

EXTRA READINGS FOR CHAPTER 13

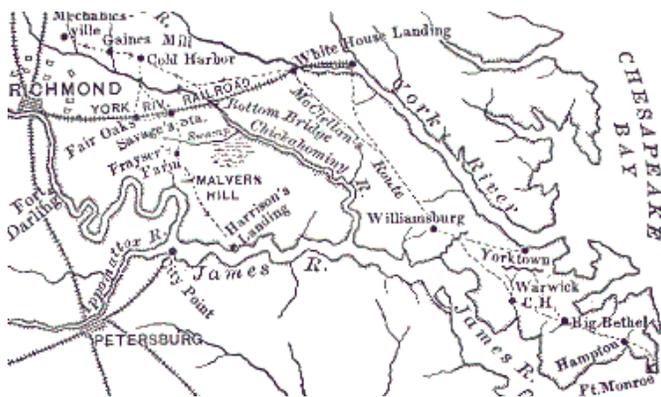
Please Return to
Mrs. Mueller
4930 – 138th Circle
Apple Valley MN
55124

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN

The year 1862 brought many important events besides the duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, as we have already seen. Still, there are several more of which it is well you should know, and which will surely interest you.

While the War of the Secession was raging on in the southern part of the country, the Sioux Indians in the West, who had always been troublesome, suddenly dug up the war hatchet, and invaded Minnesota and Iowa. Here they attacked lonely farmhouses and small villages, killing and scalping nearly a thousand men, women, and children.

But the Indian revolt was soon ended by the arrival of Federal troops, and public attention was again all turned to the war in the South. Here, early in the spring of 1862, had begun the Peninsular Campaign. It is called so because both armies were on the peninsula between the James and York rivers; and while one was defending, the other was trying to seize the Confederate capital, Richmond.



THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

The Union plan was that McClellan's army should march up from Yorktown, and McDowell's come down from Washington, while a small force guarded the Shenandoah valley to prevent the Confederates from attacking Washington. The Confederates, fearing for Richmond, gave up Norfolk to defend their capital. Besides, they burned all their naval stores, and even blew up the *Merrimac*, so it should never serve the Union again.

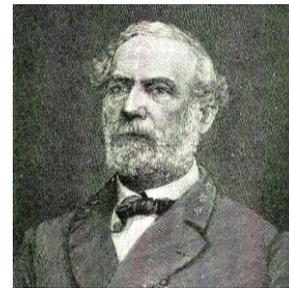
But, although clever, the Union plan was hard to carry out. McClellan had to take both Yorktown and Williamsburg before he could proceed to the Chickahominy, where he expected McDowell to meet him. This, however, General McDowell could not do, as he had to stay in the neighborhood of Washington to defend that city against other Confederate forces.

These Confederate forces were under Stonewall Jackson, who, having heard that there was only a small force in the Shenandoah valley, marched up and down it, fought three battles there, and cleverly retreated after burning many bridges.

We are told that once, during this campaign, General Jackson and his staff accidentally found themselves on the opposite side of the river from their troops. A few Union soldiers had already taken possession of the bridge between them, but Jackson rode boldly forward, and called out to the officer standing there: "Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!" The officer, at this tone of command, prepared to obey; and it was only when Jackson and his staff dashed safely past him to rejoin the Southern forces, that he saw he had made a mistake, and had obeyed the orders of the enemy.

Jackson's bold raid in the Shenandoah made the President fear for the safety of Washington; so instead of allowing McDowell to go on and join McClellan, as had been arranged, he bade him come back to defend the capital. Thus, you see, almost at the same moment both capitals were equally panic-stricken. In fact, when people at Richmond heard that McClellan was coming, they were so frightened that the Confederate Congress left the city, and Jefferson Davis's niece wrote to a friend: "Uncle Jeff thinks we had better go to a safer place than Richmond."

Heavy rains had made the roads rivers of mud, and McClellan, who had crossed the Chickahominy when it was only a small stream, now had a raging torrent behind him. The Confederates, seeing this, promptly attacked him at Fair Oaks or Seven Pines. Although their General Joseph E. Johnston was sorely wounded, and failed to win a signal victory, the Confederates killed so many Union men that they crippled McClellan's force.



ROBERT E. LEE

Johnston being disabled, Robert E. Lee, son of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of the Revolutionary War, now became the head of the Confederate army. General Lee had been trained at West Point, had taken part in the Mexican War, and was a most able general. At the time of the secession he held a high command in the Union army, but he gave it up, thinking it his duty to serve his native state, Virginia.

Lee, whom the Southern soldiers affectionately called "Uncle Robert," now tried to check McClellan, and for seven days the two armies fought. They had encounters at Mechanicsville, Gaines Mill, Savage's Station, Frayser's Farm, Malvern Hill, and Harrison's Landing. Although the Union troops were never positively defeated in these battles, the Confederates generally had the best of it. Besides, they entirely prevented the proposed siege of Richmond, the object of the whole campaign.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

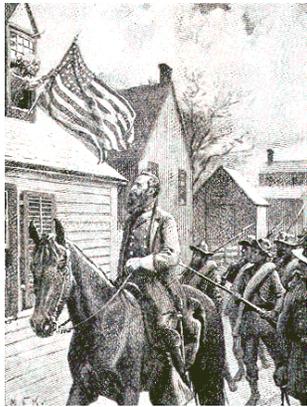
McClellan was ordered to take his army back to Washington by water; and Lee, advancing, fought another Union force, first at Cedar Mountain and then at Bull Run, where he won two brilliant victories, thus forcing the remainder of those troops to retreat and join McClellan. By this time the people in the North were so frightened that they felt the need of a larger army. Lincoln, therefore, called for more men, who eagerly volunteered, singing

the new song: "We're coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"

Encouraged by success, Lee now crossed the Potomac River and marched into Maryland, his army singing "Maryland, my Maryland!" for the Confederates felt very sure that people there would now desert the Union to side with them. They were disappointed, however, and McClellan, having found a copy of Lee's orders, set off after him, and met him at Antietam, where a terrible battle was fought. Here many men lost their lives, but neither army won a real victory, though Lee soon after returned to Virginia.

On his march with Lee toward Antietam, Stonewall Jackson rode through Frederick, Maryland, where the Union flags had been hauled down for fear of the anger of the Confederate army. Still, there was one old woman, Barbara Frietchie, who wished to show her love for the Union, and a famous story is told of how she kept the stars and stripes proudly floating from her attic window.

When the Confederate soldiers came marching through the town they saw the flag, we are told, and, raising their guns and aiming carefully, broke the flagstaff; but Barbara Frietchie quickly grasped the falling pole and held it firmly upright, defiantly bidding the soldiers shoot her, if they must, but spare their country's flag. The story says that they could not resist this appeal, that Stonewall Jackson himself rode under the flag with bared head, and that his army followed silently, not a man venturing to insult the banner which the old woman so gallantly defended.



Barbara Frietchie's patriotism made every one feel proud of her, and our poet Whittier has told her story in a beautiful poem which you will like to read.

Although McClellan had received orders to follow Lee and meet him in another battle, there was considerable delay. The Northern people, who eagerly read the war news published in the newspapers, grew very impatient, and now

asked that another, less cautious, general should be put in command of the Army of the Potomac. General Burnside was therefore chosen, and he immediately attacked the Confederates who were entrenched at Fredericksburg. Here, in spite of the great courage they showed, the Union troops were beaten with great slaughter.

During this battle the Union army tried to storm the hill where a battery stood, and were mowed down like ripe grain by the deadly fire poured upon them by the Confederates entrenched behind a big stone wall. Six times the Union soldiers tried to dislodge their foes, but all in vain. The news of this awful battle, and of the loss of life it occasioned, caused great mourning throughout the country. When it reached Washington, Lincoln, who suffered keenly whenever he heard of loss of life and defeat, bitterly cried: "If there is any man out of perdition that suffers more than I do, I pity him!"

LINCOLN'S VOW

The war which was to have been over in ninety days was still dragging on. When it began, Lincoln had no intention to interfere with slavery in the states where it already existed. Even later on, in writing to the great newspaper editor, Horace Greeley, he said: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

But, little by little, Lincoln saw that slavery was the real cause of the war, and that if it were not for the negroes, the Southerners who were on the battle field would soon be forced to surrender from lack of food. He also knew that most people in the North wished him to abolish slavery. They made this plain in countless ways, and hosts of Union soldiers tramped for miles to the tune of

"John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave;
His soul goes marching on!"

because they felt they were carrying out the good work Brown had so unwisely begun.

There was, besides, another question: France had promised to recognize the independence of the Confederates if Great Britain did; and just at this time it seemed as if the British, who needed cotton, might yet do so. The Southerners fully expected it, and openly boasted that "cotton is king." But, on the other hand, while Great Britain might side with the Confederates as long as the war was only against secession, she could not do so if the war was also against slavery, because her people were opposed to slavery, which was no longer allowed in any of her colonies.

In the very beginning of the war, Generals Fremont and Halleck both made proclamations freeing the slaves in the districts where they were stationed. But Lincoln knew that the right moment had not yet come, and therefore bade them free only the slaves they seized as contraband. As it now seemed to Lincoln that the right time had come, he made a vow that as soon as the Union won a victory he would make a proclamation emancipating, or setting free, all the slaves in the rebel states. Therefore, five days after the battle of Antietam, on September 22, 1862, President Lincoln announced that he would declare the slaves in the Confederate States free, if their owners did not lay down their arms and obey the Union by January 1, 1863. At that date, he issued another proclamation, setting those slaves free. This famous state paper was written entirely by Lincoln, who signed it on New Year's Day, after shaking hands with the many guests who came to wish him a happy New Year.

No slaves were freed, at that time, in the states or parts of states that were in the hands of the Union forces; but later on Congress proposed that a thirteenth Amendment be added to the Constitution, forbidding slavery in the United States forever. The necessary number of states finally accepted this amendment, which went into force in 1865.

The Confederate States paid no attention at all to the Emancipation Proclamation, so the negroes dared claim their freedom only when the Union troops were near enough to protect them. Besides, the greater part of the colored people could not read, and did not even know they had been declared free until told the joyful news by Northern soldiers.

The first regiment of colored freemen had already been formed, however, and the proclamation was read aloud to them, too, very near the place where some of the South Carolinians had drawn up a law saying the negroes should be slaves forever. Although many people had predicted that negroes never could be trained to fight properly, they covered themselves with glory when the time came. Indeed, colored people bravely helped Union soldiers whenever they could, often risking their own lives to do so, and one of the most heroic deeds in all the war was done by a negro boy, at Fort Wagner, in 1863. This lad fell in a gallant attempt to climb the wall. Seeing one of the officers hesitate because he could not get up without hurting him, the poor boy bravely said: "I'm done gone, massa! Step on me and you can scale the wall!"

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

Burnside, having failed to win a victory at Fredericksburg, was now removed in his turn, and the command of the Union army given to General Joseph Hooker, whom the soldiers called ".Fighting Joe." But at Chancellorsville (1863) Hooker was stunned by a cannon ball, and as his army was thus left during several hours without a general, it was completely defeated. Owing in part, no doubt, to this accident, Lee won a brilliant victory over an army twice as large as his own; but he lost one of the bravest Southern officers, the gallant Stonewall Jackson. The latter was riding along with his staff, at nightfall, when his own men, mistaking him for the enemy, suddenly fired upon him, thus killing the man they loved so dearly.

Chancellorsville was the last great victory won by the Confederates in the Civil War, but their past successes had filled their hearts with hope. When Hooker retreated, therefore, Lee boldly crossed the Potomac and marched into Pennsylvania. His plan was to carry the war into the enemy's country and make the Northern people feel the hardships which the South had to suffer. Hooker, who had not expected this bold move, followed him in hot haste; but before he could overtake Lee, the command of the Union army was taken from him and given to General Meade.

It was the latter general, therefore, who overtook Lee at Gettysburg, on the 1st of July, 1863. Here was fought the greatest and most decisive battle of the whole war. It lasted three whole days, and about one third of the men engaged in it were killed or wounded. Both sides did wonders in the way of bravery on this occasion, and the Confederate General Pickett led a charge which will ever be famous in history. But in spite of their determined valor, the Confederates were finally beaten, and Lee was forced to retreat to Virginia, having failed in his second and last attempt to carry the war into the North.

So many Americans lost their lives at Gettysburg that part of the battle ground was changed into a national cemetery. The dead of both armies are buried there, and, besides many nameless graves, there are those of some of the principal men who fell during those

three awful days (July 1–3, 1863). The regiments which took part in the battle have since erected beautiful monuments on the spots where they stood during that terrible but glorious struggle, when both sides proved their valor.

Every year, on the anniversary of the battle, speeches are made in Gettysburg Cemetery, but none of them have ever equaled the short address made by President Lincoln, when he dedicated it the autumn of 1863. This speech, one of the simplest and most famous in our history, runs as follows:

"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 battle field 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."

THE TAKING OF VICKSBURG

The fact that the Union forces had won the victory at Gettysburg filled all Northern hearts with happiness, and they were soon to enjoy a new triumph. You remember that while the disastrous peninsular campaign was going on, Grant was on the Mississippi, where his object was to gain possession of Vicksburg. As already stated, this city stands on a steep bluff; it is more than two



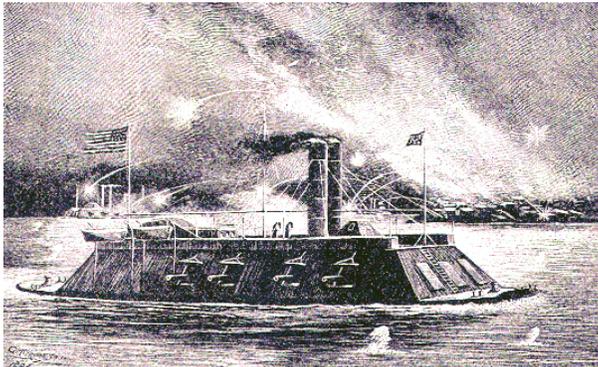
A CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG

hundred feet above the river. It was, besides, well fortified on all sides, and very ably defended by the Confederate General Pemberton.

Grant soon saw that it would be best to attack Vicksburg from the land side; but to do that he had to convey his troops across the river at a point many miles below that city. The only fleet Grant had lay above Vicksburg, and as he did not like it to run the gantlet of the fire from the forts, he tried to find another way to get the gunboats down the river.

The west shore of the Mississippi River is very low, and there are so many bayous that Grant fancied they might perhaps afford a passage to his fleet. The gunboats, under his orders, therefore went in and out of every bayou, working their way over and under fallen trees, through mud and marshes, until the soldiers laughingly called them "Uncle Sam's webfeet." As no passage was found, an attempt was made to dig a canal. But to do this, trees had to be cut six feet under water, and the job was soon given up as hopeless.

Upon the failure of this plan, Grant saw that the fleet must steam rapidly down the river past the forts. This was considered so dangerous an undertaking that the men were told that only such as wished need take part in the expedition. But the Union navy was so brave, and the volunteers so many, that all could not be accepted, and lots had to be drawn to select the number of men needed to man the boats. We are told that those thus chosen for dangerous duty were so proud of their luck that they would not give up their places to their comrades, some of whom vainly tried to bribe them to exchange places.



SAILING PAST VICKSBURG.

When all was ready, Porter's fleet rushed down the Mississippi, one dark night. But the Confederates had such bright fires kindled along the river bank, that the Union fleet was seen as plainly as if it had been broad daylight, and a hail of cannon balls and shells was instantly poured down upon it.

Nevertheless, Porter safely ran the gantlet of the deadly Vicksburg batteries, and, having reached the spot where Grant's troops awaited him, carried them safely across the Mississippi. As soon as they had landed, Grant marched them to the northeast, so as to get between Vicksburg and the Confederate forces, under General Johnston, which were moving toward that city.

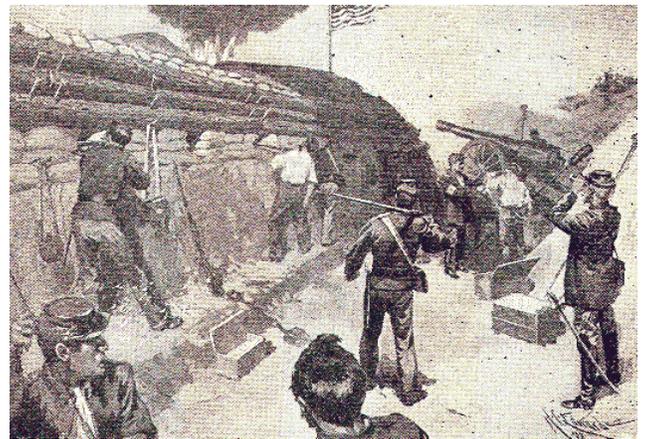
During the next seventeen days Grant defeated Confederate forces at Port Gibson, Jackson, Champion Hills, and Big Black River, and prevented Johnston from uniting with the army that was defending Vicksburg. Then he completely surrounded Vicksburg

by means of his own army, a force under General Sherman, and the fleet commanded by Porter.

Thus hemmed in on all sides, Vicksburg suffered all the horrors of a frightful siege. Before it ended even "mule steaks" gave out, and people were reduced to such strange fare as mice, rats, and pieces of old leather. Meanwhile shells and cannon balls poured into the city from all sides, and as the inhabitants no longer dared stay in their houses, they dug caves in the soft, clayey soil, and went to live there.

The bombardment lasted forty-seven days, and we are told that little children grew so accustomed to flying bullets, and to the noise of exploding shells, that they ceased to mind them, and played out in the streets as merrily as if no siege were going on. But the grown people were very anxious, for the Union troops kept such a keen watch on every part of the fortifications, that when some one put a hat on the end of a stick, and held it for a moment above the ramparts, it was instantly riddled with bullets.

As he had no food left, was surrounded on all sides, and could not expect any relief, gallant General Pemberton was finally forced to surrender to Grant. So, at noon, on July 4, 1863, the Confederate flag was replaced by the stars and stripes in Vicksburg. The Union troops made the courthouse ring with the sounds of their new song, "We'll rally round the flag, boys," while "Old Abe," the pet eagle of one regiment, flapped his wings and screamed aloud, as in battle when the din grew greatest. (Note: "Old Abe" was the mascot of the 8th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment out of Eau Claire, WI - Mrs. Mueller's hometown!)



BESIEGING VICKSBURG.

The news of the surrender of Vicksburg, with more than thirty thousand prisoners, reached Washington on the day after the battle of Gettysburg, and caused great rejoicing. Five days later Port Hudson surrendered also, and, as Lincoln gladly said, "the Father of Waters rolled unvexed to the sea." Besides, the Confederates west of the Mississippi were entirely cut off from their companions on the east side, for Union men held the river.

Still, the war was far from over, and the hardships it forced upon the people were daily growing harder to bear. When it first broke out it cost the Union about one million dollars a day, but by this time the expense was nearly three times as much. To raise the necessary funds, Congress little by little ordered internal taxes,

and "revenue stamps" were placed on photographs, pianos, and many other objects which were not absolutely necessary. This was a "stamp tax," like the one which helped to cause the Revolution; but this time the representatives of the people voted for it, and the people were willing to pay it.

Besides this, taxes were laid on other articles, large sums of money were borrowed, and paper bills were issued, which from their color came to be known as "greenbacks." Every one knew that if the Union came out of the storm safely, silver or gold would be given in exchange for these bills. When the Union troops were successful, therefore, no one objected to paper money; but whenever the Federals were beaten, the value of greenbacks fell, until at one time a paper dollar was worth only thirty-five cents in coin.

RIOTS, RAIDS, AND BATTLES

Until 1863 the President had been able to secure enough soldiers by calling for volunteers; but the time now came when Lincoln had to resort to drafts. That is to say, all the able-bodied men in the country between certain ages were forced to register their names, and from them a certain number in each state were selected by lot. These were obliged to join the army in person, or hire men to take their places.

The fact that the President issued such orders, although Congress had given him the right to do so, made some of the people so angry that there were draft riots in several cities. The worst of all, however, was in New York, where the rioters took possession of the city, attacked and brutally murdered some poor negroes, destroyed much property, and behaved so lawlessly that troops had to be called out to restore order. During those terrible days the excitement was intense; but the law-abiding citizens behaved so nobly that the mob was quelled after some bloodshed.

Drafts, which created such an uproar in the Union states, were also made in the South, where boys, and even old men, were made to serve, until it was said that "the Confederate army robbed both the cradle and the grave." There, too, paper money was used; but as the war dragged on, Confederate bills were worth less and less in coin. Owing to this, and also to the strict blockade, it took at one time about fifteen hundred dollars to buy a barrel of flour, and several thousand for a suit of common clothes. After the war was over, Confederate bills were worth nothing at all.

All through the war, Southern and Northern women proved equally ready to work night and day for the soldiers on their side. Some of them raised money by fairs; others made garments or delicacies for the sick; and many served as nurses in the hospitals or on the battle field. Even small children helped, and while the little girls knit stockings, the boys made lint, or picked berries which were made into jellies for the use of convalescent soldiers. The whole country suffered from the effects of the war, but while many families north and south were in deep mourning for their heroic dead, the worst suffering was borne by the Southern states, where most of the fighting took place.

The North knew very little of the actual hardships of warfare; for, with the exception of Antietam in Maryland and Gettysburg in

Pennsylvania, there had been no great battles on its soil. It is true that General Bragg, the hero of Buena Vista, had made a raid in Kentucky, but he had been driven by General Buell back into Tennessee. Besides, several other daring raids, mostly for plunder, had been made by John Morgan, a guerrilla chief. He had been with Bragg in Kentucky in 1862, and had even threatened the city of Cincinnati.

In 1863 this same Morgan raided Kentucky, and, crossing the Ohio, went into Indiana and Ohio, where he hoped that many men would join him. His quick movements and his fearlessness enabled him to do much damage and to get away again before any troops could be collected to crush him. During this expedition his men took horses, plundered mills and factories, and made the people pay large sums of money to save their buildings from being burned down.

The people were so exasperated by his invasion that they made a determined effort, and finally hemmed him in and made him a prisoner. He and six of his officers were locked up in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, whence they managed to escape a few months later. Cleverly making their way through the enemy's country, these men contrived to get back to their own people, and joined the Confederate army in Georgia.



MORGAN'S RAIDERS

Some very funny stories are told about this Morgan and his men, who often indulged in harmless frolics. When the people did not oppose them, they generally took only from the rich or well to do, leaving the poor alone, and sometimes even astonishing them by giving them some of the plunder.

While Grant was besieging Vicksburg, Bragg was in Tennessee, where General Rosecrans drove him from Chattanooga to Chickamauga Creek: Here a desperate battle took place, and the Confederates were victorious; but General Thomas with his part of the Union army made such a firm and brave stand that he won the name of "Rock of Chickamauga." Some of his officers showed equal courage, for when one was asked how long he could hold a certain pass, he firmly answered: "Until the regiment is mustered out of service."

When the battle was all over, Thomas retreated to Chattanooga, where Bragg followed and besieged the Union army. Now began a hard time for the Union troops, for they had hardly enough food for the men. Besides, forage was so scarce that most of the mules

died. Indeed, one soldier described a march near Chattanooga, saying: "The mud was so deep that we could not travel by the road, but we got along pretty well by stepping from mule to mule as they lay dead by the way."

There was so much danger that the army might retreat or surrender, that Thomas was put in command at Chattanooga, and Grant sent him orders to hold fast till he came. Thomas nobly answered: "We will hold the town till we starve." In a few days Grant reached Chattanooga, and soon after the army was reinforced by Sherman and Hooker.

Battles were now fought near Chattanooga, first at Orchard Knob and the day after on Lookout Mountain. As lowering clouds cut off all view of the summit during the greater part of this engagement, you will often hear it called the "Battle above the Clouds." The next day, the Union troops won a great victory on Missionary Ridge, so that at the end of three days' fighting the Confederates were driven away.



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

The next move made by Union forces was Sherman's raid across Mississippi, from Vicksburg, early in 1864. His aim was to destroy bridges and railroads over which supplies could be sent to the Confederate army, and to burn mills and factories. He did this so thoroughly, and left so little standing at **Meridian**, that one person remarked: "Sherman didn't simply smash things, but he just carried the town off with him."

THE BURNING OF ATLANTA

Sherman's raid prevented the Confederates from again attacking Chattanooga, where the Union troops spent a quiet winter. When the spring of 1864 came on, Grant was made commander in chief of the whole army, with the rank of lieutenant general, a rank which had been given only to Washington and Scott before him. Grant had been so fortunate in all his efforts that every one felt great confidence in him, and while Lincoln said that at last he had a *man* at the head of the army, the rest of the people, referring to his initials, playfully spoke of him as "Uniformly Successful "Grant, "United States "Grant, "Unconditional Surrender "Grant, and "Uncle Sam's "Grant.

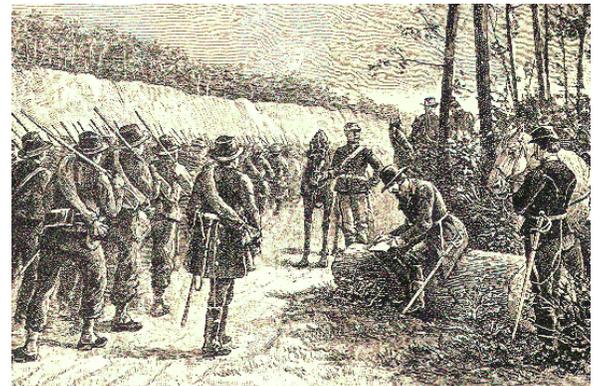
As soon as Grant received this appointment, he met Sherman, and they two together formed a clever plan to carry on the war. As there were now only two large Confederate armies, it was agreed that Grant should face Lee, near Richmond, while Sherman should beat Johnston, and then push on across Georgia to the sea, destroying all supplies on his way, so that the South should have

to cease making war. It was further agreed that they should set out to do this on the same day.

Grant now went to join the forces in the East, and led them across the Rapidan into the Wilderness, to begin his famous "hammering campaign." It was in May that his army started, and, sitting on a log by the roadside, Grant wrote the telegram which ordered Sherman to commence fighting.

As soon as Sherman received this dispatch, he set out, with about one hundred thousand men, to meet Johnston, with about one half that number, at Dalton. But Johnston placed his forces in the mountains and woods in good positions, and always retreated in time to avoid a disastrous defeat. Sherman, therefore, had to fight bloody battles at Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, Lost Mountain, and Kenesaw Mountain, while driving Johnston back to Atlanta.

This sort of fighting—which was the wisest thing Johnston could do—made President Davis so angry that, hoping to settle matters by one big victory, he took the command away from Johnston and gave it to Hood. The latter was very energetic; but although three more battles were fought, and each army lost thousands of men in this campaign, Sherman went on, and soon entered Atlanta. Then he telegraphed to Washington the news: "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."



GRANT WRITES A TELEGRAM TO SHERMAN.

Marching thus into the Confederate country, Sherman found the railroads destroyed by the Confederates, who hoped thus to prevent his advance and to cut off his supplies. But he had a force of men who rapidly rebuilt the roads, and trains quickly followed his troops to bring them food and ammunition. The engineers who laid tracks and built bridges were so skilled, and their men worked so fast, that they really did wonders.

The Confederates were amazed to see how promptly the damage they had done was repaired. Once, when some one suggested blowing up a tunnel so as to check Sherman's trains, a man cried out: "No use, boys; Old Sherman carries duplicate tunnels with him, and will replace them as fast as you can blow them up; better save your powder!"

Hoping to prevent Sherman's doing any harm to Atlanta, or going farther south, Hood suddenly set out for Tennessee, thinking the Union army would follow to stop him. This, however, was just what Sherman wanted, and as soon as he was quite sure that Hood had gone, he sent word to Thomas at Nashville to look out

for himself. Thomas, he knew, was calm and very deliberate. After keeping Hood waiting for about two weeks, General Thomas suddenly came out of the city, and in a hard two days' fight completely defeated him. In this battle the Confederates fought so bravely that when it was all over they had no army left wherewith to pursue Sherman.

Sherman, in the meantime, had gone steadily on, and had burned the rich stores and fine mills and factories of Atlanta. The churches and dwelling houses were not harmed, for Sherman's object was only to destroy the shops and factories which supplied the Southern army with arms, food, garments, or anything else.

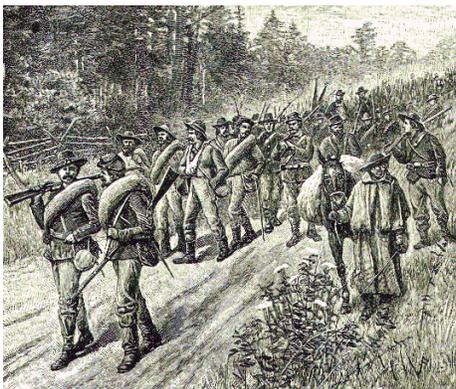
THE MARCH TO THE SEA

After cutting all the telegraph wires, so no one could send news of his next movement, Sherman suddenly left Atlanta and set out for his famous "march to the sea." He had long been preparing for this. His plans were all made, and he sent on his sixty thousand men in four great columns. Their orders were to head for Savannah, three hundred miles away, to destroy all the railroads and supplies along a strip sixty miles wide, and to take nothing with them but the food they needed.

While the main army, therefore, marched steadily on, skirmishing parties overran the country, burning or breaking all they did not carry off. Last of all came the men whose duty it was to tear up railroads and burn bridges. They were adepts in this work, and finding that iron rails merely bent could be straightened out and used again, they adopted a new plan of destruction.

First, the railroad ties were torn up, piled together, and set afire. Then the rails were laid over the red-hot coals, so that the middle part of each one was heated red-hot. Two men next grasped a rail at either end, and, running to the nearest tree, twisted it around the trunk, thus making what the soldiers jokingly called "Jeff Davis neckties."

It was thus that the Union army left nothing but ruin and desolation behind it. This seems very wicked, but it is one way of making war, and Sherman thought it was wiser to stop the Confederates by depriving them of supplies than by killing so many men in pitched battle.



MARCH TO THE SEA

The roads were very bad during this five weeks' tramp, for the year (1864) was rapidly drawing to its close; but the men went merrily

on, cheering their leader whenever he rode past them, and sturdily singing the familiar war songs.

The result of this move was just what Grant and Sherman had expected, and as soon as the army reached Savannah they stormed Fort McAllister and thus forced the city to surrender. As telegraphs and railroads had all been destroyed, no news had been heard of Sherman and his sixty thousand men since they had left Atlanta. So there were many anxious hearts in the North besides the President's, and as week after week went by the suspense grew awful.

Knowing this, Sherman no sooner reached Savannah than he sent a dispatch by boat to Fortress Monroe, so it could be telegraphed from there to Washington. Some one standing near him cried that the message would probably reach the President on the 25th of December; so Sherman wrote to Lincoln: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." This message reached Lincoln on December 24, and the news, being flashed over telegraph wires, made many anxious Northern people spend a very thankful Christmas Day.

Sherman had first expected to take his army northward by sea; but after the capture of Savannah it was determined that he should march northward. Although he did not say a word of this plan, his men all suspected it. They were so impatient to go on that during their month's rest in the city they often called out when he rode past: "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond."

Sherman was almost as impatient as his men; so as soon as he thought they were well rested, he *led them up to Columbia, and then advanced, driving his old foe Johnston ahead of him, and beating him at Averysboro and Bentonville (1865). While he was doing this, other Union troops occupied Charleston, which, after a long resistance, had finally surrendered.

Sherman's aim was to join Grant and help him crush Lee, who was still defending Richmond with the last large Confederate army. The roads were now worse than ever; but all were so eager to finish the war and go home, that the men cheerfully tramped on through mud and rain, waded through streams, and even fought one battle on ground covered with water.

Some of the swamps were so broad and treacherous that Sherman's army had to build corduroy roads through them. This was hard work, too; but the men all worked bravely, and cut down trees, whose trunks, laid side by side on top of larger timbers, formed a firm but very rough road. At Goldsboro, Sherman's army was joined by two other bodies of Union troops; and there, while the men were again resting after their hard labors, Sherman hurried off to meet Grant, at City Point, and plan the next moves with him.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

While Sherman was going thus, first to Atlanta, then to Savannah, and finally north again, Grant had been very busy. No sooner had he got into the Wilderness—where woods and underbrush were

so dense that one could not see far ahead—than he met the Confederate forces there; and he also met them at Spottsylvania Courthouse and Cold Harbor.

About fifty thousand Union soldiers were killed or wounded in these three battles. But Grant knew this was the quickest way to end the war, and wrote to Lincoln: "Our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy; but I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The news of these losses was hard for the country to bear, and after one of these engagements Lincoln despairingly cried: "My God! My God! Twenty thousand poor souls sent to their account in one day. I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!"

Next, Grant went southward to besiege Petersburg, hoping that Lee would come out of Richmond, which he intended to attack next. But Lee now sent General Jubal A. Early into the Shenandoah Valley, to make a raid there. Early swept down the valley with a large force of cavalry, came within about five miles of Washington, then suddenly rushed up the valley again, carrying off large numbers of horses and supplies of all kinds.

This first raid was soon followed by a second, equally successful, the Confederates this time pushing on into Pennsylvania, where they set fire to Chambersburg. Knowing that these raids filled the hearts of Washington people with great terror, Grant now determined to stop them once for all. He therefore sent General Sheridan into the Shenandoah Valley, with orders to burn and destroy everything, so that the enemy would find no food there for either man or beast.

General Sheridan set out in August, and after burning many barns and fields of grain, he found and defeated General Early at Winchester. The Confederate army retreated up the valley, while Sheridan followed, halting at Cedar Creek. On his way he destroyed everything, until he could say: "If a crow wants to fly down the Shenandoah, he must carry his provisions with him." As all seemed quiet, Sheridan went to Washington, where he had been summoned; but on coming back to Winchester, he fancied he heard distant sounds of firing.

Mounting his horse, Rienzi, which had been his faithful companion for many months, Sheridan rode quickly out of Winchester in the direction of the noise. Before long he met the first fugitives, who told him that the army had been attacked and defeated by General Early, at break of day.

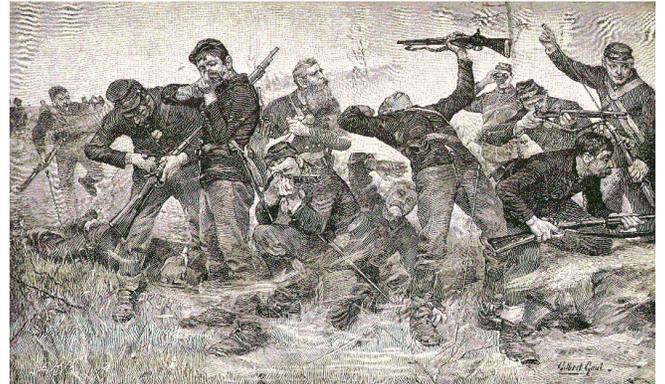
Sheridan now put spurs to his steed, and galloped along the road, swinging his cap to the soldiers, who watched him dashing past. He cheerily called out to them: "Face the other way, boys; we're going back!" The men, who had great confidence in him, now cheered him loudly, and, wheeling around, hurried after him to join in the coming fray.

Galloping thus for twenty miles, rallying the troops as he went, jumping fences and dashing through fields when the road was blocked by wagons or fugitives, Sheridan rode on, mile after mile. But all through that long gallop his noble steed never faltered, and the men, hearing his "Turn, boys, turn; we're going back!" followed him blindly.

When Sheridan finally came up to the troops, he encouraged them by crying: "Never mind, boys; we'll whip them yet. We shall sleep in our old quarters to-night." At these words the army quickly formed again, and when all was ready, Sheridan, at his officers' suggestion, rode down the line, to make sure that all the men would see him.

The sight of their familiar and trusted leader on his noble black steed roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers. When the signal came, they renewed the battle with such spirit that Early was defeated and sent flying out of the valley with a shattered army. This victory created a great sensation throughout the country. In speaking of it, Grant wrote: "Turning what bade fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamped Sheridan—what I have always thought him—one of the ablest of generals."

It may interest you to hear that the noble horse Rienzi, which so bravely galloped from Winchester to Cedar Creek, was treated with great kindness until his death in 1878. Then his skin was carefully stuffed and mounted, and placed in the Military Museum on Governors Island, New York, where it can still be seen.



HOLDING THE LINE

Although Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley was the shortest, it was also the most brilliant in the whole war, for, while it lasted only one month, it put an end to all raids in the direction of Washington.

THE DOINGS OF THE FLEET

The Southern Confederacy was now in a bad plight; for, while it had won most of the triumphs in the beginning of the war, it had lately lost heavily, and its resources were exhausted.

Besides, its seaports had fallen, one by one, into the hands of the Union, and now it had hardly any left. In 1864, two years after taking New Orleans, Admiral Farragut went to attack Mobile. He wrote home, saying: "I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope he is." True to his resolve, he ran into the bay, past the great guns of the Confederate forts, and in spite of the rams which tried to stop him.

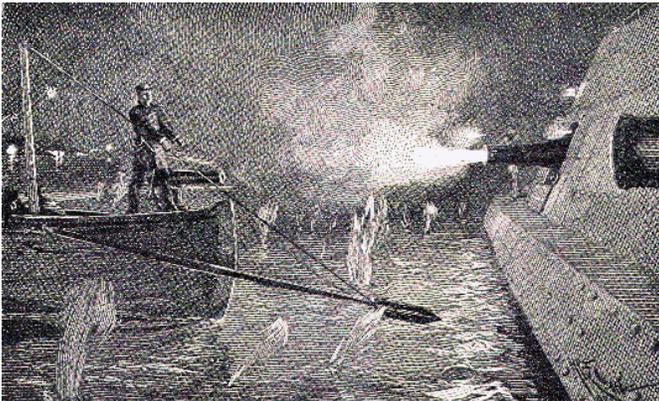
To direct this battle, Farragut was tied fast to the rigging, and when one of his officers called out that they could not proceed on account of the torpedoes which had been sunk in the channel, he answered that this was not the time to think of torpedoes. Then, taking the lead, he bade his engineer run at full speed, and dashed

safely ahead. Here, in Mobile Bay, took place a famous naval battle. The iron ram *Tennessee* was captured only after a hard struggle, and the port was blocked so securely that not a single vessel could pass in or out. But the city itself was not taken till the next year, at the end of the war, and with the help of Union land forces.

About two months after Farragut steamed into Mobile Bay and captured the iron ram *Tennessee*, another Confederate ram, called the *Albemarle*, played havoc among the Union vessels blockading the coast of North Carolina. It had already done a great deal of damage, and was getting ready to do more still, when Lieutenant W. B. Cushing proposed to destroy it while it was lying at anchor at Plymouth.

Stealing into the harbor one dark October night, Cushing and fourteen men drew close to the ram before they were seen. When only twenty yards away they were discovered and fired upon; "but in spite of the bullets splashing into the water all around him, Cushing ran his small boat close up to the *Albemarle*, released his torpedo, and, bidding his men look out for themselves, set it off.

At that very moment a shot from the *Albemarle* struck his boat, which was dashed to pieces; but a second later a frightful explosion was heard, and the ram was a wreck. As for Cushing and his men, they were struggling in the water in the darkness, surrounded by floating bits of wreckage. Only two of them managed to escape, and Cushing himself, although slightly wounded, swam bravely ashore and hid in a swamp, where some kind-hearted colored people found him and brought him food.



CUSHING DESTROYS THE ALBEMARLE

After hiding there all day, Cushing got into a leaky little boat he found near the shore, and, in spite of weakness and stiff muscles, paddled out to a Union ship, where the sailors were anxiously watching for the return of his launch. They saw him coming, but, failing to recognize him in this sorry plight, sternly hailed him, crying: "Who goes there?"

A weak voice answered: "A friend—Cushing; take me up." The men, hanging almost breathless over the ship railing, then cried: "Cushing! and the *Albemarle*?"

"Will never trouble the Union fleet again," answered the same weak, hoarse voice. "She rests in her grave on the muddy bottom of the Roanoke."

You can imagine with what joy this news was received, and how eagerly hands were now stretched out to help Cushing on deck. There, all crowded around him to hear about it, and while the men

mourned their lost companions, they heartily cheered Cushing, whose heroic deed will never be forgotten.

In the meantime, Porter, after gallantly helping Grant to secure the Mississippi, had taken part in an expedition up the Red River (1863-1864). Here army and navy together tried to crush the Confederates. But the army was beaten at the Sabine Crossroads, and the fleet became helpless when the water in the river became low. Indeed, before long the men perceived that there was not enough water left to float their vessels down the stream.

Porter was about to blow up his gunboats, so they should not fall into the Confederates' hands, when a Wisconsin lumberman suggested a plan by which they could be saved. Under his directions, dams were built, and the waters rose. Then the boats were sent downstream, and, passing through the dams, which were broken one after another, they safely reached navigable waters.

With another fleet, Porter then joined Butler's army in besieging Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, North Carolina. But the fort held out so bravely that Butler decided it could not be taken, and returned with the army to Fortress Monroe. Porter, however, would not give up, and he was so anxious to make a second attempt, that troops were sent back under another general, and the fort taken, in spite of the heroic defense of its garrison (1865).

The war was rapidly reaching its close, for it was plain that the Confederates would not be able to hold out much longer. By this time they had little left in the East besides Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Feeling that they must soon stop fighting, the Southerners now made an attempt to end the war without shedding any more blood. At their request, an interview took place, on a war vessel at Hampton Roads, between Alexander H. Stephens, the Vice President of the Confederacy, and President Lincoln with Secretary Seward.



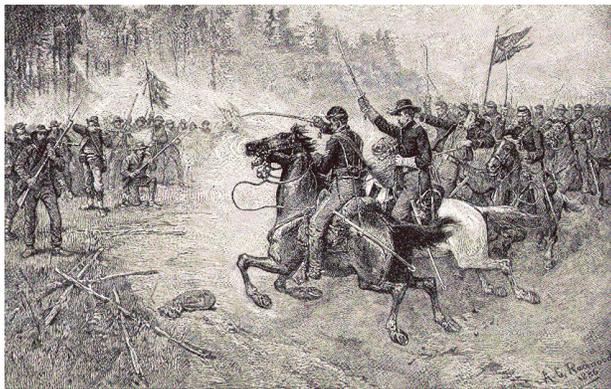
LINCOLN AT RICHMOND

We are told that in the course of this interview Stephens, seeing Lincoln not willing to grant the terms he asked, urged that even Charles I. made certain concessions. To this, wishing to show that it was not wise to yield under certain circumstances, Lincoln quietly answered: "I am not strong on history; I depend mainly on

Secretary Seward for that. All I remember of Charles is that he lost his head." Then, after a long talk, Lincoln said he could make peace only if the Confederates would lay down their arms, promise to obey Congress, and abolish slavery.

These terms the South would not accept, so the interview ended, and the war went on to the bitter end. About two months later, Lee, thinking the situation desperate, withdrew the Confederate troops from both Richmond and Petersburg, giving orders that all ships and ammunition be destroyed. When the Confederate army left Richmond, therefore, all the Southern rams on the James River were burned.

A colored man brought the news that the Confederate army had left Richmond, and the Union troops immediately marched in. When they got into the town they found it was not so well defended as they had supposed, for many of the cannons were "Quaker guns,"—that is to say, logs of wood painted black so as to look like artillery at a distance. Still, as the colored man explained, they were "just as good to scare with as any others."



CAVALRY CHARGE AT FIVE FORKS

Lincoln, hearing that the Confederates had left Richmond, now went there on Admiral Porter's boat, and as no carriage was ready for him, he walked slowly up the street. When the negroes heard he was in town, they rushed to meet him, kissing his hands and fervently crying: "May de good Lord bless you, President Linkum!"

But when some of the Southerners, watching him, saw him return the colored men's greetings by taking off his hat to them just as he did to the white people, they were offended, and said he lacked dignity. Those Southerners, however, had forgotten that Thomas Jefferson, a Virginia gentleman, used to do the same. When his grandson found fault with him for doing so, he quietly said: "You surely do not want me to be less polite than that poor man!"

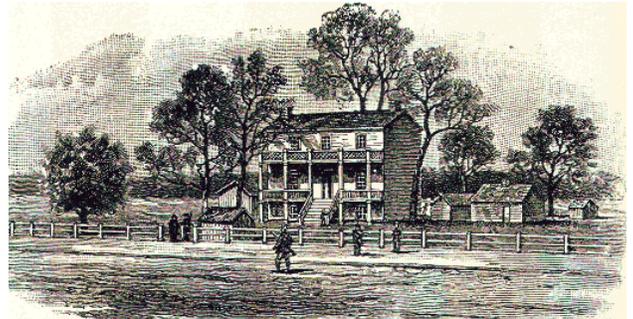
LEE'S SURRENDER

Lee's plan had been to force his way through the Union lines, and join Johnston farther south; but it was now too late. He was without food, and hemmed in on all sides by large armies. At the end of six days, therefore,—and after making as brave a stand as you can find in history,—he saw he must surrender. Sheridan had just won a last victory over his army at Five Forks, and Grant was rapidly moving toward Appomattox Courthouse. It was useless to fight any more, so, after exchanging a few letters, Grant and Lee met at a house which has since become historical.

There the two generals drew up the conditions of the surrender of Appomattox (April 9, 1865). Grant asked that Lee's army should lay down their arms and promise not to fight again until properly exchanged. But he allowed the Southern soldiers to take their private horses with them, saying he knew the men "would need them for the spring plowing."

When Grant noticed that General Lee wore a beautiful sword, which had been presented to him by his admirers, he also said that the officers might keep their side arms. This was both kind and thoughtful; and when Lee confessed that his men were starving,—having had little to eat but parched corn for several days,—Grant gave immediate orders to distribute rations among them.

The two greatest commanders of the Civil War then cordially shook hands; for, like all true-hearted men, they bore each other no grudge. They had been on opposite sides, it is true, but they thoroughly respected each other, for they knew they had done nothing but what they believed right.



HOUSE IN WHICH LEE AND GRANT MET

The interview over, Lee went back to his army, and with tears in his eyes, sadly said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more." He then issued the necessary orders, and no sooner was it known in both armies that Lee had surrendered, than the men went to visit one another. Before many minutes, therefore, men in blue and in gray were sitting side by side, the Union soldiers sharing rations with their former foes in the friendliest way.

The very next day Lee made a farewell address to his men, who then went back to their homes, to work as hard as they had fought. Four years had now elapsed since the Civil War, or the "War for the Union," had begun. This war cost our country untold suffering, nearly a million lives, and about ten thousand million dollars. But it settled two important questions: that no state can leave the Union, and that slavery is forever at an end in our country.

On the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, Anderson again hoisted the United States flag over its ruins. The war was so plainly over that joy all over the country was great, and even those who mourned were thankful that no more blood would be shed.

That evening, to please some friends who particularly wished it, President Lincoln went to a theater at Washington. While he was sitting there quietly in his box, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, stole in behind him. He noiselessly fastened the door, crept close to Lincoln, shot him through the head, and jumped on the stage,

crying: "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" [So be it always to tyrants!] As he sprang, his foot caught in a United States flag draping the President's box, and he fell, spraining his ankle. Nevertheless, he sprang up again, crying: "The South is avenged!" and escaped by a side door, where, mounting his horse, he dashed away before any one thought of pursuing him.

Lincoln, in the meantime, had fallen forward unconscious. He was carried to a neighboring house, where every care was lavished on him; but he never recovered his senses, and quietly passed away the next morning. The people around him seemed stunned by this unexpected blow, and the whole nation, North and South, mourned for the murdered President.

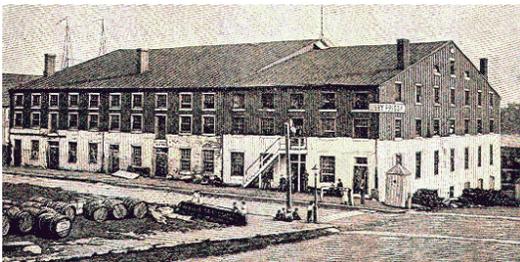
When Lincoln's death became known, all rejoicing was at an end. Houses decked in bunting the day before were draped in deep mourning; for every one felt that he had lost a friend. At first people were terrified, too, because that same night Secretary Seward, although ill in bed, was attacked and stabbed several times. It was later discovered that a few wicked people had made a plan to murder the President, Vice President, Secretary of State, and General Grant, because they thought they would thus serve the Confederate cause.

But this wicked and foolish attempt failed, and those who had taken part in it were justly punished. Booth was pursued and overtaken in a barn in Virginia, and—as he defended himself and refused to surrender—was shot on the spot by one of his captors. The rest of the criminals were tried and either hanged or imprisoned for life.

DECORATION DAY

Although Lincoln was dead, and people were almost stiff with horror, there was no break in the government. Three hours later, Vice President Andrew Johnson took the presidential oath.

On the 26th of April, 1865, General Johnston surrendered the last large Confederate army to General Sherman, at Raleigh; and on the 10th of May, President Davis was caught in Georgia. Some say he tried to escape by donning a woman's waterproof, tying an old shawl over his head, and carrying a pail, as if on the way to draw water from a spring. But the United States soldiers seized him, and sent him to Fortress Monroe. There he was detained for two years, and then he was bailed out by the famous newspaper editor, Horace Greeley. But Davis was never tried before a jury, and when he died in 1889, in New Orleans, he was surrounded by his family and friends.



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND

Those who had taken part in the Civil War were never called to account for their share in it, except that they were not allowed to vote or hold office for some time. The only person executed was the jailer of the Andersonville prison in Georgia. He had treated the Union prisoners with fiendish cruelty; and in punishment for this inhuman conduct he was sentenced to be hanged, because even a jailer should remember that prisoners are his fellow creatures. So many prisoners were crowded into a small space in the Libby and Andersonville prisons, that the men suffered greatly, and many of them died there from hunger, filth, and disease.

The Confederacy being now a "lost cause," the United States army, numbering more than a million men, was disbanded. Grant's and Sherman's troops were reviewed at Washington by President and Congress. They formed a column thirty miles long, and as they marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, people from all parts of the country wildly cheered them. These soldiers deserved all the credit they received, for they had saved the Union. Now they were going home, to take up their daily work again, and handle the plow or pen with the same energy as they had handled picks and guns. The veteran officers of the Revolutionary War had formed the Society of the Cincinnati, and, following their example, the veterans of the Union army soon founded another society, which is known as the Grand Army of the Republic G.A.R.

The army was disbanded on the 24th of May, and soon afterwards some Southern ladies started a beautiful custom which has since become national. They visited the places where soldiers were buried, and, after decking with fragrant flowers the tombs of their own dead, spread blossoms also over those of the Union men.

There are now in our country over eighty national cemeteries, where nearly four hundred thousand dead soldiers have been buried. Every Decoration or Memorial Day these graves, as well as others, are visited and strewn with flowers, and little children eagerly listen to the speeches telling how bravely their grandfathers fought and died.

Before going on with the story of the great events which next happened in our country, you will enjoy hearing a few of the famous Lincoln stories, for you know he stands beside Washington on our book of fame. You have already heard, however, how poor he was, how hard he worked to get an education, and how he rose step by step until, from a rawboned rail splitter, he became the most famous President of the United States.

LINCOLN STORIES

Lincoln was a true patriot in every sense of the word. In 1850, before any one suspected his name would be renowned, he once said,—speaking of some one who had passed away after spending a useless life,—"How hard, ah, how hard it is to die, and leave one's country no better than if one had never lived in it!"

When Lincoln first ran for office, and was defeated, some one asked him how he felt. Lincoln gazed at the speaker a moment in silence, and then said: "Like the boy who stubbed his toe: too bad to laugh, and too big to cry."

He was always gentle and tender-hearted toward every one, and very thoughtful about his wife and children, who simply adored him. The moment he heard he had been nominated for President, Lincoln caught up his hat, and started off, saying: "There is a little woman on Eighth Street who would like to hear about this."

In fact, he was not ashamed to own that a man's family is his dearest possession. Once, when asked just how much one of his acquaintances was worth, he answered that the man in question had a wife and baby which were certainly worth more than fifty thousand dollars, but that, as far as the rest was concerned, he thought he owned some office furniture and things, which might be valued at one dollar and fifty cents.

After the battle of Bull Run, when Lincoln first met the author, Mrs. Stowe, he wonderingly shook hands with her, saying: "And this is the little woman who caused this big war!" Another time he remarked: "Whichever way it ends, I have the impression that I shan't last long after it."

Although some of the funniest stories you ever heard were told by Lincoln, he was a very sad man, and when he joked it was often to conceal the fact that he felt sad enough to cry. But people who did not know him well were often shocked by what they considered his levity.

Thus, a Congressman, who visited him at a trying time, rose impatiently in the midst of one of his stories, saying: "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." The President, who respected every one's feelings, no matter how different they were from his own, immediately answered: "Sit down, Mr. A! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now that were it not for this occasional vent I should die!"

People around him knew this so well that when the cares of government pressed hard enough upon him to have broken down any man less strong, they used to long for some one to come and make him laugh, knowing it would do him more good than anything else.

Every President is bothered by people who make all sorts of requests, and as Lincoln would not allow any one to be sent away unheard, he had no rest. Of course, he would have been glad to grant all they asked, for he was generous to a fault; but that was impossible. In his funny way, he once showed how all these prayers troubled him, for when he took the varioloid he told his doctor: "Well, at last I've got something I can give to everybody if they want it!"

The news of the army was always sent to him, and whenever he had any bad tidings to announce, he took it so to heart that it made him ill. Once, after a defeat, he mournfully cried: "How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac!"

It is often difficult to know and do what is right, and even while Lincoln was doing his very best, many people found fault with all he said and did, thus making his task all the harder. Once, when

one of the newspapers had been very unkind, one of Lincoln's friends told him he ought to deny the slander; but the President quietly answered:

"Oh, no; at least, not now. If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Once, gentlemen of great wealth and standing came to see the President, to ask his plans and give him their advice. Now, it happened that the President could not tell them his plans, as it was very important, just then, to keep them secret. Besides, it was quite impossible to take their advice. Still, he did not wish to offend them, so he resorted to what is probably the best known of all his stories, and, alluding to a famous tight-rope dancer, he said:

"Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a tight rope. Would you shake the cable, and keep shouting to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter! Blondin, stoop a little more! Blondin, go a little faster! Lean a little more to the north! Bend over a little more to the south! No, gentlemen; you would hold your breath as well as your tongues, and keep your hands off until he was over. The government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasure is in its hands. It is doing the very best it can. Do not badger us. Keep silence, and we will get you safe across."

The way in which he told this story made the gentlemen part with him in the most cordial way, whereas, had he stiffly told them that he could not impart state secrets, they would probably have left him in anger.

LINCOLN'S REBUKES

Lincoln could be firm and severe when there was occasion for him to be so, and he never allowed disrespect to God or disobedience to his generals. Two anecdotes will illustrate this. A man once came to him with a petition; before long this individual began to swear horribly. Lincoln gently, yet firmly, checked him. Still, in a few minutes the man swore harder than ever. Then Lincoln rose with great dignity, opened the door, and said: "I thought that Senator had sent me a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir. Good evening."

Many of the Union soldiers had enlisted thinking the war would soon be over, and fancying they would surely be released at the end of three months at the latest. After the battle of Bull Run, an officer came to Sherman, and coolly announced that he was going home. Sherman reasoned with him a few moments; but perceiving that he was defiant, and that several of his companions were inclined to follow his example, he said sharply: "Captain, this question of your term of service has been submitted to the rightful authority, and the decision has been published in orders. You are

a soldier, and must submit to orders till you are properly discharged. If you attempt to leave without orders, it will be mutiny, and I will shoot you like a dog! Go back into the fort *now*, instantly, and don't dare to leave without my consent."

There was such a firm look in Sherman's eye that the officer went back to his post until he could find a chance to make a complaint against his superior. Shortly after this, President Lincoln visited the camp, and, meeting Sherman on the way thither, invited him to take a seat in his carriage. They now exchanged a few remarks, and knowing the President would make a speech, Sherman begged him to encourage the men to do less cheering and boasting, and prepare to be "cool, thoughtful, hard-fighting soldiers." When the carriage drew up before the ranks, Lincoln made one of those simple, touching speeches which, once heard, were never forgotten. But when the men started to cheer him, he quickly checked them, saying: "Don't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself; but Colonel Sherman here says it is not military, and I guess we had better defer to his opinion."



SHERMAN AND THE SOLDIER

Then, as usual, he went on to explain that as President, and therefore commander in chief of the United States army, it was his duty to see that the soldiers were well and happy, and that he was ready to listen to any just complaints. He was scarcely through speaking, when the officer whom Sherman had threatened stepped up to the carriage, saying: "Mr. President, I have a cause of grievance. This morning I went to speak to Colonel Sherman, and he threatened to shoot me."

"Threatened to shoot you?" asked the President, looking at the man with his deep, keen eyes.

"Yes, sir; he threatened to shoot me."

Lincoln looked at the man again, then at Sherman, and, bending over, said to the officer in a loud whisper: "Well, if I were you, and he threatened to shoot, I would not trust him, for I believe he would do it."

This answer sent the man back to his post without another word; but later on Sherman explained the facts to Lincoln, who said: "Of course I didn't know anything about it, but I thought you knew your own business best." Sherman warmly thanked the President for the way in which he had settled the question, and added that it would have a good effect upon his men, some of whom could not realize that a soldier must obey his superior without asking why.

A NOBLE SOUTHERNER

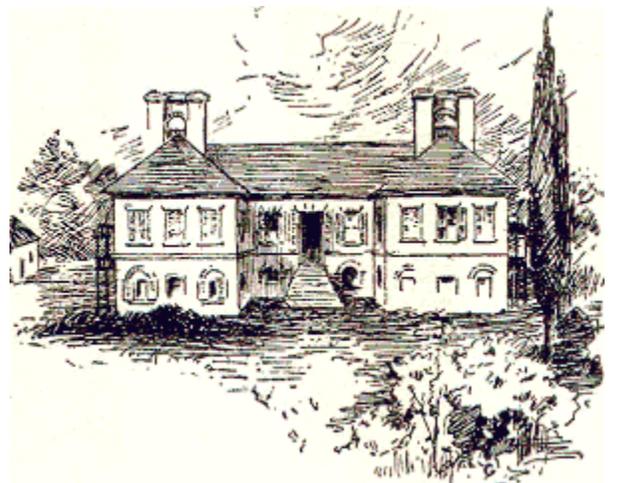
Robert E. Lee, the son of Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, was, as we have seen, the principal general and hero of the Southern Confederacy. He was one of the finest men in our country. Brave, good, handsome, and well-bred, he was educated at West Point, and distinguished himself in the Mexican War.

When the Civil War broke out, Lee sadly sent in his resignation from the United States army. He wrote to a relative: "With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home."

When war began, he was given a position of high trust in the Confederate army, and before long became its best general. Lee's influence over his men was so good that it has been said his army was as religious as Cromwell's famous Ironsides.

His family had lived so long in Virginia—where their beautiful home still stands—that he knew almost every foot of the ground. This knowledge proved very useful to him when the Confederacy bade him defend Virginia against the Army of the Potomac.

The Southerners of that region, who enjoyed fox hunting and hare coursing in times of peace, are said to have engaged in battle with the same zest. As they went into action they often gave vent to their long and loud hunting cry. The Northern soldiers called it the "rebel yell," but when old negroes heard it they shook their woolly heads, saying: "There goes Marse Robert, or an old hare."



LEE'S BIRTHPLACE

In spite of Lee's great ability as a general, and the successes which attended his army in the beginning of the war, things began to look very bad for the Confederates in 1864. By that time their supplies were so few that Lee and his staff lived on scant rations of corn bread, a few crackers, and bits of cabbage, with a little meat only twice a week. But, in spite of poor fare, none complained, and when Lee's servants tried to secure him better food, he quietly said: "I am content to share the rations of my men."

One day Lee had a dinner in his tent, and as he had several guests, his cook—who was ashamed to serve only a small dish of cabbage—borrowed a bit of pork to put in the center. This piece

of meat was so very small that all the guests refused to touch it, hoping that Lee would eat it himself. But he, too, ate nothing but cabbage, so the pork was safely returned to the person who had loaned it for the occasion.

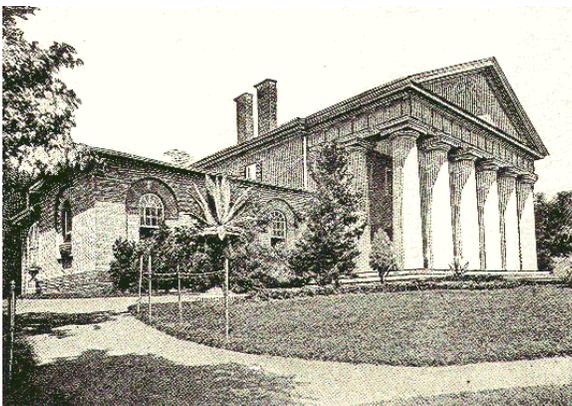
The war was a very sad time for Lee; for not only was he forced to see all the suffering of his men, but he was anxious for many of his relatives, who were engaged in the war. Indeed, one of his sons was taken prisoner by the Union army, and when the Confederates threatened to execute some of the prisoners at Richmond, Lee was warned that his son should receive exactly the same treatment as was meted out to Union men:

While thus in captivity, this young Lee's wife and children were stricken with mortal illness. But although his brother offered to take his place, so he could hasten to their bedside, the exchange could not be allowed. You see by this fact not only how dearly the Lees loved each other, and what noble feelings were theirs, but also how cruel and sad a thing civil war necessarily is.

Lee's soldiers were all devoted to him. Every man in his army would gladly have laid down his life for him. When he started to lead a desperate charge at Spottsylvania, one and all shouted: "Lee to the rear!" vowing they could not fight if he were in danger. One of them even stepped out of the ranks, and, taking Lee's horse by the bridle, led him away. But as soon as the men felt sure their beloved general was safe, they showed him that, while afraid for him, they had no such dread for themselves, and made a most daring charge.

On another occasion, after many hours of hard work, Lee lay down by the roadside to rest until his army came up. But when the foremost men caught sight of him, they quickly passed the word down the long line, and the whole army filed past so noiselessly that the weary general's brief slumbers were undisturbed.

When the war was over, Lee—who had fought with all his might, but who was too high-minded to bear any malice—acknowledged that he was fairly beaten. He then set a good example for all his men by applying for pardon from the United States government. Besides, in his farewell address he said to his soldiers: "Remember that we are one country now. Do not bring up your children in hostility to the government of the United States. Bring them up to be Americans."



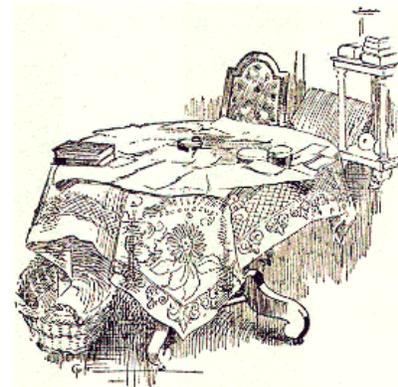
LEE'S HOME IN VIRGINIA

Lee also spoke and wrote on every occasion in the noblest and manliest way, saying: "I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reestablishment of peace and harmony."

When he became president of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia, a Southern woman brought him her sons to educate. In the course of the conversation she made some bitter remark about the Union, for which he gently reproved her, telling her that there were none but Americans in the country.

Sad to relate, the women, on both sides, were far more unjust than the men, and, when the war was over, not nearly so ready to "shake hands and forget." Still, most men and women mean to do what is right, so we hope that before long the day will come when the past will be entirely forgiven, although not forgotten.

Probably the noblest words that Lee ever wrote were penned in 1868; they run as follows: "Whatever opinions have prevailed in the past with regard to African slavery, or the right of a state to secede from the Union, we believe we express the almost unanimous judgment of the Southern people when we declare that they consider these questions were decided by the war, and that it is their intention, in good faith, to abide by that decision."



LEE'S TABLE AS HE LEFT IT.

Lee was the president of the Washington College for several years. When he died, in 1870, the whole nation mourned for a truly noble man, and the university of which he had been president said that henceforth it would bear the honored names of two great Americans, and be called "Washington and Lee University." Lee was buried near the college chapel, where you can see a monument in his honor; and there is a fine one also at Richmond, the city he so gallantly defended.