

way, to be a part of it. I was at that time secretary of John Sherman's committee of the Senate, and was also acting as one of the reporters of the Associated Press. There was a great crowd in Washington to attend the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and it was known that the pressure at the capitol would be very great. Admission was only by card. All the doors were to be guarded, and I feared that I might have trouble in getting in. As clerk of one of the Senate committees, I had the right to stay in my committee room over night, and I concluded to sleep there, rather than apply for a card. I knew that if I was in the building they would not put me out, and so I stayed. The morning of the inauguration was cold, and a drizzling rain was falling. I spent the time prior to the coming of the crowd with Colonel John W. Forney, who was secretary of the Senate. We were sitting in his room about the fire, trying to keep warm, when I saw two men come to the door of the Senate, and one of them tried to open it. He shook it and pounded, but no one came, and he finally started away. As he did so Colonel Forney looked up. As the man turned he saw his face, and he jumped up and said: 'Why, that is the vice president. We must get him in.' Now, it was only about half-past ten, and the door was still locked. We could not open it, but Colonel Forney tapped on the window and called to the two men to come to him. They came up, and I could then see that it was Andrew Johnson and his doctor. Johnson looked pale and sick. It was afterward charged that he had been on a spree the night before, and that he had come from his drinking without his breakfast to the capitol.

"I don't know as to this. At any rate, he looked worn out. Well, we opened the window and helped him and the doctor in. Both Johnson and the doctor were shivering, and the doctor asked Forney if he had any whisky. There was a black bottle always kept at that time in the secretary's room, and Mr. Forney went to a cupboard and got it. He placed it on the mantel-piece and set a tumbler beside it. Vice-President Johnson walked from the fire over to the mantel and poured out what seemed to me a very big drink. I had never taken much whisky up to that time, and I did not know how much a good drink was. I could see, however, that the doctor and Mr. Forney thought it was considerable. It was, I judge, about a half tumblerful. Vice-President Johnson swallowed it almost at a gulp and then came and sat down before the fire. As the flames and the whisky began to warm his chilled bones I could see his spirits rising like the mercury in a thermometer. He soon became cheerful and grew very talkative. After a time he stepped up to the mantel and took another drink, though the doctor tried to dissuade him. He pushed the doctor aside with a word of pleasantry and filled the tumbler almost to the full of raw whisky. This he drank almost as rapidly as he did his first dram, and then went back to the fire. A moment later it was plain to us he was intoxicated and that he was not fit to go into the Senate. In the meanwhile the hour for the inauguration had arrived, and we were told that it was time for us to go in. It was but a few steps from Mr. Forney's office to the Senate chamber. Forney

went first, and then came the vice-president and the doctor, myself following up the rear. We entered the Senate chamber at just about the time for giving the vice-president the oath of office, I going up stairs to the press gallery. When the oath was administered, Vice-President Johnson evidently did not think that the ceremony should conclude without his saying something, and he took advantage of the opportunity to make a speech. The cabinet were on one side of him. He turned to them and addressed each one by name, making a series of remarks, ending in every case with words something like the following: 'And I here tell you, Mr. Seward, secretary of State, I am a plebeian, a man of the people, and I am proud of it.' He addressed all the other secretaries in the same way, and made a semi-incoherent drunken speech, notwithstanding the efforts of Forney and others to stop him."

"Do you think, Mr. McCullagh, that Andrew Johnson was a great man?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "I would say that he was great if you take him as a politician. He was an uneducated man and in some respects a weak one. Still, with it all, he had much rugged strength, and he was a greater statesman than he has received the credit of being."

"What were some of his great weaknesses?"

"One was his limited vision. He was, you know, from Tennessee, and he never seemed to appreciate the fact that Tennessee was only a very small part of this great nation. His early struggles were after a reputation and power in his own state. He had to fight hard to be elected to the legislature, to governor and the Senate, and to him Tennessee was everything. Even after he became president he looked upon himself as the president of about twenty Tennessees, and he cared more for the opinion of the richer and better bred people of Tennessee than he did for that of the rest of the Union. In seeking to appear well in the eyes of such people he allowed them to use him, not realizing that they despised him for doing so."

"You were a correspondent with Grant in the early part of the war, were you not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. McCullagh. "I was with him at Fort Donelson and about Vicksburg. I saw a great deal of him until he was called east."

"How did he impress you? Did you realize that he was a great general?"

"No, I did not. Grant was an exceedingly modest man, and the Grant of the close of the war was a very different man than the Grant of the beginning. He grew very rapidly. He developed through experience, and he soon came to look at war through other than his West Point spectacles. He saw that each battle had its own rules and action, and he laid out his plans irrespective of those fixed in the military books. General Sherman, on the other hand, was loaded down with his West Point education. He acted as though he was always marching with a brass band behind him, and he usually wanted to stop and lay out a diagram upon the lines of which to move before he started."

"You were on the steamer Queen of the West when she went past the Vicks-

burg batteries. That must have been an exciting experience," said I.

"Yes, it was," replied Mr. McCullagh. "We wanted to get below Vicksburg to cut off the supplies from coming up the river. We had expected to start in the early morning, but there was some delay, and it was nearly noon before we got off. There were seven miles of those batteries, and as we went down the river in front of them they all opened fire upon us. Cannon balls and shells whizzed about our boat. We put on all the steam we could, but it took us about an hour before we got through the rain of balls and shells."

"Were any of you hurt?"

"No, that is the strange thing about it. One ball, I remember, struck a brass cannon on our deck. It made a dent in the gun as though the brass was putty, but the most of the missiles flew wide of the mark. As we moved down the river we came to a gunboat, which was lying near the shore. We thought the confederates intended to use this to take our boat, and without regarding the current, which in the Mississippi is very treacherous, Commander Ellet directed the pilot to turn and ram the boat. The pilot did as he was directed. He turned the Queen of the West, and as we came near the gunboat he drove our ram into it. The shock was such that we almost ran aground, and it looked for a time as though we would have to be there under the guns of the rebels and be taken. It was a serious situation, both from the balls from the cannon on shore and from the decision of our commander on the boat. Commander Ellet had sworn that the rebels should never take the ship, and when he thought all was lost he took a torch and ran across our vessel to the powder magazine, intending to fire it, and blow himself and us and the boat into pieces. Just at this moment, however, we swung out into the current and floated down the river."

"I have often said," continued Mr. McCullagh, "that I saw two of the bravest deeds of the war, one committed by a man and the other by a woman. The first I have just described. The action of that pilot in ramming the gunboat under the fire of the rebel batteries was the work of a hero. It seemed at the time to be almost sure death, but he did it. The brave woman to whom I refer was a rebel, and the incident of her bravery occurred a little after this on a branch of the Mississippi further down the river. This branch was not very wide, and we were fired on every now and then by the confederates from the levees as we went up it in order to prevent supplies being brought into the Mississippi. At last Commander Ellet grew very angry at the continuous firing. He said that if the rebel shots killed or wounded any of his men he would burn every house within five miles of the place of shooting. I told him that I would be better satisfied with his order if we could notify the people of their danger. He said nothing in reply, and the order was in force. When we dropped anchor one of the men was shot at from the levee and killed."

"Ellet at once ordered several companies to leave the boat in different directions and to burn every house within a distance of five miles. He ordered me to take one of the companies and to burn a fine house lying within a stone's throw of the river. I did not like the job, but as I was an enlisted man I had