

General Fitz Henry Warren

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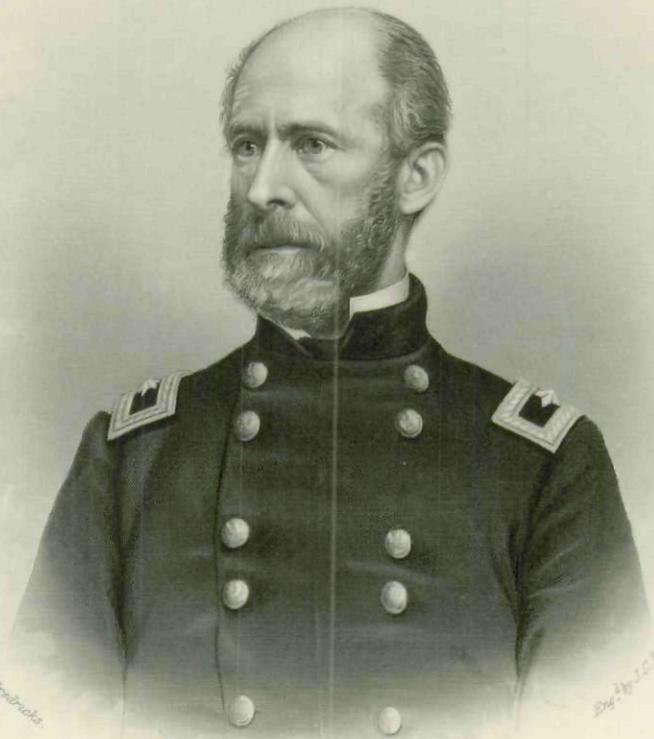


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Fitz Henry Warren
BRIG. GEN. FITZ HENRY WARREN.

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3D SERIES.

GENERAL FITZ HENRY WARREN.

BY EDWARD H. STILES.*

Of the military history of General Warren I shall have but little to say, as this field has been amply occupied by Stuart's "Iowa Colonels and Regiments," Ingersoll's "Iowa and the Rebellion" and the sketches of the First Cavalry and the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Infantry regiments contained in Gue's "History of Iowa."

It is of him as a civilian that I desire, for the most part, to speak. By birth he was a New Englander; a native of Brimfield, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1816. His early education had not been liberal in the strict sense of that term, though he was a graduate of Wilbraham Academy, which was probably but little more than a preparatory school to the higher universities. But his thirst for knowledge, his literary taste and scholarly instincts were so strong that through their impulse he attained a high state of mental culture.

Though reared in the land of the Puritans, he was far from being puritanic in any narrow sense. On the contrary his nature was broad and liberal. He never achieved what might be termed a fortune, for he was destitute of those saving qualities generally necessary to acquire one, and endowed with those princely ones which dissipate accumulations well nigh as fast as they are gathered.

Though he stood high in the confidence and counsels of his party, and enjoyed political distinction as a leader there-

*See note in ANNALS OF IOWA, 3d series, vol. 3, p. 624.

in until he sided with Andrew Johnson in the historic rupture between that President and the party which elected him, this confidence and distinction were based on well-merited and worthy grounds, instead of springing as rewards for machine services. He fought vigorously for his party, but his contentions were always manly and aboveboard. I know that he naturally disdained the dishonest methods and political trickery to which mere professional politicians resort. He was altogether above this. And for this very reason, and because of his high personal bearing, he was never a prime favorite with that class. His support was founded on the best elements of the party, and every person who knew him as well as I knew him will affirm these statements.

It is true that he to some extent sided with President Johnson in the rupture before referred to, and took strong grounds against the attempt of Congress to impeach him. It is also unfortunately true, that at that moment, he fell from the political grace of that party which he had helped to found and with which he had so strongly stood, as quickly as a star thrown from its accustomed orbit.

He might still claim to be a Republican, but his caste was gone; a hue and cry was raised against him; his motives were impugned and he was nailed to the political cross. He might still claim to be a Republican by reason of his long and valuable services, though opposed to some features of the party in the reconstruction of the seceded states; to the indiscriminate and immediate conferment of the right of suffrage upon the negroes who had been lately slaves; to the extreme views of unscrupulous politicians upon the southern situation, and to the impeachment of the President. But it was all to no purpose. He had, to use the phrase of the times, become "Johnsonized." He had committed the unpardonable sin and was condemned "without benefit of clergy."

But this was not his fate alone. He suffered in most

distinguished company. In that of the illustrious Senator whose name and services adorn the history of Iowa perhaps more than any other; who was the most prominent founder of the Republican party in the State, and the first Republican Governor—James W. Grimes. And when it was ascertained that Senator Grimes had voted against the impeachment, the news was received in Iowa with general and severe disapprobation by the political leaders and the party press. In the excitement of the moment, the personal convictions, the life-long services, the cogent reasons given by the Senator for his action, were unmercifully swept away in the fury of the political blast kindled by the press. A few of the number even went so far as to impute not only party disloyalty but mercenary motives to the Senator, whose integrity, notwithstanding his saving disposition, Satan himself would not dare to tempt.

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder.

The reasons given by the Senator for his action, were, that the impeachment of the President, under the circumstances, would strongly tend to Mexicanize the government and weaken it in the eyes of the world; and that the official changes in an administration, which at most had but a few months to run, would result in corruption and disorder that would be dangerous to the nation.

I confidently believe that the sober judgment of the great mass of the people today thoroughly approves the action of Senator Grimes and his compeers. Of the nineteen senators who voted against impeachment, seven were Republicans, one of which was the justly exalted senator from Maine, William P. Fessenden, the most intimate friend Senator Grimes had outside of family relations. These Republican senators all shared alike in the denunciation which the political inquisitors hurled against them, and without exception I believe, were retired from public life.

It was thought that these severe censures, and the change

of feeling toward him on the part of old political friends, impaired the health of Senator Grimes and hastened his death. And I have no doubt that this, added to previous disappointments and sorrows, was the case with General Warren.

That both of these men thought the "times were out of joint," and that the public service and political morals had deteriorated, there is no doubt. In respect to General Warren, I had it from his own lips; and as to Senator Grimes, it is quite apparent from the following correspondence between Senator Fessenden and himself, while the latter was in Europe in search of health. On October 8, 1869, Mr. Fessenden wrote Mr. Grimes:

I shall be a candidate, for duty to myself and the State requires it of me. If money is to be used, be it so, it will not be used by or for me. I will have no hand in corrupting legislative morals. If elected at all, it must be on my merits, and because the people so decree. For corrupt and corrupting honors, I have no desire. My hands are clean thus far, and I mean to keep them so. Any but an honest and high-minded people I have no desire to serve.

To this the Iowa Senator responded:

Your letter of the 8th inst. has just reached me, in the midst of the Savoy Alps, being doused and soaked in hot sulphur water.

Perhaps you have observed that I have resigned my place in the Senate. The truth is, the place has become irksome to me. There are so many men there with whom I have not and never can have a particle of sympathy, so much corruption in the party with which I would be compelled to act, so much venality and meanness all around, that aside from ill health, I had made up my mind that the Senate was no longer the place for me.

But if you are going to be as virtuous as you say you will be, you will not be re-elected to the Senate. Why, the war has corrupted everybody and everything in the United States. Just look at the Senatorial elections of the last winter. They were nearly all corrupt. It is money that achieves success in such affairs nowadays. Thank God my political career ended with the beginning of this corrupt political era.*

I have indulged in this divergence in respect to Mr. Grimes because it illustrates the spirit of the times; because it reflects General Warren's own views in those of the Sen-

*Dr. William Salter's life of James W. Grimes, N. Y., 1876, p. 376.

ator, and serves to soften and explain his political action.

General Warren was wanting in some of the elements essential to complete political success; and because thereof he did not reach the highest points to which his real merit entitled him. He was not what is called a "good mixer." He lacked the *suaviter in modo*, and the quality of personal assimilation that go to make men generally popular. He also lacked the power of concealment, of dissimulation; the power to disguise his displeasure under a smiling face, his anger with an air of composure; and to listen to and suffer patiently, things which inwardly he had no patience with. On the contrary of these qualities, he was in appearance an aristocrat; his demeanor, seemingly haughty and imperious; and it must be confessed that these appearances did not entirely belie his nature. He was, in short, a patrician, with few plebeian qualities. His generosity and kindness of heart, however, were unbounded, and had money stuck to his fingers he would have died a wealthy man. If he were angry, he showed it. If he disliked men or measures, he was quick to declare it; and sometimes with a bitterness that was sure to provoke enmity. He was easily provoked himself, and when so, exercised a vein of polished satire that was very cutting. He was intensely bold and independent in thought and expression, and was ever unwilling "To crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning."

And yet with all these qualities, some of which were strongly against his political advancement, he attained to greater heights than would have naturally been expected; especially when we take into consideration that he was not a politician in the ordinary sense of the term, and that politics was more an incident to his business than a pursuit. In 1847 he came from his native state, and settled in Burlington where he engaged in business. He was then about twenty-seven years of age. In 1849 he had gained so much distinction that he was appointed by President Taylor

Assistant Postmaster General. The appointment and removal of postmasters throughout the country fell within his jurisdiction, and in this and other matters pertaining to the department, he displayed a high order of ability, which attracted the public attention and made him the most widely distinguished national character that Iowa, as yet, had had at the Capitol. Had he remained in this position, it is probable that higher honors under the administration would have attended him. But, true to himself and the instincts I have pointed out, he threw up the office in disgust, and retired to private life because Mr. Fillmore who had become President by the death of President Taylor, had allowed himself to be persuaded into signing the new fugitive slave law. This, however, augmented still more his national reputation. Not long thereafter he was made Secretary of the National Executive Committee in the Scott presidential campaign. In 1855 his name was strongly before the legislature as a candidate for United States senator to succeed Gen. A. C. Dodge. Among the candidates, at the outset, his name was the most prominent, but he was defeated by James Harlan, whose election was a surprise to the people of the State.

This unexpected result was brought about by the following circumstances: Harlan was a talented young member of the Methodist clergy, who had as yet gained no particular distinction. He had, however, been the Whig nominee for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. His opponent was Judge Charles Mason. Some of the votes at the election, evidently intended for Harlan, had been variously labeled for "James Harlin," "James Harlond," "James Harlam," and some simply for "Harlan." In canvassing the vote, Elisha Cutler, the then Democratic Secretary of State and who was charged with canvassing the vote, counted these votes separately, instead of counting them all for James Harlan as they should have been, and which would have given him a clear majority. The result was that Mr.

Harlan was counted out and the majority given to Judge Mason. This was felt to be an outrage by a large number of people irrespective of party, and the result was to bring the injured party prominently before the Fifth General Assembly as a candidate for United States senator. Had it not been for this circumstance, Fitz Henry Warren would in all probability have received the distinction of being the first Whig or Republican United States senator from Iowa.

When the dissolution of the Whig party became evident, he actively joined in the organization of the Republican party; and in 1856 was made one of the delegates from Iowa to the first National Convention of that party. He was by common consent made chairman of the delegation. He continued to take an active part in politics, especially after the organization of the Republican party, when the extension or non-extension of slavery into the territories became the supreme issue; and to this issue he devoted his best energies on the hustings and elsewhere. Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, his name was conspicuously mentioned for the position of Postmaster General, and it was believed he would be appointed. But he was not. The post of Assistant Postmaster General was tendered to him but declined.

In 1861 he became a member of the editorial staff of *The New York Tribune*, and startled the whole country by a series of brilliant articles bearing the insignia of "On to Richmond," which was then the Confederate Capital. He believed, and vehemently believed, that the true policy of the nation was to make a supreme effort to crush the rebellion at the outset by an overwhelming force, and that the fall of the Confederate Capital under a crushing blow would greatly tend to seal the fate of the confederacy itself; and to this end he trained his editorial artillery, upbraiding the dilatory steps of those in power, and urging in most virile and striking language a forward movement. One effect of these articles was to stamp the author as one of the ablest journalists in the country, and a unique commander of the English language.

They came at a time most auspicious for their object. The people were perplexed with the inaction of the gathered forces; with what was termed at the time the "masterly inactivity" that prevailed at the Capital, and tired with the stereotyped daily telegraphic heading that had so long appeared, of "all quiet on the Potomac." They aroused anew the impatience of the people with the lethargy that seemed to reign at headquarters. They came like the arousing tocsin of war, and stirred, from one end of the country to the other, the restless patriotism of the people, as did the Marseilles hymn through the streets of Paris.

Believing that it would be of interest to the reader, as well as illustrative of my subject, I took the pains to procure from New York one of these articles, from which the following extracts are made:

TO RICHMOND! TO RICHMOND! ONWARD!

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1861.

There is quietness and subordination in Alexandria. The power of the Government and its emblem are visible, respected, and obeyed. On Arlington Heights stands the soldier, with musket at shoulder, looking toward that far Southern horizon which measures the limit of our domain, and marks the point of his destination. . . . Fifteen thousand men now leave footprints on the soil of Virginia in the stern tread of men who bear with them the accumulated resentment and the inflexible justice of a people called from home and hearthstone to defend the institutions of our commonwealth from robbery and ruin. Cannon in embrasures and muskets behind breastworks have their muzzles toward Richmond. Mr. President, Lieut.-Gen. Scott, Messieurs Secretaries, *when* shall the bayonet flash to the "Forward!" of the Centurion of the conquering line? . . . The voice of the public, from the gentle heavings of the Pacific, over the desolate wastes of the wide central basin, from the gulch and gold-washing, from the prairie and lake coast to the myriad voices of the Atlantic margin, gives forth the swelling cry "Forward!" . . . From the heights of Shochoe Hill, looking away toward Monticello, read, to an air vocal with acclaims, the charter of our freedom, on a soil which held in living and in death the author whose imperishable fame smiles in the dying glory of a State which now stones the prophets of its old religion. . . .

"On to Richmond!" then, is the voice of the people. Unloose your chivalry, Man of high command! Let them strike home to the heart of

Virginia in the early part of June. Do you need *men*? Publish once more the "Arriere Ban." Call out the thousands who are now panting for the charge. Do you want money? Call for the treasures of hoarded capital full to congestion, as are the coffers. Use it for food in the field and furnishings for the march, and *not* for subsistence in camp or for the bread of idleness in the bivouac, and you shall have ingots at your need. Who cares to ask whether Treasury Notes are at eighty cents or par? Who inquires whether United States "6s" are worth a full hundred or ten per cent under. War bulletins, and not Rowlet's interest tables are the reading of the public. The victim strangling and struggling for life in water, does not think of his check book or his banker's balance. It is for existence that we poise the uplifted hand to strike. The country now, patrician and plebeian, would hail the sight of a quarter of a million of soldiers under canvas or in line of advance, with home reserves of equal footing. If you would spare carnage, overshadow resistance by the presence of invincible numbers. We do not ask you—for I speak as a Tribune of the people—to push to the tidewater of the Gulf *now*, but we do beg and implore of you to pierce the vitals of Virginia, and scourge the serpent-seed of her rebellion on the crowning heights of Richmond. The stock exchange of your marts, the graduated barometer where the strength of power and the confidence in Government can be read, will show a rising fluid. The meshes of foreign diplomacy winding about you, when you are in a weakness confessed by hesitation and inaction, will fall apart like flax at the touch of fire, when you shake yourselves in the risings of your might. Thirty-four stars in the firmament of the Capitol of Virginia, with the attending stripes, will stir the blood of the two Continents. . . . The dollar worship is not the true devotion of the land. Years of peace, and its pursuits—accumulations of capital, ingathering of foreign and American art, collections of libraries, adornments of country seats, have reduced but not extinguished the fires of ancient wars in forest and field. Under flannel and homespun beats the knight-errantry of Templar and the Fleece. Do you reply that we are to have this capture only by a conflict and loss of blood? Granted. But who ever knew a war without battles, or a campaign without carnage? If victims must be had, as we know they *must*, let the offering be early. No one who presses on to the accomplishment will stop to calculate whether he is to come back to the music of a quick-step, or the measure of a dead march. It is not here that private grief, in foreboding, is to stand in the path of high achievement. If a voice is to be heard in Rama, let it wail out *now*. . . .

Again we repeat, "On to Richmond!" Point your standards and your steel toward this weird sister, who has said and sung incantations of treason for twenty-five years. . . . Let her still sowing of the wind have a generous harvest of the whirlwind, and let it be *now*. . . . To Richmond! To Richmond! As the armies of Europe stood amid the wreck of the French Empire at Leipsic and saw the narrow "chaussee" of the Elster, with the living masses of the retreating route go down, with its falling arches, into the engulfing flood—peer and peasant—marshal

and soldier, . . . from the stunned and shuddering ranks, jubilant in the coming redemption of an awed and abject hemisphere, went up the shout "To Paris! To Paris!"

So we, with eyes upon our enfranchisement, which shines in the near coming, take the cry from history, and ring out from the gathering army waiting for its signal—To Richmond! To Richmond!

It was claimed on the one hand that the general effect of these articles on the army, was to cause it to move; that the movement was premature—like that urged by the Roman Senate upon Pompey against Caesar at Pharsalia—and that the disaster at Bull Run was the natural consequence. On the other hand, it was claimed that they "evinced a genius that caused a national recognition, and in truth-telling, rose to the rank of a bold seer in the morning of the rebellion;" and that the disaster was solely attributable to the errors of military commanders.

Who shall tell? "The uncertainties of war," are as familiar to our ears as household words. But one thing is sure, that if they had been solved in our favor, and victory taken the place of defeat, General Warren would have been fairly covered with glory. And who shall say, that if the movement had been successful and the rebel Capital taken, the end of the rebellion would not have been sooner reached?

The personal result upon General Warren was his retirement from *The Tribune*, then the most widely circulated and powerful journal in the country, to commence his military career as Colonel of the First Iowa Cavalry, in the summer or fall of 1861. In August of 1862, he was made a Brigadier-General and severed his connection with the regiment to take the command of a brigade.

General Warren did not reach that eminence as a soldier which was expected of him. The reasons for this to my mind are apparent. In the first place, during his connection with the regiment and until his promotion as Brigadier-General, the opportunities for distinction were limited by the character of warfare in which the regiment was engaged pending that period. The regiment, which was a very large

one, was divided into battalions and put upon detached or outpost service in Missouri. And while this service was of a most trying, dangerous, severe and valuable character, it was for the most part directed against small forces, the suppression of the guerilla bands that numerously infested that state; the protection of Union men, and like services. There never was a finer regiment of volunteer soldiery nor one more perfectly disciplined. Gen. Warren was one of the finest and strictest of disciplinarians, and under his training the regiment had acquired the reputation of being the best disciplined of all the splendid ones which Iowa sent to the field. Nor were any of them better officered from the head to the foot. But, up to the time of which we are speaking, it was not engaged on fields where large forces were collected; where great pitched battles were fought, and where opportunities prevailed for brilliant exploits. Nevertheless, he gained military recognition, and was made a Brigadier-General on the date before stated.

But here the same fate awaited him; the same lack of opportunity to highly distinguish himself in great engagements where large armies encounter and "fields are won."

There seems indeed to have been a studied effort to thus place and restrain him; and for such course of action on the part of the controlling powers, there unfortunately existed more or less forcible reasons; the principal one of which was a spirit bordering on insubordination inherent in the very being of General Warren. A disposition to severely criticise his superiors and question their orders. His maxim was *aut Caesar, aut nihil*. This quality was conspicuously exhibited in the "On to Richmond" phillipics. And it was subsequently displayed in other instances, the most important of which I will relate.

General Warren, by reason of the characteristic just referred to, having quarrelled with General Totten, and other generals who outranked him, desired to rid himself of all superior authority in the field except that of the Com-

mander-in-chief. He therefore applied to General Curtis, commanding the Department, to be given a district in which he should have the supreme command and not be subject to orders from any less authority than the commander of the Department, and required to report only to Department headquarters. General Curtis, who knew of the disturbed conditions referred to, and the causes from which they arose, gladly acceded to General Warren's request, and carved out a district in southwestern Missouri for him, and gave him a fine brigade composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery. While at his headquarters in this district he received an order from the General commanding the Department to march at once with his command and report to General Davidson at or near Salem, Arkansas. From the effect of severe rains, the roads over which his command would be obliged to travel were in a fearfully bad condition, but not impassable, as the sequel will show. The principal obstacle was the fact that General Davidson outranked him. He was not the commander of the Department, and he accordingly determined to disobey the order, on the ground that the condition of the roads was such that he could not execute it.

At the expiration of a week he received another order directing him to turn his command over to the next ranking officer, with directions to carry out the order he had disobeyed, and report himself at Rolla to explain his disobedience of the order referred to. From thence he was ordered to St. Louis, where instead of placing him on trial by court-martial, his old and very kind friend, General Curtis, assigned him to duty elsewhere.

But the new fields assigned him furnished no adequate opportunity for the superb talents he possessed as a soldier and commander (barring the quality before mentioned), and which if they had been accompanied by a proper spirit of subordination, would have undoubtedly led him to signal military distinction.

The occurrence I have just related in respect to General Warren, does not appear in either of the histories hereinbefore referred to. It is the result of private communication; but from one who was present and of such high standing and authority that his word would be taken as a verity in any part of the nation. This gentleman, whose name I do not feel privileged to disclose, in a communication referring to the affair, uses this language: "This incident in the military career of General Fitz Henry Warren, with others like it, shows that he had a mental idiosyncrasy that made it impossible for him to obey orders, and is the real reason why he attained to no greater distinction during the civil war."

It will thus be seen that my opinion of General Warren's qualities in the respect referred to, and the effect of those qualities upon his military career, is confirmed by an authority much higher than my own. It is unpleasant for me to write these lines concerning this remarkable man, but it is necessary in order to verify the correctness of my estimate of him, and due to the truth of this memoir.

Let me now resume his civil career where I left off. In June, 1863, the Republican State Convention was held at Des Moines. It was my fortune to be present and a spectator of the proceedings. It was supposed that the principal contest for the gubernatorial nomination would lie between Fitz Henry Warren and Elijah Sells; and had it thus remained there is no doubt but that the former would have been the nominee. His long and conspicuous services, it was thought, entitled him to this recognition, and at the outset his supporters were greatly in the majority. He was there, from the field, in person. So also was Col. William M. Stone, of the Twenty-second Iowa Infantry, with his wounded arm in a sling, fresh from the field before Vicksburg. His name was introduced into the canvass.

The night before the convention a large and enthusiastic meeting was held. It was opened by an able and polished

speech from General Warren, in the course of which—again true to his instincts—he made some allusion to his principal competitor, Mr. Sells, which was not well received by the friends of that gentleman and tended to incense them. Mr. Sells not being much of a public speaker, loud calls were made for Colonel Stone, in response to which that gentleman, with his suspended arm, came to the platform, and without any reference to the canvass or its candidates, made the effort of his life in a speech of stirring eloquence, touching the general cause for which the government was struggling, the valor displayed by the Iowa soldiery on the field, and the great achievements of the Republican party.

The effect of this speech on the proceedings of the convention was plainly visible when it met the next day; and when Colonel Stone himself marched down the aisle of the convention hall, his towering form was greeted with a tremendous outburst of applause. The enthusiasm was infectious. The supporters of Mr. Sells were ready to turn their forces to Colonel Stone. At this juncture, the conspicuous figure of General Warren was seen to arise in the midst, and with a strength and grace that were superb and that strongly ingratiated the convention in his favor, and aroused anew the enthusiasm of his friends, withdrew his name from the contest. The nomination of Colonel Stone followed.

It was thought by many, that if General Warren had not thus withdrawn, the sober, second thought of the convention would have nominated him. In my judgment he ought to have been nominated. His high ability and eminent service entitled him to it. He undoubtedly thought so himself, and felt stung to the quick by this verification of the old adage, that Republics are ungrateful.

After the close of the war, in 1866, he was elected to the State senate from Des Moines county. Near the close of the session, he received the appointment of Minister to the Republic of Guatamala. He chose for the legation, quarters in the capital city befitting his station and the government

he served. He performed the duties imposed upon him with efficiency, and was in great favor with the high-bred Castilians, quite a number of whom resided there. No Castilian, I am sure, could outshine him in courtliness of manner. He was perfectly at home in that line.

The last time I saw him was immediately after his return from that mission. It was at the Savery House in Des Moines. We had a delightful conversation. It was mostly reminiscent along the line of persons and events mutually familiar, but much of it was descriptive of Guatamala and her people. He seemed somewhat careworn, but his mental vivacity and his interest in all affairs pertaining to Iowa, were unabated. For a considerable period after that he was engaged in literary work at Washington and New York as a writer for *The New York Sun*, and was subsequently engaged for a time in railroad building in Iowa. Following this, he permanently took up his residence in the East, and died there in 1878, at the age of sixty-two.

I was a member of the Iowa senate with him at the session hereinbefore referred to. He was easily the most remarkable and accomplished man in that body. To a strong literary taste and wide reading, nature had added a brilliant mind and the gifts of genius. There was scarcely any field of literature that his research had not to some extent invaded, and his acquaintance with belles-lettres remarkable in one who had not made it a study. A single instance will illustrate his spirit of research. On going to his room one evening I found him reading Lingard's history of England. I remarked, that with Hume and Macauley, with whom I knew he was familiar, I did not see why one should care for anything else on that subject. His reply was, that Lingard covered most of the ground embraced by both the authors named; that Hume was an intense Tory, and that subsequent historians had spent a good deal of their time in correcting his misrepresentations (which is true); but his chief reason was, that while other his-

torians had written from the Protestant point of view, Lingard had presented the Catholic side; that he had done it fairly and authentically, and that it was necessary to read both sides to get the real truth.

In appearance he was most distinguished. His high-born instincts and great culture were traced upon his face and visible in his bearing. Had he been set down in the French Assembly or in the British House of Lords or Commons, he would have attracted immediate attention. As an orator, he was rather too refined and classical for the ordinary hustings, but in the forum he was one of the most polished. But polish was not the only quality of his oratory; it had also the vital ones of pungency and force; and the argument was well adhered to, and enforced in a voice seldom rivaled for its sonorous strength and far-reaching power. While his discourse was sometimes ornate it was never vapid, and flowed like a "current that worked its way into the light through the filtering recesses of thought and learning." These varied accomplishments were backed by a highly sensitive nature, and a spirit as proud as Lucifer. He had the consciousness that he was born to command, and could not brook opposition or the control of those whom he regarded as his inferiors.

But alas! it was these characteristics that thwarted his progress all along his pathway and prevented him from attaining that eminence to which his talents entitled him. He was brave and valorous as a knight and in appearance every inch a soldier; but instead of rising to that distinction which he would otherwise have obtained, he narrowly escaped a court-martial for insubordination. His "On to Richmond" articles—however well founded they may have been—assuming to direct the army over the head of the Commander-in-chief and his generals, embarrassed both the administration and *The Tribune*. Instead of biding his time when he lost the gubernatorial nomination to Stone, and trusting to the people's returning sense of justice to right his wrongs, he wrecked his political future by taking a different course.

He doubtless lived long enough to understand the causes which had so seriously interfered with his advancement. Of him it may be fittingly said what Justin McCarthy has said of Lord Durham: "His proud and sensitive nature could ill bear the contradictions and humiliations that had been forced upon it. He wanted to the success of his career that proud patience which the gods are said to love, and by virtue of which great men live down misappreciation and hold out until they see themselves justified, and hear reproaches turn into cheers."

I desire to correct here a statement, founded on erroneous information, contained in a paper prepared and read by me before the Pioneer Law Makers' Association of Iowa at its meeting in 1898, entitled "A Glimpse of the Personnel of the House of 1864 and Senate of 1866," to the effect that General Warren had died in a hospital under distressing circumstances. Instead, while he had previously been in a hospital, he died where he was born, at Brimfield, Massachusetts, at the home of a near relative. Hitherward, broken in health and exhausted by the efforts and disappointments of his strenuous life, he turned his weary footsteps, to rest and to die amid the scenes of his childhood.

I have endeavored in what I have thus written, to give a faithful picture of General Warren, and in such manner, that the reader may gain therefrom a pretty clear conception of him as he really was. If I have failed in this, I hope some more competent survivor of his time will do better.

IOWA FLOUR TO PIKE'S PEAK.—A train of seventeen wagons loaded with forty hundred of flour each started from Council Bluffs to Denver City on the 4th inst. With Pike's Peak region for a market in the west and the rest of mankind for the eastern portion of Iowa, this year's crop ought to bring some money.—*Dubuque Herald, September 19, 1860.*

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