

# THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877.

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## THE GROTON CENTENNIAL.

### HOW THE BRITISH TOOK THE TOWN.

Arnold's Shame and England's Dishonor—General Hawley's Speech—Scenes and Incidents of the Occasion—What Gen. Sherman Said.

From Army and Navy Journal.

Thirty thousand persons were present at the Centennial celebration, on Tuesday and Wednesday, of the burning of New London and the capture of Fort Griswold, on Groton Heights.

The view of the shipping Monday evening, when the lights were burning, was very pretty. There were at anchor at the foot of Groton Monument Hill, the Tennessee, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Wyman; the Vandalia, the Kearsarge, the Yantic, the Constitution, the St. Marys, and the revenue cutters Dexter and Grant. The Tennessee was under the command of Capt. McCrea, and the Constitution under that of Captain Luce. This latter ship is herself almost a centenarian. Besides these there were in the harbor the steamers City of Lawrence, Narragansett, Francis, America, and many others, besides several steam-yachts and about 75 sailing vessels.

Shortly after sunrise, on Tuesday, the ball was opened by a salute of twenty-one guns from the men-of-war anchored in the lower harbor. The echo was taken up by the church-bells and steamboat and locomotive whistles, and for an hour the din was indescribable. At half-past nine o'clock the sham battle on the New London side of the river began. Members of the local Grand Army post who were to represent the Continentals, were stationed near the site of what was Fort Nonsense on Town Hill at the time of

#### THE ACTUAL ENGAGEMENT.

The British troops were represented by the Third regiment of the Connecticut National Guard, now in camp at Yantic, Colonel Wm. H. Tubbs being supposed to be Arnold. The details of the fight were carried out, the Continentals successively retiring from each of the three positions where a stand was made in the original battle, keeping up all the while an irregular fire with blank cartridges. When the engagement on the New London side was finished the troops were transported across the river in ferry-boats, and the battle was resumed by an assault on Fort Griswold. Four brass cannons were at the embrasure, manned by the men of the First U. S. Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Bliss. Volunteers from New London, Groton, and Niantic, without uniforms, represented the Americans, and paraded the ramparts with dignity. On the grounds were stacked muskets and a pile of drums. A fenced enclosure that marked the spot where Ledyard fell was draped with flags. Noon came and cannon again roared. This time it was a national salute by Fort Trumbull and the warships in the harbor. General Sherman, General Dodge, of his staff; General Wm. McKee Dunn, Admiral Rogers, Chief Justice Waite, and Governor Bigelow and his brilliantly uniformed staff appeared and took seats on a high platform north of the fort and commanding a clear sweep of the field of operations—that is to say,

#### WITHIN THE FOG LINE.

"At about one o'clock it was noticed that the artillerymen on the ramparts were busy, and all along the top of the turfed walls, on the south and east sides, suddenly appeared a fringe of heads and muskets. Away off to the southeast, toward the old Ledyard Cemetery, was heard a movement, and the cry arose, "Here they come!" It was true. Uniformed men came rushing and tumbling over the stone fences to clear space beyond the walls from every place on the southeast corner, and there was a fine view of the fight. The British, so to speak, rapidly formed in line on the south and east. This was the signal, and the Peabody rifles of the defenders opened upon them a lively fusillade. The brass pieces sounded sonorous warnings to keep back. The British line was silent for a moment, then a streak of fire ran along it and there came to the ear the sharp crack of musketry in the five minutes the firing continued, filling the air with clouds of sulphurous smoke, which lazily floated away across the plateau. There was a pause, cheering was heard along the line, and a rush was made towards the fort. Powder flashed almost in the eyes of the attacking party as they scrambled up the grassy slopes, but in a few seconds they were over into the enclosure, the defenders continuing their fire, for they were cornered, and the gate was forced and swept in. The flag was hauled down, and in semblance of the massacre the British fire continued and that of the defenders fell off to an occasional shot. These ceased, and the victors and the massacred were soon in social confab.

#### EXCHANGING INCIDENTS AND TOBACCO.

The civic portion of the celebration took place in the afternoon, in a pavilion on Groton Heights, and included a speech by Senator Hawley, a poem by Mrs. Rose Terry Cook, and brief addresses by General Sherman and other distinguished guests, interspersed with music from the First Artillery band. General Hawley said:

"We come here with no mouldy griefs nor revenges. We are here to worship courage, honor, freedom; to salute the names of the glorious dead of our State and blood and faith who set this example before the generations of fresh, open-eyed lads who are to have the defense of a land of immeasurable greatness. See the illustrious roll. Fourteen of the dead and three of the

wounded bore the title of captain. Eleven bore the name of Avery, six the name of Perkins. Daniel Williams, of Saybrook, died there at the age of fifteen; Thomas Avery at seventeen; Belton Allyn at sixteen; Thomas Starr, Jr., at eighteen; E. Perkins at sixty-four; Thomas Williams at sixty; and James Comstock at seventy-five. It is averred that sixty of the dead and wounded were members of the Congregational churches of Groton and New London. I congratulate you of these beautiful and now peaceful towns upon your remembrances of this day. I congratulate many of you upon the names you bear and the ancestry of whom you are proud. We join in reverential salute to the dead, in the New England spirit that placed upon yonder column 'Zebulon and Naphthali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the

#### "HIGH PLACES OF THE FIELD."

General Sherman was loudly called for, and the audience cheered him as he stepped forward. "You tender-hearted people," he said, "make a great ado when an expedition is sent out against the Indians, either in this country or foreign lands, and General Hawley has been giving you such a flattering account of yourselves that you Connecticut folks think you are tremendously good people. You and General Hawley forget that your ancestors waged the same warfare against the Pequots, drove them from their homes and took possession of their land, and that at a time when there was less reason for driving the Indians than there is now. I came near being a Connecticut man myself, for my grandparents lived in this State, but the English burned their cabin, and they emigrated to Ohio, and I was born there. It was the same thing in Ohio with the Indians. The whites took away their lands in the northern part of the State. I don't like to see this State pride. We should remember that we all belong to a common country, and let our pride be of our country, not of our State." The General ate dinner with Colonel Frank at Fort Trumbull, and when a reporter drove out was standing in the middle of Colonel Frank's parlor, surrounded by a bevy of ladies. One of the officers of the fort, who happened to be standing in the doorway, carried in a message. "Tell the reporter I have gone to Worcester," said General Sherman. "But he is here in the doorway," said the officer. "and hears what you say." "I can't help it," said the General, "I am in Worcester."

At the close of the exercises in the pavilion a review was held; the day closed with a brilliant display of fire-works from the heights on both sides of the river and the shipping in the harbor. Among the distinguished visitors present, besides those already mentioned, were Vice-Admiral Rowan and General Anson G. McCook.

#### A NEW FLAG-SHIP FOR EUROPE.

The United States frigate Lancaster, which has recently been thoroughly overhauled, and which has received extensive repairs and new machinery and boilers, sailed recently from Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy Yard. She will sail in about ten days for the Mediterranean, as the flag-ship of the European Squadron, which will be commanded by Commodore J. W. A. Nicholson, recently in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who will receive his promotion to Rear-Admiral on October 1.

The Lancaster is comparatively a new vessel, having been actually rebuilt since her last cruise. New methods for ventilating the several parts of the vessel have been added, and it is believed that there will be no danger of foul air from the bilges, which has proven so detrimental to the health of ship's crews in naval vessels. The officer's quarters, as well as those for the crew, are fitted up in a manner to afford greater comfort, light and ventilation. The quarters of the admiral and captain are on the spar deck, and are handsomely furnished; they have electric bells communicating with the various departments of the vessel. New inventions for working the broadside and pivot guns have been added, so that they can be run in and out, elevated and depressed with the force of two or three men only. The vessel has eight broadside and two pivot guns, which have been converted into rifles. She is also fitted with a ram on the bow, and with torpedo bars and attachments.

#### NEW STEAMSHIPS UNDER WAY.

Boulton, Bliss & Dallett, of N. Y., who have started a steamship line between this city and Venezuelan ports, and have one steamship—the Caracas—now running, have closed an agreement with William Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia, to build a new first-class iron steamship, like the Caracas, to be finished in April. She is to be 252 feet in length, 34 feet beam, 20 feet depth of hold, and of 1,500 tons capacity. She is to be built of the best material and with all the recent improvements for safety, speed and comfort. Cramp & Sons yesterday launched at Philadelphia, the new steamship Berkshire, for the Merchants and Miner's Transportation Company, to run between Baltimore, New York, and Boston.

#### MARCHING TO DIXIE.

Next week a detachment of regular soldiers will begin a march from New York to Yorktown, Virginia. They will pass through some of the most thickly settled agricultural districts of America, but the inhabitants will not have the slightest idea as to who they are unless informed in advance, for our army is so small that not one person in twenty ever saw a regular.

## APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

### THE PLACE WHERE LEE SURRENDERED.

McLean's House and the Historic Apple Tree—Where Grant and Lee Met to Talk Over Matters—The Last Ditch of the Confederacy.

G. M. in Philadelphia Times.

What I take to be the common idea of the whereabouts of the out-of-the-way Court House and its apple tree is that they are lying around loose somewhere within an hour's ride or so of Petersburg. At least that was my notion until I tried to get here. I had forgotten that when Lee left his Cockade City lines and that when Grant unleashed his army in hot pursuit the worn veterans of the one and the jubilant host of the other pushed westward on level land for five full days. So it was that when, with a fellow-traveler of chance acquaintance, I got out of the cars at Appomattox Station on the Southside Railroad I was surprised to learn that the smoke of busy Lynchburg could be seen on clear days just over among the mountains to the west. The station is a scraggy collection of stores, which apparently have more clerks than customers. The ride thence to the Court House is three miles northward, across flat fields and through thick timber. Until we issued upon the Appomattox Valley the only thing that relieved a trot otherwise tiresome was the sight of a score of little darkeys.

AT PLAY AROUND A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

On the top of which sat the white-haired and strong-armed swinger of the hickory gad.

But as soon as we got out of the woods and drew near the village the whole surroundings took upon themselves that which forced our close scrutiny and admiration. The Court House landscape, made up of a little valley and its bordering hills, seemed to me to be as soft and pleasant a picture as one could wish to see. To the right from the roadway stretch rolling lands, and to the left are similar clearings with a plantation house a quarter of a mile distant, in the midst of its field. Beyond, and in the direction we were driving the road runs down a long declivity. At the foot of the hill is the Appomattox, and crossing this stream, here a mere rivulet, the road ascends at slight grade until it is lost to sight in the horizon line to the north. Up the valley are hilly fields, and down the valley, which curves to the south, are hillside groves. Where we now rein in our horses to get a mental picture of the stretch of rolling earth Grant once stood, as with field-glass he scanned the tent-dotted slope whereon Lee's last bivouac was made. The sunlight is soft, the sky is one of pearl, the air is perfumed with the breath of the pine, the oak and the locust, and far away rise the Peaks of Otter, pyramids of blue beauty, standing as sentinel towers hard by the gateway of the sun.

Slightly below the point from which we see these sights is the Court House village. It is snuggled up against the hill, half way down the slope, and is nearly hidden by shade trees. As we move on we pass a grave yard that covers less than a square rod of ground. Within the enclosure, as our driver tells us, are buried the last victims of Lee's last campaign. The only slabs in the place of burial are wooden ones, and the only tombstones are such rude rocks as have been gathered from the highway. A few hundred yards further along the road we come to the McLean House.

#### THE PLACE OF SURRENDER.

and a moment later we hitch our horses in front of the Court House, in the heart of the little settlement.

It is plain at first glance that the village was built with an eye to the geometrical. The half acre of grassy ground in which squats the Court House is of octagonal cut and hedge. Four short streets form a square around the octagon and along the outer sides of the streets are the one hotel, the three stores and the thirteen dwellings that constitute the village. The Court House is a brick building of low pitch, in a grove of locusts. Stone steps lead in steep succession up to a porch, passing which, judge or jury finds himself in the hall of justice.

We went to the McLean house and were pleasantly greeted by its occupant, Mrs. N. G. Ragland. It stands, with slight change, as it stood at the surrender. In 1861 Wilmer McLean, a quiet citizen, owned a farm near Bull Run stream, in Prince William county. When on Sunday, the 21st of July, in that year the great armies clashed for the first time his fields were devastated and his home despoiled. He jumped at the conclusion that the war would be waged in front of Washington, and so, to get away from the fuss, he pocketed his household goods and moved southward to the untroubled hills of Appomattox. Strange does it seem that he should have beheld the first act and the last act of the war in Virginia, but it was immediately around him that the conflict had its beginning and end. He was at Manassas when the gay young rebel, sashed and plumed, gave McDowell that first sockdolager, and he was here at Appomattox when the same rebel—ragged, shoeless, shirtless, the recipient of a thousand blows—stacked arms forever. In Mrs. McLean's parlor

#### GRANT AND LEE MET

to agree upon the terms of surrender. The house is a two-story brick structure, with a porch extending the full length of its front. It was intended originally for a tavern. The yard is a

large square grass plot, bordered by six towering locust trees. A huge willow that stood at the time of the surrender has been cut away, stump and all. In the middle of the yard is a well of sweet water. The summer house that, once covered the well is gone. At the edge of the porch are a number of geranium pots with flowers in bloom. The palings are white with a fresh coat of lime, and altogether the property is as neat and pretty as it is possible to make it. A wide hall leads from the porch through the middle of the house. It was with one room only—the parlor to the left of the entrance—that the commanders had anything to do. An alleged engraving of the historic conference hangs over the parlor door, but the villagers say that several of the Federal officers who show their fine uniforms in the picture were not present except in the engraver's accommodating eye. The room would seat comfortably fifty or more persons. There is a window at each end and both windows are wide. The fireplace is screened by a pictured board. Around the room are portraits of Ragland and beauties and beaux, and while Mrs. Ragland's furniture and ornaments make the historic parlor quite pretty they also make it commonplace. The big chair in the corner suggests tender courting episodes rather than

#### INCIDENTS OF HARD CAMPAIGNING.

A pleasant breeze was swaying the tops of the locusts as we left the McLean house and passed once more through the village, clear over which my companion swore that he could knock a base ball in sky-scraping curve. Here at this wheelwright shop fell the dashing Root, the last officer of the Army of the Potomac to die. Further along we see an oak and black gum, uninteresting of their own account, but which enable the villager to get the bearings of the now up-torn locust where Grant and Lee first met to talk. That spot is in an open field, about two hundred yards north of the Court House and well down the slope towards the Appomattox. When we forded that stream the clear, spring water flowing over sandy bottom did not so much as wet the hubs of our buggy-wheels. It is less than ten yards in width at this time, though in stormy weeks, when the red soil above takes to itself something of the fluidity as well as the color of blood, the rivulet truly swells into a river and passes eastward its one hundred and fifty miles to the James with rush and roar that tell of the highland bed wherein it was born. The source of the stream is three miles above—a spring that is visited daily by darkey boys who balance buckets upon their heads with as much dexterity as the thumb of the sweet swell at Long Branch throws into the twirl of his cane. The spot where

#### STOOD LEE'S APPLE TREE

is soon reached, as leaving the creek we go a part of the way up the slope and halt by a roadside orchard. Persons have said that the hole left by the removal of the stump is now visible. If so it is microscopic. The driver showed us "near 'bout" and "put nigh" the place where the hole ought to be. The day after the surrender the tree was removed, root and branch, by soldiers who wanted relics to take home to their wives and sweethearts. And as apple wood is apple wood, several other trees in the same orchard were cut up into relics also. This season a crop of oats was taken by farmer E. G. Hicks from the field, and September stubble now makes the whole hillside brown. It is true that Lee held a brief council under the apple tree, and the story of the tree is not a myth.

The weary leader was hemmed in on all sides. The thousand days of fighting were over and the one day of parley had come. The Army of Northern Virginia had spent its strength in many manoeuvres, in tireless marches and in terrific battles.

#### HUNGRY, SORE AND SICK.

the poor remnant of a once seemingly invincible host now, under the bright light of an April moon, slept its last sleep with the knapsack for its pillow. From the apple tree the rebel chief sent out his white sign of peace—a poor, torn rag, but how fateful! Riding down hill and across the stream he met Grant near the locust. County Clerk George T. Peers saw Grant and Lee meet. They saluted, chatted, touched hats, wheeled and rode in opposite directions. To appearances, it was an ordinary meeting of two mounted men. Soon afterwards Lee returned from the further side of the creek, and, with Grant, entered the McLean house. Then the vanquished captain rejoined his comrades, and under a poplar, now flourishing in its growth on the farm of J. W. Flood, one mile northeast of the Court House, bade farewell to battle-fields.

Here ended the long, fierce, pitiless struggle, which, in the record of the world's wars vastly outtops all others. Following the lines of scarred earth from Manassas hither, a youth predisposed to carp becomes aware of the smallness of closet critics and of after-battle valiants. He feels that the war was waged under mighty impulse and that those who fought overcame obstacles to which the labors of Hercules were as the tricks of toys. The footprints of the grand armies will outlast the generation that made them, and grow to gigantic breadth and import for those who come after. Myriad graves border the grounds of combat, but peacefully above each battle-field the flag of the Union has its place.

Government receipts, September 15: Internal revenue, \$459,916.95; customs, \$1,005,198.87.

## GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.

### DEATH OF THE SOLDIER-STATESMAN.

How He Died—Sketch of His Life and Services—Preparations for His Funeral—Flags at Half-Mast, and Rhode Island in Mourning.

General A. E. Burnside died suddenly at eleven o'clock a. m., September 13, at his residence in Bristol, R. I. He had been slightly unwell for two or three days, but was in Providence the evening prior to his death. The immediate cause of his death was spasms of the heart. A telephone message from the General's house summoned Senator Anthony and Dr. Miller, but before the telephone connection was broken a message came that the General was dead. Governor Littlefield, Senator Anthony, Representatives Chace and Aldrich, and other personal friends immediately started for Bristol.

The Providence Journal gives the following particulars:

General Burnside was taken ill on Tuesday last, but neglected to call a physician until Saturday. Dr. Barnes, his family physician, was with him on Saturday night, and visited him several times Sunday night. On Monday morning he was much improved, and, contrary to the advice of his physician, went to Providence on Monday afternoon, returning by the seven p. m. train. On his return he complained of severe pains in the region of the heart, but Dr. Barnes was not called until about ten o'clock this morning, when he found him suffering severe pains similar to neuralgia of the heart, and he expired in a few moments. When the doctor visited his room General Burnside remarked, "Something must be done at once," which were the only audible words he uttered. He was conscious, however, until a few minutes before he expired. No one was present when he died except Dr. Barnes and his family servants. A dispatch was at once sent for Mr. Renwick, a near neighbor, but he had gone to town, and Mr. Alexander Perry, an intimate friend of the General, was the first to arrive, and kindly volunteered to remain until his friends arrived from Providence.

The funeral will be held on Friday, at noon, in the First Congregational Church. The remains will lie in state in the rotunda of the city hall from Thursday noon until Friday morning. Military and civic organizations throughout the State are expected to participate.

#### SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Ambrose E. Burnside was born at Liberty, Ind., May 23, 1824; entered West Point in his nineteenth year and graduated in 1847; served in the Mexican and Indian wars, and resigned in 1852 to manufacture a breech-loading rifle of his own invention; removed to Illinois when appointed treasurer of the Illinois Central Railroad in 1858; entered the Union army in April, 1861, as colonel of the First Rhode Island Volunteer Infantry; commanded a brigade at the first battle of Bull Run; was promoted brigadier and major-general; commanded successively the expedition to North Carolina in 1862, the left wing of the Union army at Antietam, the Army of the Potomac, at the date of the first battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, and the Ninth Army Corps, resigning in April, 1865; was elected Governor of Rhode Island in 1866, 1867, and 1868; visited Europe in 1870, and was admitted within the German and French lines in and around Paris, acting as a medium of communication between the hostile nations in the interests of conciliation; was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican, to succeed William Sprague, Independent; took his seat March 4, 1875, and was re-elected. His term of service would have expired March 4, 1887.

#### HIS DEATH A SURPRISE.

General Burnside appeared to be in excellent health when last seen in this city. The announcement of his death was therefore a surprise to his host of friends here and elsewhere. Some of his more intimate friends, however, were aware that for several months past he had been acutely suffering from malaria and kidney troubles and a general breaking up and debility of the system. For the past three weeks he has been prostrated and sinking rapidly under a complication of disorders. The General was in the prime of life, being in his fifty-eighth year. He was a widower, and leaves no children to enjoy his comfortable competence. Socially he has always been a favorite among his friends at West Point, his associates in the army, and his colleagues in the Senate. He was neither a great general nor a great statesman, but if not a brilliant man, he was, at least, painstaking, honest, and sincere. He believed in his country, fought for it, and legislated for it to the best of his ability. He had many friends and few enemies, and all will regret his death.

#### SENATOR CONGER'S GOOD WORK.

Senator Omar D. Conger, of Port Huron, Mich., who is doing noble work in the burned district to ameliorate the suffering, telegraphed Father Ernest Vandykke this evening for a corps of nurses from the Sisters of Charity of Detroit to be sent to Minden. They will go at once. The medical colleges of the city have sent a corps of surgeons and a supply of medicines to the principal points in Huron and Sanilac counties.

We have had some rain.