

that won Lookout Mountain from the enemy was fought in clouds of smoke and fog, with a rattle of musketry and flashing of fire never to be forgotten, while Sherman flanked the day on the end of Missionary Ridge. On the morning of the 23rd Grant's main line occupied Orchard Knob, which he had won from the enemy the day before; Hooker was marching down on Missionary Ridge, the Confederate leader, was on Missionary Ridge, and all were looking down into the valley where the contest was to be decided. Sherman renewed his attack on Missionary Ridge, and under Grant's orders other forces moved after him, and the men steadily moved up the hillside under the enemy's fire till they gained possession, chasing whole regiments of the enemy down the slope and turning his guns upon himself. The battle of Chattanooga is considered the greatest fought west of the Alleghanies. It covered thirteen miles, and Grant's men numbered 60,000, the Confederate forces 45,000, with every advantage of position.

MADE LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

In view of the stubbornness of the Confederacy, on the 20th of February, 1864, a bill passed both houses of Congress reviving the grade of lieutenant general in the armies of the United States, with the idea of conferring this rank upon Grant, thus giving him command of all the military forces of the country, and on the 2d of March the senate confirmed "the most important appointment ever made in America."

Washington and Scott were the only men who had ever held this rank. This, as well as every other promotion he ever received, was made not only without solicitation on his part, but without his knowledge and consent. He was ordered to Washington, and received his commission directly from the hands of the president, who had never before seen him.

"STAND FAST, STAND SURE."

When Grant assumed command of the splendid army of the Potomac, Gen. Oglesby asked him:

"How do you like the looks of it?" "This is a very fine army," answered Grant, "and I am told these men have fought with great courage and bravery. I think, however, that the army of the Potomac has never fought its battles through."

That was the secret of its success when its last general took hold. Others had more dash and originality, but none had the iron hang-on of Grant. With him there was no halt, and no looking backward. He said once that it had never for a single moment occurred to him that he would not capture Richmond. Wherever he set his foot down, he set it to stay. As Lincoln expressed it, in quaint words so like Grant's own, he simply "kept pegging away." There is something well-nigh terrible in the persistence with which he followed up the final campaign before Richmond. He rained blow after blow for one year without giving the enemy time to take breath. The prospect was gloomy beyond description; the north was at times disheartened. Civilians and warriors on paper clamored for a change of generals; the silent man stood unmoved as a granite pillar through it all with his face toward Richmond. Once Early's forces threatened Washington. The hair of the inhabitants of that city of boarding houses and office holders stood on end with fright. Grant, down before Petersburg, was telegraphed for in hot haste to come with troops and defend the capital. Lincoln himself added his personal request to the message. Grant calmly telegraphed back: "I think it would have a bad effect for me to leave here," and did not budge a peg. Grant's personal motto, it may be remarked, is that of the Scottish clan Grant: "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure."

So he stood that last year of the war, in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, at Cold Harbor, at Petersburg, and finally at Appomattox. The army of the Potomac at last "fought its battles through." Grant never asked advice. He obtained all the information possible from all sources, and listened without opening his mouth except to ask questions. Then he went silently and made out his orders. He made up his mind, never was hurried, and never lost his head. After the battles of Chattanooga, once at Nashville he sat in his tent in silence puffing his cigar. Gen. Meigs and W. F. Smith were with him. Smith was pacing the floor, wrapped in thought.

"What are you thinking about, Baldy?" said Gen. Meigs. Smith was so absorbed that he did not hear the question. "Baldy is studying strategy," said Meigs to Grant, with a laugh. The chief took his cigar from his lips and said, quite seriously: "I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as practicable with as little loss as possible."

"And what then?" asked Meigs. "Then? Then, up, guards, and at 'em!" replied Grant, with a touch of unusual spirit for him.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY.

His idea was not to drive Lee into Richmond, but to keep him out of it. He said: "It will be better to keep the enemy out of the intrenchments of Richmond than to have them go back there." He gave orders meantime for Sheridan to keep the Valley of Virginia a barren waste till the end of the war. It was there Lee drew much of his army supplies. To permit Sheridan to do this, Grant meant to keep the army of Lee constantly engaged and worried at the front, so that none could be spared to go against Sheridan.

Before Spottsylvania the general sent this dispatch back to Washington: "The enemy hold our front in very strong force, and evince a strong determination to interpose between us and Richmond to the last. I shall take no backward steps. * * * We can maintain ourselves at least, and in the end beat Lee's army, I believe."

"Send to Belle Plain all the infantry you can rake and scrape. With present position of the armies, 10,000 men can be spared from the defenses of Washington, besides all the troops that have reached there since Burnside's departure. Some may also be brought from Wallace's department. We want no more wagons or artillery."

"U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General." It is characteristic. No society soldiers were left dawdling about Washington after Grant took hold. Every man could "rake and scrape" was forced to go on duty. At no time does the general appear to have worried himself greatly about the safety of the noble army of office holders in Washington.

At Spottsylvania there was another bloody fight between Federal and Confederate. Grant sought here to turn the enemy's flank on the road to Richmond. He failed to do so. Apparently he gained no advantage. But after that encounter he sat down and wrote with compressed lips that dispatch which has become historic:

"I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Nine-tenths of the captains in his army lived more luxuriously. His food was that of the common mess of the officers. A huge fire was built on floors in front of the hut, and before this, wrapped in his old overcoat, with two or three of his staff about him, the general liked best of all to sit. Towards the last, unknown to himself, these devoted friends watched him night and day. Plots against his life had been formed—an attempt to blow up his headquarters with a torpedo had almost succeeded. In the final days the general became sleepless, and sometimes sat under the stars in the cold night till 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning. His staff made a private plan to take turns in remaining up with him. Even when he threw himself upon his camp-bed one or the other of the faithful friends watched in front of the log-cabin door. "He never knew of this," says Badeau, "but we often bargained with one another for an hour or two of rest."

The general's wife and children spent part of the tedious months with him in the log-cabin. Our illustration shows them. The picture is copied from a photograph taken on the spot. The boy making the ridiculous face in the picture is now the dignified Col. Frederick Grant.

GRANT AND LINCOLN.

Here also that historic log cabin came frequently one greater than all—Lincoln, the martyr president—be whose grant, gentle heart bore charity for all, with malice towards none. He spent weeks at a time at the headquarters during that fateful year. Between him and Grant there was full understanding and warm feeling. Grant said that in the course of this familiar acquaintance he had come to regard Lincoln as by far the greatest man who had occupied the presidential chair since Washington. Lincoln liked to chat with his anxious soul to the general he had chosen. In that troubled time he was urged to remove Grant and appoint somebody who had dash and would hasten matters. In quiet phrases, Lincoln answered only:

"It's a bad plan to swap horses in the middle of a river." The plainness of dress of both these historic Americans harmonized. In February, 1865, Grant went to see Lincoln at Washington. While there he called at the capitol and paid his respects to the senate in session. That solemn body was not a little scandalized by the carelessness of his attire. So much was this the case that after he had gone one of the senators actually arose and asked the consideration of the senate on the matter.

"It is evident," said this fine-spun senator, "that a gross mistake has been made in appointing Grant lieutenant general. I tell you, there isn't a second lieutenant of the Home Guard in my state that does not cut a bigger swell than this man who has just left our presence."

THE WILDERNESS.



"I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Grant had been appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of the United States, east, west, north and south. This meant that he was at the head of an army of nearly a million men. It had been gathered up by four years of education and development of the energies of the north. About 700,000 were actually available for service. Of all these Grant from his headquarters was to direct the movements. Sherman had succeeded him in the west at Chattanooga, with the fine army with which Grant had won his victories hitherto. Grant himself took personal command of the army of the Potomac, the forces that were to move against Richmond. May 4, 1864, this army, under their new commander, marched out of Washington, with their faces to the foe, 150,000 strong. "It was an army," says Lawrence, "that has scarcely been surpassed in efficiency by that of any commander in history." Grant was not an accident any more than the trained army he led was. The military genius that was in him had been naturally developed by his four years' experience of war. "Advancement came to him slowly, naturally and regularly."

The plan of his Richmond campaign was to gradually close in on and worry and starve out Lee's army. At the outset, in the Wilderness, the Confederate general struck him a severe blow. He recovered and pushed on to Spottsylvania.

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At Spottsylvania that Gen. Hancock made one of his most famous and brilliant charges. Only stopping to take time to pull his army into fighting line Grant pushed on to North Anna. He was stopped again by the skillful movements of Lee. The man whom nothing could discourage changed his direction again and marched his army to Cold Harbor. Lee was already intrenched there in readiness. Grant made an assault on his works. It was unsuccessful. The reader who remembers the newspapers of the time will recall that wise editors made sometimes this remark: "Grant does not know when he is whipped." Some, too, who had yet faith in him, quoted a saying of the General's wife on one occasion early in the war. That saying, along with so many of her husband's, has also become historic. Said she: "Mr. Grant is a very obstinate man."

Again no advantage had apparently been gained at Cold Harbor. The assault was made on the 30th of June; the splendid army of the Potomac had now had 30 days of incessant fighting. At Cold Harbor Grant lost more men than Lee did.

WHAT NEXT?

Again a howl of discouragement and disapproval from civilians and the paper warriors at home. But the cool-headed reader of these days—of course all readers in these days are cool-headed—should look upon the map. If he will do that he will see that every one of these successive positions was one step nearer Richmond. After each, Grant intrenched himself one stage nearer the goal. He knew, if the country did not, that after this month of fighting Lee's army must be feeble. Behind him was the great North still, with generous supplies of men and money. He called promptly for reinforcements. They were sent him, and his army was filled up to its original full fighting number. His plan from the first had been to besiege Richmond from the south side of the James River. On the 14th of June, 1864, thirty-seven days after it had entered the Wilderness, the army of the Potomac began crossing to the south side of the James. Grant telegraphed to President Lincoln: "Our forces will commence crossing the James to-day. The enemy show no signs of yet having brought troops to the south side of Richmond. I will have Petersburg secured, if possible, before they get there in much force." To which Lincoln answered back immediately:

"I'm glad to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all!" Then the general began the same strategy that had been successful at Vicksburg. A score ran through the paper warriors of Washington and the country. If Grant went south of the James, what could hinder that Lee should run in and capture Washington? As usual, that scare did not matter to the imperturbable man at the head of the army. He meant to keep Lee busy where he was. It was not Richmond, either, at which he was aiming. It was Lee's army. He meant to make the investment of Richmond the siege of an army rather than of a town.

One curious fact, however, that comes out in the retrospect is that the north side of Richmond was never really invested by the Federal forces. From that side the bold Confederate cavalry continually made dashes, "and swept the valley and beat back the Union troops." Thence Early threatened Washington. Grant, on the other hand, was obliged to keep his whole line of communication open behind him while he was slowly and painfully extending his lines to the southward. This was the task before him.

PETERSBURG.

"I will have Petersburg secured if possible," Grant had telegraphed Lincoln. He indeed got his army south of the Potomac before a move was made to defend the town. June 15th the Federal forces stormed Petersburg. The outer works were taken. But some of Grant's subordinates hesitated, delayed, and the day was lost. Lee seized upon the town, and as usual threw up the earth intrenchments and filled them with his best troops, and presented "a powerful fortress in face of the foe." The opportunity was lost. The assault was continued some time with tremendous losses. But on the 18th Grant said: "All has been done that could be done. Now we will rest the men and use the spade for their protection till a new vein can be struck."

So once more the army of the Potomac went to "fighting with the spade." Grant was obliged to extend his lines still farther to the south. The "new vein" the general struck was to get possession of the Weldon railroad. Lee's supplies came by way of this and of the Southside roads. Those roads taken, then the Confederate army would be surely starved out.

For the possession of these Grant struggled more than three-quarters of a year. He had no said: "I shall take no backward steps!" He got possession of the Weldon road first. What then? Once more the eternal earthworks to the south. Cold weather came, and the soldiers built log huts and went into them, with Grant's headquarters still at City Point. Winter wore away in seemingly stupid inactivity before Richmond. The union grew weary. The only gleam of hope it had had for more than half a year had been the fall of Atlanta, Sept. 2, 1864. Then the people clamored, "Sherman is the only victorious general, the man to lead our armies. Give us Sherman!"

GRANT AND SHERMAN.

Yet the fall of Atlanta was only a part of the grand plan Grant himself had made. Sherman ended the task Grant had laid out in the west. War is terrible enough at its best, yet in looking back over our greatest yet the perfect and abiding friendship of Grant and Sherman glides one part of the retrospect with perfect light. Both had enemies not a few on their own side of the line; both had been abused and slandered without end, in that amiable way American journalists have of treating their great men. Able writers had even gone to the extent of reporting that one of our greatest generals was an imbecile, the other a lunatic. At this it is rumored that Sherman laughed and remarked:

"Grant stood by me when I was crazy, and I'll stand by him when he's drunk." From the beginning of the war to the end they worked into each other's hands. Between the two large souls there was not a thought of jealousy or envy. When Grant was appointed commander-in-chief Sherman heard the news in sober silence at first, in Grant's presence. Then he said to his fast friend:

"I cannot congratulate you. The responsibility is too great." In January, 1865, after the triumphant march to the sea, once more a strong feeling in favor of Sherman arose. Again there were those who said he ought to have been the head. Sherman heard of it and wrote to Grant:

"I have been told that congress meditates a bill to make a lieutenant general for me. I have written to John Sherman to stop it. It would be mischievous, for there are enough rascals who would try to sow differ-

ences between us, whereas you and I are now in perfect understanding. I would rather have you in command than anybody else, for you are fair, honest and have at heart the same purpose that should animate all. I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry. * * * I doubt if men in congress fully realize that you and I are honest in our professions of want of ambition."

Probably it would be rather hard for "men in congress" to realize how a public officer of any kind could be wanting in ambition. Grant wrote back: "I have received your very kind letter. * * * If you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have ever done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win."

And once more the faithful Sherman replies: "I am fully aware of your friendly feeling towards me, and you may always depend upon me as your steadfast supporter. Your wish is law and gospel to me, and such is the feeling that pervades my army."

NEARING THE END.

On the north side a threefold line of fortifications defended Richmond. That was the side which Grant never besieged. A curious fact about these fortifications is that they were built by slave labor. In the first part of the war every owner in the vicinity had been forced to furnish a quota of a third to a sixth of all his slaves for the work.

In the autumn Grant had re-enforced his army again. A draft of 500,000 men had been ordered. The middle of September he wrote:

"We ought to have the whole number of men called for by the president in the shortest possible time. Prompt action in filling up our armies will have more effect upon the enemy than a victory. * * * The enforcement of the draft and the prompt filling up of our armies will save the shedding of blood to an immense extent."

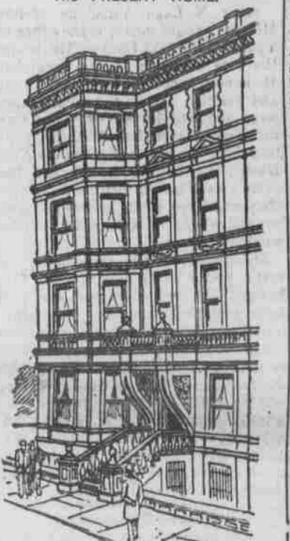
He hesitated at nothing which would further the end in view—the stamping out of the rebellion. Men must be had, draft or no draft.

The fall of Atlanta infused a more hopeful spirit into the northern people. The men called for by the draft were obtained without difficulty.

The forces lay in front of Richmond, apparently doing nothing. Except two or three indecisive small fights, nothing seemed to be done during the winter. What was Grant about? In fact, at this time, when he seemed most inactive, he said, one day, to a foreign officer:

"I feel as sure of capturing Richmond as I do of dying."

HIS PRESENT HOME.



GEN. GRANT'S RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK.

THE SILENT SOLDIER.

He was as calm as Washington. Without his doing much during that winter, without his saying more than was necessary, the people began at last to feel confidence in him. In November, 1864, the general visited New York city for the first time since he had traveled thither by stage coach, in the days when he was a student at West Point. He went now to see his children who were at school in New Jersey. Through all his career Grant has been passionately attached to his children. It could not help being noted that the general of the armies of the United States was present wherever he traveled. To those who asked him of the war he said simply that the end was not far off. The valley of the Shenandoah was a barren waste. In the nature of things, Lee's army must soon be starved out. The Confederacy was a hollow shell, which Sherman was about to penetrate. Old men and boys were pressed into the Confederate ranks. The cradle and the grave had been robbed to repair the losses in the Wilderness and in the western campaigns.

The tide of popularity had so turned in his favor that his journey to New Jersey and back was one triumph, as if victory had already been won. Enormous crowds gathered and cheered him wherever he appeared. In Philadelphia, after an impromptu reception in Independence Hall, he was taken by a private exit to a carriage. But the friendly mob pressed around him and broke the carriage windows open to have the privilege of seeing Grant. From one mouth to another the country over rang the words:

"At last we have found the man able to end the war!" Like President Lincoln months before, they, too, at length "began to see it." On his way back to camp Grant stopped at Washington. He was preparing to throw off all side weights for the last struggle. To this end he called at the war office and recommended the mustering out of service of 380,000 men. They were mostly brigadiers, but some major generals were among the lot. To let them down easy, he recommended that numbers of them be permitted to resign. The president reminded him that some of these were his own personal friends. Grant knew that, but he only replied:

"I am satisfied the good of the service will be advanced by their withdrawal." The winter wore away. Sherman marched to the sea, annihilating, as he went, like the spirit of destruction. Crops, roads, arsenals and factories disappeared in his track as if visited by a tornado. The Confederacy was left to draw no more supplies from that quarter. Fort Fisher had been captured as well, and Thomas had destroyed Hood's army. The fabric Jefferson Davis had built in paper was trembling upon its foundations. Meantime Grant had been silently creeping like a mole with his earthworks, towards the Southside railroad. At last the commander

aw that his time was ripe. At the end of March, 1865, he dispatched to Sheridan, "I wish to

"FINISH THIS THING."

Sheridan and Sherman were Grant's favorite generals. The unpardonable military sin in his eyes was slowness. These two could catch a plan and carry it out with lightning-like dash and boldness. They could plan for themselves, as well, and then off with a will and a sweep to execute. Before slower men could get a movement through their hands, with these two—the thing was done.

To Sheridan, therefore, Grant intrusted the work of starting the movement which was to "finish this thing." The task was a welcome one. "It is to be hoped," said Grant to Secretary Stanton, "that we will have no use for more men than we have now, but the number must be kept up." He insisted on that to the very end.

FIVE FORKS.

Was the beginning of the end. It was fought April 1, 1865, and was one of the most brilliant and bloody engagements of the war. In this fight Sheridan displayed his characteristic qualities. He was as mad with battle-rage as the god of war himself. In the midst of the fight one of his divisions wavered and broke momentarily. Their color-bearer was shot and killed, and their flag had fallen. Sheridan matched it up in his own hands, and plunged into the fight at the head of the faltering men. After that he flew about like incarnate thunder and lightning. He raged and shook his hat and his sword by turns at them; he drove men who had been wounded back into the front rank. He capped the climax of his rage by then and there relieving Gen. Warren of his command upon the field of battle. But he restored order, and gained the day.

Back at Danvers, Mass., Grant, wrapped in his blue overcoat, waited for news of the fight. Day wore on into darkness, and the hours advanced towards midnight. Suddenly the general heard the cheers of the camp through the darkness. He and the two or three staff officers with him knew what the cheers meant. An aide-de-camp rode up and began to tell of the victory. Another followed him, Colonel Horace Porter, riding hard, with foaming horse. He was wild with excitement. Carried away completely, he even clapped the commander-in-chief upon the back as he told the good news.

"Porter, you've been drinking," said a fellow-officer sternly. But Col. Porter was a teetotaler. His exhilaration was due to joy and not to brandy. The rest of the staff were well nigh as crazy with gladness as himself.

But the immovable commander-in-chief made no demonstrations. He listened to every word, till the whole story was told. Then he arose and went into his tent. He wrote something by the light of a flickering candle within. He came out to the fire again, and gave the paper to an orderly. Then he turned to the group of officers and said, calm as a May morning:

"I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines." The next move was to send the favorable word to President Lincoln. He had come down to City Point, and, with his soul full of anxiety, was waiting for news of the day, good or bad.

Only one hope now remained to Lee. That was to escape by rapid retreat and join Gen. Johnston. The two armies together might still offer a formidable front to the Federal forces. This movement Grant had prepared to anticipate. He hurried reinforcements to the front. He hurried reinforcements to hold Lee's army at all hazards till the rest should come up. To the fiery little cavalry commander himself he sent word: "An attack is ordered at 4 in the morning at three points on the Petersburg front." To prevent Lee from breaking through Sheridan's lines and escaping south, however, a furious bombardment was begun before midnight and continued.

THE SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD AT LAST!

The "immediate assault along the lines" was ordered for 4 o'clock Sunday, April 2. Between 5 and 6 that morning the general telegraphed the white president:

"Wright has gone through the enemy's line, and now has a regiment tearing up the track on the Southside railroad." The hour had come, and he knew it. He telegraphed the officer at City Point:

"Make no more deliveries of rebel prisoners while the railroad is being torn up." The reader of the general's history cannot fail again and again to be impressed with his terse, ringing dispatches—every word in its place, and not a word to spare. They are like the man. Another dispatch of that great day referred to his favorite Sheridan:

"I have not yet heard from Sheridan, but I have an abiding faith that he is in the right place and at the right time." The background extended from Five Forks to Petersburg. A terrible assault was made on the latter town. Its defenses were finally broken through by the famous Sixth corps, with Gen. Wright. The last of the defenses to surrender was Fort Gregg. It was held by 300 Confederates, as brave and devoted a band of men as ever lived. Among them was a colored man, a private named William H. Carney. He was known in the Confederate army as "Walker's Miles." How Walker's "miles" fought that day is a story to thrill the American heart. Many of these men fought at the last with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Soldiers fell before Petersburg that day as though man's life was worth no more than that of so many insects. The assault on Fort Gregg had been ordered at 4 o'clock in the day. At half past 11 it fell, the last defense of Richmond and a lost cause. Gen. Crittenden was the first to plant the national colors upon its walls.

THE END.

This morning Gen. Lee hurriedly donned his rich uniform, with his staffed sword. He knew it was all up with the Southern Confederacy. When it was told him that his works had been carried, he only said:

"This happened as I thought. The lines have been stretched till they broke." Twenty minutes before he sent this dispatch to Richmond:

"I see no prospect of doing more than holding our position here till night. I am not certain I can do that." The dispatch was sent to Jefferson Davis. Davis was at church, kneeling in his pew, when the dispatch reached him. He made hasty preparation and left the city. His cabinet went with him, except the secretary of war. He alone stood at his post. Strangely enough not a word of the Confederate defeat at Five Forks the day before had been permitted to be announced in Richmond. At 7 o'clock Sunday evening, that fateful April 3, Lee sent to the Confederate secretary the last military dispatch he ever wrote. It announced that he would make a hasty retreat with his army toward the Danville railroad, which he hoped would still be open.

But Grant was ready for the movement to Danville. The distance between Lee and Johnston was only 150 miles. It was a matter of life and death that Lee's army should be intercepted before the junction was made. "After them!" was the war cry. The fall of Richmond was nothing. "The rebel armies are the only strategic points to strike at," said the general.



MEETING OF GRANT AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN PETERSBURG.

Grant gave orders not to follow Lee, but to intercept him, to head him off. As might have been expected, the fiery, headlong Sheridan was the one to accomplish that. Lee had at night the start. It is possible he might have escaped, except that his routes gave out, and he was forced to halt. The national forces approached him, and Grant sent him the summons to surrender April 9. There was some parley about terms, and Grant sent again this note, eloquent in its simplicity:

"I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The terms on which Lee can lay down his arms will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed." He then set out for Sheridan's front. On the 9th a flag of truce from Lee halted him to offer to surrender all his forces, "in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday." Sheridan, however, had not yet heard of it. To him fell the honor of sending the last shot fired by the army of the Potomac. He had heard rumors of the surrender, but feared it was only a ruse to turn the enemy. He stood up and down in a little farm yard like a tiger, in uncontrollable excitement.

The only actual appearance of the famous apple tree in history was in the fact that Lee, not Grant, was the one to surrender. Grant's note in reply to his offer to surrender. The note was conveyed by Col. Babcock of Grant's staff, and merely requested Lee to appoint a place for the meeting of the two generals. He immediately rode forward to the village of Appomattox and selected the house of a farmer named McLean. It was in this house, and not under the apple tree, that the formal surrender took place.

THE SURRENDER.

It will be one of the ever living scenes in American history. Lee and his staff were ordered to dress for the occasion. Lee was a noble-looking man. He wore a rich suit of gray and gold, with embroidered gaiters and a magnificent, shaggy sword. The clothing of Grant and his staff, on the other hand, was soiled and worn and battle-stained. The two sides presented a marked contrast. Lee had the manner of the grand gentleman. Grant, as ever, was simple and unpretentious as a child. He never did anything for effect in his life. A look-on might have supposed that Lee was a victor and Grant the conquered. Grant did not even wear a sword. He showed no emotion, if he felt any.



GRANT AND LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

But calm, inscrutable as ever, he said what was necessary to say, and then stopped. He sat down at a little table and wrote with his own hand the formal terms of surrender. They were so generous as to surprise alike his enemies and his countrymen. He did not even demand the sword of his fallen foe. He could afford to be generous. The stars and stripes of Lee were immediately fed from the supplies of the national soldiers. Grant requested his men to abstain from all signs of rejoicing. "The rebels are our countrymen," he said. April 13, a profound silence in the southern army stacked their guns, and marched out to civil life once more. "Then, slowly fading their flags, they laid them down, and many a veteran stooped to kiss the stars and stripes, a faded color under which he might fight no more."

On the 10th of April Grant mounted his horse and turned his face toward Washington, without having once entered the Confederate lines. Probably he thought poor was a good time to make up some of the slumber he had lost in the last forty days. All his life it has been his fashion to sleep regularly nine hours out of the 24.

In the prolonged siege of Richmond Grant lost 60,000 men, a third of his force. It is estimated that Lee lost 30,000, half his available fighting men. The expenses of the war to the North amount of the time amounted to \$4,000,000 a day. It is said:

GRANT THE PRESIDENT.

Next to Lincoln, Grant had been first in the hearts of his countrymen, even before the deplorable taking off the martyr president. After that there were none to stand beside him as the soul of the people. Naturally he was the great favorite at the first election after the war. That was in 1868. He was re-elected and elected in 1872.

AROUND THE WORLD.



HIS MEETING WITH QUEEN VICTORIA AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

His successor was inaugurated March, 1869, and in May the general and Mrs. Grant sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool. On A. P. Hill, his friend and one of his ablest commanders, had been killed in the morning. He "hurled him darkly, at dead of night," like Sir John Moore. Lee's last act was to have his horse and saddle rapidly away. President Lincoln immediately set out for Petersburg. Grant gave his simple orders. "After them!" was the war cry. The fall of Richmond was nothing. "The rebel armies are the only strategic points to strike at," said the general.

Lee went flying along the north side of the Appomattox with an army of 30,000 men. Grant and Sheridan swept along the south side and headed him off. A tragic and melancholy interest hovered about the meeting of the two, Lincoln and Grant. A friend and one of his ablest commanders, had been killed in the morning. He "hurled him darkly, at dead of night," like Sir John Moore. Lee's last act was to have his horse and saddle rapidly away. President Lincoln immediately set out for Petersburg. Grant gave his simple orders. "After them!" was the war cry. The fall of Richmond was nothing. "The rebel armies are the only strategic points to strike at," said the general.

But the president reached Petersburg before Grant left. The meeting of the two, Lincoln and Grant—the good president and the victorious general—took place April 3 in the porch of a private