative to whom he spoke, to speak to Catholics in New Haven of the outrages which were being attempted on the Pacific coast, and to induce them to maintain the cause of right and of religious liberty.

"Your letters, which I have just read, bring the letter to which I have referred vividly before my mind. . . .

(Signed) "F. P. McFarland,
"*Bishop of Hartford.*"

However, General Ewing had not waited till the Peace Policy became a by-word of reproach and a jest to thoughtful and sincere men of all parties. He did not need the proof of wars and raids and endless troubles to show him how that scheme would result, but, foreseeing these disastrous con-

sequences and plunging at once into the heart of his work, he prepared and filed petitions with the Hon. Secretary of the Interior for the transfer to the Catholic Church of the thirty Indian agencies which had been placed under the control of different Protestant denominations. The amount of patience required and the time and labor expended in preparing these petitions will be readily inferred.

While examining them we are struck by the lawyer-like way in which General Ewing clings to the cardinal point on this whole matter, the intention of the President. The Secretary of the Interior is bound to be guided by that intention, of which General Grant's clear words leave no room to doubt. Bigotry may shut its eyes, indifference shrug its shoulders, and ignorance stare in blank amazement, but crime still cries to heaven for vengeance. Nations, like men, must answer for their acts, and our prairies and mountains are strewn with the bones of victims offered on the altar of sectarian zealotry. Many tribes begged and pleaded for priests, and when refused, settled back into paganism and barbarism. The normal state of the barbarian is war. We sowed the wind, and we have reaped the whirlwind. The difficulties surrounding General Ewing in this position, arising from

the indifference or hostility of the sects, "the insolence of office," and the complicated nature of our Indian affairs, resulting from a century of wars and changes, were still further augmented by the distance of the missions, the diversified interests of those concerned, and the great tact needed to make men of foreign birth comprehend the peculiar machinery of our government.

But was all his labor well directed? Is the Indian capable of advancement? A few commonplace facts may help to give the question a practical answer.

At Devil's Lake Agency, Dakota, in 1877, the Indians raised 75,000 bushels of grain and vegetables; they hauled in one year 960,955 pounds of freight. The Cœur d'Alenes, in Idaho, have 160 farms, though the tribe is small, and from the sale of surplus produce several of the tribe are rich men. Of their own accord they moved to the best farming land on their reservation, abandoned their old village in the mountains, sawed 60,000 feet of lumber, manufactured 400,000 shingles, and paid $7000 cash for 60 lumber wagons which they needed. These Indians are governed by a complete code of laws of their own. They have been very friendly and useful to the whites in those remote regions. When the Nez Perces made their

famous campaign in 1877, the Cœur d'Alenes guarded the farms of white men from the marauders, receiving afterwards the public thanks of their neighbors. Add one item: there are now 3060 Indians receiving instruction in Catholic schools. Whatever, then, may be the condition of the majority of the Indians, who have suffered from the vices of civilization, but received none of its benefits, in the face of such facts as these it is folly to say that the Indians are incapable of some degree of advancement and improvement.

A word more as to the Peace Policy. The right of freedom of worship under this policy was fully tested in 1879. A Catholic missionary having been expelled from a reservation assigned to Protestants for no other reason than that of his being a Catholic, and the Indian office having sustained the action, General Ewing entered the following indignant protest, addressed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs:

"Under our government a man has one right which he cannot, under any condition, forfeit to the law, even though by his crimes he has forfeited all else, and that is the right to receive the sacraments of the new law according to the forms his conscience dictates.

"We hold, moreover, that the officers of the government have no right to prescribe a form of worship for any tribe or nation under their control, no matter what its condition or relation to the government may be; nor have they the right to prevent, directly or indirectly, any community from worshipping Almighty God according to the forms it may hold to be necessary.

"This principle is but a logical deduction from our Constitution itself, which says: 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' All officers of the government are creatures of the statute law, and have no official power that is not given them by statute. Congress alone can enact statutes defining, limiting, or enlarging their powers; and, Congress being prohibited from legislating on religion, there is no law on the statute book that could possibly be construed to authorize any official of the United States to exercise authority over any human being on religious matters.

"We, therefore, respectfully express it as our intimate conviction that, under the Constitution of our country, every Christian Church has an absolute right to the free exercise of her ministry

wherever and whenever she is wanted, either among the whites or the Indians."

But the protest went unheeded. Fortunately the boot was soon pinching the other foot. At Devil's Lake there was a Catholic reservation. The Indian agent there in 1880 expelled a Protestant missionary because he was a Protestant. Again the Indian office sustained the action, but now the ox had gored the lawyer's horse, and of course it was easy for all good Protestants to perceive the iniquity of the law. The Hon. Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior, saw fit to modify the ruling of the department. Freedom of worship is now possible, and all denominations are allowed to enter the reservations; but the fact remains that the only Church which ever completely civilized any savage tribe in the world was robbed by our government of thirty missions, and absolutely deprived for many years of its sacred and constitutional right to civilize the wild tribes of the West.

What was General Ewing's reward for such zealous labor? The work of the bureau was done for the glory of God, and Charles Ewing was not the man to think that money pays for heart and head work devoted to such a cause. Not one cent

of the funds contributed to support the bureau found its way into his private purse. Every dollar was accounted for to a board of control, the leading member of which was the president of Georgetown College. However, the usual "tribute which inferiority pays to merit" was his abundantly. Jealousy, calumny, slander,—these are the rewards of Christian zeal, and that too from those on whom we hoped to lean for support, in whose abundant trust and hearty co-operation we thought to find recompense for the world's coldness and contempt: "The bureau was useless," "the bureau was expensive," "the bureau was a barrier between the missions and the department," "the bureau was selfish," "the bureau was grasping." His enemies, emboldened by their own voluble powers of abuse, began to make the bureau guilty of peculation and embezzlement. Yes, and gave facts and figures too to prove it! The *Freeman's Journal* of February 2, 187–, says of the bureau: "The very best thing it can do is to cease, quit, disappear, leaving no recollection of it behind!" "What we ask and *demand* is that this Catholic Indian Bureau shall disappear." And why this severe sentence? Because, says the same issue, "out of $8000 collected by the Indian

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, the Indians, for whose benefit charitably disposed Catholics gave their money, have received but $729." "The employés of the Catholic Bureau have received in four years $3900 from money given by generous Catholics to the poor persecuted and suffering Indians."

It is not hard to prove that nothing is something, and that black is white. The more blame to those who dare to teach without knowing. 8,000,000 charitable Catholics deign to spare, from a thousand calls on their generosity, $8000 in four years for the cause of the Indian, and intrust the $8000 to a bureau. That bureau fees Evarts or Choate or Depew $8000, and wins for the Indian claims to the extent of $100,000. Do Catholics feel aggrieved? If so, they are to be pitied. 8,000,000 Catholics give each one-fortieth of a cent per annum through pure zeal for the missions. My one-fortieth of a cent helps to support a clerk, a poor old missionary priest, to rent a modest office-room, to publish reports, pamphlets, and statistics, but none of my one-fortieth of a cent gets across the Rocky Mountains. To be sure, there is a zealous Christian gentleman working with the poor missionary and the quiet clerk, giving precious time and talent to the cause. By

his efforts many of the Indian missions throughout the country are benefited. Shall I continue generously to give one-fortieth of a cent? When we become sufficiently interested in our own missions to give *one cent a year* to them, it will be time enough to answer the absurd calumnies of such hot-headed opponents as the former editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. For the present their aspersions stand in marked contrast with the acknowledgments of the bureau's zeal and efficiency made by ecclesiastical superiors whose duty it was to inform themselves and the Catholic world of what was doing in behalf of the Indian. The cardinal archbishop of New York, seven archbishops, and thirty-two bishops of the United States gave the bureau their hearty endorsement, which was crowned by the action of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. in creating General Ewing a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. The following is the papal brief:

"POPE PIUS IX.

"Beloved Son, health and apostolic benediction. Your personal worth, and especially your sterling zeal in defending the Catholic name against attacks of wicked men, demand of us that we invest you, beloved son, with honors that may

attest our predilection for you. Unto this end, we, in the first place, release you from any and all sentences of excommunication or other ecclesiastical judgment, censure, and penalty which from any cause or in any manner may have been laid upon you, or to which you may have rendered yourself liable. Holding you by this act absolved, we, by these letters, elect and create you a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, of the civil grade, and adopt you into this most illustrious order. Moreover, by these letters, we grant you the right of wearing at pleasure the uniform of this order, together with its own peculiar insignia,—viz., an octagonal gold cross, bearing on the red surface the effigy of St. Gregory the Great; this to be attached to the left breast by a red silk riband with yellow border, as is the custom of the knights of this order. To obviate any discrepancy of costume or insignia, we have ordered the enclosed drawing to be transmitted to you.

"Given at St. Peter's, in Rome, under the Fisherman's Ring, this first day of June, 1877, the 31st year of our Pontificate.

[SEAL] "J. CARD. AQUINAS.

"Beloved son,

"CHARLES EWING."

I have hinted that much of General Ewing's labor was thwarted, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the bureau did not accomplish great good. When General Ewing received his appointment from the archbishop, there were in operation but two Catholic Indian boarding schools and five day schools, which received from the United States about $9000 annually. In 1883, when General Ewing died, there were eighteen Catholic boarding schools, and their allotments amounted to $54,000. The work has continued to grow, and the government furnishes this year (1887) $204,706 to support Catholic Indian schools. The mustard seed wisely planted in 1874 has grown to be a goodly tree.

Any notice of the Indian Bureau would be unjust that did not assign a prominent place to the Very Reverend J. B. A. Brouillet, who was associated with General Ewing in all his labors and sufferings in behalf of the Indians. In character, as in appearance, Father Brouillet reminded those who knew him best of some towering peak, calm in the sunlight of the divine presence, as far removed from the low valleys of human pettiness and narrowness as it is possible for aught that rests on earth to be. Working for God only, caring nothing for men's applause or blame, simple,

guileless, patient, meek, and humble, unmoved by calumny or slight, he came as near to the apostolic model as any one we have ever met, and the fragrance of his virtues lingers after him, a soothing and softening proof that adversity still has sweet uses, and that the fairest flowers bloom closest to the cross.

CHAPTER VII.

Character Sketch—Traits—The Maid of the Mist—Science and Law—Social Views—Love of Religion—A "Papist"—The Wedding-ring—A Friend's Testimony—Conclusion.

It has been said of a distinguished soldier that if all the maps of our country were lost, he could repair the loss from memory. Of General Ewing it may be said that had all books on politeness been destroyed, his conduct would have supplied their place. In dress he was scrupulously neat, and yet as far removed from any sign of affectation or show as from carelessness or slovenliness. His simple rule in this somewhat delicate matter was so to dress that no gentleman would notice how he was dressed. He was fond of quoting the saying of an English nobleman: "See that your hat and shoes are brushed; the rest will be sure to be in keeping." His head was so large that hatters were generally obliged to take his order in advance, and yet, though short of stature, no one ever said that his head was out of

proportion, so graceful was his shape, so agile his movements, so becoming his garb. In temperament Charles Ewing was more than sanguine: he was impetuous and dashing, yet with a staying-power, a firmness, and self-command that prevented his enthusiasm from leading him into folly, or the failure of hasty endeavor from producing dejection. If at times he built cloud-castles,—as who does not?—when they were destroyed by the storm of adversity or dispelled by the sun of tranquil duty, he was not found weakened by his dreams, or deprived of the vigor, the industry, necessary for solid work and patient endurance. In the pursuit of fickle fortune he was animated more by the desire of providing generously for those whom Providence had made dependent on him, and of aiding the host of friends constantly appealing to him for assistance, than by any excessive desire of procuring his own pleasure or profit. Wealth he regarded as a means, not an end; and had fate placed him in a position above the sordid seeking after mammon, which so ties and hampers the manhood of the world, his generosity would have made others feel that he well deserved the gifts he was so ready to distribute.

A good judge of character, he knew how to compare himself with others, and, without losing confidence in his own abilities or failing to estimate at its full value his capacity and talent, he was first in detecting and loudest in praising superior genius in others. Nor was there ever seen in him the shadow of jealousy, envy, or pettiness which too often mars friendship between men of different ranks and varying attainments. His niceness of perception extended to the minutest traits, and made him an excellent mimic. How well he could reproduce the tone, the manner, the pose, the inflection, the oddity, of any one, and set the family circle in a roar of innocent laughter! His was the genial humor of the cheery heart, never the caustic wit that savors of bitterness. With him a pleasant joke was a joy forever, but he found his amusement quite as much in the peculiar traits of precocious childhood as in the more serious blunders and marked mannerisms of age. Deeming cheerfulness one of the first duties of life, and possessing a guileless heart, he carried sunshine with him, dispelled the storms of care, uprooted despondency, and planted in its stead the genial seeds of cordial kindliness. He was quick in catching the tone of those about him and adapt-

ing himself to various tastes. To him it was equally pleasant to philosophize with the sage and pun with the punster. Brief and pointed answers to objections pleased him best. Hearing Ingersoll's difficulty, "Why did not Providence make good health catching instead of disease?" he retorted, "That would suppose Providence to have made disease the rule and health the exception." In boyhood, as he was disputing with a taller brother as to which most resembled their father, Charley remarked, "Your feet and my head are most like his." Mr. John Carroll Brent, who was fond of word-play, was telling of his ride on a little steamer up under the spray of the Falls of Niagara, and he remarked on the appropriate name of the boat,—"The Maid of the Mist." "I remember her," said General Ewing; "she was very light and cork-like; what was she made of?" "Pine, I think," replied Mr. Brent. "No," replied the general, "she was made of the mist."

His literary taste is sufficiently attested by the apt quotations with which his ordinary correspondence is gemmed. His favorite poet was Milton, and of Milton's works "Comus," perhaps, pleased him best. Among his military documents, filed, arranged, and labelled with neatness and precision,

I found, side by side, the maxims of Napoleon and a well-worn volume of poems with many a passage marked. Next to these was a pocket volume of Lendy's "Instructions on the Art of War," in which I find every superfluous word or expression carefully erased. Take, for example, this sentence, on page 168: "[As for] the usages of war [they] vary with the times, [the] manners, and [the] people, and many of them, though countenanced, are [unfortunately] not such that a delicate conscience could [unscrupulously] conform to even under [the most] imperious circumstances." How much the language gains in strength and precision after being thus dragooned! The pages of this little volume fairly bristle with red and blue marks, like the school-boy's composition that has fallen into the hands of a patient tutor.

Charles Ewing never lost that taste for the natural sciences which he acquired at the Virginia University. As a patent lawyer in Washington he displayed remarkable knowledge of mechanics, physics, and chemistry, followed the latest discoveries in electricity, and was making investigations on the telephone at the time of his death, with a view of solving the difficult problem of establishing such calls as will enable a central

office to call a particular subscriber without ringing the other bells on the same circuit. In whatever he undertook his interest was intense, his industry remarkable and constant. His legal arguments received high praise from distinguished judges and jurists. He was engaged in numerous important transactions before the departments, and once obtained the reversal of a case which the attorney-general had decided against him, by presenting his argument in person to the President. I have by me two large bundles of letters which show that he was connected with many affairs of a delicate and complicated nature, requiring not only ability and tact, but personal, social, and political influence on the part of an advocate. These General Ewing possessed, and knew how to avail himself of in every honorable and manly way. But I cannot pretend to do justice to this part of his career.

His social qualities were as easy to appreciate and as certain to win affection as they are difficult of analysis and description. There was that ease about his manner which goes to mark the man who is equally at one with prince or peasant, that sweetness born of early and frequent intercourse with ladies, that equipoise resulting from a well-

regulated interior. Democratic as we are in America, it is absurd to ignore social castes, or to pretend that culture, refinement, and elegance go for naught. Essential they are not in the highest point of view, but in what is called "society" not only are they essential: they are everything. The manners are the man. Now, in the mixed society of Washington after our civil war, there may have been some tendency to depart from the highest and most exalted features of the code of etiquette. If critics were right in saying so, they certainly could not have extended the remark to Charles Ewing, for in his intercourse with the gentle sex he displayed something of a high-toned chivalry and courtliness that betokened the loftiest appreciation of what woman was designed to be; but, while his easy manner fascinated and charmed, his innate dignity and manly reserve prevented any approach to that breaking down of conventional lines which has been so ably satirized by Mallock, and from which American society is in danger of receiving its greatest shock. To fail to escort a lady to her carriage, to be wanting in reverence to rank or age, to be lacking in any of the minutiæ of exquisite breeding through carelessness or forgetfulness were crimes for which he could not easily

forgive himself, and which therefore he was free to criticise in others. He aimed always at what is best, and if in doing so he at times seemed exacting and punctilious, it was a fault that leaned to virtue's side. If politeness is not Christian charity it is its fairest adornment.

In describing the character of Charles Ewing we must give to religion a prominent place. With him duty to God was not a matter of sentiment or social convention: it was not an affair of the "Sabbath," to be laid aside with one's Sunday suit; but that deep heart-felt conviction in the reality of the things of faith; that constant adherence to fixed principles of action; that docile submission to the authority of Holy Church; that personal love and child-like confidence in our Saviour,—which mark the stanch Catholic. So delicate was his conscience that he was warned by a phrenologist of the dangers of scrupulosity; so consistent his conduct and constant his practice of religious duties, that he had the happiness of winning his wife's conversion, not by argument or controversy, but by the sheer force of example; so correct and spiritual his perceptions, that while he loved and admired all the functions of Mother Church, and praised all that she approves, he found his highest comfort

in the simple ceremonies of Low Mass, especially when he could occupy such a position in church as to watch each movement of the priest at the altar, and thus feast his soul on the sacramental presence of his Redeemer. Free from human respect, he was open and candid in the expression of religious opinion and in defence of Catholic principles. Riding one day on the avenue in Washington with two gentlemen high in power, a remark was made that reflected on the Sovereign Pontiff. General Ewing pulled the check and threw open the carriage-door to descend, remarking that he would not ride in the same carriage with a person who spoke with want of respect of the Pope. An apology and promise of amendment induced him to resume his seat. His experience in attempting to uphold the truth was similar, no doubt, to that of all Catholics who have the courage of their convictions, but is not the less interesting on that account. The following extracts from letters to his brother Hugh speak for themselves:

"WASHINGTON CITY, January 4, 1855.

"I have another source of amusement that I had like to have forgotten, for the plain reason that I do not like to look upon the dark side of

human nature. The source of this branch of my recreation flows from the unbounded abundance of the most bitter prejudice of Mrs. Justice ——— against the Catholic Church. I suppose you are acquainted with the lady, as you were here last winter, and I expect also that you had your share of bickering. I should suppose, if you will allow a supposition, that she found one little, ignorant Romanist, as she is pleased to call them, that was not altogether ignorant of the ignoble beginning of the Reformation, and one that was not totally, as she is pleased to suppose, without a knowledge of the Bible. And I can assure you, Hugh, I was not lacking in the use of what little I do know." . . .

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 20, 1855.

"You advise me to keep on the right side of Mrs. ——. Well, I can tell you, brother, I would as soon go join the Turk and turn to Mecca from our holy city, as to do as he will have to do who desires to gain her good wishes.

"'You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate its usual height;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,'

as seek to win truth from such when speaking of our holy faith. I pray God to have mercy on her, for, like all the rest of us, she is in need of help from above."

The fulfilment of the duties of man to man, of the creature to the Creator, it belongs to the world to know, for we are social beings; but how lift the veil of that inner sanctuary of the domestic shrine, how expose even to the friendliest gaze the sacred recesses of the hearthstone? General Ewing was married to Virginia Miller, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, on December 20, 1870. The ceremony was performed by Archbishop Purcell, and those who witnessed the scene observed that, at the moment the bond was knit, the groom turned and, with a grace all his own, kissed his fair bride. From that moment till those same lips closed forever in death, no word of impatience, of harshness, of fault-finding, was let slip by him in addressing his wife. By that simple act, in such a solemn hour, he had added a new seal to the sacred bond of marriage, and that seal was never broken. Of the eight children who are the fair fruit of these nuptials, heaven claimed the eldest in her infancy. Alluding to the survivors, he said, in his jovial way, "My family is, as you know, a big

little one,—the children are growing like corn under a July sun (of a still night I fancy I can hear their little joints crack)." It is apart from the object of this sketch to say aught of the living, but I cannot forbear mentioning that of the seven, each bears in look and manner the impress of the father, and in their calm cheerfulness and repose of manner show forth the softening effects of the gentlest training.

Toward subordinates he displayed firmness tempered by kindness. At the moment Captain Smith was shot by his side in the attack on Arkansas Post, a wounded rebel near our lines called loudly for water. Captain Ewing, taking the canteen from the nearest soldier, and stooping, lifted the head of the wounded man on his arm, and soothed him with a mother's tenderness.

It is in moments like these, when the tide of passion runs high, and the awful excitement of battle stirs the most moderate, that Christian charity shows its depth and strength in helping a fallen foe.

When his men were prostrated by disease, not content to leave the care of them to others, he went from tent to tent with kindness and tenderness for all.

With his equals he was a boon companion, welcome at every headquarters, a merry comrade, ever ready for a story or a chat, ever blithe, gay, and genial, with a depth of affection for those more intimate with him which bound him by hooks of steel to all whose sterling worth he had tried.

The following letter from one whom he loved bears evidence in every line of manly and generous friendship:

"FORT WINGATE, NEW MEXICO, July 4, 1887.

"In reply to your request of June 27th, I regret very much that I am unable to comply with a demand which would be to me a labor of love.

"Immediately after the death of General Ewing, —my kind friend and companion,—I destroyed all his letters, etc., as I did not wish to retain in my possession what would be to me sad reminders of one I learned to love so dearly and so sincerely.

"As every one of his letters would call up some recollections of the past, and awaken old memories long buried in the depths of my heart, I determined, after his death, to destroy every scrap of paper in my possession in any way relative to him.

"I regret now having done so. We were warm personal friends from the moment we first met

each other at Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, in 1861, and corresponded with each other from that date until a short time before his death. The impression of the many happy and pleasant moments passed with him will never be obliterated from the tablet of my memory. The pen of intense love has written eternal affection on the page of my soul.

"And who could know Charley Ewing and not love, honor, and admire him. He was gentle as a woman, generous, confiding, kind, and affectionate. He had a heart impressed with the most honorable sentiments, and nothing could make him forget those principles of honor and integrity by which all his life had been regulated and governed. General Ewing was a man who was always inspired with high aims and purposes, and a lofty and chivalrous spirit, and, being the very soul of honor, would shrink with repugnant horror from what he considered mean or contemptible.

"He possessed an open, honest, manly heart, and a most kindly, loving, and forgiving disposition; and no matter whether fortune smiled or frowned upon him, he was always the same courtly, genial, pleasant, and affable gentleman, neither elevated in prosperity nor dejected in ad-

versity. He was esteemed, loved, and respected by all who came in contact with him, and was looked upon as the true type of the perfect Christian gentleman.

"Gratitude, fidelity, gentleness, and generosity were inherent virtues of his nature. Though a soldier, and accustomed to all the licentiousness of camp life, he never forgot his duties to his Creator or his country, and nothing could tempt him to neglect any of his moral or religious obligations. Honor, duty, loyalty were his guiding stars,—honor and duty to his God, duty and loyalty to his country.

"I often think how it shall be when, after the last sleep of death, the reveille shall rouse us for ever. I seem to think that my old comrade and myself shall meet at the great roll-call in the spirit-land and be reunited again. God grant it may be so!

"Your friend,

"F. E. DE COURCY."

To superiors General Ewing was respectful, obedient, and docile, with a promptness, generosity, and ardor in the discharge of military duty which won for him the most honorable mention in

the official reports of General Giles A. Smith, General Frank P. Blair, and others under whom he served, thus opening the way for well-earned promotion. For General Sherman he entertained an affectionate admiration that passed all bounds, and his confidence in his chief was so intense from the outset that he never doubted the outcome of events in the West, or regarded the splendid achievements of '64 and '65 as anything more than what was naturally to be expected when the idol of his young manhood held command of the Department of the Mississippi.

In June, 1883, General Ewing was attacked by pneumonia. His system, worn by work, anxiety, and strain, was unable to resist the insidious disease. Once he rallied, and, seated in an easy-chair, seemed to us who surrounded him like his own genial self. It was but the flickering of the candle before it goes out. Sinking again, he had but strength to make preparation for death, and to relieve his soul of the last weight which had accumulated. After confession, he expressed himself delighted that they had sent for "that big Jesuit."* The next day it became necessary to administer the

* Rev. J. J. Murphy, S.J., attended General Ewing in his last illness and delivered an eloquent oration at his funeral.

Viaticum and Extreme Unction, and on the 20th of June, fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, Charles Ewing breathed his last. He was buried from St. Aloysius' Church, and, as we looked at the casket wrapped in the Stars and Stripes and thought of the gallant soldier borne down to the valley of death still bearing his banner of beauty, of the young general decked with a star far brighter than that which had shone on his shoulder, of a wreath on his brow far fairer than that which had heralded peace, we seemed to realize in its fulness the meaning of the life that was gone, —a battle for a laurel crown eternal, a bright but laborious preparation for everlasting bliss.

In a quiet neighborhood of our Monumental City, opposite the house where Grant and Sherman lived in the palmy days of their military supremacy, there stands near the fire-place, in a modest parlor, an azure banner with a golden fringe drooped gracefully beside the hearthstone round which flit the recollections so faintly recorded in these pages.

APPENDIX.

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
"WASHINGTON, November 1, 1883.

"*Statement of the military services of* CHARLES EWING, *of the United States army, compiled from the records of this office.*

"He was appointed captain, Thirteenth United States Infantry, May 14, 1861; lieutenant-colonel and assistant inspector-general of volunteers (under act of Congress approved July 17, 1862) June 22, 1863 (serving as such to April 1, 1865), and brigadier-general of volunteers to rank from March 8, 1865. He resigned the latter commission December 1, 1865. On the 21st of September, 1866, he was transferred (as captain) to the Twenty-second Infantry, and finally resigned from the army July 31, 1867.

"For gallant and meritorious services at the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, during the Atlanta campaign, and during the war, he received successively the brevets of major U. S. A. July 4, 1863,

lieutenant-colonel, U. S. A., September 1, 1864, and colonel U. S. A. March 13, 1865.

"He served at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in command of a detachment of recruits, in August and September, 1861, and in command of his company to November 12, 1861; on recruiting service to December 17, 1861; commanding company at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to January 17, 1862; on recruiting service at Lancaster, Ohio, to February 3, 1862; commanding company at Alton, Illinois, to August 14, 1862; on mustering and disbursing duty at Springfield, Illinois, to September, 1862; commanding company in camp, near Newport, Kentucky, to October 11, 1862; in the field, district of Memphis, Tennessee, to November 26, 1862; with Second Brigade, First Division, right wing, Thirteenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee, to January 5, 1863; First Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps, Army of the Mississippi, to January 12, 1863; and First Brigade, Second Division, Fifteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee, to May 19, 1863; commanding the first battalion of his regiment to June 15, 1863; inspector-general of the Fifteenth Army Corps to April 30, 1864; and of the Military Division of the Mississippi to April 1, 1865; commanding First

Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, to July 18, 1865; awaiting orders to July 28, 1865, when assigned to duty in the Department of the Mississippi; on leave of absence from October, 1865, to date of resignation as brigadier-general of volunteers, December 1, 1865, and on recruiting service to July 31, 1867.

"In January, 1865, he was sent from Savannah, Georgia, to City Point, Virginia, and Washington, D. C., as bearer of despatches from General Sherman to Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, and the President of the United States.

"He bore an honorable part in the following battles, campaigns, etc.:

"Battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Mississippi, December 27–29, 1862; battle of Arkansas Post, Arkansas, July 11, 1863; skirmish on Deer Creek, Mississippi, March 22, 1863; demonstration against Haine's Bluff, Mississippi, April 30 to May 1, 1863; battle of Champion's Hill or Baker's Creek, Mississippi, May 16, 1863; skirmish at Bridgeport, Mississippi, May 17, 1863; assaults on Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 19 and 22, 1863; siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 23 to July 4, 1863; siege of Jackson, Mississippi, July 10–17, 1863; action at Colliersville, Tennessee, October 11, 1863; the

Chattanooga, Tennessee, campaign, October 24 to November 27, 1863; battle of Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, November 28, 1863; expedition to Knoxville, Tennessee, November 28 to December 31, 1863; the Atlanta, Georgia, campaign, May 5 to September 2, 1864, including battles of Dalton, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Ruff's Station, Peach-Tree Creek, Atlanta, Jonesboro', etc.; pursuit of Hood's army into North Carolina, September 20 to November 15, 1864; the Savannah, Georgia, campaign, November 15 to December 21, 1864; campaign of the Carolinas, January 15 to April 26, 1865, comprising the battles of Averysboro' and Bentonville, and surrender of the Confederate Army at Durham's Station, North Carolina.

"In his official report of the advance against the Confederate works at Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 18, 1863, General Frank P. Blair says: 'The pickets of the First Brigade, under command of Captain Charles Ewing, Thirteenth Regiment U.S. Infantry, pressed forward during the night to within one hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments, driving those of the enemy within the lines of his fortifications.' Concerning the same affair, Colonel Giles A. Smith, his brigade commander,

says: 'At twelve, midnight, I sent Captain Charles Ewing, First Battalion, Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, forward with skirmishers to reconnoitre the ground in my front. He drove in the enemy's pickets, and reached within one hundred yards of the line of intrenchments, when I ordered them to fall back, before daylight, some two hundred yards, to secure cover from a hill.'

"Regarding Captain Ewing's conduct in the assault of May 19, 1863, General Smith reports that 'Captain Washington, commanding First Battalion, Thirteenth United States Infantry, was twice wounded while gallantly leading his men to the assault. The command then devolved upon Captain Charles Ewing, who carried the colors of his battalion close under the parapets of the enemy after three color-bearers had been successively either killed or wounded. He was himself slightly wounded in the hand, and received another bullet through his hat. Captain Washington is a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. I earnestly recommend both these officers for promotion, for gallantry on the field, as well as their eminent fitness for high commands.'

"C. McKeever.

"*Assistant Adjutant-General.*"