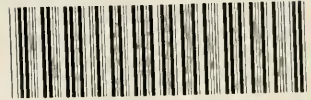


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# A PAPER

READ BEFORE THE

CINCINNATI SOCIETY

— OF —

EX-ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS,

JANUARY 3d, 1884.

BY

HON. CHARLES ANDERSON;

Late Colonel Ninety-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

CINCINNATI;

PETER G. THOMSON, Publisher,

1884.

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# TEXAS,

## BEFORE, AND ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION.



COMRADES AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is very doubtful whether any of you fully comprehend the significance of our evening's topic: *Texas and her action and influence in and upon the Rebellion*. It may be very likely, as usual, that your speaker, on this occasion, as much overrates, as his audience underrates, his subject. But even with this caution, you will be surprised to hear a statement of this my belief; that, excepting South Carolina alone, Texas had more to do with starting that colossal blunder and crime than any half dozen other States of the Confederacy, and that, without the movements of Texas, the Rebellion would have aborted in its earliest stages, and closed as a ridiculous farce, instead of in that horrific tragedy, which so startled and grieved the Nation and the World. Let us briefly generalize the facts, which seem to justify this, her claim, to that bad preëminence.

The History of Texas was very peculiar. Her independence of Mexico was won by the cunning and heroism of mere adventurers. Like spirits followed after these in the permanent settlement of that "Lone Star Nation." It was but natural that, with such a start into national life, secrecy, address, boldness, and disregard of the established codes of morality, or of law and order, in and between men and nations, should have been characteristics of this new people. And that the subsequent enterprise—in one sense new—the annexation of this vast territory as a slave State against all the laws and traditions of Mexico, and a most earnest and passionate opposition of a large majority of the best people of the United States, must necessarily have called into life, and most energetic action, the same qualities of sly conspiracy and bold execution, was a very certain consequence.

Then was brought on our war with Mexico, so infamous in its designs and false pretenses, and so important, if not grand and glorious, in its far-reaching and complicated results. In all these stages of this great Texas-plot, it is plain enough, that characteristics of the same kind should have been developed in her people. And so the Texans of 1859-60 were the very stuff, fitted and ready for a new and grander adventure of intrigue, conspiracy, revolution, rebellion, and war, than had been either of their former enterprises in these lines.

Next ; Texas held within her vast area almost the one-half of our entire standing army (two thousand six hundred and twelve men), with arms, ordnance, munitions, and complete furnitures and supplies for an army. These cost millions of dollars, and, in such an enterprise, were worth vastly more to either party in possession—the Government or the Rebels. What a devil's hint and devil's opportunity lurked in this condition of a State, when tempted by unprincipled demagogues, to revolt !

Again ; behold how her very magnitude of area and boundaries became a facility for successful treason, rebellion, and their war. Her area was 237,231 square miles—more than six-fold Ohio or Kentucky—and her exposed frontiers, between fourteen and seventeen hundred miles long. And this vast line of frontier was exposed to invasions by Indians, Mexicans, both hostile, and was therefore fortified and garrisoned by sixteen forts and posts of all arms, at varying distances from each other, and as far as six hundred and seventy-five miles from San Antonio, their head-quarters, from which they were all supplied, and through which, going or coming, they were all compelled to march. You shall presently see when conspiracy and treason got into their work, how they were helped along, by all those conditions. But let us—once for all—insert here a *nota bene* about that ugly word—"Treason." Our caution is this : On the one hand, let us not be impelled by passion into passionate or figurative epithets. And on the other, let us not be deterred by fear, or pity, or policy, from calling things by their right names, in strictest logic and strictest law. As for my single self (absolutely unrestrained by partisan, or sectional predilections, or prejudices of any kind or degree, and swayed no more from the one fixed, narrow, Polar line of utterly impartial history, than every man must be, whose heart-beats are for his whole country alone), as for my single self, I must avow these truths—viz.: That, so far, from considering the great body of the Southern people, who were actually engaged, whether civilly or militarily, in that dreadful War of Rebellion as traitors, I do deem them, in the Court of Morals, to have been upon just as high and pure a plane as we were. They acted upon their own convictions of right, under their own educations, and as environed by their own peculiar and irremovable circumstances of conditions, etc. Moreover, after the War began—and it was begun with most Satanic cunning, for the express purpose

of creating that very necessity,—these people, as individuals and families, and as a section, were under the dire necessity of sustaining their government *de facto*, and of resisting ours and their government *de jure*. So mingled a web is this which we call human life! Nor could they of the South, nor you of the North, nor any other people of any part of this our mundane sphere, have acted differently. This question of guilt or innocence, therefore, in a Court of Morals, becomes for each individual a purely personal matter. “What were the *motives* which governed his actions?” If these were honest and sincere, the issue is settled. The disunionist Rebel was just as good a *man* (not a citizen) as was the unionist Patriot.

But for all this, on the other hand, we must not, in our gushes of benevolence, or of unselfishness, confound different things. In spite of all those general truths, there was before, and leading to, that Rebellion many instances of treason and traitors, pure and simple. That, compared to the vast numbers of the honestly deluded and of the iron-chained necessitous, these cases were very few, is most true. Still, the fact remains the same. In that vast political party, which agitated those dangerous questions that led to the Rebellion and its war; among the many active spirits, who deliberately laid that train and fired the fuse of rebellion; and, indeed, in the actual armies of battle and siege of the eventual Confederacy, there must have been, and there were almost infinitely, varying degrees of personal innocence and guilt. And amongst them all, there were not a few actual *mala fide* traitors. And of these treasons and traitors, I intend to talk awhile this evening, and very plainly, too. Since the year A. D. 1860, I have, indeed, discarded all restraints, or darkening circumlocutions of speech, about our public affairs.

Resuming our thread of unlucky conditions; in the third place, the Texans had much less of union sentiment in their biographies, as their State had much more of separateness in their geography, commerce, and history than had the citizens of the other States of the United States. The latter had never owed, owned, felt, nor imagined any other bonds than those of loyalty to the one grand “old flag of our fathers.” But from their beginnings, under Austin in 1820, and Houston in 1836, many of them had voluntarily expatriated themselves, or had been expatriated by stress of our pursuing writs of law, criminal and civil, to take and to profess a foreign citizenship. Indeed, in that critical period, from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which began the War, to the fire upon Fort Sumter, which was the War itself, the ties of legal obligation to the Union and the love for the Union were very feeble forces upon many, if not the most, of the leading men of Texas.

Such, then, being the inducements and opportunities of Texans, as



individuals and as a State, to embark into this new adventure and enterprise of Secession and its War, let us now observe;—Why and how they proceeded in it?

It is very natural, and, perhaps, therefore, a very common habitude of historians, to be looking very far around and very deeply down in their explorations for the causes of all great natural or world-wide events, whether of wars, migrations, revolutions, or reformations, and the like. And, in general, doubtless, great events do owe their origin and accomplishment to wide, and deep truths for their causes. But every general law, however great, must have its exceptions. And our Rebellion is in the category of the exceptions. The philosophy of history hates dreadfully to admit that Alexander the Great died of bad whiskey; that George Washington, accidentally escaping those famous point-blank bullets at Braddock's Defeat, and the multitudinous other hair-breadth escapes between Cambridge and Yorktown, died actually of a sore throat; that many a "tall admiral," of huge and glorious frames and huger and more glorious names—such as the "Royal Georges," the "Presidents," etc., etc.,—have gone down to their inglorious graves in the ocean-valleys from such contemptible causes, as the tooth of a microscopic wormlet, or the careless heading of a little rivet. And then the philosophy of theology must also interpose with her invariable theories of special providence in grand designs, proportionate to grand effects. So the great dramatists, you remember, always invoked a God in every action (the *Deus exmachina*)—Silenus or Pan, for the trite and ludicrous, but Neptune, or Mars, or Jupiter, for the grand, the royal events! Our theology, having but one God, may let the toothache or a ward-election pass, without the special agency of that "First great cause, least understood." But, for the grand epics of human life, such as the bullet of a Booth or a Guiteau, or the firing on Fort Sumter, or the defeat at Bulls' Run, (ever using its little self for the measure, and not remembering how infinitesimally atomic are our grandest events, or accidents, compared to that one God,)—our philosophy of theology—feels bound to interpose its divine design and agency of special Providences.

Nevertheless, my fellow-countrymen of all classes and sections—nevertheless, I fell bound to think, and to speak now, as always, these my fixed convictions—viz.: That it was *not* any wide and deep principle in human nature; that it was no broad statesmanship, not even broad sectional statesmanship, nor even the interests of slaveholding as a property, which devised, plotted, and finally accomplished that conspiracy, rebellion and war. They were the mere partisan, office-seeking politicians (the wormlets of our National dry-rot), in their contemptible scheme of selfish, sectional and "partisan" aggrandizements in mere office-holding, who contrived and did it all. That they used the other elements of sectional jealousy and slaveholder-pride to gain voices for



their measures is very true. But it is a very certain and very wonderful truth, that their constituency in the Southern States was mainly obtained from the non-slaveholders, their "poor white trash," and from their horde of reckless political adventurers. As a class, the former were opposed to all revolutionary processes, as well in Mississippi as in Texas and everywhere else, except in South Carolina. In Mississippi, for example, the line between State and national sovereignties, sectional and national patriotism, as a preparation for this scheme, was most notably, if not first, drawn. It was in the great campaign just before the Presidential election between Jefferson Davis and Henry S. Foote. These candidates, both Democrats, but wide apart as the poles, were great debaters. Amongst other questions which they discussed over the State, I remember was, in substance, this: *To which authority, State or National, is the obligation of the "citizen primarily due? Against which, primarily, can treason be committed?"* Now, with such issues as these, so ventilated and enlightened, Foote obtained the votes of, I think, about seven-tenths of all the Slavocracy. Davis, with all his great natural powers and marvellous mental graces and accomplishments, represented, besides his politician class, all the "rag, tag and bobtail" of the regular, olden Democracy.

There were in the Presidential campaign of 1860, you remember, three sets of candidates; and loud and frequent menaces of disunion, and preparations for disunion were made, by organizing and drilling military bodies, and by supplying them with arms and munitions of war. And these menaces, both of the talk and the print, and the preparations of conspiracy and treason were made before, and long months before that election.

And now I aver, as my solemn belief, after careful and painful observation at the time and on the spot, that not *one* man can be now discovered on trustworthy testimony to have so talked or so conspired, who voted either for Bell and Everett, or for Douglass and Johnson. They were (those fire-eaters of that fearful campaign) all unanimously of one political party and ticket. And so the Rebellion was therefore plotted, and the war was initiated by "merest politicians in merest politics. Accursed politics! and politicians!" This was my faith, published then and there, in November, 1860. And it was and is the truth.

I went to Texas as an explorer for favoring climate and occupation to cure a bronchial affection, I think, in the winter or spring of 1858, I was delighted, if not enchanted, with my visit, in all things save one. I saw, or thought I saw, a painful apathy, and in a few instances, an open hatred towards the Union. I removed to Texas in 1859, with my stallions, as a horse-breeder. At Galveston, Indianola, Corpus Christi, Victoria, and Goliad, where I was cormorant awhile, I not only thought I saw, but as the campaign afterwards waxed warmer, I *did* see and

hear not only convincing proofs of that apathy and hatred toward the Union, but the evident tracks of an active conspiracy leading toward open rebellion. I discovered these movements in the organization and action of a treasonable association. I repeat the word "treasonable," with its fit adjectives, pure and simple, logical and legal, deliberate and of malice prepense! This body was the "*Knights of the Golden Circle*," commonly known by their initials of "*K. G. C's*."

Now, why did I not at once sell or give away my horse-menada, and fly from such a people and such dangers? I can not tell. I think I must have been very much of an idiot for not fleeing, as Lot fled from Sodom. I had, by strange chance, a splendid opportunity for withdrawing from such a commitment of my future fortunes. As it concerns my narrative, at least, so far as to not only to indicate my then political status and its opportunities for observing, but especially my personal relations and predilections toward the leaders of that great party, and the consequent impartiality of this my testimony, I will state it.

It was at Goliad, shortly after my arrival in Texas, that I received, through Hon. Joseph Holt, Postmaster-General, President Buchanan's offer to me, of the office of Assistant Secretary of State, *vice* Appleton, who had been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia; and with it came a curious intimation in the Secretary's private letter, that this office was a more honorable one than it might seem, because of the age and infirmities of the Secretary of State, Hon. Lewis Cass. He proved himself in the event to be infirm only in and toward treason. He was as true a Union Patriot as ever lived in all these troublous times and scenes—*clarum et venerabile nomen!*

But why I did not snatch at this, such a chance to grasp honors and to escape privations, dangers, shame, perhaps death, I can not explain. I am hopeful. Did I hope for success to the Union cause, even in Texas? I am not (I flatter myself) given to panics overmuch. Did I despise the dangers from these talks, and newspaper menaces and base obvious conspiracies? I was under personal obligation, or in most friendly relations, to the President, to General Cass, to Colonel Holt, to John B. Floyd, to John C. Breckenridge, and sundry others of both sections of the dominant party; and I was quite banished from that great body of Whigs, which had organized themselves as the Republican party. I was, nevertheless, very decidedly in favor of the defeat of the Regular, or Breckinridge-Democrats and in favor of (I can not say hopeful of) the success of Bell and Everett, or in lieu of that ticket, of Douglass and Johnson. Although retired from open, and much more from active, politics, was I, nevertheless, restrained by my conscious fear that I could not act honestly in harmony with Mr. Buchanan's administration? These speculations are now vain, if not superfluous. I can not now explain my motives. It is only necessary to add

that, by return mail, I respectfully declined this high honor, and thereupon William H. Tresholm was duly appointed in my stead.

What the differences to the Union and to Disunion causes, respectively, were or would have been, in case I had become the incumbent of this office, instead of this South Carolina Democrat, it may be difficult to fix. He was, by the way, probably the most accomplished scholar in the law of nations, who ever held that or even the chief office of the Department. But as he had been for, at least a decade before, a most active and virulent plotter for Secession, and was reasonably believed to have been, together with Judge John A. Campbell, of Alabama, a go-between of Floyd and the open seceders, it is safe enough to say, that in my case, General Cass and the Union cause would have been spared that treacherous work by their humble servant.

On my arrival at Cincinnati, I found another letter from Colonel Holt, to my brother Larz, urging him to press my acceptance and enclosing another tender of this office. But I again refused it. On what little things, as causes, do hang the biggest consequences? Who can now say, that if this persistent, perhaps, foolish rejection of this important office, by an unimportant man, had been accepted, that Fort Sumter would have ever become historical? It is utterly impossible to believe that ever I could have been other than a zealot for the Union in that or any other office or position. For Washington's Farewell Address and Jackson's Proclamation were and are to me my law and my religion. What "Coke upon Littleton was to the old lawyer; what Paul's epistles to the Hebrews and Romans are to the Calvinists; were and are these revered documents to my political faith! Any of you who know me, know how absurd it is to expect me to keep silent or still about any of my passions. And this Union-love was and is to me the most ruling passions of my life. Now, then, do any of you believe, with such experience of the Anderson-intractibility in the Disunion lines in which Floyd, as Secretary of War, was then seduously plowing, that he would have given the order (asked by General Scott) consigning my brother to the command of Charleston Harbor? I must say I do not. Dear, beloved, honored Robert! I claim nothing whatever of any influences over his principles or his conduct in Sumter or elsewhere; and, without mock modesty, I confess that he was as much my superior, by nature and in culture, as he was as a patriot soldier, gentleman and Christian. In all these characteristics, he excelled me (myself being the judge) as much as one brother can well surpass another who is not a disgrace to their family. Nevertheless, I do believe (such are the accidents of this our life!) if I had accepted this office, that Major Anderson would never have been assigned to Fort Moultrie by that Secretary of War, John B. Floyd. The fact is, that this functionary made the mistake of simply assuming, without inquiry

or personal knowledge of him, that my brother, like so many Southern officers, would readily desert the old flag, either from sectional and partisan zeal, or personal corruptness. That another *Southern* officer would have been sent there by Floyd is most certain; and that such *other* Southern sympathizer (for, let us have no nonsense about it, my brother did, most tenderly, sympathize, as I did, with the Southern people, especially with their women and children); that this *other* Southern officer would have behaved in that post of duty, as he did, any of you may believe, if you can. Again I simply insist, I can not. To return at last from this digression.

In the spring or summer of 1859, the gubernatorial election was beginning to stir the Texan mind. The Democratic Convention, early in 1859, "nominated a State ticket, pledged to favor the reopening of the African Slave Trade," which was, as Mr. Greeley says, "a well-understood shibboleth of the South-western plotters of Disunion;" and here let me say, that this most infamous of all trades or institutions of earth or hell was then actually reopened in Texas! At least, two ship-loads of manacled slaves, direct from Africa, were landed—the one near Galveston and the other near Indianola—and hundreds of these poor jabbering barbarians were, then and thereupon, sold and distributed over the State. Nor was all this done under a curtain. The whole State knew it, and, doubtless, our Cabinet at Washington knew it as well as did all we Texans.

Governor Runnells, who had defeated General Houston before, was the candidate for reëlection *on this platform*. Mr. Greeley thinks that the "leading politicians had herein shown the cloven-foot too soon." And so, in one respect, they had; but in another, and that the essential, great thing of the general Disunion movement, their action was in very good season for it and them.

For instance; I can not say that either this resolution for reopening the slave trade, or its actual reopening and operation, was the cause of the defeat of the Breckinridge or Southern party. I do not think it was the cause, or even much contributed to that result. It is very true that there was much hot indignation about it. I know, for example, that for one fanatic (*fanatics*, they pronounced the word there), I quarreled angrily with my nearest neighbor and one of my best friends on this subject. He was an Irish gentleman, who, with his brother, had been many years mining silver at Guanaxuato in Mexico. He had never owned a slave in his life, unless you may so term his peons. But in the few months he had lived in Texas, he had become, like most of his countrymen, an earnest Southern Rights and pro-slavery man.

I had with two other fanatics—fools, let us now say—tried to get up a company of *new* Texas rangers, to march down to the nearest slave-ship, to cut the throat of every pirate aboard, to scuttle their ship,

and so to set all their Ebon-prisoners free. Sublime philanthropy? If victorious, what next? Where to go? What to do? What to eat? Their first dinner? Whence? What? Whom? etc., etc. These were questionings which our emotional indignation scorned to ask! But when I proposed my raid to my friend and neighbor, Mr. Meade, and when he swore (his face all flushed with the richest of pinks, and, in brogue—tones more fluent and musical than General Scott's poetic Irish votes) that he would raise a "regiment of the *real* Texas rangers to follow and thrash us on the way"—then my reasoning powers suddenly returned and my indignation quietly gushed itself out into more regular and milder pulsations. For I saw he was in earnest, and I knew he would do it!

The reason why that party was defeated at the polls was this merely, viz: The great body of the people, especially the leading slaveholders and leading business men, were *then* most sound in their patriotism, and were much alarmed and indignant at this premeditated action of the reigning party. And it was only premature, because the great agency in that movement, and party of disunion, the "K. G. C's," did, in truth, attain to the depth of prostituting a majority of the Texas people to their disunion scheme. But they did acquire sufficient numbers with their organized action and its swift successes, to push the unconscious great majority over that precipice. You shall better understand this case as we proceed in the narrative.

The campaign waxed hot. For Sam. Houston—he of San Jacinto—had entered the lists independently, and flung down his gage of battle,—"the Union and the constitution forever." I attended several of his meetings, and I must say, that though I have heard many much greater orators, I never did hear one so effective in a cause and before audiences like his, in all my life. And whether, in or after the exposition of his doctrine ("the doctrines of the fathers," he would always say,) it became in place to mention the name of a cotemporary and adverse actor in this great drama, for comparison or contrast, he would *shout* it right out, in most derisive scorn of epithet or tone, generally ludicrous or vituperative. For instance, after a portrait of Jefferson or Jackson, particularly of Jackson, he would say something of this import and style, viz: "Now here gets up this Wig-fall, a drunken blather-skite from South Carolina, to teach *us* the constitution and the morals of patriotism;" or, again, "This Kite, or Keit, or Kit, or whatever his name is;" or, "This fellow with a tongue, this murderer, this assassin of his poor old mother's honest, helpless husband, this gallows bird, this Yancy," is another professor of law and order and constitutional government and decency," and so on for the rest of the disunion leaders, whenever their names emerged or could be dragged to the surface of discussion. Yet, of this man it pleases Mr. Greeley to say, in history:



“Had he evinced either principle or courage, General Houston was thus in a position to thwart the Texan conspiracy at the outset.” But allow me to say (with many more and better chances for observation than Mr. Greeley had): *First.* That he was in no such position. *Second.* That a truer Union man did not then breathe our vital air than Sam. Houston. *Third.* And as for courage (though I am no believer in the frequent assertion that any sane mind ever existed without fear), yet I do say: that of all men I ever saw encompassed by dangers and frightful enemies, Sam. Houston was, perhaps, the nearest to being that man “who knows not fear.” And as to the nature or degrees of those dangers and enemies, it must not be forgotten, amongst other and like things, that the Hon. Alfred Iverson, Senator of Georgia, was thus speaking of Governor Houston and of these very scenes, when he said: “and if he will not yield to that public sentiment, some Texan Brutus may arise to rid his country of this old, hoary-headed traitor. (Great “sensation.”) Moreover, I aver that he did all that could possibly have been done for our and his great cause. For he had extraordinary qualities, in addition to great zeal, great courage, and a fine intellect in general for revolutionary times, and scenes, and actions. He was as cunning as a fox, and as cool and self-possessed as a white marble statue of Cato. That in the result, his patriotism, courage, and wonderful address in revolutions were all brought to naught by overwhelming and various adverse influences; that he sank under the mortification of seeing his worst enemies and the enemies of the Union he so loved “flourish in bloody treason over us;” that he was swiftly and ignominiously and most lawlessly deposed from his office in old age and poverty, and (keenest pang of all) that, too, in the twofold shame of an unjust, cruel ingratitude from both the traitors and the patriots: that he went out of life in the consciousness that he had been cheated out of his true place in history; that he suffered the more bitter grief to see his own and only sons, and the Benjamin of his old age, too, with all the other bright youth of the country, enlisted under the banners of rebellion, parental and national—all these sad results are undeniable. Still, and nevertheless, all these disasters followed from no fault of his, either in design or even of execution.

Let us again understand each other here. I admire Horace Greeley as much as any of you. At least, I consider him to be far the greatest man of his great class in American history—the press gang. A close observer, a most experienced editor and politician, an indefatigable worker, with extraordinary memory, an admirable writer, quick in his perceptions, rather deep in his observations and reflections, he was, withal, as bold a man to censure, and as just, and honest, and kindly a man to retract as ever in troublous times edited a political paper or wrote a history of contemporary events and actors. Have I praised

him enough to please you and to qualify myself for this witness-stand? No? Then I add: that I still think it a great calamity that he, just he, Horace Greeley, was not elected our President in 1872. I was in that canvas, exactly where my saying or doing or writing amounted to just nothing at all. For what is the sense or use of trying to row up the chute of Niagara Falls in a birch bark canoe, with a feather for a paddle? But, all the rowing I did at that election was for Horace Greeley as our President. Notwithstanding these estimates, dispositions, and commitments toward Horace Greeley, I must still be allowed to think and say that he made many great mistakes. This was one of them. His "On to Richmond" tocsin was another, and his comparison of Winfield Scott to David E. Twiggs was the worst of all.

At this election, August, 1859, "in by far the largest vote ever polled in the State" (you see how we Texans were aroused by this life and death issue for the Union of our fathers), Houston, the independent, beat the secessionist Runnels by a majority of 8,670 votes. Let it be here noted, however, that this victory for the Union cause by no means secured the official organism of the State government to our uses. On the contrary, that remained pretty much wholly in the disunion interest. And the majority in each branch of the legislature was adverse to the new Governor and to the old Union. And just here begins the error of Mr. Greeley and the other Union historians who follow him, viz: That Governor Houston's election gave him the power to suppress or circumvent this plotting treason.

I shall give few details in party events of that dreary, dreary summer of 1860. It was to me the very gloomiest, most wretched year of all my life. No time of the actual war—not even that blackest year of all the years of human history—from the middle of 1862 to the middle of 1863, from our retreat from the peninsula to our victory at Gettysburg, and to our capture of Vicksburg, when the scales hung so doubtfully, but ever inclining against the success of the Union cause, was so black to me as was that year. For, in it, I saw only the busy preparations for public treason, tyranny, and war on the one hand, and the sleeping and innocent unconsciousness of patriotism, liberty, and peace on the other; and *then*, in the depths of my despair, was ever imagining the result of a conflict so unequal. If, my friends, ladies and gentlemen, you can, at this late day, bring yourselves into a sympathetic realization of the probability—be the coolly reasonable probability—of the dangers of murders, arsons, and worse crimes, to which all our countrywomen—those refined, pure, noble southern women—and all their children were to be exposed, with their fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers all "absent in the wars," and no males around or near them, except the semi-savage, the semi-brutal slaves, whom we had ever so long, so unjustly, so cruelly wronged, you will the better comprehend my state of mind in



Texas and my brother's in Fort Sumter. Oh! my countrymen, was there ever a National delusion so base as to hazard such peril, or ever, ever in all history such meekness and mercy and forbearance shown on earth as was in the event exhibited by these African slaves throughout that whole war? May God spare me, the curse of surviving to the endurance, again, of such days of corroding cares, such long, long nights of sleepless horrors as made up that awful twelve months between our Texas election-victory of 1859 and the outbreak of the Rebellion, on the 24th of November, 1860.

I am poor at philosophising at best, and what were the further causes of this difference in my own unhappiness, within the so different periods, I am as unable to guess as any one of you. Whether it was because the rebellion and the war had then and there become to me (being now behind their scenes) as much certainties as if I had seen them going on—whether it was that our vague imaginings of grief to come are often more horrific than what they shall be when experienced in action—whether it was because, when the explosion actually burst, I (a mere witness and speculator before), plunged into the struggle as soon and as far as I could, and, with comrades like you, God bless them, became a positive actor in the scenes of counter-conspiracy and war; and so, being pre-occupied in all my thinkings, doings, and sympathizings in each present scene or act as it arose, had no time to be nourishing fears or dreams about the general future, or whether it was each or any of these speculative causes, or still some others, which caused “this difference to me,” I can not decide. But of this truth be assured: Those parts of 1859–60, of somewhat more than a year, although passed in the midst of a climate, avocation and society otherwise the most delightful of all my experience, was to me by far the most unhappy of any other equal period of my existence. I think I will not exaggerate if I superadd that this period had, within its brief limits, more of real misery than all my other life besides.

Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, events—positive events—emerged into public view most swiftly and portentously. To us, at San Antonio (remember, it was the head-quarters of our army department), the first significant event was a call, published the day after the news of “Lincoln's election,” for a meeting of the Breckenridge and Lane voters on the 24th day of November, at the Alamo, in San Antonio, to take action for the secession of the State. Within a few days, perhaps, in order to implicate others in this conspiracy, a new hand-bill was issued, addressed to *all* the citizens of Behar county, without regard to party. You must now learn how I, for one, became thus implicated in that celebrated first movement of secession. On the morning of that 24th I rode into town, upon some personal business, and, as usual I went to the store of my friend, Mr. Caldwell, at the time and ever before a firm and zealous

unionist. He, with other by-standers (the whole town was astir in public passion), asked me at once if I did not intend to come in, to speak at this meeting? Having only seen the first or Breckenridge hand-bill, I replied somewhat thus: "I am, my friends, like the 'pretty fair maid,' of the old song. 'Nobody asked you, sir,' she said. 'The invitation is to the Breckenridge Democrats, and inasmuch as I have never yet run with *that* crowd, I must consider myself 'left out in the cold' from that delightful 'tea-party.'" Whereupon my friend Caldwell, or else Presly Edwards, produced the amended hand-bill, and at the same time reminded me that, although I had repeatedly refused to speak in either of the preceding campaigns, yet I had as often promised, that if *after* the election, any movement toward disunion should be made, I would be, if alive, with the foremost in space and the latest in time, ever with my Union comrades in weal and woe, life or death. And, well remembering these solemn pledges, I, therefore, agreed to stay for that historic Alamo meeting.

It was the design and under the management of the K. G. C., and its intended proceedings were perhaps the most "cut and dried affair" ever known amongst the shams of politics. The Rev. Dr. Boring, a celebrated and very able divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was to open the services by a wise, sober, and pious argument of the questions, constitutional, political and military. Colonel Wilcox, an ex-member of Congress from Mississippi, and soon a candidate for the same office in the new Confederacy, and an eloquent stumper, was to follow with the usual fire-eating exhortations, threats, and promises. Then a Mr. Upson, a San Antonio lawyer, from Buffalo, N. Y., was to conclude the grand first act of the dread drama, by "out-heroding Herod" in Southern pro-slavery gushes, as was so usual, wherever, as too often, a Yankee did southernize himself in politics. As for our counterplot, it was agreed amongst us that I was to be called for immediately after Dr. Boring, "to speak for the Union." In the respective calls which ensued, I must say I thought my name decidedly in the minority of their most "sweet voices." But, feeling very sure that this was the very niche (to borrow Mr. Lincoln's figure) for me to fill at that time and place, I walked as steadily up the ladder as if it were my sole meeting. Of the speech itself, I shall now make but these comments—viz.: That I would not have been permitted to speak at all, if I had not been known, or announced rather, in the clamor against my appearance as being a Kentuckian; that the speech was not worth so much as words spoken, as for the thing then and there acted; that it was an act against the disunion and for the union of the States, very positively, openly, and right boldly, and most unexpectedly done; that it has been more complimented for its boldness and truth than it deserves. For, although, I trust, I am not habitually addicted

much to either prevarications or suppressions in my speeches, yet I did feel under the necessity of taking then and there certain common stand-points with my auditors not exactly suited to my own convictions, in order to gain from them that forbearance toward me which might induce them to listen further to my defense of the Union cause; and, finally, I add, that the prefatory sentence in the pamphlet edition (published soon after by Colonel Joe Holt and others, at Washington City) is misleading. Dr. Boring's speech, having been written out fully and read at the meeting, was published in the first number of the *Weekly Herald* afterward. I was asked by the editor to write out mine, which was purely extemporaneous, for publication. This I did, and it appeared, I believe, in the succeeding number of that paper. There was no lapse of time, therefore, for me to forget my spoken words. Nor do I believe that there is essential error, and surely no improvement, in the printed speech.

I tried to make it as true a report as I could, and I prepared it as soon as was possible. With these tedious remarks about a matter so immaterial, I proceed to make one quotation from that Alamo speech. It will prove that I then believed, and publicly assumed, that this whole movement was one of mere party politics.

Here it is. In allusion to the exceptionable appearance and position of this most able and distinguished divine in politics, I exclaimed:

"But now, alas! we are calmly and deliberately assured from the pulpit of the law and gospel—by no frothy, shallow *demagogue of politics—accursed politics!*—by the lips and tongue of a man really wise, pious, and honest, that this vast fabric *has* crumbled; that 'the Union *is* already dissolved.' We are informed, as a fixed and certain fact of history, that our national destiny is fulfilled; that, like dead leaves on the wind, our institutions have drifted away into the past forever; and that we are not here assembled to consider of their further existence or perpetuity, but to divide their spoils and take administration of their effects.

"Whilst we were so entertained with the vast and various thoughts, and feelings, and images of horror that trooped thronging through my brain and heart, thrilling me with chilliness from scalp to soles, there was always mingled *one* sad, yet dreadful, picture—the children of one loving mother—a mother hale and well, though not happy, with the bloom yet in her fair cheeks; the love-light in her calm eyes; a grey hair, only, here and there, silvering with a single thread her radiant lock; God bless the mother that bore us! and the daughters born of such a mother, circling in a conclave over a plot of matricide, and "the parting of her raiments amongst them!" And yet, in all this mingled tide of sudden and new emotions, whilst he so calmly spoke, there came to me no flush of fiery anger; no choking from bursting indignation;

no throb for instant vengeance. A deep and bitter grief, a most melting pity and sadness, filled me, until I thought I could weep—weep tears of *blood* to see such *treason* in such men."

And again, in another branch of the topic, occurs this passage: "And is this forever to be so? Must the true, permanent and invaluable interests of the Southern people—their lands, their slaves, their property, personal and public, their peace, their patriotism, all, all—be forever thus made a sacrifice to *mere* politicians, for the sole benefit of merest *politicians*? Will our Southern statesmen (for we have yet a few statesmen left us) thus always continue to devote all their faculties and energies to the single end of propagating the faith of slavery for its diffusion as a *political institution*, and in soils and climates, where neither 'King Cotton' nor 'Queen Sugar' can ever reign or reside?'"

Of the scene which followed, (quite a riot, with every probability of a most bloody result, and which would have been the first blood of the civil war—desiring to make this narrative as little personal and as much for public history as I well can) I shall say but little. The excitement arose from my own heedless, wild anger and attempt to redress myself for a supposed insult to me by Colonel Wilcox, who replied to me. And but for the brave and disinterested violent interference of Mr. Story, the head of the K. G. C's., in actually dragging me out of a fight, doubtless there would have been, from this my folly, much bloodshed and many deaths at that second tragedy of the Alamo. Whether his conduct on this occasion was impelled by a calm forethought, that "the time was not yet," or whether he had a half romantic sympathy for a brother Kentuckian, as he said, "born, too, in Anderson County," I can not say. But his course seemed always to me most brave and generous. For his K. G. C's., on the ground, appeared to me the majority. They wore their badges. They were all doubly armed, and the Unionists, so far as I know, were all unarmed. The massacre would have been all one-sided, and of us; but the appearances were in part deceptive. This riot brought the Union men to the front. They were thus proved to be the majority, if not the boldest party. They took possession of the stand. They squelched Herod Upson's speech. They compelled their hired band to follow *our* mob around town, "to the wee short hours ayont the Twal," tooting, and thumping, and clanging, "*The Star Spangled Banner*," "*Hail Columbia*," and "*Yankee Doodle*," instead of their former rebel tunes of "*Dixie*" and the rest. And so passed away this first great movement in Secession—a flat failure. It is noteworthy that at the Secession election, long after, San Antonio, the head-quarters of the K. G. C's., gave a majority against it. Was our victory at the Alamo the cause, or the effect of this choice of her people. Who knows?

The elation of the Unionists, and the depression of the Disunionists,

in and around this the head-quarters of our army, and of the army of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," were soon changed into a complete reversal. Inasmuch as this secret order exercised in Texas a controlling, nay, a decisive, influence, in starting the great conspiracy, and as, in my calm judgment, Texas was so potential, if not supreme, in maturing it, it becomes necessary to understand something more of it—its origin, purposes, doings, and results than is usually known. The "Knights of the Golden Circle, or "K. G. C's.," were, then, a military secret order. Their fundamental principles were, or by those who best knew about them, alleged to be these and such as these—viz.: To preserve and extend American slavery; that Republicanism had, in its experiment, proved a failure; that a legalized oligarchy, or, perhaps, a monarchy, with hereditary-titled orders, were the only class of institutions suited to the wants of the slave-states, and which were practicable; that the immediate and violent dissolution of the present Union and Government was practicable and indispensable; that the pending Presidential campaign, with its obvious results in the Black Republican victory, should be in due time made the pretext, or false pretense, with the inflamed Southerners in the place of its real cause, which was the slipping from their grasp of their olden supremacy in politics; that to these ends the organization of these politics was indispensable; that it should be secret, that it should be sworn, military in its forms and spirit, and most summary, dangerous, and pitiless in all its actions.

Accordingly, instructed by the amazing, and at that time mysterious, success of the "*Know-Nothings*," just before, in 1856, etc.—this organization, like that, but with wide differences, by the close of 1859, had attained to such form, numbers, and spirit as to betoken somewhat of its deeds of manhood in 1860 and the spring of 1861. Then, under the full blazes of Fort Sumter and the Southern Confederacy, and of the stirring events of their war, "it paled its ineffectual fires into the darkness of that oblivion and obloquy, under which it now infamously lies, even in the public opinion of the Rebellion which it engendered, and to which it alone imparted its first great success. Originally, probably in 1857 or 1858, this association had been gotten up for fillibustering; that is, for piracy and robbery purposes. But for some unknown causes, it had fallen through, leaving several wandering knights along the borders with nothing to lose and everything to gain by a revolution. Among these, the two vagabonds, Geo. W. Bickley and his nephew, were employed to travel over the State and organize 'Castles,' receiving the initiation fees (\$1 by each knight) as their compensation." I partly quote the above from a cotemporary pamphlet of James P. Newcomb, in San Antonio, as true a patriot and as truthful and brave a man as ever lived, in my opinion and belief.

The degrees were five in number, at a cost of thirty dollars. The



funds were placed in the hands of a treasurer, and applied under the direction of a select committee to the purchase of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition. "It was estimated by competent authority," says Major I. T. Sprague, U. S. A.; and I, as an eye-witness in a certain sense, must add my poor testimony of hearsay, actual observation, and belief to his authority, "that eight thousand men could be brought into the field, at four days' notice, well equipped." Their officers were Generals, Colonels, Majors, and Captains. Their discipline stricter than that of regular armies.

"In every county there was a place of assemblage, called the 'Castle,' at which reports were made in regard to individuals, their conduct and opinions, and transmitted for final action and adjudication to their head-quarters in San Antonio."

Here you have, in substance, and with more accuracy than is usual in such cases, a presentation of that once so formidable, now so contemptible, fellowship of evil, the "Knights of the Golden Circle." It was to this band of mostly mere villainous desperadoes that the success of rebellion in Texas was mainly due—indeed, it may be said wholly due, unless we must except, as another great coadjutant influence to the same end—in another association of a widely different character. This was the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This church had, as you may recollect, its origin in a schism based solely in pro-slavery zeal.

I give you my recollection of the case. Bishop James O. Andrews, of Georgia, married a widow owning, perhaps, thirty or forty slaves. Some of the old-time Methodists of his own State took exception to this act as being in violation of the fundamental and living law of the Book of Discipline of the church: that none of its ministers should hold slave property. The Bishop refused to quit preaching, or to give up his "vested rights." He said, besides, that they were his wife's slaves. His adversaries alleged that this was false pretense; for, that slaves were chattels, and a marriage vested such property in the husband. Moreover, that he was working them and receiving the wages of sin, and that Wesley, their great founder, had not only denounced slavery as a sin, but as the "*sum of all villainies.*" The disputation waxed wider and hotter. Mr. Calhoun entered into this arena of theological controversy. He decided that Bishop Andrews was manifestly in the right. But the primitive Methodists impudently rejected this arbitrament, and pushed up their litigation, conference after conference, until finally, in the annual conference of 1844, at Buffalo, N. Y., I think, by a decisive majority in a joint resolution, it was adjudged by this highest possible tribunal, under God, that Methodist *preachers* could not and should not be slaveholders. Whereupon, immediately ensued the first experiment of Secession; and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, became an organized, separated religious body, and a vast power for evil, as well as

for good, in our country. In Texas, certainly, and I believe throughout the Southern States, it was almost unanimous for a dissolution of the Union. With much careful and painful scrutiny and observation, I, at least, never heard of but one (his name was Henry Pirtle), who was opposed to Secession. Mr. Calhoun, who was never a secessionist, but only a nullifier in our constitutional issue, applauded this Secession, upon the ground of the moral and legal rights of slaveholding, pure and simple. But modern casuistry has invented a purely technical justification for this running a surveyor's line—Mason's and Dixon's—through the Church of Christ and the Kingdom of Heaven. With eyes and hands uplifted in holiest horror, touched with a little human mock indignation, they now exclaim: "It was done by a joint revolution, sir." The informality of the proceeding has, at last, become more atrocious than the substantive offense.

Is it not funny that this same section, under the special leadership of that same John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State under John "Tyler too"—strictest constructionists all—in default of the numbers in Congress for a constitutional mode, by treaty, or by statutory enactment, actually annexed this same Texas, by a "joint resolution only?" And some of us outside sinners might add, if it were not a matter too grave for laughter—indeed, "too deep for tears;"—is it not funnier still that, after every other class of our fellow-citizens in business, society, and *politics* have profusely hugged and kissed each other, "across the bloody chasm;" have, in truth, filled it up and covered it over with freshest earth, and greenest sod, and brightest flowers; that two churches, the largest and most influential of all the land, do, yet, stoutly maintain, on purely technical grounds (their basis of slaveholding all vanished!), their eternal Mason and Dixon's line between the saints? And a third church of the meek and lowly Jesus ("Peace on earth and good will to man," you know!), and next only in influence to these two leading Protestant bodies, even at this late day, refuses to give up their absurd prayers for "our rulers," or that foundation-stone of slavery and rebellion, the "resolutions of '78," and to acknowledge, in their "Book of Common Prayer," the nationality of our government. As Shakespeare wrote: "How these Christians do hate *each other!*" And oh! what would Bob Ingersoll say of Christianity, if he only knew of these specimens of *odium theologicum*, or brotherly love? So potent, far-reaching and enduring are these religious hatreds—worse even than more natural sin!

\* This church, then composed of as good men and women, and as good Christians as in any in the Nation, were as solid a phalanx, in that movement for disunion, as were the Knights of the Golden Circle, which was, in general, as bad a band of men as ever confederated for robbery, piracy, murder, and, eventually, for treason. Moreover, that church was the



only numerous, honest, influential class of men in Texas, which did favor secession. And, on account of that general good character, with their sincere zeal in this cause, they were, alas! the more fatal to our cause. These were the two agencies which whirled Texas into rebellion. Without the K. G. C's., both in conspiracy and waged war, no movement could have been made against a Union-State executive for disunion. And, without the votes and zealous co-operation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, *South*, in those sham elections, no approach to a majority, either for the convention, or for secession, could have been procured.

No great public agitation followed the news of Mr. Lincoln's election, nor the local and temporary excitement at the Alamo meeting. The feelings of our people were adversely, and somewhat passionately, stirred by the secession of South Carolina, December 20th, and by the removal of the garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, with its sudden interruption of the treaty, "*in gremio legis*," between that most supreme sovereignty and the "Washington City Agency," miscalled a Nation; and which was then represented by President Buchanan and his Cabinet, the leader in which was John B. Floyd. Still, in the main, by the close of the year 1860, on the surface, Texas seemed to be rather pacific, calm, and idle. She seemed, and her people *were* so. But below the surface, the K. G. C's. were anything else than idle, or calm, or pacific. Constant vigilance, vigorous organization and action, with business and promptest preparations for war, must have been going on *below*.

In this state of affairs, there appeared on the stage of action a new and most unexpected actor. This was Major-General David E. Twiggs. He was by no means unknown to us Texans of either party. On the contrary, we, each of us, thought we knew and understood him well. What the disunion party thought and felt about this event, can not be guessed. The Union party were in much doubt. A few, if not confident, were, at least, hopeful. And so, for the most part, was I. Nevertheless, I well remember to have had some scruples in the case. The caution of the Queen to Hamlet, about his "player-queen." "The lady doth protest too much, methinks." For I had heard General Twiggs speak, over and over again, of his own part in squelching the rebellion of South Carolina at Charleston, in 1832 (where, by the way, strangely enough, there was also under General Scott, one Captain Robert Anderson, and his Lieutenant W. T. Sherman of company K. Third Artillery, U. S. Army), in almost these precise words, interlarded with most ludicrously-frequent and oddly-placed, and impious oaths: "There, sir, was a great man for you—of the olden times—that Andrew Jackson! And he was the last of them too, sir. For God Almighty, sir, lost his moulds, sir, when Jackson died! The assortment is closed out, sir." Remember, now, the single topic was on many different

occasions—this or these solely, viz.: State Nullification against the United States authority; Calhoun, with his *ordinances* against Jackson, with his Proclamation, and Force Bill, and his Army and Navy, under his own admired commander, General Scott, and he (Twiggs), a Georgia Union-Democrat, joyfully helping in the *coercion* of that most sovereign of all earthly sovereignties, South Carolina. Remember this well, I approved of every thought and feeling, uttered so often and so forcibly by General Twiggs. A blind adherent—yes, devotee of Henry Clay during his whole career, I had by this time gotten to take President Jackson's side in this affair. I regretted that Mr. Clay had offered his Olive-Branch, of the compromise bill, to afford a plausible loop-hole of retreat for the South Carolina fire-eaters, which they were but too willing, yes, too happy to slink into. "Fire-eating," when it was the Jackson-fire, was not so delicious a food for them, as it had proved so often before, and so much oftener long afterwards, when the Jackson-fire of Union-democracy was quenched, and he (heroic patriot and founder of democracy) was coldly, and stilly, and forever at rest in his hermitage-tomb. I thought it a great, a National, a world's misfortune and pity, that Mr. Clay had not permitted President Jackson to collect his duties and to "*coerce*" South Carolina, at the points of the Twiggs' sabers, and, at the mouths of the Anderson, Sherman, cannons; and that Charleston, if she whimpered, should not have been left a formeless mass of ashes in blood. I think and feel so yet. If you think me rash in reasoning, or cruel in feelings, or heedless in speech, do but recall the oceans of blood actually shed by that South Carolina, in the years 1860 to 1864, not to specify other more precious treasures, our debased institutions, and lost morals; and then compare this preventative with that proposed pool of bad blood in 1832.

General Twiggs had been ever most courteous, even kindly to me, in all our many interviews. But many persons told me he was both cunning and insincere. And so, I somewhat feared, "he doth profess *too much*." His arrival at Indianola to reassume the command was, I believe, on the 5th of December, 1860. As dates are of importance in this issue, I am compelled to ask your attention to them.

In a lecture, "*The treachery in Texas*," read before the New York Historical Society on June 25th, 1861, and by it published among the documents for history, p. 111, etc., you may find this statement, viz.: "On the 5th of December, 1860, Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs, U. S. Army, arrived at Indianola, Texas, and by orders from Washington, assumed command of this military district, known as the Department of Texas. For two years he had resided in New Orleans, La., retired from active military duties, owing to age and impaired health. For forty-eight years he had been in the service of the Federal Government. Nature had endowed him with a sagacious and active mind, far

higher than with that element so essential to a soldier. Caution and self-preservation distinguished his career in the army," etc. Mr. Greeley, in his "*American conflict*," and, so far as I know, all other annalists adopt these dates.

But well-knowing, personally, that they were erroneous at least by one year, and believing them to be very significant, I applied through my nephew, General L. N. Anderson, to the War Department, for the exact dates of his service in Texas, and I have just received the following facts, viz.: "Twiggs was assigned to the command of the Department of Texas, March 18, 1857. From March 24 to June 1, 1858, he was on leave of absence," (an interregnum of two months and six days).

On December 7, 1859, he again went on leave of absence, transferring the command to Lieutenant-Colonel Seawell; and on reporting for duty, he was reassigned to the command, by special order No. 33, on November 7, 1860. It was "under this order, that, on November 27, 1860 (not December 5th), Twiggs resumed command." Here was an absence on leave for eleven months and twenty days.

I made his acquaintance upon the passage from New Orleans, in the steamship, in 1858 (I believe), and knew him most pleasantly, as before said, afterwards at San Antonio, and up to his second leave of absence, December 7, 1859. He was, therefore, on December 5 (or else, November 27), 1860, by no means a stranger to Texas or the army-officers, or the people, or their agitations, public opinions, party-spirit, or elections. On the contrary, from my knowledge of him and them, I fully believe that, save only a few professional politicians, General Twiggs knew more of all than almost any man in Texas. Nor was his alleged retirement at New Orleans by any means a loss of opportunities to maintain his correspondences with, and knowledge of, Texas men and things. Indeed, I should say that, except San Antonio alone, New Orleans was their very best point in the world for that advantage, It was our sole gate-way, going or coming, for communications with the outside world.

That year's leave occurred in this way. The General was really and seriously an invalid. Others, as usual, thought him, "*A malade imaginaire*," I did not. I thought him, as it turned out, most seriously affected. His complexion, and sundry other symptoms, to me (no doctor though) betokened grave causes of apprehension. Amongst other indications of a declining old age, was a most romantic, and, to me, a most touching—almost womanly—affection for two of his officers, Van Dorn and Withers. He was assuredly unfit for any important business, and ought to have been retired for life, *volens aut nolens*. It was certainly sometimes amusing, to us of the laity (to a surgeon it would have been funny) to hear the poor old invalid tattling over his complaints, organs, functions, remedies, and the like charming topics of conversation. One

of his conceits was, that his *gall*-bladder had burst an opening into either his stomach or *heart*, I forget which, and his hope and belief were, that if he could get to Paris, where those wondrous body-carpenters and cobblers lived (as we all once thought), he could be mended and patched up, in these organs, so as to have another lease of useful life. And this was his purpose, as he gave out often, in applying for this year's leave of absence. But, he never went to Paris. He stopped, and passed his time far more pleasantly, and doubtless with quite as much benefit to his health, in the delightful home of his only daughter, the wife of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Myers, quartermaster, stationed at New Orleans in 1858 and 1861, and until, very suddenly, he on February 5, 1861, resigned and took office *straight-way*, under the Confederacy.

It will be remembered that Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, First Cavalry U. S. Army, was in command of the Department of Texas, from February 20, 1860, to the return of General Twiggs, say eleven months. It would be superfluous to say, how capable, diligent, faithful, and universally trusted an officer this gentleman was in all his duties—official, civic, social, domestic, and christian, during his whole—a model—life! I trust it will not be out of place, even here, for me to add my poor testimony. I knew him well, perhaps I might say, intimately, though his grave, cold dignity of bearing and the prudential reserve of his manners, rather chilled over-early, or over-much intimacy. And of all the officers or men whom I ever knew, he came (save one other alone) the nearest in likeness to that classic ideal, Chevalier Bayard—“*Sans peur et sans reproche.*” And if these, our modern, commercial, mechanical, utilitarian ages, ever did develop a few of these types of male chivalric virtues, which we attribute solely to these “ages of faith,” Robert E. Lee was one of the highest and finest models. Imagine, then, our surprise—our amazement—when, without a soul expecting him (unless it were some traitor-soul), Triggs startled Texas by reassuming this command. *Why* did he, with more than promptitude, apply for orders on *November 7, 1860*, the first day after the Presidential election? *Why*, did his friends permit him to assume the duties of such a department, so onerous in the quietest of periods, and, now, upon the plain verge of overwhelming troubles and dangers? No man in Texas better foresaw that the result of the great and wide schism in the Democratic party must be Lincoln's election. No one better comprehended, or had oftener foreseen, or more forcibly foretold the troubles and ruins to ensue. Was his health restored? By no means; it was painfully and visibly worse than when he left, in order to have his heroic operations of the new surgery performed. Was he himself more hopeful of himself, or of the common weal? On the contrary, Jeremiah was a lively joker, to Twiggs in all questions pertaining to his own health and life,

as well as to those of that government. Whose bread he had eaten, and whose best Bourbon and richest wines he had been drinking for these fifty years, and until they had chronically turned sour on his stomach I am no doctor, nor surgeon, I repeat. I know almost nothing of the gall-bladder, nor even of gall in social or domestic life, nor even of wormwood since my infant life, but with some little experience in dyspepsia, and not a few *ruminations*, thereon or therefrom, my own opinion was and is, that the aforesaid Bourbons and wines quite well accounted for the symptoms of this broken-down, worn-out valetudinarian. And why then, was he so promptly ordered, on the 27th of November, A. D. 1860, to assume such a command?

We come now to safe ground. Doubts and speculations are out of place in this question. This was but fourteen days after Lincoln's election. It was but three days after the Alamo meeting, where, as generally already throughout the South, the "regular democrats" boldly *assumed* the dissolution of the Union, as a fact accomplished by the black republican victory, and which they themselves had so sedulously and persistently brought about. The coming hurricane, like the air-vacuum preceding a cyclone, was felt by all, everywhere, but most of all by us in the Cotton States. Why, then, on November 27, 1860, should Robert E. Lee (sound as a dollar, in body, mind, soul, and honor—a very "Nathaniel, in whom, indeed was no guile," nor any gall either) be relieved from these so heavy and perilous duties, and David E. Twiggs pushed into his place? My friends, I can tell you why. It was just because Robert E. Lee was—Robert E. Lee, and moreover, because David E. Twiggs was exactly David E. Twiggs, and without the least resemblance, whatsoever, to Robt. E. Lee. Robt. E. Lee did not suit the K. G. C's., and David E. Twiggs did suit them to a dot. John B. Floyd was Secretary of War, and by far the leading man in Mr. Buchanan's ("Breckenridge, and Lane") Cabinet. He had been administering the War departments for months in the interests of secession and its war. He had transmitted arms, ordnances, munitions, to these very Governors of Southern States, which in the event, were first to organize volunteer companies, to drill them, and first to secede, to advocate and to wage war. And he pursued this system up to the very day before he resigned, 29th of December, 1860, and actually then ordered immediately to Ship Island, near the Balize (mouth of the Mississippi), forty-six cannon, and to Galveston, Texas, seventy-eight cannon. Their total weight was 843,870 lbs. of metal. But Fort Sumter had awakened the patriotic Pittsburgers. They had stood many such orders before. They did not stand this one. They, the people, forcibly prevented this shipment.

Floyd's politics were bred in the bone. In 1832, when John B. was a lad, his father, then Governor of Virginia, had, in his



annual message, raised his thin bristles against old Hickory. He threatened to oppose by force the passage of a federal army southward, through the "old Dominion," on an errand of subjugation. (I. Amr. Conflict, p. 100.) But proofs that John B. Floyd, my olden and ardent friend, was a traitor, out and out, and through and through, were superfluous, almost "a ridiculous excess" of demonstration here and now. As, however, that truth enlightens our question as to Twiggs and Texas, so much commentary on the then War Department was necessary.

How General Twiggs scattered invitations for leaves of absence to his officers; how he, verbally and in writing, informed them and the general public, at his first setting foot on Texan soil, and along his whole trip to head-quarters, that "the game was up;" that they had better go home to attend to their professional interests (*anglice*, get other military commissions from the *new* Government for the *new war*); that "the Union would be at an end in less than sixty days; and, if they had pay due them, to draw it at once, as it would be the last;" all this has been duly recorded in all the memoirs of those times. These words are a quotation from Twiggs. (See Sprague, p. 111.) And all these things you have often read elsewhere, and, perhaps, remember. But you can not conceive the vigor, persistence, and zeal of these talks and letters of our new commander on this return to Texas. He still seemed to me to wear a mask. But the secession side of his face was less covered than before. He talked very differently to the two parties, when separated. But he always, whatever he said of himself, or his own purposes, encouraged the disunionists and discouraged us almost into despair. He still babbled of that greatest man, Jackson, "of the Proclamation and the Force Bill," as formerly. But, then, he stirred by his talk the patriotism of his hearers into enthusiasm, whilst, now, he sank us into the very "slough of despond." There was absolutely no Ulysses to bend Jackson's bow. All of our side were both pigmies and poltroons. Nor, can you imagine, unless you have lived as we did, at the head-quarters of a vast frontier department, and knew of the power and patronage of its commander, what a vast influence upon our two parties there, these vile, traitorous, desponding speeches and writings produced. His official letters, often assuming an air of frankness, were of like tenor. On December 15th (so soon, too!), he fortells secession of Southern States and Texas, before March 4th;—asks instructions; says he is "too old and feeble to take part; can only await the event, and then, when turned adrift, make my way home, if I have one." On December 27th he repeats his Cassandra prophecies, asks instructions (well knowing sensible instructions to be utterly impossible to his vague communications, without form, and void); and adds, that he "shall remain until my services can no longer be available." On December 28th, General Scott replies to the letter of the 15th instant, reminding

Twiggs that specific instructions in this dilemma were out of the question, and that he could only tell him, in effect, *to do his duty as best he possibly could in his trying situation*; and here follows the strangest sentence to those who do not know these two men as I did, in these words, viz.: "That *these* proceedings are reminding him (Scott) vividly of the interview he had with you (Twiggs), in Augusta, in 1832." "There's worm wood for you!" General Scott then complains, that, though he had labored hard, in suggesting and urging proper measures to vindicate the *laws* and property of the United States without *waging war*, etc., all in good time to have them peaceably and efficiently carried out, he had failed to secure the favorable attention of the Government. The president was friendly, and respectfully listened; "but the War Department [under Floyd] has been little communicative. Up to this time he (Scott) has not been shown the written instructions of Major Anderson, nor the purport of these more recently conveyed to Fort Moultrie by Major Buell."

"He can only leave the administration of your command in your hands with the laws and regulations to guide you, etc." By Geo. W. Lay, Major-General W. Scott."

This letter makes it necessary to go backward in our narrative a few weeks. Many of you may have forgotten a certain monograph of Gen. Scott, written before the Presidential election and originally intended for private circulation, called, "Views suggested by the imminent danger, October 29, 1860, of a disruption of the Union by the secession of one or more of the Southern States."

Very different opinions of this paper, by various parties, have prevailed. I suppose the opinions of a vast majority of cotemporary critics are decidedly adverse, not only to the "views," *per se*, as a campaign scheme for the coming war, but also to the prudence or policy of its disclosure to the enemy. As for myself, not claiming to be any more a military man than a doctor, yet, looking at the questions involved, in the mere light of common sense—of "hard horse sense," as we Kentuckians call that best sort of sense—I must say, that I do believe this paper to be only another of the many previous proofs that Winfield Scott was, without any equal, the very greatest genius and artist in war and war matters, whom this country has ever developed. I have habitually excepted George Washington and General Greene. But as the exception was always a weight upon my historical conscience, I have concluded to make a clean breast of it, and thus to blurt out what honestly I think. Omitting his eventual sub-divisions of secession, which was intended as a suggestion to intimidate and delay the "Mason and Dixon," and, also, River-Line advocates and asses;—this plan was, in substance, to make Cairo a base of operations, to use the rivers—Ohio, Mississippi, Missouri, etc. (down stream, remember!)—for transporting



all the men and materials for various war ; to descend the Mississippi River, seizing in advance, and entrenching and fortifying every strategic point from Cairo to the gulf ; to ascend the river by our Navy for like purposes, and to patrol it, with the help of our fresh-water steamers, against all crossings between our posts ; and so, at the very outset of the war (if these "Views" should not *prevent* any war), and, before the rebels, then destitute of arms, transportation, etc., etc., could have possibly marched through the mud, to have anticipated or intercepted these, our, so facile, movements and measures, to have utterly dis severed Texas with her rangers and beeves, and western Louisiana, and Arkansas, and Missouri from the Confederacy in its very birth-throes. After *this* bisection, to have repeated a like process up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, with fit variations by land forces, if necessary—that is, unless the rebels should have "thrown up the sponge," as they must have done, after the creation of the first grand chasm.

Of this paper General Scott made two copies, with some brief and moderate preliminary arguments against secession on moral and prudential grounds. The whole aim of this essay was intended to deter these infatuated men, upon the ground of the National advantages in geographical positions and from her exclusive possession of these river facilities and their various supplies, and by thus showing how easily, surely and speedily they would be conquered. And yet, certain astute military critics, within the cliques of rival aspirants for the command-in-chief, raised their hands and eyes in holy horror at this artless disclosure of our military plans to the enemy. As if the main object of the monogram had not been to frighten these southern fools from waging any war at all, and as if it could make any the least difference, even in case of war, whether they knew of our plans or not. Since, from the nature of the case, they could not help themselves in anyway. But, unfortunately, we soon became as much infatuated as the Fire-eaters. To re-occupy and re-possess our National property was a simple, easy matter of a few "three months'" volunteers, with the loss of but little time, money, or blood. The North overflowed with heroes and strategists from the press and the bar. The Tribune office of this inspired band of military chiefs, raised the shout of, "On to Richmond !" General Scott's abilities, experience, and fame as a soldier and strategist were nothing to those of Horace Greeley and his imitators. All the daily papers repeated and re-echoed this wretched cry of, "*On to Richmond! On to Richmond!*" until Scott's "views" were howled into oblivion, and the politician campaign of, "On to Richmond !" was closed in bloody disaster, flight and shame at Bulls Run. Then the Nation waked up to realize, amongst others, these facts, that War is a science and art to be studied, learned and practiced like the rest ; that volunteers, flocking away from the field of battle upon their legal discharges, at the first boomings of the rebel

cannon, were not exactly the sort of troops for "*On-to-Richmond*" Campaigns; and that an aggressive and invasive warfare, which required not only the taking, but the *holding* of multitudes of the enemy's posts, with their lines of communication, must consume vast stores of time, money, and more precious lives. Nevertheless, we blundered on to the vast advantage of the rebels, until, at last, we had captured Vicksburg, after it was deliberately fortified by the rebels at a huge loss of all those treasures. In other words, we were compelled, so reluctantly and lately, to adopt General Scott's views, and to force the passage of the Mississippi River, adown which he proposed merely to *float with our soldiers sleeping*; and it was thus, at last, that we broke the back-bone of the rebellion, and made General Grant a hero of heroes. Bear with me, if I exemplify all this folly of our first strategy, by recalling this fact, that the rebel-usurping Governor of Texas reported to the rebel Secretary of War, that, up to February 1, 1862, (*i. e.*, in less than one year), he had sent across this Mississippi River, from Texas, 68,500 Texan soldiers, leaving in the State but 27,000, between the ages of sixteen and sixty years of age. Her beeves, in the language of Scripture, "no man could number."

Well, about the date of these letters from Twiggs to General Scott, say about the 15th of December, 1860, more probably before, or immediately after, Twiggs' arrival at San Antonio, General Scott inclosed to me, at San Antonio, his second copy of these "Views," with two others of those unnoticed and unregarded efforts of his, intended for timely pacification, or else for a wise war, if war there must be, and to also incite the administration to its perilous duties. I can not myself doubt that his reading those "Views" constituted a special reason, with Floyd, in addition to his mistrust of Scott, on account of his general and notorious good character, for these studied outrages upon the General in command, specified in that letter. In his inclosing and explanatory letter to myself, they were all marked: "Strictly private and confidential." He asks me to show his "Views" to his old comrades and friends, Brevet Major-General D. E. Twiggs and Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, and to such other officers of the army as, in my discretion, I thought might need to have their loyalty to the flag thus braced. I did exactly as required. Upon General Twiggs' returning the paper, at about the close of a week, he made only these curious remarks, which follow, and which broke a silence of a more curious reticence, considering our many previous free talks on Secession topics and the general subject-matter of that paper: He said, "It is damned strange, Colonel" (this was his own title for me), "that General Scott should have sent this paper to you." I made no reply, because I had been troubled with that difficulty myself, and I then especially felt the delicacy of my task, in the presence of my conviction that he took umbrage at being thus overlooked

by his old comrade and friend. That General Twiggs had, or pretended to have, this friendship, appears very plainly from those words in the report of the first interview of the traitor commissioners with him. "He professed great admiration for the manhood, soldiership, and patriotism of General Scott, and is evidently inclined to imitate him in the present crisis in many respects." Sp. Doc. p. 114. After a few seconds of rather awkward silence—for all this "strictly private and confidential" business was, by his choice, transacted in the presence of several persons in Vance's counting room—he added musingly: "Ah! I know General Scott fully believes that God Almighty had to spit on his hands to make Bob Lee and Bob Anderson, and you are Major Anderson's brother." To this, I replied in sufficient modesty and truth: "Yes," General, I am sure General Scott holds Robert in very high esteem and affection. And, doubtless, that is the cause of his intrusting me with this most important paper and duty," whereupon, as I saw that he had nothing to add about that affair, I took the package from his hands and bade him good morning.

I then carried the paper straightway to Colonel Lee, as I knew he was preparing to return to his regimental duty. He took the paper, and after a few days he sent for me to come his lodgings, and accordingly I went thither, in company with a dear friend, now no more, Dr. Willis G. Edwards, deceased. Colonel Lee handed me the package, with only this remark: "My friend, I must make one request of you, and that is, that you will not suffer these Views to get into the newspapers." And I immediately promised it, for, besides my limitations to the same effect by General Scott, I imagined that, to military minds as exalted as Lee's (for I, then chiefly on General Scott's estimate, held him as high in generalship as I do now), there might be some reason, for Scott's sake, to suppress its publication. I well knew that General Scott felt toward Lee much as a father toward a son, and I supposed, of course, that the latter felt for General Scott almost a filial affection. I am even yet at a loss for further speculation as to Colonel Lee's motives for that request. It is curious enough that long afterwards Twiggs' official newspaper in New Orleans, alleged as one of the reasons for my arrest and imprisonment, "that he had been detected in a correspondence with the General of the enemy."

This closed our interview concerning the paper itself. But some remark of his, or Edward's, or mine—mine most likely—led us into a talk—well, a discussion, say—of our national dilemma. Amongst other immaterial things, I had hotly denounced the current proceedings as causeless, and I had laid the blame, as usual, with me even at so early a date, entirely upon the southern side of fanatics and fire-eaters. To this speech, or else to the part of it which had characterized the movement as causeless (I can not recall which), Colonel Lee calmly replied:

“that somebody surely was grievously at fault, probably both factions.” I added, that formerly this had been my firm opinion, but that now I could only read in this, our great crisis, a positive conspiracy of southerners to spread slavery for its political, and not for its proprietary interests, and that I thought the Abolition “Raw Head and Bloody Bones” was their mere pretext. The truth is, that I forgot, in my zeal of debate, that he was the very officer who had so lately suppressed John Brown’s insurrection in his own beloved Virginia. However, his patience, or prudence, or his imperturbable charity of good breeding, made him overlook my one-sided zeal, and he added nothing on that topic. On another subject, something was said which is quite relevant to Lee’s status in the Rebellion then and afterward. That subject was “*the loyalty of the citizen; to which authority is it primarily due—to his State, or to the Nation?*” I think Dr. Edwards introduced this topic by asking me if I remembered Jeff. Davis’ doctrine in his former debates with Foote in Mississippi, and more recently. I said “yes,” but that I thought that the Constitution of the United States, in Article III., Section 3 Clause 1 (quoting it), left no room for doubt or discussion as the law of treason must necessarily decide and limit the bond of loyalty.

Without pretending to report what was said, I well and painfully (and rather in surprise too,) remember Colonel Lee’s conclusion. He said that he was educated to believe, and he did believe, that his first obligations were due to Virginia. Thereupon, in silence, to myself I recalled these images, viz.:—George Washington’s farewell address, and that *here* was Washington’s heir-at-law almost, and much like him too; also Lee’s elder brother’s bitter book against Thomas Jefferson, the author of all these pernicious politics and constitutional heresies, and yet further,—that this was also the pupil and protege and first favorite of this same Winfield Scott, and then I sadly asked myself: “*whence was this education?*” But I subsided into silence, and we left him. In a few days he went to his mountain post, I think, and I saw him no more until he passed down on his way to report at Washington city for duty—about the middle of April, 1861.

I beg leave to pursue this episode (if, indeed, it be not a proper part of our Texas case) into that scene. He returned to find our army surrendered, not “to the State authorities,” as even Mr. Greeley alleges, but to the “K. G. C’s,” under the command of one of their own number, Ben McCullough, who had no vestige of a commission, under State or any other legitimate authority. Certain “commissioners, officers, or persons” were appointed by the standing committee of public safety of the so-called convention, “in reference to *taking* possession of any of the Federal property, within the limits of the State.” I am quoting here their own official language. In another “State paper,” they are

reported and described thus: "Resolved, that Sam. A. Maverick, Thomas Devine, Phillip N. Lucket, and James Rogers, be appointed commissioners to confer with General D. E. Twiggs," etc. And again their formal commission, dated February 5, 1861, signed by the chairman of that committee, J. W. Robertson, and attested by the first two Rebel Governors, is actually in these words, viz: "are hereby appointed commissioners to visit Major-General Twiggs," etc. And this was the sole authority under which that supreme triumvirate (for Rogers did not appear), and Ben McCullough acted. (He was "commissioned" only by themselves; and thus, "hereby, appoint you, Ben McCullough, military officer, and order you," etc., etc.) And such was the authority which proceeded to usurp and exercise supremest powers in civic administration and of open war; and it was such a lawless trio which met Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, of Virginia (and whose general character and standing I have briefly hinted), with this distinct proposition, that, unless he would then and there engage to resign his commission in the United States Army, and to take one under the confederate authority, he should not have transportation for his effects (which were bulky and valuable) to the coast. Colonel Lee, thereupon, came to me and made this statement in greatest agitation of indignation. I was even surprised, not at his emotions, but at this exhibition of them. He said, that after forty years of faithful duty to his whole country, and he must add, that it was always as he was sure with personal honor, to be thus maltreated by such a committee, was beyond his patience to endure. He then asked me to take charge of his property and have them sent on at his private cost, after him. I undertook this duty, and we walked to the proper warehouse and commission merchants, Vance & Co., to make the necessary preliminary arrangements. On our way, or else at the final parting, I think, on the same day, he asked me if I remembered our talk at his rooms, with Dr. Edwards? I told him that I did very distinctly. He then said, in substance: "I think it but due to myself to say that I can not be moved by the conduct of these people," or "these fellows" (I am not sure which epithet he used), from my own sense of duty. I still think, as I then told you and Dr. Edwards that my loyalty to Virginia ought to take precedence over that which is due to the Federal Government. And I shall so report myself at Washington. If Virginia stands by the old Union, so will I. But, if she secedes (though I do not believe in secession as a constitutional right, nor that there is a sufficient cause for revolution), then I will still follow my native State, with my sword, and if need be with my life. I know you think and feel very differently, but I can't help it. These are my principles, and I must follow them." Now, these are not pretended to have been his literal words, but it is a very faithful report of what he did say, in its spirit and very nearly in its language.



Now comes our climax to this little episode. When I reached New York, on my escape from imprisonment in Texas, in the latter part of December, 1861, General Scott invited me to dine with him. I duly reported myself at the Clarendon Hotel where he staid. But he said, as he wanted to have a long and confidential talk with me, he had ordered our dinners away up town at a favorite restaurant, where they had the best old wines in the city—especially their clarets. So we rode many squares to our meal and conference. Our talk was of very many things, past, present and to come: Toward the conclusion of our chat, I suddenly asked: "But, General, what about General Lee? He answered: "Well, my friend, Robert E. Lee is the first soldier of his rank in christendom." I said, "General Scott, do you habitually use the same identical words, years apart to express the same thoughts?" "What do you mean! I don't understand you; but I do not see why I should not." I then told him that I would be qualified, that when I asked him a like question about Lee (as to his fitness for the Superintendency of West Point) that he had replied almost, if not exactly, in these very same words. He then went on in his usual, rather prolix, but wonderfully lucid phrases to give his reasons for that exalted opinion of Lee's, in his services in Mexico, especially. "But," I interrupted, "what about him, in this, our great matter, this—Rebellion—War?" When he told me in substance that, on Lieutenant-Colonel Lee's return from Texas to Washington, they had an interview, and that he informed Colonel Lee that, among other things in addition to his speedy promotion to the Colonelcy of his regiment (and which immediately occurred), he was authorized to offer to him the command of our armies, next only to Scott's own rank of command. But, that Lee, thanking him politely, went on to say *just what he had told me, on leaving Texas, which was in effect; that he would be guided wholly in his action by that of Virginia.*

And here again, I will not hold myself responsible for "*ipsissima verba*" (the very words); but I do say that the two declarations in Texas and in Washington City were just as nearly identical as the two reporters—by no means inexpert or regardless in the use of words—could make them in their respective reports. And so, this Robert E. Lee, upon a principle, *his own sense of duty*, turned his back on the highest office on this earth (being, considering General Scott's age and infirmities, really the commander-in-chief), under an established government; and with a foreboding mind and a saddened heart, went to Virginia to share her fortunes in her most uncertain destiny and in a certainly very subordinate rank, up to the time when his great abilities compelled his promotion.

My comrades, what do you call this sacrifice—for its grandeur? Where in history can you find its equal? I fail to find one which is equal to it. Others, perhaps not a few, may have been sufficiently

devoted to their principles to have been able thus to resist such high temptations. But, it must be a very few, if any, in all history, who have been at once blessed with the opportunity and the self-abnegation to pass by such powers and honors so offered.

I am well aware that several publications have been made by officers and gentlemen of very exalted characters, which give a wholly different statement of General Scott's and Colonel Lee's interviews, from these my own recollections of them. And I much regret this contradiction. Nor can I either avoid or explain it. But, whether the alleged official final interview between them was, or was not, fully reported, or whether the alleged charge by General Scott, *that Colonel Lee was a "traitor,"* was ever made at all, or else was made at a date subsequent to the interview or communication herein narrated;—I am very sure of the general accuracy of my own account as well of General Scott's disposition toward General Lee. And, moreover, it is just because I believe my translations of General Lee's character and conduct to be true, and these contradictory assertions to be most erroneous and cruelly unjust, that I feel bound—all the more in proportion to the rank and influence of his posthumous accusers—to disclose the truth of history. And I am yet more impelled to such vindication of that great and good man's fame by the conviction that, under the baneful influences of clique and party at Washington City, our Government committed a most disgraceful outrage in the seizure and uses of *his wife's estate* at Arlington. Prudence in my own interests might deter me in this conflict of testimony. But duty to the memory of a soldier, of whom the whole Nation ought to be proud, is a higher law in my faith.

Let us now review a few of the events themselves, in their order. On January 15, 1861, General Twiggs writes to General Scott: "As soon as I know certainly that Georgia has separated from the Union, I must of course follow her. I most respectfully ask to be relieved, in the command of this department, on or before *the 4th of March next.*" (Inauguration day. He picks his own time). "Signed, D. E. Twiggs." But others had different ideas. *Endorsed on this letter on its receipt* are these words, viz.: "Relieve Major-General Twiggs, and ask the Secretary (Holt) to devolve the command on Colonel Waite, with an assignment according to his brevet. W. S."

On *January 18th*, Twiggs writes again, after more prophesyings and a sarcasm on the commander of the Department of the East (General Wood) for his boasting "that he had 200,000 men on hand to regulate the South," he adds: "After secession, I know not what will be done. I know one thing. I will never fire on American citizens." D. E. Twiggs to Adjutant-General, at Washington City, *id.* p. 361. And all these official reports were repeatedly exposed in his letter book to private-known rebels as well as to the rebel commissioners, even at their first interview, on February 8, 1861, (Sprague, p. 119).



But here begun a new correspondence between Governor Houston and General Twiggs. On January 22, 1861, being notified by Governor Houston of the danger of an unauthorized mob, etc., he issues orders to the troops at the Posts to take up arms and to march to San Antonio. On the 28th of January he countermands these orders. (No. 10.)

It must be remembered distinctly, on this my testimony, and that of very many others, that, from the time of his return, with increasing frequency and vehemence of his speeches, General Twiggs had not only declared that he "would *never* fire on American citizens under *any* circumstances," but that he would surrender the United States property in his department to the *State* of Texas, *whenever it was demanded*.

If it were not making this narrative too biographical, I could relate an instructive and amusing colloquy, between General Twiggs and myself, upon this precise point. All these speeches and pledges were duly reported to Governor Houston, when made in the hearing of Union men, mostly through our leader, Judge I. A. Paschall. Governor Houston, who was quite as cunning as Twiggs, on January 20, 1861 (the day before the convening of the Legislature, in which, by the way, he had no faith), addressed a letter to Twiggs, with these points, viz.: "I send General J. M. Smith on a *confidential* mission, to *know* what you consider it your duty to do, as to maintaining, in behalf of the Federal Government, or passing over to the State, the possession of the forts, arsenals, and public property within this State; and, also, *if a demand* for the possession of the same is made by the executive (whether), you are authorized, or, if it would be conformable to *your sense* of duty, to place in possession of the authorities of the *State* the forts, arsenals, munitions, and property of the Federal Government, on the order of the executive to an officer of the State, *empowered to receive and receipt* for the same. Arrangements made with you, by General Smith, will be sanctioned and approved by me; and, should you require any assistance to aid you in resisting the contemplated attack upon the public property, etc., *and to place the same in possession of the State authorities*, you are, hereby, authorized to call on the Mayor and citizens of San Antonio for such assistance as you may deem necessary. Hoping to hear promptly, etc., etc. Sam. Houston."

Was not this a snug cornering of the "old Georgia fox?" And if he had been restrained by the least regard for his promises, threats, or other words, he *would have been cornered*. Houston almost uses his own language in these inquiries of what he would do. The status, so often foretold in his own petitions for instructions, was actually upon him. The demand of the State sovereignty was formally made of him, now became so ardent a "States-rights man." And the aid offered was, by no means, to be despised. San Antonio was then, as long afterwards, unquestionably loyal to the Union by a large majority. What

was he to do, thus caught in his own trap? We shall see presently what, in fact, he did. Meantime, we must intercalate other actions here.

About this time—I think, a little before—I received, in a letter from Judge I. A. Paschall, and others, a request from Governor Houston to come up to Austin, forthwith, on pressing public business. And, forthwith, I went. On my arrival there I learned two things. The first was, that it had been intended to make of me a big man, or officer; that is, to have been “empowered to receive and receipt for all the forts, arsenals, arms, munitions, and other property of the United States within the State of Texas;” but the second fact I learned was, that I was only, “in the panning out” (as the miners phrase it), a very common man, and no officer of a Sovereign State at all! Governor Twiggs, on *January 22, 1861*, had replied to Governor Houston, thusly:—“To his Excellency, Samuel Houston, Governor of Texas: Sir; yours received: I am without *instructions* from Washington, in regard to the disposition of the public properties here, or the troops, in the event of the State’s seceding.” Now, whoever thought of such “*instructions* from Washington?” He had, over and over again, declared that “instructions, or no instructions,” he would never, never—no, *never*—fire on American citizens; and so, with the air full of rumors of mobs, arming to seize this trust in his keeping, and of his own consequent commands and countermands for all the troops to march to his and their defense, he had plainly and repeatedly invited those American citizens to their work of easy and big plunder, as well as Governor Houston to his demand. And he had as often said, and in my hearing too, that, if the State made this demand of him (a sworn trustee!), he would surrender up his whole trust, and that, too, with no such absurd qualifications about “instructions from Washington.” But hear him farther in this letter. It gets richer and richer to the perfect day. He proceeds: “*After* secession, if the Executive of the State make a demand of the commander of this Department, he *will* receive an answer!! Signed, David A. Twiggs.” On February 2, 1861 (ten days after his correspondence with Governor Houston), Twiggs writes to Colonel S. Cooper, Adjutant-General at Washington (yet), enclosing Governor Houston’s letter and his reply. He adds: “As I do not think any one in authority desires me to carry on a civil war against Texas, I shall, *after* secession, if the *Governor* repeats his demand, direct the arms and property to be turned over to his *agents*, keeping in the hands of the troops the arms they now have.” He repeats his demand for “instructions as to what I should do *after* secession,” etc., etc.

It now remains to show that, after refusing to the duly-authorized executive of a Sovereign State this turning over of the United States property, after refusing to that officer, even to say what he would do even *after* secession, promising only “an answer,” whilst he was threat-

ening our two parties and the Government at Washington, that he *would* then surrender it, and knowing well enough that *his* time for surrender could not be circumvented by the United States Government; with all these facts and false pretenses upon his own records, it only remains to be shown, that he did actually and formally make that surrender *béfore* secession, and to a *mob* of volunteer mauraunders, with no shadow of pretense of any recognized authority on earth. Unless the *force* of the K. G. C's., invited by his own loose talks and close collusions, are to be adjudged as legitimate authority. Nor, can any defense be made for him, as to his acting thus under mistaken convictions. He had himself distinctly construed this date of Texas-secession, as legally fixed, if ever, upon March 2d *proximo*.

The months of December, 1860, and January, 1861, passed away with Twiggs' contradictory talks and dispatches, and with no other incident worthy of our notice here, except that sundry petitions were sent to Governor Houston to convene the Legislature. This he, at first, sturdily refused to do. Whereupon, some time in January, 1861, sixty-one private persons and conspirators—a majority of them clerks in the departments at Austin, and, as I believe, all Knights of the Golden Circle—issued a hand-bill, over their own signatures, ordering an election of delegates to a constitutional convention, to be held on January 28, 1861; and even legislating the modes of conducting and officering it. The convention itself was ordained to meet at Austin. Of this document (with all its results, of course), it is well remarked by Mr. Greeley that "it had just as much legal validity and force as a harangue at a negro camp-meeting." And yet, with this incontestible legal proposition staring him in the face, *he* calls the mere offspring of that fraud, hatched "within a little month," "the *State* authorities." This election, if it may be so called, was held. The polls were opened by the "K. G. C's.," and but ten thousand votes were even reported to be cast, out of the eighty-odd thousand of the State. And many of those, reported as cast, were as false and fraudulent as were the sham authority and proceedings by which the election was ordered and the convention ordained. Indeed, with such an area and diffusion of its population, with the time and labor requisite for the conveyance of information, as were these conditions in Texas, it is safe to say, that this mere sham of an election was over before a majority of our people had ever heard of this scheme.

According to Newcomb, Governor Houston, seeing this drift of French-revolutionary proceedings, and in order to head off this mere mob of a convention, and, if possible, to get a fair expression of the people in a proper and dignified manner, and, with some semblance of legal forms, after repeated refusals, called an extra session to take into consideration the ordering of a real election for delegates to a convention. By this time it had become plain enough that it was indispensable

that the Legislature should, as a legal body, meet, to consider and decide upon these outrageously revolutionary proceedings under such sham forms of law, as well as to take action about the crisis itself. And it is merely a contemptible bit of partisan sarcasm for a Union annalist to call Governor Houston nicknames, because he did not persist in his refusals to convene the Legislature, for the reason that *he knew its majority to be opposed to his politics*. He did not know—he could not know—he had no right to dream that men, who wore clean shirts under broad-cloth, and who had all the semblance of being gentlemen and men of average honesty and honor, would act and enact as they eventually did. Moreover, I insist, that, if he had been one of those modern miracles (a statesman or soldier who sees the future as clearly as he sees the past, which most of our orators and historians seem to demand of all *other* actors than themselves, in those early rebellion-scenes)—Governor Houston ought still to have convened the Legislature! Here was a critical dilemma in the State's destiny. The Legislature was as genuine a department of her government as was the Executive. This novel state of her affairs, wholly unprovided for by any laws for the Governor to execute, was naturally and specially within the province and sphere of the law-making power. The Governor of Texas was as yet no dictator. Texas was as yet under no martial law, nor given over to the management of mere party-tricksters. The forms and the spirit of regular, legitimate civic government were still his plain duty, as it was his most politic (curse that word, "*politic*") course. It passes my patience to read in works of history, by men and writers of genius and moral worth, like Horace Greeley, the violent, passionate epithets of partisan politics for thus doing what George Washington or Algernon Sidney would have done in like cases.

And as for the party-game aspect of the case, it passes dispute that this was one of the cutest tricks ever devised or attempted. For, first, a legislature or legitimate convention would have caused *delay* in lieu of the K. G. C.'s indispensable haste. Second. It would have commanded the support of every honest and conservative disunionist in the Legislature and among the people (if anywhere were), as well as of all who were afraid of their constituents, as all demagogues ever are. In other words, it tended to produce a division, discord, indeed, among the secessionists, and so to help the Union cause most critically. That it failed in all these ends was no fault of this design. It was circumvented only because the conspirators were more unprincipled in their plots and more recklessly bold in their bad, bad execution of them, than even Governor Houston had ever experienced or could have foreseen.

The rascal, within his olden acquaintance in former Texas, plots and revolutions, had at least varnished over their villainies with a pretense of legal forms of law and order or of popular rights. But these Texas

conspirators and traitors threw off all masks and *vaunted* themselves for their lawlessness, faithlessness, and disorder. Nevertheless, it is simply *not* true that this action ended in no good. You see it everywhere stated in history that Texas was the sole southern State that submitted her act of secession to the people for their adoption. The secession of *all* the southern states were, in fact, sheer usurpations of authority over *all* popular rights. As Mr. Stephens truly told the Georgia Legislature, "Gentlemen, you were not sent here, with these extraordinary powers. You are transcending your delegated authority." Neither the southern "States" nor "people" ever did conspire, secede, or rebel in any legal or honest sense. Squads of conspirators plotted and usurped the authority of the "States" and the rights of their peoples. The peoples, betricked, betrayed, and entangled, only acquiesced in the unavoidable. And this usurpation and invasion of the people's rights was as strong in the matter of the subsequent *confederating*, as it had been in the previous *dissolving* proceedings.

But, *why did Texas alone*, in her ordinance of secession, require the vote of the people to give it life? Was it, think you, that her Legislature or convention were more under the restraints of the forms of law and order or of popular rights, or, that Texas was more conservative than the other seceding States? Not a bit of it! On the contrary, Texas was notoriously the least conservative State in the Union, probably in the world. She inserted that clause simply and purely, because Sam. Houston had cornered and turned the *lights* upon this squad and their total want of authority from either the written constitution or from the voting people. A debate about the legitimacy of that convention, thus sitting by the authority or sixty-one loafers on the one hand, and of Governor Houston's proposed convention, with all the sanctions of constitution, law, and popular power on the other how else could it end—than as it did? "We must now fill up this vacuum by a retro-active popular vote." And this ruse of Houston enforced that change of programme.

But it is alleged again that this proviso, or reservation availed nothing in its outcome. And that the State was, in fact, whirled out of the Union by the K. G. C's., before the day of the popular ratification (vivification, I should rather call it). This is also most true. But was that Governor Houston's fault of omission or of commission? You might as well blame the architect or custodian of one of your banks for insufficient walls, or locks in the safe, if adverse villains should blow the whole building down into the earth, by dynamite, as to censure this true Union, loyal Governor, because these yet more desperate villains, the K. G. C's, and their tools, had no regard for his restraints or defenses, which were all that an honest man and law-abiding officer could have interposed.

The Legislature met, and, as Newcomb says, "most atrociously



recognized the convention wholesale." The Governor vetoed this enactment. It was again enacted over his veto. And, on January 28th, this convention, so-called, thus elected and authorized, assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives. Having been ordered to Austin by Governor Houston, I had remained there, conferring with him, John Hancock, Dr. Phillips, Judge George H. Paschall (brother of our San Antonio leader), Banning Norton, Senator Haynes, and a few others as true a band of patriots as ever thought, felt, talked, worked, suffered or fought for the best, but surely then a very desperate cause. On February 1st, the convention, by a vote of 166 yeas to seven nays, passed a secession ordinance, to be submitted to the people of Texas for their ratification or rejection by the qualified voters, "on the 23d of February," and, *if adopted by them to go into effect upon the 2d of March, proximo*, On February 4th, the Legislature, by a joint resolution, affirmed their ordinance.

It remains next to show the transparent villainy under all these shams and impudent frauds. *On the same 2d of February*, the convention created a committee of public safety, with the most absolute and unlimited military powers within their own discretion.

This committee, by its chairman, Hon. John C. Robertson, reports to Hon. O. M. Roberts, president of the convention that, on the 2nd day of February, the very *next day* to their ordinance of secession, and *twenty-two days before* the pretended election-vote by the people for ratification or rejection, and *the whole of the time*, less than that one day, of February 1st, before the sacred day when the secession was, *if ratified to take effect*, actually proceeded to perpetrate as follows, viz.:

*Resolved*, That "by the people of the State of Texas, by delegates in convention assembled, that, should the standing committee of Public Safety deem it essential to the public safety, to appoint commissioners, officers, or persons, in reference to taking charge of the Federal property within the limits of this State, they shall have power to appoint such and assign them their duties and give them instructions, under which they shall act, but this power shall only extend to such cases in which the committee may deem prompt action and secrecy absolutely necessary. That a copy of this resolution, signed by the president of this convention, and the appointment and instructions signed by Hon. John C. Robertson, chairman of said committee, shall be *full authority* to the person, or persons, acting under the same, and a *full justification for all acts done in pursuance thereof*." Adopted second of February, A. D., 1861. And this was their *third* ordinance enacted after that of secession. Let us now consider the pressing necessity, for this promptitude and secrecy of enactment and of that action recommended to the committee of Public Safety or their proposed commissioners. Their alleged motives in this report of the committee are partly in these words, viz.: "After the

passage of the ordinance of secession by the convention" (not after its *ratification* by the people at the *election* of the 23d of February, nor after the 2d of March next, when it was ordained first "*to take effect*"), "the committee, believing that it would be of the highest importance to secure to the State of Texas the property belonging to the United States then within the State, that the public safety demanded that Texas should have control of the arms and munitions of war within her limits, it was *too manifest* for the committee to hesitate as to their duties on this subject. The policy of *coercion*, it was believed, would be adopted by the incoming administration of the *late* United State Government, and, with about two thousand eight hundred United States regular troops, etc., etc., dangerous," etc.

"It was also believed by the committee that, although many of the army officers in command, in the Eighth Military district of the State of Texas, would never consent to use the military forces under their command against the people of Texas." (They had Twiggs' thousand times repeated verbal pledges, and even his exhibited official reports to the government of the *late* United States to secure *him* to their cause.) "Yet, the committee did not know, and could not know, *how soon the friends of the 'South' might be superseded, and our enemies placed in their stead.* In view of these facts, and the fact that Texas was *justly* entitled to her *share* of the public property, and in view of the fact that Texas was without arms for her defense, the committee, under the authority of an 'ordinance' of the convention passed 2d of February, 1861, proceeded to *set on foot* a plan for obtaining possession of the United States property, and for the removal of the United States troops from Texas." You must mark that, so far, the sole plan set on foot was a commission to visit and confer with General Twiggs. Passing now our comments on this raising of the olden masks of *peaceable secession*, which was, "that by going through the motion of secession, we can obtain better terms than if we tried within the Union," which lies alone gave this proceeding its success outside of South Carolina, let us scrutinize further this plea for prompt urgency.

Remember, here again, that our troops were scattered in sixteen to twenty posts of from fifty to one hundred and fifty men, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, along a line of frontier from Red River to the mouth of the Rio Grande, of 1,400 miles (Governor Clark of Texas reports it to the confederate government, 1,700 miles long), and at distances from San Antonio, varying between 65 miles to Camp Verde up to 675 miles to Fort Bliss. And most especially remember, and note it too as a fact, bearing upon the injustice of the northern censures of our officers for surrendering, and of Governor Houston for not entering into that insane scheme of an extranched Union-camp at Indianola—remember and note well—I repeat—these remaining conditions of the case, viz: That, "the

means of transportation had been cut off at all the posts" (by General Twiggs), and the amount of ammunition and subsistence reduced to the consumption from week to week. During the months of February and March there was not one command in Texas able to move one hundred miles from the post for the want of animals, wagons, and subsistence. *Spr.* p. 111.

It surely could not be pretended by even a Texas committee, nor by a junto of southern gentlemen of honor (the classes of that era, the most prolific in false pretenses since the good old times of their prototypes of Venice or Lacedemon) that the then conditions of the property or army of the *late* United States in Texas was a fit excuse for such "prompt action and secrecy." And only to think of *these* other just causes for their *delay*, viz.: that these troops had all been placed there, *only to save our Texas scalps from the Comanches* and Mexicans; that the troops had not been actually removed before the Comanches followed through their vacated posts, and the Mexicans so menaced along their frontier that the fire-eating, usurping Governor (forgetting all his "southern chivalry,") began to squeal like a pig for help! help! help! against the Indians and Mexicans; and also that those very distances and other Texan conditions, made it a safe and easy thing to capture our troops and to steal our property, at their leisure.

Their real motives for this prompt action and secrecy have been partly confessed, and a very, essential motive, their main motive, will soon appear most openly. Their record continues: "Preparatory to the appointment of officers and commissioners under said ordinance, and to insure secrecy, as against the enemies of the country" ("that's *us*," as Dot says in the "Chimney Corner"), the following proceedings were had by the committee, viz: "On the 3d of February, 1861, it was moved and adopted by the committee that all officers appointed by this committee should be elected by ballot, and the commissioners above named (Messrs. Maverick, Devine, Luckett, and Rogers) were so elected."

On Monday, February 4, 1861, an oath—not iron-bound, but a steel-clad oath was devised and adopted to be administered to each of the committee. Now, as I suppose myself to be entitled to a copy-right to this phrase of steel-clad oath for that committee, I hereby permit any future historian to spell the word "steel," just as he pleases. I do not myself perceive why the strictness of the terms of this oath should give any preference for the metallic sense over that purely larcenious purpose of their whole proceedings, which so soon became its history, viz: Theft, pure and simple, qualified by the higher crime of robbery, in at least two instances as defined by strictest law.

And now here comes the official exposition of that main motive of the aforesaid ordinance of the convention, and for such

prompt and secret action of the committee, and of their commissioners in this whole matter. Our record proceeds: "On the 3d day of February, 1861, the committee having been informed that General Twiggs, who was then in command of the eighth military district in Texas, with head-quarters at San Antonio, was a *southern* man by birth, and was *friendly* to the cause of the South, who would, in all probability, surrender up to the '*convention*' (Mr. Greeley phrases this—to the '*State-authorities*,' and Sam. Houston still governor!) all the Federal property under his control, on demand being made, passed the following resolution, already quoted in another connection, with the hope that *civil* commissioners might accomplish the purposes of the committee without the *display of an armed force* :

"Resolved, That Sam. A. Maverick, Thomas S. Devine, Philip N. Luckett, and James H. Rogers be appointed commissioners, to confer with General D. E. Twiggs with regard to the public arms, munitions of war, etc., under his control, and belonging to the government of the United States, with power to demand and remove the same, in the name of the State of Texas, clothed with full powers," etc. Then follows formal and fully attested copy of the commission to these ministers, plenipotentiary, from this high and mighty band of "K. G. C's," to this "*southern man of birth*, and *friendly* to the cause of the South."

"Given under my hand, and by order of the Committee of Public Safety, at the city of Austin, February 5, 1861.

J. C. ROBERTSON,

"*Chairman Committee of Public Safety.*"

"*Attest* :

"THOMAS J. LUBBACK,

"J. A. GREENE."

(Two governors for witnesses.)

"But *lest*" (I am still quoting official records) "General David E. Twiggs should decline to surrender the government proper, and *delay* might prove fatal to the enterprise (*e. g.*, some honest man might be put in his place)," the committee thought it prudent to elect Colonel Ben. McCulloch to the military rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and commission him accordingly. The following is a copy of his commission :

"AUSTIN, TEXAS, *February 3, 1861.*"

"The committee do hereby appoint you, Ben. McCulloch, *military "officer"* (no Colonel, or other rank whatever), "and order you to hold yourself in readiness to raise men and munitions of war, whenever called on by the commissioners to San Antonio, and to be governed as directed by *secret* instructions given said commissioners concerning said com-

mand; and you will station yourself at the residence of Henry McCulloch, and await communications of said commissioners, or the Committee of Public Safety.

"J. C. ROBERTSON,  
"Chairman Committee of Public Safety."

Now, is it not a grim joke, for us to call such stuff as all this, and their creatures and proceedings, "the authority of the State of Texas?" And considering the grave question in the matter of General Twiggs' innocence or guilt, to be—whether he was acting in pursuance even of the so-called State Sovereignty doctrines, in his negotiations with these "Commissioners of San Antonio," and in surrendering to this Ben. McCulloch, military officer, and his mob of K. G. C's, is it not mere folly to give him the advantages of this, his own false pretense? No; Twiggs well knew that the other party was not "*Texas*." And, in his correspondence, up to its close, he repeatedly reminds the commissioners (as before specified in another connection) that "Texas had not yet seceded—was not yet out of the Union." And, on the 23d of February, 1861 (our election day), L. P. Walker Confederate Secretary of War, thus also officially admonishes the Texas delegates at Montgomery, Alabama:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, MONTGOMERY, ALA."

"The President reminds you that Texas has not yet seceded," etc. Mr. Davis was too wise a man to be cheated by such chaff in logic, and too honest a man to treat with these fellows, as representing any government—State or other.

These high "commissioners to" General D. E. Twiggs, "a *southern* man by birth, and *friendly*," etc., or, "to San Antonio" (as the case may be), thereupon proceed to action "forthwith, if not sooner," and, "clothed in this little brief authority (force), played such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as made the very angels (except the fallen ones,) weep." They now took the bits in their mouths and the reins upon their necks, and pranced off, out of sight and hearing of Convention, Committee of Public Safety, and every other authority, except that of the fallen angels aforesaid and their K. G. C's directory. They soon became the sole power in the State.

The truth was, however, that all this coquetting about a "civic surrender," or the "display of an armed force," or for you, "Ben. McCulloch, military officer, to raise men and munitions," was all a cloak, devised primarily by Twiggs with the K. G. C's, at San Antonio, as a mere *show* of force, to seem to justify his proceeding. Doubtless, as this upstart government grew more confident, they became more avaricious. They wished him to fork over, quietly, and without any expense



incurred for "the display of an armed force;" and so, the correspondence goes on between the high parties, from February 6th until its finale, February 18, 1861. When the commissioners make their report of the thing done—how Colonel Ben. McCulloch arrived on the Salado, on the night of the 16th of February—how he marched into town about four o'clock, A. M., and stationed his troops—how, "after considerable delay," in accordance with your instructions, we repeated the "demand," and after considerable delay, came to an arrangement with General Twiggs, the substance of which was, that the United States troops in San Antonio, one hundred and sixty in number, thus surrounded by nine hundred and fifty (in reality, about eleven hundred) men, were surrounded by him before 12 M.,—the full disclosure of all these shams becomes too plain for doubt. On the same day General Twiggs issued to all the posts the following:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO, February 16, 1861.

*General Orders No. 5.*

The State of Texas having *demand*ed, through its commissioners, the delivery of military posts and public property within the limits of the command, and the commanding General desiring to avoid even the possibility of a collision between the Federal and State troops, the posts will be evacuated by their garrisons, etc." (Directs then their marchings to the coast.) On the same date, and as their part of the agreement, these "Commissioners on the part of Texas" gave Twiggs an instrument, signed in due formality, that they "*formally and solemnly* agreed with Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs," etc., "that the troops of the United States shall leave the soil of the States by the way of the coast," etc. "It is the desire of the commission that there be no infraction of this agreement on the part of the people of the State. It is their wish, on the contrary, that every facility shall be afforded the troops. They are our friends. They have, heretofore, afforded to our people all the protection in their power, and we owe them every consideration."

And also, on this very same date of *February 18, 1861*, this same General David E. Twiggs indites the following official letter to Colonel Lorenzo Thomas, now Adjutant-General, U. S. A., at Washington, in place of Samuel Cooper (gone straightway to the same office at Montgomery, Ala., probably without a change of his shirt), as follows, viz.:

"On the 15th instant, the order (No. 22, of January 28, 1861,) *relieving me in command was received*. On the morning of the 16th, some one thousand "State troops took possession of the public property in this place. Colonel Waite is absent some sixty miles from here, at Camp Verde. I await his arrival to surrender the command to him.

"I am yours, etc.,

"DAVID E. TWIGGS."

What do you think of that for coolness? Besides his outrageous, infamous delay in acknowledging the receipt of this order of relief, dated February 4th, and and received, doubtless, before the 15th; besides his silence during all the pressing, agonizing correspondence with these impudent usurpers from February 4th up to date; besides his offering to surrender to Colonel Waite his command, when he knew himself relieved certainly three days before, and that Colonel Waite could have been notified and gotten to San Antonio on the 16th, or two days before his surrender to Ben. McCulloch, this Major-General of the United States Army actually omits, in his official report to his Government, the stupendous fact, that he had also surrendered, and had ordered to be evacuated, *all the posts along a line of fourteen hundred miles*. Nor does he take the slightest notice of the same order to report himself in person to Washington City.

In a second report of these fellows (who now habitually sign themselves "Commissioners on behalf of Common Public Safety"—no longer "to General Twiggs," nor "to San Antonio"), are these amusing passages, viz.: "The arrangements entered into between the Commissioners and the General commanding the Federal troops in Texas, it is believed, are the best (so far as regards the safety of the State, *its honor*, and *pecuniary interest*) that could be made." Then follows their estimate of the value of their steal, surrendered in San Antonio, at \$1,481,808. The surplus of funds seized in San Antonio was \$33,472.39. This sum was stolen by collusion with Major Sackfield Macklin, Paymaster, U. S. A., who informed them of its being in transitu to Texas. Together, they plotted a plan how they might commit highway robbery upon the messenger in custody, who was a friend of mine, Lieutenant Thomas M. Jones, of Virginia, First Lieutenant Eighth Infantry, U. S. A.

Again (they proceed): "the successor of General Twiggs, Colonel C. A. Waite, arrived in this city a few hours *after* the negotiations with General Twiggs had been closed." It is an interesting side-fact, that Colonel Waite got lost on his way to San Antonio, coming in on his own hook, otherwise he would have been there before the surrender. But to prevent such a catastrophe, they had, among them, sent out a detachment to capture him, in order to prevent his arrival. So that his getting lost prevented his being made a prisoner. The winding-up of this great plot of treachery, official and personal, occurred rapidly, and may be generally stated. The correspondence, after a verbal agreement, in sundry interviews, began February 8th.

The first letter asks for admissions, by Twiggs, of the terms verbally agreed on, "*in writing*." On the 9th of February, Twiggs replies, "that he has this day appointed a military commission to meet 'them,' to transact the necessary business respecting the disposition of the Federal property."

And on the same date, by special orders No. 20, a "*Military Commission*, to consist of Major David H. Vinton, Quartermaster, Major Sackfield Macklin, Paymaster, and Captain Robert H. K. Whiteley, Ordnance Department, is hereby appointed to meet the Commissioners on behalf of the '*Convention*' (no longer of the 'State') of the people of Texas, at such times and places as may be agreed upon to transact," etc.

Then follows a *correspondence* between these military and those traitorous Commissioners, about the times of meeting.

A stall, or delay, made by the action of the honest majority of the Military Committee (Major Vinton and Captain Whiteley), calls out the following note from the other party :

SAN ANTONIO, *February 11, 1861.*

TO MAJOR D. H. VINTON, SACKFIELD MACKLIN, and CAPTAIN R. K. WHITELEY,  
*Military Commission.*

GENTLEMEN :—

The undersigned, by virtue of the powers vested in them, do now demand *of you*, in the name and by the authority of the sovereign people of the State of Texas (twelve days before the people were to speak for themselves, remember), in convention assembled, as they *have heretofore* demanded of *Brevet Major-General Twiggs*, a delivery of all the arms of every description, military stores, including quartermasters', commissary, and medical stores, and public moneys, and everything else under the control of the General in command belonging to the Federal Government.

If an affirmative answer is not given to this demand, the following questions are submitted for your consideration, and answers to the same are respectfully required :

Do you consent and agree to the following stipulations ?

1. That everything under the control of the commanding General, in the Department of Texas, shall remain in *statu quo* until the 2d day of March next ?

2. That no movement, change of position, or concentration of troops shall take place ?

3. That none of the arms, ordnances, military stores, or other property, shall be disposed of before that time, ordinary consumption excepted ?

4. That upon the second day of March the public property in Texas shall, without delay, be delivered to the undersigned, or such other Commissioners who may be authorized to act on behalf of the Convention ?

An answer is respectfully required.

We remain, etc.,

(Signed.)

On the 12th of February, 1861, the Military Commission respond, seriatim, to the questions. They assent to the *first* or *statu quo* proposal, unless, first, authority higher than the General shall not order the troops from Texas; or second, unless the inroads of Indians may make it necessary to defend the Texans; or, third, unless it might become necessary for the troops to defend themselves from attacks of irresponsible parties coming from whatever quarter. To the *second* proposal they agreed, that "no movement of troops" should occur, with the same contingencies as in the preceding answer.

To the *third* (about delivery of all the property), they agree without qualifications.

To the *fourth* demand, they refuse, first, to give up the moneys in the hands of the disbursing officers, being out of the control of the commanding General. Second, to take away from the troops "their legitimate arms in possession, etc., which may be necessary for an efficient and orderly movement of the troops from Texas, prepared for attack or defense against aggression from any source, etc.

And, now, do you know why General Twiggs always so stickled against this surrender of the arms legitimately in possession of the troops? He knew from the first what an accident revealed to the other side, viz: that whatever authority, not legitimately under the stars and stripes, might attempt to take those arms, must do it at the hazard of instant death. Our brave and loyal troops swore with better than Flanders oaths, that they would not give them up. And this was about the only genuine thing, in all this varied and protracted sham of negotiations, demands, and refusals, etc. As between Twiggs and the Rebel commissioners, it was all masquerading and theatric shows. But, as to the part taken by Major Vinton and Captain Whiteley, of Military Commission (two as good soldiers, loyal citizens, and pure, Christian gentlemen as ever held commissions), they did the best they could, and as they were bound to do. For all these transactions were under Twigg's eye and direction, and in his office, which was appointed as the place of the joint-meetings.

On February 12th, the Rebel Commissioners reply and controvert pretty much all of that note.

On the 15th of February, the Military Commission suddenly announce, "that the conditions you prescribe for the movement of the Federal troops from Texas, will necessarily check, for a short time at least, further conference with you on that subject, inasmuch as it is one over which *we* have no control."

"The commander of the department, *whoever he may be*, whether acting under his own judgment, or by the advice or instructions of his superiors, has exclusive authority in such cases, and to him must we refer the present one, with a report of all our proceedings, for his approval

or disapproval; and in view of an immediate change of commanders of the department of Texas, General Twiggs having been superseded by Colonel Waite, all the proceedings of the Military Commission appointed by the former officers, must be submitted for the consideration and sanction of *latter*, etc.

(Signed.)

Here, then, was "a pretty spot of work." This Joe Holt, the *new* Secretary of War, was no lineal successor to John B. Floyd. He had stupidly relieved Twiggs, ordered him to Washington, and put a plain, old-fashioned honest soldier in his place. What to do now? Hear.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *February* 16, 1861.  
Six o'clock, A. M.

*To the Officer in Command of the Department of Texas :*

SIR:—You are hereby required, in the name and by the authority of the people of the State of Texas, in convention assembled, to deliver up all the military posts and public property held by or under your control.

Respectfully, etc.,  
THOMAS T. DEVINE,  
S. A. MAVERICK,  
P. N. LUCKETT,  
*Committee, etc.*

You can not fail to notice in this curt note: First, the speed of the growing movement. "*Six o'clock*, A. M." Second, the person addressed. It is no longer Brevet Major-General Twiggs. It is "To the Officer in Command," etc. (whoever he may be, understood.) Third, the dropping out of the word "respectfully," formerly always written before, "*required*." Fourth, the change of the former most formally courteous conclusions, "*We are, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servants*," into "*Respectfully, etc.*;" and, Fifth, that this promptitude and haste were stimulated by the disclosure of the fact that their great southern friend was superseded.

However, the other side seems to have survived this prompt contempt. And so, having sent out an ambuscade to capture the *new* Yankee Officer, Waite, and a special order to "Ben. McCulloch, Military Officer," in some unknown branch of some unknown army of some unknown government, all unknowable, to hurry up his K. G. C.'s for battle.

On the 17th of February, they again address a known person—*Brevet Major-General D. E. Twiggs, etc. :*

SIR:—In our communication of the 16th instant, we required a delivery up by you of the position held, and public property held by or under your control as Commander in this department. As no reply, save



your *verbal* declaration (which declaration was, that you "*gave up everything*"), has been given to our note, and as the undersigned are most anxious to avoid the possibility of a collision between the Federal troops and the force acting on behalf of the State of Texas, a collision which all reflecting persons desire to avoid, and the consequences of which no man can predict, we again demand the surrender up to the undersigned of all the posts and public property held by you or under your control in the department.

Please answer immediately. We have the honor to remain,

Your obedient servants,

(Signed.)

To this note, General Twiggs replies forthwith, *agreeing to every demand, except* his repeated provisions as to the retention by the troops of their arms and clothing, etc.

On the same day, the Commissioners reply, agreeing to his provisos, except, they demand the delivery of all means of transportation at the coast, and, "as likewise the artillery, if any be taken." On the morning of the 18th of February, Twiggs *begs* them "not to insist on a demand of the guns of the two light batteries," especially, he adds, "as you must see, *I am not at liberty to grant it.*"

The Commissioners immediately agree to this humble request of Twiggs, to relinquish their claim on this artillery. And so the treaty is concluded. And General Twiggs formally issues his General order No. 5, of Feb. 18, 1861, before noticed in another connection, making his long-promised surrender, and the commissioners thereupon make and deliver to him their agreement, so "*formally and solemnly*" made, and which was soon to be so *infamously broken*. All these notes, from that curt specimen of February 16, 1861, 6 A. M., were written with *Ben McCulloch's army of Knights of the Golden Circle*, "*in coigns of vantage,*" *besieging the one hundred and sixty United States troops confined to their quarters.*

And thus was consummated one of the meanest and yet most successful treasons—a double treason, too—of all history. Its utter meanness, its ignominious want of all honorable principles or shows of common decency, are too obvious to require explanation or enforcement. Of its *SUCCESSES*, the *first was, that it carried the so-called election, five days afterward*. Without this brilliant *coup-de-main* (the first victory of Rebellion), the majority would have surely been, in Texas, *for the Union cause*. As it was, only forty-two thousand votes (less than half the total vote of the State) was polled, of which thirteen thousand votes were given by the now confounded and dismayed Unionists. And just here (a second and great success) was the beginning of that series of flockings, *pari passu*, with every disaster to the Union cause, of our Douglass democrats, and our Bell and Everett men to the winning side—the Breckenridge Democrats—who received them more gracefully

than they came into their Rebel folds. A *third* gain to the Rebellion was the immense money and military values of the public arms and other war properties, on the very verge of the coming war, which it hastened, if it did not determine. *Fourthly*. Our National prestige lost, was a vast and instant impulse to Secession and Rebellion in every slave State. The announcement of Governor T. O. Moore, Governor of Louisiana, to these Rebel Commissioners (who must have laughed in their sleeves at his adjectives), denotes truly that Rebellion impulse.

“ . . . I take pleasure in stating to you that Major-General Twiggs, late Commanding Department of Texas, was recently welcomed to New Orleans, with civic and military honors worthy of his bravery, his talents, and his long and very distinguished services.”

And this loss of men from our ranks, leaping and thronging like flocks of mesmerized sheep after some mesmerizing Secession Bell-weather, went on throughout Texas and the South generally, to such a point, that, though we really had such majorities as I have alleged down to the beginning of 1861, by the time I fled from the State, in the fall of 1861, I could count on the fingers of my hands every Union man, not a German, I knew of whom I could trust as a Union man. A decisive defeat, in a common political election, furnishes a sad lesson in human virtue, from such selfish flockings from the minority to the majority-party. But, compared to the same exhibition *in a revolutionary contest under a popular government*, that proof of human weakness and meanness is a feeble affair, as was so sadly exemplified by bitter experiences in that Rebellion.

General Twiggs was *immediately* made Major-General in the Confederate army, with head-quarters at New Orleans. It was my mistrust of him—for we now knew each other too well—which made me attempt my return to the Stars and Stripes through Mexico rather than through New Orleans. He distinguished his new rank command and loyalty by no remarkable deed, save the sending to President Buchanan a letter, threatening to come on and to assassinate him for the word “treachery” in his order of March 1st, dismissing him (Twiggs) from the army. In a short time, his disease disabled him from his new duties, and he was retired from service, to die on September 15, 1862, at Augusta, Ga.

With this disjointed and imperfect narrative of this most interesting and much misunderstood branch of our late Secession War, and which is now submitted to future historians, more for its suggesting than supplying their sources of historic truth, I now close. Let us, however, as well for ourselves personally, as for the whole nation, in all future times, deduce from this crude memoir, this grand lesson for all popular governments, viz: Beware—above all dangers—beware of these misleaders of the people—the demagogues. There is no limit to the atrocity of their purposes, nor to the extent of their ruinous results;—from those of mere maladministration, down to those of Revolution and Treason.

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