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SERGEANT BATES' MARCH

CARRYING THE

Stars and Stripes Unfurled,

FROM

VICKSBURG TO WASHINGTON:

BEING A

TRUTHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH TRANSPIRED
DURING HIS JOURNEY ON FOOT, WITHOUT A CENT, THROUGH
THE LATE REBELLIOUS STATES, AND SHOWING HOW
THE GOOD OLD FLAG WAS RECEIVED AS THE
HARBINGER OF PEACE AND NEW HOPE
TO THE DISTRESSED PEOPLE OF
THE SOUTH.

By GILBERT H. BATES.

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P R E F A C E .

MANY friends, since my return to Wisconsin, have importuned me to write out and publish the notes of the march, which were taken down daily. The evidence of my consent is this pamphlet. But the incidents therein contained are not a thousandth part of those which occurred during the march. A recital of everything that happened during those three months—the receptions, the conversations, the acts of kindness shown me—would fill a much larger book, and would necessarily present a certain sameness and repetition. The people were everywhere equally cordial—in Mississippi and Virginia, as well as in Alabama and South Carolina. I have endeavored to present a few incidents only, which illustrate and represent thousands of others; and if any one shall criticise this work because it is too short, he certainly will not say, in that case, that I have wearied him.

ALBION, NEAR EGERTON, *June 20, 1868.*

Entered, according to act of Congress A.D. 1868,

By B. W. HITCHCOCK,

In the Clerk's office of the U.S. district court for the Southern district of New York.

ORIGIN OF THE ENTERPRISE.

A RESIDENT of the State of Wisconsin, a soldier in the Federal Army during the war to suppress the Rebellion, a Northern man in every sentiment, I have never sympathized with those of my fellow townsmen and neighbors who declare the Southern people to be devoid of honor and worth, but have always believed that at the close of the war the South gave up their cause, and honestly resolved, in future, to be true to the Government and the flag. This belief was firmly planted in my breast, and the continual assertions made by my friends that every white man in the South is disloyal and treacherous, and a bitter enemy of the Government, filled me with indignation and sorrow.

In November, 1867, a short time before the State election, I was conversing with a man at Edgerton, Rock County, Wisconsin, about the condition of affairs at the South. During the conversation, he remarked: "Sergeant, the Southerners are rebels yet. They are worse now than they were during the war. They hate the Union flag. No man dare show that flag anywhere in the South, except in the presence of our soldiers." I replied: "You are mistaken; I can carry that flag myself from the Mississippi all over the rebel States, alone and unarmed, too." He exclaimed: "It is an absurdity. They would cut your heart out before you could get ten miles from Vicksburg, and your flag would be torn in pieces and trampled in the dust." I answered: "Sir, this is not so; it cannot be so. But these words of yours express the sentiments of thousands in this State and all through the North. They do a great wrong. I am sure such sentiments have no foundation, and I can prove it to you and everybody else. The Southern people are just as willing to live in the Union as we are." He scouted the idea; but I persisted. It was finally agreed between us that, if I carried the flag through from Vicksburg to Washington on or before the 4th day of July, 1868, travelling alone, without money, without any weapon or escort, walking in the day-time, he was to pay me one dollar a day while I was engaged in the undertaking. If I failed or was compelled to return, I was to get nothing for my

trouble. My Radical friend felt safe on these terms, and never for a moment thought I would make the venture, but he was doomed to disappointment.

On the 14th day of January, 1868, I left my quiet home to fulfill an unheard-of undertaking. Many of my friends had admonished me to desist from such a hazardous enterprise—not to throw my life away in some Southern swamp, while trusting in the loyalty and kindness of the rebels. But I apprehended no violence from the Southern people, and set out for Vicksburg without fear or trembling. At Memphis certain parties learned the object of my undertaking, and when I reached Vicksburg every one was fully aware of it. Every man, woman and child knew that my purpose was to prove that the Southern people revered the flag, and everywhere the greatest curiosity was manifested to see the man who was willing to attempt the proof. I entered Vicksburg in the evening, dressed in coarse, heavy clothing, with cow-hide boots and a slouch hat. My personal appearance was anything but prepossessing, and would scarcely have justified a hotel-keeper in trusting me for a night's lodging.

Frank Howard, a gentleman with whom I had conversed before entering the city, having learned that my articles of agreement required me to enter Vicksburg without money, kindly invited me to the Prentiss House, and agreed to settle for all my bills.

The next morning I received calls from the Mayor and all the prominent men of Vicksburg. The ladies very kindly volunteered to make a flag for me. I never witnessed such enthusiasm—such an abundance of attention as were shown by the people of this city. Soldiers who had served in the rebel army were eager to grasp my hand and encourage me; and Northern soldiers, my former comrades, were no less friendly and interested. My farmer's clothes were exchanged for a velvet walking suit, and my clothing was sent to my home in Wisconsin.

I remained in Vicksburg four days. I was the guest of the City, entertained in the kindest manner by the citizens, treated with the honors of a prince, and, at the same time, with the affection due to a friend.

On the last day of my sojourn in Vicksburg, the flag which the ladies had made for me was publicly presented at the Prentiss House, at 11 A. M. There was an immense crowd of people present, who had assembled long before the hour. Col. I. M. Partridge spoke on behalf of the ladies in presenting the banner. The same hands had made flags for the rebels during the war. The same hands now gladly worked for me

the stars and stripes, when my avowed object was to wave that flag before their eyes in their own country, and prove to the world that the South submit with nobleness and sincerity to their defeat, and again cherish the glorious emblem against which they once arrayed themselves in war. On the 28th day of January, after the presentation was over, I unfurled my flag, and set out upon my march through the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, which lie between Vicksburg and Washington. Sherman's grand march, which lay through most of these States, was not so long as mine. When he made the march, he carried the sword in one hand and the torch in the other. The flag of the Union was then the emblem of death and ruin to the Southern people. I was to pass over much of his line of march; to tread the battle-fields which were trodden by his army, and pass through the cities that were burned by his men; but in my hand, the war being ended, the same flag was to be the emblem of peace and friendship and good will to the South. Leaving the Prentiss House, accompanied by the Mayor, Col. Brown, and the Marshall, Capt. Fisk, and an immense crowd of people, to the Washington House. I was there introduced to a great many ladies and gentlemen, residents of the city. Their reception was very cordial. Before leaving the hotel, a procession was formed to accompany me a short distance on my way. The Mayor and Councilmen were on horseback, and headed the procession. They were followed by a band of music. Behind them I marched, carrying the flag. Then came a crowd of thousands of persons, mounted, on foot and in carriages. Thus disposed, the whole procession moved out from the City of Vicksburg, and finally reached the memorable Pemberton and Grant monument. Halting here, the crowd gave three cheers "for Sergeant Bates and the United States flag." The procession had gone far enough with me, and at this place it broke up. But they all crowded around me "just to say one word," and shake my hand. Nearly every hand offered me money, but I did not take the money. I was much affected by the kindness of these people. The war left them almost nothing, and yet they wished to give me of their scanty store.

The people still clung around me, so that I could not set out on my journey. The Mayor, seeing my difficulty, directed the crowd to open and give me way. I lost no time in moving off. A short distance from the monument the road rises over a hill. On reaching the summit, I turned and waved my flag. This was the signal for a new outburst of enthusiasm. Cheer on cheer arose, till it almost awakened the dead echoes of the

cannon that had roared about the spot in 1863. Such cheers I never heard before. I moved on, and soon was obscured by the hill from the gaze of my friends. I could still hear the music of the band—"tramp, tramp, tramp," as it died away in the distance. Not without a certain feeling of sadness I pursued my solitary way.

My course lay for several miles over hills and valleys, in a southerly direction, until I reached the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad. It became apparent, early in my enterprise, that it would be impossible for me to take the wagon roads. They were in a fearful condition, exceedingly muddy on account of the rains, and by no means direct. I concluded, therefore, to follow the line of the railroads as far as Selma, Alabama. This plan would enable me to meet with more people, and would afford much better walking. At every station on the railroad, however small, I always found many persons waiting to receive me. Frequently they would come out from towns and villages three and four miles, in order to walk the distance with me in returning.

Arrived at Bovina at 3 P. M. The weather was quite cool, and the snow was commencing to fall. A gentleman at this place insisted on my taking his heavy overcoat, which proved of great comfort to me. Later in the day, about 5 P. M., I reached the Big Black River, and hailed the ferryman with no little trepidation. The citizens of Vicksburg had told me that this ferryman of the Big Black would never allow any one to cross in his boat without paying fare. I did not have a penny in my pocket. Before we were half way over he made some remark about having the change ready, which I evaded. When near the opposite shore he noticed my velvet pants under the overcoat, and flagstaff in my hand. "Ah!" said he, "are you Sergeant Bates?" "Yes," said I. "All right, Sergeant: not one cent from you. All right. Sir, I will take you back for nothing, if you like. You may cross here a thousand times if you want to, and no charge." Thanking the old man for his kindness, I pressed forward, for it was getting late. Before long I reached what is known as Kidd's Plantation.

Mr. Cordevent, the proprietor, invited me to spend the night with him. Here could be clearly seen the ravages of war—pianofortes and other articles of furniture destroyed in the most wanton manner. This plantation is as fertile as any in Mississippi; but, during our conversation, Mr. Cordevent informed me that, with the labor of free negroes since the war, he had lost fifty thousand dollars. He said the negroes were little disposed to work, and were very unreliable. That all sorts of extravagant notions filled their heads about the

right of suffrage and mules, and dividing up the lands of the whites. He said that much of this nonsense was the result of the teachings of the Freedmen's Bureau, and tended to make the two races (the white and the black) suspicious and distrustful of each other. He said the negroes at one time actually believed that the Government would give every one of them forty acres of land and a few mules. After a lengthy conversation, I was glad enough to retire to rest, fatigued with the labors and excitement of the day.

The next morning, January 29th, I left the Kidd Plantation about 9 o'clock, and continued my journey. About four miles from Smith Station, the passenger train was stopped by the conductor, and the passengers rushed out to see me. This was a pleasant surprise. Many of the passengers offered me money, which I declined receiving. The conductor, however, thrust three dollars into my pocket, saying that I would need it for postage stamps in writing home. My protest was of no avail. The train moved on, and I followed behind, walking along the track. At Edwards' Station a large crowd was assembled. There was also a delegation from the town of Raymond, which lay away from my route, who wished me to visit that place. They were sorry that I could not accept their invitation. Every one seemed to welcome me and the flag with open arms. The greatest cordiality prevailed everywhere, and almost an excess of generosity. Here I was compelled to accept more money—eleven dollars and a half. But this was so distasteful to me that I resolved not to receive any more from any one during the march. I put the money in an envelope and sent it home. This was the last that I received during the whole march from Vicksburg to Washington.

About three miles west of Jackson I was joined by a countryman who walked with me. Presently we met quite a crowd of negroes, who seemed to be waiting on the railroad track for some purpose or other. They looked at me and the flag with wonder and amazement, and for a time were speechless; finally, one of the negroes called out to my companion to learn what the flag meant, and who I was. The countryman replied that I was the biggest Yankee officer in the land, and that just a mile-and-a-half behind me were hundreds and thousands of soldiers, who were coming to pick up all the lazy niggers in Mississippi and send them down to Florida to work. "'Fore God, I heard dat afore," exclaimed the oldest darkey. And with this away they all scampered, like struck hares, at full speed, into the woods, leaving my companion and myself to laugh at their ridiculous credulity. The negroes everywhere seemed idle, and restless, and discontented,

as if waiting for some unknown thing to occur—something, they knew not what.

I arrived at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, on the 30th of January, about noon, and learned to my regret that my arrival had been expected early in the morning. The Mayor and all the city authorities, and hundreds of citizens, had assembled to meet me; but I was so much behind time that they began to give me up. The Mayor deputized Col. Yerger to receive me, when I should come, as the guest of the city of Jackson.

On reaching the city, I went to the Benton House quietly and took my dinner. Very soon it was known that I was in town, and a carriage was sent for me. I declined the carriage, and, unfurling the flag, I walked in the centre of the street to the Capitol. An immense crowd was here assembled, who received me with great enthusiasm. The Convention was in session. A messenger invited me, on behalf of the Convention, to visit them while in session. This I did, and was introduced to the delegates amidst thunders of applause from the floor and from the crowded galleries. Col. Yerger then made a welcoming address, and invited me formally to become the guest of the city. Then, in true American style, the crowd called on me for a speech; and, in spite of my embarrassment, they would have a speech. In a few words I explained the object of my mission. Judge Potter, an old resident of the city, followed, and made a very good speech, marked with cordiality towards me and reverence for the flag. Afterwards I was personally introduced to hundreds of persons, and shook hands until my arm was more fatigued than my legs. At the request of some of the delegates, the flag was left in the Capitol. I returned to the hotel; but here and there along the street I met groups of Confederate soldiers, who were eager to greet me and offer me assistance. They were very pleasant and friendly. It was strange enough to find them now so friendly, who a few years ago were fighting the North. But it was a fact, however strange. Those men were my friends, although we had fought in armies opposed to each other.

Jefferson Davis arrived in Jackson the same day that I did.

The next morning I went to the Capitol to get my flag; a great many persons followed me, so that when I came out of the building there was a large assemblage waiting to say a last word before I took my departure. They called on me for some remarks. Taking advantage of my experience in oratory of the day previous, I responded about as follows: "Citizens of Jackson, for your demonstrations of friendship

for me, and respect for the flag of our country, I thank you. I am thus confirmed in my convictions respecting the sentiments of the Southern people. Heaven be praised that those convictions have proven correct. You will probably never see me again. I will pass from your sight, and from your thoughts, and be forgotten; but this flag will remain with you for ever. It is your banner; it is your hope and pride, as well as mine. I pray God that before long it may wave over a happy and prosperous people, who entertain no ill-will towards each other; that from its waving folds only blessings may descend upon the citizens of our country."

These words were heartily applauded, and I commenced taking my leave. But it was no easy matter. Every one seemed to take a lively interest in me, and wished, at least, to shake hands; and many a time the eyes of grown men have filled with tears as I have clasped their hands.

The Southern people are warm-hearted and quick in gratitude as well as in resentment. They are not far different from the Irish nation in this respect.

Nothing of importance occurred on my march. The usual cordiality of the people was everywhere displayed.

At "Lake," a pretty place in Mississippi, I was presented, by a lady, with a horn drinking cup, made by her husband while he was a prisoner-of-war at the North.

At Hickory, a place named after General Jackson, because he camped at this place on his way to New Orleans, I was very kindly entertained by Mr. A. E. Gray. About this time, February 3d, it was raining continuously, and I was glad to remain in doors for a day or two. One night, after I had retired, I heard the most formidable compound of sounds near my window. Looking out, I discovered fifty or more men near the house; about a dozen of them had fiddles of various sizes, which they were playing lustily; hence the noise. I dressed with all possible haste, in order to receive the serenading party. The house was opened and in they came. I soon found they were Confederate soldiers. Some of them had come forty miles to see me. A keg of whiskey was opened, and a jolly time we had, telling over the merry incidents of camp-life. We broke up pretty late, but in good spirits. The next morning, February 5th, I left Hickory.

At Meridian, the mayor of the city, Mr. Henderson, welcomed me in the name of the citizens, and tendered the hospitality of the city in a very handsome speech. An open carriage was provided for me, and I rode in it through the streets, with my flag unfurled. At last I stopped before the hotel, the Jones House, and alighted. On leaving the car-

riage I was forcibly reminded of a remark made by some of my friends before I left Wisconsin, tending to induce me to abandon my enterprise. They said, "You will meet somewhere a drunken Confederate soldier, and he will kill you ;" and sure enough, as the carriage stopped, a Texas ranger, considerably the worse for liquor, stood on the sidewalk by the door. Said he, "Hold on, Sergeant, I want to take hold of you. Give me your hand. There, how are you, sir? I say, Sergeant, I was a rebel once, and fought you Northerners like h—l ; but I got whipped, and all of us got whipped. We acknowledge the corn, and have handed in our checks ; yes, sir, we have quit, and intend to stay quit. The old flag is all right now, and I for one am willing to fight for it against anybody, and I can lick h—l out of any man that dare insult this flag or you either, Sergeant. Isn't that so?" Saying some kind words to him I left him, ready to risk his life for me, and passed into the hotel. The next morning, February 6th, I left Meridian, accompanied for quite a distance, by a large crowd of people. About two miles out of the city I met some Confederate soldiers, who were changing their residence in the hope of bettering their condition. They talked freely with me, and expressed fears for my safety. They said that every white man South, except the carpet-baggers, was my friend, and would protect me ; that I should keep a close eye on the carpet-baggers, or they might hire some nigger to shoot me in the woods, and then lay it to the Southern people. I told them I had no fears, and bade them good-bye.

About 4 P. M. I crossed the State-line into Alabama, and spent the night at Cuba.

In the morning, on leaving the town, I met several negroes going to vote at some place fifteen or twenty miles away. I conversed with one of them, and was amazed at his ignorance. He did not know for what he was going to vote, but said all he had to do was to go down and vote, and he would get forty acres of land and a pair of mules, because they told him so ; and those mules were just what he wanted. I was convinced that bad men had been lying to these negroes in order to get them to come out and vote. The election continued for several days, and was quite a sickening affair. I often thought if my Radical friends at the North could have witnessed it as I saw it in Alabama, they would have lost all love for negro suffrage, and would condemn the men who enforce it on an unwilling people against their will, and by military power. Such a loathsome mass of ignorance never before exercised political power in a civilized community. To

my mind such a state of things is disgusting. I certainly never fought for any such object.

I reached Selma on the 11th of February, at five o'clock in the afternoon. At the city limits a committee met me, headed by Mayor R. M. Robertson, and escorted me to the Troup House, where I was formally received. In the evening I received numerous callers, many from among the best people in the city. The following night a meeting was called in honor of the flag. I was conducted to the hall by a committee of gentlemen, and found the building crowded with people from top to bottom. As I passed in, flag in hand, there was a fearful demonstration of applause, which continued until I took my seat upon the stage. Afterwards I was introduced to the audience, when the storm of applause broke out again with renewed fury. When I resumed my seat, Ex-Gov. Moore addressed the meeting. He was followed by Gov. Parsons. Judge Brooks also made a few remarks. These men are the true representative men of the South. A more patriotic assemblage could not be found in the North. They were enthusiastic in their adherence to the flag and the Constitution. After the meeting was over, Gov. Moore said to me, "Sergeant Bates, come home with me and sleep in my house, so that when you return North you can say that you have spent the night under the same roof with men who were once leading rebels, and that you got up in the morning safe and sound, and not a hair of your head injured." The Governor was very kind to me; offered me money, which, of course, I did not take. The next day I attended another political gathering, larger than the previous one. No man whispered anything against the flag. My reception through all this country was most hearty. I was the object of untiring devotion everywhere. The negroes said little or nothing; but the whites, I verily believe, had a sort of affection for me.

February 14th, late in the evening, I arrived at White Hall Plantation, 8 miles from Benton. Mr. Joseph A. White and lady received me very kindly, and insisted on my staying with them over night. They entertained me elegantly. When I took my leave of them I found that my flag was decorated with laurel wreaths. This was the work of Miss Sallie E. White. The ladies wished me a safe return to my family. Mr. White accompanied me a short distance on my way. He spoke of the unhappy condition of the country, of the necessity of forgetting and forgiving the past. He hoped for a union of all good men, North and South, a restoration of peace, and, moreover, a restoration of good feeling. He said "the Radicals do us great wrong, treat us hatefully, and seek

to degrade us, and make life unendurable. They have no reason to expect us to like them. After tearing down civil government, and setting up military government over us, they finally disfranchise hundreds of thousands of intelligent men, and give the negroes the ballot." He spoke feelingly, and when we parted his eyes were filled with tears.

I reached Montgomery on the 16th of February. Here I met with a magnificent reception. The ladies of this city made for me a beautiful pink sash, of fine silk, and ornamented with heavy gold fringe. It was presented to me at a public festival, given to aid some charitable purpose, and is really a very beautiful sash.

In behalf of the Ladies, L. A. Shaver, Esq., made the following presentation speech:

Sir: You have undertaken to demonstrate to the country the fact that the South, when she laid down her arms at Appomatox and other points, did so in good faith, that her people are anxious, if possible, to observe the terms of that surrender, and that the charges of rebellious hostility on their part toward the Government are groundless. Should you succeed in accomplishing this object and removing from the minds of our Northern brethren the prejudice which has doubtless been engendered against us in many instances by the slanderous politicians or vindictive scoundrels who seek our destruction, you will have done more to reunite the several sections than a Radical Congress has been enabled to do by the Reconstruction measures of three years. Your object is highly patriotic, and whether achieved or not, your effort will entitle you to the gratitude of all true lovers of the country.

Thus far you have been more than successful. You have travelled from Vicksburg to Montgomery, and have not only been unharmed by "rebels," but have, on the contrary, met with ovation after ovation—your progress has been one continued triumph. You have been everywhere enthusiastically greeted and hospitably entertained by ex-Confederate soldiers. It affords me much pleasure, at the request of the ladies of Montgomery, the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of ex-Confederate soldiers, to present you with this token of their approbation and esteem.

I thanked the ladies for their kindness. My sojourn in Montgomery was delightful, and I left it with reluctance. About this time the rains were quite frequent, and my journey was rendered thoroughly disagreeable.

February 23d found me in Tuskegee, where I attended church in the morning. In the afternoon many ladies and gentlemen called on me.

Monday morning the young ladies trimmed my flag with laurel, gave me bouquets, etc. One young lady presented me with a handsome cigar case, with this card attached: "Accept this 'cigar case,' Sergeant Bates, from a true Southerner, but one who respects your noble mission and the banner you carry."

A little girl, only about eight years of age, had received a pretty doll-baby as a New Year's gift, which she valued only as little girls can. When she learned that I had a little girl, she came to me with the doll and asked the name of my little girl. I told her Hattie was the name. She at once handed me the doll, and told me to give it to Hattie for her ; that she would not have given it to any one else. I kissed the little child again and again.

On the 25th of February I entered the State of Georgia. At Columbus another fine reception awaited me ; and during my sojourn in the city I was the constant recipient of attentions. My course thus far had been strewn with flowers, and here the same compliments were paid me.

The places in the South which, during the war, were most zealous in the rebel cause, were the larger towns and the cities. Newspapers, telegraphs, and railroads gave them greater facilities for obtaining information. Thus far, on my march, the larger places had given me the most enthusiastic receptions. I believe the same sentiments of regard actuated the country people ; but, of course, they had no facilities for making demonstrations.

At Macon, Georgia, I was entertained in regal style—received by the authorities, cheered by the people, called upon by the prominent citizens of the place, supplied with a beautiful carriage and with any quantities of bouquets. I was indeed a favorite. I venture to say that no man in the United States, either North or South, would have received from the citizens of Macon a heartier reception. During my two days' stay in Macon I enjoyed every moment of the time.

A few miles west of Milledgeville, I had the only conflict which attended my whole journey through the South. It was entirely unexpected and startling. If it had not been for my glorious flag-staff, I might not have survived to tell the tale. Five cur-dogs, of a disagreeable size, set upon me furiously, and seemed determined to punish my intrusion. The battle was hot and heavy for about fifteen minutes. I plied the flag-staff with vigor and dexterity, and, at last, the victory was mine. I can account for the hostility of the dogs only on the ground that they are "rebels yet," and have not yet been reconstructed, nor taken the test-oath. It seems to me that such a display of the red-handed spirit of rebellion will necessitate a military government over that country, until fruits mete for repentance have been brought forth. Perhaps negro suffrage would teach better sentiments to the canine tribe, so that, after a time, a Northern man can go through that country peacefully, in no danger of being attacked by hounds, who

then would have learned humbly to lick the dust at his feet. That would be complete reconstruction. The only disrespect shown the United States flag during my whole march came from these dogs near Milledgeville. No white man offered it the slightest insult.

March 5th I entered Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia. At this place I was received in the same enthusiastic manner as in the other cities lying along the line of my march. Here the officers of the army called upon me, and many Confederate soldiers did the same.

March 9th I left Sparta and resumed my tramp through long stretches of pine forest, and over a road which was very sandy. About five miles from Sparta, at a place called Culverton, I met a large crowd of people awaiting for my arrival. The school had given recess, and the children gathered around me to shake hands with me and see the flag. I was cordially invited to remain there for some time and take dinner with them, but I could not accept. So, bidding them good-bye, I set out again. I had proceeded only about a mile, when a boy came riding after me, at full speed, on horseback. He reined in his horse, as he came up to me, and cried out: "Sergeant, wait a minute, if you please. I missed seeing you at Culverton, and I want to shake hands with you." "Sergeant," said he, "I love that flag, and always shall love it." Saying this, almost out of breath, he took my hand. In a little while he turned his horse's head and rode back.

An earnest, impulsive people are the Southerners, and the boy represents their character pretty well.

A mile further on I met about twenty ladies on the roadside among the trees. There was no house in sight, and I wondered how they came there, and what they were doing. I soon found that they had brought dinner to me, intending to intercept me on my way. I enjoyed the entertainment very much, particularly on account of the manner in which it was given.

The Southern ladies are loyal enough now. What harm will it do if they deck their brothers' graves with flowers? I, as a Northern soldier, can take no offence at such a natural mark of affection.

After taking my departure from the ladies, I proceeded for several miles without seeing any one. Finally, on the road, far from any house, I met a man who had served in the rebel army. He had been engaged in chopping wood. He said that he had been watching for me several days along the road, and asked me to accompany him to his home, distant about two miles. On the way he told me that the grave of his

brother, who had fallen in the rebel cause, was not far from the road-side. I went with him to the spot. He stood upon one side of the grave and I upon the other. Unconsciously we bared our heads. A plain wooden head-board marked the place. As I read the inscription, he asked why such a bad state of feeling should continue to prevail—why should there still be enmity between the North and South? and, as he spoke, he reached me his hand over the grave of his brother. I clasped it in the deepest emotion. Will any one say that I did wrong in taking the hand of one against whom I had fought, but who now was willing to stand by the old flag and bury the differences of the past?

March 14th I was at Augusta, Georgia. The same ovation awaited me there. I remained several days, and twice attended the theatre. One evening, as I was sitting in the theatre, a negro sent word to me that my life was in danger. I knew no attempt would be made in the building, and therefore told a friend of mine to step out and see the state of affairs. He came back after a little while, and told me that quite a number of negroes in and about the building were quietly waiting for me to come out of the theatre, when they intended to set on me and shoot me. My friend had armed himself with two revolvers, and resolved to see me safely home. When the play was over, we waited until nearly all the audience had passed out, when we moved out of the building. My companion did not attempt to conceal the fact that he was armed. As we passed out, the negroes were looking savage enough, and an occasional whisper passed between them, but no violence was shown. We reached home in safety. But, after the occurrences of that night, I was always more cautious about the negroes. They would not of themselves do me any harm, but unscrupulous white men, who infest the country, are constantly putting them up to all sorts of mischief. They pretend to be the negroes' friend, and say to them that such and such men intend to make slaves of the blacks again, and thus madden them to the commission of deeds of outrage. The presence of such men in a community is worse than the murrain among cattle.

On the 16th of March I trod the soil of South Carolina. Crossing the Bridge over the Savannah River, I was heartily received by the people of Hamburg, and, after shaking hands and exchanging salutations, I resumed my tramp. Reached Columbia, the capital of the State, March 18th. The march had been severe. The weather was rainy, the roads bad, and the streams were swollen enormously, and had no bridges over them. I was compelled to ford the streams on foot, and

of course was frequently wet with the cold water. I crossed the Congaree River in a ferry boat, and found hundreds of the people of Columbia waiting to receive me. The Mayor made the speech of welcome. I was then placed in a carriage and driven to a hotel. A large procession followed in carriages, on foot, and on horseback, led by young ladies on horseback.

The following day I was shown about the city. Columbia was burned during the war, either by the rebel soldiers or by Sherman's—some doubt seems to exist about that. As the city now stands it is only a forest of blackened chimneys, surrounded by ashes and desolation. My reception in this city was just as cordial as in any of the others; but it seemed more so, from the fact that the city was in ruins as a consequence of the war. I remained in Columbia four days, and verily believe that I shook hands with every man in town. There is a newspaper in Columbia called "The Phoenix." The name is most appropriate, for if there is one city on earth that needs a Phoenix to raise her once again from her ashes, it is Columbia, in South Carolina.

At Winsboro' the whole town were out to receive me. A delegation of Confederate soldiers met me about a mile from the town and escorted me in. About seventy-five soldiers altogether entertained me in a most hospitable manner. While in Winsboro' I was called to the bedside of a Captain, once in the Confederate army. He was suffering from the effects of injuries received during the war, and was very near his end. He had sent for me, as a Northern man, to express the thoughts which lay nearest his heart. He spoke of the war, and the desolation which it had wrought, of the passion and hatred which it had engendered, and expressed the belief that the Northern people could not be aware of the true feelings of the South, otherwise they could not pursue their present policy of resentment and distrust. His whole existence seemed embittered by the sad condition of the country. He thanked me for my efforts to dispel the false impressions prevailing in the minds of the Northern people, and hoped that I would be successful. The gratitude of that dying man more than repaid me for all the trouble which I had undergone—for the separation from my family, for the long weary marches which I had made through rain and mud; it repaid me for all the dangers which I was constantly passing through, and for the scenes of suffering and distress which presented themselves daily before my eyes. I left him, knowing that he must soon go to another world. But I felt sure that he was an honest, upright man, and had the best interests of the country

at heart. I bade him good-by in sadness. The news of his death reached me soon after, and the intelligence was not unexpected. He has gone to a better world, where all true men finally go. I do not believe that in the presence of the Father of the Universe, in Heaven above, the Northern hero and the Southern hero are still warring with each other. No, their spirits are as peaceful and calm as their bones which lie side by side on the battle-field. And as the grass grows green over their graves, in evenness and beauty, so their souls in the realms above pour forth harmonious praise, without discord, without hatred, in the perpetual concord of Heaven.

March 24th I left Winsboro'. Seven miles out I was overtaken by an old man who was making double-quick time to catch up with me. He commenced the conversation. "Sergeant," said he, "my name is John Vincent. You see I am an old man, but I served four years in the Confederate army. I can assure you, sir, all the Confederate soldiers are your friends. They are the friends of all the Northern soldiers who are true men and have magnanimity. A great many of the Northern people, I fear, Sergeant, don't understand us. We are willing to-day to fight for the stars and stripes and the Constitution against any nation in the world. Just tell your friends that, Sergeant, and they won't think so badly of us. We are all Americans, and love the old flag, every one of us."

All this section of the country was looking poorly. Some few men were at work, and they were white men. The negroes were doing little or nothing. I had been absent from Vicksburg about three weeks before I saw a single negro at work. From my observation, I must say the negroes do very little work at the South now. They have little incentive; for, in case they get short of provisions, the Freedmen's Bureau steps in and supplies their wants. The present status of the negro is not a happy one, and I believe will lead to no desirable result.

March 25th, when I was about thirteen miles out from Chester, I saw a man watering his mule, and being very thirsty, I asked him for a drink of water. He looked at me for a moment, and then exclaimed: "Arrah, by all the blessed saints, if here isn't Sergeant Bates, to be sure. Is it a drink of water you want, Sergeant dear? faith, ye shall have it an' welcome. Hello, Mary darlin, (to his wife,) open your eyes till ye'll see something. Sure, and here is Sergeant Bates at last, the bowld boy, that's taking the ould flag from Vicksburg to Washington. Be quick now, darlin, and get him something hot to ate, for the dear boy must be divlish

hungry." His wife began wiping her hands on her apron, and a broad smile lit up her face. "Indade, Sergeant, come in. Will you take a chair now, for you must be weary. Duffy, (this was the name of the family,) don't you see the Sergeant's boots? Off with them now, till he'll rest his fate. Ah, Sergeant, those great boots must hate your fate terribly." She went on busily preparing the dinner, but kept up a constant chattering and talking while I was there. "An' have you a wife, Sergeant?" "Yes, Mrs. Duffy," I replied. She continued: "What is her name, Sergeant; an' have ye children?" "I have two children, Mrs. Duffy." She added: "How old are they, Sergeant, and what is their names?" I told her. She then remarked: "How could you lave the darlins to take such a terrible long tramp? Sure, an' the poor wife must be dyin' with fright and worriment after ye." The dinner was soon ready, and I partook of it with a relish, and soon after left my friends, who asked God's blessing on me, my wife, and family. There is nothing more hearty than Irish hospitality the world over.

Soon after leaving my Irish friends I came to a run, which I forded, with coat off, sleeves rolled up, boots off, and pants rolled up, flag furled, and the cover on. When I was over, and while I put on my boots and re-arranged my clothing, several boys came in sight. "Where have you been, boys?" said I. "Been to take dad his dinner; he's at work out here in the woods." I inquired how far it was to Rock Hill. One of them replied, "It's 'bout six miles, and mighty crooked road, too, I tell you. You're looking for a job, ain't you, stranger? Well, I reckon you can get a job at Rock Hill; if you don't, just go down the river about eight miles. They are building a mill thar, and you get thirteen dollars a month in specie, and all the folks is white men; niggers won't work for specie, nor nothing else."

I left the boys after further conversation, and reached Rock Hill at 5 p. m. Large crowds of people were out to receive me. In the evening they gave me a serenade.

Mr. O. Mathews, an old man, who had served in the Confederate army, who had lost two sons in the war, and a son-in-law, insisted on accompanying me for a few miles, when I left Rock Hill the next morning. The old man was as careful of me as if I had been his own child. He said there was a high bridge over the Catawba river, which General Stoneman had destroyed, and which had not been perfectly repaired; he was afraid I would fall through the bridge; and when we reached it, eight miles distant from Rock Hill, nothing else would do but he took me by the hand and led me

across the bridge as if I were blind. This is but one of the many instances in which I was shown such parental tenderness. The old man took his leave of me on the opposite side of the bridge, and I continued my march alone. Very soon I arrived at Fort Mills; at this place I met about twenty-five Confederate soldiers, who informed me that they had assembled to give the "flag" an escort of honor out of South Carolina into North Carolina. They asked the privilege of accompanying me. I gave my consent very readily. The procession was formed, and we started for the boundary line, which was about six miles distant. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and I entered the State of North Carolina with colors flying. As I crossed the line the escort gave three cheers, such as only old soldiers can give. My friends in Wisconsin used to say that if I ever set foot in South Carolina I would never come out again, unless it was in a coffin. If they could have heard those cheers they would have given up all ideas about coffins.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I arrived at Charlotte. At the outskirts of the city I was met by the Mayor and the City Council. The Mayor, in a few appropriate remarks, tendered me the hospitalities of the city. I was then driven in a carriage to the Mansion House. Several hundred people had assembled in front of the hotel, and, as I sprang out of the carriage, before entering, Mr. James Gleason, a war-worn veteran of the Confederate army, who is still suffering from his wounds, proposed three cheers for Sergeant Bates, the United States flag, and the white man's government; and such rousing cheers, they made the welkin ring. I remained in Charlotte to have a pair of shoes made, and while there, everybody called to see me, and among the number several prominent Confederate officers. Late in the afternoon of March 27th, a young man, named James Orr, called to see me, with a small bundle in his hand. He said he had been a soldier in Lee's army; that he held in his hand a United States flag, belonging to the headquarters of a corps, which had been captured by General Rosser, of the Southern army. It cost the General some hard fighting and a good many lives; but, said the young man, you have recaptured it, Sergeant, without firing a gun. It is yours, sir; take it. He then explained to me that the flag had been placed among the archives of the rebel government as a trophy. But when those archives were scattered, after the fall of Richmond, he obtained possession of the flag—and now presented it to me as a trophy of my peaceful triumph.

March 28th I reached Concord. The Mayor and a com-

mittee met me a mile out of town. As I approached the city limits the bells commenced ringing, and rang a joyous peal as I walked up to the Court House. Here the Mayor made a little speech. Afterward I was shown my room at the hotel, and received numerous calls from the citizens.

At night they gave me a serenade, and called me out for a speech. I responded to the best of my ability; several of the party followed, and our meeting was prolonged an hour and a half.

The next day being Sunday, I was very reluctant to set out, and should not have done so, but for the reason that the newspapers had announced me at certain places on the route for particular days. Moreover, if I had not kept the appointments, some paper would have accused me of trying to elude some one who wanted a shot at me.

When within three miles of Salisbury, I was met by a large crowd of persons who were waiting for me. From that point all the way in the city, the road was lined on both sides by people who had assembled there to witness my approach. About a mile from the city the Mayor met me. He remarked that the city had surrendered to my banner without terms; that preparations had been made in view of my arrival, and that I would find everything in readiness for me at the Boyden House. On entering my room, I found a magnificent bouquet—a present from a lady of Salisbury. Nothing could have been more cordial than my reception in this place.

Thomasville, in North Carolina, is not a large place. When I was about two miles distant from it, quite a crowd of people, provided with a brass band, met me. They gave three hearty cheers for the Sergeant and the United States flag, and at once formed in procession to act as an escort. The band struck up a lively tune, and we marched into the town. Quarters had been provided for me at the house of Mrs. Taylor. That night I was serenaded again. I dare say it was the same band which discoursed the music. The next morning I set out, accompanied for a mile or more by numbers of people, and the brass band once more supplied the music. In passing by the Female Institute, any quantity of flowers were offered me—many more than I could hold in my hands with comfort. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and wished me God speed.

March 31st, I arrived at Greensboro'. A great crowd of people, male and female, black and white, with the Mayor at their head, welcomed me as the guest of the city. The band played a march, and we moved on through the streets to the

hotel, where rooms had been provided for me. Here I met quite a number of Wisconsin men—Col. John Crane, of the 18th Wisconsin Infantry; Col. Thos. B. Keogh, of Milwaukee; P. F. Duffy, of Lafayette County, Wisconsin, and several other men who had been soldiers in the Union army, from my State. Our meeting was very pleasant.

At Greensboro' I determined to take a ride to Raleigh, although that city lay outside my line of march. My plan was to take the cars for Raleigh, make my visit there, return to Greensboro', and resume my journey on foot. Accordingly, on the 1st day of April, I took the train for Raleigh. At every station crowds were gathered to catch a glimpse of me and my little flag; and when we reached Raleigh I found an immense assemblage about the depot.

After taking some refreshment at the hotel, Mr. Betts called for me to take a drive about the city and visit the public buildings. We went first to the State House, where I was presented to Gov. Worth. After half an hour's conversation, we took our leave of him, and visited the other public buildings in the city. At 5 o'clock P. M., I took the train for Greensboro'. At every station there were more people collected about the depots than in the morning. At Mebansville about fifty school boys had assembled to see me. They were nicely uniformed. I stepped out on the platform and received their cheers. The boys then insisted on seeing my flag, and it was brought out of the car. When they saw it, they cheered again. One of the boys said: "I have seen that flag before." "Yes," retorted another, "you saw it from behind the biggest tree you could find." Some of the boys had served in the army during the war, and one of them, only fifteen or sixteen years of age, had lost a leg. One of the boys now spoke up and said: "Sergeant, we would fight for that flag as quick as you would, but you folks up North don't believe it, do you? Now, come right out and say what you think—do the Northern people believe we would fight for the flag?" "Well, boys," said I, "there are many people in the North who still honestly believe that you hate the flag, and would do nothing to defend it. But, boys, they do not know your true sentiments. They have been misled by bad men and bad newspapers." I never saw a finer set of boys. As the train moved off, they waved their caps and cheered me again.

It was my intention to leave Greensboro' on the 2d of April, but several Confederate soldiers insisted on my remaining and spending the day with them. All the unpleasant memories of the war were dropped: the verdict of battle was recognized by all, and no one suggested that any attempt ought ever to

be made to reverse that verdict. We all felt that we were citizens of one country—that the future which lay before us would always find us citizens of one country, inseparably united. Each one felt that it was his duty to become reconciled and bury forever the angry passions of the past, and the sectional antagonism which had become almost hereditary. Those men, whose manhood has been tested on the battle-field, have no desire to renew bloody conflict anywhere in this country. If the settlement of the reconstruction question had been left to the soldiers on the battle-field, in the hour of triumph, it would have been arranged amicably, justly, and magnanimously. The petty spite of some politicians, the inveterate hatred of others, and the wild utopian schemes of others, have kept the country divided, and have prevented a reunion of the people, which was spontaneous and almost irrepressible at the close of the war. Against them let the evils of the past three years be directed, for they lie to their charge.

I resumed my march on the 3d of April, tramping through mud and rain. The bad weather made no difference in the warmth of the receptions extended to me by the people. In every village, town and hamlet on my route, a crowd of persons were always assembled to welcome me and my flag. At Reedsville, Gov. Holden, of North Carolina, called on me. Our interview lasted half an hour. I soon took my departure, and walked towards the Virginia State line—Virginia, the “Mother of Presidents” and the “Mother of States.” I crossed the line. Only one State lay between me and my journey’s end. With renewed vigor I pressed forward.

April 4th, at 4 o’clock in the afternoon, I arrived at Danville, and was received by a great crowd of people, provided with a band of music. My reception was the same that I had met with at all the other cities, and need not be described more minutely.

Continual marching, in all sorts of weather, was beginning to wear on me. My foot and ankle became swollen and painful, and caused me no little trouble in walking. Knowing that I was announced at all the cities for certain days, it became necessary for me to keep up.

On the 7th of April I made a forced march, in order to reach Amelia Court-House. I arrived at 11 o’clock at night, in the rain. I found Mrs. Joseph Cance awaiting my arrival. Her house was illuminated, and every one of the family was up. Mrs. Cance had stationed a “lookout” on the road to watch for me and conduct me to the house. On entering, I learned to my surprise that a sumptuous supper was prepared

for me. I enjoyed it exceedingly, and was much affected by the kindness of the good people in whose way fortune had thrown me. I retired, with the request that I should be called at 4 o'clock in the morning, for it was necessary that I should leave at that early hour in order to reach Richmond when I was expected. Mrs. Cance, fearing that a servant might not call me at the right time, sat up herself all night, in order that there should be no mistake. I knew nothing of her intention until morning, or I should have protested against it strenuously. At the appointed hour I rose, found an inviting breakfast ready for me, but could not eat anything so early in the morning. I bade my kind friends good-bye, and set out for Richmond. Along the road I saw a great many negroes with shot-guns, shooting every bird that came in their way, and lazily moving around from one place to another.

My foot was painning me somewhat, but I kept tramping all day, and about 4 p. m. entered the City of Richmond, across the Richmond and Danville Railroad bridge. The crowd had expected me by another route, and had assembled at a bridge further down to receive me. It soon became known where I was, and the people crowded around me by hundreds, and constantly were increasing in numbers. I pressed forward through them towards the Exchange Hotel. The further I advanced, the greater was the crowd. It was no easy matter to work my way through the thousands who thronged the streets. But finally I succeeded in reaching the hotel, where I was shown to my room. Fatigued and hungry, I did not feel like seeing any one until I had rested a short time and had taken my dinner. A carriage was ready for me after dinner. Taking my flag in my hand, I rode through the principal parts of the town. I alighted at the eastern entrance of the Capitol Grounds, and marched through to the Capital, ascended to the dome, and waved my flag over the city which was once the stronghold of the rebellion. Thousands of persons had gathered in the grounds and in the building. When I descended into the rotunda, I was introduced to hundreds. The Conservative members of the Convention, at that time in session, came into the rotunda and shook hands with me. The negroes and carpet-baggers were cross and sullen. As I left the rotunda, the people made way for me, and I returned to the carriage. We drove for a short time and then returned to the hotel. The following day, in compliance with the wishes of a great many, I had my photograph taken, and afterwards visited the camps about the city. I was entertained very handsomely in Richmond, and had

frequent conversations with the prominent men of the city on local and national affairs. They all bore the same testimony. They were willing and anxious to return to the Union, but they hated military rule, and they detested negro suffrage.

April 10th, I left Richmond with reluctance, for my stay there of two days had been unusually pleasant. Every one was kind to me. I arrived at Hanover Junction at 6 P. M., and accepted the invitation of Mr. Thomas W. Gill to remain with him during the night. The next day I pressed forward through that terrible country, woods and undergrowth and mud abounding in every direction. Now and then would I meet some solitary man. At half-past five in the afternoon I reached Fredericksburg, drenched with rain, bespattered with mud, and thoroughly fatigued. Near here I visited the house where Stonewall Jackson died. The Southern people have a great affection for the memory of this man. He was known to be a thoroughly honest and upright man, a good General, and as fearless as the bravest.

From Fredericksburg the roads seemed to get worse—the mud deeper, the rain heavier, the streams had fewer bridges, and the weather much colder. I left Fredericksburg on the 12th of April, took a cold dinner on the road, and trudged on towards Dumfries. The day was cheerless and cold. I reached Dumfries at six o'clock in the evening. Here again I was heartily welcomed, and spent the night.

The next morning, leaving Dumfries, I walked towards Alexandria. From the top of Johnson's Hill, I looked across the country and across the broad Potomac towards Washington, and saw the the grand, white, beautiful dome of the Capital rising upon my sight, reposing so majestically like a snowy mountain peak in the distance. A thrill of ecstasy shot through my veins and arteries. The end of my journey was near. From yonder distant dome I should wave my flag, for which I had acquired so much love, and my labor would be done. The capital seemed to welcome me, my friends seemed to welcome me, my home, my wife and children welcomed me. And, more than all, I was successful in my enterprise, and had proved the truth of assertions regarding the people of the South. No rebel fiend had "cut my heart out before I got ten miles from Vicksburg." No one had trampled my banner in the dust. No one had called upon me to renounce my Northern opinion or to accept Southern opinions. I had proved all such allegations to be false, and had vindicated millions of my fellow countrymen from the lies which demagogues had circulated against them. No one was near me. I

was alone with my flag amidst the desolation which war had wrought, but my soul was filled with a joy which no words can describe.

Washington was still several miles distant—too far to be reached that day; therefore I continued my march only to Alexandria. Here I spent the night. In the evening the ladies and gentlemen of the city gave me a surprise in the shape of a masquerade. They came to the hotel in all describable forms and figures—with costumes as quaint and droll as the fashions of fairy land. The evening passed away very pleasantly.

The next day, the 14th day of April, was to be the last day of my march. I arose in the morning with alacrity, and, after taking quite an early breakfast, left Alexandria for Washington. The morning was clear, and as I walked along I occasionally met persons on the road. Every one knew who I was, for my arrival had been announced. I spoke with nearly every one whom I passed.

After reaching Arlington Heights, I descended to the Long Bridge and commenced crossing the Potomac. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. I had got about half way across, when I saw a gentleman on horseback coming from the Washington end of the bridge. He rode up to me, and stopping his horse, asked, "Is this Sergeant Bates?" I replied in the affirmative. He continued; "We are from the same State, Sergeant, I believe. My name is Mr. Doolittle. I wish to thank you, sir, for having done a glorious act." I thanked him, and replied: "Senator, I have heard your name spoken a thousand times at the South. They look upon you as an unselfish, noble-hearted man all through that country." He rode slowly back to the end of the bridge, talking with me about my journey; then, after inviting me to call and see him while in the city, he rode away. He was the first man who welcomed me at Washington, whether by design or accident on his part I am not able to say. I had never seen him to speak with him before, but I learned to like him well before I left the city. At the end of the bridge hundreds of people were assembled, and as I stepped upon the soil of Washington, they cheered me again and again.

A Committee from the Conservative Army and Navy Union took me in charge and conducted me to the house of Col. Faunce. Shortly after 1 o'clock a Committee of the Citizens of Washington made their appearance in company with a band of Music. They formally welcomed me to the National Capitol, and said they were in readiness to accompany me to the President's House and then to the Capitol. The crowd

of people outside were formed into a procession, and headed by the band, moved up Fourteenth street to Pennsylvania Avenue. I walked in front of all with my flag unfurled. In spite of the heavy rain which had commenced to fall, the streets were thronged with people, and occasionally they almost obstructed the way. The balcony and steps of the Treasury Department, as well as the windows and offices of the buildings on the opposite side of the street, were crowded with people who cheered lustily as the procession passed by. Arrived at the Executive Mansion, I was met by the President in the portico, who shook my hand cordially, and remarked: "All I want to do is simply to welcome you and your flag." He then invited me into the Mansion and conducted me to the East Room. Quite a number of the procession entered also. The President said: "I merely desire to sincerely and cordially welcome you and your flag, with which you have travelled so many miles. I have no address or speech to make, but wish to testify my gratification at seeing you in Washington." The President conversed with me a few moments, and requesting me to call again, excused himself and withdrew. His daughter, Mrs. Patterson, presented me with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Subsequently I was subjected to the ordeal of shaking hands, but I soon made my way out of the White House. The procession was reformed, and we marched to the Metropolitan Hotel. Here I was escorted to the front balcony of the house and was introduced to the people below, who cheered me heartily. Mr. C. A. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, was then introduced to welcome me publicly. He spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF HON. C. A. ELDRIDGE.

FELLOW CITIZENS: It is owing to the fact that I am a citizen of Wisconsin that I am allowed on this occasion a brief moment to present again to you the guest of the citizens of Washington a worthy son of the State Wisconsin, Sergeant Bates. [Applause.] He finding a popular error existing in the State of Wisconsin, like that, perhaps, in every Northern State, that the people of the Southern States, whom our conquering arms subdued, were hostile to the flag and Government of the Republic, undertook to carry that flag from Vicksburg to Washington, on foot and unattended, for the purpose of planting it on the dome of the Capitol, and showing the actual feeling towards it. He has demonstrated to the people of the country and the world that no such hostility exists, and that the people of the South submit to the flag of the Union in good faith, and are determined to maintain their allegiance to it, as they expect the people of the North to maintain theirs. [Applause.]

But I will not detain you in this pelting storm. I understand Sergeant Bates will now proceed to the dome of the Capitol with the flag which he has borne in honor and triumph from Vicksburg to Washington. He has received nothing but kindness and respect during all his long journey.

The people have everywhere honored and encouraged him, because of the emblem which he bore.

But, my friends, I cannot forget the fact that it is just seven years this day since the flag of the Republic was lowered in humility and sorrow from the battlements of Sumter. The flag that Major Anderson was then forced to take down now floats proudly over every foot of our land, respected and honored by all. And this young man, who, without money and alone, and on foot, has carried it for more than fourteen hundred miles, will now plant it in glory and triumph upon the dome of the National Capitol. [Applause.]

At the conclusion of Mr. Eldridge, a speech was made by General Mungen, of Ohio.

At the conclusion of the addresses, three cheers were given for Sergeant Bates, and three more for the flag.

I left the balcony, descended to the street, resumed my place at the head of the procession, and walked to the east front of the Capitol, for the purpose of unfurling the flag from the dome. With a few persons I ascended the steps which lead to the rotunda, and approached the door, for the purpose of entering. The Chief of the Capitol Police halted us, and said that he had positive orders not to permit Sergeant Bates to carry his flag into the Capitol, or to make any demonstrations. An order was then produced from General Michler, Superintendent of Public Buildings, giving me permission to ascend to the dome. The policeman gruffly remarked that he did not get his orders from General Michler, but, if the order was endorsed by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, he would allow me to pass in. Some one went to Mr. Brown, and, after twenty minutes' delay, obtained his signature. The policeman then said that I could not go in unless I had also the endorsement of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives. Some one set about finding him, but he was not to be found. I waited, cold and wet, outside the rotunda, while scores of people, white and black, were allowed free entrance, and no questions were asked. I held in my hand a little flag about five feet long and three feet wide. I had carried it over fourteen hundred miles through the heart of the Southern country, and it had been cheered by a million voices on the way. Was it for this that I must be debarred from the Capitol of my country, which I fought to defend? Was it for this little flag, the emblem of our nation, which could not possibly be in any one's way, whether I carried it to the dome or not—was it for this that I must be kept in the rain and the cold at the bidding of an insolent policeman?

That flag—the stars and stripes—was insulted by the policemen of Congress. I had waved it from the capitol of

every Southern State from Mississippi to Virginia, and no one raised the slightest objection; but, in Washington, the officers of Congress refused to allow me to wave the flag from the dome of the Capitol, when it was known that such was my wish and purpose. No one ever claimed that any harm could be done by granting my wish. Mr. Ordway could not be found. Even if his endorsement had been obtained, the police would have demanded some other endorsement. I have since learned that several prominent Radicals of the Senate and the House, spoke to the Chief of Police, and cautioned him about allowing Sergeant Bates to enter the Capitol with his flag. They did not like my way of doing things, and intended to put a stop to it. One thing is certain, whatever may be the reason, I was kept out of the Capitol because I bore the American flag in my hand, by the power which controls the Houses of Congress. My flag and myself were only once before insulted during the march, and that was not far from Milledgeville, in Georgia. The insult was given by several mongrel cur-dogs, which I cudgelled thoroughly with my flag-staff.

Ashamed of the spirit which controlled Congress, outraged by the persistent insolence of the police, enraged at the insult which had been offered to me and my flag, I turned from the steps of the Capitol, resolving to finish my march under more favorable circumstances, when my flag would be received at least as cordially as it was in the so-called rebel States. Congress may have become so powerful that they need not respect that banner, but let the future decide that.

I was about to return to the hotel when a friend suggested to me that I should go to Washington's Monument and unfurl the flag there. I did so, over that unfinished and neglected column of marble which is proposed as a monument to the "Father of his Country." I unfurled my weather-worn flag, which for nearly three months had been carried by me, alone, through the Southern States, over hills and through valleys, plains, forests, hamlets, villages, towns, and cities.

At the monument, Hon. E. O. Perrin, of New York, recently appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah, was called upon, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF HON. E. O. PERRIN.

SERGEANT BATES: As unexpectedly to myself as to you, the Reception Committee have this moment requested me to welcome you and your flag, after having been driven from the portals of the nation's Capitol.

After such a repulse from such a source, no place could be more appropriate than here, at the base of this unfinished monument, erected to commemorate the virtues of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of his Country.

Could the spirit of that great patriot look down upon this melancholy scene to-day, he might deliver another farewell address to all the hopes and prospects of a distracted country.

Look but a moment on the picture. That silken banner, wrought by fair hands upon the banks of the Mississippi, and placed in your keeping by the citizens of Vicksburg on the 28th of last January, has been borne by you, over mountain and valley, 'mid sunshine and rain, by night and by day, for nearly three weary months, through the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, and everywhere throughout these once rebellious States it has been hailed with joy and gladness—every city, village, and town joining in the glad shout—old men and young men, soldiers and citizens, matrons and maidens, all, all welcoming it as the harbinger of better days. Even at Montgomery and Richmond, the boasted capitals of the late Confederacy, you were escorted to the dome of each Capitol, and the stripes and stars kissed again the balmy breeze of the once rebellious South, amid the loud plaudits of a conquered people.

I learn, from good authority, that but one paper in all the South cast any imputation upon you or your banner—"Pollard's Southern Opinion," a rebel sheet, which echoes only the opinion of Pollard, and hardly that. He called upon the "people of Carolina to meet you on the border, welcome your insolent approach, and sent you on some tall, solitary chimney, left by Sherman as a bleak monument of his vandal raid, and there let you wave your *rag of oppression* amid the hootings and curses of an insulted people." Not a man, woman, or child responded to the unjust call. Mark my prediction, the whole revolutionary Northern press, down to "my two papers, both daily," will catch this inspiration, join the vile strain, and echo back some fiendish chorus. Indignant rebuke followed the appeal down there; and, believe me, that here the reddest thunderbolt in God's fiery wrath is reserved to come down upon the heads of those who fatten on spoils, revel in plunder, and prostitute their patronage, all in the name of "liberty" and the flag of their country.

I have it from your own lips, that everywhere upon your triumphal journey you have received the same warm, joyous, patriotic greeting, and all without the expenditure of one dollar, from Vicksburg to Washington.

Yet here, in the capitol of the nation, by men full of professions and boasting of loyalty, you have met your first, your only rebuff. At the moment you expected to crown your triumphal march by planting that flag upon the dome of the Capitol, the massive doors of that temple of liberty are slammed in your face by the very men who have bolted and barred out infinitely more loyal Representatives than themselves, and you are driven to Washington's Monument; and there, with bowed head, you have unfurled your banner.

Had the so-called rebels torn from it twenty-seven bright stars, a Radical Congress would have welcomed the dismantled ensign with shouts of joy, as being evidence of an unrepentant people. But it was a standing rebuke to them to find it pass safely and triumphantly throughout your entire journey, without an insult, and requiring no *reconstruction* at their hands.

Yours is the same banner denounced thus by the *Radical Tribune*:

"Tear down the flaunting lie;
Furl up the starry flag;
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag."

Could you expect a better fate for the flag of your country from such a source?

Had it met this repulse and insult at Montgomery or Richmond, then would your coming have been welcomed with Radical delight.

It matters not, therefore, if you did defend that flag during the war, and love and revere it in time of peace, you are guilty of a "high crime and misdemeanor;" and deserve impeachment for presuming to float it from yonder Dome with thirty-seven stars upon it, representing as many States, while the Rump *below* have sworn that ten of those stars represent only "conquered provinces," pinned to the Union by loyal bayonets, and governed by five military dictators.

Your mistake, Mr. Sergeant, is an innocent and a natural one. You believed in the professions of these men. You thought their loud boasting of love for the Union was sincere. The people once thought like you, but, like yourself, they too have been undeceived, and find that, while they keep the word of promise to the ear, they break it to the hope. Had you taken some dusky son of Ham, and borne him, Atlas-like, upon your back through the sunny South, and landed him safely here, a Radical Congress would have opened wide those bolted doors, and, when you thrust your sable brother—the American citizen of African descent—into the outstretched arms of the Goddess of Liberty which crowns the dome of yonder Capitol, one loud, long shout of joy would have gone up from those gilded halls below, and you would have been hailed as a hero and crowned with the laurel.

Seated in the same Capitol from which you are driven, they strike down the Supreme Court, trample upon the Constitution of our fathers, ride over the sacredness of law, and, in madness of their wrath, drunken with power, they are this moment enacting the solemn farce of impeaching a President for the high crime and misdemeanor of refusing to bow down to their party lash, and daring to stand between them and an outraged Constitution.

This "traitor President" gave you and the flag a warm welcome to-day, and the loyal Senate, that bars you out of the Capitol, may, for that high crime, frame another charge in their bill of indictment.

The President stood beneath the flag in the time of war, and such men love it in time of peace.

When the rebellion raged, he did not continue "to dwell in those marble halls," but resigned his cushioned seat in the Senate, gave up his five thousand a year, and bearing a commission from President Lincoln, he went back to his own Tennessee, then surrounded by rebel armies, and beneath just such a banner he "fought out the good fight" till he brought back the land of Jackson to the Union of our Fathers: the only State yet restored since the Confederacy of Jeff. Davis crumbled to the ground. Yet *he* is a "traitor," and the men who did *not* insult and repulse your flag are "rebels."

Compare his record with the military career of that radical body that has just repulsed you, and are now sitting in solemn mockery as a "High Court of Impeachment on him." Call the roll of that "High Court," and then call the roll of all the armies of the Nation, and show me the name of a single Senatorial Impeacher that ever followed that flag into battle, or fought beneath its stripes and stars.

From what source, then, do they obtain their warrant to condemn better and braver men? On what bloody fields did they win their laurels? During four years of sanguinary war, and almost four of unreconstructed peace, what arms did they ever face except the *ebony*, and alabaster arms in the ladies' gallery?

I beg pardon; one of that grand inquest did raise a regiment in the Old Bay State, endured the privations and hardships of a forced march "*by rail*," from Boston to Washington, faced gallantly all the dangers and peril

of a full dress parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, crossed the Long Bridge in triumph, without drowning a man, and hearing that Beauregard and his rebel army were approaching the capital, transferred his regiment by endorsement to a *fighting* General, and then Flora Temple never made better time on the Fashion Course than this impeacher made from the battle field of Bull Run to the gilded halls of the United States Senate. On that fatal day a terrified Federal soldier, "fleeing from the wrath to come," said he thought he was doing some *tall running* "till a member of Congress passed him, and he thought he was standing still." That valiant hero sits to-day impeaching the only man who resigned his seat in the Senate to face the enemies of his country.

"Judge ye between them."

But we must not despair. Their transient voice is not the voice of the people. No,

"A breath can unmake them as a breath has made."

They but imitate the rash youth "who fired the Ephesian Dome, that his name might outlive the memory of the pious fool who reared it."

I well remember, in the compromise days of 1850, Daniel Webster, the great expounder of the Constitution, after voting for those measures that spread the bow of promise in the political heavens, returned to Boston and asked the poor privilege of defending his course, and the same Radical fanatics that drove you and your flag from the Capitol to-day barred the doors of Faneuil Hall, that cradle of liberty, against Daniel Webster. Like yourself, he was driven into the inclement air, and gave them that rebuke which I may well repeat here:

"O! ye solid men of Boston, you have conquered an inhospitable climate; you have conquered a sterile and barren soil; you have conquered the very waves that wash your shores; but you have yet to conquer your *prejudice*."

Alas! his appeal fell upon leaden ears. With unconquered prejudices they followed him through life; and long after his form had mingled with the dust at Mansfield, and his patriotic spirit gone back to the God who gave it, they insulted his memory, and, hyena-like, desecrated his sepulchre, by petitioning the Legislature to tear down the bronze monument erected by a grateful people in the capitol of the State he had honored far more than it could ever honor him.

"O! Shame, where is thy blush."

Sir, after receiving such an ovation through the entire South, I can well imagine your feelings of sadness, mortification, and disgust, when thus rudely repulsed by those false pretenders who claim such exalted patriotism, and are forever prating of their devotion to the National flag.

The people must soon see their shameless hypocrisy and empty boasting; and, in the face of such an insult, you might, while driven from the Capitol, look back contemptuously on that "Radical Rump," and, with far more truth than poetry, exclaim:

"Blush! if of manly blood one drop remains
To steal its lonely course along your veins;
Blush! if the bronze, long hardened on the cheek,
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak.
Blush! to be branded with the perjurer's name,
And if you dread not *sin*, at least dread *shame*."

You, sir, have faced rebel bullets in time of war, and you can bear Radical insults in time of peace.

Despair not; you will find yourself in good company, and plenty of it, and will have received the same measure of reward meted out to every Union soldier, high or low, from George B. McClellan to the humblest private, who, having served his country on the field of battle, refuses to

serve the "Radicals" at the ballot-box. If you love the "old flag," you are a rebel in disguise; if you revere the Constitution, you are a traitor to Congress; and oh! if you have the audacity either to think for yourself, sustain the President, scorn "Negro Suffrage," or, worse than all, vote the Democratic ticket, you are then guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors," and, "in the name of all *such* people," you deserve immediate impeachment. When old Marius, banished from Rome, and driven in exile in Carthage, was ordered by a royal minion to depart from the desolation where he had taken refuge, the brave old hero exclaimed :

"Tell your Master you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

Return, then, to your people, and tell them you have seen their Congress, sitting inside of the Capitol, legislating "outside of the Constitution" *upon the ruins of the Union*.

A Union far more dissevered by them in three years of profound peace, than it was ever broken by Jeff. Davis and his rebel hosts during four years of bloody war.

But the day will soon come when your bright banner can and *will* float from yonder Dome, every star having a State, and every State having a star.

God grant that it may come quickly; for on that proud day Congressional usurpation will stand rebuked, an outraged Constitution will be vindicated, a fettered judiciary made free, and last, but by no means least, the Nation's Executive will be rescued from an outrage, oppression, and wrong unparalleled in the annals of modern persecution, and the impeachers themselves stand forever impeached in the eyes of both God and man.

Then, sir, will your late triumphant march live fresh and green in the memory of a grateful nation, while the very names of the men who drove you from the Capitol will be forgotten, or remembered only with the scorn and contempt which will ever follow the betrayers of a confiding people.

I have finished; unfurl now your banner to the breeze, with no paid minions to molest. Let it float from this neglected, unfinished shaft, a standing reproach to that reckless Congress that squanders millions of the people's money on Freedmen's Bureaus and sable cemeteries, but cannot spare a dollar to the memory of George Washington, whose sacred ashes slumber to-day "in a conquered province" outside of the Union he created and loved so well, and in sight of the very Capitol that bears his honored name. They have disgraced themselves, humiliated you, and outraged the people, yet your banner is *unstained*. Bear it on proudly to your far Western home. It will be welcomed everywhere by the people who went forth to defend it, with even greater gladness than by those who seek once more its protecting folds, and yearn for the happy days "that are no more."

In the name of all the people, North, South, East and West, we bid you "God speed." Long may you live to enjoy the pleasant memories of the past, and share with us all the blessings of the future.

For, as sure as yonder sun now shines upon us, our Union will be restored, Congress rebuked, and the nation saved. Then will our children, and our children's children, for generations to come, more than realize the wild enthusiastic dream of the patriot poet, when he exclaimed:

"Oh! may we flourish at a wond'rous rate,
Towns add to towns, and State succeed to State,
Until at last, among its crimson bars,
Our country's banners, crowded full of stars,
O'er freedom's sons in happy triumph wave,
A hundred million, and not a single SLAVE."

At the conclusion of Mr. Perrin's remarks, the flag was

waved from the Monument amid tremendous applause and nine rousing cheers.

I left the Monument and returned to the hotel. My journey was finished. My work was done. Whether it was well or poorly done, let others decide. It has clearly fixed upon my mind these truths:

First. The Southern people revere the flag, and are willing to fight for it against any foe.

Second. They have a strong desire to live in the Union and under the Constitution, but they hate military domination, and detest negro suffrage. They cannot endure the idea of being governed by negroes.

Third. Any Northern man will be well received at the South, provided he does not seek to degrade their society by placing the negroes in power to govern them.

Fourth. They dislike and oppose the Radicals, not because they fought each other in the war, for they fought the Democrats as well, but because Radical Reconstruction seeks, by bayonet, to force the intelligent white man down to the earth and elevate the ignorant and incompetent negro over him.

I set out upon my march convinced that the Southern people had resumed their affection for the flag and the Union. I was equally convinced that thousands of the Northern people believed the contrary, and for that reason were sustaining a policy which ground the people of the South to the earth. Men said that my heart would be cut out, before I could go ten miles from Vicksburg, by that terrible rebellious people. I have walked over fourteen hundred miles in their country without an escort, without any weapon but a pen-knife, without any money, with only the American flag for a defence, and I received nothing but blessings and thanks and kindness at every step of the way. The people of the South are not rebellious. Heaven knows it. They feel as the people of the North feel. We should not like to be governed by the bayonet as Poland is. We should not like to have political power given to a great mass of ignorant negroes in our own State against our will and by force, and have hundreds of thousands of our intelligent fellow citizens disfranchised and driven from the polls. The Southern people are no more rebellious to-day than the people of Illinois, Ohio, and New York would be if Congress should govern those States by the bayonet and attempt to fasten upon them detested negro suffrage. I set out in an enterprise to demonstrate that fact.

If I have succeeded in placing before the minds of my

countryman of the North, even in a modest degree, a truthful picture of the sentiments of the South ; if by any word or deed of mine men shall be disabused of their erroneous and cruel opinions, and shall thereby treat the South, as part of our common country, with generosity and magnanimity ; if any act of mine has tended to restore peace and harmony and confidence once more between the two sections, Heaven be praised, I shall not have lived in vain.

GILBERT H. BATES,
Sergeant 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery.

FROM VICKSBURG TO THE SEA.

The following stirring lines are from the pen of Capt. Mayne Reid, and were dedicated to Sergeant GILBERT H. BATES, the Wisconsin soldier, while bearing the Stars and Stripes through the heart of Rebeldom:

BEAR on the banner, soldier bold:
 How Southern hearts must thrill
 To see the flag, so loved of old,
 Waving above them still!
 What cords 'twill touch, what echoes wake
 Of that far truer time!
 Who knows but it the spell may break,
 That maddened them to crime.

Bear on the banner! hold it up!
 But not by way of taunt;
 They've drank too deep the bitter cup
 To need such idle vaunt.
 No: be it like a brother's hand,
 To soothe a brother's pain,
 From hasty blow of quarrelsome brand,
 Ne'er to be giv'n again.

Bear on the banner! spread it out,
 O'er all Secessia's land!
 Sure, they will hail it with a shout,
 And take the proffered hand?
 I cannot think their hearts are dead—
 Southrons! 'twould grieve me sore—
 Recall your ancient spirit fied,
 And patriots be once more!

Bear on the banner! hold it high;
 And once more let them see
 The white star on the azure sky—
 Those symbols of the free!
 Oh! may they think of that strange star,
 Once seen in Eastern night;
 And, like the "wise men," from afar,
 Bow down before its light!

Bear on the banner, soldier, bold!
 It is a thought of worth;
 And often will the tale be told
 Around the winter hearth.
 Ten thousand, thousand eyes are bent
 Upon thy daring deed;
 A nation, now no longer rent,
 Is wishing thee "God speed!"

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