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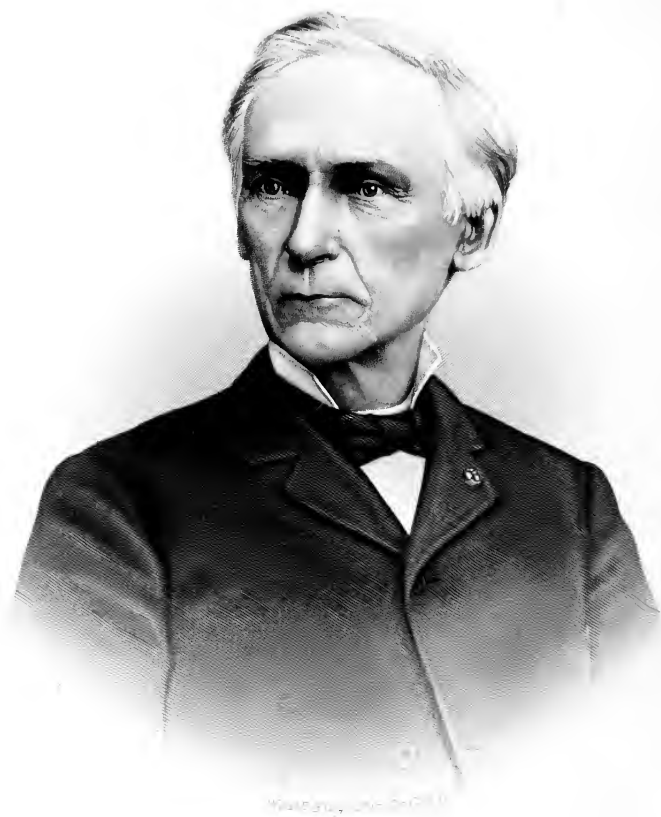
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David Dwight Biggs
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OHIO'S SILVER-TONGUED ORATOR

Life and Speeches of
GENERAL WILLIAM H. GIBSON

One Volume in Two Parts

By
DAVID DWIGHT BIGGER

Sold only on Subscription

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UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
DAYTON, OHIO
1901

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DEDICATION

TO MRS. WILLIAM H. GIBSON:

TO HAVE been the beloved wife of the eloquent patriot was indeed an honor; in cherishing the recollections of his gentle life, there is surely the compensation of an abiding joy.

The clustering branches of nearly a half-century's loving companionship live strongly in a deathless memory; over the wall of the intervening years since his departure, their sweet odors come, distilling the balsam of strength for every passing moment, as the shadows lengthen.

With tears, you listened to the last "Good Night, Mother!" In the golden light of a coming day, once again will be heard the heartsome—"Good Morning!"

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THERE have been lives of men who have attained positions more conspicuous in the eyes of the world and stations more yearned after by the ambitious for public honors, whose story is not so interesting or worthy of a permanent record as that of General William Harvey Gibson. Taken as a whole, there is enough of pathos, romance, and tragedy, discovered in the events his life has touched to afford the plot of a great historical novel. We have simply endeavored to give the history of the man as we have found it by painstaking inquiry.

Probably some incidents here recorded may appear trivial to the general public and of little moment to any who were not immediate friends and acquaintances of the General in the midst of his career. But life is made up largely of small happenings, and without them the life of no man would appear natural.

The author, several months after General Gibson's death, wrote a short series of articles for a magazine concerning his life and public services, and it was at the solicitation of many of the orator's friends and admirers that a more elaborate biography was undertaken.

The closer we have come to his life, the more carefully we have examined into the motives animating his every action, the

nobler has appeared the manhood and honorable aspirations of the great orator. He was not without weaknesses to which the mortal is heir; but not even a gossamer thread of malice has been found in his nature. One misstep—a tragical mistake—made impossible his otherwise great possibilities. Unfortunately, his kindness of heart, in one hapless instance, overcame a sterner judgment of wisdom. Altogether, however, his career will be found to be an inspiration to American youth,—his mistake a warning to young men in the line of promotion. Should these pages in the slightest degree contribute to the worthy ends in view, then the author will feel amply repaid for his months of research for data in preparing this volume for the press.

D. D. B.

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WILLIAM H. GIBSON, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF OHIO, 1880.

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PART I.

“GENERAL GIBSON believed the two most important things in life were piety and patriotism. In his creed they were linked in indissoluble union. His piety was broad enough to include every creed, and his patriotism wide enough to cover the whole country. He once said to me that he put the flag just beneath the Cross. That, he said, was high enough for it.”

WILLIAM MCKINLEY,

President of the United States.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF GENERAL WILLIAM H. GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

GIBSON'S BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE.

“WHERE am I?”

“What world is this?”

“Where is my lord?”

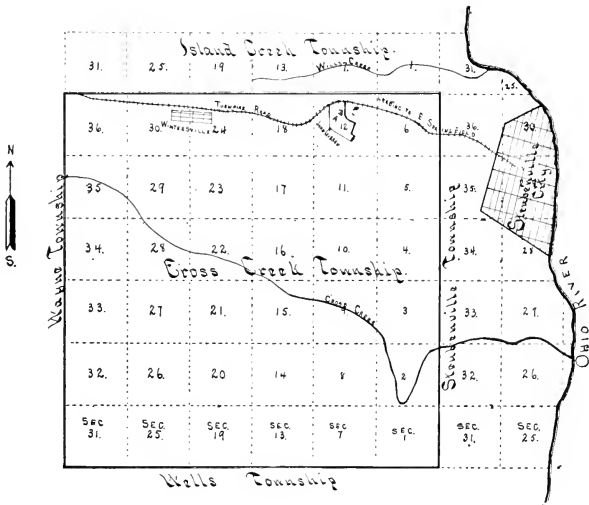
When he opened his eyes for the very first time—eyes not a shade less blue than the silver-flecked firmament circling above the Ohio Valley that lovely spring morning—these practical inquiries, looking to his identity, would have been entirely proper for a bit of humanity, a baby boy, as he discovered himself in the home of John and Jeannette Gibson, May 16, A. D. 1821.

Adapted to his quest, responses wholly different were required from those spoken to that fair lady, Pericles' resuscitated queen, who first uttered the questions more than two milleniums prior to his advent, as she was lifted from her nearly fatal bath in the squally *Ægean*. Clever explanations were not lacking, not withheld. The hewn rafters stretching overhead, the four unplastered walls of the big room, the tall walnut clock in the corner, the great fireplace, the uncarpeted floors, the absence of all tapes-

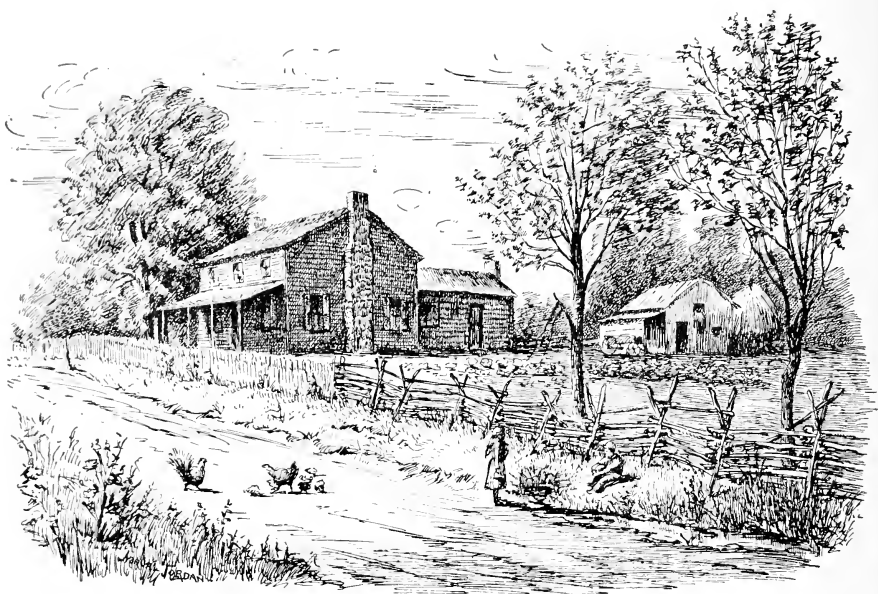
tries, the homely furnishings, gave no evidence of wealth in the surroundings; but the little stranger found himself in the enclosed garden of a loyal parental affection, which assured a truer safeguard to his American princeliness than e'er walled-in castle promised to heir of warrior knight. He was on the earth, the best planet of which we know anything. The rhododendron-covered hills of Jefferson County stretched to the north and south, everywhere abloom with pretty wild flowers, while the sweet-scented white-and-pink apple blossoms wafted their welcoming perfumes to the delicate nostrils of the little newcomer.

"Where is my lord?" Ah, there he stands—honest-hearted John Gibson, a Scotch-Irishman, square-dealing, the proud sire of nine promising children, and a cozy place in his big heart for a tenth to comfortably snuggle.

This year of our Lord, which gave a greeting to William Harvey Gibson was in more than one feature a memorable cycle. James Monroe had been inaugurated president of the Republic, on the 4th of March, at the capitol at Washington; the treaty for the cession of the Floridas, concluded on Washington's birthday, A. D. 1819, between Spain and the United States, possession was taken of these valuable provinces this year; Missouri was admitted to the Union; Indianapolis was laid out as the seat of government for the commonwealth of Indiana; and among other notable events was chronicled the ascension of King George IV. to the throne of England, crowned at Westminster, July 21. It was surely a good year in which to begin life. The succeeding score of years proved to be the propylæum of one of the most interesting periods of our nation's history—certainly a propitious stretch of years



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF GIBSON'S BIRTHPLACE.



GENERAL WILLIAM H. GIBSON'S BIRTHPLACE.

in which to spend one's childhood and youth preparatory to American citizenship.

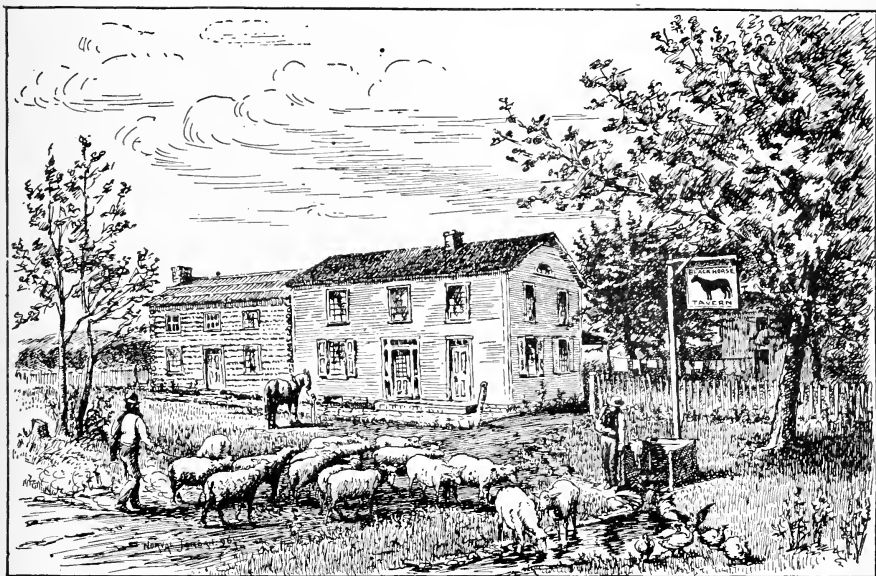
Considerable interest is attached to the place where one is born, and particularly has this been true concerning the birthplace of the subject of this biography. It was supposed that Gibson was born in a double log cabin. Diligent investigation has proven the supposition true in a sense, for the house in which he was born was half log and half something else. His father owned two farms, one containing sixty-five acres and the other sixty-eight. On the one farm, lying back from the Ohio River, along the National Pike, running from Steubenville to East Springfield, a hostelry known as the Black Horse Tavern had been built, and although the property of John Gibson, and erected by his own hands, he never occupied it as a landlord. Gibson's birthplace has been located on the second farming property, and has been accurately described as a double log cabin upon which had been built a clapboard front.

In company with Major J. F. Sarratt and Charles Gallaher, residents of Steubenville, General Gibson, a score of years before his decease, visited the old place, now the infirmary property of Jefferson County, and pointed out to these gentlemen the exact spot on which the old house stood. John Gibson bought the farm in A. D. 1811, but this building was not erected until 1818 or 1819. Mrs. Lizzie Mansfield, General Gibson's niece, of Bloomingdale, in writing of a speech made by her uncle, in Columbus, states that he used these words: "My father carried the glass on horseback from my grandfather Coe's house. The glass was of English manufacture and was a gift from

my grandfather. The windows had four small panes, which let in God's beautiful sunlight, and, I assure you, not obstructed by any costly laces or tapestries. My father split and shaved the shingles to cover, and the clapboards to weatherboard the two rooms, two stories high, which he built adjoining the log cabin. They told me it was one of the finest houses in the township and I believed them."

The Black Horse Tavern, located west of Steubenville, was built by Gibson's father to afford a halting place for the dust-begrimed traveler on his way to the great West, in the days when stage companies carried passengers as first-class freight, at a certain rate per pound, each passenger being weighed and billed through to his destination. The tavern was burned in 1835. In the earlier research, it was looked upon as the historic dwelling in which General Gibson was born, but later evidence has shown beyond controversy this supposition not to be well founded.

The century so recently bidden farewell, illustrious for its sublime energy in thought, action, and invention, was but a few days old, when Gibson's parents were united in marriage—the 19th day of February, A. D. 1801. John Gibson, the father of William H., sprang from Scotch-Irish lineage, born A. D. 1774, and was the son of one of three brothers, who, "alienated by the kindling fires of tyranny, renounced fealty to Ireland," and, coming to America, sought a home where they could find inspiration to a manly independence in the rights of an unfettered American citizenship. Two of these three brothers settled in Eastern Pennsylvania, and one, from tradition, in Bedford, or Washington County. This occurred before the



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thrilling scenes witnessed in the American Revolution, which eventuated in the declaration of American independence.

Little is known of John Gibson's father. It has been supposed that he was an officer of considerable rank¹ in the Revolutionary War, and in the war against the Indians. After the war he settled in Western Pennsylvania, but did not long survive the battles of the Revolution. He left two sons who were sent to Kentucky to be cared for by relatives living near Lexington.

The oldest of these two boys, a lad about fourteen, was killed by the Indians in a murderous foray against the settlement where he lived. John, the father of William H., was bound out to a cabinet-maker, as an apprentice, and remained with his master until he was twenty years of age; was then released, and, disliking the attitude of Kentucky on the question of slavery, returned to Pennsylvania, and secured work somewhere above Pittsburg. In company with others, later on, he engaged in rafting timber to the Mississippi and on down to New Orleans.

In speaking of his rafting experiences, he evinced great pleasure in telling of the dangers he had encountered. When referring to his trials in pioneering, incidentally, he would relate that in returning home from the South

¹ It has been claimed as altogether probable that these boys were the sons of Colonel John Gibson, of Indian fame. That doughty American married a lady by the name of Ann McDowell, the daughter of Robert McDowell, and John Gibson, the father of William H., named his first-born son Robert McDowell, after his grandfather on the maternal side of the house. The name McDowell continued in the family can be accounted for in no other way. Colonel John Gibson was a unique character. He lived seven years as a captive among the Indians and became conversant with their language. The boys having to go after their father's death to their relatives, their departing from the same vicinity, and John's returning to that community, the carrying forward of the name McDowell, all combine to give a strong presumption in favor of the parentage of the father of Wm. H.

he had many times footed it the entire distance from New Orleans at the rate of thirty miles a day, and yet not once had he been troubled by the Indians, who frequently met him, but always in a friendly spirit.

Mrs. Eliza J. Watson, a granddaughter, relates a story told by her grandmother, concerning her grandfather's trafficking on the river. He was ever watchful to turn an honest dollar. While living in Jefferson County, he built a flatboat, and then, loading it with flour, floated his cargo to the New Orleans market. Believing it would prove a paying investment, with buoyant heart he launched his boat on the Ohio at Steubenville, and started on his way with a pick-up crew from along the wharfs.

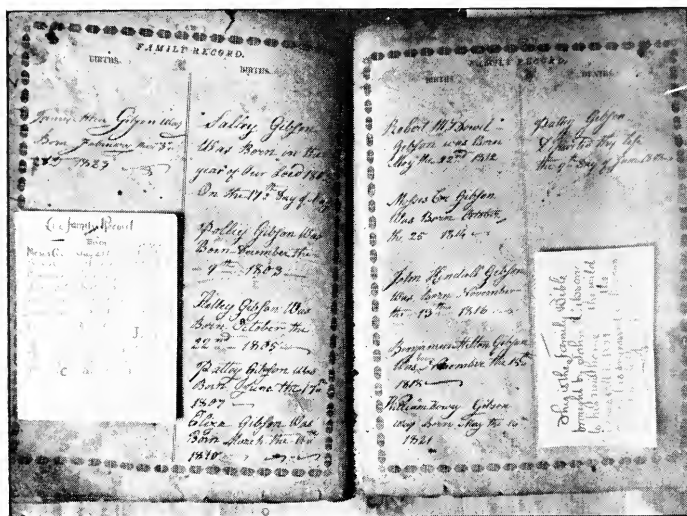
Nothing was heard from him, or any of his men, for an entire year. He had written, but the postal arrangements were very uncertain. The daring undertaking of piloting alone his boat down the Ohio and along the Mississippi, was truly a hazardous experiment. He had reached the city and sold part of his freight at a good profit, when he was suddenly seized with the yellow fever, which, at that time, was almost invariably fatal.

When the nature of his disease was discovered, he was hurried off to a ward in the pest hospital, where he lingered for months hovering between life and death. After a long convalescence, and when sufficiently able to investigate his affairs, he was dismayed to discover that his boat, cargo of flour, money, and everything else had disappeared. This left him penniless and in a strange city.

It was then that his seven years of apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade became of practical value. Being a fine workman, he had no difficulty in finding employment. One



GENERAL WM. H. GIBSON'S PARENTS.



OLD FAMILY RECORD (Bible printed 1812, Bound in Fawn Hide).

year's absence was drawing to a close and he determined to go home. He had saved a considerable part of his wages, and, without announcing his coming, he started north, and one July morning entered his home, greatly to the surprise of his devoted companion, who had long since mourned him as dead.

"Were you not afraid that he would never come back to you, grandma?" inquired her granddaughter.

"No," replied the trusting wife, "I knew if John were alive he would come back to me, if he could get here."

On the maternal side of the house, Jeannette Coe, the wife of John Gibson, was the daughter of Moses Coe. Jeannette was the oldest child of a family of eight children, and, coming into the world on the sixth day of January, A. D. 1782, was, at her marriage, nineteen years old, her spouse being several years her senior. The Coes on the maternal branch of the family tree trace their ancestry to Robert Coe, (baptized 1596,) and his wife Anna, (baptized 1591,) in Long Melford, Suffolk, England, who, with three sons, John, Robert, and Benjamin, sailed from Ipswich, England, April 30, A. D. 1634, in the ship *Francis*, Captain John Cutting, arriving in Boston, Massachusetts, in June. After living in several places, they settled in Jamaica, New York, where the head of the house was a prominent citizen, holding numerous offices. His decease occurred in 1687.

Gibson's mother, Jeannette Coe, was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, baptized January 6, 1782, and was the daughter of Moses Coe, a Revolutionary soldier, who was born in Morristown, New Jersey, August 28. A. D. 1730; a member of the Presbyterian Church at Morris-

town, in 1745, and his wife, Rachel, in 1742. He was dismissed by letter to Redstone, Pennsylvania, September 12, A. D. 1777.

Both the paternal and maternal sides of the Gibson house were devoutly religious, and as far back as the family histories can be traced, were Presbyterian in faith and ecclesiastical connection.

John Gibson was within a half inch of being six feet in height. His physical proportions were about the same as his son, William H. He was spare in build, with a frame snugly and strongly articulated, and capable of great endurance, as oftentimes tested. He was light complexioned, with blue eyes, black hair, and lips that indicated firmness. His temperament was sanguine, somewhat nervous, and while quickly aroused, was not so impulsive that he could not be deliberate. On the farm he was an all-round handy man. He made his own wagons, manufactured all the footwear of the family, tanning the leather by his own processes. He painted his own houses, and, in fact, there was no kind of mechanical work about the farm that he could not attend to with his own hands.

His wife, Jeannette, was mild in nature, and yet firm in her relations with all members of the household. No one ever heard her speak a cross word or give vent to a thoughtless expression. Her life was a rare poem of tenderness. The shaping of her children's lives, she regarded as her sweetest motherly task. For this she toiled and prayed and had faith in God, disciplining her own life in loving severity that she might the better perform the part of a good mother. There was no undertaking too great, no task too worrisome, no effort too difficult for her to

perform when the welfare of her beloved ones was in the balance. The children were early taught to place implicit confidence in their parents, and this will appear a little later on in this history. Her cares were legion! How could she fail to be burdened? The mother of eleven children and all raised to manhood or womanhood, save one, little Pattey, laid to rest amid the clustering vines and wild flowers on the hillside, near the old eastern home. Until her youngest son was a man grown, the shuttles in the Gibson loom were constantly moving. The mother's deft fingers tirelessly, and with rare skill, too, wove cloth for her husband's and her sons' apparel. She was the leading spirit in all the community's life, whilst faithful in her ministries at home.

Such was the strong, gentle spirit of William H. Gibson's mother. This picture in the life of her son is her due, that those who may read these words, whose lives have been moved to nobler aspirations, while listening to his stirring periods, may not fail to give honor to whom honor is due—the brave, true, beautiful mother who bore the great orator; in whose arms and on whose breast nestled his infant head; who caught the first accents of his eloquent tongue; whose lips taught him the way of life, and whose spirit was with him even amidst the shouting multitudes, inspiring his splendid genius to loftier efforts, in which he could exclaim in the impassioned utterance of climacteric period: “My mother! Sweet spirit of my youth! Her gentle spirit lingers with me! Her precepts never forsake me! Her life, nourishing and shielding my life, was, and ever shall be, God's sweetest angel to me from heaven!”

CHAPTER II.

THE GIBSONS SEEK A NEW HOME.

LANDS that had been ceded to the United States by the Indians were, by an act of the General Assembly of Ohio, erected into counties on the twelfth day of February, A. D. 1820, and thrown open to settlement. This was designated as the New Purchase, and the territory thus opened, gave promise of being superior to any other portion of the State already under settlement.

From the glowing reports that came to him, and particularly from his son-in-law, Hugh Welch, John Gibson soon made up his mind to seek a home in the new country. In furtherance of this decision, he attended the land sales at Delaware, August 3, A. D. 1821, and purchased three tracts of land comprising in all 320 acres. Prior to this time he had visited the region about Honey Creek, Seneca County, and staked off his claim. Returning from Delaware to his home in Jefferson County, he was enabled to speedily dispose of his possessions there, which consisted of two farms, and in less than two months after his purchase at Delaware, he had effected a sale of realty to George Marshall, the deed being made out on the eighteenth day of September, 1821, and the consideration being \$2,150.

The material possessions of the Gibson family holding them no longer to the community in which they had lived for perhaps a decade, immediate preparations were insti-

tuted to emigrate to their new abode among the Indians in the wilderness, "way out west," as the region to which they were to remove was dubbed by the people living along the Ohio River.

William H. was only four months and two days old when his father made disposition of his Jefferson County property, but he was a hearty little fellow. It was a big undertaking to remove a family so large and with so many young children to a home so far from civilization; but when the elder Gibson intended doing anything, trifles of discomfort were not permitted to interfere with his plans. The winter was coming fast apace, the roads would soon be impassable and to delay much longer would put him a year back in accomplishing the work before him. A cabin was to be built, a clearing made, and the logic of the situation was to go, and logic decided all mooted questions that might incidentally arise in the business affairs of sensible John Gibson.

It was not, however, until the latter part of September, or the first of October that the Gibson caravan got under way to its destination.

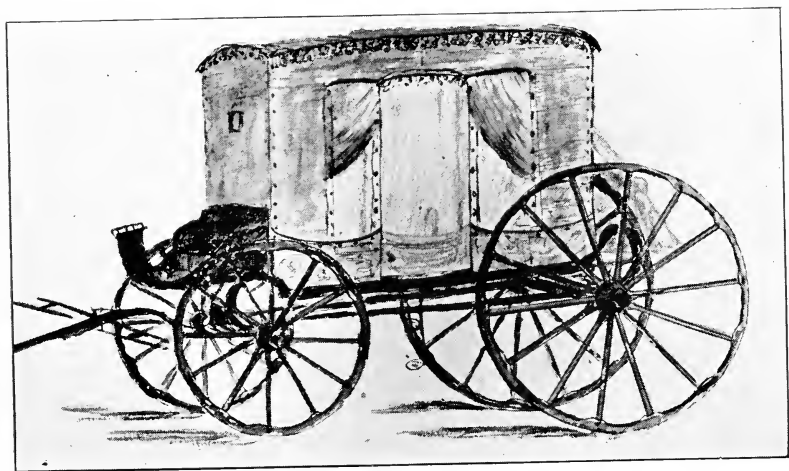
This was an important movement, and John Gibson, with his characteristic carefulness, looked after every detail. In addition to the father and mother, there were nine children: Sallie was nineteen; Polly, eighteen; Betty, sixteen; Eliza, eleven; Robert McDowell, nine; Moses M., seven; John K., five; Ben M., three; and the last, but not of less importance, Baby William H. This comprised the Gibson family, and a quiverful but none to spare. This was not all. The Gibsons were moving into a new region where domestic animals were scarce, and

hence milch cows, oxen, and all implements needed in the cultivation of the soil, and a high-boxed caravel-shaped vehicle, stocked with household goods, tool boxes, and all that, made up the train. John Gibson was moving to stay, and with the money in his pocket received from the sale of his land, was in quite affluent circumstances for that day.

The carryall which afforded transportation for the mother and younger children, was the product of John Gibson's own handicraft. It was stoutly built and capable of enduring hard usage, the wheels being quite as stout as a modern lumber wagon. The top part, constructed of wood, was painted a deep orange, the other parts enlivened by a rich cardinal red. John Gibson became, in the course of time an esquire, and quite expert in tying matrimonial knots, often loaning his booted carryall to the young people for their honeymoon jaunts, a favor highly appreciated in those pioneer days.

A journey of one hundred and fifty miles was a long distance to be compassed at the sluggish gait of an opinionated ox-team, which might or might not be responsive to the persuasiveness of the old-time gad. On this journey, hills were climbed, rivers crossed in ferries and forded, good care being given to the domestic animals. The distance covered now by a flying express train in a little more than five hours, required then, under the conditions, nearly a month.

Without disastrous accidents or serious sickness *en route*, the family reached its destination, crossing the Tuscarawas River near New Philadelphia. Piloting their way through woodland and swampy districts that have long since yielded to the admirable drainage systems of the



CARRYALL BUILT BY JOHN GIBSON — 1818.

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State, though tired and worn out from their long journey, the Gibsons at last arrived at the site of their new home.

The wonderful alchemy of nature had been transforming the dense woodlands into one vast billowy picture of loveliness. The sturdy oaks were arrayed in their richest garments of a deep and suggestive crimson; the beautiful maple, in tawny and bright yellows and scarlets, appeared in a faultless robe becoming the queenly bride of the forest; the lowly sumac, with blood-red brilliance showing from every vein, charmed the eye; the obese buckeye, the oily-fruited walnut, the rich-nutted hickory, the full-podded hazel, the pretty white thorn, the graceful twining vines and aromatic shrubs,—all with faintly coloring foliage, added beauty to the fascinating scene, and everywhere to the vanishing point of vision the wilderness was gorgeous to the eye. The time was only a little way off when the north wind would chant his requiem over the fallen leaves.

Into the depths of such a forest had John Gibson brought his promising family and there he quickly constructed for them a plain cabin home. Every white man in the region about Honey Creek was present to help “raise the cabin.” Trees were felled, timbers hoisted to position, the roofing placed, the chimney constructed with hickory withes, and “chinkin’ and daubin’,” and now the family were at home to the few settlers, the Senecas, the Mohawks, and the Wyandottes, American neighbors—the red men of the forest.

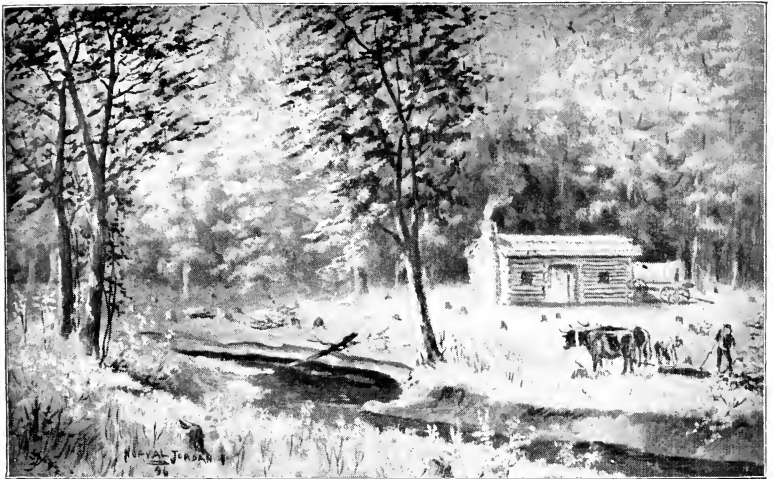
Here the future orator received his first impressions of life. The surroundings were unique, untouched of art and pregnant with inspiration to a developing mind, such as

William H. Gibson, as a boy, possessed. Here were the stately monarchs of the unplundered woods—how could his infant mind escape a sense of their imperial magnificence? Everywhere the wild flowers grew in profusion. To his very cabin door they peeped out from the wild grasses inviting his baby hands to pluck them. When a little older grown, grotesque and sombre shadows flitted across his pathway, the silhouette of waving branches in spectral figures. The weird refrains of sighing winds, the shriek of the night bird, the menacing cry of wild beasts, piercing the solitudes of the primeval wilderness must have left deep impressions. The familiar figure of the savage at his father's door, with his gruntings and his coarse, greasy visage, and possible good qualities, could not but leave a fadeless image on his mind. The plumaged songsters piping their matins to the red man's child, sang sweet songs to him, the first white babe in Seneca County. What a wonderful home for free, grand impressions! Here he lived from the lisping of the cradle to the age when love's fancies illumine the heart of youth, and from youth's bright summer day to the yearnings of a thoughtful manhood. Amidst such environments of a rugged frontier life—bewildering in beauty, grand in sublimity, marvelous in freedom—is where Gibson's soul first felt the movings of his ministry of eloquence. Here his mind was tutored with nature's lessons which gave him scope to an imagery that can never be described and must remain as difficult to picture as an inspiration clinging to one's life from "the touch of a vanished hand."

Along in the '90's, when speaking of his arrival in



THE GIBSON CARAVAN CROSSING THE TUSCARAWAS AT
NEW PHILADELPHIA—1821.



LOG CABIN BUILT BY JOHN GIBSON ON BUCKEYE RUN.

Seneca County, Gibson, in a speech delivered at a pioneer picnic, remarked: "Now, maybe I may not be counted among the pioneers. I got here as soon as they would let me. It was not my fault that I did not come sooner; but I have remained ever since I came, and I guess I shall stay until Mother Nature claims my bones."

On the fiftieth anniversary of his being brought to Seneca County, Gibson delivered a memorable address referring to this period, an excerpt of which is here given, and which will be found to abound in touches of humor along with its capital good sense. It was delivered before the Seneca County Agricultural Society in the autumn of 1871. General Gibson said:

As we contemplate the early history and the rapid development of our country, our first thoughts should ascend to Him who led our fathers to these fertile realms and who surrounds us with so many manifestations of his continued favor. Basing its title on Revolutionary success, and winning possession by the argument of battle, the National Government opened northwestern Ohio for settlement, selling its first lands in August, 1821, at Delaware, Ohio. The Seneca Indians and a remnant of the Mohawks settled on a reservation, embracing forty-one thousand acres, and a half-score of adventurous whites were here in 1820; but Seneca County had no place in the census of that decade. Regions now so attractive with farms and homes and towns, reposed in the shadow of unbroken solitude; the deep tangled woods offered lurking places for untamed beasts and treacherous savages. What a grand transformation fifty years have wrought! And how pregnant these years have been with startling events in the history of civilization!

Sweeping westward like an army, American pioneers have built cities and founded commonwealths on remote

plains, and all along the shores of the western ocean. Instead of throwing its protection around nine million six hundred and thirty-eight thousand of her people, the Republic now shields forty-one million freemen with the panoply of her benign authority, summoning thirty-seven States and nine Territories, instead of twenty-two States and two Territories, to the work of federal legislation. The hardships and privations of the early comers to this county, though almost forgotten, must excite our sympathy, and their patient heroism, surpassing warrior courage, commands our admiration. It is difficult to realize the great changes wrought in the material conditions, the social habits, the modes of living and in domestic comforts, since our fathers brought the arts of industry to these borders. Though poor and dwelling in log cabins, they were rich and happy in the practice and contemplation of integrity and the noble virtues of true living. They indulged in social intercourse. Society was not then degraded to a mere exhibition of personal adornments and formal civilities; but its greetings were sincere, not cold and mercenary. They visited. We call!

The entire afternoon and evening was spent around blazing winter fires, and the children around the hearthstone listened eagerly to the genial conversation between matrons, maids, and woodsmen. The visit culminated in a supper of wild game, hot biscuit, pumpkin pie, and preserved wild fruits. Such visits are now novelties, and our social gatherings are called parties, to which mothers hasten, leaving children and fretting babies at home, and maids and men gather at the fashionable hour of 10:00 P.M. for a mere dress parade. After an hour spent on exhibition, refreshments come at a "present arms," and an hour is devoted to dainties which engender effeminacy. Then at 2:00 A.M. the languid throng reach home to toss on restless pillows and rise next morning stupefied with the previous night's excesses.



MRS. SALLIE GIBSON PATTERSON
(Gibson's oldest sister).



The sexes confided in each other and marriage was honorable,—children obeyed their parents and respected them; and whilst none denounced Christian marriage a tyranny, to be dissolved at will, divorces were seldom sought. Our mothers and elder sisters chanted their songs and hymns amid the prattle of children, the thump of the looms, the clatter of the shuttle, and the hum of the spinning wheels. The good old days of cabin-raisin's, loggin's, huskin's, flax-pullin's, and apple-parin's, with the simple hospitalities of pioneer settlements have passed into history—everything now is done by machinery. It is essential to our worship! Stirring hymns of sincere praise once filled the pioneer church or resounded sublimely around the old campground, inspiring the logic of McIntyre, embellishing the winning oratory of Ragen, and making resistless the eloquence of Bigelow. But now our devotions are breathed through organ keys and chosen performers, conspicuous in gorgeous temples elaborate with decorations of art, who execute hymns and anthems according to exact science, whilst rising from cushioned seats, the auditors stand and with bated breath,—still stand until the “note-book” closes.

Instead of charts and library half-full of dime novels, and softly-carpeted halls, the early Sabbath schools assembled in log school-houses with no library, save the New Testament and an occasional tract from the saddlebags of the itinerant. Then, people walked, rode on horseback, or in staunch wagons drawn by oxen or cheap horses, and often the anxious beau escorted his lady-love on a pleasure ride, perched behind him on his prancing steed. Those were good old times.

Now, we have four thousand pleasure carriages in this county, worth five hundred thousand dollars, of which Thompson township claims a tenth, and plated housings worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for thousands of horses that would have graced the stables of

Saladin. These afford the motive power that whirls us along the smooth highways in a style more sumptuous than an Oriental prince housed in Sedan chairs and borne on the shoulders of menial subjects.

Those of us who have passed two score and five years, were educated in log school-houses with puncheon floors and backless seats, with fireplaces capacious enough to receive "back-logs" and "fore-sticks" twelve feet long.

Thousands of those who listen to me to-day, never saw one of those early seats of learning, and few know what a back-log, or a fore-stick is. Now, one hundred and fifty-two brick and frame buildings, costing one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars, on hill-tops and at cross-roads, tender free and advanced education to our 11,690 youth, receiving instruction from 136 male and 178 female teachers, who receive \$38,000 for their services annually. We annually expend \$65,000 in support of our free schools in this county or an average of \$12 for each pupil, and offer the free use of 3,300 volumes to our youth.

The old singing-master has yielded to the professor of music, and none sing unless they are "stars." The drum, fife, and fiddle were the musical instruments of our fathers, the one lending spirit to the dance, and the others enkindling that martial spirit which has so frequently saved the Republic by deeds of heroism on six hundred bloody fields. Now, music from 220 pianos, costing \$150,000, lend attraction to home, and accomplished performers on brazen instruments enliven our multitudes whilst stringed instruments, touched exquisitely by artists, inspire and direct the merry dance. Those who prepared for us this goodly heritage dwelt in log cabins, and their kitchen, dining-room and bed-room were *E pluribus unum*; they had no moth-eaten carpets, no stoves to be cracked by careless usage, little furniture to be scratched by heedless children, and no pantries or cupboards to be locked against Bridget and her beau. To-day, along every highway, beautiful farm-

houses, surrounded with orchards, shrubbery, exquisite parterres of flowers, and evidences of cultivated taste greet the eye. In them are spacious apartments, filled with all that can minister to comfort, and render home and family what they should be—the most beautiful and sacred retreat of earth.

Within the memory of many of us our highways were mere bridle-paths, and to guide our ox-teams among the stumps and trees, and to drive them through the fathomless mud, tested the Christian patience of the most considerate, and often called forth expressions more emphatic than polite.

Buggies, we had none. If we got to mill without breaking an axle or tongue, we were exceedingly fortunate. The usual method of milling was to balance three bushels of grain on the back of a horse, and mount a boy as a supercargo. Boys learned farming and were anxious to learn trades, whilst noble young women were willing to marry laboring men. Now, it seems to be the anxiety of our boys to abandon the farm and the workshop and find something easy, and honorable; and our daughters, in town and country, appear to be anxious to become the wives of “nice” fellows, who have smooth, white hands, and a “holy horror” of toil. Young men are rushing to the professions, commerce and speculation, and already our lands are neglected from the want of tillers. The agricultural population of our county has decreased within the past ten years. This tendency should cause alarm and receive the attention of all concerned. It is surprising! It is unfortunate!

When open for settlement, pioneers invaded our country by a score of dimly marked and winding paths,—building their cabins and campfires along the streams, until in 1830 our population reached 5,148, while resounding axes and blazing clearings gave token of vigorous battle waged against grim forests, rooted deep in earth and towering

to the clouds. One log church and fifteen school-houses embraced all our temples for moral and intellectual culture. And not ten dwellings, outside of villages, were framed or brick.

In 1840 we had increased to 13,128, and the battle waged against the wilderness, so heroically begun eighteen years before, was pressed with increasing vigor. Opened farms and homes of comfort gemmed the county, and the Pennsylvanians in Thompson township, had indicated the fertility of the barrens; while the big spring, long shunned as a swail, now swarmed with frugal Germans, who found freedom and country homes within our county borders. In 1850, we counted 27,104, and beautiful homes on well-cultivated farms along a hundred highways, testified to the thrift and opulence of our people.

In 1860 we numbered 30,868, and a glorious transformation had been wrought in the farm improvements and in all that gives comfort and elegance to home.

The drudgery of farm labor has been mitigated and rendered agreeable by improved implements and machinery. In earlier days, corn was cultivated with the hoe on fields bridged by interlacing roots. Now the roots are gone and perfected instruments supplant the hoe. Grain once sown from bags on aching shoulders, is scattered now by horse-power, with well-adjusted drills. Equipped with sickle or cradle, the muscles were once taxed to cut the ripened grain. Now, riding on cushioned seats, farmers urge spirited teams through fields of waving grain and it falls without a fatiguing blow. Bending over provokingly dull scythes is something of the far past, and matched horses before whistling drivers, do our mowing. In place of using hand-rakes and forks, grass is now gathered by horse-rakes from the Tiffin Agricultural Works.

The clatter of flails and tramp of horses are hushed by the rattling thresher, that separates our seeds and grain more rapidly than seventy men could accomplish it forty years ago.

With a clumsy mold-board implement, drawn by stubborn oxen, we formerly scratched among stumps, constantly tempted to profanity, and went home to doctor shins skinned by spiteful roots. To-day merry plow-boys whistle along furrows long drawn by patient horses, before Loomis and Nyman's best.

As we look upon the tidy inhabitants and the broad, smooth fields in the county and consider the independence and comfort of the intelligent farmer, we must be astonished that so many quit the field for the vexations of the professions and mercantile pursuits, where failure is the rule, and success the exception. Our 3,043 farms require more laborers and should be increased in number.

Ninety out of every hundred merchants and traders become bankrupt, and not one in ten in any profession, except teaching, ever acquire either fortune or eminence! In town and in the country, idle, aimless, and nerveless young men are wasting precious years, instead of going to work to sustain a manly part in the grand movements of the age.

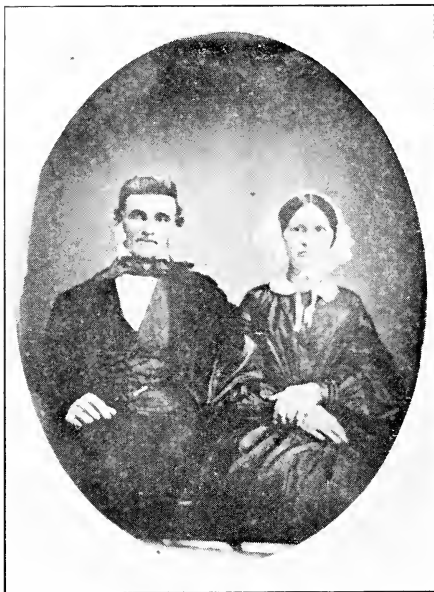
The idle youth is not to be respected. I care not what may be his or her education, or family connection. Let society ordain that those only are of God's true nobility, who toil in field, workshop, kitchen, or in any legitimate business. As a rule, considerable wealth to a child is a calamity. Not one in twenty retains it, or uses it in the interest of society. It rarely descends to the third or even to the second generation. The men of prominence and wealth in this country, have achieved position and property by individual industry and frugality. None should despond because they are poor. The grand possibilities of life are open to all, and they who toil shall win! Not that all can, or should be statesmen, soldiers, poets, or authors; but that all may and should be men, and women, honoring the Creator and enriching the earth by the beauty and devotion of their lives. The policies of wealth shall

come in a few brief years to new possessors, rising from among the upright, intelligent boys, who have felt the pinchings of poverty; and the genial spirit that shall bring new order to the kitchen, and increased accomplishments to the drawing-room, shall be from among the little girls who now trip to school, rudely clad, and do the housework when at home.

Life is full of its compensations. It appears as an order of Providence that each one in life shall experience the humiliations of the manger and struggle to the porch of the temple.



Mrs. ELIZA DUNCAN (sister who made "Bill's" jeans.)



54 JUDGE AND MRS. HUGH WELCH (Polly Gibson).

CHAPTER III.

EARLY INCIDENTS IN GIBSON'S LIFE.

"WILLIAM HARVEY," a substantial baptismal name, would be good for a grown-up man, but was in those primitive days regarded a little "stuck up" and entirely too ponderous for a lad. He was baptized by the Rev. James B. Findley. At that service with him ten Indian children received the administration of the sacrament, the historical "Black Jonathan" acting as interpreter. In speaking of that event in after years, he remarked: "Recalling that scene, I am touched by emotions of mingled delight and sadness. Will I meet those Indian children on Canaan's happy shore?" In the same connection he spoke of having heard Chief "Grey-Eyes'" sermons, and, also, the strange, weird oratory of Mononque.

Without much violence to the rules governing the apheresis or apocopation of words, William Harvey was shortened into plain "Bill." The name, "Bill," reflected no gilding of courtly elegance, it is true, but the Gibsons were not looking for anything of that kind. To them and their neighbors there was nothing coarse or garish about the familiar nickname as applied to the clever, blue-eyed boy, a favorite, wherever he might be. "Bill" fitted snugly his open-hearted, free-and-easy, off-hand manner. Everybody called him "Bill" except his mother. His father addressed him as "William" only when he was in a stern mood—otherwise it was "Bill." The General accounted

for this sobriquet, when asked why he was not called "William," by facetiously remarking, "It was only for short."

There was something of value in that name throughout his life, as applied to General Gibson. There was nothing in the familiar appellation denoting a stilted character. It was no uncommon occurrence in the days of Gibson's public career, when on the street, to see him talking to a friend, and during the conversation to hear him speak to farmers with calloused hands and toiling men, almost invariably addressing them by their given names, but never in a patronizing tone of voice, so offensive to men of sense. His greeting was straightforward and manly:

"How are you, Andy?"

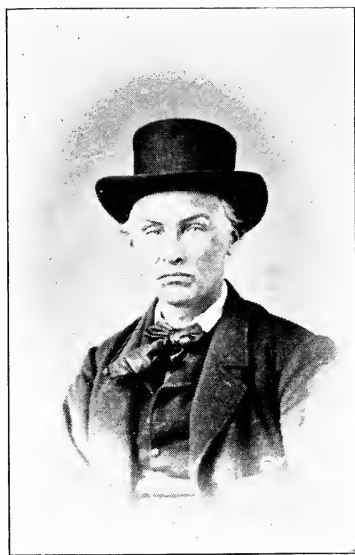
"Purty well, Bill."

That was the style with his neighbors and friends. This absence of formality, coming from men who had grown up from childhood with him, proved always very pleasing to the General. The elements that caused Gibson to be popular later on in life were innate, and made him the leading favorite among the boys when he frolicked with his brothers "Ben" and "Jim" in yoking calves in the wooded pasture, and none the less with the lads at school when he played "mush-pot" ball, on the coon hunt, or in fox-chasing,—the sports of his boyhood days.

Yet in his boyhood, and throughout the years of his manhood, a gentle dignity characterized "Bill" Gibson. It was not of a sort that held friends, or the masses at arm's length. He was never unapproachable. The secret of this lay within his own life. He came from the masses, and at no time or on no occasion, no matter how great the function, no barred doors were permitted between him and his



CAPT. BEN GIBSON.



CAPTAIN JAMES ALLEN GIBSON ("Bill's" Playmate).

friends. He sprang from the masses; he was proud of the fact, and would rather have it that way than to have had a hundred generations of earls as his progenitors.

In speaking of his childhood days, the General often told, and with some humor, that the first incident which had fixed a lasting impression on his mind occurred when he was about four years old. His father and older brothers were in the off-work pastime of breaking colts. Perched on the top of an old-style stake-and-rider fence, he watched with eager and thrilling interest the process of bringing the rearing and plunging animals to submission.

The traditions of the family afford another incident happening about the same time. "Bill" had passed his fourth year, and at that early age evinced his belief that babies of the household have some inalienable rights which ought not to be interfered with. He was sitting on the cabin floor one summer afternoon, when a couple of pioneer dames made their appearance. His mother, courteously laying aside her work of reeling tow, said to him: "William, you had better put away your playthings while the ladies are here."

Very abruptly came an immediate and positive reply: "I won't do it!" and he went on with his amusement. It is fair to believe that young "Bill" had no intention of being discourteous or disobedient. He was simply not posted as to that particular branch of etiquette, and could see no evident reason why he should postpone his play. It was clearly an invasion of his rights. But toning impressions, it is fair to suspect, were administered to the little bundle of independence after the ladies had bid their adieus.

The first school taught in Eden township was opened in

the summer of 1826, in the second room of James Latham's log cabin, on Buckeye Run, one mile distant from the Gibson farm, by Mrs. Laura Latham, to which only the younger children of the neighborhood were admitted. This good lady had in view, primarily, the benefits that might come to her own little ones. Determining to give them the advantage of regular instruction, and believing that her children would make better progress and be more interested in their studies were there a few others with them, she gave out invitations to her school. "Ben" and "Bill" Gibson were among her first pupils.

The children of the hardy pioneers were accustomed to seeing Indians, who were constantly prowling around the settlements. Still there was a lurking fear of meeting them when away from home. This, the red man came to know and frequently enjoyed a savage sport in frightening the little pale faces. For this reason many parents were reluctant to send their children through the dense woods to school, so that the advantages opened to them were not fully enjoyed.

An amusing incident is related concerning two of the Gibson boys and the Indians, by a niece of General Gibson, Mrs. E. H. Reynolds, of Chicago. She writes:

At that time the Indian mill near Upper Sandusky, built for the Wyandottes by the Government, was the only mill in the country, and the settlers for many miles surrounding were obliged to go there to have their corn and wheat ground. In the course of time it became necessary for grandmother, (Mrs. John Gibson,) to have her meal barrel replenished, and grandfather put a bag of shelled corn on a horse and set "Dooley" on top of the bag



MRS. LAURA LATHAM (Gibson's First School Teacher).

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TILDEN FOUNDATION

and Ben behind him on the horse. Then he started them off to mill with the strict instruction not to get frightened at the Indians, to stay until the corn was ground, and then come straight home with the grist. The boys started and got along finely until they were within sight of the mill, when suddenly out from behind a big tree, two monstrous Indians sprang, and brandishing their tomahawks, with a whoop made for the boys. The horse, as well as the boys, became fearfully frightened, and quickly wheeling, the bag of corn fell off but the boys held fast, and there was no let-up on "Old Barney's" gait until they reached home, where they related how near they came to losing their lives. The Indians were friendly, and were only having what they termed sport. It was a hopeless task for any one to persuade those lads, who had heard that savage whoop reverberating through the forest, and had seen those gleaming tomahawks, that anything except "Old Barney's" superior sprinting qualities saved their scalps. The Indians in relating the incident, in their guttural chuckling, said: "Heap fun! Scare pale face young uns!"

No provision had been made for the instruction of the older children and youth living in the region of Honey Creek, which was being rapidly settled by removals from eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, until the autumn of 1826. At that time, James Latham, a man with some education, proposed to his neighbors that if they would furnish him a "hand" to keep up the work of clearing his little farm, he would teach a school during the winter, on the further condition, that a cabin would be raised for school purposes. The proposition met the approval of all the heads of families, and without formal preliminaries, a

site was selected and a log school-house raised, known afterward as Craw's Hill school.

The appointments of this primitive place of instruction were severely simple. "Split-oak slabs supplied the approved backless benches"—backs to the benches were regarded as injurious to the growing youth and made them lazy. The benches were all of one height. The larger boys and girls rested their cowhide boots (with seams on the outside) on puncheon floors; smaller ones dangled their legs midway, as tiresome a job as that of the tramp, who, to earn a breakfast, was required to stand on one pedal extremity and kick at the empty air with the other, while he bitterly muttered: "It 's tarnal hard, mum, to kick ag'in just nothin'."

A broader, well-adzed slab along the wall, facing the low, horizontal, greased-paper windows, furnished ample accommodations for writing-lesson purposes. A mammoth fireplace, with two sets of andirons and a capacity to receive back-logs and fore-sticks nine feet long, served to comfortably heat the room. The floor was puncheon. Its generous cracks, from the shrinking of the green timber, afforded a safe retreat for the green and black lizards which were privileged to steal out from their hiding-places and scamper up the walls of the rude structure, greatly to the diversion of the children, whose bright eyes never failed to catch a glimpse of the fleet little saurian enjoying its daily constitutional.

The material equipment of the Craw's Hill school, when Gibson began to receive his intellectual training, was in harmony with the order of work observed by the pioneer pedagogue. For instance, when the master desired the ex-

ercises of the school to begin for the day, he appeared in the doorway and drawled out in the tones of a court bailiff: "Books! books! books!" and regardless of the order or grace of getting there, the pupils rushed pell-mell into the school-house and to their respective places, climbing over the slab benches, each scrambling to his position for study, all coming to rest with faces fronting the wall, and with their backs to the teacher. In the roll-call, the pupils answered to the names of their parents. For example, the name of John Gibson was called. The oldest child from the Gibson home arose and answered, "Five,"—that number of Gibson children being present that day.

Teaching was not followed as a vocation those days, and the makeshift teacher found it no less an art in turning his pupils back in their books than to help them forward in their studies. Pendulum like, "Bill" and others moved backward, then forward in their assignments, always gaining something from each term of school until his seventeenth year, when he began to learn the carpenter and joiner trade with his father, who, as we have seen, was a skilled mechanic. In his eighteenth year he recited grammar to a Doctor Bates, in Melmore, the village near by. His nineteenth year was taken up in work at his apprenticeship, in special reading, and in a trip West.

It might not be amiss to mention that among Gibson's fellows at the Craw's Hill school, we find the names of Anson Burlingame, diplomatist; Consul Butterfield, a distinguished author and historian; Senator O. D. Conger, and in an adjoining district former Secretary of the Treasury and Governor of Ohio, Charles Foster. Emily Butterfield, the wife of Pere Hyacinth, the celebrated reformed

Catholic prelate, of Paris, was also a schoolmate. (Miss Butterfield and Pere Hyacinth were introduced by Henry Ward Beecher and he was their matchmaker.)

A modern school teacher would hardly know how to get along with the few accessories furnished in those pioneer times. In the Craw's Hill school, and it was typical of all pioneer schools, few books were thought to be necessary and few were used. The reading book was the New Testament. As well as he could, the master, generally a man of some learning, transferred what elementary knowledge he possessed to his scholars, who came to him clad in homespun and with quite impressible minds. This school was regarded as the very center of attraction in the community's life. The older and the younger children fared alike in much that was taught. They were given oral lessons in geography, drilled in numbers, lectured on duty, treated to off-hand disquisitions on primal truths, with now and then a relish of bits of science and stories in history, ancient and modern. The little ones, according to their several aptitudes, picked up a general fund of information that found a place in memory when the sere and yellow leaf period had crept in upon them. By and by, "The American Speller" was introduced. Then came "The English Reader" and a little further on "Pike's Arithmetic." The study of grammar was regarded as time thrown away and those who insisted upon taking up this branch of polite learning were invited to go elsewhere for their instruction.

The teacher in Gibson's school days boarded round among the scholars. That system has gone out of vogue, but still in back districts the custom is somewhat in prac-

tice. It is difficult to estimate how much this country owes of gratitude to the country school teacher. Many in the pioneer days found their greatest reward in that which the children they taught made of themselves. It was Artemus Ward, in dilating upon the district school teacher, who relieved his brain of this bit of profundity: "If there is any one on this 'arth that I have profound respect for, that 'ere person is the deestric school teacher, be he male or female. He lives about as lonesome a life as an old bachelor, and about as anxious a one as an old maid. An' when he dies, Lor' help us, he is kep' in mind 'bout as long as a cross-road guide-board is remembered by a tramp pack-peddler. I'd ruther burn a coal-pit, or keep flies out of a butcher shop in August as to meddle with this deestric school bizness."

In a speech delivered in 1891, Gibson referred to his early disadvantages in these words:

How things have changed within my memory! Talk about going to school! I walked two and a half miles to school with the late Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, who later on became noted in history. That was the first school-house erected in Seneca County. And soon we built a church and the logs were hewed; and they said the people were getting proud. We used to meet in log school-houses, but they are gone; then in log churches, and they are gone; then we built a frame, and that is gone; and now we have a brick church, and it has domes and minarets, and is stuck full of points.

When I was a boy, in my old school district, and it was one of the best of the kind, a Mr. Marcus, from Pennsylvania, wanted to have a class in geography. We got Morris's old geography, and were making good progress

in our common school. "It is too high a study," some of the people said; "you shall not teach geography in our common school. It will never do. If you want to have your young ones study geography, you must send them to Milan or Norwalk to an academy for that high stuffing." The dispute culminated in a congress of the parents of the neighborhood. My father and his brother-in-law were for retaining it; but it was voted out of the school and that is the reason I never understood geography. ' That is true.

Teachers boarded round, and we fed them on pumpkin pie and sausage. There is a man in one of our banks, cashier, who taught for a dollar a week and grub; we are now hunting for men and women to take his mantle.

CHAPTER IV.

GIBSON AS A LEADER AMONG THE BOYS.

BY NATURE "Bill" Gibson was a leader. Without any particular effort on his part he was put to the front and kept there. Genial and common, he became a favorite among his associates and the older people. Matters of controversy among his comrades came to him as the older folks referred their differences to the 'squire. His decisions, doubtless, were not always technically legal, but they were satisfactory to the pioneer boys who had an acute sense of justice. In the exercise of this function as umpire, when appealed to, it is said that "he rarely ordered the boys to fight it out, unless he was of the opinion that both parties to the controversy ought to be licked, then he would do so."

One of his schoolmates in speaking of "Bill's" leadership states that he always insisted that fair play should govern the bout, and "then proceeded to make both the boys acknowledge, that fisticuffing was a miserable piece of business anyway." The boys confided in him and he was called "the peace-maker."

"Bill" enjoyed a good-natured controversy. He abhorred strife. He loved harmony and made any honorable sacrifice to secure it. When two or more boys were inclined to "pick" at another, he would suggest, "Boys, don't let 's do that any more." This kindly intervention in behalf of

the unfortunate never failed to strengthen his leadership. In declamation, debate, drawing up papers, and in devising ways and means for amusement in the country school, "Bill" was in the van. It is doubtful whether he ever discovered the special regard his associates accorded him, for he considered himself as one of the boys, and with no special prerogatives that were not accorded to any other boy in the school.

One of the most prominent characteristics of "Bill's" boyhood was his unselfish spirit. From childhood he contemned the spirit of "getting even,"—rather would he suffer an injury and trust to future events, than to attempt to retaliate. A little incident happening in the Craw's Hill school illustrates the spirit which animated him then and ever after in life.

One winter's day at the noon hour he discovered his dinner-pail empty. Now if there is any experiment risky, it is to trifle with a school-boy's dinner-pail. You may play all sorts of tricks upon him, pummel him soundly under certain circumstances, but when you tamper with his dinner-luncheon, you cross the fighting-line. He is religiously opposed to any man or beast, angel or demon meddling with his dinner-pail, not particularly because of reverence for the Mosaic code, or any other system of ethics. The physical laws governing such institutions as a country boy's stomach are extremely radical, and will brook no interference. "Bill's" pail generally contained several slices of sweet salt-risin' bread, well buttered; two hard-boiled eggs; from a quarter to a half of mother's mince or pumpkin pie, and sufficient crullers to fill up any vacant spots that might be discovered void.

It was a severe test to his temper that day when he found everything gone. The other boys learned that some one had rifled "Bill's" dinner-pail, and when suspicion was fixed on a small boy there came near being a riot. One fellow asserted boldly that the fellow who did it ought to be thumped. "Bill's" sympathies got the better of his stomach and he stood up heroically for the suspect, saying, "Now you fellows don't know whether he took it or not. Maybe he didn't take it; you didn't see him, neither did I. How do you know he took it?"

He asserted that the only way to prove it was to have a trial. To this all the boys agreed, and that afternoon, after school, a trial of the case was held.

The largest boy in the school was made the 'squire. Another was chosen constable; a third, glib of tongue, was selected to be prosecutor, and when a canvass was being made to find an attorney for the defense, to the surprise of all the boys, "Bill" proposed to do that himself. The trial was carried on with great dignity, even solemnity, and the jury of boys felt that they had an important decision to make. The appeals closed, the jury retired, and shortly returning, brought this verdict:

"Not guilty of stealing 'Bill' Gibson's dinner, because 'Bill' made the best speech."

This little incident was characteristic of the boy and the man. "Bill" Gibson could sink his own injuries from sight that honor might come to another. He could climb to the mountain-tops of kindness, oblivious of venomous detraction, uttered in the midst of struggles for political ascendancy against him, and there, from sunlit skies, speak words of glowing eulogy over the dust once animated

with bitterness towards him. He magnified the good in men, overlooking the weakness to which the human is heir—sometimes to a fault.

Barring Out the Teacher.

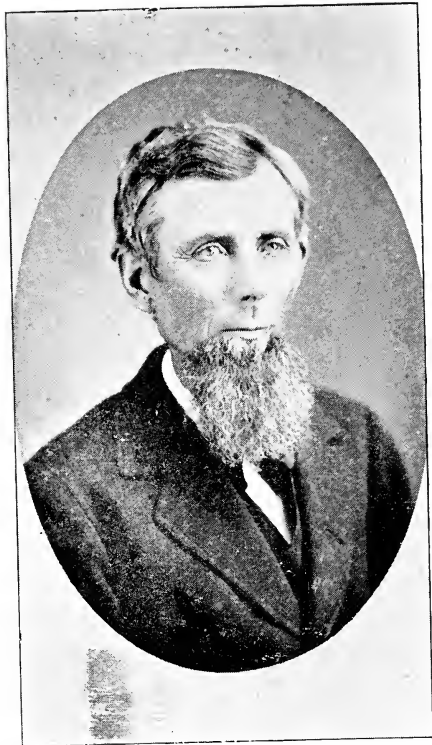
Another pleasing incident in Gibson's school life, in which "Bill" was fairly the hero, occurred one New-Year's Day, A. D. 1836. The holidays were not then observed by the schools as now. Young America was a little in advance of their fathers in sentiment, and the lack of an observance of the Christmas and New-Year's season was regarded as an imposition on their juvenile good nature.

On the last day of the year, a secret meeting was held by the boys of the Crow's Hill school, and it was determined that something ought to happen on New-Year's Day,—something wholly out of the ordinary routine of recitations. "Bill" was chosen chairman of the meeting. Suggestions were invited. A canvass of the boys present disclosed a prevailing opinion that the "master" should not be permitted to teach school, unless he would consent to treat to apples and cider. "Bill" was asked to draw up a paper or agreement for the master to sign, and to hand it to him for his signature. The secret was communicated to the older girls. They were in for the fun and approved with their sweetest smiles the action taken by the boys.

Next morning the boys and girls were off to school and it was not long after daybreak. It happened to be a blustery day, with snow flying in the frosty air. The boys soon secured enough wood to keep the fires going all day, and then the door was stoutly barred against the teacher's entrance.



EDWARD RANGER, (Victim of the Lockout).



SOLOMON D. BRUNDAGE,
(Youngest Lad at the Lockout.)

The master, Edward Ranger, was a little man, but with a temper, which when fully given tether, was large enough for one three times his physical proportions, and not a noticeable pinch of it was out of action when he found the door barred against him. Hurrying around to the side window, he opened fire on the securely entrenched pupils, storming the redoubt with resounding promises of what he would do when he laid hold of the "disrespectful and refractory rascals."

Deferential and by no means saucy, "Bill" appeared at the window and handed the master the paper containing the terms upon which the fort would be surrendered, and without any further comment than the good-natured suggestion: "You had better sign that little document, Mr. Ranger, if you have any notion of teaching school here to-day."

The master became all the more intense in his chagrin, and went off in a furious mood, threatening to "bring every one of the directors to the school-house." As he trudged off through the snow-festooned trees, he heard the shrill, high-pitched soprano voice of "Bill" Gibson shouting after him: "You can't teach school here to-day, Mr. Ranger, if you don't sign that little document!"

"Bill" was about fifteen when this happened, and he appeared to have no fear whatever concerning what the master could or would do. Many of the strikers for apples and cider were frightened, but "Bill" comforted them by saying: "Don't worry boys, he'll be back ag'in and he won't get nary director to come with him, neither."

Sure enough, in about two hours the master returned, and "nary director" came with him. He called "Bill" to

the window and requested the paper, which he signed, and returned. "Bill" looked it over carefully, and remarked: "It is all right, Mr. Ranger! Now, boys, open the door."

The door was unbarred and the master entered to find every pupil in his place, as if nothing had happened. He gracefully assumed charge of the school and evidently was pleased at his treatment. The master soon dispatched two boys to an adjacent farm, William Cornell's, in search of apples, with a written order to let the lads have a bushel and a half, but nothing was said about the cider, plainly a violation of the articles of capitulation.

When the boys returned without a cider jug, "Bill" arose and called the master's attention to the omission and asked if he intended to have it that way. The master promised to have the cider at another time, stating that he had no desire to avoid the fulfillment of the compact. This was satisfactory.

Without any formal ceremony, the boys who brought the apples began to pass them around, asking each one to take as many as he desired, and "if ther ain't 'nough we'll go and get another bag." "Bill" was served last, and, noticing the inferior quality of the fruit, nearly broke the master's heart by exclaiming, "Boys, these here apples are wormy little runts, and not fit for such gentlemen as us to eat, I order you to throw 'em on the floor, and tramp the juice out of 'em; now, let 'em go," and go they did.

The teacher was in for it, and his temper came near getting the better of him, but having determined to let the boys have their day, he did not propose to have another conflict. The gritty urchins had all the fun they wanted without a discouraging word from the master.



MISS ELECTA SMITH, Gibson's Favorite Teacher.



**POLLY CORRY (One of Gibson's Teachers in
the Craw's Hill School).**

Here, as in after life, the masses were with "Bill" Gibson, and he was for the masses. The next day he made a straight out apology to the teacher, who took the whole occurrence as a capital joke. That day's merriment resulted in a better understanding between teacher and pupils, and both were happier in the work which followed until the end of the term.

In a touching eulogy, written September 29, 1844, while visiting the spot on which the old school-house stood, Gibson gave vent to his feelings in a manner that shows his kindliness of heart to the companionship of his childhood. These are his words, written in a commonplace book:

Where are they? I ask not where are the prophets and holy men of old; nor where are the warriors and patriots of the ages gone by! I simply want to know where are they with whom I was wont to associate when the ambitions of youth burned in my soul, before the burdens and cares of manhood began to thicken about me. Am I natural in this desire? Is it foolish for me to reflect on the sports of boyhood? This, all do. I only want to call up the forms of those who played with me on these hills and sat with me in the old school-house that stood there.

Here I stand on an eminence of manhood. Flattery is pouring her lavish praises into my ears. Friends tell me how proud they are of me. There is little in all that. The world is so fickle. Apparently I enjoy the friendship and esteem of the great and good, and of that I am proud. Providence seems to smile on my undertakings—yet, as here I sit, I am sad. Reflection makes me sad. . . . On the wings of fancy I wander back to that loved period when I sat on the hearthstone of my father's rustic cabin. Chill winter and the hoarse winds beat their wild music about that humble abode. Within all is loveliness and

mirth. God's altar, too, is there. I can almost hear my father's loved voice uttering the pious feelings of his heart as he reads from God's Book, sings hymns of praise, and bows in humble prayer, imploring divine guidance and favor upon his family, particularly the children of his charge. This does not make me sad. I thank God for such a memory!

I now stand on the summit of this sod-covered hill, where once stood a homely log-cabin school-house, into which the sun's rays passed through the well-oiled paper, used instead of glass. Here I learned my A, B, C, and conned my a—b—ab, and B—a—k—e—r—Baker, and here the first associations outside my father's home were formed. Down the sides of this grassy hill I have coasted on the ice sled; here I have followed troops of children through the undestroyed forest, searching the woods for the sweet-scented wild flowers; here, right here, have I reveled in the shouting sports of the school-boy. This spot is sacred with its lovely memories. But the change has come. Look! the old school-house has decayed and fallen. The ox now grazes where once my fellows and I played and shouted! The whole scene is changed! The forest is gone! I feel like the oak that survives the whirlwind—alone amidst the ruin of my former associations. More than one-half of those boys and girls are in their graves. While life lasts, I will never fail to remember the joyous scenes of my childhood or cherish the memory of my friends of youth.

CHAPTER V.

GIBSON DURING THE WASHINGTONIAN AGITATION.

THE campaign of 1840 is a good way back in the old century, and only those who have reached the approach to their four-score anniversary will be able to remember much of those exciting days when Harrison and Van Buren were making a struggle for presidential honors. Gibson was only nineteen, too young to have a vote or an assignment of work. He was at an age when as an interested spectator, with the drift of his nature, many lessons could be learned. He managed to get all the fun there was in reach, and made not a little of it himself. The campaign came on when he was deeply interested in the temperance question. From early childhood he had positive views concerning the use of liquor as a beverage. His father was pronounced against intoxicants and his mother was a radical in that direction, so it is not astonishing that the Gibson boys were brought up as teetotalers. During the early history of Ohio's settlement, the pioneers were accustomed to keep liquor in the house. It was not unusual to see the parson take his glass of toddy, especially before he entered the pulpit or began a funeral discourse. And at all the "bees," "corn-huskin's," "barn-raisin's," harvestings, and other social *fetes*, the liquor jug was considered an indispensable feature, and a man was not in altogether good odor who refused to furnish the

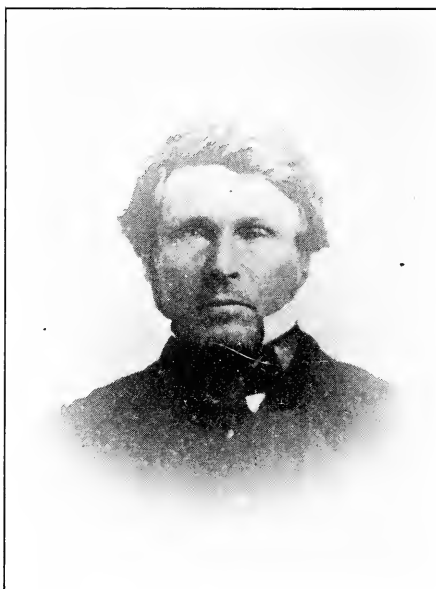
usual jug of stimulants for his hands in the exchange of work.

This came to be a source of trouble to the conscience of the elder Gibson, for he did not consider it to be conducive to other than a pernicious example to children who were forming their habits. When "Bill" was in his twelfth year his father abolished the usage as far as his household was concerned, adopting the custom of paying a shilling extra to each hand in lieu of furnishing liquor. Cradlers received $87\frac{1}{2}$ cents per day, binders $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents. It appears he did not accept the tenets of the Saint Christopher Society, said to be the earliest modern temperance organization, the members of which were solemnly pledged "not to drink more than seven goblets of wine per meal, except when the measures were not sufficient to quench their thirst."

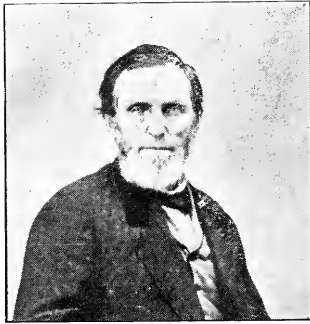
The Gibson boys all grew to manhood set against the use of intoxicants, which was a matter of congratulation to their parents. This attitude caused them, however, to be regarded in the community as somewhat peculiar, but the unflinching determination to let liquor alone had a salutary influence on the parents of other promising children. On one occasion when the Gibson boys were helping a neighbor with his harvesting, a powerful man, and very skillful with the cradle, became unduly piqued at a remark made by one of the Gibsons, that drinking whiskey was a hindrance to the best work in the harvest field.

"That 's only your idea, Mose," replied the man who posed as a champion cradler.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mose, "I believe it can be proved."



MOSES COE GIBSON, (Theologian and Logician. Hero of
"Mose Gibson's Cradlin' Match").



COLONEL ROBERT MCDOWELL GIBSON, M.D.

"You think it can, eh," retorted the cradler, "well, I'll tell you, Mose, that no man in Seneca County can keep up with me a half day, who don't take a 'jag.'"

"I think you are mistaken," said Mose. "A fellow that don't drink whiskey ought to be able to run round a whiskey-drinker in that time and keep ahead of him the balance of the week."

"If you're such a good cradler, mebbe you'd like to try it?" quickly replied Tom Corbet. "I'll drink my whiskey and you need n't take any if you don't want to; but I'd like to see you run round me! It's easy 'nough to talk!"

"That might not prove anything; you may be a better cradler than me," said Mose, "and you're a sight bigger than I am; but I was speaking of two fellers that was just about equal, but I'll try you to-morrow morning if you say so."

"All right, Mose, you make 'rangements with the old man, and I'll show you where you'll be at noon."

"It'll be for all day, Tom?" stipulated Mose.

"Yes, all day, or all week fur that matter," said Tom, with a wink at "Bill" Latham; and the two men smiled.

The contest was arranged to take place the next morning, the start to be made at sunrise, and the finish at six o'clock. One hour was to be taken at noon for dinner, and ten minutes at ten o'clock in the morning, and the same space at three o'clock in the afternoon, for luncheon. A large creek-bottom field of heavy-growth wheat had been selected as the arena of the testing. Each contestant was to be placed equidistant from the other, both ways around the field; both were to start at the same time. It was further agreed that should one of the contestants over-

take the other and demand the right of way, it should be given without parley. Three judges were selected to settle any disputed points; but the contestants, in the main, were to be put upon their own honor in their work.

The proposition first was that Mose simply should try to keep up to his opponent, but because Mose had said, "a good cradler ought to run round a whiskey-drinker," that nettled his challenger and he would not have it that way.

The contestants were in the selected field promptly on time, with their Armstrong and Hossler cradle-scythes, whetted to razor-keenness. The sun had just begun to peep above the horizon's rim when the order to "go" was shouted by Old Man Welch. The wheat was heavy with dew, and this added considerably to their first two hours' work.

Uniformly the golden grain falls in long, straight rows, each cradler's body gracefully oscillating with the sweep of his keen-edged grain-scythe. Firmly, and with precision, the strong-armed men make every stroke count, cutting cleanly the swath agreed upon. The sun climbs steadily toward its zenith, gilding all nature with its bright beams of day. Not a leaf quivers, the atmosphere is close, the heat sweltering, as the reapers continue to drive their ringing blades into the yielding grain. The day bids fair to be oppressively warm. Yet, forward the muscular rivals move their swinging strokes measured as true as the bars of a minuet. Dashing spurts might be indulged in by the novice; not by these skilled cradlers, who knew the value of reserve power and the severe testing they were to pass through before the sun should set.

At the end of every hour the champion for grog in the

harvest-field takes on courage by taking a horn; Mose drinks sparingly of his sparkling spring water, with just a pinch of ginger stirred in the jug. Step by step, onward trudge the sturdy contestants. Mercilessly the unpitied sun beats down upon their heads. Not a zephyr fans the blistering air,—really an ideal day for the testing of physical endurance, even to the most able-bodied men.

Without a distinguishable gain to the advantage of either contestant, the lunch hour is reached. After ten minutes, the work is resumed. Both are refreshed. A few rods are passed and Mose quickens his stroke; this perceived by his opponent, a corresponding speed is given his cradle. That for nearly six hours Mose had held his own, ruffles his rival, and now that he indicates an intention to overtake him, he is vexed, provoked, bothered, mad,—and he flings himself into his work with a nervous dash, and spurts ahead. The pace is headlong; he could not continue that far, gradually he drops back to his usual swing.

Mose keeps right on with his rapid, nervy, sinewy stroke, with the regularity of a chronometer lever. Soon a perceptible advance is made on his rival. Noticing there had been no diminution in Mose's vigor; stung by the mortification of not only being equaled, but by the possibility of being outclassed by Mose Gibson, the challenger lunges forward, filliping his cradle into the unresisting, clustering stalks with an irritating spasm of energy that could not be effectively continued. More frequent calls for grog now come; time is lost and vitality is consumed. With saturnine stolidity, like a man of iron Mose keeps up his terrific pace; not a second wasted, not a breath of energy mis-

directed, as the song of his cradle notes the cutting and laying of the full-headed wheat for the binders. On, and on, he comes, unmindful of the hot sweat exuding from every pore of his body. An hour passes with telling effect, for Mose has cut away nearly one-eighth of the distance between him and his rival at the start. Another hour goes swiftly by, and one-sixth of the remaining distance yields to his advantage, when the welcome notes of the sea-shell dinner-horn are heard across the valley, summoning the harvesters to the noonday meal.

Dropping their work, the hands leisurely move off toward the house. Mose and another young man, Dave Goodman, make a short cut to the "swimmin' hole" in the near-by creek, and after a refreshing plunge, saunter up to the house, where they find the men in a hilarious mood, guying big Tom for letting Gibson's Mose get the better of him in the match. Mose and his companion step over the bench at the table under the trees, and at once set to helping themselves to the steaming food. Cy McClung has no notion of letting the fun stop. He is the wag of the community, and everybody laughs at Cy. So he turns to Mose:

"Find it hot, Mose?"

"Just a leetle warm," replied Mose.

"You fellers hed a swim?"

"Yes."

"Cooled off?"

"Yes."

"Duck Dave, Mose?"

"No."

“Tom kind er warmed y’ up this mornin’; blister yer paws on thet ol’ Hossler, Mose?”

“Hot ’nough ’thout any warmin’.”

“Goin’ t’ keep up thet rambuskin’ canter this af’er-noon?”

“Now, Cy.”

“Ain’t ye a leetle mite ’shamed t’ worry a big feller like Tom thet er way, Mose?”

“Didn’t notice Tom bein’ worried,—guess Tom didn’t hurt hisself workin’ ” said Mose, slightly lifting his eyebrows to the quizzical Cyrus.

“We wuz ’lowin’ jist afore you fellers cum, thet it wuz downright weeked fer you to worry a big feller thet way; didn’t we, Tom?”

“You ’pear to hev a conscience, Cy, tellin’ such stuff!” said Mose.

“Hev, Mose; ’pon honor, I hev; then Tom wuz despartly frettin’ ’bout suthin’; now whut in the dickens d’ y’ s’pose ’t wuz, Mose?”

Mose declared he had not noticed Tom worried, but thought Cy was doing a good deal of “frettin’ ’bout Tom,” who was able to take care of himself, which set all the “hands” guffawing, Tom joining in most heartily.

When the men were returning to the field, Mose found an opportunity casually to have a few chatty steps with his opponent, in which Tom ventured to say that he hadn’t heard that Mose was such a “strappin’ good cradler,” to which Mose responded that he guessed nobody else had, and that there were lots of better men than he, but he liked to cradle.

When Mose and Tom separated, each going to his place,

Cy kept up with Tom, and the irrepressible fellow continued the conversation, by remarking: "Thet Mose Gibson 's a reg'lar ternado, don't ye think so, Tom? Th' way he hipped up th' grain this mornin' 's a caution; beats the old Clooty. Dern'd 'f I ever see anythin' t' beat thet feller tearin' along as 'f th' devil wuz a-tryin' t' get 'im. Lawsy! how he did lam in; jes' like a young dad goin' fer a doctor when th' babee's only got th' kolick! But, b' jeeminy, Tom, 'f y're not a mite keerful, th' young whelp 's goin' t' beat yer out'n yer boots. I seed it in hiz eyes; I seed it in th' way he wuz lammin' in, thet he wuz goin' to do hiz all-fired blazinist to lay yer out!"

"Oh, I dunno," said Tom. "I ain't afeerd of Mose Gibson the best day he ever seed; I wuz a leetle nervous this mornin' and thet 's the reason he kinder kep' up t' me. But I 've never bin beat, and I ain't goin' to to-day."

"Why, Tom, don' ye see y're beat a'ready? Mose iz as fur as thet syc'more stump ahead now, an' 'f yer don' mek up what Mose med ahead, y're a goner, an' ye 'll get lammergasted sure 'nough; I ain't hankerin' t' see ye beat Tom, but 'f yer keeps swiggin' th' jug ez yer did this mornin', prayin' won't save yer. Yer jes' gulp'd thet whiskey down lek a frog goin' inter a pond. Thet 'll spavin yer sure,—sure, Tom!" And, with this parting, Cy strode off, going to his place.

The contestants had been given five minutes to whet their scythes. Clinkity—clink, clickity—clank, clangity—click,—jingled and clanged the vibrating steel. Then came the order to "Cradle!" Each man began leisurely enough, continuing with a steady, strong stroke. It appeared that Mose, having secured the lead, it was his aim

simply to hold his own; apparently he was timing his stroke to that of his opponent. But along about two o'clock this notion was dispelled. With a swift, nervous thrust of his cradle, Mose took up the pace of the morning and had moved forward nearly a rod before his opponent had observed the change in his action.

"Hey, there, Lapham," shouted Cy, "jes' see Mose! He's gittin' 'nother of them spells of hizzen, thet he ketched this mornin'. Gosh, but he's a-makin' thet cradle of hizzen sing! Geemeny Kri-key! 'f I don' b'liev' he's tryin' t' ketch Tom, an' he'll do 't, sure ez Kernell's red ca'f died uv a rag in its throate. Jes' look, now!"

"Y're excited, Cy! Drinkin' too much spring water an' ginger, Cy! Mebbe it's t' other end of th' stick? Better sign Ol' Johnny's pledge, Cy, it'll save ye frum havin' snakes. Think uv snakes, Cy; think uv snakes!" said "Bill" Latham, drawling out his words in a most aggravating manner, as he deftly twisted a stout band around a fat sheaf, tossing it aside with an exasperating chuckle.

"Better swaller yer own medic'n', Mr. 'Bill' Latham," blustered out Cy, tartly.

"Jes' do thet very thing, Cy, when the boy comes this 'er' way," laughed "Bill" Latham, "but I hain't got snakes, an' you hain't neither, Cy, but y're off yer corks 'bout Tom. He's playin' uv Mose, thet's whet he is."

"Hi-yi! Ye'll see!" challenged Cy, as he flung two handfuls of sheaves in the direction of the shock-pile.

"Tom's a cunnin' one, Cy, and he's never bin beat, an' you needn't be so cock-sure on Mose; I'll go a phip-'n-a-bit to a picayune he don't beat Tom to-day," declared Latham as he stood with his big hands on his hips.

The rivals were putting in their best licks. Tom had called for liquor only twice since dinner; but now he calls for his grog, and lifting the jug, tilts it to his lips,—one—two,—three great swallows go gurgling down his throat; then he starts out lively.

Mose keeps up his rapid stroke. His eyes are fixed on his work; not a glance for his rival. The muscles of his stocky arms stand out like whipcords. Stolid determination is written on every feature. Now he has gained a rod. With imperturbable precision he lifts and swings his cradle, then drives the blade—again,—again,—again— not a moment is lost in mental wanderings; he notices not the startled flight of the cheeping katydid; no false stroke must be made; the grain must lay smooth and with workmanlike regularity; each stroke must count something on an advance.

The lunch hour arrives. In ten minutes the men are again swinging their cradles,—steadily at first, then Mose resumes his terrific gait; now forges forward, driving his cradle-hook with a new and effective impetuosity. Five strokes are counted to his rival's four. The contestants are now in talking distance; Tom spurts, but drops back; Mose moves on, and with tireless ardor, rapid stroke, dogged determination, and the tish-tish of a piston, he sends his cradle swishing, sibilant, singing into the wilderness of golden stalks. Another hour, and Mose, with dripping body, reaches a point within half a dozen cradle-cuts of his opponent, who seems to have lost heart and is moving along without any haste.

"Clear the track!" shouts Mose, as he strikes dangerously near his rival's heels; but no reply comes to his demand.

“Get out of the way!” again bellows Mose, “you agreed to that; keep your word!” and without further ado Mose is given a clear track and moves on, taking his opponent’s swath.

Mose had no intention of moderating his vigorous pace and rapidly moves away from his opponent. On, and on, he goes, and at six o’clock has more than completely lapped his rival.

Either Mose was a more skillful cradler than his opponent or the advantage resided in the use or non-use of grog. The boastful cradler never would admit that he could have a superior in the harvest field; and, hence, acknowledgements were made that whisky was a detriment to a harvester.

That was all that Mose wanted. His contest was the most eloquent argument ever made in the Honey Creek bottom district in favor of temperance; and it was used for all its value.

On numerous occasions, in speaking of his earlier days, “Bill” Gibson spoke of the liquor customs of his boyhood: “I have carried whiskey to the men in the field when I was a boy,” he said. “Nobody thought anything of it, very much; although father opposed the custom and turned it down. I remember the time when I passed along with a stick over my shoulders; on one end there was a jug of water and on the other a jug of whiskey. Two men could be drinking at the same time. They don’t do that way now.”

In the latter part of the 30’s, the temperance enterprise had made great progress in this country. During the ensuing decade, intense activity among the total abstinence

advocates was everywhere apparent; this view of the temperance question prevailing, rather than the limited anti-spirit expedient. When the Washingtonian agitation was inaugurated, in 1840, "Bill" was nineteen years old. He and his father and brothers entered energetically into the movement, giving it hearty and substantial support. More than a quarter million signatures were secured that year. That which had been regarded merely as a social law, became a political issue; and out of the Washingtonian commotion sprang the Maine Liquor Law, adopted in 1851, and still maintained in that sturdy New England commonwealth. Similar enactments were a little later adopted in New Hampshire and Vermont. "Bill" was found in the midst of the agitators during the Washingtonian campaign, and many capital stories are related of his peculiar experiences. A team of the Gibson men, two or three, would go to the neighboring school-houses and hold temperance meetings and get signers. It remains for Uzal E. Cory to tell of the only time "Bill" ever failed to secure a hearing, and that was when he was a boy.

"Bill," his father, and brother Ben had arranged for a temperance meeting to be held at Mexico, a cross-roads, about six miles from the Gibson homestead. The meeting was to take place in a log school-house. That section had been little canvassed and was generally opposed to the temperance movement. When the Gibsons entered they found the meeting in progress, and an old German held the floor, wildly berating the temperance agitators, and with vicious vehemence! "My vater drunk viskey all dat time vat he lif, an' peer, py golly, an' I drinks my peer, too, an' I not quits drinking' my peer fer der grazy vanatics!" No

sooner had one man got through than another took the floor, and in a little time the three reformers, not desiring to get into trouble, put on their hats and walked out, thoroughly disgusted. This was certainly the first and the last time the eloquent advocate of temperance was ever refused a hearing.



HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN, COURT STREET,
TIFFIN, 1840.

CHAPTER VI.

GIBSON AND THE HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN.

THE National Whig convention was called to meet at Harrisburg on the 4th of December, 1839. Gen. William H. Harrison, who had been nominated four years prior to this time by the Whig conventions in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and several other States, was chosen the nominee of this national organization for the presidency, and given John Tyler, of Virginia, as his running mate. The campaign began at once and as the days sped apace, the contest became more exciting, and has been referred to as the hottest political campaign this country has ever witnessed.

The Democrats nominated Martin Van Buren, who was then president, and the main efforts of the Whigs were focused in creating confusion among the followers of "Little Van." Just a month previous to this date, in November, the Abolition party, which was a growth from an organization known as the National Anti-Slavery Society, held a convention at Warsaw, New York, and James G. Birney, of Michigan, was nominated by acclamation, for the presidency and Francis L. LeMoyné, for the vice-presidency.

These latter gentlemen declined to be the standard-bearers of a party by that name, and the organization was given a new appellation, a less objectionable title,—the Liberty party. This new party summoned a convention of

those who would act with them, to assemble at Buffalo, New York, and Birney was again nominated and given Thomas Earl, vice LeMoyne, who was dropped.

Young Gibson deeply sympathized with those who had virile fearlessness to project a force by which the chains of slaves might be stricken off; there were other considerations to be given weight; and then it was doubtful if any thing could be accomplished in the manner proposed, by a party making the distinct issue of liberating the slaves paramount to every other objective of a national campaign.

As the campaign progressed, Gibson's enthusiasm was very refreshing. His convictions, although he was little more than a boy, were pronounced on all questions incidentally arising from the platform discussions of the opposing parties. The manly positions he assumed on the morals of politics evoked favorable comment from many of his friends. There were two convictions to be mentioned concerning the Gibsons,—they were set against liquor and they abhorred slavery. These two questions were agitating the country and neither father nor sons evinced any diffidence in making their positions known.

Shortly after the opening of the campaign we find the Gibsons drifting into the Whig camp. What induced them to take this position other than the reasons suggested there remains no means to discover. It is thought that John K., a law student at that time, had much to do with their choice of a political affiliation. Here began "Bill's" training for the political arena, in which he figured for more than half a century. Harrison was a manly man; and "Bill" admired manly men. He was a temperance

man, and that suited "Bill." He had never lost a battle; and "Bill" admired a patriot and a great soldier. Harrison had been maligned,—all manner of mean things had been said about him; Gibson believed that no man of his standing could be so lost to the maintenance of his good name, and he was speedily and enthusiastically an out-and-out champion of the Whig nominee. Still he admired the pluck of men who would rid the country of the slave pest, standing boldly to their convictions, fighting the enemies of their principles in an open field.

This was dubbed the "log cabin and hard cider campaign," a name given to it by the opponents of General Harrison. And this is the story of its origin, as related in a speech by Daniel Webster, delivered at a mass meeting in Saratoga, New York, August 18, 1840, which was reported to the *New York American*, a paper published at that time in the interest of the Whig party:

But it is the cry and effort of the times to stimulate those who are called poor against those who are called rich; and yet, among those who urge this cry and seek to profit by it, there is sometimes betrayed an occasional sneer at whatever savors of humble life. Witness the reproach against a candidate before the people for their highest honors, that a log cabin and plenty of hard cider are good enough for him.

It appears to some persons that a great deal too much use is made of the signal of the log cabin. No man of sense supposes, certainly, that his having lived in a log cabin is any further proof of qualifications for the presidency, than as it creates a presumption that any one, who, from humble conditions, or under unfavorable circumstances, has been able to attain to a considerable degree

of public attention, is possessed of reputable qualities, moral and intellectual.

But it is to be remembered that this matter of the log cabin originated, not with the friends of the Whig candidate, but with his enemies. Soon after his nomination at Harrisburg, a writer of one of the leading administration papers spoke of his "log cabin" and the use of "hard cider," by way of sneer and reproach. As might have been expected, for pretenders are generally false, this taunt at humble life proceeded from the party that claims for itself the purest of democracy. The whole party seemed to enjoy it, or, at least, they countenanced it by silent acquiescence; for I do not know to this day that any eminent individual or leading newspaper attached to the administration, has rebuked the scornful jeering at the supposed humble condition or circumstances in life, past or present, of a worthy man and a war-worn soldier. But it touched a tender point in public feeling. It naturally aroused indignation. What was intended as reproach, was immediately seized on as merit. "Be it so! be it so!" was the instant outburst of the public voice. "Let him be the log-cabin candidate! What you say in scorn we will shout with all our lungs! From this day we have one rally cry, and we shall see whether he who has dwelled in one of the rude abodes of the West, may not become the best house in the country!"

This is "the Great Expounder's explanation of the origin of the log cabin episode. In this connection he gave the origin of the name "Whig," which we cannot refrain from placing before the reader. Continuing from the last paragraph, Webster said:

All this is natural and springs from sources of just feeling. Other things, gentlemen, have had a similar

origin. We all know that the term *Whig* was bestowed in derision, two hundred years ago, on those who were thought to be too fond of liberty; and our national air of "Yankee Doodle" was composed by British officers in ridicule of American troops. Yet, ere long, the last of the British armies laid down its arms at Yorktown, while this same air was playing in the ears of its officers and men. Gentlemen, it is only shallow-minded pretenders, who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunting and scoffing at humble conditions of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them; and they are generally punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

The passage following the paragraph just quoted, spoken in connection with this explanation of the log cabin bestowment, had a wonderful effect on the minds of those who lived in pioneer settlements, proving eminently successful in arousing the hearts of sympathizing Americans, affording the Whigs an admirable campaign document. In speaking of the log cabin, Mr. Webster referred to a chapter of his own history on the subject, and reminded his hearers that he, too, could look with pride on an old log cabin located on the coast near New Hampshire hills, and in the following manner described his veneration for the spot:

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised on the frontiers of New Hampshire, at a period so early, as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, there was no other similar evidence of a white man's

habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I have filial love and duty enough to make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to inspire like sentiments, in teaching them the hardships that have been endured by the generations gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the tender ties, the early affections that mingle themselves with all that I know of this humble, primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of them who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and who defended it from savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues under its roof, and through the fires and blood of a seven years' Revolutionary War, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be forever blotted from the memory of mankind.

The "sneers" against the dwellers in the log cabin proved to be an early day boomerang, for it was soon discovered that the masses of power in the land were either then dwelling in log cabins or were in sympathy with those who came from that humble abode. Log cabins were built in every part of the country, and hard cider was as free as water. Men drank from dippers that hung from the barrel, and frequently the cider was too hard to admit of graceful walking after two or three visits.

Horace Greeley started a paper which he named the *Log Cabin*, and this circulated throughout the country, giving all the news from the party work going on. The log-cabin rallies were spiritedly reported; the speeches of orators were printed in full, and the news of progress made

during the week was carried far and wide. It contained illustrations, too, of scenes witnessed, and everything that could possibly enhance the candidate's chances, was found in the columns of the paper. The *Log Cabin* was the beginning of the *New York Tribune*. The Whigs were kept on the defensive, for every issue of the *Log Cabin* contained evidence, indisputable, that the things said about Harrison were not true.

Old Tippecanoe found a gallant champion and dauntless defender in the editor of the Whig organ. Harrison was declared by his opponents to be on the verge of dotage, but Greeley proved that false, and one of the strongest arguments used was the ability of the old hero to defend himself, and his own cause. This was illustrated by his speech at Fort Meigs, on the twenty-seventh anniversary of the raising of the siege, of which he was the hero. At this great convention the victor of many battles spoke in the presence of twenty thousand people, and although consuming more than one hour and a half in telling the people what he wanted to do, still he was not exhausted. The poet of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, after this meeting, gave birth to the following glowing sentiment:

“ Let fame put her lips to the trump of the morn,
 And rouse up the slumbering clay;
 On the wings of the wind be the blast onward borne,
 Till it dies in the ether away;
 But on the broad hills let it lay,
 And echo the green vallies o'er,
 That a chieftain exists, ‘the aged and gray,’
 Shall his country's lost lustre restore.”

In the description of General Harrison that day, the correspondent of the *Buffalo Journal* had this to say:

Lasting were the emotions addressed to the throng by him who had taken Washington as a model and guide. Time has touched General Harrison with a lenient hand. There is a vigor and elasticity about him which, aided by his habits of strict temperance, promises to last twenty years. His eye yet sparkles with the brightness of youth.

That celebration and rally proved to be a colossal aggregation of big and little Whigs; many children were present. Ambitious mothers wanted their sons to see old "Tip." It was the 10th and 11th days of June, and "never broke a fairer day." Long processions came pouring in from every direction. The delegation from Richland County, carried in one hundred and twenty-three wagons, led the van. These sturdy Whigs had journeyed over one hundred miles to be present at the rally. In one procession there were more than five hundred equipages. Steamers came puffing along the Maumee with their decks densely packed. There was no end of badges, banners, mottoes, and other attractive features. Mottoes of every variety; capital, whimsical, sarcastic, none tame or spiritless, each had a point. They had not thought of campaign buttons then.

One of the features was a sham battle. The fighting of 1813 was to be reproduced. This is the description of the mock battle on the 9th and 10th:

On the brow of the bank, and on the edge of the neighboring forest, were ranged the white tents of the military and citizens. The heavens were without a cloud, the moon was up, and under the softened and mellow radiance of its blessed light, the river, the valley, and the whole scene seemed reposing in quiet beauty, forming a strange con-

trast to the sights and sounds that met the eye and ear on every side.

Let our readers suppose some ten or twenty camp-meetings, the largest they ever attended, all thrown into one, with all the accompanying of exhortation and singing and these heightened in effect by the music of innumerable bands, and they will be better able to form an idea of the aspect of Fort Meigs on the night of the 10th, than we could give by the most labored description. Indeed, the feeling that seemed to pervade the mighty host there assembled, was akin to, and apparently was not less fervent and sincere than, the most exalted religious sentiments in a period of great excitement. About midnight the camp was aroused by an attack from some hundred Indians. The drums beat to quarters; skirmishers were driven in; the roar of cannon was mingled with volleys of musketry, and during an hour or more, many of the stirring events of the siege were acted over with a startling realism. The Indians were driven back, some were captured, the sentinels were placed and the camp sank back into profound repose.

Many distinguished men were present. A boat-load of visitors had come from Buffalo, and brought with them "the cream" of orators from the East. Tom Corwin, who was the Whig candidate for governor, was unfortunately detained at home by sickness. But among the speakers on that historic occasion, none won more applause than John K. Gibson, accounted then one of the most brilliant speakers in Northern Ohio. He was introduced by Thomas Ewing, the president of the day, and made the crowning and the last effort of his life in the presence of General Harrison. He returned home and a month later became ill, a sickness from which he never recovered.

John K. Gibson's speech that day cannot be reproduced. His theme was, "The Stability of Our Republican Form of Government." He recited the history of the nation, its early impediments, the growth of our institutions, the differences existing in the advantages here and in the Old World. He spoke of the perils and safeguards of the nation; explained the mission of party organization from the days of the Colonial Whigs and Tories up to the advent of the Abolition party, the latest in the political field. He asked the meaning of this vast concourse of people, the mighty gathering of the nation's best friends; here had come the soldiers of the Revolution,—warriors that had journeyed far to pledge the little remnant of their lives to rescue the land for which they fought, from tyrannous hands. Here were the mechanic and farmer who had made long pilgrimages, who wanted work; the government to be placed in the hands of an administration that would not make their produce valueless. Here all had come with the hope that something might be done by which the government would be wrested from the hands of corrupt rulers. He closed with a description of General Harrison's career, picturing every step of his advancement; the services he had brought to the common weal; the work he had wrought both as a soldier at home and minister abroad; and put on the cap-sheaf of his effort by picturing the scene when the people would lift the valiant hero and chieftain-statesman to their shoulders, and, with a mighty cry of victory bear him aloft from the cabin among the masses to the chair and home of Washington, at the capital of the nation.

Polished, precise, trenchant, fitting to all and his great

theme, were the words he uttered as he stood before this magnificent assembly, the embodiment of grace and culture. He spoke like a statesman, his splendid voice ringing out in noble patriotic sentiments, holding the far-reaching masses of men spellbound until the last word was spoken.

“Bill” Gibson was there. He listened to all the speeches delivered by the distinguished men from far and near, but never had he been so deeply moved as under the oratory of his favorite brother. All through the effort he stood a little way from the speakers’ stand, braced against a tree, and was fairly entranced. Not much account was taken of “Bill” that day, but he was taking notes. Men of distinction were being weighed in his mental balances. He concluded that John K. was really about the greatest of them all. As far as oratorical ability, this was literally true.

“Bill” had not come with his brother. He had preceded John K. several days, and was one of a company that had brought two or three buckeye logs to be placed in the log cabin built at the fort. The erection of this cabin had been one of the most notable features planned for the great meeting. Logs were hauled there from every part of the State. “Bill” was with the party that brought Seneca’s contribution. Eight yokes of oxen were hitched to a stout wagon and logs of the approved dimensions were lashed to the axles, and the jolly lads, headed by Josiah Hedges, were off for the Maumee. In due time they arrived, depositing their logs in the place designated by the man in charge, they then sought their camping quarters about a quarter of a mile distant from the fort. At the fort the

embankment on the river brink at that time was both high and steep. That night, whilst the tired pilgrims were peacefully dreaming of the coming of their grand old standard-bearer, brawny-armed Democrats swooped down on the Whig camp and rolled their buckeye logs ruthlessly towards the edge of the bank, then tumbled them over into the stagnant waters of the Maumee. It is needless to undertake to describe the sulphuric storm in the morning when the indignant pilgrims found what "the vandals" had done in the night.

Another feature of this campaign was the number of songs that were written and sung. Everybody sang, or tried to sing, the songs prepared for use throughout the campaign. "Let me make the nation's songs," said an old bard, "and I care not who makes her laws." The worst sort of doggerel and the sublimest specimens of epic were produced this year. The apotheosis of the warrior candidate was not infrequent; then he was treated as the gnarled and horny-handed son of toil. The ringing, jingling, happy-go-easy melody appeared to be most popular. Any song was good enough if it displayed Harrison on the side of the masses, regardless of its rules of rhythm. It was a jolly campaign, a musical campaign, and in many ways an educational rally, and probably no one received more real good from it in that way than did "Bill" Gibson. It is difficult to conjecture how much this campaign had to do in influencing his future career.

Believing that many of the younger readers would be pleased to look over the leading song of the picturesque campaign thus briefly described, the breezy lines their grandfathers sang are here inserted:

[Tune—The good old days of Adam and Eve.]

Come all ye log cabin boys, we're goin' to have a raisin';
 We've got a job on hand that we think will be very pleasin',
 We'll turn out and build old "Tip" a new cabin,
 And finish it off with chinkin and daubin'.
 We want all the log cabin boys in the nation,
 To be on the ground when we lay the foundation,
 And we'll make all the office-holders think its amazin'
 To see how we work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

Ohio will find the house-log timber,
 An' old Virginia as you all remember,
 Will find the timber for the clapboards and chinkin',
 T'will all be first rate stuff I'm a-thinkin';
 And we want to daub it, it happens very lucky,
 That we've got the best CLAY in old Kentucky;
 For there's no such other State has such good clays in,
 To make the mortar for Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

For the haulin' of the logs we'll call on Pennsylvania,
 For their Connestoga teams will pull as well as any;
 And the Yankee States and York State, and all of the others,
 Will come and help us lift, just as so may brothers;
 The HOOSIERS and the SUCKERS, and the WOLVERINE farmers,
 They all know the right way to carry up the corners;
 And everyone's a good enough carpenter and mason,
 To do a little work at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

We'll cut out a window and have a wide door in,
 We'll lay a good loft and a first rate floor in,
 We'll fix it complete for OLD TIP to see his friends in,
 And we know the latch-string will never have its end in;
 And then little Martin will have to shin it,
 On the fourth of March OLD TIP will move in it,
 So hurrah, boys, there's no two ways in
 The fun we'll have at Old Tippecanoe's raisin'.

CHAPTER VII.

GIBSON ATTENDS DOMINIE BRINKERHOFF'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

WHEN Gibson was still in his teens, he made for himself a local fame as a good talker, and was easily the leading spirit in all the debating societies organized in the community. Early in life he became a champion of the temperance cause and figured prominently in the Washingtonian movement. Frequent calls were made upon him to speak at Sunday-school picnics and social meetings, and he delighted to respond to such requests, considering each in turn a favor to himself, for no employment gave him such pleasure as to address an assembly. It mattered little whether the audience was small or large in number, he would speak with the same exuberance of spirit that made him famous in the days when he stood before thousands and held his charmed hearers enchained by the magic of his resistless eloquence. His humor and play of innocent wit, even when a stripling, delighted the people.

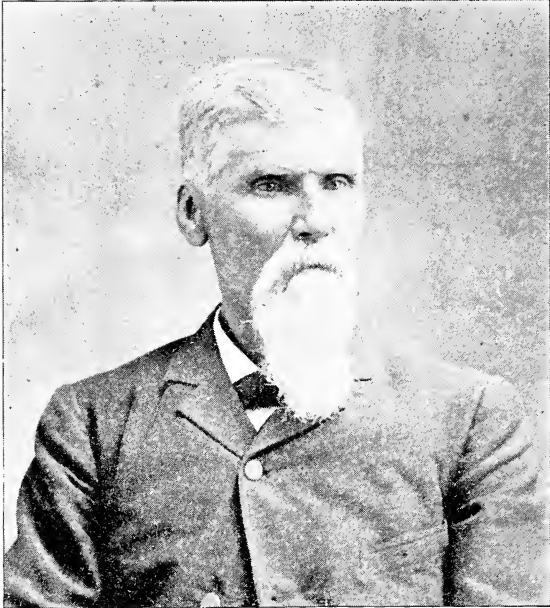
It appears that the Gibson children took to speaking, and the parents did what they could to develop their talents in that direction. During the long winter evenings, when the family were all at home, "Bill's" parents were accustomed to arrange for the pleasure of their children, and one of the novel features of these evenings at home was the family debating circle. The father on such pleas-

urable occasions chose a subject and then divided the family, girls and boys, into two sections, giving to each a side to champion. The debate was called and each child required to take the floor and speak as best he could to the question. Ben was the only one that bucked at this performance. He did not, however, balk the program. The parents or any neighbors happening in acted as judges; each disputant was permitted to consume all the time desired, respectful attention being given, no matter how desultory the remarks or how irrelevant the argument presented. A good joke now and then set all in a flutter of laughter. The entire proceedings were carried on with parliamentary dignity and in better order than will be witnessed in an average session of the House of Representatives in Washington. It was here in his childhood's home that Gibson received his first lessons in extempore speaking.

A traditive story remains that the boys of the Gibson farm frequently continued their debates of the previous evening, the next morning when at work in the fields or woods. It was not an uncommon occurrence for some member of the family to discover "Bill" resting his team at the end of a furrow. With book in hand, it became an easy matter for him to become oblivious to the passing of time, often consuming the greater part of a half-day in resting his horses. On other occasions he made solitaire speeches to his meek-eyed team, the shading branches of the conservative buckeyes, and any innocent chipmunks that might be in hearing. He was so passionately fond of Roman history, and had such a good memory that, when trudging along after his horses, he would repeat page after



MRS. ELIZA PATTERSON STEELE (A Favorite Niece).



JOHN G. PATTERSON, (One of the Lockout Heroes).

page of that which he had been reading, and frequently in a declamatory style. Gibson loved to speak, the fountain of youth bubbled strongly, and this was an outlet for the passion of his life, a relief from the tedium of toil.

Nothing had occurred to so intensify his determination to secure an education as the signal triumph of his brother John at the Fort Meigs rally. At this time he was haggling, with no little discomfort to himself, at an apprenticeship, in learning the carpenter's trade, with his father. True, he had assisted in the construction of several dwellings now standing about Melmore; but there was nothing in that work to meet the aspirations of his heart. All the way home from the Fort Meigs rally he pondered on his future. The finished products of thought, so beautifully garmented in choicest English, used by his brother, awakened a longing such as had never before seized upon his soul. He must have an equipment for the work he wanted to do, and that was all there was of it. He had no particular liking for carpentry; he found no satisfaction in farming; to be born on a farm was not always to be born to it. He looked out on the cloud of dust sent lazily upward by the clumsy-hoofed oxen, and resolved that no time should be lost in getting an education. He could speak, but what were his efforts compared with John's? He was uncertain of his words; John spoke precisely what he wanted to say. The difference was in the training.

Across the woods, eight miles distant from the Gibson farm, lay the thriving little village of McCutchenville. "Bill" had heard that a preacher of the old Scotch Covenanter type, had taught a school, a grammar school, in

that pretty woodland town on the pike, the winter before, and he proposed to go over and have a talk with him, and if possible to make some arrangement, that he might get a better understanding of the English language. After consulting with his parents on the desires of his heart, and receiving their approval of his purpose, he rode over to McCutchenville the next day after arriving home from Fort Meigs, and made arrangements with Dominie Brinkerhoff to enter his school, and for the sole purpose of studying grammar.

Dominie Brinkerhoff was an eccentric character and a genius in the illustration of abstract truths. In every way he was a man of ability. Tall and slender, with a keen eye, and a well-molded brow, lips that set like a vise, and a bearing that would impress every one in his presence, he captured the heart of his prospective pupil at their first meeting. "Bill" came away from that first interview saying: "That man has it, and if I can get it as he has got it, I'll have all the grammar I'll want for any business that I may have." That summer "Bill" worked hard at his trade. Then, in the fall, about the first of October, he rode across the woods and entered the school. He found the dominie all that had been expected of him. The rules studied, sometimes so corpse-like in their gravity and apocalyptic in their intentions, became aglow with light under his clear and simple treatment. His gift was to make the terse and comprehensive statements of the text-books plain to the untrained minds of his pupils. He was popular with his scholars. His methods were new. The dominie was a law unto himself and unto his pupils. He tabooed the rod. Order in his

school was about as nearly perfect as might be expected with the amount of wriggling humanity with which he had to deal. Using the whip was regarded as a useless expenditure of nerve force, altogether too much trouble for any gains that might accrue. But Dominic Brinkerhoff possessed a more dreaded flagellant than any cat-o'-nine-tails. It was his capable tongue, a stinger when used as an instrument of punishment, and no boy cared to take any chances on getting one of the dominie's celebrated tongue-lashings. Yet he was the kindest of men, and chock-full of humor. He could tell a story and the mind was very obtuse that failed to catch the moral. He believed in hard work and required it of his pupils. He had no patience with shiftlessness or lack of attention, and the boys and girls knew it. If at any time he discovered a drowsy feeling among his pupils, without introduction he would begin to relate one of his vivacious stories,—some humorous reminiscence or a lively description of something he had read or heard, at once attracting attention, and it would not be long until a burst of laughter indicated that the pupils were all awake. Then he would finish with the observation: "Now since you have quit your dozing, you had better get to your lessons." This would provoke another peal of merriment, and the master's instructions were forthwith heeded.

There were no desks in the dominie's school-room excepting a plain walnut stand called the teacher's desk. With all the rigidly enforced discipline, there appeared to be no lack of diversion. Sometimes the boys resorted to the daring expedient of drawing out one of the dominie's superb stories or flashes of wit. One day "Joe" Saylor

and a pretty girl to whom he had been paying considerable attention, were studying geography together, with the book between them. "Bill" Gibson was sitting just behind them. Geographies were hard to secure in those early days, and this was an old one, dog-eared, and with many of the pages considerably torn. Dominie Brinkerhoff came to the bench where they were sitting, and, glancing at the map in "Joe's" hands, remarked: "I guess you can find all the States on that map, Joseph." "Bill" with a twinkle in his eye, as he poked "Joe," remarked, "Yes, dominie, except the state of matrimony."

"Joe" was a wit, and as quick as a flash responded, "Well, that state ought to be on the map somewhere, for I understand it is one of the 'United States.'"

The dominie was not long in discovering Gibson's gifts. In a confidential way he had signified to him that with diligent application to his books, there was no place to which he might not hopefully aspire. "Bill's" mind was in a receptive condition for any such sincere words of encouragement. He worked like a beaver. Riding to school, day by day, on the back of "Old Jule," he conned his lessons aloud, as he passed through the woods, or built some structure of thought as he anticipated the day when he would know as much as did the dominie for whom he had both admiration and reverence. And the dominie was much taken with "Bill." The young carpenter plunged head-deep into his mastery of grammar and was so wittily clever and hearty in his work. There was an innocent unctuousness about his pupil's questions that pleased the master, and yet, so far as "Bill's" knowledge of the construction of the language he was so anxious to master was



DOMINIE BRINKERHOFF, the McCutchenville Master.



118 JOSEPH SAYLER, Gibson's School-Fellow, who studied the Map.

concerned, his mind was at this time only a promising fallow ground. His use of words was the result of absorption as he read them in books. "Bill" worked along to the end of the term and had discovered that there was something more than the simple construction of language needed, and he determined if there could be any way for him to secure the culture required for the vocation to which he aspired, he would have it at any sacrifice.

"Bill's" main object in attending school at McCutchenville was to learn grammar, and this amusing incident is related by one of his schoolmates. The dominie decided to begin at the bed-rock of the science of language and gradually build up with his pupils, for the larger portion of them were there for that purpose. To prepare the way, he had compiled a lecture for his grammar class, which he gave as a substitute for a regular recitation. The dominie began by stating that "grammar schools" received their name at a time in history when the grammar of the English language had not been formulated or written, and when all the grammar that was known came through the study of the grammars of ancient tongues. Continuing, he spoke of the elements and sources of our present English grammar being a compilation of principles gathered from the Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic or British, the Danish or Norse, the Norman, French, Latin, Greek, etc., and that consequently the English grammar was the product of several grammars. Possibly without thinking where he was, and without thought of transgressing against the proprieties of the class-room, "Bill" began to soliloquize to himself in a sibilant, semi-audible undertone: "Dang it!" he muttered, "I can't see any

good in saddling all them grammars onto the American grammar! I want to study the American grammar,—the U. S. American grammar, ribs and meat, joints and marrow, every bit American from kiver to kiver!"

This bit of comment filled the pupils with wonderment. They did not know whether to laugh or look for one of the dominie's bolts of lightning, but the master overheard "Bill's" trenchant criticism, and was not long in relieving the situation by remarking: "Well, Mr. Gibson, perhaps you are right, but I can scarcely imagine how we are to have an American grammar from 'kiver to kiver' unless you make one for us. That would be distinctly American."

Several years before his death, General Gibson wrote the following beautiful tribute to the memory of his teacher. The letter was addressed to the Rev. E. J. Allen and indited as follows:

All my impressions of Mr. Brinkerhoff are the most pleasing and tender. As a man, he was somewhat erratic, but always the exemplary and inflexible champion of justice, virtue, and honor. As a teacher, he was judicious, painstaking and thorough, inspiring pupils to effort by words of encouragement and by considerate attention. Without neglecting moral truths and obligations in his instructions, he aimed to indicate the fact that usefulness and success depend on the blending of virtue, knowledge, and energy. To him and his kindly teachings, I confess myself largely indebted for the zeal and ambition that have enabled me, as I hope, to accomplish something for my country and humanity. As a preacher, Mr. Brinkerhoff was logical and earnest, speaking for God's honor and not for man's applause. In manner and style, he belonged

to the old school of ministers of whom, unfortunately for the church and the world, but few now remain. Profoundly orthodox, he enforced a religion of faith and works, and sought to attract the world by presenting the beauties of Christianity that works by love and purifies the heart. He has passed from earth to the rewards of heaven. Honored be his memory! I know that his life was productive of good! He lived to elevate men and honor God. This is my tribute to one I loved.

W. H. GIBSON.

At the close of the term he spent at Dominie Brinkerhoff's school, "Bill" was seized with the western fever. He was anxious to visit the country so much talked about. Accordingly, he and his brother Robert, and two neighbors' sons, John Kennedy and James Downs, formed a party to explore the Territory of Iowa, then enjoying the prospects of a speedy settlement, flattering reports having been carried east concerning the fertility of soil and the advantages afforded by that Territory for corn-growing. The young men fitted out a two-horse "prairie-schooner" and started on their six hundred mile journey. Their equipment about exhausted the saved earnings of the young men, so that when they reached the Mississippi, they were compelled to sell their outfit and tramp the remainder of the way. The trip west proved disastrous to Downs and Kennedy, who sickened and died while they were at Iowa City. This "tramping in the West" gave Gibson a subject for the first essay he ever wrote, and from that a quotation is taken, which will discover to the reader what he thought of his western outing:

After rambling over the city, (Iowa City,) about three o'clock in the afternoon we set out to make our way into another part of the State. At sundown we came to a fine house on the edge of a large prairie. Here we tried to get lodging, but were unceremoniously turned away. Not knowing how far it was across the prairie to the next house, we started off, mad enough, you may be sure. The sun had gone down. The sky was dark with underhanging clouds. Lightnings began to play in the heavens and the thunder was cracking fearfully loud. We kept moving slowly. After traveling for some time, being worn out, we were compelled to stop and rest. Again we made an effort to reach a dwelling, but soon determined to lay down in the very next hazel thicket. We came to one and there found the bed we sought and there we lay. I cannot say whether we slept any or not, for I was so tired that I couldn't tell whether I was lying down or standing up. The wolves howled and the prairie crickets whet their teeth about us all night. At dawn of day we started on our way across that vast sea of grass. The prairie rattlesnakes were just emerging from their retreats and if there was one of them in all the world, there was one for every rod on that Iowa prairie. That was a dreadful night. I couldn't forget it if I tried. We were all greatly injured by our exposure, and in about two weeks, James Downs and John Kennedy, two of our company, died of inflammatory congestion.

CHAPTER VIII.

GIBSON ATTENDS ASHLAND ACADEMY.

ONE morning in the month of September, A. D. 1841, two hours before the sun had cast its first golden tints of light on the trees lying east of John Gibson's Buckeye Run farm, two young men might have been observed emerging from the doorway of the pretty farm-house, with bundles in their hands. Robert McDowell and William Harvey, two sons of John Gibson, taking their leave of the family, were now off for school. They were going to Ashland, the seat of a flourishing academy. Robert had decided to become a doctor of medicine and expected to attend one term at Ashland, preparatory to a medical course which he would take at Cincinnati. "Bill" had chosen the law as a profession and had decided to remain at the academy until he was able to do himself justice in the study of the books which were necessary to his equipment as a lawyer. He was now leaving home, and it was practically the beginning of life for himself. True, he had no intention to cut the tethers which bound him to the old home with his parents, and yet from this time on it was only an occasional visit he was permitted to enjoy with the home folks gathered around the fireside of his boyhood. At this time he was a tall, slightly-built, willowy-formed, blue-eyed, bashful stripling, regarded fairly handsome. For some reason, "Bill" dreaded his beginnings at Ashland. He told "Dooley," as Robert was called by the

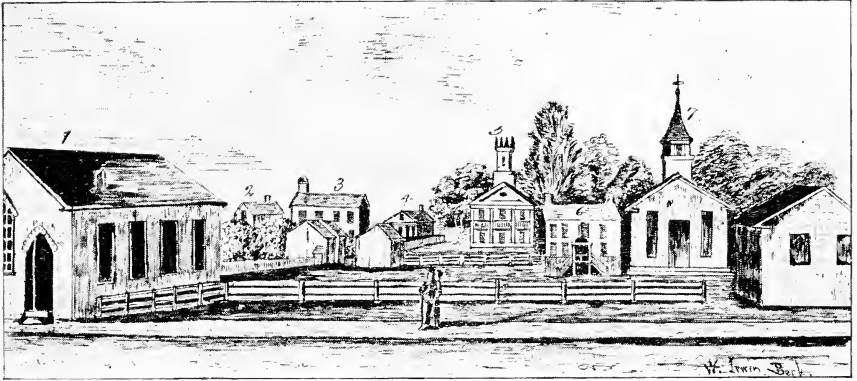
family, that he wanted him to do the talking and make all the arrangements when they got there. The young men trudged along the road talking of their prospects, each filled with the expectation of making the most of himself, both deploring that the advantages of their brother John, who had graduated from Jefferson College¹ in Pennsylvania two years prior to this time, were not theirs. John K. Gibson had taken the literary honors of his class and was accounted a young man of great promise, but exposures in the campaign of 1840 had resulted in his death. It was a heavy blow to the expectations of the parents, who had given him all the possible advantages of a liberal education.

On the arrival of Robert and "Bill" at the academy, they were given a most cordial welcome by the principal, Prof. Lorin Andrews, a sprightly young man of twenty-three. With this introduction began a friendship between the professor and "Bill" Gibson that continued and grew in strength and depth of affection, until as the first volunteer soldier from Ohio, Colonel Andrews passed from the tented fields and marshaled hosts of his country's defenders to the company of the radiant throng where rebellion shall never be known.

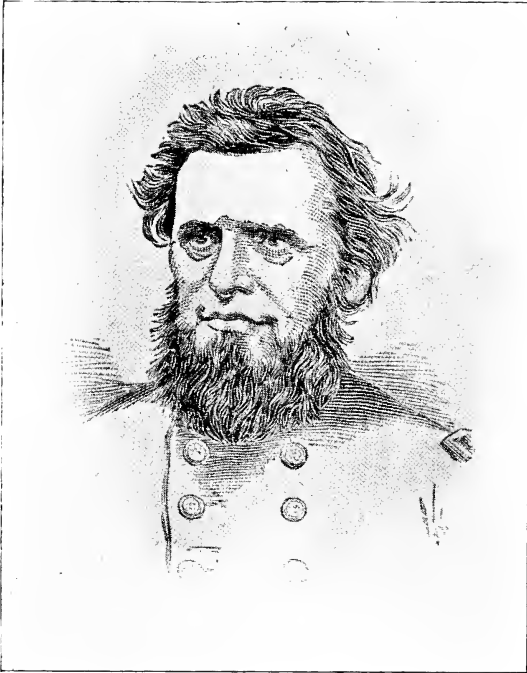
One of Gibson's classmates, Mrs. Sarah A. McComb, of Newville, writing recently of school life at Ashland, has given a picturesque description of "Bill" Gibson's debut as a student there. These are her racy words:

When Gibson first entered the academy, he was young and his scholarship was weak. His earnest desire was to gain information, and a thorough mastery of his lessons

¹Now Washington and Jefferson College.



ASHLAND ACADEMY WHEN GIBSON WAS A STUDENT.



was soon marked by his teachers and the members of his classes. He was at no time a "digging" student, but was never satisfied without knowing the "why." His fine memory served him instead of severe application. He seemed to thrive intellectually by the atmosphere of the academy. We have only to trace the lives and history of the great majority of the Ashland students to gain a correct idea of the atmosphere of the academy at that time. Morality, refinement, and culture permeated all social intercourse. Gibson soon became a general favorite. The girls all claimed him and the young men were above petty jealousy. In truth there appeared a sort of magnanimity in his nature, so that jealousy could not be kindled against him.

The students of the academy had a temperance society of their own. The young men made the speeches and the young ladies furnished the music. I remember well with what apparent diffidence Gibson arose to respond to his first call for a speech. He said, "I am afraid of the girls," which was greeted with laughter, but the speech though blundering and defective, told the story of his gifted eloquence, and the power that was in him to gain favor with an audience. It was "Gibson! Gibson! Gibson!" ever afterward, and it was only to be reported that Gibson was to make a speech to secure a full house.

Lorin Andrews, the principal of the academy, had charge of a large class in English grammar, composed of the cream of both departments of the school. The class parsed out of Pollock's "Course of Time." Lorin was a prince of pleasant instructors, and all looked to the grammar class as the social as well as the literary treat of the day. Gibson's knowledge was none the best, but his pleasant ways, his ready and keen wit and acute sense of the ridiculous enabled him to turn every point to his advantage, as well as to impress every criticism upon the memory of his classmates. It was a free-and-easy sort of

class, a delightful social hour, but it was there that Gibson and many of us learned about all the grammar we have ever known.

In those days it was often remarked that "Bill" Gibson resembled Lorin Andrews, and he certainly did look like the professor, and was like him in style and manners, and in that magnetic power to draw all hearts after him."

From the day of his matriculation, Gibson became profoundly interested in everything that pertained to the academical life. This was especially true concerning his rhetorical requirements. The students maintained two literary societies, the Phrenokosmian and the Philomathean. Gibson cast in his lot with the former and on two notable occasions represented his society in the annual contests with the competing literary guild. These contests had been the crowning event of the academical year, and so much interest was manifested in the result, that towns contiguous to Ashland always were represented by large delegations of young people, who were interested in the Ashland orators.

It was during his second year that Gibson first represented his society in contest. He was pitted against a student of advanced standing, Mr. A. S. Maxwell, the selected debater of the Philomatheans. The question to be discussed was of national interest and was at that time causing considerable commotion in the several States of the Union, and was stated: "Are United States senators bound to obey the instructions of the legislatures of their respective States?"

Gibson maintained they should; Maxwell said they should not be so required. The faculty and students, and

citizens all looked forward to an unusually caloric time in the old town on the night on which the debate was to occur. Ashland citizens were in touch with the academy and ardently hopeful that each contestant might be able to do his best. Both young men were to maintain their sentiments on the great question. Both had principles to support. It was to be a real battle. Gibson was easily the most eloquent, Maxwell bore the reputation of wielding the most cogent pen in the school, being approached in scholarship alone by a brilliant young fellow who was more eloquent of tongue than Maxwell, and that was Josiah Plants, a Bucyrus boy.

Some time before the contest came off, Maxwell fell sick. It was a sad disappointment to the students, and, in the emergency Plants was chosen by the Philo Society to be a substitute. He was furnished with Maxwell's preparation, and thus was soon ready for the intellectual combat, which came off on time, and proved to be the most exciting and brilliant affair of the kind witnessed in the history of the school. It was, literally, young giant against young giant, and the young men won for themselves, in the estimation of the Ashland folk, fadeless laurels.

Among those who witnessed this splendid crossing of mental lances that night was John Sherman, for fifty years one of the nation's greatest statesmen, recently crossing the bar of earthly life. Senator Sherman, then a young law student, rode over the hills with a party of young men from Mansfield on horseback. That was nearly three score years ago. The little town was in a perfect buzz of excitement. The two societies were vying

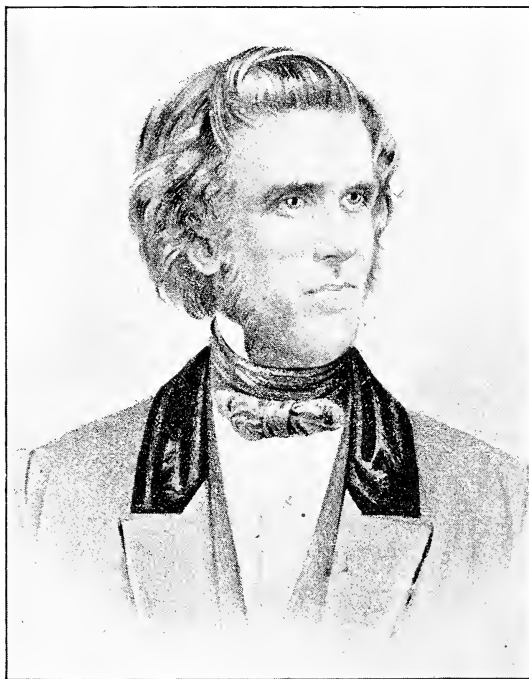
with one another in creating favorable impressions for their candidates for honor. The Philos wore blue badges and the Phrenokosmians were distinguished by the flying of bright pink colors, the *esprit de corps* of the contending societies being everywhere apparent.

One, in speaking of this interesting occasion, says: "I never could describe that contest, it was so intense. It seemed at once so inspiring that before the first speaker had uttered a half dozen sentences, you could hear a pin drop amidst the natural pauses. The young orators were ablaze with the intensity of their parts, presenting to us a scene that would have done honor to the world-famed Roman senate. I was young, and the fiery orators made my blood tingle. It was certainly a notable struggle, and in all my career I have seen nothing like it. The tall angular form of Gibson is before me. I can see the flash of his eye. I can feel the penetrating utterances of his silvery voice. I am moved with the strong passion of his soul. I cannot spare time to think he is but a boy. He is a man, as with tremendous earnestness, he arraigns the vaunting presumption of one man to override the will of his creators. His form, features, and daring on the platform I could not forget."

In the preparation of this debate, Gibson worked with every energy he could command. He made extensive research into Roman history, and studied the annals of the Roman republic. He wrote letters, consulted every possible source of information open to him, and left nothing undone that might give him the victory. He became equally solicitous concerning the delivery of his debate, and he was often in the woods rehearsing. Never be-



MRS. SARAH A. MCCOMB (Miss Wright), who describes
Gibson at School.



fore that time, and probably never afterward, did he put so much time on any production emanating from his brain.

Senator Sherman wrote shortly before his decease concerning his attendance, as follows: "He (Gibson) was a student at Ashland Seminary when I was a law student at Mansfield. Ashland then was in Richland County, and there was intercourse between the two towns, only fourteen miles apart. There was to be a debate between Gibson and Plants, afterward Judge Plants. Both had great reputations for eloquence, so several boys from Mansfield, myself among the number, mounted our horses and rode to Ashland to hear the debate. Gibson was a natural orator. His fine voice, his impressive manner, his full flow of words, his humor and pathos, carried the boys. We all decided in his favor. But the older people favored Plants. His well-trained mind, composed manner, and logic suited them better. How the rivalry was decided by the school I do not now remember, but both orators subsequently became lawyers and Plants a judge of high standing. From that time Gibson and I were intimate friends."

Plants became a distinguished jurist. He was elected to the common pleas bench and wrote many articles bearing on the science of law. Gibson and he, although differing in politics, were staunch friends. As students they were as David and Jonathan, and this relationship was maintained until one unfortunate day a fatal accident carried Plants suddenly away, and none mourned his death with truer sorrow than his opponent in the great debate at Ashland academy.

"Bill" was determined to meet all the requirements of

the school, one of which was to write and read compositions. He tried his hand and head at working out an essay about his western trip, which did not prove very much of a success. A manuscript was in his way. He could have told the story with a deal more effect off-hand, but being on the regular program for an essay, he proposed to be in order even if he should make a flat failure. He wrote other essays, and while he did not appear to be at home in such efforts, nevertheless he was always original in his notions.

Gibson participated in another debate at Ashland. His opponent was James Sloane, of Richland County. It was the old question about the abolishment of capital punishment. One of the features of this debate was the presence of Mr. James Stewart, (Mrs. John Sherman's father,) as one of the judges. Gibson won the unanimous decision of the judges in this instance as he did in the former debate. The exercises were held in the Lowell Presbyterian Church, on the twenty-eighth day of September, 1842, and proved to be Gibson's last school contest.

In order to give the reader his rugged style of composition, the opening and closing paragraphs of this debate are quoted:

GENTLEMEN AND RESPECTED AUDITORS: Murder is a crime in the commission and punishment of which the victim is hurried to the bar of the omnipotent judge. Solemn as is this consideration, however, we assume the unequivocal position that the deliberate, premeditated shedder of human blood, the perpetrator of the highest crime known to human or divine law, should suffer death. And this position we will proceed to establish from various considerations.

And, first, we maintain that man may take human life under certain circumstances. I need not direct the attention of this learned committee to the immutable law of nature, or the right of self-defense, upon this point, for all are aware, that by these we are authorized to take life, when by so doing it becomes a necessity to preserve our own. And the civil magistrate, to whose protection the lives of an entire community have been entrusted, by common consent is authorized and empowered to take life, by reason of the same considerations, since the perpetrator by the murder of one has, in principle and in fact, commenced a war upon all associated in the community of life; for, if with immunity he may take the life of one, he may also take the lives of ten or ten thousand.

It has been declared that life is the immediate gift of God. Man cannot acquire it, and therefore cannot dispose of it. The admission of this position would prove too much, for all must admit that property is the gift of God. It has been recorded on the pages of Eternal Truth, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the cattle upon a thousand hills are his; he maketh our garners to overflow with plenty; and finally the words of the pious Job, who in contemplating the loss of his children and property, which had been wrested from him by Chaldean robbers, exclaimed: "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Then since life and property are both the gift of God, as all must admit, and also that man cannot acquire wealth unaided by God, for Paul may plant, but God alone can give increase; and since we hold them from the same source, it follows as a natural consequence, that if we may dispose of the one we may dispose of the other also.

Would not withering scorn and the bitter execrations of the civilized world rest upon the man who would have the turgid hardihood to call our patriot sires murderers, because they met the bristling legions of Britain, and,

wading through streams of human blood, won for us the glorious civil and religious liberty we now enjoy? The memory of Washington and his illustrious compeers from the grave of the patriotic dead answers, "Yes!" And now we boldly and with all possible respect assert that this is the direction of our opponent's reasoning. For if they could take life, in a matter of mere dollars and cents, a small duty on stamped paper; or because the sanctuary of colonial liberty had been invaded, we may, and in fact we are bound by every consideration of natural and social justice to life, when not merely our neighbor's money, but the best member of society has fallen by the bloody hand of the midnight assassin.

And finally upon this point for the present, let me say that by a human and yet divine institution, the ordinance of marriage, we lawfully receive life; by a human and divine institution, we receive property; and life, when acquired, is protected by a law immutable and universal in the natural, moral, and political world. That law which creates and protects may lawfully destroy. Believing that we have shown to the satisfaction of all that man may lawfully take life, we leave this point and assume our second proposition, which is, that by abolishing the laws in question, we would increase murder. The arguments that we shall offer in support of this position will be drawn from reason and the recorded history of the past.

That death is the greatest and most dreadful punishment that man can inflict, and is only surpassed in fearfulness by the awful torments to be endured by the wicked in a future state, is a fact which all must admit. And that fiends, unbound by moral restraint, are only restrained from the commission of crime by the fear of the punishment, must also be admitted by every observing mind. If, therefore, murder is committed now, when the death penalty, the greatest possible of punishments is

inflicted, it normally follows, that if this penalty is removed, and one infinitely less dreadful to the fiendish passions of the depraved human heart be substituted in its place, then murder, in all its hideous forms, and attended with all its shocking consequences would increase. This, I believe all are prepared to understand and from the plainest principles of our human nature, admit. For illustration: Suppose here is a law and to its violation there is affixed a fine of five hundred dollars. Common sense would dictate that such a law would be less apt to be violated than one to which there was affixed a fine of five dollars as the penalty.

Now, we have criminal laws which punish the crime of murder by death,—a punishment which men fear more than any other. Then, reasoning from the principles of our own nature, we know that by the abolition of this punishment, murder would increase unless a more severe and dreadful punishment were to take its place.

It would be a pleasure to give the full text of this debate; that would require at least a score of pages. In the latter part we have these words:

Now, in the name of high reason, sirs, what can be more conclusive? These are the laws of God, given for our government, and are as binding upon us as the spotless throne of the Eternal.

We, therefore, gentlemen, claim your decision; for by abolishing these laws, we would:

First—Increase the crime of murder;

Second—We would bid defiance to, and dethrone God's fiat and proclaim that vain man was wiser than omniscient God.

Shall this be your judgment? Forbid it, heaven! forbid it, reason! Would the public mind be satisfied with the punishment proposed by our honorable opponent?

How long would the public be satisfied with the administration of such laws? Possibly until shocked by the disclosure of some horrid deed of the midnight assassin, who, in the commission of his crime, knew that the only provision for punishment was the State's responsibility to feed and clothe and give him good care, villain as he might be. Yes, knowing that you and I must labor and by the sweat of our brows provide for the maintenance of the cruel murderer in prison, his welcome retreat, while nature, justice, the eternal laws of God, and the very stones ringing in our ears were crying out: "Bring forth the murderer! Let him die!" And from over the battlements of heaven would come the shouting of voices of the just made perfect,—“It is right—So must it be.”

In the following November he dropped his school work and bade good-by to the students and faculty. The ensuing year he delivered, by invitation of the students and faculty, the annual address at commencement time. In the month of March, 1845, in response to an invitation extended him by the Ladies' Society of the academy, he pronounced an oration on "The Influence of Woman in History." This oration proved to be a characteristically brilliant effort. The young ladies' society requested the manuscript for publication but we will ask Mrs. Sarah A. McCombs, in her bright and pleasing way, to describe her experiences in getting that oration in print. Mrs. McCombs, was Miss Wright, one of the committee:

A year or so after Gibson had left school, the young ladies of the female department invited him to make the customary closing speech. He accepted, came, and made the speech. His subject was "Woman." The students were in raptures, the girls all in love with Gibson, the audi-

The American people, then, I most humbly hope, are not yet willing to surrender their sovereignty to fifty-two petty tyrants, whose immaculate purity of purpose, is to be extolled by this tool of political demagogism in this debate, tyrants did I say, yes tyrants, who are to act at their pleasure, according to this liberty murdering, this anti-republican doctrine of territorial independence, though the people should make the solid casements of the senate chamber shake with their sovereign instructing voices. And whilst our senate is the scene of the most unprecedented outrages on law & government, whilst grave & distinguished senators are challenging ^{ing} each other to the mortal combat, and even aiding in shedding the blood of representatives, thus violating daily the most sacred laws they enact the people are still the same virtuous, intelligent & law-abiding, & it will be so in all time to come so long as public virtue shall be an object of regard; yes when our rulers shall have broken & hurled the constitution to the breeze as profaned mementos of prostrate government! which catastrophe may the Great God of all

nations avert! its death groans will still be heard in the hands of the people, who will cling to & protect it, whilst the memory of Washington shall have a resting place in

"This land of the free, and home of the brave"

The speech in support of the negative of this question, was written by Mr. Maxwell, ex-editor of ^{the} Shield & Banner, revised by W^m Johnston school teacher from Kentucky, & delivered by Mr. Plants of Bucyrus Ohio.

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ence was delighted, and another popular hit was made for Ashland Academy. A committee was at once appointed to ask for the speech for publication. This request was granted, and the writer received the speech, with many apologies for the imperfect condition in which it would be found, and due acknowledgements for honors, etc. We untied the roll of manuscript, when lo! and behold! it fell to fragments at our feet. Bits of paper, with a few words or sentences, then a paragraph,—partly erased,—then a page tolerably legible, and so on. There was not a whole page written out fit to hand a printer. What were we to do? The speech must be printed, and the task of preparing it was too much for our weak capacities to undertake. We soon thought of a man for the business. William Tidball was yet in town, and to his room we hied in haste. We found our dignified student busily engaged at some piece of writing. His prim politeness made us tremble for the success of our mission.

“Be seated, my friends,” he said, in the utmost courtesy.

“No,” we replied, “here is Gibson’s speech. We brought it to you to look over before we gave it to the printer.”

After adjusting his glasses he took the roll. “Be careful!” we suggested, facetiously. He then stood up, unbound the roll, and as it fell to pieces on his table, he gravely glanced over the fragments of “Woman,” then gathered all up, and handing it to us, said, “There, you can do nothing with that!”

With grieved expression I stepped back from the table, and exclaimed: “I know I cannot, but you can.”

“My friends,” he answered gravely, “I have not the time to go over all that stuff and get it in shape. Give it to Johnson.”

“No! no! Johnson must know nothing about it,” I said. “This must be between us here.” We saw he was yielding, and without any further parley, excused ourselves and hastened away, leaving the manuscript on his desk, fearing a more close examination might lead him to a decided re-

fusal. In a few days he sent us the speech all written out in a clear hand, not a mistake in orthography, not a punctuation mark missing.

Where Gibson had extemporized, Tidball had remembered. Where syntax was changed, sense was always retained. In all it was Gibson's speech when read, but the charm of his eloquent delivery and the magnetism of his presence could not be transferred to paper, even by the skill and precision of William Tidball. In after years, in speaking of this speech, Gibson, with one of his merry laughs, said, "Oh, I knew that I was falling into the arms of my friends!"

After the lapse of more than half a century that chivalrous production remains a noble masterpiece. Fadeless is the beauty of its diction, comprehensive is the grasp of its inspiring theme, and eloquent shall it abide with the gallant spirit of the orator gleaming from its periods. The heart that gave it being, the mind that twined its flowers, and the hands that lifted its chaplets to the brow of an honored womanhood, however, lay beneath the turf's fragrant shrine.

A Bit of School-Day Romance.

Before he took his departure for school "Bill" evinced little interest in the girls. He enjoyed the pleasant evenings spent at the "apple-parin's," the "spellin' schools," the "corn-huskin's," and delighted in after life to tell about going on a "lark" with the boys and girls, in the big sleds drawn by oxen. But his heart was not seriously touched in all these minglings with the young folks about Melmore. Then he went off to school, and what would the school-

days of any clever student be were they lacking in a wholesome bit of romance! Even a mathematical genius will sometimes fall an easy prey to the geometric curves of coaxing lips and a pretty chin, the wavy tresses of a golden-crowned, laughing-eyed maiden, and, for reasons for which he cannot account, will straightway begin to figure with the Muse for a batch of tender sentiments with poetic feet, concerning which Euclid left no helpful formula. How very easy, so easy for one passing through the student's poetic period in or out of the class-room, to lose his bearings and get hopelessly mixed up in the logomachy of angles and dimples, logarithms, and the powerful undertow of languishing eyes and approving smiles! Now, if this be true of the mathematical prodigy, and it is, what may be expected of the young man with an oratorical drift, when, by virtue of his mental and soul construction, the poet's bowers are his haunts, beauty in any form of expression is his manna,—whether discovered on earth, in the sea's expanse, or in the starry heavens? Is it not just as natural for an academic student to fall in love with a pretty girl, as it is for a bird to twitter, a sunbeam to shine, or an opal to gleam with its flashing colors? It is,—of course it is, and our young man was no exception to this universal rule. "He was fond of the young lady students at Ashland, but one of the fair daughters of that classical town claimed the lion's share of his attentions," writes one of his classmates. "She, so favored, was beautiful as a dream. Hers was a gentle touch, a laughter like the ripple of brooks, and the wealth of her charming presence played sweetly on the heart-strings of the young student, the solo of love's ecstatic dream. So delicious was its tremulous-

ness, so confusing were its delights, that many less susceptible than he would have fallen a victim to the sweet mastery of its dulcet notes."

The young man was passing through his poetical period. Few escape it. Probably at that time the lines in his textbooks were all running together. He was up in the mountains of delight, down in the valleys of sentiment, and all the time wandering in his mind.

"It seemed like Eden's angel-peopled vale,
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;
 Such tones came riding on the musk-winged gale,
 The very air seemed sleepily to blow;
 And choicest flowers enameled every dale,
 Flushed with richest sunlight's rosy glow;
 It was a valley dreamy with delight,
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimmed the sight."

Gibson's was a deeply serious nature, and we have no doubt that while the spell was upon him, every fiber of his honest heart responded to the mystical attractions that had such a potential influence over him. But he awoke from his reverie,—for the romance of his school life was but a day-dream,—and he could say with the poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt, on his release:

"I am as I am, and so will I be,
 But how that I am none knoweth truly.
 Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free—
 I am as I am, and so will I be."

How far "Bill's" school-day romance carried him, it will serve no good purpose now to conjecture. It had not gone so far as to affect him seriously, for we find him having sport with himself on many occasions after this, when he employed his experience in an illustration in tariff debates, and in causing merriment at pioneer reunions, by

LEWIS
FEB 4

PAID 10¢

Misses Hilborn, Sprague, and Knight
Ashland
Richland Co
Ohio

W. H. Gibson
Tiffin February 9th /45

Profes Hilborn, Sprangle and Wright

Your favor, in consequence of
misdirection, did not reach me until
the 1st inst, and in reply it would be
insincere for me to say, that I am not
flattered by such a testimonial of regard
emanating from the Ladies of an Institution
of which I was once a student

Knowing that you might have
procured others to address you on the occasion
alluded to far more competent than myself
to discharge such a duty, I have doubted
as to what course I should pursue under the
circumstances; but yielding to your polite
solicitations rather than my own inclinations
I have determined to accept your invitation
and unless prevented by sickness, I will attend
your approaching academic exercises, to discharge
the duty you have pleased to assign me on
that occasion — Accept for yourselves and
tender to those you represent, my highest
sentiments of esteem
Profes Hilborn and Sprangle and
Wright of the Committee

W. H. Gibson

telling the story of his trials and tribulations in getting his first suit of store clothes, that he might appear up-to-date in the eyes of his best girl:

You, my young friends of this latter day, live in a golden age of luxury as compared to the period when I was a young fellow. You cannot imagine how we had to plan to get what is common to you. You could never realize how we had to figure to get along back there. We had troubles of our own. Now, when I was a young fellow, I wanted to please my girl just as much as you fellows do yours now. I got it into my head that a suit of store clothes would be the proper apparel for me, and that I would never in the world be able to make a swell appearance when I went to see my best girl until I got them. I told "pap" about the matter, and he said, "'Bill,' you can have a brand new suit when we kill the hogs." That was encouraging, for "pap" never went back on his word. But the cholera came along and there was nothing for the hog market that year. That pretty near broke my heart, for I wanted that suit of store clothes, but I was foreordained to have that suit of clothes, so I arranged with mother to have the eggs, and I searched the hay mow and the fence corners, and gathered them up wherever I could find them, and then sold those eggs at four cents per dozen to Buckley Hutchins. It took a long time for the old hens, who were performing duty like heroes under Wellington, to lay enough eggs to get those clothes. Then when I got them, and put off to see my girl, what do you think?—a publican and a tax-gatherer had picked her up, and I was cut out,—but I had my suit of store clothes, bought with eggs at four cents a dozen, and they were mighty nice, I tell you!

In ever so many ways Gibson's experiences at Ashland were of profit to him. He was fond of the students and

his teachers; and, without exception, all were warmly attached to him. His genial leadership in the literary work caused him to be an important factor of the school life while there. He cared little for society, beyond that which came to him in the mingling with student friends. Yet, in being twitted about forgetting Ashland, the Muse laid hold of him and he wrote the following enthusiastic ode, which we find in a commonplace book, and was never, probably, intended for publication:

“Forget thee, Ashland? Speak out, ye hills—
Ye granite mountains, cry!
Shriek out, old *Ætna*, from your burning lips—
Let earthquakes shake the globe,
Dead comrades leap from friendship’s sod
And quickly answer—No!

“Forget thee, Ashland? No! forbear—
Let the bright sun in darkness hide;
Let worlds run lawless throughout space—
And Nature sigh with quickening pain!
Long after this, in worlds on high,
I hope still to remember thee.

“Forget thee, Ashland? Roll away
The memory of bygone days—
Deface the history of the past,
And mem’ries frequent travels check—
Happier would I be in this life pilgrimage
Were I banished from friends than mem’ry of thee.

“Forget thee, Ashland? Can it be
That those whose counsels oft I’ve had,
In classic halls, or in social chat,
Shall e’er escape my memory?
‘Forbid it, heaven!’ stern justice cries
And reason yields—I never can!

“Forget thee, Ashland? I’ll never part the chair
That binds me to my friends.
When God with angel-bands shall come
To bear me to the eternal world—
’Mid dying groans, I’ll chant thy name
And forever will remember thee!”

CHAPTER IX.

GIBSON STUDIES LAW.

FROM an early period of his youth, Gibson had evinced a liking for the legal profession, probably because of the field it offered him for public address, and had determined to fit himself for the practice of law. The vocation appeared to have decided attractions for his ambitious spirit.

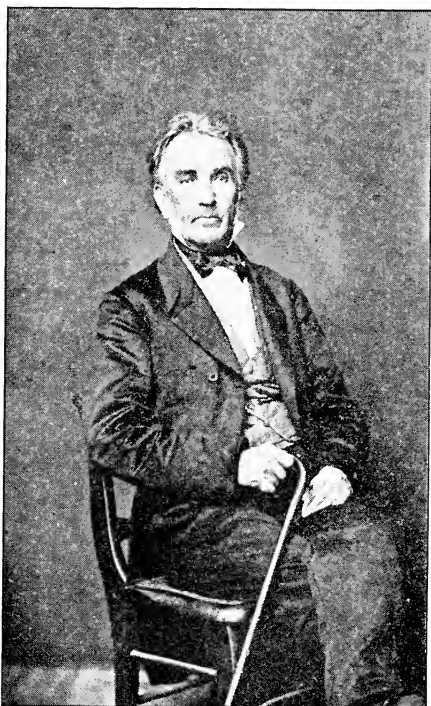
The sessions of court were different then from now; especially was this true with respect to the interest manifested in the court proceedings by the general public. The country was new, and when their "honors," the court, ambled into the county-seat with legal calves wrapped in the conventional green leggings, and each member astride an easy-going palfrey, they were regarded as dignitaries of an exceeding high order. These judges in eyre traveled in a cavalcade composed of a half dozen lawyers, who kept with them a pack-horse to carry the luggage necessary for their comfort during their absence from home. Later the Supreme Court judges made their itinerary in a carriage, the old-time "rockaway."

Sessions of court had different meanings to people at that time. It was a place to have all the differences arising among the people settled. This was the primary significance of a "sitting." But "court week" was looked forward to as an occasion for the hearing of noted orators who lived in the region traversed by the court, and, frequently, the most famous in the State. The typical law-

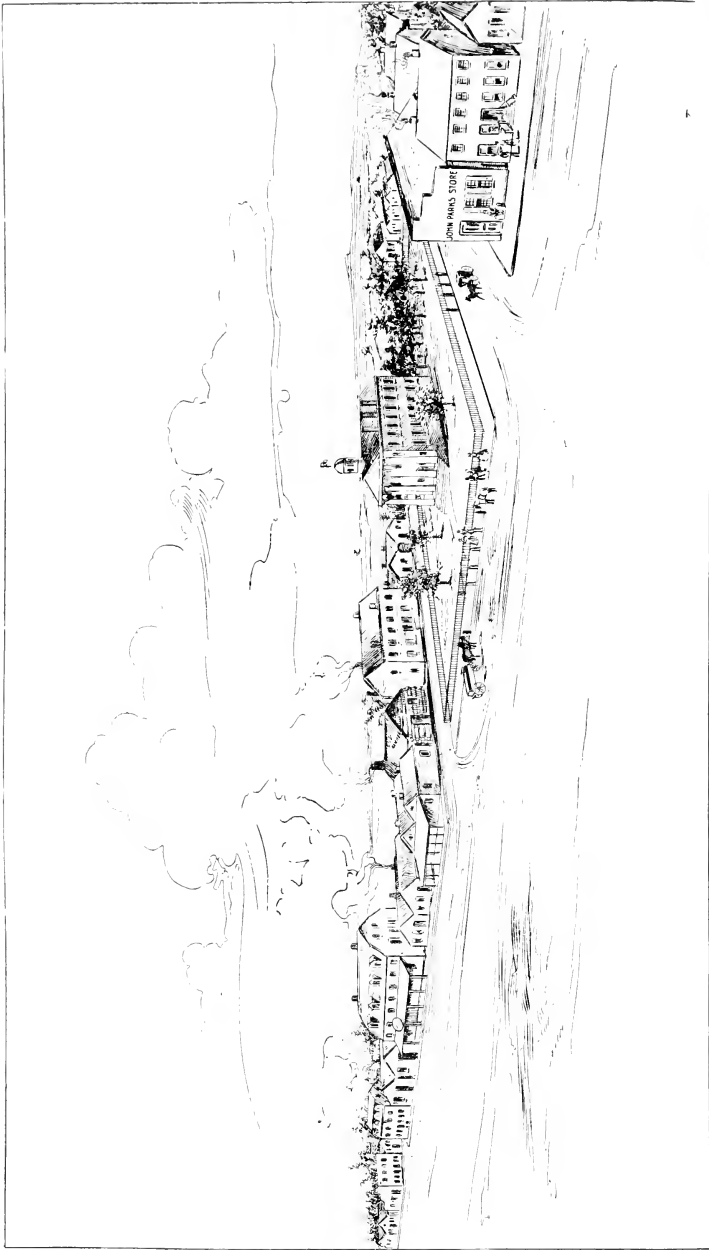
yer, attending to business along in the thirties and forties, and known as the "pioneer lawyer," might have been regarded as having a fair mixture of the sublime and ridiculous in his make-up. Then there were others, the peers of the most refined and cultured of their day. But the peculiar style which prevailed at the time mentioned may account for the pioneer courts at times being places of hearty diversion and high comedy entertainment. From what can be learned, the typical lawyer was given to chameleon finesse, and was as well an actor as a fighter. It was frequently only necessary to watch the lawyer to discover the temper of his client. If the client was fighting mad, so was the lawyer. If he was dignified and anxious to move cautiously, the lawyer did the same. If he fumed and fretted, he was accommodated by seeing his lawyer badgering the witnesses, fuming and roaring, and making the court-room a perfect Babel.

Before the adoption of the new constitution, in 1851, the Supreme Court was divided into sections; two judges sitting together held court. This court passed from county to county on horseback, and was known as the Supreme Court on circuit. The sessions, excepting in the larger towns, rarely continued longer than two days at a county seat. During the winter season, when the roads were impassable, the four judges still attended to business, holding a session of the Supreme Court at Columbus, the capital of the State. The court reviewed any appeals before them, and this was named "The Court in banco," more generally spoken of as the "court in banc'."

The coming of the court on circuit was invariably an occasion of unusual interest, for it held its sittings in each



THE HON. ABEL RAWSON, Gibson's Law Preceptor.



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TIFFIN, 1841. Court-house here shown burned in May, 1841. The little frame, two doors to the right of the Norris Hotel, was Gibson's office. The second door to the reader's left from the hotel was Abel Rawson's office, where Gibson studied law. The two-story frame to the left and fronting court-house was the first frame structure

in Tiffin. The log cabin was erected in 1840, by the Harrison Hard Cider boys.

county only once every year. Here came the lawyers from every county in the northern portion of the State. Taverns were crowded and traders followed the court like fakirs at a circus, with their catch-penny traps. The town was extremely lively during court time. The people could get all the benefits of the court-room eloquence and still have abundant time to encourage one another in swapping horses, or in the exhilarating diversion of speeding their nags on the track just outside of town.

Before this court came quite a variety of cases. Land questions that were in dispute; gaming for money and gambling in land; selling liquor without license, and assault and battery; a few cases of "horse-fiddling," more politely called charivari, claimed the attention of the judges on the bench. No matter how trifling a case might be in the estimation of wise heads, it nevertheless assumed great importance by reason of the staying qualities of the attorneys in charge, who, as a rule, battled with bull-dog grit for their clients, whatever of real cleverness may have appeared in the preparation or conducting of the cause. Forensic exhibitions were expected and the people were rarely disappointed. The attorney who could make the most eloquent plea, be most drastic in his arraignments, was considered as the most brilliant star among the legal luminaries. No attorney was compelled to plead a cause without an appreciative audience. But in these later days it appears bad form to speak of an attorney pleading a cause. The twentieth century advocate "submits his argument."

It was "pleading a cause" in those days, and pleading with blood earnestness. The use of rhetorical pyrotech-

nics mixed in with straight-from-the-shoulder hits and solar-plexus knock-outs, detracted nothing from the cleverness of the advocate; rather, without some skill in that direction his capabilities were in question. There were not so many entertainments then as now, and the efforts of lawyers at the bar were more appreciated, and hence it was a cause of chagrin when the benches beyond the rail were not filled. In these latter days the courts of justice attract but little interest except when the case under trial has reached a condition of unusual notoriety.

It was under the conditions existing, as described, that "Bill" Gibson began the study of law. In the closing days of the year 1842, six months after he had attained his majority, he left his father's Buckeye Run farm for Tiffin, to make arrangements with Rawson & Pennington, the leading legal firm at that time, to enter their office as a student at law. Tall, slender, straight as an Indian arrow, he enters at the door of the well-known law firm. He had just driven down Washington Street through the biting winter air, in his home-made jumper, and had hitched his gray filly in front of the office. Without hesitation he entered, and, finding Mr. Rawson in, made known his business without delay. More than a year prior to this time Mr. Rawson and "Bill" had talked over the matter, Rawson having made a visit to the Gibson farm for the sole purpose of consulting "Bill's" father concerning his son's future.

"Well, sir, I am here to see if you can make a lawyer out of me," said "Bill" to the senior member of the firm.

"I really do not think we can do that," sententiously replied Mr. Rawson. "But, Mr. Gibson, if you want to

be a lawyer, there is surely nothing to hinder you. You will have to do that yourself. Have a seat," and the young man was pointed to a chair.

"Bill" remained standing, reflecting upon the attorney's observation, and then said: "Yes, that 's so. I propose to be a lawyer, and am ready to begin my work right here, and yet I know you can be of great assistance to me. I am willing to do my best and that 's all a fellow can do; don't you think so?"

Mr. Rawson looked at "Bill" and in a tender tone of voice, said: "Yes, Mr. Gibson, if you will do what you can do, that will be all that will be required. No man ever became a great lawyer who did not work,—and work hard,—to master the facts which are contained in our law books. Your brother, John K., was a model student, and would have been a great lawyer had he lived. I hope you may be successful. We will do for you what we can, help you to advance as rapidly as possible; but it depends wholly upon your own efforts and perseverance. Here are the books and you are welcome to use them, and when you desire an explanation, be free to ask questions."

Gibson thanked the lawyer, and turning, passed out of the office, unhitched his horse, and springing into his jumper, drove rapidly away. In an hour he returned, was given his first book, and "Bill" Gibson was a student at law.

A little more than a year had passed since John K. Gibson, "Bill's" brother, (of whom mention has been made,) was a student under the tutelage of Mr. Rawson, and of him the lawyer was very fond. He had been regarded as one of the most promising of young men. John was a

graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, and had won the oratorical honors of his class, the class of '39, and was accounted one of the most brilliant men ever sent forth from that far-famed classical institution. His well-trained mind was under perfect control and apparently equal to the mastery of any task to which it might be appointed. Of him the class historian, the late Rev. A. C. McClelland, D. D., spoke at a meeting of the alumni, August 5, 1869, and in presenting the class history on that occasion, paid a high tribute to John K. Gibson's superior intellectuality. For the memoir then given, we are indebted to Mrs. Dr. McClelland, the relict of the historian, now a resident of Philadelphia. There is a touch of sadness in Doctor McClelland's description, which will not escape the reader, although he may be a stranger to the Gibson family. There were forty-two members of the class of '39, many having distinguished themselves after graduation. Doctor McClelland's word picture is the only portrait available of that brilliant young man, and it was sketched more than two score years ago. Believing it will be read with interest, it is here reproduced :

No man in the class of 1839, we take it, left so strong a picture in the memory of each of his classmates, as did John K. Gibson. With form perhaps a little above medium height, well-knit and angular, black hair, heavy brows, sunken but piercing eye, with a deep scar beneath the right,—he possessed a commanding presence. We think he entered the preparatory department. He became a "Frank" in 1835, and soon distinguished himself as a writer and speaker of peculiar force. His voice was rich, mellow, deep, and impressive, and all will remember him

by the name of "Paul," given, we presume, because of his strong, nervous style and energy of diction. His talents appeared to be of a high order in every way, and for a time his scholarship was excellent, but his extreme popularity in the literary society evidently became an injury to his class standing, and not a little we fear to his spiritual interests, although he was, and, we think, continued to be a member of the church. In the literary contest in the spring of 1839, he was the debater for the Franklin Society, having the negative of the question, "Ought the poor to be supported by law?" and took the honor off that noble man, John Lloyd, deceased missionary to China.

His intended profession was law, the study of which he commenced before leaving college. A roommate of his senior year says: "He was certainly a man of extraordinary mind. He was reading law at the time and after we would retire, he would entertain me by repeating *verbatim* a page or two of Blackstone, which he had read during the evening"; and adds, "He was ambitious, and often told me seriously that he would be in Congress before three years." But he never reached the goal,—dying on the way!

There is evidently an opinion abroad that he died in consequence of over-exertion and exposure, during the Harrison campaign in 1840. But from his brother we learn that while he took part in that campaign, attaining distinction as an able man in public speaking, he confined himself closely to the study of law, and did not appear before the public, except on special occasions at the earnest solicitations of friends. He says that on leaving college, he entered at once the law office of Abel Rawson, Esq., Tiffin, Seneca County, Ohio, and in six weeks would have been admitted to the bar. He took sick August 9, came home to his father's house, eight miles south of Tiffin, and died August 24, 1841, of "congestive fever," the idol of all who knew him. . . . Thus, quickly, was extinguished the most brilliant light of the Jefferson class

of 1839. Who of our number has not dropped a tear on the early grave of poor "Paul" Gibson!

John K. Gibson made his last public appearance as a speaker, at the famous barbecue held at Fort Meigs, of which mention is made in a previous chapter. He stood with General Harrison on the platform before the assembled thousands, and in his oration that day literally swayed the people at will. Logical, forceful, brilliant, he was master, and that was the crowning and the last effort of his life. Had he lived, without doubt his name would have been recorded high on the roll of America's great statesmen.

Gibson's Early Patriotic Eloquence.

During the time he was pursuing his legal studies in Rawson's office, Gibson was frequently called upon to make patriotic speeches. The committee first asking him were sure to secure a favorable response. Abel Rawson, his preceptor, did not approve of so much time being taken from his studies, but maintained that if "Bill" didn't have a safety-valve of that nature to blow off his accumulated steam, he might blow the office up some day. He would work all night and until broad daylight in the morning to get out the points he wanted to talk about. In reference to this apparent digression from his studies, he would remark: "This is in my line. If the people can stand it, I guess I can."

Some of the older men, a few years back, who were at a Fourth of July celebration held in Melmore, in 1843, seemed very much delighted to rehearse the stirring events of that memorable celebration. Gibson had been chosen orator of the day, and his effort on that occasion was re-

membered as the very noblest of his early triumphs in the realm of patriotic eloquence.

A large assembly had gathered in what was known as the Bretz woods, near the village of Melmore. An uncommonly happy feeling seemed to pervade the throng of country folk. The homes in all the surrounding country had been emptied, and the old and young, babies and grandparents, were all present to enjoy the day in the woods. After an old-fashioned picnic dinner, served from long tables that fairly groaned with their wealth of provisions, came the exercises at "the stand."

One of the first citizens presided. They did not forget to pray, after which the lusty voices of the strong young men and the sweet trebles of the pretty farmers' daughters fairly made the welkin ring with their patriotic songs. Every one was ready for Gibson's speech. Clear as the rataplan of martial music echoing through the woodland were the words he uttered. From the opening to the closing sentence he seemed to be under the afflatus of a new inspiration.

The aged men had been given seats of honor on the platform. Among them was an old Revolutionary veteran, habited in the identical uniform he wore when a soldier in the Continental Army. His long hair, hanging in a queue down his back, was as white as the snow in which his commander-in-chief knelt on that memorable night at Valley Forge, when the guidance of the God of battles was invoked for protection and victory.

As Gibson approached the closing words of his address, his spirit flamed brilliantly in patriotic panegyric, and, turning to the flag, he reviewed the cost of that emblem

of liberty. Like the rushing of a mighty Niagara came his well-worded thoughts, potent with the impact of truth, and whilst the burning periods of an exalted patriotism sprang from his quivering lips, the young orator moved forward and backward on the platform, punctuating every step with a patriotic utterance. Then, moving slowly back and behind the chair on which the veteran sat, with thrilling dramatic effect, he gathered up the folds of the flag and, with both hands grasping the banner, he rested them on the snowy crown of the aged soldier. Then, with fervent utterance, he exclaimed:

This flag is ours! It is kissed by the sunshine of God, floats over a free and independent people, and is honored throughout the world. But they who gave it to us are passing away! Reverently I place this flag on the brow of my friend Arnold, for it was he and his compatriots that gave it to us. These white stripes tell of the purity of their devotion. These red stripes speak of blood shed by patriots falling at his side. Those stars shining from that field of blue herald to all principalities what they won; and all this is ours. His race is nearly run. He will soon go to meet the brave spirits with whom he bivouacked in the paths of the mountains and in the storm-swept plains of the valleys. But sacred will be his dust.

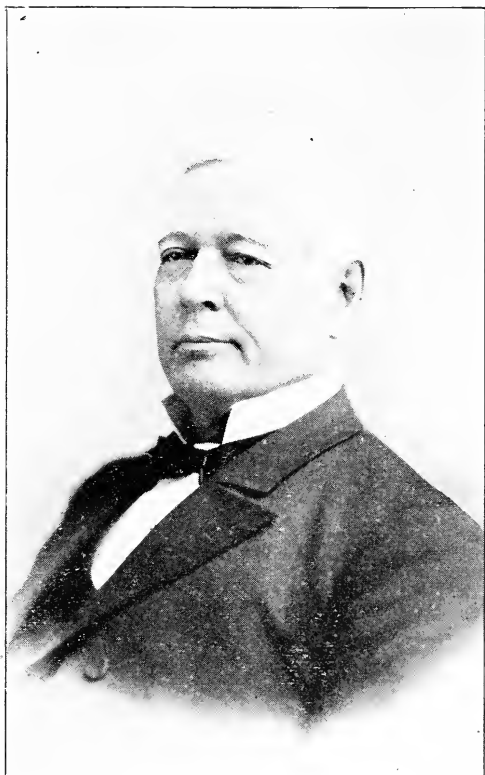
“Yes, ’t is evening and the setting sun
Sinks slowly down beneath the wave;
And there I see a gray-haired one—
A special courier to the grave.
He looks around on grave and mound,
And falls upon the battle ground.
Beneath him sleeps the hallowed earth,
Now chilled like him and still and cold.
The blood that gave young freedom birth
No longer warms the warrior bold.
He waves his hand with stern command—
And dies, the last of glory’s band.”

Tears streamed down the cheeks of tender-hearted women, and the bronzed faces of stalwart men were wet with unbidden tears. And yet Gibson was still a boy. Due preparation had been made for the speech, but it was not delivered as a studied effort. His heart was aflame with patriotic devotion. The pent-up enthusiasm was given release. The aged veteran on the platform afforded an object-lesson, and, altogether, Gibson was in the glory of his matchless imagery. His spirit was communicated to the thrilled assembly, and the orator then had no difficulty in carrying his fascinated hearers, by the force of his magnetic personality, to the heights from which they could see as he saw and be moved by the patriotic impulses that stirred his soul.

CHAPTER X.

GIBSON'S DEBUT AS A LAWYER.

THE HON. WARREN P. NOBLE, at this writing the Nestor of the Seneca County Bar, entered Abel Rawson's office as a law student a few weeks after Gibson had taken up his legal studies. The two young men were nearly the same age, Noble being less than a year older than Gibson. Gibson was a Whig, and Noble trained with the Democratic party, and they were always antipodal in politics. They ate at the same table while studying law, bunked together, and rambled in company through the labyrinths of Sir William Blackstone's world-famed substructures of common law. Both were ready about the same time to be admitted to the bar. Noble waited with more or less impatience until the Supreme Court on circuit came along, to pass his examinations. Gibson was in a hurry, and, mounting his mettlesome iron-gray, rode, during a rainy spell of weather, to Zanesville, where the court was holding a session, and, passing his tests, returned with his parchment. He was now a full-fledged lawyer, ready and eager to have an opportunity to plead the cause of any who might be so unfortunate as to require a court of justice to pass on their grievances. Within a week after he had returned from Zanesville, an office was rented, a



HON. WARREN P. NOBLE.



HON. GEORGE E. SNEY.

little frame building a few doors south of Rawson's office, in Tiffin, and this sign appeared, in bold Roman letters :

WM. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.

The young attorney's fame as a speaker soon brought him clients. According to Mr. Noble: "No young man in this section of the country was so popular as 'Bill' Gibson. His eloquence was a drawing card from the very start. Those who had business to place before a jury banked heavily on Gibson's persuasive speech to win for them the suits intrusted to his care. Business literally poured in upon him, until his hands were full."

Gibson made his debut as a lawyer in defending a client who was sued for damages. The case has a somewhat traditional interest. On the docket it was entered as "John Michael *vs.* George Puffenberger."

From the traditive accounts that have been preserved, it appears that Michael had, in the heat of passion, classified Puffenberger as a "Virginia nigger," with a more profane than polite adjective in describing the kind of "Virginia nigger" he considered him to be. This resulted in Puffenberger's resenting what, in his defense, he termed "an unjustifiable insult," by assaulting Michael, and in such a terrific manner that Michael concluded that he could not be entirely satisfied without an equable remuneration for the liberties Puffenberger had taken with his person.

The trouble between the two men resulted in a bitter lawsuit. The case was tried in the Common Pleas Court by Brice J. Bartlett, an attorney from Fremont, for Puffenberger. One hundred dollars was awarded Michael as a balm for his bruises—enough to carry the costs against Puffenberger. Puffenberger appealed to the higher court against his counsel's advice, and Bartlett immediately withdrew from his defense.

It was at this juncture that Puffenberger called on Gibson for assistance. He stated his cause of action, and then said to Gibson, "Now, by Jeems Price, 'Bill,' I 'm a-goin' to give you your first case, an' you 've got the stuff in you, an' I want you to knock them costs galley wester!"

The merits of the case had been exploited, and the community were about equally divided, and it appeared that everybody had an interest in its proper settlement. No doubts existed in about one-half of the community how the legal controversy should be decided, in order that justice might be rendered, but the other half believed the other way. The withdrawal of Bartlett from Puffenberger's defense had, in a measure, prejudiced the action against him, making the task of any attorney who should take it up the more difficult to perform. But Gibson undertook it, and determined to come out victor.

The day of trial came. Judge Reuben Wood, subsequently governor of Ohio, and whose name frequently appears in the Ohio reports, presided. The Supreme Court on circuit held its sessions in Tiffin. The jury had been selected with some difficulty, and the attorneys were there ready for the final test. The court-room was packed to the doors.

The attorneys for the plaintiff were Oliver Cowdery and Joel Wilson, the former, prior to this time, having become notorious as the amanuensis of "Joe" Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. Gibson had associated with him W. P. Noble.

During the hearing, the attorneys for the defense maintained that any one using such language as Michael applied to Puffenberger invited a breach of the peace, and was not entitled to anything beyond nominal damages. The plea made by Gibson that day was elaborate. Had the fate of the Republic depended on his effort, instead of the prevention of his client's being assessed in the damages of a trivial pommeling suit, he could not have been more seriously exercised to win his cause, and success attended his efforts.

Gibson's second case was really a serious one, and, in the victory won, he saved a boy from the disgrace of a term in the penitentiary. We are indebted to Israel Roop, an old Dunkard farmer, for the narration of his experiences as an attendant at the trial. He had driven a heavily-loaded wagon all day, and Mr. Roop says that when he reached town he was very much wearied. But being informed that there was to be a trial at the court-house that night, after partaking of his supper, he strolled round that way. He found the court-room already filled, and had hard work to find a place to stand. Gibson had been called upon to defend a bound-boy, who was charged with having set fire to a barn. The master of the boy had made the charge, and was prosecuting him for the crime.

The testimony against the boy seemed to be of such a nature as to preclude successful rebuttal, so that his con-

viction appeared to be a foregone conclusion. When Gibson, however, came to analyze the testimony, it was shown that the prosecutor had proven entirely too much, in his eagerness to saddle the crime on the young man. Gibson boldly charged the boy's master with perjury, and showed the feasibility of such a position. He wound up by indicting the master with the crime, and, turning the attention of the jury from the boy, fixed every juror's attention on the culpability of the man who would try to shield his own evil life by an attempt to stamp the brand of his dastardly deeds on a defenseless boy, legally bound to him for service. He pictured the boy going forth with this stigma upon him, after showing that no word of wrong had ever before been spoken against the lad's good name, and, for three hours, held the jury in the spell of his eloquence, which ended in a verdict of "not guilty." Gibson had literally swept from the brains of his jurymen every vestige of incriminating testimony that had been placed there by the witnesses. The master of the boy was subsequently tried for perjury and sentenced to the penitentiary.

In the practice of law, Gibson was alone, excepting two partnerships. One was with Thomas C. Tunnison, a brilliant young attorney, under the firm name of Gibson & Tunnison. That partnership was formed in 1852, and was dissolved two or three years later. He was also associated with the Hon. R. G. Pennington, the firm being established in 1857. These two supplemented each other exceedingly well. Pennington was a master in the art of preparing briefs and in working up the details of a cause to be presented to court. Gibson's *forte* was in speaking to a jury. They were of the same political faith, but in their earlier

years mustered in different camps. Pennington was a Free Soiler, and Gibson held to the anti-slavery wing of the Whig party.

In the Civil War, both were officers in the army. As business associates, they fitted each other snugly, and as friends their hearts were knit together. Pennington loved Gibson as a brother. There was nothing he possessed he would not sacrifice for him. Gibson was likewise devoted to Pennington, whose friendship was the weaving of years of congenial and loving fellowship. In 1872 Gibson retired permanently from the practice of law.

Gibson survived his old friend and law partner, and over Mr. Pennington's dust he delivered the most tender and touchingly eloquent inspiration of his distinguished career as an orator. Next to the members of his own cherished household, Pennington was Gibson's nearest and dearest friend on earth.

During his practice, General Gibson always had his share of clients, and possessed many elements of strength. As a lawyer, he would have achieved great distinction at the bar had he devoted his exclusive attention to legal matters. In one case alone—the settlement of matters between the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company and the State of Ohio—his fee was in the neighborhood of \$10,000, all of which appears in the records of the legislature, their approval being given, and an order drawn for that amount as his per centum for collection. But we find him giving his time to political affairs, the eloquence of his tongue being an impediment to the laurels he could have won had he not permitted himself to have been so loyally obedient to the behests of his party.

All of the earlier associates of General Gibson at the Seneca County Bar have passed to their rest, excepting his roommate, the Hon. Warren P. Noble, who was a member of Congress during the war. The Hon. George E. Seney, member of Congress for four terms, and the author of "Seney's Code," was admitted a little later, and still gives attention to legal questions pertaining to the more intricate problems of the profession. Judge Seney was a tried friend of the General, evinced in a substantial manner at several different periods.

In the early part of the winter of 1852, the Seneca County Bar Association instituted a delightful function, which was termed "The Bar Festival." For several years the attorneys met together annually, and their banquets were looked forward to with most pleasurable anticipations. The third annual festival took place on the evening of December 21, 1855, at the Shawhan, and that appears to have been one of the most delightful of all their gatherings. "The lawyers were out in full bloom," runs the comment of a paper of that day, "the old warriors with their better halves, and the sprigs of the law, each with a rose or a lily attached to his left crook, and all were as happy as bees in clover." Judge Lang read a poem, in which he played interestingly on all the names of the legal fraternity, present or absent. Gibson responded to the toast, "Tiffin and Her Great Men," and this flung open to him a great door. He talked about the great men of the earlier days, even back to the Indian chiefs. He gave amusing descriptions of the bar and bench of the olden times, averring that they were as familiar to him as Jupiter and his suns or Saturn and her circles, and quite as bright. He

mused concerning his boyhood days in Tiffin, and remembered having come to the city with a load of Romanite apples, and, having disposed of them, went about to spend the "pewter" with the "aristocratic shopkeepers." He then entered into a more serious discussion of that which entered into the warp and woof of a great man, declaring that, no matter how bright in intellect a man might be, if eternally dominated by a selfish spirit, he could never honorably wear the title of greatness. The man who had only a place for himself in his plans was a small man; the man who had a place for a thousand men in his ambitions was a much larger man; the man who had a place for a world of humanity, in their betterment, in his calculations, was a great man. The man on earth who can, and will do the most for the largest number of his race is certainly the greatest of God's creation.

CHAPTER XI.

GIBSON INVITED TO TAKE THE STUMP.

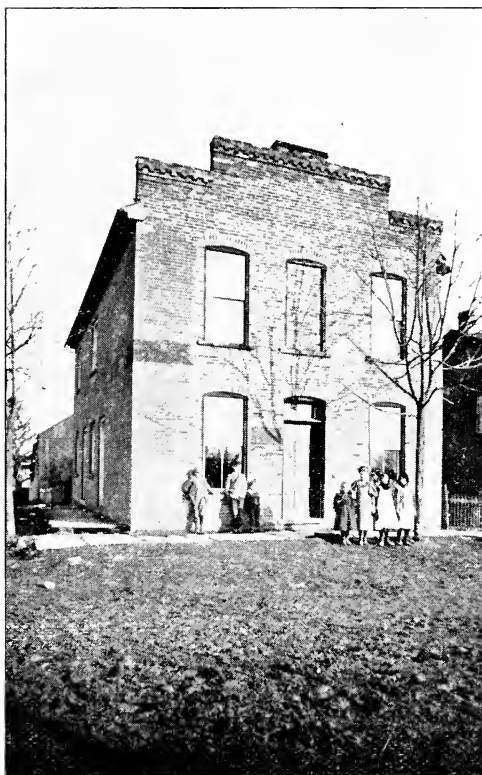
GIBSON did not make his formal *debut* in the political arena until the campaign of 1844. Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New York, Whigs; and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, and George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, Democrats, were then canvassing the States, asking their countrymen for their votes to lift them to the highest offices in the gift of the people.

George W. Leith, a prominent and very active Whig, had known Gibson from his boyhood. Anxious to enlist every agency that might bring a vote to the Whig standard-bearer, he wrote Gibson a letter, and asked him to "buckle on his armor and make himself useful in the campaign, then in the condition of King Nebuchadnezzar's impotent furnace." Leith assured Gibson that no manner of doubt existed as to his efficiency as a "stumper," and that the time had fully arrived when he could, and ought to be doing something for his country. The letter went on to state that there were important issues before the people, and that no young man could afford to remain indifferent to the demands made for his voice and influence.

The reply to this letter is interesting reading. It was written nearly threescore years ago, and indicates the



THE HON. ROBERT G. PENNINGTON, Gibson's closest
friend and law partner.



BUSKIRK'S TAVERN, where Gibson made his first
Political Speech.

trend of the writer's thoughts concerning political conditions then existing. This is the text of the first epistle:

TIFFIN, OHIO, July 7, 1844.

George W. Leith:

SIR: I am flattered by your letter urging me to take an active part in the political campaign. You take it for granted that I am for Clay. This was but natural. I am a Whig from education and by opinion, and can subscribe to all the platform of the Baltimore convention.

But is it best for me to engage in politics? You and I have driven often together. You have known me from my infancy. It is reasonable that I should hearken to you, and I will. But I cannot make up my mind until I see my father and mother. This may appear curious to you. But let me say, my father is a most remarkable man, and I regard my mother as an extraordinary woman. I will take no important step without their consent while they live. They are aged, and I am young and ardent. I need their counsel, and must claim it while they live.

My father may advise me unwisely, because he is impetuous and enthusiastic; my mother, however, is cool and calm and clear-minded. I will see them next Saturday, and will then give you my decision.

You write of my speaking powers, and over-estimate them, I know. You say I have that gift, and must use it for good. All right; I intend to do so. And I assure you that I will speak and act and coöperate in behalf of whatever I am led to believe is calculated to benefit mankind. But I am but a boy, and can have but little influence with anybody now. I have been urged to come out for Polk and be a Democrat, as that is the strongest party. But I don't expect to live by office, but by labor. I'll try the law, and if it don't go to suit me, I will then take up the bench-plane or go to farming. I do not intend to be a political pauper. I intend to be a man, and I do not fear

of success. I know that I will get along in life better than I deserve. I know myself pretty well, and I know that I am over-estimated. I speak plainly to you, as I should to an old friend.

Probably if I could do as well as you say I can, it would help me as a lawyer. If a lawyer is honest and capable, his opinions won't hurt him. I am, as you know, a warm temperance man, and expect to be through life, if I never get a case.

But be assured, I am a Whig, and shall act as one as long as it is a party and does right. My greatest fault with that party is that it is not stronger anti-slavery in advocacy and measures. It is my opinion that they are wrong and unwise in this, and I am sorry it is so. But it is better than the Polk party.

I am afraid that stumping will interfere with my studies. Robert and Moses [his brothers] both say they intend to stump it, and they can do that thing better than I.

I am very well, and so are all our friends here.

Truly,

WM. H. GIBSON.

This indicates better than any words can tell or be written, or any other testimony that now can be given, what Gibson's manly convictions were at the time he entered the political arena.

Some time after sending this letter to Mr. Leith, he indited the following communication and sent it, according to promise:

George W. Leith:

SIR: I have talked that matter over with father and mother, and they both consented to my stumping it this summer. By the way, I made a commencement the other

evening. Pennington and I spoke in the streets here, and got along well. Rawson flattered us considerable, but Noble was mad as a hornet. He says we abused them, but we didn't. [The occasion was a Whig pole-raising.]

I am ready for the school-house performances, but don't want to be caught in the big towns, or, in fact, in any town. I'll talk freely with the boys with whom I used to play. I think I can make it go there. What is the prospect for success, do you think? It appears to me that Clay will be elected, as the annexation [of Texas] would be a great wrong. Then, Friend Leith, there is the tariff; we must stick to that.

Respectfully,

Tiffin, July 29, 1844.

WM. H. GIBSON.

In the canvass for Clay and the Whig ticket, the committee were short of speakers, and Gibson's time was almost exclusively taken up in "stumping it" until election day. He was a novice at the work, but took to it like a healthy urchin to plum-pudding. The practice given him and the *role* he played proved highly didactic, for in order not to repeat himself he had to study along the lines that would be helpful, and this led him into a wider knowledge of American history. Every spare hour was employed in examining into the political issues engaging the minds of men since the establishment of the Government. He was continually finding something new, and always sure to tell about it at the next meeting. He was pleased to speak, in after years, concerning the forceful statements he was enabled to make, often surprising himself at the volume of political history he had picked up during that campaign.

Gibson strongly opposed the annexation of Texas. He believed that its acquisition would greatly augment the power of the slave-holding States. The territory was

large, was then an independent republic, and lay wholly south of the slave-holding section, and could be easily erected into four separate commonwealths, and such a proposition had been suggested.

The Whig party drew its strength from the free States, but still had some following in Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, and North Carolina. The Whigs, while opposing the admission of Texas, did not dare to assign as an argument their opposition to slavery. There was an effort made to insert a clause providing that slavery should not exist in the State, if admitted, but that was defeated.

Gibson's texts in all the speeches made in the Clay campaign were taken from the Democratic platform, adopted in the national convention, held in Baltimore. Mr. Clay had declared he would not consent to the annexation, unless it could be done "without war, without dishonor, and with the common consent of the Union." In making reference to the annexation, the Democratic platform declared it was "a great American measure, which this convention recommends to the Democracy of the Union." Largely on this issue was that memorable political contest fought out.

It was the custom in *vogue* during that campaign to hold joint debates. One of these interesting occasions occurred about the middle of September, at Sycamore Bridge. The contestants were William H. Gibson, Jesse Stem, and Mose Gibson, on the part of the Whigs; and Josiah Plants, of Bucyrus (Gibson's opponent at Ashland), Robert McKelly, of Bucyrus, and Joel Wilson, of Tiffin, appeared for the Democratic opposition. In the heat of discussion, McKelly, in a sarcastic thrust, sneeringly charged that the Whigs were the offspring of the old



THE "BILL GIBSON ELM" AT MELMORE.



Federalist party, the John Adams part of that defunct institution, and raised a merry breeze.

"Bill" Gibson made the direct and personal retort. With fire blazing from his eyes, crouching like a tiger, and then swinging his body, he lifted his voice and shouted, tragically: "Hark! Hear them slander the illustrious dead! Let the hills hear it! Let the trees bend low their umbrageous crowns and listen to this calumny! Let the mavis stop her song and hearken! Let the winds catch it, and waft it over the rivers and mountains. They slander the dead! they slander the dead!" Then facing McKelly, most provokingly, he turned the tide of laughter by declaiming, in a peculiarly tantalizing voice, "I stand here to tell you, sir, that John Adams had more patriotism in his finger nails than you, sir, have in your boots, breeches, or soul!"

In Gibson's eulogies on Clay in this campaign, he became glowingly eloquent. He visited Clay at his home at Lexington, Kentucky, four years later, and spent the night in the old colonial mansion as an honored guest. It was Gibson's sincere conviction that had Clay not yielded, in a measure, to the position he (Clay) had taken with reference to the annexation of Texas, he would have been elected; and that was the only fault Gibson ever found with that splendid, magnetic statesman. Clay had declared unequivocally, in a published letter, against annexation, on the ground that he believed it would involve the country in a war with Mexico. Afterward, he said that he was not opposed to annexation, if it could be brought about honorably and without war. This lost him, positively, the State of New York, and perhaps the electoral votes of other States.

In 1848, Gibson and Garner Garnett, an eloquent son of Kentucky, stumped the southern part of the State together, and a strong friendship was formed between the two young men. On his return home, Garnett prevailed upon Gibson to make him a visit, and to go at once with him to Kentucky, which he did. It was at that time that Gibson visited Clay, at Ashland, and the old statesman treated the young Buckeye with marked consideration. Gibson, in telling of that visit, which he richly enjoyed, spoke of Mrs. Clay as "a beautiful American matron, domestic in her tastes, and not given to society, as was Mrs. Madison and other ladies who had made their residences in Washington."

CHAPTER XII.

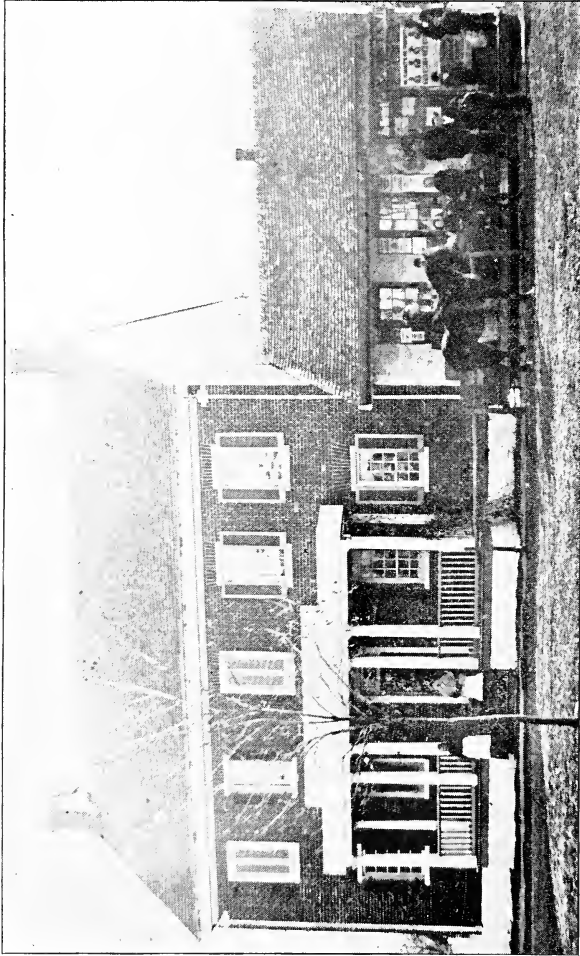
GIBSON'S MARRIAGE AND HOME LIFE.

THE parents of William H. Gibson were plain people. Without exception, the family had downright contempt for the flirt and the fop. They could not countenance any degree of pretension or prudery. Not a trace of sham or a gossamer thread of shoddy could be discovered in their make-up. Like father and mother in this respect, were sons and daughters. In dress, in manners, in thought, in everything, this feeling was apparent as truly as the distinguishable features of the Gibson brood. Although the family characteristics indicated artless and unrestrained sympathy for the unfortunate, the false glamour of insincerity in an individual or a social guild could not be, and was not tolerated for a moment. Domestic virtues were cultivated, and a pure, wholesome atmosphere permeated the home in which "Bill" Gibson was brought up. And no sentiment or peculiarity of home training remained with him so tenaciously to the day of his exit, as his absolute abhorrence of the hypocritical tendencies of much of our modern social life. He saw its drift; shuddered at its degrading license. He witnessed the *entre* of monsters of lust, in the gilded livery of the society beau, and the crashing of hearthstones, once radiant with the light of conjugal love and confidence. He saw fair women, wives, mothers, caught in the swirl of the social foment, and

hurled from pedestals of honor and chastity to the hell of disgrace and ruin; then, fallen, by reason of wealth, still permitted to become promoters of this evil condition, until whole communities were tinctured with the spirit of defiance to the laws of social purity and the laws of God.

Moreover the Gibsons wore plain clothing; lived unostentatiously; revelled in pleasures where the feasting brought food to the mind and contentment to the soul. In no way were they grasping for material aggrandizement; nor could they use any lever to lift themselves, whilst others might be ground by the heel of oppression to accomplish their elevation. The home was a shrine of love. Fidelity was an abiding principle of the home altar. Alike, sons and daughters were devoted to father and mother, and to one another. So that it may not be wondered at, that when the girls went out to new homes, they married men whom they could love and honor; nor that when the boys sought homes of their own, they wedded companions for whom they had an affinity, born of respect and love. They looked for happiness not in wealth, nor in beauty; but in that which abides in comfort to life when the step is springy; and, beyond, when age must have the comfort of a tried companionship.

Gibson had passed, by a year, his quarter-century mile post as a palmer of the earth, before he entered the marital relation. He held that no young man should ask a young woman to be his wife until he could see some way to honorably provide for the requirements of her support. In later years he was almost ready to modify that statement, on the ground, as he facetiously observed, that there were altogether too many young men who could not possibly amount



HOUSE IN WHICH MRS. W. H. GIBSON WAS BORN, GRACEHAM, MARYLAND.



MRS. WM. H. GIBSON IN 1860.



MRS. WM. H. GIBSON AT 25 YEARS.

to much until they were supplied with the ballast that a good wife alone could bring them.

The General made a good choice of a companion. This led him often to tell the young men: "You can't prosper or grow as you ought to grow, until you get a good wife to tell you what you don't know." If ever any man loved his home, that man was William H. Gibson.

The young lady who was fortunate enough to win the heart and hand of Ohio's "Silver-Tongued Orator," was Miss Martha Matilda Creeger. Fortune surely smiled on the young attorney when the fair-haired, blue-eyed Maryland maiden favored his suit. We have no account of any orations delivered in private in the winning of this most important case. Doubtless he submitted many carefully prepared briefs; of course, in person.

Miss Creeger was the youngest of a family of twelve children, born to John and Eve Creeger, who lived in the pretty village of Graceham, Frederick County, Maryland. This was a Moravian settlement and the Creegers were Moravians. Her grandfather, on her mother's side, was the proprietor of Eyler's valley, which lay near Emmitsburg, of South Mountain fame during the War of the Rebellion.

Miss Eve Eyler, while attending the parochial school at Graceham, taught by the Moravian pastor and his wife, met young Creeger, then a merchant in the village, and they were married when she was a girl of sixteen. Martha's grandfather Creeger was a landed proprietor and lived near Graceham. Her father became a prosperous merchant, but like many others, then and now, branched out too far in his commercial enterprises; this, and his

too great confidence in the wildcat banks of that period, at his death, caused his family to be left in severely straightened circumstances.

Mrs. Creeger, with commendable energy, at once determined to move West and seek for her children the best possible advantages. She elected to settle in Tiffin, Ohio, where her eldest daughter had preceded her, and was the wife of Judge Benjamin Pittinger.

On the 31st day of May, A. D. 1831, Mrs. Creeger and her children arrived in Tiffin. Her daughters were comely and spirited and were very popular in the community. Martha, from her young girlhood, heartily enlisted in good works, and was active in musical circles, being at the time of her marriage a member of the Presbyterian choir. Modest, unassuming, rather retiring in her disposition, and withal, courageous in her views of what a young woman should be, she attracted young Gibson to her, and the wooing resulted in their marriage on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1847, the marriage taking place at her mother's home, which was situated nearly opposite the Shawhan House, on Washington Street. The Rev. Franklin Putnam, then pastor of the Presbyterian Church, officiated at the marriage.

The marriage was in every way felicitous and purely congenial in sentiment and life, and through all the vicissitudes, pleasures, and misfortunes of their long companionship, nothing ever interrupted, for a single moment, their perfect confidence in each other. The General was devoted to the wife that God had given him, and to the children with which this union was blessed, and often in public, he would speak of the influence exerted on his life

in making him what he was, by his faithful, patient, devoted companion.

Whilst the slow fires of fever were consuming his life's forces, the sorrowing children stood about his bed, and it was there that he looked out upon the faces of those that were precious to his soul, and said: "Children, all that I am or ever have been, I owe to your mother."

Thus was evinced his whole-hearted disinterestedness in giving praise and credit to others, rather than to himself, for whatever of good he had been enabled to accomplish in life.

The home in which General Gibson passed his last days is a handsome and commodious brick structure, on the north bank of the Sandusky, in the heart of the city, and stands on historic grounds. For on that very spot, and in its immediate surroundings, there once stood the famous four block houses which were constructed as a defense for the soldiers here located in the War of 1812. The fort was named by General Harrison from the remarkable fact that when the garrison was completed, only one cannon ball remained for his defense against the Indians, who were exceedingly hostile and were swarming over the Sandusky plains by the thousands. Just back of the house, in the General's back yard, is the famous spring of water, which was within the enclosure of protection, from which General Harrison and his men secured their supply of water, and which is now serving the same purpose for the Gibson family. Immediately in front of this residence stands a magnificent granite shaft erected to the memory of the heroic dead, the four sides of the monument bearing the names of all the principal battles of the War of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER XIII.

GIBSON AND THE CAMPAIGN OF '48.

IT was nearly a year before Gibson was admitted to the bar that he made his debut in the political arena, and his time being so taken up during the Clay campaign, on the stump, he resolved to practically eschew politics for the next two or three years. Before the succeeding presidential year, he was married and was enjoying a lucrative law practice. When the time approached for the agitations concerning a candidate for the presidency, he declared that he would have little to do with politics that year, no matter who might solicit him. He was too effective on the stump, however, to be permitted to remain entirely inactive, and we find that he was induced to do good work in '48.

Following the defeat of the Whig ticket in '44, there appears to have been considerable agitation concerning the annexation of new territory to the public domain. Another subject commanding attention was the question of foreign influence on the government of the Republic. By no inconsiderable portion of our American citizenship, it was regarded as a serious menace to Republican institutions, that those born in other lands and reared under the teachings of other forms of government should be, so soon after arriving on our shores, permitted to have an equal voice in the government of our nation. Gibson, in

speaking of this period, said it was a fact, that there was something good in all the parties and that each had some serious objections attached to its propaganda; that it required a calculator with more than ordinary astuteness to figure out the best place to be.

It was in the Congress of '46 that a member of the house from Pennsylvania offered an amendment to a bill appropriating funds to secure a peaceable negotiation with Mexico for new territory, which has been since known as the "Wilmot Proviso," which read as follows: "Provided that there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude in any territory on the Continent of America, which shall hereafter be acquired by or annexed to the United States by virtue of this appropriation, or in any other manner, except for crime, etc."

This remarkable amendment was passed by the House, but was summarily rejected by the Senate. Congress, in both of its divisions, defeated the same amendment at its very next session. Still it was championed by its friends; and resolutions, worded substantially as the amendment, were brought before the Whig and Democratic conventions the same year, and both conventions refused to incorporate the deliverance in their platforms. The failure to adopt this restrictive provision in either of the two leading party platforms, caused an exodus from both parties of influential men, who, associating themselves together, and as a result of later deliberations, were enabled to announce the organization of the "Free Soil Party." At the approach of the presidential contest of '48, the Free Soilers held a convention in Buffalo and nominated Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams, for vice-president,

adopting as their motto: "Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free Men."

It might be said with reference to the organization of this party, that political matters at this time were in an anomalous condition. On the 22d day of May, 1848, the Democratic national convention met at Baltimore, and a vigorous and long-contested battle took place on the floor of the convention. By the adoption of the two-thirds rule and otherwise by some exceedingly keen work, Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was nominated and defeat came to Levi Woodbury and James Buchanan, who were expecting respectively, a luscious plum to fall their way from the convention tree. After the nomination of Cass, the convention endeavored to please all concerned, and, Cass being a Northern man, it was thought expedient to have an out-and-out Southern platform, which was adopted, promising to slave-holders security from interference, both in the States and Territories. Many of the leading Democrats were disgusted with the nomination of General Cass and soon cast their fortunes with the Free Soilers.

The Whig national convention met in Philadelphia on the 7th day of June, and as the day came forward, it was known that a bitter feeling was growing between the friends of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, and this alone promised a stormy session. Both aspirants were doomed to disappointment. Clay was the logical candidate, and his friends believing this to be his last chance, made a desperate effort in his behalf. The Northern Whigs had everything their own way, but persistently refused to use their majority of fifty-six, as many thought they should. Had they been so inclined, they could have nominated either

Clay, Webster, Tom Corwin, or General Scott, but they did not so elect. On the fourth ballot, sixty-nine of them concluded to compliment the Southern Whig candidate, Zachary Taylor, and the General, to every one's astonishment, was nominated.

Like the gentleman they nominated, that convention was eccentric; the delegates adjourned the convention without adopting any statements of what they wanted to do or secure, and without a line of deliverance,—no policy having been given forth as the sentiment of the assembly. General Taylor was a resident of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The presiding officer of the convention had been Governor Morehead, and it was expected that General Taylor, in his letter of acceptance would outline a policy for the campaign workers.

A month elapsed and Governor Morehead had no word from the Whig nominee. After his nomination General Taylor's postal matter was of immense proportions, and he became tired of paying for the letters sent him, many of them being of no consequence whatever. Each letter was taxed ten cents, and those were the days of non-prepayment of postage. The postmaster at Baton Rouge had sent an enormous consignment of letters to the Dead Letter Office, and the larger part of these epistles were directed to General Taylor. Subsequently, General Taylor learned that among the letters refused were a number of important documents, and he sent for them. They were returned to him, and among them he discovered the notification from the Whig convention that he had been made their nominee. Even then, contrary to what had been expected, he simply thanked the chairman of the convention for the distin-

guished honor conferred upon him, stating that he did not know that he had any qualifications for the office of president, but that if he were elected he would do his level best to give the people an honorable and just administration.

This was by no means satisfactory, and it fell to the lot of Thurlow Weed to write a letter outlining the Whig policy, which General Taylor signed and sent to a relative, in which he declared fealty to the Whig principles. This letter became the platform of the party, upon which a brilliant and effective campaign was carried on, victory perching upon the Whig banners at its close. The letter referred to was published in all the Whig papers as the "People's Platform," and was brief and pointed in statement. Those who read it must remember this unique condition, that Zachary Taylor had not sought the nomination, and would have been very content had he not received any recognition at the hands of the convention that made him the standard bearer of the Whig party. The full text of the letter is here given :

PEOPLE'S PLATFORM.

I have no private purpose to accomplish; no party purposes to build up; no enemies to punish,—nothing to serve but my country.

The power given by the Constitution to the executive to interpose his veto is a high conservative power, which should never be exercised, except in cases of a clear violation of the Constitution or manifest haste and want of consideration of Congress.

The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy nor ought his objections be interposed where questions of

constitutional powers have been settled by the various departments of government and acquiesced in by the people.

Upon the subject of tariff, the currency, the improvement of our great highways and rivers, lakes and harbors, the will of the people as expressed through their representatives in Congress, ought to be respected and carried out by the executive.

War, at all times and under all circumstances, is a national calamity, to be avoided if compatible with national honor. The principles of our government, as well as its true policy, are opposed to the subjugation of other nations, and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest; for in the language of the great Washington, "Why should we quit our own to stand on foreign ground."

(Signed)

Z. TAYLOR.

Daniel Webster, who had been a candidate before the convention which nominated General Taylor, and who had expressed himself as vigorously opposed to the nomination of a military man, in speaking of this platform and his opinion of General Taylor, said in a speech delivered at Abington, Massachusetts, October 9, a month before the election:

"I believe him to be a man of excellent sense; a man of undoubted integrity; of solidity, sobriety, and patriotic intentions. I believe him to be a WHIG! [Applause.] And I think he has made as good a platform himself as others have made for themselves elsewhere." Webster closed his speech by declaring: "I am for supporting decidedly and with alacrity the nomination, which under all circumstances, the Whig convention has seen fit to make, looking to its influences as the only means of escape from great and threatening dangers." The Whigs all over the coun-

try were grateful to Daniel Webster for this manly and helpful utterance.

One reason for this gratefulness, and a good one, too, was that this was a year conspicuous for the number of influential men who bolted their parties. There had been a nucleus for a new party. The old "Liberty" party of 1846, the "Barn-Burner" Democrats, of New York, and the radical Northern Whigs, who favored the Wilmot Proviso, had been drifting together, and now by the impetus given by the disaffected Democrats, who refused to support Cass, and the Whigs who were disgruntled at the results of the Philadelphia convention, it was made possible to form a party of considerable magnitude, which as before mentioned, resulted in the organization of the Free Soil party.

Gibson was opposed to the organization of the Free Soilers, yet a number of his friends were enthusiastic in promoting the movement, and among them, Robert G. Pennington, Gibson's most intimate associate. His anxiety to have little to do with politics this year was really overruled by his antagonism to the organization of a new party, and by reason of the fact that he had been made the candidate for State's attorney on the Whig ticket. He endeavored to confine his work to the limits of his own county during the campaign, yet was able to make more than a score of addresses in the adjoining counties in behalf of the national ticket. His opposition to the Free Soil movement was clear-cut, unequivocal, and at one time caused a coolness between Pennington and himself. Pennington maintained that Gibson would do himself harm as a candidate to be "everlastingly drubbing the men who were acting under honest convictions in forming a new party, and

that he ought to have a little self-concern." Although Pennington and Gibson were in opposite camps in this campaign, and were doing what they could, respectively, each for his own party, yet Pennington cast his ballot for Gibson.

Gibson declared the Free Soilers were attempting the impossible at that time. The time would come, but had not arrived, for such an organization. He told them that the Free Soilers were in the same position occupied by the Liberty party in 1844, four years previous to this contest. The Liberty party had withheld its votes from Mr. Clay and by voting for Mr. Birney, in New York, gave the State to Mr. Polk, and thus defeated the measure they professed to be so solicitous to carry out, by the elevation of Mr. Polk to the presidency. With the result they had helped to secure, came annexation and war, and the acquisition of more territory over which the North and South had quarreled, seriously jeopardizing the Union.

In speaking of the candidacy of Van Buren, Mr. Taylor's opponent, Gibson said: "I have no grounds for believing that there is any chance for Martin Van Buren's election, and if Mr. Taylor could receive the united support of all who stand for the principles he has enunciated, he surely will be elected. I am sure the best and strongest Free Soil party is none other than the old Whig party. The Free Soil party has a good name but it is inconsistent. It has championed a man for the highest trust in the gift of the American people, who is in direct antagonism to the principles its adherents have advocated. He was chosen, I suspect, for his availability as a candidate. But that will not do."

The campaign companies during Taylor's presidential

canvass were given the old General's sobriquet, and properly called "Rough and Ready" hustlers. Gibson organized a "crack" company in Tiffin composed of young men, who had no end of fun as the campaign progressed. The national contest was exciting, and the triangular fight at times became very bitter.

When General Taylor was declared elected, his partisan friends became almost beside themselves with joy, and yet this must be said, that when he was exalted to the presidency, he was certainly the most incompetent citizen ever called to assume that high trust. He had never even exercised his right to cast a ballot. He knew he was not the man for the place and had declined to think about the matter, and when he was nominated, he knew he was made a leader simply by reason of his fine military record. And yet, he did the best he knew how; but that was not worthy of mention. Taylor came from Louisiana, was a slaveholder, but he was, nevertheless, set against permitting John C. Calhoun having his own way with his conspirators, who were continually making the endeavor to use every possible power to advance the dominion of the slave oligarchy in the States. Mr. Calhoun had begun early on General Taylor; and even before he was inaugurated, it was evident that the president-elect was troubled concerning the safety of the Union, and feared that an attempt would be made for its dissolution during his term of office. It had been intimated to him that he was the choice of the strong Unionists, because, he being a soldier, if an attempt were made to dissolve the Union, he would be enabled to throttle any such movement. Mr. Calhoun, being apprised of Taylor's fears, through a friend (Mr. Clayton), respect-

fully requested General Taylor not to mention the matter in his inaugural, as it might arouse the people unnecessarily. The president-elect had not asked Mr. Calhoun's advice, and of all men, he feared him most.

In his inaugural, he did speak of the subject vigorously: "Whatever dangers threaten the Union, I will stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred on me by the Constitution." He was perfectly fearless and did to the full what he thought to be right; and for that he must have credit. For recommending that California be admitted to the Union as a free State (in his message in 1849) he received the abuse of the Southerners, and too hard things could not be said about him.

Gibson was an ardent supporter of Taylor, and devoted his time throughout the campaign to sounding his virtues as a man and soldier. There was something in old "Rough and Ready's" manner, and the honest, open-hearted undiplomatic style of the old patriot that was very admirable to Gibson. "Old Zach" was far from being a politician, and had it not been for the spontaneous uprising of the people in his behalf, on general principles, he would never have risen to the chief executive's chair, in which he served little more than a year.

CHAPTER XIV.

GIBSON AND GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

Campaign of 1852.

AT the close of the interesting contest in 1848, Gibson resumed his work of brief-making, and was active in promoting enterprises looking to the progress of his home town. Although there had ensued more or less bitterness of feeling arising out of the political joustings, yet no one could hold aloof from popular and friendly "Bill" Gibson. He was friendly; and a man that shows that spirit will have friends. He was forgiving; and time wears out old grudges, if a man pays for the mean things he has received in the wampum of kindness. Thus time rolled along in an even tenor, until the presidential contest in 1852, when Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee; Gen. Winfield Scott, of Virginia, the Whig leader, and John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, representing the Free Soil element, were bending their energies to win the good favor of their countrymen.

Gibson had grown stronger in his political faith, as its tenets had been the more carefully studied and advocated, and each succeeding year discovered him more deeply engrossed in national affairs. He had been chosen to attend the national Whig convention at Baltimore as a delegate. To him that was a wonderful gathering, and

upon his return home he was literally ablaze with enthusiasm for the success of the Whig pennant. Scott was his candidate for a presidential leader from the beginning of the canvass and he felt a profound personal interest in the convention's nominee. To the securing of his election, Gibson set apart his whole time, and from his return from the East devoted every fiber of his energies to that work. Everything was made subsidiary to this civil triumph of the gallant veteran, and hence Gibson literally lived on "the stump." He averaged two speeches per day for the entire campaign. Although impressed that the odds were heavily against his candidate, the war chieftain, yet Gibson thoroughly believed he ought to be elected, and that if those who believed as he did, would put forth the effort possible to them, there would be no doubt as to his victory at the polls, and that with flying colors he would enter the White House. Gibson was buoyantly hopeful up to the very last day of the campaign that a stampede would be made to the Whig standard.

One day during the campaign, General Scott was to be at Kenton, and a delegation, headed by Gibson, was sent to the neighboring town to escort the distinguished leader of the Whig forces to Tiffin. The escorting party, with their guest, arrived in Tiffin on an evening train on the old Mad River strap-iron railroad, and were met at the station by a large and enthusiastic body of citizens. Drums were beating and torches blazing the old hero a welcome. The General was escorted to the Shawhan, the leading hotel, and there introduced to the people, but as a cold, drizzling rain forbade any extended remarks, the General bade the people good-night, promising to talk to them the next

morning, closing his adieu by remarking, "If any of the ladies should catch cold I would be inconsolable."

The next morning, long before the hour arrived for the hearing of what the Whig leader had to say, the streets about the Shawhan were one mass of humanity. Some had stood there for two hours, anxious to secure a favorable place to listen to the words of the great man, described as the most imposing of all the soldiers of the nineteenth century. At last he appeared and was received with a tumultuous greeting. In a happy little speech, Gibson presented General Scott, and thirty seconds had not passed until every one there was asking himself, "What is this we have come out for to see?" Scott was a "plump" failure as a speaker. He could only succeed in making a goose of himself. People had their appetites whetted for something particularly grand,—a speech as big as the man's reputation. Probably there was never a greater disappointment. He could not speak in a manner that would have done credit to a school boy. But one satisfactory feature may be related of Scott's speech that day; it was not more than ten minutes long, hardly that. He had scarcely turned his face towards his chair on the balcony, when there sounded and resounded through the streets the name of Gibson. "Gibson! Gibson! Gibson!" yelled the crowd; "Gibson!" "GIBSON!!" "GIBSON!!!" shouted the eager throng—their vociferous demands lifted like the voice of waters up to the balcony from the throats of thousands of enthusiastic admirers.

In response to this ovation from his fellow-townsmen, Gibson made one of the happiest efforts of his life. So greatly taken was General Scott with Gibson's oratory,

that he insisted on the "brilliant young fellow's" accompanying him on his remaining visits to the Ohio cities and to Western Pennsylvania, which would close the campaign. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* present that day declared, as Gibson walked down into the hotel with General Scott on his arm: "I have heard speeches, and speeches, and speeches,—speeches from the lips of the most eloquent orators of this country, but that is the noblest specimen of field oratory to which I have ever bent my ear. It would simply paralyze the pen that would attempt to describe it. I gave it up."

The campaign closed, as will be remembered, with the overwhelming defeat of the Whig party. William C. Gray, LL. D., now editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Interior*, was at that time the editor and proprietor of the *Tiffin Tribune*, in fact, its founder, and he relates, amusingly, a characteristic incident, after the result of the election had been made known: "When it was discovered by the returns that Scott was defeated, Gibson got a rickety old wagon and a team of crow-bait horses, and a leaky old canoe, and putting the boat in the wagon, he and some of the defeated candidates got in and drove through the streets. At every half-square Gibson's clear voice rang out: 'Up Salt River, O-ho! O-ho! All aboard! All aboard! O-ho!' and I do not suppose there has ever been heard such laughing in Seneca County before or since, for everybody was crying with laughter. Men would hold on to the fence and laugh. A man said: 'There ain't no use tryin' to beat Bill Gibson! Everybody will vote for him anyway, an' give him what he wants.'"

Immediately upon the defeat of the Whig party in 1852,

Gibson returned to his office and vigorously applied his energies to his legal practice, which had suffered considerably on account of his time being so fully occupied with political affairs. Burning questions were before the country, and no one was more zealous for their proper adjustment than Gibson. The Whig party had been hopelessly defeated; and many of those who were ardent supporters of Scott lost heart, and were apparently unable to rally to a vantage ground where hope would regain ascendancy. After the returns had been made, Gibson delivered a memorable speech at Tiffin in which he used the figures of the election to show just where the party stood in the fealty borne to its principles, and although Scott was enabled to secure the electoral votes of but four States of the Union, yet he had received 1,386,580 votes from the people against 1,601,274 ballots cast for his opponent, Franklin Pierce.

The Free Soil candidate's vote had a world of meaning to Gibson. In the 156,825 votes cast for the Free Soiler, Gibson believed he had discovered the balance of power that would bring the liberty element of the nation to the front, and to a place where a party would be organized that would make a straight issue against the extension of the slave power and win against all impediments that might be raised. This speech was made amidst the clouds of defeat, when the shouts of the victors were ringing in his ears. It was one of the great prophetic speeches of his career. He was impressed that the time had come for definite action that could not longer be delayed. So thoroughly dominant was this conviction, that he threw his whole spirit into the effort, urging that every Free State supporter of Scott should begin at once to prepare for the



THE HOME ON BUCKEYE RUN WHERE GIBSON WAS REARED.



GIBSON'S EARLIEST PICTURE, Taken in 1852.

future; that delay would be fatal. He lifted the defeat of Scott before his greatly moved audience, and shouted that that very defeat should be the amulet of protection for the country. Its memory should be worn about the heart, and as the evil days come upon the nation, by votes thrown away as in the past election, so may there be a mighty rallying to one standard by all who want liberty to prevail.

In every speech delivered, when the public was so agitated in view of the likelihood of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which the vast territory lying west of the northern line of Arkansas to Oregon on the west and to the confines of British America on the northwest, had been declared free from all possible encroachment of the slave power, he emphasized his views of the coming of concerted action. His eyes gleamed in the radiance of his convictions, as he appealed to his friends and neighbors to behold the light, the first beams flashing above the mountain-tops of their defeat. "This defeat by the blessing of God will unite us, and then we shall win!"

It was in 1854 that Henry Clay's successor, in the Senate had given notice that he would introduce a resolution to repeal the Missouri Compromise; and that any slaveholder should have the privilege to remove to any of the free Territories and there hold his slaves without fear of molestation. The threatened introduction of this measure certainly did solidify the Free Soil elements in the country just as Gibson prophesied, and stirred the nation from center to circumference. For a number of years the slavery question had been troubling the people, and now it had been forced to an acute issue, which only ter-

minated with the War of the Rebellion. Those who were maintaining slavery were united, but throughout the country, those who were opposed to the institution were in a chaotic condition, and nothing effective could ever be hoped for until the elements disagreeing about matters of little importance compared with this paramount consideration, could be brought into working harmony.

CHAPTER XV.

GIBSON AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

Campaign of 1855.

THE old Whig party was deeply humiliated by its defeat and collapse. That which seemed the source of the greatest chagrin was the striking of the party ship against two rocks, the Scylla and Charybdis of an uncertain political deep. It had lost all caste with the pro-slavery wing of its own party and the confidence of the Free Soilers.

Hardly had the shouts of the victorious contestants been hushed, until rumors were rife of the organization of a new party. It was reported to be a secret organization, and little could be learned of its meetings or intentions. In different localities it was reported that its meetings were held in barns, in the woods at night, and in out-of-the-way places. Those who had become members were exceedingly reticent as to their plans and wary as to whom they received into their fellowship and counsels, and, although not much was known of the party until 1853, many have believed that it was organized immediately after the defeat of Scott in 1852. In 1854, it swept the country and was known as the "Know-Nothing Party."

Gibson was accused of being a "Know-Nothing" one evening while in the midst of a flaming speech he was delivering from the platform of old Webster Hall. He retorted promptly, and while in a humorous strain, yet, with

apparent acerbity: "Now, my good fellow, you appear to be talking about something of which you know nothing, and while in that humor you tell me I don't know nothin'. You don't know nothing when you say I'm a 'Know-Nothing,' and are open to the charge of being a political 'Know-Nothing.' Now I know a thing or two which I know to be true, and one of them is that the fellow that says I'm a 'Know-Nothing' don't know enough to know that he don't know nothin'" a play on words that was greeted with bursts of hearty laughter.

In 1855, the "Know-Nothing" Society assumed the title—the "American Party." After a convention held in the city of New York that year, the aims and objects as formulated were published and may be briefly stated as follows:

Americans shall rule America: the union of these States,—no North, no South, no East, no West,—the United States of America, one and inseparable; no sectarian interference in our legislation or in the administration of American law; hostility to the assumptions of the Pope, through bishops and priests, in a republic sanctified by Protestant blood; thorough reform in the naturalization law, (requiring twenty-one years of residence of all foreigners permitted to vote,) free and liberal educational institutions, and for all sorts and classes, with the Bible, God's holy word, as a universal text-book.

The aim of this society, rather than party, was to project something that would take the place of the anti-slavery agitation, which had been making rapid strides in covering the land with its champions. The following year the Know-Nothing party died a natural death. Its belongings normally fell to the new Republican organization, the

larger number of its members being swallowed up by the party which nominated John C. Fremont for president. A small contingent, however, endeavored to hold the organization intact and nominated Millard Fillmore for the office of chief executive of the nation.

The party was born in the South by the Whigs' revolting from their Democratic affiliation. Although many in the North had a keen sympathy for many of their propositions, the party had a fitful, sky-rockety existence.

There were principles postulated by the American party that Gibson could heartily endorse; but, as an organization, he had no sympathy with its intentions or methods. In commenting upon it, his characterization was pungent. He declared that it "was not born of common sense and the cause of its death was the absence of merit to live."

The "Know-Nothing" objective to side-track the slavery agitation caused the party to be severely denounced by many who could have readily accepted certain other planks of its platform or articles of its constitution.

The elements which ultimately were resolved into the Republican organization in Ohio were looking for a dawning day, and although there was a steady resistance of the advance of slavery, in the Territories, yet the camp was in a nebulous condition. No permanent rallying name was found inscribed upon their banners, no talismanic attraction lingered in the old Whig name, and it was a foregone conclusion that there could be no hope of success following the Whig pennon. That title had lost its drawing power, and was fast receding into the regions of past institutions. Hence we find that in Columbus on March 22, 1854, a State convention was held, called the "Anti-Nebraska"

convention, which had in view the resistance of Senator Douglas's bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska without restrictions to slavery.

A second convention was held in Neil's new hall in the State capital, July 13, the same year, and was variously styled "Anti-Nebraska," "Opposition," and "Whig." At this convention a ticket was nominated and proved successful. Just one year from the date of holding the last named convention, on July 13, 1855, another assembly convened which has become historic as the first Republican State convention held in Ohio. Its sessions were carried on in the old Towne Street Methodist Episcopal Church, on the present site of the Public Library building, in Columbus, and at this convention Gibson was a delegate and was there made the Republican nominee for the office of State treasurer.

Gibson had cared nothing for office, and with the exception of a few minor positions in his home municipality, he had held none. In 1849, on the organization of the Tiffin fire department, to give the new enterprise the prestige of his personal influence, he accepted the position of chief. When the first board of education was organized in Tiffin, he was made its president. He also acted for a term in the common council as the representative from his ward. He was also the Whig candidate for State's attorney in 1848. He was willing at all times to do anything within his power to encourage the advancement of his home town, and from the very beginning of his career became ardently devoted to educational interests.

No occasion seemed complete without a speech from Tiffin's brilliant young orator, and whatever of attractions

might be secured at mass or general meetings of the community, the committee in charge was sure to reserve a place for Gibson. Others might cause disappointment, but Gibson never failed to rise to the expectations of the admiring Senecaites. There was no waning of this sentiment, even until the very last days of the silver-tongued orator. Others might be more scholarly, more profound, more logical, more finished in rhetorical precision, but the masses of his fellow-townsmen never grew tired of hearing "Bill" Gibson talk; and he was always ready to mount the platform, no matter what the occasion might require. In the opera house, rink, or wigwam, the woods or a church; in a parlor gathering, at a funeral service or a marriage feast, on anniversaries, or before the children at school, at reunions and pioneer picnics, in selectest company or on the street corner, he was always primed for a speech. He was willing to lend his assistance to any one or to many who had, to them, an occasion of importance, and to make it a success, and somehow, his remarks always brought good cheer.

The person has yet to be discovered who ever heard Gibson make an apology for a lack of preparation. What he had on hand he gave, and that was the end of it. In his campaign work he was magnetic. And it was not long until those who were with him caught the glow of his brightly hopeful spirit.

In this campaign of 1855, Gibson worked incessantly. He was either on the stump or going to it, from day to day, until it closed. He slept little, and only when he could catch an opportunity. His party was victorious, carrying the State by a plurality of 22,000.

The issues in that campaign, as stated by Gibson were: "Opposition to the extension of slavery; no more slave States; no interference with slavery where it now exists; making freedom national and slavery sectional; a revision of the iniquitous and burdensome tax laws; retrenchment and reform both in State and national administrations."

The contest was a hot one. The national contest was only one year distant. This appeared to be a training school for that coming battle. A drifting towards centers was discernible. The congealing of elements was an important factor of this preliminary political bout. The Republican organization in the Northern and Western States was approaching completion. Splendid triumphs of Republicanism in California were resounding notes of favor, and even the infant Kansas, had struggled to her feet, and like a young Hercules was resisting with determined spirit, the writhing dragon that would strangle freedom from her political institutions. The battle-cry of freedom had been shouted all along the line, and no State had given a more encouraging outlook than had come from Ohio.

Gibson was in the harness. He worked without chafing. A catching enthusiasm went with him and was scattered as by magic in the communities he visited. Political strife waged furiously, but he kept a level head. The end of eloquence is to move the masses. Gibson had that gift, and he was in demand everywhere. It was sufficient that "Bill" Gibson was placarded to speak for every one to know that there would be present a vast concourse of men, and people elected to be with the jostling crowds. Farmers and

tradesmen could find plenty of reasons why they were a necessity to the occasion.

Democrats and Republicans sat side by side at his rallies, and communicated enthusiasm leaped from one community to another. Gibson's philippics against slavery were not only thrillingly dramatic in their utterance, but drove home like thrusts of a mighty swordsman to the vital centers of thought.

His stalwart maintenance of his party principles and his roaring fun were all talked about, and what "Bill" Gibson said and the way he said it, was all exploited and oftentimes humorously mimicked by his ardent admirers. His happy manner of showing the weak points on the other side was very taking with large assemblies. He was didactic. No one ever listened to one of Gibson's popular speeches who did not learn something that had not come to him in the way he put it. The solid field of subject matter was relieved by bright patches of fun, at which times the rules of syntax were tossed to the rear of the platform, only to be picked up again when an impassioned period was rendered. Side-splitting jokes were told in the vernacular of the people, and his stories were fresh and home-spun, being thrown in to rest his auditors, and quicken their minds for the apprehension of weighty arguments to follow. At the right time he would rise to the stupendous responsibility of the hour and with impassioned appeal, garbed in an impressive diction, his most effective arguments were presented. He had a breezy, yet a wholesome, convincing manner, so that thousands of votes were turned by his efforts during this memorable campaign.

It can be truly said that Gibson rarely indulged in invective. His sunny disposition eschewed everything of the kind, and to say harsh things of men was wholly foreign to his nature. This did not prevent him, however, from being perfectly fearless in his criticisms of measures that he could not approve. What he had to say concerning his opponents was spoken in a good-natured, jocular way, so that the least offense might be given. One notable exception to this rule, occurring a few years prior to this time, brought him no end of trouble and from which he suffered to the end of his days. It was brought about in this manner:

On February 22, 1849, the Democrats and Free Soilers formed a coalition in the Forty-Seventh Ohio Assembly two of the results of which were the repeal of the black laws and the election of Salmon P. Chase, United States senator. Mr. Chase had affiliated with the Democratic party and supported its nominees. There were three Free Soil members of the State Senate. The election of Chase depended on their vote, and these votes came to him. The *Ohio State Journal*, in its issue on the evening of the day upon which Chase was elected, under the caption of "The Bargain Consummated," makes this mention:

The balance of the vote was thrown by Messrs. Van Doren, Townshend, and Morse. The former probably violates no pledge and disappoints no expectations by his course. His Locofoco tendencies were well known at his election, yet we very much doubt if either his constituents or he himself felt as if they had great reason to rejoice over the result. Messrs. Townshend and Morse are doubtless gratified,—they have abundant reasons to sus-

pect that their doings in the premises have been understood by their constituents, and that there are other sentiments than gratitude becoming very prevalent among them.

These three legislators, at the expiration of their terms of office were retired by reason of their collusion with the Democratic members of the legislature in the election of Chase.

Gibson was twenty-eight at that time, but he wielded an enviable influence from the platform, and in his public utterances he severely inveighed against Chase and the effort to repeal the black laws. It was this scathing criticism of his actions in that affair that sent the iron to the soul of Chase against Gibson, whom until the day of his death it was evident, gifted man that he was, he never forgave. The position taken by Gibson was free-handed, and as a free lance he spoke in his affirmations concerning the "bargain and sale," which he most vigorously denounced as "a notorious crime against our modern civilization, only possible to political tricksters who would become a menace to the country as they secured an advance in power."

This subject was somewhat of a hobby with Gibson since he was in school, having at one time debated the question of the election of United States senators by popular ballot, a performance that caused considerable comment. Gibson's personal criticisms nettled Chase, and rankled in his breast unforgiven in all his subsequent career. Mr. Chase could not forget, he could not forgive the hot words of the young orator, which, even if just, in utterance, were, to say the least, not politic on the part of Gibson.

Gibson could not be spiteful. His nature was too catholic and his manhood too generous for that. With him the Chase incident closed when it was made known that Chase had taken a strong and manly position with reference to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which he maintained with great credit to himself and the State he represented.

In the campaign of 1855, Chase was at the head of the State ticket upon which Gibson was elected treasurer. Gibson worked with tireless energy and spoke earnest and helpful words for the gubernatorial candidate, and no man could have been more truly or sincerely loyal to a friend, as will be fully shown, than was Gibson to Chase. But it was evident ever after that, that wounds had been inflicted which left deep and ugly scars. And it was painfully true that Chase would admit of no atonement, even though the one who had done him injury had become one of his most staunch and capable advocates in subsequent years.

CHAPTER XVI.

ORGANIZATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

IN 1856, when those who had trained with the Free Soil party, the Anti-Slavery wing of the Whig party, the Know-Nothings and the Abolitionists, united in forming the Republican national organization, Gibson was a member of the convention and an active participant in all of its proceedings. His affiliation with the Republican party began with its birth and continued unfalteringly throughout his life. He was a Republican because the principles maintained by that party were in consonance with his own views of the administration of public affairs.

His objections to the Whig party grew out of, and were a sequent of the lack of moral courage evinced by the Whig organization in resolutely taking hold of the slavery question and heroically standing against the encroachments of the slave-holding power on the free territory of the republic. He believed in the constant exercise of wisdom in bringing about ultimately the freedom of the bondmen in the South, but he brooked no measures that would finally have in view the thwarting of that objective.

In a number of States, and among them Ohio, Republican organizations had been effected. Hence with his views on the paramount question agitating the country, it is not strange that we find Gibson in attendance upon the sessions of that assembly which eventuated in the organi-

zation of a party that was destined to become a puissant force in the direction of our nation's management. This assembly was held in old Lafayette Hall, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 22, 1856. The one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of George Washington's birth was chosen as the date, and no better day could have been selected for an enterprise so important to the nation's weal.

The times were tingling with excitement and fully ripe for the advent of a substantial movement towards a party organization that would promulgate such sentiments as were formulated by this convention and sent forth as an address to the American people. The dissatisfaction with the existing political organizations, that had been openly and vigorously spoken by leading men in all sections of the country, normally resulted in this convention at Pittsburg, and is it any wonder that something far-reaching in possibilities was accomplished?

It is difficult for many to realize the force of conditions existing politically at that time. Public affairs were in a puzzling tangle. Wise political doctors averred that the country was afflicted with a disease peculiar only to a self-governing people. Remedies that would be a sure cure were prescribed, but the medicines were either not taken or proved futile in relieving the bewildering ailments that existed. Something heroic must be done and that speedily, and the representatives of a large proportion of the nation in this assembly essayed to do that needed something, and that they did is now a matter of history.

At this time, the Territory of Kansas was the theater of a terrific struggle between the opponents and champions

of the slave institution. The slavery extension partisans were determined that Kansas should become a slave State. Failure to effect this measure meant that no slave States could be hoped for from the Territories lying west of the Kansas line, which should thereafter be erected into commonwealths. The friends of a free State were equally determined to give no further recognition to slavery.

The Territory was governed by a representative of the Pierce administration. A state of anarchy held sway. Atrocious murders were being constantly committed, and felonies were rife in all parts of the Territory. Ruffianism ruled. The ballot-box was violated, the judiciary corrupted. Pandemonium was let loose. It was a most fearful and forbidding state of affairs and could not be long tolerated without decisive action on the part of those who placed the existence and good name of the Republic above all other considerations.

The friends that might afford help to the struggling citizens favoring a free State, were divided and hence shorn of power, whilst those who favored a proslavery complexion for the State organization were solidly united. The American (Know-Nothing) party was tottering to its fall; the Whig party had gone to pieces four years prior to this time, when Scott met his Waterloo; the Free Soil contingent hardly knew "where they were at," so uncertain was the party's following, whilst the Democratic party was in control, practically having everything its own way, as the Republican party has at this writing.

Resolutions and substantial sympathy had been offered the distressed and struggling antislavery citizens of Kansas, and it appears that in the different parts of the

country, those who were moved by the calamitous condition of the Territory, were arriving at one and the same conclusion that a new national party must be formed with a view to raising an efficient and perpetual dike against the extension of slavery. This, it was maintained, was the sovereign remedy and the only preventive from the further encroachment of this un-American institution in the unoccupied domain.

There can be no dissenting opinions as to the time and place where the Republican national organization was effected. Pittsburg holds the honor, and Washington's birthday, 1856, was the first time when men of like mind concerning the paramount issue in the Republic's policy, gathered in counsel and launched the institution known as the Republican party. There was no contention in the adoption of the name "Republican." It appeared a foregone conclusion that the party to be organized should bear that significant title.

Several claims have been made by citizens from different commonwealths, that the name came from an organization held in their immediate communities. One of the most vigorous of these claimants is Mr. A. N. Cole, of Angelica, New York, who wrote under the date of April 7, 1888, to his friend, Lamont G. Raymond, as follows:

The first meeting was called at Friendship, May 16, 1854, for the organization of the Republican party. A committee was appointed to call a nominating convention. This committee called the first nominating convention at Angelica, October 17, 1854. If our party had its birth in grand Old Allegheny, as it did in the way things are counted, I know for an absolute certainty that these dates

are correct. Now, this is history, and there is no getting over or around it. The man who gave our party its name was Horace Greeley. I wrote to him in the spring of 1854, asking him what name to give the party. He answered, "Call it Republican, no prefix, no suffix, but plain Republican." And so I have called it Republican and pronounced Greeley its father, and I have always declared that, if we must fix up the identical father himself, I shall insist upon it that Horace Greeley is to be the one agreed upon. The party was born in Allegheny County, and I now give this command, "Whosoever shall hence or hereafter deny that historic fact, shoot him on the spot."

Michigan also laid claim to the paternity, and still insists that the first adoption of the name "Republican," was by a convention held in Jackson, July 6, 1854, which met in response to a call by Zachariah Chandler and others, who won for themselves national distinction. The Jackson meeting was so largely attended that it was necessary to move an adjournment from the hall where the convention was being held to a near-by grove. Among the notables entertained at this convention was Lewis Clark, the famous original of "Uncle Tom," in Mrs. Stowe's great novel.

According to Horace Greeley, however, who was in attendance upon the deliberations of the Pittsburg convention, the honor must be accorded to the town of Ripon, Wisconsin; at least it was from Ripon that the name "Republican" was first suggested to the *New York Tribune*. In the story of the Ripon meeting, it appears that three gentlemen of that town, Messrs. Brown, Baker, and Bovey, one a Free Soiler, another a Whig, and the third a Democrat, called a town meeting in 1854, to consider the condi-

tion of the country and at that meeting it was proposed for every one present to quit the old parties and to organize a new one, whose one aim should be the prevention of slavery extension. It was decided that "Republican" would be a good name for the new party, and it was unanimously agreed to. A communication was then sent to the *New York Tribune*, giving a full report of the meeting, and this was published and sent to all parts of the country. Meetings were also held in other localities, which resulted in the call for the convention at Pittsburg.

The following is the text of the call for the convention, which was published January 25, 1856, and was doubtless issued immediately before that date:

To the Republicans of the United States:

In accordance to what appears to be the general desire of the Republican party, and at the suggestion of a large part of the Republican press, the undersigned chairmen of the State Republican committees, of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, hereby invite the Republicans of the Union to meet in formal convention at Pittsburg, on the 22d day of February, 1856, for the purpose of effecting a national organization and providing for a national delegate convention of the Republican party at some subsequent day to nominate candidates for the presidency and vice-presidency, to be supported at the election in November, 1856. (Signed)

A. P. STONE, of Ohio.

DAVID WILMOT, of Massachusetts.

LAWRENCE BRAINERD, of Vermont.

W. A. WHITE, of Wisconsin.

From the chairman of the Ohio State committee, Gibson received a pressing invitation to be in attendance at

the Pittsburg convention, as a representative from his congressional district. The chairman of that committee was the Hon. A. P. Stone, of Franklin County, Ohio, who, on Gibson's resignation from the office of State treasurer, was appointed to be his successor, by Governor Chase. Gibson accepted Chairman Stone's invitation and participated prominently in the deliberations of the convention.

Among the speakers present were Owen Lovejoy, Josiah R. Giddings, and Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley, in addressing the convention, said: "Ordinarily I am not a cautious man by nature, but great caution, I feel, is now necessary for the success of the party. There should be no nomination made at this convention. The Republicans at Washington have so advised."

To this, in an animated speech, Gibson caustically replied: "It may be the wisest plan, my fellow-citizens, to postpone the selection of delegates to a subsequent convention, but for one I do not want any advice from Washington, that sink-hole of pride and political pollution. The movement that brought us here did not originate in Washington, but sprang from the masses. I want the politicians to keep their hands off, for so sure as they get the upper hand of the organization, every hope we so ardently cherish, will be blasted."

Mr. Carling, of Illinois, followed with the same view and supported Gibson's position. And a stream of delegates in turn gave expression to the same sentiment.

This convention was composed of independent characters, but, although considerable sparring took place, the convention, taken as a whole, was harmonious. Those in attendance were thoughtful and considerate men,—men of

large calibre, and one common purpose animated their deliberations, that was to do the best within their power for the country.

The following three paragraphs give a gist of their work and conclusions, as set forth in their address sent out to the country, which occupied nearly seven columns of the *New York Tribune's* space :

We, therefore, declare to the people of the United States as the objects for which we unite in political action :

1. That we demand and shall attempt to secure the repeal of all laws which shall allow the introduction of slavery into Territories once consecrated to freedom, and will resist, by every constitutional means, the existence of slavery in any of the Territories of the United States.

2. We will support by lawful means our brethren in Kansas in their constitutional resistance to the usurped authority of their lawless invaders; and we will give the full weight of our political power in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas to the Union as a free, sovereign, and independent State.

3. Believing that the present national administration has shown itself to be weak and faithless, and as its continuance in power is identified with the progress of the slave power to national supremacy, with the exclusion of freedom from the Territories, and with increasing civil discord, it is a leading purpose of our organization to oppose and overthrow it.

After appointing a national executive committee, and deciding to hold a convention in Philadelphia on the 17th day of the coming June, to nominate candidates for president and vice-president, one of the most memorable conventions in the history of the nation adjourned.

Gibson took a strong but conservative position in this

assembly concerning the most effective means of carrying out the designs of the convention. His convictions were given with no squinting construction. He abhorred slavery. Every drop of blood in his veins boiled in heat at the iniquitous legislation and judicial decrees that had a tendency to strengthen the "peculiar" institution. But he declared that the friends of freedom should not lose their heads, for in so doing, ground would be surely lost. On the floor of the convention Gibson exclaimed:

We must be wise and understand as wise men that the only effective way of securing success is to not undertake more than we have a possible hope of accomplishing. While there is no foot of earth belonging to the public domain where one man can constitutionally own another as his chattel; and while slavery is a crime against the laws of God and man; and when the spirit and plain letter of the constitution shall be righteously observed, the time will come when no being in human form, living beneath the old flag, from Cape Sable to Puget Sound, shall or can be compelled to call any man master, yet in the condition of the country it behooves all lovers of liberty to so act and expend their political energies, that every ballot cast shall bring us nearer to the day, when this hideous ulcer on our body politic shall be removed. The duty is ours to raise a wall against the further extension of the accursed institution. On this, as patriots, we must be united. Until that is done we can make no further progress. To accomplish this, every patriot in the ranks of the American party, in the Free Soil party, the Whig cohorts, and aye, from the camp of Democracy, should join us!! Ours is a battle for God and liberty,—not less important than our fathers fought. Slow may be our advance, but as sure as there is a God in Heaven, the right must and shall prevail!

CHAPTER XVII.

CANVASSING FOR A PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

THE first delegate Republican national convention was held in the city of Philadelphia June 17, 1856.

During the nearly five months which intervened between the Pittsburg and Philadelphia conventions, a lively canvass was instituted and carried forward by the friends of prominent members of the party for the Republican nomination for president. Several names were proposed. Most prominent were the names of John C. Fremont, Judge McLean, Cassius M. Clay, and Salmon P. Chase.

At a popular meeting, Gibson was the first to announce the name of Chase; this was immediately after the Pittsburg convention, and from that time forward he put forth strenuous efforts to have his nominee secure recognition. Through the columns of the State press, in his public utterances and by every means in his power he advocated his fitness; that he was the man above all other men available to bring the party victory at the coming election. We are happy to be able to bring before our readers specimen letters in which he vigorously advocated Chase for that high office:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 1, 1856.

Mr. Editor:

It is quite certain that Douglas, Hunter, or Pierce will receive the "Nebraska" nomination. The general policy of the administration will be approved by the convention [Democratic], and the great paramount issue will

be freedom or slavery in the Territories. The South has made this issue and the free millions of the North hasten to accept it.

The "South Americans," failing in their attempts to fasten their Northern brothers to the black body of slavery will support Fillmore and Donaldson, for the deliberate purpose of securing the success of the "Nebraska" Democrat. Already the issue of the Nebraska party indicates that an alliance in sympathy and action will be formed between the "South Americans" and the sham Democracy. The American candidates now nominated will receive a considerable vote; but they will not receive a single electoral vote; not one.

The friends of freedom, may, if they will, carry the election. Should they fail, it will be through their own folly. Their success will be the political salvation of the country; their defeat, its greatest misfortune. As to the platform of the Republicans, it will doubtless be the same as announced at Pittsburg. I would pronounce in favor of a Pacific railroad, river and harbor improvements, and dignity and rights of free labor.

The great difficulty will be in securing the right candidates. The Republican movement having been inaugurated in the West, the West can justly claim the candidate. That we have men eminently worthy, every Western man must admit. I believe the candidate should be the man who would fill the following requirements:

1. High moral character and acknowledged statesmanship.
2. He should be a man of tried integrity upon the question of slavery, and absolutely free from the suspicion of proslavery tendencies.
3. With liberal and progressive ideas, he should be of Democratic antecedents and sympathies.
4. He should be a man true to his friends and capable of organizing and giving tone and strength to a new party.

Will Judge McLean meet these views? For more than twenty years he has held his office as Federal judge and has aided in the work of stripping the States of their sovereignty. He has officially sanctioned the Fugitive Slave Act, an act that finds no defender in the North. He has not mingled with the people and is "old foggy" and "hunkerish" in his notions, and is not known as an unyielding antislavery man. He is not a politician. Can such a man carry a single free State?

Fremont is mentioned. Why? I am at a loss to know. What has he ever accomplished? His military operations in California and his difficulties with General Kearney prove that he possesses no executive talents. He came to the Senate from California, but made no mark and was repudiated at home. He is a Southerner by birth, sympathy, and education, and by his ties of kindred. He has given no proofs of statesmanship and the people demand a real statesman. He has never said a word or performed an act that would identify him with the great Republican movement. The North would not support him.

Seward has been mentioned and would in all respects be worthy of the position. He will not probably seek the nomination; nor could he, if nominated, unite the factions in New York. He is an old Whig and an extreme on the subject of slavery.

The man of and for the times, and the crisis that is upon us, is Governor Chase of our own State. He possesses all the necessary elements, and stands as the recognized champion and leader of the Republican party. Bold, just, and resolute, he sounded the first note of alarm, when treason against freedom was threatened, and he has been unceasing in his efforts to repair the wrong. He has the warm sympathies of the masses and is justly popular in all the free States.

Let us have Governor Chase as our candidate for president, and Banks, Wilmot, King, or Johnson, for vice-presi-

dent, and we can carry every Northern State and achieve for our country a victory as important to mankind as any in the civil or martial annals of the Republic.

In another article written for the *State Journal*, March 15, 1856, Gibson continued the discussion of the proposed candidates in which, after paying his compliments to Judge McLean, he refers again to Fremont:

I am at a loss to see how a man can be serious in urging the claims of Colonel Fremont. According to your correspondent, the struggles of Fremont for freedom began in 1849, in California, and yet it is confessed that his position on the Nebraska question was unknown to the public until a few months since. So absolutely "mum" has he been, that a few months since the Virginians offered him the Cincinnati nomination if he would pronounce in favor of the Nebraska bill. For years the desperate contest had progressed and true men had spoken and acted; but no word of encouragement was heard from Colonel Fremont, until Kansas had been conquered by the "borderers," and he had been named for the presidency.

I have the fullest confidence that the men at Philadelphia will act wisely, and to their action I expect to yield a cordial response. The demand of the hour is the nomination of a ticket that will represent the great idea of resolute determined resistance to slavery. We must be bold and energetic, and have a bold and energetic leader. A mere time-serving expediency-consulting policy, is what our foes expect and desire. It is our business to disappoint them. Let us rise above such folly and rely on the naked truth and right! The other position would be unworthy of our purpose and exertion.

One of the most interesting documents preserved from the writings of Gibson, is a letter written at this time to

John C. Lee. It is a prophetic letter, and well worth the time taken in its perusal, as its suggestions are considered in the light of subsequent events. We give the epistle just as it was written :

COLUMBUS, OHIO, March 31, 1856.

To J. C. Lee, Esq.

DEAR SIR: In the present political convulsions of our people, the friends of Republican institutions behold just cause for alarm. Old parties in which we were educated have become disorganized by the demands of great questions paramount in importance to all others; questions which appeal alike to patriotism and humanity. The Samuels and Joshuas, who for thirty years led the political hosts, are gone, and the scattered masses can only be rallied, reunited, and organized upon an idea. We have no man who can draw to himself a party. In the South they are united, and in the North all feel the necessity of union. Anti-slavery is the idea upon which the masses can be rallied. The day for compromises is past and either slavery or freedom will triumph.

Antagonistic in every respect, freedom or slavery will be subverted in the government. The people of the North demand that slavery shall be excluded from national territory; that the national government shall withdraw its support from slavery; that no more slave States shall come into the Union; that slavery, confined to State limits, shall be denationalized.

The value of the Union is not forgotten; but if it is to be made subservient to slavery; if an evil branded by all Christian nations as a crime is to be the great object of national protection and care, and Northern freemen are to become slave catchers, then the Union is a criminal co-partnership, and cannot be maintained except by cowardly submission to injustice and fraud.

Slavery has ruled our government for fifty years. For it we gave fifteen million dollars for Louisiana and Florida,

and gave forty million dollars in expelling the Indians from the swamps of the latter. Nine slave States have come into the Union, and we are nourishing eight more. Slave drivers wrested Texas from Mexico; and to make room for the "peculiar" institution we annexed Texas, took a debt of ten million dollars and a war in which we sacrificed thirty-five thousand valuable lives, and seventy million dollars of the treasure. We paid ten million dollars to Texas for land she never owned, and, to save the Union, bid slavery possess our territorial dominion.

Loyal to the slave power, we accepted the Fugitive Slave Law, and praying fathers consented that their sons should turn kidnappers, and stand as sentinels around Southern slave pens. Our fathers made a (Missouri) compromise with slavery in 1820, by which the country north of 36° 30' was given to freedom as an inheritance forever. In 1854 the slave-power, emboldened by past successes, assailed this compact and for the sake of the Union, Northerners in Congress joined the dealers in human flesh and blood, and a weak and wicked executive in this rank treason against freedom and good faith.

The dark plot was consummated and an empire was opened to the horrible serenade of the fetter and the lash! When a fugitive was to be captured in Boston, our army and navy were sent to aid the man stealers by a servile executive; but when freemen of Kansas invoked protection against lawless violence and organized assassins, bayonets are presented at their breasts, and these pioneers are arrested and punished for venturing to form a Republican government. Nor is this system of encroachment yet terminated. I see in the future yet sterner trials and greater sacrifices.

Slavery once admitted to be a moral and political evil, is now claimed to be a divine institution, essential to good government and high civilization. Once existing in these States by mere sufferance, it now usurps absolute power

in every department of the Federal government. It was once local; it is now national. It was once admitted that a slave was free if brought by a master to a free State; it is now insisted that the master may go any place with his slave and hold him as a chattel. That boast of Tombs, that he "would yet call the roll of his slaves at Bunker Hill and flog them in the cornfields of Ohio" will yet be made a reality unless heroic resistance is awakened in the North. It is a part of the program of the slave propaganda.

And they are certain of success, for, mark my word, in less than two years the right of the master to hold his slave will be affirmed by the United States Court. Slavery with all its horrors will be established at our firesides—not by law, but against law, and by the authority of a court that is now organized despotism, trampling under foot the rights of the States and individuals.

If the slave-holder can hold his slaves one hour in Ohio, he can one month; if he can pass through the State with his slaves on business, why shall he not cultivate our rich valleys with his slave-labor?

What can a State do in a war with the courts? We are now denied the right to punish crime. A murder was committed in Ohio under circumstances most tragical. A young slave-mother slew her child to keep it from slavery. Heartless villians in the "Queen City" volunteered to chase the fugitive mother, and then revelled in the blood of the murdered babe. Indicted by an Ohio jury the mother was to be tried for the crime. But, hold! the dark angel of slavery broods over the scene, and a man who claims to be a Christian, claims also to own the flesh and blood of the criminal. A Federal judge, as if anxious to link his name to infamy, held that the claim set up by the master was paramount to the demands of justice, and sent the criminal to Kentucky. She is now for sale in the slave-markets of the South. Ohio, from the diverted power to punish crime

by the order of a weak and servile judge, is prostrate in dust and ashes before the Moloch of slavery.

Shall truth be dumb? Shall justice and humanity be ignored? NO! NO!! Resistance,—bold and determined resistance must come! Our manhood is not yet gone—nor will we longer submit like coward slaves!

Unless the ballot can be made effective in restoring the right, allow me to intimate that, in a time remote, the battle-cry of freedom will be heard amid the clash of arms, and our own precious American soil, trod by hostile bands, will smoke with fraternal blood.

Is it surprising, sir, that the great question of the hour and nation, is slavery?

I have spoken of the triumph of slavery. Where are the achievements of freedom? We gave up the best portions of Oregon, rather than fight England in the face of positive pledges to the world. Barren, indeed, and short is the record of freedom! We have not gained a foot of soil since 1787, except California, and that was obtained as a reward for base surrenders on other subjects. That was obtained as the price of blood; at the expense of our humanity and manhood. Our mighty rivers and harbors, along which have gathered the industrial millions, remain unimproved. Our commerce is neglected and our industries degraded because slavery rules the nation.

Such has been our past and such would the slave-power render our future. All is not lost! Cherishing the Constitution as the sheet-anchor of our nationality, the true men of our country will cling to it with the desperation of determined patriotism. Gloomy as the future appears, I think I see above the storm and clouds the bright "bow of promise," as an assurance that a new political dispensation is about to be inaugurated in these States. Humanity and freedom will, and must triumph! Liberty always wants champions, and another battle must be fought in this country, more important than any hitherto waged by

our fathers. We pray that it may be bloodless; but whatever it may be, and however it may be fought, it will be forever effective. It will be a contest in moral grandeur and conducted for the weal of our common race, such as will have no precedent on the far-famed battlefields of the planet.

Into that battle we must go, with an abiding faith in the existence and help of God; then we can have no doubts or fears as to the results of the on-coming conflict. My brother, we must and shall be gloriously delivered from the body of this political death!

Our common reason teaches us to be prudent, yet determined; cautious, though bold and fearless. Looking to our brothers in the Southland in the spirit of justice, we must protect them in every constitutional right. Revolting as the institution of slavery is, we must not now seek to touch it in the States. We fight this battle not for the slave alone but for ourselves and our posterity. The hour of action is upon us. "We must choose this day whom we will serve." The South has made the issue; the North leaps to its acceptance. The question cannot be ignored! The "Americans" tried this and failed. It is upon us and we must act like men.

What are we to have in the way of a platform and candidates? Filmore and Donaldson are in the field as American (party) candidates. Can we support them? The one sanctioned by his signature the fugitive slave law, and the other is the owner of men who bear God's image and have souls. I will not, and you cannot, support these candidates. Do you say they are Americans and we must support them? Who are Americans? The men who make the great question of freedom subordinate? The faction that nominated this ticket and the "heroes" who walked out of the Ohio State council a few days ago, are they Americans?

He is a real American, and my brother, whether born in

Ireland, England, or on the Rhine, who loves freedom and is ready to resist with his life any encroachments on the rights of humanity, whether attempted by popes, kings, princes, or slave-drivers.

The Nebraska party will adopt a strong proslavery platform at Cincinnati, and put up Douglas, or Hunter, or Pierce as a candidate. We can hold them responsible for all the follies, and crimes, of the present administration, and tens of thousands will abandon that party in all parts of the country and join us, if we are wise and prudent in our platform and nomination.

The Republicans will nominate candidates of moral worth and tried statesmanship. They must be right upon the great issues. No new convert will answer. We want no doubtful candidates, but those who are up to the spirit and demands of the age, and opposed to the despotism of the executive and judiciary. The candidate should be taken from Ohio. We have one worthy of the distinction, —Salmon P. Chase. In the support of the ticket all opponents of slavery should unite. Let the South cling to their idol. The Americans of the North should prove their patriotism by the support of the Republican ticket. By separate action they can accomplish no good; but may work a great mischief.

Can any one falter in the face of an emboldened South and a servile president? We must rally for our country and freedom! We must rise above minor issues and give our votes and energies to that party that promises to nationalize freedom and drive back slavery to State limits.

This party will be one of nobility. It will be pledged to reform and freedom. If successful, this country will start forward in a bright career of usefulness and renown, and led by the purity of our example, the work of political regeneration will be hastened in the nations of the Old World. Come what will, I, sir, will stand in 1856, where I stood before the people in 1855.

I have confidence to believe, sir, that you and the thousands of good and true men in your county will stand with me, as you have in times past, on this great issue.

“Fear not, falter not, for though the strife endure,
The cause is sacred and the victory sure.”

And may God protect the right. W. H. GIBSON.

From the accounts given there was probably never a more caloric canvass for a presidential nominee than this one which followed the initial Republican gathering of the clans at Pittsburg. The leaders in the organization of the party realized a grave responsibility and well knew that possible sacrifices would have to be made that personally, would be of great dimensions. Yet the main aim was to secure a leader whose record and spirit would be, as nearly as possible, beyond just criticism. And this was intensified as the canvass was carried forward, because the leaders could not agree among themselves. Each candidate had his champion, or champions. Every possible stick of presidential timber was taken up and carefully scrutinized. And some of them, found fearfully knotty, were cast aside. Gibson from the first had his man, and pushed forward his capabilities on every occasion.

A little more than a month prior to the Philadelphia convention, Gibson wrote this interesting letter from the sea coast:

CITY OF NEW YORK, May 2, 1856.

DEAR FRIEND: I have been spending some days in this wonderful city. It is amazing to look out upon the streets and harbors of New York. Ships from every sea, bearing the flag of every nation, ride in the harbor of this splendid American emporium. There are no special features of

interest at present exciting this home of Rip Van Winkle.

Every one visiting here should go to Greenwood, the city of the dead. In walking through its beautiful paths, amid the splendid exhibitions of art and affection that adorn the sleepers' tombs, one feels, almost, that it is pleasant to die and be at rest in such a place. There are tombs here of every style of architecture. Grecian, Egyptian, and Corinthian temples are represented in the elaborate adornments of the grave.

I attended Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn on last Sabbath morning and evening. At least six thousand persons were present,—not a foot of space was unoccupied. The great preacher is truly a most wonderful man. He is eloquent and so simple in his style that every auditor feels the force of his remarks. He spoke for more than an hour, and the utmost stillness prevailed throughout the vast assemblage. I look upon him as the representative of America—at once a divine, patriot and scholar. He speaks with the eloquent fearlessness of Paul, and listening to him, you feel as if an apostle stood before you speaking words,—burning words of fire and truth. Rising above the mere dogmas of creeds and confessions of faith, he talks to the heart and appeals to manhood. He certainly preaches to make men better, not merely to believe a particular dogma.

The presidential question is just now creating some excitement here. The Fremont movement attracts more attention, but it is quite easy to see that the friends of Chase are powerful.

The politicians in New York and Washington are going for Fremont. It is certain that the contest will be between Colonel Fremont and Governor Chase. The objection to Chase is that he has done too much and has been too prominent in the great struggle; while the friends of Fremont claim that he is "right." And, never having done anything, nothing can be said against him.

No one doubts the manhood or courage of Colonel Fremont. He is no doubt a true man. Distinguished as an adventurer and traveler, he was in the Senate two years, but made no impression. A South Carolinian by birth, and a Southerner by association and relationship, is it prudent to commit our banner to him, when his position is thus late in being announced? With fury for two years the struggle has raged and while the champions of freedom have been courageous for the right, no word of encouragement came from Colonel Fremont.

The activity of Chase should be no objection to him. If the bold, active man is to be postponed to the do-nothing, say-nothing man, when places of high trust are to be filled, the results must be to degrade politics and further demoralize the country. Once establish the rule claimed as wise by the active champions of Colonel Fremont and there is nothing to encourage the ardent young man to open action.

If the friends of Chase are true, he will be the nominee, and the next president. Mark my word for that.

W. H. G.

On the 27th day of May, the Ninth District Republican convention met in Tiffin, and chose John Carey, of Wyandotte; C. T. Mead, of Ottawa, and C. H. Hatch, of Hardin, as delegates to the Philadelphia convention. R. G. Pennington was chosen elector. A little later the State convention met in the hall of the lower house in Columbus, and chose as delegates-at-large: Dr. J. Paul, of Defiance; Thomas Spooner, of Hamilton; R. P. Spaulding, of Cuyahoga; William Dennison, of Franklin, and E. R. Eckley, of Carroll.

At the district convention, Gibson was offered the place of a delegate, but declined, saying that he would be there if possible. After the completion of business before this

convention, he was called for and made one of the most thrillingly dramatic speeches of his life, on the issues of the day. There was no poking fun that day. No play of wit, no sallies of his Scotch-Irish humor—throughout it was grave and impressive, and could not have been more so had those present been preparing for a battle where shot and shell would be sweeping strong men to death.

Coming before the assembled delegates, he commended the convention on their selection of representatives. He knew those chosen felt the responsibility of their engagement in acting for the Republicans of the district. By easy steps he climbed to the question of superlative importance—the true condition of the Republic. He portrayed the perils that beset American institutions, the vast commingling of contending elements, and prophesied not only the possibilities but the probabilities of revolution should the ticket nominated at Philadelphia win. “We have only one course to pursue,” he cried; “there is only one side to be approved by the God of nations, and that is the side of those who with their lives will oppose the making of this Republic an auction block for the selling of human chattels! God forbid that Ohio soil should ever be so polluted! I have my choice, but whoever is nominated by these, our delegates, and those who are in council with them, I promise my hearty support.”

In responding to the resolutions¹ adopted by the con-

¹ *Resolved*, That we view with abhorrence and disgust the recent exhibitions of brutal violence in the Senate of the United States, upon the person of the Hon. Charles Sumner, by a miscreant of the slave power, by the name of Preston S. Brooks, a member of Congress from South Carolina. That in this cowardly attack upon a Senator in the defense of constitutional liberty, we witness an assault upon the dearest right of a free citizen—liberty of speech—and that it is the unanimous opinion of this convention that the House of Representatives owes it to its own dignity and the country at large, to expel the said Brooks from the floor of the House.

vention, Mr. Gibson spoke feelingly. He said: "The inevitable fate that awaits us in a few years is that ours shall be a government of masters or a government of freemen. We are now living under a government of criminals, stained with crimes before God and man, and the present executive is more worthy of a halter than the seals of power of a free people." He alluded to the invasion of Kansas and the sack of the town of Lawrence, to the attempt to trample on free speech and the rights of the people, by the outrages upon Senator Charles Sumner, while in the discharge of his duties in the Senate chamber. He asserted: "Before I will submit to the code of Kansas, I will die in manful resistance; and before I will permit myself to be converted into a bloody hyena to waylay the fugitive slave, I will raise the arm of rebellion against whatever power dare seek to impress me into such service. The Supreme Court itself is the center of judicial corruption on this subject. Only a few weeks ago that court decided that a child born under the protection of the Jeffersonian ordinance, in Illinois, of a slave mother, is itself a slave."

In the discussion of the political issues he said in part:

In this country we have but two political parties. One stands for freedom; the other for slavery. Intentionally or unknowingly, every American voter will contribute to the triumph of one or the other of these parties at the coming presidential election. If he votes or if he stays away from the polls, this is true. The lines are drawn. Each of us is on one side or the other. We are for the slave oligarchy, or we are against it. That which overshadows all other questions is the question of what this country is

going to do with slavery or what the people intend that slavery shall do with the country.

Slavery has usurped the place of all other questions, and is the only issue before the nation. When in 1854 the Missouri Compromise fell by a great conspiracy, the masses were startled, and a just manhood took possession of all freemen. God and true men were invoked to resist the great wrong, and new political organizations were evolved from the ruins of the old parties. One voice of condemnation came up from the free North, and the issue forced upon us by the South was accepted. Most of us had been Whigs. There centered our sympathies—there duty had bid us act. The history of that party so rich in great names is still a subject worthy of contemplation; but as an efficient living party for good, it has ceased to exist. Resolved into the original elements, the masses have been left to form new political associations in accordance with the sense of duty and in obedience to generous impulses. The Republican party appears as the resistant of slavery extension and the vicious Democracy.

The Democratic party is the only party in the country pledged to perpetuate and extend the curse of bondage in America. A criminal before God and man occupies the presidential mansion; whilst ruffian bands in Missouri and Federal troops hunt down and murder our kindred in Kansas, because they are for freedom. When the pioneers of Kansas asked for protection, the president arrested them as criminals, and caused them to be indicted for high treason. The teachings and practices of the fathers of the Republic are disregarded and we are now called upon to admit that slavery is national, freedom sectional, and that neither Congress, nor the people can prohibit slavery in our Territories.

For avowing the sentiments announced in the Declaration of Independence, in some portions of the Union, men are driven out by mob violence or punished under the slave

code. Men of Kansas, for doing as the men of Arkansas, Michigan, and other States have done in the organization of a State government, are arrested for treason, and by order of the president; whilst the infamous Douglas, now aspiring to the presidency, and speaking for his party, says to the freemen of the North, "We will subdue you." For whispering the notes of God-given liberty in the ears of a black mother, Williamson incurred the displeasure of the despotic "Kane" and suffered long months in prison.

Colored men in South Carolina, charged with no crime are sold into bondage to pay jail fees. When the venerable Hoover, of Boston, visited Charleston by commission of his State, that he might test the legality of such outrages before the Federal courts, he was driven from the State and only saved from violence by the presence of his devoted daughter.

The fugitive slave law, outraging as it does, all the dictates of humanity, in converting Northern freemen into sub-kidnappers, has been sanctioned by the Federal Court. The army and navy, moved at the command of the venal commander-in-chief go to Boston, there to reduce a man to bondage who was found at large in the streets of that liberty-loving city. For, and at the behest of slavery, the Boston of Adams and Hancock, was placed under martial law, and thirty-two thousand dollars was expended to catch a panting fugitive in sight of the first battle-field of the Revolution! Right here, too, in our own State, a slave mother with an infant in her arms flees to breathe the air of liberty and protection. Hunted down by the sleuths of the slave-master, Grimes, of Kentucky, driven to the last resort, she destroys the life of her baby daughter that the little one may be free from fetter and lash. Is she apprehended and punished for the crime of infanticide? No! She is turned over to her master and sent to an auction block in the far South. The sovereignty of our State was trampled upon. Slavery, the despot did it. While we are

here to-day, the slave master is demanding that he be enabled to go anywhere in this great country with his chattels. His demand will be granted. He expects it. He would enter this commonwealth, this country, this city, and here plant his institution. He would subvert every principle of liberty that has come to us as a heritage from our fathers. He would blast the hopes of the Republic to secure it. He would move heaven and hell to carry forward this traffic.

The encroachments of the slave power upon the rights of the North, and the integrity of the Constitution, my countrymen, are more flagrant and alarming, than those which drove the men of 1776 to pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to the resistance of King George. What then is the manifest duty of the lovers of freedom? One says: "Let us try to compromise for the sake of peace and union. Never! I say, Let us fight like resolute, moral heroes for peace and safety. Let us now gird on our armor for the battle! Let us not evade the issue forced upon us; for there is no peace, but reeking injustice and inhumanity. There is no safety, save and except in manly resistance. While the hosts of slavery and their servile allies in the North are rallying for Pierce and Douglas, whose hands now reek with the blood of innocence, let us stand firm for freedom and her companions. Let us not be mistaken, not misled. Freedom in these States, or slavery, must fall. Antagonistic as they are they cannot unite and harmonize. Can you mix oil and water? Can you harmonize vice and virtue?"

We should begin at once and ponder the lessons of reason and history. Freedom may yield; but a crime as stupendous as American slavery must sooner or later feel the touch of the Almighty's vengeance. The blood and agonies and torture of the oppressed come up before Him.

It is fearful to meditate upon, but we cannot escape the consequences of American slavery. Terrible and bloody ages will come and go before all men are free! But

as God is just, that era will come. In other parts of the earth, the masses are struggling for more liberty; but here, in the only free country on the globe, a party, styling itself democratic, is pledged to extend the most horrid system of slavery the world ever saw. They seek to extend and guard the habitations of cruelty. "But," says one, "if we resist the Union will be dissolved." Let it be dissolved! Unless slavery can be driven from our Territories and confined to the present State limits, the Northern free States must become "mere hewers of wood and drawers of water" to Southern masters. If the Union is to be maintained as a mere means of extending and perpetuating slavery, and not as a means to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our children," it is not worth preserving. If the idea of the Union is to protect a great crime, then I should not regret the dissolution of the Union. Its only real friends to-day are the men of the North. Dissolve this Union, and servile insurrections would deluge the South in blood, and fugitive masters would soon call upon us for help. How would the effeminate sons of the South come out of a contest with the desperate negro struggling for his freedom? This may look like imprudence, but I would have men to prepare for the worst, and not be blind to the events of the past or the developments of the present. The only safety to the Union is in the triumph of the Republican party in 1856. I fear a triumph in 1860 would be too late.

The South says, "Yield to our demands or we will dissolve the Union." Nay, fellow-citizens, let it be our aim to do right and fear not. And, in case of success, protect the master in all of his special rights as understood by our fathers. If then an attempt is made on the part of a single State to resist the Federal authorities, I would hang the conspirators. Fear not for the Union! There is yet enough patriotism to maintain it in its integrity and

transmit it as a precious legacy to unborn millions! Immense realms of freedom and numerous States are yet to join our family of States. In arts and in commerce, and in all the elements of prosperous empire, a magnificent future awaits us, if we remain true to the needs of humanity and justice. In times past, our political fabric has encountered storms and survived them all!

Another danger now threatens us, but relying upon the integrity of the people, I cannot doubt or fear. A great contest is approaching. We should study our duty. We should rise to discharge a manly and patriotic trust at the ballot-box, and thereby aid in wresting, rescuing the government from the grasp of the slave-power.

In inaugurating this new era of opinion, let us write upon our banners, "No more slavery beyond the present slave States; freedom is national; slavery is sectional"; and then with candidates of lofty patriotism, pure morality, and tried statesmanship, we can triumph in every free State in the year of our Lord, 1856.

As to candidates, I would not be tenacious, although I have my preferences. Let us have a tried man, whose public career has been true to freedom. It will not answer to take a man for the sake of catching conservative votes, or in hopes that he may carry a Southern State. In an attempt to get one conservative vote, we may lose scores of votes from the ardent masses. This contest must turn upon opinions and ideas—not on mere men.

Will the people accept a candidate who has just pronounced for freedom? Would it be wise or just or safe to run any risk in that direction? Shall we take a man whose great recommendation is that he has never been active and prominent in the struggles against the slave-power? If this is to be the rule, then distinction is to be sought in inaction and not in manly courage and patriotic effort. Let us have a tried and true man. We know the platform of the South; let ours be broad and comprehensive, with

candidates who reflect the popular sentiment. Politicians at Washington and in the large cities as usual may attempt to control this movement. If they succeed we will meet with defeat.

Our Republican movement originated with the people and under their direction it will triumph. To the delegates of the old Ninth district, who go to Philadelphia, we bid you a God-speed. Your duties are important; your mission one as sacred as the proclamation of the Gospel. Go with the assurance that whoever you may nominate as liberty's standard-bearers, if they reflect the sentiments of the free millions of America, their support will be cordial and strong by all lovers of the old flag and of the Constitution.

Two years after this time, Gibson's opinion of Stephen A. Douglas had undergone a complete revolution. On Douglas's victory in November, 1858, in his election to the United States Senate from Illinois, the citizens of Chicago gave the "little giant" a magnificent ovation. That very evening on which he was being so greatly honored, the 26th of November, by the "Garden City," Jefferson Davis was denouncing him and taking strong ground against Douglas, in a speech at Jackson, Mississippi, in which he spoke in favor of the dissolution of the Union. That which commended Douglas to Gibson, was his (Douglas's) visit to the South in that year, 1858, where he fearlessly proclaimed to the Southern people that "no Democrat could be a good Democrat and patriot, and cherish for a moment the thought of secession." He emphatically denied, according to the Constitution, the right of any State to secede. In 1861, Douglas, as a senator from Illinois, and an ardent Democrat, did all he could to avert the war,

and when he saw that could not be accomplished, he gave to Mr. Lincoln the whole weight of his support, even going so far as to address the Illinois State Legislature, and characterizing secession before that body as "crime and madness," further declaring, "if the new system of resistance to the ballot-box should prevail, the history of the United States was written in the history of Mexico."

It may appear somewhat of a digression, but it is a pleasure, in this connection, to refer to that splendid statesman whom Lincoln loved. There can be nothing that will better disclose the true spirit of Stephen A. Douglas than that which is breathed out on the world on the occasion of his last public appearance. On May 1, 1861, he addressed his fellow-citizens in Chicago, where he was greatly loved. On that occasion he made his most effective appeal for support to the government against the armed rebellion. Among other admirable expressions, he said: "Whoever is not prepared to sacrifice party organizations and platforms on the altar of his country, does not deserve the support and countenance of honest people." In another period he asked: "How are we to overcome partisan antipathies in the minds of men of all parties, so as to present a united front in the support of our country? We must cease discussing party issues, make no allusions to old party tests, have no criminations and recriminations, indulge in no taunts one against another, as too often have been the causes of all these troubles."

Again in another eloquent and touching paragraph, he exclaims: "When we have rescued the government and country from its perils and seen the flag floating in triumph over every inch of American soil, it will then be time

enough to inquire who and what brought these troubles upon us. When we shall have a country and a government for our children in which they may live in peace and happiness, it will be time enough for each of us to return to our party banners according to our convictions of right and duty. Let him be marked as no true patriot, who will not abandon all such issues in times like these."

Douglas became greatly beloved and by none more than by William H. Gibson, who said of him on the reception of the intelligence of his death, "Noble man—he died a patriot, beloved and honored in death by his countrymen." One of the brightest memories of the writer's boyhood, a mere lad, comes up from witnessing at Monmouth, Illinois, one of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, in that unequalled and world-famous oratorical combat, when the issues of the hour were discussed by those peerless masters of the political platform. Never shall I forget the tall, gaunt, willowy, yet angular form of the great Lincoln; nor the handsome, round face of the eloquent Douglas. I can recall nothing of Lincoln so clearly as the picture made on memory by his figure swaying away from a pine scantling, around which his long arm was wound, like the climbing of a muscadine vine. Not much of Douglas, except his rather harsh voice, his elegant attire, and the glossy silk hat he wore. But the scene taken as a picturesque memory, the contest of four hours' continuation, Lincoln's conversation with my father after the debate was over, stands out saliently as if it were an occurrence of a fortnight gone by.

On the 22d of February, 1893, General Gibson, by invitation, responded to the sentiment, "Our country," at a

banquet in Detroit, given by the Michigan Club, the strongest Republican organization in the State. One of the orators of the occasion was Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., and in his presence and at that banqueting board, where a thousand plates had been laid, Gibson paid an eloquent tribute to the elder Douglas, which was very pleasing to the dead statesman's son. General Gibson, commenting after the banquet on the address of the younger Douglas, spoke in high terms of his inherited gifts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIRST DELEGATE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

IT was only one week prior to the assembling of the first national Republican convention that the proslavery clans met at Cincinnati. It was estimated that twenty-five thousand visitors were entertained by the "Queen City" on that occasion, and throughout the convention, so great was the interest in that which the Democratic party would do in the selection of presidential candidates. Never had the city been so thronged on any similar occasion. Pennsylvania alone sent two thousand "tireless talkers," and there were uncommonly large delegations from all the proslavery States. A wagonload of aspirants were on net-tles awaiting the pleasure of the Democracy.

Pierce, the incumbent of the presidential chair, Stephen A. Douglas, James Buchanan, Gen. Lewis Cass, Governor Marcy, Hunter, Rusk, and a dozen others had their voluble champions, and the presidential bee was flitting about like a coquetting humming-bird. The convention was described as a "bubbling cauldron." The labors of the convention were brought to a close on Friday, June 13, by the nomination of James Buchanan, who had declared in 1828, "If I had a drop of Democratic blood in my veins, I would let it out." Buchanan's nomination was a great surprise. John C. Breckenridge was successful in carrying away the honors for the second place. Buchanan had been absent from the country during the Kansas war, and

it was claimed by those opposed to his selection that this was the reason why he was made the choice of the convention. Fortunately for his advancement, he had not been mixed up with the Kansas-Nebraska trouble, which certainly became the main constituent of his strength before the convention. It was thought very strange that he could be successful against the men who opposed him, the candidates against whom he was pitted, for he was regarded as possessing no signal element of popularity among the masses of the party with which he affiliated. Douglas exceeded him in point of talents; Cass enjoyed a higher standing in statesmanship; and as for Pierce, he had claims upon his party because of his administrative work in Kansas, which was recognized by the convention in the hearty endorsement of his administration as "able, Democratic, and therefore worthy of emulation and imitation."

The rejection of Pierce and Douglas, and the nomination of Buchanan was regarded as a confession of judgment by the leaders of the Democracy, and the only issue of importance, no matter what might have been injected incidentally into the campaign speeches, was that which Douglas and Pierce had raised, namely, the question whether slavery should be confined to its present limits or be made national, by being carried to the Territories under the authority of the United States. Pierce and Douglas had created this issue by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The convention approved Pierce's administration; but rejected Pierce. The convention sanctioned the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the admission of slavery into the Territories solemnly consecrated to free-

dom ; but rejected Douglas, the author and apostle of those doctrines.

Buchanan was nominated with but one pledge ; but he endorsed the Pierce administration in Kansas, and it was openly and boldly asserted that no one could receive the nomination who would not foster the proslavery dominion of the Territories, which Buchanan promised to do. This was his pledge.

When the Republicans met at Philadelphia, they were apprised of the policy that would be pursued by their



THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN OPERATION.

main opponents in the oncoming presidential contest—that it was simply to be a continuation of the Pierce administration. Through the action and formulated platform of the Democratic convention, and the known attitude of the standard bearers chosen, they were notified that the same governmental policy was to be carried forward, and now, “what are they going to do about it?”

The country through the Kansas struggle had been precipitated to the very verge of war. Murders, rape, robberies, arson, towns and villages sacked,—the reports from the scene of combat had kindled fires of antagonism in hundreds of thousands of hearts. Owen Lovejoy had hurriedly depicted the storm of indignation that had swept over the land, when, in the preceding February, at the initial Republican convention, he said: “This will go on until every freeman will stand as a martyr against the infamous laws of the Pierce administration and the Lecompton legislature. Who would not lose his life in such a cause? In defense of Kansas, I will offer myself as a captain, and if not wanted in that capacity, then I will shoulder a musket and go as a private. If I use my Sharp’s rifle, I will shoot in God’s name. I am for war to the knife, and knife to the hilt, if we are forced to make it so.”

But there were cooler and wiser heads than the one resting on the shoulders of the gritty Illinois parson, and these were they who had been commissioned to name the Republican standard-bearers in the launch of its party ship on the surging, boisterous political sea, and to enunciate the principles of government its crew would consecrate their lives and fortunes to maintain.

The Republican convention met on June 17, in the “City of Brotherly Love.” An organization was effected the first day and also the adoption of a platform. A most exciting debate occupied the attention of the delegates on a motion to proceed to an informal ballot. While this discussion was in progress, Patterson, of New York, withdrew Seward’s name; Judge Small read a letter from

Judge McLean withdrawing his name, providing the convention could by acclamation concentrate on another, which, being urgently disapproved, Judge McLean's name was not withdrawn. A letter from Mr. Chase asked the privilege of retiring from the race which was granted.

On the morning of the second day all were ready for a ballot, and when it was taken Fremont was discovered the choice of the convention by an overwhelming majority. This was the vote: Fremont, 359; McLean, 196; Seward, 1; Sumner, 2. William L. Dayton was chosen as the vice-presidential candidate, and the convention adjourned.

On the completion of their commission, the delegates were jubilant over their convention's work, and returned to their homes to be everywhere greeted with the cordial approval of enthusiastic and hopeful Republicans. The Republican press, too, teemed with expressions of delight, and notwithstanding many of the leading papers had opposed Fremont's selection, yet, with one accord the deliberations of the convention were approved. The *Cleveland Leader*, that doughty organ of sound Republicanism, one of the leading papers advocating another than Fremont, not securing its nominee, (Chase,) gave forth no uncertain words of approval. The convention's choice was given a rousing greeting, which appeared in a triple-leaded editorial, and read in part as follows:

Although our preference was for another, yet we yield to the opinion of the whole party and with hearty pleasure announce to our readers the name of John C. Fremont, the unanimous nominee of the Republican convention. We will support him. Let the decks be cleared and every gun shotted! It is Young David of Republicanism pitted

against the old Goliath of Ruffian Democracy. In the olden time the French had a banner called the Oriflamme, or Golden Flame, which was used only on august occasions, when the Christians went to war with the infidels. As the sacred oriflamme of America, the convention at Philadelphia has unfurled the banner of liberty, and has written all over its gorgeous folds in letters of living light, these talismanic words: Free speech! Free States! Fremont! By these we conquer!

The campaign opened at Philadelphia, and Gibson was there with the sixty-nine Ohio delegates, stopping at the St. Lawrence Hotel. He had attended the Democratic convention at Cincinnati, that he might have a view of the opposition party leaders and witness the proceedings of the convention,—in a word, that he might “load up” for the campaign, which he was well aware would be hot from beginning to finish. On his journey home from Philadelphia he made speeches at several different points where ratification meetings were being held. With a number of others he spoke in Pittsburg in the old Lafayette Hall, in which the national Republican party was born. After his return he was continuously radiating from Columbus to the cities and towns within easy reach. His cordial endorsement was given to Fremont, and he proposed to do what he could to secure his election.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1856.

ON the 10th day of July the opening gun of the campaign of 1856 was fired in Tiffin. The meeting was held in the court-house and the court-room was literally jammed. Dr. Henry Kuhn presided and introduced the speakers. Gibson delivered the main address of the day. He spoke on the issues of the campaign and for two and one-half hours riveted the attention of the people to the questions he believed should be settled at the polls. The charge of fanaticism against the free State advocates was contradicted; that a single drop of blood was shed in Kansas except in self-defense, when her citizens were hounded and hunted over the prairies like wild beasts, was denied and defiance set against any man saying anything to the contrary; the sufferings of the people were depicted under the outrages of Shannon as only having precedence in the fearful cruelties witnessed in the reign of terror in France; withering compliments were paid to LeCompte and other appointees of the Pierce administration, and the people were urged to emigrate to the Territory if need be, and help battle against the oppression that jeopardized the liberties of not only the citizens of bleeding Kansas, but as well the entire Republic. Other issues were inci-

dentally canvassed and discussed, and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed.

From this meeting Gibson went out to do what he could to make votes for Fremont and freedom, and the rallies were simply wonderful in their greatness and in the genius and energy displayed in making them of absorbing interest. At different points throughout the State efforts were put forth to overshadow the demonstrations witnessed in previous presidential contests.



ANSON BURLINGAME.

The first of these general rallies was held at Dayton on the 30th day of July. Never before had that "city of conventions" witnessed such a large assemblage within her municipal limits. The number present was estimated to be not less than sixty thousand, and other estimates made it eighty thousand, and all moved by common impulse for the betterment of the country. There was truly a moral sublimity in the vast convocation.

The Hon. Anson Burlingame, one of Gibson's school-mates, and who beat "Bill" in learning Bible verses, then a resident of Massachusetts, was there and spoke in Clegg's Hall; Cassius M. Clay, William H. Gibson, and Caleb Smith spoke from the steps of the court-house; Governor Bingham, of Michigan; Colonel Lane and Judge Martin, from Indiana; Hon. J. M. Root, Judge Stallo, F. Hassurek, Robert Corwin, of Cincinnati; and others participated in the all-day speaking, and the huzzas for liberty rang out from thousands of throats that became hoarse from shouting before the day's program closed. Homes were elaborately decorated, hundreds of wagons, gay with bunting and tasteful embellishments, began to enter the streets at an early hour in the morning, and the lovely young women clad in white and chosen to represent their several communities were every whit as enthusiastic as were their fathers and brothers.

To show the manner in which political ardor was inspired forty-five years ago, in connection with the discussions, it might be well to look upon a few features of this brilliant spectacle. Here we have the procession passing through the streets of Dayton. Banners are flying, bands and drum-corps playing, trumpet-corps are blowing brazen blasts, and the entire community is agog. Two dozen great cars, beautifully garnitured, bear young ladies, representing the States. Here comes a banner bearing the inscription: "Young America goes for Fremont and Dayton." Now appears a representation of Kansas,—a young man on horseback carrying a flag heavily draped in mourning. "Freedom and the Union forever" is another inscription. Now passing, is a decided

novelty. A large delegation from Indiana makes an appearance in character, representing the "Border Ruffians," who were causing such misery and fear in Kansas. These "border ruffians" from Missouri, give a series of *tableaux vivant*, representing the Kansas atrocities. They are preceded by a character with peculiar horns and hoofs, suggestive of the Plutonian regions and the atmosphere is tainted with burning sulphur. Following the horned and cloven-footed leader, came the representatives of Pierce's cabinet,—a wagonload of caricatures; then appeared the horsemen with groups, among which were "The Honest Advocates of the Nebraska Bill,"—a squad of filibusters led by Walker; "Buchanan and His Friends," accompanied by a battalion representing Buford's Georgia regiment. On the floats were a broken printing-press; a Free State citizen in Kansas, tarred and feathered in the latest style; a tableau of "Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law in Operation"; "Brigham Young and His Wives."

There were many other groups so grotesque in appearance as to be strikingly ridiculous, but funny enough to keep up a continuous ripple of laughter from the thronging masses of sight-seers. A beautiful flag was awarded to the delegation making the best display in numbers and otherwise, and Greene County was given the trophy from the hands of Dayton's sweetest and prettiest girl. Hundreds of devices were employed to enhance enthusiasm for the Republican candidates; and the outpouring of people, the money expended in display, and the eloquence of the campaign orators made the occasion the greatest day ever witnessed at Dayton. Placed in a position where no visitor would fail to see it, there was displayed the largest

banner probably ever made in this country, and upon its white stretch of canvas appeared an invitation to the next grand rally, which was to be held in Fremont in one week, the 6th day of August.

This campaign abounded in colossal munificent demonstrations. While there were not above one-half the number of visitors at Fremont, welcomed at Dayton, yet still it was a mammoth affair. Isaac M. Keeler, the venerable editor of the *Fremont Journal*, has in his possession, one of the banners used that day, and he tells the story of the big flag flung to the breeze at Dayton; that it was made at Fremont, on the lawn at the park, and stretched eighty by one hundred and twenty feet over the greensward when completed. The very cream of the oratorical talent of the Central States had been secured for the Fremont demonstration. Ossian E. Dodge, the celebrated musician, poet, and satirist, was one of the figures. Then there were Cassius M. Clay, the Hon. Dan. R. Tilden, O. P. Brown, General Palmer, Gen. John Carey, Professor Peck, Governor Thomas M. Ford, Governor Bingham, of Michigan; William Dennison, James H. Baker, William H. Gibson, and many others, with reputations as distinguished speakers.

To accommodate the great concourse of people, so that all might be enabled to hear the orators, a main rostrum had been erected and quite a number of other speakers' stands, and from these several points a continuous stream of Republican doctrine poured forth into the ears of the people, and from eloquent tongues, from an early hour until the shadows fell. Gibson was honored by being held until the very last effort on the main stand program, so strong was the committee's belief that his popularity

would hold the crowd until after he had spoken. And that was not a miscalculation on the committee's part. We regret that the only report of this speech is that which clings to the memory of those now living who heard it. Dr. W. C. Gray, of Chicago, on another page, gives a graphic description of what Gibson did, and the impressions Doctor Gray received from Gibson's eloquence that day, but the words of the orator cannot be reproduced.

The procession at the Fremont rally was even more elaborate and significant than that witnessed at Dayton. Gibson's delegation from Seneca County exceeded all others. It required thirty-five minutes for it to pass a given point. The following were a few of its mottoes and emblems: "Buck(anan)" squaring himself on a platform,—Buchanan leaps with frenzied precipitation upon the platform shouting, "I square myself!" Another was "Buck, the Platform,"—a cartoon representing Buchanan on his back on the platform. Still another cartoon was "Douglas and his son, Bill Nebraska,"—Douglas sits disconsolately and talks to a negro who stands before him: "My hopes hang on you, Bill." To this the colored boy replies, "No use, Massa Douglas, we cayn't go in dar, no-how," pointing to the White House. Here are a few of the mottoes: "We paid for Kansas and we demand our property." "We 'Pierced' in '52, but we 'll not 'Buck' in '56." "The White House was never made for an ugly old bachelor," rather personal. "We won't work for ten cents a day," was suggestive.

Then came the floats: "Buck in His Glory," an old ram pitching after a frightened negro. "The United States Senate," representing the Brooks outrage. "The Spirit

of '76," Washington's spirit floating in the clouds with the Republican principles beneath.

So great attention had been given to the matter of mottoes and emblems, that one present declares that it would take a small-sized volume to contain them all if they were fully illustrated. That is probably an exaggeration, but there were many.

Norwalk sent an attractive caravan. Genius had been taxed in that Yankee town and the novel, and beautiful, and suggestive attractions presented by her enthusiastic delegation were unique, and would have doubtless carried off the banner had one been offered as a prize. The delegation was led by a marshal in uniform and a fine band; then came a procession of young ladies in white, each accompanied by a young man in white trousers and white shirt, with a blue sash, and all bearing beautiful banners. It was a pretty showing. The admiration for this display was unbounded as the several parts passed through the densely thronged streets. So much youth, beauty, and purity was seldom seen. Sixty gaily caparisoned horses, each led by a young man in white with blue sash, drew a sylvan temple, adorned with leaves and waving plumes, and filled with pretty girls (thirty-one,) representing the States in the Union at that time. A significant figure followed this moving temple,—a queenly maiden garbed in black, heavy weeds of mourning,—recognized by all as emblematical of suffering Kansas. The spectacle throughout was realistic and marvelously effective in making an impression on every one's mind who saw it.

One grand rally after another followed in different parts of the State, and Gibson was in constant demand. He

seemed to be living in the midst of a forest of banners and the peals of major music. He saw the flaring flambeaux at night and the boys and men on the green tossing spirit fire-balls,—the pyrotechnics of those days.

He concluded the work of the campaign by delivering a speech at Tiffin, and, after that time, it was his custom to give Tiffin the night before election in all subsequent political contests, either State or national. In the latter part of this campaign, an effort had been made in the Northern States to show that Mr. Buchanan was not nearly so great a proslavery sympathizer as the partisan press had tried to make him appear. This was Gibson's cue to probably one of the most peppery speeches he ever delivered. He had come home with the dust of the long siege upon him, and he devoted the entire evening to the question of Mr. Buchanan's record. After a little time spent in rollicking fun, he exclaimed :

They tell me Jim is pretty near an Abolitionist. I can't see how that can be. It may be so, for "while the lamp of life holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." If I am not mistaken, Jim is an exception. He may pull the wool over the eyes of those darkies he would keep in bonds, but he might get fooled there, if the darkies had half a chance. I'm afraid that Jim is trying the trick of riding two horses, circus fashion. Now down South, they know he's all right. If he's all right for the South, we know he's all wrong for the North. If he can ride the Southern nag, he can't ride the Republican colt.

But his apologists up here are trying to fool the people. They say he's not the champion of slavery, nor the advocate of the institution some of us have said he was. They say we've been lying about Jim; that's too bad. May be

we are wrong, but I hold in my hand a circular that was taken from the *Vindicator*, a rabid proslavery organ, published in Stanton, Virginia, the 2d day of last August, and it was copied from the Richmond *Inquirer*, and that paper was walking on high stilts because Mr. Buchanan was the very man for the South. Here is what the South claims for Mr. Buchanan:

1. In 1836, Mr. Buchanan supported a bill to prohibit the circulation of Abolition papers through the mails.

2. In the same year he proposed and voted for the admission of Arkansas as a slave State.

3. In 1836-37, he denounced and voted to reject petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

4. In 1837, he voted for Calhoun's celebrated resolutions defining the rights of the States and the limits of Federal authority, and affirming it to be the duty of the government to protect and uphold the institutions in the South.

5. In 1838-40, he invariably voted with Southern senators against the consideration of antislavery petitions.

6. In 1844-45, he advocated and voted for the annexation of Texas.

7. In 1847, he sustained the Clayton compromise.

8. In 1850, he proposed and urged to extend the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean.

9. But he promptly acquiesced in the compromise of 1850, and employed all his influence in favor of the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

10. In 1851, he remonstrated against an enactment of the Pennsylvania Legislature for obstructing the arrest and return of fugitive slaves.

11. In 1855, he negotiated for the acquisition of Cuba to further slavery.

12. In 1856, he approves the repeal of the Missouri re-

striction of slavery in the Territories and supports the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act.

13. He never gave a vote against the interests of slavery, and never uttered a word which could pain the most sensitive Southern heart.

The prominent facts of Mr. Buchanan's record touching slavery are thus grouped into a single view, so that persons of the least patience in search may ascertain at a glance how the Democratic candidate stands in respect to the great issue of the canvass.

In presenting the figures exhibiting Buchanan's record, Gibson did not read them, but repeated them from memory,—his memory serving him well at all times. Each number was a text, and he used his thirteen texts as thirteen indictments, all against the man, as he claimed, "whose friends would win him votes by falsifying his position."

Many pleasing incidents occurred during his visits to different parts of the State. One is related by Mr. John G. Patterson, which displays Gibson's tact in handling men of pugnacious nature. Mr. Patterson says:

Five or six years ago I was in Columbus and met Gibson there. It was the year that Gibson attended the Lincoln banquet and made such a famous speech. A great many distinguished men were present from different parts of the State. Among them was a gentleman from Painesville, who meeting him, asked him if he remembered Judge Meeker, of Painesville, and Gibson replied: "Oh, yes, I know Judge Meeker very well. He was a good man and I never will forget him, and I'll tell you why. At a Republican meeting in Painesville, in 1856, we had a big time. Judge Meeker presided as chairman of the meeting, and he made a good presiding officer. William Dennison, who was the

chairman of the State Central Committee, and who subsequently became governor, and myself were to do the talking. Dennison came on first, a very modest man. In the midst of his speech a strapping big fellow, wearing a long-tailed blue coat trigged out with brass buttons, stood in front of the platform, constantly interrupting him, and Dennison became sorely embarrassed. When Dennison had closed his speech, Judge Meeker said to me not to mind the fellow wearing a long-tailed blue coat, that he was a Democrat, and the better way to manage him was to simply go on and ignore his interruptions. When I began my speech the fellow moved up closer to the platform and in an intimidating attitude stood there, now and then blurting out, 'That's a lie.' But I talked right on as if the fellow was the best friend I had in the world. I was explaining the Dred Scott law. In illustration, I drew a picture of a poor slave starting from Kentucky, with the United States marshal in pursuit. The slave swims the Ohio and makes his way to the State of New York, then to Boston, and is captured by the representatives of the national government at the base of Bunker Hill. And there the fugitive is chained to the monument by a United States marshal, to await the coming of his master's slave driver. Then I told of Tombs's boast that he would yet flog his slaves in the cornfields of Ohio, and asked, 'What farmer here would invite Mr. Tombs to use his cornfield?' This was too much for the big Democrat. Then I reached over and kindly said to him, 'Would you, my friend, ask Tombs to come and use your field to whip his niggers in?' He raised his big, burly voice and shouted, 'Not by a d—n sight!' and at once, with imprecations on the souls of the negro sleuths, began shouting for Fremont." The General said that was the first time he ever really knew that he had converted a Democrat.

From every point of the compass in the Northland, the names of Fremont and Dayton had been hailed with en-

thusiastic exultation, and although Fremont was only forty-four years of age, yet his fame had been so widely extended that every school-boy was familiar with the name of the Pathfinder, who had begun his career as a bound-boy in the South. With Humboldt, the Nestor among scientific travelers, and Audubon, the interpreter of nature, Fremont's name had been associated in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains as the pathfinder of an empire.

It was his privilege as an American officer, to open a highway to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, and it had been fondly hoped that he would lead the American Republic to the golden gate of freedom and from out the horrid dominion of the slave-holding power, whose chains were fastened about the bodies of nearly four millions of creatures created in the image of God. And when the news of the election came to the homes of the American free-men that the day had been postponed, when the control of the government should be wrested from the grasp of the proslavery party, there was lamentation and weeping from sea to sea. Fremont was beaten. Buchanan was victor. The affairs of the nation would move along as in years gone by with an increased agitation until relief should come. On that day, the 7th of November, 1856, when the returns were made known, thousands who were only in favor of a non-extension of slavery were transformed into Free Soilers in the most radical sense of the term, so to remain until every vestige of the institution should be swept from the land.

John C. Fremont was doubtless the strongest man in every way the Republicans could have selected as their presidential nominee. He had the nerve of youth, and

was heroic and gallant in life, and, throughout the campaign, he grew in the affection of the people and aroused an inspiration in his supporters, which deepened the determination of the Republican hosts to battle for freedom. He possessed such qualities as would assure a strong and helpful administration. W. L. Dayton, of New Jersey, was a statesman with eminent qualifications to preside over the Senate during that exciting period. But the times were not ripe for the change that must surely come. It appeared at that time a mysterious providence that gave defeat instead of victory; but God wanted the work well done, when this Republic should be cleansed from the leprous taints of slavery. War would have probably ensued had the Republicans won. Then compromises might have followed and the institution of slavery left intact and thereby made the stronger in its grasp on the nation. It was not to be so; it was better that Fremont rather than the highest interests of the Republic, should suffer defeat. The day was not far off when there would be a clean sweep, and that was in the mind of Him, who meant to favor this Republic, even should the favor come in the atonement of swelling and engulfing billows of blood.

And thus ended another campaign in which William H. Gibson was a conspicuous figure, whose lofty oratory and liver-toning jokes were heard and enjoyed from one end of the State to the other. Through sweltering heat he traveled and talked, and many a night with the dews falling on his bared brow, did he discuss the great questions agitating the country. With news every day from the war in "Bleeding Kansas," as the sufferings of that noble people who were fighting inch by inch the "peculiar" institution,

were exploited, new vigor was given to his efforts in the field. He could see no other way than that a victory was sure for the Republican phalanxes and he bent every energy to have it so. But when the word came to him that Pennsylvania and Indiana had gone for Buchanan, he turned on his heel, and remarked, "And if it were not for my belief that the God of nations presides, I would say that the country has gone to the devil."

In the following letter received from the editor of the *Interior*, Chicago, William C. Gray, LL. D., there is reference to this campaign, which, with the impressions of Doctor Gray, will interest all readers:

CHICAGO, March 3, 1856.

My Dear Doctor Bigger:

I have to look back across a space of more than thirty years for my memories of General Gibson, and these memories mostly shine like stars in a mist, luminous, but hazy. I can give you one or two which give you the popularity of the man.

In the year 1852, during the Scott-Pierce presidential campaign, General Scott made a western tour, stopping at Tiffin. Mr. Gibson, then a young lawyer, made the welcoming speech, which drew from Scott the remark that Gibson was "the finest natural orator he had ever heard." That speech made Gibson famous all over the West. He entered the campaign with great ardor. "Charley" Anderson, of Cincinnati, was another distinguished orator, ranking at that time as the best in the State of Ohio. I met him on the cars and he told me that he intended to stop at Tiffin to form the acquaintance of the young fellow who had welcomed Scott, saying he "was the rising star of the country." . . . I saw Gibson shake hands with a seedy old farmer who was a Democrat, and watched him

closely to see whether he were putting it on for the sake of popularity. There is no such thing as making sham friendship look like the true to an expert. The counterfeit is easily detected. But in this case, I could see that it was the genuine thing, and the old farmer knew it. Gibson was so big-hearted and so warm-hearted, that to be popular he had only to be himself.

Mr. Gibson was candid. I went to Tiffin, the last of 1852, to look over the field with a view to starting a paper. He went over the subject with me, telling me faithfully both the difficulties and the advantages for success. He was conscientious and would not mislead, even to secure his advantage. He was a "square man."

I need not speak of his lofty and impassioned oratory. He was as capable of sustaining a high range in an oration as any orator of his time, but he could also adapt himself to the circumstances. He was one of the speakers at a mass convention at which Caleb B. Smith, the Indiana orator, Joshua R. Giddings, Salmon P. Chase and others were to speak. It was held in Fremont in 1856, and Gibson came on towards the last. He thought the people had enough of lofty oratory. Just as he was about to speak, I asked him what line he was going to follow. "They 've had enough of that," he replied, "I 'm going to cut under."

"Not all the way through, Gibson," I replied. "You must remember that everybody in this crowd don't know you."

In a moment or two he was on his feet "cutting under." He went along with rollicking fun, ridicule, comical allusions and descriptions, until towards the last, when he rose naturally and gracefully, and closed with a magnificent and impassioned burst of oratory, unequaled by any of the speakers before him.

As General Scott said, he was a "natural orator." He had none of the training of the schools, but he had solid

common sense,—a sense of the fitness of things; and I thought that day that his oration was as good a piece of oratorical art as I had ever witnessed. It was original. It was to be found in none of the instructions in the art of eloquence, given in the books. There is nothing of it in Campbell's "Philosophy of Rhetoric," the class-book of those days. It was the immediate adaptation of himself to the circumstances.

There is only one other aspect of his character that I will mention, which is the beautiful home life that he led. I happen to know about that intimately. He did not reserve his attractive qualities and accomplishments for the public,—for dress parade. He was as courteous, cheerful, thoughtful of feelings, as desirous of pleasing and giving happiness in the seclusion of his home firelight, as he was in the light of the public gaze. That is the truest test of manhood, and he sustained it.

There are many examples of failure of genius and worth to reach recognition and reward to which they are entitled. His was a marked instance,—and the fates were against him. If Scott had won in 1852, Gibson would have been called to high responsibilities. If Blaine had won in 1884, Gibson could have had any position he desired.

He owed nothing to good fortune. It was a straight fight against obstacles from his boyhood to his death. But, after all, it is better to win as he won, the truest affection of the people without other reward, than to lead a life of rapacious, artful, and successful self-seeking. The world was brighter, worth more to live in, because he lived, and he left it better for all future than he found it.

CHAPTER XX.

GIBSON AS STATE TREASURER.

ON the 17th day of January, 1856, Gibson was inducted into the office of State Treasurer, which position he resigned on the 13th day of June, 1857.

Shortly after he entered upon the duties of his office, he discovered to his dismay that the treasury was in a fearfully chaotic condition. His predecessor, John G. Breslin, had followed the custom of loaning out the State funds not in use, a jeopardous proceeding which had obtained throughout several preceding administrations. These loans were made subject to the call of the treasurer, when demands were made for the payment on appropriations for which they had been designated.

More than a year before this time, Breslin had loaned over two hundred thousand dollars to certain banking firms, whose resources proved to be inadequate to meet the paper when presented for payment. The banks entrusted failed entirely to meet any part of the indebtedness, and the money thus loaned was never recovered to the State. The loss thus incurred was reported by Breslin to aggregate \$204,636.92, and appears to have been entered and carried forward on the treasurer's books as the "suspended debt."

The State authorities knew of the loss, and it was made known to the public in Breslin's printed report, when he officially accounted for the condition of the treasury nearly

a year prior to his going out of office. A short time before Breslin had turned over the office to Gibson, he had called in more than seven hundred thousand dollars from the county treasurers with the understanding that the money thus paid in should be placed to their credit. Although these funds were in the hands of Treasurer Breslin before he relinquished his office to his successor, not one dollar of the moneys thus received ever came into Gibson's hands, neither did he receipt for them. This is the finding and statement of the commission subsequently appointed to make an examination of the treasury.

Within a month after Gibson had assumed his official duties, an intimation came to him that something was wrong with the books of his predecessor. In response to his notification to the county treasurers to send in their apportionments, he was informed that they held vouchers from Breslin for the amounts due. It was certainly the error of his life that he did not at once throw the treasury on to the hands of the State and demand a thorough investigation. Some time elapsed before he was apprised, however, of the full extent of the deficiency. He was overwhelmed with dismay. He lost no time in confronting Breslin with the matter, and demanded that he should at once reimburse the treasury in full for the shortage discovered.

Breslin's explanation led him to believe that a precipitation of the true condition of the treasury on the public would cause the State to lose everything involved; also, that a great harm would be done an honorable, but unfortunate man. He solemnly asserted before Gibson that, if a little time were given him, he could and would make

good the shortage and that the State would not be out a penny.

Breslin's predecessor had gone out of the treasury with a deficit of more than sixty-five thousand dollars, which was subsequently made good, and Breslin assured Gibson, that in mercy to Bliss, (his predecessor), a Whig, he had carried that amount forward and Bliss, according to promise, had made the amount good and with interest. Now, what Breslin asked was that he should have the same tempering of mercy he had extended to Bliss, and in a very short time he would see that every dollar of the deficiency would be in the treasury.

Gibson believed Breslin to be a man of unimpeachable integrity. He had implicit confidence in his statement. He had known him for many years, and knew that every one that had any dealings with him, believed that a more honest and straightforward man never lived. He was impressed that his resources through his party were large, and had every evidence possible to convince him that Breslin would rather die than suffer his character to be stained with such a crime. If not pressed unduly, he believed that Breslin would be true to his word and make the defalcation right, so that the shortage would be speedily forthcoming.

The confidence he reposed in Breslin was so strong that Gibson literally staked all he possessed,—his reputation and prospects for advancement, which were very great, on Breslin's word of honor. So firmly was he convinced of the integrity of the man he trusted.

Breslin was his townsman, a relative by marriage, and for years had he known him as an upright and foremost

citizen, and always careful in his business habits, so he was absolute in making his decision to help the man out. When Gibson first talked to Breslin of the affair, he had no idea whatever of the extent of the shortage. Then it was that Breslin made his appeal, "You can save me or you can crush me, I am in your power. You can send me out on the streets of Columbus a free man, or you can send me to the penitentiary. I am unfortunate, and you know, as well as I, that no man could tempt me to rob the State or any individual in the commonwealth of Ohio of a dollar. You can help me save my good name or you can put your foot on my neck and crush me. 'Bill,' if you think I am an honest man, stand by me, and before God I will not let you suffer! What will you do?"

Gibson was silent. Breslin's appeal had moved him deeply. As he looked upon the unfortunate man, pity took hold of his heart.

"Have you the funds to meet this deficit, when the test shall come?" inquired Gibson.

He was assured that if only a little time were given the funds would be secured and placed in his hands.

"All that I ask," said Breslin, "is that I shall have the time to adjust my affairs, and then, although I shall have nothing in the world, for this affair will swallow up all my savings, I will still have an opportunity to hold up my head and earn a living for my family."

That appeal was too much for a tender-hearted man like Gibson to ignore. Beneath the appeal was Gibson's estimate of the man with whom he was dealing, and he believed Breslin could not and would not prove him false, even though he had to suffer himself. That John G. Bres-

lin was financially able to meet the defalcation in the treasury accounts Gibson was in doubt; but that he would be able with assistance to do so was never doubted by Gibson for a moment.

Months passed. Breslin reported progress; that he would soon be ready to reimburse the treasury. A year had gone by and the situation was not relieved. In the meantime all the vouchers given by Breslin had been presented. These the State must meet, whatever the condition of the treasury might be. They were State obligations.

Then came the resignation of Gibson. A committee was appointed to ascertain the condition of the treasury. The report of the non-partisan commission was given to the public, the exhibit showing conclusively that John G. Breslin was a defaulter, but Breslin had put out to Canada. In their report, the commission faulted Gibson for his endeavor after his discovery of the shortage to in any manner try to save Breslin from disgrace and ruin, which were inevitable, whatever he might have done.

After his resignation had been accepted, Gibson immediately returned to his home in Tiffin and opened a law office. His first act was to make a statement to his friends and neighbors in Tiffin and Seneca County. We give it as he caused it to be published, and it was certainly a straightforward, manly statement. The report of the investigating committee had as yet not been rendered, but when it was given to the public, the statement made by Gibson was verified. This is

Gibson's Statement to the Citizens of Seneca County.

I have resigned the office to which a generous public

called me and am now the victim of slander, whilst a venal press seizes upon my misfortunes as food for excitement. But to all this I must submit.

I am under untold obligation to the people of this county, irrespective of party, and to them a statement is due concerning the causes that led to my resignation. My predecessor failed to pay what he owed the State by a very large sum. He paid what the accounts showed against him, but he failed to put me in funds to meet the receipts which he had given county treasurers. They were legally binding on the State and I was compelled to receive them as cash. When Mr. Breslin failed to put me in possession of the funds, I should have made it public.

My kindness of heart, which with me amounts to positive weakness, led me to rely upon his assurance, and led me to say that he had paid all except the two hundred and four thousand dollars reported.

This was my great and only error. I may have been wrong. I found it impossible to obtain the amount from him. It was manifestly then proper that I should resign and invoke a legal examination. Its results will soon be made known, and by it I must abide.

No one has suffered by me, nor shall any one suffer. I rely upon a full acquittal from pecuniary liability to the State, and for just censure. Conscious of no wrong myself, I am not excited, nor will I despond. I will devote my life to extricating myself from this misfortune. I could wish that my friends felt no greater mortification than myself.

I shall not leave home and country. As I have spent the days of my childhood in your midst, I shall remain here—here where repose the ashes of my kindred and friends, shall my body be buried. With the generous citizens of this county, whose friendship I esteem, the storm of slander will not avail. I glory in the history of my county and rejoice that I have shared in the confidence of

its people. That confidence will never be abused. Not an enterprise has characterized its progress for the past thirteen years but that has received the aid of my energies and purse.

Relieved of the cares of an office that has been so unfortunate to me, I shall return to abide with you,—to share your hospitalities and claim your continued confidence.

June 16, 1857.

W. H. GIBSON.

Breathing forth from this letter is manifest the same spirit that was witnessed in Gibson during the trying ordeal of the investigation. He was sustained by a realization, that although his course might not be approved, yet through no act of his had the State lost a dollar, and that he had been animated by no other motive than to save a friend from ruin, and the State from an exceedingly severe loss.

Gibson had made a serious mistake. He could not be justified in assuming any possible shortage; he had no means of knowing what the deficiency might be; without substantial collaterals he had trusted in the honor of a man who had evidently gone wrong in permitting the treasury to get into the deplorable condition in which he came to know it to be. A deceptive tongue had dugged the pit into which his trusting feet had been wickedly lured. The imposition upon Gibson's goodness of heart, on the part of John G. Breslin, however, was wrong, very wrong, indeed, and the compounding of an injustice against the innocent—against no one save and except William H. Gibson and family, in its immediate effects; yet from its cruel entailments, many were called to bear onerous burdens. Still no one suffered or was in a more pitiable

plight than poor, mistaken, but brilliant Breslin. The scorpion bite of a betrayed confidence is a fearful penalty to suffer for one who assumes the role of a redeemer, and from its virus Gibson suffered more than pen can ever record.

Had Gibson's motive, though unwisely followed, not been the purest and noblest that ever could move the heart of man; had he not been conscious of an unselfish purpose within his own heart to redeem a brother from destruction and the State, of which he was an entrusted servant, from sustaining a loss that in no other way could be recovered, William H. Gibson with his nature could not have borne the burdens he carried in the heroic manner that characterized his subsequent career. Not a member of that commission could harbor the belief that Gibson was guilty of a crime. Nor has any just man from that day to this believed that Gibson had received a dollar of the missing funds. He was a poor man when he came out of office, and had until his death been little better off than when he came into the office of State treasurer.

After the trouble in Columbus, Gibson set about with manly heroism to do what he declared he would do,—that which should be the purpose of his life,—the extrication of himself from his sad misfortune. He proposed to make his mistake very altar stairs to climb to a position where the good and great would do honor to his name. And he did it. The struggle was a fierce battle. His path was beset by unforeseen impediments, but along the way, he forfeited neither the respect nor the love of his friends. By whatsoever judgment he might be judged, by friend or foe, he had not lost self-respect. The fires of an inward con-

sciousness of having purposed honorably and having yielded to no dishonorable, selfish motive, burned brightly and strongly in his breast. If misunderstood, if maltreated, if spiked on the cross of public opinion, all this could he bear whilst self-respect was dominant.

No man ever doubted Gibson's heroism, and never was that manly virtue more virtuously displayed than when he returned to his home to recover himself from the calamitous shock of his treasury experience.

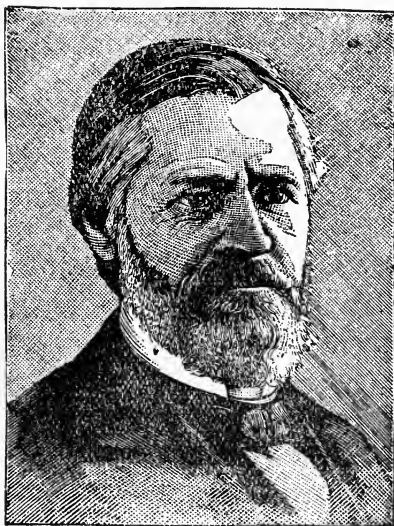
General Gibson never intruded his troubles on his friends; did not permit them to mar the joy of his fire-side, and rarely talked to any one of them. He endeavored to bear his own burdens—and he did it manfully, as a philosopher. In a letter to his friend, John Hopley, of Bucyrus, recently deceased, written three years prior to his (Gibson's) death, he pours forth his feelings without restraint. This letter was not published until after Gibson's death. In that letter he writes:

Has any man had a career like mine? Smitten by wicked wrong-doers and made the scapegoat for the sins of half a score of intriguers, it was supposed that I was overwhelmed. I stood the fire and faced the music, challenged consequences, and kept on my way, following the dictates of conscience. Not one,—not my own family ever—ever heard me complain or reproach others, nor did I ever enter my house with downcast look or with stories of disaster or wrongs endured. Robbed and impoverished, I went forward in the right as God gave me to see the right.

In the army I had the esteem and love of the officers and privates in all the nine regiments I commanded in 1864, and every superior officer under whom I served did

me more than justice. To this hour I have the respect of inferiors and superiors in the service alike.

And yet I have a letter from a cabinet officer saying I would never secure a promotion, though urged by all whom I served under. This letter was written by a friend and I know the reasons and who caused the interdict. This incident led to my possession of a most interesting paper, the original contract of 1848 between the Free Soilers and Democrats, which repealed the black laws and made Salmon P. Chase senator. It bears the names of legislators, is interlined by Mr. Chase, and was intrusted to a member, since a judicial officer, a Democrat, and sent to me from his death-bed.



JOHN SHERMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.

THERE can be no doubt that the determination of the South to perpetuate slavery was both the primal and immediate moving cause of the War of the Rebellion. As intimated, however, there were other controversies reaching back nearly half a century, and almost to the time of the adoption of the Constitution, that had been gradually preparing the way for the final disposition of the disturbing questions that would never be at rest until consigned to oblivion under the seal of blood.

After peace had been secured with England in 1815, a revival of manufacturing industries came to our country. This brought about a vigorous contention with reference to the ever-mooted question of a protective tariff. Upon this question the South and North were at issue. The following year, 1816, Congress caused a reduction of five per cent. to be made on imported woolen and cotton fabrics which measure was bitterly fought by those who favored a tariff that would enable the struggling manufactories to compete against the foreign concerns dealing with this country. Eight years later, in 1824, an increased-tariff law was enacted, but not sufficient to afford protection to the wool and hemp growers of the Western and Northern States, and wholly inadequate to secure the Pennsylvania iron interests from destructive competition from across

the sea. Under the agitation, the Congress of 1828 caused a fifty per cent. duty to be imposed upon imports, and against this the cotton-planters of the South, and the representatives of southern commerce raised a cry of oppression, and boldly declared they would not submit.

Robert Young Hayne, senator from South Carolina, vehemently opposed the protective system, and in a speech in the Senate declared that Congress had no constitutional power to impose duties on imports for the purpose of protecting domestic manufacturers. He advocated that such laws, if Congress would insist upon enacting them, ought to be resisted and made void by the assertion of State power. On January 30, 1830, Mr. Hayne made another speech charging the New England States with forcing their protective scheme upon the nation to aggrandize themselves and to the injury and at the expense of all the remaining States of the Union. With intense warmth he reiterated the doctrine of repudiation by the State governments, better known as the "Doctrine of Nullification."

To this, the next day, Daniel Webster made a reply, which has become historic in the annals of the nation, and is known as "Webster's Reply to Hayne." Mr. Webster, in this memorable speech, made very plain the dangers of any such position as that taken by Mr. Hayne, and assailed with ungloved hand the theory offered by John C. Calhoun, "that the Constitution was a terminable league or a compact between sovereign States," and declared that any State acting upon this theory would bring about a civil war or the disruption of the Union.

From the beginning, the advanced tariff met with violent opposition, and it was John C. Calhoun who as early

as 1828, projected the daring expedient of repudiating the Congressional enactment and resorting to nullification by State interference. The leading politicians, now, were not tardy in the advocacy of the doctrine among the people, and mass meetings were held for that purpose in the cotton-growing States.

The question of nullification roused and kept the communities at the boiling point, and the entire country became terrifically agitated with the perils that its attempted projection on the part of its champions would entail. Notwithstanding all this, South Carolina did call a nullification convocation to be held in Columbia, her State capital on the 24th of November, 1832. After a full discussion of their grievances, this convention passed the nullification ordinance, and the legislature, being in session in the same city, receiving the text of the convention's deliverance, at once and with practical unanimity gave it official endorsement. This act prohibited any appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States "in any matter where the validity of the ordinance was concerned," and declared that "any attempt to enforce the revenue laws, except through the civil courts, would justify the State in seceding from the Union and in establishing a separate government." That was the first open threat at secession.

The legislative body gave the ordinance its most hearty approval, and, anticipating the consequences of resisting the laws of the nation, ordered immediate preparation for a defense of the position the State had assumed. Seventeen days after this, Mr. Hayne became the governor of the State, and, signing the bill, forthwith issued a proclamation calling for twelve thousand volunteers to resist

the Federal government should its officers attempt to enforce the law. This position taken by South Carolina's law-making body and her chief executive, was certainly bold and defiant, and had there been a James Buchanan and not an Andrew Jackson in the executive mansion in Washington, it is hard telling what might have been the result at that time.

General Jackson knew what to do and how to do it, and he acted according to his convictions of fealty to his oath of office. Congress was not in session when the nullification convention was held, and the President at once took hold of the threatened rebellion with the hand of a master of the situation. He posted orders to the collector at Charleston, instructing him to employ every means within the government's control, the revenue cutters and the military, and all other means available to protect from the State authorities vessels coming into the harbor with cargoes liable to duties. The President's promptness at that critical moment was certainly commendable. When Congress assembled, a few days later, in his message the President gave notice that he proposed to deal with the armed resistance in South Carolina as treason against the national government.

In sympathy with the President's attitude, Congress passed the celebrated "force bill," designed to render protection to the revenue service. General Jackson then sent General Winfield S. Scott to the seat of the trouble, and it did not require much time to put an end to the revolt. This prompt and vigorous action doubtless averted a civil war at that time; but it failed to kill the germs of the dogma of State supremacy, which, still being fostered, became

one of the subjects requiring final adjustment on the field of carnage. The Civil War had only been forcefully postponed.

After this nullification incident, President Jackson, in a letter to the Rev. Andrew J. Crawford, dated May 1, 1833, wrote these words concerning the attempt to resist the payment of the revenue: "The tariff was only a pretext; disunion and Southern confederacy was the real object. The next pretext will be the slavery question." Was Andrew Jackson a prophet in homespun?

Following the project of nullification, there came a series of bitter contentions between the North and South, all growing out of the determination of the slave oligarchy to perpetuate the institution by making slavery national. When Texas was admitted as a State to the Union in 1845; when the Wilmot Proviso was introduced in 1846; in 1854 when Stephen A. Douglas offered a resolution to erect Nebraska as a State; in 1856, when the attempt was made to admit Kansas as a slave State,—the atmosphere the while was growing heavily pregnant with the spirit of discord, and as it grew denser, it appeared that a conflict at arms was inevitable; that a war to settle the congested condition of the country could not be averted.

"Who and what brought on the Civil War?" is a question that seems easily answered. It does not matter much now, for the Union is sweet and harmonious, and the questions then agitating the country have all been settled. But as a matter of history, it will only be necessary to glance at the utterances of prominent Southerners to know who precipitated the war. The war was inevitable. It is a serious reflection on the power of discernment of any man

who will read these pronounced sentiments and declarations, if he should not be able to discover that the Civil War,—a struggle which deluged our land in blood and swept as with a besom of destruction millions of treasure from the ownership of unoffending American citizens,—that that fierce struggle could not be avoided, providing the Union established by the fathers should be preserved. The Southern mind and heart were fixed in what they most ardently desired, and bands of steel could not hold them back from an attempt to break the bonds that held them to the national union of States.

Utterances here given have been compiled from widely different sources, mostly from the national legislature, and are easily authenticated. At different times and on many occasions, Senator Tombs, of Georgia, wrote and spoke during the campaign of 1856, “that the election of Fremont will be the end of the Union and ought to be.” On the 20th of December, 1855, in the House, (*Congressional Globe*, p. 61,) Mr. McMullen, of Virginia, said:

Let me tell that member (Mr. Giddings) and this House, and the country, that should this country ever arrive at that state of affairs, that the government should pass into the hands of the North,—of such Northern fanatical characters as the member over the way, and the government should restore the Missouri Compromise or repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, then, in such case, I would have to endorse the declaration of the honorable gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Campbell), “that this Union must and will be dissolved.” One of the greatest misfortunes of the country, Mr. Clerk, is the fact that our Northern brethren mistake the character of the South. They suppose that the Southern dis-

unionists are confined to the Calhoun wing of the Democratic party. This, sirs, is the greatest error that the North has fallen into. And I tell you, sir, and I want the country to know it,—I want the gentlemen from the free States, our Republicans, our Seward Republicans, our Abolitionists, or whatever else they may be called, to know it,—that if you restore the Missouri Compromise or repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, this Union will be dissolved!

In the House of Representatives, January 16, 1856, (Ap. C. G., p. 16,) Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a supporter of Buchanan, the very brightest of the old Southern Whigs, declared: "I say, if Congress ever again exercises the power to exclude the South from an equal participation in the common Territories, I, as a Southern man, am for resisting it."

Senator Yulee, of Florida, declared on the floor of the Senate: "For my part, I am ready to proceed to extreme measures, even to the dissolution of the Union."

Senator Brown, of Mississippi, said: "If the Wilmot Proviso is adopted, it will raise a storm that will sweep away this Union, and I pray God devoutly it will do so."

Mr. Morse, of Louisiana, declared: "The Southern man who will stand up and say that he is for this Union, 'now and forever,' is more dangerous to the people he represents than those who are in open hostility. If Kansas is trammled with a preamble, declaring the Territory now free, I am willing to dissolve the Union."

Senator Butler, of South Carolina: "I do not make the salvation of the Union the paramount question."

Mr. Colcock, of Georgia: "If the Wilmot Proviso should pass in any form, I will introduce a bill for the dissolution of the Union."

Mr. Meate, of Virginia: "If you exclude us, I am not willing to submit; we intend to have the land, peaceably, if we can; forcibly, if we must."

The following toast was drunk at Atchison, Kansas: "DISUNION—By secession or otherwise—a beacon of hope to an oppressed people and the surest remedy for Southern wrong."

Another: "Atchison—May she before the close of the year '57, be the capital of a Southern Republic!"

The editor of the Charleston *Mercury*, in his paper of August 21, 1856, published this declaration: "There is not a single public man in her limits, [South Carolina,] not one of her present representatives or senators in Congress, who is not pledged to the lips in favor of disunion."

These are typical utterances that could be heard anywhere in the South, in Washington, and read in all the impressions of the Southern press. There were other matters continually arising that had a tendency to foment the people. In 1856, a case was carried before the Supreme Court that stirred the North from Ohio to the Atlantic, and with reflux tide back westward to the Pacific. The plaintiff was a negro named Dred Scott, who, with his wife and children, was the property of a United States Army surgeon, Joseph Emerson. Doctor Emerson died and Dred Scott maintained that he was a freeman, because he had lived a certain length of time in a free Territory, and having been free in that Territory, Scott claimed that he could not be put back into slavery. The Supreme Court decided against Scott and he was remanded into the hands of the heirs of Doctor Emerson, and he and his family were still held as slaves.

In the United States Court, March 5, 1856, this case was decided, the deliverance of the law being given by Chief Justice Taney as follows:

1. Africans were not citizens.
2. That the ordinances of A. D. 1787 were null and void.
3. That the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional.
4. That there was no power in Congress or in Territorial government to exclude slavery.
5. That slavery was lawful in the free States.
6. That slave property was as sacred in all the States and Territories as property in horses.

Two days after this rendition, the 7th of March, Judge McLean delivered a dissenting opinion, setting forth that slavery is limited to the range of States where established by mere municipal law. If Congress deem slaves or free colored persons injurious to a Territory, it has the right to prohibit them from becoming settlers therein. The power to acquire territory brings with it the power to govern it. The master does not carry with him the law of the State from which he removes. Hence the Missouri Compromise is constitutional, and the presumption is in favor of the freedom of Dred Scott and his family, who were free under the decisions for the past twenty-eight years.

This case was used by the Abolition orators with telling effect, as a sample of what was coming to the nation should the institution of slavery not be destroyed. The fugitive slave law required that runaway slaves must be surrendered to their masters, no matter where found. And this was another fearful aggravation to the North, where

the antislavery sentiment was growing rapidly, and for a score of years before the eventful year of 1861, the upholders of the slave institution were impressed that slavery on American soil was doomed, unless there could be formed a confederation from the United States, in which slavery would be upheld by the universal sentiment of its population. There could, possibly, be no further territory added to the slave-holding section, and when the great West was opened and settled, it would surely be antislavery in sentiment, and it was only a question of a short time at best when by national law Congress would be compelled to abolish the institution from the Republic.

The condition was truly stated by a young man, named Warren Willkes, who had been at the head of a band known as "Southern Settlers in Kansas," and who had been taken there to prevent the Territory from securing a free constitution. In writing to the *Charleston Mercury*, in 1856, he tells this truth: "If the South secures Kansas, she will extend slavery into all the Territories south of the fortieth parallel of north latitude to the Rio Grande; and this, of course, will secure for her present pent-up institution of slavery an ample outlet, and restore her power in Congress. If the North secures Kansas, the power of the South in Congress will be gradually diminished, and slave property will become valueless."

The contest in Kansas was without doubt the skirmish line of the Civil War. It was a war between slavery and its opponents. John Brown and his five sons, who took up a claim in Kansas, were attracted to the Territory by the trouble brewing there and in their desire to do something to head off slavery. His removal to Virginia, where he

expected to set up a defensible station for fugitive slaves in the mountains, his failure and execution, only added fuel to the angry flames of contention that were burning, and soon leaped into a mighty conflagration, that could only be quenched by the outpouring of the hearts' blood of America's loyal sons. The valorous position in Kansas of the Free Staters cast the die. The election of Buchanan postponed secession. The election of Lincoln precipitated the crisis, and from lusty Southern throats came the cry, "NOW or NEVER!"

Cooler and wiser heads in the South could see where a war would lead to and advised against any movement that would eventuate in a proclamation of secession, but their wisdom was railed at, their counsels tame in comparison with the brilliant pictures limned on the brains of the inflamed populace by fire-eating, designing politicians. It was plainly stated by men of wisdom who deeply loved the South and the Southern people, and who were among their most distinguished and worthy citizens, that the sequence of any hasty action would certainly result in the emancipation of the slaves. Such advice was not sought; was not heeded. Such men as William Lowndes Yancey, who, as early as 1858 sent from Washington, letters to his friends and urged that a committee of safety be organized in the cotton-growing States, to fire the Southern heart with a view of ultimately precipitating those States into revolution—such men and such teachings as Yancey offered were welcomed and followed.

Then came the presidential struggle in 1860. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin were made the nominees of the Republican party; Stephen A. Douglas and Benja-

min Fitzpatrick, (the latter declining and Governor H. V. Johnson, of Georgia, substituted) the choice of the Democratic party; but the party split, the seceders nominating John C. Breckenridge and Gen. Jo. Lane, as their representatives; and a party variously styling themselves as "Union Savers," "Americans," "Whigs," and "Conservatives," selected John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, was also in the field. The seceders from the Democratic party in its first national convention of 1860, were the representatives of that element in the South that a little later attempted to set up a Southern Confederacy.

Until 1848, the great parties, the Whig and Democratic, were without strife respecting the direct questions which at this period were now greatly agitating the people. But far-seeing Southern statesmen, by watchful opposition to the tariff policy of the Whigs, to the distribution of public lands to actual settlers, to river and harbor improvements, prepared the way for the compromise of 1850, for the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854, for the Dred Scott decision of 1856, and for the threats of disunion above quoted, which were now being defiantly reiterated. It was openly avowed in the Democratic national convention held, beginning April 23, in Charleston, and in its adjourned meeting called to meet in Baltimore, June 18, it was vehemently declaimed that, "without adherence to Southern rights, the candidates could not depend on a single Southern State." And the two tickets that came out of the confusion in Charleston and Baltimore, are the best illustration yet exhibited in history, that although the politicians may manage, the people nevertheless will elect.

In many respects, the contest of 1860 was bitterly acrimonious. The four tickets in the field, a quadrangular fight, caused the canvass to be unduly exciting. The questions to be settled gave stolid determination a place in the hearts of the partisans of each set of candidates.

Lincoln had been nominated in a mammoth wigwam, in Chicago, and the Republicans in all the towns and cities where suitable buildings were not available for accommodating the throngs for great mass meetings, erected wigwams. Lincoln was a rail-splitter, and his early occupation gave the Republicans an emblem that was on all occasions displayed,—the Lincoln rail. An orator of great distinction, in the closing moments of the convention, bade the delegates, in returning home, to not forget the responsibilities that rested on the friends of the Union, urging them to be “wide-awake” and use every laudable means to place Mr. Lincoln in the president’s chair. And hence “Wide-Awake” companies and battalions were organized and handsomely equipped with caps, capes, and flambeaux.

The Republicans could have made no better choice than Hannibal Hamlin as the associate of Mr. Lincoln. He was a good and true citizen,—a man with a clean life and a good conscience. In 1858, he held the chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce in the Senate. When the Democratic party repealed the Missouri Compromise and reopened the question of slavery, he resigned his chairmanship and acted with the Republicans. He was elected by his State as Governor and when asked why he made the change, quietly replied: “I love my country more than I do my party.” Although chief attention was given to Lincoln, yet Mr. Hamlin was exceedingly popular with the masses.

The campaign songs in the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign were an interesting study. Glee clubs came to the help of the committee in every locality. Here is a sample stanza, which was written to the tune of "Uncle Ned," and sung by the Lombard Glee Club, of Galesburg, Illinois:

"There was an old Sucker and they called him 'Honest Abe,'
And he lived out west—out west;
Work was his pleasure ever since he was a babe,
But now he's a-goin' to have a little rest.

CHORUS—Then put away the wedge and the maul,
Then get things ready for the fall,
For we're bound to put him through,
Just to show what we can do—
And bring about a change—that's all."

Whilst the Republicans were pushing the claims of Lincoln and Hamlin, the champions of the dual Democratic interests were by no means idle. Large and very enthusiastic meetings were held in the North, endorsing both the Breckenridge and Douglas tickets. The South was practically solid for Breckenridge and Lane; these gentlemen naturally gave their attention to securing votes in the North. In New York City, Albany, St. Louis, Baltimore, and Washington, ratification rallies were held endorsing Breckenridge and Lane, and these gentlemen were present and responded to calls for speeches by their zealous admirers. But the Democratic party was hopelessly divided and could not anticipate success. At the close of the conflict, the returns gave the standing of the contestants in the popular vote as follows: Lincoln, 1,866,352; Douglas, 1,375,157; carrying twelve electoral votes to Lincoln's 180; Breckenridge, 845,763; John Bell, 580,581. The population of the country that year was thirty-one millions.

A calamity befell the Douglas ticket when Fitzpatrick

declined the nomination for vice-president, in the substitution of Governor Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, who was known to be a rampant disunionist, having made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the Northern wage-workers by the declaration that "capital should own its labor, white or black." At the beginning of the month of August Douglas gave up all hope of an election and declared to his friends that it was impossible for the Democracy to win with two tickets in the field. There were thousands of the Douglas followers who, fearful of the possibilities of the Breckenridge ticket winning, voted for Mr. Lincoln. Many votes went to Breckenridge in the same manner by ardent Douglas men, who rather than see Lincoln elected, deserted Douglas for Breckenridge.

The 6th of November came, and in the battle of the ballots victory fell to the Republican leaders. And now if the South should be true to her oft-repeated threats, the North could expect nothing but civil war. From the day on which Lincoln was known to have carried the election, if not antedating the sixth of November, until the first gun of the war was fired, April 12, 1861, preparations were going rapidly forward in the South looking to the turbulent commonwealths' casting off allegiance to the government of the United States. It might be said with truth that from the occurrence of the split in the Democratic party at Charleston, which was not welded at Baltimore, this was the determination of the leaders in the South, should the Republican party elect a president. One hundred guns boomed their approval at Savannah, Georgia, in honor of the withdrawal of the Southern States from the convention at Baltimore; this was answered by a na-

tional salute from Columbus, Ohio, in honor and in approval of the course pursued by the Ohio delegates who resisted the arrogance of the Southern delegates to the very last.

The Democratic forces were divided. The South now realized that not only were they opposed by the Republicans in the North, but that their old-time allies in the support of their "peculiar institution" had departed from them, and would resist their return to the control of affairs at Washington. It was the divided Democracy that gave a triumphant victory to millions of men and women who had labored, and prayed whilst they labored, to shut off the hideous encroachments of the slave octopus. Had the Democracy stood together, the doom of Kansas would have been sealed. It was not to be so, and Kansas, like a roe, leaped in the gladness of her joy when her relief was heralded by the Republican victory.

Would the South make their threat good? Would those States south of Mason and Dixon's line attempt to break the bonds that now held them? The country was not required to wait long for an answer to such questions. Almost immediately dissolution conventions were called in South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and the month of November had hardly given away to December before the question as to what the South would try to do was answered. Union was truly a pseudonym! Conventions were held in the North by the "Union Savers," and the blame for the difficulties existing were laid at the door of the North. The country was certainly in a perilous condition. A seething volcano raged beneath her political foundations and threatened to burst forth without further warning.

In Congress, the House appointed a committee of thirty-three to consider the needs of the hour, and the Senate likewise selected thirteen senators to report what in their candid opinion should be done to avert the impending conflict. A variety of recommendations were suggested. John Sherman came forward with a plan. He suggested to the committee of thirty-three that the Gordian knot of slavery agitation might be cut by dividing the Territories into States and admitting them into the Union at once, upon an equal footing with the other States, with constitutions recognizing or prohibiting slavery, as the people of the several sovereign States might determine. There were many other expedients proposed to relieve the situation.

Among the popular expedients presented, was one offered by Winter Davis, who proposed to settle the trouble by admitting Texas with or without slavery, and to admit no other new States without the consent of the States of the Union. Senator Crittenden had another plan; but it was summarily rejected by the Southerners. The South demanded a more efficient Fugitive Slave Law, and a law that would guarantee slave holders the right of taking their slaves into and holding them in all the Territories with a right of transit across all free States, which virtually, as they wanted the law, was an amendment to the Constitution and would at once make slavery national. In fact a dozen or more resolutions were offered, which if carried out, would have made the institution national. This would, under no circumstances, be conceded, and Congress and the people, North and South, were not slow in discovering that the only way out of the trouble was to fight it out.

Mr. Lincoln was not the least forward in giving his views to the public, but when visited by a *New York Tribune* representative, said to him frankly, that he was utterly opposed to any concession or compromise that should yield one iota of the position occupied by the Republican party on the question of slavery in the Territories. Horace Greeley had taken the position that if the Southern States wanted to go they should be told to go. It was only three days after Mr. Lincoln's election that Greeley wrote, "If the cotton States feel satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." At the Republican jubilee at Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln's home, the president-elect had spoken in response to the call of enthusiastic supporters in great moderation, and these among other expressions were words that fell from his lips: "I rejoice with you in the success which has thus far attended that cause. (Applause.) Yet in all our rejoicings, let us neither express nor cherish hard feelings toward any citizen who, by his vote, has differed with us. (Loud cheering.) Let us at all times remember that all American citizens are brothers of a common country and should dwell together in the bonds of fraternal feeling. (Immense applause.)"

It was not long until one after another of the Southern States had seceded. There were conspirators in both houses of Congress, and the entire machinery of government had been in the hands of those who revolted from the Union.

On the 9th of January, 1861, the State of Mississippi formally seceded from the Union. The next day Jefferson Davis made a long speech to the Senate in which he

urged the government to withdraw the troops from Fort Sumter. This was his farewell to the Senate, and in opening his address to the senators, he said: "Tears are now trickling down the stern face of man, and those who have bled for the flag of their country and are now willing to die for it, stand powerless." In referring to Major Anderson's having moved from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the occupation of that fort by the government, and also of the refusal to abandon the fort at the request of the South, he remarked: "I have heard that objections have been raised to removal from the fort because it would be lowering the American flag. Can there be a point of pride against laying on that sacred soil to-day the flag for which our fathers died? My pride, senators, is different. My pride is that the flag shall not stand between contending brothers; and that, when it shall be no longer the common flag of the country, it shall be folded up and laid away, like a vesture no longer used; that it shall be kept as a memento of the past, to which each of us can make a pilgrimage and remember the glorious days in which it was born." Mr. Davis made a lengthy address and closed by praying that the "Angel of peace might spread her wings, though it be over divided States; and the sons of the sires of the Revolution might still go on in friendly intercourse with each other, ever renewing the memories of a common origin; the sections by the diversities of their products and habits, acting and reacting beneficially, the commerce of each might swell the prosperity of both, and the happiness of all might be still interwoven together." Then he came to his point and gave the Senate due notice "that if there cannot be peace, Mississippi's gallant sons will

stand like a wall of fire around their State, and I go hence not in hostility to you, but in love and allegiance to her, to take my place among her sons, be it for good or evil." And he walked out with tears running down his cheeks.

Many interesting episodes were taking place in the national Congress, during those few days and weeks. Every day brought something new to the eyes and ears of the country, and one of the most dramatic was the speech of Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, in reply to the farewell of Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, when the latter bade good-by and withdrew from the Senate. Unfortunately for the man who was deserting his country's ship, he compared the seceders to the ten tribes of Israel. Senator Hale lost no time in telling the senator from North Carolina, that he had made a good speech and an apt comparison. "Yes," said Senator Hale, "ten tribes did go out from the kingdom of Israel; but the ark of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah." The galleries and even many of the senators, forgetting their dignified position, went perfectly wild over this hit from the shoulder. "What became of the ten tribes?" continued the senator. "They have gone, but God and nobody else knows where they went to. It is a matter of speculation where they went to, or what became of them,—whether they constitute the Pottawottomies or some other tribe of savages. But the suggestion of the senator from North Carolina is full of meaning. There were ten tribes went out, and remember, they went out wandering. They went, as I said before, God only knows where. But, sir, I do hope and pray that this comparison, so eloquent and instructive, suggested by the honorable senator, may not be illustrative

of the fate of those other tribes that are going out of the house of Israel.”

A number of the senators bade the Senate good-by, and each of them seemed deeply affected, and well they might, for it was a mistaken sentiment that led them away into doing that which was palpably wrong. Their valedictories were no doubt very tender, but how much nobler would it have been for these gifted senators, had they chivalrously stood by the right with a heroism that would have left an example for those who should read their names in the days to come! Many of the Republican senators felt very badly to see their old associates, noble men at heart, many of them, choose so unwisely not only for themselves, but for those over whom they wielded a large influence.

But there was no movement to adjourn in respect to the event. Seward complacently took a pinch of snuff, when Clingman went out, and deliberately called up the bill for the admission of Kansas, as if nothing had happened, and it passed, and “Bleeding Kansas” was at last admitted to the sisterhood of States, but not to take the place of any other having a thought they were going out. For that was only a fancy from which the foolish children would recover. It was certainly a fearful ordeal for these strong men to pass through; but nothing as compared with the terrible sufferings to be endured by the Southern States, whom they represented, in the four years of cruel war that was to follow.

The valedictory of Jefferson Davis as he made his exit, in the abandonment of his seat of honor in the Senate chamber, to go out from the capital of a nation he went

to tear asunder, was indeed a sad spectacle. In stepping across the threshold of that historic chamber where the noblest of Americans had sat, he renounced his honored title to a seat among the law-makers of the greatest nation on the earth; abjured the country that had made him what he was in honorable position; spurned the very thought of liberty; hurled defiance to the American flag, over whose broad stripes and bright stars he could weep,—and for what? To perpetuate a great wrong; to keep in slavery nearly four millions of bondmen,—and that in a land boasting of its freedom.

But this was not a sudden impulse with Jefferson Davis, as he takes his leave of the United States Senate,—for this he had been planning; to bring it about, he had conjured; of it he had dreamed and now he is going forth. He bids the honorable senators adieu, walks out into the wide corridor, then into the shadows of the great, white marble capitol. He has no country now. He goes to seek one; goes weeping, but he goes,—to be brought back in nearly five years to be incarcerated under the shadows of that capitol as the arch traitor of that great rebellion. Once before he spoke a similar sentiment, something akin to that uttered in his farewell to the Senate.

After the death of John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis aspired to the mantle of Calhoun in the leadership of the South, and whenever opportunity offered he openly advocated a dissolution of the Union. That was ten years prior to the occurrence here mentioned. In the same Senate chamber he used these words: “Let the sections part, like the patriarchs of old, and let peace and good will subsist among their descendants. Let no wound be inflicted

which time cannot heal. Let the flag of our Union be folded up entire, the thirteen stripes recording the original size of our family, untorn by the unholy struggles of civil war, its constellation to remain undimmed, and speaking to those who come after us of the growth and prosperity of the family whilst it remained united. Unmutilated, let it lie among the archives of the Republic, until some future day, when wiser counsels shall prevail, when men shall have been sobered in the school of adversity, again to be unfurled over the continent-wide Republic." That was a romantic theory, but the old flag had no notion of crawling away into the dark, to find a couch amidst the musty records and flintlock muskets; its place was above the nation's capitol, on the tops of mountains, over the valleys, on the rivers, and on the wide, wide sea, floating gracefully, waving its proud folds in the sunlight of God, and above a union of States that could never be dissevered. It was to fly above the marshaled hosts of the Republic, her gallant sons who "stood as a wall of fire" for its integrity and sovereignty over an undivided Union. It was not tired of its mission, it had no reason to skulk in the shadows,—no thought of being folded up and laid away. If stained by the blood of errant children, yet must it remain a sacred oriflamme of liberty.

Mr. Davis's theory was not practical. In the providence of Almighty God, that was not the diagnosis of our national malady, nor the operation by which should be cut from our body politic the cancerous growth that was slowly eating our life away. As old as the Jewish law was it decreed that by the shedding of blood is there remission of sins, and this nation's sins could be remitted in no other

manner. The justice of God could no longer be withheld, and slavery in madness, a hag of monstrous vice, had drawn her sword and was now to fall upon it. Only by the destruction of slavery could the dear old flag wave in gladness over a "continent-wide Republic,"—forever redeemed from the writhing dragon's curse.

In the very last speech that Stephen A. Douglas delivered in the presence of his fellow-citizens in the city of Chicago, he uttered these memorable words, and that was just at the beginning of the war: "There was never a time from the time when Washington was inaugurated first President of the Republic, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws than they do now. There was never a time when they did not have as good a cause for disunion as they have now. The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since,—formed by leaders of the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago!"

There were many of the prominent citizens of the South who battled in good conscience against secession. Probably the most eminent was Alexander H. Stephens. On January 17, 1861, before the Georgia Secession Convention he made a memorable speech, pleading for the members to pause before they had gone too far, and think of the results. He attempted to show them the folly of breaking away from the Union, but failing in that, afterwards went out with his State. Here is an extract from that memorable speech. Mr. Stephens said:

This step [secession] once taken, can never be recalled,

and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as you will see), will rest upon this convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably provoke, when our green fields and waving harvest shall be trodden down by a murderous soldiery, and the fiery car of war sweeps over our land, our temples of justice laid in ashes, and every horror and desolation upon us, who but this convention will be held responsible for it, and who but him who shall give his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure shall be held to a strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and be cursed and execrated by posterity in all coming time? . . . Pause, I entreat you, and consider for a moment what reasons you can give that will satisfy yourselves in calmer moments. What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? Can any of you name to-day one governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the government at Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge an answer. On the other hand, let me show the facts of which I wish you to judge, and I will only state facts which are clear and undeniable, and which now stand in the authentic records of the history of our country. When we of the South demanded the slave trade, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our section, was it not granted? When we demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened in the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? Do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact? As individuals and local communities they may have done so, but not by the sanction of the government, for that has always been true to Southern

interests. When we asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of slavery, did they not yield to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory left for four more, to be added in due time, if you by this unwise and impolitic act do not destroy this hope, and perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow? We have always had control of the government and can yet have it, if we remain in it, and are united as we have been. We have had a majority of the presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the executive department. So of the judges of the Supreme Court. We have had eighteen from the South and but eleven from the North. Although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the free States, yet a majority of the court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation unfavorable to us. . . . In choosing the presiding officer, *pro tem.*, of the Senate, we have had twenty-four and they eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, they twelve. While the majority of the representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have generally secured the speaker, because he to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the general government. Attorney-generals, we have had fourteen, while the North has had but five. Foreign ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the free

States, because of their greater commercial interests, we have, nevertheless, had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for our cotton, tobacco, and sugar on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher officers of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and comptrollers filling the Executive Department. The records show for the last fifty years that of the three thousand thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds, while we have only one-third of the white population of the Republic. . . . From official documents we learn that more than three-fourths of the revenue collected, has been raised from the North. . . . The expense of the transportation of mails in the free States was, in 1860, a little over thirteen million dollars, while the income was nineteen million dollars. But in the slave States the transportation of the mail was \$14,716,000, and the revenue from the mail only \$8,000,265, leaving a deficit of \$6,715,735 to be supplied by the North for our accommodation.

Mr. Stephens ended with an encomium on the American government. Eloquent and respected as he was, he could not stem the tide, and Georgia declared in favor of secession.

CHAPTER XXII.

GIBSON'S REGIMENT—THE GALLANT FORTY-NINTH, O. V. I.

WHEN Sumter was fired on, the shock awoke the nation to the danger that lurked in the black and angry clouds that had been gathering, and were then hanging above the Republic, ominous with evil portent. The heat of contention was stifling. The thunderclap of roaring cannon startling, yet not unexpected! The war was on. There could be no pacification now. The time had arrived when questions at issue a half century must be settled, and without conditions. The relation of the several States to the Union, and the nation to the States, must be determined, and this was no aftermath of congressional squabble, but the collision of convictions held by vast masses of American citizens. Great men,—statesmen,—were antagonistic in their opinions, in their interpretation of the Constitution.

Whether the institution of slavery was or was not to become a national institution, could no longer be permitted to remain as a matter of painful controversy. In the pouring out of blood, it was to be demonstrated whether the Constitution represented a mere compact, a terminable league, or a union of States, one and indivisible.

The world knows the story of the terrific struggle that followed. Few homes, from sea to sea, during that fearful period escaped from receiving, at some time, the startling message of "bad news from the front," which told of the wounding or death of a loved one. Brave men, from the

uprising in the North; valorous and chivalric men, from the uprising in the South, met and fell,—but drenched in the blood of her brave and lion-hearted sons, the Republic arose from amidst scenes of death and desolation with new life in her veins, with controversies that had jeopardized her longevity settled, and to a broader, higher, grander destiny.

Gibson's prophecy that he made at the opening of the campaign of 1856 had been fulfilled. His hope that it might be a "bloodless contest" could not be realized. It is difficult now to determine what would have happened had there been no pressure in the direction of extending the institution of slavery into the Territories awaiting admittance into the union of States. Whatever might have been, slavery was doomed. New problems are constantly arising, from which there may come to us the dreadful scenes of 1860-65. God forbid! but the projecting causes of the War of the Rebellion are forever at rest.

When the first call came for seventy-five thousand volunteers to assist the government at Washington to put down the rebellion, more than double the number asked for wanted to go. Gibson determined to offer his services. His immediate enlistment was postponed by reason of a more important work for him laid to his hand. He was then attending to the practice of law at Tiffin. His first efforts in assisting the government were given in addressing mass meetings, and in helping to enlist troops to go to the front. It was there that his eloquent tongue, and his patriotic spirit rendered eminent service for his country. By and by, after the three months' troops had failed to suppress the rebellion, there came an urgent call from his fellow-citizens to put himself at the head of a regiment,—

volunteers from every part of Northern Ohio offering to go with him. He made no delay, but set to work at once in securing the enlistment of men.

On the 25th day of July, A. D. 1861, he had a large poster printed for recruiting purposes, and it is so typical of the man and his spirit that we give it. An original poster hangs on the north wall of the Gen. William H. Gibson Grand Army Post, in Tiffin, of which these words are a copy:

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

RALLY TO OUR FLAG! RUSH TO THE FIELD!

ARE we cowards that we must yield to traitors? Are we worthy sons of heroic sires? Come one, come all! Let us march, as our forefathers marched, to defend the only democratic Republic on earth!

Impelled by the events of the past week, and assured from Washington that a regiment will be accepted, if enrolled and tendered, I have resolved to organize **THE BUCKEYE GUARDS**, in Northern Ohio.

Let us as patriotic citizens, of adjoining counties, form a regiment that shall be an honor to the State, the exploits of which, in defense of constitutional liberty, shall be recounted with pride by ourselves and our children. The command of the heroic Steedman was organized in this way, and now, at the close of three months' service, they return crowned with glory, to receive the homage of a grateful country.

[Then follows instruction concerning enlistment.]

July 25, 1861.

W. H. GIBSON.

Gibson received a telegram from Washington, signed by the chief clerk of the War Department, as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30, 1861.

To William H. Gibson, Tiffin, Ohio:

Your regiment has been accepted. Acceptance sent by mail. Muster in by companies at Tiffin. Complete in twenty-one (21) days.

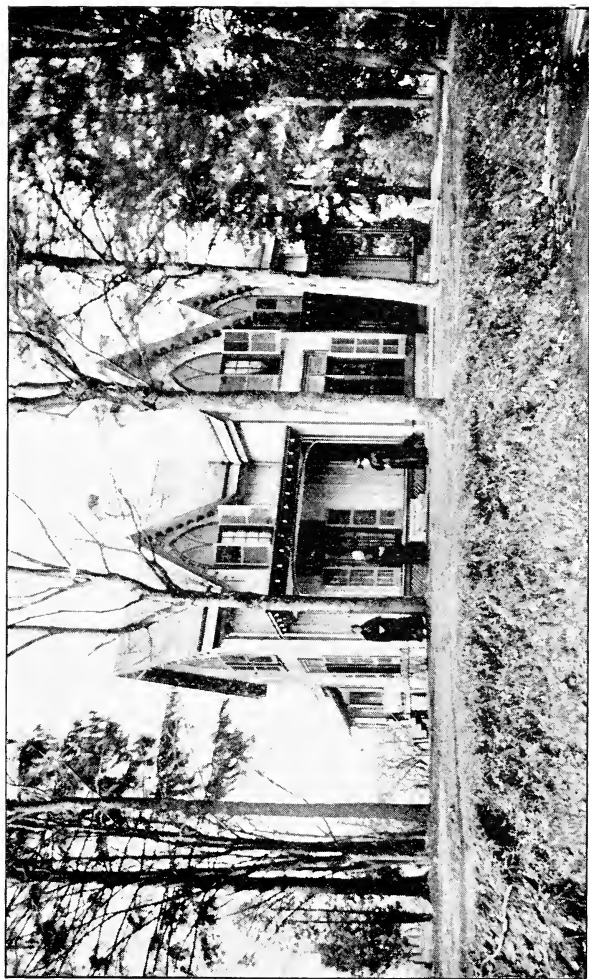
JAMES LESLIE, JR., *Chief Clerk.*

This message had come to Gibson as the result of a good favor shown by the Democratic congressman, the Hon. Warren P. Noble, who was Gibson's fellow-student in the study of law in Rawson & Pennington's office. He had already received the offer of several companies, and as the dispatch was placed in his hands, he read it and at once announced the establishment of Camp Noble, in the old fair grounds just north of the city.

Gibson entered the service the next day, July 31, and received his commission from Governor Dennison, August 18, A. D. 1861.

Speedily the regiment was formed. The comments of the local papers, stating that Gibson had been commissioned to raise a regiment, brought company after company to him, and some time before the equipments could be secured, the regiment was in camp and ready for service, at duty's call.

It was not until the 8th of September that the boys of the regiment, which had been named the Forty-Ninth O. V. I., were given their uniforms, but no guns. It was a tedious wait for the boys, but the time was fully



SPRINGDALE, Home from which Gibson entered the Army.



GIBSON FAMILY GROUP, taken on the eve of leaving for the front.



occupied in getting ready for service. It was Sunday morning when the equipments came, and were given out. The following Monday the regiment appeared on dress parade, and Miss Ella, now Mrs. D. P. Dildine, of Toledo, Colonel Gibson's eldest daughter, was by a pretty ceremony, received and adopted as the daughter of the regiment. The presentation speech was very appropriately made by Captain Hayes, of Company H, which was touchingly and eloquently responded to by Colonel Gibson. Lieutenant-Colonel H. A. Blackman, on behalf of the regiment, accepted the responsibility and imprinted the kiss of consecration. The ceremony throughout was very impressive. The regiment subsequently presented Miss Ella with a handsome purse containing five hundred dollars, to assist in her education.

The same day Colonel Gibson was made the recipient of a beautiful horse, which he named "Morgan," the gift of the citizens of Tiffin. Accompanying the charger was a full equipment for the Colonel and his horse.

Everything was now ready for the departure to the front, and the Colonel and his gallant command were on nettles to be off. A local paper, the *Tiffin Tribune*, in referring to the departure of Colonel Gibson and his regiment gave this graphic description :

There is scarcely a family in Seneca, or adjoining counties that has not relatives or friends in the Forty-Ninth. No man has won a firmer hold upon the sympathies and affections of the people of this county than Colonel Gibson, and it seems that misfortune has only strengthened this feeling, as the storms and tempest cause the oak to strike its roots deeper and wider. He is capable of arousing a

degree of interest and enthusiasm in the public mind that but few can aspire to; and now that he has left home and friends to fight for our altars and dearest rights, and to lead the gallant Forty-Ninth to victory or to death, the hopes and expectations of thousands are concentrated on him.

The camp began to fill up on Monday and in the afternoon an immense crowd was present to witness the dress parade and the adoption of Miss Ella Gibson as "Daughter of the Regiment." The evening was given up by special permission of the officers, to entertainment and social enjoyment. The camp was brilliantly illuminated, and the citizens mingled freely with the soldiers, imparting to them words of cheer and comfort. The campfires were blazing, and the soldiers were busy packing their knapsacks and cooking double rations. All was bustle and life preparing for the grand exodus. The soldiers seemed to be cheerful and happy, and their songs and mirthful shouts waked the sleeping echoes of the night. Here a party was keeping step to the music of a violin, and yonder the mellifluous notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" or "Dixie" glided softly on the midnight air. We shall not attempt to describe the scenes of love and romance, but suffice to say that beauty and chivalry met and embraced. To the soldiers of the Forty-Ninth, the recollections of that evening will be blended with pretty curls and fairy eyes.

The next day the regiment took its leave of friends and home. The march from the camp to the station was one "triumphal pageant." As the seried ranks filed down through the dense mass of people, from every direction there came the heartfelt "God bless you!" Just before the train pulled out, the Colonel was speaking a good-by for the boys from the platform of the last car. When the train started, he was still talking and his silvery words of

good cheer to the parents, brothers, and sisters, and sweet-hearts of the boys of the Forty-Ninth, rang in the ears of thousands on the platform, when the turning of a curve caused the train to pass out of sight, but not from the memory of all who were to remain at home, for that train bore the flower of Seneca County's gallant sons to the battle front.

Gibson and his regiment were now off for the war. This was the 10th of September. The Colonel felt the grave burden of his responsibility, and a personal obligation to every home that had entrusted a member of the family circle to his care. He knew that his responsibility was very serious. He realized the gravity of his trust. And this condition of his mind was in no truer way indicated than by his church attendance on the Sunday morning before he left. He and his beloved wife were present at St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, and there in the presence of a large assembly, he dedicated his four children to God in the sacrament of holy baptism, Chaplain Eurotus H. Bush, of the Forty-Ninth, officiating. Amid the solemnities of that sacred hour, Gibson committed his family, during his absence, and his regiment, in their service on the field of carnage for their country, to Him who rules the destinies of men and nations.

The regiment, in leaving Tiffin, had orders to report at Camp Dennison, fifteen miles from Cincinnati, on the Little Miami River. The train ran very slowly and only reached Springfield after dark. The ride was tedious. The rain poured down all day and when the train reached Xenia it was ordered to remain until morning. At every village and hamlet, eager crowds of people were at the

station to see the soldiers pass through. 'A letter written the next day, says, "Our noble Colonel felt jolly, and no wonder; his whole soul has been devoted to the service for weeks, and now that his efforts have proved a success, no wonder he has a pride in the matter, which is very pardonable." At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the train was again set in motion, and at nine o'clock the Forty-Ninth arrived at Camp Dennison. The usual compliment to the last regiment coming into camp was given to the Forty-Ninth, and they were praised for being the best-looking of any of the regiments yet given quarters there. The regiment was shortly given the barracks of the Twelfth, which had been put in order for them, and were in nice condition, so that there was no tent-pitching until later on.

The next day was beautiful and the clouds had all floated away. The Forty-Ninth proposed that their record should be their praise or their blame. And with this thought firmly impressed on their minds by the Colonel, and accepted by the patriotic intelligence of every member of the command, they began their duties at once. One of the soldiers wrote on the 13th: "To-day has been lovely. To-night in the bright moonlight the camp looks beautiful. We have our sentinels walking like regulars,—first in one direction, and then back again over their beats and we are commencing to get thorough drill and systematic discipline. No man passes the guard as a commissioned officer without his uniform. Our beloved Colonel Gibson is only 'Bill' Gibson unless he has the eagle on his shoulder, and you see that he proposes that in etiquette and appearance, as in everything else, we shall be true soldiers. I cannot

tell you how strongly our noble Colonel is attaching us all to him. Every man would die for him."

En route to Camp Dennison from Camp Noble at Springfield, the Colonel received a telegram informing him that his command would proceed to Grafton, West Virginia, in a few days after arms were issued at Camp Dennison. This intelligence brought disappointment to the men when the word leaked out among them, for at least some of them had not forgotten that the gallant sons of Kentucky had shed their blood on the bosom of Ohio soil, in 1812, and now that there was an opportunity to reciprocate their valor, they did not want to permit it to pass.

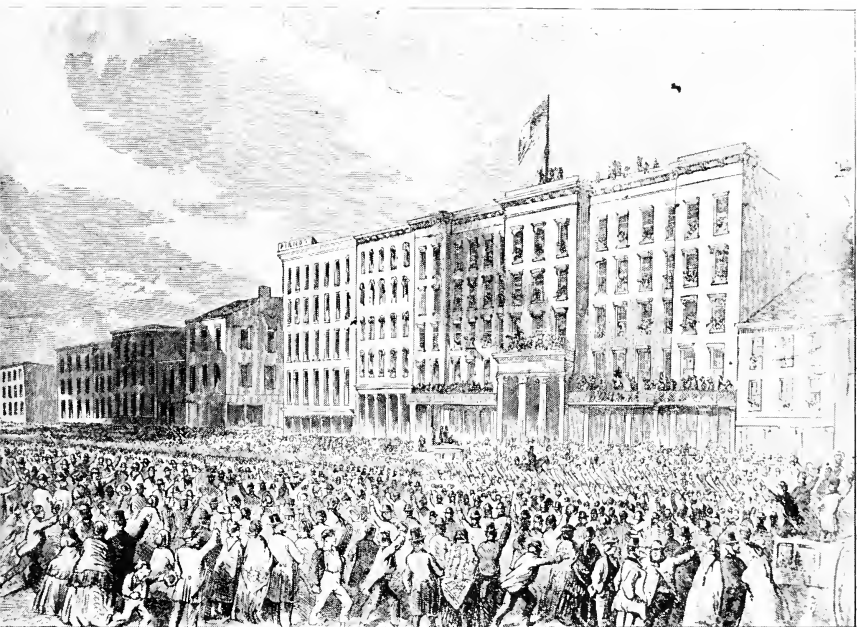
When leaving Camp Dennison to board the cars for Virginia, there was no other thought concerning their destination, but a soldier hardly knows where he is bound for until he gets there, and then is not sure he has reached the place intended. The baggage was being stuffed into the cars, the regiment was marching to the station, when a telegraphic order was placed in Colonel Gibson's hand, commanding him to report without delay to General Anderson, at Louisville, Kentucky. The change was highly acceptable. When the word passed along the line, cheer after cheer rose from the ranks, indicative of the good feeling the new order had awakened. The engineer had only to hitch his iron steed to the other end of the box-car train, and the boys were off to Cincinnati, reaching the "Queen City" a little after dark. Two packets with steam up, lay at their docks waiting to transport the gallant lads down the river to Louisville. About ten o'clock all were aboard; one bell,—two bells,—three bells rang, and the hawsers were cast, and they were off. The two boats, lashed firmly together,

moved ponderously out through the night, reflecting a bulky shadow on the moonlit water.

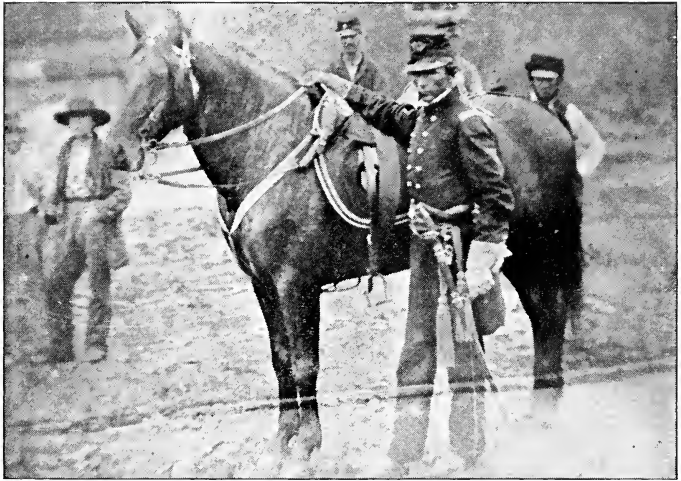
Many of the boys had never been on an Ohio River steamer and this was a novel experience. Long into the night they watched the passing shores, and the spectral figures cast by the moon on the silent river,—then lay down anywhere on deck and were soon fast asleep. At reveille every soldier was stirring. The boats still puffed their clouds of black smoke, the old flag flapped cheerily at the mast, the decks were alive with men, the band reeled off stirring, patriotic airs—it was a grand sight, as the Forty-Ninth ploughed its way through the muddy waters of the Ohio to the battle front. Blending with all this was the contented condition of the men, as Gibson passed from company to company familiarly having a word with the boys, this man and that,—making inquiry after the welfare of all.

It was just at noon when the gang-planks were pushed out at the Louisville quay for the men to disembark. The wharf was lined with citizens, and clouds of grinning black faces could be seen far up the cobbled levee, for the “darkies” were happy to see “Massa Linkum’s sogers,” the Forty-Ninth being the first regiment to cross the Ohio in the northern part of the State.

A committee of citizens met the Colonel and expressed their delight at his arrival, as the loyal Kentuckians lifted their cheers to the command. Then the regiment was formed in line and the order given, “Forward!” and the steady tramp of the Union soldiers resounded through the streets of Kentucky’s chief metropolis. Passing through one of the principal streets, when in front of the Louisville



THE FORTY-NINTH ENTERING LOUISVILLE, Gibson speaking from the saddle.



COLONEL GIBSON AND HORSE "MORGAN," presented to him by citizens of Tiffin, and killed under him at Stone River.

Hotel, the order was shouted, "Halt!" and with a four-right, the Forty-Ninth presented arms to General Anderson, the doughty major of Fort Sumter fame, who from the hotel balcony gave the command, the greetings and welcome of the State of Kentucky.

Colonel Gibson began his response from the saddle, but—"To the balcony—to the balcony!" shouted the excited populace. Dismounting and throwing his rein to his orderly, the Colonel, with every fiber of his heart tingling, made his way, as best he could, to the balcony; grasped the outstretched hand of General Anderson, then turned to the sea of faces, opened his mouth, and before a minute had passed, the silvery magic of his splendid voice had transfixed that vast mass of Kentuckians, his words reaching the remotest listener. Period after period of magnificent mold fairly leaped from his lips, as he lifted before them the granite stability of their nation and the splendor of the flag they all loved. He limned on their Kentucky brains a picture of the horrid dragon of secession and the brood to follow; spoke of Kentucky—her gallant sons, her accomplished statesmen, her peerless orators, her genius, her valleys and gorgeous hills, her fidelity to right, her hospitable homes, her beautiful mothers, and blue-eyed daughters, her chivalry—and Gibson was king. The jewels in his crown of eloquence gleamed and sparkled and charmed, as he drove the golden spikes of truth into their hearts and plead for their steadfast devotion to the Union of States, which none but the Almighty could sever. Never were Gibson's boys so proud of him as in the conquest of that day—his first in war.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“OUR COUNTRY’S FLAG”—GIBSON’S ELOQUENCE.

THE personnel of the Forty-Ninth was very attractive, for they were for the most part beardless boys,—good strong, sturdy fellows, and there was not only a soldierly appearance observed as, clad in their bright, new blues, they marched through the streets, but there was as well the dash of independence marked in their springy step. They had enlisted to fight the battles of a free country, not hired men, and were not without realization of the great risk of life assumed. The time for intimidating the South had gone by, and the boys of the Forty-Ninth knew it. The rebels must be whipped and that soundly, and the boys knew they were to see severe service.

Kentucky had determined to remain neutral, and probably might have done so had not the citizens been forced to take a stand either for or against secession. The rebels had invaded the southern part of the State and Grant had taken the matter in hand. On September 6, with two regiments, one company of artillery and two gunboats, he had taken possession of Paducah. The loyal citizens tore down the rebel flags and Grant took full possession of the city, then issued his memorable proclamation, which, for candor and straightforward directness could possibly find no critics. Here is the full text of Grant’s proclamation:

I have come among you not as an enemy but as a friend and fellow-citizen—not to injure and annoy you, but to

respect, defend, and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common government has taken possession, planted its guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands and he is marching on your city. I am here to defend you against the enemy, to assert and maintain the authority of your government. I have nothing to do with opinion. I shall only deal with armed rebellion, its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and punish only its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to protect yourselves and maintain the authority of your government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I will withdraw the forces under my command.

(Signed),

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Similar conditions existed in the northern portion of the State, in the district to which Gibson's command had been assigned; the rebels did not propose to permit Kentucky to sit on the fence; she must get off on one side or the other. They sincerely believed that when the test came she would cast in her fortunes with them and formally announce her withdrawal from the Union.

This was the condition existing when Gibson's regiment marched from their reception at the Louisville hotel to the station, where a sumptuous dinner had been prepared as a substantial expression of the joy spoken to them by the glad hearts giving the troops of the Union a welcome to Kentucky soil. The citizens of Louisville were greatly alarmed at the threatening attitude of the rebel forces under General Buckner, then encamped at Muldraugh's Hill, about fifty miles south of Louisville.

The regiment thus entered into Kentucky under favorable auspices, and with Gibson's eloquent speech ringing in the ears of thousands, the command was given prominence from the start. After the boys had loaded up with the good things that were served in the depot of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and which "met a long-felt want," they boarded flat cars and were off by four o'clock to join Sherman's command thirty miles away. Soon after dark they met a train going towards Louisville, which had on board some gentlemen from Shepherdsville, a little town beyond, who assured Colonel Gibson that they had discovered a plan of the rebels to burn the railroad bridge at that place that night. The information gave promise of a little brush, and the Colonel thought probably there might be an opportunity to "gobble up" two or three hundred "secesh" and at once he concluded to make the attempt. Remaining near the bridge until after three in the morning, with two or three false alarms which routed the boys out, but no signs of the presence of the enemy, the order was given for the train to move on, and the regiment proceeded to Rolling Fork on the Salt River, where they found the main army. Here the bridge had been burned.

The next day was the Sabbath. Wading the river, the entire force moved toward Elizabethtown, thirteen miles distant, at which place it was expected that the enemy could be found, as they had been holding forth there for some time. In wading the river, Colonel Gibson said: "Boys, I won't ask you to do what I will not do myself," and dismounting from his horse he waded through with the boys to the other shore. The regiment marched into town just before nightfall, and found that a stampede had oc-

curred on the approach of the Yankees. Among the Unionists there was much rejoicing. Tears of joy were shed, and many a "God bless you" greeted the boys as they passed along. The camp was located two and one-half miles above the village on Muldraugh's Hill, and was known as "Camp Muldraugh."

This was a new experience for the Seneca County lads and their surprises were exhilarating, indeed. Half an hour before the coming of the "Yanks" into Elizabethtown, the swaggering braves, any one of them could lick the craven-hearted "Yankees" by the fifties, or hundreds, but at the rat-a-tat of the "Yankee" drums, not a horse, not a go-cart could be found anywhere in the village, and those who failed to find transportation of that sort took to their heels with no particular grace in the order of their going. But the colored folk,—the "niggers,"—were happy. "Bress de Lawd, honey," exclaimed an old mammy, "Bress de Lawd, you-uns heah; dey said you-uns jes 'feered to come; but yeyah heah, bress de Lawd! Bress de Lawd!"

That was one type of their reception. Others had sour visages. Fair damsels swatted the gallant beaus of Tiffin with snubs; but they got over that when they discovered the real "Yank" not to be a species of rhinoceros or prairie wolf. A little coy, then a little more approachable, and before three days the "Yanks" were not so bad after all. Then the boys were asked to dine out, and the way they put away the co'npone, chicken pie, co'n dodges, baked yams, and Johnny-cake, was a caution!

Buckner hearing of the advance of the Union Army, had fallen back to Munfordville. Our troops took the line of

march and moved forward to Nolin Station, ten miles beyond Elizabethtown, on the 9th day of October, where they remained until the 9th day of December. This was "Camp Nevin."

It was at this camp that the first brigade and division organizations were effected. The Forty-Ninth was assigned to the Sixth Brigade, Second Division, with the Fifteenth O. V. I., and the Thirty-Second and Thirty-Ninth Indiana, General R. W. Johnson commanding the brigade and General A. McD. McCook, the division. The boys now passed through a trying ordeal of malaria and diarrhœa, and measles, all incident to the radical change of living. There had been some trouble in securing proper clothing, too, and there was considerable complaint on the dilatory management of the government's supplies, and considerable suffering was accounted for in this manner. Colonel Gibson and his staff were determined to have as well drilled a regiment as could be found in the army. Hence it was drill, drill, drill, and little else than drill. Discipline was beginning to manifest its good work on the soldiers, which ultimately they would discover was the only preparation for such engagements as those in which they were precipitated.

Camp Nevin was situated on a beautiful piece of rolling ground, owned by an Irishman by that name, who is said to have been a secessionist before the arrival of our troops, but suddenly became a rip-roaring Unionist. A fair specimen of the people around the camp might be taken from a conversation of one of the boys with a darkey:

"Do you live yonder?"

"Yes, Massa."

"Are your folks Union folks?"

"Dey is now, Massa."

"How were they a few days ago?"

"Dey was secesh,—dey am secesh w'en de secesh am hyer; dey is Union w'en de Linkum sojers am hyer."

"And what are you?"

"Now, go off—a niggah, a secesh—hyah! hyah!" roared the darkey.

One day Chaplain Bush preached a fine sermon, and as was Gibson's custom, he followed with an address to the boys, but more particularly to the men and women standing around. That day he made a thrilling speech, and directly opposite where he spoke there stood an old Kentucky mansion. The lady, whose husband was a captain in the Southern army stood and heard Gibson's eloquent address. She bit her lips pretty hard sometimes, but still listened as if riveted to the stairs upon which she was standing. The bystanders, Kentuckians, had all sorts of comments to make on Gibson's speech. "Well, now, cyant he talk some?" "Ain't he some on figgers?" "Did you ever hyer any feller that ud beat 'im?"

But their turn came when Gibson began "roasting" them for standing around with their hands in their pockets and permitting the Northern citizens to come down there and fight their battles for them. "Here you are, big, lusty men," he shouted, "and every one of you ought to be fighting at the front, driving rebels from your State. If you don't get into harness, we ought to put you there. But you want to see how things stand, and I will tell you how it all is. You have good, loyal blood in you, and I know you will soon be with us, and with muskets in your hands

you will drive these hordes of insurrectionists from among you. We propose to conquer for the flag of the Union if it requires the burning of every house south of Mason and Dixon's line, the devastation of every town and city in the South, and the sooner you get to the place where your eyes are open to the hideousness, the fearful sin and judgment of treason, the better it will be for you." He went on in this way, and those Kentuckians fairly "trembled in their boots."

Several pleasing incidents occurred at "Camp Nevin" that were never forgotten by the boys. One of them was the presentation of a beautiful silk banner, the gift of the ladies of Tiffin. It was a charming Sabbath afternoon, October 14, 1861. The hills and valleys were resplendent in autumnal beauty, and the word had been circulated that something out of the ordinary would occur at dress parade. After the parade, the regiment was drawn up in close column on first company, bringing the companies into compact form,—and Kentuckians of both sexes were surrounding the soldiers. Lieutenant William C. Turner, subsequently adjutant-general, a Fostoria boy, made the presentation speech in behalf of the loyal-hearted women of the home town. It was a neat effort, and nicely delivered.

Colonel Gibson received the flag, and what is the use of trying to describe one of his efforts with the constituent elements that he had there to spur up his imagery,—the flag, the folks at home, the war, the necessity of boys' leaving the paternal fireside, the bloodshed, the future,—what a theme for Gibson! "Our Country's Flag," that was his theme, "Our Country's Cause," that enkindled his genius. The rolling hills of Kentucky stretched away

as far as the eye could reach; about him were his boys in blue; just beyond were the citizens of that goodly commonwealth, some loyal, others with traitor hearts; above, the blue dome of heaven,—and in this mighty cathedral his soul was moved to deepest emotion, as he pictured the necessity for the sweeping of great armies over these hills and through the valleys, bringing desolation upon the just and unjust, because of treason—treason! He hated the word. He gave it personality, and pictured the ruin, the enmity, the sin, the distress, the squalor it had wrought by the revolt in heaven; against treason was the flag—the flag of our country,—the flag of the Union,—the flag of the true-hearted at home, the flag of the American soldier on the field of carnage. He appealed to the Kentuckians to stand forever with the flag; forever for the Union. Tears and cheers followed each other in rapid succession, and when he adverted to the early history of Kentucky, no wonder the spirit of secession veiled its face. As he closed, he swore new fealty to the flag and exclaimed, “I feel like calling upon you, my fellow-soldiers, all to come forward and renew your oath with me by touching this flag.”

“We will! We will! We will!” shouted the boys, and up they went, man after man, and not only “touched” the flag, but kissed its graceful folds, one soldier declaring long years after, that “no sweetheart was ever greeted by her lover with a kiss of more fervent devotion than was the one I pressed that day on the folds of our beautiful flag.” After all the soldiers had passed, the bystanders did the same, and it was believed that many a Union man was made that day.

At the recent reunion held in Bucyrus, Col. S. F. Gray pathetically made allusion to this memorable incident, stating that Gibson's impassioned speech that day, together with the crowning act of swearing the regiment to defend the flag had large influence upon the subsequent career of the Forty-Ninth as soldiers, and upon none had it been more potent in deepening the spirit of patriotic devotion than upon himself. "General Gibson," remarked Colonel Gray, "was an inspirational speaker. He always made good speeches and he was always, also, a fascinating conversationalist, but on occasions when he excelled all other men that I ever heard, he seemed to me to be inspired."

In writing concerning the General, Colonel Gray mentions that he heard General Gibson in Upper Sandusky, at a joint reunion of the Fifty-Fifth and Forty-Ninth, when he first used the figure of "The Temple of Liberty."¹ "He was a sweet-spirited man," writes Colonel Gray. "This statement will bear the testimony of every man who was in association with General Gibson. I think he was never heard to speak bitter or harmful words of any man, although there were times when if he had done so he would have been fully justified."

Gibson's Oratory Conquers Would-Be Guerrillas.

On the 9th of December the entire Army of the Cumberland moved Dixie ward. The Forty-Ninth Ohio struck

¹ In that figure General Gibson pictured the temple of liberty set on fire by the incendiaries of treason. In '61 the Nation's alarm was sounded and the wild notes floated over hill and valley to the remotest part of the land, from sea to sea. The loyal sons of patriotic sires dropped plough and plane, forsook briefs and pulpit, and shop, swarmed from behind the tradesman's counters and out from busy marts of commerce as leaping rivers, and ran to the rescue—and ripping open the very arteries of their lives—the true American blood spurted on the angry flames and quenched their fury and destruction.

camp at 11:00 A.M., and after marching sixteen miles, bivouacked at Bacon Creek, where the rebels had burned a railroad bridge several nights before. They encamped near Munfordville, the county seat of Hart County, situated on the north bank of the Green River. The place was an old settled town, numbering about one thousand inhabitants. There were no public buildings of note, nor anything to indicate enterprise in the people. The larger number were colored folk, and their condition of servitude presented the legitimate sequence discovered in the lack of energy or enterprise, everywhere noticeable. The banks of the river, which acquired its name from its bright tinge of green, were high and rocky, making its approach difficult. The "Camp George Wood" was named after an old Mr. Wood, who was the father of one of the Union brigadier generals. It was expected that there would be an engagement here. Cotter's battery had been placed so as to command undestroyed parts of the magnificent bridge on the Louisville & Nashville Railway. This bridge had been considered one of the finest structures of its kind on the continent, and our soldiers were wroth at its destruction. Its entire length was eight hundred feet, and it rested on six massive stone columns, the highest being 157 feet.

The officers of the regiment renewed their drill work soon after being located at Camp Wood, and the Forty-Ninth never really knew the rigor of discipline until then. Probably it had been less severe; but then the boys were not used to it. Now there must be preparation, for the indications were that the rebels were to be pushed. On December 18th, the Forty-Ninth had a chance to smell

gunpowder. One of the regiments of the brigade, Colonel Willich, the German command, had two companies across the river on picket, who were attacked by three thousand of the enemy. The enemy consisted of one regiment of Texan rangers, two regiments of infantry and one battery. On the alarm being given the remainder of the Thirty-Second Regiment hastened across the river to the relief of the pickets, and the engagement was war. In thirty minutes the call came for reinforcements; the long roll was sounded in the Forty-Ninth camp and in five minutes the whole command was under arms. It was a double-quick to the scene of action,—a mile distant. When the Forty-Ninth had crossed the river, the fighting was all over and the rebels were gone. No orders being given to pursue the enemy, they rested on their arms. The Thirty-Second lost eight killed and sixteen wounded. The boys had a chance to smell powder, to hear the scream of cannonballs and shells shrieking over their heads as they flew wide of the mark,—and that was all.

The weather was beautiful and it was so warm that, on a challenge, John Bennington and William M. Miller, subsequently Captain Miller, went in bathing on Christmas morning and swam across Green River and back. Then the blood ran strong, the fountain of youth bubbled, and that was just fun for the hardy soldier lads. It was not long until the bridge was repaired, and then there was expected a movement southward. At this time, from the reports, it was shown that the Forty-Ninth had been having good care; one regiment alone in the brigade had nearly fifty per cent. more deaths and forty per cent. more discharged men than the Forty-Ninth.

One day a flag of truce came into camp, and Colonel Gibson received the bearers. They wanted a man who had deserted; they claimed he was a murderer. This was not denied, but the truce squad were sent back with the information that if the man had committed a crime, he would have to stay on this side of the line, for it was the only side of the river where law and order were observed.

It is something wonderful how Gibson's gift of speaking came into service, and the variety of occasions in which he was enabled in a straightforward, manly talk to scatter the clouds from the minds of men or to give them encouragement in a good cause. While his regiment was in camp in Kentucky, his powers of persuasion were frequently brought into requisition,—one of these particularly is of historic interest. While he was commanding the brigade, a company of about one hundred and fifty professed Unionists rode into camp one day and made a formal request to be armed. The quartermaster quizzed them closely and finally concluded to comply with their request, provided they would enter the service under certain conditions. This they refused to do. They did not want to be sent outside of the limits of their own State, and furthermore, they desired to fight on their own hook.

The quartermaster was not willing to assume that responsibility, and sent for the brigade commander, Colonel Gibson. The Colonel soon made his appearance, and asked what was wanted. The quartermaster rehearsed to him the request of the Kentuckians and the proposition he had made them. This Gibson approved, but "won't they enter the service regularly?" inquired the Colonel. The quartermaster said they had refused, and called the

leader of the company to him and asked the Colonel to talk to him. Gibson found the position the men had taken, and that they were obstinate, and mounting a stump, he delivered veritably a "stump speech," such as he alone was capable of turning off. He warned the men of their dangers, and told them that if they did not go to work with every means in their power,—pitchforks, and puddling ladles, if no better weapons could be secured,—and drive from their State those who had entered it to rob them of their property, to destroy their homes, to murder their wives and children, they were cowards and ought to suffer and be made slaves. It was not enough for them to sit on their front porch and try to guard it. If they wanted to, that they could not do. They should be together, should be aggressive, should stand shoulder to shoulder and drive the invaders from the State. He drew a vivid picture of their happy and prosperous condition before the war tocsin was sounded, of the anxieties and dangers of the present, of the deep degradation that awaited them if they permitted the tyrants that controlled the rebellion to lord it over them and of the conditions that would ensue just as soon as Uncle Sam had flogged soundly the rebellious ones. He wound up by appealing to the men for their honor, for their firesides, for their country and for their God, to at once enlist in the army of the Union, be assigned their place in the battle-front, and help drive every traitor invader from the State. His words had an awakening effect on the minds of the Kentuckians. A breathless silence reigned, as the Kentuckians one after another started forward, at the Colonel's request, and took his hands. The eloquent soldier had poured his whole life into his appeal. The

Kentuckians were entranced. Their cheeks were well moistened with tears, unconsciously falling when the description of their miseries was being depicted before them, and the die was cast for them. As they stood around the gallant orator each for himself pledged himself to go where the Colonel wanted him to go and to do what he wanted him to do. And not only that, but promised that their sons and brothers and neighbors would do the same. From this effort another Kentucky regiment was organized. Such is the power of eloquence in the cause of right and truth. These men had not lost all their love of country and her institutions, but they wanted to be neutral. It had been a long time, if ever, that they had heard a truly free speech from a truly free man, for freedom and a free country, and the words sank deep into their manly hearts, kindling in their breasts patriotic fire that would never die out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MOVING DIXIEWARD—NASHVILLE CAMPAIGN.

THE Forty-Ninth remained at Camp Wood until February 14, 1862, the battle of Fort Donelson having taken place on the 13th,—Fort Henry having fallen a week prior to that time. The whole command now joined in a forward movement, which resulted in the evacuation of Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Nashville, Tennessee, finally culminating in the battle of Shiloh on April 6 and 7. The friends of the regiment had been greatly wrought up by the report that the Forty-Ninth had participated in the storming of Fort Donelson, and yet were powerless to hear any news concerning the killed and wounded. It was the Forty-Ninth Indiana, and the telegraphic error was blamable for very great distress.

On the 18th, Colonel Gibson wrote the following letter to his wife:

BELL'S,—ONE HUNDRED AND SIX MILES FROM
LOUISVILLE, AND TWENTY-TWO FROM BOWL-
ING GREEN, February 18, 1862,

Last Friday we were ordered to West Point to take steamboat south, and got fifteen miles when we stopped over night. It was very cold and the snow was three inches deep. I never saw such bad roads. The whole division moved, consisting of sixteen regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and fifty-two pieces of artillery. Our teams could not get through and we all slept on the ground in the snow, by big fires made of rails. At 2:00 P.M., Saturday we were all ordered back, and after a march of eight miles, stopped until Sunday morning at 5:00, when

we started again, and at 2:00 P.M., Sunday, stopped two miles south of Green River. The weather had been very cold. It moderated, and yesterday morning at four o'clock began to rain. At five in the morning we left camp and marched sixteen miles to this place. We are seven miles from Mammoth Cave and one and a half from Diamond Cave. All along the road we found the rebel camps, recently vacated, with graveyards that show terrible mortality in their ranks. The country is splendid. We are finely camped and this day is clear and warm. I am very well and never felt better. Fort Donnelson, with fifteen thousand prisoners, and Generals Buckner and Johnson are ours. We will either take steamboat for the South or march on Nashville by land.

It is impossible to tell what a day may bring forth in war. Fear not as to fighting; the rebels are gone up. I am afraid the Forty-Ninth will never see a fight, but we shall follow on eager for the fray. The mail closes. Will write to-morrow. Boys doing well.

Another letter, written four days later, on Washington's birthday, indicates a waiting for another advance, and is interesting reading:

Here we are in Camp Fry. It is twenty-two miles from Bowling Green and twenty miles in advance of Camp Wood. Here is a splendid estate of three thousand acres, finely improved, belonging to two young men who were captured with the rebel prisoners at Fort Donelson. We are two miles from Diamond Cave, and the same distance from the Cave of a Hundred Domes, while it is seven miles to Mammoth Cave, so long the wonder of the world. In our camp is Bell's tavern, where hundreds of pleasure-seekers have habitually gathered in the summer. At Mammoth Cave is another large tavern, the furniture of which was despoiled by the rebels. At Cave City, four miles north a fine hotel was burned. The Woodland hotel, kept by

W. Ritler, is the place to halt. It is eight miles north. The old man and his wife and three splendid daughters, are generous, cordial, and earnest patriots.

On the 10th I accompanied General Johnson and escort with a flag of truce within about three miles of this place. We met Major Harrison, of Texas, and near by two hundred Texan rangers. It was an interesting meeting to me. This was before General Mitchell advanced, and the rebel forces were nine miles this side of Bowling Green under Hindman.

The object of General Johnson was to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. It was agreed that Generals Johnson and Hindman should meet the following Friday, but Mitchell advanced and the rebels retired to Dixie. Among the rangers were many fine heads, and all were courteous, and polite, and cordial. They were very free in conversation and avowed they would "never come back under the old government." The rangers exhibited great enthusiasm and unbounded confidence in their leader. They were all comfortably clothed, but no one was in uniform. Their horses were inferior Tennessee and Kentucky stock, but the equipage was good. These rangers brought no horses from Texas. Every man had a blanket and oilcloth,—the latter in many instances being tablecloths. Each man had two or three revolvers of the old style (pepper boxes) and either a shotgun or rifle. Many of the weapons looked old, but some were finely finished and new. They conversed freely concerning their fight with the "Dutch" (Thirty-Second Indiana) and claimed they killed at least seventy-five.

Several of them knew our old fellow-citizen, Dr. J. M., now of Texas, and spoke of him in terms of praise; but said that owing to poor health he was not in the army. The interview ended, we separated as polite as a set of dancing masters.

Sunday morning we again moved and crossing Green River at Camp Wood, halted at 2:00 P.M., at Rowlett's Sta-

tion, where the whole division pitched tents. For eight miles we had marched through drenching rain and floods of mud. The country from Camp Wood here is very good for wheat and grain generally. It is beautiful and resembles some parts of Stark County, Ohio. All along can be seen the deserted camps. At this point it appears that at least twenty thousand were in camp. There is not much evidence of their vandalism, and many correspondents have manufactured their tales which sound ridiculous to one who knows the facts. I do not believe the rebels have burned a building between Green River and Bowling Green.

For twelve miles every pond has from one to five dead horses, hogs, or cattle in it. Several writers say that Union men were compelled to furnish these animals. Not so. They were the valueless animals in the rebel camps. Except at Cave City and here, no rails appear to have been burned.

It is reported that the rebels will make a stand at Nashville; if they do there will be fought the bloodiest battle of the war. They can fight and desperate as they must feel, they will die rather than be again vanquished.

The Forty-Ninth is all sound and eager for a fight; we have more men in the field than any other regiment, and I am to-day impressed with the opinion that they will do some good fighting before many days. We march to-morrow.

W. H. GIBSON.

The advance of the army reached Edgefield on the north side of the Cumberland River on the 24th day of February and received the surrender of the city, formally. The Sixth Division reached Nashville March 3, and it was a fearfully unpleasant day. The heavens were darkened with angry floating clouds, the snow fell in sheeted flakes and the north wind blew cold and raw. The river was

greatly swollen by recent rains. The two fine bridges,—suspension and railroad,—were destroyed by the retreating enemy, and our troops had to move across by the slow process of a ferry boat, which carried them far into the night before they could have any rest. The passing of the troops through the city was a magnificent sight, regardless of the pelting storm, which had not abated. The soldiers moved with the precision of regulars, preceded by the band which played those stirring national airs, “Hail Columbia,” “The Star-Spangled Banner,” and the “Red, White, and Blue,”—with a dessert of “Yankee Doodle.” The division encamped four miles south on the Franklin pike, and this camp was named in honor of the provisional governor, “Camp Andy Johnson.”

Here is a pithy letter from Colonel Gibson, written from Nashville:

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, March 10.

This camp is located in the finest and most superbly improved country I ever was in. In our march here from Camp Fry we stopped three miles east of Bowling Green, at Camp Rousseau, two days. At dark we were ordered to march in twenty minutes, without knapsacks, carrying two days' rations. We took no tents nor teams—except five to carry our ammunition. In gloomy darkness we crossed Barren River on a bridge of steamboats, wading a half mile in mud up to our knees to reach them. This is the fortune of the soldier here. The ground has been under water and was dug over with rebel graves; men and horses sank deep in their graves. Crossing the river we lay on the damp ground until morning, when we marched, reaching Franklin, the county seat of Simpson County, at dark,—a distance of twenty-three miles.

At Bowling Green the rebels had built five forts, two of which were extensive and strong, and it is certain that to have taken their works, an immense force would have been necessary, and then a great sacrifice of blood would have been required. The town is a beautiful place and hereafter these fortifications will be a great attraction. At one time recently, sixty thousand rebels were encamped at Bowling Green, and it is said that five thousand died here. One lot of a-half acre, is full as it can be of graves, regularly arranged, and fixed in good taste, with names and numbers.

From Franklin, we marched twenty-five miles to Tyre Springs, an old watering place in Sumner County, Tennessee, crossing the State line at ten o'clock in the morning. Here we felt that we were really in Dixie, and the boys were in high spirits. From here we marched eleven miles to Camp Negley, in sight of the Cumberland River, and nine miles from Nashville. On Sunday we moved to the rebel camp, which bore the appellation of "Weakly," and remained there a few hours, when we marched to Nashville, crossed the Cumberland River about dark and passed through this city to the camp. The Forty-Ninth is in good condition, and Johnson's Brigade like its splendid commander is ready and anxious for the day of trial.

W. H. GIBSON.

There is something so really enjoyable about the letters of Colonel Gibson, so much that brings his personality back, that a number will be used in bringing the scenes of those war days up to view. His letter of the 15th of March gives a very good description of his feelings at that time:

CAMP ANDY JOHNSON, March 16, 1862.

Nashville is a beautiful city which contained about twenty-four thousand inhabitants before the rebellion, at least one-third of whom are in Dixie or in the North. It is

on the south bank of the Cumberland, while Edgefield is on the north. The wire bridge connecting the two places was a magnificent structure, nearly five hundred feet long. It is in ruins while the railroad bridge is totally destroyed. The former was built by the Mr. Gray who built the Washington Street bridge in Tiffin.

The State House, though not half so large, is yet a more graceful and elegant building than ours in Columbus. It is built on a hill of limestone rock, and is seen for a great distance. It is built of Tennessee marble, a limestone variegated with reddish streaks. President Polk's residence was near the State House. Here his widow resides; and prompted by respect and curiosity, I did myself the honor of calling on her a few days since. She is an elegant lady, about fifty, and, in youth, was handsome. She is with the rebels in sympathy, though she treats the Federal officers with marked respect. In the door yard, the illustrious president is buried, and the spot is marked by a plain Doric monument, with inscriptions recording the most important events of his life.

John Bell resides here, but has gone to Dixie. His house is an unpretentious brick, and upon the silver doorplate, in plain Roman letters is inscribed the name of J. Bell. General F. K. Zollicoffer resides between the city and our camp. His mansion is a fine one and occupies a high position in the center of a forest of about forty acres. The walks, ornaments, rustic cedar fences, show him to have been a gentleman of taste and refinement. He had forty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the wire bridge, but rebel vandalism took this means of support from his accomplished family. I had intended to call on his family, out of the personal respect I entertained for the unfortunate General, with whom I had been intimately acquainted in the political struggles, along back in the days of Clay and Scott. This melancholy pleasure I must forego, though invited to call by his family.



COLONEL WM. H. GIBSON, 1863.



"WILLIE" GIBSON, son to whom Gen. Gibson wrote beautiful letters from the Camp.



FORTY-NINTH CROSSING RUTHERFORD CREEK.



344 CHAPLAIN EROTUS BUSH, 49th O. V. I.

As to an advance, McCook's division moves at 8:00 A.M. to-morrow. Our brigade leads the column. We go to Franklin, then to Columbia and then,—the Lord knows where.

W. H. GIBSON.

On the morning of the 20th of March, the Sixth Brigade of McCook's Division, under command of Colonel Gibson of the Forty-Ninth, moved forward five miles and encamped on the banks of the Duck River, opposite Columbia. The brigade defiled through the entire length of a county that was abrupt in hills, but well piked. The public bridge at Rutherford Creek had been burned by the retreating rebels and the passage of the stream was not only difficult, but dangerous. The Forty-Ninth, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman being in the advance, without hesitation plunged into the swift current, breast-deep, and made their way across. They were quickly followed by the Fifteenth Ohio, Colonel Dickey commanding. A few men had their feet taken from under them and lost their guns, but the entire brigade considered it rare sport. The Thirty-Second and Thirty-Ninth Indiana constructed a temporary foot-bridge and crossed comfortably, but were somewhat delayed. The artillery and wagon train followed the wading regiments and were over in short order without much inconvenience.

Columbia was the seat of justice for Maury County and famed for being the former residence of President James K. Polk. It was a snug town of three thousand inhabitants, and built on the south bank of the river on a limestone bluff. A strong Union feeling existed here, and several of the most prominent citizens of the town and vicinity had been imprisoned months for their love of the "flag of

beauty and glory," and the Union of their patriotic fathers. Considerable flour was captured here marked C. S. A. A real live rebel fell into the hands of the Forty-Ninth at Columbia, who proved to be a private in the Second Tennessee, and who had served in the eastern rebel army and was now on furlough. He felt so badly about his capture that he told the squad that brought him in where they could find three other fellows that wanted to be captured, and in a little time they were rounded up, and without the slightest difficulty.

Five miles south of town on the Mount Pleasant turnpike, was the home of the ditch-digging, fort-evacuating Pillow. Three days before our soldiers arrived, he had come up from Decatur on the cars and made a visit to his farm. His neighbors despised him, one of the prominent citizens estimating his value in these words: "Pillow,—you want to know what I think of Pillow; well, the best I can say for him is that he is a d—d rascal, and all his family and niggers." The Thirty-Second Indiana and the Forty-Ninth were here employed in repairing a bridge under the direction of Lieutenant Harper.

The central column, under General Buell, was at Camp Stanton on the 29th. General Nelson's division had crossed the Duck River and their white tents dotted the hillsides in the rear of Columbia. The Sixth Brigade of the Second Division, under Gibson, had only very few men off duty, and the Forty-Ninth were all on duty but six,—the indisposed were in camp.

In writing home at this time Gibson gave his views of the institution of slavery, after his scrutiny of its workings during the time he was in the South. He found many

of the slaves warmly attached to their masters, and some of them dubious as to the matter of being made free. He strongly held that the war was not inaugurated to free the slaves, but to preserve the Union, as far as the North was concerned. He had no doubt but ultimately the slaves would secure their freedom; he thought it would come from an uprising of the slaves themselves. The letter quoted from here, was written to his brother, the doctor, Robert McD. Gibson. He writes:

I am more and more convinced of the terrible curse of human slavery. Its dark mantle hangs like a pall over the land. Through the darkness one can see the evidence of a coming wrath. Men in chains! Partakers of the holy communion hunting men like partridges from camp to camp, from hill to hill,—ah! that is fearful. I witnessed a sight a few days since, here in Columbia, that made my blood boil, my flesh crawl,—and quickened all the tenderness of my soul: A white man on horseback driving three negro slaves through the streets of Columbia,—fastened together with chains and that around their necks. Think of it!

I think it was intended as a taunt to the Northern soldiers. Let them chain and whip and scourge! They are but “treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath,” and soon the great God of nations, in his sovereign power, will breathe upon this “valley of dry bones,” and the dark sons of Africa will rise to be avengers of their own wrongs. The voice of mirth will soon be hushed and the loud shriek of woe will rise and resound through these valleys, as the slave in terrible vengeance strikes for LIBERTY. But at this time we are fighting to preserve the UNION,—not to free the slaves.

CHAPTER XXV.

GIBSON AND THE FORTY-NINTH AT SHILOH.

GIBSON'S command, the Sixth Brigade, was on the eve of a terrible testing of its valor, as well as its power of endurance. It had been drill, drill!—now the boys were to see its profit. The order had been received to proceed with all possible haste to Savannah, a village on the Tennessee. The progress could not be otherwise than slow, on account of the exceedingly bad roads. On the evening of April 5, Buell's Corps encamped twenty-five miles from Savannah. At three in the morning the troops were again on the road marching in steady line, but with quickened pace. When day dawned they were eighteen miles away,—the sun had scarcely gilded the valley lands, when from their front came the low rumbling of distant thunder. Again! The sky was clear. Not a floating cloud flecked the firmament of blue. Again,—and again. What could it mean? Now comes another, like mobilizing electric hosts preparing for a mighty battle in the upper air. Here comes a long ground swell, fairly shaking the earth. "What is that?" "Who is that?" "Is that Grant?" Still forward Buell's Corps moved with steady pace. One, two, three miles are traversed, and the distant booming noises grow a little more distinct, and the heavy muffled roar of cannon, like the artillery of the clouds, rolls along shaking the roots of the great forest off towards the Tennessee. That makes the tramping thousands thoughtful, as they keep step to

the heralding ordnance. That is serious business. Listen—how they keep it up! All day long, through the slush and mire of Tennessee mud, the troops tramp toward victory or defeat,—possibly to death. All day long the terrific roar of artillery is borne to their listening ears. Nearer and nearer they come to the scene, and louder and louder grows the sound. A fearful battle must be raging, as Buell's relief column moves on.

After tramping two hours in the early morning, an orderly dashes up to the General's staff, with horse's flanks white with foam,—“Abandon all baggage—press forward with haste,” is the order. Knapsacks are thrown off, everything but guns and blankets and ammunition. Now forward, and the line moves with more rapid stride. Another order, “Bring teams; resume usual order; keep coming.” The troops rest until the wagons are up; the boys are disappointed, believing they are again too late; but still the earth is quaking with the shock of firing cannon. At five o'clock another order comes from General Buell: “Abandon teams, except ambulances; press forward with all possible haste!”

At once the command is obeyed. Night comes on. Amidst the thickening gloom and keeping step to the intonations of reverberating cannon, the boys trudge quickly as possible through the boggy roads. It is taxing, tiring work. The head of the Second Division reaches Savannah at seven in the evening; the Forty-Ninth, bringing up the rear, does not arrive until nearly eleven o'clock, and that in a drenching rain. Shiloh was still eight miles distant, on the opposite side of the river. Transports were carrying the troops up as rapidly as possible. Two divi-

sions and two brigades are in line ahead of the Forty-Ninth. No moving until morning. Arms are stacked, and the tired men lay down in the streets of Savannah to get what sleep they could catch before the next day's work. Torrents of water pour down on them all night long. And in the morning it is still raining. At last they are off, and the *John I. Roc* never carried a more eager body of troops. The entire brigade is crowded on this boat. She is loaded to the guards. Steadily the great stern wheel turns and hurries the command to the scene of carnage. The last regiment moves down the gangplank and forms in line on the landing a little before ten o'clock. The Thirty-Second Indiana is off first, is personally directed by McCook to a certain point, and is engaged in the midst of the fiercest battle at eleven o'clock; and in a short time makes two desperate bayonet charges.

McCook's Second Division is given the position of honor—he fought in the center. The left was held by Nelson and Crittenden; the right by McClernand and Wallace. The fighting ranges back from the river five miles. As the reinforcements move towards their field of effort, they find the air impregnated with the odor of burning powder, but they had whiffed it ten miles away. Still the deep roar of the cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry was telling of Death's inevitable harvest. On their approach to the battle-line they encounter the first of the panic-stricken; then came the hundreds of wounded and bleeding, unmurmuring heroes, who had struggled against so great odds on the day before. Dead men—loyal and rebel—lay side by side as they moved along, every rod for a mile and a half. The field was not darkened with smoke,—a

strong south wind lifted it up so that at a distance the cloud of dull gray smoke overhanging the battling host and the tree-tops appeared as the conflagration of a vast forest.

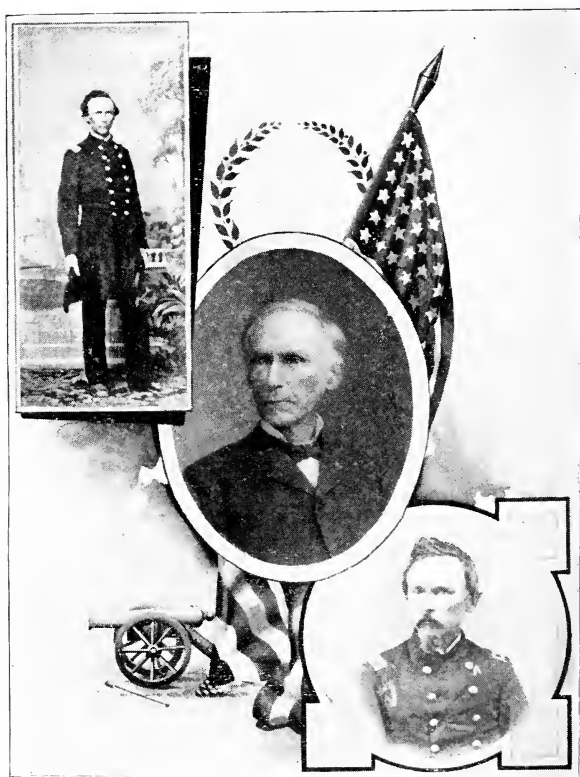
The Sixth Brigade consisted of the Forty-Ninth Ohio, Colonel Blackman; Fifteenth Ohio, Major William Wallace; Thirty-Second Indiana (German), Colonel Willich; the Thirty-Ninth Indiana, Colonel Harmon. This was the brigade commanded by Gibson. As stated, the Thirty-Second Indiana had become separated from the command. The remaining three regiments were deployed in line of battle in the rear of Rousseau's and Kirk's Brigades. For nearly two hours the Sixth laid on the ground, whilst the terrible struggle waged before them,—grape shot, shell, and solid iron cannon-balls whistled and screamed above their heads, mowing off tree-tops and cutting down saplings. The other two brigades of the division had been engaged one after the other and had driven the enemy more than a mile, though often borne back by the foe.

At 1:30 the gallant Sixth heard the penetrating command of Gibson ordering an advance. Then the boys moved on,—no shouting, but with a steady tramp. Now they fall to the ground, crawl along, load lying on their backs, and rise and fire. It was a fearful test the brigade was put to, when the eager fellows lay on the ground waiting so long for their turn to come. Silently there they lay, while every nerve in their bodies tingled to be up and at the enemy. Soldiers obey orders,—they were soldiers. Now their role in the mighty tragedy was to be played. Now they go! The first volley from the enemy is answered by a cool, well-aimed retort. Crash goes their answer,

and the eyes of the field are upon them. So deadly, so true that the enemy's line wavers as the leaden volley whistles through the air! With fixed bayonets the line moves up, firing as they march. A battery rakes the Forty-Ninth; another harrasses the Fifteenth and Thirty-Ninth. Now the whole command leap forward like tigers with the first taste of blood. By the aid of Bouton's battery, both rebel batteries are silenced. An hour and a half passes and the enemy is driven three-fourths of a mile. Now the enemy is retreating, and now more rapidly,—and soon has left the field. Here thirty-one prisoners are rounded up; soon the brigade comes to a rebel hospital. The surgeon in charge is notified by Colonel Gibson that the hospital will be respected, should no firing be done from within it or behind it, but "if one gun cracks in that direction, it will be burned to the ground."

No regiment could have behaved better. The officers and men were cool and entered into the engagement with terrific energy, with the imperturbable spirits of veterans. In a short time the splendid discipline was manifest. Once during the battle the enemy penetrated an open space to the left of the front of the Forty-Ninth and succeeded in getting in a withering fire from a ravine on their left flank. Although fiercely engaged with the enemy in their immediate front, above the din of rattling musketry and booming of field guns, was heard the voice of Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman, as he shouted the command: "Change front! To the rear first company! Battalion about face—by companies—half-left, wheel,—Forward into line!"

This movement is exceedingly difficult on a quiet parade ground, and is considered by military men extremely



A GROUP OF GENERAL GIBSON'S WAR PICTURES.



COLONEL SAMUEL F. GRAY, Gibson's successor in command of the Forty-Ninth.



COLONEL LUTHER M. STRONG Col Gray's successor in command of the Forty-Ninth.

hazardous during an engagement. And yet no regiment ever on parade executed the movement with more precision or regularity. It brought the front of the regiment to a right angle with its former position and directly facing the flanking enemy. The next command and the enemy was driven from the flank. Then, by the command, "Change front! To the rear on tenth company," the regiment was brought back to its first position, almost before the enemy, in the immediate front, had discovered the change. Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman gave his commands from Gibson, from the head of the regiment, in front, and with his hat swinging in his right hand, as he gallantly led the boys on the charge, and back to the former position. Both Grant and Sherman witnessed this wonderful movement. General Sherman rode up and inquired what regiment they were. The next day, in person he came to the regiment, and in presence of the boys congratulated and complimented Colonel Gibson and Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman for "performing the most difficult, but finest movement he ever witnessed on a battle-field."

Grant sat on his horse and with field-glass watched the movement, and when he noticed the order being executed, remarked to an aid: "There goes a regiment to the d—l!" When he saw the charge on what seemed to be an ambush, he muttered with saturnine countenance, "Yes, there they go!" On seeing the movement back to front, the retrieval of their position, he said: "No, not just yet; keep your eye on that command!"

A pleasing incident is related by Captain F. R. Stewart, of that night:

The enemy were put to rout about four o'clock. It had

quit raining, but about three, began again, and steadily poured down all night. We bivouacked on the field without shelter or covering of any kind except our blankets. I remember selecting a spot where the leaves were rather thick, and, notwithstanding the rain, was soon asleep from over-exhaustion. During the night I could feel the water running under me, but was too tired and sleepy to move. Toward morning, about three o'clock, I got up, wrapped my blanket around my shoulders, and leaned against a tree for shelter and support. I noticed in the murky darkness a companion at my elbow, but for an hour neither of us spoke. Finally I remarked that I had passed more comfortable nights than this one. And to my surprise, Colonel Gibson, who proved to be my companion, replied: "Yes, this is really the most uncomfortable bed I have occupied for some time."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF LIEUT.-COL. BLACKMAN.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH REG'T.
CAMP ON BATTLEFIELD, April 10.

Capt. H. Clay, A. A. G., Sixth Brigade.

SIR: I have the honor to report to you the following particulars of this regiment in the engagement of the 7th:

We were brought into action about one o'clock P.M., occupying the left of the brigade and the extreme left of the division.

Our position was taken under a severe fire from infantry and artillery; but my men came up firmly, and fired with a coolness and precision that soon caused a wavering in the ranks of the enemy. Shell and grape shot from one battery were very annoying to my left without doing much damage; their range being too high. We advanced to our second position, continuing our fire by file. The enemy now attempted to take advantage of the exposed condi-

tion of our left. He advanced up a ravine and opened fire, quartering on my left and rear. I at once changed front to the rear on first company. This change was made in perfect order, the men behaving in the very best manner. Our fire soon drove the flanking force from their position, when by order of Colonel Gibson, I changed front forward on first company, resuming my former position in line, directing my fire on the main force.

We now advanced to our third position, when the enemy again made a demonstration on our left; I changed front to the rear, but about the time I completed the maneuver, a brigade arrived and took up the fight on our left,—driving the enemy from our new front. By order I again changed front forward, and advanced in brigade line, driving the foe from their position, and closing the engagement in this part of the field.

On receiving orders to return to the landing, the regiment moved off in as fine order as they ever did from parade. Every officer on duty with the regiment, was at his post, and did his duty like a man and soldier. Major Drake was especially brave and active at his post, rendering me great assistance. Adjutant Norton was also active and efficient.

The casualties were as follows:

COMPANY E.

G. S. Williamson, private, wounded mortally.
James Dietz, private, wounded slightly.
Daniel Wise, private, wounded slightly.
S. M. Marvin, private, wounded slightly.
S. M. Dickson, private, wounded slightly.
Jacob Grimble, private, wounded slightly.
James Gilpin, private, wounded slightly.
Charles Witherbeck, wounded slightly.
Charles Franks, private, wounded severely.
Lewis Wood, private, killed.
James Foster, private, wounded slightly.

COMPANY F.

Levi Laughlin, sergeant, wounded slightly.
C. C. Laughlin, corporal, wounded severely.
James Stoner, private, wounded slightly.
W. S. Flaugher, private, wounded severely.
N. J. Mercer, private, wounded severely.
John N. Stoner, private, wounded severely.

COMPANY D.

O. H. Robinson, private, killed.
Alfred Hitchee, wounded severely.
D. S. Elder, slightly.
A. C. Gregg, slightly.
William Michaels, corporal, slightly.
Micaje Musgrave, corporal, slightly.

COMPANY I.

Eli Butler, private, wounded slightly.

COMPANY C.

Thomas Fisher, private, wounded mortally.
Samuel Hayes, private, wounded slightly.

COMPANY K.

W. H. H. Ingle, private, wounded slightly.

COMPANY G.

John Wise, private, wounded slightly.
George Babbit, private, wounded slightly.
J. S. Gromes, private, wounded slightly.

COMPANY B.

Thomas McBride, corporal, killed.
Calvin Bowersock, private, mortally wounded, since dead.
George W. Poats, corporal, wounded severely.
O. P. Bogart, corporal, wounded severely.
Thomas Smith, corporal, wounded severely.
G. W. Wagner, private, severely.

William Stephenson, private, severely.

James Redmond, orderly sergeant, slightly.

J. W. Kintz, private, slightly.

Freeman Hughes, private, slightly.

Andrew Berket, private, slightly.

There were several cases too slight to merit report.

My command to-day is in very good condition as regards health and discipline. They are in good fighting order. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. M. BLACKMAN,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL GIBSON.

Commanding Sixth Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH BRIGADE,
FIELD OF SHILOH, April 19, 1862.

Captain D. McCook, A. A. Gen., Second Division.

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of this command in the memorable action of the 7th inst. Reaching Savannah at 10:00 P.M., of the 6th, and holding the rear of the Second Division, we were compelled to await transportation the next morning until near nine o'clock. After great exertions the entire brigade, with two batteries of artillery, were embarked on the steamer *John I. Roe*. We reached Pittsburg Landing at near eleven o'clock, and at once hastened forward to the scene of conflict, in the center, where a portion of our division was engaged.

Colonel Willich, of the Thirty-Second Indiana, being the first to debark and reach the field, was detached from the brigade and was placed in position by General McCook

in person. Nothing further was heard from him by me during the day, but his list of casualties shows he was hotly engaged and the testimony of distinguished officers who witnessed the conduct of his command justify me in saying that the officers and men gave proof of skill and courage worthy the heroes of "Rowlett's Station." Herewith I submit Colonel Willich's report for further particulars.

Obedient to orders, the balance of the brigade was deployed in line of battle in the rear of the Fourth, under General Rousseau, then closely engaged. His ammunition being exhausted, the Sixth Brigade was ordered to advance, which command was executed promptly and in perfect order.

The enemy's infantry concealed in tents behind trees, and in dense undergrowth, opened a terrific fire upon our line. Simultaneously he opened on the left of the Fifteenth Ohio, holding the extreme right, with one battery; with another he annoyed the left of the Forty-Ninth Ohio, holding the extreme left, whilst with a third he poured a torrent of grape upon the right and center of the Thirty-Ninth Indiana, holding the center of the line.

The fire of the enemy's infantry was responded to promptly along our entire line. Our volleys were delivered with rapidity, regularity and effect. The enemy's lines were shaken, and we steadily pressed forward, driving the enemy before us eighty rods. I then discovered, that under cover of a ravine, the enemy was turning my left and ordered the Forty-Ninth Ohio to change line of battle to the rear on first company, which movement was executed in perfect order under heavy fire.

Lieutenant W. C. Turner, senior aid-de-camp of my staff, was despatched to General McCook, to inform him of the danger to my left, but the telling fire from the Forty-Ninth Ohio from its new position soon drove back the enemy and the regiment promptly moved forward into

line. The enemy, in increased force made a second demonstration on my left and the Forty-Ninth Ohio changed line of battle to the rear and quickly averted the enemy's advance. Captain A. Bouton, of Chicago, with two guns of his battery, reached the ground at this juncture, and after silencing the enemy's battery that had annoyed my left, moved off to the left of the Fifteenth Ohio, and opened his well-directed fire on the batteries which had, up to this time, harrassed the left of that regiment, and the right of the Thirty-Ninth Indiana. The enemy's guns were silenced, and Captain Bouton has my cordial thanks for aid so promptly and skillfully rendered.

The Forty-Ninth having again moved forward into line, and my left being supported by troops, ordered for that purpose by General McCook, I again ordered an advance, and our entire line pressed forward in gallant style, driving the enemy before us a full half mile, taking possession of the camp from which a portion of General Sherman's division had been driven the day previous, including the quarters of the General himself.

The enemy abandoned the contest and returned under protection of his cavalry, leaving us in full possession of that part of the field, with two of his hospitals crowded with wounded. The Thirty-Ninth Indiana captured fifteen and the other two regiments captured sixteen prisoners on the field.

As the conflict was waged under the immediate supervision of General McCook, commanding the division, I cheerfully commit the conduct of the Sixth Brigade to his judgment and criticism. Every order was executed promptly and nothing could exceed the order and firmness with which our entire line moved upon the enemy.

Colonel Dickey and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, of the Fifteenth Ohio, being absent on account of sickness, the command of the regiment devolved on Major William Wallace, who managed his command with promptness and

skill, exhibiting throughout the bloody contest, the highest traits of coolness, courage and energy. His horse was killed on the field. He had called Captains Dawson and Kirby to his aid on the field and they merit especial praise for their gallantry in cheering on the regiment under a galling fire from artillery and infantry. Adjutant Taft performed his whole duty regardless of danger and the entire regiment gave proof of its thorough discipline.

To the Thirty-Second Indiana, too much praise cannot be awarded. Active and vigilant at every moment, Colonel Harrison exhibited skill and the highest courage and coolness in maneuvering his command. Major Evans was prompt and courteous in every duty during the day, and every officer and man was so heroic that distinctions would be invidious. Lieutenant Phillips, a most gallant officer, fell at his post of duty; and Lieutenant Woodmansee was borne from the field mortally wounded.

The Forty-Ninth Ohio was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman, who performed his duty nobly, giving proof of his skill and courage in the field. The maneuvers of his command under fire, as before stated, showed that firmness and discipline so essential to the glory of our army. Major Drake occupied a most perilous position, but with unshaken courage, he cheered on the extreme left under a cross-fire of infantry, and a shower of shell and grape. Adjutant Charles A. Norton was constantly at his post of duty and showed himself a soldier worthy of his position. I herewith enclose a list of casualties in this command, which shows twenty-three killed, twelve mortally wounded, and one hundred and twenty-seven slightly wounded.

Major S. E. Gross, brigade surgeon, was placed in charge of a depot of wounded and merits great praise for the skill and energy with which he treated and provided for the hundreds placed under his care. The medical officers of the regiment were on the field giving prompt and skillful

aid to the wounded of this and other commands. I beg leave to name Doctor Rodig, hospital steward, of the Fifteenth Ohio, whose industry and attention to the wounded excited general admiration; and Doctor Gorey, hospital steward, and John Glick, wardmaster, of the Forty-Ninth Ohio, rendered valuable service.

To the members of the brigade staff, I am under great personal obligations for valuable suggestions on the field. Captain Henry Clay, A. A. G., ever active and prompt in the performance of duty, gave exhibitions of genius and courage worthy of his ancestors. Lieutenant C. W. Turner, senior aid-de-camp, comprehended the responsibility of his position and bore my orders to every part of the field with the greatest alacrity, and was exposed throughout the day to fearful danger. Lieutenant E. A. Olis, junior aid-de-camp, kept the saddle and has my warmest thanks for his activity in bearing orders, and for his valuable assistance in the midst of the hottest fire.

Accidentally in command of the brigade, as ranking officer on duty, I disclaim any credit for its brilliant success. Unfortunately, Brigadier General Johnson was at home prostrated by sickness, but to the thorough discipline and rigid study exacted by him of officers and men, we are indebted for that success and heroic bearing of the command, which has won for itself an honorable page in history.

In the name of the brigade, I must thank General McCook for the labor and energy he has exhibited, in bringing his division to that state of discipline and skill that renders it at once an honor and an ornament to the armies of the Republic.

I am very respectfully,
W. H. GIBSON,
Colonel Commanding Sixth Brigade.

There is another report which should go with these two and that is the congratulatory order of General Buell:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO,
FIELD OF SHILOH, TENNESSEE, April 8, 1862.

[General Orders, No. 6.]

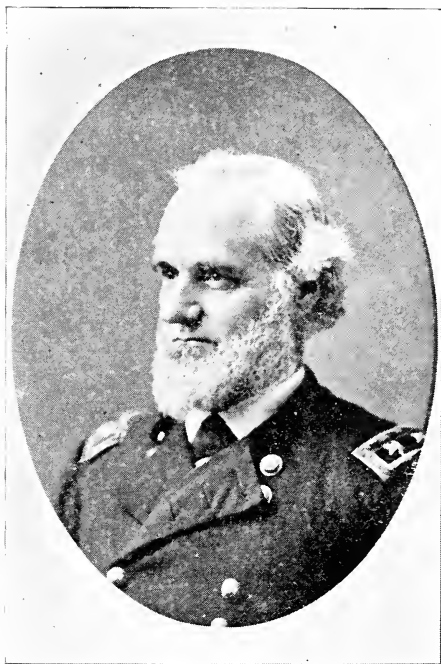
The General congratulates the army under his command on the imperishable honor won yesterday by a portion of it on the battlefield of Shiloh, near Pittsburg Landing. The alacrity and zeal with which they pressed forward by forced marches to the succor of the comrades of a sister army imperiled by an overwhelming force; the gallantry with which they assaulted the enemy; and the persevering courage with which they maintained an incessant conflict against superior numbers from six o'clock in the morning until evening, when the enemy was driven from the field, are incidents which point to a service nobly performed.

The General reminds his troops again that such results are not attained by individual prowess alone; that subordination and careful training are essential to the efficiency of every army; and that the success which has given them a brilliant page in history, is greatly due to the readiness with which they have seconded the labors of their division, brigade, and regimental commanders, who first disciplined them in camp and then led them judiciously and gallantly in battle.

By command of Major-General Buell,

J. B. FRY,
A. A. Gen., Chief of Staff.

The enemy had been driven back five miles into the country before there was any pause, and our troops were occupying his former camp. The heavy rainfall had made the roads almost impassable, and after the severe fighting it was deemed inexpedient to pursue him further. The effects of the continued exposure was showing itself on



MAJOR GENERAL R. W. JOHNSON.



the men, and fully as many were rendered unfit for service from this source as from the casualties in battle.

The grewsome scenes on this field of carnage could never be described,—up to this time regarded as the greatest battle ever witnessed on the continent. Within a radius of five miles, one could not stand at any point, without discovering the dead lying in every conceivable position. Confederate and Union lay together in Death's grasp. Grant reported 1,754 killed, 8,408 wounded, and 2,885 missing. Beauregard reported 1,758 killed, 8,012 wounded, and 957 missing. This last report is considered incorrect for there were more than that number of Confederates buried, by actual count, in front of McClelland's and Sherman's divisions. On the field lay the carcasses of 3,500 horses and mules. Every house and tent available was used in caring for the wounded. "War is hell," said Sherman, and he must have thought so as he passed over Shiloh's bloody field.

Many of the troops were charged with cowardice on the first day, at the beginning of the battle. The lack of precautions against a panic was a criminal error, but cannot be laid to the charge of the ranks of soldiers, who did gallant service subsequently. Never had any commands more severe testing than those troops who first met the assaults of Johnson's army on the early morning of that eventful Easter Sunday. Sherman's pickets were driven in pell-mell and so were those of General Ben Prentiss, the gallant Quincy officer,—the enemy bounding in upon our troops in many cases before the pickets could give them warning. Some were dressing, others washing for breakfast, cooks were preparing the morning meal, and some

were not out of their bunks. Almost simultaneously with the wild cries of the pickets and a few stray shots of the enemy, the fighting was begun and continued far into the night. The next day the struggle continued and at four o'clock the enemy was routed and another mighty victory won for the Union and the flag of the free.

There is no battle without its funny incidents. Here is one. There was a little man in the regiment by the name of John Dymond, who had been struck by a minnie ball; at least the ball had come tearing along across his trousers' pocket, and in a neat manner striking his jack-knife, split it in two parts, taking one part with it. This trick of the rebel bullet was played about the time Gibson received his bayonet wound. The next morning the Colonel was walking about with the aid of a cane one of the boys had made for him out of a piece of sapling, split out by the rebel bullets. The Colonel walked over to Dymond and inquired: "Well, little fellow, and how did you make it in the fracas?"

Dymond showed him where the bullet of the "Johnnies" had been spoiling his trousers and replied to the Colonel's inquiry: "I am all right, but I have only half a knife; the darned bullet took the other part from me."

"Well, well," said the Colonel, "I think this great and mighty government ought to get you another. It has no right to let a Union soldier be despoiled of his jack-knife, —especially to have it stolen in that sneaking way."

Another story is related, an occurrence of two or three days after the battle. Company "F" had been on picket duty and coming in, as had been the custom of the boys, fired off their guns. The provost marshal had the entire

company arrested and set them at carrying rails at once. Gibson came along to where the boys were at work, paying the penalty for that which had been considered an un-military act, and shouted to them: "What in thunder are you fellows doing with those rails?" They related to him what had been done, whereupon he raised his voice in the tones of command: "Drop those rails; get to your quarters!" which it is needless to say they did, without delay. He then rode to the provost marshal's quarters and without the use of mealy words, gave him a large piece of his mind for the indignity he had wantonly placed on his boys. He was jealous of the honor and comfort of his command, and it was stated that none of his regiment had ever seen him so provoked as he was that day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A THREE HUNDRED-MILE FOOT RACE.

THE Forty-Ninth was not idle after the terrific experiences on the battle-field of Shiloh. Giving care to the wounded and burying the dead of both armies occupied the attention of the soldiers for some days. It was not until Friday that the Confederate dead were interred, so great was the stress of employment. Then there was the clearing up of the battle-field, removing the debris, and placing the camp in a condition in which the army could tarry for a time. Immediately after the battle, Halleck removed his headquarters from St. Louis to the field, and he came with a flourish of trumpets, and the rank and file were led to believe that Beauregard and his graycoats would be very quickly swept from the face of the earth. It did not happen that way. Grant was in disgrace, a victim of Halleck's jealousy and the cruelty of a venal press. He was charged with being drunk, on a boat ten miles away from the field of battle, and that he did not appear on the field throughout the first day's conflict. One was about as true as the other, and "the other" was made out of whole cloth, a most unwarranted falsehood. Grant was all right, and, knowing that, he went right along and landed at the top of the heap of golden-starred men. Truth, the great solvent, was on his side, and on that he quietly rested; an evidence of his greatness.

General Pope, with the flush of victory crowning his recent engagements in Missouri, came to unite his interests with the army, bringing with him thirty thousand men, and he was given command of the left wing of the mobilized troops; General George H. Thomas, the right wing; and Buell, the center, while McClernand was placed in command of the reserve. Halleck was chief; Grant held the next place.

Then the order came to move, and the entire army took up its line of march towards Corinth, Mississippi. By slow approaches the front of the enemy's defense was reached. Skirmishing, picket-firing, and building trenches comprised the employment of the troops. An interesting letter from Colonel Gibson has been preserved, written before Corinth:

CAMP BEFORE CORINTH, May 23, 1862.

The army of the southwest still confronts the rebel hordes of the "Little Creole." Every day increases our strength and brings us nearer the enemy's works. His morning drums and the watch-call of sentinels are heard by our boys on picket; and along the line of our advance, nearly fifteen miles in extent, there is almost a constant barking of our pickets' muskets. Our line is semi-circular, secured by trenches, rifle-pits and batteries of heavy guns,—from one and one-half to three miles from the enemy's camp. The Confederate forces are estimated at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand men.

I conjecture ours will equal theirs and that we will be able to bring six hundred pieces of artillery into action. Our large-sized guns are placed in position and concealed. Not one of them has as yet been discharged. When the rebel artillery becomes impertinent, we send forward a battery of ten-pounders and soon drive them off. Men are

wounded every day and occasionally one is killed. Last night General Pope's outposts were attacked by cavalry, and this morning seven dead rebels were found. It is still in the power of the enemy to evacuate, but it is the general belief that he will fight us here. Beauregard had intended to go to Jackson, Mississippi, and had begun the work of removal, when the fall of New Orleans suddenly caused him to change his mind and plans. We hope to cut off the enemy's retreat and force a decisive battle at this point. It will be the great battle of the century if we can only bring it about. The Union host is eager for the conflict and impatient of unnecessary delay. Now, don't believe one-half the news you hear from this army. This is a miserable country, but I saw cherries turning ripe on the 12th.

On the 28th he wrote to his wife:

This has been a brisk day. Our brigade drove the rebels three-fourths of a mile across creek and swamp. The bullets flew thick, but no one was hurt except Captain Langworthy. A ball struck a branch, taking a downward direction, passed through the rim of his hat close to the crown and cut him in the center of his forehead,—merely a flesh wound. It shocked the brave captain, but recovering from his surprise, in a moment he was at the head of his company again, and led it with his usual gallantry during the day. Every officer and man behaved in a manner worthy of the heroes of Shiloh. Mark me,—General Buell is the man for the day. Every day now has its five or six battles. I never fail to invoke heavenly aid in my duties, and if I fall, it will be with a prayer warm on my lips for my family and my country. God bless you and the little ones.

W. H. GIBSON.

In the advance on Corinth the Forty-Ninth met stubborn resistance at Bridge's Creek. Gibson was now in command of the regiment.

The advance had been ordered and on the 30th day of May the wires bore the intelligence to the waiting,—eagerly waiting,—world that Corinth had been evacuated. That very day the Forty-Ninth took Serratt's Mill, an engagement that was regarded as the most terrific twenty minutes' battle of the war. A rebel regiment tried to take Cotter's Battery and was literally swept from the face of the earth.

At 6:40 o'clock on that morning, the Thirty-Ninth Ohio, Pope's advance guard, marched into the town and hoisted "Old Glory" from the court-house and over the Tisimingo Hotel. The enemy in taking his leave had played "fine" on Halleck, having manned the big forts with log guns, that appeared ferocious enough from their front end. For some days the rebels had been moving their troops out, running trains of cars that had been reported as a sham, the officers on the Union side thinking the enemy was trying to make the Federal soldiers believe they were receiving a constant flow of reinforcements. The great mystery to-day is: "Why was this permitted to be thus?" Grant had repeatedly urged Halleck to storm Corinth. The dilatory movements of the commander were not consonant with his ideas of military action, and those near him declare that Grant lost his temper for the first time publicly, announcing that if that was not done the rebels would escape with all their troops and military stores. Grant expected to be called to account for his strong and trenchant dictation to his commander; this Halleck did not do, probably thinking the inquiry would do him little good. In July Halleck was made commander-in-chief of all the Union forces, and Grant given command of the Army of the West Tennessee.

The troops were anxious to push their work as rapidly as possible. Leaving Corinth, the line of march carried the command through Tusculumbia, Florence, Athens, Huntsville, and Stevenson to Battle Creek, Tennessee, twenty-eight miles below Chattanooga. From scouts it had been learned that General Bragg had crossed the Tennessee River, and was making his way toward Nashville. Whatever might have been Bragg's intentions he had broken loose from Chattanooga. Then began a race between the armies of Buell and Bragg, which was kept up to the Ohio River. The Army of the Ohio was in a perilous position; their communication with the North in jeopardy. To evidence somewhat of the hardness of the soldier's life, an instance is here related: On August 20, an order was received commanding that two days' rations be cooked. The order came at noon, and at eight o'clock the troops moved. The weather was fearfully hot, the August sun pouring down during the day without mercy. Up one of the spurs of the Cumberland Mountains the boys climbed, but only to receive an order to countermarch, and down the mountains they trudged, and to their camp at Battle Creek. This was a tramp of three days, and for nothing; at least there was no apparent advantage discovered by the troops.

But the next day the movement was resumed, and the Cumberland range was crossed at Altamont. The line of march led through Jasper, Altamont, MacMinville, and Murfreesboro to Nashville. One of the towns passed through was Shelbyville, Tennessee, and there an order was given for a Sunday's rest.

Probably the boys of the Forty-Ninth will never forget that Sunday. With their stay at Shelbyville, a good story is preserved. It appears that a resident preacher who

had delivered a sermon before a rebel regiment the Sunday previous had a yearning to talk to the Yankee boys. He asked the privilege of preaching to the Forty-Ninth. The request was granted, and the novelty of the service attracted the tired soldiers, and very few were absent.

The Southern divine thought the Yankees needed a little brushing up on "good citizenship," and he said he would take that as his theme. He remarked that he had chosen the same theme in addressing the Confederates on the Sunday before, and that he would endeavor to adapt himself to the understanding of his audience now before him. He ran along glibly, giving the impression that he considered the Union soldiers a downright set of heathen; that they had probably never heard of such a book as the Bible; most of all that it was a book of ethics. He talked in such a manner that the boys were impressed with their speaker's belief, and it went without saying that they were ignorant, very ignorant, and should be exceedingly happy that once upon a time in their lives they had an opportunity given them of hearing something. In every way he demonstrated according to the average judgment of the soldiers he was talking to, that "he had more cheek than a government mule." But in all he was as fearless as he was cheeky.

He was given all the time he desired to enlighten the "God-forsaken Yanks," then Colonel Gibson arose, and with his rising, the boys were on the tip-toe of expectancy that something would be heard out of the ordinary. He said he would like to say a little something on that occasion. He averred that he had never tried to preach, but did sometimes indulge in exhortation, when his men got out of order. Then he went on to describe the sort of

a regiment he commanded. It was hardly up to the average Yankee regiment, but yet was tolerable good. He hardly knew how many could talk Latin, and the modern Romance languages, but they were a-plenty. But he was delighted to inform his learned friend that he would be surprised if he would come over to the camp and examine those boys, who looked a mighty sight better when they had clean clothes on. He admitted that the boys did not appear as if they knew very much, but they were all singed cats—every one of 'em. "Why," said he, "it don't make much difference what I want, as their commanding officer, I can get it right there. All I have to do is to go out into camp and if I want a locomotive builder, there he is; if a Greek scholar, I can find a whole company of them; a civil engineer, there are the best in the country; a lawyer, doctor, or preacher, there they are in the ranks; a theological professor, a college president, a demonstrator of anatomy, or an astronomer, there they are; a harness-maker, a jeweler, an optician,—anything I want, there I find the man needed. We have them all here and a pretty good set of fellows, these Yankees are; and one thing they all know, my learned friend, and that is how to be good citizens of the best government the sun shines on. Every one of them is a good citizen of the United States of America, and the only thing they don't know is how to become a traitor to that government and to the flag of the Union. The fact is these boys have always had the credit of knowing a good thing when they see it, and now I'm afraid, my learned friend, you can't say as much." Then he read the riot act to the presumptive parson for essaying to teach good citizenship to a Union soldier. He called on the citizens of Shelbyville to "quit eating fire and giving aid

to armed rebellion against the country's flag," for it would do them no good and bring them only sorrow and distress and be the means of perpetuating their present unhappy condition. He shamed them for trying to break up the government established by Washington and their heroic fathers, all because a few rich men and foolish politicians and scheming wire-pullers wanted to create a market for "nigger stock," in which they were trafficking. He spoke earnestly and some went away with grave thoughts. At a recent reunion, there was not a member of the regiment present who did not remember that speech.

The tramp to Louisville led the troops through Bowling Green and Munfordville, Kentucky. One of the soldiers, in speaking of this campaign, said:

This was the most remarkable campaign made by the Forty-Ninth during their entire service. The weather was excessively hot; the marching rapid. In fact it was a three hundred-mile foot race, and always in close proximity to the enemy. Each army subsisted largely on green corn gathered as they marched. One evening while in the hill country between Chattanooga and Murfreesboro, we went to bivouac after seven days' marching, during which the rebel cavalry had hovered on our flank all day. The men, tired and worn, were soon fast asleep. The camp was in the woods and we had no tents. During the night a span of mules, chained together, broke loose from the wagon to which they had been tethered, and, just like a mule, started down through the rows of sleeping soldiers with a loose chain dangling, and every now and then braying. This set all the mules in camp stirring, rattling their chains and braying. Some fellows near by sprang to their feet and shouted, "Whoa! Whoa!" and it only required a moment to arouse the whole regiment, then the brigade, then the division. No one knew why or what. All

thought, of course, the enemy was coming down upon us in a murderous foray. Surely the rebel cavalry were somewhere near and we expected them at once. I think I am safe in stating that never since the tower of Babel was there such confusion, such hurrying to and fro, and trying to find accoutrements and camp plunder. Officers tried to get their men in line. In the midnight gloom no one knew where to form a line; which way to face to discover the enemy. That scene beggars description. But I tell you those were serious moments; fearful moments!

In the midst of this tumult there came the voice of Colonel Gibson, as only his voice could ring above the din and rattle and commotion; it came clear as a bell through the murky night: "Attention Battalion!" and all were quiet awaiting the next command. But it did not come. There stood the Colonel with a musket, and with his back against a tree, and as much at loss to know how to account for the commotion as any one in camp. In a few moments, however, order was restored, the rampant mules found and securely fastened, and then the men lay down to laugh their sides sore as they recited each his experience to another, in getting ready to do up the Johnnies. And they laugh about it yet.

The army reached Louisville on September 28, one day in advance of Bragg. Here Lieutenant-Colonel Blackman resigned to accept the colonelcy of a colored regiment. The army was then hastily reorganized. New regiments were added to the various brigades. On October 1, the entire command was set again in motion southward to meet the enemy, which had been reported as concentrated at Bardstown, Kentucky. The division, now in command of General J. W. Sill, one of God's noblest Christian men, moved to the left by way of Frankfort. From August 21, when the regiment left Battle Creek, up to October 16,

which discovered the Forty-Ninth at Crab Orchard, the boys had tramped five hundred and thirty miles, not taking into account the side excursions. Nearly five weeks they were on half rations, but still were in good health. On leaving Louisville, the division moved to Frankfort and then to Perryville, but not without making a record.

Colonel Gibson, in command of the Sixth Brigade, consisting of five regiments and Cotter's old battery, was in advance. On leaving the camp at Frankfort, the movement was made at one o'clock in the morning, and at ten o'clock the enemy was driven from Lawrenceburg without resistance. Here a rest of an hour was taken, and then the march resumed to Chaplin. The rebel cavalry advanced in two columns to an attack on the brigade shortly after starting. Gibson at once drew up in line of battle the entire brigade. The artillery was moved to the front and at once began to throw a stream of shells. The enemy in part, now took shelter in a ravine, and just at that juncture General Sill arrived and ordered Jacobs' Kentucky Cavalry to charge upon the scattered enemy, which he did, leaping forward in response to the command, and with drawn sword, swept our front to the field. In full view of the brigade, near a woodside, the enemy dashed out of a ravine and from a woodland, and attacked with terrific onslaught Jacobs' command, and in such superior numbers that Jacobs was driven back, the Colonel receiving two wounds. Gibson then opened again on the enemy with shell and the musketry of the Fifteenth Ohio, and the enemy was driven from the field. His line was fully a half mile in length. The command had no further engagements that day, encamping at nightfall ten miles west

on Salt River. Gibson's command held the rear the next day. The troops and trains had started when Gibson's pickets were attacked by one regiment of cavalry and six of infantry.

Without delay Colonel Gibson moved out his brigade and formed a line of battle, being immediately reinforced by the First Ohio, Colonel Parrott, and two battalions of regulars under Majors King and Carpenter. Bringing up from the rear four field pieces, Gibson opened fire and in a little time, every regiment was brought into action, sending a torrent of musket balls into the enemy's ranks. Gibson's skirmishers held the rebel lines back and such was the disposition of the Union force, that the enemy was completely driven from the field, when Gibson and his brigade moved forward. Major Drake was in command of the regiment at this time.

In writing concerning this particular experience of the regiment, Captain Stewart relates an interesting story, which is well worth preservation. He states:

Recently I have received information concerning that march that I did not know at the time. I accidentally came across a clipping from a Louisville paper which indicated that valuable information had been given to General Sill by a young lady living in Lawrenceburg at that time, who was a full-hearted Unionist. This lady was Miss Margaret Droffen, now Mrs. B. McHarney, of Louisville, and the role she played in that movement of our troops is sufficient to give her a place in the history of those stirring times.

Miss Droffen's father was a lawyer and had an office in Lawrenceburg, the county seat of Anderson County. That was a very hotbed of rebellion in Kentucky. When Bragg

made his foray into Kentucky he took possession of Mr. Droffen's office, because he was regarded as an uncompromising Union man, and would not bow his knee to the Baal of rebellion. Otherwise with his neighbors and the community he was exceedingly popular. Judge Droffen moved out to his farm, a couple of miles north of town. The daughter, Margaret, rode out nearly every day on horseback to learn what she could of the outside world. On the 7th of October, 1862, she chanced to ride to the southeast of town, and when out about two miles she found two divisions of rebel troops in line, facing towards Lawrenceburg, with batteries of artillery planted on each side of the road. The troops were commanded by Generals Ashby and Withers. Turning to the north and west, after riding two or three miles, she ran into a division of rebels, under command of Generals Kirby Smith and Scott, on the road leading directly west from Lexington and Versailles, and crossing the Frankfort and Lawrenceburg pike, just north of Lawrenceburg a couple of miles. She then learned that General Morgan had a force a few miles north, facing the Frankfort pike. She then surmised they were expecting some one and had set a trap for them, and determined to save them whoever they might be, if possible. So, early the next morning she rode out on the pike towards Frankfort and met our division on its way from Frankfort to Lawrenceburg, with an itinerary through Harrodsburg to join our main army, which was moving towards Perryville.

Miss Droffen rode up to the division commander, General Sill, and informed him of the situation, and then directed him to a road he could take by which a conflict and possible annihilation might be avoided. This road led to the right, just east of Lawrenceburg, and through the hills by way of Dogwalk and Chaplin. The Forty-Ninth Ohio, preceded by four companies of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, under command of Colonel Jacobs, was leading

the division. The cavalry and the Forty-Ninth and Fifteenth O. V. I. were deployed by Colonel Gibson, in line of battle, and moved forward. We came upon the rebel cavalry at Lawrenceburg, and after a lively skirmish, crowded them back across a small ravine, south of town. Our brigade held back the rebel skirmishers and kept up an appearance of battle without pressing the enemy into action, until all the Union troops had moved to the right on the Dogwalk road. We then withdrew our line cautiously and followed the remainder of the division. The enemy had us completely in his power had he only known it. It must have been Kirby Smith's intention to let us drive in their skirmishers, develop their positions on our immediate front, and when hotly engaged, strike us in the rear and flank by the forces of Generals Scott and Morgan. I cannot account for their delay except on the hypothesis that they were forming their lines preparatory to meeting us.

Since receiving the letter from Mrs. McHarney I have looked up the reports of Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith and find that on the 2d of October General Bragg informed Kirby Smith, who was then at Lexington, that General Sill's division was at Frankfort, and that he should intercept it, and defeat it while thus isolated. He also, on the same day, directed General Polk, who was at or near Harrodsburg, to move with his corps to the assistance of General Kirby Smith. But, for some reason not known, Polk only sent one division, that of General Withers. Thus, it can be seen that we were confronted with the corps of Kirby Smith, Morgan's Cavalry, and the division commanded by General Withers, and yet escaped with very little loss.

In Kirby Smith's report to his chief he states that General Sill succeeded in evading him at Lawrenceburg, and that he then pursued him, coming upon him at Dogwalk, during the night of the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th

attacked him; but met with a stubborn resistance, and found him with such a large force, and occupying so commanding a position that he deemed it unwise to press him to a general engagement. Kirby Smith had seventeen thousand men, while our forces numbered less than eight thousand. I feel, as must all the living members of our division, grateful to Mrs. McHarney, for her noble and patriotic effort on that day. I talked to her for a few minutes while our skirmish line was forming, but did not then know of the valuable information she had imparted to General Sill.

Colonel Gibson displayed such remarkable tact that day, such skill in feinting at the enemy that he received the highest compliments from General Sill for his good work. It was a masterpiece of maneuver, and the loss was comparatively very small when the exigency is considered. By the delay caused by meeting the enemy at Lawrenceburg and Dogwalk, we reached the main army one day late to participate in the battle of Perryville. We joined in the pursuit of Bragg as far as Crab Orchard, Kentucky, thence we moved to Nashville, via Bowling Green, reaching Nashville November 6th. The whole army now lay near Nashville, from three to five miles south, until December 26th, when all moved forward to offer the enemy battle at Murfreesboro, and the result was the battle of Stone River,¹ fought December 31, and January 1 and 2. Here I was severely wounded on the evening of the 2d of January, and lay all night in the rain, which was very cold.

General Willich, our brigade commander, unfortunately rode into a gap in the lines and was captured early on the morning of the 31st. This placed the command of the brigade in the hands of Colonel Gibson, and he was on the field until the battle closed. His horse was shot from

¹ Vide his chronicles of the Army of the Cumberland, General W. S. Dodge. pp. 417-449.

under him early in the action; another later on. The regiment lost very heavily. Lieutenant-Colonel Drake was killed, the major wounded, and every captain present with the regiment was either killed or wounded, except one, and he, the junior captain, was in command of the regiment at the close of the first day's battle.

The year 1862 will be forever memorable in the history of the American Republic. The blood shed in this war was simply enormous. There have been few years so awful with sanguinary conflicts in any of the modern wars in Europe, including those of Napoleon the Great. Among the battles of 1862 were those of Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Shiloh, Corinth, Pea Ridge, Perryville, Prairie Grove, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Roanoke Island, Newbern, James Island, Baton Rouge, Fair Oaks, Mechanicsville, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Gainsville, Bull Run, Second, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, besides innumerable bloody skirmishes. On the water and between our naval forces and the enemy's coast defenses, there was the fearful duel between the Monitor and Merrimac; the bombardments of the forts below New Orleans; the bombardment of Vicksburg; the gunboat engagement at Fort Randolph; that before Memphis; the affair of the Arkansas at the mouth of the Yazoo; the attack upon Fort Darling; two bombardments of Galveston, and the engagements of less moment, literally too numerous to mention, not to refer to the fearful battle of Murfreesboro, which really began the 26th of December and was carried on into the new year.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GIBSON'S REGIMENT REËNLISTS AND KEEPS ON FIGHTING.

A PERIOD of inactivity followed this battle and continued until June, 1863. The Army of the Cumberland encamped around Murfreesboro, as its base, while the enemy was snugly hid south of Duck River, behind a spur of the Cumberland Range, with his right resting at Wartrace, and his left at Shelbyville, Tennessee. At daylight on the morning of June 24, the army was again set in motion. The day dawned drizzly and dreary, and there was a continuous rain for nine consecutive days. The second division deflected to the left and struck the enemy about noon at Liberty Gap, a small canyon in the mountain spur. The First Brigade, to which the Forty-Ninth belonged, was in the lead, and immediately deployed, and soon engaged in a lively tussle with the enemy, which lasted all day. The position of the enemy was naturally very strong. Our lines now extended until the Forty-Ninth, which was on the left of the brigade, overlapped the right flank of the enemy. A vigorous charge was made by the Forty-Ninth, resulting, after two hours of severe fighting, in turning the flank of the enemy and compelling them to

abandon their stronghold and fall back to a parallel line. The next day, the second position was assaulted, with the Forty-Ninth in the center. After three hours of stubborn resistance, the rebels abandoned the entire line and made a hasty retreat to the river, centering in and around Chattanooga.

Our army lay for a few weeks at Tullahoma, Tennessee. While here, Colonel Gibson went to Ohio on a special recruiting expedition, and did not return to the front until the regiment went back after a thirty days' furlough, at the time of reënlistment. The regiment at that time was under command of Major Gray. They visited Tiffin as veterans February 10, returning to the front March 10, 1864.

The Forty-Ninth O. V. I., participated in thirty-one battles and engagements up to the time of reënlistment, among which might be named Shiloh, Lawrenceburg, Dogwalk, Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Christmas Creek, Banner's Cross-Roads, Middletown, Bridges Creek, Frinner and Corinth. Aided by the Fifteenth Ohio, it captured forty pieces of artillery and 3,158 prisoners. It marched on foot 6,300 miles in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. Of its officers, five were killed, and eight wounded, but restored to duty. Ninety enlisted men were killed and three hundred and twenty were wounded. In every fight the regiment occupied the place of honor and always received the thanks of superior officers for skill, courage, and dashing heroism.

The Forty-Ninth won fadeless honors at Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, led by the gallant Gray, making

the march from Missionary Ridge to Knoxville to the relief of General Burnside's. At both battles the regiment fully sustained its past record. In fact, at the battle of Chickamauga it immortalized itself. That was on the afternoon of the second day, September 20. In company with the Fifteenth O. V. I. and Captain Goodspeed's battery they repulsed the charge made by an entire division of the rebel army commanded by General Adams; this same command had turned the left flank of the Union Army and taken possession of the Lafayette road, the direct route to Chattanooga. The troops not only repulsed the charge but drove the enemy back, regained possession of the road and held it victoriously until after the close of the battle and until both armies retired from the field. During the first day of this terrible conflict the brigade was in continuous action from ten o'clock in the morning until long after dark. The gallant boys pushed the enemy steadily all day, at one time capturing a battery of artillery.

At sundown the division had pressed the enemy back, farther back than any other part of the whole army had reached, so that our men stood out in bold relief, far in advance of the line on either side of us, exposing our ranks to a heavy cross fire. Later in the evening a combined attack by three divisions was made on this exposed part of the line. The Forty-Ninth occupied the center. After a terrible conflict of more than an hour, the enemy was repulsed, and our line was drawn in to conform with the main line of battle. There are now over five hundred monuments erected on that historic ground. It is noticeable that the Forty-Ninth and Thirty-Fifth Ohio are the

only regiments that have three marked places of heroic valor.

The main monument stands out in front, where we fought so hard to maintain our line on the evening of the 19th, further out than any monument on the field save two, and they belong to the same brigade, and are on the same line. The Forty-Ninth has a story concerning the capture of a battery on the 19th; and another where with the Fifteenth Ohio we repulsed the charge on the 20th, where practically these two regiments saved the whole army from overthrow.

[OFFICIAL REPORTS.]

THE CHICKAMAUGA CAMPAIGN.

REPORT OF MAJOR SAMUEL F. GRAY, FORTY-NINTH OHIO INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH OHIO VOLUNTEERS.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., September 26, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following official report of the part taken by this command in the battle of the 19th and 20th instant:

The facilities for making a report at this time are such that it must necessarily be imperfect in some respects, but I shall endeavor to make it a history of facts as far as I go.

We marched with the brigade from our bivouac at five o'clock on the morning of the 19th. After marching about nine miles toward the left, and parallel with the general line of battle, we arrived at twelve o'clock near the left of the line, where a heavy fight was progressing. The

brigade was immediately thrown into position and marched to the front, the Forty-Ninth on the left in the first line, with the Thirty-Second Indiana on my right; my left connecting with the First Ohio, Third Brigade, and supported by the Fifteenth Ohio in column on the center. In this order we advanced across a cornfield and entered an open wood. My flanking companies, commanded by Captain Hartsough, Company A, and Captain McCormick, Company B, were at once deployed as skirmishers to cover our front, with Company F, Lieutenant Wolf, and Company G, Lieutenant Poole, as supports. They immediately went bravely forward, and advancing about three hundred yards over level ground, fought the enemy, when light skirmishing at once commenced growing hotter until it became necessary to throw forward the support companies. They also moved up in fine style. The fight now became general along the line, and by the order of the general commanding brigade the first line advanced to the work under a heavy fire of musketry. Arriving at a place where the ground gradually descended from our front, the enemy opened on us with a battery planted directly in front of my right wing, and at close range, throwing much grape and canister. Here our command was ordered to lie down, while a portion of Captain Goodspeed's battery moved up on my left and opened on the enemy's guns. After a brief artillery duel, the general commanding brigade ordered a charge. We responded, going forward at double-quick, capturing two Parrott field-pieces and driving the enemy before us. Having thus gained nearly a mile, and being much in advance of the troops on the right of our brigade, we halted, and held this position until nearly dark, when the enemy, having pressed back the troops on either flank of our brigade and division, massed in our front, and compelled us to relinquish a portion of the ground gained during the afternoon. It was now dark, and having been relieved by other troops, we ad-

vanced to bivouac in the cornfield through which we first advanced. Our entire loss during the first day's engagement was as follows: Killed and wounded, 51; missing, 10, including two commissioned officers.

At daylight on the morning of the 20th the division went into position on the field of our operations on the preceding day, our brigade in reserve, the Forty-Ninth on the right in the second line. About 8:00 A.M., the enemy made a furious attack on some temporary breastworks thrown up in front during the night, and were handsomely repulsed. The other brigades of the division then advanced, and we were thrown forward to occupy them. In this movement my command was changed to the left flank of the brigade. We had occupied this position but a short time when the enemy drove back the brigade on my left, commanded by General Beatty, and came pouring into the open field directly in our rear. I immediately faced by the rear flank, and, wheeling half to the right, opened on them a galling cross-fire. This, in connection with the fire from Captain Goodspeed's battery, in position directly fronting the advancing rebels, soon caused them to waver. At this moment I ordered a charge. This was executed under the eyes of the generals commanding brigade and division, who can testify to the prompt and enthusiastic manner in which it was done. The Sixth Regiment Ohio Volunteers having rallied, now joined us in the charge, and the enemy was completely routed. In this charge the regiment captured fifty prisoners and sent them to the rear. After driving the enemy about one-half mile and exhausting our ammunition, we were relieved by the Thirty-Second Indiana Volunteers, under Colonel Erdelmeyer, charging through our lines and again driving the enemy, who had partially rallied. I take pleasure in testifying to the gallant charge made by this noble old regiment. Early in our charge I was struck on the head by a glancing ball and compelled to leave the field for half an hour in the hottest part of the

engagement. During this time the command devolved upon Captain L. M. Strong, acting field officer, who distinguished himself for gallantry, and capacity to command. During the remainder of the day and until the close of the fight, we acted with the brigade and were constantly under fire, but did not again become closely engaged. A full report of our operations during Sunday afternoon will no doubt be made by the general commanding brigade.

To the officers and men of the Forty-Ninth Regiment my thanks are due for their heroism and unflinching bravery exhibited throughout the protracted struggle. My thanks are especially due Captain Strong for valuable assistance rendered on the field. Sergeant-Major D. R. Cook, acting adjutant, was conspicuous for gallantry, always at his post of duty in the thickest of the fight.

In closing this brief report, allow me to congratulate the general commanding brigade upon the successful operations of his entire command, its perfect organization from the beginning to the end of the fight, and to tender him, on the part of every officer and man in my command, his heartfelt thanks, feeling that we owe to his superior courage and skill our preservation, and any honor we may have won. I am,

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL F. GRAY,

Major, Commanding Forty-Ninth Ohio Infantry.

CAPT. CARL SCHMITT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

During the summer of 1864, General Gibson commanded the brigade the larger part of the time, until he was mustered out in September, on expiration of term of service. He was always popular with the rank and file. We were in every skirmish and battle during the Atlanta

campaign. Our heaviest loss was at the slaughter pen of Pickett's Mills, Georgia. General Gibson claimed that to be the hottest battle in which he had participated. Here we had fifty-five per cent. of our regiment either killed or wounded. Eighty-one were killed and lay dead on the field—a larger death loss than was sustained by any regiment in the entire United States service in a single battle, save one, a Massachusetts regiment.

For many months Gibson was the Senior Colonel in the State, and was recommended by every superior officer above him for advancement. There was one man in Washington; had he not been there, Gibson would have worn the major-general's stars. At one time during the war, right on the heels of an anticipated promotion, which had received the endorsement of his superior officers, while in a conversation with him, he suddenly gave way to tears, and wept like a child. "No use," said he. "No amount of valor, ability, or patriotism will avail."

By nature he was devout and reverential; a close student of the Bible, and during the darkest and most demoralizing times he never for a moment lost his reverence for every form of religion; never lost his native integrity, even in the most depressing financial difficulties. He had his burdens, and bore them singly and alone, and no man knew how much he suffered. When he died, he bore to a better world the affection of all who knew him.

One of General Gibson's characteristics was his love for the men of his command, while serving his country. He knew them all, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to have one of his men promoted. He was ably and loyally supported in his regiment, for had he not been the Forty-

Ninth would never have won the laurels that are now gloriously theirs. Gibson, during a larger portion of his service, was commanding brigade and division, and when absent from the Forty-Ninth he knew that the officers intrusted to the command of the regiment would perform all duties incumbent upon them, and in that he was never disappointed. One of the great sources of delight to the officers below him in rank was that they shared his confidence, and he was as proud of their gallantry, their achievements, their splendid prowess, as if they had been his own sons. Gibson's splendid personality, his remarkable talents, and his prominence in the affairs of the State, gave the regiment prestige and prominence from enlistment, and he was a constant source of inspiration to his men, yet with all that, those intimately associated with him in working out the detailed operations of the command, deserve signal credit for valor and marked ability as military men. Drake, Porter, Blackman, Gray, Strong, and Bartlett will ever have a place in the hearts of the gallant Forty-Ninth,—commanders of that doughty command,—upholding as they did the standard and contributing to the luster of its achievements, and for all the officers and soldiers may it be said that Gibson loved them. It was of great service and benefit to the Government that the regiment in the winter of 1864 should be reënlisted for three years more, or during the war, which gave to the country a veteran force for the balance of the required service in the field, which could not have been given by fresh levies. This particular service had the most zealous attention of Colonel Gray, assisted by Colonel Strong and the line of officers, at that time Colonel Gibson being absent. In many hard-

fought battles the regiment was led through the storm of lead and iron, and to victory, by these gallant commanders, General Gibson having charge of larger bodies of troops.

Typical of his interest in his men, and the credit he gave them, a letter written to Major Gray on the occasion of his promotion will be read with interest :

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS.
CAMP SILL, January 28, 1863.

Maj. S. F. Gray, Forty-Ninth Regiment, Ohio Volunteers:

MAJOR: The genuine soldier is ambitious of promotion, and hails it as a result of rank with delight. This rule, I think, should not obtain in the volunteer service; but all promotions should be given as a recognition of gallantry and good conduct in battle.

It should ever be your pride to reflect that entering the service in a subordinate position you soon rose to a command, and, in less than eighteen months to a field office, securing the command of a veteran regiment whose history is an honor alike to our State and the individuals who have, by their conduct and heroism, achieved an enviable reputation.

Your present position was won by your valor on the bloody field of Stone River, where the ground drank deep of the blood of our heroic companions. Let us cherish their memory and emulate their example; invoking God's aid in all the duties which his providence imposes upon us. Strive to prove worthy of your promotion and, above all, remember that it is easier to obey than to govern.

I am, respectfully,

W. H. GIBSON,

Colonel Forty-Ninth, Commanding Division.

*THE CHATTANOOGA-RINGGOLD CAMPAIGN.***REPORT OF MAJOR SAMUEL F. GRAY, FORTY-NINTH OHIO INFANTRY.****HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH OHIO INFANTRY.****IN CAMP NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN., December 20, 1863.**

CAPTAIN: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this command in the battles of the 23d, 24th, and 25th of November at Chattanooga:

The regiment was organized as follows: Company A, commanded by Captain Hartsough; Company B, commanded by Lieut. Jacob W. Iler; Company C, commanded by Capt. John Greer; Company D, commanded by Lieut. Jacob C. Miller; Company E, commanded by Capt. Jonas Foster; Company F, commanded by Lieut. Jacob Wolf; Company G, commanded by Lieut. Isaac H. White; Company H, commanded by Lieut. M. Miles; Company I, commanded by Capt. E. E. Tyler; Company K, commanded by Lieut. S. W. Simons; Capt. Luther M. Strong, acting field officer; Sergt. D. R. Cook, acting adjutant.

By command of Brigadier-General Willich, commanding brigade, the regiment formed on the open ground in front of Fort Wood at 2:00 P.M., on the 23d, in the first line, with the Fifteenth Ohio on our right, the Twenty-Fifth Illinois on the left, and supported by the Eighty-Ninth Illinois in the second line. At the signal given, the line advanced on the enemy, our front being covered by the Eighth Kansas as skirmishers, and meeting with but little resistance by the pickets of the enemy who fell to a line of rifle-pits at the foot of Orchard Knob. The advance of the line, preceded by the skirmishers was splendidly executed, and the enemy were driven from their pits, quite a number of prisoners falling into our hands.

By order, we halted on the knob, and strengthened our position by throwing up stones and earth; this was done under a sharp fire from the enemy's guns at the foot and

top of Missionary Ridge. This closed the first day's operations. Our casualties were three men slightly wounded.

The morning of the 24th found us strongly entrenched and supported by Captain Bridge's battery of artillery. At 10:00 A.M., we were relieved by the Eighty-Ninth Illinois and returned to the second line, and remained in reserve until 1:00 P.M., on the 25th, when we again took position in the first line.

At 3:30 o'clock I was ordered by the general commanding brigade, at the signal of six guns fired in quick succession from the battery on Orchard Knob, to advance and occupy the rifle-pits of the enemy at the foot of Missionary Ridge.

The signal was given at four o'clock, the line of battle being formed as on the first day. I ordered the regiment forward, with my front covered by Company C, Captain Greer; Company I, Captain Tyler, and Company H, Lieut. Miles. An advance of a few rods brought these companies under fire from the entrenched position of the enemy, and without stopping to fire they charged gallantly forward, and with their bayonets captured the works. So daring and rapid was the movement that the enemy threw down their guns and suffered themselves to be captured by a force numerically greatly inferior. Our line of battle advanced in quick time through the woods in our front for about three hundred yards, when, emerging from the woods into an open field, the enemy poured on us with all his batteries on the ridge, filling the air all around with exploding shells. At this juncture, the order, "Double-quick," was given, in order to gain the protection of the works almost captured by our skirmishers. The order was promptly and cheerfully obeyed, but on reaching them they were found insufficient and altogether untenable; to have stopped here would have been annihilation. We were receiving a murderous fire from infantry and artillery posted on the hill above. We therefore pushed forward and obtained a position under the hill, the enemy being unable to depress their

artillery sufficiently to reach us. Having advanced over a distance of half a mile at double-quick, my men were completely exhausted, and we halted to rest, taking such shelter as we could find, behind small stumps, logs, and inequalities of the ground.

The fire to which we were now exposed was terrific beyond conception, and from the position we occupied we were unable to check it by firing; our only hope was to charge the hill.

The order to advance was again given, and the men went bravely forward, toiling up the hill, going step by step, until the crest was reached, and the enemy in our front completely routed.

My color sergeant, David Armstrong, was among the first on the ridge, and proudly planted the colors on the deserted works of the enemy.

When we gained the ridge, the enemy opened on us from a battery posted on our left, giving us an enfilading fire and raking their own rifle-pits. From this battery we suffered severely, but our presence over the ridge on their left flank, compelled them to desert their guns and join their flying comrades. Pursuit was made for a quarter of a mile, taking many prisoners and contributing to the capturing of several pieces of artillery.

The regiment being considerably scattered, I thought it prudent to halt and reorganize, which was done and we joined the brigade on the ridge.

Our loss in this day's engagement was fifty-five killed and wounded. Among the killed, we mourn the loss of Lieutenants Miller, White, and Arndt. I feel altogether incompetent to pay a suitable tribute to the memory of these gallant officers. They entered the service as enlisted men, and earned their promotions by heroic deeds on many sanguinary fields.

Lieutenant Miller was the favorite of the regiment and beloved by all who knew him, a Christian hero, whose ex-

ample is eminently worthy of imitation. He fell on the parapet of the enemy's works and lived to see victory upon our glorious banner.

Lieutenant White was a faithful officer and a true gentleman, whose loss is keenly felt by the entire regiment.

Lieutenant Arndt distinguished himself at the battle of Stone River; his gallant conduct being witnessed by the Colonel, he was promoted thereafter. He died while bravely urging forward his men to that fearful charge.

I cannot commend too highly the conduct of every officer in this command. To their courage and skill I owe the success of the regiment. I take pleasure in asserting the fact that they are all-day men, ever at their post of duty. They have participated, without exception, in all the battles in which the command has been engaged. The country owes them a debt of gratitude for their distinguished services and patriotic sacrifices.

My thanks are due Captain L. M. Strong, acting field officer, and Sergeant-Major D. R. Cook, acting adjutant, for valuable assistance on the field. I might mention many cases of individual courage among our men, worthy of special mention, but too numerous to embody in this report; due notice will be made of them hereafter.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. GRAY,

Major Commanding Forty-Ninth Ohio Infantry.

CAPT. CARL SCHMITT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

REPORT OF COL. SAMUEL F. GRAY, FORTY-NINTH OHIO INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-NINTH O. V. I.

NEAR ATLANTA, GA., September 15, 1864.

SIR: In obedience to orders, I have the honor to submit

the following report of the part taken by this regiment in the campaign just closed, resulting in the capture of the city of Atlanta.

From the time we broke camp on the third day of May, at MacDonald's Station, East Tennessee, until the 15th day of the same month, the regiment was commanded by Colonel William H. Gibson, therefore it will not be expected of me to give more than a general account of its operations during that time.

From MacDonald's Station we marched with the brigade commanded by General Willich, and with it went into position in front of Rocky Face Ridge on the 7th of May, and participated in the operations there without any occurrence worthy of mention until the 9th, when the brigade was formed column *en masse*, our position being the right of the second line, and in the rear of the Thirty-Second Indiana Volunteers. In this formation we moved with the brigade by the right flank half a mile to the right of our first position. This movement brought the regiment into an open field in musket range of the enemy on top of the ridge. Seeing us thus massed he gave us a galling fire that killed one and wounded four enlisted men. The command was immediately deployed into line on first company and ordered to lie down, taking shelter, as far as possible, behind the slight irregularities of the ground; remained in this position half an hour, when we moved again with the brigade by the left flank about one quarter of a mile to the left and bivouacked. This movement seemed to me to be objectless, and resulted in what appeared an unnecessary loss of life. On the morning of the 10th we relieved the fifteenth Ohio Volunteers on the picket-line in front of the brigade, occupying a line close up under an almost perpendicular ledge of rocks, from the top of which the enemy rolled stones down on our men, injuring some severely. Our left rested on top of the ridge, connecting with the pickets of General Harker's brigade. We remained on

picket until night, being relieved by the Thirty-Second Indiana Volunteers, and returned to our position in the brigade. Our casualties this day were Lieutenant Edwin Haff, and five men wounded, all in Companies F and I, the former commanded by Captain John F. Kessler, the latter by Captain M. E. Taylor. On the morning of the 11th, when the division took up position on the hill across the valley, in rear of the position held on the 10th, we moved with the brigade. On the evening of the 12th we again relieved the Fifteenth Ohio Volunteers on the line. During this night the enemy evacuated the ridge and retreated from Dalton. On finding them gone a skirmish line was thrown forward and five stragglers taken in.

On the morning of the 13th the regiment with the brigade marched with the pursuing column, and took position in front of Resaca on the 14th, where the brigade relieved troops of the Twenty-Third Army Corps. During this day the regiment alternated with the other regiments of the brigade on the picket-line. The opposing lines were close together, and firing continual and rapid. Our casualties in this day's operations were ten enlisted men wounded. On the 15th the situation was unchanged, and the position and operations of the regiment the same as on the 14th. In the evening of this day Brigadier-General Willich was severely wounded; the command of the brigade devolving upon Colonel Gibson, he turned the command of the regiment over to me. Casualties this day, two enlisted men.

On the morning of the 16th it was found the enemy had evacuated. On the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th we were engaged in marching with the pursuing column; nothing transpired worthy of mention, and there were no casualties. On the evening of the 19th, the enemy being found in line of battle at Cassville, about twenty-six miles south of Resaca, the army formed line of battle and advanced upon them. Our position was on the left of the brigade on the

first line, the brigade being in reserve to the Second and Third Brigades of the division, did not become closely engaged. During the night the enemy again left our front. Casualties this day, one enlisted man wounded. Our position remained unchanged at Cassville until the 23d, when we took up our line of march with the brigade. Marched ten miles south, crossing Etowah River and encamped on Euharlee Creek at Milner's Mills. On the 24th resumed marching; halted for the night after traveling twelve miles. On the 25th continued our march, crossing Pumpkinvine Creek, moving to the support of the Twentieth Corps, which was severely engaged with the enemy near Dallas. On the morning of the 26th the brigade went into position on the left of the troops of the Twentieth Corps already in line. The day was consumed in maneuvering for positions and fortifying them; we were not at any time during the day brought into close action. On the 27th, when the division marched to the extreme left of the general line of battle, the position of this regiment in the brigade was on the left of the second line, joined on my right by the Thirty-Fifth Illinois Volunteers, with the Thirty-Second Indiana Volunteers in my front. In this formation we marched through almost impenetrable woods and over swampy ground a distance of several miles, arriving at a position near Pickett's Mills about 3:00 P.M. Here our lines were formed facing those of the enemy. About 4:00 P.M., our brigade, following the Second Brigade, advanced to the attack. The woods and undergrowth were so dense that nothing could be seen at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. I was ordered to maintain that distance from the first line. At a signal I advanced, preceding my command, to observe the movements of the first line. We were soon brought under a desolating fire of musketry and artillery at close range. In a few moments I lost sight of the first line, it having

drifted to the left. I could see no organized force in my front, but the woods full of men seeking shelter from the terrible storm of shot and shell. At this juncture I met the adjutant-general of General Hazen's brigade, who, in answer to my inquiries, told me the enemy had a strong position on the hill across a ravine, a few yards in advance, and said it could only be taken by storm. The regiment, over four hundred effective men, soon arrived at the ravine named, which I found was enfiladed by artillery and musketry. I could now see the position of the enemy on the other side and a line of our troops lying below the crest of the hill. I then gave the order to charge, and the line advanced on a double-quick, maintaining a perfect line, passing over the line on the side hill, advanced to within ten paces of the works of the enemy, and at one or two points got within bayonet reach of the rebels behind [*sic*] *hors de combat*, and it was found impossible for us to take the position before which line after line had melted away, yet we remained without cover in the position we had gained, stubbornly contesting with our foe behind entrenchments until night enabled us to withdraw in safety, bringing off our wounded, and losing but four in prisoners. I will be pardoned for claiming for my men and officers the highest encomiums for their intrepidity and persistent courage displayed on this field. Our casualties in this day's fighting attest its severity, being as follows: Commissioned officers killed, 4; wounded, 3. Enlisted men killed 49, wounded 144, missing 4. Aggregate loss 203.

During the night of the 27th we went into position with the brigade and fortified; remained in the position during the days of the 28th and 29th, and on the evening of the 30th advanced our line nearer the enemy and fortified. Remained in this position until June 4th, alternating with the Eighty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers on the first line, meeting with no loss. On the morning of the 5th it was discov-

ered that the enemy had evacuated from their position in our front. On the 6th marched with the column to camp near Acworth, a distance of eight miles, where we remained to recuperate our wasted energies until the 10th, when the army resumed offensive operations, and on the 12th went into position in front of Pine Top Mountain. The work [*sic*] nothing was done until the morning of the 14th, when the brigade and division advanced about one mile, and found the enemy in their works, the position of the regiment in brigade on this day being the right of the first line, with our front covered by the Fifteenth Ohio as skirmishers. Having driven the enemy to their main works we took position and constructed fortifications. Our casualties this day were one officer, (Captain Patterson,) and one man slightly wounded. During the night the enemy again evacuated our immediate front. Passing over the interval between the 14th and 20th, during which time the regiment was engaged in picket duty and building fortifications in front of the enemy, (our loss from the 14th to the 20th being one man killed and four wounded,) on the morning of the 20th the brigade marched to the right one and one-half miles and relieved a brigade of the Twentieth Corps in front of Kenesaw Mountain. My regiment was sent out to occupy a wooded knoll taken by the Twentieth Corps the day previous. It stood out from the main line of battle, and almost detached from the ridge held by our troops. Upon this knoll we completed some works made in the form of a crescent, and protected our flanks from the cross-fire the enemy were enabled to give us. Remained in this position until evening, being relieved by the Thirty-Fifth Illinois and Fifteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, when we returned to our place in the brigade. Our casualties this day were one enlisted man killed and four wounded. On the 21st I was ordered by Colonel Nodine, commanding brigade, to take my regiment and place it behind a bald knob just captured by the Fifteenth Ohio,

as support. In obeying this order, and while advancing over an open field I received a cross-fire from a wooded eminence to the right of the bald knoll, and directly in front of the wooded knob alluded to above. Deeming it necessary to drive the enemy from this position to enable us to hold the one just gained by the four companies of the Fifteenth Ohio, and seeing the skirmishers of that regiment closely pressed, I exceeded my orders and changed the direction of my line and charged the position, with the assistance of the Fifteenth Ohio, driving the enemy from it. We at once constructed temporary works of rails and logs, keeping up a fire until they were of sufficient strength to enable us to hold them against any force the enemy might bring against us. Our loss in this affair was one officer killed and thirteen enlisted men wounded. This movement being made under the eyes of the generals commanding divisions and corps, they were pleased to tender us their thanks.

From the 21st to the 27th nothing of special interest occurred. The line in front of the brigade having been made secure by formidable earthworks with abatis in front, we remained in them, a continual firing being kept up from both sides, causing frequent casualties. On the 27th the lines of the brigade were reduced to a single line, the brigade extending to the right, covering the space of the whole division, for the purpose of aiding the assaults made on other portions of the line. After the failure of the assaults made that day the troops reoccupied their former positions, and the situation remained unchanged until the night of July 2. A change being ordered in the lines, we were relieved in our position by other troops, and marched with the brigade to the left, and occupied the works made by the Fifteenth Army Corps. While this change was going on the enemy was engaged in evacuating their works, and the morning of the 3d revealed their absence from our entire front. Our casualties in front of Kenesaw Moun-

tain from the 21st of June to the 3d of July, four enlisted men and one officer wounded.

In the movements of the division and brigade from Kennesaw Mountain to Chattahoochee River, we bore our part of the picketing and skirmishing of the brigade, without casualties or incident deserving mention.

After a refreshing rest of four days at Vining Station, we broke camp on the 10th day of July, and marched up the Chattahoochee River to a point about eight miles above the station and crossed to the east side, taking up a position about one mile from the crossing at the river and fortified it. The command was engaged in one or two important movements from the time we crossed the river until we broke camp on the 18th of March and marched for Atlanta. The movements of the regiment from the 18th to 23d, from which time the siege of the city dates, I may not record in detail, as it would only be a repetition of much that has been given before.

During the night of the 21st the enemy again left our front. We moved forward with the brigade at an early hour on the 22d. When within two miles of Atlanta my regiment was deployed as skirmishers and moved forward, driving the enemy into their main works around Atlanta. After skirmishing about two hours we were relieved by General Newton's troops, and moved half a mile to the left and fortified the position held by us during the entire siege. On the 28th I received orders to advance my pickets in front of the regiment. Accordingly, I gave the order, and the men dashed forward and captured the entire line of riflemen of the enemy, forking out with their bayonets many prisoners. This affair gave us much relief on our main line by removing the enemy's line of pickets from an eminence to lower ground. On the 3d day of August we were ordered to make a demonstration in our front and ascertain the strength of the enemy, and, if found practicable, carry his works. I pushed out my skirmishers about

one hundred yards. Finding the enemy numerous and strongly posted, and well protected by artillery, I drew back the line to the original position. In this affair we lost three men killed. From this day until the army withdrew from the position around the city, on the evening of the 25th, the situation remained unchanged, nothing occurring worthy of mention in this report. The brigade and division commanders know the character of the operations.

Our casualties in the siege from July 22 to August 25 were as follows: Two commissioned officers wounded, six enlisted men killed, fifteen enlisted men wounded. The regiment marched with the brigade and division on the night of the 25th of August from Atlanta, and returned with them to the city on the 8th day of September, with a loss of four men wounded in the works before Lovejoy's Station.

Leaving McDonald's Station with an aggregate strength of 592, I went into camp at the close of the campaign with 225, having lost in killed and wounded alone 295. To the officers and men of the command, who so promptly executed all orders given them, whether on the march, or while confronting the enemy, all praise is given. In the hour of battle they evinced the highest quality of the patriot soldier.

To Major L. M. Strong and Adjutant D. R. Cook, my thanks are especially due for their gallantry and very valuable assistance rendered me throughout the campaign. Major Strong was severely wounded in the battle of the 27th of May, but declined to leave the field, and remained on duty and witnessed the crowning success of the campaign.

I feel entirely incompetent to pronounce eulogy upon the heroic dead. The memory of Lieutenants Simons, Ramsey, Gibbs, Wallace, and the many brave men who with them have so nobly died, should ever be cherished in the hearts of our people and inspire there, as in the minds

of their remaining comrades, the determination to defend and forever establish the great cause in defense of which their blood was shed,—the hope of humanity, our free institutions,—a fitting monument to the glorious sacrifice.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL F. GRAY,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, Forty-Ninth O. V. I.

LIEUT. W. MCGRATH,

A. A. A. G., First Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Army Corps.

Colonel Strong writes: "The Forty-Ninth Ohio was always at the front and there was not often any trouble in the Army of the Cumberland in which we did not have a part. The regiment never went into action but once from first to last that I did not go in with it. It was my good fortune generally to be with the command. From Stone River on, the regiment was under command of Colonel Gray, until soon after the fall of Atlanta, when I became the senior officer and commanded on the Hood campaign, and was in command at the battles of Franklin and Nashville, the latter being the last in which the regiment participated. I was severely wounded on March 12, 1865, and discharged on account of my wound. I do not think I made the report of the battle of Nashville, as I was wounded in the last charge."

Colonel Strong was a gallant officer, beloved by his men, and was most highly regarded by Colonel Gibson.

This in brief is a resume of the history of this noble regiment: Mustered into service August 20, 1861, at Camp Noble, Tiffin, Ohio; mustered out, November 30, 1865, at Victoria, Texas. It participated in the great battles of

Shiloh, Tennessee; Corinth, Mississippi; Lawrenceburg, Kentucky; Stone River, Liberty Gap, Tennessee; Chickamauga, Georgia; Missionary Ridge, Tennessee; Resaca, Cassville, Pickett's Mills, Kenesaw Mountain, Siege of Atlanta, Lovejoy Station, Georgia; then at Franklin, Columbia, and Nashville, Tennessee,—battlefields now historic,—and in every engagement the regiment made a record that will grow in luster as the years speed apace. Thirty-seven other engagements are recorded to the credit of this gallant command. In one campaign alone, the regiment was one hundred and twenty days making one hundred and twenty-eight miles, and during the entire time the sturdy fighters were almost constantly under fire. The regiment had but one Colonel, and that was Colonel Gibson. Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph R. Bartlett was commissioned Colonel June 26, 1865, but was not mustered into that office, the regiment being so decimated by death and discharges as not to justify such an order according to the laws governing the War Department. After General Gibson's term of service expired the command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel F. Gray, who resigned one month after Colonel Gibson's departure; then upon Captain Strong, who received his commission as major at the time of Colonel Gray's resignation, Major Strong resigning on a surgeon's certificate, March 12, 1865. Major Joseph R. Bartlett succeeded in command, and received his lieutenant-colonel's commission March 29, 1865, the latter commanding the regiment until it was mustered out, November 30, 1865.

Out of every thousand men who enlisted in Ohio for either a long or a short term, thirty-seven were killed on

the field, and forty-seven died of disease. That is, eighty-four out of the thousand never saw their homes again. This would make the mortality of some of the long term regiments nearly one-half their numbers. The heaviest loss in killed of any regiment from Ohio was the Forty-Ninth, which left 202 of its number dead on the field. Next comes the Seventy-Third Ohio, which, out of a total of 1,267 upon its rolls from first to last, lost 174 killed, by the bullets of the enemy. Assistant Adjutant-General W. L. Curry had occasion, on the request of L. H. Noyes, of Mandamin, Iowa, to investigate this interesting question, as to which regiment from Ohio suffered the greatest loss during the War of the Rebellion, and his finding was as given here: Fourteen officers and one hundred and eighty-eight men of the Forty-Ninth fell on Southern battlefields, out of something over one thousand men enlisted.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GIBSON AS A SOLDIER.

HERE is an extract from a paper published on March 20, 1863: "Few officers have made a better record than Colonel W. H. Gibson. From his entrance into the service he seems to have been fortunate in opportunities for distinction, and successful in improving them, and has been repeatedly recommended by superior officers for promotion. At the recent battle of Stone River (near Murfreesboro), he bore a conspicuous part, for which he has received special and repeated notice from commanding officers."

Major-General McCook, in his report, says: "I cannot refrain from again calling the attention of my superiors to the conspicuous gallantry and untiring zeal of Colonel W. H. Gibson of the Forty-Ninth Ohio Volunteers. He succeeded to the command of Willich's brigade, and was ever prompt to dash upon the enemy with his gallant brigade, when opportunity permitted. I have repeatedly recommended him for promotion. He has again won additional claims to his reward."

Major-General Rosecrans made special mention of Gibson's gallantry and recommended that he should be promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and this was in his report of Stone River.

Major-General Crittenden, in his report stated: "General McCook, to whom I applied for a brigade, not

knowing of Davis's movement, ordered immediately Colonel W. H. Gibson to go with his brigade, and the brigade passed at double-quick in less than five minutes after the request was made. Honor is due such men and it should not be withheld."

Gibson was every inch a soldier. He was kind and considerate of his men and would sacrifice anything for their comfort, but still a strict disciplinarian. He fought with dauntless courage in forty-two battles and engagements, and was again and again recommended for promotion by his superior officers. During the greater part of his service he commanded his brigade and, being the senior colonel, oftentimes his division. At Shiloh and Stone River he won for himself the very highest commendation of his superiors for his intrepid spirit and skill displayed in the management of troops. He was fearless and, amid the storm of lead and the bursting of shells that swept brave men from his side, he bore himself in such a manner as to be a constant inspiration to those who looked to him for leadership. In one engagement alone two horses were shot from under him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. In the thickest of the fight he was with his men and spoke words to the boys, punctuated by the booming of the enemy's guns and the swish of bullets, that were carried by men brave of heart until the fatal missile dropped them in their tracks; and by others who cherish them to-day, as memories impressed in the jaws of death, from which they more fortunately escaped.

At one time, under the eyes of his commanding officer, he cut his way out from a perilous position, where he was surrounded by the foe; rallying his bewildered soldiers and

massing them, he turned and drove the enemy pell-mell into the woods. In describing that scene at Stone River, William Sumner Dodge gives his report :

The enemy advanced in heavy infantry lines on Colonel Gibson's left and center, and threw a weighty mass of cavalry on his right flank. They advanced with a whoop and a yell which was terrifying to hear. The cavalry charged with tremendous impetuosity, and despite the most stubborn resistance with the bayonet, the little band was in a moment in their power, and certain capture was inevitable. Colonel Gibson's sword was demanded, but he refused to give it up, and skillfully defended himself. This was a fearful position for the gallant Gibson and his valiant men. Just in the nick of time, a body of Union cavalry [the Third Ohio], made a dash toward the enemy, and Gibson with a shout led his men forward, and with clubbed muskets they fought their way through the dirty gray masses which surrounded them.

During the time he was at the front, General Gibson wrote many letters to his loved ones at home, that were replete with the beautiful spirit of the man. Particularly were his letters to his only living son, "Willie," of touching interest. He was intensely solicitous that his beautiful boy might grow up to be a good and useful man. Six months after he entered the service, the sad intelligence came to him that his baby boy, Milton Harry, aged four years, had passed away. This loss intensified his affections on his only remaining son, who was the pride of his heart, and his words of fatherly wisdom, written from the tented field, when death and danger lurked all about him, were freighted with helpful instruction. But this boy

was taken from him just as he was dawning into manhood. His death was a severe blow to the father.

It is a pleasure to insert one of these letters to his son, which is filled with good advice for any boy. Parents who love their children want them to be good and honorable; to merit the esteem of all about them, and to so live as to be of use in the betterment of the world. It will be seen that the every-day affairs of camp life are not overlooked in this letter, just such as would attract a boy's attention, then there is the good, wholesome advice which was heeded by the dear boy. Had "Willie" lived, how precious would be this letter to him to-day. Who can read this letter and not be stirred to the holy emotion of better living?

NEAR MACDONALD, TENNESSEE, May 1, 1864.

William Ernest Gibson.

MY DEAR SON: 'T is Sabbath morning, and, after a warm, wet night and a damp, dark dawn, the sun has dispelled the clouds, lifted the fog and men are sporting in the warm sunshine, whilst the birds make forest, hill, and dale vocal with the melody of merry song. General Willich arrived yesterday, and I am again with the noble old Forty-Ninth. I am glad to get back and hope I may not again be required to leave my own boys while I remain in the army.

I am well and in good spirits. My fine horse, "Frank" is sick this morning and I had one and a half gallons of blood taken from him. He may die. Should we march as soon as we expect, I may have to walk, as horses are very scarce and hard to get. I hope I may not lose so fine a horse.

We are ordered to send all surplus baggage to the rear, to be stored at Bridgeport or Chattanooga. We send it off to-morrow, men send knapsacks and all clothing except an extra shirt. They carry a blanket and a half-shelter tent each. I will take a whole-shelter tent, an overcoat, blanket, oil-cloth, and an extra under and over-shirt.

I shall wear my blouse, summer blue pants (flannel) and old blue vest. In a wagon, I will put a little box of provisions for ten days. The paymaster will be here to-morrow and we may be paid before we march, but it is uncertain, for we may march in a few hours. Certainly before you get this, our great army of one hundred thousand men will be marching, and probably thousands may by that time have fallen in battle with the rebel foe. I will write as often as I can, but as a few miles will bring us to the enemy's lines, I may soon fall and this may be your last letter from a father who loves you so tenderly. O, my noble son, show yourself a man! Begin now in youth to act and think, and be a good, honorable, kind, and useful man. In all your acts remember father and mother. The good Book says: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long."

Certainly no earthly creature can have so deep and single an interest in the child as father and mother. If loyal and respectful to all, then advice, counsel, and direction, (in after years the most agreeable recollection of life,) will be in the remembrance of respectful and cordial obedience to father and mother.

Then, again, if you aim at being loved by others, no part of your conduct will so much challenge respect, as the exhibitions of respect for your parents. Most children think they have good mothers, you know. God never gave to child a mother more kind, prudent, affectionate, and earnest than yours. Learn to estimate these facts and prize these privileges.

Time will roll on, this war will close, for or against our national unity, and our humanity, dropping a silent tear at the sacrifices of our noble dead, will push on to new enterprises and new schemes. The field, the pulpit, the workshop, and the forum, the temples of education, the bench and halls of legislation will be aglow again with ambitions, activities, and strife. In the high vault of our growing civilization, the star of hope, duty, and promise, will shine with dazzling light to guide the millions to honor, duty, and immortality. Follow, my boy, that star! Aspire to be a benefactor of your race! Man's duty is to God and to his fellow-men! In respecting and obeying the mandates of God, you do most for men's good. It would be an awful reflection to know or feel, at the close of life, that we had done no good in all our lives.

Think, my dear son, on this fact.

But I must close. Be a good boy that you may be a worthy and useful man. Go to school. Knowledge is power. Read good books. Shun light literature. Let trashy novels go. Life is real and six thousand years of human history is full of facts and poetry. Deal in facts. Study truth, not fiction.

And now, my child, good day! Write to me as usual. Be kind to dear Ella and sweet little Jennie. Never forget Dora, who has nursed and loved you so long and so much. Above all, be kind to your good mother.

I am, my dear son,

Your affectionate father,

W. H. GIBSON.

In this connection it is proper that another of his letters should be given, which evinced his tender consideration for those who were in deep affliction. Major Drake fell at Stone River and was mourned by his entire regiment.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION,
TWENTIETH ARMY CORPS.
CAMP SILL, January 21, 1863.

To Mrs. Colonel Levi Drake.

DEAR MADAM: Though a stranger to you, I would obtrude upon your hours of gloom to say a word in mitigation of your grief, and to bear testimony to the memory of departed worth.

I first met your noble husband on the tented field, in August, 1861, since which time he has been my constant companion and most valued friend. In all the qualities of a generous and exalted manhood, he excelled, and I trusted and admired him as a brother. As a soldier he was without reproach; as a patriot, he gave his services and life to his country from a pure sense of duty; as a hero he achieved a name in history in which yourself and children may take a just though melancholy pride. On the bloody field of Shiloh, before the ramparts of Corinth, at Lawrenceburg, at Salt River, Morrill's Hill, and Baum's cross-roads, and finally on the fatal plains of Stone River, he not only displayed thrilling heroism, but exhibited conspicuously all those qualities essential in a commander.

Always gentle, always just, always honorable, and ever so brave and prudent, he won the love and admiration of all. The nation has made no more noble or precious sacrifice to the cause of constitutional liberty, since the crime of rebellion was inaugurated.

The State mourns a valued citizen; the community an ornament; his family a devoted husband and kind father, and the Army of the Republic an accomplished and gallant leader.

Our regiment, with ranks thinned by many a strife, mourns because their friend and idol as a leader,

“ . . . sleeps the sleep of death.”

Every man loved him as a child loves the father. He fell at his post of duty. His last words were words of

cheer to his brave command amid the smoke and terrible din of battle.

When utterance failed, he waved his noble arms to his comrades, as if to say, "Do your duty,—I die as a hero loves to die."

Thus he lived and thus he died! But he has gone from the conflicts of this life to claim his citizenship in the republic of heaven.

Let us emulate his pure and noble example and prove ourselves worthy of that better world, where the turmoil of battle is hushed by swelling anthems of angelic hosts!

Accept, respected madam, my sincere sympathy in this the day of your sorrow, and rest assured that I will ever take great pleasure in serving yourself and children in any manner within my power.

May the God of all grace throw around yourself and little ones the arms of his sustaining care. May your children grow up like olive plants to cheer you in life's lonely journey, and may they be spared for long years of usefulness, honoring the name of their noble and patriotic father.

I am, most truly,

W. H. GIBSON.

When in camp the General devoted much of his leisure time to reading. Frequently his command was cut off from the outside world and shorn of the daily pabulum of news. Still he would read. His wife, always thoughtful for the comfort of her husband, and devout in her love of the good Book, when he started for the front placed in his belongings a Bible, and writing from Camp Tullahoma, July 10, 1861, he mentions the way in which he employed his leisure: "We get no papers and nothing to read. Since I left Camp Drake, I have read Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers—in all one hundred and fifty-three

chapters." Gibson possessed a profound reverence for the Bible and every religious conviction of men, whether men agreed with him or otherwise. He had not made a public profession of religion until after "Willie's" death; he then united with the Methodist Episcopal Church; subsequently was made a local preacher, his time being in great demand, especially at church dedications and general conferences.

While at Camp Drake, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, he was presented with a sword, horse, and equipments, which to him was one of the great surprises of his life, and indicates the loving esteem in which he was held by his regiment. The sword was engraved with these words: "Presented to Colonel William H. Gibson by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Forty-Ninth O. V. I., as a token of respect." The presentation speech was made by Private John Whistler, who, in after years became General Gibson's pastor. Private Whistler said:

"COLONEL: In behalf of the non-commissioned officers and privates of your regiment, I present you with this military equipage, as a token of our respect for you as our commander; and as a proof of our appreciation of the gallantry, bravery, and indomitable courage manifested by you on the field of battle, and for the amiable and friendly feeling shown us as your soldiers both in the field and camp.

Take it, and with the God of nations as your guide, and with these brave men as your command, go on, as in the past, to certain but still more glorious victories. And where the cloud of war is thickest and darkest, and where the battle rages in its utmost fury and madness, there shall our proud flag wave, and there will we fight for its

defense; for the defense of our gallant commander; for our liberties and for our homes until we fall or until the last enemy, the last rebel or copperhead shall be slain or subdued. Then we will leave to our children and to all coming generations, the proudest of the proud legacies,— a free country and a republican form of government.

Take them, and rest assured that the pleasure of the givers is as great as that of the receiver.

Gibson responded in a typical speech which is given as taken by a shorthand reporter for the *Cincinnati Commercial*:

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES: This manifestation of your esteem fills me with delight. Each article of your gift is rich in elaborate workmanship. And in accepting them, I can promise an earnest effort to prove myself worthy of your partiality. It is one of the most pleasing reflections of my life, to look back upon our associations in camp and field. Compelled to enforce discipline, I have exercised my authority, as if not loving to govern; while you have accepted every order cheerfully; not from any sense of fear, but from the intelligent sense of duty. Mutual confidence, manly pride and heroic resolves, have secured for us a high reputation in the army and gratitude of our State.

The flattering terms in which you have alluded to my services are gratifying; but I place no high estimate on my abilities and with thankful pride proclaim, that all I have won of honorable mention and personal glory in this bloody conflict, I owe to you, my gallant boys; you, who carried the muskets and handled them so well, through three thousand five hundred miles of marching, eight skirmishes and through the baptism of Shiloh and Stone River.

National salvation must be secured by the blows of enlisted men—rather than by the pretensions of officers who only think and speak, and hurt no one. Who with us left Camp Noble amid the shoutings of patriotic throngs? May I inquire? I call, and lo, from Shiloh's crimson fields our brothers cry: "We died defending the heritage of liberty!" Again I call, and lo, from Stone River's blood-soaked ground our companions lift their voices above the nourished turf: "We fell as heroes love to die!" On many a sloping hill and in many a lonely dale, in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, our former comrades are sleeping their last sleep, to awaken at the resurrection dawn—citizens of the republic of heaven. We yet live—live full of hope for the future. We live with a growing faith that we conquer a peace, restore the union of our fathers and again start the nation in its brilliant career of progress, glory and power. And much as we love home and long for the day of peace, the true soldier and genuine patriot feels it is good for him to be here.

Look at the desolation around us! Mansions once vocal with the strains of mirth and song, and the dwelling places of the cultivated and refined in elegance, are now the habitations of bats and owls, or the homes of cast-off slaves. Our families live undisturbed. Property, business enterprises, and all the arts and charms of life abound throughout the loyal realm. As a wall of living flesh, we stand here to protect our firesides from the ruthless spoils of civil war. From a cowardly, selfish fear, we hear the delusive song of peace, armistice, compromise! These are the men who are ready to pollute the sanctuary of freedom; in real sympathy with the rebels in arms, they are willing to see our flag trailed in disgrace and our intelligent millions made suppliants for mercy at the bloody altars of crime and rebellion.

Ours, my countrymen, is a noble mission! We love our nationality for all it has accomplished for humanity in the

past; we will die defending its life, for the sake of all its promises for the future of our race. Can we halt and about face, march back with arms reversed; march back past the graves of our fallen comrades, followed by the robber hosts of Jeff. Davis & Company? No! We will do our duty, preferring death to dishonor!

Devoted to the cause of national liberty, we have left our homes and friends to defend our proud emblem; nor will we lay down our arms until the flag of beauty and glory waves again from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the Rio Grande! Scorning partyisms and drinking deep of the spirit of unshrinking patriotism, we will show mankind that we are worthy sons of Revolutionary sires—able to maintain our national life and to transmit the blessings of constitutional liberty to the millions unborn.

In this conflict, my gallant boys, we may fall; but it is appointed to all men once to die. Let us perform our duty and die like men. Death is preferable to dishonor! Real patriots would rather die in a successful effort to save the Republic intact than to survive its ruin! Let us be ambitious for earthly immortality, cherishing an intelligent hope of a happy future beyond this life. See how the name of every man who fought the battles of the Revolution shines and gleams and sparkles in history! How their names and prowess ever excite the admiration of the just and good! It is an honor, it is glory incarnate to be a soldier standing with bared breast in defense of this magnificent Republic! Heroes of Shiloh and Stone River, would you exchange your places with the stay-at-home partisan cavilers for all the comfort and ease gold and wealth can secure? No, no! my gallant men, I know you would not.

Democratic institutions resting on the popular will cannot fail. The traditions of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, the long-suffering and heroic struggles of our colo-

nial fathers, show how deep their foundations are laid. The bloody drama of the Revolution, resulting in our political deliverance, and the exalted statesmanship of the men who organized the Republic, proclaim the cost and value of our political inheritance. No, no! The Republic will survive this storm! The great ark of human hope will proudly ride upon the ocean of coming time and the monumental marble will be lifted up by future ages to symbolize the struggles and perpetuate the names of the heroes of our era, who, with the immortal Jackson exclaim: "*The Union—it must and shall be preserved.*"

Returning peace will bring with it new triumphs for our commerce; our enterprise; our Christian civilization and our democratic institutions. Traitors against the only free government on earth must be subdued or exterminated. The great Creator when he placed our American mountains, lakes, gulfs and rivers, arranged for an empire for the homes of one, united people. He hid it from the nations of the Old World until a free and enlightened civilization had been organized,—and strong enough to "enter in and possess this land of promise." He is in history and his plans and his purpose cannot be thwarted.

As soldiers we are fighting the battles of God and humanity. Our triumph is certain. With God before us as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, loyal in every duty and faithful to every trust, I see rising before us, in the near future, a glorious career for the Republic. This must and will continue the home and asylum of oppressed humanity,—humanity escaping the despotisms of corrupt Europe. Hither millions of exiles will continue to come to drink freely of the waters of our political life! To the thirty-four stars that glitter in our national constellation, thirty-four others will be added, and the great Republic embracing the continent, will unfurl its banners and spread the sails of its commerce in every harbor and watery highway around the globe. At home,

advancement will distinguish our career. The school-house and temple of worship will adorn every hill top and glorify every valley,—the one sparkling with the richest oblations of youthful genius and the other vocal with the song of thanksgiving and praise. Nations now “sitting in darkness” and made the cold shadow of oppression, animated by our example, will strike for liberty and right, and soon our world will rejoice in the gospel of universal freedom. Then shall the inhabitants of the rocks sing together, and a shout go up from the tops of the mountains, echoing through all the valleys—“Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will toward men!”

The following letter was written by General Gibson’s division commander, General R. W. Johnson,¹ a regular army officer, and breathes forth the esteem and affection in which Ohio’s silver-tongued orator was held by the rank and file of men in the service. The letter is given in full:

ST. PAUL, MINN., December 19, 1895.

MY DEAR DOCTOR BIGGER: I was appointed brigadier-general of the volunteers in October, 1861, and assigned to the command of a brigade composed of the Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-Second Indiana Volunteers, and the Fifteenth and Forty-Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The last named regiment was under the command of Colonel William H. Gibson. I was not long in learning the true and noble character of the Colonel, for whom I entertained the highest regard as a man and soldier, and upon the muddy ground of Camp Nevin was formed a friendship that only went out with his life.

He was fearfully in earnest in espousing the cause of the Union, and that he and his regiment might acquit themselves with credit when the reeling shock of battle

¹ Since deceased.

came, he was tireless in his efforts to bring his regiment up to the highest standard in drill and discipline. I once heard him say: "Troops without discipline are simply a mob, and nothing can be expected of them; and, hence, as long as I live, I shall strive to make the Forty-Ninth Ohio a credit to its colonel, to the State which sent it forth and to the great nation we are called to defend."

Animated by these noble sentiments, is it strange *that he had the honor of commanding the very best regiment in the Army of the Cumberland?*

Soon we marched to Nashville. There I was taken sick, and went back to Louisville for treatment. Gibson, by virtue of seniority, assumed command of my brigade and fought it at the battle of Shiloh, where he and it were greatly distinguished and earned and received the commendation of General Buell. The brilliant part enacted by his command was wholly due to his own brave and gallant conduct, yet in a talk to his command, with that modesty so characteristic of him, he took no credit to himself, but said: "Boys, General Johnson was not here in person, but his spirit was here to direct me."

I soon joined my brigade, and Gibson, his regiment; but I had learned to rely upon him, either in counsel or in the battle.

He was the most methodical man I ever knew. He never shirked a duty, but was always at his post, and in battle his was the post of danger. At the battle of Stone River, Willich commanded the brigade, but was captured, when the command devolved upon Gibson. At that time the regiments were in disorder, but he soon restored the formation, and commanded with great skill and ability.

At that time I commanded the division, and two of my brigades occupied the extreme right of our line. These brigades were commanded by Willich and Kirk. The former was captured, and the latter mortally wounded. Almost the entire Confederate Army fell upon these two

brigades, and, without commanders, the greatest confusion prevailed, and it was here that Gibson performed a service that should cause his name to live throughout all time.

Our supply train was cut off, and for one week we were without rations, and were compelled to live on parched corn. One day, while at my tent, I heard Gibson making a speech. It seemed that some of his men were dissatisfied with the fare, and Gibson was telling them that officers and men had to fare alike. I heard one man say: "I know that General Johnson has something better than parched corn!" "Very well," said Gibson, "we will go over and see, and I know if he has anything better he will divide."

He and the man came to my tent, and Gibson said: "This man says that he would like you to give him something to eat from your supplies." I was parching corn in the ashes when they came up. Pointing to a pile of corn near by, I said: "My good fellow, help yourself; it is all that I have to offer." The soldier turned on his heel and walked off, saying: "If the general can live on corn, so can I." I mention this to show how well he knew how to handle men. There was no other complaint until our supply train came up.

Gibson was one of the finest speakers to whom I ever listened. Words flowed from his mouth as smoothly as the waters from a spring. There was never a want for a word, and I never heard him use any but the right one. It was so, also, in conversation. It was a great pleasure to engage in conversation with him.

Amid the battle shock, he was ever mindful of the dear ones at home, and often spoke so sweetly of his family, that I felt he had left a happy home from a sense of duty to his Government. One night he was at my headquarters, when a number of men came to serenade me. Among the songs they sang was one in which these words occurred:

"When this cruel war is over."

It was rendered with much feeling, and, when it was finished, I looked at Gibson, and the tears were streaming from his eyes. Observing me looking at him, he said: "Yes, general, when this cruel war is over we shall go home and see those we love better than life itself."

Often during the war I would feel discouraged at the progress our cause was making; then I would go to see Gibson, and by his open, frank manner and hearty laugh, despondency would give way to hope and I would return to my tent to thank God that he had given me such a comrade.

Dear, blessed man! I loved you as a brother! Eternity will reveal how much you were to me. Life was sweeter to me by companionship with him, and, in truth may it be said, the world was better by his life. The close of the war did not close our friendship, for we corresponded almost up to his death. Only a few months before he passed away he wrote me a long letter filled with pleasant memories of our association in war times.

Let it be said that no State furnished a more efficient regiment than the Forty-Ninth Ohio; and no regiment in the service had a more capable or efficient colonel than the brave and gallant Gibson.

Very sincerely,

R. W. JOHNSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GIBSON'S RETURN TO CIVIC LIFE.

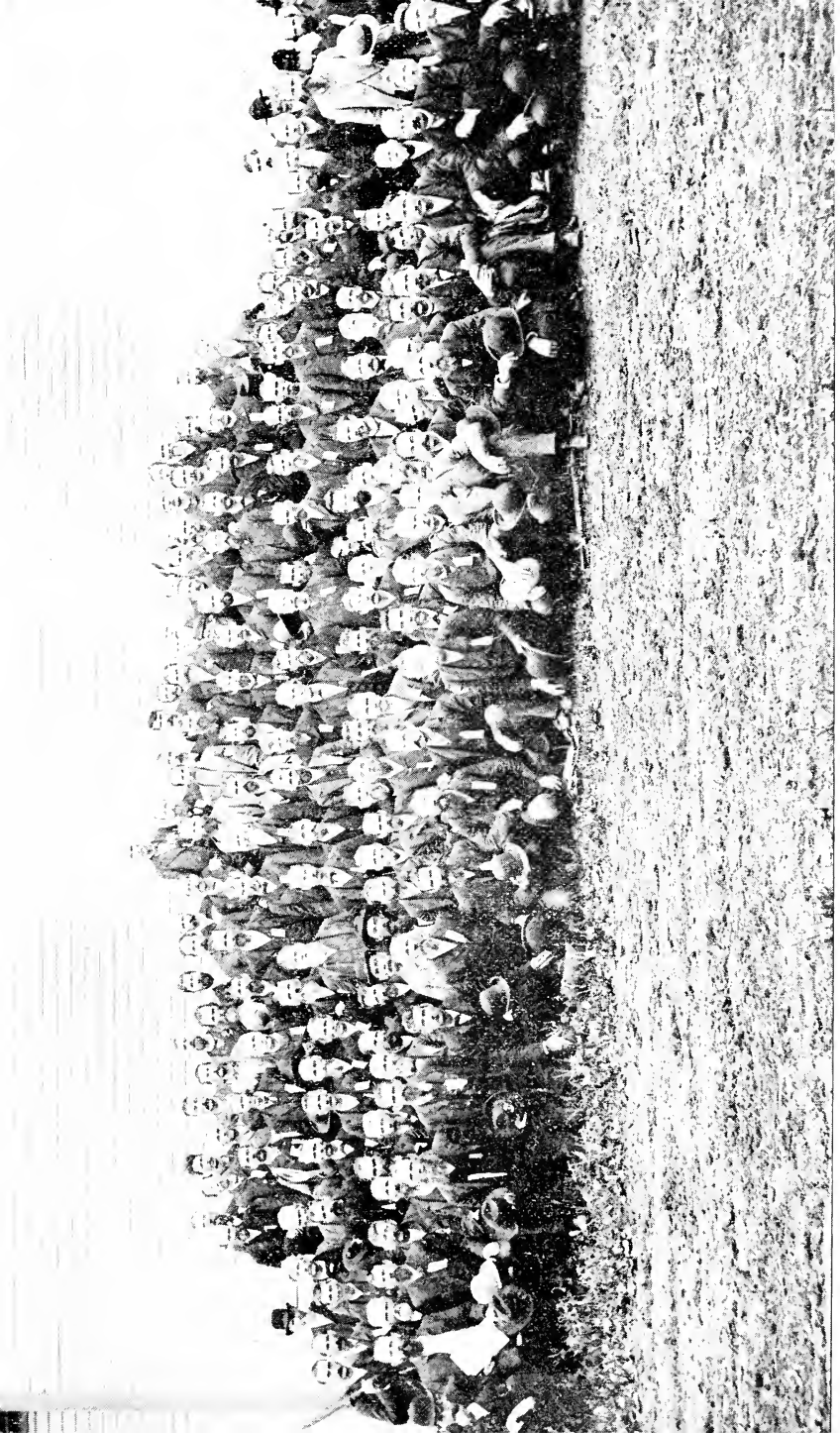
IT is four decades since the first gun of the Civil War heralded to the world the reckless, stolid challenge of the South to the North, defying all who might be concerned, to prove the sovereignty of the nation over the State; thirty-five years have rolled away since the dove of peace fluttered her white wings over Grant and Lee at Appomattox. Following the settlement of the questions involved, there came a critical period of reconstruction. The Republic's temple of liberty had not been moved a hair's breadth from its granite foundations, but considerable of its internal appointments and fittings had been shattered and torn to shreds.

The Southland presented a vast scene of desolation. Men who went into the struggle from proud and happy homes, with wealth and affluence, as they rode away in chivalrous spirit, either fell on the sanguinary field, martyrs to their mistaken convictions, or returned to their plantations and occupations with fortunes ruined, and, in many instances, with health impaired and ambitions wrecked.

A new order must be instituted; a new mode of carrying on affairs connected with living adopted. Thousands of the older men were so palsied by defeat, so warped by prejudice that it was impossible for them to make an effort to restore their broken fortunes, and so sank away into their final rest. The South was indeed in a pitiable

condition. The period of the rehabilitation of that section witnessed much good accomplished and not a few wrongs enacted in many communities; not in the policy of the Government, but arising from the greed and rascality of unworthy representatives of the national administration. Not everything done in the name of the Lord is right; not an act of injustice inflicted in the name of the great Union can be justified. Sharpers were abundant, unscrupulous schemers were entrusted who were both incapable and unworthy of the delicate mission they were set to perform. In that, they were treasonable to the highest interests of the paternal government. The requirements in the reconstruction of the South called for patience and gentleness and firmness; if that was not given it was not the fault of the administration, for that was the method adopted. A deep-seated prejudice appeared to dominate those conquered but not subdued in spirit. However, when the younger generation had time to grow and think, then came from out the clouds of trouble the new South, and with true American grit, accompanied by the spirit of American enterprise, the lines of sectional differences began to disappear, and now more than ever before are the States and Territories moved by one paramount pride,—an invincible and indivisible Republic.

Returning from the war with imperishable honors, General Gibson at once resumed the practice of law, which he continued until 1872, and then gave up entirely the vocation. In 1871, he bought a small tract of land in Madison township, Sandusky County, and laid out the now thriving town of Gibsonburg, located on the Pennsylvania



REUNION OF FORTY-NINTH AT BLOODDALE, TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL.



434 ONE OF GEN. WM. H. GIBSON'S BEST PORTRAITS

Railroad, near Toledo. In 1873, along the same line of effort, he gave considerable attention to the development of Bairdstown, on the B. & O. Railway. In 1881 he directed his energies to the lifting of the fortunes of a villa, known as Melottsville, from a sequestered quiet into a promising borough. In 1854, his life-long friend, Robert G. Pennington had platted Melrose in Paulding County, expecting the town to become a county-seat, and now to this village, with a name that means "sweet rose," General Gibson gave material consideration. Hence he was somewhat of a town-builder, and for the small capital invested did remarkably well in a financial sense.

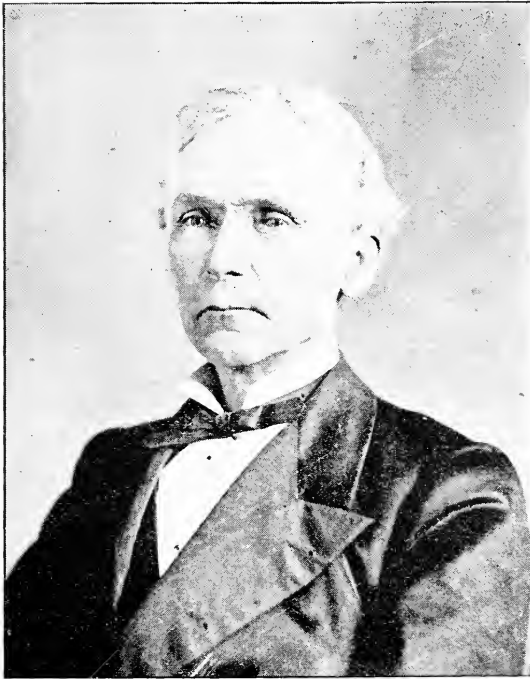
But Gibson had a gift and there were too many who demanded its being kept at service, for any planning of business to permit that talent to remain dormant.

In every presidential and State campaign, subsequent to his returning home from the service of the country in war, he performed loyal service for his party. In 1868, he was in the field for Grant; in 1872, he gave all the time he could possibly spare to the stump; in 1876, he addressed great audiences for Hayes, living on the stump; in 1880, his time was wholly occupied for Garfield; in 1884, he gave efficient service for Blaine, mostly in New York and Massachusetts; in 1888, never was he more vigorous or more active, coming out of the Harrison campaign brown as a berry, and with strong and springy step; in 1892, he could meet but a small fraction of the calls made upon him, and yet speaking constantly, and this was his last campaign. Blaine was one of his best friends and most charmed listeners. Had Blaine been elected President, Gibson would have been given any position he might de-

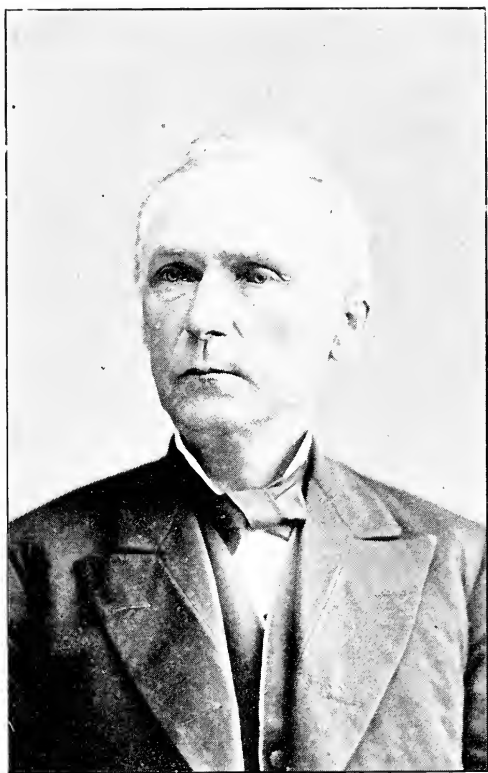
sire. He repeatedly declared that he had never heard any man speak, who could move and convince an audience, like General Gibson. Harrison spoke high words of commendation for his splendid campaigning powers, and no man did more in battering down the prejudices against Harrison's coldness, than did General "Bill" Gibson.

At a Republican county convention held on July 18, 1868, Gibson was endorsed as the standard-bearer for the Ninth Congressional District, and the delegates to the district convention were instructed to place his name in nomination. After this action the General was hunted up and brought to the platform. His presence created great enthusiasm, as he made his appearance. He addressed the delegates in the following words:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I have been advised of your proceedings here to-day, and, in response to your call, I am here to thank you, and to thank you heartily for your commendation. If there ever was a time in the history of American politics when the people of this county should look carefully and act boldly, it is now; for the same elements that were arrayed against the integrity of the Government seven years ago are now marshaling against peace, prosperity, and the perpetuity of the Republic, as will be seen by the results of the New York convention. That was a convention which, after six or seven days of labor in raking earth and hell for a candidate, [great laughter,] brought to light the most conspicuous Copperhead who held a position during the progress of the war. He is the man who stood upon the streets of New York on the 4th day of July, 1863, and denounced the Government, while the guns of General Meade were thundering on the bloody slopes of Gettysburg,—a man who was lately inviting rebel invasion to



GENERAL GIBSON IN 1879.



GENERAL GIBSON IN 1882; taken in
San Francisco.

the heart, the very heart of the American loyal States. He heads the ticket, and at the tail—such a tail!—swings Frank P. Blair, and the burden of his platform is that the president—Horatio Seymore, if elected—must declare the acts of Congress, enacted for the restoration of the revolted States, null and void; must compel the army at his back, regardless of the Supreme Court and the House of Representatives, and drive from the Senate of the United States, the Senators introduced there from the reconstructed States. In short, it is a proclamation of revolution against the Government; it is a proclamation on the part of that party to drive the loyal governments of the South, inaugurated by the victorious nation, out of power, and substitute in their places governments that shall be founded upon the advice of a man whose hands are yet red with the blood of our children. Against this we protest, and in the name of God and justice, and we will fight it out on that line. [Great applause.]

Who nominated these gentlemen? Why, the Pendleton escort that went down three hundred and fifty strong to New York. The price of linen coats had been up, two weeks ago in Cincinnati, when they went to New York, and, to my certain knowledge, they all came back again with grey coats covering their backs, for I was on the train myself, and not one of the gentry was willing to say he belonged to that escort. Pendleton “the Young Eagle of the West,” had subsided, and Seymore, on the nomination of McCook, of Ohio, was made a candidate, and when he refused to accept the crown, Clement L. Vallandigham—he that watched and waited on the border while your children were fighting the bloody battle for the nation’s life—got up and said that Horatio must stand for it, and thus he was nominated. And they had to have a vice-president. Now, how very appropriate it was that the vice-president should be nominated by William Preston, of Kentucky,—he, whom in 1862, I saw with

my own eyes in rebel uniform, at the head of rebel troops, in a fort in Kentucky, and Colonel Kirby and I shelled him out, and I will help shell him out again this fall. [Laughter.] His nomination was seconded by Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Smith, of Texas, and that immaculate, chivalrous, brave (?) Ned Forest, of Tennessee, who massacred our soldiers at Fort Pillow.

And now, they have the impudence to ask the fathers of boys who lay moldering in unmarked graves, to vote for candidates that these unhung scoundrels have named.

Fellow-citizens, I have said this much in response to your call. It is very warm, and I will not detain you further. I thank you again for your confidence, your reception and your endorsement. I do not know that I shall be nominated. I have not spent a day or a dollar to secure it. But I have some time at my command, and if nominated, I will give those fellows such a fight in the Ninth District as they never had before; but I have an instinctive feeling that although they beat us by 1,600 votes last fall, they cannot repeat it, for we can and will skin them alive." [Great laughter and applause.]

On Thursday, July 30, the Ninth District Congressional convention was held in the wigwam in Clyde, and the following names were placed before the delegates for congressional honors: General R. P. Buckland, of Sandusky County; Rush R. Sloane, of Erie; General William H. Gibson, of Seneca, and Captain J. R. Swigart, of Crawford. The result turned in favor of Gibson, and by a unanimous vote he was made the nominee of the convention. He was called to the platform and spoke briefly, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION:
At my command, I have no language to express the grati-

tude I feel for the honor which you have this day conferred upon me, by committing to my hands the Republican banner of the Ninth District, and, with God's help, I will fight it out on the line of true Republican principles to victory in November. [Great applause.]

At any time such a distinction would be an honor that any American might crave; but to be selected from among gentlemen so much more able and distinguished than myself, is certainly an honor for which I have no words fit to thank you. We are entering on a political contest which has more importance in its issues and results than any yet presented in this country. Eight years ago traitors declared that if we elected Abraham Lincoln they would revolt. To-day they declare that if they elect Seymore and Blair, they will revolutionize the governments of all the Southern States. Shall the loyal people of this country, who poured out their blood like rivers of flowing water to save the nation still govern it? Or shall they deliver it over to the tender keeping of Tombs, Cobb, Wise, and the unhung scoundrels, whose hands are still stained with the blood of our patriotic kindred? [Voices,—never! never!]

In order to maintain our position in this district, I feel sure I comprehend the duties that devolve upon us, and if that be so, I declare that we must, without delay, organize in every school district, in every township, in all of our counties, and focus our strength, bringing every man to the polls; then we carry the Ninth District, and gloriously, for the Union, for loyalty and for reconstruction. [Cheers.]

I will not detain you, my fellow-citizens, longer. Before separating, permit me to assure you that I shall at once enter upon my duties as your candidate and standard-bearer, and with a will; if not defeated, it will be after such a fight as our opponents will remember while they live. I again thank you for the honor you have done me and as the trains are waiting, for the present I leave you.

[Loud cheers.] Three rousing cheers were then given to Gibson.

The canvass which followed was carried on with vigor and Gibson was aflame with zeal for the work. It was Grant's first presidential contest, and a twofold interest was wrapped up in its outcome. The opening was made at Sandusky, and the entire district was given attention, so that Gibson's physical endurance was tested to its extreme. Night and day he was on the stump, his itinerary being carefully made out, so that he could save time. He was compelled to fight his way through fire, and to suffer no end of abuse from political opponents. Cartoon banners and the most vitriolic, vituperative language in the vocabularies of his enemies met him, and were hurled at him, and his candidacy for congressional honors was one of the hardest fought battles of his career. He had witnessed many turbulent scenes in his campaign experiences, yet there was no time when he was so fearfully maltreated as in the pretty town of Ashland, where he had won such great honors when at school—Ashland, his beloved Ashland, that he had so gloriously apostrophized in verse. A mammoth Republican meeting had been held in the morning, and General Gibson had made one of his most forcible and cogent speeches in favor of the renowned warrior's fitness for the chief executive's chair. He spoke from the balcony of the McNulty Hotel, and the thronging masses of people gave rapt attention, greeting with huzzas of approval the claims of the man of the hour, as they were eloquently recited by the gifted Senecaite. Directly across the street was located the rival hostelry, not only in feeding and housing the weary traveler, but as well

in the matter of politics. An immediate counter force was deemed necessary to the influence of Gibson's speech, and it had been arranged that a Democratic rally should at once follow the Republican "blow-out," as it was termed. The flow of Democratic oratory was to be started from the balcony of the Miller House, and the conditions were of such a nature as to warrant the expectation of a pretty warm time in the old academic town. Hence there was no lacking in the attendance. The principal Democratic speaker was in good condition to create a scene. He had been imbibing freely of the stuff which muddles the brain, tangles feet and puts in limbo all self-respect, and after a brief essay at the discussion of the issues of the campaign, he cast his eye towards the office of the McNulty, and espied Gibson's tall, gaunt form in a reposeful attitude in a chair, the General listening calmly to the words spoken. This turned the speaker's brain into a seething furnace of invective, culminating in a ribald harangue against Gibson. Gibson sat apparently unmoved. Still on flowed the torrent of abuse, but Gibson did not seem to care for the coarse words of the ranting demagogue, who now fairly fumed and frothed like a mad dog in his efforts to incite a mob feeling, until at last there were angry, vicious mutterings among his partisans. With irritating, stoical calmness, Gibson still sat upright in his chair, not appearing to be in the least affected by the ravings of his assailant. Seeing the turn affairs had taken, a warm political friend ventured to suggest to the General that it might be the part of wisdom for him to move out of sight, withdraw from the conspicuous place in which he was sitting, or better, perhaps, take a carriage that was at hand and get away from the trouble that was brewing.

“Not a bit of it!” exclaimed Gibson. “I have a right to sit here, have I not? And here will I sit as long as I want to. If any of those fellows make a move towards me, there will be more funerals in this town than the folks can take care of in a week.” And he did not move a peg. He simply sat there and let the drunken orator wear himself out in his futile attempt to interfere with him; but altogether it was for a time very exciting—the most exciting episode of his political experience. There was no town in the State where General Gibson had comparatively a larger list of warm, loving friends than in Ashland; and at no place was he subsequently more heartily welcomed than as an honored guest at the Miller House. On the 25th of August, 1880, he was in Ashland again. The occasion proved a great day for the town. General Garfield had been nominated for the presidency, and there were twelve thousand people there to give him greeting. A reunion of the Forty-Second O. V. I. was held that day, Garfield’s regiment, and this was to be the first speech he would make in the campaign. Gibson was invited to be with him, and the silver-tongued orator was received with salvos of applause as he pictured Garfield’s march from the tow-path to the White House.

In his congressional canvass he was compelled to fight his way inch by inch, and to such an extent that the eyes of the State were all turned toward him, and it was spoken that never had his powers of oratory been so effective. He never failed to bring out voters of every political complexion to hear him, and in great throngs. The correspondent of the *State Journal*, who accompanied Gibson on his rounds, wrote these words, which appeared in the issue of September 12, 1868:

General Gibson still has the inside track. The Democracy feel and know his strength and see his power over the people, and hence every lie and slander that Satan can suggest they are putting in circulation. But the more they lie, the more eager are the masses to hear him, and they turn out by the thousands, and hearing, they believe him. His power over the masses is indeed surprising. His bitterest enemies confess this. Men and women while listening to him, forget everything else. Sometimes his utterances are received with roars of laughter and then again every face is moistened with tears. It is not an infrequent sight to see hundreds weeping at once. Just what gives him this great power is hard to define. It is easier felt than told, and no one has heard him without feeling it. This is plain: he has an unfaltering faith in truth and believes right will prevail. In whatever cause he engages he gives it all his powers of soul and mind. He has a powerful voice, not harsh or rasping, is a good actor, understands the emotions of the heart, and knows just how to reach the hearts of the people. Gibson has no personal enemies,—all his enemies are political. His personal popularity is unbounded. His intimate friends not only love him,—they adore him. This admiration is greater as you get nearer his home. He is the most popular man in his county,—and personally, all of his townsmen and citizens of his county are his friends.

Gibson did not secure his seat in the halls of Congress; whether by fair means or foul, his opponent was declared elected. According to the leading editorials of the Republican press his defeat was compassed by means of fraudulent votes. Evidences of illegal voting were secured in all parts of the district.

CHAPTER XXX.

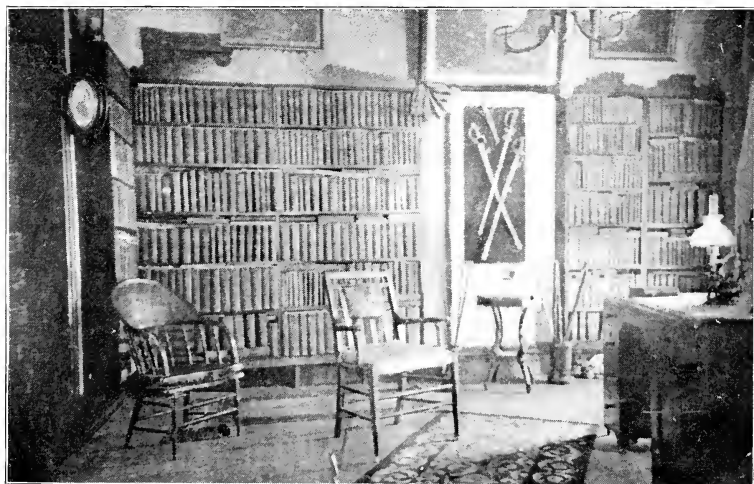
GIBSON RENDERS THE STATE EMINENT SERVICE.

FOR all the candidates of his party General Gibson rendered eminent service, and, as a rule, without pecuniary remuneration. It is fair to state that never did any member of the Republican organization give as great service for the party as did Gibson, with as little helpful recognition as an equivalent. He was an orator. He could move and convince the masses, and that was the strong element of power in campaigning. It was General Scott, in Gibson's second campaign, who gave him the well-merited title,—“The Silver-Tongued Orator,”—and this was at Pittsburg in 1852, an appellation of conspicuous distinction he ever afterward never failed to honor.

In the passing of nearly three decades after the stirring period of the Rebellion, until his life's work was accomplished, from every direction and to all parts of the country was he called to make addresses on special themes—at Grand Army reunions and campfires; laying cornerstones of public buildings; in the inauguration of new enterprises; dedications of soldiers' monuments; unveiling of statues; celebrations of natal anniversaries of great Americans; church dedications and auspicious occasions of conferences, Sunday schools and temperance rallies; fraternal conventions; postprandial talks, and pleasant social functions; pronouncing tributes over the dead, not only in the general observance of Memorial Day, but



GIBSON'S FORT BALL HOME, where he died.



A COZY CORNER IN GENERAL GIBSON'S LIBRARY.



FAMOUS FORT BALL SPRING from which Gen. W. H. Harrison's
soldiers drank water during siege, located in Gibson's
Fort Ball home yard.

at the obsequies of his old time friends and neighbors. He was one of the most useful and kindest of men, and where he went there was sure to be an atmosphere of wholesome cordiality.

General Gibson rarely presided. He was the orator on all occasions, and no matter what number of speakers, he came last. No one cared to attempt following him. It is related that on one occasion when he was young, in the Washingtonian movement days, he and another advocate made a campaign in the interests of temperance. The other speaker had a set speech, and always fired it off with great unction. Gibson with his good memory had learned it by heart, and one evening before a great audience he came on first, and what was the surprise of his colleague when he heard Gibson going over his own speech, delivering it word for word, and with remarkable force. When Gibson got through he sat down without a smile; but his colleague had suddenly become indisposed, and excused himself from talking that night.

In the early eighties, he was made a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church; but it was only on a few exceptional occasions that he was called upon to conduct the preliminary services, and he never could quite reach the place where he could say that he was "just at home in that part of the business." On one occasion his opening caused considerable amusement. An old pioneer friend, "Aunt Sally" Ingham, had passed from her earthly associations, leaving as a last request that General Gibson should make a few remarks over her dust, as he was an old pioneer, and she had known him since he was a little lad. The request was granted. The pastor, Dr. W. F. McDowell, was away from the city that day, and the

entire service devolved upon General Gibson. He carried forward the preliminaries in good order until just before the time for the sermon, when he startled the large congregation by announcing, "And now the deacons will take up the collection," and sat down. The stewards did not move, and thinking they had not understood, the General repeated in a firmer tone the announcement, when one of them arose, and, with the blood rushing to his cheeks as he went forward to the pulpit, whispered to the General that it was not the custom to take a collection at funerals. "Ah," remarked the General, aloud, "I thought it was always in order to take a collection at a Methodist meeting."

In the State contest in 1879, the Hon. Charles Foster was elected governor, and his first appointment was to the office of adjutant-general. To this position he called General Gibson. Shortly before assuming the duties of his office, the citizens of Tiffin, irrespective of party or creed, had arranged to present to their honored townsman a complete major-general's outfit,—chapeau, aiguillette, epaulettes, sword and sword-belt,—most beautiful in design and expensive in material.

The presentation ceremonies proved to be a most interesting and memorable function, and were held in old National Hall, that had echoed and reëchoed since erection with the oratory of Tiffin's gifted sons, and the most brilliant speakers from all parts of the Republic. Yet probably there had never been a more significant scene witnessed within its walls than on this occasion. The Hon. John H. Ridgely, a leading Republican, presided, the speech of presentation was delivered by the Hon. James A. Norton, the present representative in Congress.



GEN. WM. H. GIBSON, 1880.



GOVERNOR CHARLES FOSTER.

from the home district, a stalwart Democrat, and the floor and gallery were packed with citizens of all political complexions, eager to do honor to the man they all loved. The political battle which had just been fought had been fiercely contended, and here we witness a typical American scene: an ardent representative of the opposition, hoarse from long-continued service on the stump for his party, rises above the spirit of party bias and pays an eloquent tribute to a political opponent, which was greeted with reverberating applause. These were the words he spoke:

GENERAL: Honor is that which rightfully attracts esteem and consideration from our fellow-men. Men seek it, but few honorably deserve it.

Civil life opens up a thousand avenues that lead to fame, distinction, and renown; but that honor that begets admiration bordering on love is only earned by those who sacrifice home and all its endearments, and, in obedience to the call of patriotism, go forth with bared breasts to the deadly storm of battle, or, on the field of strife, privation, carnage, and death, carve out a name that shall endure as long as their country shall exist.

Washington, in the defense of liberty, with his courage and his sword, erected to himself a monument whose foundation is our glorious country, and which is so lofty and grand, crowned with such a glorious light of love, that it has been seen and admired by every nation of the earth. It was the military genius of Napoleon that enshrines his memory in the heart of every Frenchman, and will stamp his name upon the pages of history wherever civilization shall extend. So in every nation, it is the soldier, and not the statesman, who comes first in the hearts and love of his countrymen.

General, there was a time in the memory of us all when reason had lost her sway; when cool judgment lay dethroned and throttled by the hand of fanaticism; and

when naught but blood could quench the fierce fires of treason that were about to consume the glorious structures of our government. It was in 1861 that the thundering echoes of the cannon were borne upon the winds from distant Sumter, rousing the people to a realization of the deadly peril in which the nation stood.

It was then, General Gibson, that you, at the head of the Forty-Ninth, turned your face to the South, and took up your march for the cotton fields of treason, and, on the bloody fields of Shiloh, Stone River, Resaca, Pickett Mills, and a score of other now historic battle-fields, earned, and richly earned, the praise, the gratitude, and the esteem of your people, and for which, to-night, they meet and honor you. It was only when peace had come again to our unhappy country that you returned to home and friends, and, although long years have elapsed since then, your deeds of valor, your trials, and your triumphs are still fresh within our recollection.

It was only two short weeks ago that two mighty political armies, well organized and equipped, fought a terrible but bloodless battle within the borders of our State. When the smoke had cleared away, you were found on the side of victory. Behold in me one of the 300,000 vanquished! Notwithstanding, I offer you my hand across the bloodless chasm, for I know that the same heart that prompted you to divide your last handful of parched corn with me upon the bloody field of Murfreesboro, where you were compelled to famish as well as fight; the same kind impulse, General, that made you descend to the level of a private and administer to his wants, will cause you to be generous and fair in this your hour of victory. As a result of the battle of the ballot-box, the chief executive of the State has chosen you to command one of the finest organizations within our Union, and it will again be necessary for you to don the habiliments of rank suitable to your position. Your friends have delegated me to present to you this beautiful military outfit. Take it, and we know

you will wear it with pride to us, honor to yourself, and satisfaction to your State.

In his response, the General gave evidence of deep emotion, and unbidden tears trickled down the old hero's cheeks. Tears of gratitude spoke more eloquently than volumes of words. It was not long until the orator was in perfect command of himself, and, by the assertion of his will, memory pictures ran their course before his vision, and, in panoramic presentation, were sketched before his delighted audience. He recalled the scenes of his first residence in the Indian village where now stands the city of Tiffin; the growth of the city was graphically described; then came the war period, and his beloved Forty-Ninth was again under his command, and the bivouac in the pine woods, the march through the swamps of the Southland, and the experiences at the front, in the dark days of the Rebellion, were vividly portrayed. Shiloh and the forced march, Stone River and its terrific scenes came trooping to his memory's call, and he could remember, as if but yesterday, feasting on parched corn with the speaker, (Dr. Norton,) whose words had touched his soul.

The days of that fearful struggle were no more, the army was long since disbanded, thousands of the patriots had gone to their eternal abiding place, and we who remain have grown gray and are truly veterans in age and service. We have still something to do, and as long as we abide here we propose to be doing something. I am now called to command the military forces of the great commonwealth of Ohio. I hope that I may never have cause to unsheathe this beautiful sword in battle, but should that time come when it shall be necessary for me to go forth with my countrymen for the cause of the right, be assured

I will be willing and ready to use this handsome and treasured gift in that cause, whatever it may be.

As adjutant-general of the State, General Gibson rendered the State valuable services in securing the reopening and restatement of the ordnance account between the United States Government and the State of Ohio, which resulted in the saving to Ohio of \$135,000. He also revived the prosecution of war claims for money spent by the State for the government, which had been suspended, and from this source was realized the sum of \$326,000. He also developed and established a claim for \$425,000 against the general government for interest on Ohio's war loan, which, through neglect, had not been asked for nor paid, when the State was reimbursed for the loan. With the money thus secured, General Gibson, as adjutant-general, was enabled to put the State militia, the Ohio National Guard, on its first footing, and he was prouder of his work achieved in that department than of anything he had won on the field of battle.

General Gibson resigned his office as adjutant-general, but in 1887, returned to the public service as a member of the Ohio Canal Commission, under appointment of Governor Foraker, where he coöperated with his fellow-members in discovering and restoring to the State nearly \$400,000 worth of State lands, which were wrongfully held by corporations and individuals.

Gibson was a peace-maker. Often he cast oil upon the troubled political waters, and at a personal sacrifice. One instance in particular is memorable. In 1888, the Republican party was in a condition of distress, which threatened to undo men of prominence. The State convention

was coming on. Four delegates at large were to be elected, and among the most prominently mentioned was General Gibson, and he could have been easily elected, for there was no particular antagonism to him. The convention was in session at Cleveland. It was the 28th day of April, 1888. At the right time, when the political aspirants had their war-paint streaked all over their faces, ready to fight it out, no matter what the results might be, General Gibson arose in the convention, and he invariably commanded attention. He proposed to settle the matter, and forthwith proceeded to take the convention by the storm of his eloquence. He proposed four names when he had finished, and they went through on the tide of his splendid oratory. "We will go forward, men, and to peace and harmony," he shouted, and they did. A writer for the metropolitan press pictured the scene for his paper in the afternoon, and here are his words:

The pen is feeble when it comes to describing such outbursts of enthusiasm as greeted General William H. Gibson. He was Murat at the battle of Mt. Tabor, the Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the Blucher at Waterloo. The disunited forces fell into line when the white head of the dashing master of dragoons came into view. Sheridan's men at Cedar Creek shouted and turned and followed him as he dashed along on his way back to Winchester. "Fall in; we are going on to victory," was the burden of General Gibson's speech, and the meaning of his presence. Orator, preacher, statesman, as he is, without any of the varnish of political deceit, he united the party and led to a happy solution of the whole difficulty which had so long confronted it as a menace.

At another time, he could have secured the gubernatorial nomination. A number of representatives of the

press met in Columbus, and the conference was mainly on whom they should unite for the nomination. Objections came to this one and that one, when one of the correspondents remarked, "By the way, there is one man who has not been mentioned—General 'Bill' Gibson." "He 's our man," came from a number of voices. It was decided that he should be seen. A committee waited on the General, but received not only no encouragement, but a positive refusal to permit his name to be presented. Had he permitted the use of his name, he would have been elected. General Gibson had given his word to assist another, and under no consideration would he violate his promise. His man was elected, and the General was happy. Had his refusal not been so positive, much history might have been written with another name to the fore.

In February, 1891, he received the appointment as postmaster of Tiffin, and the duties required by this office he faithfully performed until his last sickness fell upon him, and, at his death, he was the incumbent of that position in the government's service, and regarded as one of the most competent postmasters ever appointed to the Tiffin office. He was happy in this employment, and was very fond of the force, who regarded him with a most tender reverence, love, and affection not less than that which came to him from the "Boys in Blue" in his army service.

In a friendly epistle, two or three paragraphs of which are given in a preceding chapter, written to his friend, John Hopley, General Gibson makes interesting references to his life-work for the Republican party, and the rewards of that service. This letter was written February 5, 1891, from Tiffin :

In political campaigns and platform performances, I never in my life sought or managed to be called upon; and never had a cent for expenses until 1875, and not half my expenses in any recent campaign. In 1888, I received \$38 in Indiana, in other States not a dime. I never sought a Federal appointment until March, 1889. I wanted that [Commissioner of Pensions], not for the pay, but I believed that I had earned a place of national distinction.

Without having been governor, senator, or representative, I had, in spite of early clouds and slanders, created a reputation that called me to every State from Maine to Oregon, and wherever I have been in Ohio and elsewhere, I have been in demand as much, or more, than any one in the Republic. For forty-six years I have discussed public questions with unselfish devotion to duty, and now, at threescore and ten, am rewarded with the Tiffin post-office. I do not complain. Friends do. I accept because poor through serving others; and it may serve as an excuse for leaving the noise of political strife to others. With fair health, a cheerful home, and buoyant spirits, I enter the evening of life with the consciousness of duty done, and happy in assurance of esteem from my neighbors and friends. And, after all, what higher and more satisfying result can we have in this world? I never asked for this place, solicited an endorsement, or wrote a letter. I merely said I would accept. I derive great satisfaction from the fact that my neighbors, irrespective of politics, religion, or condition, rejoice at my selection.

In the future, as in the past, I shall move forward "with malice toward none and charity for all," and trust to the verdict of the world on my conduct.

My dear Hopley, I have written this letter with more freedom and frankness than any one I have written a friend in ten years.

As ever and ever,

Yours faithfully,

W. H. GIBSON.

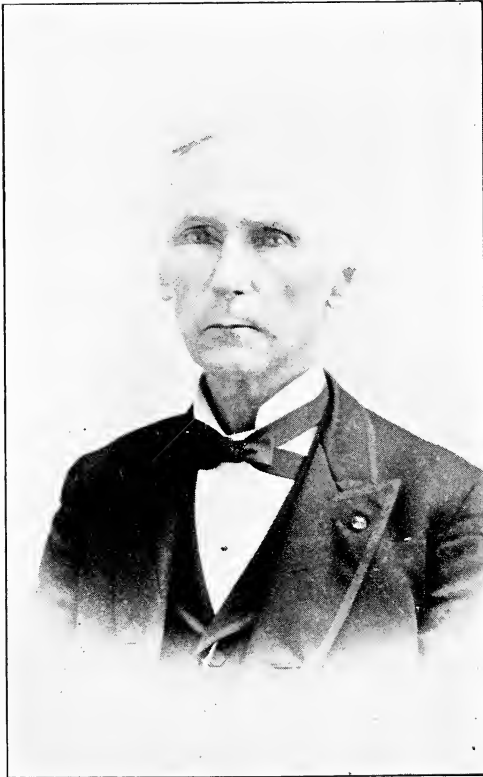
CHAPTER XXXI.

CLOSING SCENES: MCKINLEY'S TRIBUTE.—TAPS.

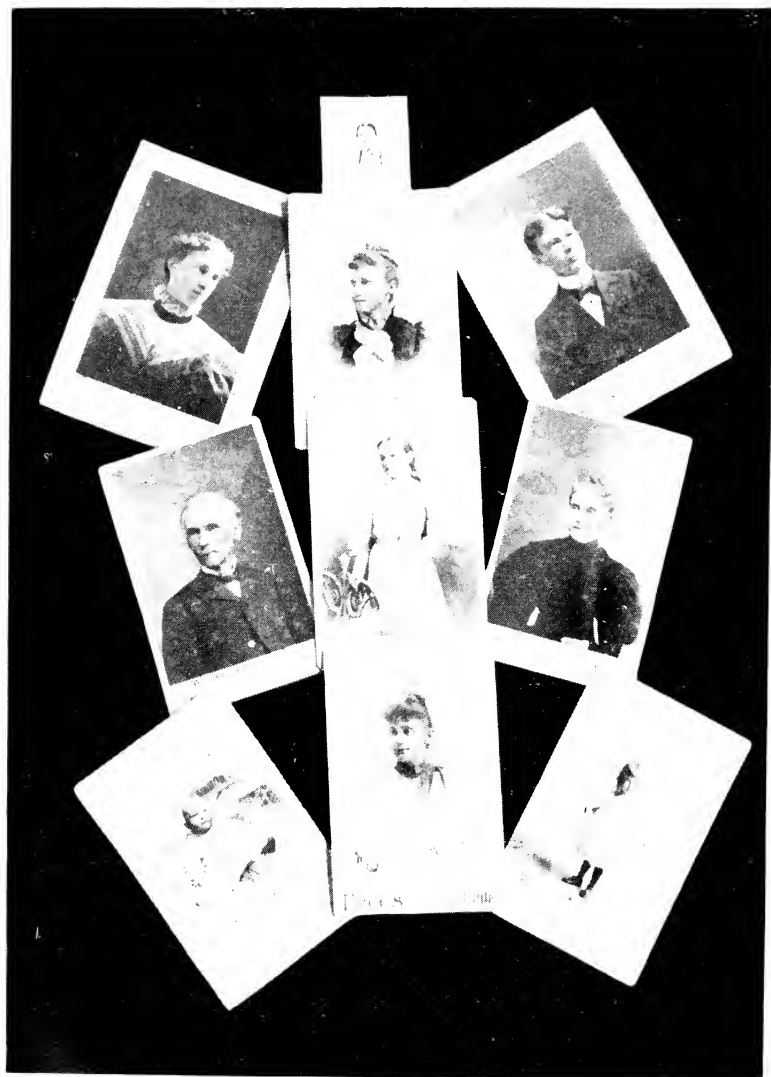
ONCE, on the eve of battle, General Gibson spoke to his soldiers as a loving father nerving his sons to deeds of honor and valor. Quoting from the divine Word, he said, "It is appointed once for men to die." He had now lived his full time, had passed it, when his summons came. The Thanksgiving Day of 1894 was a sad one to his thousands of friends in the city of his residence, for at six o'clock on Thursday evening, the 22d of that month of November, after many days of apprehension, his spirit loosed from its moorings to earthly tenement, sped away to the realms of eternal light—honored and mourned by all.

Thirty-six hours prior to his death, he had gradually been sinking, and in that time had taken no nourishment or food of any kind. His mind remained clear throughout his illness, and he was conscious of his surroundings until the last. His faithful wife was much fatigued by her constant vigil at his bedside, and on Wednesday night she was advised by the family physician, Dr. E. J. McCollum, that she must retire. When she bade the General "good-night," he answered, "Good-night, mother; I may bid you good-morning, to-morrow, in heaven."

The eloquent lips of "Ohio's silver-tongued orator" were closed in death. The tolling bells from the steeples of all the churches in the city carried mournfully the sad news



GEN. WM. H. GIBSON. Last portrait, 461
taken by Frees, Tiffin.



GENERAL WM. H. GIBSON AND FAMILY.

CORA DILDINE,
 GENERAL W. H. GIBSON,
 SHANNON BRADFIELD.

"WILLIE" GIBSON,
 MRS. D. P. DILDINE,
 HELEN DILDINE,
 MRS. EDWIN BRADFIELD.

GIBSON DILDINE,
 MRS. W. H. GIBSON,
 W. H. GIBSON BRADFIELD.

to thousands of homes, and loving hearts at every fireside were moved in the emotions of a common sorrow, as one and another, children or parent, sorrowfully exclaimed, "General Gibson is dead!" The thought that never again on earth should that familiar form be seen moving along the streets, and never again should those eloquent lips thrill the hearts of men, was pressed home now as an unbearable loss to all. The grief was universal. It was an honest-hearted sorrow, and as sincere as it was universal.

General Gibson was an exceedingly plain man, modest to an extreme degree, and yet, in his death, a prince among men had fallen. His unentombed dust, the following Sabbath, added solemnity to the holy day. He had been known in all parts of the continent, and was held in exalted esteem by vast numbers of his fellow-citizens; and it was no wonder that from north and south, east and west there should come, in the columns of the metropolitan press, brilliant eulogies of his splendid achievements and tributes to his high personal worth—a precious heritage to his family and townspeople.

He was our townsman, but the golden utterances of his tongue were never common to us. They were always a luxury, though he was one of us, and we never prized him so much as amid the dread apprehension that death was about to rob us of one of our most valued jewels—our honored and noble friend.

General Gibson began his career at a time when the inspiration of that golden age of statesmanship, beginning in the early forties, made a deep impress on his mind and heart. Henry Clay was at the summit of his powers; Webster was in the cabinet; Choate in the Senate, and

Giddings and Gordon and Cushing were brilliant stars shining in the political firmament. A great gulf of time had intervened between the beginning of his career and its ending. The Whig party had not elected its first president, and the Republican party was born a score of years thereafter. Fifteen presidential contests out of twenty-three had been fought; in all of them he had taken conspicuous part. Wondrous changes had been wrought. Fifty millions of people had been added to the country.

General Gibson was known everywhere as the "silver-tongued orator." One vivid peculiarity of his eloquence was that it could not be described. Like all true eloquence, it was subject to no rules. He always stood before his audience with a message. He believed in what he said. If he did not have the masses with him when he mounted the rostrum, he would have them deeply thoughtful before his message was brought to a finish. He spoke from his convictions. At times he was the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed and indisputable situation. In happy, measured cadence, he carried his audience wheresoever he would go, as a boat skimming over the unruffled bosom of a lake. Again, there came the crescendo of an intense feeling, the impassioned appeal of an artless emotion, and his fascinated hearers sat enthralled. And still again, those before him were uproarious in their merriment as the ridiculous side of a situation was pictured in the bold strokes of word cartoons.

He was a great reader. His memory was equal to carrying almost any burden that he might choose to put upon it. He never seemed to be able to forget anything or anybody, never harboring an ill feeling. This had much to

do with the success of his platform utterances. From his youth he was never known to study eloquence to be eloquent; he did aim to be strong in speech. It was a gift of God. It came to him as did his sunny nature. Demosthenes devoted years and thousands of gold to reach the acme of the orator's art. Cicero applied himself assiduously, and without relaxation, under the direction of eminent instructors, to the cultivation of oratory. Chatham practiced daily before a mirror, that he might bring to himself graceful and energetic action. Brougham locked himself up fifteen days at a stretch, to reach success in the mastery of himself, but Gibson did nothing of the kind. He simply filled himself to the brim with his theme, and then, by the assertion of his will, stood before his audience, at times reaching to thirty thousand hearers, and held the people as a mighty magnet does so many thousand needles.

The author has listened to General Gibson when his apt illustrations, his keen syllogisms, his happy anecdotes, his tender allusions kept his audience in changing features like moving clouds iridescent with sunset sheen; and then, again, mounting like an ascending eagle, he would carry his hearers in majestic flight of thought at will; and again there came surging a torrent of eloquent periods from his lips on the waiting assembly, stilled, fascinated, enchained under the spell of nature's most wonderful gift to man.

Gibson was not given to pitiless invective. Once there was an exception, and dearly did he have to pay for that deviation. He sent the iron into the soul of a man who could not forgive, and revenge, like a Damocles sword, through forty crucial years, cast its forbidding shadow across his path, severing plant after plant of political pre-

ferment that might spring up along his way. His was rather a pitying, a forgiving, a kind nature. He was not compelled to thrust the jagged spear that he might wound and hold men; and it is little surprise that Harriet Beecher Stowe could say of his oratory, "I have listened to many of the most gifted orators of Europe and America, but have never listened to such eloquence as poured forth for two hours and a half from the lips of William H. Gibson, of Ohio."

Beloved from the Atlantic to the Pacific waters, he was still the pride of those who knew him best—his neighbors and those who knew him in his home life. He was a pure, true man, and that is the paramount secret of true eloquence. The trenchant words of his pastor, the Rev. Newell S. Albright, D. D., now in heaven with him, uttered above his encoffined dust, in the presence of weeping friends, were aptly spoken and true to the letter: "Big heart, great soul, generous mind—his magnanimity shames our exclusiveness and pride. Soldier, advocate, traveler, he kept himself pure. His conversation was pure as his mind was clean." No truer words were ever more nobly given expression.

Who that ever heard Gibson can forget him? Who could talk to the old soldiers like Gibson? Who could depict the terrible crash of armies and the heart-harrowing scenes, familiar to the men who bared their breasts to the angry tempest of lead and iron, that no star might fall from the blue firmament of our national emblem, like Gibson? Who could advocate the obligations of the nation to her patriot defenders and portray the splendor of their victories for our children and the generations to come as did the elo-

quent Gibson? Who could drive away the forbidding clouds of trouble and make ten thousand people, from every walk of life, forget their anxieties, and lead them to trust in the mighty Dispenser of all good, giving courage to fainting hearts, as did Gibson? Who ever had a faith in God more severely tried or more nobly preserved, than Gibson? His was a great national spirit. Enshrined within the devotions of his ample heart were his family and loved ones; but still there was room for his country and his countrymen.

Standing before his brave warriors, his breath hot with patriotic fire, on the eve of battle, seeking to nerve the men he loved with an unflinching courage, when the testing crisis came, he could exclaim, in the spirit of a noble, self-sacrificing patriotism: "My men, my countrymen, would to God I could die for you, if by the shedding of my blood my country, your country, might be spared the destroyer's hands. I know you well. No craven's blood flows through the veins of my brave men, and you feel as I do. Your colonel is justly proud of you. Whoever of us may fall—God preserve the Union."

From all parts of the country, on the occasion of his obsequies, came the great and good, until the streets of Tiffin were fairly choked with strangers, present to pay their tributes of respect to the memory of the distinguished dead. Among those present were Governor, since President, McKinley, and his staff. Beautiful floral offerings in many designs had been sent by the G. A. R., Governor McKinley, the Loyal Legion, the bar association, and hundreds of loving friends from all over the country. After an eloquent tribute pronounced by his pastor, the Rev. Newell Al-

bright, D. D., Governor McKinley arose, and, standing by the casket, with a strong effort at composure, spoke the closing words, after which the ashes of the great orator were sepulchered in beautiful Greenlawn Cemetery.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE.

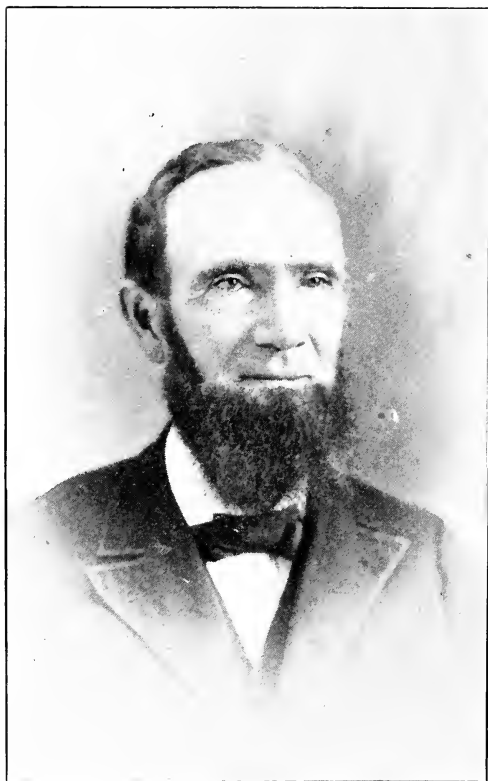
MY FRIENDS: I wish I had worthy words to speak in this solemn presence over the remains of him we all loved so well. He was a private citizen, filling no great public office, yet witness to-day this great assemblage.

The public offices of the State are closed, the public business delayed that public officials may do him fitting honor. The citizens of the State, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the old soldiers of the Forty-Ninth Ohio pay their tribute of respect to this great citizen and great general who lives no more. For fifty years he has been the most attractive and sought after of public speakers. His speeches were not confined to political discussions. On the lecture platform, at hundreds of Grand Army camp-fires, and in the pulpit, wherever duty called him, General Gibson made fitting responses, and I am here, in this work most unexpectedly assigned me, to pay a tribute to the man I loved so much. The last time I heard him was at Old Fort, the Sunday before Memorial Day. He was never more eloquent.

General Gibson believed the two most important things in life were piety and patriotism. In his creed they were linked in indissoluble union. His piety was broad enough to include every creed, and his patriotism wide enough to cover the whole country. He once said to me that he put the flag just beneath the cross. That, he said, was high enough for it. My friends, I cannot trust myself to speak at length in this presence. His name will be remembered as long as patriotism is revered.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.



EPHRAIM JOHN MCCOLLUM, M.D.
For Thirty-five Years General Gibson's Family
Physician.

“He is gone who seemed so great—
Gone, but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own,
Being here and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
But speak no more of his renown—
Lay your earthly fancies down—
And in the great cathedral leave him—
God accept him! Christ receive him!”

The evening of the day upon which the obsequies took place a memorial service was held in Rickly Chapel, Heidelberg University, under the auspices of the three literary societies of the institution. General Gibson was a member of the institution's first board of trustees, and had assisted in the location of the university. In 1851, he had been elected an honorary member of the Excelsior Literary Society, and he had always proven a warm friend of the institution. President J. A. Peters represented the faculty and board of trustees. He said, in part: “From the founding of the college, General Gibson had been more or less identified with its progress. He possessed characteristics that were always attractive to the college student—an orator by nature and discipline, and a noble type of true patriotism. These are by no means all, for he stands as an example to our students, as one who continually exercised love, faith, purity, generosity, extending comfort and help to his fellow-man, and these are his works that will live on as the generations pass away.”

The Hon. G. B. Keppel, class of '69, representing the alumni and the Seneca County Bar, followed in a beautiful tribute:

General Gibson was more than an ordinary man; in many respects a superior—as a giant oak in the forest

towers above its fellows. In his daily life, he was plain, simple in manner, unostentatious, affable to a fault, having a kindly greeting for all. He loved his home, idolized his children, but was so catholic in his nature as to embrace all in the enclosure of his sympathy. He confided in his fellows, and believed in God as the arbiter of the destiny of nations, seeing him as in a vision ever as the constant, mighty Friend of his own native land. Being sanguine, even buoyant, in business projects, upon meeting with reverses, he would soon recover therefrom, never giving entirely away in despair. In the very darkest hour of depression that ever came into his life, seeing but one way to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though that led through the carnage of war, perhaps in ultimate death, yet actuated by the sincerest of patriotic motives, he cheerfully, aye, exultingly chose that path, and trod it gloriously.

No one was more charitable or possessed of a more forgiving spirit. Some of his warmest friends—they were numbered by hosts—are found in the ranks of his political opponents. I think he recognized in men only the good—never the evil. The doctrine of total human depravity, as a working principle for him, knocked in vain for admission to the ground floor of his faith in man. Pessimistic views found no lodgement with him, for he was an ultra-optimist. To him, as he once tersely said, “Man, from Adam to Grover Cleveland, was ever getting better.”

* * * * *

We shall remember him because of his unique power as a public speaker. None of us but that has been charmed by his matchless eloquence. What is the secret of this power? It may be a partial answer to the question to suggest the fact that our beloved orator, being himself one of the common people, reared up with them, using their own language, which they instantly understood, thinking their thoughts, with kindred feeling, when he arose to address

them, purposed not to teach or instruct or to convince with hard logic, not to play the *rolé* of a lecturer; but with the earnestness of his great soul to unfold and discover to them their own "heart of hearts," and to aid them to give vent to the mighty thoughts and deep feelings loosened within them, hitherto unperceived, until touched and set aglow by his magic wand. They then recognized that he and they were one, that he was but the mouthpiece; and were ready with a mighty shout to march with him "against Philip." Be that as it may, we are all convinced that we shall never, never look upon his like again; and with sorrowing hearts we unite in exclaiming, "*Requiescat in pace.*"

A touching tribute to the memory of the dead soldier and orator at this service was pronounced by Miss Florence Cronise, a member of the Seneca County Bar Association, an alumna of Heidelberg University, class of '65, representing the ladies' society of the university and the womanhood of Tiffin. It was woman's tribute, well deserved and beautifully spoken. Miss Cronise said:

"Child of mortality, whence comest thou? Why is thy countenance sad? Why are thine eyes red with weeping?" We answer sadly, "We weep for him, our friend, our brother, who has said to us 'Good-night.'"

All my life long have I known William H. Gibson. I do not remember the time when his name was not loved and honored in our household. To many of us he has been a dear, familiar figure, a hero great of our childhood, a part of our daily lives, now vanished until in some brighter clime he will perhaps bid us, "Good-morning."

I am told that in early life General Gibson learned the carpenter's trade; but, having a love of study and the gift of natural eloquence of speech, he turned his attention to

the pursuit of the legal profession as a vocation. He was peculiarly fitted as a trial lawyer, and soon found his strength to lie in his surpassing power to sway a jury. No foe could equal him here; in this realm he was peerless. To the duties of his chosen profession he gave his energies until the breaking out of the Civil War. The first shot fired at the dear old flag at Fort Sumter sounded afar, and went rolling and echoing over the Northland, and over the world, finding him an eager, earnest patriot, ready and willing to lay down all, to give up all for his country. How quickly he called about him, from this and adjoining counties, the noble Forty-Ninth—"Gibson's Regiment!" How soon he was leading that regiment onward from battle-ground to battle-ground, finally returning with the old tattered flag of many a fierce engagement, borne by the heroic remnant, bullet-pierced and torn though it was, yet covered with the highest honors of valor, and, above all, with the most sincere love and devotion of all for their gallant commander. He was the friend of every soldier, and every soldier personally knew it. For that, was he revered. Nor was this love less individual when he was called to lead a brigade or division through fiery ordeals and on to victory. As a soldier, no man ever questioned his loyalty, his ability to command, his willingness to obey.

Since the close of the war, General Gibson has, for many years, led a public life. He was a public character—in short, he belonged to the public. To every citizen in the community there came the pride of saying, "Our Gibson." Every one felt an honor, a personal honor in this proprietary claim. The veteran claimed him in view of a common service for the country in smiting rebellion; the citizen claimed him because of his great gifts and catholic spirit; the children claimed him because he loved and delighted them—we all claimed him, because he was ours—our great, representative citizen. Neither creed nor party, nor social distinction stood between General William H. Gibson and

the love of the people, for he belonged to all. In his public career we find him steadily advocating the principles of a high morality. In earlier years giving his best thoughts and choicest language in behalf of temperance, in later years universal freedom became a well loved theme, and his eloquent tongue, lifted in behalf of the oppressed, was heard over all the North, and as familiar on New England's shores as it was at home with us. In the South his voice was stilled only that his prowess as a soldier might speak with still greater force in the accomplishment of the end to which that mighty voice had for years been ringing. He was a man so sublime in his simplicity that he knew not his own greatness. With words of praise constantly resounding about him; with honor showered upon him, in his very nature he could only be one among all. I do not believe that General Gibson ever held himself aloof from any of God's creatures with a thought of superiority. Such a thing was foreign to his nature. To himself he was one and only one in the countless throng of human kind. No praise, no honor bestowed could change this sweet, noble nature.

As a friend and companion, he was most lovable and genial—always true, always kind. Never was he, under any circumstances, led into hasty actions of unkindness—always as full of loving words for those absent as for those present. So peculiarly strong was this trait of character that we knew at all times that if our names were mentioned in the General's presence he would not let the opportunity pass without words of commendation. Petty jealousy he knew not. The advancement of his friends was his delight, and such intelligence was greeted with a hearty welcome. He knew not himself where others were concerned.

Another characteristic—he was full of faith in humanity. He was filled with the divine hope for the eternal welfare of the human race, and his hand and heart and

soul, all went out to the needy. His hand was constantly outstretched to the help of the unfortunate. In him was found, to an extraordinary degree, these three: in him abided faith, hope, charity—the greatest of these was charity. To the call for charity—that charity that giveth of its substance—that with which the hungry are fed, the poor clothed and housed, he was ever prompt to respond. That which he gave was given with freedom, eagerness, and the sympathy that speaks full well of the heart's deep feeling. But he was always greatest in that charity that bore with it a mantle with which to cover the faults and foibles of others, with which to afford protection to down-fallen, poor, crushed humanity. General William H. Gibson had no stone to cast at earth's poor child who had tripped and fallen by the wayside. But he had a hand to lift up the erring. It was held out in compassion and love to raise the unfortunate from the dust and the dirt into which he had fallen. He was a sincere man, a true, pure man, and he gathered not aside his garments as he passed the lowly, rather let them float out in protecting folds over him whom he called "brother." Love—charity; charity—love—synonymous terms. They formed a part of his very being. His love, his charity, was boundless, and so wonderfully marked was this trait that I have often been led to clothe him, as a most fitting garb, with the words of Leigh Hunt, when he sketched in character the following beautiful pen picture:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room—
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said:
'What writest thou?'

"The angel slowly raised his head,
And with a look made up with sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the
Lord.'

'And is mine one,' said Adhem.
'Nay, not so,' replied the angel.
Adhem spoke more low, but cheerily still—
'I pray you then write me as one who loves his
fellow-men.'

"The angel wrote and vanished.
Then next night he came again
With a great wakening light
And showed the names of those
Whom love of God had blessed.
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name
Led all the rest."

Resolutions of love and respect were passed by the State G. A. R., the Board of Education, the Seneca County Bar Association, the Scotch-Irish American Society, and many other bodies of men.

General Gibson was an honored member of the "Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of the State of Ohio." In attendance upon his obsequies were representatives of the Commandery, namely, Captain William C. Kimball, who had charge of the funeral arrangements, Major J. W. Chamberlain, Colonel E. R. Warnock, and Major G. L. Hogue. Subsequent to the demise of General Gibson, the Commandery issued the following action :

IN MEMORIAM.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE U. S.
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

CIRCULAR No. 6.

SERIES OF 1895.

WHOLE NUMBER, 291.

CINCINNATI, February 14, 1895.

Our late Companion, William Harvey Gibson, Colonel 49th Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V., was elected a member of the First Class of the

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, through the Commandery of Ohio, December 3, 1884. Insignia 3566.

The accompanying report of the Committee appointed to prepare a tribute to his memory, is printed in accordance with the Regulations of the Commandery.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB D. COX, U. S. V.,
COMMANDER.

W. H. H. CROWELL,
Captain U. S. A.,
RECORDER.

WILLIAM HARVEY GIBSON,

Born May 16, 1821, in Jefferson County, Ohio.

Died November 22, 1894, at Tiffin, Ohio.

Our late companion, William Harvey Gibson, died after a somewhat lingering illness, at his home in Tiffin, Ohio, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

He was born in Ohio, of pioneer parents, and when a child was taken by them to their then new home in Seneca County, Ohio, where he was reared amid the hardships and dangers of pioneer life in the woods, with limited opportunities to obtain an education.

By his own perseverance he, however, acquired a good English education, and he was a student all his life, and became rich in knowledge of a most rare and practical kind. He early studied law, became a member of the bar, and practiced with distinction his profession in Tiffin, Ohio. He also early entered politics, and, as such, became a leader. He gave attention to literary subjects and to oratory in early manhood.

Misfortune came to him, through no wrong of his, that was sufficient to have blighted the life of any other man; but he had the esteem throughout his long career at the

bar, in political life, and in other public relations, of the public generally, and of his neighbors, who knew him most intimately.

June 21, 1861, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to raise an Ohio regiment of volunteers, at Camp Noble, near Tiffin, Ohio, and which, when raised, he moved to Camp Dennison, September 16, 1861, where it was drilled, armed, and equipped ready for the field, and he was, on September 16, 1861, commissioned its Colonel (49th O. V. I.), to date from July 31, 1861.

He was mustered out of service September 6, 1864, though subsequently, March 7, 1866, he was, by the President, honored with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers "*for meritorious services and conduct.*"

* * * * *

What more can be said of our illustrious companion than that he was a soldier, a patriot, a believer in our Republic, and loved his fellow-men?

J. WARREN KEIFER,
EARL CRANSTON,
E. H. BUSH,
Committee.

'At the time of Gibson's death there were two G. A. R. posts in Tiffin. The twain were united and made one, which now bears General Gibson's name. He was also an honored member of the Scotch-Irish American Society, the literature of that association containing many of his choicest utterances.

PART II.

“I HAVE listened to the most eloquent orators of my day, but General Gibson, of Ohio, has no equal in the mastery of assemblies.”
—*James G. Blaine.*

“I have heard many of the renowned orators of Europe and America, but I have never sat two and a half hours under such wonderful eloquence as that of General William H. Gibson.”—
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

“I have just finished reading the life of Patrick Henry. I closed the book and asked myself, ‘Have we any man living like him?’ Only one figure arose before me, and that was our own eloquent Gibson. He is like Henry in talents and patriotism. There was only one Patrick Henry in his day; there is only one William H. Gibson in our day, and both were Scotch-Irish American patriots.”
—*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

GIBSON'S ORATION

AT THE

UNVEILING OF THE LEANDER STEM MONUMENT.

THE ELOQUENT PATRIOT DEPICTS SCENES
"ALONG THE LINE."

On Wednesday, July 11, 1866, a beautiful granite shaft erected to the memory of the late Colonel Leander Stem, commander of the One Hundred and First O. V. I., who fell mortally wounded at Stone River, was unveiled, General Gibson pronouncing the oration. It is one of the very best of the orator's preserved utterances, and retains probably more of his personality than any other speech committed to writing. It was delivered in the very height of his oratorical powers. It is given in full.

Seven companies of Colonel Stem's regiment were present, and the following regimental officers: Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General I. M. Kirby, Lieutenant-Colonel McDonald, Major D. H. Fox, Surgeon T. M. Cook, Quartermaster George E. Seney, Captains Beckwith, J. C. Butler, I. B. Reed, J. P. Flemming, Barnes, and Lieutenants Squires, J. C. Smith, Myers, and Neff. General Gibson spoke with deep feeling, and there was a pathos and grandeur about his effort that cannot be described. These were his words:

VETERANS OF THE 101ST INFANTRY, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Coming from the city and village, from the country, the farm, and the hamlet, we are here to-day to do honor to the memory of a cherished friend. Voice fails us at this impressive moment, and, with melting hearts, we yield to the pathos of yonder marble orator, standing as it does, silent as the grave, yet thrilling as the song of immortality on the lips of cherubim. Cold, lifeless granite that it is, it has all the glow which inspiration excites, and awakens all of our sympathies and emotions. That monument, the production of a generous patriotism, is not alone for this day nor this year, but for all time; and may it there stand as the cycles of time pass on, continuing to excite and attract the admiration, interest, and enthusiasm of the generations to come after us.

That monument stands for the unborn centuries. *August future*, take it and keep it, and safely, through an hundred centuries, preserve it! Take our memorial tribute and preserve it for all time; so that long, long after we have moldered to our native dust, our children's children, and the children of all our race, who have hearts to be inspired by principles of liberty and justice, shall drop tears at the tomb, and regard it as a precious heritage given them by their ancestors.

Leander Stem, though dead to earth, and translated to the realms on high, has left to us an immortality of fame. Although, to-day, we have consecrated his grave with our tears, that grave is not destined to be forgotten; but in the reach of coming time throngs will gather here with songs and banners to render tribute to departed patriotism, and homage to one who died to save the life of the Republic. That monument shall stand when all the living have passed away. Towering there grand as a prophet, eloquent as an oracle, it will inspire votaries of liberty and right who shall come after us, to carry forward the banners of political regeneration. We are here to-day to

perform a sad act of gratitude and love in dedicating to the memory of our fallen friend, a monument that shall be imperishable as the granite from which it is wrought, lasting as our language. This monumental tribute has been the contribution of these brave men around me, who, when the ark of our political covenant was seized by rebel hands, rushed to the rescue and followed the heroic Stem, until he bowed his noble head in the battle storm, and then throughout the long struggle, until victory perched upon our banners and rebellion was crushed out, and our flag, the symbol of our nationality and badge of our civilization, waved in triumph throughout the land. Brave men! true men! and good men! we greet you here to-day, as our deliverers.

This evidence of love and affection is the tribute of companions in arms, who stood around Leander Stem upon the morning of his horrid murder. The place of its erection is appropriate; for over these plains, now rich in golden harvests, and teeming with activity and life, in his boyhood days he was accustomed to wander amid tangled thickets, these beautiful groves, and along the banks of the quiet brook. Here he received the first impressions of parental love and care. Here he rioted in the luxury of affection usual to a well regulated family. By yonder hearthstone, at his father's side, he drank in those lessons which fitted him for that noble love of country, and sympathy for humanity that lifted him up to a grand manhood, and gave him a hero's death. Here he knew and loved our own lamented McPherson, whose achievements on the field, wrought out for him a place "among the few immortal names that were not born to die." We can, however, but sketch the career of Leander Stem.

Coming to the bar in youth, he chose, as the field of his professional life, the county where he had been reared—among a people whom he had known from childhood, and risked success at a bar distinguished for its energy and

ability. Courteous, kind, and accommodating, he won the public confidence; honorable, gifted, and brave, he soon won the admiration of the bar. His word was a covenant and his promise a bond; and I know that we but utter the sentiment of just eulogy when we say that he never broke the one nor violated the other. With a mind enriched by general knowledge familiar with the intricacies of the legal science; an integrity undoubted, and an ability confessed; courageous as the champion of right, and loyal to every friendship, life tendered to him a golden promise, and he might have aspired to the highest places within the popular gift, without arrogance to himself, and with every assurance of success. Thus situated, and surrounded by his family, in whose circle he was the coveted light, the War of the Rebellion found him—that same war which has clad this land in mourning, and still hangs over us the habiliments of woe. Eleven States had madly rushed from their accustomed orbits in the Federal system. The Senators and Representatives from eleven States, with cabinet ministers and officers high in civil and military trust, had boldly avowed their treason in the face of just authority. A new government had been organized at Montgomery, every port and arsenal in the revolting States had been seized by insurgent forces. Good men in the rebellious States were forced into the crime of treason or into gloomy exile. The starry banner of our fathers had been violated and pulled down by rebellious hands, from the Capes of Maryland to the mouth of the Rio Grande.

These inexcusable and appalling crimes, committed under the robber plea that “might makes right,” and under the guise of a struggle for national independence agitated the world and excited the deepest anxiety wherever the American name was known. Vast armies had already marched to the field and startled the world by the grandeur of their heroism. Still he, whom we this day mourn,

was at home, not inactive but unceasing in all his efforts to promote the national cause and cheer our soldiers on their lonely beats at the front. He wept over our disasters at Bull Run, Belmont, and Ball's Bluff; but greeted with generous enthusiasm the conquerors who triumphed at Donelson, Shiloh, and Corinth. But the summer of 1862 came dark with gloom. The last ray from the sun of our national glory had grown dim in the political horizon. The grand army of the East, with more than one hundred thousand men, had been stretched before the walls of Richmond and driven back on Washington. Halleck stood confused in the environs of Corinth, while Buell, at the head of his veterans who had won victories in bloody battles, from Mill Springs to Shiloh and Corinth, was forced back five hundred miles to the banks of the Ohio.

The insulting challenge and defiant scoffs of traitors were heard along our borders, from the Potomac to the golden sands of Sacramento; and traitors in arms were attempting to corrupt and mislead the millions of the North by the inviting apple of discord. And there stood treacherous England, with the blood of her victims in India and Ireland still clinging to her garments, and in the name of neutrality and her religion, proclaiming our war for free government a barbarism; while at the same hour she was sending forth from her provinces armed bands to desolate our villages, and from her harbors armed ships of war to force our commerce from the seas. All Europe, with its crowned usurpers, stood ready with uplifted pen to record the failure of the infant Republic of America, and anxious to recognize the independence of Jefferson Davis and his associates, in this, the greatest and blackest crime of all history, since the revolt of the fallen angels. In this hour of misfortune the capital of the nation was besieged; Missouri was overrun, and the grand columns of Bragg and Kirby Smith were moving north, one on Louisville, and the other on Cincinnati; and the nation gave signs of

death. It was in this trying crisis that Leander Stem, impelled by a sense of patriotic duty, and this remnant of the One Hundred and First Infantry, went forth to battle, reaching the field at a time when the flag of rebellion could be discovered from the watch towers at Cincinnati, and when their camp-fires blazed along the banks of the Ohio.

Regardless then, of the thick clouds that hung over the destiny of the country, and forgetful of the clustering horrors of death upon the battle-field, Leander Stem and his companions refused to throw incense upon the altars of treason, and boldly spurned alike the taunts of rebels and cowards—the plea for compromise. They went into the field, and, incorporated into an organization with the veterans of Buell, they went forth to sweep the mountains and plains of Kentucky; and this regiment with its heroic leader listened to the salvos of artillery that proclaimed the steady advance of the Federal hosts from the mouth of the Salt River to the banks of the Kentucky. This regiment and its brave commander whom we now mourn, stood at Chaplin Hills when that bloody strife was inaugurated, and bravely led the charge which turned the rebel left, sweeping the plain, and receiving then their first baptism of blood. Going forward through the mountain regions, victory followed the banners of the Republic, and the now triumphant column, under the heroic Rosecrans, drove the enemy from the besieged city of Nashville and encamped on the banks of Mill Creek. This was the first time this regiment, represented by a remnant to-day, had the opportunity for that drill and education essential to success in the hour of battle. There they prepared for the coming struggle. There are scores here to-day who will never forget the night of December 25, 1862. Our mighty hosts were stretched through the valleys and over the hills when the order came to prepare to march the next morning, and all the important divisions received the tidings with shouts of joy, for they were anxious to engage the insolent foe.

Cheer followed cheer, and the notes of preparation were heard through the intervening night.

Morning came dark and cloudy, when our great trains of supplies and stores moved back to Nashville to be protected by the guns of forts Negley, Confiscation, and Casino. At the bugle's blast the right division of the right wing, under Davis, moved out with the One Hundred and First, bearing this battle-torn flag in front, and the engagement was inaugurated. As all survivors of that campaign who are here to-day will bear me witness, thirty minutes before advancing the rattle of musketry began on the left where Crittenden was moving his forces, while Sheridan, Johnson, Thomas, and Stanley were moving forward against retiring skirmishers, stretching over a front of more than ten miles. The music of artillery shook the hills, and made the very earth tremble. They moved on and forward until the 30th of December, when the great army of Rosecrans was in line before the enemy at Murfreesboro. On that advance the One Hundred and First bravely charged a battery and captured part of its guns. I shall never forget the moment when the intelligence of that capture, made by our own neighbors of the One Hundred and First, reached the Forty-Ninth, on the left of the right wing. A shout went up then which testified that true soldiers gloried in the success of each other.

On the night of the 30th of December, the last night of our friend on earth, all was still whilst two great hosts lay fronting each other, so close that you could hear the click of the musket locks; so close that you could hear the tread of the sentinels on their beats, and the whispers of the officers in charge. The awful stillness of death brooded over the marshaled hosts. It was the stillness that precedes the storm. The morning of the 31st came; and it came with all the confusion and horror of the battlefield. There we stood—the Federal Army, as three to four of its antagonists, with the corps of traitor Hardee on their left, supported by the divisions of Cleburne and

Stewart, whilst Breckenridge covered their batteries, and with Smith and Hanson engaged our left and center. At the dawn of day, before the commands were put in line, the rattle of musketry broke the solemn quiet of the plain, and in an instant our skirmishers were swept back, and at once the battle ranged along our front for more than three miles. Infantry and artillery shook the earth and awakened every living creature.

Then came the struggle! First, Hardee's Corps with Wheeler's Cavalry fell upon the attenuated line of our right, which wheeled on its left to the rear, fighting for every rod—from fences, rocks, and ridges—every man a hero. They found Leander Stem at his post of duty. He stood there to receive that storm, and around him stood those brave men. And lo! fellow-citizens, what an hour was that! when the angel of death brooded over our hosts—when carnage was sweeping forth to crimson every rod of earth, and convert beautiful fields into one vast Acedama of blood, canopied by blinding clouds of smoke. None but men stood there. Still firmly stood Leander Stem, as onward the rebel host advanced; and who will forget the last noble words that came from his lips: "Stand by your flag, boys, for the honor of the good old State of Ohio!" These were Leander Stem's last utterances, his last sublime command on earth, and well has this noble regiment obeyed it. Amid the confusion of conflict he fell into the hands of the enemy, and borne from the field to die in the hands of strangers, the ranks of his brave command broken, but still fighting with a heroism unsurpassed. Thus the conflict raged throughout that day. From six o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon it was one incessant roll of infantry and artillery, and the whole plain drank deep and freely of patriotic blood. There was not a brigade that participated in that struggle but that lost one-third of its entire number. But there was no defeat there, thank God! The God of our fathers was with us. The God of our fathers supported

us, and though driven back by overwhelming numbers, the army of the Union was resolved to win that field or die upon it! The battle of that day was closed, and a dark, damp night followed, offering no repose. Thursday came with its struggles on the left and center, with a grand maneuver by Hardee to turn again our right, when one little brigade, partly from your own neighborhood, assisted by the cavalry of Stanley turned his own left and drove him back on his support. Friday came with the great struggle on our left center. It was contested by the men who were driven back on Wednesday, upon the center. One of our divisions was charged by Breckenridge and Hanson, was driven across Stone River. Supported by the routed division, Davis and Johnson, with Negley, charged across the valley with bayonets in hand, and with ninety-six pieces of artillery over our heads thundering forth their messengers of death, this great line forced back the exultant foe, capturing batteries and snatching the banners from the hands of rebel ensigns, a splendid victory assured for Friday. Saturday came with its struggle. This was a battle of five days, fought amid the rain and storm of Southern winter, by men who battled two days without any rations except raw corn thrown in husks from forage wagons. But our valor and endurance was too great, and the enemy, defeated, fell back, and on Sabbath morning, January 5, took up its line of march. And there was *music then!* ! The instrumental bands from one end of the Union lines to the other, set up their joyous peal to the tunes of Hail Columbia, the Star-Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. The army of Rosecrans swept into Murfreesboro, victors of the field. It was at this very hour that our friend breathed his last. He died at the moment when the exultant shout of victory was ringing from twenty-six thousand lips. At that moment he died. A glorious moment for death!

Fellow-citizens, what homage or tribute can be sufficient to render to men who have thus gone forth and laid down

their lives? But we have here to-day the One Hundred and First Regiment educated by their fallen Colonel, prepared for the great duties of history by his care and industry, and their history was not closed on the 5th of January, 1863. They went forward in a grander career and it is proper, on this occasion, and in the presence of these people that we should hastily glance at their proud career. They are not all here, but hundreds and hundreds who went out full of hope and strong in patriotism and courage, have never returned to console their mothers—to greet their families. If the rolls of the One Hundred and First could be called, how many would be absent from roll-call on earth?

Where is Rule—that noble and heroic soul? The answer comes back from the battle-field of Chickamauga, “died for his country.” Where is the gallant Crocket, who through a score of battles was first and foremost in the ranks? He bowed to the battle storm at Franklin and gave his young life for his country. Where are Arndt and other companions, who went down on every field from Chaplin Hills to Atlanta and back to Nashville? They are not here. Their blood has been shed for their country and all that is left for us is to cherish their memories, emulate their example and keep continually burning upon the altars of our country that patriotism which shall at any moment arouse the land to arms in defense of the liberty for which they died.

The One Hundred and First participated in the grand campaigns which followed the battle of Stone River, in the movement on Tullahoma, in the campaign that resulted in the occupation of Chattanooga, the bloody battle of Chickamauga. They bore an honorable part in the great battles that swept the enemy from Missionary Ridge; they witnessed that sublime feat of Hooker fighting above the clouds at Lookout Mountain, when Sherman, on the distant left assailing the enemy’s lines in charges by column, gave the assurance that victory was certain, and moved

Sheridan, Johnson, and Davis, as they cleaned the bloody mountain slopes by their impetuous charges. On the morning that the campaign opened against Atlanta, the One Hundred and First was there and stood beneath the fire that swept the ranks of our country's defenders. They scaled the heights of Rockyface Ridge, and passed through Dalton. And when the bloody days of Resaca came, there waved the honor of the One Hundred and First. They were at Pine Top Mountain, at Bald Knob, beneath the shadow of Kenesaw and through the siege of Atlanta, and passing, mingled in the bloody struggle at Jonesboro and entered victorious into Atlanta, the keystone of the rebel confederacy. These brave men repelled the desperate assaults of Hood and Cleburne at Franklin, and won immortal glory in the great battle before Nashville where the last rebel army of the Central South was annihilated by the resistless veterans of Thomas. Faithful in the field, courageous in danger, and equal to any emergency, they have ceased to be soldiers and are with us to-day as citizens. They returned with songs of victory on their lips. Going forth to battle in days of doubt and gloom, they came home with the blessed assurance of peace. To-day, that flag pulled down and insulted by traitors has been restored to every peak and tower that rises along our shores.

To-day our navy goes forth in peace on every sea and the flag of our commerce, untouched, kisses the breeze of every harbor round the globe.

To-day busy industry and restored prosperity smile on every hand and we are sending out into the world the conquering elements of our civilization, consecrated to the work of political regeneration by all the promise of our history and all the sacrifices of national heroism.

UNVEILING

OF THE

McPHERSON MONUMENT.

On Friday, July 22, 1881, a noble statue of Major-General James Birdseye McPherson, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, who was killed before Atlanta, July 22, 1864, was unveiled with imposing ceremonies at Clyde, Ohio. Formal addresses were made by President Hayes, who presided, General W. T. Sherman, and General Gibson. These are the words to which Gibson gave utterance:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: I come here with all these thousands to render homage to the common fame of an illustrious hero. Ah, how these years pass! I remember, seventeen years ago, when our great army was encircling Atlanta with battery and rifle-pit, off to the left of the Fourth Corps, I stood by my friend, General Hazen, each of us with eight or ten regiments, how, in front of us, the enemy began to press our pickets, how soon with deepening noise like that of thunder, Hardee's Corps rushed on the Army of the Tennessee. How our hearts throbbed in those exciting moments. And to-day, I met on this ground a boy of my command, who, hastening in front of the skirmish line with his bosom open, laid

his hand on my horse's withers and said, "Colonel, General McPherson is dead."

I stand here to-day to confess, and with manly pride, that I wept like a child. Life is dear to all, but when God selects out of all the material at his command, and fashions a man like James B. McPherson, he renders to the earth the grandest service and to posterity a lasting blessing.

I cannot say, as some can and have said, that I had an intimate acquaintance with McPherson's boyhood. But this I can say, that on that day at Shiloh, when death held high carnival everywhere, the first man that I met was Colonel McPherson. I, inexperienced, drew lessons from him, and on the night after that horrid carnage, he sat by me in the tent. He was not there to inquire about the governor of Ohio, nor the member of Congress from his district, but about his old neighbors at Clyde. And I well remember old Abraham Porter, and wondered why he inquired so particularly about him. He had thought lovingly of him,—and everybody about his home. I love a man who loves his home and his neighbors. I love a man who never forgets those who stood by him in his childhood. General McPherson has passed from earth. There were heroes by the scores and hundreds, those who saw him amidst the crashing thunders of battle. I feel to-day in the presence of this statue, that in some manner the spirit of the great warrior had entered it, and before it I bow my head.

Glorious name! Immortal hero! Brilliant star in the galaxy of our nation's proudest glory! He was born in Ohio—born here in Clyde, and to-day I charge you, fellow-citizens, to guard well his memory. Cherish his immortal example, and let us here, in this presence, on the anniversary of his death, and in the sight of this statue, make new and bolder and higher resolves to fight on and to fight ever, until the blood he poured out on the soil of Georgia shall accomplish the liberty of all mankind.

I greet here, to-day, the mother who bore him. Back into memory I go to that time when he, a prattling babe, sat upon her knee and curled his tiny arm around her neck. What scenes have transpired in the moving panorama of life since then! O, venerable mother, O, glorious matron! In that grand day, when God shall marshal earth for judgment, and calls upon you for your jewel, like the mother of the Gracchi, you can point to James B., your son, your darling son, and say: "Here, Lord, is my jewel!" and waiting heaven will respond with a chorus, "Amen and amen!"

Men live for a purpose. Men die for a purpose. Following, step by step, the career of this great man, I see him in the full vigor of his youth, in the perfection of his manhood, a soldier of his country riding grandly at the head of his command, a great arm of his fellow-countrymen. But he has passed away from earth, his mission completed, and his work accomplished. To-day, it shall be the pride of every man in Northern Ohio to feel that here in the village of Clyde was born a boy, who, as a man, carved his way to an immortality of fame. Here let his ashes rest, and, as the ages and centuries pass, let our children and our children's children, and the children of the coming eras, come trooping here with songs and roses, and beneath the shadow of this statue, let them draw inspiration for the hard testings of life's battles. And here, to-day, do we not only dedicate this monument to the memory of the great military chieftain, but ourselves to teach the boys and the young men the grand possibilities that lie before them. That outstretched arm points to the possibilities of the sons of America. I hope in the future that no immortality of fame shall be won on the field of blood. Rather let that fame come from the emulative contests of civic life, be won on the battle-field of peace.

But should the time come when soldiers must again fight and die for the preservation of lofty principles of the

Republic, then let the name, the famed-shrined name of McPherson be a watchword and an inspiration—and armies shall fall in, and men like he was a man, shall realize

“The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man.”

McPherson's blood was shed,—not in the hope of glory and for a personal triumph. No! No! It was shed for man. Every drop of it was warmed by the fire that melted four million fetters and lifted to God four millions of earth's poor. Citizens, guard well his dust; cherish in love his memory; this is but his statue,—his monument, the nation he died to redeem from disunion and destruction.

ADDRESS BY GENERAL W. H. GIBSON

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

PIONEER PICNIC OF SANDUSKY COUNTY AND
THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
HISTORIC SOCIETY

This speech was regarded by General Gibson as the best among the stenographic reports of his efforts that he had ever received and the honor is due to Mr. Jacob Burgner, who caught every word that fell from the General's lips, and they are given as reported to the *Fremont Journal*:

UNITED STATES POST-OFFICE,
TIFFIN, SENECA COUNTY, STATE OF OHIO,
September 23, 1891.

Messrs. Isaac M. Keeler & Son.

GENTS: I see my scattering words at the Pioneer meeting in your city well reported in your journal.

I would like three or four copies of that issue and the name of the reporter, as he has done the best *job* ever accomplished on my speeches.

Yours, etc.,

W. H. GIBSON.

Former President Rutherford B. Hayes, in a few remarks, compared General Gibson with Patrick Henry, speaking as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Am I to make another speech? That isn't according to my expectation. I am safe on that, however. I am in earnest now; I am not joking. We have Patrick Henry with us. I wish he wasn't here for a minute, I would like to talk about Gibson. That is a good topic.

I have read a great deal about Patrick Henry and some seven or eight years ago I was casting about in my mind to know whether there was any one living that was like him in talents and character, and in that wonderful elo-



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

quence he possessed. The more I read of him, the more I was satisfied that we had here in Ohio, in this Sandusky Valley, a Patrick Henry.

If our friend, William H. Gibson, had lived in those days which tried men's souls, in the days of the Revolution, I think he would have had the same place Patrick Henry has. He was born a little too late, but I know he don't think so; he has a notion he was born just at the right time. He thinks it is an advantage to have lived during an interval of time when good men were needed, during the

last thirty or forty years, a time when men could do so much good by work, and speech, and character. At this time there is a certain sense in which that is true and a certain sense in which it is not true. The present had a beginning, and to have lived during the foundation, the creative period of this great country of ours would have been the best fortune, and it is the chief advantage and the only advantage Patrick Henry had over William H. Gibson.

Among the famous things Patrick Henry did and said, take that case of the law-suit in which a distinguished Scotchman brought suit against a quartermaster of the Revolutionary Army, who, it seems had taken one of his steers to feed the starving soldiers. The quartermaster under orders, must gather in provisions. One day he found a terribly mean little steer and he gathered him in and fed him to the Revolutionary soldiers.

The quartermaster was rather a thrifty man afterwards, although he did not make anything out of his office as quartermaster; but he had a farm and the Scotchman brought suit against him personally for the price of the steer after the war was over. Patrick Henry defended him, and during the trial he said, "Look at this man here, (pointing to the quartermaster). He and his men were on the march to join the army which was to capture Burgoyne and close successfully the Revolutionary War. His men were starving and this man's [Scotchman's] steer was taken, and now he prosecutes the man who did his duty, gathered food for the starving soldiers; and everybody else in the world who are the friends of freedom are rejoicing because the war is over, everybody except this Scotchman. 'And when all are taking off their hats and cheering because of the great victory, here comes this Scotchman, crying, 'I want pay for my beef!' Shame on him!'" Well, the Scotchman began to get his head down and finally sneaked through the door and was gone, and

it was well that he was gone, because if he had stayed they would have "skinned" him.

Now, I tell you, Gibson would have done that just as well as Patrick Henry did.

You all remember the time they were passing resolutions in the house of delegates in Virginia. They "Resolved, that Great Britain cannot tax America, which has not representation, and hereafter America is to be independent of that despotic power." Suppose Gibson had been there. You remember what Patrick Henry said—said he, "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. . . I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." This was a pretty good speech and Gibson will make just as good a one. I think this is enough for an introduction.

General Gibson was introduced by R. P. Buckland, the president of the Association, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND PIONEERS: In rising before an audience like this I am always touched by mingled feelings of sadness and satisfaction. We are marching and passing away. Yesterday I attended a meeting in Geauga County and the list of the dead during the past year amounted to ninety-three. Here you have over sixty. And yet it is surprising to see how long we live. It is not at all strange that we should want to live. I am very anxious to live, myself. I do not care to what age we attain, we still want to *hang on* to life! We all have sense enough to know that we have a good thing here, and hence the disposition to cling to it. And it is a noble characteristic of human nature.

What striking transformations have taken place in the memory of many of us! What a marvelous century! At the dawn of this century a man might have stood on the

heights of the Allegheny Mountains and cast his eyes westward on a sparse population west of the Ohio River. I look to-day and count more than twenty million people in our commonwealth, stretching to the other sea, protected by the panoply of law, and all settled within this century.

Pioneers, perhaps I ought to show you that I have a right to be here. I doubt whether many of you came here as soon as I did. A man wants to get right with his audience first, and I want to get there right straight. I was born in Jefferson County, Ohio. I was born in May, and just as quick as I could make arrangements I emigrated to Sandusky County and settled at Honey Creek, now Seneca County, which was then a part of Sandusky. Your county is not as big as it used to be. I lived in Sandusky three years commencing on the 5th of October, 1821. Seneca County was set off from Sandusky in 1824. From that time to this I have been a resident of Seneca County, two years longer than any other person. How many of you were here in 1821? There may be some—but I am one of them—that's sure. Therefore I have a right to appear here as a pioneer. I was a young pioneer and I am glad of it, for if I had been old I would have had a worse time of it. I was quite a curiosity among the Indian squaws as a white baby. They presented me with pets of cats and dogs, and I have been fond of them ever since. That is the way I started in life. At that time this whole north-western Ohio was an unbroken solitude. Imagine, if you can, this whole region shadowed with deep, tangled forests, with only occasional pathways along which the sly Indian crept in pursuit of his game, and pioneers were guided by spots on trees made with an ax. I look out to-day, and what do I see? A great tumultuous nation sixty-three millions strong! I hold my ear to earth and I hear the thunder of fifty-two thousand locomotives, over one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of railway, with un-

counted thousands of cars, and millions of our people who live on wheels, traveling from sea to sea and from hamlet to hamlet. I look out and I see beyond, the school-houses rearing their beautiful forms, and twelve million children rollicking and playing in the yards, and I see the churches rising skyward. I look at this country, grander and vaster than any other in the world; as glorious as Lebanon, beautiful as Carmel and Sharon—and how comes it? You and I have come into a goodly inheritance, but the Samuels and Joshuas that led us through the wilderness and brought into it the wake of Christian civilization and laid broad and deep the foundations of this country had to go through much tribulation. There was not a cloud by day nor a pillar of fire by night to guide their footsteps, but they went out like heroes bearing the ark and planted it in their cabins. Talk about heroes! Who are the heroes of this earth? Go where you will and you can see monumental shafts to their honor. You have one in your city. It is a beautiful memorial of the soldier in his intrepidity and valor. He hears the bugle notes, the roll of drums, the shriek of fife, the thunder of guns; and he touches elbows with his fellows, and they rush forward regardless of life. There is a thrill in him. But what is that compared with a man like my father, with ten children, who cut his way through the woods and came and settled where there was not one acre of cleared land? He was obliged to clear away the trees and brush so that he could raise grain and get vegetables to fill the bodies of his children and inspire them with enthusiasm. I say here to-day, and I say it with pride, that they were the bravest men, the most heroic characters in all American history.

And when I want a monument built, I am going to have a piece of granite, and I will have represented on it an old pioneer father equipped with an ax, and his spouse sitting on the other side spinning flax and singing "Old Hundred." And that will be a heroic thing to do. How

things have changed within my memory! Talk about going to school! I walked two and a half miles to school with the late Anson Buglingame of Massachusetts, who, later, became noted in our history. That was the first school-house erected in Seneca County. And soon we built a church, and the logs were hewed; and they said the people were getting proud. We used to meet in log school-houses; but they are gone; then in log churches, and they are gone; then we built a frame, and that is gone; and now we have a brick church, and it has domes and minarets and is stuck full of points. We have got through going to heaven from the log churches and the frame churches, but our new ones are not a bit better than those our fathers had, to go to heaven from. We used to go to meeting in homespun clothes, but now we all wear store clothes! A young fellow would cut a pretty figure now to go to see his girl in homespun! I present myself as a young man who did that very thing—and the girl was mighty glad to see me at that. [Laughter.]

Now it was not all graveyard business in the pioneer time. I recollect the raising of the log cabin. I was there and I seldom failed to be on hand. The fellow that could carry up a corner was considered the bully! [Laughter.] Every girl in the neighborhood wanted to kind o' side up to him. [Laughter.] That was a great thing. My father was a carpenter and built the first frame barn in Seneca County. We went fifteen miles to get the hands to raise it, and we requested them to bring a knife and fork. We had plenty to eat but not enough to eat with. They came fifteen miles. Every fellow had his knife and fork and would haul them out and pitch in, and when he got through would put them in his pocket again. We had Christmas every week in the year. We had it oftener than that, even, as we could get turkeys any time by going into the woods. Now these were pretty good times. There was often a great deal of fun. Then, when log rollings were had the

people were very clever. The whole neighborhood would come to help a man roll logs. If he lost a horse or cow the neighbors would chip in and get him another. Everything has changed. There is not a single thing in your house or on your farm like that of the old pioneers.

Where is your little spinning wheel on which you spun the flax, or that big wheel, six feet in diameter, on which the girls spun seventeen knots an hour? I know one that spun eighteen once, and she was married in less than ninety days from that event. [Laughter.] Where are they? I can see them yet, my mother and sister, spinning in the evening as we sat around and told our stories and talked on politics and religion. Oh, how my good old mother sat and worked to get something out for the boys! It had to be done. And then do you recollect the tow linen, which was hatched from the best part of the flax? I have always been a protectionist from that time. We would sow a patch of flax, and when it had grown up the girls would get together and pull it. I suspect that some of these younger ladies who have gray hair have also been in the scrape. [Laughter.] And then the boys were invited to come in the evening. We would come after supper in time to beau the girls home, and if there was a fiddler in the neighborhood, we would have a shin-dig! [Laughter.] The people were all good-hearted, honest, conscientious people. This is shown by the fact that they live so long. I do not know why I have lived so long except for the same reason. [Laughter.] I hope to live to be one hundred and twenty years old.

Well, then, the weaving: I can hear the shuttle and the loom yet, out in the little out-house where my sister was weaving. I never had a single yard of store clothes until I was nineteen years old, and yet I thought I was well dressed. I strutted around like a dude. [Laughter.] We thought that we were well off, and so we were. Genius and invention have come in, and we now make everything by steam. We spin and weave and do other work by

steam. Steam is the mistress of every sea and the queen of every river. It is a new creation.

Can you recollect how you did the cooking? How did you bake what we called pone; a corn loaf about eight inches thick, baked in that Dutch oven? The dough was fixed up in the oven in the evening when we went to bed, and the coals were hauled around it, or it was hung in a kettle on a crane. It was done by morning, and then we shavers pitched into it, and it stuck well to our ribs. Now do you remember that crane—a piece of iron rod bent and hung on one side of the fireplace? And can you remember how the pots hung on hooks, and were filled with cabbage, pork, mutton, and potatoes, which made the whole cabin fragrant? How is it now? Why, you do not bake at all! You buy your bread at five cents a loaf and you have no corn bread. The cooking stove was unknown when I was a boy. And then, look at your silver dishes, knives and forks. You cannot say that you are sticking to the old track. The omnipotent and omnipresent movement of progress lifts up everything and you must move with it or get left. You have to get in fashion or be out of the world.

Well, then, go out on the farm. What kind of a plow have you got? Have you a wooden mold board with strips of iron on the land sides of it? Do you plow with oxen? I have plowed with oxen and gone to Sunday-school at the same time. That takes a pretty heroic fellow, not to violate any of the commandments. Knock and rip goes the plow through the roots and then they spring back and strike your shin. If you do not violate some of the commandments you are pretty well imbued with the religious element. I recollect the first iron plow, the Peacock plow, made in New York State. We have gone on now until we are not satisfied until we have a polished steel mold board and cutters.

But how do we reap? The idea of reaping with a hand sickle. Great Lord! Our fathers dug out stumps and now, instead of walking after a Peacock plow, we sit up-

on a spring seat and draw in the reins on a span of Normans, and say, "Go in, boys!" Our dads fixed this for us.

How did you do your haying? Do you recollect whetting your scythe after you had knocked it on a niggerhead? You didn't make any remarks! You whetted that scythe and then you bent down and went on. If you made no remarks you thought a great deal. [Laughter.] You mowed all day for fifty or seventy-five cents. That was a hard way of making hay for the cows. We do not do that now. American genius has contrived a mower and we sit on a spring seat and mow. Then we distribute the grass and when it is dry we rake and pile it into little stacks, and take it into the barn, all by horse power. And then, instead of lamming it up by hand, we have a patent fork which we drop into the top of the load, and then we hitch horses to a long rope passing over pulleys above and fasten to the fork and we say, "Hup, Jack!" and away upward goes the hay as if by magic. It is a new art. Since the first comers of Seneca County there has been a new revelation in farming. It is a new earth. It may be a new heaven, for the earth is so totally changed.

And then cutting the harvest. Why there were men who used to do it this way (with a hand sickle) the way the Hebrews did. Then we got the grain cradle. That was a great invention at the time. The first hard work in my life was to take up grain after a cradle. A boy was not expected to make a full hand but to be a gouger. The boy would chip in to help a fellow that could not keep up his row. I used to carry a bottle of whiskey for the men to drink, but I never got any and I am glad of it. I carried a bucket of water at one end of a pole over my shoulders and whiskey on the other, so that the one at either end could take a sip. There was something peculiar and inspiring about that whisky. It helped on with the work.

Well, now, after the cradle, what next? We make the horses do it again. Human genius gave to the world the

reaper and self-binder, and it moves on every harvest-field of grain across our planet. In the great west no hand sickle or cradle is used at all. When reapers were first invented we had to cut it and then bind by hand; now a little boy will cut and bind and carry sheaves, and all the farmer has to do is to shock it. Is not this wonderful? Take all the things that you and I have experienced in farming and observe that all the terrible toil and labor of our forefathers has been changed to that which is lighter, easier, quicker and more inviting in every respect. We have also more successful ways in tilling the soil, in working the corn. Everything is changed! We ride along on our machinery and our horses do the hoeing.

How many buggies were in Fremont fifty years ago? I recollect the first buggy ever brought to Seneca County by Eli Dresbach. All of us boys went one day to see a circus several miles away, and we stopped to see a buggy, which to us, was as great a curiosity as a circus. How many buggies have you now? That depends on how many boys you have. Count the number of boys and you know the number of buggies—or the buggies and you know the number of boys. Every boy now, when he gets to be sixteen years old must have a buggy. It's the truth. And pretty soon he says, "That colt is mine, and Dad and Jim shan't use it." And after a while he gets a set of harness and a laprobe, and when about seventeen years of age he gets behind that horse and rig, which costs more than your whole farm did at first, and then he starts out to hunt his best girl. That is a laudable enterprise. You didn't go that way. You went afoot and alone, and Nancy was glad to see you. Now your boy goes out and he don't ask his girl to have him, as you did, but he only asks her to take a ride. Now, be honest. He is afraid to talk with her unless he can take her in a buggy to where there is no one to listen to him but the owls. [Laughter.] I was at a great picnic lately. There were 1,130 buggies on the ground. It was a strange spectacle to me. In 1821 there were not

two hundred buggies in the State of Ohio. Now we have all got them, and it is all right. I speak of it to show the contrast between our father's days and ours.

Well now, another thing. Let us go to the bed rock. How many blows did it cost to clear up this country? Where are the strong arms that felled the forest trees and cleared up these fields? The great majority have passed on and to-day are marshaled beyond the river. Ride along these fine roads. Look at that great stump of a tree and tell me how many sturdy blows it cost to fell it, and toilsome labor to log it. Count the number of evenings you watched the burning of brush and log heaps. It was not only till ten and twelve o'clock at night, but from daylight to dark, and dark to daylight, when there was a good burning time. I have been there myself, I know what has taken place in the pioneer clearings. What a change! Now we can go out from here and see limitless fields crowned with corn and waving fields of wheat. Who cleared them? We all admit it was done by somebody. Most of them dead! But, thank God, we can cherish their memory and hold them up as examples to stimulate the young and animate the coming generations to noble deeds in all the future ages of this world. We are changed as people. Now, I suppose somebody that has the dyspepsia will say that it is not so. "The world is bad; it is going to the devil." But the world has been improving all the time. I say that the War of the Rebellion has made us better people. If it had not been for that war we would not have had this meeting. The soldiers are the ones that first got up these picnics. It was the offspring of the idea of the soldiers' reunions; of the boys in blue who had been comrades in camp and wanted to meet again. Now we pioneer boys who were together fifty years ago want to get together again.

We are better people, too, because we are not so mean as we used to be. I was once at Plymouth Church on the

Sabbath and Henry Ward Beecher preached. At the close of the sermon he took a colored lady and walked her out on a platform. He read a statement that that woman was the wife of one man and the slave of another in North Carolina, and she wanted to buy herself free. They raised the money for her in less than ten minutes. A woman,—a person with an immortal soul, chattelized and obliged to buy herself! We were doing mighty mean things; but it took only forty-two years to reconsecrate this country to conscience, humanity and religion. It is now like the brazen serpent in the wilderness for the healing of the nations and the inhabitants of the islands of the sea in the remotest corners of the globe. They all look to America to be healed.

How did our fathers get to this country? I recollect when we used to come to this country, hunting land. We came behind ox teams, across the mountains and through the dense forest wilderness. We invaded this western country. We conquered it mile by mile. We moved like a vast, besieging army. Now we have railroads, and we put our effects into a car and get into it ourselves and take our families with us. The power of steam moves us along swiftly across plains, through forests, over rivers, through tunneled mountains, and hills, until we reach sight of our homestead perhaps in Oregon—and it is all done in less time than it used to take to go from Cleveland to Sandusky with an ox team. We owe this to the improvement of the age. We used to be jolted around in stage coaches at six cents a mile. They would often get fast in the mud and we had to help pry them out. We used to stage it about two weeks in going to Columbus, now we go it in less than a day. In going to California we went around Cape Horn or by the Isthmus of Panama. Panama was a graveyard of travelers. Now we go across the continent in a few days. We have our meals served on board the train in a palace car. We can go in a smoking car if we

choose. These are luxuries. One member of my family is a German girl that I took when she was eight years of age. She was six weeks on the ocean passage in coming to America. The other day a steamship crossed the sea in five days and ten hours. I have lived to see steamships forty rods long.

When I was a boy, in my old school district, and it was one of the best of the kind, a Mr. Marcus, from Pennsylvania, wanted to have a class in geography. We got Morris's old geography, and were making good progress. Some of the people said, "You shall not teach geography in our common school. It is too high a study. You must send the children off to Milan or Norwalk Academy for that." The dispute culminated in a congress of the parents of the neighborhood. My father and his brother-in-law were for retaining it, but it was voted out of the school; and that is the reason why I never understood geography. [Laughter.] That is true.

Now, what did we pay the teachers? The woman is living now whom we paid \$1.25 per week. Teachers boarded around and we fed them on pumpkin pie and sausage. There is a man now cashier in a bank, who taught for a dollar a week and boarded himself. We are now hunting for the men and women to take our mantles. We spend \$130,000,000 a year in breaking the bread of educational life to our 12,000,000 children, and we employ 300,000 teachers; and instead of thirty-three colleges we now have more than four hundred. We say to the young people thirsting for education, "let all come, whosoever will, let him come." We are going away from the old customs. You start a subscription for a church, the United Brethren, for instance, and succeed in putting up a good house. The Baptists, near by say, "We will have a better one or bust." The Methodists are a curious class of people. I am one of the broad gauge kind, which is very zealous and very generous. If they undertake to build a church they will

build it; if they undertake to establish a mission they will establish it. They have the sand.

Now the churches have got to be a great deal better. I have heard something about the higher criticism. I am a man who will say what he thinks—and I say higher criticism is a humbug. The other day I heard a stranger preach in my town and he said that the churches ought to come together. I said that is a humbug. Said I, "Let them follow the church they see fit and the more the better." I illustrated it by a fact. A Disciple preacher met me on the train. I asked him where he was going. "I am going to Darke County to have a debate. "To have a debate; on what?" "With Father Pempler, the Dunkard preacher." "What in creation are you quarreling with him about?" "Why, the Dunkard believes in dipping a convert three times and we only do it once!" Now ain't that getting it a little fine? I said if they think dipping them three times is necessary let them do it. Some fellows may require a hundred dippings. [Laughter.] We want to belong to a church that will do right. Be a man. Let your religion affect your life. Carry in your conduct a reflection of the image of the God that made you. I want to preach a doctrine that will save everybody that is worth saving; and for those who are not worth saving I want a place to put them. [Laughter.]

Now look at education. There have been more donations to schools and colleges in the last five years than ever before in the history of our country. There has been more money expended during the last ten years for the propagation of Christian civilization for all the tribes of earth than was given in one hundred years before. We have lived to see the coming glory of the Lord in this land of liberty. We have lived to see monarchism and despotism trodden under foot by the popular will. We have lived to see the old Roman city come under a constitutional government and the crown of France give way to a re-

public. The political ideas of liberty and equality born by our fathers of the East, cradled by our pioneers of the West have proven so good and pure and practical that the nations of the earth are moved by our influence. We are a great people. We are in a great era and a grand epoch is opening out to the world. From this splendid prospect I can look back to the rude cabin and listen to the humble prayers and hymns and moral lessons that laid the foundations for this magnificent superstructure. Our young people are at once brought into the full enjoyment of the possessions wrought out by the pioneers, and I hope that on each returning year the pioneers of Sandusky County will be welcomed at these reunions.

We get together in my county every year within eighty yards of the spot where I learned my A B C's. If you come up on the first Saturday of September we will show you a regular "blow-out." The old folks get young again. Let us go through the world with our heads up. Don't go around with heads hanging down. Do not growl and say that the earth is going backward. It don't. God said, "Let there be light!" You may try to hold the world back if you will, but the grandeur of its progress will carry it on, and on, and on, until from the rivers to the ends of the earth the nations shall lift up the standard of justice, liberty, and equality and then when they all get together to celebrate their liberties, the other nations will stand up and call us blessed. They will point to us as the great political and moral forces of the world. And when the judgment is set and the orchestra of the universe assembles to the music of the spheres, your country and mine will still be chartered as first among the nations, the benefactors of universal humanity. [Great applause.]

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

AT

STEUBENVILLE, May 30, 1892.

In speaking of this oration a Steubenville paper made the following statement :

No speaker for years has received such a royal ovation, nor have the people of this city and community turned out in such numbers to hear a Decoration Day address, as the packed crowd that was present at the opera house to greet General "Bill" Gibson, of Tiffin, Ohio, and to hear the words that came from the lips of Ohio's "silver-tongued orator!"

His national reputation as an orator, together with the fact that in turning out they were honoring one of Ohio's noblest sons and a Jefferson County boy, who had come here to do honor to the patriots who fell in defense of their country, on the day when we strew flowers on their honored graves, brought Steubenville's forces out *en masse*.

In introducing General Gibson, Mr. McMullen spoke of him as a son of Jefferson County, of whom they were all proud, which was greeted with applause most hearty from all parts of the auditorium, and was signally a most enviable ovation.

General Gibson stepped out to the edge of the platform. As he stood there, it was seen that his hair had been silvered by the frosts of seventy-one winters and whitened by the glare of as many summers. Although seventy-one, his form is straight, and when warmed up his tones are those of a man of middle life. He is remarkably well pre-

served, and his speech was a great cabinet of jewels, oratorically considered. General Gibson spoke, in substance, as follows, and gave a typical speech to soldiers :

MR. COMMANDER AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF JEFFERSON COUNTY: This is a common occasion. Of all the days set apart for public observance, no one brings more pleasant recollections, and sadder thoughts. Mankind witness what they have never witnessed before—a whole nation of loyal people, gathered in every city, and town, and churchyard to strew the graves of the heroic dead with flowers.

What strange feelings come over us to-night! Look,—we see forty-four instead of thirty-eight stars on that star-emblazoned flag! sixty-five millions of people free, with freedom's starry banner floating over all! Of all the people who were aroused by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, one-third have passed away. To many, the story of the Civil War is a mere tradition. There are twelve millions of children in our public schools. They have been born in an auspicious era. In 1860 this country was at peace with all the world. We had a meager navy, our standing army was a mere bagatelle. At the mention of a possible war, every heart sent up a prayer to the God of Joshua to avert the impending calamity. When the war cloud appeared down in South Carolina, all the patriotic hearts in the North hoped it would quickly pass away. While we were praying for the permanence of peace, Sergeant Pope opened fire on Sumter, and compelled its sixty-one brave defenders to haul down the flag.

At the first call seventy-five thousand men were called for, to put down the uprising in forty-eight hours. Twice that number responded. Political prophets said it would be over in ninety days. This loyal portion responded to Lincoln's call, and came marching to the cry: "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand strong!" We had no drilled soldiers then, the old-fashioned muster

had passed out of fashion, and two-thirds of the enlisted officers in our regular army drew their swords against the flag.

Have you ever thought, comrades, why you went into the army? We are here for the celebration of the day, and we want to call up the past,—the recollections of thirty-one years ago. You had no hatred for those fellows down there, had you? We certainly did not go to be shot at, did we? I would not want to stand up and be shot at by one of those old Harper's Ferry muskets. [Applause.] The war in which you and I had participated was the first war for conscience' sake; the first war for humanity—its history will roll down the ages as a holy war. The ark of our political covenant had been assailed,—assaulted by rebel hands! It was the ark of our everlasting political covenant. Something came over you, and all the manhood God had given you was aroused. You said you would die before the war was finished—that was the spirit with which you entered the service.

We did not go out to conquer a province, nor to profit by aggrandizement. We went out to hold inviolate what belonged to us; that which was our own by the sacrifices of an immortal ancestry. Well, what did you know about war? Certainly, you knew absolutely nothing. Some of you hardly knew how to shoot a gun. Most of you never had a musket in your hands, and some of you never saw one. I raised a regiment up at my home. I had never seen even a militia muster. Ours was a peaceable community, where nothing more startling than the cooing of a dove disturbed us. Then, when we got a thousand men together, I was regarded the sharpest fellow in the crowd. [Laughter.] The governor gave me a commission as colonel, chief boss of the thousand, and told me to go to work bossing. I said, all right, governor; and went at it. But I did not know the A B C of military tactics, or war. But I did know there were some fellows down South that needed killing, so I concluded to go. Do you remember

your first squad drill? I can recollect some of you old, gray-headed fellows trying to stand up straight. [Laughter.] Who drilled you? Did the fellow who drilled you really know anything about it?

There was a man in our regiment by the name of Miller, who came from Delaware College. He understood drilling. I was his boss, and I kept him at it all the time. I had a soft snap. [Laughter.] The other officers gave the drilling into the hands of the officers under them, and it finally fell to the sergeants—Miller was a sergeant. He had all the drilling to do, and I guess he enjoyed it, for he never begged off. I remember one day a squad of sixteen were being drilled in a field. After they had been marching about for some time, he tried to march them out in a single line abreast. When he came to the bars he found the flanks would strike the side posts, and in his desperation he shouted out the formal command: "Boys, turn round and come out the way you came in! One at a time, forward!" [Applause.] That boy, Miller, won a commission. When Joe Hooker stormed Missionary Ridge, and when the Army of the Cumberland rolled up the crimson slope, Miller led a company. At the very edge of the rebel lines a six-pound rebel shell struck him and he died a hero. We all felt like crying. He died on Missionary Ridge amidst the roar and rattle of artillery—a death I almost covet. At the battle of Shiloh, there were boys who fought like demons, who, only three days before they faced the enemy, had their muskets handed to them. They came from the public schools, they came from Christian homes in the Northwest. These fellows did not know anything about military tactics; but when the attack came they stood like veterans of Napoleon at Marengo or Austerlitz. Memory comes to me to-day. We had fine boys,—noble fellows.

It has been said that a woman cannot run. [Laughter.] Now, you need not say you never ran. [Laughter.] I have seen the time when I was glad to get the chance to run. [Prolonged laughter.] One point, by way of illus-

tration, in regard to the fleetness of women on their feet. There were two lieutenants of a Wisconsin regiment who had left sweethearts at their homes. They were afraid some skulkers would capture them while they were absent in the army, so they very sensibly married them. When they got down along the Mississippi River, they wrote home for their wives to come down and visit them. While they were visiting at the camp the rebels attacked us, and the officers sent their wives to the river to stay until the flurry was over. Before they had gone a hundred yards the Johnnies came out of the woods, so the girls took refuge in a log cabin. Several sharpshooters also took lodgement in the cabin and began to pick off the enemy's gunners. The enemy saw that unless that cabin was destroyed, it would be no avail to try to use the artillery, and forthwith directed their attention to the cabin. When the big balls began to pass through it, the men and women ran out and started across the bare field. When the rebels saw it was women they had routed out of the cabin they ceased firing, sprang to the top of their guns and cheered the women until they got away from danger. It is safe to say that women never made a race for life under more auspicious circumstances. [Laughter and applause.]

We were menaced by both France and England. We are alive to-day. [Applause.] We have been building a monument of our own. Our country is the first among the nations of the globe,—first in wealth and glory, and everywhere the flag,—our flag, waves over the homes of the free and the brave. Europe, wise Europe,—Europe said we did not have any generals. Of course not; they went to the other side. I believe, if my memory serves me faithfully, that we had two or three majors that stood by us and our cause. Over in Europe, you know, they are adjudged not fitted to command an army until they have reached about sixty-eight years of age, having passed through the ranks until they have reached that position. We took a John A. Logan from his seat in Congress and put him in

command. [Loud applause.] We had a knack of making generals from a recipe that had never fallen into the hands of European monarchs. There was a man trying to build a sidewalk to his house in Galena, Illinois, and he tried to get a commission from the governor of Ohio, but failed. In two years he was at the head of our armies. There was Sherman,—they said he was crazy; he had a craze to go right through the heart of the Confederacy,—and he did it. There is not a man who followed Thomas when he ground Hood to powder, but feels proud of it. Soon we sent back to Europe that we fought battles with as great intelligence, and as skillfully, and could win battles at a greater cost of life. In three battles of the war, our mortality was double that of any battle of the great French and German war. In one battle there were five thousand eight hundred men on our side, while the rebels had six thousand. At night four thousand six hundred lay dead and wounded on the field. Europe never saw such a loss. Talk about our fathers' standing hardships! Why the boys of '65 showed as much endurance, and more, than any men in the history of the Republic. We are not running down,—we are running up! [Applause.]

You remember the Creede Austrian musket that was placed in the hands of our soldiers. Later we started the Springfield arsenal. They were good guns, with long, bright barrels; why, you could throw the different parts into a red-hot furnace, then take them out and put them together again. One piece would fit on another gun just as well, for the parts were interchangeable. Then the rebels got the Enfield rifle, and a blacksmith's apprentice, up in Connecticut invented the Spencer rifle. At the close of the war we had twenty thousand men on horseback, and this gun revolutionized the world. We did not have any navy to speak of. At the close of the war we had four thousand seven hundred cannon on our ships, with as brave seamen as the world could produce. Their crowning success was at the mouth of the Mississippi,

where Farragut, who was raised in the South, but true to his country, lashed himself to the mast and poured broadsides into New Orleans. England armed rebel ships, then sent them out to destroy our commerce. I have often thought we ought to have given the Johnny Bulls a turn after we whipped the Johnny rebs. [Applause.] But we went to law and said to England: "We want pay for the damage done to our commerce by your privateers." English folks looked pale. Then again we said: "We want our pay." Then England said: "Why, you're not going to fight us, are you?" Then we looked grave and replied: "Come down with the ready." And the lords,—yes, the lords,—said: "Now, just take a glass of 'alf and 'alf while we skurry round and find the p'unds, shillin's, and pence." [Laughter.] In Geneva, before a jury composed of men representing every Christian power on earth, for the first time in the world's history, a great international dispute was settled by arbitration. We are now trying to settle the seal question, and it will be settled right, for we own clear to the North Pole. [Applause.] To-day the great English-speaking nations of the earth, whose colonies girdle the globe through their literature and in every lifting way, favor arbitration in the settlement of disputes. Our little war taught them a lesson, and that was to let us alone. [Applause.] We have no standing army or navy to speak of, but if we were to declare war to-morrow, within two weeks some Yankee genius would invent a ship to sail under the water, that would destroy the navies of the world.

It was the boys,—our noble American youth,—that fought the battles of our Civil War to a finish. The muster rolls of the army show that an average age of the enlisted was twenty-one years. Think of it, the greatest war the world has ever witnessed,—fought by boys. We told the old men to step aside and we would do the fighting,—and I guess we were true to our word. [Applause.] If the destroying angel would sweep over the city of Cleve-

land to-morrow, and slay its entire population, it would not equal the Union loss, whilst that of the other side was nearly equal to ours. What other higher sacrifice can a man make than to die fighting for his country and the right? It was an educational war. It brought our American womanhood out in all her beautiful dignity and loyal devotion. They raised contributions, toiled and prayed for the boys in the field. To the hospitals and the battle-fields in the South garments and palatable edibles were sent by the noble women of the North. The army in front were fighting for God and country; an army at the rear were working and praying for us, and we knew it,—we could always feel their hearts were coming to us. The letters that came to us from home were more potential, more hope-giving than were the orders of Grant or Thomas.

We accepted the challenge to war, with no army, no navy and a depreciated currency. We tried to borrow from England, but they told us they could not see their way clear to "lend a corpse." [Laughter.] My men took the the old rags and stamped them with a promise to pay, and these were accepted, and then we proposed to fight to make them good if it required fifteen years. The folks at home must have thought that my regiment had all the ague from the number of bottles of Sprague's bitters they sent us. The soldiers thought may be they had the ague and tried the bitters and it stopped. [Laughter.] My men took the labels off the bottles and wrote out bank notes on them and paid for everything they stole while foraging, and the money was readily accepted. Why, there wasn't a man mean enough in the Forty-Ninth to begrudge a four-dollar bill for a pound of butter! They went down in their pockets and yanked out one of those bank notes and paid their little bills like men. Some of you have done the same. [Laughter.] Well, we lived through it, and to-day we have been honoring the men who died then.

What became of the war? Phil Sheridan helped ride the rebels and it down at Appomattox. The rebel chief

surrendered to the man who tried to build a sidewalk at Galena, and everywhere white-winged peace sails through our skies, and sixty-five million of people claim a heritage in this grandest of republics, and which the men whom we honor to-day died to save. When we engaged in that war we were the fifth nation on the earth. To-day our wealth has doubled. We send our ships out to all harbors of the world. On the high sea everywhere float our palaces and cargoes, evidencing our prosperity. When the Russian peasants were starving, out sailed our fleets with piled up cargoes of good cheer to the subjects of the czar. And the whole world applauded the act. That is the true spirit of our American people. A mighty stride was made in the direction of a noble philanthropy, when during the war Abraham Lincoln struck with one mighty blow the shackles from four millions of bondmen, giving back to God that which was being held as an article of merchandise. Soldiers, when the last great day will come, and those four millions stand before the judgment throne, and when the old soldiers come trooping along on their way, those who were the black men of the Southland will lift up their voices in a resounding prayer, with the cry: "Dear Lord, let them in, let them in; they saw me a slave, lashed and scourged, and ignorant, and they fought and died in breaking the shackles from my poor life," and the plea will win. [Prolonged applause.]

Ours is a great country. We ought to all love our institutions. Every cañon in the mountain belts is booming with evidences of our prosperity. I have visited every State and Territory in the Union, and on all sides stand like pillars of glory the budding grandeur of the land we fought to save from destruction. We have been tried as by fire. The fervent heat may powder the granite, but not this Union. We have been devastated by war, but the Union survives. We have been threatened by debts piling to the clouds, but God prepared us for the ordeal and we came through under his guiding hand. He filled our

mountains in the West with great layers of silver, and treasures of gold, and our banking vaults are choked to fullness with this wealth. We have the telegraph and while I am speaking here we will hear to-morrow morning how some fellow at the same hour was blowing his horn in Rome, or China. [Laughter.] Towns a hundred miles apart now talk, and a fellow can call up his wife's folks and know how his mother-in-law is faring. [Laughter.] Our missionaries are rapidly girdling the earth with the song of the angels.

What wonders God has wrought and what wonders has he permitted our nation to achieve. We are growing greater every day. Sometimes we have our bilious spells. I have seen our flag dishonored, stars plucked from its blue field, but I have lived to see them placed back in their old places and shined up a bit. [Applause.]

I am not rich in this world's goods, but I have a glorious country and it is mine, and that is what every American can say who bows to the flag. No, I am not rich, but rich enough, for I have one big plantation, a big one with trees and parks, and gardens, flowers, and fruits, and a big house, a mansion, with splendid views, reaching out to the glorious, evergreen mountains,—it is up there [pointing heavenward]. Why, men, I am as rich as Jay Gould,—I will be anyway in fifteen years. He will have only six feet of earth and so will I. [Applause.] Richer than Jay Gould,—for every year the sweet little girls and the ruddy-faced boys will gather flowers from their gardens, and they will come to my grave, and say, "Who lies here, and what did he do?" Then they will go round to the other side and read, "He did his duty when alive," and showers of the roses and sweet forget-me-nots will rain down on the grass covering my dust.

Well, my friends, I am glad I am alive to-day, and that I was not killed, but a rebel bayonet made a hole in me, and let out a little blood, and that was glory, indeed. I

was born in this county. I will make no apologies, for really I couldn't help it. [Laughter.] I have always thought I had a tender affection for this county 'way down in my heart. When I got into the Army of the Cumberland, I saw Ohio boys and Jefferson County boys everywhere. E. M. Kirk, of Mt. Pleasant, and myself commanded divisions, while Alexander McCook was brigade commander. When I saw so many boys from this county down South, I knew the country was saved. [Laughter.]

I have lived a good while, as long as the Bible allots to man, but I am getting a few years thrown in for good measure. I may be living on some other person's time, but I have found this a very good world, and I am not anxious to leave it. I do not want anybody to go round in a bloomer and say this is not a good country. [Laughter.] But I am not afraid to die. I have stood where the shot and shell flew hot and thick and would have been glad to dodge, if I had thought it would have done any good. [Laughter.] I have always found it was best to stand and take what comes.

When I die I am going up. There, I expect to have a good vision, and need no glasses, and I propose to keep an eye on this United States country. I believe in a gospel of universal peace and a creed of universal political liberty. While up there I propose to keep counting the stars as they shall be added to the blue field of our flag,—instead of forty-four there shall be eighty-eight; instead of sixty-five millions, there shall be double and quadruple that number. And the good times shall come here, when from every plain and prairie and savanna, there will come bursting in glorious harmony upon my ears, the anthem that came to the shepherds at Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, good will and peace among men!"

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF GENERAL W. H. GIBSON ON
RECEIVING HIS PORTRAIT.

During the presidential campaign of 1896, when pilgrimages were being made to Canton, Major McKinley's home, two hundred citizens from Tiffin called on the Major, on the afternoon of September 26, and were kindly received. Hon. George E. Schroth, a rising young attorney, in behalf of the visitors, made an address and presented the Major with a handsomely framed portrait of Ohio's silver-tongued orator. Mr. Schroth said in part:

MAJOR MCKINLEY: We come here to-day from good old Seneca County—a county that never in its history gave a Republican majority until you became the governor of Ohio. Seneca County, you know, is the land of the blessed—the land of farms and factories.

* * * * *

This is the message that we were instructed to bring you; and, as a memento of this occasion, we bear to you from the hands of his good and noble widow, the portrait of one who was dear to you,—one who held you in the highest esteem, and tenderest regard—the late General William H. Gibson, of Tiffin, Ohio.

On that memorable occasion, when but a few months ago, you stood by his bier, and spoke those noble and tender words of parting, you won the hearts of our people,

and they will never forget you. Were he living to-day, his eloquent tongue would plead again for the cause of the grand old principles he loved so well. With him, the maintenance of his country's honor, her unity, her integrity, and her credit, was indeed a sacred passion; and that clarion voice that was wont to cheer his soldiers amidst the din and roar of battle, would summon once more the shouting throng to a great Republican victory.

So we, his old neighbors and friends have come to give you greeting,—to bring you “tidings of great joy” to come in November,—and to wish you a Godspeed in this, your most important political mission.

Major McKinley was deeply moved and feelingly responded, holding the portrait in his hand. These were his words:

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been very much moved by the generous message which has been presented to me by your spokesman in your behalf. I reciprocate the kind words he has uttered, and the generous terms in which he has expressed your assurances of good will and support. You could not have brought to me a gift dearer or more to be cherished, and longer to be cherished than the picture of my old friend, your friend, the friend of every soldier, the friend of the whole country—General William H. Gibson. [Great cheering.] I do not know of a soldier during or since the war whose life was more signally devoted to patriotism and love of country. He was a devoted worshiper of the flag. His voice was always eloquent for country, for humanity, for the private soldier. He moved hearts with his unrivaled oratory, and never tired of bearing aloft and high the mighty principles of the Republican party, which he loved and strove for, to the end of his eventful career. I cherish his friendship as a sweet memory.

WHAT PUT DOWN THE WAR.

PITHY TALKING.

ON the 14th day of September, 1877, the Twenty-Third O. V. I. held a reunion at Fremont. This was President Hayes's regiment and the first reunion held after he had become an occupant of the White House. It was a notable affair. The epauletted gentlemen from the regular army service and the starred gentlemen who figured in the War of the Rebellion, were in attendance in large numbers,—the woods seemed to be full of generals.

When Gibson arrived on the scene the exercises had begun, and there was a full program with numerous star actors. President Hayes was acting as master of ceremonies and in a happy manner introducing the speakers. On the platform sat General Phil Sheridan, General W. S. Rosecrans, General J. D. Cox, General S. S. Carroll, General Barnheidt, General Kieffer, General James Barnett, General Manning F. Force, General John C. Lee, General Scammon, General Stanley Matthews and others. There were but few speakers among these distinguished military gentlemen, and yet the vast assembly were exceedingly patient as one after another was introduced, made his little courtesy, and retired. After a number had been presented, and had spoken, some one in the crowd happened to notice General Gibson, who was sitting at the

rear of the assembly with his friend, Judge George E. Seney, and no sooner had the discovery been made than a voice shouted, "Gibson! General 'Bill' Gibson!" Then the crowd began to shout for Ohio's favorite. But General Hayes introduced another of the gentlemen on the platform. After his talk, the shout went up again for Gibson, and "Gibson!" "Gibson!" came from every quarter. General Hayes remarked: "We have here a regular program, my friends, and after that every one present and especially those on the platform, will be most delighted to hear from the eloquent colonel of the gallant Forty-Ninth," a declaration that was greeted with continued applause.

"Will not General Gibson come forward?" requested the president, and Gibson made his way to the platform. When the president took his hand, the crowd was in no humor to wait, and with the utmost good humor, General Hayes remarked: "I hardly think it necessary to introduce Ohio's silver-tongued orator to this assembly, for you have all heard him speak again and again, and that is the reason you cannot wait now," and this statement was answered by laughter and applause. Gibson then spoke and had no end of fun. The great crowd seemed at once changed and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectancy. Excepting the introductions of the president, the exercises had been unusually tame. Gibson relieved the monotony. He said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: They always reserve the best of the wine for the last of the feast. [Laughter.] There have been many good things said here to-day, and I have heard all that has been said, and there has been nothing wrong about what has been said, excepting,—they have been

shooting altogether too high. [Laughter.] We have heard that the great rebellion has been put down and that I was glad to hear. [Laughter.] The fact is, if it had not been wiped out, we could not have had this speech-making time to-day. [Laughter.] If my memory serves me rightly, and I think it does, the war was not put down by the generals or by speech-making. It was put down by burning rails, killing pigs. [Laughter and cheers.] And who did that,—the generals? [Long continued laughter and applause.] You boys know what put down the rebellion for you did it. Now, I was in at the start of the fracas, and you may put on all the airs you 've a-mind to, but that is so. We never did any good until every pig was killed, and every chicken, and duck, and goose was confiscated and appropriated for the use of the country,—and you boys here know it, and that is the reason that you liked roast pork, fried chicken, and goose in any style of camp cookery. [Storms of applause.]

This may not be agreeable sauce, but I am going to tell it and be honest in telling it as it was. [Laughter.] The very geese knew that we were on hand when the Southern hills were covered with clouds of smoking rails. Yes, they knew our flag was still there. Then our flag went up higher and higher, up to the tops of the mountains, and to victory. [Cheers.] I want to tell you another thing. The battles in that rebellion were won by the boys,—the boys who carried the muskets and not by the generals who carried—the shoulder-straps. [Laughter.] It was the victory won by the men who dug the trenches, stood out on the lonely and dangerous vidette, marched through the swamps and with swollen feet moved on and stormed the batteries of the enemy,—the American common soldier won the battle. [Tremendous cheering.] The higher a fellow got the safer was his position. [Laughter.] If ever I go to war again, I 'm going as a general. [Laughter.] The most dangerous place in the army is that occupied by the man

who totes about a musket, and the officers with him along the line: Just as far as you get above that you get out of danger. The great victories won were none the less won by our heroic women,—the mothers, and sisters, and daughters of the nation who lent their aid and gave their comfort. They should have the honor for their deeds,—deeds of mercy to the sick and wounded and by three times forty millions of freemen. [Cheers and shouts of "That 's so!"] If they want another war, let them call on me. I am ready to go, but not as a private. But we are not going to have another war soon, and [turning to another side of the great assembly], you had better look at us for you may never see our like again. [Great laughter.]

Then, taking up the country and its greatness, General Gibson made a most happy effort, closing with a brilliant prophecy for the future and was applauded by the vast assembly, in which the gentlemen on the platform joined most heartily. As General Gibson took his seat, Phil Sheridan remarked to General Stanley Matthews, "Could I speak like that man, I would willingly forfeit all my stars."

GIBSON NOMINATES MCKINLEY.

A memorable meeting of distinguished citizens was held at Columbus, Ohio, Tuesday, February 13, 1894, the occasion being the observance of the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. Among other great Americans speaking, a sentiment was responded to by General Gibson, and the press of the day following could not speak in too high terms of the noble veteran's effort on that occasion. The following was taken from the *Ohio State Journal*:

Mr. Randall introduced General Gibson as the Buckeye Gladstone. The crowd cheered fully five minutes and the most hearty greeting was given the grand old warrior. Governor McKinley proposed three cheers for Gibson, which were given with the usual readiness to honor the hero's presence. The mention of Senator Sherman's name by General Gibson was cheered. Gibson's toast was "The Republican Party." In closing, General Gibson nominated Governor McKinley for the Republican standard-bearer in 1896. General Gibson spoke substantially as follows:

The Republican party was organized to withstand the encroachments of the slave power and from its first utterance stood pledged to promote industrial development. Encouraged by base submission, and relying on their Northern allies, the slave power stripped the shield of freedom from the virgin bosom of Kansas. The timely ex-

posure of their villainies by a Congressional committee, headed by the then young representative, John Sherman, now Ohio's world-renowned Senator, [immense cheering,] aroused the public conscience and hastened organization for the vindication of freedom.

The antislavery leadership, in order to nationalize the movement held a delegate convention at Pittsburg, February 22, 1856. Most of those delegates have passed to their reward, the Elysian fields of glory beyond the stars, and we are of the very few survivors (only two) of those who crowded the birth chamber of the Republican party. In Philadelphia, the June following, the intrepid path-finder, John C. Fremont, was called to leadership. Though defeated, the surprising vote secured was as the handwriting on the wall, needing no Daniel to give an interpretation of it as prophetic of the triumph of the party of freedom. In 1860, in God's watchful providence, we were led to name the most illustrious character of modern times,—**ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** [Cheers and cheers.]

Before his inauguration insurgents had seized the public property. With satanic forecast, Northern arsenals were stripped of war munitions and materials, and the army and navy were purposely scattered. The treasury had been looted and was bankrupt, and national credit was dishonored.

Thus in its accession to power the Republican party was confronted with the most serious problem that ever challenged the attention of statesmanship. Then the battle shout and the cannonading at Fort Sumter precipitated the most disastrous civil war of all history.

The war drama closed at Appomattox, and with unsullied folds Old Glory floated over a reëstablished Union, and four million of free bondmen.

Then came the years of Republican rule, a period of unexampled prosperity. By its diplomacy the Republican party adjusted international disputes by appeal to courts

of arbitration, and set an example that assured the realization of prophets, when "Nations shall learn war no more."

Would we realize the magnificent achievements of the Republican party? Recall the condition of the country when Abraham Lincoln entered the White House, and its ranks and situation when Benjamin Harrison retired from its walls! [Wild cheering.] Honest men and impartial history will credit these marvelous changes to the wisdom, the patriotism and the statesmanship of the Republican party. [Resounding cheers.] That party is still in the vigor of its youth. [Cheers.] It will battle on until every furnace and forge glows with flame; until every shuttle and loom cheers the waterfall with the music of production; until the millions, now depending on public charity, because of the menace of manufacturers, shall find employment at wages that will fill with comfort and abundance the homes of the wage earners of our great land. [Long continued cheering.] And it may be that I am a little in advance of the hour when nominations should be made, but I now declare the logical leadership of our party to-day is with that gallant Ohioan, the wage-earner's friend who will bear our standards to a triumph in the campaign of '96—Major McKinley. [Deafening applause.]

The Columbus correspondent of the *Toledo Blade* thus spoke of the ovation given to General Gibson on the occasion referred to:

Better than gold and precious ointment, better than a name recorded only in historical chronology, better than all the offices and positions and political power, is the love and esteem for grand "Bill" Gibson, as manifested in the wild outburst, the deafening huzzas, the resounding applause when the heroic warrior, statesman, preacher, and teacher was introduced by Toast-master Randall last night. He stood there like a page from history. He seemed a

figure from the past, rejuvenated at the Fountain of Youth, with time on earth extended as it was extended to Hezekiah to tell the glories done and glories yet to come.

Tall and slender, with thin, white locks scattered carelessly, with clean shaven, ruddy face, his head half bowed in emotion at the welcome, there was something to call to mind the tender Lincoln. He may never be president,—he may never be governor,—these would not add a jewel to his breastplate nor a star to his crown. Out of the bitterness of the past, through the valley of the shadow, through the fining fires, he has come to be loved by friends and neighbors, and with greatest honor,—honor in his own country,—content to be General Gibson, and to be recorded simply as one who loves his fellow-men.

Five times rose the multitude of young Republicans to do honor to the veteran who was at the birth of the Republican party. The host cheered and cheered, handkerchiefs waved, and the air was filled with huzzas. Governor McKinley led the cheering, if any one may be said to have led it. Five times the guests sat down, five times they rose to their feet and burst forth in the American tribute to an American. Then General Gibson spoke. He made a speech which only Gibson can make. Full of imagery and logic, homely simile and metaphor, he told the story of the Republican party. Again, as he closed, the boys ruined vocal organs to do him honor.

INCIDENTS AND STORIES.

GIBSON'S life furnishes a rich fund of anecdote. His experience on the "stump" would make an interesting volume. "If I have nothing else to boast of," he would say, his lips wreathed in a smile, "I suppose I can brag a little on the fact that I have made more political speeches than any man living." For more than fifty years he was regarded as one of the most effective campaign orators in the country. The stories about Gibson reach back to the log cabin campaign in 1840, when he was little more than a boy, but he managed to attend all the big political gatherings of all parties within reach.

GIBSON TAKES BLAINE'S CROWD.

THE following graphic description was taken from the *Scranton Tribune*, which refers to Gibson's campaigning in New York, where he won an extended reputation as a political speaker :

James G. Blaine has few equals as a political attraction, but he met with his superior in General "Bill" Gibson. Many hereabouts may not know "Bill" Gibson, once Ohio's State treasurer,—when a relative imposed on his kindness, involved him in a scandal and sacrificed the brightest political future any Ohioan ever had; later a brilliant and dashing commander,—later still, the best campaign speaker and inciter of "the boys" that ever trod in shoe leather, and at this writing the postmaster at Tiffin, Ohio.

But Blaine knew him and never stumped Maine without taking "Bill" along, as a sort of oratorical dessert, so to speak. The only time "Bill" ever played his friend from Augusta a mean trick was at Poughkeepsie in the hippodrome canvass of 1884.

Blaine was billed to speak at Poughkeepsie and, of course, the local committee expected a rip-roaring crowd. So they wired Blaine to propose an assistant orator, to take charge of the overflow. He sent word back: "By all means, get General 'Bill' Gibson, of Ohio." Now, it chanced that nobody at Poughkeepsie knew much about "Bill" Gibson. However, they sent for him and appointed a delegation to receive him at the train. The rally was at 3:00 P.M., and "Bill" was to reach town a few hours before that time.

The committee visited all incoming trains with a four-in-hand turnout, but saw no one alight who met their ideal of a man whom Blaine would recommend to be his side partner in the greatest show on earth. So they returned to headquarters and consulted. Finally, as the time drew near for the fun to begin, one bright fellow proposed that they search the hotels, thinking possibly that General Gibson might have slipped through unawares.

Accordingly, scouts were sent out in every direction to examine the hotel registers of every grade. Finally, in a modest hotel they found the missing signature. Only one personage sat in the office. He wore an old slouchy hat, that looked as if it had gone through the war; a shabby genteel coat, and in his mouth he held tightly between his lips a half-smoked cigar. The committee's spokesman addressed him:

"Say, old man, we're looking for General William H. Gibson. Seen anything of him?"

The "old man" straightened up with fire in his eye, for he had not been overly well pleased with his reception, and replied with an attempt at coolness:

"That's my name, sir."

The committeeman drew back in surprise. His first impulse was to apologize; his next to leave in disgust. He had expected to find a second Roscoe Conkling. Instead of that he had caught, or fancied he had caught, a Tartar. To cut the story short, General Gibson was escorted to the headquarters and was told what part he was to take in the day's proceedings. It was by this time three o'clock, the crowd had collected and was growing very impatient. A telegram came saying that Blaine's train would be late. In a quandary, the committee instructed Gibson to begin,



JAMES G. BLAINE.

but did it in such a dubious way as to make it an insult. The General did begin, but had not proceeded far when Blaine came on the stand, his train having made up lost time. Mr. Blaine's first act was to rush forward, seize General Gibson by the hand, and express profuse obligations for the favor of his presence.

Observing this, the committee were again taken back. "Surely," thought they, "this man is no ordinary clown, else Blaine would not honor him so." Gibson gracefully stopped, and Mr. Blaine began speaking. His voice was hoarse and he could be heard only a short distance. The

great crowd grew restless. Finally Mr. Blaine paused and requested General Gibson to speak from an adjacent stand so as to hold the stragglers. He did so.

At first few paid attention to the "old man" from Ohio, as all were eager to see and hear Blaine. This, however, "riled" the General the more. An accumulated sense of the indignities of the day swept before and upon him, and gave him the inspiration of a lifetime. The words leaped from his mouth in torrents and spun a web about the opposite audience. First the stragglers came over in groups of two and three; then whole scores wheeled about to hear what the "old man" was saying. In exactly ten minutes the Blaine stand was deserted and even Blaine himself had to stop, walk over to where Gibson spoke and sit, while the eloquent Ohioan gave the greatest campaign speech that the thirty thousand people in front of him, literally mad with excitement, enthusiasm, and applause, had ever heard. Blaine took the defeat gracefully, and when he learned the circumstances wrote a note of congratulation.

A BRACE OF STORIES.

During the period when Mr. Gladstone was making so hard a fight in favor of home rule for Ireland, General Gibson became very much interested. Coming home one day from a trip, he met a friend from Erin's Isle, Mr. Michael Scannel, and said to him: "Mike, I am all worked up over this struggle they are making for home rule in Ireland. If I were able, I would cross the pond and 'stump' that territory until parliament meets." The gentleman spoken to, said he never in the world so regretted that he was poor until that day. "For had enough money been at my command that day," he remarked, "I believe, on my soul, I would have given it to him and told him to take the first steamer to the land of the 'ould sod.'"

One of the funny stories Gibson took great pleasure in relating was an experience he enjoyed while speaking with Blaine in Maine. He was at Bangor. Blaine was speaking when some trouble occurred at the back of the hall. Next to Gibson sat a Catholic priest, a very pleasant, genial fellow, and during the time they were getting things to rights so that the meeting might continue, the priest, who was an Italian, told Gibson something of the fellow that had been making a hubbub. "There are two Irishmen in my parish," said the priest. "One is a fine, quiet fellow; but the other, while all right when sober, never misses an opportunity to have a fight when drunk. I go for him on the street or anywhere else after reading in the papers of his bad conduct. One day, after he had been in a brawl, I hunted him up, and he did his best to give me the slip, but I found him, and went for him in a very proper manner. He seemed very penitent, but then he went on to justify himself in a pretty smart way: 'Now, faither,' said he, 'I 'm a rollickin' lad, an' I foight loike the divil in a dhrap too minny,—bad cest to it; but I niver git so low down a crathur as to be a-carryin' an ould orgin round with a baste of a monkey, fur a livin'; I 'm too high-toned fur that, faither'" Gibson was so amused that he almost created a sensation by his laughter,—and that was in Bangor, Maine.

GIBSON AND THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

General Gibson was an ardent advocate of anything in which he was interested, and of any cause that he might espouse. In that he was admired by his opponents. But he was never bigoted; especially may this be said of his

later years. This was never more strongly demonstrated than in a speech he made in Columbus, when he told a story of how some folks may modify their opinions when they know more about what they think. He was giving a description of certain care given to himself at one time by an orderly, who always prayed for him at night when he said his paternoster. From this he went into a description of what he thought to be the truest evidence of "a fellow having religion":

I can't say I go very much on creeds; but I do go a good deal on a fellow's having religion. Some have it, and some haven't got it when they are telling how good they are. Now, that orderly had religion, and I knew it. He was a good man, but never but once did he say a word to me about religion. He asked me, if he was killed, to write to his old mother in Indiana that he died with the cross over his heart. I did write that old mother, for that orderly was killed at Stone River. I saw religion on the battle-field, and if it is good there, I tell you that no flaws will be found in it when the man who has it comes to pass in his checks. If a fellow can be a good man, a religious man in camp, he'll do for almost anywhere. We had them down there, and they were true blue; we had our religious meetings, but there was a good deal of religion that didn't get into the meetings. There's many a good thing said about women being religious. And I believe that's so. Now, men can be religious when they have a mind to be. But the best specimen of what people will do for their religion that I ever saw on a battle-field, was displayed by a woman.

When I was a young fellow, I had pictures in my mind as to what sort of a place heaven was going to be. It was to be a big, fine palace, a grand, gorgeous, stately palace, because it was to be the dwelling-place of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, as well as of all good Protestants.

Of course, I discovered no reserved seats for Catholics. In my opinion, they had no business there. Well, the cry "To arms!" rang out and we all got off to war. I had the honor of commanding a regiment. We managed to get into several bad scrapes, and some of our boys went up to glory from the places where we were fighting. At last we came to Stone River. There we had all the fighting we wanted to do. We had been repulsed by the enemy, and then driven them back. I was commanding a brigade. My headquarters was on a little hill, and there were scrub trees between where I stood and a partial clearing where we had been fighting; but through my glass I could see figures moving in the twilight about among the dead, yet we could not make out what they were after. I ordered my aid-de-camp to make a reconnoissance and discover what they were up to down there. In a little while he came back and reported: "Colonel, I have the honor to report that those figures you saw are women, dressed in black, and they are going from one to another of the wounded soldiers, both rebel and Union, and giving them water." I shouted, "Come on!" and down that hill we galloped, and through the scrubby jack-oak trees we rode and came to where the women, those black-robed Sisters of Charity, were performing acts of love that would touch a heart of stone. We did not have to ride far before we came to one of those black-robed figures. She lay with her head close up to a tree, with her arm across her face as if asleep. I spoke to her, then got down,—and what was my horror! She was dead! A bullet had sent her spirit flying to God. There she lay—a heroine of heroines. She was not on Uncle Sam's pay-roll; no pecuniary help had been given her. She was there for Christ's sake,—and who doubts her title up yonder? There were her two companions, only a little way off. They carried lanterns as they moved about. And what were they doing,—succoring the wounded and dying? Yes, and every man bared his head

to those noble women. That night I thanked God for opening my eyes; these were Catholics. Those noble women did not ask what church the dying soldier belonged to; they did not ask them on what side they were fighting; they did not stop to think to what race they belonged, and black and white, rebel and Federal, were treated alike,—they were simply on their God-sent mission, and truly demonstrated that “woman has this quality with the angels, that those who suffer belong to her.” I met these women in our hospitals after that, at Nashville, and in other cities, and they were the same quiet, patient, cheerful spirits I met on Stone River’s bloody field,—not the same black-robed figures, but black-robed figures who braved all dangers and feared no contagious disease, and brought gladness into the hearts of the poor, sick boys, who had no mother or sister to give them courage to live. My idea of heaven changed. I saw heaven as I shall die believing it to be,—and in it are good Catholics and good Protestants. When I get to heaven, I ’m going to hunt up that Sister of Charity, the heroine of Stone River, and thank her for her kindness to our boys, for she died without any one telling her how brave and good she was. And she didn’t expect any praise for her heroism; but she was rewarded with better things than the praise of men. And she did more than that, she knocked out of me every particle of bigotry that I ever had, and that ought to make her angel life shine with a brighter luster.

GIBSON INTERCEDES FOR A DESERTER.

In 1863 a soldier of an Illinois regiment had taken what was then known as a French leave of absence, and had gone to his home. He was arrested and brought back, court-martialed and ordered to be shot. The condemned man sent for Gibson, and the Colonel heard the soldier boy tell his tale of woe. It appeared that the soldier, like

many other young fellows at the front, had a sweetheart, and the word had reached him that she was "going back on him," and about to marry another who had taken advantage of his absence while he was fighting for his country. He had asked for a furlough and was refused. He could stand it no longer, and had simply gone home to settle the matter, which he did by marrying the girl, and before he could get back he was arrested. Gibson became deeply interested in the young man's case and went immediately to Rosecrans in his behalf, and in stating the case to the general, told him that the young fellow did just what either of them would have done, similarly situated.

"And what would you do now, Colonel Gibson?" inquired Rosecrans.

"Do?" said Gibson; "why, I 'd let him go; that 's what I would do."

"All right, Colonel; go and do it," was Rosecrans's reply.

Twenty years after that day, when Gibson was making political speeches in western Illinois, that man, his wife, and three beautiful children, came to him as he was about to ascend the steps leading to the platform and made themselves known to him. With tears streaming down her cheeks the lady thanked the General for his kind interposition, and said: "God bless you, noble man!" General Gibson, in making mention of the incident, said that he could not restrain the tears, and we believed him, for he was even a little moist as he related the story.

MAJOR SARRATT RELATES A STORY.

In the fall of 1867, General Gibson visited the old Gibson homestead, in Jefferson County, in company with

Major J. F. Sarratt and Mr. Gallaher, of Steubenville. The Major, on being requested to state whether there were any incidents connected with the General's visit that would be worthy of preservation, relates the following pleasing story :

Politics were at a white heat that fall, and knowing that General Gibson was to speak in Cadiz, the Republican Central Committee, of Steubenville, prevailed on Mr. Charles Gallaher and myself to visit Cadiz, and, if possible, to bring Gibson over to Steubenville to speak in the evening. The Cadiz branch railroad met all trains going east and west, at Cadiz Junction. We arrived on time at the Junction and found that the train coming east, which was to bear General Gibson to his appointment, was thirty minutes late. We requested the conductor to wait for the belated train, but this he refused to do, saying that his orders were to move on. We took the train to Cadiz, and on our arrival reported the fact to the committee in charge of the meeting. When Gibson arrived at the Junction, the bystanders on the platform told him that we had endeavored to have the conductor hold the train for him but he had refused to do so. Gibson asked the parties who had given him the information, with a twinkle in his eye, whether or not the conductor was a Democrat. They said he was. The next question Gibson asked was concerning the distance to Cadiz. He was told that it was eight miles by rail and six and a half by the county road. "All right, gentlemen, I'll get there. I'm pretty tired, but I'll make that engagement on time. Good morning" and off he trudged towards Cadiz.

The General had not walked more than a mile when he was overtaken by a wagon-load of people going in his direction. He inquired if he was on the right road to Cadiz, and he was told that he was, and also that they were going to Cadiz, and to "pile in" and take a ride,

which he did. He was soon informed that they were going down to hear "Old 'Bill' Gibson" speak, and forthwith began expatiating on Gibson as an orator. One man had heard him once "down to Steubenville," before the war, and declared that "Old Bill" was a wonderful talker, and that he could knock off jokes better than any one he ever heard. One of the party was a Democrat, and said he could not go Gibson's politics, but he wanted to hear him anyway. The driver was a loquacious, sunburnt farmer, and said he could swallow Gibson's talk mighty well. He was all right. And then he asked his passenger if he had ever heard "Old Bill."

Gibson had been an interested listener and hardly knew how to get out of his predicament. He said to the farmer: "Yes, I have heard him, and some of the old fellow's speeches have made a fellow mighty tired. He is so long-winded, and he don't know when to stop. The fact is, I have heard about every speech 'Old Bill' ever blowed off. He was a great fellow to blow his horn." He then went on to say that he had been wearing "Old Bill's" shoes and eating his grub so long, nearly fifty years, that he felt very much as if he was "Old Bill" himself, and further that he was now on his way to Cadiz to make a speech for the old fellow, and he was mighty glad that they had happened along just as they did, for he was anxious not to disappoint the people who might be there.

This raised a great laugh, and the astonished men had only time to enjoy their surprise a few moments when a carriage from Cadiz met them in search of the tramping speaker. But Gibson would not change his novel seat in the lumber wagon for the comfortable one in the carriage, and was trundled along over the hills to Cadiz greatly to the pleasure of his new farmer friends. .

So popular was Gibson as a speaker that his time was taken up for weeks and months on the stump, and he usually made two speeches every day. As a result when he

came to Cadiz he was completely run down physically. When we first asked him to go to Steubenville, he refused, but finally concluded to accompany us providing we would drive him out to his relatives, the Coes. The next day was Sunday, and he wanted to rest among his friends, and this, of course, we gladly agreed to, and it was my pleasure to make this drive with him, in company with Mr. Gallaher. We visited the county infirmary on the way, this being the property owned by the General's father, and the farm on which the General was born. The place was very much changed, and the only thing that remained of that which his father had placed there was the old well.

During our trip to the country he entertained us very pleasantly, and among other matters, gave an interesting bit of war history, which demonstrated his possessing a clear mind and a good judgment. When the general, in command of the march to Atlanta was making his way towards the sea, several stands were made by the enemy against the advance of the army, but were easily flanked and they gave way. At Kenesaw Mountain the rebels stubbornly resisted the Union forces. After fighting several days, the commander-in-chief of the troops, General Sherman, called a council of war. He stated that he had called them together to hear their opinions as to the advisability of making a charge and taking Kenesaw by storm. General Gibson was out-ranked by the other commanders, and, according to the military courtesy of such councils, he was the first called upon for his opinion. He stated frankly that he was opposed to such a movement. He could not see how it could be made a success, but that in his judgment the enemy could be easily flanked and without the sacrifice of many lives. With the exception of two generals, all spoke in substance in harmony with Gibson, after which General Sherman thanked the officers for their attendance and stated that they could return to their commands and be ready in line to charge the enemy in the

morning. The result was as predicted. The perilous charge was unsuccessful. The next day the flank movement was begun and the enemy was dislodged and driven back. This, with other interesting reminiscences of the war, he gave us, stating that the only two commanders advocating the disastrous movement against Kenesaw were killed in the charge. This was related to us that day, not in the spirit of criticism on the general commanding, but simply to illustrate how all great military chieftains may at some time in their careers make mistakes.

GIBSON HELPS ONE OF HIS BOYS.

When in camp at Duck River, J. W. Eastman, who bears about a rebel bullet in his head, private, Company D, in returning from Nashville on the Franklin Pike, was halted by a guard stationed on the highway to intercept all persons without passes. Stating his case, he was permitted to move on. Shortly after, General Negley and two of his staff officers appeared at the station, and berating the captain for permitting Eastman to pass, put spurs to their horses and started full tilt after him. Eastman gave rein to his horse, but the animals ridden by his pursuers being so much better than his, he was soon overtaken, when General Negley ordered him to halt, which he refused to do until confronted by a big revolver. Negley angrily laid hold of him by the collar, applying a vile epithet, too contemptible for any soldier to fail to resent, and Eastman, who was an athlete of strong and muscular build, dealt him a blow that nearly knocked him from his horse. One of the staff officers shouted for him not to repeat that,—threatening to shoot at the least indication of a motion. Eastman was taken to the general's headquarters and placed in the guard house.

This occurred about twilight. The next morning, Eastman, by his representations to the captain of the guard was taken before Negley, and when in the presence of the general, he immediately appealed to be taken to General McCook. This was granted and he was sent with a major, a member of Negley's staff to the division headquarters. Instead of taking him to McCook's headquarters, Eastman contrived to lead the major to the headquarters of Colonel Gibson, his beloved commander. When the major discovered his mistake, he wanted to go forward with his prisoner, but Gibson ordered Eastman to dismount and go into his tent. To this the major most vigorously demurred, but Gibson quietly said, "This is my man; I am your ranking officer. Jimmy, you do as I tell you. I'll take your place and see General McCook. You stay in that tent until I return." Ordering his horse, he told the major to "come along," and he took the place of the prisoner.

Gibson presented the matter to McCook in one of his drastic appeals against officers' treating American private soldiers as dogs, and closed his plea by declaring: "General McCook, I shall have read before my parade tonight an order requiring my soldiers to shoot in his tracks any officer, petty, or great, who applies such vile names to them." Gibson returned and said: "Jimmy, go to your quarters; you had better clean yourself up a bit." But he didn't say a word about what he had said to McCook.

HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

The story told here is taken from the *New York Tribune*, and it is all fact:

“What can you do with a man that is eloquent?” Emerson used to ask. “No rules of debate, no contempt of court, no gag laws can be contrived, that his first syllable will not set aside and annul.”

In the war General Gibson was severely wounded and was sent to his home at Tiffin, Ohio. Before his return to camp he made a notable speech in which he vividly painted the glory of the cause for which he was fighting and appealed for aid “to you, who are all in sympathy with us.”

“Not all,” some one in the crowd called out; “there are plenty of Confederates here.”

“Oh, that cannot be possible,” Gibson returned. “I cannot believe that; why, I will offer a ten-dollar bill to anybody here who will acknowledge himself in sympathy with the rebels.”

In the silence that followed a voice called out, “I am one who hopes that the Abolitionists won’t win.”

Gibson took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, waved it in the air, and shouted, “Come and get it; come and get it. Send him along; send him along”; and the man reluctant enough now, was pushed and dragged to the platform.

When Gibson got hold of him, such a torrent of wrath poured upon his devoted head. For twenty minutes the man was held there in the gaunt soldier’s grasp, and showered with his eloquence, while from all sides came the cries, “Good, good, give it to him; get your money’s worth.”

Never was ten dollars more rigorously earned.

GIBSON A COMMONER.

Captain David Lanning, superintendent of the Ohio Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Orphans’ Home, at Xenia, related the following incident concerning General W. H. Gibson:

I entered public life in General Gibson’s office at Columbus, when he was adjutant-general of the State. One day an old farmer came in, and said abruptly to me:

"I want to see 'Bill' Gibson."

"General Gibson is at that desk yonder," I responded; laying emphasis on the 'General.'

He walked up to Gibson, and held out his hand with the words, "How are ye, 'Bill'?"

Gibson greeted him courteously, and asked him to be seated.

"No, I won't sit. I see they call you General here, but when I knew you we called you "Bill." You don't know me, but I know you. 'Way back, when the Missouri Compromise was passed, there was a lot of us folks over in Knox County who didn't know which side of the fence to git down on. You came over and made a speech that made us all hike down on your side; and b'gosh, we 're there yet!"

Gibson insisted on his visitor's sitting down, but he demurred, saying:

"I don't want to take up your time, 'Bill'."

"The time's not mine, sir," responded Gibson, warmly. "it is yours. I am an employee of the people; you are one of my employers, and you have a right to occupy the time if you choose."

The farmer sat down and Gibson was at his best during the visit. It taught me a lesson I have never forgotten; a public official must never lose sight of the fact that he is the servant of the people.

JACK BROCK—GIBSON'S FACTOTUM.

When the Forty-Ninth was in camp at Battle Creek, Tennessee, there came to the headquarters a "contraband" who called himself Jackson Brock. Jack was small of stature, a typical Tennessee plantation negro; and shuffling into the presence of Colonel Gibson, with hat deferentially in hand, told his story, that he had "run away from de rebs an' Cap'n Davis," asking that he might be given something to do. He said he had quit being a slave



JACK BROCK, Gibson's Factotum, whom he brought home from the South.



and wanted to "go 'long as a pa'cel and pa't of Massa Linkum's sojahs." Jack had been a plantation negro, but his master had made him his body servant and as Jack stated his qualifications,—“I kin do mos' ebebry t'ing dat a gen'l-men 'quired.” Colonel Gibson was taken by the quaint manner of the applicant, and told him to go out and see what the hostler could find for him to do. It was not long until Jack was snugly established as the Colonel's factotum. He was honest and in every way trustworthy, but evinced a fearful dislike to the fighting part of the war. Colonel Gibson knew there was little danger of Jack's getting within line of the enemy's bullets, and being honest, he always gave him his valuables when entering an engagement.

On one occasion when shot and shell were flying thick as snowflakes, Jack didn't have time to get out of the way as usual, and it did not take him long to scoop out a hole in the ground into which he crawled for safety. A white soldier coming along and seeing the “darkey's” heels, laid hold of them and pulled him out without ceremony, crawling in himself. Jack put out for a tree, and finding that insufficient to protect all parts of his body, made for safer quarters, and was not seen in camp for days after the battle. Jack remembered the incident, but without much resentment of feeling, excepting for the fellow who dislodged him.

General Gibson, in telling this story, always enjoyed a hearty laugh at Jack's many ingenious expedients to escape the danger arising from the exigencies of war, and would say with a twinkling eye: “Yes, Jack was a shrewd one.” The General found in Jack a champion when there

was no danger of bodily harm, and it was only necessary to mention a request as to what he thought of General Gibson to secure an impromptu oration on the virtues of "de Kunnel," and the sounding praises of his black friend were invariably a refreshment to the soldiers.

Jack stoutly maintained that it was right "fah a Christyun niggah to he'p hisse'f to de mastah's stuffen. If dat be yams, an' de niggah gwine to eat him, den de mastah hab moah niggah; an' pullets de same mannah,—if de niggah's eat him, den de mastah hab moah niggah; but if de pullet he eat de niggah, den he's gwine to hab moah pullet, and de mastah cyah moah foh de niggah dan de pullet,—dat so? Den, whah am de sin?"

When the phonograph first made its appearance, it was an amusement with "the boys" to have old Jack make a speech into the mouth of the wonderful instrument, and invariably he would take as his theme, "De Kunnel." It is related that the first fun of this kind, enjoyed most heartily and uproariously, was when Jack first talked into the mouth of the instrument. He was then told that he had been talking to the "Old Nick," and that if he would come around that evening, the "Old Nick" would speak every word of his speech on the Colonel. Jack was there and the phonograph faithfully reproduced his every word. He listened in amazement; then, drawing a long breath,—*"Well, dat is de debbil, sure 'nough; he's sma't, but I didn't t'ink he's dat sma't. How in de debbil did he 'membah all dat speech 'bout de Kunnel?"*

Jack was a pensioner of the General until his death, and the General helped him get some property. He never turned Jack away when he wanted anything. When the

shadows gathered around the old negro and his eyes were closed from mortal scenes, General Gibson officiated at his obsequies, and spoke in great tenderness of the love borne him by his faithful black friend. It was but the burial of a negro, once a slave, but it was made a memorable occasion by the words spoken there by Ohio's silver-tongued orator. Large numbers of the very best citizens were present. The old soldiers had secured a cornet band. Flowers had been sent from many of the most palatial homes of the city, but the fadeless blossoms scattered over that assembled people were the words that dropped from the lips of General Gibson, as he stood by the encoffined dust of his black servant. Advancing to his bier, he laid a kind hand on Jack's coffin, and said :

We have come here to pay a last tribute to the memory of a man, Jackson Brock, who had not an enemy in the wide, wide world. The first time I saw Jack was down in old Tennessee, when he did not own anything,—no, not himself; for he was the property of another. For more than forty years he was a slave. Born a slave, he did not know what freedom was by experience, until Abraham Lincoln published his famous emancipation proclamation, and with the fall of Jack's shackles fell rattling to the earth the chains binding four millions of his unfortunate race in slavery.

But Jack was a man. He was an honest man. He was born in Franklin County, Georgia, October 20, 1820, and when he was a mere child, his master, John C. Brock, removed to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, from which place he came to us, and was in my service in the war, and coming home, remained with me until his marriage. After the death of his wife, he was inconsolable, and mourning her

loss, soon followed her to the home where there will be no parting. After the war Jack went back to Tennessee, and his old master's family did all they could to help him find his brothers and sisters, but the search was in vain.

From the time Buell was making his retreat from Battle Creek, in 1863, when Jack came to us and became a part of our camp, although he had his failings, I have never seen a more trusty man. I have seen Jack loaded down with valuables given into his care by our officers and men on the eve of battle, and not once was any man disappointed in the confidence reposed in his honesty. Never did a truer heart beat in any breast than the heart which throbbed in loyal affection beneath his dusky skin. I was proud of his love and affection, and among the angels there will be no purer spirit, none more glorious, than his. But he is dead,—yet, dead, he is as rich as Jay Gould,—but unlike Jay Gould, he never wronged a human being. Peace be to his ashes.”

“GENERAL BILL GIBSON.”

BY J. H. MACKLEY.

Nay, let no bugle sound above his bier,
In trembling echoes, like the death of song!
A richer, sweeter music centers here—
A deep, heart-chorus, welling pure and strong.

Think ye with martial tread, or muffled drum,
To pay fit tribute to our fallen brave?
To praise, with sound, when eloquence lies dumb,
And valor seeks the quiet of the grave?

Think ye with blaring horn, or shotted gun,
To sound his glory to the passing years?
Can dull salute portray the vict'ry won,
What time a mighty nation stands in tears?

Think ye with human hands to trace his fame
Who drew his courage from the fount divine?
Dare ye with mortal tongues to praise that name
By angel fingers traced in fadeless line?

As in Gethsemane the Master shed
The bloody sweat-drops for a fallen race,
As Calvary saw, upon that sainted head,
The thorny crown that spake a world's disgrace,

Yet rose the Master nobler far than thought,
Gentle, yet mighty as the wings of morn—
A heart of love that through the years hath taught
The mind to worship which had come to scorn.

So, Christly spirit hath our comrade shown—
A fadeless purpose, ever wise and just;
A king he was, and fit to grace a throne,
Yet prouder still, to bow him in the dust.

For others' joys he wrought the passing hour,
For others' love he breathed his hope sublime;
For others' light his voice of magic pow'r
Sang its sweet measures in the halls of Time.

Not as a knight, with gleaming sword and shield
That hews his pathway through the mortal span;
Nay, see, across his sunset sky reveal'd,
The simpler, nobler thought: "Behold the Man!"

To-day let the aged and tottering file
With streaming eyes their perfect love attest—
Or let some beauteous maid, with gentle smile,
But lay a spotless flower upon his breast.

Like vibrant message from the King of kings,
There softly trills and trembles by his pall
A far-off echo, borne on memory's wings:
"Lights out!" The solemn, lonely bugle call.

The voice of Love again hath called the roll—
The answer, floating backward, rich and clear,
Proclaims the dauntless heart, and trustful soul,
As matchless Gibson proudly answers, "Here!"

Bring but a tender flower—a laurel wreath,
To lay above this consecrated sod,
Where, wrapped in "Old Glory," with his sword asheath,
He honors, still, his country and his God.

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