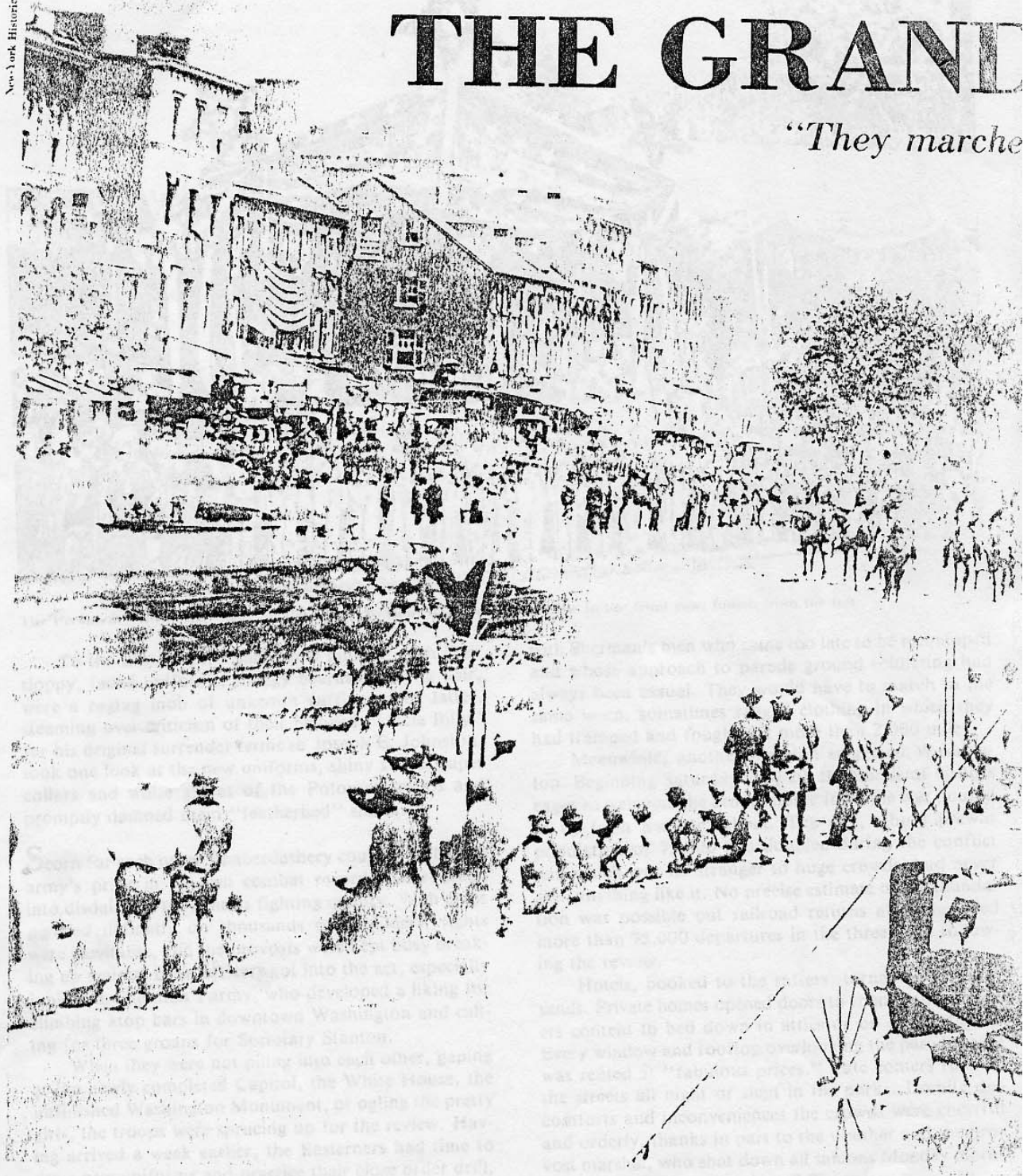


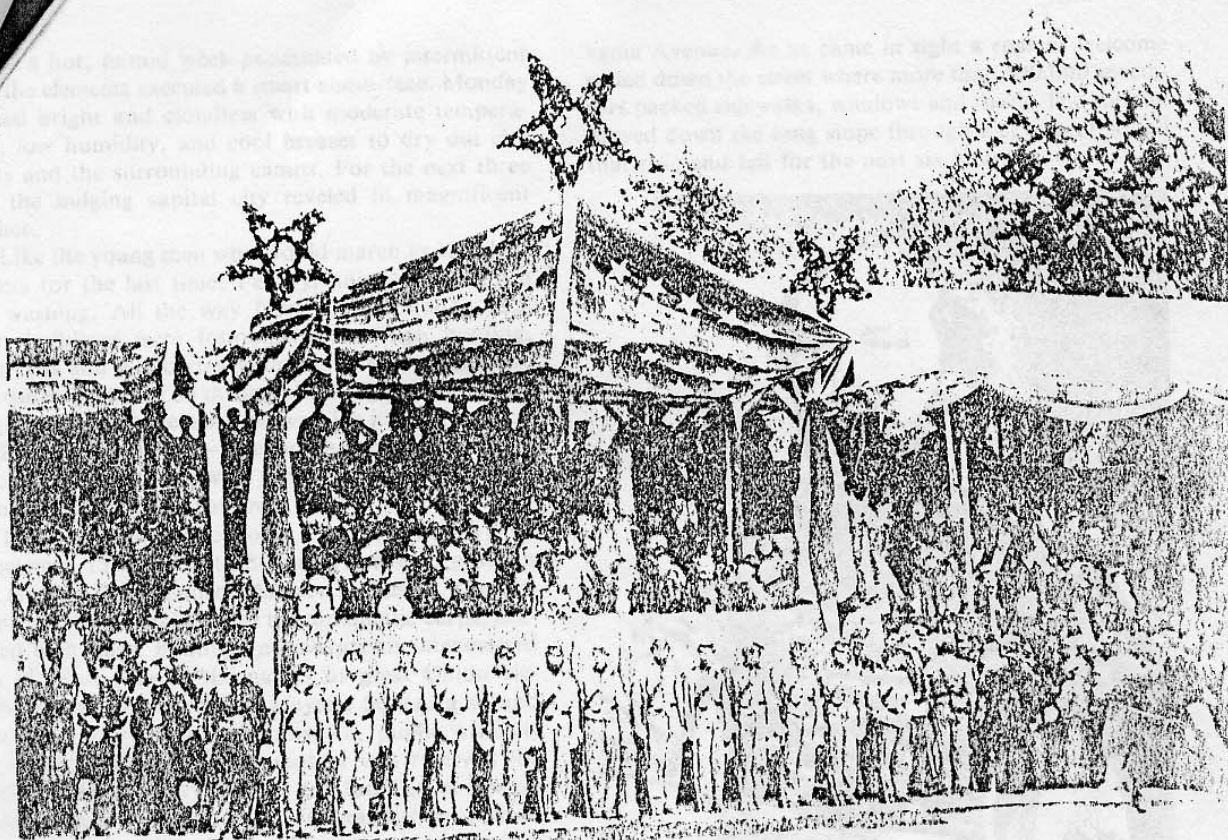
Y. W. Edwards

THE GRAND

"They marche



May 1865, victorious Union troops march northwest on Pennsylvania Avenue behind bloodstained ambulances. Mounted provost guards block intersection, right. Spectators under shading umbrellas perch on porch roofs of businesses, left.



The President's reviewing stand for the Grand Review. Andrew Johnson sits in the front row, fourth from the left.

To the Easterners, "Sherman's mules," with their sloppy, faded uniforms, shaggy beards and long hair, were a ragtag mob of unkempt ruffians. The latter, steaming over criticism of their beloved "Uncle Billy" for his original surrender terms to Joseph E. Johnston, took one look at the new uniforms, shiny shoes, paper collars and white gloves of the Potomac troops and promptly damned them "featherbed" sissies.

Scorn for each other's haberdashery coupled with each army's pride in its own combat record mushroomed into disdain for the other's fighting quality. With chips perched defiantly on thousands of shoulders, fights were inevitable, and the provosts were kept busy breaking up melees. Even officers got into the act, especially juniors in Sherman's army, who developed a liking for climbing atop bars in downtown Washington and calling for three groans for Secretary Stanton.

When they were not piling into each other, gaping at the newly completed Capitol, the White House, the unfinished Washington Monument, or ogling the pretty girls, the troops were sprucing up for the review. Having arrived a week earlier, the Easterners had time to draw new uniforms and practice their close order drill, in which they took much pride. This was not the case

with Sherman's men who came too late to be reequipped and whose approach to parade ground soldiering had always been casual. They would have to march in the same worn, sometimes ragged clothing in which they had tramped and fought for more than 2,000 miles.

Meanwhile, another invasion staggered Washington. Beginning Saturday May 20, thousands of visitors eager to welcome the armies home from the war poured in by train and steamboat. The city, whose prewar population of 75,000 had doubled during the conflict and which was no stranger to huge crowds, had never seen anything like it. No precise estimate of the inundation was possible but railroad returns alone revealed more than 75,000 departures in the three days following the review.

Hotels, booked to the rafters, turned away thousands. Private homes opened doors to friends and strangers content to bed down in attics or on parlor floors. Every window and rooftop overlooking the parade route was rented at "fabulous prices." Late comers roamed the streets all night or slept in the parks. Despite discomforts and inconveniences the crowds were cheerful and orderly, thanks in part to the weather and the provost marshal, who shut down all saloons Monday morning and kept them closed until Thursday.

a hot, humid week punctuated by intermittent the elements executed a smart about-face. Monday dawned bright and cloudless with moderate temperatures, low humidity, and cool breezes to dry out city streets and the surrounding camps. For the next three days the bulging capital city reveled in magnificent weather.

Like the young men who would march its length as soldiers for the last time, Pennsylvania Avenue got a face washing. All the way from the Capitol to 15th Street buildings were festooned with flags, bunting, evergreens and welcoming banners. The street and fire departments worked all through Monday night cleaning and patching the pavement and washing it down to settle the dust for the troops—whereupon the army, defying all logic, sent 15,000 horses down the street before an infantryman ever set foot on it.

In front of the White House, reviewing stands went up between 15th and 17th Streets. A covered pavilion was erected for President Andrew Johnson, General Grant, Cabinet members and the diplomatic corps, decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens interspersed with placards bearing the names of great Union victories. Across the street in Lafayette Square a second stand was reserved for congressmen, public officials and lesser dignitaries, while another was reserved for ranking army and navy officers and families. A Boston financier paid the bill for a fourth stand to accommodate wounded soldiers in area hospitals. Hours before the review began all traffic was suspended on the avenue, the roadway cleared and mounted guards stationed at every intersection to prevent cross traffic.

The Army of the Potomac, which had doggedly barred the way to Lee and his gray infantry for four years, was given precedence to parade on the 23d, the Western army following on the 24th. Sunday the Cavalry Corps moved from its camps near Bladensburg, Maryland to bivouacs on open ground northeast of the Capitol. Monday afternoon the IX Corps crossed the Long Bridge to stations southeast of the building. That night the Provost Marshal's Brigade and Engineers crossed, followed by the V and II Corps.

Half an hour before starting time Major General George G. Meade, who had commanded the Army of the Potomac since Gettysburg, most of that time in the shadow of Lieutenant General U.S. Grant, took his place at the head of the column. He was greeted by several thousand District of Columbia school children massed on the north slope of Capitol Hill, who presented him and his staff with bouquets and floral wreaths while entertaining the troops with popular songs.

At 9:00 a.m. a signal gun barked. Bugles sang out, the cavalry strung out along Maryland Avenue swung into the saddle and Meade led the way onto Pennsyl-

vania Avenue. As he came in sight a roar of welcome rolled down the street where more than 100,000 spectators packed sidewalks, windows and roofs. The column moved down the long slope through a cavern of sound that rose and fell for the next six hours.



George Gordon Meade; his loyalty to the Army of the Potomac was absolute. *Carte de visite* taken for him in the 1850's by Broadbent & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Behind the flower-bedecked staff of Meade and his mounted escort came the Cavalry Corps, twelve abreast and seven miles long, filling the morning air and pavement for more than an hour with the jingle of harness, blaring cavalry bugles and bands, the rumble of artillery wheels, the sounds of hooves and reminders of the horses' passing. But its commander was missing. Major General Philip Sheridan and his famous horse Rienzi were en route to Texas to convince Napoleon III by his presence at the head of an army of 50,000 to stop adventuring in Mexico.

In Sheridan's place rode young Wesley Merritt, only five years out of West Point but wearing the well-earned stars of a major general.

Meade and Merritt reached the White House reviewing stand before President Johnson and Grant. The presidential carriage, held up by the crowd on its way from the Kirkwood Hotel (the widowed Mrs. Lincoln still occupied the Executive Mansion), pulled up about 10:00 and Grant, walking over from the War Department, followed a few minutes later. They got there just in time to see one of the most exciting incidents of the day.

Suddenly a single horseman, his long blond hair streaming behind him and a loose stirrup flapping, raced by at a flat-out gallop. The runaway was the colorful "boy general," 26-year-old Major General George A. Custer, commanding the 3d Cavalry Division. As Custer turned to approach the reviewing stand from 15th Street, a woman threw a wreath to him. He caught it but the sudden movement frightened his horse, a beautiful stallion captured shortly before Appomattox, and it bolted. Custer held onto the wreath but lost his hat, saber and stirrup before bringing his mount under control. The gasps of the crowd turned to cheers as the youthful cavalry leader trotted back to his place, retrieving his hat and saber from an orderly. He then led his division sedately past in review, every man flaunting a bright red "Custer tie."

At 18th Street the horsemen broke into a trot to Washington Circle where the column took a sharp right turn into K Street. It then proceeded east on K toward New York Avenue and on to its Bladensburg camps.

The cavalry was succeeded by the Provost Marshal's Brigade and the Engineers. With the former, consisting of two mounted and two infantry regiments, marched the Signal Corps detachment, whose varicolored signal flags fluttering from 16-foot poles added an unusual touch to the scene. So did a pair of cumbersome bridge pontoons on huge wagons trailing the Engineers.

Then came the infantry. Over 160 regiments in solid blocks with 20-man fronts filled the avenue for more than five hours under a moving canopy of battle flags and bayonets sparkling in the sun. By 20th-century standards they were small, many not much larger than a modern war strength company and often less than a fourth of the size in which they had gone to war.

Behind each brigade rattled six mule-drawn am-



Custer's horse bolting. A national hero by war's end, he had graduated at the very bottom of his West Point class just four years before.

bulances, three abreast, representing the supply trains. Stretchers strapped to their sides were still stained with the dried blood of broken and torn young bodies lifted from a hundred battlefields. As they passed, the cheers of the sidewalk spectators were momentarily muted in tribute. Each corps was followed by its supporting artillery, the black Parrott rifles and gleaming brass Napoleons almost buried under masses of garlands.

It was an awe-inspiring host, nothing in its seemingly endless passage more eloquent than the unit colors and guidons. A few were bright and new but most were ragged, faded and torn, some little more than bare poles with shot-riddled ribbons clinging to them. All were borne with the pride of battle seasoned veterans who had fought and won. Many in the emotionally charged crowd wept unashamedly as the tattered banners went by.

Leading in the place of honor was the IX Corps, which had trapped Lee at Appomattox. Although the Army of the Potomac was overwhelmingly Eastern a small percentage were Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio and Indiana regiments, mostly in the 1st Division. There, too, marched the 79th New York Highlanders, no longer in kilts but led by their pipers skirling "The Campbells Are Coming" and other Scottish war songs. Forming the rear was the 1st Division of the XIX Corps, the first troops to reach Washington when Jubal Early's raid panicked the city in July 1864.

Then came the V Corps. Riding at the head of the leading division was Brigadier General Joshua L. Chamberlain, who would one day wear the Medal of Honor for heroism at Gettysburg, serve as governor of Maine and write the most eloquent account of "the passing of the armies." His division, mostly Pennsylvanians, also

and a couple of New York zouave regiments which somehow retrieved their prewar headgear, thereby giving a cocky dash to their appearance.

Heading the 3d Division to a tumultuous welcome were the survivors of the once-renowned Iron Brigade of the West, the 6th and 7th Wisconsin. Two companies of the 6th, distinguished by the old I Corps badge, were all that remained of the 2d Wisconsin. On the reviewing stand watching his old command was Brigadier Lucius Fairchild, governor-elect of Wisconsin, who had won a star and lost his right arm at Gettysburg.

Last came the II Corps, led by Major General A.A. Humphrey and his staff, all mounted on matching white horses. In its 1st Division marched the remnants of New York's Irish Brigade, including the "Fighting 69th," every man sporting a sprig of evergreen in his cap. There too, was the 20th Indiana with the survivors of the 19th Indiana of Iron Brigade renown.

From the Capitol to the jog around the Treasury at 15th Street the troops marched in route step at "right shoulder shift." Before turning back onto Pennsylvania Avenue to pass the White House regiments dressed ranks, came to the traditional "carry arms" marching salute and swept past the reviewing stand in the then official "cadence step." Nearing the presidential box, brigade bands fell silent while musicians from the defenses of Washington, stationed in front of the pavilion, played them past.

From 18th Street to Washington Circle the troops double-timed. Instead of following the cavalry, however, they turned left on K Street into Georgetown, where they recrossed the Potomac over the Aqueduct Bridge and a parallel pontoon span thrown across the river for that purpose. Leading units were breaking ranks in their Arlington Heights encampment before the II Corps had started down Pennsylvania Avenue.

Shortly after 3:00 p.m. the last artillery brigade rattled past the reviewing party. For more than six hours 164 regiments of infantry, 27 of cavalry, 2 Engineer regiments and 30 artillery batteries had passed down the wide, tree-lined avenue in a column at least 15 miles long. Estimates varied and no exact figures were ever given, but at least 80,000 men, every one a combat veteran, had been in the ranks.

That night, while the tired Army of the Potomac snored in its tents, Sherman's men got little sleep. Not only were they making last minute preparations for their own review; they were not coming back. Grant had the message on the inter-army animosity and was putting the city and the river between the Eastern and Western forces.

Sherman, intensely proud of his men, wanted them to compare favorably with the Army of the Potomac but he was also aware of their lack of parade ground finesse.

At the end of the first day's review he had apologized in advance to General Meade for their shortcomings and gritted his teeth when the latter patronizingly remarked that allowances would be made.

Meeting with his top commanders later, Sherman praised the Easterners, concluding plaintively that his own army could not match them. But spirits lifted when someone—never identified—suggested that if "they couldn't join 'em they might as well lick 'em." Let Washington see the Western army as the Confederacy had seen it on the great sweep "from Atlanta to the Sea," "bummers" and all. Sherman bought the idea, and the bummers fanned out among neighboring hen-coops and barnyards for one final demonstration of their foraging skills.

From his seat in the reviewing stand Sherman had spotted a couple of weaknesses in the Army of the Potomac. There had been much turning of heads in ranks during the march past, further complicated by the erratic tempos and rhythms of the substitute bands, which made it difficult for the troops to keep step. He therefore decreed that his own bands would play for the march past and there would be no turning of heads; everybody must keep eyes strictly to the front. The music he could take care of; as for march discipline he could only hope.

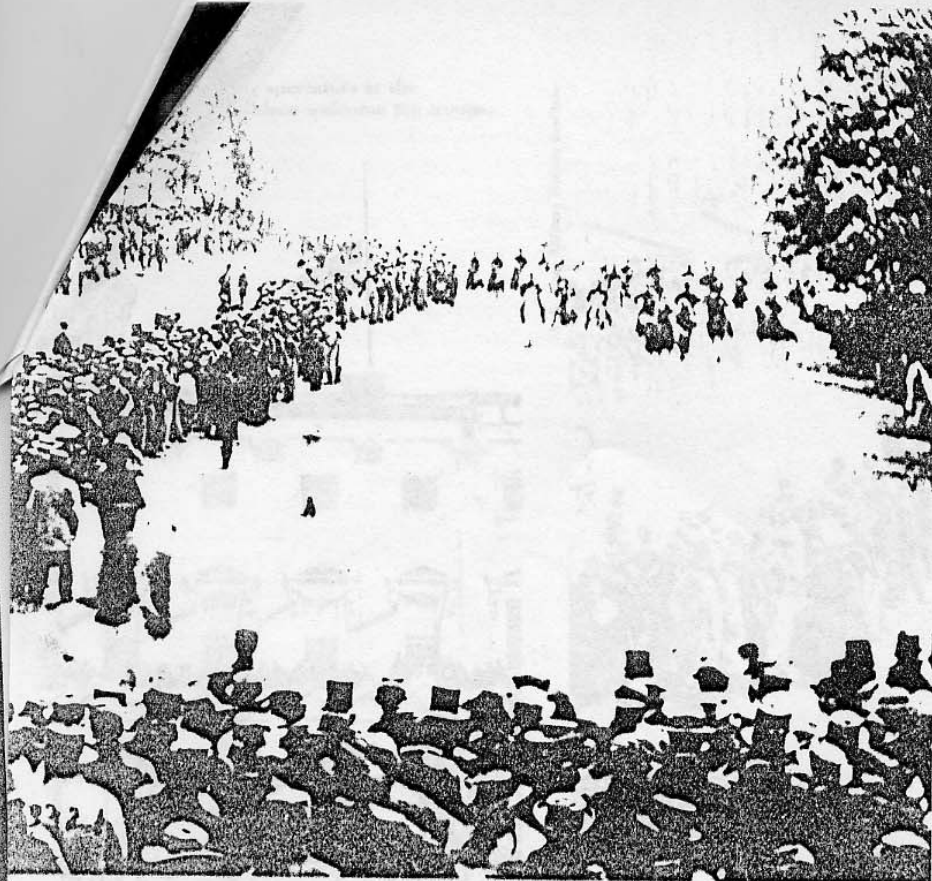
Some time after midnight the Westerners, blanket rolls looped over their right shoulders and two days' cooked rations in haversacks on left hips, began to stream across the Long Bridge. Everything was in place when Sherman, resplendent in a new major general's dress uniform and beard carefully trimmed, arrived at the Capitol on his favorite horse Lexington. His appearance drew cheerful whistles and wise cracks from the anonymity of the ranks. They had never seen Uncle Billy in such finery, they were as proud of him as he of them and it was their way of letting him know. Sherman grinned back.

At the crack of the 9:00 A.M. signal gun Sherman, one-armed Major General O.O. Howard at his side, rode out onto the long slope of the avenue. (Howard, recently appointed head of the Freedmen's Bureau, had relinquished command of the Army of the Tennessee to Major General John A. "Black Jack" Logan of the XV Corps the day before.) As they rounded the north side of the Capitol the crowd, more dense than on the previous day and eager for its first sight of the wild Westerners who had split the Confederacy from the Mississippi to the ocean and halfway up the Atlantic Coast, erupted with a mighty roar. The column strode into the maw of sound, its path a blanket of flowers flung from sidewalks and windows.

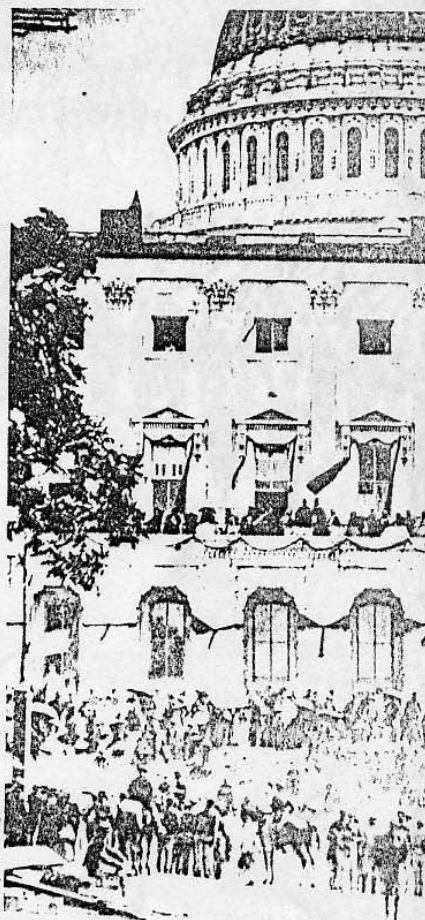
Riding slowly, bareheaded and looking straight ahead, Sherman fervently hoped his men were behaving but he could not tell through the hurricane of cheers and dared

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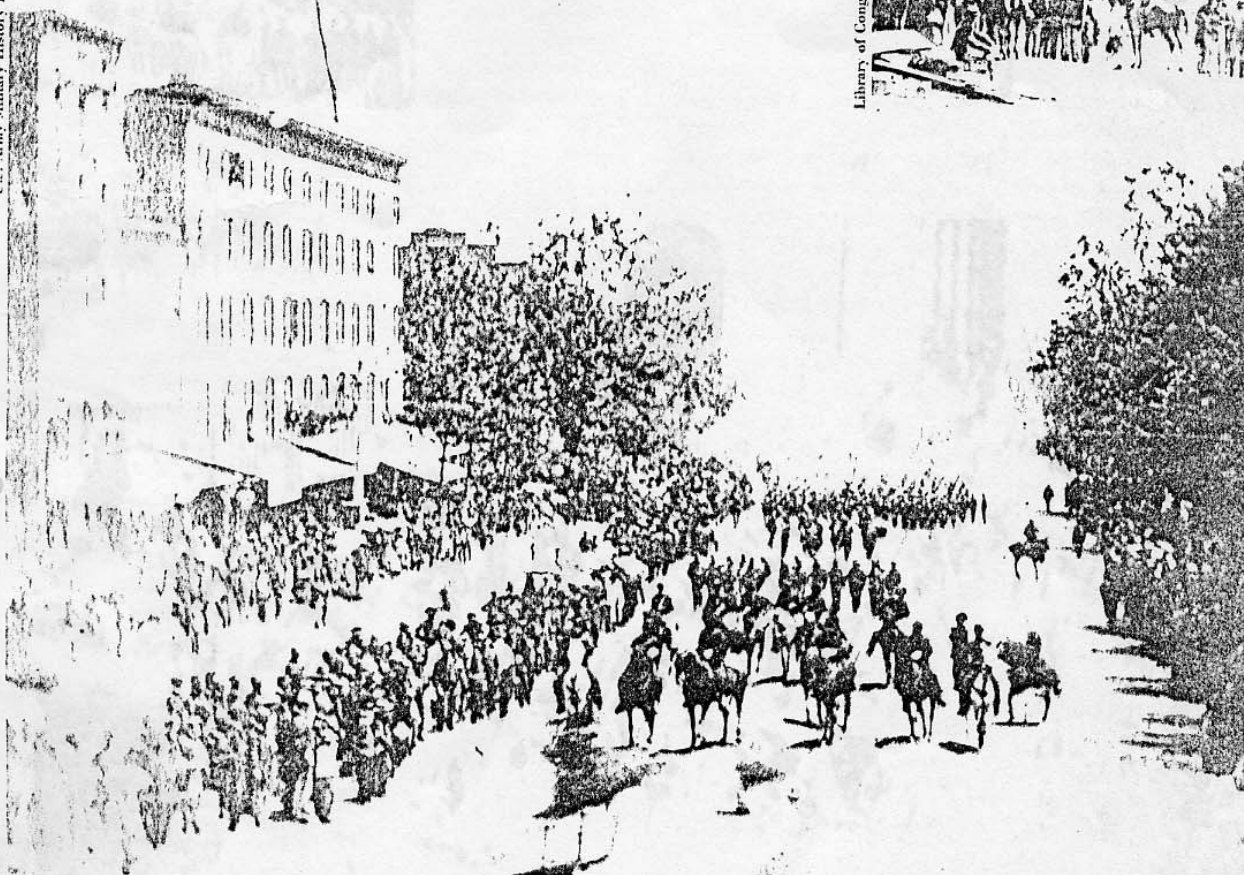


Clockwise from top left: John Logan at head of Capitol Hill starting point, troops of Sherman Union Jeff Davis and his staff.

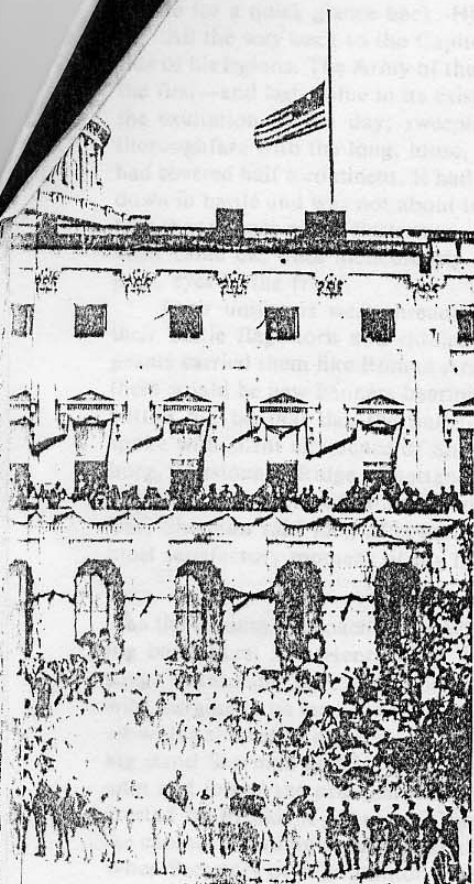


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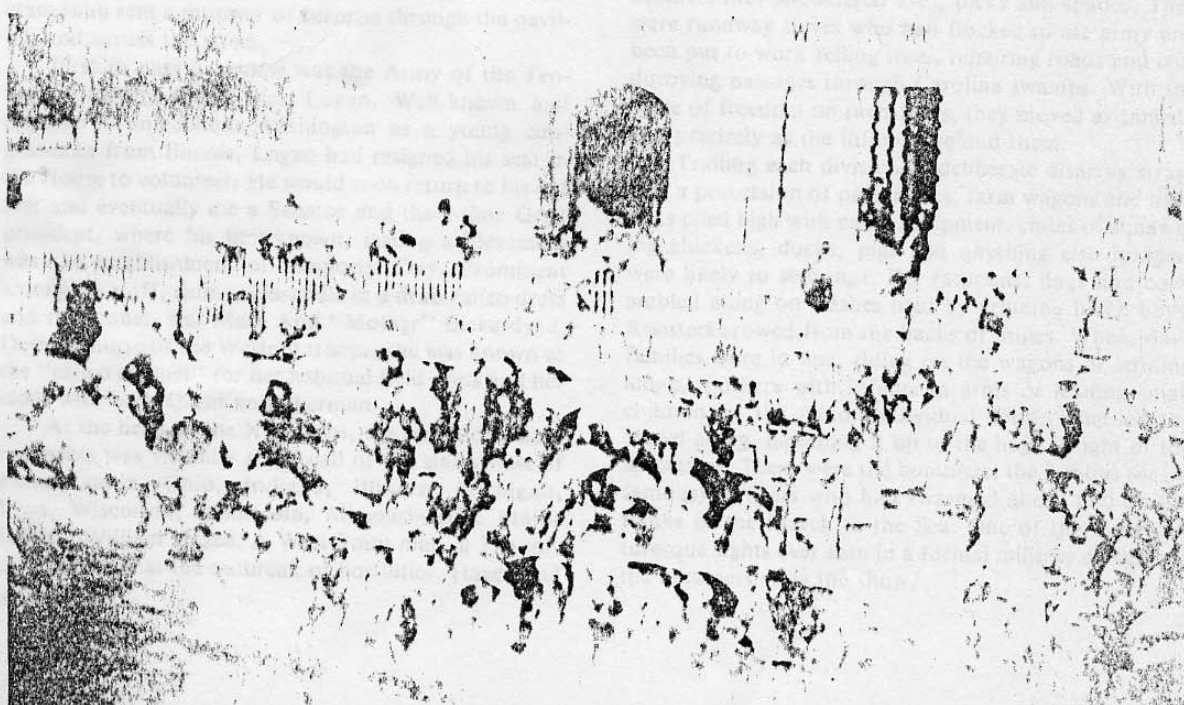
...spectators at the
children welcome the troops,



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look around. But at the top of the rise at the Treasury Building his control snapped and he whirled in the saddle for a quick glance back. His heart soared.

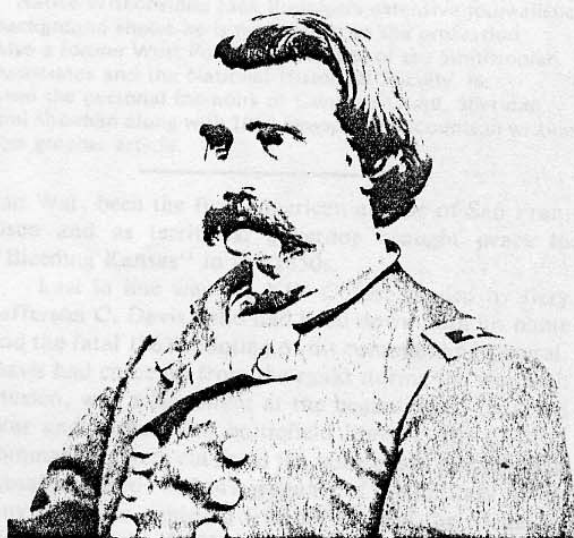
All the way back to the Capitol stretched the blue tide of his legions. The Army of the West, overawed for the first—and last—time in its existence, was caught in the exultation of the day, sweeping down the broad thoroughfare with the long, loose, swinging stride that had covered half a continent. It had never let Uncle Billy down in battle and was not about to embarrass him before those paper collar Easterners. Regiment after regiment came on, lines meticulously dressed, every head high, eyes to the front.

Their uniforms were threadbare and faded. And their battle flags torn and riddled, but the color sergeants carried them like Roman Army eagles. Someday there would be new banners bearing the names of great battles but on that day the bullet-shredded standards spoke with silent eloquence of Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Atlanta and a score of other blood-drenched fields. It was, Sherman said long afterward, "the happiest and most satisfactory moment of my life."

As the column approached the White House the leading band burst into Henry Clay Work's popular new song, "Marching Through Georgia." The crowd went wild, surging to its feet with a great shout and filling the air with a shower of blossoms. After passing the reviewing stand Sherman and Howard turned out of the column and joined the presidential party where they were greeted by President Johnson, Grant and members of the cabinet crowding around to shake Sherman's hand. When Secretary of War Stanton extended his, however, the general ignored it and turned his back. The deliberate snub sent a murmur of surprise through the pavilion and across the street.

First to pass in review was the Army of the Tennessee, led by Black Jack Logan. Well-known and popular in antebellum Washington as a young congressman from Illinois, Logan had resigned his seat in the House to volunteer. He would soon return to his old seat and eventually die a Senator and three-time GAR president, where his best-known, lasting achievement was the establishment of Memorial Day. Prominent among his staff, riding sidesaddle in a drab calico dress and sunbonnet, was Mary Ann "Mother" Bickerdyke. Devoted nurse of the Western troops, she was known as the "calico colonel" for her habitual field dress and her clout with both Grant and Sherman.

At the head of the XV Corps, the roster of whose regiments was virtually a roll call of the states west of Pennsylvania—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri—rode Major General William Hazen. A West Point man, a 31-year-old lieutenant at the outbreak of hostilities, Hazen had



John A. Logan, Democratic congressman then general. Postbellum he became a Radical Republican and U.S. vice-presidential candidate in 1884.

earned five brevets for heroism in his rise to two stars. His division commanders, all in their 30's, were a diverse lot, among them: Charles Wood—likewise a West Pointer with five brevets, John Oliver—who had lowered his druggist's shingle to enter service as a lieutenant, and John Corse—at 30 one of the younger generals in the army.

Preceding each division marched a phalanx of tall, powerful black men. They were not soldiers. Their uniforms were stained plantation work clothes; instead of muskets they shouldered axes, picks and spades. They were runaway slaves who had flocked to the army and been put to work felling trees, repairing roads and corduroying passages through Carolina swamps. With the pride of freedom on their faces, they moved as smartly and precisely as the infantry behind them.

Trailing each division in deliberate disarray straggled a procession of pack mules, farm wagons and light carts piled high with camp equipment, crates of squawking chickens, ducks, pigs and anything else foragers were likely to scrounge. Pet raccoons, dogs and cows ambled along on leashes held by grinning black boys. Roosters crowed from the backs of mules. Whole slave families were in line, riding on the wagons or striding along, mothers with infants in arms or leading small children by the hand. Individual soldiers herded the crowd along, hamming it up to the huge delight of the spectators. These were the bummers, the famous (or infamous) foragers who had swarmed ahead and on the flanks of the March to the Sea. One of the most picturesque sights ever seen in a formal military ceremony, the bummers stole the show.

bummers contributed laughs there were also moments of high emotion. As the head of one division approached the Treasury spectators began to sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The passing troops and bands picked it up, the melody rolled back along the column and for a brief time the entire avenue resounded to the cadence of one of history's greatest war songs.

At 18th Street the troops took up the double-quick march as far as Washington Circle. But instead of proceeding to Georgetown, the column turned right on K Street and followed the pungent trail left by the cavalry the day before to new camps along the Anacostia River on the outskirts of the District of Columbia.

Next came the XVII Corps. Almost submerged among its Western regiments was the 35th New York, the only Eastern outfit in Logan's army. The corps commander was another Washington figure. Major General Francis P. Blair, Jr. was the brother of Lincoln's former Postmaster General and son of a founder of the Republican party, who gave his name to Washington's historic Blair House. Like Logan, Blair had given up a Congressional seat to join the army where he proved that sometimes a "political general" could also be a first rate combat leader. Among his division commanders was Major General Giles Smith whose only pre-war military qualifications had been running a dry goods store and hotel, and who had risen from the rank of captain.

Shortly before noon the XVII Corps cleared the reviewing stand. During a 10-minute break before the approach of the Army of Georgia the crowd poured into the street in front of the presidential pavilion to salute its occupants. A scene of wild confusion followed when mounted provost guards tried to clear the way for the advancing column.

Accorded a vociferous welcome was Major General Henry Slocum, West Point roommate of Philip Sheridan, who had commanded the XII Corps in the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg before leading it west, where he rose to army command. Sharing his homecoming was the XX Corps. Most of its regiments had served in the XI and XII Corps until after Gettysburg, when they were sent to Grant, who reorganized them into the XX. Here Westerners were in a minority among outfits from New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts, but the Easterners had been so thoroughly "Westernized" it was impossible to tell the difference. The corps even had its own contingents of black pioneers and bummers.

Gathering his share of plaudits in passing was Brevet Major General John W. Geary, whose division stormed Lookout Mountain in the "Battle Above the Clouds." A surveyor and engineer in civil life, Geary had in an adventurous pre-war career, sailed before the mast in his teens on a square rigger, fought in the Mexi-

Native Wisconsinite Jack Rudolph's extensive journalistic background shows he is no stranger to the profession. Also a former West Pointer, a member of the Smithsonian Associates and the National Historical Society, he used the personal memoirs of Generals Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman along with 1865 newspaper accounts in writing this graphic article.

can War, been the first American alcalde of San Francisco and as territorial governor brought peace to "Bleeding Kansas" in the 1850s.

Last in line was the XIV Corps, headed by fiery Jefferson C. Davis, who had lived down both his name and the fatal 1862 shooting of his commanding general. Davis had come up from the ranks during the war with Mexico, was a lieutenant at the beginning of the Civil War and earned five battlefield brevets. His division commanders were cut from the same cloth, among them Absalom Baird, an 1849 graduate of the Military Academy who also achieved five brevets and the Medal of Honor. Charles C. Walcutt, 29, was the youngest of Sherman's generals while James D. Morgan, 55, was one of the oldest.

So, for a second day, a great host poured down the avenue, fifteen miles of tramping infantry and guns under their flashing bayonets and tattered flags. For six hours, until after three o'clock, 178 regiments of infantry and 14 batteries of artillery swept past. Then the crowd dispersed and the street and fire departments were left with the herculean task of cleaning up after thousands of horses had filled the city with the aroma of a gigantic stable. When shovels were not sufficient, the fire department turned steam from its engines on the mess. Even then Pennsylvania Avenue was a long time returning to normal.

Inevitably, comparisons were drawn between the great armies. There were striking differences, but of style, not substance. Both had proved themselves in the only way that counts with armies—in the fury of battle.

The Army of the Potomac was more formal in its drill and neater in new, close-fitting jackets and rakish, pushed-in French kepis. The Westerners, in loose blouses and wide brimmed slouch hats, were bigger and leaner. What spectators remembered most vividly was the contrast between the shorter, somewhat jerky marching step of the Army of the Potomac and the magnificent, flowing stride of the Western soldiers.

As the XV Corps went past the reviewing stand the Prussian ambassador turned to his neighbor. "An army like that," he said, "could whip all Europe." When the XX Corps passed he added: "An army like that could whip the world." And when the XIV Corps swept by he declared: "An army like that could whip the devil."

Septuagenarian Tom Corwin, former U.S. Senator from Ohio and Millard Fillmore's Secretary of the Treasury, said it best. "They marched like the lords of the world."