



MUSIC ON SHERIDAN'S LINE OF BATTLE.

## GRANT'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

### I.

#### THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG.\*

AT 9 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of March, 1865, General Grant and the officers of his staff bid good-bye to President Lincoln and started by special train from City Point to the front.

The military railroad connecting headquarters with the camps south of Petersburg was a surface road, built up hill and down dale, and its undulations were so emphasized, that a train moving along it looked in the distance like a fly crawling over a corrugated wash-board. The general sat down near the end of the car, drew from his pocket the flint and slow match that he always carried, which unlike a match never missed fire in a gale of wind, and was soon wreathed in the smoke of the inevitable cigar. I took a seat near him with several other officers of the staff, and he at once began to talk over his plans in detail. They had been discussed in general terms before starting out from City Point.

For a month or more, General Grant's chief apprehension had been that Lee might suddenly pull out from his intrenchments, and fall back into the interior, where he might unite with General Joe Johnston against Sherman and force our army to follow him to a great distance from its present base. General Grant had been sleeping with one eye open and one

foot out of bed for many weeks, in the fear that Lee would thus give him the slip. Each army, in fact, had been making preparations for either a fight or a foot-race, or both, and the starting time had now arrived, for the weather had been fair for several days, and the roads were getting in good condition for the movement of troops, that is, as good as could be expected, through a section of country in which the dust in summer was generally so thick that the army could not see where to move, and the mud in winter was so deep that it could not move anywhere. On the train General Grant said: "The President is one of the few visitors I have had who has not attempted to extract from me a knowledge of my plans. He not only never asks them, but says it is better he should not know them, and then he can be certain to keep the secret."

When we reached the end of the railway, we rode down the Vaughn road, and went into camp for the night in a field just south of that road, close to Gravelly Run (see map, page 128). That night (March 29th), the army was disposed in the following order from right to left: Weitzel in front of Richmond, with a portion of the Army of the James, Parke and Wright holding our works in front of Petersburg, Ord extending to the intersection of Hatcher's Run and the Vaughn road, Humphreys stretching beyond Dabney's Mill, Warren on the extreme left reaching as far as the junction of the Vaughn road and the Boydton

\* The reader is referred to the September CENTURY for articles on the siege of Petersburg, the last event described there being the Confederate sortie and repulse at Fort Stedman on March 25th. In order to bring the first half of General Horace Porter's paper within the limits of the present magazine article, many interesting details, including those of the fighting at

Five Forks, have been necessarily omitted. The paper will be given entire in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," a work now being published by subscription, by the Century Co., in thirty-two parts—or four volumes—containing THE CENTURY war series in permanent and greatly extended and embellished form. —EDITOR.







plank-road, and Sheridan at Dinwiddie Court House. The weather had become cloudy, and towards evening rain began to fall. It fell in torrents during the night and continued with but little interruption all the next day. The country was densely wooded, and the ground swampy, and by the evening of the 30th whole fields had become beds of quicksand in which horses sank to their bellies, and the bottoms of the roads seemed to be falling out. The men began to feel that if any one in after years should ask them whether they had been through Virginia, they could say, "Yes, in a number of places." The roads had become sheets of water; and it looked as if the saving of that army would require the services not of a Grant but of a Noah.

While standing in front of the general's tent on the morning of the 30th, discussing the situation with several others of the staff, General Sheridan turned in from the Vaughn road with his escort and came up to our headquarters camp. He dismounted, entered General Grant's tent, and had a long interview. The general informed Sheridan that he had intended to send him a corps of infantry that day, but the condition of the roads prevented, and that he hoped he could feel the enemy the next day, and if possible seize Five Forks with his cavalry. The next morning, the 31st, Sheridan reported that the enemy had been hard at work intrenching at Five Forks and to a point about a mile west of there. Lee had been as prompt as Grant to recognize Five Forks as a strategic point of great importance, and, to protect his right, had sent Pickett there with a large force of infantry and nearly all the cavalry. The rain continued during the night of the 30th, and the weather was cloudy and dismal on the morning of the 31st.

General Grant had anticipated that Warren would be attacked that morning and had warned him to be on the alert. Warren advanced his corps to develop with what force the enemy held the White Oak road and to try to drive him from it; but before he had gone far, he met with a vigorous assault. When news came of the attack, General Grant directed me to go to the spot and look to the situation of affairs there. Upon meeting him afterwards, about 1 o'clock, as he was riding out to Warren's command he directed me to go to Sheridan and explain what was taking place in Warren's and Humphreys's front, and have a full understanding with him as to further operations in his vicinity. I rode rapidly

down the Boydton plank-road, and hearing heavy firing in the direction of the Five Forks road, hurried on in that direction by way of the Brooks road.

I found Sheridan a little north of Dinwiddie Court House, and gave him an account of matters on the left of the Army of the Potomac. He said he had had one of the liveliest days in his experience, fighting infantry and cavalry with only cavalry, but that he was concentrating his command on the high ground just north of Dinwiddie, and would hold that position at all hazards. He begged me to go to General Grant at once and urge him to send him the Sixth Corps, because it had been under him in the Shenandoah Valley, and its people knew his people and were familiar with his way of fighting. I told him, as had been stated to him before, that the Sixth Corps was next to our extreme right, and that the only one which could reach him by daylight was the Fifth. I started soon after for General Grant's headquarters, then at Dabney's Mill, a distance of about eight miles, reached there at 7 o'clock p. m., and gave the general a full description of Sheridan's operations. He at once telegraphed the substance of my report to Meade, and preparations soon after began looking to the sending of the Fifth Corps to report to Sheridan. This proved to be one of the busiest nights of the whole campaign. Generals were writing dispatches and telegraphing from dark till daylight. Staff-officers were rushing from one headquarters to another, wading through swamps, penetrating forests and galloping over corduroy roads, engaged in carrying instructions, getting information, and making extraordinary efforts to hurry up the movement of the troops.

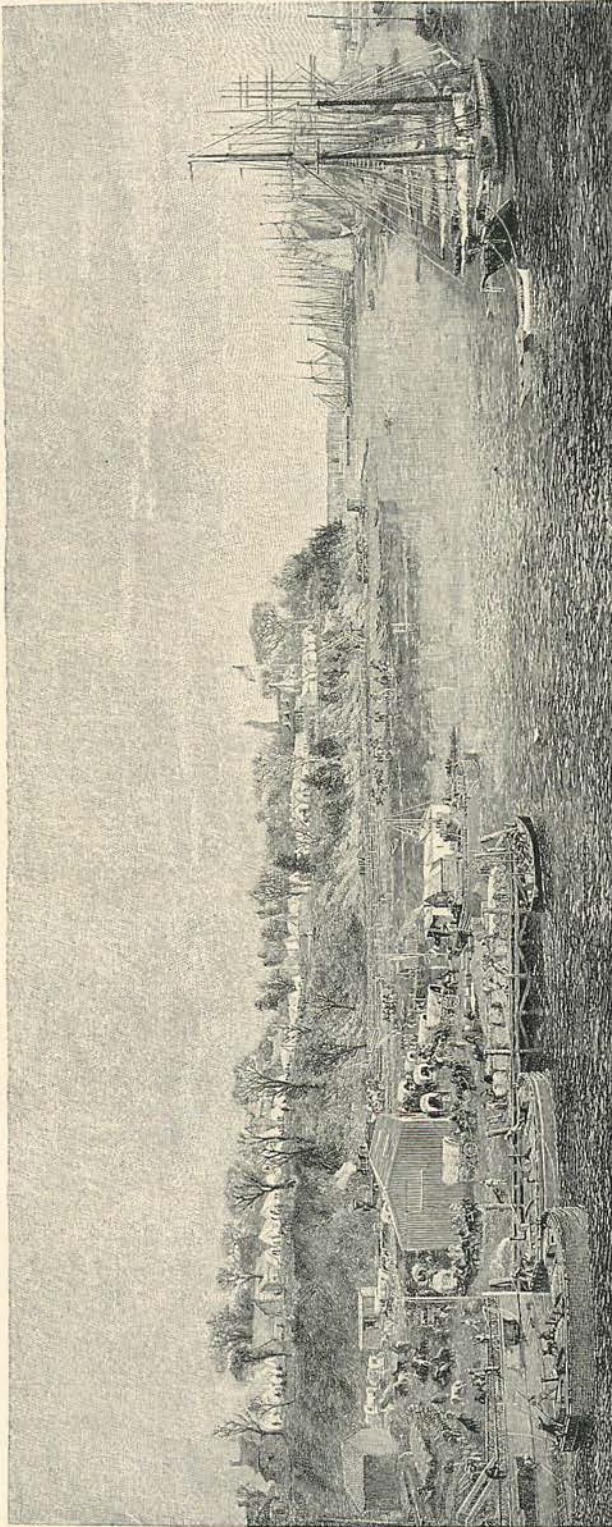
The next morning, April 1st, General Grant said to me: "I wish you would spend the day with Sheridan's command, and send me a bulletin every half-hour or so, advising me fully as to the progress being made. You know my views, and I want you to give them to Sheridan fully. I hope there may now be an opportunity of fighting the enemy's infantry outside of its fortifications."

I set out with half a dozen mounted orderlies to act as couriers in transmitting field bulletins. Captain Hudson, of our staff, went with me. After traveling again by way of the Brooks road, I met Sheridan about 10 A. M., on the Five Forks road, not far from J. Boisseau's house. General Warren, who had accompanied

NOTE TO THE PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT: On being asked for the history of these portraits (which, it will be noticed, were taken during General Grant's second term as President), Colonel Frederick D. Grant replied: "The taking of the photographs in profile was the occasion of my father's shaving for the second time that I ever knew of. My mother had asked him

to have a profile taken so that she might send it to Rome to have a cameo cut. Thinking that she wanted a profile of his features, he got shaved and had these pictures taken, very much to the disgust of my mother, who did not accept them for the cameo, but waited until his beard grew out again, and then had another profile taken for the purpose."—EDITOR.





GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, CITY POINT. (FROM THE PAINTING BY E. L. HENRY, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK.)

Crawford's division, arrived at 11 o'clock and reported in person to Sheridan.

A few minutes before noon, Colonel (afterwards General) Babcock, of General Grant's staff, came over from headquarters, and said to Sheridan: "General Grant directs me to say to you, that if in your judgment the Fifth Corps would do better under one of the division commanders, you are authorized to relieve General Warren, and order him to report to him, General Grant, at headquarters." General Sheridan replied, in effect, that he hoped such a step as that might not become necessary, and then went on to speak of his plan of battle.

The enemy's earth-works were parallel to the White Oak road and about a mile and three-quarters in length, with an angle formed by running a line back about one hundred yards from the main line and at right angles to it. The Fifth Corps was to wheel to the left and make its attack upon the "angle," and then moving westward sweep down in rear of the enemy's entrenched line. The cavalry, principally dismounted, was to deploy in front of the enemy's line and engage his attention, and, as soon as it heard the firing of our infantry, to make a vigorous assault upon his works.

The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the infantry fighting ever since the army had moved out on the 29th, and the gallant men who composed it were eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer when he nears the line, and is struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness; he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clenched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger.



At 4 o'clock, the formation was completed, the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's intrenched line began.

Soon Ayres's men met with a heavy fire on their left flank and had to change directions by facing more towards the west. As the troops entered the woods and moved forward over the boggy ground and struggled through the dense undergrowth, they were staggered by a heavy fire from the angle and fell back in some confusion. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and cried out: "Where is my battle-flag?" As the sergeant who carried it rode up, Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made great efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle-flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Captain McGonnigle on the side, others struck two or three of the staff-officers' horses. All this time Sheri-

dan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fists, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle. It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader. Ayres and his officers were equally exposing themselves in rallying the men, and these veterans soon rushed forward with a rousing cheer and dashed over the earth-works, sweeping everything before them, and killing or capturing every man in their immediate front whose legs had not saved him.

Sheridan rode "Rienzi," the famous horse that had once carried him "twenty miles from Winchester." The general spurred him up to the angle, and with a bound he carried his rider over the earth-works, and landed in the midst of a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under their breastworks. Some of them called out, "Whar do you want us all to go?" Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the "Johnnies" as they



GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864.)

filed past. "Go right over there," he cried, pointing to the rear, "get right along, now, drop your guns, you'll never need them any more. You'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows." Nearly 1500 were captured at the angle.

The cavalry commanded by the gallant Merritt had made a final dash, had gone over the earth-works with a hurrah, captured a battery of artillery, and scattered everything in front of them. Here Custer, Devin, Fitzhugh, and the other cavalry leaders were in their element, and vied with each other in deeds of valor.

After the capture of the angle, I went in the direction of Crawford's division, passed around the left of the enemy's works, and met Sheridan again, west of the Ford road, just a little before dark. He was laboring with all the energy of his nature to complete the destruction of the enemy's forces, and to make preparation to protect his own detached com-



mand from an attack by Lee in the morning. He said he had relieved Warren, directed him to report in person to General Grant, and placed Griffin in command of the Fifth Corps.

Sheridan had that day fought one of the

April fool." I then realized that it was the 1st of April. I had ridden so rapidly, that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier I had dispatched. General Grant was sitting with most of the



TWO OF SHERIDAN'S SCOUTS. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

most interesting technical battles of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results.

About half-past 7 o'clock I started for general headquarters. The roads in places were corduroyed with captured muskets; ammunition trains and ambulances were still struggling forward for miles; teamsters, prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway; the "coffee-boilers" had kindled their fires, cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have the right of way by any means. As I galloped past a group of men on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: "No, you don't—

staff about him before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet giving vent to wild demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, grasping of hands, tossing up of hats, and slapping each other on the backs. It meant the beginning of the end, the reaching of the "last ditch." It pointed to peace and home. The general, as was expected, asked his usual question: "How many prisoners have been taken?" This was always his first inquiry when an engagement was reported. No man ever had such a fondness for taking prisoners. I think the gratification arose from the kindness of his heart, a feeling that it was much better to win in this way than by the destruction of human life. I was happy to report that the prisoners this time were esti-



mated at over five thousand, and this was the only part of my recital that seemed to call forth a responsive expression from his impassive features. After having listened attentively to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle took up his "manifold writer," a small book which retained a copy of the matter written, and after finishing several dispatches, handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines." This was about 9 o'clock.

In his conversation now, his sense of humor began to assert itself. I had sent him a bulletin during the day saying, "I have noticed among the prisoners many old men whose heads are quite bald." This was mentioned as an evidence that the enemy in recruiting was "robbing the grave." A staff-officer was sitting with us whose hair was so thin, that he used to part it low behind and comb the stray locks forward, trying to make the rear-guard do picket duty at the front. The general delighted in teasing him on this subject, and he now said to me: "When I got your message to-day about the bald-headed men, I showed it to General Blank and told him he had better take care and not fall into the hands of the enemy, for that is just the way they would be commenting on his head in their reports."

A little after midnight General Grant tucked himself into his camp-bed, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if the next day was to be devoted to a picnic instead of a decisive battle.

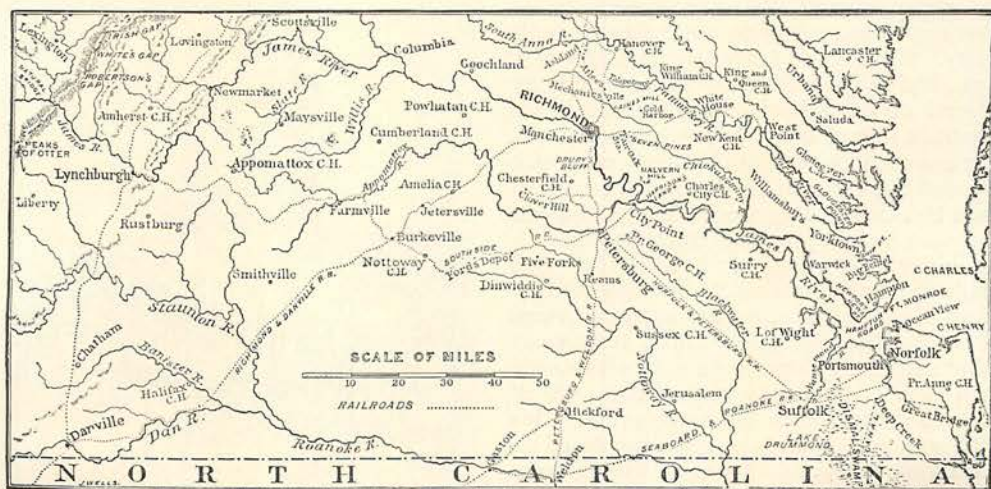
At 4:45 there was a streak of gray in the

heavens which soon revealed another streak of gray formed by Confederate uniforms in the works opposite, and the men rushed forward to the charge. The thunder of hundreds of guns shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon the troops were engaged all along the lines. The general awaited the result of the assault at headquarters, where he could be easily communicated with, and from which he could give general directions.

At a quarter past 5 a message came from Wright that he had carried the enemy's line and was pushing in. Next came news from Parke, that he had captured the outer works in his front, with 12 pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners.

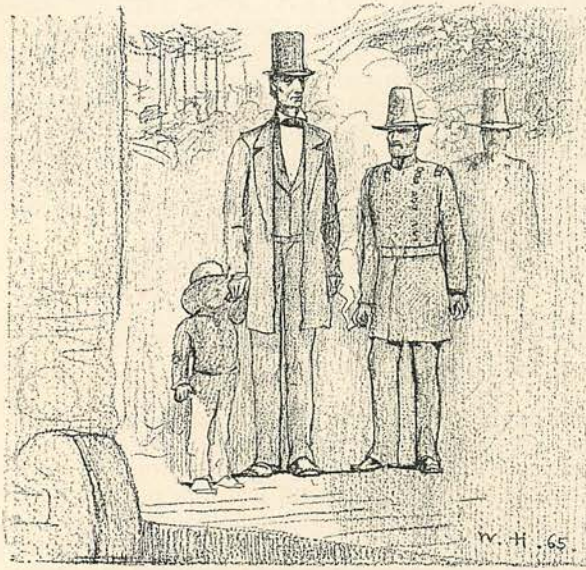
Soon Ord was heard from as having broken through the intrenchments, and Humphreys, too, had been doing gallant work.

The general and staff now rode out to the front, as it was necessary to give immediate direction to the actual movements of the troops, and prevent confusion from the overlapping and intermingling of the several corps as they pushed forward. He urged his horse over the works which Wright's corps had captured, and suddenly came upon a body of three thousand prisoners marching to the rear. His whole attention was for some time riveted upon them, and we knew he was enjoying his usual satisfaction in seeing them. General Grant, after taking in the situation, directed both Meade and Ord to face their commands towards the east, and close up towards the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Lee had been pushed so vigorously, that he seemed for a time to be making but little effort to recover any of his lost ground, but now he made a determined fight against Parke's corps, which was threaten-



MAP OF THE PETERSBURG-APPOMATTOX CAMPAIGN.





PRESIDENT LINCOLN, GENERAL GRANT, AND TAD LINCOLN AT A RAILWAY STATION. (SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WINSLOW HOMER.)

ing his inner line on his extreme left and the bridge across the Appomattox. Repeated assaults were made, but Parke resisted them all successfully, and could not be moved from his position. Lee had ordered Longstreet from the north side of the James, and with these troops reënforced his extreme right. General Grant dismounted near a farm-house which stood on a knoll within a mile of the enemy's inner line, and from which he could get a good view of the field of operations. He seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busy receiving dispatches and writing orders to officers conducting the advance. The position was under fire, and as soon as the group of staff-officers was seen, the enemy's guns began paying their respects to the party. This lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, and as the fire became hotter and hotter several of the officers, apprehensive of the general's safety, urged him to move to some less conspicuous position, but he kept on writing and talking without the least interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming, or paying any heed to the gentle reminders to "move on." After he had finished his dispatches, he got up, took a view of the situation, and as he started towards the other side of the farm-house said, with a quizzical look at the group around him: "Well, they do seem to have the range on us." The staff was now sent to various points of the advancing lines, and all was activity in pressing forward the good work. By noon, nearly all the outer line of works was in our possession,

except two strong redoubts which occupied a commanding position, named respectively Fort Gregg and Fort Whitworth. The general decided that these should be stormed, and about 1 o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. The garrison of three hundred men with two rifled cannon made a desperate defense, and a most gallant contest took place. For half an hour after our men had gained the parapet a bloody hand-to-hand struggle continued, but nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops, flushed with their morning's victory. By half-past two, 57 of the brave garrison lay dead, and about 250 had surrendered. Fort Whitworth was at once abandoned, but the guns of Fort Gregg were opened upon the garrison as they marched out, and the commander and sixty men were surrendered.

Prominent officers now urged the general to make an assault on the inner lines and capture Petersburg that afternoon, but he was firm in his resolve not to sacrifice the lives necessary to accomplish such a result. He said the city would undoubtedly be evacuated during the night, and he would dispose the troops for a parallel march westward, and try to head off the escaping army. And thus ended this eventful Sunday.

The general was up at daylight the next morning, and the first report brought in was



UNION CAVALRYMEN RIDING AROUND THE MONUMENT OF JACKSON IN THE CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND.



that Parke had gone through the lines at 4 A. M., capturing a few skirmishers, and that the city had surrendered at 4:28 to Colonel Ely. A second communication surrendering the place was sent in to Wright.

The evacuation had begun about 10 the night before, and was completed before 3 on the morning of the 3d. Between 5 and 6 A. M. the general had a conference with Meade, and orders were given to push westward with all haste. About 9 A. M. the general rode into Petersburg. Many of the citizens, panic-stricken, had escaped with the army. Most of the whites who remained staid indoors, a few groups of negroes gave cheers, but the scene generally was one of complete desertion. Grant rode along quietly with his

staff until he came to a comfortable-looking brick house with a yard in front, situated on one of the principal streets, and here he and the officers accompanying him dismounted and took seats on the piazza. A number of the citizens now gathered on the sidewalk and gazed, with eager curiosity, upon the features of the commander of the Yankee armies.

The general was anxious to move westward at once with the leading infantry columns, but Mr. Lincoln had telegraphed that he was on his way to see him, and the general decided to prolong his stay until the President came up. Mr. Lincoln soon after arrived, accompanied by his little son "Tad," dismounted in the street and came in through the front gate with long and rapid strides, his face beaming with delight. He seized General Grant's hand as



CITIZENS OF RICHMOND TAKING REFUGE IN CAPITOL SQUARE DURING THE CONFLAGRATION FOLLOWING UPON THE EVACUATION, APRIL 3D, 1865.

the general stepped forward to greet him, and stood shaking it for some time and pouring out his thanks and congratulations with all the fervor of a heart which seemed overflowing with its fullness of joy. I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln ever experienced a happier moment in his life. The scene was singularly affecting and one never to be forgotten. He then said:

"Do you know, general, I have had a sort of sneaking idea for some days that you intended to do something like this, though I thought some time ago that you would so manoeuvre as to have Sherman come up and be near enough to cooperate with you."

"Yes," replied the general, "I thought at one time that Sherman's army might advance so far as to be within supporting distance of the



Eastern armies when the spring campaign against Lee opened, but I have had a feeling that it is better to let Lee's old antagonists give his army the final blow and finish up the job single-handed."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I never thought of it in that light. In fact my anxiety has been so great that I did n't care where the help came from so the work was perfectly done."

Mr. Lincoln then began to talk about the civil complications that would follow the destruction of the Confederate armies in the field, and showed plainly the anxiety he felt regarding the great problems in state-craft which would soon be thrust upon him.

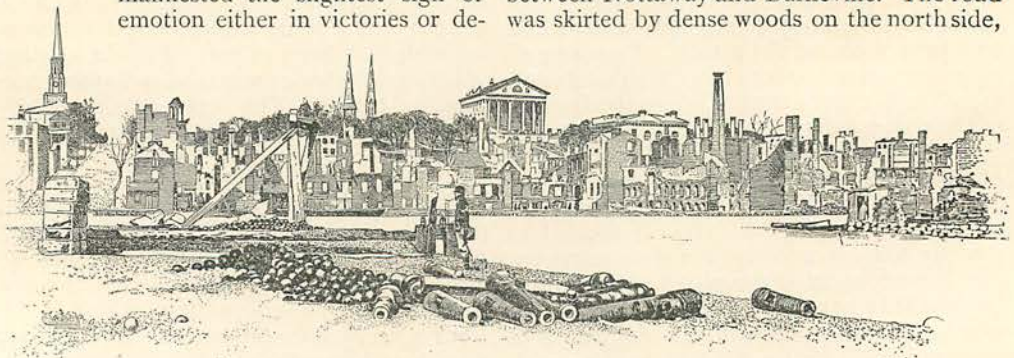
Meanwhile Tad, for whom he always showed great affection, was now becoming a little uneasy and gave certain appealing looks to which a staff-officer responded by producing some sandwiches, which he offered to him, saying: "Here, young man, I guess you must be hungry." Tad seized them as a drowning man would seize a life-preserver, and cried out: "Yes, I am, that's what's the matter with me." This greatly amused the President and the general-in-chief, who had a hearty laugh at Tad's expense.

The general hoped that he would hear before he parted with the President that Richmond was in our possession, but after the interview had lasted about an hour and a half, the general said he must ride on to the front and join Ord's column, and took leave of the President who shook his hand cordially, and with great warmth of feeling wished him God-speed and every success.

The general and staff had ridden as far as Sutherland's Station, about nine miles, when a dispatch from Weitzel overtook him, which had come by a roundabout way, announcing the capture of Richmond at 8:15 that morning. Although the news was expected, there were wild shouts of rejoicing from the group who heard it read. The general, who never manifested the slightest sign of emotion either in victories or de-

feats, merely said: "I am sorry I did not get this news before we left the President. However, I suppose he has heard of it by this time," and then added: "Let the news be circulated among the troops as rapidly as possible."

Grant and Meade both went into camp at Sutherland's Station that evening, the 3d. The Army of the Potomac caught a few hours' sleep, and at 3 the next morning was again on the march. The pursuit had now become unflagging, relentless. Grant put a spur on the heel of every dispatch he sent. Sheridan "the inevitable," as the enemy had learned to call him, was in advance thundering along with his cavalry, followed by Griffin and the rest of the Army of the Potomac, while Ord was swinging along towards Burkeville to head off Lee from Danville, to which point it was naturally supposed he was pushing in order to unite with Joe Johnston's army. The 4th was another active day; the troops found that this campaign was to be won by legs, that the great walking match had begun, and success depended upon which army could make the best distance record. General Grant marched this day with Ord's troops. Meade was quite sick and at times had to take to an ambulance, but his loyal spirit never flagged, and his orders breathed the true spirit of the soldier. That night General Grant camped at Wilson's Station, on the South Side railroad twenty-seven miles west of Petersburg. On the 5th he marched again with Ord's column, and at noon reached Nottaway Court House, about ten miles east of Burkeville, where he halted for a couple of hours. A young staff-officer here rode up to General Ord, in a state of considerable excitement, and said to him: "Is this a way-station?" The grim old soldier, who always went armed with a joke concealed somewhere about his person, replied with great deliberation: "This is Nott-a-way Station." We continued to move along the road which runs parallel to the South Side railroad till nearly dark, and had reached a point about half-way between Nottaway and Burkeville. The road was skirted by dense woods on the north side,



THE RUINS OF RICHMOND BETWEEN THE CANAL BASIN AND CAPITOL SQUARE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



the side towards the enemy. There was a sudden commotion among the headquarters escort, and on looking around I saw some of our men dashing up to a horseman in full Confederate uniform, who had suddenly appeared in the road, and in the act of seizing him as a prisoner.

I recognized him at once as one of Sheridan's scouts, who had before brought us important dispatches, and said to him: "How do you do, Campbell?" and told our men he was all right and was one of our own people.

He informed us he had had a hard ride from Sheridan's camp, and had brought a dispatch for General Grant. By this time the general had recognized him, and had stopped in the road to see what he had brought. Campbell then took from his mouth a wad of tobacco, broke it open, and pulled out a little ball of tin-foil. Rolled up in this was a sheet of tissue paper on which was written the famous dispatch so widely published at the time, in which Sheridan described the situation at Jettersville, and added: "I wish you were here yourself."

The general said he would go at once to Sheridan, and dismounted from his black pony "Jeff Davis," which he had been riding, and called for his big bay horse "Cincinnati." He stood in the road for a few minutes and wrote a dispatch, using the pony's back for a desk, and then mounting the fresh horse, told Campbell to lead the way. It was found we would have to skirt pretty closely to the enemy's lines, and it was thought prudent to take some cavalry with us, but there was none near at hand, and the general said he would risk it with our mounted escort of fourteen men. Calling upon me and two or three other officers to accompany him, he started off. It was now after dark, but there was enough moonlight to enable us to see the way without difficulty. After riding nearly twenty miles, following cross-roads through a wooded country, we struck Sheridan's pickets about half-past 10 o'clock and soon after reached his headquarters.

Sheridan was awaiting the general-in-chief, thinking he would come after getting the dispatch; a good supper of coffee and cold chicken had been spread out, and it was soon demonstrated that the night ride had not impaired any one's appetite.

When he had learned fully the situation in Sheridan's front, General Grant first sent a message to Ord to watch the roads running south from Burkeville and Farmville, and then rode over to Meade's camp near by. Meade was still suffering from illness. His views differed somewhat from General Grant's regard-

ing the movements of the Army of the Potomac for the next day, and the latter changed the proposed dispositions so as to have the army swing round towards the south, and endeavor to head off Lee in that direction. The next day, the 6th, proved a decided field day in the pursuit. It was found in the morning that Lee had retreated during the night from Amelia Court House, and from the direction he had taken and from information received that he had ordered rations to meet him at Farmville, it was seen that he had abandoned all hope of reaching Burkeville and was probably heading for Lynchburg. Ord was to try to burn the High Bridge and push on to Farmville. Sheridan's cavalry was to work around on Lee's left flank, and the Army of the Potomac was to make another forced march and strike the enemy wherever it could reach him.

I spent a portion of the day with Humphreys's corps, which attacked the enemy near Deatonsville, and gave his rear-guard no rest. Joining General Grant later I rode with him to Burkeville, getting there some time after dark.

Ord had pushed out to Rice's Station, and Sheridan and Wright had gone in against the enemy and fought the battle of Sailor's Creek [east of Farmville, see map, page 143] capturing six general officers and about seven thousand men, and smashing things generally. General Grant started from Burkeville early the next morning, the 7th, and took the direct road to Farmville. The columns were crowding the roads, and the men, aroused to still greater efforts by the inspiring news of the day before, were sweeping along, despite the rain that fell, like trained pedestrians on a walking-track. As the general rode amongst them, he was greeted with shouts and hurrahs, on all sides, and a string of sly remarks, which showed how familiar swords and bayonets become when victory furnishes the topic of their talk.

## II.

### THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

A LITTLE before noon on the 7th of April, 1865, General Grant with his staff rode into the little village of Farmville on the south side of the Appomattox River, a town which will be memorable in history as the place in which he opened the correspondence with Lee which led to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

He drew up in front of the village hotel, dismounted, and established headquarters on its broad piazza. News came in that Crook was fighting large odds with his cavalry on





THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG—CONFEDERATES AT A WELL NEAR FARMVILLE.  
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)

the north side of the river, and I was directed to go to his front and see what was necessary to be done to assist him. I found that he was being driven back, and the enemy was making a bold stand north of the river. Humphreys was also on the north side, isolated from the rest of our infantry, confronted by a large portion of Lee's army, and having some very heavy fighting. On my return to general headquarters that night, Wright's corps was ordered to cross the river and move rapidly to the support of our troops there. Notwithstanding their long march that day, the men sprang to their feet with a spirit that made every one marvel at their pluck, and came swinging through the main street of the village, with a step that seemed as elastic as on the first day of their toilsome tramp. It was now dark, but they spied the general-in-chief watching them with evident pride from the piazza of the hotel.

Then was witnessed one of the most inspiring scenes of the campaign. Bonfires were lighted on the sides of the street, the men seized straw and pine knots, and improvised torches. Cheers arose from throats already hoarse with shouts of victory, bands played, banners waved, arms were tossed high in air and caught again. The night march had

become a grand review, with Grant as the reviewing officer.

Ord and Gibbon had visited the general at the hotel, and he had spoken with them as well as with Wright about sending some communication to Lee which might pave the way to the stopping of further bloodshed. Dr. Smith, formerly of the regular army, a native of Virginia and a relative of General Ewell, now one of our prisoners, had told General Grant the night before that Ewell had said in conversation that their cause was lost when they crossed the James River, and he considered it the duty of the authorities to negotiate for peace then, while they still had a right to claim concessions, adding that now they were not in condition to claim anything. He said that for every man killed after this somebody would be responsible, and it would be little better than murder. He could not tell what General Lee would do, but he hoped he would at once surrender his army. This statement, together with the news which had been received from Sheridan saying that he had heard that General Lee's trains of provisions which had come by rail were at Appomattox and that he expected to capture them before Lee could reach them, induced the general to write the following communication :



"HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.

"5 P. M., April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A. :

"The results 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. U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

This he intrusted to General Seth Williams, adjutant-general, with directions to take it to Humphreys's front, as his corps was close up to the enemy's rear-guard, and have it sent into Lee's lines.

The general decided to remain all night at Farmville and await the reply from Lee, and he was shown to a room in the hotel in which he was told Lee had slept the night before.

Lee wrote the following reply within an hour after he received General Grant's letter, but it was brought in by rather a circuitous route and did not reach its destination till after midnight :

"April 7th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I have received your note of this date. 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 conditions of its surrender.

"R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,

"Commanding Armies of the U. S."

The next morning before leaving Farmville the general wrote the following reply, and General Williams again started for Humphreys's front to have the letter transmitted to Lee :

"April 8th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A. :

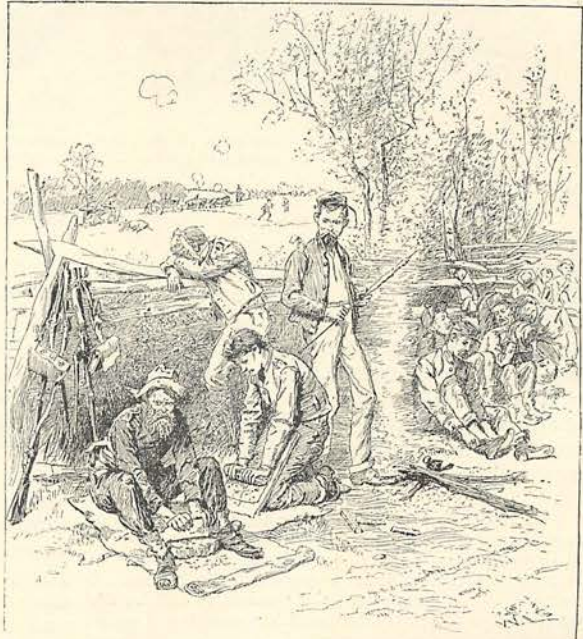
"Your note of last evening in reply to mine of the same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply I would say that, peace being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon,—namely, that the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will 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.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

There turned up at this time a rather hungry-looking gentleman in gray, in the uniform of a colonel, who proclaimed himself the proprietor of

the hotel. He said his regiment had crumbled to pieces, he was the only man left in it, and he thought he might as well stop off at home. His story was significant as indicating the disintegrating process which was going on in the ranks of the enemy.

General Grant had been marching most of the way with the columns which were pushing along south of Lee's line of retreat, but expecting that a reply would be sent to his last letter and wanting to keep within easy communication with Lee, he decided to march this day with the portion of the Army of the Potomac, which was pressing Lee's rear-guard. After issuing some further instructions to Ord and Sheridan, he started from Farmville, crossed to the north side of the Appomattox, conferred in person with Meade, and rode with his columns. Encouraging reports came in all day, and that night headquarters were established at Curdsville in a large white farm-house, a few hundred yards from Meade's camp. The general and several of the staff had cut loose from the headquarters trains the night he started to meet Sheridan at Jetersville, and had neither baggage nor camp equipage. The general did not even have his sword with him. This was the most advanced effort yet made at moving in "light marching order," and we billeted ourselves at night in farm-houses, or bivouacked on porches, and picked up meals at any camp that seemed to have something to spare in the way of rations. This night we



THE RETREAT FROM PETERSBURG—CONFEDERATES GRATING AND GRINDING CORN, AND COOKING FLOUR-PASTE ON RAMRODS. (BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENT.)



sampled the fare of Meade's hospitable mess and once more lay down with full stomachs.

General Grant had been suffering all the afternoon from a severe headache, the result of fatigue, anxiety, scant fare, and loss of sleep, and by night it was much worse. He had been induced to bathe his feet in hot water and mustard, and apply mustard plasters to his wrists and the back of his neck, but these remedies afforded little relief. The dwelling we occupied was a double house. The general threw

Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, 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. R. E. LEE, GENERAL.  
"LIEUT.-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

General Grant had been able to get but very little sleep. He now sat up and read the letter, and after making a few comments upon it to General Rawlins, lay down again on the sofa. About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 9th,



CAPTURE OF GUNS AND THE DESTRUCTION OF A CONFEDERATE WAGON-TRAIN AT PAINEVILLE, APRIL 5TH, BY DAVIES'S CAVALRY BRIGADE OF CROOK'S DIVISION. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

The wagon-train was escorted by Gary's cavalry with five guns. General Humphreys, in "The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65" (Charles Scribner's Sons), says it is believed that "the papers of General Robert E. Lee's headquarters, containing many valuable reports, copies of but few of which are now to be found, were destroyed by the burning of these wagons."

himself upon a sofa in the sitting-room on the left side of the hall, while the staff-officers bunked on the floor of the room opposite to catch what sleep they could. About midnight we were aroused by Colonel Whittier of Humphreys's staff, who brought another letter from General Lee. General Rawlins at once took it in to General Grant's room. It was as follows:

"April 8th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received at a late hour your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday 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 desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the

I got up and crossed the hall to ascertain how the general was feeling. I found his room empty, and upon going out of the front door saw him pacing up and down in the yard holding both hands to his head. Upon inquiring how he felt, he replied that he had had very little sleep and was still suffering the most excruciating pain. I said: "Well, there is one consolation in all this, general: I never knew you to be ill that you did not receive some good news. I have become a little superstitious regarding these coincidences, and I should not be surprised if some good fortune overtook you before night." He smiled and said: "The best thing that can happen to me to-day is to get rid of the pain I am suffering." We were now joined by some others of



the staff, and the general was induced to go over to Meade's headquarters with us and get some coffee, in the hope that it would do him good. He seemed to feel a little better now, and after writing the following letter to Lee and dispatching it, he prepared to move forward. The letter was as follows :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: Your note of yesterday is received. 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, 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 would hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of 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.,

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE."

It was proposed to him to ride during the day in a covered ambulance which was at hand, instead of on horseback, so as to avoid the intense heat of the sun, but this he declined to do and soon after mounted "Cincinnati" and struck off towards New Store. From that point he went by way of a cross-road to the south side of the Appomattox with the intention of moving around to Sheridan's front. While riding along the wagon road which runs from Farmville to Appomattox Court House at a point eight or nine miles east of the latter place, Lieutenant Pease of Meade's staff overtook him with a dispatch. It was found to be a reply from Lee, which had been sent in to our lines on Humphreys's front. It read as follows :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

Pease also brought a note from Meade, saying that at Lee's request he had read the communication addressed to General Grant and in consequence of it had granted a short truce.

The general, as soon as he had read these letters, dismounted, sat down on the grassy bank by the roadside, and wrote the following reply to Lee :

"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. Army:  
"Your note of this date is but this moment (11:50 A. M.) received, in consequence of my having passed



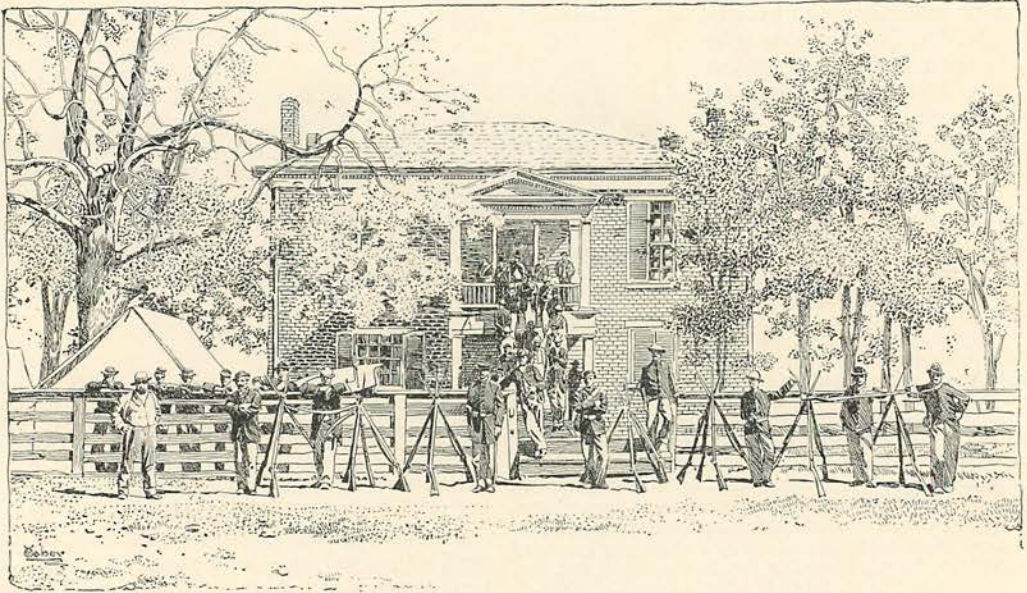
THE VILLAGE OF APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. THE MCLEAN HOUSE ON THE RIGHT.  
(FROM A SKETCH MADE BY R. K. SNEDEN.)

from the Richmond and Lynchburg roads to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL."

He handed this to Colonel Babcock of the staff, with directions to take it to General Lee by the most direct route. Mounting his horse again, the general rode on at a trot towards Appomattox Court House. When five or six miles from the town, Colonel Newhall, Sheridan's adjutant-general, came riding up from the direction of Appomattox and handed the general a communication. This proved to be a duplicate of the letter from Lee which Lieutenant Pease had brought in from Meade's lines. Lee was so closely pressed that he was anxious to communicate with Grant by the most direct means, and as he could not tell with which column Grant was moving, he sent in one copy of his letter on Meade's front and one on Sheridan's. Colonel Newhall joined our party, and after a few minutes' halt to read the letter, we continued our ride towards Appomattox. On the march I had asked the general several times how he felt. To the same question now he said, "The pain in my head seemed to leave me the moment I got Lee's letter." The road was filled with men, animals and wagons, and to avoid these and shorten the distance, we turned slightly to the right and began to "cut across lots"; but before going far we spied men conspicuous in gray, and it was seen that we were moving towards the enemy's left flank and that a short ride farther would take us into his lines. It looked for a moment as if a very awkward condition of things might possibly arise, and Grant become a prisoner in Lee's lines instead of Lee in his. Such a circumstance would have given rise to an important cross-entry in the system of campaign book-keeping. There was only one remedy — to retrace our steps and strike the right road, which was done without serious discussion. About 1 o'clock the little





APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

village of Appomattox Court House with its half-dozen houses came in sight, and soon we were entering its single street. It is situated on some rising ground, and beyond the country slopes down into a broad valley. The enemy was seen with his columns and wagon trains covering the low ground. Our cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and part of Ord's command were occupying the high ground to the south and west of the enemy, heading him off completely.

Generals Sheridan and Ord with a group of officers around them were seen in the road, and as our party came up, General Grant said:

"How are you, Sheridan?"

"First-rate, thank you; how are you?" cried Sheridan, with a voice and look that seemed to indicate that on his part he was having things all his own way.

"Is Lee over there?" asked General Grant, pointing up the street, having heard a rumor that Lee was in that vicinity.

"Yes, he is in that brick house," answered Sheridan.

"Well, then, we'll go over," said Grant.

The general-in-chief now rode on, accompanied by Sheridan, Ord, and some others, and soon Colonel Babcock's orderly was seen sitting on his horse in the street in front of a two-story brick house, better in appearance than the rest of the houses. He said General Lee and Colonel Babcock had gone into this house a short time before, and he was ordered to post himself in the street and keep a lookout for General Grant, so as to let him know

where General Lee was. Babcock told me afterwards that in carrying General Grant's last letter he passed through the enemy's lines and found General Lee a little more than half a mile beyond Appomattox Court House. He was lying down by the roadside on a blanket which had been spread over a few fence rails on the ground under an apple-tree, which was part of an orchard. This circumstance furnished the only ground for the widespread report that the surrender occurred under an apple-tree. Babcock dismounted upon coming near, and as he approached on foot, Lee sat up, with his feet hanging over the roadside embankment. The wheels of the wagons in passing along the road had cut away the earth of this embankment and left the roots of the tree projecting. Lee's feet were partly resting on these roots. One of his staff-officers came forward, took the dispatch which Babcock handed him and gave it to General Lee. After reading it, the general rose and said he would ride forward on the road on which Babcock had come, but was apprehensive that hostilities might begin in the mean time, upon the termination of the temporary truce, and asked Babcock to write a line to Meade informing him of the situation. Babcock wrote accordingly, requesting Meade to maintain the truce until positive orders from General Grant could be received. To save time it was arranged that a Union officer, accompanied by one of Lee's officers, should carry this letter through the enemy's lines. This route made the distance to Meade nearly ten miles shorter



than by the roundabout way of the Union lines. Lee now mounted his horse and directed Colonel Charles Marshall, his military secretary, to accompany him. They started for Appomattox Court House in company with Babcock and followed by a mounted orderly. When the party reached the village they met one of its residents, named Wilbur McLean, who was told that General Lee wanted to occupy a convenient room in some house in the town. McLean ushered them into the sitting-room of one of the first houses he came to, but upon looking about and finding it quite small and meagerly furnished, Lee proposed finding something more commodious and better fitted for the occasion. McLean then conducted the party to his own house, about the best one in the town, where they awaited General Grant's arrival.

The house had a comfortable wooden porch with seven steps leading up to it. A hall ran through the middle from front to back, and on each side was a room having two windows, one in front and one in rear. Each room had two doors opening into the hall. The building stood a little distance back from the street, with a yard in front, and to the left was a gate for carriages and a roadway running to a stable in rear. We entered the grounds by this gate and dismounted. In the yard were seen a fine

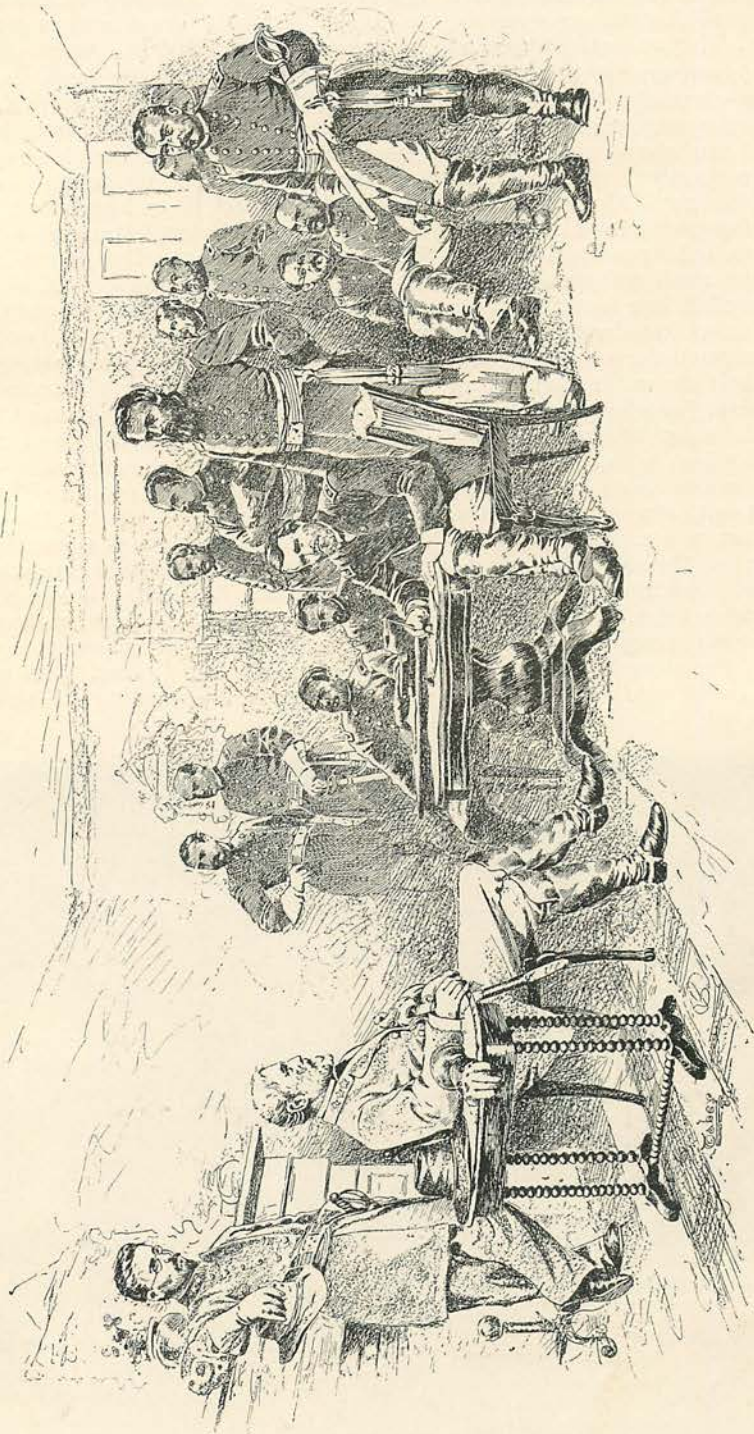
large, gray horse, which proved to be General Lee's, and a good-looking mare belonging to Colonel Marshall. An orderly in gray was in charge of them, and had taken off their bridles to let them nibble the grass.

General Grant mounted the steps and entered the house. As he stepped into the hall, Colonel Babcock, who had seen his approach from the window, opened the door of the room on the left, in which he had been sitting with General Lee and Colonel Marshall, awaiting General Grant's arrival. The general passed in, while the members of the staff, Generals Sheridan and Ord, and some general officers who had gathered in the front yard remained outside, feeling that he would probably want his first interview with General Lee to be, in a measure, private. In a few minutes Colonel Babcock came to the front door, and making a motion with his hat towards the sitting-room, said: "The general says, come in." It was then about half-past 1 of Sunday, the 9th of April. We entered, and found General Grant sitting at a marble-topped table in the center of the room, and Lee sitting beside a small oval table near the front window, in the corner opposite to the door by which we entered, and facing General Grant. Colonel Marshall, his military secretary, was standing at his left side.



CONFEDERATES DESTROYING THE RAILROAD FROM APPOMATTOX TOWARD LYNCHBURG, AND ARTILLERYMEN DESTROYING GUN-CARRIAGES AT NIGHTFALL, SATURDAY, APRIL 8th. (BY W. L. SHEPPARD, WHO OBSERVED THE INCIDENTS.)





THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX. (DRAWN BY W. TABER; BASED UPON THE LITHOGRAPH CALLED "THE DAWN OF PEACE," BY PERMISSION OF W. H. STILLE.)

1. General Robert E. Lee.
2. Colonel Charles Marshall, of General Lee's Staff.
3. Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant.
4. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan.
5. Major-General Seth Williams.
6. Brevet Major-General Rufus Ingalls.
7. Brigadier-General John A. Rawlins, Chief of Staff; other members of General Grant's Staff.
8. Major-General Seth Williams.
9. Colonel Horace Porter.
10. Colonel Orville E. Babcock.
11. Colonel Ely S. Parker.
12. Colonel Theodore S. Bowers.
13. Colonel Frederick T. Dent.
14. Colonel Adam Badeau.
- 15.



We walked in softly, and ranged ourselves quietly about the sides of the room, very much as people enter a sick-chamber when they expect to find the patient dangerously ill. Some found seats on the sofa and a few chairs which constituted the furniture, but most of the party stood.

The contrast between the two commanders was very striking, and could not fail to attract marked attention, as they sat ten feet apart facing each other.

General Grant, then nearly forty-three years of age, was five feet eight inches in height, with shoulders slightly stooped. His hair and full beard were a nut-brown, without a trace of gray in them. He had on a single-breasted blouse, made of dark-blue flannel, unbuttoned in front, and showing a waistcoat underneath. He wore an ordinary pair of top-boots, with his trousers inside, and was without spurs. The boots and portions of his clothes were spattered with mud. He had had on a pair of thread gloves, of a dark-yellow color, which he had taken off on entering the room. His felt "sugar-loaf" stiff-brimmed hat was thrown on the table beside him. He had no sword, and a pair of shoulder-straps was all there was about him to designate his rank. In fact, aside from these, his uniform was that of a private soldier.

Lee, on the other hand, was fully six feet in height, and quite erect for one of his age, for he was Grant's senior by sixteen years. His hair and full beard were a silver gray, and quite thick except that the hair had become a little thin in front. He wore a new uniform of Confederate gray, buttoned up to the throat, and at his side he carried a long sword

of exceedingly fine workmanship, the hilt studded with jewels. It was said to be the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Virginia. His top-boots were comparatively new, and seemed to have on them some ornamental stitching of red silk. Like his uniform, they were singularly clean and but little travel-stained. On the boots were handsome spurs, with large rowels. A felt hat, which in color matched pretty closely that of his uniform, and a pair of long buckskin gauntlets lay beside him on the table. We asked Colonel Marshall afterwards how it was that both he and his chief wore such fine toggerly, and looked so much as if they had just turned out to go to church, while with us our outward garb scarcely rose to the dignity even of the "shabby-genteel." He enlightened us regarding the contrast, by explaining that when their headquarters wagons had been pressed so closely by our cavalry a few days before, and it was found they would have to destroy all their baggage except the clothes they carried on their backs, each one, naturally, selected the newest suit he had, and sought to propitiate the gods of destruction by a sacrifice of his second-best.

General Grant began the conversation by saying :

"I met you once before, General Lee, while we were serving in Mexico, when you came over from General Scott's headquarters to visit Garland's brigade, to which I then belonged. I have always remembered your appearance, and I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

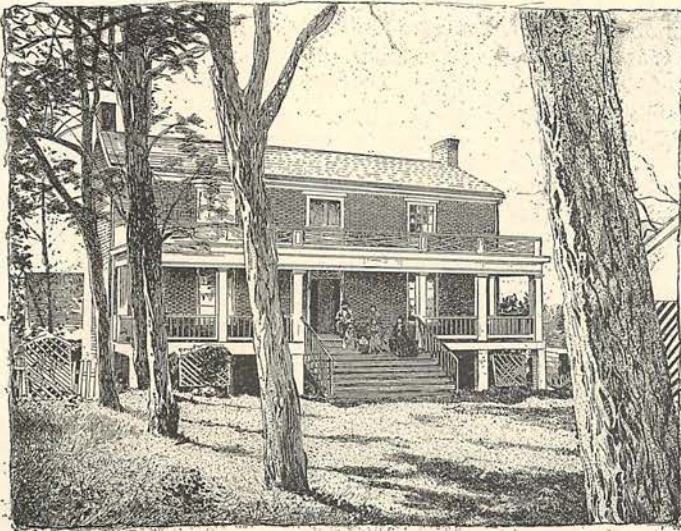
"Yes," replied General Lee, "I know I met you on that occasion, and I have often thought of it and tried to recollect how you looked, but I have never been able to recall a single feature."

After some further mention of Mexico, General Lee said :

"I suppose, General Grant, that the object of our present meeting is fully understood. I asked to see you to ascertain upon what terms you would receive the surrender of my army."

General Grant replied :

"The terms I propose are those stated substantially in my letter of yesterday,—that is, the officers and men surrendered to be paroled and disqualified from taking up arms again



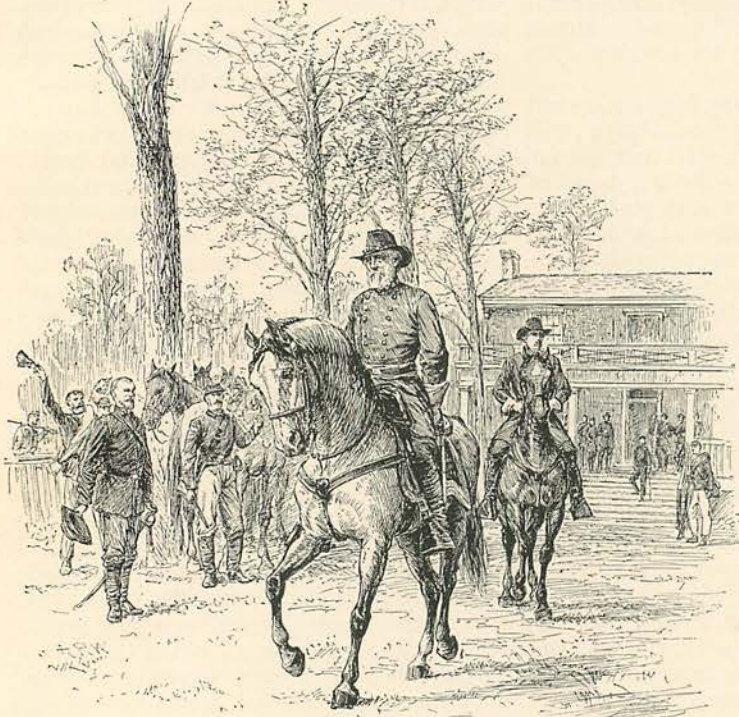
MCLEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



until properly exchanged, and all arms, ammunition, and supplies to be delivered up as captured property."

Lee nodded an assent, and said:

"Those are about the conditions which I expected would be proposed."



GENERAL LEE AND COLONEL MARSHALL LEAVING MCLEAN'S HOUSE AFTER THE SURRENDER.  
(BY A. R. WAUD, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

General Grant then continued:

"Yes, I think our correspondence indicated pretty clearly the action that would be taken at our meeting; and I hope it may lead to a general suspension of hostilities and be the means of preventing any further loss of life."

Lee inclined his head as indicating his accord with this wish, and General Grant then went on to talk at some length in a very pleasant vein about the prospects of peace. Lee was evidently anxious to proceed to the formal work of the surrender, and he brought the subject up again by saying:

"I presume, General Grant, we have both carefully considered the proper steps to be taken, and I would suggest that you commit to writing the terms you have proposed, so that they may be formally acted upon."

"Very well," replied General Grant, "I will write them out." And calling for his manifold order-book, he opened it on the table before him and proceeded to write the terms. The leaves had been so prepared that three

impressions of the writing were made. He wrote very rapidly, and did not pause until he had finished the sentence ending with "officers appointed by me to receive them." Then he looked towards Lee, and his eyes seemed to be resting on the handsome sword which hung at that officer's side. He said afterwards that this set him to thinking that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to require the officers to surrender their swords, and a great hardship to deprive them of their personal baggage and horses, and after a short pause he wrote the sentence: "This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage." When he had finished the letter he called Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, one of the military secretaries on the staff, to his side and looked it over with him and directed him as they went along to interline six or seven words and to strike out the word "their," which had been repeated. When this had been done, he handed the book to General

Lee and asked him to read over the letter. It was as follows:

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA,  
"April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL R. E. LEE, Commanding C. S. A.

"GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of 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 to 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 the United States authorities so long as they observe their paroles, and the laws in force where they may reside.

"Very respectfully,

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."



Lee took it and laid it on the table beside him, while he drew from his pocket a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and wiped the glasses carefully with his handkerchief. Then he crossed his legs, adjusted the spectacles very slowly and deliberately, took up the draft of the letter, and proceeded to read it attentively. It consisted of two pages. When he reached the top line of the second page, he looked up, and said to General Grant: "After the words 'until properly,' the word 'exchanged' seems to be omitted. You doubtless intended to use that word."

"Why, yes," said Grant; "I thought I had put in the word 'exchanged.'"

"I presumed it had been omitted inadvertently," continued Lee, "and with your permission I will mark where it should be inserted."

"Certainly," Grant replied.

Lee felt in his pocket as if searching for a pencil, but did not seem to be able to find one. Seeing this and happening to be standing close to him, I handed him my pencil. He took it, and laying the paper on the table noted the interlineation. During the rest of the interview he kept twirling this pencil in his fingers and occasionally tapping the top of the table with it. When he handed it back it was carefully treasured by me as a memento of the occasion. When Lee came to the sentence about the officers' side-arms, private horses and baggage, he showed for the first time during the reading of the letter a slight change of countenance, and was evidently touched by this act of generosity. It was

doubtless the condition mentioned to which he particularly alluded when he looked towards General Grant as he finished reading and said with some degree of warmth in his manner: "This will have a very happy effect upon my army."

General Grant then said: "Unless you have some suggestions to make in regard to the form in which I have stated the terms, I will have a copy of the letter made in ink and sign it."

"There is one thing I would like to mention," Lee replied after a short pause. "The cavalrymen and artillerists own their own horses in our army. Its organization in this respect differs from that of the United States." This expression attracted the notice of our officers present, as showing how firmly the conviction was grounded in his mind that we were two distinct countries. He continued: "I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses?"

"You will find that the terms as written do not allow this," General Grant replied; "only the officers are permitted to take their private property."

Lee read over the second page of the letter again, and then said:

"No, I see the terms do not allow it; that is clear." His face showed plainly that he was quite anxious to have this concession made, and Grant said very promptly and without giving Lee time to make a direct request:

"Well, the subject is quite new to me. Of course I did not know that any private sol-



UNION SOLDIERS SHARING THEIR RATIONS WITH THE CONFEDERATES AT APPOMATTOX.  
(BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



diers owned their animals, but I think this will be the last battle of the war — I sincerely hope so — and that the surrender of this army will be followed soon by that of all the others, and I take it that most of the men in the ranks are small farmers, and as the country has been so raided by the two armies, it is doubtful whether they will be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they are now riding, and I will arrange it in this way. I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." (This expression has been quoted in various forms and has been the subject of some dispute. I give the exact words used.)

Lee now looked greatly relieved, and though anything but a demonstrative man, he gave every evidence of his appreciation of this concession, and said, "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much towards conciliating our people." He handed the draft of the terms back to General Grant, who called Colonel Bowers of the staff to him and directed him to make a copy in ink. Bowers was a little nervous, and he turned the matter over to Colonel (afterwards General) Parker, whose handwriting presented a better appearance than that of any one else on the staff. Parker sat down to write at the table which stood against the rear side of the room. Wilbur McLean's domestic resources in the way of ink now became the subject of a searching investigation, but it was found that the contents of the conical-shaped stoneware inkstand which he produced appeared to be participating in the general breaking up and had disappeared. Colonel Marshall now came to the rescue, and pulled out of his pocket a small box-wood inkstand, which was put at Parker's service, so that, after all, we had to fall back upon the resources of the enemy in furnishing the stage "properties" for the final scene in the memorable military drama.

Lee in the mean time had directed Colonel Marshall to draw up for his signature a letter of acceptance of the terms of surrender. Colonel Marshall wrote out a draft of such a letter, making it quite formal, beginning with "I have the honor to reply to your communication, etc." General Lee took it, and after reading it over very carefully, directed that these formal expressions be stricken out and that the letter be otherwise shortened. He afterwards went over it again and seemed to change some words, and then told the colonel to make a final copy in ink. When it came to providing

the paper, it was found we had the only supply of that important ingredient in the recipe for surrendering an army, so we gave a few pages to the colonel. The letter when completed read as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9th, 1865.

"GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

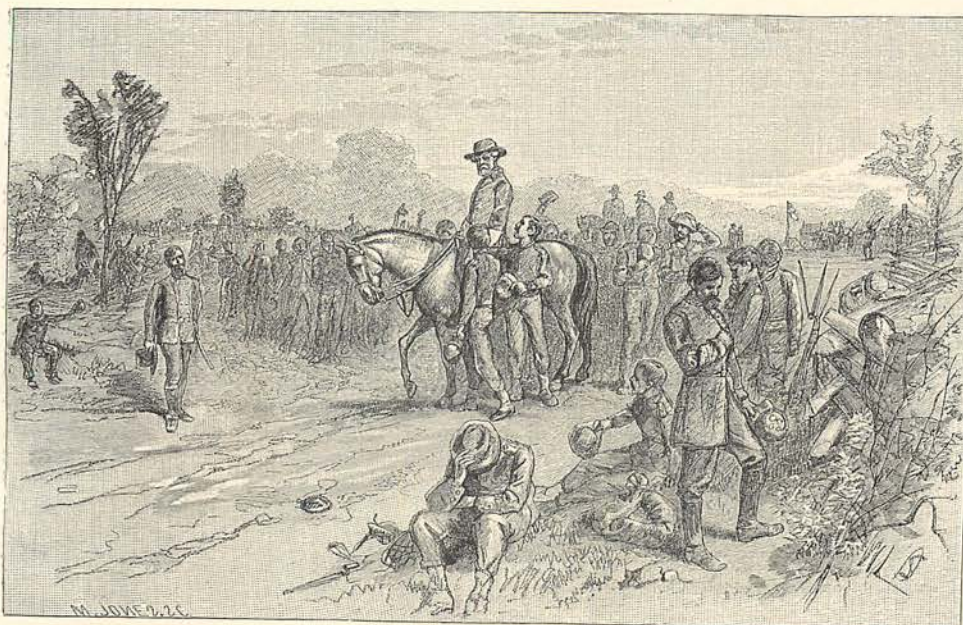
"LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT."

While the letters were being copied, General Grant introduced the general officers who had entered, and each member of the staff, to General Lee. The general shook hands with General Seth Williams, who had been his adjutant when Lee was superintendent at West Point, some years before the war, and gave his hand to some of the other officers who had extended theirs, but to most of those who were introduced he merely bowed in a dignified and formal manner. He did not exhibit the slightest change of features during this ceremony until Colonel Parker of our staff was presented to him. Parker was a full-blooded Indian, and the reigning Chief of the Six Nations. When General Lee saw his swarthy features he looked at him with an evident stare of surprise, and his eyes rested on him for several seconds. What was passing in his mind probably no one ever knew, but the natural surmise was that he at first mistook Parker for a negro, and was struck with astonishment to find that the commander of the Union armies had one of that race on his personal staff.

Lee did not utter a word while the introductions were going on, except to Seth Williams, with whom he talked quite cordially. Williams at one time referred in rather jocose a manner to a circumstance which occurred during their former service together, as if he wanted to say something in a good-natured way to break up the frigidity of the conversation, but Lee was in no mood for pleasantries, and he did not unbend, or even relax the fixed sternness of his features. His only response to the allusion was a slight inclination of the head. General Lee now took the initiative again in leading the conversation back into business channels. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men as prisoners, General Grant, a number of them officers whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them into your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them. I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. They have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in





GENERAL LEE'S RETURN TO HIS LINES AFTER THE SURRENDER—THE LAST APPEARANCE AMONG HIS TROOPS.  
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.)

In his "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" (J. M. Stoddard & Co.), General A. L. Long says of this scene: "When, after his interview with Grant, General Lee again appeared, a shout of welcome instinctively ran through the army. But instantly recollecting the sad occasion that brought him before them, their shouts sank into silence, every hat was raised, and the bronzed faces of the thousands of grim warriors were bathed with tears. As he

rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around the noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting for him their great affection. The general then, with head bare and tears flowing freely down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens."

need of both rations and forage. I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them."

At this remark, all eyes turned towards Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before, near Appomattox Station. General Grant replied:

"I should like to have our men sent within our lines as soon as possible. I will take steps at once to have your army supplied with rations, but I am sorry we have no forage for the animals. We have had to depend upon the country for our supply of forage. Of about how many men does your present force consist?"

"Indeed, I am not able to say," Lee answered after a slight pause. "My losses in killed and wounded have been exceedingly heavy, and, besides, there have been many stragglers and some deserters. All my reports and public papers, and, indeed, my own private letters, had to be destroyed on the march, to prevent them from falling into the hands of your people. Many companies are entirely without officers, and I have not seen any returns for several days; so that I have no means of ascertaining our present strength."

General Grant had taken great pains to have a daily estimate made of the enemy's forces

from all the data that could be obtained, and judging it to be about 25,000 at this time, he said:

"Suppose I send over 25,000 rations, do you think that will be a sufficient supply?"

"I think it will be ample," remarked Lee, and added, with considerable earnestness of manner, "and it will be a great relief, I assure you."

General Grant now turned to his chief commissary, Colonel (afterwards General) Morgan, who was present, and directed him to arrange for issuing the rations. The number of men surrendered was over 28,000. As to General Grant's supplies, he had ordered the army on starting out to carry twelve days' rations. This was the twelfth and last day of the campaign.

General Grant's eye now fell upon Lee's sword again, and it seemed to remind him of the absence of his own, and, by way of explanation, he said to Lee:

"I started out from my camp several days ago without my sword, and as I have not seen my headquarters baggage since, I have been riding about without any side-arms. I have generally worn a sword, however, as little as possible, only during the actual operations of a campaign."

"I am in the habit of wearing mine most of the time," remarked Lee; "I wear it invariably when I am among my troops, moving about through the army."



General Sheridan now stepped up to General Lee and said that when he discovered some of the Confederate troops in motion during the morning, which seemed to be a violation of the truce, he had sent him (Lee) a couple of notes protesting against this act, and as he had not had time to copy them he would like to have them long enough to make copies. Lee took the notes out of the breast-pocket of his coat and handed them to Sheridan with a few words expressive of regret that the circumstance had occurred, and intimating that it must have been the result of some misunderstanding.

After a little general conversation had been indulged in by those present, the two letters were signed and delivered, and the parties prepared to separate. Lee before parting asked Grant to notify Meade of the surrender, fearing that fighting might break out on that front and lives be uselessly lost. This request was complied with, and two Union officers were sent through the enemy's lines as the shortest route to Meade, — some of Lee's officers accompanying them to prevent their being interfered with. At a little before 4 o'clock, General Lee shook hands with General Grant, bowed to the other officers, and with Colonel Marshall left the room. One after another we followed and passed out to the porch. Lee signaled to his orderly to bring up his horse, and while the animal was being bridled the general stood on the lowest step and gazed sadly in the direction of the valley beyond where his army lay — now an army of prisoners. He smote his hands together a number of times in an absent sort of a way; seemed not to see the group of Union officers in the yard who rose respectfully at his approach, and appeared unconscious of everything about him. All appreciated the sadness which overwhelmed him, and he had the personal sympathy of every one who beheld him at this supreme moment of trial. The approach of his horse seemed to recall him from his reverie and he at once mounted. General Grant now stepped down from the porch, and moving towards him, saluted him by raising his hat. He was followed in this act of courtesy by all our officers present; Lee raised his hat respectfully in acknowledgment, and rode off to break the sad news to the brave fellows whom he had so long commanded.

General Grant and his staff then mounted and started for the headquarters camp, which in the mean time had been pitched near by. The news of the surrender had reached the Union lines and the firing of salutes began at several points, but the general sent orders at once to have them stopped, and used these words in referring to the occurrence: "The

war is over, the rebels are our countrymen again, and the best sign of rejoicing after the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field."

Mr. McLean had been charging about in a manner which indicated that the excitement was shaking his system to its nervous center, but his real trials did not begin until the departure of the chief actors in the surrender. Then the relic-hunters charged down upon the manor-house and made various attempts to jump Mr. McLean's claims to his own furniture. Sheridan set a good example, however, by paying the proprietor twenty dollars in gold for the table at which Lee sat for the purpose of presenting it to Mrs. Custer, and handed it over to her dashing husband, who started off for camp bearing it upon his shoulder, and looking like Atlas carrying the world. Ord paid forty dollars for the table at which Grant sat, and afterwards presented it to Mrs. Grant, who modestly declined it and insisted that it should be given to Mrs. Ord, who then became its possessor. Bargains were at once struck for all the articles in the room, and it is even said that some mementos were carried off in the shape of flowers and other things for which no coin of the realm was ever exchanged.

Before General Grant had proceeded far towards camp, he was reminded that he had not yet announced the important event to the Government. He dismounted by the roadside, sat down on a large stone, and called for pencil and paper. Colonel (afterwards General) Badeau handed his order-book to the general, who wrote on one of the leaves the following message, a copy of which was sent to the nearest telegraph station. It was dated 4:30 P. M.

"HON. E. M. STANTON, SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

"General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

"U. S. GRANT, LIEUT.-GENERAL."

Upon reaching camp he seated himself in front of his tent, and we all gathered around him, curious to hear what his first comments would be upon the crowning event of his life. But our expectations were doomed to disappointment, for he appeared to have already dismissed the whole subject from his mind, and turning to General Ingalls, his first words were: "Ingalls, do you remember that old white mule that so-and-so used to ride when we were in the city of Mexico?" "Why, perfectly," said Ingalls, who was just then in a mood to remember the exact number of hairs in the mule's tail if it would have helped to make matters agreeable. And then the general-in-chief



went on to recall the antics played by that animal during an excursion to Popocatepetl. It was not until after supper that he said much about the surrender, when he talked freely of his entire belief that the rest of the rebel commanders would follow Lee's example, and that we would have but little more fighting, even of a partisan nature. He then surprised us by announcing his intention of starting to Washington early the next morning. We were disappointed at this, for we wanted to see something of the opposing army, now that it had become civil enough for the first time in its existence to let us get near it, and meet some of the officers who had been acquaintances in former years. The general, however, had no fondness for looking at the conquered, and but little curiosity in his nature, and he was anxious above all things to begin the reduction of the military establishment and diminish the enormous expense attending it, which at this time amounted to about four millions of dollars a day. When he considered, however, that the railroad was being rapidly put in condition and that he would lose no time by waiting till the next noon, he made up his mind to delay his departure.

That evening I made full notes of the occurrences which took place during the surrender, and from these the above account has been written.

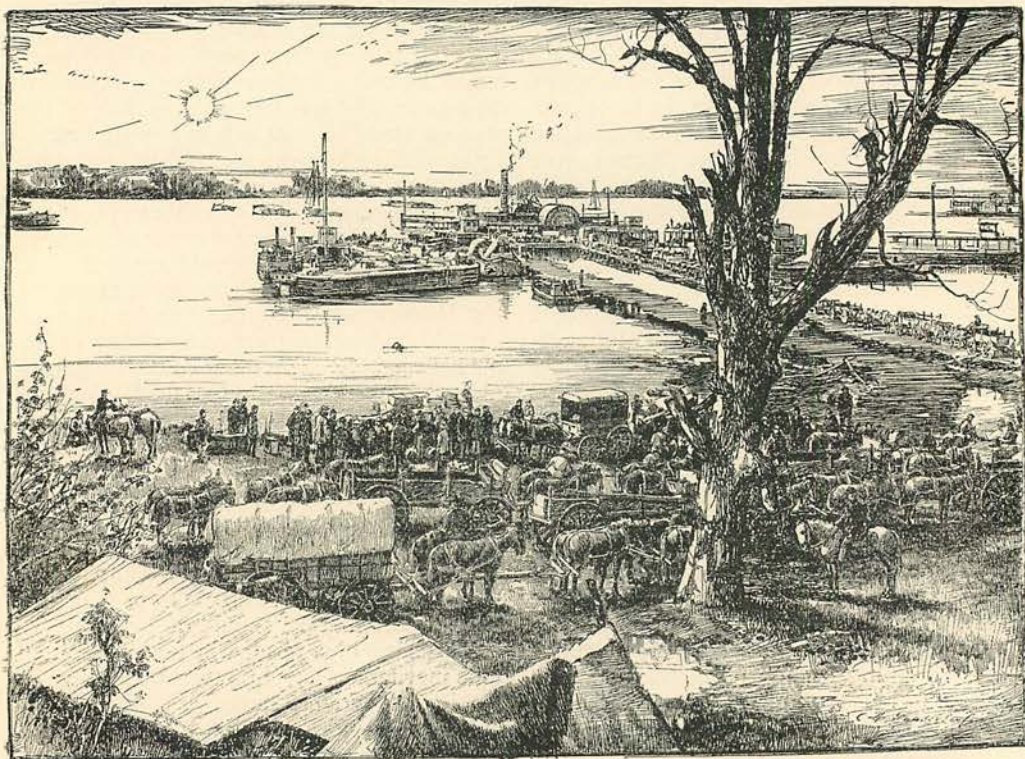
There were present at McLean's house besides Sheridan, Ord, Merritt, Custer, and the officers of General Grant's staff, a number of other officers and one or two citizens who entered the room at different times during the interview.

About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th General Grant with his staff rode out towards the enemy's lines, but it was found upon attempting to pass through that the force of habit is hard to overcome, and that the practice which had so long been inculcated in Lee's army of keeping Grant out of its lines was not to be overturned in a day, and he was politely requested at the picket-lines to wait till a message could be sent to headquarters asking for instructions. As soon as Lee heard that his distinguished opponent was approaching, he was prompt to correct the misunderstanding at the picket-line, and rode out at a gallop to receive him. They met on a knoll which overlooked the lines of the two armies, and saluted respectfully by each raising his hat. The officers present gave a similar salute, and then grouped themselves around the two chieftains in a semicircle, but withdrew out of earshot. General Grant repeated to us that evening the substance of the conversation, which was as follows:

Grant began by expressing a hope that the war would soon be over, and Lee replied by

stating that he had for some time been anxious to stop the further effusion of blood, and he trusted that everything would now be done to restore harmony and conciliate the people of the South. He said the emancipation of the negroes would be no hindrance to the restoring of relations between the two sections of the country, as it would probably not be the desire of the majority of the Southern people to restore slavery then, even if the question were left open to them. He could not tell what the other armies would do or what course Mr. Davis would now take, but he believed it would be best for their other armies to follow his example, as nothing could be gained by further resistance in the field. Finding that he entertained these sentiments, General Grant told him that no one's influence in the South was so great as his, and suggested to him that he should advise the surrender of the remaining armies and thus exert his influence in favor of immediate peace. Lee said he could not take such a course without consulting President Davis first. Grant then proposed to Lee that he should do so, and urge the hastening of a result which was admitted to be inevitable. Lee, however, was averse to stepping beyond his duties as a soldier, and said the authorities would doubtless soon arrive at the same conclusion without his interference. There was a statement put forth that Grant asked Lee to go and see Mr. Lincoln and talk with him as to the terms of reconstruction, but this was erroneous. I asked General Grant about it when he was on his death-bed, and his recollection was distinct that he had made no such suggestion. I am of opinion that the mistake arose from hearing that Lee had been requested to go and see the "President" regarding peace, and thinking that this expression referred to Mr. Lincoln, whereas it referred to Mr. Davis. After the conversation had lasted a little more than half an hour and Lee had requested that such instructions be given to the officers left in charge to carry out the details of the surrender, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the form of paroles, the manner of turning over the property, etc., the conference ended. The two commanders lifted their hats and said good-bye. Lee rode back to his camp to take a final farewell of his army, and Grant returned to McLean's house, where he seated himself on the porch until it was time to take his final departure. During the conference Ingalls, Sheridan, and Williams had asked permission to visit the enemy's lines and renew their acquaintance with some old friends, classmates and former comrades in arms who were serving in Lee's army. They now returned, bringing with them Wilcox, who





DEPOT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE UNION ARMY AT BELLE PLAINE ON THE JAMES RIVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

had been General Grant's groomsmen when he was married,— Longstreet, who had also been at his wedding, Heth, who had been a subaltern with him in Mexico, besides Gordon, Pickett, and a number of others. They all stepped up to pay their respects to General Grant, who received them very cordially and talked with them until it was time to leave. The hour of noon had now arrived, and General Grant, after shaking hands with all present who were not to accompany him, mounted his horse, and started with his staff for Washington without having entered the enemy's lines. Lee set out for Richmond, and it was felt by

all that peace had at last dawned upon the land.

The charges were now withdrawn from the guns, the camp-fires were left to smolder in their ashes, the flags were tenderly furled,— those historic banners, battle-stained, bullet-riddled, many of them but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to imprint the names of the battles they had seen,— and the Army of the Union and the Army of Northern Virginia turned their backs upon each other for the first time in four long, bloody years.

*Horace Porter.*



SOLDIERS' GRAVES AT CITY POINT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)





RIGHT AND LEFT PROFILES OF GENERAL GRANT. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 129.) FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY WALKER IN 1875, AND LENT BY MAJOR C. C. SNIFFIN.