



# THE SOLDIER'S FIELD

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

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HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

Major, First Massachusetts Cavalry  
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.V.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

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THE tender and earnest tribute, to the memory of his chosen friends, with which Colonel Henry L. Higginson accompanied his timely gift to Harvard University of the Soldier's Field, dedicated to their memory, tells its own story. He has yielded to the suggestion that a copy of it, as printed by the University, be sent to each of his Companions of this Commandery.

Such a story is never old. Its teaching power is unlimited. The men he loved, and whose names will live ever associated with the Soldier's Field, made no mean record before they gave their young lives to their country. That

record is here simply given. No added words could enlarge its significance.

Henry Stone,  
William P. Shreve,  
Arnold A. Rand,

Library Committee.

Boston, November 5, 1890.

### **James Sabage, Junior.**

**Lieutenant Colonel, Second Massachusetts Infantry,  
U.S.V.**

Born at Boston, April 21, 1832.

Harvard College, Class of 1854.

Captain, Second Massachusetts Infantry, May 24, 1861.  
Promoted Major, June 12, 1862. Lieutenant Colonel,  
September 17, 1862. Prisoner of war, August 9,  
1862, at Battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia, receiving  
wounds in that battle of which he died at Charlottesville,  
Virginia, October 22, 1862.

### **Charles Russell Lowell.**

**Brigadier General, U.S.V.**

Born at Boston, January 2, 1835.

Harvard College, Class of 1854.

Captain, Sixth Cavalry, United States Army, May 14,  
1861. Colonel, Second Massachusetts Cavalry, April  
15, 1863. Brigadier General, United States Volun-  
teers, October 19, 1864. Wounded at Battle of Cedar  
Creek, Virginia, October 19, 1864. Died at Middle-  
town, Virginia, October 20, 1864.

### **Edward Barry Dalton.**

**Major, Surgeon — Brevet Colonel, U.S.V.**

Born at Lowell, September 21, 1834.

Harvard College, Class of 1855.

Major, Surgeon, Thirty-sixth New York Infantry, October  
31, 1861. Assistant Surgeon, United States Volun-  
teers, March 11, 1863. Promoted Major, Surgeon,  
March 26, 1863. Resigned May 12, 1865. Brevet  
Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel, United States Vol-  
unteers, August 15, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious  
services." Died at Santa Barbara, California, May 13,  
1872.

### **Stephen George Perkins.**

**First Lieutenant, Second Massachusetts Infantry,  
U.S.V.**

Born at Boston, September 18, 1835.

Harvard College, Class of 1856.

Second Lieutenant, Second Massachusetts Infantry, July  
8, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant, July 11, 1862.  
Killed at Battle of Cedar Mountain, Virginia, August  
9, 1862.

### **James Jackson Lowell.**

**First Lieutenant, Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry,  
U.S.V.**

Born at Cambridge, October 15, 1837.

Harvard College, Class of 1858.

First Lieutenant, Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, July  
10, 1861. Wounded at Battle of Ball's Bluff, Vir-  
ginia, October 21, 1861. Received wounds at Battle  
of Glendale, Virginia, June 30, 1862, of which he  
died at Frazier's Farm, July 4, 1862.



Robert Gould Shaw, Junior.

Colonel, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, U.S.V.

Born at Boston, October 10, 1837.

Harvard College, Class of 1860.

Private, Seventh Infantry, New York State Militia, in service of the United States, April 16, 1861; mustered, April 26, 1861. Mustered out, June 3, 1861. Second Lieutenant, Second Massachusetts Infantry, May 28, 1861. Promoted First Lieutenant, July 8, 1861. Captain, August 10, 1862. Major, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, March 31, 1863. Promoted Colonel, April 17, 1863. Killed at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863, and there "buried in the common trench, with the negroes that fell with him."

Well may be said of each what has been so touchingly written of one:—

“Brave, good, and true,  
I see him stand before me now,  
And read again on that young brow,  
Where every hope was new,  
*How sweet were life!* Yet, by the mouth firm-set,  
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,  
I could divine he knew  
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,  
In the mere wreck of nobly-pitched designs,  
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

“I write of one,  
While with dim eyes I think of three;  
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?  
Ah, when the fight is won,  
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn,  
(Thee! from whose forehead Earth awaits her morn,)  
How nobler shall the sun  
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,  
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare  
And die as thine have done!”

## THE SOLDIER'S FIELD



JUNE 10, 1890

## THE SOLDIER'S FIELD.

Over four hundred students and graduates of Harvard University assembled in Sever Hall on the evening of June 10, 1890, to hear about "The Soldier's Field" which had been given to the University by Mr. HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

President ELIOT spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN: At a meeting of the Corporation yesterday, the following letter was presented:

Boston, June 5th, 1890.

*To the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Cambridge.*

GENTLEMEN: The deeds of Miss Willard's estate will be passed to you to-day, and with them my wish in regard to it.

The estate henceforth belongs to the College without any condition or restriction whatsoever, and for use in any way which the Corporation may see fit.

My hope is that the ground will be used for the present as a playground for the students, and that, in case you should need the ground by and by for other purposes, another playground will be given to the students.

But the gift is absolutely without condition of any kind.

The only other wish on my part is that the ground shall be called "The Soldier's Field," and marked with a stone bearing the names of some dear friends,—alumni of the University, and noble gentlemen,—who gave freely and eagerly all that they had or hoped for, to their country and to their fellowmen in the hour of great need—the war of 1861 to 1865 in defence of the Republic.

JAMES SAVAGE, JR.,

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL,

EDWARD BARRY DALTON,

STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS,

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL,

ROBERT GOULD SHAW.

This is only a wish, and not a condition; and, moreover, it is a happiness to me to serve in any way the College, which has done so much for us all.

I am, with much respect,

Very truly yours,

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

You are too young to remember these men, but I remember them all. They were all young, — the youngest about 26, — about the same age as the men in our professional schools. They were all schoolmates, college classmates, or intimate friends of Mr. HIGGINSON. He who gives you this field was at College here, and afterward studied in Europe. He enlisted in the infantry at the breaking out of the Rebellion, was transferred to the cavalry, and, after serving faithfully, had to leave the service in 1864 from the effects of his wounds. His six friends died; he lived, became a successful man of business, and has made the best possible uses of his money. He has promoted music in Boston as no other man ever has. This gift which he now makes to you is very near his heart, for, in giving you this land, he feels that he is doing what his friends would have liked to have him do. He wishes to promote manly sports among you and to commemorate the soldier of 1861. He has come here to-night to tell you of his wish and his hope.

Mr. HIGGINSON then said: —

I thank you for receiving me here to-night, and I thank President ELIOT for his kind words. I have come to tell you of my reasons for helping you to a playground, and of my wish to link with it my thoughts of the past and my hopes for your future. The story which I have to tell is moving to me, and, if my voice fails, I can only ask you for a hand.

It has been evident for some time that the college playgrounds were too small, and therefore the Corporation of the University and your Athletic Committee have sought to enlarge them. Just across the river, towards Brighton, lie some beautiful marshes in a lovely surrounding of hills, woods, and water, in which Mr. Longfellow used to delight as he gazed at them from his windows; and which he and other friends gave to the College, with the provision that they should be kept open and used for play, if wanted for that purpose.

Last summer these marshes were surveyed in order to learn the practicability of draining and using them. But, the other day, when an approach to them was needed, the owner of the adjoining estate refused to sell the right of way. So the Corporation looked at the land of this recalcitrant owner, and considered its value for your games and for its own future needs. The estate lies just across the Brighton Bridge, to the right, and takes in about twenty-one acres of upland pasture, and about ten acres of marsh — in all about thirty-one acres — with a couple of houses. The Corporation approved of the land and has acquired it. Do you approve also? I hope so, and, if it suits you, one point will have been gained. You will have a walk to it, but not long enough to weary strong men. Try the ground and see if it is good for your uses.

It is very pleasant to do you a kindness, and every one is glad of a chance to serve the dear old College. She needs help, and thought, and devotion, and gratitude from us all, for she has given us and our land more than any one of us will give back. She will keep on giving; and I now ask a kindness of her.

This field means more than a playground to me, for I ask to make it a memorial to some dear friends who gave their lives and all that they had or hoped for, to their country and to their fellow-men in the hour of great need — the War of the Rebellion. They gave their lives in the cause of virtue and good government, and to save our nation from the great sins of disunion and of slavery. This is what we claim for our northern men.

These friends were men of mark, either as to mental or moral powers, or both, and were dead in earnest about life in all its phases. They lived in happy homes and were surrounded with friends, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, — had high hopes for the future and with good cause, too; but, at the first call of our great captain, Abraham Lincoln, they went at once, gladly, eagerly to the front, and stayed there. Not a

doubt, not a thought of themselves, except to serve: and they did serve to the end, and were happy in their service.

They were men of various talents and they had various fortunes.

One of them was first scholar in his class — thoughtful, kind, affectionate, gentle, full of solicitude about his companions, and about his duties. He was wounded in a very early fight of the war and, after his recovery and a hard campaign on the peninsula, was killed at Glendale on the 4th of July, '62. Hear his own words: "When the class meets in years to come and honors its statesmen and judges, its divines and doctors, let also the score who went to fight for their country be remembered, and let not those who never returned be forgotten." If you had known JAMES LOWELL, you would never have forgotten him.

Another I first saw one evening in our first camp at Brook Farm — a beautiful, sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy, gay and droll, and winning in his ways. In those early days of camp-life, we fellows were a bit homesick and longed for the company of girls — you know how it is yourselves — and I fell in love with this boy, and I have not fallen out yet. He was of a very simple and manly nature — steadfast and affectionate, human to the last degree — without much ambition except to do his plain duty. You should have seen ROBERT SHAW as he, with his chosen officers, led away from Boston his black men of the 54th Massachusetts amid the cheers of his townsmen. Presently he took them up to the assault of Fort Wagner, and was buried with them there in the trench.

Still another fine, handsome fellow, great oarsman, charming companion, wit, philosopher, who delighted in intellectual pursuits, and in his fellow-creatures, whom he watched with his keen eyes and well understood, was killed in a foolish, bloody battle while stemming the tide of defeat. He was at this time too ill to march; but, with other sick officers, left the ambulances because he was needed in this fight. I well remember almost our last day together — sitting on a log in a sluggish

stream in Maryland, washing ourselves and our clothes, and then drying ourselves in the sun, — and his wonderful talk of the delights of an intellectual life. That was his realm, and no one in our young days did more to mould his mates than STEPHEN PERKINS did.

Yet another — a first scholar, because he couldn't help it — full of thought, life, and intense vigor — brimful of ideas — brilliant and strong beyond compare — had soon after leaving College exhausted himself by overwork. After distinguished service with his regiment and on the staff of Gen. McClellan, who singled him out for honor, he led his troopers of the 2d Massachusetts cavalry in the Shenandoah campaign of '64, was always in the front, lost thirteen horses in his daring efforts to win success, and at last, when so wounded that he could not speak, rode forward in his last charge, when Sheridan had come back to win the battle of Cedar Creek. Read the story of that splendid campaign and see how even there the figure of CHARLES LOWELL stands out.

These friends were men of unusual powers, but they all bowed down to the goodness and the purity of one other — JAMES SAVAGE. He also was an enthusiast, and had little health and no words, — but ate himself up with his thoughts and his fiery wishes — sometimes as gay as a lark and then depressed from ill health and disappointment with himself — very fond of his books and of nature — much given to games and a great rusher at football from pure will-power and enthusiasm — courageous to the last degree. We two fellows went to Fitchburg just after war was declared, to recruit a company for the 2d Massachusetts infantry, and when our regiment was ready to march, the colors were entrusted to us. This recruiting was strange work to us all, and the men who came to our little recruiting office, asked many new questions, which I did my best to answer; but often these recruits would turn to the "captain," as they called him,



listen to his replies and then swear allegiance, as it were, to him. He, the quietest and most modest of men, was immensely impressive, for he was a real knight — just and gentle to all friends, defiant to the enemies of his country and to all wrongdoers. He also fell wounded in that most foolish battle, where his regiment lost fourteen out of twenty-two officers, and was sacrificed to the good of the army. He died in the hands of the enemy, who tended him kindly and were deeply moved by his patience and his fortitude.

The last was a physician, by choice and by nature, if intelligence, energy, devotion, and sweetness can help the sick. After various services from the outstart till '64, he was put by Gen. Grant in charge of the great hospital camp at City Point in Virginia, where 10,000 sick and wounded men lay. Here he worked out his life-blood to save that of others. If I may turn to football language, he played "full-back," and no one ever reached the last goal if human power could stop him.

After the end of the war, New York City needed a vigorous medical officer to cleanse it and guard it against a threatened epidemic, and leading men turned to our friend for this work. Gen. Grant was then in command of the army, and was asked to recommend this physician. But the General was weary of such requests, and refused without even knowing who the candidate was.

"But hear his name, at least," these citizens said; and they told it to him.

Grant at once wrote: "Dr. EDWARD DALTON is the best man in the United States for this place." And Dr. DALTON did one more public service and then settled into private life. Presently he died of disease brought on by exhaustion during the war.

All these men were dear friends to me; and with three of them I had lived from childhood on the most intimate terms, doing and discussing everything on earth, and in heaven, as

boys will, — living, indeed, a very full life with them, and through them, — so full were they of thoughts, and hopes, and feelings, about all possible things. These men are a loss to the world, and heaven must have sorely needed them to have taken them from us so early in their lives. And now I ask to mark their names and memories on our new playground. Shall we call it "The Soldier's Field"? Of course, thousands and thousands of other soldiers deserved equally well of their country, and should be equally remembered and honored by the world. I only say that these were my friends, and therefore I ask this memorial for them.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has, at my request, given me a few words of his own for the stone to be put up on this field, and also some lines of Mr. Emerson. I will read them to you: —

TO THE  
HAPPY MEMORY  
OF  
JAMES SAVAGE, JR.,  
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL,  
EDWARD BARRY DALTON,  
STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS,  
JAMES JACKSON LOWELL,  
ROBERT GOULD SHAW,  
FRIENDS, COMRADES, KINSMEN, WHO DIED FOR THEIR  
COUNTRY,  
THIS FIELD IS DEDICATED.

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply, —  
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die.'"

And let me say here that the war was not boy's play. No men of any country ever displayed more intelligence, devotion, energy, brilliancy, fortitude, in any cause than did our South-

ern brothers. Hunger, cold, sickness, wounds, captivity, hard work, hard blows, — all these were their portion and ours. Look at the records of other wars and you'll nowhere find examples of more courage in marching and fighting, or greater losses in camp or battle, than each side showed. We won because we had more substitutes and more supplies; and also from the force of a larger patriotism on our side. We wore them out. Let me tell you of just one case. A friend and comrade, leading his regiment in the last days of the war into Richmond, picked up a voluntary prisoner, and this is the conversation between them: —

"Why did you come in?"

"Well, me and the lieutenant was all there was left of the regiment, and yesterday the lieutenant was shot, and so I thought I might as well come in."

It was not boy's play; and to-day these Southern brothers are as cordial and as kindly to us as men can be, as I have found by experience.

Now, what do the lives of our friends teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work and of utter, unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind. It is well for us all, for you and for the boys of future days, to remember such deeds and such lives and to ponder on them. These men loved study and work, and loved play too. They delighted in athletic games, and would have used this field, which is now given to the College and to you for your health and recreation. But my chief hope in regard to it is, that it will help to make you full-grown, well-developed men, able and ready to do good work of all kinds, — steadfastly, devotedly, thoughtfully; and that it will remind you of the reason for living, and of your own duties as men and citizens of the Republic.

On you, and such as you, rests the burden of carrying on this country in the best way. From the day of John Harvard

down to this hour, no pains or expense have been spared by teachers and by laymen to build up our University (and pray remember that it is our University — that it belongs to us — to you and to me), and thus educate you; and for what end? For service to your country and your fellow-men in all sorts of ways — in all possible callings. Everywhere we see the signs of ferment, — questions social, moral, mental, physical, economical. The pot is boiling hard and you must tend it, or it will run over and scald the world. For us came the great questions of slavery and of national integrity, and they were not hard to answer. Your task is more difficult, and yet you must fulfil it. Do not hope that things will take care of themselves, or that the old state of affairs will come back. The world on all sides is moving fast, and you have only to accept this fact, making the best of everything, — helping, sympathizing, and so guiding and restraining others, who have less education, perhaps, than you. Do not hold off from them; but go straight on with them, side by side, learning from them and teaching them. It is our national theory and the theory of the day, and we have accepted it, and must live by it, until the whole world is better and wiser than now. You must in honor live by work, whether you need bread or not, and presently you will enjoy the labor. Remember that the idle and indifferent are the dangerous classes of the community. Not one of you would be here and would receive all that is given to you, unless many other men and women had worked hard for you. Do not too readily think that you have done enough, simply because you have accomplished something. There is no enough, so long as you can better the lives of your fellow-beings. Your success in life depends not on talents, but on will. Surely, genius is the power of working hard, and long, and well.

One of these friends, CHARLES LOWELL, dead, and yet alive to me as you are, wrote me just before his last battle: —

"Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you'll find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don't seek office; but don't 'disremember' that the useful citizen holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life always ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty, unpretending hero; but we are not going to have a country very long unless such heroism is developed. There! what a stale sermon I'm preaching! But, being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen."

This was his last charge to me, and in a month he was in his grave. I have tried to live up to it, and I ask you to take his words to heart, and to be moved and guided by them.

And just here let me, a layman, say a word to you experts in athletic sports. You come to College to learn things of great value beside your games, which, after all, are secondary to your studies. But, in your games, there is just one thing which you cannot do, even to win success. You cannot do one tricky or shabby thing. Translate tricky and shabby—dishonest, ungentlemanlike.

Princeton is not wicked; Yale is not base.

Lately I travelled with an ex-Southern artillery officer, and was rather glad that I did not try a year or two ago to take his guns. I asked him of his family, and he said: "I've just sent a boy to Yale, after teaching him all in my power. I told him to go away, and not to return with any provincial notions. Remember," I said, "there is no Kentucky, no Virginia, no Massachusetts, but one great country."

Mates, the Princeton and the Yale fellows are our brothers. Let us beat them fairly if we can, and believe that they will play the game just as we do.

Gentlemen, will you remember that this new playground will only be good if it is used constantly and freely by you all, and that it is a legacy from my friends to the dear old College, and so to you?