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EVERY-DAY LIFE of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.
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President Lincoln's relations with no other person have been so much discussed as those with Gen. McClellan. Volumes have been written on this one subject, and many heated and impenetrable words have been uttered on both sides. Much that has been said, no doubt, has been exaggerated; and it will require time, and careful sifting of all the evidence, to arrive at the exact truth. Whatever defects may have marked Gen. McClellan's qualities as a soldier, he must ever remain one of the most conspicuous figures of the war. He was the first Union commander of whom great things were expected; and when he failed to realize the extravagant expectations of the period when it was believed the war was to be ended within a year, he received equally extravagant condemnation. It is worth remembering that the war was not ended until two and a half years after McClellan's retirement, and until after trial had been made, and failure after failure had been met, in the effort to find a successful leader for our armies.

It is not, however, in the province of the present narrative to enter into a consideration of the merits or demerits of Gen. McClellan as a soldier, but only to treat of his personal relations with President Lincoln. Between the two men, notwithstanding many sharp differences of opinion and of policy, there seems to have been a feeling of warm personal friendship and sincere respect. Now that both have passed beyond the reach of earthly praise or blame, we may well honor their memory and credit them with having done each the best he could to serve his country.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN OF 1862.
Gen. McClellan was appointed to the command of the Union armies, upon the retirement of the veteran Gen. Scott, in November, 1861. It was soon after this that President Lincoln began giving close personal attention to the direction of military affairs. He formed a plan of operations against the Confederate army defending Richmond, which, unfortunately, differed entirely from the plan proposed by Gen. McClellan. The President's plan was, in effect, to repeat the Bull Run expedition, by moving against the enemy in Virginia at or near Manassas. Gen. McClellan preferred a removal of the army to the region of the lower Chesapeake, and thence up the Peninsula by the shortest land route to Richmond. (This was a movement, it may be remarked, which was finally carried out, before Richmond fell, in 1865.)

The President discussed the relative merits of the two plans, in the following frank and explicit letter to Gen. McClellan:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 3, 1862.
"MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac; yours to be done by the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across to the terminus of the railroad southwest of Manassas. If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours.
"First. Does your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?
"Second. Where is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?
"Third. Where is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?
"Fourth. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communication, while mine would?
"Fifth. In case of a disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?
"Yours truly, ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

To this communication Gen. McClellan made an elaborate reply, discussing the situation very fully, and answering the inquiries apparently to the satisfaction of the President, who consented to the plan submitted by McClellan, and authorized, in a council of his division commanders, by which the base of the Army of the Potomac should be transferred from Washington to the lower Chesapeake. Yet Mr. Lincoln must have had misgivings in the matter, for some weeks later he wrote to Gen. McClellan: "You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting, and not surmounting, a difficulty that we would find the same enemy, and the same or equal intrenchments, at either place."

LINCOLN IMPATIENT WITH McCLELLAN'S DELAY.
After the transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, there was great impatience at the delays in the expected advance on Richmond. The President

shared this impatience, and his dispatches to McClellan took an urgent and imperative, though always friendly, tone. April 9 he wrote: "Your dispatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time. And, if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay, the enemy will gain upon you—that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone. And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow."
"I beg to assure you that I have never written to you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as, in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act."

LINCOLN DEFENDS McCLELLAN FROM UNJUST CRITICISM.

While Mr. Lincoln was thus imperative toward McClellan, he would not permit him to be unjustly criticized. Considerable ill-feeling having been developed between McClellan and Secretary Stanton, which was made worse by certain meddling some persons in Washington, the President took occasion, at a public meeting, to express his views in these frank and manly words: "There has been a very widespread attempt to have a quarrel between Gen. McClellan and the Secretary of War. Now, I occupy a position that enables me to observe that these two gentlemen are not nearly so deep in the quarrel as some pretending to be their friends. Gen. McClellan's attitude is such that, in the very selfishness of his nature, he cannot but wish to be successful, and I hope he will—and the Secretary of War is in precisely the same situation. If the military commanders in the field cannot be successful, not only the Secretary of War, but myself, for the time being, the master of them both, cannot but be failures. I know Gen. McClellan wishes to be successful, and I know he does not wish it any more than the Secretary of War for him, and both of them together no more than I wish it. Sometimes we have a dispute about how many men Gen. McClellan has had, and those who would disparage him say he has had a very large number, and those who would disparage the Secretary of War insist that Gen. McClellan has had a very small number. The basis for this is, there is always a wide difference, and on this occasion perhaps a wider one than usual, between the grand total on McClellan's rolls and the

ington, and learning, a few days later, of the recovery of his wife's body, he requested permission of the Secretary of War to return for it. A great battle was imminent, and the request was denied. Col. Scott thereupon sought the President. It was Saturday evening; and Mr. Lincoln, worn with the cares and anxieties of the week sat alone in his room, coat thrown off, and seemingly lost in thought, perhaps pondering the issue of the coming battle. Silently he listened to Col. Scott's sad story; then, with an unusual irritation, which was probably a part of his excessive weariness, he exclaimed: "Am I to have no rest? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call? Why do you follow me here with such business as this? Why do you not go to the War Office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation?" Col. Scott told of Mr. Stanton's refusal; and the President continued: "Then, probably, you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour; he knows what rules are necessary, and rules are made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind; it might work disaster to important movements. And then, you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, enough for one man—and I can give no thought to the questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity? Don't you know that we are in the midst of war? That suffering and death press upon all of us? That works of humanity and affection, which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace, are all trampled upon and outlawed by war? There is but one duty now—to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace through unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of all of us. Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the Government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war."

Col. Scott withdrew, crushed and overwhelmed. The next morning, as he sat in his hotel pondering upon his troubles, he heard a rap at his door, and opening it, found, to his surprise, the President standing before him. Grasping his hands impulsively, and sympathetically, Mr. Lincoln broke out: "My dear Colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. I have had a regretful night, and come now to beg your forgiveness."

A CRITICAL SITUATION—McCLELLAN AGAIN IN COMMAND.

Thus the Autumn of 1862 set in amidst gloom, disorder, and dismay. Our armies in and around the National Capital were on the defensive; while the victorious Lee, following up his successes at Manassas, was invading Maryland and threatening Washington and the North. The President was anxious; the Cabinet and Congress were alarmed. The troops had lost confidence in Gen. Pope, and there was practically no one in chief command. The situation was most critical; but Mr. Lincoln faced it, as he always did, unflinchingly. He took what was at once the wisest and the most unpopular step possible under the circumstances: he placed Gen. McClellan in command of all the troops in and around Washington.

LINCOLN TAKES THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Perhaps no act of Mr. Lincoln as President showed more strongly his moral courage and self-sacrifice than the re-appointment of McClellan. It was, on the side of the army, the most unpopular thing he could possibly have done. McClellan was bitterly disliked, not only by Secretary Stanton, but by all members of the Cabinet and prominent officials. At the North there was a very common, though unjust and foolish, belief that he was disloyal. When it was rumored in Washington that McClellan was to be reinstated, every one was thunderstruck. A Cabinet meeting was held on the 21st day of September, at which the President, without asking any one's opinion, announced that he had reinstated McClellan. Regret and surprise were openly expressed. Mr. Stanton, with some excitement, remarked that no such order had issued from the War Department. The President then said, with great calmness: "No, Mr. Secretary, the order was mine, and I will be responsible for it to the country." He added, by way of explanation, that something had to be done, and as there did not appear to be any one else to do it, he took the responsibility on himself. He remarked that McClellan had the confidence of the troops beyond any other officer, and could, under the circumstances, more speedily and effectually reorganize them and put them in fighting trim than any other General. "This is what I now wanted most," said he, "and these were my reasons for placing McClellan in command."

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, who was present at the Cabinet meeting, has given the following graphic account of the scene: "Mr. Stanton entered the council room a few moments in advance of Mr. Lincoln, and said, with great excitement, that he had just learned from Gen. Halleck that the President had placed McClellan in command of the forces in Washington. The President soon came in, and in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Chase, confirmed what Stanton had stated. General regret was expressed, and Stanton, with some feeling, remarked that no order of that effect had issued from the War Department. The President, calmly but with some emphasis, said the order was his, and he would be responsible for it to the country. With a retreating and demoralized army tumbling in upon us, and alarm and panic in the community, it was necessary, the President said, that something should be done, but there seemed to be no one to do it. He therefore had directed McClellan, who knew this whole ground, who was the best organizer in the army, whose faculty was to organize and defend, and who would act upon the defensive, to take this defeated and broken army and reorganize it. In stating what he had done, the President was deliberate, but firm and decisive. His language and manner were kind and affectionate, especially toward two of the members, who were greatly disturbed; but every person present felt that he was truly the chief, and every one knew his decision was as fixed and as imperative as that of the Cabinet. Two of Andrew Jackson. A long discussion followed, closing with acquiescence in the decision of the President; but before separating, the Secretary of the Treasury expressed his apprehension that the reinstatement of McClellan would prove a National calamity. In this instance the President, unaided by others, put forth with firmness and determination the executive—the one-man power—against the temporary general sense of the community, as well as of the Cabinet, two of whom, it had been generally supposed, had with him an influence almost as great as the Secretary of State. They had been ready to make issue and resign their places unless McClellan was dismissed; but knowing their opposition, and in spite of it and of the general dissatisfaction in the community, the President had in that perilous moment exalted him to a new and important trust. In an interview with the President on the succeeding Friday, when only he and myself were present, he unburdened his mind freely. "He said most of our troubles grew out of military jealousies. Whether changing the plan of operations (dismissing McClellan and placing Pope in command) was wise or not, was not now the matter in hand. These things, right or wrong, had been done. If the Administration had erred, the country should not have been cut down to suffer and our brave men cut down and butchered. Pope should have been sustained, but he was not. These personal and professional quarrels came in. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, it could not be denied that the army was with McClellan. The soldiers certainly had not transferred their confidence to Pope. Personal considerations must be sacrificed for the public safety."

GEN. McCLELLAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS REINSTATEMENT.

It appears from the statement of Gen. McClellan, made shortly before his death, that on the morning of his reinstatement (before the Cabinet meeting just described) the President visited him at his headquarters near Washington, to ask if he would again assume command. "While at breakfast, at an early hour," says Gen. McClellan, "I received a call from Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Gen. Halleck. The President informed me that Col. Keeton had returned and represented the condition of affairs as much worse than I had

LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 95th Ohio.
BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

Thursday, Feb. 9.—This has been our second day in South Carolina, and we are at a place called "Mathews Bluffs," on a good road, near the river, about 40 miles



divisions go in light order to our left. We find abundance of corn, pork and fodder on the way. March eight miles and come to Williston. It is all burnt but a house or two, which were occupied by owners who did not leave them. The railroad is torn



"I HAVE TO WITNESS THIS AND SAY: 'THIS IS WAR, WHEN WILL IT CEASE!'"

windily. The road was in good order for marching, and we made 22 miles. Swamps were few, and the country began to be rolling, with many sand hills. The woods were of beautiful pines and some cedar, and we saw live-oak, magnolia and palmetto trees. We passed 18 plantation houses, 15 of which had been burned; such is the way South Carolina is catching it from our troops ahead.

We are at present in the Barnwell "District," they do not call them Counties down here. About 50 negroes came to our brigade to-day, and we met hundreds going to Savannah. Some with whole families—men, women and children, carrying all they possess; poor, deluded creatures, they will suffer great hardships, but are anxious for their freedom.

To-night we have rousing log fires, with beds of pine boughs; supper of sweet potatoes. Supper and evenings before our fires are our happiest times.

WITH THE WAGON TRAIN.
Friday Feb. 10.—We are rear-guard to-day, and we go behind the wagon-train, which does not move out until 10 o'clock. Our division with its trains reaches out over eight miles along the route along the river. The weather is fine. The roads are sandy, and no clay soil abounds. We continue to see ruins of burnt houses every mile; nothing left but blackened chimneys, scorched shade and ornamental trees of the yards. Columns of smoke arise ahead of us on both flanks, and mark the course of our advance troops. We passed the ruins of Gen. Irving's house, or "Irvington," as it is on the maps. Two 15-inch Yankee shells from Charleston lie at his gate, which he had brought from Fort Sumter as mementoes, and which he intended to mount on his gate-posts.

men; he was dressed in blue clothes, and was not known to be a rebel; a dozen shots were sent after him as he rode away, but he escaped all of them. Charley (my boy) was at a house, catching chickens, but by a clever dodge he escaped. Thursday we marched through Lexington Courthouse—the County-seat of Lexington District. It is 12 miles from Columbia, and it was almost all destroyed by the troops.

Through Lexington we marched to the Congaree River, in sight of Columbia. The rebels were still in Columbia, and our forces were just commencing to shell it and lay a bridge; the Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps were all close at hand. Camping here for the night, we pontooned the river and on Friday morning crossed over. This was the Saluda River. This, with the Broad, forms the Congaree River near Columbia. Yesterday we marched 14 miles to this river and are now across.

Columbia is occupied by our troops, but our corps did not get to pass through. Columbia will likely be destroyed, as the feeling of the army against the Capital of the State that inaugurated this war can not be restrained.

We halt to rest; pull out a rebel newspaper to read. It is full of appeals to its people to arise and arrest the invaders, but when we come among them, bringing war with all its terrors, as has been endured by the people of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and other Southern States, the people have a different feeling about it. Yesterday was a great day for fires and foragers. Everything was dry, the wind blew a gale, and the grass, fences, houses and barns were burning. The road was good, the country rolling, flour and meat were to be had in abundance; chickens could be caught in the ranks as we were marching

along when they attempted to fly over the road; great numbers of plantation horses, with their wagons, were captured.

The country through which we passed, up to Levens forest, not very thickly settled; we find no men at home, and at times but very few women. Corn, salt pork, rice and poultry are plenty. Our foragers scour the country far and wide, fire all cotton gins and things of value.

We thought the rebels would surely stand and give us a fight for the Capital of their State, but it seems they were no more courageous than the people of Georgia, whom they blamed so much for letting us overrun their State. So far we have had less opposition than on the march to Savannah. We have fared better so far, although fasting at times. Some evenings we had for supper baked cakes and honey or molasses, sweet potatoes, chickens, crackers and coffee.