

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE SECOND INAUGURAL—FIVE FORKS—APPOMATTOX.

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THE SECOND INAUGURAL.



WE have seen what effect the Hampton Roads conference produced upon Jefferson Davis, and to what intemperate and wrathful utterance it provoked him. Its effect upon President Lincoln was almost directly the reverse. His interview with the rebel commissioners doubtless strengthened his former convictions that the rebellion was waning in enthusiasm and resources, and that the Union cause must triumph at no distant day. Secure in his renewal of four years' personal leadership, and hopefully inspirited by every sign of early victory in the war, his only thought was to shorten, by generous conciliation, the period of the dreadful conflict. His temper was not one of exultation, but of broad patriotic charity, and of keen, sensitive personal sympathy for the whole country and all its people, South as well as North. His conversation with Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell had probably revealed to him glimpses of the undercurrent of their anxiety that fraternal bloodshed and the destructive ravages of war might somehow come to an end. To every word or tone freighted with this feeling, the sincere, magnanimous, and tender heart of President Lincoln responded with bounding impulses. As a ruler and a statesman, he was clear in his judgment and inflexible in his will to reestablish union and maintain freedom for all who had gained it by the chances of war; but also as a statesman and a ruler, he was ready to lend his individual influence and his official discretion to any measure of mitigation and manifestation of good-will that, without imperiling the union of the States, or the liberty of the citizen, might promote acquiescence in impending political changes, and abatement and reconciliation of hostile sectional feelings. Filled with such thoughts and purposes, he spent the day after his return from Hampton Roads in considering and perfecting a new proposal, designed as a peace-offering to the States in rebellion. On the evening of February 5, 1865, he called his Cabinet together and read to them the following draft of a message and proclamation, which he had

written during the day, and upon which he invited their opinion and advice:

Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives: I respectfully recommend that a joint resolution, substantially as follows, be adopted, so soon as practicable, by your honorable bodies: "Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States is hereby empowered, in his discretion, to pay four hundred millions of dollars to the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, and West Virginia, in the manner and on the conditions following, to wit: The payment to be made in six per cent. Government bonds, and to be distributed among said States *pro rata* on their respective slave populations as shown by the census of 1860, and no part of said sum to be paid unless all resistance to the national authority shall be abandoned and cease, on or before the first day of April next; and upon such abandonment and ceasing of resistance one-half of said sum to be paid, in manner aforesaid, and the remaining half to be paid only upon the amendment of the national Constitution recently proposed by Congress becoming valid law, on or before the first day of July next, by the action thereon of the requisite number of States."

The adoption of such resolution is sought with a view to embody it, with other propositions, in a proclamation looking to peace and reunion.

Whereas, a joint resolution has been adopted by Congress, in the words following, to wit:

Now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do proclaim, declare, and make known, that on the conditions therein stated, the power conferred on the Executive in and by said joint resolution will be fully exercised; that war will cease and armies be reduced to a basis of peace; that all political offenses will be pardoned; that all property, except slaves, liable to confiscation or forfeiture, will be released therefrom, except in cases of intervening interests of third parties; and that liberality will be recommended to Congress upon all points not lying within Executive control.²

It may be said with truth that this was going to the verge of magnanimity towards a foe already in the throes and helplessness of overwhelming defeat—a foe that had rebelled without adequate cause and maintained the contest without reasonable hope. But Mr. Lincoln remembered that the rebels, notwithstanding all their offenses and errors, were yet American citizens, members of the same

² Unpublished MS.

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nation, brothers of the same blood. He remembered, too, that the object of the war, equally with peace and freedom, was the maintenance of one government and the perpetuation of one Union. Not only must hostilities cease, but dissension, suspicion, and estrangement be eradicated. As it had been in the past, so it must again become in the future—not merely a nation with the same Constitution and laws, but a people united in feeling, in hope, in aspiration. In his judgment, the liberality that would work reconciliation would be well employed. Whether their complaints for the past were well or ill founded, he would remove even the temptation to complain in the future. He would give them peace, reunion, political pardon, remission of confiscation wherever it was in his power, and securing unquestioned and universal freedom through the constitutional amendment, he would at the same time compensate their loss of slavery by a direct money equivalent.

It turned out that he was more humane than his constitutional advisers. The indorsement of his own handwriting on the manuscript draft of his proposed message records the result of his appeal and suggestion:

“FEBRUARY 5, 1865. To-day these papers, which explain themselves, were drawn up and submitted to the Cabinet and unanimously disapproved by them.—A. LINCOLN.”¹

It would appear that there was but little discussion of the proposition. The President's evident earnestness on the one side, and the unanimous dissent of the Cabinet on the other, probably created an awkward situation which could be best relieved by silence on each hand. The diary of Secretary Welles gives only a brief mention of the important incident, but it reflects the feeling which pervaded the Cabinet chamber:

MONDAY, February 6, 1865.

There was a Cabinet meeting last evening. The President had matured a scheme which he hoped would be successful in promoting peace. It was a proposition for paying the expense of the war for two hundred days, or four hundred millions to the rebel States, to be for the extinguishment of slavery or for such purpose as the States were disposed. This, in few words, was the scheme. It did not meet with favor, but was dropped. The earnest desire of the President to conciliate and effect peace was manifest, but there may be such a thing as so overdoing as to cause a distrust or adverse feeling. In the present temper of Congress the proposed measure, if a wise one, could not be carried through successfully; I do not think the scheme could accomplish any good results. The rebels would misconstrue it if the

offer were made. If attempted and defeated it would do harm.²

The statement of Secretary Usher, written many years afterwards from memory, also records the deep feeling with which the President received the non-concurrence of his Executive Council:

The members of the Cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked, “How long will the war last?” No one answered, but he soon said: “A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war three millions a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives.” With a deep sigh he added, “But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message.”³

The entry made by Secretary Welles in his diary on the morning after the Cabinet meeting, as to the amount and time, is undoubtedly the correct one, coinciding as it does with the President's manuscript. But the discrepancy in the figures of the two witnesses is of little moment. Both accounts show us that the proposal was not based on sentiment alone, but upon a practical arithmetical calculation. An expenditure of three or four hundred millions was inevitable; but his plan would save many precious lives, would shield homes and hearths from further sorrow and desolation, would dissolve sectional hatred, and plant fraternal goodwill. Though overborne in opinion, clearly he was not convinced. With the words, “You are all opposed to me,” sadly uttered, Mr. Lincoln folded up the paper and ceased the further discussion of what was doubtless the project then nearest his heart. We may surmise, however, that, as he wrote upon it the indorsement we have quoted and laid it away, he looked forward to a not distant day when, in the new term of the Presidency to which he was already elected, the Cabinet, with new and more liberal views, would respond more charitably to his own generous impulses.

Few Cabinet secrets were better kept than this proposal of the President and its discussion. Since the subject was indefinitely postponed, it was, of course, desirable that it should not come to the knowledge of the public. Silence was rendered easier by the fact that popular attention in the North busied itself with rumors concerning the Hampton Roads conference. To satisfy this curiosity, a resolution of the House of Representatives, passed on February 8, requested the President to communicate such information respecting it as he might deem not incompatible with the public interest.⁴ With this request Mr. Lincoln complied on the 10th, by a message in which all the correspondence was printed, followed by a brief report touching the points of conference:

On the morning of the 3d [wrote Mr. Lincoln] the three gentlemen, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and

¹ Unpublished MS. ² Unpublished MS.

³ “New York Tribune,” Sept. 13, 1885.

⁴ “Globe,” Feb. 8, 1865, p. 665.

Campbell, came aboard of our steamer, and had an interview with the Secretary of State and myself of several hours' duration. No question of preliminaries to the meeting was then and there made or mentioned. No other person was present; no papers were exchanged or produced; and it was, in advance, agreed that the conversation was to be informal and verbal merely. On our part, the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State, hereinbefore recited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith; while, by the other party, it was not said that in any event or on any condition they ever would consent to reunion; and yet they equally omitted to declare that they never would so consent. They seemed to desire a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course first, which, as some of them seem to argue, might or might not lead to reunion; but which course, we thought, would amount to an indefinite postponement. The conference ended without result.¹

A short discussion occurred in the House on the motion to print this message, but it did not rise above the ordinary level of a party wrangle. The few Democrats who took part in it complained of the President for refusing an armistice, while the Republicans retorted with Jefferson Davis's condition about the "two countries" and the more recent declarations of his Richmond harangue, announcing his readiness to perish for independence. On the whole, both Congress and the country were gratified that the incident had called out Mr. Lincoln's renewed declaration of an unalterable resolve to maintain the Union. Patriotic hope was quickened and public confidence strengthened by noting once more his singleness of purpose and steadfastness of faith. No act of his could have formed a more fitting prelude to his second inauguration, which was now rapidly approaching, and the preliminary steps of which were at this time being consummated.

A new phase of the reconstruction question was developed in the usual congressional routine of counting the electoral votes of the late presidential election. Former chapters have set forth the President's general views on reconstruction, and shown that though the executive and legislative branches of the Government differed as to the theory and policy of restoring insurrectionary States to their normal federal functions, such difference had not reached the point of troublesome or dangerous antagonism. Over the new question also dissension and conflict were happily avoided. By instruction to his military commanders and in private letters to prominent citizens Mr. Lincoln had strongly advised and actively promoted the formation of loyal State governments in Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas, and had maintained the restored government of Virginia after the division of that State and the

admission of West Virginia into the Union, and had officially given them the recognition of the Executive Department of the Government. The Legislative Department, however, had latterly withheld its recognition, and refused them representation in Congress. The query now arose whether the popular and electoral votes of some of those States for President should be allowed and counted.

The subject was taken up by the House, which on January 30 passed a joint resolution naming the insurrectionary States, declaring them to have been "in armed rebellion" on the 8th of November, 1864, and not entitled to representation in the electoral college. A searching debate on this resolution arose in the Senate, which called out the best legal talent of that body. It could not very consistently be affirmed that Louisiana, Tennessee, and Arkansas, held by Federal troops and controlled by Federal commanders in part at least, were "in armed rebellion" on election day, under whatever constitutional theory of reconstruction. The phraseology was finally amended to read that the rebel States "were in such condition on the 8th day of November, 1864, that no valid election for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, according to the Constitution and laws thereof, was held therein on said day," and in this form the joint resolution was passed by both houses. Joint resolutions of Congress have all the force and effect of laws, and custom requires the President to approve them in the same manner as regular acts. His signature in this case might therefore be alleged to imply that he consented to or adopted a theory of reconstruction at variance with his former recommendation and action. To avoid the possibility of such misconstruction, Mr. Lincoln sent Congress a short message, in which he said:

The joint resolution, entitled "Joint resolution declaring certain States not entitled to representation in the electoral college," has been signed by the Executive, in deference to the view of Congress implied in its passage and presentation to him. In his own view, however, the two houses of Congress, convened under the twelfth article of the Constitution, have complete power to exclude from counting all electoral votes deemed by them to be illegal; and it is not competent for the Executive to defeat or obstruct that power by a veto, as would be the case if his action were at all essential in the matter. He disclaims all right of the Executive to interfere in any way in the matter of canvassing or counting electoral votes; and he also disclaims that, by signing said resolution, he has expressed any opinion on the recitals of the preamble, or any judgment of his own upon the subject of the resolution.²

¹ "House Journal," Feb. 10, 1865, p. 237.

² Lincoln, Message, Feb. 8, 1865. "House Journal," p. 213.

In anticipation of possible debate and contention on the subject of counting the electoral votes of reconstructed States, Congress had, on February 6, adopted what afterwards became famous as the Twenty-second Joint Rule, which directed in substance that all such questions should be decided, not by the joint convention of the two houses, but by each house for itself without debate, the two houses having temporarily separated for that purpose; and requiring the concurrence of both for any affirmative action, or to count a vote objected to. When the two houses met in joint convention on the eighth day of February, mention was made by the Vice-President, presiding, that "The Chair has in his possession returns from the States of Louisiana and Tennessee; but in obedience to the law of the land, the Chair holds it to be his duty not to present them to the convention."¹ No member insisted on having these returns opened, since they could not possibly change the result. Only the returns therefore from the loyal States, including West Virginia, were counted, showing two hundred and twelve electoral votes for Lincoln, and twenty-one for McClellan. The Vice-President thereupon announced "that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, having received a majority of the whole number of electoral votes, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, commencing on the fourth day of March, 1865."²

The usual committee was appointed to wait upon Mr. Lincoln and notify him of his second election; and in response to their announcement, he read the following brief address:

With deep gratitude to my countrymen for this mark of their confidence; with a distrust of my own ability to perform the duty required, under the most favorable circumstances, and now rendered doubly difficult by existing national perils; yet with a firm reliance on the strength of our free Government and the eventual loyalty of the people to the just principles upon which it is founded, and, above all, with an unshaken faith in the Supreme Ruler of Nations, I accept this trust. Be pleased to signify this to the respective houses of Congress.³

In the informal friendly conversation which followed, the President said to the committee, in substance:

Having served four years in the depths of a great and yet unended national peril, I can view this call to a second term in nowise more flatteringly to myself than as an expression of the public judgment that I may better finish a difficult work in which I have labored from the first than could any one less severely schooled to the task.⁴

The formal inauguration of Mr. Lincoln for his second presidential term took place at the appointed time, March 4, 1865. There is little variation in the simple but impressive pageantry with which this official ceremony is celebrated. The principal novelty commented upon by the newspapers was the share which the hitherto enslaved race had, for the first time, in this public and political drama. Civic associations of negro citizens joined in the procession, and a battalion of negro soldiers formed part of the military escort. The weather was sufficiently favorable to allow the ceremonies to take place on the eastern portico, in view of a vast throng of spectators. Imaginative beholders, who were prone to draw augury and comfort from symbols, could rejoice that the great bronze statue of Freedom now crowned the dome of the Capitol, and that her guardianship was justified by the fact that the Thirteenth Amendment virtually blotted slavery from the Constitution. The central act of the occasion was President Lincoln's second inaugural address, which enriched the political literature of the Union with another masterpiece, and which deserves to be quoted in full. He said:

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend

been written out from memory, intermingling an abstract of the formal paper which the President read with the informal conversation that succeeded.

¹ "Globe," Feb. 8, 1865, p. 668.

² *Ibid.*, p. 669.

³ Unpublished MS. The reply reported by the notification committee is incorrect, having apparently

⁴ "Globe," March 1, 1865, pp. 1236 and 1263.

this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.¹

The address being concluded, Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office; and listeners who heard Abraham Lincoln for the second time repeat, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States," went from the impressive scene to their several homes with thankfulness and with confidence that the destiny of the country and the liberty of the citizen

were in safe keeping. "The fiery trial" through which he had hitherto walked showed him possessed of the capacity, the courage, and the will to keep the promise of his oath.

Among the many criticisms passed by writers and thinkers upon the language of the second inaugural, none will so interest the reader as that of Mr. Lincoln himself, written about ten days after its delivery, in the following letter to a friend:

DEAR MR. WEED: Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address. I expect the latter to wear as well as, perhaps better than, anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and, as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it.²

A careful student of Mr. Lincoln's character will also find this inaugural address instinct with another meaning, which, very naturally, the President's own comment did not touch. The eternal law of compensation, which it declares and applies to the sin and fall of American slavery, in a diction rivaling the fire and the dignity of the old Hebrew prophecies,³ may, without violent inference, be interpreted to foreshadow an intention to renew at a fitting moment the brotherly good-will gift to the South which has been treated of in the first part of this chapter. Such an inference finds strong corroboration in the phrases which closed the last public address he ever made. On Tuesday evening, April 11, a considerable assemblage of citizens of Washington gathered at the Executive Mansion to celebrate the victory of Grant over Lee. The rather long and careful speech which Mr. Lincoln made on that occasion was, however, less about the past than the future. It discussed the subject of reconstruction, as illustrated in the case of Louisiana, showing also how that issue was related to the questions of emancipation, the condition of the freedmen, the welfare of the South, and the ratification of the constitutional amendment. "So new and unprecedented is the whole case," he concluded, "that no ex-

¹ "Globe," March 4, 1865, pp. 1424, 1425.

² Weed, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 449.

³ Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans, in a letter, 2d April, 1865, to Mr. Auguste Cochin, acknowledging the receipt of Lincoln's second inaugural, said:

"J'ai lu ce document avec la plus religieuse émotion, avec l'admiration la plus sympathique. . . . M. Lincoln exprime, avec une solennelle et touchante gravité, les sentiments qui, j'en suis sûr, envahissent les âmes d'élite, au Nord comme au Sud. Quel beau

jour lorsque l'union des âmes se fera là, dans la vraie et parfaite lumière de l'Evangile. Mais quel beau jour déjà lorsque le chef deux fois élu d'un grand peuple tient un langage chrétien, trop absent, dans notre Europe, du langage officiel des grandes affaires, annonce la fin de l'esclavage, et prépare les embrassements de la justice et de la miséricorde dont l'Ecriture Sainte a parlé. Je vous remercie de m'avoir fait lire cette belle page de l'histoire des grands hommes." . . .

clusive and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collaterals. Such exclusive and inflexible plan would surely become a new entanglement. Important principles may and must be inflexible. In the present situation, as the phrase goes, it may be my duty to make some new announcement to the people of the South. I am considering, and shall not fail to act when satisfied that action will be proper."¹ Can any one doubt that this "new announcement" which was taking shape in his mind would again have embraced and combined justice to the blacks and generosity to the whites of the South, with union and liberty for the whole country? It will remain a perpetual sorrow to the nation, and especially to the South, that the lingering madness of rebellion tragically thwarted the possibility of such a consummation.

FIVE FORKS.

FROM the hour of Mr. Lincoln's reelection the Confederate cause was doomed. The cheering of the troops which greeted the news from the North was heard within the lines at Richmond and at Petersburg, and although the leaders maintained to the end their attitude of defiance, the impression rapidly gained ground among the people that the end was not far off. The stimulus of hope being gone, they began to feel the pinch of increasing want. Their currency had become almost worthless. In October a dollar in gold was worth thirty-five dollars in Confederate money; a month later it brought fifty dollars; with the opening of the new year the price rose to sixty dollars, and soon after to seventy; and despite the efforts of the Confederate treasury, which would occasionally rush into the market and beat down the price of gold ten or twenty per cent. in a day, the currency gradually depreciated until a hundred for one was offered and not taken. As a result of this vanishing value of their money a portentous rise took place in the prices of all the necessaries of life. It is hard for a people to recognize that their money is good for nothing; to do this is to confess that their Government has failed: it was natural, therefore, for the unhappy citizens of Richmond to think that monstrous prices were being extorted for food, clothing, and fuel, when, in fact, they were paying no more than was reasonable. The journals and diaries of the time are filled with bitter execrations against the extortioners and forestallers; but when we translate their prices into the gold standard, we wonder how the grocers and clothiers lived.

To pay a thousand dollars for a barrel of flour was enough to strike a householder with horror; but ten dollars is not a famine price. A suit of clothes costs from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars; but if you divide this sum by seventy-five, there is very little profit left for the tailor. High prices, however, even if paid in dry leaves, are a hardship when dry leaves are not plentiful; and there was scarcity, even of Confederate money, in the South. In Richmond, which lived upon the war, the dearth was especially evident. The clerks in the departments received say four thousand dollars a year, hardly enough for a month's provisions. Skilled mechanics fared somewhat better. They could earn, so long as they kept out of the army, something like six thousand dollars a year. Statesmanship was cheap. A congressman's pay was five thousand five hundred dollars; but most of the civil officers of the Government managed to get their supplies at cost prices from the military stores. It was illegal; but they could not have lived otherwise, and they doubtless considered their lives necessary to their country.

The depreciation of the Confederate currency was an unmistakable symptom of a lack of confidence in the course of affairs, since it did not arise from inflation. On the contrary, Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, did all he could to check this dangerous tendency, going so far as to incur the reproaches of many who imagined his action enhanced prices. All dealers instinctively felt the money was worthless, and their only object was to get it out of their hands as soon as possible, at whatever prices, in exchange for objects of real value. One Confederate diarist² records with indignation that he saw a Jew buy at auction an old set of table-spoons for five hundred and seventy-five dollars, and makes this a cause of complaint against the Government, which permits men to acquire in this way the means of running away. Anybody who was able to leave the country became the object of the envy and hatred of those who remained behind. They began to treat their own financial system with contempt. When the officer in charge of the Treasury Note Bureau at Columbia, alarmed at the approach of Sherman, asked where he was to go, he could get no attention to his inquiries; one high functionary advising that he go to the devil.³

At every advance of General Grant's lines a new disturbance and alarm was manifested in Richmond, the first proof of which was always a fresh rigor in the enforcement, not only of existing conscription laws, but of the arbitrary orders of the frightened authorities. After the capture of Fort Harrison, on the north side of the James, squads of guards were sent into

¹ Raymond, "Life of Lincoln," p. 687.

² Jones, Vol. II., p. 361.

³ "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 384.

the streets with directions to arrest every able-bodied man they met. They paid no regard to passes or to certificates of exemption or detail, but hurried the unhappy civilians off to the field, or herded them, pending their assignment to companies, within the railings of the public square. Two members of the Cabinet, Reagan and George Davis, were thus arrested on the streets by the zealous guards in spite of their protestations, though they were, of course, soon recognized and released. The pavements were swept of every class of loiterers; the clerks in the departments with their exemptions in their pockets were carried off, whether able to do duty or not. It is said by one Confederate writer¹ that the medical boards were ordered to exempt no one who seemed capable of bearing arms for ten days, and he mentions an instance where a man died, on the eleventh day of his service, of consumption. Human nature will not endure such a strain as this; a week after this sweeping of Richmond for recruits, General Gardner reported that more than half the men thus dragged to the trenches had deserted. Of those who remained, the members of influential families came, one by one, back to the town on various pretexts, increasing the bitterness of feeling among those too poor or too obscure to rescue their sons and brothers.

Desertion grew too common to punish. Almost every man in the Confederacy was, by statute or decree, liable to military service, and yet hundreds of thousands of them were not in the army. If men were to be shot for deserting, it would have been a question whether there were soldiers enough to shoot them. Mr. Davis acted prudently in remitting the death sentences laid before him, although this occasioned great dissatisfaction in the army. Near the end of the year 1864 Longstreet reported one hundred men of Pickett's division as in the guard-house for desertion, attributing the blame for it to the numerous reprieves which had been granted, no one having been executed for two months. General Lee sent this report to Richmond with his approval, which gave great offense to the Confederate President. He returned the paper, with an indorsement to the effect that the remission of sentences was not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander.²

As disaster increased, as each day brought its catastrophe, the Confederate Government steadily lost ground in the confidence and respect of the Southern people. It is characteristic of every failing revolt that in the hour of ruin the participants turn upon one another with reproaches, often as causeless and unjust

as those they cast upon their legitimate government. Mr. Davis and his councilors now underwent this natural retribution. They were doing their best, but they no longer got any credit for it. From every part of the Confederacy came complaints for what was done, demands for what it was impossible to do. Some of the States were in a condition near to counter-revolution. Governor Brown of Georgia made no pretense of concealing his contumacy. The march of Sherman across his State seemed to have emancipated him from any obligations to the Confederacy. His letters to Richmond from that moment lost all color of allegiance. The feeling in North Carolina was little better. A slow paralysis was benumbing the limbs of the insurrection, and even at the heart its vitality was plainly declining. The Confederate Congress, which had hitherto been the mere register of the President's will, now turned upon him and gave him wormwood to drink. On the 19th of January they passed a resolution making Lee general-in-chief of the army. This Mr. Davis might have borne with patience, although it was intended as a notification to him that his meddling with military affairs must come to an end. But far worse was the necessity put upon him, as a sequel to this act,—and in conformity with a resolution of the Virginia legislature,—of reappointing General Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the army which was to resist Sherman's victorious march to the North. After this he might say that the bitterness of death was past. The Virginia delegation in Congress passed a vote of want of confidence in the Government's conduct of the war. Mr. Seddon, considering his honor impugned, and not unwilling to lay down a thankless task, resigned his post of Secretary of War. Mr. Davis at first wished him to reconsider his action, claiming that such a declaration from congressmen was beyond their functions and subversive of the President's constitutional jurisdiction; but Mr. Seddon insisted, and General John C. Breckinridge was appointed in his place in February, for the few weeks that remained before the final crash.³ Warnings of serious demoralization came daily from the army; even that firm support to the revolt seemed crumbling. Disaffection was so rife in official circles in Richmond that it was not thought politic to call public attention to it by repression. A detective reported a member of Congress as uttering treasonable language, and for his pains was told at the War Department that matters of that sort were none of his business.⁴

It is a curious and instructive thing to note how the act of emancipation had by this time

¹ Jones, Vol. II., p. 305.

² *Ibid.*, p. 343.

³ Pollard, p. 441.

⁴ "Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 390.

virtually enforced itself in Richmond. The value of slave property was gone. It is true that a slave was still occasionally sold, at a price less than one-tenth of what he would have brought before the war. But servants could be hired of their nominal owners at a barley-corn rate; six dollars in gold would pay the hire of a good cook for a year—merely enough to keep up the show of vassalage. In effect any one could hire a negro for his keeping, which was all that anybody in Richmond got for his work. Even Mr. Davis had at last become docile to the stern teachings of events. In his message of November he had recommended the employment of 40,000 slaves in the army,—not as soldiers it is true, save in the last extremity,—with emancipation to come later.

Lee assumed command of all the Confederate forces on the ninth day of February. His situation was one of unprecedented gloom. The day before, he had reported to Richmond that his troops, who had been in line of battle for two days at Hatcher's Run, exposed to the bitter winter weather, had been without meat for three days. "If some change is not made," he said, "and the commissary department organized, I apprehend dire results; . . . you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us." Mr. Davis indorsed this discouraging dispatch with words of anger and command easy to write: "This is too sad to be patiently considered; . . . criminal neglect or gross incapacity. . . . Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing." A prodigious effort was made, and the danger of starvation for the moment averted, but no permanent improvement resulted in the situation of affairs. The armies of the Union were closing in from every point of the compass. Grant was every day pushing his formidable left wing nearer the only roads by which Lee could escape; Thomas was threatening the Confederate communications from Tennessee; Sheridan was moving for the last time up the Valley of the Shenandoah to abolish Early; while from the south the redoubtable columns of Sherman—the men who had taken Vicksburg, who had scaled the heights of Chattanooga, and having marched through Georgia had left Savannah loyal and Charleston evacuated—were moving northward with the steady pace and irresistible progress of a tragic fate. It was the approach of this portent which shook the nerves of the Confederate leaders more than the familiar proximity of Grant. Beauregard, and afterwards Johnston, were ordered to "destroy Sherman."¹ Beauregard, after his kind, showed his Government its duty in loud and valiant words. He advised Mr. Davis to send him at

¹ Breckinridge to Lee, Feb. 21.

once heavy reënforcements "to give the enemy battle and crush him"; "then to concentrate all forces against Grant, march to Washington and dictate a peace"—a plan of limpid simplicity, which was not adopted. Johnston superseded the brilliant Louisianian the next day, and thereafter did what he could—with the scraps and remnants of an army allowed him—to resist the irresistible.

A singular and significant attempt at negotiations was made at this time by General Lee. He was now so strong in the confidence of the people of the South, and the Government at Richmond was so rapidly becoming discredited, that he could doubtless have obtained the popular support, and compelled the assent of the Executive to any measures he thought proper for the attainment of peace. From this it was easy for him and for others to come to the wholly erroneous conclusion that General Grant held a similar relation to the Government and people of the United States. General Lee seized upon the pretext of a conversation reported to him by General Longstreet, as having been held with General Ord under an ordinary flag of truce for exchange of prisoners, to address a letter to Grant, sanctioned by Mr. Davis, saying he had been informed that General Ord had said that General Grant would not decline an interview with a view "to a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention," providing Lee had authority to act. He therefore proposed to meet General Grant, "with the hope that upon an interchange of views it might be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a military convention." In such event he said he was "authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed conference may render necessary or advisable." Grant at once telegraphed these overtures to Washington. Stanton received his dispatch at the Capitol, where the President was, according to his custom, passing the last night of the session for the convenience of signing bills. The Secretary handed the telegram to Mr. Lincoln, who read it in silence. He asked no advice or suggestion from any one about him, but, taking a pen, wrote with his usual slowness and precision a dispatch in Stanton's name, which he showed to Seward and then handed to Stanton to be signed, dated, and sent. The language is that of an experienced ruler, perfectly sure of himself and of his duty:

The President directs me to say that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for capitulation of General Lee's army, or on some minor or purely military matters. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political questions. Such questions the

President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meanwhile you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

General Grant, on the receipt of this instruction, wrote, in answer to General Lee, that he had no authority to accede to his proposition — such authority being vested in the President of the United States alone; he further explained that General Ord's language must have been misunderstood. Grant reported to Washington what he had done, adding that he would in no case exceed his authority, or omit to press all advantages to the utmost of his ability. This closed the last avenue of hope to the Confederate authorities of any compromise by which the dread alternative of utter defeat or unconditional surrender might be avoided.¹

Early in March, General Lee came to Richmond and had a conference with Mr. Davis on the measures to be adopted in the crisis which he saw was imminent. The General-in-Chief had not taken his advancement seriously. He had not sympathized in the slight which it involved towards the civil government; he had positively refused to assume the dictatorial powers with which the Richmond Congress had clearly intended to invest him; he had ostentatiously thanked "the President alone" for a promotion which in reality came from the President's enemies and critics. He continued to the end, in accordance with the Constitution of the Confederate States, to treat Mr. Davis as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces. He now laid before him the terrible facts by which the army was environed: Richmond and Petersburg must be evacuated before many days; a new seat for the Confederate Government, a new base of defense for the armies, must be taken up farther south and west. There is a direct contradiction between Mr. Davis and the friends of General Lee as to the manner in which the former received this communication. Mr. Davis says² he suggested an immediate withdrawal, but that General Lee said his horses were too weak for the roads, in their present state, and that he must wait till the ground became firmer. But General Long, who gives General Lee as his authority,³ says that the President overruled the general; that Lee wanted then to withdraw his forces and take up a line behind the Staunton River, from which point he might have indefinitely protracted the war. However this may be, they were both agreed that sooner or later the Richmond lines

must be abandoned; that the next move should be to Danville; that a junction was to be formed with Johnston; Sherman was to be destroyed; a swarm of recruits would come in after this victory; and Grant, being caught away from his base, was to be defeated and Virginia delivered from the invader. Mr. Davis gravely set forth this programme as his own, in his book written sixteen years after the war.

But before he turned his back forever upon those lines he had so stoutly defended, before he gave up to the nation the capital of the State for whose sake he had deserted his flag, Lee resolved to dash once more at the toils by which he was surrounded. He placed half his army under the command of General John B. Gordon with orders to break through the Union lines at Fort Stedman, and to take possession of the high ground behind them. The reticence in which General Lee enveloped himself in his last years has left his closest friends in doubt as to his real object in this apparently desperate enterprise. General Gordon, who takes to himself the greater share of responsibility for the plan, says: "I decided that Fort Stedman could be taken by a night assault, and that it might be possible to throw into the breach thus made in Grant's lines a sufficient force to disorganize and destroy the left wing of his army before he could recover and concentrate his forces."⁴ It is certainly true that any fort can be taken, by day or night, if the assaulting party has men enough and is willing to pay the price; but to take a place which cannot be held is not what we expect from a wise and experienced general. Grant had, with singular prescience, looked for some such movement from Lee a month before. He had ordered⁵ Parke, then in command of the Ninth Corps, to be ready to meet an assault on his center and to let his commanders understand they were to lose no time in bringing all their resources to bear on the point of danger. "With proper alacrity in this respect," he adds, "I would have no objection to seeing the enemy get through." This is one of the most characteristic phrases we have met with in Grant's orders. It throws the strongest light both on his temperament and on his mastery of the business at which he had arrived. A month beforehand he foresaw Gordon's attack, prepared for it, and welcomed the momentary success which attended it. Under such generalship an army's lines are a trap into which entrance is suicide.

remains then for us no choice but to continue this contest to a final issue," etc.

² "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 648.

³ Long, "Memoirs of R. E. Lee," p. 403.

⁴ Letter to Jefferson Davis, "Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 650.

⁵ February 22.

¹ Jefferson Davis refers to this incident in his message of March 13 to the Confederate Congress, and says: "It thus appears that neither with the Confederate authorities, nor the authorities of any State, nor through the commanding generals, will the Government of the United States treat or make any terms or agreement whatever for the cessation of hostilities. There

The assault was made with great spirit at half-past four on the morning of the 25th of March. Its initial success was due to a singular cause. The opposing lines at the point chosen were only 150 yards apart; the pickets were only 50 yards from each other; it was therefore a favorite point of departure for those Confederates who were tired of the war. Desertions had of late become very numerous and had naturally been encouraged in every way; orders had been issued allowing deserters to bring their arms with them. When Gordon's skirmishers came stealing through the darkness they were at first mistaken for an unusually large batch of deserters, and they overpowered several picket posts without a shot being fired. The storming party at once followed, took the trenches with a rush, and in a few minutes had possession of the main line on the right of Stedman. Turning on the fort, they soon drove out or made prisoners the garrison. It was the dark hour before dawn, and the defense could not distinguish friends from foes; and for a little while General Parke, who acted with his usual vigor and intelligence, was unable to make headway against the invisible enemy who swarmed on both sides of the breach in the lines. General N. B. McLaughlen, who was posted to the left of Fort Stedman, at once got to work and recaptured an outlying battery with the bayonet, and then hurrying into the fort, in ignorance of its capture, was made prisoner. As soon as it was light, Parke's troops advanced from every direction to mend the breach; Potter on the left, Wilcox on the right, and Hartranft, who had been held in reserve, attacking directly from the high ground in the rear. The last two, between them, first made short work of the Confederate detachments that were moving on the City Point road and telegraph and searching in vain for three forts in the rear of Stedman which they had been ordered to take, and which in reality did not exist. By half-past seven Parke had his task well in hand. He had repulsed the Confederate attack to the right and left of Fort Stedman, recaptured two of the detached batteries, forced the enemy with heavy loss back into the fort, and concentrated upon them a heavy artillery fire from three sides. A few minutes later Hartranft's division carried Fort Stedman by assault, and Gordon withdrew to the Confederate lines what he was able to save of his attacking force. The cross fire of artillery was now so withering that few of the Confederates could get back, and none could come to their assistance. General Parke captured 2000 prisoners, including 71 officers and 9 stands of colors; his own total loss was about 1000.

¹ Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 424.

But this heavy loss was not the only damage the Confederates suffered. Humphreys and Wright, in command of the troops on the Union left, who were to be routed and dispersed according to General Lee's plan, on being informed of the racket in the center, correctly assuming that Parke could take care of himself, instantly searched the lines in their front to see if they had been essentially weakened to support Gordon's attack. They found they had not; but in the process of gaining this information they captured the enemy's intrenched picket lines in front of them, which, in spite of repeated attempts to regain them, were firmly held, and gave inestimable advantage to the Union army in the struggle of the next week. The net results therefore to General Lee of the day's work were a bitter disappointment, a squandering of four thousand of his best troops against half that number on the other side, and the loss of his intrenched picket line, which brought such dangerous neighbors as Wright and Humphreys within arm's-length of him.

For several weeks General Grant's chief anxiety had been lest Lee should abandon his lines. At first he feared a concentration of Lee and Johnston against Sherman; but when the victorious army of the West had arrived at Goldsboro' and formed connection with Schofield his anxiety on that score was at rest, and there only remained a keen eagerness to make an end of the Army of Northern Virginia. "I was afraid," he says, "every morning that I would awake from my sleep to hear that Lee had gone, and that nothing was left but a picket line."¹ Still—just as Lee, though feeling every hour of waiting was fraught with danger, was prevented from moving by the bad roads and the Richmond complications—Grant, although burning to attack, was delayed by the same cause of bad roads, and by another. He did not wish to move until Sheridan had completed the work assigned him in the Valley and joined either Sherman or the army at Petersburg. But at last, satisfied with Sheridan's progress and with Sherman's condition, he resolved to wait no longer, and on the 24th of March, at the very moment when Gordon was making his arrangements for the next day's sortie, Grant issued his orders for the great movement to the left which was to finish the war. He intended to begin on the 29th, but Lee's desperate dash of the 25th appeared to the Union commander to indicate an intention to secure a wider opening to the Danville road to facilitate an immediate move of the Confederates westward, and he felt more than ever that not a moment was to be lost. Sheridan reached City Point on the 26th, and Sherman came up from

North Carolina for a brief visit the next day. He said he would be ready to move on the 10th of April, and laid before Grant a plan for a coöperative campaign, which was of course satisfactory, as was always everything that Sherman proposed, but which the swift rush of events soon rendered superfluous. The President was also there, and an interesting conversation took place between these famous brothers-in-arms and Mr. Lincoln, after which Sherman went back to Goldsboro' and Grant began pushing his army to the left with even more than his usual iron energy.

It was a great army; it was the result of all the power and wisdom of the Government, all the devotion of the people, all the intelligence and teachableness of the soldiers themselves, and all the ability and character which the experience of a mighty war had developed in the officers. Few nations have produced better corps commanders than Sheridan, Warren, Humphreys, Ord, Wright, and Parke, taking their names as they come in the vast sweep of the Union lines from Dinwiddie Court House to the James in the last days of March; north of the James was Weitzel, vigilant and capable. Between Grant and the Army of the Potomac was Meade, the incarnation of industry, zeal, and talent; and in command of all was Grant, then in his best days, the most extraordinary military temperament this country has ever seen. When unfriendly criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, not to be explained away by any reasoning, subtle or gross, that in this tremendous war he accomplished more with the means given him than any other two, on either side. The means given him were enormous, the support of the Government was intelligent and untiring; but others had received the same means and the same support—and he alone captured three armies. The popular instinct which hails him as our greatest general is correct; and the dilettante critics who write ingenious arguments to prove that one or another of his subordinates or his adversaries was his superior will please for a time their diminishing coteries, and then pass into silence without damaging his robust fame.

The numbers of the respective armies in this last grapple have been the occasion of endless controversy. We take the figures given by General Humphreys—not merely on account of his profound study of the subject and personal acquaintance with it, but because we consider him the most thoroughly candid and impartial man who has written the history of this army. The effective force of infantry of

the Army of the Potomac was 69,000; of field artillery, 6000, with 243 guns. The effective force of infantry of the Army of the James was 32,000; of field artillery, 3000, with 126 guns and 1700 cavalry, though General Ord took with him only about one-half his infantry; Sheridan's cavalymen, present for duty, 13,500; the grand total of all arms was 124,700. Lee's infantry numbered 46,000; his field artillery, 5000; his cavalry, 6000; in all, 57,000.

Grant's plan, as announced in his instructions of March 24,¹ was at first to dispatch Sheridan to reach and destroy the South Side and Danville railroads, at the same time moving a heavy force to the left, primarily to insure the success of Sheridan's raid,² and then to turn Lee's position. But his purpose grew and developed every hour, and before he had been a day away from his winter headquarters he had given up the comparatively narrow scheme with which he started and had adopted the far bolder and more comprehensive plan, which he carried out to his immortal honor. It is probable that to General Sheridan belongs a part of the credit of this change of plan. He informs us that when discretion was given him, in the Valley, either to go south, past Lee's right flank, and join Sherman, or to turn east and unite with the Army of the Potomac, he chose the latter course, because he thought it best that the Eastern army, which had thus far won scanty laurels when compared with the Western, should have the glory of this final victory; and that when he arrived at City Point and found General Grant's plans once more contemplated the possibility of sending his cavalry to Sherman and bringing that commander, after disposing of Johnston, to share in the destruction of Lee, Sheridan urged the General-in-Chief to finish the work immediately with the Army of the Potomac, that had so richly merited the glory which would come of the fruition of their long years of blood and toil. Both commanders were full of the spirit of victory. On the evening of the 29th of March, Sheridan's cavalry was at Dinwiddie Court House, and the left of the moving force of infantry extended to the Quaker road—almost to Lee's right flank on the White Oak Ridge. Grant's purpose had now taken complete shape in his mind. From his tent on Gravelly Creek he wrote to Sheridan, telling him the position of all his corps, and adding in simple words, which will stir the blood of every reader for ages to come, "I now feel like ending the matter . . . before we go back." He ordered Sheridan not to cut loose and go after the railroads, but to push for the

¹ Grant, Report.

² Grant wrote to Sherman on the 22d of March: "I shall start with no distinct view further than hold-

ing Lee's forces from following Sheridan. But I will be along myself, and will take advantage of anything that turns up." [Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 323.]

enemy's right rear. "We will all act together as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy."

The next day Sheridan advanced to Five Forks, where he found a heavy force of the enemy. Lee, justly alarmed by Grant's movements, had drawn all his available troops out of the trenches, dispatched a sufficient force under Fitzhugh Lee to Five Forks to hold that important cross-roads, and had taken personal command of the rest on the White Oak Ridge. A heavy storm of rain began the night of the 29th, continuing more than twenty-four hours, and greatly impeded the march of the troops. Warren, on the morning of the 21st, worked his way towards the White Oak road; but before he reached it Lee came out of his lines and attacked Warren's advanced division (Ayers's) with such impetus that it was driven back on the main line at Gravelly Run. There, gallantly supported by General Miles of Humphreys's corps, who made a spirited attack on Lee's left flank, Warren held his own, and in the afternoon moved forward and drove the enemy into his works.

Lee, not satisfied with opposing Sheridan at Five Forks with cavalry, had on the 30th sent Pickett there with some 7000 infantry, which, with nearly an equal force of cavalry, was too much for the Union horse to handle. Sheridan was therefore, on the 31st, forced back to Dinwiddie Court House. "Here," says Grant, "Sheridan displayed great generalship." He fought with obstinate tenacity, disputing every inch of ground, deploying his cavalry on foot, leaving only men enough with his horses to guard them. He gave Pickett and Lee a hard day's work on the way to Dinwiddie, and at night reported his situation to Grant in his usual tone of valorous confidence. Grant, indeed, was far more disturbed than Sheridan. He rained orders and suggestions all night upon Meade, Warren, and Sheridan, the purpose of which was to effect a concentration at daylight on that portion of the enemy in front of Sheridan. Warren, giving his troops, who had been marching and fighting for three days, a few hours' needed rest, came in on Sheridan's right about dawn. But Pickett, seeing that he was out of position, did not wait to be caught between the two Union columns; he withdrew noiselessly during the night¹ and resumed his

strongly intrenched post at Five Forks. Grant, in ignorance of this timely flight of Pickett, was greatly incensed at Warren for not having done what is now seen to have been impossible to do, since Pickett was gone before the hour when Grant wished Warren to attack him. The long-smoldering dislike of Warren, which had been for months increasing in Grant's mind, now blazed out into active hostility, and he sent an aide-de-camp to Sheridan, suggesting that Warren be relieved from his command.²

Sheridan hurried up to Five Forks with his cavalry, leaving Warren to bring up the Fifth Corps. Filled, as Sheridan was all this day, with the most intense martial ardor, his judgment and control of his troops were never more powerful and comprehensive. He pressed with his cavalry the retreating Confederates until they came to Five Forks, and then assigned to Merritt the duty of demonstrating strongly on Pickett's right, while with the infantry of the Fifth Corps he was to strike the left flank, which ran along the White Oak road about three-quarters of a mile east from Five Forks and then made a return of a hundred yards to the north, perpendicular to the road. It was the old tactics of the Valley repeated, with the additional advantage in this case that, if successful, he would drive Pickett westward and cut him off from Lee. To guard against any interruption from the east, MacKenzie had been sent to take possession of the White Oak road, some three miles east of the Forks, a task which he promptly performed, and then came back to take his position on the right of the Fifth Corps.

The battle was fought almost as it was planned: the only difference between conception and execution arose from the fact that it had not been practicable to ascertain the precise position of the enemy's left flank, lest the attempt might put them on their guard. Ayers's division was on the left, Crawford on the right, Griffin behind Crawford, and in this way they moved to the attack about four o'clock. Warren, understanding that the enemy's lines reached farther down the road than was the case, sent Ayers, his smallest division, in a direction which brought it against the angle, and Crawford and Griffin were moving across the road and altogether past the left of the enemy into the woods, when the heavy firing in front

¹ The testimony of the Confederate generals in the Warren court of inquiry shows that Pickett and Fitzhugh Lee, anticipating Warren's arrival at daybreak, resolved to retire at ten o'clock on the night of the 31st of March, and that the movement began at once. "Nearly everything on wheels," Fitzhugh Lee said, "was away by midnight." At daylight the cavalry moved, covering the rear of the infantry. (Warren Court of Inquiry, p. 469.) General W. H. F. Lee's testimony is to the same effect, p. 536.

² Thorough inquiry among the friends of both generals seems to establish the fact that Grant's animosity towards Warren arose from the habit Warren had of discussing his orders, suggesting changes in plans of battle, and movements in support of his own. Grant regarded this habit as lacking in respect to himself, and although Warren was looked upon as one of the ablest and most devoted officers in the army, it was evident that sooner or later Grant's irritation would come to a point which would prove ruinous to Warren.

of Ayers warned Warren of his error, and he immediately bestirred himself to rectify it, sending his aides in every direction, and finally riding off into the woods to bring back Crawford and Griffin to the point where they were so greatly needed. All this occupied considerable time, and in the mean while the brunt of the battle fell upon Ayers's division. They were hardly strong enough for the work thus accidentally assigned them, and there might have been a serious check at that moment but for the providential presence of Sheridan himself, who, with a fury and vehemence founded on the soundest judgment, personally led the troops in their attack on the intrenchments. Those who saw him that day will tell the story to their latest breath, how, holding the colors in his hand, with a face darkened with smoke and anger, and with sharp exhortations that rang like pistol-shots, he gathered up the faltering battalions of Ayers and swept like a spring gust over Pickett's breastworks. Meanwhile Warren was doing similar work on the right. He had at last succeeded in giving his other two divisions the right direction, and came in on the reverse of the enemy's lines. At one moment, finding some hesitation in a part of Crawford's force, "Warren, riding forward," says Humphreys, "with the corps flag in his hand, led his troops across the field." His horse was shot dead in the final charge. The dusk of evening came down on one of the most complete and momentous victories of the war. Pickett was absolutely routed; every man was driven from the field except the killed and wounded, and the prisoners, who were gathered in to the number of some five thousand, with a great quantity of guns and colors. As the battle was ending, Sheridan sent an order to Warren relieving him of his command and directing him to report to General Grant for orders.

It does not come within the compass of this work to review all the circumstances which led General Grant to entertain so rooted a dislike to Warren, and General Sheridan, who had but a slight acquaintance with him,¹ to adopt his chief's opinions. In removing him from command they were perfectly justified. Honestly holding the opinion they held of him, it was their duty to prevent the evils they thought might result from his retention in so important a trust. But it is not improper here to say that a court of inquiry, which General Warren succeeded in obtaining after General Grant had for twelve years denied it to him, decided that the opinions under which Grant and Sheridan acted were erroneous, and that

¹ "As we had never been thrown much together, I knew but little of him." [Sheridan, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 168.]

Warren did his whole duty at Five Forks. Grant never changed his opinion of him. It is true he offered him another command the next day, and soon afterwards he was given an important department to administer; but the General-in-Chief was always implacable towards him. Even on his death-bed, when he forgave all his enemies, and sent forth that touching appeal for human kindness, not only to his friends, but to those who had not hitherto been friends, he kept his feeling of keen dislike for Warren—then sleeping in his honored grave—and wrote it down for future ages in his "Memoirs." A curious instance of his increasing bitterness is seen in one phrase. In his report of 1865 he says Warren was relieved "about the close of this battle"; in his "Memoirs" he says "the troops were brought up and an assault successfully made"—*after* Warren was relieved.

APPOMATTOX.

THE battle of Five Forks ought to have ended the war: Lee's right had been shattered and routed; his line, as he had long predicted, had been stretched westward until it broke; there was no longer any hope of saving Richmond, or even of materially delaying its fall. But General Lee apparently thought that even the gain of a day was of value to the Richmond Government, and what was left of the Army of Northern Virginia was still so perfect in discipline and obedience that it answered with unabated spirit and courage every demand made upon it. It is painful to record or to read the story of the hard fighting of the 2d of April; every drop of blood spent on the lines of Petersburg that day seems to have been shed in vain.

Parke and Wright had been ordered on the 30th of March to examine the enemy's works in their respective fronts with a view to determine whether it was practicable to carry them by assault; they had both reported favorably. After the great victory of Five Forks, Grant, whose anxiety for Sheridan seems excessive, thought that Lee would reënforce against him heavily,² when, in fact, Lee had already sent to his right all the troops that could be spared, and Sheridan had routed them. To relieve Sheridan, and to take advantage of any weakness in Lee's extended front, Grant now ordered an assault all along the lines. The answers came in with electric swiftness and confidence: Wright said he would "make the fur fly"; Ord promised to go into the Confederate lines "like a hot knife into butter." The ground,

² Grant to Ord: "I have just heard from Sheridan. . . . Everything the enemy has will probably be pushed against him."

however, in front of Ord was so difficult that Grant gave him no positive orders to assault, but, on the contrary, enjoined upon him great vigilance and caution. Similar instructions were given to Humphreys; Miles, of his corps, was ordered westward on the White Oak road to help Sheridan, and Wright and Parke were directed to attack at four o'clock on the morning of the 2d. Grant's principal anxiety was lest Lee should get away from Petersburg and overwhelm Sheridan on the White Oak road. Lee was thinking of nothing of the kind. The terrible blow his right had received seemed to have stunned him. He waited, with a fortitude not far from despair, for the attack which the morning was sure to bring, making what hasty preparations were in his power for the coming storm. It came with the first glimmer of dawn. Wright, who had carefully studied the ground in his front, from the safe point of vantage he had gained the day of Gordon's ill-fated sortie, had selected the open space in front of Forts Fisher and Walsh as the weak point in the Confederate harness. Not that it was really weak, except in comparison with the almost impregnable works to right and left: the enemy's front was intersected by marshy rivulets; a heavy abatis had to be cut away under musketry fire from the parapets and a rain of artillery from the batteries. It was a quarter to five before there was light enough to guide the storming columns; but at that instant they swarmed forward, rushing over the Confederate pickets with too much momentum to be delayed a minute, and, gaining the main works, made them their own after a brief but murderous conflict. In fifteen minutes Wright lost eleven hundred men. They wasted not an instant after this immense success. Some pushed on in the ardor of the assault across the Boydton road as far as the South Side Railroad;¹ the gallant Confederate General A. P. Hill rode unawares upon a squad of these skirmishers, and, refusing to surrender, lost his life at their hands. But the main body of the troops wisely improved their victory. A portion of them worked resolutely to the right, meeting strong resistance from the Confederates under Wilcox; the larger part re-formed with the celerity that comes from discipline and experience, and moved down the reverse of the captured lines to Hatcher's Run, where, about seven o'clock, having swept everything before them and made large captures of men and guns, they met their comrades of the Twenty-fourth Corps, whom they joined, facing about and marching over ground cleared of the enemy till the left closed in on the Appomattox River.

Parke also assaulted at the earliest light, meeting with a success on the outer line equally brilliant and important, capturing four hundred yards of intrenchments with many guns, colors, and prisoners. But there was in front of him an interior line, heavily fortified, and here the enemy, under General Gordon, not only made a stand, but resumed the offensive and assaulted several times during the day, without success, the lines which Parke had seized in the morning and hastily reversed. On the left Humphreys displayed his usual intelligent energy; as soon as he heard of the success of Wright and Parke, on his right, he attacked with Hays's division the Confederate redoubt at Crow's House, capturing the works, the guns, and most of the garrison, while upon his left Mott's division drove the enemy out of their works at Burgess's Mill. Humphreys wanted to concentrate his whole corps against the scattered enemy by the Claibourne road; but General Meade countermanded the movement. Mott and Hays were ordered towards Petersburg, and Miles, who had been holding the White Oak road for Sheridan, was therefore left alone to deal with Heth's division, which had hastily intrenched itself near Sutherland's Station, and here a sharp fight took place. Miles, twice repulsed, stuck obstinately to his task, and about three o'clock whipped and dislodged the enemy, making large captures, and driving him off towards the Appomattox and Amelia Court House.

Two forts—Gregg and Whitworth—on the main line of the Confederate intrenchments west of Petersburg made a stout resistance to the National troops. The former was a very strong work, surrounded by a deep and wide wet ditch, flanked by fire to the right and left. It was an ugly thing to handle, but Foster's and Turner's divisions of Gibbon's corps assaulted with unflinching valor, meeting a desperate resistance. Every advantage, except that of numbers, was on the side of its brave defenders, and they put twice their own number *hors du combat* before they surrendered. Gibbon reports a loss of 714 killed and wounded; 55 Confederate dead were found in the work. After Gregg had fallen, Turner's men made short work of Whitworth, and the Confederates, from the Appomattox to the Weldon road, fell slowly back to their inner line of works near Petersburg, now garrisoned by Longstreet's troops, who had come in from the north side of the James.

The attack of Wright, though it must have been anticipated, came upon General Lee with the stunning effect of lightning. Before the advance of the National army had been reported to Lee or Hill, they saw squads of men in blue scattered about the Boydton road,² and it was in riding forward to ascer-

¹ Humphreys, p. 365.

² W. H. Taylor, "Four Years with General Lee."

tain what the strange apparition meant that General Hill lost his life. General Lee, in full uniform, with his dress sword, which he seldom wore, but which he had put on that morning in honor of the momentous day he saw coming,¹—being determined, with that chivalrous spirit of his, to receive adversity splendidly,—watched from the lawn in front of his headquarters the formidable advance of the National troops before whom his weakened lines were breaking into spray, and then, mounting his iron-gray charger, slowly rode back to his inner line. There his ragged troops received him with shouts and cheers which showed there was plenty of fight left in them; and there he spent the day in making preparations for the evacuation which was now the only resort left him. He sent a dispatch to Richmond, carrying in brief and simple words the message of doom to the Confederate authorities: "I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here till night. I am not certain I can do that." He succinctly stated the disaster that had befallen him, announced his purpose of concentrating on the Danville road, and advised that all preparations be made for leaving Richmond that night.

Some Confederate writers express surprise that General Grant did not attack and destroy Lee's army on the afternoon of the 2d of April; but this is a view, after the fact, easy to express. Wright's and Humphreys's troops on the Union left had been on foot for eighteen hours; they had fought an important battle, marched and countermarched many miles, and were now confronted by Longstreet's fresh corps, behind formidable works, led by the best of Lee's generals; while the attitude of the force under Gordon, on the south side of the town, was such as to require the close attention of Parke. Grant, anticipating an early retirement of Lee from his citadel, wisely resolved to avoid the waste and bloodshed of an immediate assault on the inner lines at Petersburg. He ordered Sheridan to get upon Lee's line of retreat, sent Humphreys to strengthen him; then, directing a general bombardment for five o'clock the next morning, and an assault at six, he gave himself and his soldiers a little of the rest they had so richly earned, and which they so seriously needed, as a restorative after the labors past and a preparation for the labors to come.

He had telegraphed during the day to President Lincoln, who was at City Point, the great day's news as it developed hour by hour. He was particularly happy at the large captures. "How many prisoners?" was always the first question as an aide-de-camp came galloping in with news of success. Prisoners he regarded as so much net gain: he was weary of slaugh-

ter; he wanted the war ended with the least bloodshed possible. It was with the greatest delight that he was able to telegraph on this Sunday afternoon, "The whole captures since the army started out gunning will amount to not less than twelve thousand men and probably fifty pieces of artillery."

General Lee, after the first shock of the breaking of his lines, soon recovered his usual *sang-froid*, and bent all his energies to saving his army and leading it out of its untenable position on the James to a point from which he could effect a junction with Johnston in North Carolina. The place selected for this purpose was Burkeville, at the crossing of the South Side and Danville roads, fifty miles from Richmond, whence a short distance would bring him to Danville, where the desired junction might be made. Even in this ruin of the Confederacy, when the organized revolt which he had sustained so long with the bayonets of his soldiers was crashing about his ears, he was able still to cradle himself in the illusion that it was only a campaign that had failed; that he might withdraw his troops, form a junction with Johnston, and continue the war indefinitely in another field. Whatever we may think of his judgment, it is impossible not to admire the coolness of a general who, in the midst of irremediable disaster such as encompassed Lee on the afternoon of the 2d of April, could write such a letter as he wrote to Jefferson Davis under date of three o'clock.² He began it by a quiet and calm discussion of the question of negro recruitment; promised to give his attention to the business of finding suitable officers for the black regiments; hoped the appeal Mr. Davis had made to the governors would have a good effect; and, altogether, wrote as if years of struggle and effort were before him and his chief. He then went on to narrate the story of the day's catastrophe and to give his plans for the future. He closed by apologizing for "writing such a hurried letter to your Excellency," on the ground that he was "in the presence of the enemy, endeavoring to resist his advance."

At nightfall all his preparations were completed. He mounted his horse, and riding out of the town dismounted at the mouth of the road leading to Amelia Court House, the first point of rendezvous, where he had directed supplies to be sent, and standing beside his horse, the bridle reins in his hand, he watched his troops file noiselessly by in the darkness. At three o'clock the town, which had been so long and so stoutly defended, was abandoned; only a thin line of skirmishers was left in front of Parke, and before daybreak he pierced the

¹ J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee."

² Davis, "Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 660.

line in several places, gathering in the few pickets that were left. The town was formally surrendered to Colonel Ely at half-past four, anticipating the capitulation which some one else offered to General Wright a few minutes later. Meade reported the news to Grant and instantly received the order to march his army immediately up the Appomattox by the river road; and Grant, divining the intentions of Lee, dispatched an officer to Sheridan, directing him to push with all speed to the Danville road with Humphreys and Griffin and all the cavalry.

Thus the flight and the pursuit began almost at the same moment. The swift-footed Army of Northern Virginia was now racing for its life; and Grant, inspired with more than his native tenacity and energy, and thoroughly aroused to the tremendous task of ending the war at once, not only pressed his enemy in the rear, but hung upon his flank, and strained every nerve to get in his front. It is characteristic of him that he did not even allow himself the pleasure of entering Richmond, which, deserted by those who had so often promised to protect it, and wrapped in flames lighted by the reckless hands of Confederate officials, surrendered to Weitzel early on the morning of the 3d.

All that day Lee pushed forward towards Amelia Court House. He seemed in higher spirits than usual. As one who has long been dreading bankruptcy feels a great load taken from his mind when his assignment is made, so the Virginian chief, when he drew out from the ruin and conflagration in which the Confederate dream of independent power was passing away, and marched with his men into the vernal fields and woods of his native State, was filled with a new sense of encouragement and cheer. "I have got my army safe out of its breast-works," he said, "and in order to follow me the enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit from his railroads or James River."¹ But he was now dealing with the man who, in Mississippi, had boldly swung loose from his base of supplies in an enemy's country, in face of an army equal to his own, and had won a victory a day without a wagon train.

There was little fighting the first day except among the cavalry. Custer attacked the Confederates at Namozine Church, and later in the day Merritt's cavalry had a sharp contest with Fitzhugh Lee at Deep Creek. On the

4th, Sheridan, who was aware of Lee's intention to concentrate at Amelia Court House, brought his cavalry with great speed to Jetersville, about eight miles southwest of the Court House, where Lee's army was resting. Sheridan intrenched, and sent tidings of his own and the enemy's position to Grant, and on the afternoon of the next day² the Second and Sixth corps came up. A terrible disappointment awaited General Lee on his arrival at Amelia Court House. He had ordered, he says, supplies to be sent there; but when his half-starved troops arrived on the 4th of April they found that no food had been sent to meet them, and nearly twenty-four hours were lost in collecting subsistence for men and horses. "This delay was fatal, and could not be retrieved."³ The whole pursuing force was south and stretching out to the west of him, when he started on the night of the 5th of April to make one more effort to reach a place of temporary safety. Burkeville, the junction of the Lynchburg and Danville roads, was in Grant's possession; the way to Danville was barred, and the supply of provisions from the south cut off. Lee was compelled to change his route to the west; and he now started for Lynchburg, which he was destined never to reach.

It had been Meade's intention to attack Lee at Amelia Court House on the morning of the 6th of April, but before he reached that place he discovered that Lee's westward march had already begun, and that the Confederates were well beyond the Union left. Meade quickly faced his army about and started in pursuit. A running fight ensued for fourteen miles; the enemy, with remarkable quickness and dexterity, halting and partially intrenching themselves from time to time, and the National forces driving them out of every position, moving so swiftly that lines of battle followed closely on the skirmish line. At several points the cavalry, on this and the preceding day, harassed the moving left flank of the Confederates and worked havoc on the trains, on one occasion causing a grievous loss to history by burning Lee's headquarters baggage with all its wealth of returns and reports. Sheridan and Meade pressed so closely at last that Ewell's corps was brought to bay at Sailor's Creek, a rivulet running northward into the Appomattox. Here an important battle, or rather series of battles, took place, with fatal results to Lee's fast vanishing army. The Fifth Corps held the extreme

¹ J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee," p. 451.

² April 5.

³ Lee's report of the surrender. Other Confederate writers insist that the train which should have borne these supplies to Lee was directed to Richmond to assist the flight of the Confederate authorities. (Pollard,

"Lost Cause," p. 703.) Jefferson Davis ("Rise and Fall," Vol. II., p. 668) denounces the whole story as a malignant calumny, and gives voluminous statements from Confederate officers to confute it. But there seems no reason to doubt General Lee's statement, made to Mr. Davis in his report at the time.

right and was not engaged. Humphreys, coming to where the roads divided, took the right fork and drove Gordon down towards the mouth of the creek. A sharp battle was fought about dark, which resulted in the total defeat of the Confederates, Humphreys capturing 1700 prisoners, 13 flags, 4 guns, and a large part of the main trains; Gordon making his escape in the night to High Bridge with what was left of his command. Wright, on the left-hand road, had also a keen fight, and won a most valuable victory. With Wheaton's and Seymour's divisions he attacked Ewell's corps, in position on the banks of the creek, enveloping him with the utmost swiftness and vehemence; Sheridan, whose cavalry had intercepted the Confederates, ordered Cook and Merritt to attack on the left, which was done with such vigor—Davies's horsemen riding over the enemy's breastworks at a single rush—that, smitten in front and flank, unable either to stand or to get away, Ewell's whole force was captured on the field. The day's loss was deadly to Lee, not less than eight thousand in all; among them such famous generals as Ewell, Kershaw, Custis Lee, Corse, and others were prisoners.

In the mean time Ord, under Sheridan's orders, had moved rapidly along the Lynchburg road to Rice's Station, where he found Longstreet's corps entrenched, and night came on before he could get into position to attack. General Read, Ord's chief-of-staff, had gone still farther forward with eighty horsemen and five hundred infantry to burn High Bridge, if possible. He passed through Farmville, and was within two miles of the bridge, when he fell in with two divisions of Confederate cavalry under Rosser and Munford. One of the most gallant and pathetic battles of the war took place. General Read, Colonel Washburn, and all the cavalry officers with Read were killed, and the rest captured; the Confederate loss was also heavy. Read's generous self-sacrifice halted the Confederate army for several hours. Longstreet lost the day at Rice's Station waiting for Anderson, Ewell, and Gordon to unite with him. They were engaged in a fruitless attempt to save their trains,¹ which resulted, as we have seen, in the almost total loss of the trains, in the capture of Ewell's entire force, and in the routing and shattering of the other commands. The day's work was of incalculable value to the National arms. Sheridan's unerring eye appreciated the full importance of it; his hasty report ended with the words, "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." Grant sent the dispatch to President Lincoln, who instantly replied, "Let the thing be pressed."²

In fact, after nightfall of the 6th Lee's army could only flutter like a wounded bird with one

wing shattered; there was no longer any possibility of escape. Yet General Lee found it hard to relinquish the illusions of years, and his valiant heart still dreamed of evading the gathering toils and forming somewhere a junction with Johnston and indefinitely prolonging the war. As soon as night had come down on the disastrous field of Sailor's Creek, he again took up his weary march westward. Longstreet marched for Farmville, crossed to the north bank of the Appomattox, and on the 7th moved out on the road which ran through Appomattox Court House to Lynchburg. His famishing troops had found provisions at Farmville, and with this refreshment marched with such celerity that Grant and Sheridan, with all the energy they could breathe into their subordinates, could not head them off, or bring them to decisive battle that day. Nevertheless the advance of the Union army hung close upon the heels of the Confederates. The rear corps under Gordon had burned the railroad bridge, near Farmville, behind them; but General Barlow, sending his men forward at double-quick, saved the wagon bridge, and the Second Corps crossed over without delay and continued the chase, Humphreys taking the northern road, and sending Barlow by the railroad bed along the river. Barlow overtook Gordon's rear, working great destruction among his trains. Humphreys came up with the main body shortly after noon, and pressing them closely held them till evening, expecting Barlow to join him, and Wright and Crook to cross the river and attack from the south, a movement which the swollen water and the destruction of the bridge prevented. General Irwin Gregg's brigade had indeed succeeded in getting over, but was attacked by an overwhelming force of Confederate cavalry,—three divisions,—Gregg being captured, and his brigade driven back. This trivial success in the midst of unspeakable disaster delighted General Lee. He said to his son, W. H. F. Lee, "Keep your command together, General; do not let it think of surrender. I will get you out of this."³

But his inveterate optimism was not shared by his subordinates. A number of his principal officers, selecting General Pendleton as their spokesman, made known to him on the 7th their belief that further resistance was useless, and advised surrender. General Lee replied: "'I trust it has not come to that. . . . We have yet too many bold men to think of laying down our arms.' . . . Besides, he feared that if he made the first overtures for capitulation Grant would regard it as a confession of weakness, and demand unconditional sur-

¹ Humphreys, p. 385.

² Badeau, Vol. III., p. 581.

³ J. E. Cooke, "Life of R. E. Lee," p. 455.

render."¹ But General Grant did not wish to drive a gallant antagonist to such extremes. On this same day, seeing how desperate was Lee's condition, and anxious to have an end of the now useless strife, he sent him this courteous and generous summons:²

The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance, on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

This letter was sent at night through Humphreys's lines to Lee, who at once answered: "Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender." The forlorn remnant of the Confederate army stole away in the night, on the desperate chance of finding food at Appomattox and a way of escape to Lynchburg, and at daybreak the hot pursuit was resumed by the Second and Sixth corps. All this day the flight and chase continued, through a portion of Virginia never as yet wasted by the passage of hostile armies. The air was sweet and pure, scented by opening buds and the breath of spring; the early peach trees were in flower; the sylvan by-paths were slightly shaded by the pale-green foliage of leafing trees. Through these quiet solitudes the fast-diminishing army of Lee plodded on, in the apathetic obedience which is all there is left to brave men when hope is gone, and behind them came the victorious legions of Grant, inspired to the forgetfulness of pain and fatigue by the stimulus of a prodigious success. Sheridan on the extreme left, by unheard-of exertions at last accomplished the important task of placing himself squarely on Lee's line of retreat. His advance, under Custer, captured, about sunset on the evening of the 8th, Appomattox Station with four trains of provisions, then attacked the rebel force advancing from Farmville, and drove it towards the Court House, taking twenty-five guns and many prisoners. A reconnaissance revealed the startling fact that Lee's whole army was coming up the road. Though he had nothing but cavalry, Sheridan with undaunted courage resolved to hold the inestimable advantage he had gained, sending a request to Grant to hurry up the required infantry support, saying that if Gibbon and Griffin could get to him that night "the job might be finished in the morning." He added, with singular prescience, referring to

the negotiations which had been opened, "I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so."

This was strictly true. When Grant received Lee's first letter he replied on the morning of the 8th, saying: "Peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon; namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received." But in the course of the day a last hope seemed to have come to Lee that he might yet reach Appomattox in safety and thence make his way to Lynchburg—a hope utterly fallacious, for Stoneman was now on the railroad near Lynchburg. He therefore, while giving orders to his subordinates to press with the utmost energy westward, answered General Grant's letter in a tone more ingenious than candid, reserving, while negotiations were going on, the chance of breaking away.

In my note of yesterday [he said] I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot therefore meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 A. M., to-morrow, on the old stage road to Richmond between the picket lines of the two armies.

Grant was not to be entrapped into a futile negotiation for the restoration of peace. He doubtless had in view the President's peremptory instructions of the 3d of March, forbidding him to entertain any proposition except for the surrender of armies, or to engage in any political discussion or conference. He therefore answered General Lee on the morning of the 9th of April with perfect courtesy, but with unmistakable frankness, saying: "I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M., to-day, could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally desirous for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that

¹ Long, p. 417.

² April 7.

most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself," etc. He dispatched this letter to Lee and then set off to the left, where Sheridan was barring Lee's last avenue of escape.

It appears from General Lee's report, made four days after the surrender, that he had no intention on the night of the 8th of giving up the fight. He ordered Fitz Lee, supported by Gordon, in the morning "to drive the enemy from his front, wheel to the left and cover the passage of the trains, while Longstreet . . . should close up and hold the position." He expected to find only cavalry on the ground, and thought even his remnant of infantry could break through Sheridan's horse while he himself was amusing Grant with platonic discussions in the rear. But he received, on arriving at the rendezvous he had suggested, not only Grant's stern refusal to enter into a political negotiation, but other intelligence which was to him the trump of doom. Ord and Griffin had made an almost incredible march of some thirty miles during the preceding day and night, and had come up at daylight to the post assigned them in support of Sheridan; and when Fitzhugh Lee and Gordon made their advance in the morning and the National cavalry fell slowly back, in obedience to their orders, there suddenly appeared before the amazed Confederates a formidable force of infantry filling the road, covering the adjacent hills and valley, and barring as with an adamant wall the further progress of the army of the revolt. The marching of the Confederate army was over forever. The appalling tidings were instantly carried to Lee. He at once sent orders to cease hostilities, and, suddenly brought to a sense of his real situation, sent a note to Grant, asking an interview in accordance with the offer contained "in Grant's letter of the 8th for the surrender of his army." Grant had created the emergency calling for such action. As Sheridan was about to charge on the huddled mass of astonished horse and foot in front of him a flag of truce was displayed, and the war was at an end. The Army of Northern Virginia was already captured. "I've got 'em, like that!" cried Sheridan, doubling up his fist, fearful of some ruse or evasion in the white flag. The Army of the Potomac on the north and east, Sheridan and Ord on the south and west, completely encircled the demoralized and crumbled army of Lee. There was not another day's fighting in them. That morning at three o'clock Gordon

had sent word to Lee that he "had fought his corps to a frazzle, and could do nothing more unless heavily supported by Longstreet." Lee and his army were prisoners of war before he and Grant met at Appomattox.

The meeting took place at the house of Mr. McLean, in the edge of the village. Lee met Grant at the threshold, and ushered him into a small and barely furnished parlor where were soon assembled the leading officers of the National army. General Lee was accompanied only by his secretary, Colonel Charles Marshall. A short conversation led up to a request from Lee for the terms on which the surrender of his army would be received. Grant briefly stated the terms which would be accorded. Lee acceded to them, and Grant wrote the following letter:

In accordance with the substance of my letter to you on the 8th inst. I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

General Grant says in his "Memoirs" that up to the moment when he put pen to paper he had not thought of a word that he should write. The terms he had verbally proposed, and which Lee had accepted, were soon put in writing, and there he might have stopped. But as he wrote, a feeling of sympathy for his gallant antagonist gradually came over him, and he added the extremely liberal terms with which his letter closed. The sight of Lee's sword, an especially fine one, suggested the paragraph allowing officers to retain their side-arms; and he ended with a phrase which he had evidently not thought of and for which he had no authority, which practically pardoned and amnestied every man in Lee's army — a thing he had refused to consider the day before, and which had been expressly forbidden him in President Lincoln's order of the 3d of March.¹ Yet so great was the joy over the crowning victory, so

¹ The President in his Amnesty Proclamation of December 8, 1863, expressly excepted officers above the rank of colonel, all who left seats in Congress to aid the rebellion, and all who resigned commissions in

the army or navy of the United States and afterwards participated in the rebellion. The terms granted at Appomattox practically extended amnesty to many persons in these classes.

deep was the gratitude of the Government and the people to Grant and his heroic army, that his terms were accepted as he wrote them, and his exercise of the Executive prerogative of pardon entirely overlooked. It must be noticed here, however, as a few days later it led the greatest of Grant's generals into serious error.

Lee must have read the memorandum of terms with as much surprise as gratification. He said the permission for officers to retain their side-arms would have a happy effect. He then suggested and gained another important concession — that those of the cavalry and artillery who owned their own horses should be allowed to take them home to put in their crops. Lee wrote a brief reply accepting the terms. He then remarked that his army was in a starving condition, and asked Grant to provide them with subsistence and forage, to which he at once assented, and asked for how many men the rations would be wanted. Lee answered, "About twenty-five thousand," and orders were at once given to issue them. The number surrendered turned out to be even larger than this. The paroles signed amounted to 28,231. If we add to this the captures at Five Forks, Petersburg, and Sailor's Creek, the thousands who deserted the failing cause at every by-road leading to their homes, and filled every wood and thicket between Richmond and Lynchburg, we can see how considerable an army Lee commanded when Grant "started out gunning." Yet every Confederate writer, speaker, and singer who refers to the surrender says, and will say forever, that Lee surrendered only seven thousand muskets.

With these brief and simple formalities one of the most momentous transactions of modern times was concluded. The news soon transpired, and the Union gunners prepared to fire a national salute; but Grant would not permit it. He forbade any rejoicing over a fallen enemy, who he hoped would hereafter be an enemy no longer. The next day he rode to the Confederate lines to make a visit of farewell to General Lee. Sitting on horseback between the lines, the two heroes of the war held a friendly conversation. Lee considered the war at an end, slavery dead, the national authority restored; Johnston must now surrender — the sooner the better. Grant urged him to make a public appeal to hasten the return of peace; but Lee, true to his ideas of subordination to a government which had ceased to exist, said he could not do this without consulting the Confederate President. They parted with courteous good wishes, and Grant, without pausing to look at the city he had taken or the enormous system of works which had so long held him at bay, intent only upon reaping the peaceful results of his colossal victory, and putting an end to the waste and the burden of war, hurried away to Washington to do what he could for this practical and beneficent purpose. He had done an inestimable service to the Republic: he had won immortal honor for himself; but neither then nor at any subsequent period of his life was there any sign in his words or his bearing of the least touch of vainglory. The day after Appomattox he was as simple, modest, and unassuming a citizen as he was the day before Sumter.



TELLUS.

WHY here on this third planet from the sun
 Fret we, and smite against our prison-bars?
 Why not in Saturn, Mercury, or Mars
 Mourn we our sins, the things undone and done?
 Where was the soul's bewildering course begun?
 In what sad land among the scattered stars
 Wrought she the ill which now for ever scars
 By bitter consequence each victory won?
 I know not, dearest friend; yet this I see,
 That thou for holier fellowships wast meant;
 Through some strange blunder thou art here; and we,
 Who on the convict-ship were hither sent
 By judgment just, must not be named with thee
 Whose tranquil presence shames our discontent.

William R. Huntington.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE FALL OF THE REBEL CAPITAL—LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE FALL OF THE REBEL CAPITAL.



SINCE the visit of Blair and the return of the rebel commissioners from the Hampton Roads conference, no event of special significance had excited the authorities or people of Richmond. February and March passed away in the routine of war and politics, which at the end of four years had become familiar and dull. To shrewd observers in that city things were going from bad to worse. Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, had abandoned the capital and the cause and retired to Georgia to await the end. Judge John A. Campbell, though performing the duties of Assistant Secretary of War, made, among his intimate friends, no concealment of his opinion that the last days of the Confederacy had come.² The members of the rebel Congress, adjourning after their long and fruitless winter session, gave many indications that they never expected to reassemble. A large part of their winter's work had been to demonstrate without direct accusation that it was the Confederate mal-Administration which was wrecking the Southern cause. On his part Jefferson Davis prolonged their session a week to send them his last message—a dry lecture to prove that the blame rested entirely on their own shoulders. The last desperate measure of rebel statesmanship, the law to permit masters to put their slaves into the Southern armies to fight for the rebellion, was so palpably illogical and impracticable that both the rebel Congress and the rebel President appear to have treated it as the merest legislative rubbish; or else the latter would scarcely have written in the same message, after stating that "much benefit is anticipated from this measure," that

The people of the Confederacy can be but little known to him who supposes it possible they would

² Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 450.

³ Davis, Message, March 13, 1865. "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1865, pp. 718, 719.

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ever consent to purchase, at the cost of degradation and slavery, permission to live in a country garrisoned by their own negroes, and governed by officers sent by the conqueror to rule over them.³

Jefferson Davis was strongly addicted to political contradictions, but we must suppose even his cross-eyed philosophy capable of detecting that a negro willing to fight in slavery in preference to fighting in freedom was not a very safe reliance for Southern independence. The language as he employs it here fitly closes the continuous official Confederate wail about Northern subjugation, Northern despotism, Northern barbarity, Northern atrocity, and Northern inhumanity which rings through his letters, speeches, orders, messages, and proclamations with monotonous dissonance during his whole four years of authority.

Of all the Southern people none were quite so blinded as those of Richmond. Their little bubble of pride at being the Confederate capital was ever iridescent with the brightest hopes. They had no dream that the visible symbols of Confederate government and glory upon which their eyes had nourished their faith would disappear almost as suddenly as if an earthquake had swallowed them. Poverty, distress, and desolation had indeed crept into their homes, but the approach had been slow, and so mitigated by the exaltations of a heroic self-sacrifice that they welcomed the change rather than suffered by it. For the moment nature was their helper. The cheering, healing, revivifying influences of the spring-time were at hand. The warm sunshine lay on the hills, the songs of birds were in the air, buds and blossoms filled the gardens.

All accounts agree that when on Sunday morning, April 2, 1865, the people of Richmond went forth to their places of worship, they had no thought of impending change or public calamity. The ominous signs of such a possibility had escaped their attention. A few days before, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, with her children, had left Richmond for the South and sent some of her furniture to auction. So also some weeks before, the horses remaining in the city had been impressed to collect the tobacco into convenient warehouses where it

could be readily burned to prevent its falling into Yankee hands.¹

But the significance of these and perhaps other indications could not be measured by the general populace. In fact for some days a rather unusual quiet had prevailed. That morning Jefferson Davis was in his pew in St. Paul's Church when before the sermon was ended an officer walked up the aisle and handed him a telegram from General Lee at Petersburg, dated at half-past ten that morning, in which he read, "My lines are broken in three places; Richmond must be evacuated this evening." He rose and walked out of church; whereupon the officer handed the telegram to the rector, who as speedily as possible brought the services to a close, making the announcement that General Ewell, the commander at Richmond, desired the military forces to assemble at three o'clock in the afternoon. The news seems also to have reached in some form one or two of the other churches, so that though no announcement of the fact was made, the city little by little became aware of the harrowing necessity.

The fact of its being Sunday, with no business going on and rest pervading every household, doubtless served to moderate the shock to the public. Yet very soon the scene was greatly transformed. From the Sabbath stillness of the morning the streets became alive with bustle and activity. Jefferson Davis had called his Cabinet and officials together, and the hurried packing of the Confederate archives for shipment was soon in progress. Citizens who had the means made hasty preparations for flight; the far greater number who were compelled to stay were in a flutter to devise measures of protection or concealment. The banks were opened and depositors flocked thither to withdraw their money and valuables. A remnant of the Virginia legislature gathered in the Representatives' Hall at the Capitol to debate a question of greater urgency than had ever before taxed their wisdom or eloquence. In another room sat the municipal council, for once impressed with the full weight of its responsibility. Meanwhile the streets were full of hurrying people, of loaded wagons, of galloping military officers conveying orders. One striking sketch of that wild hurry-skurry deserves to be recorded.

Lumpkin, who for many years had kept a slave-trader's jail, also had a work of necessity on hand—fifty men, women, and children, who must be saved to the missionary institution for the future enlightenment of Africa. Although it was the Lord's day (perhaps he was comforted by the thought that

"the better the day the better the deed") the coffle-gang was made up in the jail yard, within pistol shot of Davis's parlor window, within a stone's throw of the Monumental Church, and a sad and weeping throng, chained two and two, the last slave-coffle that shall ever tread the streets of Richmond, were hurried to the Danville depot.²

But the "institution," like the Confederacy, was already *in extremis*. The account adds that the departing trains could afford no transportation for this last slave cargo, and the gang probably went to pieces like every other Richmond organization, military and political.

Evening had come, and the confusion of the streets found its culmination at the railroad depots. Military authority made room for the fleeing President and his Cabinet, and department officials and their boxes of more important papers. The cars were overcrowded and overloaded long before the clamoring multitude and piles of miscellaneous baggage could be got aboard, and by the occasional light of lanterns flitting hither and thither the wheezing and coughing trains moved out into the darkness. The legislature of Virginia and the governor of the State departed in a canal boat towards Lynchburg. All available vehicles carrying fugitives were leaving the city by various country roads, but the great mass of the population, unable to get away, had to confront the dread certainty that only one night remained before the appearance of a hostile army with the power of death and destruction over them and their homes.

How this power might be exercised, present signs were none too reassuring. Since noon, when the fact of evacuation had become certain, the whole fabric of society seemed to be crumbling to pieces. Military authority was concentrating its energy on only two objects, destruction and departure. The civil authority was lending a hand, for the single hasty precaution which the city council could ordain was, that all the liquors in the city should be emptied out. To order this was one thing, to have it rigorously executed would be asking quite too much of the lower human appetites, and while some of the street gutters ran with alcohol, enough was surreptitiously consumed to produce a frightful state of excitement and drunkenness. No picture need be drawn of the possibilities of violence and crime which must have haunted the timid watchers in Richmond who listened all night to the shouts, the blasphemy, the disorder that rose and fell in the streets, or who furtively noted the signs of pillage already begun. And how shall we follow their imagination, passing from these visible acts of the friends of yesterday to what they might look for from the enemies expected to-morrow? For had not their President offi-

¹ Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," Vol. II., p. 438.

² "Atlantic Monthly," June, 1865.

cially, their statesmen, and their newspapers with frantic rhetoric, warned them against the fanatical, penny-worshipping Yankee invader? And that final horror of horrors, the negro soldiers held up to their dread by the solemn presidential message of Jefferson Davis only two weeks before. What now of the fear of servile insurrection, the terrible specter they had secretly nursed from their very childhood? It is scarcely possible they can have escaped such meditations even though already weary and exhausted with the surprises and labors of the day, with the startling anxieties of the evening, with the absorbing care of burying their household silver and secreting their yet more precious personal ornaments and tokens of affection. In Europe, a thousand wars have rendered such experiences historically commonplace; in America, let us hope that a thousand years of peace may render their repetition impossible.

Full of dangerous portent as had been the night, the morning became yet more ominous. Long before day sleepers and watchers alike were startled by a succession of explosions which shook every building. The military authorities were blowing up the vessels in construction at the river. These were nine in number, three of them iron-clads of four guns each, the others small wooden ships.¹ Next, the arsenal was fired; and, as many thousands of loaded shells were stored here, there succeeded for a period the sounds of a continuous cannonade. Already fire had been set to the warehouses containing the collected tobacco and cotton, among which loaded shells had also been scattered to insure more complete destruction.

There is a conflict of testimony as to who is responsible for the deplorable public calamity which ensued. The rebel Congress had passed a law ordering the Government tobacco and other public property to be burned, and Jefferson Davis states that the general commanding had advised with the mayor and city authori-

ties about precautions against a conflagration.² On the other hand, Lieutenant-General Ewell, the military commander, has authorized the statement that he not only earnestly warned the city authorities of the certain consequences of the measure, but that he took the responsibility of disobeying the law and military orders. "I left the city about seven o'clock in the morning," he writes, "and as yet nothing had been fired by my orders; yet the buildings and depot near the railway bridge were on fire, and the flames were so close as to be disagreeable as I rode by them."³ By this time the spirit of lawlessness and hunger for pillage had gained full headway. The rearguard of the retreating Confederates set the three great bridges in flames, and while the fire started at the four immense warehouses and various points, and soon uniting in an uncontrollable conflagration was beginning to eat out the heart of the city, a miscellaneous mob went from store to store, and with a beam for a battering ram smashed in the doors so that the crowd might freely enter and plunder the contents. This rapacity, first directed towards bread and provision stores, gradually extended itself to all other objects until mere greed of booty rather than need or usefulness became the ruling instinct, and promoted the waste and destruction of that which had been stolen. Into this pandemonium of fire and license there came one additional terror to fill up its dramatic completeness.

About ten o'clock [writes an eye-witness], just before the entrance of the Federal army, a cry of dismay rang all along the streets which were out of the track of the fire, and I saw a crowd of leaping, shouting demons, in parti-colored clothes, and with heads half shaven. It was the convicts from the penitentiary, who had overcome the guard, set fire to the prison, and were now at liberty. Many a heart which had kept its courage to this point quailed at the sight. Fortunately, they were too intent upon securing their freedom to do much damage.⁴

It is quite probable that the magnitude and

¹ "The following is a list of the vessels destroyed: *Virginia*, flag-ship, four guns, iron-clad; *Richmond*, four guns, iron-clad; *Fredericksburg*, four guns, iron-clad; *Nansemond*, two guns, wooden; *Hampton*, two guns, wooden; *Roanoke*, one gun, wooden; *Torpedo*, tender; *Shrapnel*; *Patrick Henry*, school-ship." [Porter, Report, April 5, 1865. Report Sec. Navy, 1865-66.]

² Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 666.

³ Ewell to Lossing, November, 1866. "The Independent," March 11, 1886.

Lossing, writing from both the written statement and verbal explanations of General Ewell, says: "Now General Ewell earnestly warned the city authorities of the danger of acting according to the letter of that resolution; for a brisk wind was blowing from the south which would send the flames of the burning warehouses into the town and imperil the whole city. Early in the evening a deputation of citizens called

upon President Davis and remonstrated against carrying out that order of Congress, because the safety of the city would be jeopardized. He was then in an unamiable state of mind, and curtly replied, 'Your statement that the burning of the warehouses will endanger the city is only a cowardly pretext to save your property for the Yankees!' After Davis's departure a committee of the city council, at the suggestion of General Ewell, went to the War Office to remonstrate with whomsoever might represent the department, against the execution of the perilous order. Major Melton rudely replied in language which was almost an echo of that of his superior, and General Ewell, in spite of his earnest remonstrances, was ordered to cause the four warehouses near the river to be set on fire at three o'clock in the morning." [Lossing, in "The Independent" (New York), March 11, 1886.]

⁴ Mary Tucker Magill, in "The Independent" (New York), Jan. 7, 1886.

rapidity of the disaster served in a measure to mitigate its evil results. The burning of seven hundred buildings comprising the entire business portion of Richmond, warehouses, manufacturing, mills, depots, and stores, all within the brief space of a day, was a visitation so sudden, so unexpected, so stupefying as to overawe and terrorize even wrong-doers, and made the harvest of plunder so abundant as to serve to scatter the mob and satisfy its rapacity to quick repletion.

Before a new hunger could arise, assistance, protection, and relief were at hand. The citizens' committee which went forth to surrender Richmond met the vanguard of the Union army under General Weitzel outside the limits of the city in the early forenoon, and after a formal ceremony of submission, a small detachment of white Union cavalry galloped into the late rebel capital, and proceeding directly to the State House raised the national flag over it.¹ Soon afterward there occurred what was to the inhabitants the central incident of the day—the event which engrossed their solicitude even more than the vanished rebel Government, the destroyed city, or the lost cause. This was the arrival of the colored soldiers, the, to them, visible realization of the new political and social heavens and earth to which four years of rebellion and war had brought them. The prejudices of a lifetime cannot be instantly overcome, and the rebels of Richmond doubtless felt that this was the final drop in their cup of misery and that their "subjugation" was complete. General Weitzel had arrived with the first detachment of Union cavalry; and seeing the conflagration and disorder, he sent back an aide in haste to bring into the city the first brigade he could find, to act as a provost guard.

At length they came—a brigade of colored cavalry from the division of General Devens.² It is related that about this time, as by a common impulse, the white people of Richmond disappeared from the streets, and the black population streamed forth with an apparently instinctive recognition that their day of jubilee had at last arrived. To see this compact, organized body of men of their own color, on horseback, in neat uniforms, with flashing sabers, with the gleam of confidence and triumph in their eyes, was a palpable living reality to which their hope and pride, long repressed, gave instant response. They greeted them with expressions of welcome in every form—cheers, shouts, laughter, and a rattle of ex-

clamations as they rushed along the sides of the street to keep pace with the advancing column and feast their eyes on the incredible sight; while the black Union soldiers rose high in their stirrups and with waving swords and deafening huzzas acknowledged the fraternal reception.

But there was little time for holiday enjoyment. The conflagration was roaring, destruction was advancing; fury of fire, blackness of smoke, crash of falling walls, obstruction of debris, confusion, helplessness, danger, seemed everywhere. The great Capitol Square on the hill had become the refuge of women and children and the temporary storing-place of the few household effects they had saved from the burning. From this center, where the Stars and Stripes were first hoisted, there now flowed back upon the stricken city, not the doom and devastation for which its people looked, but the friendly help and protection of a generous army bringing them peace, and the spirit of a benevolent Government tendering them forgiveness and reconciliation. Up to this time it would seem that not an organization had been proposed nor a hand raised to stay the ravages of the flames. The public spirit of Richmond was dead even to that commonest of human impulses, the willingness to help a neighbor in affliction. The advent of the Union army breathed a new life into this social paralysis. The first care of the officers was to organize resistance to fire; and instead of the blood and rapine which the deluded Virginians feared from the Yankee officers and "niggers" in Federal uniforms, they beheld them reestablish order and personal security, and convert the unrestrained mob of whites and blacks into a regulated energy, to save what remained of their city from the needless fire and pillage to which their own friends had devoted it, against remonstrance and against humanity. And this was not all. Beginning that afternoon and continuing many days, these "Yankee invaders" fed the poor of Richmond, and saved them from the starvation to which the law of the Confederate Congress, relentlessly executed by the Confederate President and some of his subordinates, exposed them.

LINCOLN IN RICHMOND.

A LITTLE more than two months before these events, President Lincoln had written the following letter to General Grant:

Please read and answer this letter as though I was not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks,

¹ The flag was raised by a young officer named Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried it at his saddle-bow for a week with this purpose.

² Weitzel, testimony; Report of Committee on Conduct of the War. Supplement, Part I., p. 523.

nor yet to give him a commission, to which those who have already served long are better entitled, and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you, or detriment to the service, go into your military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious and as deeply interested that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself.¹

Grant replied as follows:

Your favor of this date in relation to your son serving in some military capacity is received. I will be most happy to have him in my military family in the manner you propose. The nominal rank given him is immaterial, but I would suggest that of captain, as I have three staff-officers now, of considerable service, in no higher grade. Indeed, I have one officer with only the rank of lieutenant who has been in the service from the beginning of the war. This, however, will make no difference, and I would still say give the rank of captain.—Please excuse my writing on a half-sheet. I have no resource but to take the blank half of your letter.²

The President's son therefore became a member of Grant's staff with the rank of captain, and acquitted himself of the duties of that station with fidelity and honor.

We may assume that it was the anticipated important military events rather than the presence of Captain Robert T. Lincoln at Grant's headquarters which induced the general on the 20th of March, 1865, to invite the President and Mrs. Lincoln to make a visit to his camp near Richmond; and on the 22d they and their younger son Thomas, nicknamed "Tad," proceeded in the steamer *River Queen* from Washington to City Point, where General Grant with his family and staff were "occupying a pretty group of huts on the bank of the James River, overlooking the harbor, which was full of vessels of all classes, both war and merchant, with wharves and warehouses on an extensive scale."³ Here, making his home on the steamer which brought him, the President remained about ten days, enjoying what was probably the most satisfactory relaxation in which he had been able to indulge during his whole presidential service. It was springtime and the weather was moderately steady; his days were occupied visiting the various camps of the great army in company with the general.

"He was a good horseman," records a member of the general's staff, "and made his way through swamps and over corduroy roads as well as the best trooper in the command. The soldiers invariably recognized him and greeted him, wherever he appeared amongst them, with cheers that were no lip service, but came from

the depth of their hearts."⁴ Many evening hours were passed with groups of officers before roaring camp-fires, where Mr. Lincoln was always the magnetic center of genial conversation and lively anecdote. The interest of the visit was further enhanced by the arrival at City Point, on the evening of March 27, of General Sherman, who, having left General Schofield to command in his absence, made a hasty trip to confer with Grant. He was able to gratify the President with a narrative of the leading incidents of his great march from Atlanta to Savannah and from Savannah to Goldsboro', North Carolina. In one or two informal interviews in the after cabin of the *River Queen*, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Rear-Admiral Porter enjoyed a frank interchange of opinion about the favorable prospects of early and final victory, and of the speedy realization of the long-hoped-for peace. Sherman and Porter affirm that the President confided to them certain liberal views on the subject of reconstructing State governments in the conquered States which do not seem compatible with the very guarded language of Mr. Lincoln elsewhere used or recorded by him. It is fair to presume that their own enthusiasm colored their recollection of the President's expressions, though it is no doubt true that he spoke of his willingness to be liberal to the verge of prudence, and that he even gave them to understand that he would not be displeased at the escape from the country of Jefferson Davis and other principal rebel leaders.

On the 29th of March the party separated, Sherman returning to North Carolina, and Grant starting on his final campaign to Appomattox. Five days later Grant informed Mr. Lincoln of the fall of Petersburg, and the President made a flying visit to that town for another brief conference with the general. The capture of Richmond was hourly expected, and that welcome information reached Lincoln soon after his return to City Point.

Between the receipt of this news and the following forenoon, but before any information about the great fire had been received, a visit to Richmond was arranged between President Lincoln and Admiral Porter. Accounts differ as to who suggested it or extended the invitation, and there is great vagueness and even contradiction about the details of the trip. Admiral Porter states⁵ that he carried the President in his flag-ship, the *Malvern*, until she grounded, when he transferred the party to his barge with a tugboat to tow it and a small detachment of marines on board. Another account states that the President proceeded in

¹ Lincoln to Grant, Jan. 19, 1865. Unpublished MS.

² Grant to Lincoln, Jan. 21, 1865. Unpublished MS.

³ Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. II., p. 324.

⁴ Gen. Horace Porter, in *THE CENTURY*, Oct., 1885.

⁵ "New York Tribune."

the steamer *River Queen* until the transfer to the barge; also that another transport, having a four-horse field wagon and a squadron of cavalry, followed for the service of the President. Still a third account states¹ that the party went in the admiral's barge the whole distance, as affording greater safety against danger from any torpedoes which might not yet have been removed. The various accounts agree that obstructions, consisting of rows of piling, sunken hulks, and the debris of the destroyed Confederate vessels, were encountered, which only the tug and barge were able to pass.

The result therefore was that the party were compelled to make a landing at some distance below the proper place, at the suburb called Rockett's, and that there was neither sentry nor officer nor wagon nor escort to meet and receive them. One cannot help wondering at the manifest imprudence of both Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter in the whole proceeding.

Never in the history of the world did the ruler of a mighty nation and the conqueror of a great rebellion enter the captured chief city of the insurgents in such humbleness and simplicity. As they stepped from the barge the street along the river front seemed deserted, and they sent out to find some chance person of whom to inquire their way. The unusual group soon attracted the attention of idlers, and a crowd gathered. Admiral Porter ordered twelve of the marines to fix bayonets to their rifles and to form six in front and six behind the party, which consisted of President Lincoln, holding his son "Tad" by the hand, Admiral Porter, and three officers, all being on foot; and in this order they walked from the landing at Rockett's to the center of Richmond, a distance of nearly two miles. It was a long and fatiguing march, evidently not expected by the President, who during his ten-days' stay with the army had probably always had an officer at his elbow to anticipate his slightest wish for horses or vehicles. There remains no trustworthy account of this strange presidential entry; the printed narratives of it written from memory, after the lapse of years, are so evidently colored by fancy that they do not invite credence. Admiral Porter, writing on the following day, says:

On the 4th of April I accompanied the President up to Richmond, where he was received with the strongest demonstrations of joy.²

This is perhaps the most perfect historical record we shall ever have of the event, and the imagination may easily fill up the picture of a gradually increasing crowd, principally

of negroes, following the little group of marines and officers with the tall form of the President in its center; and, having learned that it was indeed Mr. Lincoln, giving expression to wonder, joy, and gratitude in a variety of picturesque emotional ejaculations peculiar to the colored race, and for which there was ample time while the little procession made its tiresome march, whose route cannot now be traced.

At length the party reached the headquarters of General Weitzel, established in the very house occupied by Jefferson Davis as the presidential mansion of the rebel Confederacy, and from which he had fled less than two days before. Here Mr. Lincoln was glad of a chance to sit down and rest, and a little later to partake of a lunch which the general provided. An informal reception, chiefly of Union officers, naturally followed, and later in the afternoon General Weitzel went with the President and Admiral Porter in a carriage, guarded by an escort of cavalry, to visit the Capitol, the burnt district, Libby Prison, Castle Thunder, and other points of interest about the city; and of this afternoon drive also no trustworthy narrative in detail by an eye-witness appears to have been written at the time.

It was probably before the President went on this drive that there occurred an interview on political topics which forms one of the chief points of interest connected with his visit. Judge John A. Campbell, rebel Assistant Secretary of War, remained in Richmond when on Sunday night the other members of the rebel Government fled, and on Tuesday morning he reported to the Union military governor, General G. F. Shepley, and informed him of his "submission to the military authorities."³ Learning from General Shepley that Mr. Lincoln was at City Point, he asked permission to see him. This application was evidently communicated to Mr. Lincoln, for shortly after his arrival a staff-officer informed Campbell that the requested interview would be granted, and conducted him to the President at the general's headquarters, where it took place. The rebel General J. R. Anderson and others were present as friends of the judge, and General Weitzel as the witness of Mr. Lincoln. Campbell, as spokesman, "told the President that the war was over," and made inquiries about the measures and conditions necessary to secure peace. Speaking for Virginia, he "urged him to consult and counsel with her public men, and her citizens, as to the restoration of peace, civil order, and the renewal of her relations as a member of the Union."⁴

¹ Manuscript narrative of Colonel W. H. Crook.

² Porter, Report, April 5, 1865.

³ Campbell, pamphlet.

⁴ *Ibid.*

In his pamphlet, written from memory long afterwards, Campbell states that Mr. Lincoln replied "that my general principles were right, the trouble was how to apply them"; and no conclusion was reached except to appoint another interview for the following day on board the *Malvern*. This second interview was accordingly held on Wednesday, April 5, Campbell taking with him only a single citizen of Richmond, as the others to whom he sent invitations were either absent from the city or declined to accompany him. General Weitzel was again present as a witness. The conversation apparently took a wide range on the general topic of restoring local governments in the South, in the course of which the President gave Judge Campbell a written memorandum,¹ embracing an outline of conditions of peace which repeated in substance the terms he had proffered the rebel commissioners (of whom Campbell was one) at the Hampton Roads conference on the 3d of February, 1865. The only practical suggestion which was made has been summarized as follows by General Weitzel in a statement written from memory, as the result of the two interviews:

Mr. Campbell and the other gentleman assured Mr. Lincoln that if he would allow the Virginia legislature to meet, it would at once repeal the ordinance of secession, and that then General Robert E. Lee and every other Virginian would submit; that this would amount to the virtual destruction of the Army of Northern Virginia, and eventually to the surrender of all the other rebel armies, and would insure perfect peace in the shortest possible time.²

Out of this second conference, which also ended without result, President Lincoln thought he saw an opportunity to draw an immediate and substantial military benefit. On the next day (April 6) he wrote from City Point, where he had returned, the following letter to General Weitzel, which he im-

mediately transmitted to the general by the hand of Senator Wilkinson, in whose presence he wrote it and who was on his way from City Point to Richmond:

It has been intimated to me that the gentlemen who have acted as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion may now desire to assemble at Richmond, and take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government. If they attempt it, give them permission and protection, until, if at all, they attempt some action hostile to the United States, in which case you will notify them, give them reasonable time to leave, and at the end of which time arrest any who remain. Allow Judge Campbell to see this, but do not make it public.³

This document bears upon its face the distinct military object which the President had in view in permitting the rebel legislature to assemble, namely, to withdraw immediately the Virginia troops from the army of Lee, then on his retreat towards Lynchburg. It could not be foreseen that Lee would surrender the whole of that army within the next three days, though it was evident that the withdrawal of the Virginia forces from it, under whatever pretended State authority, would contribute to the ending of the war quite as effectually as the reduction of that army to an equal number by battle or capture. The ground upon which Lincoln believed the rebel legislature might take this action is set forth in his dispatch to Grant of the same date, in which he wrote:

Secretary Seward was thrown from his carriage yesterday and seriously injured. This with other matters will take me to Washington soon. I was at Richmond yesterday and the day before, when and where Judge Campbell, who was with Messrs. Hunter and Stephens in February, called on me, and made such representations as induced me to put in his hands an informal paper repeating the propositions in my letter of instructions to Mr. Seward, which you remember, and adding "that if the war be now further persisted in by the rebels,

1 "As to peace, I have said before, and now repeat, that three things are indispensable:

"1. The restoration of the national authority throughout the United States.

"2. No receding by the Executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message, and in preceding documents.

"3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war, and the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government. That all propositions coming from those now in hostility to the Government, not inconsistent with the foregoing, will be respectfully considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality.

"I now add that it seems useless to me to be more specific with those who will not say that they are ready for the indispensable terms, even on conditions to be named by themselves. If there be any who are ready for these indispensable terms, on any conditions what-

ever, let them say so, and state their conditions, so that the conditions can be known and considered. It is further added, that the remission of confiscation being within the executive power, if the war be now further persisted in by those opposing the Government, the making of confiscated property at the least to bear the additional cost will be insisted on, but that confiscations (except in case of third party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops from further resistance to the Government. What is now said as to remission of confiscation has no reference to supposed property in slaves." [President Lincoln's memorandum printed in Campbell, pamphlet, pp. 9, 10.]

² Weitzel, in "Philadelphia Times."

³ Lincoln to Weitzel, April 6, 1865. Weitzel, testimony; Report of Committee on Conduct of the War. Supplement, Part I., p. 521.

confiscated property shall at the least bear the additional cost, and that confiscation shall be remitted to the people of any State which will now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops and other support from the resistance to the Government." Judge Campbell thought it not impossible that the rebel legislature of Virginia would do the latter, if permitted, and accordingly I addressed a private letter to General Weitzel, with permission for Judge Campbell to see it, telling him (General W.) that if they attempt this to permit and protect them, unless they attempt something hostile to the United States, in which case to give them notice and time to leave, and to arrest any remaining after such time. I do not think it very probable that anything will come of this, but I have thought best to notify you, so that if you should see signs you may understand them. From your recent dispatches, it seems that you are pretty effectually withdrawing the Virginia troops from opposition to the Government. Nothing that I have done, or probably shall do, is to delay, hinder, or interfere with your work.¹

That Mr. Lincoln well understood the temper of leading Virginians when he wrote that he had little hope of any result from the permission he had given is shown by what followed. When, on the morning of April 7, General Weitzel received the President's letter of the 6th, he showed it confidentially to Judge Campbell, who thereupon called together a committee, apparently five in number, of the Virginia rebel legislature, and instead of informing them precisely what Lincoln had authorized, namely, a meeting to "take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government," the judge in a letter to the committee (dated April 7) formulated quite a different line of action.

I have had [he wrote], since the evacuation of Richmond, two conversations with Mr. Lincoln, President of the United States. . . . The conversations had relation to the establishment of a government for Virginia, the requirement of oaths of allegiance from the citizens, and the terms of settlement with the United States. With the concurrence and sanction of General Weitzel, he assented to the application not to require oaths of allegiance from the citizens. He stated that he would send to General Weitzel his decision upon the question of a government for Virginia. This letter was received on Thursday, and was read by me. . . . The object of the invitation is for the government of Virginia to determine whether they will administer the laws in connection with the authorities of the United States. I understand from Mr. Lincoln, if this condition be fulfilled, that no attempt would be made to establish or sustain any other authority.²

The rest of Campbell's long letter relates to safe-conducts, to transportation, and to the

contents of the written memorandum handed by Lincoln to him at the interview on the *Malvern* about general conditions of peace. But this memorandum contained no syllable of reference to the "government of Virginia," and bore no relation of any kind to the President's permission to "take measures to withdraw the Virginia troops," except its promise "that confiscations (except in case of third party intervening interests) will be remitted to the people of any State which shall now promptly and in good faith withdraw its troops from further resistance to the Government." Going a step further, the committee next prepared a call inviting a meeting of the General Assembly, announcing the consent of "the military authorities of the United States to the session of the legislature in Richmond," and stating that "The matters to be submitted to the legislature are the restoration of peace to the State of Virginia, and the adjustment of questions involving life, liberty, and property that have arisen in the States as a consequence of the war."³ When General Weitzel indorsed his approval on the call "for publication in the 'Whig' and in hand-bill form," he does not seem to have read, or if he read to have realized, how completely President Lincoln's permission had been changed and his authority perverted. Instead of permitting them to recall Virginia soldiers, Weitzel was about to allow them authoritatively to sit in judgment on all the political consequences of the war "in the States."

General Weitzel's approval was signed to the call on April 11, and it was published in the "Richmond Whig" on the morning of the 12th. On that day the President, having returned to Washington, was at the War Department writing an answer to a dispatch from General Weitzel, in which the general defended himself against the Secretary's censure for having neglected to require from the churches in Richmond prayers for the President of the United States, similar to those which prior to the fall of the city had been offered up in their religious services in behalf of "the rebel chief, Jefferson Davis, before he was driven from the Capitol." Weitzel contended that the tone of President Lincoln's conversations with him justified the omission. Mr. Lincoln was never punctilious about social or official etiquette towards himself, and he doubtless felt in this instance that neither his moral nor political well-being was seriously dependent upon the prayers of the Richmond rebel churches. To this part of the general's dispatch he therefore answered:

I have seen your dispatches to Colonel Hardie about the matter of prayers. I do not remember hearing prayer spoken of while I was in Richmond,

¹ Lincoln to Grant, April 6, 1865.

² Campbell, pamphlet.

³ *Ibid.*

but I have no doubt you acted in what appeared to you to be the spirit and temper manifested by me while there.¹

Having thus generously assumed responsibility for Weitzel's alleged neglect, the President's next thought was about what the Virginia rebel legislature was doing, of which he had heard nothing since his return from City Point. He therefore included in this same telegram of April 12 the following inquiry and direction:

Is there any sign of the rebel legislature coming together on the understanding of my letter to you? If there is any such sign, inform me what it is. If there is no sign, you may withdraw the offer.

To this question General Weitzel answered briefly, "The passports have gone out for the legislature, and it is common talk that they will come together." It is probable that Mr. Lincoln thought that if after the lapse of five days the proposed meeting had progressed no farther than "common talk," nothing could be expected from it. It would also seem that at this time he must have received, either by telegraph or by mail, copies of the correspondence and call which Weitzel had authorized, and which had been published that morning. The President therefore immediately wrote and sent to General Weitzel a long telegram, in which he explained his course with such clearness that its mere perusal sets at rest all con-

trovery respecting either his original intention of policy or the legal effect of his action and orders, and by a final revocation of the permission he had given brought the incident to its natural and appropriate termination:

I have just seen Judge Campbell's letter to you of the 7th. He assumes, it appears to me, that I have called the insurgent legislature of Virginia together, as the rightful legislature of the State, to settle all differences with the United States. I have done no such thing.² I spoke of them not as a legislature, but as "the gentlemen who have acted as the legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion." I did this on purpose to exclude the assumption that I was recognizing them as a rightful body. I dealt with them as men having power *de facto* to do a specific thing, to wit: "to withdraw the Virginia troops and other support from resistance to the General Government," for which, in the paper handed to Judge Campbell, I promised a special equivalent, to wit: a remission to the people of the State, except in certain cases, of the confiscation of their property. I meant this and no more. Inasmuch, however, as Judge Campbell misconstrues this, and is still pressing for an armistice, contrary to the explicit statement of the paper I gave him, and particularly as General Grant has since captured the Virginia troops, so that giving a consideration for their withdrawal is no longer applicable, let my letter to you and the paper to Judge Campbell both be withdrawn or countermanded, and he be notified of it. Do not now allow them to assemble, but if any have come allow them safe return to their homes.³

¹ Lincoln to Weitzel, April 12, 1865.

² The account given by Admiral Porter of this transaction, in his "Naval History," p. 799, is evi-

dently written from memory, without consultation of dates or documents, and is wholly inaccurate.

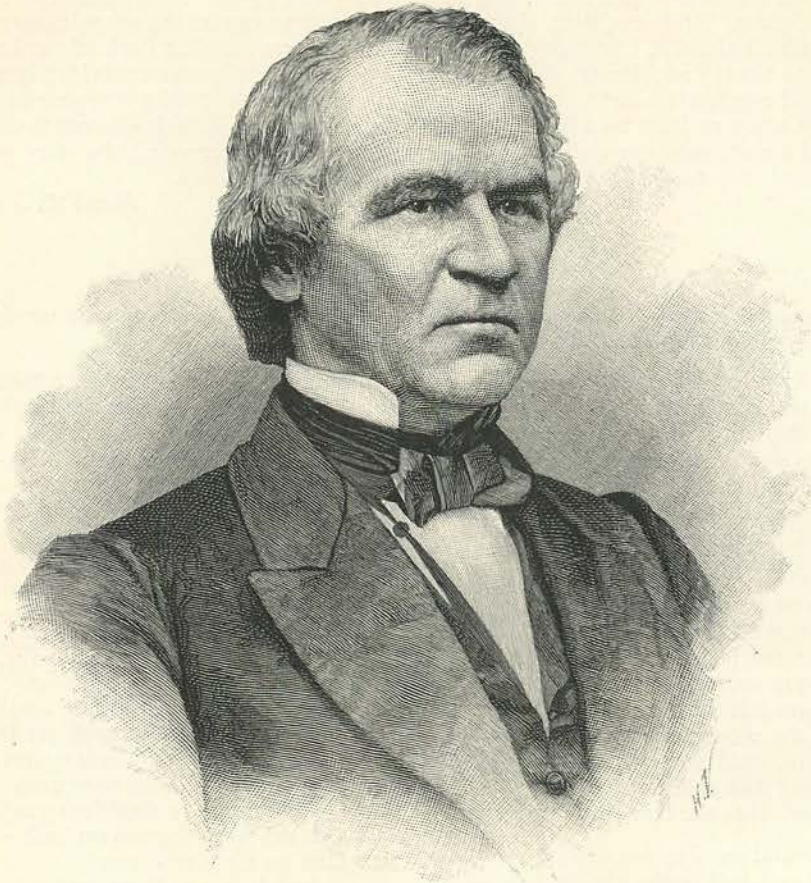
³ Campbell, pamphlet.



WITH A COPY OF SHELLEY.

BEHOLD I send thee to the heights of song,
 My brother! Let thine eyes awake as clear
 As morning dew, within whose glowing sphere
 Is mirrored half a world; and listen long,
 Till in thine ears, famished to keenness, throng
 The bugles of the soul, till far and near
 Silence grows populous, and wind and mere
 Are phantom-choked with voices. Then be strong—
 Then halt not till thou seest the beacons flare
 Souls mad for truth have lit from peak to peak.
 Haste on to breathe the intoxicating air—
 Wine to the brave and poison to the weak—
 Far in the blue where angels' feet have trod,
 Where earth is one with heaven and man with God.

Harriet Monroe.



ANDREW JOHNSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL—THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS —THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE FOURTEENTH OF APRIL.

THE 14th of April was a day of deep and tranquil happiness throughout the United States. It was Good Friday, observed by a portion of the people as an occasion of fasting and religious meditation; but even among the most devout the great tidings of the preceding week exerted their joyous influence, and changed this period of traditional mourning into an occasion of

general and profound thanksgiving. Peace, so strenuously fought for, so long sought and prayed for, with prayers uttered and unutterable, was at last near at hand, its dawn visible on the reddening hills. The sermons all day were full of gladness; the Misereres turned of themselves to Te Deums. The country from morning till evening was filled with a solemn joy; but the date was not to lose its awful significance in the calendar: at night it was claimed once more, and forever, by a world-wide sorrow.

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The thanksgiving of the nation found its principal expression at Charleston harbor. A month before, when Sherman had "conquered Charleston by turning his back upon it," the Government resolved that the flag of the Union should receive a conspicuous reparation on the spot where it had first been outraged. It was ordered by the President that General Robert Anderson should, at the hour of noon on the 14th day of April, raise and plant on the ruins of Fort Sumter the identical flag lowered and saluted by him four years before. In the absence of General Sherman the ceremonies were in the charge of General Gillmore. Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous of the anti-slavery preachers of the North, was selected to deliver an oration. The surrender of Lee, the news of which arrived at Charleston on the eve of the ceremonies, gave a more transcendent importance to the celebration, which became at once the occasion of a national thanksgiving over the downfall of the rebellion. On the day fixed, Charleston was filled with a great concourse of distinguished officers and citizens. Its long-deserted streets were crowded with an eager multitude and gay with innumerable flags, while the air was thrilled from an early hour with patriotic strains from the many bands, and shaken with the thunder of Dahlgren's fleet, which opened the day by firing from every vessel a national salute of twenty-one guns. By eleven o'clock a brilliant gathering of boats, ships, and steamers of every sort had assembled around the battered ruin of the fort; the whole bay seemed covered with the vast flotilla, planted with a forest of masts, whose foliage was the triumphant banners of the nation. The same chaplain¹ who had officiated at the raising of the flag over Sumter, at the first scene of the war, now offered a prayer; Dr. Richard S. Storrs and the people read, in alternate verses, a selection of psalms of thanksgiving and victory, beginning with these marvelous words which have preserved for so many ages the very pulse and throb of the joy of redemption:

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

¹ The Rev. Matthias Harris.

² Gen. E. D. Townsend, afterwards Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

And at the close, before the Gloria, the people and the minister read all together, in a voice that seemed to catch the inspiration of the hour:

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners.

General Townsend² then read the original dispatch announcing the fall of Sumter, and precisely as the bells of the ships struck the hour of noon, General Anderson, with his own hands seizing the halyards, hoisted to its place the flag which he had seen lowered before the opening guns of rebellion. As the starry banner floated out upon the breeze, which freshened at the moment as if to embrace it, a storm of joyful acclamation burst forth from the vast assembly, mingled with the music of hundreds of instruments, the shouts of the people, and the full-throated roar of great guns from the Union and the captured rebel forts alike, on every side of the harbor, thundering their harmonious salute to the restored banner. General Anderson made a brief and touching speech, the people sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Beecher delivered an address in his best and gravest manner, filled with an earnest, sincere, and unboastful spirit of nationality; with a feeling of brotherhood to the South, prophesying for that section the advantages which her defeat has in fact brought her; a speech as brave, as gentle, and as magnanimous as the occasion demanded. In concluding he said, and we quote his words, as they embodied the opinion of all men of good will on this last day of Abraham Lincoln's life:

We offer to the President of these United States our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens and sufferings of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold this auspicious consummation of that national unity for which he has waited with so much patience and fortitude, and for which he has labored with such disinterested wisdom.

At sunset another national salute was fired; the evening was given up to social festivities; the most distinguished of the visitors were entertained at supper by General Gillmore; a brilliant show of fireworks by Admiral Dahlgren illuminated the bay and the circle of now friendly forts, at the very moment when at the capital of the nation a little group of conspirators were preparing the blackest crime which sullies the record of the century.

In Washington also it was a day, not of exultation, but of deep peace and thankfulness. It was the fifth day after the surrender of Lee; the first effervescence of that intoxicating success had passed away. The President had,

with that ever-present sense of responsibility which distinguished him, given his thoughts instantly to the momentous question of the restoration of the Union and harmony between the lately warring sections. He had, in defiance of precedent and even of his own habit, delivered to the people on the 11th, from the windows of the White House, his well-considered views as to the measures demanded by the times. His whole heart was now enlisted in the work of "binding up the nation's wounds," of doing all which might "achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace." Grant had arrived that morning in Washington and immediately proceeded to the Executive Mansion, where he met the Cabinet, Friday being their regular day of meeting. He expressed some anxiety as to the news from Sherman, which he was expecting hourly. The President answered him in that singular vein of poetic mysticism which, though constantly held in check by his strong common sense, formed a remarkable element in his character. He assured Grant that the news would come soon and come favorably, for he had last night had his usual dream which preceded great events. He seemed to be, he said, in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, moving with great rapidity towards a dark and indefinite shore; he had had this dream before Antietam, Murfreesboro', Gettysburg, and Vicksburg. The Cabinet were greatly impressed by this story; but Grant, the most matter-of-fact of created beings, made the characteristic response that "Murfreesboro' was no victory, and had no important results." The President did not argue this point with him, but repeated that Sherman would beat or had beaten Johnston; that his dream must relate to that, as he knew of no other important event which was likely at present to occur.¹

The subject of the discussion which took place in the Cabinet on that last day of Lincoln's firm and tolerant rule has been preserved for us in the notes of Mr. Welles. They were written out, it is true, seven years afterwards, at a time when Grant was President, seeking reelection, and when Mr. Welles had followed Andrew Johnson into full fellowship with the Democratic party. Making whatever allowance is due for the changed environment of the writer, we still find his account² of the day's conversation candid and trustworthy. The subject of trade between the

States was the first that engaged the attention of the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton wished it to be carried on under somewhat strict military supervision; Mr. Welles was in favor of a more liberal system; Mr. McCulloch, new to the Treasury, and embarrassed by his grave responsibilities, favored the abolition of the Treasury agencies, and above all desired a definite understanding of the purpose of the Government. The President, seeing that in this divergence of views among men equally able and honest there lay the best chance of a judicious arrangement, appointed the three Secretaries as a commission with plenary power to examine the whole subject, announcing himself as content in advance with their conclusions.

The great subject of the reestablishment of civil government in the Southern States was then taken up. Mr. Stanton had, a few days before, drawn up a project for an executive ordinance for the preservation of order and the rehabilitation of legal processes in the States lately in rebellion. The President, using this sketch as his text, not adopting it as a whole, but saying that it was substantially the result of frequent discussions in the Cabinet, spoke at some length on the question of reconstruction, than which none more important could ever engage the attention of the Government. It was providential, he thought, that this matter should have arisen at a time when it could be considered, so far as the Executive was concerned, without interference by Congress. If they were wise and discreet, they should reanimate the States and get their governments in successful operation, with order prevailing and the Union reestablished, before Congress came together in December. The President felt so kindly towards the South, he was so sure of the Cabinet under his guidance, that he was anxious to close the period of strife without overmuch discussion. He was particularly desirous to avoid the shedding of blood, or any vindictiveness of punishment. He gave plain notice that morning that he would have none of it. "No one need expect he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them.³ Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off," said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep. "Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union."⁴ He depre-

¹ This story is told by the Hon. Gideon Welles in an article printed in "The Galaxy" for April, 1872. It was frequently told by Charles Dickens with characteristic amplifications. See also "The Life of George Eliot."

² "The Galaxy," April, 1872.

³ Welles, in "The Galaxy."

⁴ Near the close of the war his old friend, Joseph Gillespie, asked him what was to be done with the

rebels. He answered, after referring to the vehement demand prevalent in certain quarters for exemplary punishment, by quoting the words of David to his nephews, who were asking for vengeance on Shimei because "he cursed the Lord's anointed": "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?"

cated the disposition he had seen in some quarters to hector and dictate to the people of the South, who were trying to right themselves. He regretted that suffrage, under proper arrangement, had not been given to negroes in Louisiana, but he held that their constitution was in the main a good one. He was averse to the exercise of arbitrary powers by the Executive or by Congress. Congress had the undoubted right to receive or reject members; the Executive had no control in this; but the Executive could do very much to restore order in the States, and their practical relations with the Government, before Congress came together.

Mr. Stanton then read his plan for the temporary military government of the States of Virginia and North Carolina, which for this purpose were combined in one department. This gave rise at once to extended discussion, Mr. Welles and Mr. Dennison opposing the scheme of uniting two States under one government. The President closed the session by saying the same objection had occurred to him, and by directing Mr. Stanton to revise the document and report separate plans for the government of the two States. He did not wish the autonomy nor the individuality of the States destroyed. He commended the whole subject to the most earnest and careful consideration of the Cabinet; it was to be resumed on the following Tuesday; it was, he said, the great question pending—they must now begin to act in the interest of peace.

These were the last words that Lincoln spoke to his Cabinet. They dispersed with these words of clemency and good-will in their ears, never again to meet under his wise and benignant chairmanship. He had told them that morning a strange story, which made some demand upon their faith, but the circumstances under which they were next to come together were beyond the scope of the wildest fancy. The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son Robert had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young soldier in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends.

Schuyler Colfax, who was contemplating a visit overland to the Pacific, came to ask whether the President would probably call an extra session of Congress during the summer. Mr. Lincoln assured him that he had no such intention, and gave him a verbal message to

the mining population of Colorado and the western slope of the mountains concerning the part they were to take in the great conquests of peace which were coming. In the afternoon he went for a long drive with Mrs. Lincoln. His mood, as it had been all day, was singularly happy and tender. He talked much of the past and the future; after four years of trouble and tumult he looked forward to four years of comparative quiet and normal work; after that he expected to go back to Illinois and practice law again. He was never simpler or gentler than on this day of unprecedented triumph; his heart overflowed with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, which took the shape usual to generous natures, of love and kindness to all men.

From the very beginning of his Presidency Mr. Lincoln had been constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends. The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the proper expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings were not less numerous; the vaporings of village bullies, the extravagances of excited secessionist politicians, even the drolling of practical jokers, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice. In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite, when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the Executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence.¹ He had himself so sane a mind, and a heart so kindly even to his enemies, that it was hard for him to believe in a political hatred so deadly as to lead to murder. He would sometimes laughingly say, "Our friends on the other side would make nothing by exchanging me for Hamlin," the Vice-President having the reputation of more radical views than his chief.

He knew indeed that incitements to murder him were not uncommon in the South. An advertisement had appeared in a paper of Selma, Alabama, in December, 1864, opening a subscription for funds to effect the assassination of Lincoln, Seward, and Johnson before the

¹ All Presidents receive the visits of persons more or less demented. Mr. Hayes, when about to retire one day from his working-room, asked his messenger if there was any one waiting to see him. "Only two," the attendant replied, "and one of them is crazy."

"Send in the sane one," said the President. A grave-looking man was introduced, who announced himself as the emperor of the world. The President rang the bell, and told the messenger if that was his idea of sanity to send in the maniac.

inauguration.¹ There was more of this murderous spirit abroad than was suspected. A letter was found in the Confederate Archives² from one Lieutenant Alston, who wrote to Jefferson Davis immediately after Lincoln's reëlection offering to "rid his country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery." This shameless proposal was referred, by Mr. Davis's direction, to the Secretary of War; and by Judge Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, was sent to the Confederate Adjutant-General indorsed "for attention." We can readily imagine what reception an officer would have met with who should have laid before Mr. Lincoln a scheme to assassinate Jefferson Davis. It was the uprightness and the kindness of his own heart that made him slow to believe that any such ignoble fury could find a place in the hearts of men in their right minds. Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over. He therefore went in and out before the people, always unarmed, generally unattended. He would receive hundreds of visitors in a day, his breast bare to pistol or knife. He would walk at midnight, with a single secretary or alone, from the Executive Mansion to the War Department, and back. He would ride through the lonely roads of an uninhabited suburb from the White House to the Soldiers' Home in the dusk of evening, and return to his work in the morning before the town was astir. He was greatly annoyed when, late in the war, it was decided that there must be a guard stationed at the Executive Mansion, and that a squad of cavalry must accompany him on his daily ride—but he was always reasonable and yielded to the best judgment of others.

Four years of threats and boastings, of alarms that were not founded, and of plots

that came to nothing, thus passed away; but precisely at the time when the triumph of the nation over the long insurrection seemed assured, and a feeling of peace and security was diffused over the country, one of the conspiracies, not seemingly more important than the many abortive ones, ripened in the sudden heat of hatred and despair. A little band of malignant secessionists, consisting of John Wilkes Booth, an actor, of a famous family of players, Lewis Powell, alias Payne, a disbanded rebel soldier from Florida, George Atzerodt, formerly a coachmaker, but more recently a spy and blockade runner of the Potomac, David E. Herold, a young druggist's clerk, Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin, Maryland secessionists and Confederate soldiers, and John H. Surratt, had their ordinary rendezvous at the house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt,³ the widowed mother of the last named, formerly a woman of some property in Maryland, but reduced by reverses to keeping a small boarding-house in Washington. Booth was the leader of the little coterie. He was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him of right from his theatrical ancestors. He had played for several seasons with only indifferent success; his value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He was a fanatical secessionist; had assisted at the capture and execution of John Brown, and had imbibed, at Richmond and other Southern cities where he had played, a furious spirit of partisanship against Lincoln and the Union party. After the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln, which rang the knell of the insurrection, Booth, like many of the secessionists North and South, was stung to the quick by disappointment. He visited Canada, consorted with the rebel emissaries there, and at last—whether or not at their instigation cannot certainly be said—conceived a scheme to capture the President and take him to Richmond. He spent a great part of the autumn and winter inducing a small number of loose fish of secession sympathies to join him in this fantastic enterprise. He seemed always well supplied with money, and talked largely of his speculations in oil as a source of income; but his agent afterwards testified⁴ that he never realized a dollar from that source; that his investments, which were inconsiderable, were a total loss. The winter passed away and nothing was accomplished. On the 4th of March, Booth was at the Capitol and created a disturbance by trying to force his way through the line of policemen who guarded the passage through which the President walked to the east front of the building.⁵ His

¹ Pitman, Conspiracy Trial, p. 51.

² *Ibid.*, p. 52.

³ Pitman, p. 45.

⁴ He was seized and held back by John W. Westfall, of the Capitol Police.

⁵ 541 H Street.

intentions at this time are not known; he afterwards said¹ he lost an excellent chance of killing the President that day. There are indications in the evidence given on the trial of the conspirators that they suffered some great disappointment in their schemes in the latter part of March, and a letter from Arnold to Booth,² dated March 27, showed that some of them had grown timid of the consequences of their contemplated enterprise and were ready to give it up. He advised Booth, before going further, "to go and see how it will be taken in R—d." But timid as they might be by nature, the whole group was so completely under the ascendancy of Booth that they did not dare disobey him when in his presence; and after the surrender of Lee, in an access of malice and rage which was akin to madness, he called them together and assigned each his part in the new crime, the purpose of which had arisen suddenly in his mind out of the ruins of the abandoned abduction scheme. This plan was as brief and simple as it was horrible. Powell, alias Payne, the stalwart, brutal, simple-minded boy from Florida, was to murder Seward; Atzerodt, the comic villain of the drama, was assigned to remove Andrew Johnson; Booth reserved for himself the most difficult and most conspicuous rôle of the tragedy; it was Herold's duty to attend him as a page and aid in his escape. Minor parts were assigned to stage carpenters and other hangers-on, who probably did not understand what it all meant. Herold, Atzerodt, and Surratt had previously deposited at a tavern at Surrattsville, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt, but kept by a man named Lloyd, a quantity of ropes, carbines, ammunition, and whisky, which were to be used in the abduction scheme. On the 11th of April Mrs. Surratt, being at the tavern, told Lloyd to have the shooting irons in readiness, and on Friday, the 14th, again visited the place and told him they would probably be called for that night.

The preparations for the final blow were made with feverish haste; it was only about noon of the 14th that Booth learned the President was to go to Ford's Theater that night. It has always been a matter of surprise in Europe that he should have been at a place of amusement on Good Friday; but the day was not kept sacred in America, except by the members of certain churches. It was not, throughout the country, a day of religious observance. The President was fond of the theater; it was one of his few means of recreation. It was natural enough that, on this day of profound national thanksgiving, he

should take advantage of a few hours' relaxation to see a comedy. Besides, the town was thronged with soldiers and officers, all eager to see him; it was represented to him that appearing occasionally in public would gratify many people whom he could not otherwise meet. Mrs. Lincoln had asked General and Mrs. Grant to accompany her; they had accepted, and the announcement that they would be present was made as an advertisement in the evening papers; but they changed their minds and went north by an afternoon train. Mrs. Lincoln then invited in their stead Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and the stepson of Senator Harris. The President's carriage called for these young people, and the four went together to the theater. The President had been detained by visitors, and the play had made some progress when he arrived. When he appeared in his box the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," the actors ceased playing, and the audience rose, cheering tumultuously; the President bowed in acknowledgment of this greeting and the play went on.

From the moment Booth ascertained the President's intention to attend the theater in the evening his every action was alert and energetic. He and his confederates, Herold, Surratt, and Atzerodt, were seen on horseback in every part of the city. He had a hurried conference with Mrs. Surratt before she started for Lloyd's tavern. He entrusted to an actor named Matthews a carefully prepared statement of his reasons for committing the murder, which he charged him to give to the publisher of the "National Intelligencer," but which Matthews, in the terror and dismay of the night, burned without showing to any one.³ Booth was perfectly at home in Ford's Theater, where he was greatly liked by all the employees, without other reason than the sufficient one of his youth and good looks. Either by himself or with the aid of his friends he arranged his whole plan of attack and escape during the afternoon. He counted upon address and audacity to gain access to the small passage behind the President's box; once there, he guarded against interference by an arrangement of a wooden bar to be fastened by a simple mortise in the angle of the wall and the door by which he entered, so that the door could not be opened from without. He even provided for the contingency of not gaining entrance to the box by boring a hole in its door, through which he might either observe the occupants or take aim and shoot. He hired at a livery stable a small, fleet horse, which he showed with pride during the day to barkeepers and loafers among his friends.

The moon rose that night at ten o'clock.

¹ Pitman, p. 45.

² *Ibid.*, p. 236.

³ John F. Coyle, MS. Statement.

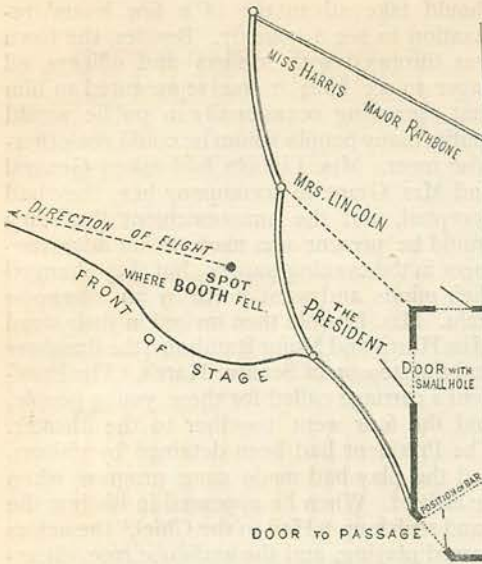


DIAGRAM OF THE BOX IN FORD'S THEATER.
(COPIED FROM THE DRAWING IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

A few minutes before that hour he called one of the underlings of the theater to the back door and left him there holding his horse. He then went to a saloon near by, took a drink of brandy, and, entering the theater, passed rapidly through the crowd in rear of the dress circle and made his way to the passage leading to the President's box. He showed a card to a servant in attendance and was allowed to pass in. He entered noiselessly, and, turning, fastened the door with the bar he had previously made ready, without disturbing any of the occupants of the box, between whom and himself there yet remained the slight partition and the door through which he had bored the hole. Their eyes were fixed upon the stage; the play was "Our American Cousin," the original version by Tom Taylor, before Sothern had made a new work of it by his elaboration of the part of *Dundreary*. No one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night—the last Abraham Lincoln heard upon earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actors the thinnest of specters. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and

happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac.

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. The fumes of brandy and partisan hate had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing Brutus off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him he struck savagely at him. Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide and deep wound. Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leaped from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped. He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, though in fact the fall had broken his leg, turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis,"¹ and fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President." From the audience, at first stupid with surprise

¹ Mr. Leopold de Gaillard, writing on the 29th of April, 1865, refers to these words of Booth, which he calls a "stupid phrase" and not American in char-

acter. "I remember," he adds, "but one assassination adorned with a Latin quotation, but it took place in Florence, and in the sixteenth century. Lorenzo

and afterwards wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leaped upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the call-boy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head drooped forward slightly, his eyes closed. Colonel Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterwards ascertained that a large derring bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye. By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted, and was carried home. Messengers were sent for the members of the Cabinet, for the Surgeon-General, for Dr. Stone, the President's family physician; a crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it to go to Tenth street. As they were driving away, a friend came up and told them that Mr. Seward and most of the Cabinet had been murdered. The news was all so improbable that they could not help hoping it was all untrue. But when they got to Tenth street and found every thoroughfare blocked by the swiftly gathering thousands, agitated by tumultuous excitement, they were prepared for the worst. In a few minutes all who had been sent for, and many others, were gathered in the little chamber where the Chief of the State lay in his agony. His son was met at the door by Dr. Stone, who with grave tenderness informed him that there was no hope. After a natural outburst of grief young Lincoln devoted himself the rest of the night to soothing and comforting his mother.

The President had been shot a few minutes past ten. The wound would have brought in-

treacherously killed his cousin, Alexander de Medicie, who was in reality a tyrant, and left in writing near the body the line of Virgil on Brutus: *Vincet Amor patriæ*

FORD'S THEATRE

TENTH STREET, ABOVE E.

SEASON II WEEK XXXI NIGHT 196
WHOLE NUMBER OF NIGHTS, 492.

JOHN T. FORD PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
(Also of Holiday St. Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phila.)

Stage Manager..... J. E. WRIGHT
Treasurer..... M. CLAY FORD

Friday Evening, April 14th, 1865

BENEFIT!

—AND—

LAST NIGHT

OF MISS

LAURA KEENE

THE DISTINGUISHED MANAGERESS, AUTHORESS AND ACTRESS,
supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT
AND
MR. HARRY HAWK.

TOM TAYLOR'S CELEBRATED ECCENTRIC COMEDY,
As originally produced in America by Miss Keene, and performed by her upwards of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS,
ENTITLED

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

FLORENCE TRENCHARD..... MISS LAURA KEENE
(Her original character)

Abel Marcott, Clerk to Attorney..... John Dyott
Asa Trenchard..... Harry Hawk
Sir Edward Trenchard..... T. C. GOURLAY
Lord Dundreary..... E. A. EMERSON
Mr. Coyle, Attorney..... J. MATTHEWS
Lieutenant Vernon, R. N..... W. J. FERGUSON
Captain De Boos..... C. EYKES
Blaney..... G. G. SPEAR
Boddicombe, a valet..... J. H. EVANS
John Whicker, a gardener..... J. L. DEBONAY
Rasper, a groom.....
Butliffe..... G. A. PARKHURST and E. JOHNSON
Mary Trenchard..... Miss J. GOURLAY
Mrs. Mountchesington..... Mrs. H. MUZZY
Augusta..... Miss H. TRUEMAN
Georgiana..... Miss M. HART
Sharp..... Mrs. J. H. EVANS
Skillet..... Miss M. GOURLAY

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15,

BENEFIT of Miss JENNIE GOURLAY
When will be presented BOUICAVLT'S Great Sensation Drama.

THE OCTOROOM

Easter Monday, April 17, Engagement of the YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN,

EDWIN ADAMS

FOR TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY.

FACSIMILE OF A PLAY-BILL FOUND IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BOX AFTER THE ASSASSINATION. THE ORIGINAL IS OWNED BY E. A. EMERSON, OF LYNCHBURG, VA.

J. A. Case, of Brooklyn, also has a play-bill, given to A. K. Brown by John T. Ford, the proprietor of Ford's Opera House in Washington, who noted on it that it was found under President Lincoln's chair.—EDITOR.

laudumque immensa Cupido. It was the thirst of fame which was the real incentive to these savage deeds." [Gazette de France, April 30, 1865.]

stant death to most men, but his vital tenacity was extraordinary. He was, of course, unconscious from the first moment; but he breathed with slow and regular respiration throughout the night. As the dawn came, and the lamplight grew pale in the fresher beams, his pulse began to fail; but his face even then was scarcely more haggard than those of the sorrowing group of statesmen and generals around him. His automatic moaning, which had continued through the night, ceased; a look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died.¹ Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages." Dr. Gurley knelt by the bedside and prayed fervently. The widow came in from the adjoining room supported by her son and cast herself with loud outcry on the dead body.

THE FATE OF THE ASSASSINS.

BOOTH had done his work efficiently. His principal subordinate, the young Floridian called Payne, had acted with equal audacity and cruelty, but not with equally fatal results. He had made a shambles of the residence of the Secretary of State, but among all his mangled victims there was not one killed. At eight o'clock that night he received his final orders from Booth,² who placed in his hands a knife and revolver, and a little package like a prescription, and taught him his lesson. Payne³ was a young man, hardly of age, of herculean strength, of very limited mental capacity, blindly devoted to Booth, who had selected him as the fitting instrument of his mad hatred. He obeyed the orders of his fascinating senior as exactly and remorselessly as a steel machine. At precisely the moment when Booth entered the theater, Payne came on horseback to the door of Mr. Seward's residence on Lafayette Square.⁴ Dismounting, he pretended to be a messenger from the attending physician, with a package of medicine, and demanded immediate access to the sick-room of the Secretary. Mr. Seward had been thrown from his carriage a few days before and his right arm and jaw were fractured. The servant at the door tried to prevent Payne from going up the stairs, but he persisted, and the noise the two men made in mounting brought Frederick Seward out into the hall. The Secretary had been very restless and had with difficulty at

last been composed to sleep. Fearing that this restorative slumber might be broken, Frederick Seward came out to check the intruders. He met Payne at the head of the stairs, and after hearing his story bade him go back, offering himself to take charge of the medicine. Payne seemed for an instant to give up his purpose in the face of this unexpected obstacle, but suddenly turned and rushed furiously upon Frederick Seward, putting a pistol to his head. It missed fire, and he then began beating him on the head with it, tearing his scalp and fracturing his skull. Still struggling, the two came to the Secretary's room and fell together through the door. Frederick Seward soon became unconscious and remained so for several weeks, being perhaps the last man in the civilized world who learned the strange story of the night. The Secretary lay on the farther side of the bed from the door; in the room was his daughter and a soldier-nurse named Robinson. They both sprang up at the noise of the disturbance; Payne struck them right and left out of his way, wounding Robinson with his knife; then rushed to the bed and began striking at the throat of the crippled statesman, inflicting three terrible wounds in cheek and neck; the Secretary rolled off between the bed and the wall. Robinson had by this time recovered himself and seized the assassin from behind, trying to pull him away from the bed. He fought with the quickness of a cat, stabbing Robinson twice severely over his shoulder, in spite of which the nurse still held on to him bravely. Colonel Augustus Seward, roused by his sister's screams, came in his nightdress into the room, and seeing the two forms in this deadly grapple thought at first his father was delirious and was struggling with the nurse; but noting in a moment the size and strength of the man, he changed his mind and thought that the nurse had gone mad and was murdering the Secretary. Nothing but madness was at first thought of anywhere to account for the night's work. He seized Payne, and after a struggle forced him out of the door—the assassin stabbing him repeatedly about the head and face. Payne broke away at last and ran rapidly downstairs, seriously wounding an attendant named Hansell on the way. He reached the door unhurt, leaped upon his horse, and rode leisurely away out Vermont Avenue to the eastern suburb. When surgical aid arrived, the quiet house, ordinarily so

¹ The persons about the deathbed of the President, besides his wife and son, were Vice-President Johnson, all the Cabinet with the exception of Mr. Seward, viz: Stanton, Welles, McCulloch, Usher, Dennison, and Speed; Generals Halleck, Meigs, Farnsworth, Augur, and Todd; Senator Sumner; Rev. Dr. Gurley; Schuyler Colfax; Governor Farwell; Judges Cartter and Otto; Surgeon-General Barnes; Drs. Stone, Crane,

and Leale; Major John Hay, A. A. G.; and Maunsell B. Field. Mr. Nicolay was in Charleston at the flag-raising over Sumter.

² Doster's speech, Pitman, p. 314.

³ His true name was Lewis Thornton Powell.

⁴ Now the residence of James G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

decorous and well ordered, the scene of an affectionate home life and an unobtrusive hospitality, looked like a field hospital; five of its inmates were bleeding from ghastly wounds, and two of them—among the highest officials of the nation—it was thought might never see the light of another day; though all providentially recovered.

The assassin left behind him in his flight his bloodstained knife, his revolver,—or rather the fragments of it, for he had beaten it to pieces over the head of Frederick Seward,—and his hat. This last apparently trivial loss cost him and one of his fellow-conspirators their lives; for as soon as he had left the immediate scene of his crime, his perceptions being quickened by a murderer's avenging fears, it occurred to him that the lack of a hat would expose him to suspicion wherever he was seen; so instead of making good his escape, he abandoned his horse and hid himself for two days in the woods east of Washington. Driven by hunger he at last resolved to return to the city, to the house on H street which had been the headquarters of the conspiracy. He made himself a cap from the sleeve of his woolen shirt, threw over his shoulder a pickax he had found in a trench, and coming into town under cover of the darkness knocked about midnight at Mrs. Surratt's door. As his fate would have it, the house was full of officers who had that moment arrested all the inmates and were about to take them to the office of the provost-marshal. Payne thus fell into the hands of justice, and the utterance of half a dozen words by him and the unhappy woman whose shelter he had sought was the death warrant of both. Being asked by Major Smith to give an account of himself, he said he had been hired by Mrs. Surratt to dig a drain for her. She was called out and asked if she knew him. Not being aware of what he had said, she raised her right hand, with uncalled-for solemnity, and said, "Before God, I do not know him, never saw him, and never hired him." These words, the evidence of a guilty secret shared between them, started a train of evidence which led them both to the scaffold.

Booth was recognized by dozens of people as he stood before the footlights and brandished his dripping dagger in a Brutus attitude. His swift horse quickly carried him beyond the reach of any haphazard pursuit. He gained the navy-yard bridge in a few minutes, was hailed by a sentry, but persuaded the sergeant of the guard that he was returning to his home in Charles County and that he had waited in

Washington till the moon should rise. He was allowed to pass, and shortly afterwards Herold came to the bridge and passed over with similar explanations. A moment later the owner of the horse which Herold rode came up in pursuit of his animal. He, the only honest man of the three, was turned back by the guard—the sergeant felt he must draw the linesomewhere. The assassin and his wretched acolyte came at midnight to Mrs. Surratt's tavern. Booth, whose broken leg was by this time giving him excruciating torture, remained outside, on his horse, and Herold went in, shouting to the inn-keeper to give him "those things." Lloyd, knowing what was meant, without a word brought the whisky, carbines, and field-glass which the Surratts had deposited there. Booth refused his gun, being unable in his crippled condition to carry it. Herold told Lloyd they had killed the President, and they rode away, leaving Lloyd, who was a sodden drunkard and contrabandist, unnerved by the news and by his muddy perception of his own complicity in the crime. He held his tongue for a day or two; but at last, overcome by fear, told all that he knew to the authorities. Booth and Herold pushed on through the moonlight to the house of an acquaintance of Booth, a rebel sympathizer, a surgeon named Samuel Mudd. The pain of his broken bone had become intolerable and day was approaching; aid and shelter had become pressingly necessary. Mudd received them kindly, set Booth's leg, and gave him a room where he rested until the middle of the afternoon; Mudd had a crutch made for him, and in the evening sent them on their desolate way to the South.

If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a good while; he might even have made his escape to some foreign country, though, sooner or later, a crime so prodigious will generally find its perpetrator out. But it is easy to hide among a sympathizing people. Many a Union soldier, escaping from prison, has walked hundreds of miles through the enemy's country relying implicitly upon the friendship of the negroes. Booth, from the hour he crossed the navy-yard bridge, though he met with a considerable number of men, was given shelter and assistance by every one whose sympathies were with the South. After parting with Dr. Mudd, he and Herold went to the residence of Samuel Cox,¹ near Port Tobacco, and were by him given into the charge of Thomas Jones, a contraband trader between Maryland and Richmond, a man so devoted

¹ What Booth and Herold were about during the week between the 15th and the 22d of April was not brought out upon the trial of the conspirators, but Mr. George Alfred Townsend, while making the ex-

tensive and careful studies for his historical novel, "Katy of Catocin," reconstructed the entire itinerary of the assassin, and published an admirably clear account of it in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for April, 1884.

to the interests of the Confederacy that treason and murder seemed every-day incidents to be accepted as natural and necessary. He kept Booth and Herold in hiding, at the peril of his own life, for more than a week, feeding and caring for them in the woods near his house, watching for an opportunity to ferry them across the Potomac. He did this while every woodpath was haunted by Government detectives, while his own neighborhood was under strong suspicion, knowing that death would promptly follow his own detection, and that a reward was offered for the capture of his helpless charge which would make a rich man of any one who gave him up. So close was the search that Herold killed the horses on which they had ridden out of Washington for fear a neigh might betray them.

With such devoted aid Booth might have wandered a long way; but there is no final escape but suicide for an assassin with a broken leg. At each painful move the chances of discovery increased. Jones was indeed able, after repeated failures, to ferry his fated guests across the Potomac. Arriving on the Virginia side, they lived the lives of hunted animals for two or three days longer, finding to their horror that they were received by the strongest Confederates with more of annoyance than enthusiasm — though none indeed offered to betray them. At one house, while food was given him, hospitality was not offered.¹ Booth wrote the proprietor a note, pathetic in its attempted dignity, inclosing five dollars — “though hard to spare” — for his entertainment. He had by this time seen the comments of the newspapers on his work, and bitterer than death or wounds was the blow to his vanity.² He confided his feelings of wrong to his diary:

I struck boldly, and not as the papers say; I walked with a firm step through thousands of his friends; was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *Sic Semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets. Rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

On Friday the 21st he writes:

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night chased by gun-boats till I was forced to return, wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for — what made Tell a hero.

He goes on comparing himself favorably with these stage heroes, and adds:

I struck for my country and that alone — a country that groaned beneath his tyranny and prayed for this end; and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me.

He was especially grieved that the grandiloquent letter he had intrusted to his fellow-

actor Matthews — and which he in his terror had destroyed — had not been published. He thought the Government had wickedly suppressed it; he was tortured with doubts whether God would forgive him, whether it would not be better to go back to Washington and “clear his name.” “I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great.” With blessings on his mother, upon his wretched companion of crime and flight, upon the world which he thought was not worthy of him, he closed these strange outpourings, saying, “I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course.”

The course was soon ended. At Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, Booth and Herold met three young men in Confederate uniforms. They were disbanded soldiers; but Herold, imagining that they were recruiting for the Southern army, told them his story with perfect frankness and even pride, saying, “We are the assassins of the President,” and asked their company into the Confederate lines. He was disappointed at learning they were not going South, but his confidence was not misplaced. The soldiers took the fugitives to Port Royal, and tried to get shelter for them, representing Booth as a wounded Confederate soldier. After one or two failures they found refuge on the farm of a man named Garrett on the road to Bowling Green.

On the night of the 25th of April a party under Lieutenant E. P. Doherty arrested, in his bed at Bowling Green, William Jett, one of the Confederate soldiers mentioned above, and forced him to guide them to Garrett's farm. Booth and Herold were sleeping in the barn. When called upon to surrender, Booth refused, and threatened to shoot young Garrett, who had gone in to get his arms. A parley took place, lasting some minutes. Booth offered to fight the party at a hundred yards, and when this was refused cried out in a theatrical tone, “Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.” Doherty then told him he would fire the barn; upon this Herold came out and surrendered. The barn was fired, and while it was burning, Booth, who was clearly visible by the flames through the cracks in the building, was shot by Boston Corbett, a sergeant of cavalry, a soldier of a gloomy and fanatical disposition, which afterwards developed into insanity.³ Booth was hit in the back of the neck, not far from the place where he had shot the President. He lingered about three hours in great pain, conscious but nearly inarticulate, and died at seven in the morning.

¹ Trial of J. H. Surratt, p. 402. ² *Ibid.*, p. 310.

³ He is still living, 1889, in an insane asylum in Kansas.

The surviving conspirators, with the exception of John H. Surratt, were tried by a military commission¹ sitting in Washington in the months of May and June. The charges against them specified that they were "incited and encouraged" to treason and murder by Jefferson Davis and the Confederate emissaries in Canada. This was not proved on the trial: the evidence bearing on the case showed frequent communication between Canada and Richmond and the Booth coterie in Washington, and some transactions in drafts at the Montreal Bank, where Jacob Thompson and Booth both kept their accounts. It was shown by the sworn testimony of a reputable witness that Jefferson Davis at Greensboro', on hearing of the assassination, expressed his gratification at the news; but this, so far from proving any direct complicity in the crime, would rather prove the opposite, as a conscious murderer usually conceals his malice.² Against all the rest the facts we have briefly stated were abundantly proved, though in the case of Mrs. Surratt the repugnance which all men feel at the execution of a woman induced the commission to unite in a recommendation to mercy, which President Johnson, then in the first flush of his zeal against traitors, disregarded.³ Habeas corpus proceedings were then resorted to, and failed in virtue of the President's orders to the military in charge of the prisoners. The sentences were accordingly executed: Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt were hanged on the 7th of July; Mudd, Arnold, and McLaughlin were imprisoned for life at the Tortugas, though the term was afterwards shortened, and Spangler, the scene shifter at the theater, was sentenced to six years of jail. John Surratt escaped to Canada, lay in hiding some months in a monastery, and in the autumn sailed for England under an assumed name. He wandered over Europe, enlisted in the Papal Zouaves, deserted and fled to Egypt, where he was detected and brought back to Washington in 1867. His trial lasted two months and ended in a disagreement of the jury.

THE MOURNING PAGEANT.

RECOUNTING the fate of these wretched malefactors has led us far afield. We will now

¹ This commission was composed of officers not only of high rank and distinction, but of unusual weight of character. They were Generals David Hunter, Lew Wallace, August V. Kautz, A. P. Howe, R. S. Foster, J. A. Ekin, T. N. Harris, Colonels C. H. Tompkins and D. R. Clendenin. The Judge Advocate and Recorder was Joseph Holt, assisted by the Hon. John A. Bingham and Colonel H. L. Burnett.

² Mr. Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," contradicts this evidence of Mr. Lewis F. Bates. He admits, however, that the dispatch, being read in his presence to the troops with him, elicited

return to the morning of the 15th of April and sketch, in brief and wholly inadequate words, the honors which the nation paid to its dead. The appalling news spread quickly over the country; millions of citizens learned at their breakfast tables that the President had been shot and was dying; and two hours after his death, when a squad of soldiers were escorting his mortal remains to the Executive Mansion, the dreadful fact was known at all the great centers of population. This was the first time the telegraph had been called upon to spread over the world tidings of such deep and mournful significance; it was therefore the first time the entire people of the United States had been called to deplore the passing away of an idolized leader even before his body was cold in death. The news fell with peculiar severity upon hearts which were glowing with the joy of a great victory. For the last four days, in every city and hamlet of the land, the people were breaking forth into unusual and fantastic expressions of gaiety and content; bonfires flamed through the nights; the days were uproarious with the firing of guns; the streets were hung with flags and wreaths, and whatever decorations could be on the instant improvised by a people not especially gifted with the scenic sense; and committees were everywhere forming to arrange for elaborate and official functions of joy. Upon this mirth and expansion the awful intelligence from Washington fell with the crushing and stunning effect of an unspeakable calamity. In the sudden rigor of this unexpected misfortune the country lost sight of the vast national success of the past week; and it thus came to pass that there was never any organized expression of the general exultation or rejoicing in the North over the downfall of the rebellion. It was unquestionably best that it should be so; and Lincoln himself would not have had it otherwise. He hated the arrogance of triumph; and even in his cruel death he would have been glad to know that his passage to eternity would prevent too loud an exultation over the vanquished. As it was, the South could take no umbrage at a grief so genuine and so legitimate; the people of that section even shared, to a certain degree, in the lamentations over the bier of one whom in their

cheers, "as was natural at news of the fall of one they considered their most powerful foe"; and he adds, "For an enemy so relentless, in the war for our subjugation, we could not be expected to mourn." When captured by General Wilson he affected to think he cleared himself of all suspicion in this regard by saying that Johnson was more objectionable to him than Lincoln — not noticing that the conspiracy contemplated the murder of both of them.

³ See argument of Pierrepont on trial of John H. Surratt, p. 77.

inmost hearts they knew to have wished them well.

There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality towards the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were naturally shocked at his murder, they did not among themselves conceal their gratification that he was no longer in their way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, they resolved on an entire change of the Cabinet, and a "line of policy less conciliatory than that of Mr. Lincoln; . . . the feeling was nearly universal"—we are using the language of one of their most prominent representatives¹—"that the accession of Johnson to the Presidency would prove a godsend to the country." The next day the Committee on the Conduct of the War called on the new President, and Senator Wade bluntly expressed to him the feeling of his associates: "Johnson, we have faith in you. By the gods, there will be no trouble now in running the Government."² Before many months passed away they had opportunity to learn that violence of speech was no guarantee of political consistency.

In Washington, with this singular exception, the manifestation of the public grief was immediate and demonstrative. The insignia of rejoicing at once disappeared, and within an hour after the body of the President was taken to the White House the town was shrouded in black. Not only the public buildings, the stores and shops, and the better class of residences were draped in funeral decorations, but a still more touching proof of the affection with which the dead man was regarded was seen in the poorest class of houses, where the laboring men of both colors found means in their penury to afford some scanty show of mourning. The interest and the veneration of the people still centered in the White House, where, under a tall catafalque in the east room, the late Chief of the State lay in the majesty of death, and not at the modest tavern on Pennsylvania Avenue where the new President had his lodging. At eleven o'clock Chief-Justice Chase administered the oath of office to Andrew Johnson in the presence of a few witnesses. He immediately summoned the Cabinet for a brief meeting. Mr. William Hunter was appointed Acting Secretary of State during the interim of the disability of Mr. Seward and his son, and directed to communicate to the country and the world the change in the head of the Government brought about

by the last night's crime. It was determined that the funeral ceremonies in Washington should be celebrated on Wednesday, the 19th of April, and all the churches throughout the country were invited to join at the same time "in solemnizing the occasion" by appropriate observances. All of pomp and circumstance which the Government could command was employed to give a fitting escort from the White House to the Capitol, where the body of the President was to lie in state. A splendidly appointed force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry formed the greater part of the procession, which was completed by delegations from Illinois and Kentucky as mourners, the new President, the Cabinet, the ministers of foreign powers, and all the high officers of the nation, legislative, judicial, and executive. The pall-bearers comprised the leading members of both houses of Congress and the officers of the highest rank in the army and navy.

The ceremonies in the east room were brief and simple. The Rev. Dr. Hall of the Church of the Epiphany read the burial service. Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church, distinguished equally for his eloquence and his patriotism, offered a prayer, and the Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley, at whose church the President and his family habitually attended worship, delivered a short address, commemorating, in language notably free from courtly flattery, the qualities of courage, purity, and sublime faith which had made the dead man great and useful. The coffin was carried to the funeral car, and the vast procession moved to the Capitol amid the tolling of all the bells in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, and the booming of minute-guns at Lafayette Square, at the City Hall, and on the hill of the Capitol. To associate the pomp of the day with the greatest work of Lincoln's life, a detachment of colored troops marched at the head of the line. In the rotunda, under the soaring dome of the Capitol, the coffin rested during the day and night of the 19th and until the evening of the next day. The people passed by in thousands to gaze on the face of the liberator—which had taken on in death an expression of profound happiness and repose, like that so often seen on the features of soldiers shot dead in battle.

It had been decided from the first that the President was to be buried at Springfield. Whenever a President dies, whose personality, more than his office, has endeared him to the people, it is proposed that his body shall rest at Washington; but the better instinct of the country, no less than the natural feelings of the family, insist that his dust shall lie among his own neighbors and kin. It is fitting that Washington shall sleep at Mount Vernon, the Adamses at Quincy, that even Harrison and

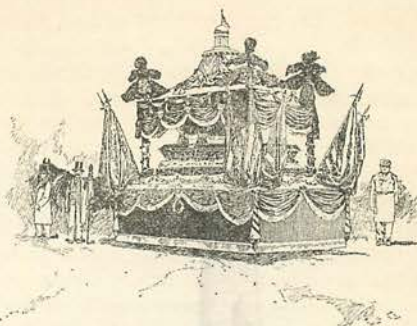
¹ George W. Julian, "Political Recollections," p. 255.

² *Ibid.*, p. 257.

Taylor and Garfield, though they died in office, should be conveyed to the bosom of the States which had cherished them and sent them to the service of the nation. So Illinois claimed her greatest citizen for final sepulture amid the scenes which witnessed the growth and development of his unique character. The town of Springfield set apart a lovely spot in its northern suburb for his grave and appropriated \$20,000—a large sum considering the size and wealth of the town—to defray the expenses of his funeral. As soon as it was announced that he was to be buried in Illinois every town and city on the route begged that the train might halt within its limits and give its people the opportunity of testifying their grief and their reverence. It was finally arranged that the funeral cortège should follow substantially the same route over which Lincoln had come in 1861 to take possession of the place to which he had given a new dignity and value for all time.

Governor Brough of Ohio and Mr. John W. Garrett of Baltimore were placed in general charge of the solemn journey. A guard of honor consisting of a dozen officers of high rank in the army and navy¹ was detailed by their respective departments, which received the remains of the President at the station in Washington at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, the 21st of April, and the train, decked in somber trappings, moved out towards Baltimore. In this city, through which, four years before, it was a question whether the President-elect could pass with safety to his life, the train made a halt; the coffin was taken with sacred care to the great dome of the Exchange, and there, surrounded by evergreens and lilies, it lay for several hours, the people passing by in mournful throngs. Night was closing in, with rain and wind, when the train reached Harrisburg, and the coffin was carried through the muddy streets to the State Capitol, where the next morning the same scenes of grief and affection were seen. We need not enumerate the many stopping-places of this mournful pageant. The same demonstration was repeated, gaining continually in intensity of feeling and solemn splendor of display, in every city through which the procession passed. At Philadelphia a vast concourse accompanied the dead President to Independence Hall: he had shown himself worthy of the lofty fate he courted when, on that hallowed spot, on the birthday of Washington, 1861, he had said he would rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

¹ General E. D. Townsend represented the Secretary of War, Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis the Secretary of the Navy.

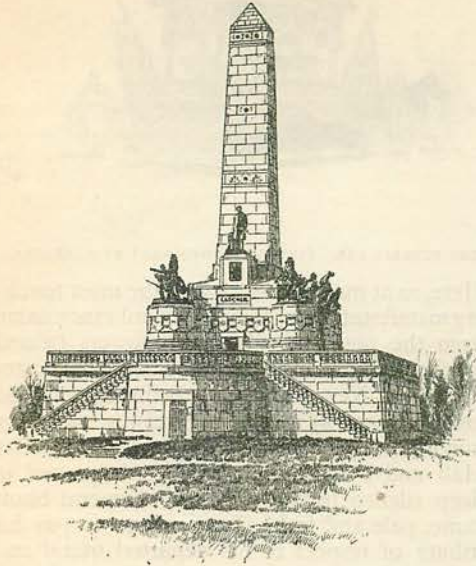


THE FUNERAL CAR. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. RELVEA.)

Here, as at many other places, the most touching manifestations of loving remembrance came from the poor, who brought flowers twined by themselves to lay upon the coffin. The reception at New York was worthy alike of the great city and of the memory of the man they honored. The body lay in state in the City Hall and a half-million of people passed in deep silence before it. Here General Scott came, pale and feeble, but resolute, to pay his tribute of respect to his departed friend and commander.

The train went up the Hudson River by night, and at every town and village on the way vast crowds were revealed in waiting by the fitful glare of torches; dirges and hymns were sung as the train moved by. Midnight had passed when the coffin was borne to the Capitol at Albany, yet the multitude rushed in as if it were day, and for twelve hours the long line of people from northern New York and the neighboring States poured through the room.

Over the broad spaces of New York the cortège made its way, through one continuous crowd of mourners. At Syracuse thirty thousand people came out in a storm at midnight to greet the passing train with fires and bells and cannons; at Rochester the same solemn observances made the night memorable; at Buffalo—it was now the morning of the 27th—the body lay in state at St. James's Hall, visited by a multitude from the western counties. As the train passed into Ohio the crowds increased in density, and the public grief seemed intensified at every step westward; the people of the great central basin seemed to be claiming their own. The day spent at Cleveland was unexampled in the depth of emotion it brought to life, the warm devotion to the memory of the great man gone which was exhibited; some of the guard of honor have said that it was at that point they began to appreciate the place which Lincoln was to hold in history. The authorities, seeing that no building could accommodate the crowd which was sure to come from all over the



THE MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY J. A. W. PITTMAN FOR J. C. POWER.)

State, wisely erected in the public square an imposing mortuary tabernacle for the lying in state, brilliant with evergreens and flowers by day, and innumerable gas jets by night, and surmounted by the inscription, *Extinctus amabitur idem*. Impressive religious ceremonies were conducted in the square by Bishop McIlvaine, and an immense procession moved to the station at night between two lines of torchlights. Columbus and Indianapolis, the State capitals of Ohio and Indiana, were next visited. The whole State, in each case, seemed gathered to meet their dead hero; an intense personal regard was everywhere evident; it was the man, not the ruler, they appeared to be celebrating; the banners and scrolls bore principally his own words: "With malice towards none, with charity for all"; "The purposes of the Lord are perfect and must prevail"; "Let us resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain"; and other brief passages from his writings. On arriving in Chicago, on the 1st of May, amid a scene of magnificent mourning, the body was borne to the court-house, where it lay for two days under a canopy of somber richness, inscribed with that noble Hebrew lament, "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places." From all the States of the Northwest an innumerable throng poured for

these two days into Chicago, and flowed, a mighty stream of humanity, past the coffin of the dead President, in the midst of evidences of public grief which was all the more genuine for being quiet and reserved.

The last stage of this extraordinary progress was the journey to Springfield, which began on the night of the 2d of May and ended at nine o'clock the next morning — the schedule made in Washington twelve days before having been accurately carried out. On all the railroads centering in Springfield the trains for several days had been crowded to their utmost capacity with people who desired to see the last of Abraham Lincoln upon earth. Nothing had been done or thought of for two weeks in Springfield but the preparations for this day; they were made with a thoroughness which surprised the visitors from the East. The body lay in state in the Capitol, which was richly draped from roof to basement in black velvet and silver fringe; within it was a bower of bloom and fragrance. For twenty-four hours an unbroken stream of people passed through, bidding their friend and neighbor welcome home and farewell, and at ten o'clock on the 4th of May the coffin lid was closed at last and a vast procession moved out to Oak Ridge, where the dead President was committed to the soil of the State which had so loved and honored him. The ceremonies at the grave were simple and touching. Bishop Simpson delivered a pathetic oration; prayers were offered and hymns were sung; but the weightiest and most eloquent words uttered anywhere that day were those of the Second Inaugural, which the committee had wisely ordained to be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael chose the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the chief ornament of his funeral.

An association was immediately formed to build a monument over the grave of Lincoln. The work was in the hands of his best and oldest friends in Illinois, and was pushed with vigor. Few large subscriptions were received, with the exception of \$50,000 voted by the State of Illinois and \$10,000 by New York; but innumerable small contributions afforded all that was needed. The soldiers and sailors of the nation gave \$28,000, of which the disproportionately large amount of \$8,000 was the gift of the negro troops, whose manhood Lincoln had recognized by putting arms in their hands.¹ In all \$180,000 was raised, and the monument, built after a design by Larkin G. Mead, was dedicated on the 15th of October, 1874. The day was fine, the concourse of

¹ Besides contributing thus generally to the Springfield monument, the freed people gave another touching instance of their gratitude by erecting in a public square on Capitol Hill in Washington a noble group

in bronze, including Lincoln, and entitled "Emancipation." The subscription for this purpose was started by a negro washerwoman. The statue is by Thomas Ball.

people was enormous; there were music and eloquence and a brilliant decorative display. The orator of the day was Governor Oglesby, who praised his friend with warm but sober eulogy; General Sherman added his honest and hearty tribute; and General Grant, twice elected President, uttered these carefully chosen words, which had all the weight that belongs to the rare discourses of that candid and reticent soldier:

From March, 1864, to the day when the hand of the assassin opened a grave for Mr. Lincoln, then

President of the United States, my personal relations with him were as close and intimate as the nature of our respective duties would permit. To know him personally was to love and respect him for his great qualities of heart and head, and for his patience and patriotism. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had intrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend.

PURSUIT AND DEATH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

[JOHN WILKES BOOTH was my schoolmate in Maryland, many years ago; and by a strange coincidence three of my particular friends were concerned, in one way or another, with his pursuit and death. Two of them were Confederate officers—Major M. B. Ruggles, son of General Daniel Ruggles of the old army, and Lieutenant A. R. Bainbridge, both of whom, with Captain Jett, also of Mosby's command, met Booth and Herold in their flight and aided them to cross the Rappahannock. The other friend is Captain E. P. Doherty, who commanded the detachment of the 16th New York Cavalry that captured the fugitives. From the lips of all three I have heard accounts of the incidents that they witnessed, and the narratives that follow are given in the words of Major Ruggles and Captain Doherty.]—PRENTISS INGRAHAM.]

MAJOR RUGGLES'S NARRATIVE.



T the close of the civil war Colonel Mosby, to whose command I belonged, surrendered to General Hancock, at Millwood, Virginia. In company with two comrades, A. R. Bainbridge, now in business in New York, and William Jett, now dead, I started for my home in King George County, Virginia. We had heard from United States officers of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that the assassin had been captured in Washington, and little dreamed, when we rode up to the bank of the Rappahannock River, that we were there to come face to face with John Wilkes Booth.

Port Conway is on the King George side of the river, there about three hundred yards wide, and opposite Port Royal. The ferry was owned by a man named Rollins, but the scow was run—that is, poled across—by Peyton Washington, a negro. The scow was on the

other side of the river when we rode up, and I observed there a wagon, drawn by two very wretched-looking horses. In the wagon were two men. On seeing us approach, one of them came towards us, and, finding that we were Confederate soldiers, said that his name was Boyd, and that his brother had been wounded severely in the leg while escaping from prison, where they had been for some time. He furthermore said that their negro driver, Lucas, refused to take them any farther, and that they were anxious to get on their way, and asked our aid. I at once said we would help them; and while discussing the speedy coming of the scow, the other got out of the wagon, and walking with evident pain, with the aid of a rude crutch, came towards us. He apparently mistrusted his companion, for as he came forward he said, "I suppose you have been told who I am?" Thinking he meant that Herold had told us they were Confederate soldiers, escaped from prison, I answered in the affirmative. Instantly he dropped his weight back upon his crutch, and drawing a revolver said sternly, with the utmost coolness, "Yes, I am John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and I am worth just \$175,000 to the man who captures me."² We were greatly surprised, and yet the coolness of the man won our admiration; for we saw that he was wounded, desperate, and at bay. His face was

¹ The proofs of this article have been read and corrected (Nov., 1889) by Colonel Ingraham, Major Ruggles, Lieutenant Bainbridge, and Captain Doherty.—EDITOR.

² The reward as offered was \$100,000 by the U. S. Government, and \$25,000 each by three of the States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.¹

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE END OF REBELLION—LINCOLN'S FAME.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

• THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



WHEN Jefferson Davis and the remnant of the Confederate Cabinet, with the most important and portable portion of their department archives, left Richmond on the night of April 2, in consequence

of Lee's retreat, they proceeded to Danville, southwest of Richmond, arriving there the following morning. In a conference between Davis and Lee, in which the probability of abandoning Richmond was discussed, they had agreed upon this point at which to endeavor to unite the armies of Lee and Johnston, first to attack and beat Sherman and then return and defeat Grant. We have related how Grant, so far from permitting Lee to execute the proposed junction, did not even allow him to reach Danville. Lee had been pressed so hard that he had not found opportunity to inform Davis where he was going, and this absence of news probably served to give Davis an intimation that their preconceived plans were not likely to reach fulfillment. Nevertheless, the rebel President made a show of confidence; rooms were obtained, and, he says, the "different departments resumed their routine labors," though it may be doubted whether in these labors they earned the compensation which the Confederate States promised them.

Two days after his arrival at Danville, Jefferson Davis added one more to his many rhetorical efforts to "fire the Southern heart." On the 5th he issued a proclamation, in which, after reciting the late disasters in as hopeful a strain as possible, he broke again into his never-failing grandiloquence:

We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it and we are free.

Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to

maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia—noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history; whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.

If, by the stress of numbers, we shall be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border State, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.²

In his book, written many years after, Davis is frank enough to admit that this language in the light of subsequent events may fairly be said to have been oversanguine. He probably very soon reached this conviction, for almost before the ink was dry on his proclamation, a son of Governor Wise, escaping through the Federal lines on a swift horse, brought him information of the surrender of Lee's army to Grant. Rumor also reaching him that the Federal cavalry was pushing southward west of Danville, the Confederate Government again hastily packed its archives into a railroad train and moved to Greensboro', North Carolina. Its reception at this place was cold and foreboding. The headquarters of the Government remained on the train at the depot. Only Jefferson Davis and Secretary Trenholm, who was ill, were provided with lodgings. From this point Davis sent a despatch to General Johnston, soliciting a conference, either at Greensboro' or at the general's headquarters; and in response to this request Johnston came without delay to Greensboro', arriving there on the morning of April 12. Within an hour or two both Generals Johnston and Beauregard were summoned to meet the Confederate President in a council of war,

² Davis, proclamation; "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 677.

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there being also present the members of the rebel Cabinet, namely: Benjamin, Secretary of State; Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, and Reagan, Postmaster-General. The meeting was held in a room some twelve by sixteen feet in size, on the second floor of a small dwelling, and contained a bed, a few chairs, and a table with writing-materials.¹

The infatuation under which Davis had plunged his section into rebellion against the Government, pitting the South with its disparity of numbers² and resources against the North, still beset him in the hour of her collapse and the agony of her surrender. He had figured out how the united armies of Lee and Johnston could successively demolish Sherman and Grant, but he could not grasp the logic of common sense that by the same rule the united armies of Grant and Sherman would make short work of the army of Johnston alone whenever they could reach it. The spirit of obstinate confidence with which he entered upon the interview may be best inferred from the description of it written by the two principal actors themselves. Davis says:

I did not think we should despair. We still had effective armies in the field, and a vast extent of rich and productive territory both east and west of the Mississippi, whose citizens had evinced no disposition to surrender. Ample supplies had been collected in the railroad depots, and much still remained to be placed at our disposal when needed by the army in North Carolina. . . . My motive, therefore, in holding an interview with the senior generals of the army in North Carolina was not to learn their opinion as to what might be done by negotiation with the United States Government, but to derive from them information in regard to the army under their command, and what it was feasible and advisable to do as a military problem.³

Johnston's statement shows still more distinctly how impossible it was for Davis to lay aside the airs of dictator:

We had supposed we were to be questioned concerning the military resources of our department, in connection with the question of continuing or terminating the war. But the President's object seemed to be to give, not to obtain, information; for, addressing the party, he said that in two or three weeks he would have a large army in the field by bringing back into the ranks those who had abandoned them in less desperate circumstances, and by calling out the enrolled men whom the conscript bureau with its forces had been unable to bring into the army. . . . Neither opinions nor information was asked, and the conference terminated.⁴

¹ Frank H. Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 623.

² "Dividing their free population between the two sections, and the odds were six and a half millions against twenty and a half millions." [Ibid., p. 573.]

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., pp. 679, 680.

Pollard, the Southern historian, is probably not far wrong in saying that this

was an interview of inevitable embarrassment and pain. The two generals [Johnston and Beauregard] were those who had experienced most of the prejudice and injustice of the President; he had always felt aversion for them, and it would have been an almost impossible excess of Christian magnanimity if they had not returned something of resentment and coldness to the man who, they believed, had arrogantly domineered over them and more than once sought their ruin.⁵

Now when Davis, without even the preface of asking their opinions, bade these two men resuscitate his military and political power and transform him from a fugitive to a commander-in-chief, it is not to be wondered at that the interview terminated without result.

Matters were thus left in an awkward situation for all parties: the rebel chief had no promise of confidence or support; the generals no authority to negotiate or surrender; the Cabinet no excuse to intervene by advice or protest to either party. This condition was, however, opportunely relieved by the arrival during the afternoon of the Secretary of War, Breckinridge, who was the first to bring them the official and undoubted intelligence of the surrender of Lee with his whole army, of which they had hitherto been informed only by rumor, and which they had of course hoped to the last moment might prove unfounded. The fresh news naturally opened up another discussion and review of the emergency between the various individuals, and seems at length to have brought them to a frank avowal of their real feelings to each other in private. Johnston and Beauregard, holding military counsel together, "agreed in the opinion that the Southern Confederacy was overthrown."⁶ This opinion Johnston also repeated to Breckinridge and Mallory, both of whom, it would seem, entertained the same view. The absence of anything like full confidence and cordial intimacy between Davis and his advisers is shown by the fact that these two members of his Cabinet were unwilling to tell their chief the truth which both recognized, and urged upon General Johnston the duty of making the unwelcome suggestion "that negotiations to end the war should be commenced." Breckinridge promised to bring about an opportunity; and it was evidently upon his suggestion that Davis called together a second conference of his Cabinet and his generals.⁷ There is a conflict of statement as to when it

⁴ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 396, 397.

⁵ Pollard, "Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Confederacy," p. 514.

⁶ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," p. 397.

⁷ Ibid., p. 398.

took place. Both Davis and Mallory in their accounts group together all the incidents as if they occurred at a single meeting, which Mallory places on the evening of the 12th, while Johnston's account mentions the two separate meetings, the first on the morning of the 12th, and the second on the morning of the 13th; there being, however, substantial agreement between all as to the points discussed.

Of this occasion, so full of historical interest, we fortunately have the records of two of the participants. General Johnston writes:

Being desired by the President to do it, we compared the military forces of the two parties to the war. Ours, an army of about 20,000 infantry and artillery, and 5000 mounted troops; those of the United States, three armies that could be combined against ours, which was insignificant compared with either Grant's of 180,000 men, Sherman's of 110,000 at least, and Canby's of 60,000—odds of 17 or 18 to 1, which in a few weeks could be more than doubled. I represented that under such circumstances it would be the greatest of human crimes for us to attempt to continue the war; for, having neither money nor credit, nor arms but those in the hands of our soldiers, nor ammunition but that in their cartridge-boxes, nor shops for repairing arms or fixing ammunition, the effect of our keeping the field would be, not to harm the enemy, but to complete the devastation of our country and ruin of its people. I therefore urged that the President should exercise at once the only function of government still in his possession, and open negotiations for peace. The members of the Cabinet present were then desired by the President to express their opinions on the important question. General Breckinridge, Mr. Mallory, and Mr. Reagan thought that the war was decided against us, and that it was absolutely necessary to make peace. Mr. Benjamin expressed the contrary opinion. The latter made a speech for war much like that of Sempronius in Addison's play.¹

Secretary Mallory's account is even more full of realistic vividness. He represents Davis, after introducing the dreaded topic by several irrelevant subjects of conversation, and coming finally to "the situation of the country," as saying:

"Of course we all feel the magnitude of the moment. Our late disasters are terrible, but I do not think we should regard them as fatal. I think we can whip the enemy yet, if our people will turn out. We must look at matters calmly, however, and see what is left for us to do. Whatever can be done must be done at once. We have not a day to lose." A pause ensued, General Johnston not seeming to deem himself expected to speak, when the President said, "We should like to hear your views, General Johnston." Upon this the general, without preface or introduction,—his words translating the expression which his face had worn since he entered

the room,—said, in his terse, concise, demonstrative way, as if seeking to condense thoughts that were crowding for utterance: "My views are, sir, that our people are tired of the war, feel themselves whipped, and will not fight. Our country is overrun, its military resources greatly diminished, while the enemy's military power and resources were never greater, and may be increased to any desired extent. We cannot place another large army in the field; and cut off as we are from foreign intercourse, I do not see how we could maintain it in fighting condition if we had it. My men are daily deserting in large numbers, and are taking my artillery teams to aid their escape to their homes. Since Lee's defeat they regard the war as at an end. If I march out of North Carolina, her people will leave my ranks. It will be the same as I proceed south through South Carolina and Georgia, and I shall expect to retain no man beyond the by-road or cow-path that leads to his house. My small force is melting away like snow before the sun, and I am hopeless of recruiting it. We may perhaps obtain terms which we ought to accept." The tone and manner, almost spiteful, in which the general jerked out these brief, decisive sentences, pausing at every paragraph, left no doubt as to his own convictions. When he ceased speaking, whatever was thought of his statements—and their importance was fully understood—they elicited neither comment nor inquiry. The President, who during their delivery had sat with his eyes fixed upon a scrap of paper which he was folding and refolding abstractedly, and who had listened without a change of position or expression, broke the silence by saying, in a low, even tone, "What do you say, General Beauregard?" "I concur in all General Johnston has said," he replied. Another silence, more eloquent of the full appreciation of the condition of the country than words could have been, succeeded, during which the President's manner was unchanged.²

Davis's optimism had taken an obstinate form, and even after these irrefutable arguments and stern decisions he remained unconvinced. He writes that he "never expected a Confederate army to surrender while it was able either to fight or to retreat";³ but sustained only by the sophomoric eloquence of Mr. Benjamin, he had no alternative. He inquired of Johnston how terms were to be obtained; to which the latter answered, by negotiation between military commanders, proposing that he should be allowed to open such negotiations with Sherman. To this Davis consented, and upon Johnston's suggestion Secretary Mallory took up a pen and at Davis's dictation wrote down the letter to Sherman⁴ which we have quoted elsewhere, and the results of which have been related. The council of war over, General Johnston returned to his army to begin negotiations with Sherman. On the following day, April 14, Davis and his party, without waiting to

¹ Johnston, "Narrative of Military Operations," pp. 398, 399.

² Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," pp. 623-625.

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," p. 682.

⁴ Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 625.

hear the result, left Greensboro' to continue their journey southward.¹

The dignity and resources of the Confederate Government were rapidly shrinking; railroad travel had ceased on account of burned bridges, and it could no longer even maintain the state enjoyed in its car at Greensboro'. We are not informed what became of the archives; its personnel—President, Cabinet, and sundry staff officers—scraped together a lot of miscellaneous transportation, composed of riding horses, ambulances, and other vehicles, which, over roads rendered almost impassable by mud, made their progress to the last degree vexatious and toilsome. The country was so full of fugitives that horse-stealing seems to have become for the time an admitted custom and privilege. We have the statement of Davis's private secretary that eight or ten young Mississippians, one of them an officer, who volunteered to become the rebel President's bodyguard, equipped themselves by "pressing" the horses of neighboring farmers, rendering necessary a premature and somewhat sudden departure in advance of the official party.² Obtaining shelter by night when they could, and camping at other times, the distinguished fugitives made their way to Charlotte, North Carolina, where they arrived on the 18th of April. Since the Confederate Government had considerable establishments at Charlotte, orders were despatched to the quartermaster to prepare accommodations; and this request was reasonably satisfied for all the members of the party except its chief. The quartermaster met them near the town and

explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry. There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of Northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well-equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation—not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.³

Mr. Davis was perforce obliged to accept this entertainment; and whether he failed to realize the significance of such treatment or whether he was moved by his suppressed in-

dignation to a defiant self-assertion, when a detachment of rebel cavalry passing along the street saluted him with cheers and called him out for a speech, after the usual compliments to soldiers, he "expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag."⁴ And this feeling he again emphasized during his stay in Charlotte by a remark to his private secretary, "I *cannot* feel like a beaten man."

The stay at Charlotte was prolonged, evidently to wait for news from Johnston's army. No information came till April 23, when Breckinridge, Secretary of War, arrived, bringing the memorandum agreement made by Sherman and Johnston on the 18th.⁵ The memorandum seems to have been discussed at a Cabinet meeting held on the morning of the 24th, and Mr. Davis yielded to the advice they all gave him to accept and ratify the agreement. He wrote a letter to that effect,⁶ but almost immediately received further information, which Sherman communicated to Johnston, that the Washington authorities had rejected the terms and agreement, and directed Sherman to continue his military operations, and that Sherman had given notice to terminate the armistice. This change, coupled with the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, which the party had received on their arrival in Charlotte, stimulated the hopes of the rebel President, and he sent back instructions to Johnston to disband his infantry and retreat southward with so much of his cavalry and light artillery as he could bring away. Against the daily evidence of his own observation and the steady current of advice from his followers, he was still dreaming of some romantic or miraculous renewal of his chances and fortunes. And in his book, written fifteen years afterward, he makes no attempt to conceal his displeasure that General Johnston refused to obey his desperate and futile orders.

The armistice expired on the 26th, and the fugitive Confederate Government once more took up its southward flight. At starting, the party still made show of holding together. There were the President, most of the members of the Cabinet, several staff officers, and fragments of six cavalry brigades, counting about two thousand, which had escaped in small parties from Johnston's surrender. This was enough to form a respectable escort. There was still talk of the expedition turning westward and making its way across the Mississippi to join Kirby Smith and Magruder. But the

¹ Burton N. Harrison in *THE CENTURY*, November, 1883, pp. 134, 137.

² *Ibid.*, p. 133.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 136.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ "Southern Historical Papers," Vol. XII., pp. 100, 102.

⁶ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 688.

meager accounts plainly indicate that Davis's advisers fed his hope for politeness' sake, or to furnish the only pastime with which it was possible to relieve the tedium of their journey; for as they proceeded the expedition melted away as if by enchantment. Davis directed his course towards Abbeville, South Carolina. Mr. Mallory records that though they had met no enemy,

At Abbeville the fragments of disorganized cavalry commands, which had thus far performed, in some respects, an escort's duty, were found to be reduced to a handful of men, anxious only to reach their homes as early as practicable, and whose services could not further be relied on. . . . Almost every cross-road witnessed the separation of comrades in arms, who had long shared the perils and privations of a terrific struggle, now seeking their several homes to resume their duties as peaceful citizens.¹

The members of the Cabinet, except Reagan, also soon dropped off on various pretexts. Benjamin decided to pursue another route, Breckinridge remained behind with the cavalry at the crossing of the Savannah River and never caught up. At Washington, Georgia, a little farther on, Mallory halted "to attend to the needs of his family." Davis waited a whole day at Washington, and finding that neither troops nor leaders appeared, the actual situation seems at last to have dawned upon him. "I spoke to Captain Campbell of Kentucky, commanding my escort," he writes, "explained to him the condition of affairs, and telling him that his company was not strong enough to fight, and too large to pass without observation, asked him to inquire if there were ten men who would volunteer to go with me without question wherever I should choose."² With these, two officers, three members of his personal staff, and Postmaster-General Reagan, he pushed ahead, still nursing his project of crossing the Mississippi River.

Davis's private secretary had been sent ahead to join Mrs. Davis and her family party at Abbeville, South Carolina, and they continued their journey, in advance, with a comfortable wagon train. After passing Washington, in Georgia, rumors of pursuit by Federal cavalry increased, and a more ominous rumor gained circulation that a gang of disbanded Confederates was preparing to plunder the train under the idea that it carried a portion of the official treasure. Apprehension of this latter danger induced the Confederate President to hurry forward and overtake his family, and during three days he traveled in their company. It seems to have been a dismal journey; the roads were bad, heavy storms

were prevailing, signs of danger and prospects of capture were continually increasing, and they were sometimes compelled to start at midnight and push on through driving rain to make good their concealed flight.

They halted about five o'clock in the afternoon of May 9, to camp and rest in the pine woods by a small stream in the neighborhood of Irwinville, Irwin County, near the middle of southern Georgia. Here the situation was discussed, and it became clear that any hope of reaching the trans-Mississippi country was visionary. The determination was finally arrived at to proceed to the east coast of Florida, and by means of a small sailing vessel, stated to be in readiness, endeavor to gain the Texas coast by sea. It was also agreed that Davis should at once leave his family and push ahead with a few companions. Davis explains that he and his special party did not start ahead at nightfall, as had been arranged, because a rumor reached him that the expected marauding party would probably attack the camp that night, and that he delayed his departure for the protection of the women and children, still intending, however, to start during the night. With this view, his own and other horses remained saddled and ready. But the camp was undisturbed, and fatigue seems to have held its inmates in deep slumber until dawn of May 10, when by a complete surprise a troop of Federal cavalry suddenly captured the whole party and camp. There is naturally some variance in the accounts of the incident, but the differences are in the shades of coloring rather than in the essential facts.

Two expeditions had been sent from Macon by General James H. Wilson in pursuit of Jefferson Davis and his party—the one to scour the left, the other the right bank of the Ocmulgee River; one, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Harnden, commanding the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, starting on the 6th, and the other, under Lieutenant-Colonel B. D. Pritchard, commanding the 4th Michigan Cavalry, starting on the 7th of May. Following different routes, these two officers met at the village of Abbeville, Georgia, in the afternoon of May 9, where they compared notes and decided to continue the pursuit by different roads. As the chase grew hot, smaller detachments from each party spurred on, learned the location of the slumbering camp, and posted themselves in readiness to attack it at daylight, but remained unconscious of each other's proximity.

The fugitives' camp was in the dense pine woods a mile and a half north of Irwinville. Pritchard had reached this village after midnight, obtained information about the camp, and procured a negro boy to guide him to it.

¹ Alfriend, "Life of Jefferson Davis," p. 630.

² Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II., p. 695.

Approaching to within half a mile, he halted, both to wait for daylight and to send his lieutenant, Purinton, with twenty-five dismounted men to gain the rear of the camp, but cautioning him that a part of Harnden's command would in all probability approach from that direction, and that he must avoid a conflict with them. (See also pages 586 and 595.)

At daybreak [writes Captain Lawton of Pritchard's force] the order was passed in a whisper to make ready to enter the camp. The men were alive to the work. Mounting their horses, the column moved at a walk until the tents came in sight, and then, at the word, dashed in. The camp was found pitched on both sides of the road. On the left hand, as we entered, were wagons, horses, tents, and men; on the right were two wall-tents, fronting from the road. All was quiet in the camp. We encountered no guards; if there were any out, they must have been asleep.¹

Just at this instant, however, firing was heard back of the camp, where Purinton had been sent. This created instant confusion, and Pritchard with most of his force rushed forward through the camp to resist a supposed Confederate attack. It turned out that, despite the precautions taken, the detachment of Pritchard's men under Purinton (the 4th Michigan) had met a detachment of Harnden's men (the 1st Wisconsin), and in the darkness they had mistaken and fired on each other, causing two deaths and wounding a number.

The rush of the cavalry and the firing of course aroused the sleepers, and as they emerged from their tents there was a moment of confusion during which only one or two Federal soldiers remained in the camp. One of these had secured Davis's horse,² which had stood saddled since the previous evening, and which a colored servant had just brought to

¹ G. W. Lawton in "The Atlantic," September, 1865, p. 344.

² Ibid.

³ Davis, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pp. 701, 702.

It is but just to give the following narrative of Captain G. W. Lawton of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. It was printed in "The Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1865, and the reader may profitably compare it with Jefferson Davis's own narrative which is quoted in the text.

"Andrew Bee, a private of Company L, went to the entrance of Davis's tent, and was met by Mrs. Davis, 'bareheaded and barefoot,' as he describes her, who, putting her hand on his arm, said:

"Please don't go in there till my daughter gets herself dressed."

"Andrew thereupon drew back, and in a few minutes a young lady (Miss Howell) and another person, bent over as with age, wearing a lady's 'waterproof,' gathered at the waist, with a shawl drawn over the head, and carrying a tin pail, appear, and ask to go to 'the run' for water. Mrs. Davis also appears, and says:

"For God's sake, let my old mother go to get some water!"

"No objections being made, they passed out. But

his tent. Of what ensued, we give Mr. Davis's own account:

I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated, from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached; it was, therefore, impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in the opposite direction. As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglan," a waterproof light overcoat, without sleeves; it was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it; as I started, my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders advanced towards him; he leveled his carbine at me, but I expected, if he fired, he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended on instantaneous action, and recognizing that the opportunity had been lost I turned back, and, the morning being damp and chilly, passed to a fire beyond the tent.³

Colonel Pritchard relates in his official report:

Upon returning to camp I was accosted by Davis from among the prisoners, who asked if I was the officer in command, and upon my answering him that I was, and asking him whom I was to call him, he replied that I might call him what or whoever I

sharp eyes were upon the singular-looking 'old mother.' Suddenly, Corporal Munger of Company C, and others, at the same instant, discovered that the 'old mother' was wearing very heavy boots for an aged female, and the corporal exclaimed:

"That is not a woman! Don't you see the boots?' and spurring his horse forward and cocking his carbine, compelled the withdrawal of the shawl, and disclosed Jeff. Davis.

"As if stung by this discovery of his unmanliness, Jeff. struck an attitude, and cried out:

"Is there a man among you? If there is, let me see him!"

"Yes," said the corporal, 'I am one; and if you stir, I will blow your brains out!'

"I know my fate," said Davis, 'and might as well die here.'

"But his wife threw her arms around his neck, and kept herself between him and the threatening corporal.

"No harm, however, was done him, and he was generally kindly spoken to: he was only stripped of his female attire.

"As a man, he was dressed in a complete suit of gray, a light felt hat, and high cavalry boots, with a gray beard of about six weeks' growth covering his face.

pleased. When I replied to him that I would call him Davis, and after a moment's hesitation he said that was his name, he suddenly drew himself up in true royal dignity and exclaimed, "I suppose that you consider it bravery to charge a train of defenseless women and children, but it is theft, it is vandalism!"¹

That the correctness of the report may not be questioned, we add the corroborating statement of Postmaster-General Reagan, the sole member of the rebel Cabinet remaining with the party:

Colonel Pritchard did not come up for some time after Mr. Davis was made a prisoner. When he rode up there was a crowd, chiefly of Federal soldiers, around Mr. Davis. He was standing, and dressed in the suit he habitually wore. He turned towards Colonel Pritchard and asked, "Who commands these troops?" Colonel Pritchard replied, without hesitation, that he did. Mr. Davis said to him, "You command a set of thieves and robbers. They rob women and children." Colonel Pritchard then said, "Mr. Davis, you should remember that you are a prisoner." And Mr. Davis replied: "I am fully conscious of that. It would be bad enough to be the prisoner of soldiers and gentlemen. I am still lawful game, and would rather be dead than be your prisoner."²

Colonel Pritchard's official report gives the following list of the persons who fell into his hands:

I ascertained that we had captured Jefferson Davis and family (a wife and four children); John H. Reagan, his Postmaster-General; Colonels Harrison and Lubbock, A. D. C. to Davis; Burton N. Harrison, his private secretary; Major Maurin and Captain Moody, Lieutenant Hathaway; Jeff. D. Howell, midshipman in the rebel navy, and twelve private soldiers; Miss Maggie Howell, sister of Mrs. Davis; two waiting maids, one white and one black, and several other servants. We also captured five wagons, three ambulances, about fifteen horses, and from twenty-five to thirty mules. The train was mostly loaded with commissary stores and private baggage of the party.

The details of the return march are unnecessary; there is no allegation that the prisoners were ill treated. They arrived at Macon on May 13, both captors and prisoners having on the way first learned of the offer of a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for Davis's apprehension on the charge of having been an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln. In due time Davis was imprisoned in Fort Monroe. These pages do not afford room to narrate his captivity of about

"He said he thought our Government was too magnanimous to hunt women and children that way.

"When Colonel Pritchard told him that he would do the best he could for his comfort, he answered:

"I ask no favors of you."

¹ To which surly reply the colonel courteously responded by assuring him of kind treatment.

two years, his arraignment at Richmond before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia for the crime of treason, and his liberation on bail, Horace Greeley having volunteered to become his principal bondsman.

On the 3d of December, 1868, a motion was made to quash the indictment on the ground that the penalties and disabilities denounced against and inflicted on him for his alleged offense, by the third section of the fourteenth article of the Constitution of the United States, were a bar to any proceedings upon such indictment. The court, consisting of Chief-Justice Chase and Judge Underwood, considered the motion, and two days later announced that they disagreed in opinion, and certified the question to the Supreme Court of the United States. Though not announced, it was understood that the Chief-Justice held the affirmative and Judge Underwood the negative on the question. Three weeks from that day President Johnson bestowed upon Mr. Davis and those who had been his followers a liberal and fraternal Christmas gift. On the 25th of December, 1868, he issued a proclamation supplementing the various prior proclamations of amnesty, which declared "unconditionally and without reservation, to all and to every person who directly or indirectly participated in the late insurrection or rebellion, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the late civil war, with restoration of all rights, privileges, and immunities under the Constitution and the laws which have been made in pursuance thereof." The Government of course took no further action in the suit; and at a subsequent term of the Circuit Court the indictment was dismissed on motion of Mr. Davis's counsel. The ex-President of the Confederate States was thus relieved from all penalties for his rebellion except the disability to hold office imposed by the third section of the XIVth Amendment, which Congress has hitherto refused to remove.

THE END OF REBELLION.

In the early years of the war, after every considerable success of the national arms, the newspapers were in the habit of announcing that "the back of the rebellion was broken." But at last the time came when the phrase was true; after Appomattox, the rebellion fell to pieces all at once. Lee surrendered less than

"Arrangements were forthwith made to return to Macon. . . .

"The members of Davis's staff submitted with a better grace than he to the capture and march, and were generally quite communicative."

¹ Pritchard to Stanton, May 25, 1865.

² J. H. Reagan in "Annals of the War," p. 155.

one-sixth of the Confederates in arms on the 9th of April; the armies that still remained to them, though inconsiderable when compared with the mighty host under the national colors, were yet infinitely larger than any Washington had commanded, and were capable of strenuous resistance and of incalculable mischief. Leading minds on both sides thought the war might be indefinitely prolonged. We have seen that Jefferson Davis, after Richmond fell, issued his swelling manifesto, saying the Confederates had "now entered upon a new phase of the struggle," and that he would "never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy." General Sherman, so late as the 25th of April, said, "I now apprehend that the rebel armies will disperse; and instead of dealing with six or seven States, we will have to deal with numberless bands of desperadoes." Neither side comprehended fully the intense weariness of war that had taken possession of the South; and peace came more swiftly and completely than any one had ever dared to hope.

The march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea and his northward progress through the Carolinas had predisposed the great interior region to make an end of strife, a tendency which was greatly promoted by Wilson's energetic and masterly raid. The rough usage received by Taylor and by Forrest at his hands, and the blow their dignity suffered in the capture of their fugitive President, made their surrender more practicable. An officer of Taylor's staff came to Canby's headquarters on the 19th of April to make arrangements for the surrender of all the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi not already paroled by Sherman and by Wilson—embracing some 42,000 men. On the 4th of May the terms were agreed upon and signed at the village of Citronelle in Alabama. General Taylor gives a picturesque incident of his meeting with General Canby. The Union officers invited the Confederates to a luncheon, and while the latter were enjoying a menu to which they had long been unaccustomed, the military band in attendance began playing "Hail, Columbia." Canby—with a courtesy, Taylor says, equal to anything recorded by Froissart—excused himself, and walked to the door; the music ceased for a moment, and then the air of "Dixie" was heard. The Confederates, not to be left in arrears of good-breeding, then demanded the national air, and the flag of the reunited country was toasted by both sides. The terms agreed upon were those accorded by Grant to Lee with slight changes of detail, the United States Government furnishing transportation and subsistence on the way home to the men lately engaged in the effort

to destroy it. The Confederates willingly testify to the cordial generosity with which they were treated. "Public property," says General Taylor, "was turned over and receipted for, and this as orderly and quickly as in time of peace between officers of the same service." At the same time and place the Confederate Commodore Farrand surrendered to Admiral Thatcher all the naval forces of the Confederacy in the neighborhood of Mobile—a dozen vessels and some hundreds of officers.

General Kirby Smith commanded all the insurgent forces west of the Mississippi. On him the desperate hopes of Mr. Davis and his flying Cabinet were fixed, after the successive surrenders of Lee and Johnston had left them no prospect in the east. They imagined they could move westward, gathering up stragglers as they fled, and, crossing the river, could join Smith's forces, and "form an army, which in that portion of the country, abounding in supplies and deficient in rivers and railroads, could have continued the war. . . ." "To this hope," adds Mr. Davis, "I persistently clung." Smith, on the 21st of April, called upon his soldiers to continue the fight.

You possess the means of long resisting invasion. You have hopes of succor from abroad. . . . The great resources of this department, its vast extent, the numbers, the discipline, and the efficiency of the army, will secure to our country terms that a proud people can with honor accept, and may, under the providence of God, be the means of checking the triumph of our enemy and securing the final success of our cause.

The attitude of Smith seemed so threatening that Sheridan was sent from Washington to bring him to reason. But he did not long hold his position of solitary defiance. One more useless skirmish took place near Brazos, and then Smith followed the example of Taylor, and surrendered his entire force, some 18,000, to General Canby on the 26th of May. The same generous terms were accorded him that had been given to Taylor—the Government fed his troops and carried them to their homes.

Meanwhile, General Wilson had been paroling many thousands of prisoners, who wandered in straggling parties within the limits of his command. One hundred and seventy-five thousand men in all were surrendered by the different Confederate commanders, and there were, in addition to these, about ninety-nine thousand prisoners in national custody during the year; one-third of these were exchanged and two-thirds released. This was done as rapidly as possible, by successive orders of the War Department, beginning on the 9th of May and continuing through the summer.

The first object of the Government was to stop the waste of war. Recruiting ceased im-

mediately after Lee's surrender; the purchase of arms and supplies was curtailed, and measures were taken to reduce as promptly as possible the vast military establishment. It had grown during the last few months to portentous dimensions. The impression that a great and final victory was near at hand, the stimulus of the national hope, the prospect of a brief and prosperous campaign, had brought the army up to the magnificent complement of a million men.¹ The reduction of this vast armament, the retrenchment of the enormous expenses incident to it, were immediately undertaken with a method and despatch which were the result of four years' thorough and practical training, and which would have been impossible under any other circumstances. Every chief of bureau was ordered on the 28th of April to proceed at once to the reduction of expenses in his department to a peace footing, and this before Taylor or Smith had surrendered and while Jefferson Davis was still at large. The transportation department gave up the railroads of the South to their owners, mainly in better condition than that in which they had been received. They began without delay to sell the immense accumulation of draught animals; eight million dollars were realized from that source within the year. The other departments also disposed of their surplus stores. The stupendous difference which the close of the war at once caused in the finances of the country may be seen in the fact that the appropriations for the army in the fiscal year succeeding the war were \$33,814,461 as against \$516,240,131 for the preceding year. The army of a million men was brought down, with incredible ease and celerity, to one of twenty-five thousand.

Before the great army melted away into the greater body of the Republic the soldiers enjoyed one final triumph, a march through the capital, undisturbed by death or danger, under the eyes of their highest commanders, military and civilian, and the representatives of the people whose nationality they had saved. The Army of the Potomac and the army of Sherman — such corps of them as were stationed within reach, waiting their discharge — were ordered to pass in review before General Grant and President Johnson, in front of the Executive Mansion, on the 23d and 24th of May. Those who witnessed this solemn yet joyous pageant will never forget it, and will pray that their children may never witness anything like it. For two whole days this formidable host, eight times the number of the entire peace es-

tablishment, marched the long stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the shadow of the dome of the Capitol, and filling that wide thoroughfare to Georgetown with their serried mass, moving with the easy, yet rapid pace of veterans in cadence step. On a platform in front of the White House stood the President and all the first officers of the state, the judges of the highest court, the most eminent generals and admirals of the army and the navy. The weather, on both days, was the finest a Washington May could afford; the trees of Lafayette Square were leafing out in their strong and delicate verdure.

The Army of the Potomac, which for four years had been the living bulwark of the capital, was rightly given the precedence. Meade himself rode at the head of his column, then came the cavalry headed by Merritt — for Sheridan had already started for his new command in the Southwest. Custer, commanding the Third Division, had an opportunity of displaying his splendid horsemanship, as his charger, excited beyond control by the pomp and martial music, bolted near the Treasury, and dashed with the speed of the wind past the reviewing stand, but was soon mastered by the young general, who was greeted with stormy applause as he rode gravely by the second time, covered with garlands of flowers, the gifts of friends on the pavement. The same graceful guerdon was given all the leading commanders; even subalterns and hundreds of private soldiers marched decked with these fragrant offerings. The three infantry corps, the Ninth, under Parke, the Fifth, under Griffin, — though Warren was on the stand, hailed with tumultuous cheers by his soldiers, — and the Second, under Humphreys, moved swiftly forward. Wright, with the Sixth, was too far away to join in the day's parade.² The memory of hundreds of hard-fought battles, of saddening defeats and glorious victories, of the dead and maimed comrades who had fallen forever out of the thinned ranks, was present to every one who saw the veteran divisions marching by under the charge of generals who had served with them in every vicissitude of battle and siege — trained officers like Crook and Ayres, and young and brilliant soldiers who had risen like rockets from among the volunteers, such as Barlow and Miles. Every brigade had its days of immortal prowess to boast, every tattered guidon had its history.

On the 24th Sherman's army marched in review. The general rode in person at the head of his troops, and was received by the dense multitude that thronged the avenue with a tumult of rapturous plaudits, which might have assured him of the peculiar place he was

¹ May 1, 1865, the aggregate was 1,000,516. [Johnson, Message, Dec. 4, 1865. Appendix, "Globe," p. 4.]

² His corps was reviewed on the 7th of June.

to hold thereafter in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. His horse and he were loaded with flowers; and his principal commanders were not neglected. Howard had just been appointed chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, and therefore Logan commanded the right wing of the Army of the Tennessee, the place he had hoped for, and, his friends insist, deserved, when McPherson fell; Hazen had succeeded to the Fifteenth Corps, and Frank Blair, a chivalrous and martial figure, rode at the head of the Seventeenth. Slocum led the left wing,—the Army of Georgia,—consisting of the Twentieth Corps under Mower, and the Fourteenth under J. C. Davis. The armies of Meade and Sherman were not exclusively from the East and West respectively; for Sherman had the contingent which Hooker and Howard had brought to Chattanooga from the East; and there were regiments from as far west as Wisconsin and Minnesota in the Army of the Potomac. But Sherman's troops were to all intents and purposes Western men, and they were scanned with keen and hospitable interest by the vast crowd of spectators, who were mainly from the East. There was little to choose between the two armies: a trifle more of neatness and discipline, perhaps, among the veterans of Meade; a slight preponderance in physique and in swinging vigor of march among the Westerners; but the trivial differences were lost in the immense and evident likeness, as of brothers in one family. There was a touch of the grotesque in the march of Sherman's legions which was absent from the well-ordered corps of Meade. A small squad of bummers followed each brigade, in their characteristic garb and accessories; small donkeys loaded with queer spoils; goats and game-cocks, regimental pets, sitting gravely on the backs of mules; and pickaninnies, the adopted children of companies, showed their black faces between the ranks, their eyes and teeth gleaming with delight.

As a mere spectacle, this march of the mightiest host the continent had ever seen gathered together was grand and imposing, but it was not as a spectacle alone that it affected the beholder most deeply. It was not a mere holiday parade; it was an army of citizens on their way home after a long and terrible war. Their clothes were worn with toilsome marches and pierced with bullets; their banners had been torn with shot and shell and lashed in the winds of a thousand battles; the very drums and fifes that played the ruffles as each battalion passed the President had called out the troops to numberless night alarms, had sounded the onset at Vicksburg and Antietam, had inspired the wasted valor of Kenesaw and Fredericksburg, had throbbled with the electric pulse of

victory at Chattanooga and Five Forks. The whole country claimed these heroes as a part of themselves, an infinite gratification forever to the national self-love; and the thoughtful diplomatists who looked on the scene from the reviewing stand could not help seeing that there was a conservative force in an intelligent democracy which the world had never before known.

With all the shouting and the laughter and the joy of this unprecedented ceremony there was one sad and dominant thought which could not be driven from the minds of those who saw it—that of the men who were absent, and who had, nevertheless, richly earned the right to be there. The soldiers, in their shrunken companies, were conscious of the ever-present memories of the brave comrades who had fallen by the way; and in the whole army there was the passionate and unavailing regret that their wise, gentle, and powerful friend, Abraham Lincoln, was gone forever from the house by the avenue, where their loyal votes, supporting their loyal bayonets, had contributed so much to place him.

The world has had many lessons to learn from this great war: the naval fight in Hampton Roads opened a new era in maritime warfare; the marches of Sherman disturbed all previous axioms of logistics; the system of instantaneous intrenchments, adopted by the soldiers of both sides in the latter part of the war, changed the whole character of modern field tactics. But the greatest of all the lessons afforded to humanity by the Titanic struggle in which the American Republic saved its life is the manner in which its armies were levied, and, when the occasion for their employment was over, were dismissed. Though there were periods when recruiting was slow and expensive, yet there were others, when some crying necessity for troops was apparent, that showed almost incredible speed and efficiency in the supply of men. Mr. Stanton, in his report for 1865, says:

After the disaster on the Peninsula, in 1862, over 80,000 troops were enlisted, organized, armed, equipped, and sent to the field in less than a month. Sixty thousand troops have repeatedly gone to the field within four weeks; and 90,000 infantry were once sent to the armies from the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin within twenty days.

This certainly shows a wealth of resources nothing less than imperial, and a power of commanding the physical and moral forces of the nation which has rarely been paralleled. Even more important, by way of instruction and example, was the lesson given the nations by the quick and noiseless dispersion of the enormous host when the war was done. The best friends of the Republic in Europe feared for it in this crisis, and those who disbelieved in

the conservative power of democracy were loud in their prophecies of the trouble which would arise on the attempt to disband the army. A million men, with arms in their hands, flushed with intoxicating victory, led by officers schooled in battle, loved and trusted—were they not ready for any adventure? Was it reasonable to believe that they would consent to disband and go to work again at the bidding of a few men in black coats at Washington? Especially after Lincoln was dead, could the tailor from Tennessee direct these myriads of warriors to lay down their arms and melt away into the everyday life of citizens? In America there was no anxiety on this score among the friends of the Union. Without giving the subject a thought they knew there was no danger. The war had been made to execute the laws and to save the national existence, and when those objects were attained there was no thought among the soldiers, from the general to the humblest file-closer, but to wait for the expected orders from the civil authorities for their disbandment.

The orders came as a mere matter of course, and were executed with a thoroughness and rapidity which then seemed also a matter of course, but which will appear more and more wonderful to succeeding generations. The muster-out began on the 29th of April, before Lincoln was borne to his grave, before Davis was caught, before the rebels of the Trans-Mississippi had ceased uttering their boasts of eternal defiance. First the new recruits, next the veterans whose terms were nearly expired, next those expensive corps the cavalry and artillery, and so on in regular order. Sherman's laurel-crowned army was the first to complete its muster-out, and the heroic Army of the Potomac was not far behind it. These veterans of hundreds of battlefields were soon found mingled in all the pursuits of civic activity. By the 7th of August 641,000 troops had become citizens; by the middle of November over 800,000 had been mustered out—without a fancy in any mind that there was anything else to do.

The Navy Department had not waited for the return of peace to begin the reduction of expenses. As soon as Fort Fisher fell the retrenchment began, and before Grant started on his last campaign considerable progress had been made in that direction. The 1st of May the squadrons were reduced one-half, and in July but thirty steamers comprised the entire blockading squadron on the Atlantic and the Gulf. The Potomac and Mississippi flotillas were wholly discontinued in another month. When Mr. Welles made his annual report in December he could say: "There were in the several blockading squadrons in January last,

exclusive of other duty, 471 vessels and 2445 guns. There are now but 29 vessels remaining on the coast, carrying 210 guns, exclusive of howitzers." Superfluous vessels were sold by hundreds and the money covered into the Treasury; thousands of the officers and sailors who had patriotically left the merchant service to fight under the national flag went back to the pursuits of peace.

For the purposes of pacification and the reëstablishment of the national authority the country was divided into five grand divisions—that of the Atlantic, commanded by Meade; the Mississippi, by Sherman; the Gulf, by Sheridan; the Tennessee, by Thomas; and the Pacific, by Halleck. These again were subdivided into nineteen departments, and we print here the names of the generals commanding them for the last time, as a roll of the men who survived the war, most favored by fortune and their own merits: Hooker, Hancock, Augur, Ord, Stoneman, Palmer (J. M.), Pope, Terry, Schofield, Sickles, Steedman, Foster (J. G.), Wood (T. J.), Wood (C. R.), Canby, Wright, Reynolds, Steele, McDowell. The success or failure of these soldiers in administering the trusts confided to them, their relations to the people among whom they were stationed, and to the President who succeeded to the vacant chair of Lincoln, form no part of the story we have attempted to tell.

On the 13th of June the President proclaimed the insurrection at an end in the State of Tennessee; it was not until the second day of April, 1866, that he proclaimed a state of peace as existing in the rest of the United States, and then he excepted the State of Texas; on the 20th of August, in the same year, he made his final proclamation, announcing the reëstablishment of the national authority in Texas, and thereupon he concluded, "I do further proclaim that the said insurrection is at an end, and that peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole of the United States of America."

LINCOLN'S FAME.

THE death of Lincoln awoke all over the world a quick and deep emotion of grief and admiration. If he had died in the days of doubt and gloom which preceded his reflection, he would have been sincerely mourned and praised by the friends of the Union, but its enemies would have curtly dismissed him as one of the necessary and misguided victims of sectional hate. They would have used his death to justify their malevolent forebodings, to point the moral of new lectures on the instability of democracies. But as he had fallen in the moment of a stupendous victory, the halo

of a radiant success enveloped his memory and dazzled the eyes even of his most hostile critics. That portion of the press of England and the Continent which had persistently vilified him now joined in the universal chorus of elegiac praise.¹ Cabinets and courts which had been cold or unfriendly sent their messages of condolence. The French government, spurred on by their Liberal opponents, took prompt measures to express their admiration for his character and their horror at his taking-off. In the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the imperialists and the republicans vied with each other in utterances of grief and of praise; the Emperor and the Empress sent their personal condolences to Mrs. Lincoln. In England there was perhaps a trifle of self-consciousness at the bottom of the official expressions of sympathy. The Foreign Office searched the records for precedents, finding nothing which suited the occasion since the assassination of Henry IV. The sterling English character could not, so gracefully as the courtiers of Napoleon III., bend to praise one who had been treated almost as an enemy for so long. When Sir George Grey opened his dignified and pathetic speech in the House of Commons, by saying that a majority of the people of England sympathized with the North, he was greeted with loud protestations and denials on the part of those who favored the Confederacy. But his references to Lincoln's virtues were cordially received, and when he said that the Queen had written to Mrs. Lincoln with her own hand, "as a widow to a widow," the House broke out in loud cheering. Mr. Disraeli spoke on behalf of the Conservatives with his usual dexterity and with a touch of factitious feeling.

There is [he said] in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, something so homely and innocent, that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

In the House of Lords the matter was treated with characteristic reticence. The speech of

¹ One of the finest poems on the occasion of his death was that in which the London "Punch" made its manly recantation of the slanders with which it had pursued him for four years:

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

Lord Russell was full of that rugged truthfulness, that unbending integrity of spirit, which appeared at the time to disguise his real friendliness to America, and which was only the natural expression of a mind extraordinarily upright, and English to the verge of caricature. Lord Derby followed him in a speech of curious elegance, the object of which was rather to launch a polished shaft against his opponents than to show honor to the dead President; and the address proposed by the Government was voted. While these reserved and careful public proceedings were going on, the heart of England was expressing its sympathy with the kindred beyond sea by its thousand organs of utterance in the press, the resolutions of municipal bodies, the pulpit, and the platform.

In Germany the same manifestations were seen of official expressions of sympathy from royalty and its ministers, and of heartfelt affection and grief from the people and their representatives. Otto von Bismarck, then at the beginning of his illustrious career, gave utterance to the courteous regrets of the King of Prussia; the eloquent deputy, William Loewe, from his place in the House, made a brief and touching speech.

The man [he said] who accomplished such great deeds from the simple desire conscientiously to perform his duty, the man who never wished to be more nor less than the most faithful servant of his people, will find his own glorious place in the pages of history. In the deepest reverence I bow my head before this modest greatness, and I think it is especially agreeable to the spirit of our own nation, with its deep inner life and admiration of self-sacrificing devotion and effort after the ideal, to pay the tribute of veneration to such greatness, exalted as it is by simplicity and modesty.

Two hundred and fifty members of the Chamber signed an address to the American minister in Berlin, full of the cordial sympathy and admiration felt, not only for the dead President, but for the national cause, by the people of Germany.

You are aware [they said] that Germany has looked with pride and joy on the thousands of her sons who in this struggle have placed themselves so resolutely on the side of law and right. You have seen with what pleasure the victories of the Union have hailed, and how confident the faith in the final triumph of the great cause and the restoration of the Union in all its greatness has ever been, even in the midst of calamity.

Workingmen's clubs, artisans' unions, sent numberless addresses, not merely expressive of sympathy, but conveying singularly just appreciations of the character and career of Lincoln. His death seemed to have marked a step in the education of the people everywhere.

In fact it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinion all at once; he was canonized, as he lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him, but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place which the government disliked, but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. "Tell her," said Eugène Pelletan, "the heart of France is in that little box." The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead Republican, it struck at the Empire. "Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished slavery, reestablished the Union: Saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty." Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, "Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy." Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them — his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; yet he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a Spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy

and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. "He is a common-looking fellow," some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied, in his Quaker phrase, "Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people: that is why he made so many of them." He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: "No man see Linkum. Linkum walk as Jesus walk — no man see Linkum."¹ But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us no calmer nor more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made — nor perhaps ever will be — than that uttered by one of the wisest and most Amer-

¹ Mr. Hay had this story from Captain E. W. Hooper immediately after it happened. It has been told with many variations.

ican of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune." . . . His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent—father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange; the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen, practical insight into affairs of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President—*Sævus tranquillus in undis*. European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, "The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals." Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: "This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself."

¹ "Battles and Leaders," Vol. II., p. 405.

² H. W. Grady.

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally, where the envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few, where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him, his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell, in an immortal ode, calls him "New birth of our new soil, the first American." General Sherman says, "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other." He is spoken of, with scarcely less of enthusiasm, by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet¹ calls him "the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period." An eminent Southern orator,² referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says:

From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic—Abraham Lincoln.

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument—the great writers, and the men of great achievement; the founders of states, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay in his lighter moods, and says:

The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and

more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg¹ will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.²

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert³ commended it as a model for the imitation of princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address at Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance—not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchainment conditions by the force of native genius and will; vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private

life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his most formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill, that he obtained for the Government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for reelection, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the Electoral Colleges. His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After times will wonder, not at the few and unim-

¹ The text of the address, as slightly revised by President Lincoln, is as follows, and is taken from the autographic copy made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore in 1864:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of

the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—EDITOR.

² It has sometimes been said that this speech was not appreciated at the time of its delivery; we therefore add the testimony of another high authority to that of Emerson. On the day after the dedication Edward Everett wrote to the President: "Permit me . . . to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion, in two hours, as you did in two minutes." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not entirely a failure. Of course I knew that Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency, whose principals are the States, was new to me, and, as I think, is one of the best arguments for the national supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before." [Unpublished MS.]

³ "La Victoire du Nord," p. 133.

portant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says :

I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions.¹

General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best-trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln "the ablest strategist of the war."

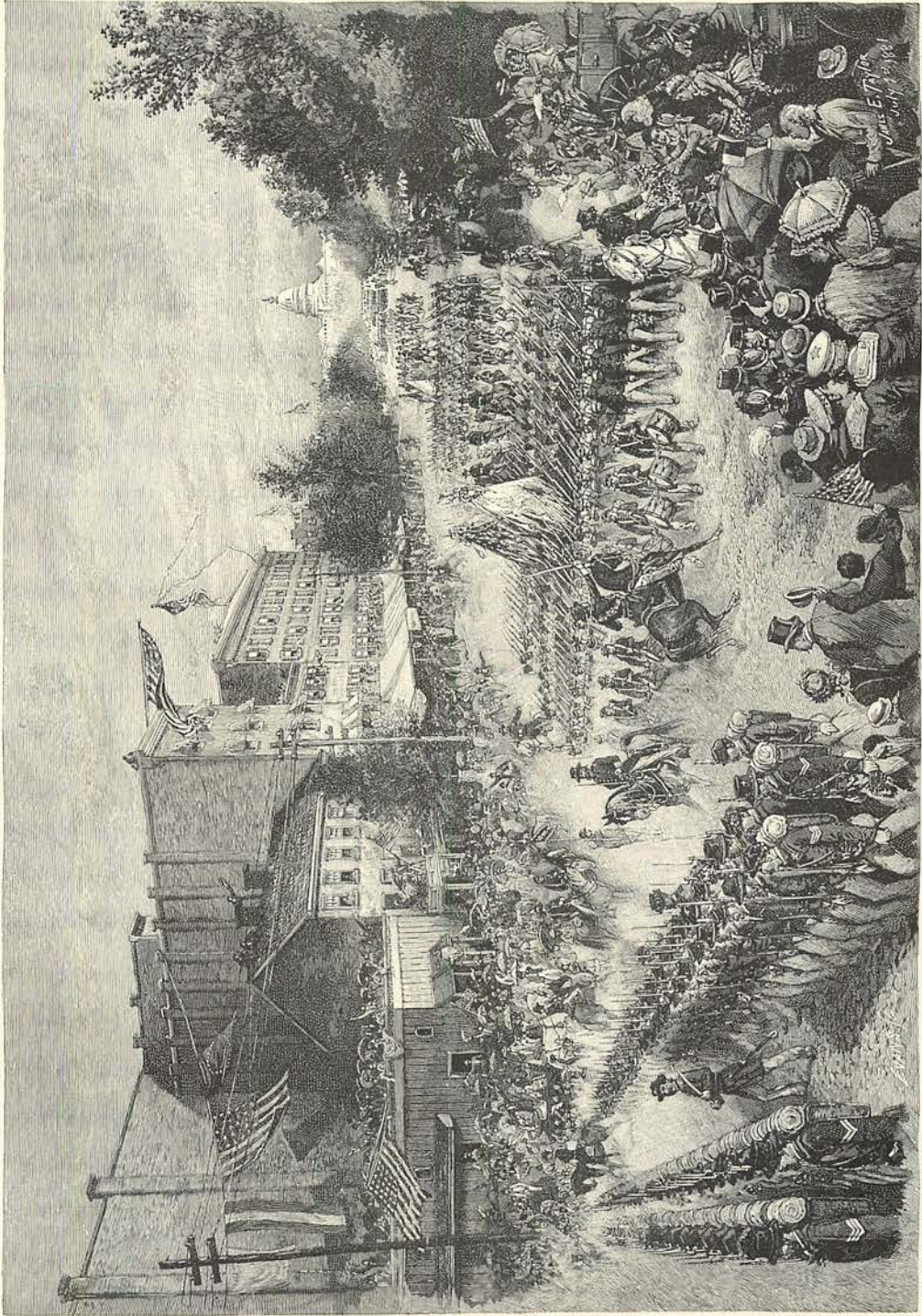
To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and worldwide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined, in such high degree, in one individual. His heart was so tender that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not, even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him by word or manner of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well born as to the poor

and humble — a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist for others upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statecraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope which saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the Republic; and by a special good fortune every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the Republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served — in life and in death — with such entire devotion.

¹ "Lincoln Memorial Album," p. 555.





PAINTED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.

THE GRAND REVIEW OF UNION TROOPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I.—THE LIFE MASK

AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

AH, countless wonders, brought from every zone,
Not all your wealth could turn the heart away
From that one semblance of our common clay,
The brow whereon the precious life long flown,
Leaving a homely glory all its own,
Seems still to linger, with a mournful play
Of light and shadow!—His, who held a sway
And power of magic to himself unknown,
Through what is granted but God's chosen few,
Earth's crownless, yet anointed kings,—a soul
Divinely simple and sublimely true
In that unconscious greatness that shall bless
This petty world while stars their courses roll,
Whose finest flower is *self-forgetfulness*.

Stuart Sterne.

II.—THE CENOTAPH.¹

AND so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild Spring of pain?
'T is false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

James T. McKay.

HOW SAL CAME THROUGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS," ETC.



HE summer sun balanced itself so evenly over Holly Bluff plantation that the broad white dwelling cast no shadow. But there was shade for all that, great stretches of it where, between the road that curved around the house and the fields now wreathed in tranquil cotton bloom, the pines had been left to check the western winds; and along the edge of the ravine too, where stood the cabins, were cool Rembrandt shadows, into which the open doorways looked out pleasantly, the colors of sundry and varied garments strung along the lines that linked the spreading oaks lending cheerfulness to the scene.

And there was a deep, cool shade in the broad back porch overlooking the blooming field, whose thousand acres ran off under the

¹ On April 14, 1887, the twenty-second anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, press despatches from Springfield reported his final burial in the monumental tomb.