Evening Telegraph

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1864.

COLONEL JAQUES IN RICHMOND.

His Interview With Jefferson Davis.

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT PEACE.

Ultimatum of the Rebels.

The following extracts from an article in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Our Visit to Richmond," by J. R. GILMORE, give an account of the curious journey to the Rebel capital recently taken by two loyal citizens. Mr. GILMORE accompanied Colonel JAQUES, and gives a detailed account of their journey, treatment, and what they saw and heard. The following extracts from the article will gratify public curiosity, and set at rest some notions about Mr. DAVIS' desire for peace:

How They Went to Richmond.

We went there in an ambulance, and we went together, the Colonel and I. That we got in was owing, perhaps, to me; that we got out was due altogether to him; and a man more cool, more brave, more self-reliant and more second-sighted than that quiet "western parson," it never was my fortune to encounter.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of July 16th, mounted on two raw-boned roans of SHERIDAN'S great raid, and armed with a pass to JEFF. DAVIS, a white cambric handkerchief tied to a short stick, and an honest face, the last was the Colonel's, we rode up to the Rebel lines. A ragged, yellow-faced boy, with a carbine in one hand and another white handkerchief tied to another short stick in the other, came out to meet us.

"Can you tell us, my man, where to find Judge OLD, the Exchange Commissioner?"

"Yes. Him and t'other exchange officers is over for the plantation beyond Miss Grover's. Ye'll know it by it's bein' nary door nor winder (the mansion he meant). They's all busted in. Foller the bridle-path through the timber, and keep your rag a-flyin', fur our boys is thicker 'n huckleberries in them woods, and they mought pop ye, if they didn't see it."

Thanking him, we turned our horses into the "timber," and, galloping rapidly on, soon came in sight of the deserted plantation. Lolling on the grass, in the shade of the window-less mansion, we found the Confederate officers. They rose as we approached; and one or us said to the Judge, a courteous, middle-aged gentleman, in a Panama hat and a suit of spotless white drilling:—

"We are late, but it's your fault. Your people fired at us down the river, and we had to turn back and come over and."

"You don't suppose they saw your flag?"

"No. It was hidden by the trees; but a shot came uncomfortably near us. It struck the water, and ricochetted not three yards off. A little nearer and it would have shortened me by a head, and the Colonel by two feet."

"That would have been a sad thing for you; but a miss, you know, is as good as a mile," said the Judge, evidently enjoying the "joke."

"We hear GRANT was in the boat that followed yours, and was struck while at dinner," remarked Captain BARTON, the Judge's Adjutant, a gentleman, and about the best looking man in the Confederacy.

"Indeed! Do you believe it?"

"I don't know, of course;" and his looks asked for an answer. We gave none, for all such information is contraband. We might have told him that GRANT, HORACE and FOSTER examined their position from Mrs. GROVER's house, about hundred yards distant, two hours after the Rebel cannon ball danced a break-down on the Lieutenant-General's dinner-table.

The Rebel Officers.

We were then introduced to the other officials—Major BENNIKEN, of the War Department, a young man formerly of New York, but now scorning the imputation of being a Yankee, and Colonel DUALTE JAVINS, of the Provost Guard of Richmond, the latter individual was our shadow in Dixie. He was of medium height, steady built, with a short, thick neck, and arms and shoulders denoting great strength. He looked a natural-born jailer, and yet such a character as a timid man would not care to encounter, except at long range or a rifle warranted to fire twenty shots a minute, and to hit every time.

To give us a moonlight view of the Richmond fortifications, the Judge proposed to start after sundown; and as it wanted some hours of that time we seated ourselves on the piazza and entered into conversation. The treatment of our prisoners, the *status* of black troops and non-combatants, and all the questions which have led to the suspension of exchanges, had been good naturedly discussed, when the Captain, looking up from one of the Northern papers we had brought him, said:—

"Do you know it mortifies me that you don't hate us as we hate you? You kill us as Agassiz kills a fly, because you love us."

"Of course we do. The North is being crucified for love of the South."

"If you love us so, why don't you let us go?" asked the Judge, rather curtly.

"For that very reason—because we love you. If we let you go, with slavery, and your notions of 'empire,' you'd run straight to barbarism and the devil."

"We'd take the risk of that. But let me tell you, if you are going to Mr. DAVIS with any such ideas you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace than no other man. Independence and secession must be the beginning, middle and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms."

"I think you are wrong there, said the Colonel. "When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here and offer Mr. DAVIS peace on such conditions."

"That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without independence. Mr. DAVIS knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we'll not quarrel about minor matters."

"We'll not quarrel at all. But it's sundown, and time we were 'on to Richmond.'"

"That's the *Tribune* style," said the Captain, rising; "and I hurrah for the *Tribune*, for its honest, and—I want my supper."

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him—

"You've forgotten our parole."

"Oh, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and nurturing the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow, Mr. JAVINS, sitting between us and the driver. And, dead and lively darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves, ("De res all stole, Massa, stole by you Yankees") occupied the front seat, and with a good stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

In Richmond.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel:—

"But, on you outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 65. It was a large, square room, in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs; a marble-top table, and a time-washstand and clothes press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown grey with longing for suspends and a washtub. The planter and lumber of these beds was designed for the lordly Mr. JAVINS; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the law of nations, had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantelpiece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that the ghosts of JACKSON had run up a washing score of fifty dollars?

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks and Georgia nonsuitors, in a way which showed that we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good night, he said to us:—

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. BENJAMIN, asking the interview with the President. I will call at ten o'clock and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. DAVIS see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and nurturing the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow, Mr. JAVINS, sitting between us and the driver. And, dead and lively darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves, ("De res all stole, Massa, stole by you Yankees") occupied the front seat, and with a good stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

In Richmond.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel:—

"But on you outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 65. It was a large, square room, in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs; a marble-top table, and a time-washstand and clothes press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown grey with longing for suspends and a washtub. The planter and lumber of these beds was designed for the lordly Mr. JAVINS; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the law of nations, had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantelpiece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that the ghosts of JACKSON had run up a washing score of fifty dollars?

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks and Georgia nonsuitors, in a way which showed that we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good night, he said to us:—

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. BENJAMIN, asking the interview with the President. I will call at ten o'clock and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. DAVIS see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, that will make no difference."

The Next Day.

The next morning after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. JAVINS, we indited a note, of which the following is a copy, to the Confederate Secretary of State:—

SPOTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, Va., July 17, 1864.—Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, &c.—Dear Sir:—The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President DAVIS.

They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government and with the sentiments of the Northern people relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and the South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President DAVIS and themselves may open the way to such official negotiations as will result in restoring peace to the two sections of our distracted country.

They therefore ask an interview with the President, and awaiting your reply, are

"Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it, together with a commendatory letter I had received, on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. DAVIS, to the Rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge OLD returned, saying, "Mr. BENJAMIN sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

Secretary Benjamin.

We found the Secretary—a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely-trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of this room were the words "State Department," and round its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books, among which I noticed HEADLEY'S "History," LOSSING'S "Pictorial History," PARTON'S "Butler," GREELEY'S "American Conflict," a complete set of the *Rebellion Record*, and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of *the Atlantic Monthly*, and in the centre of the apartment was a back walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "State papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge OLD introduced us, took our hands and said:—

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the open letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As we took the proffered seats the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said—

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. BENJAMIN. We fear you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is indeed; and for that reason we are here to see Mr. DAVIS. Can we see him, sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No, sir. We bring no overtures and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. DAVIS. If they are all harmonious with Mr. LINCOLN'S views, we will report them to him and so open the door to official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. LINCOLN'S views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. LINCOLN, in any way, authorize you to come here?"

"No, sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say, distinctly, we have no official or unofficial authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. DAVIS, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice—and I think he will—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If anything should occur in the meantime to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge OLD."

* * * * * * * *

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street—I should like to tell who they were and how they looked, but such information is just now contraband—we called again at nine o'clock at the State Department.

Jefferson Davis.

Mr. BENJAMIN occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare, thin featured man, with iron-grey hair and beard, and a clear grey eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes, though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of greyish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy and quite mechanical, and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us:—

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States under FRANKLIN PIERCE, and who is now the heart, soul and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease; the Colonel would be at his if he stood before CAESAR! and I replied:—

"We thank you, Mr. DAVIS. It is not often you meet men of our clothes and our principles in Richmond."

"Not often, nor so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. BENJAMIN tells me you have asked to see me, to"

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:—

"Yes, sir. We have asked this interview in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace; your people do, and your Congress has recently said that is a do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive—that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked. "We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and Mr. DAVIS, could two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly, with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but we cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. We must talk here as you are going to Mr. DAVIS with any such ideas you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace on no other basis than independence. Recognition must be the beginning, middle and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms."

"I think you are wrong there, said the Colonel. "When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here and offer Mr. DAVIS peace on such conditions."

"That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without independence. Mr. DAVIS knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we'll not quarrel about minor matters."

"We'll not quarrel at all. But it's sundown, and time we were 'on to Richmond.'"

"That's the *Tribune* style," said the Captain, rising; "and I hurrah for the *Tribune*, for its honest, and—I want my supper."

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him—

"You've forgotten our parole."

"Oh, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and nurturing the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow, Mr. JAVINS, sitting between us and the driver. And, dead and lively darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves, ("De res all stole, Massa, stole by you Yankees") occupied the front seat, and with a good stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

In Richmond.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel:—

"But on you outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 65. It was a large, square room, in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs; a marble-top table, and a time-washstand and clothes press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown grey with longing for suspends and a washtub. The planter and lumber of these beds was designed for the lordly Mr. JAVINS; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the law of nations, had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantelpiece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that the ghosts of JACKSON had run up a washing score of fifty dollars?

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks and Georgia nonsuitors, in a way which showed that we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good night, he said to us:—

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. BENJAMIN, asking the interview with the President. I will call at ten o'clock and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. DAVIS see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, that will make no difference."

The Next Day.

The next morning after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. JAVINS, we indited a note, of which the following is a copy, to the Confederate Secretary of State:—

SPOTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, Va., July 17, 1864.—Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, &c.—Dear Sir:—The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President DAVIS.

They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government and with the sentiments of the Northern people relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and the South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President DAVIS and themselves may open the way to such official negotiations as will result in restoring peace to the two sections of our distracted country.

They therefore ask an interview with the President, and awaiting your reply, are

"Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it, together with a commendatory letter I had received, on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. DAVIS, to the Rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge OLD returned, saying, "Mr. BENJAMIN sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

Secretary Benjamin.

We found the Secretary—a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely-trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of this room were the words "State Department," and round its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books, among which I noticed HEADLEY'S "History," LOSSING'S "Pictorial History," PARTON'S "Butler," GREELEY'S "American Conflict," a complete set of the *Rebellion Record*, and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of *the Atlantic Monthly*, and in the centre of the apartment was a back walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "State papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge OLD introduced us, took our hands and said:—

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the open letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As we took the proffered seats the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said—

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. BENJAMIN. We fear you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is indeed; and for that reason we are here to see Mr. DAVIS. Can we see him, sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No, sir. We bring no overtures and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. DAVIS. If they are all harmonious with Mr. LINCOLN'S views, we will report them to him and so open the door to official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. LINCOLN'S views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. LINCOLN, in any way, authorize you to come here?"

"No, sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say, distinctly, we have no official or unofficial authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. DAVIS, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice—and I think he will—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If anything should occur in the meantime to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge OLD."

* * * * * * * *

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street—I should like to tell who they were and how they looked, but such information is just now contraband—we called again at nine o'clock at the State Department.

Jefferson Davis.

Mr. BENJAMIN occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare, thin featured man, with iron-grey hair and beard, and a clear grey eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes, though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of greyish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy and quite mechanical, and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us:—

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States under FRANKLIN PIERCE, and who is now the heart, soul and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease; the Colonel would be at his if he stood before CAESAR! and I replied:—

"We thank you, Mr. DAVIS. It is not often you meet men of our clothes and our principles in Richmond."

"Not often, not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. BENJAMIN tells me you have asked to see me, to"

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:—

"Yes, sir. We have asked this interview in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace; your people do, and your Congress has recently said that is a do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive—that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked. "We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and Mr. DAVIS, could two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly, with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but we cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. We must talk here as you are going to Mr. DAVIS with any such ideas you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace on no other basis than independence. Recognition must be the beginning, middle and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms."

"I think you are wrong there, said the Colonel. "When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here and offer Mr. DAVIS peace on such conditions."

"That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without independence. Mr. DAVIS knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we'll not quarrel about minor matters."

"We'll not quarrel at all. But it's sundown, and time we were 'on to Richmond.'"

"That's the *Tribune* style," said the Captain, rising; "and I hurrah for the *Tribune*, for its honest, and—I want my supper."

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him—

"You've forgotten our parole."

"Oh, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and nurturing the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow, Mr. JAVINS, sitting between us and the driver. And, dead and lively darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves, ("De res all stole, Massa, stole by you Yankees") occupied the front seat, and with a good stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

In Richmond.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel:—

"But on you outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 65. It was a large, square room, in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs; a marble-top table, and a time-washstand and clothes press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown grey with longing for suspends and a washtub. The planter and lumber of these beds was designed for the lordly Mr. JAVINS; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the law of nations, had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantelpiece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that the ghosts of JACKSON had run up a washing score of fifty dollars?

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks and Georgia nonsuitors, in a way which showed that we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a quiet smoke over, our entertainers rose to go. As the Judge bade us good night, he said to us:—

"In the morning you had better address a note to Mr. BENJAMIN, asking the interview with the President. I will call at ten o'clock and take it to him."

"Very well. But will Mr. DAVIS see us on Sunday?"

"Oh, that will make no difference."

The Next Day.

The next morning after breakfast, which we took in our room with Mr. JAVINS, we indited a note, of which the following is a copy, to the Confederate Secretary of State:—

SPOTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, Va., July 17, 1864.—Hon. J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State, &c.—Dear Sir:—The undersigned respectfully solicit an interview with President DAVIS.

They visit Richmond only as private citizens, and have no official character or authority; but they are acquainted with the views of the United States Government and with the sentiments of the Northern people relative to an adjustment of the differences existing between the North and the South, and earnestly hope that a free interchange of views between President DAVIS and themselves may open the way to such official negotiations as will result in restoring peace to the two sections of our distracted country.

They therefore ask an interview with the President, and awaiting your reply, are

"Truly and respectfully yours."

This was signed by both of us; and when the Judge called, as he had appointed, we sent it, together with a commendatory letter I had received, on setting out, from a near relative of Mr. DAVIS, to the Rebel Secretary. In half an hour Judge OLD returned, saying, "Mr. BENJAMIN sends you his compliments, and will be happy to see you at the State Department."

Secretary Benjamin.

We found the Secretary—a short, plump, oily little man in black, with a keen black eye, a Jew face, a yellow skin, curly black hair, closely-trimmed black whiskers, and a ponderous gold watch-chain—in the northwest room of the "United States" Custom House. Over the door of this room were the words "State Department," and round its walls were hung a few maps and battle-plans. In one corner was a tier of shelves filled with books, among which I noticed HEADLEY'S "History," LOSSING'S "Pictorial History," PARTON'S "Butler," GREELEY'S "American Conflict," a complete set of the *Rebellion Record*, and a dozen numbers and several bound volumes of *the Atlantic Monthly*, and in the centre of the apartment was a back walnut table, covered with green cloth, and filled with a multitude of "State papers." At this table sat the Secretary. He rose as we entered, and, as Judge OLD introduced us, took our hands and said:—

"I am glad, very glad, to meet you, gentlemen. I have read your note, and"—bowing to me—"the open letter you bring from ——. Your errand commands my respect and sympathy. Pray be seated."

As we took the proffered seats the Colonel, drawing off his "duster," and displaying his uniform, said—

"We thank you for this cordial reception, Mr. BENJAMIN. We fear you will be as glad to hear us as you are to see us."

"No doubt I shall be, for you come to talk of peace. Peace is what we all want."

"It is indeed; and for that reason we are here to see Mr. DAVIS. Can we see him, sir?"

"Do you bring any overtures to him from your Government?"

"No, sir. We bring no overtures and have no authority from our Government. We state that in our note. We would be glad, however, to know what terms will be acceptable to Mr. DAVIS. If they are all harmonious with Mr. LINCOLN'S views, we will report them to him and so open the door to official negotiations."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. LINCOLN'S views?"

"One of us is, fully."

"Did Mr. LINCOLN, in any way, authorize you to come here?"

"No, sir. We came with his pass, but not by his request. We say, distinctly, we have no official or unofficial authority. We come as men and Christians, not as diplomatists, hoping, in a frank talk with Mr. DAVIS, to discover some way by which this war may be stopped."

"Well, gentlemen, I will repeat what you say to the President, and if he follows my advice—and I think he will—he will meet you. He will be at church this afternoon; so, suppose you call here at nine this evening. If anything should occur in the meantime to prevent his seeing you, I will let you know through Judge OLD."

* * * * * * * *

After a day spent in our room, conversing with the Judge, or watching the passers-by in the street—I should like to tell who they were and how they looked, but such information is just now contraband—we called again at nine o'clock at the State Department.

Jefferson Davis.

Mr. BENJAMIN occupied his previous seat at the table, and at his right sat a spare, thin featured man, with iron-grey hair and beard, and a clear grey eye full of life and vigor. He had a broad massive forehead, and a mouth and chin denoting great energy and strength of will. His face was emaciated and much wrinkled, but his features were good, especially his eyes, though one of them bore a scar, apparently made by some sharp instrument. He wore a suit of greyish-brown, evidently of foreign manufacture, and as he rose, I saw that he was about five feet ten inches high, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. His manners were simple, easy and quite mechanical, and he threw an indescribable charm into his voice, as he extended his hand, and said to us:—

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen. You are very welcome to Richmond."

And this was the man who was President of the United States under FRANKLIN PIERCE, and who is now the heart, soul and brains of the Southern Confederacy!

His manner put me entirely at my ease; the Colonel would be at his if he stood before CAESAR! and I replied:—

"We thank you, Mr. DAVIS. It is not often you meet men of our clothes and our principles in Richmond."

"Not often, not so often as I could wish; and I trust your coming may lead to a more frequent and a more friendly intercourse between the North and the South."

"We sincerely hope it may."

"Mr. BENJAMIN tells me you have asked to see me, to"

And he paused, as if desiring we should finish the sentence. The Colonel replied:—

"Yes, sir. We have asked this interview in the hope that you may suggest some way by which this war can be stopped. Our people want peace; your people do, and your Congress has recently said that is a do. We have come to ask how it can be brought about."

"In a very simple way. Withdraw your armies from our territory, and peace will come of itself. We do not seek to subjugate you. We are not waging an offensive war, except so far as it is offensive-defensive—that is, so far as we are forced to invade you to prevent your invading us. Let us alone and peace will come at once."

"But we cannot let you alone so long as you repudiate the Union. That is the one thing the Northern people will not surrender."

"I know. You would deny to us what you exact for yourselves—the right of self-government."

"No, sir," I remarked. "We would deny you no natural right. But we think Union essential to peace; and Mr. DAVIS, could two people, with the same language, separated by only an imaginary line, live at peace with each other? Would not disputes constantly arise, and cause almost constant war between them?"

"Undoubtedly, with this generation. You have sown such bitterness at the South, you have put such an ocean of blood between the two sections, that I despair of seeing any harmony in my time. Our children may forget this war, but we cannot."

"I think the bitterness you speak of, sir," said the Colonel, "does not really exist. We must talk here as you are going to Mr. DAVIS with any such ideas you might as well turn back at once. He can make peace on no other basis than independence. Recognition must be the beginning, middle and ending of all negotiations. Our people will accept peace on no other terms."

"I think you are wrong there, said the Colonel. "When I was here a year ago, I met many of your leading men, and they all assured me they wanted peace and reunion, even at the sacrifice of slavery. Within a week a man you venerate and love has met me at Baltimore, and besought me to come here and offer Mr. DAVIS peace on such conditions."

"That may be. Some of our old men, who are weak in the knees, may want peace on any terms; but the Southern people will not have it without independence. Mr. DAVIS knows them, and you will find he will insist upon that. Concede that, and we'll not quarrel about minor matters."

"We'll not quarrel at all. But it's sundown, and time we were 'on to Richmond.'"

"That's the *Tribune* style," said the Captain, rising; "and I hurrah for the *Tribune*, for its honest, and—I want my supper."

We all laughed, and the Judge ordered the horses. As we were about to start, I said to him—

"You've forgotten our parole."

"Oh, never mind that. We'll attend to that at Richmond."

Stepping into his carriage, and nurturing the flag of truce, he then led the way, by a "short cut" across the corn-field which divided the mansion from the high road. We followed in an ambulance drawn by a pair of mules, our shadow, Mr. JAVINS, sitting between us and the driver. And, dead and lively darkey," almost the sole survivor of his master's twelve hundred slaves, ("De res all stole, Massa, stole by you Yankees") occupied the front seat, and with a good stout whip "working our passage" to Richmond.

In Richmond.

* * * At ten o'clock that night we planted our flag (against a lamp post) in the very heart of the hostile city. As we alighted at the doorway of the Spotswood Hotel, the Judge said to the Colonel:—

"But on you outside coat up closely. Your uniform must not be seen here."

The Colonel did as he was bidden; and, without stopping to register our names at the office, we followed the Judge and the Captain up to No. 65. It was a large, square room, in the fourth story, with an unswept, ragged carpet, and bare white walls smeared with soot and tobacco juice. Several chairs; a marble-top table, and a time-washstand and clothes press straggled about the floor, and in the corners were three beds, garnished with tattered pillow-cases, and covered with white counterpanes, grown grey with longing for suspends and a washtub. The planter and lumber of these beds was designed for the lordly Mr. JAVINS; the others had been made ready for the extraordinary envoys (not envoys extraordinary) who, in defiance of all precedent and the law of nations, had just then "taken Richmond."

A single gas-jet was burning over the mantelpiece, and above it I saw a "writing on the wall" which implied that the ghosts of JACKSON had run up a washing score of fifty dollars?

I was congratulating myself on not having to pay that woman's laundry bills, when the Judge said—

"You want supper. What shall we order?"

"A slice of hot corn-bread would make me the happiest man in Richmond."

The Captain thereupon left the room, and shortly returning, remarked—

"The landlord swears you're from Georgia. He says none but a Georgian would call for corn-bread at this time of night."

On that hint we acted, and when our sooty attendant came in with the supper things, we discussed Georgia mines, Georgia banks and Georgia nonsuitors, in a way which showed that we had been bitten by all of them. In half an hour it was noised all about the hotel that the two gentlemen the Confederacy was taking such excellent care of were from Georgia.

The meal ended, and a qu