CHAPTER VIII.

NEW YORK DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Shortly after the outbreak of the great Civil War in the United States, in 1861, my friend, Colonel H. Fuller, who had determined to make this country his future residence, bethought himself of giving a lecture in St. James's Hall on the then exciting question of the Secession of the Southern States. Colonel Fuller was a zealous adherent of the Democratic as opposed to the Republican party in the United States, and a conscientious opponent of the war. He held that the Southern States, if they found the Union oppressive, inimical to their interests, or in any sense intolerable, had as much right to withdraw from it as the thirteen American colonies under George Washington had to sever their connection with Great Britain; that a war to compel their allegiance was a crime against the Democratic

liberty which was the essence of the political creed of the American people; that such a war could not succeed; and that, if by any possibility it did, the victory would not be worth its cost in blood and treasure; and that, as Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln, had said years previously, when he had been a zealous advocate for the secession of the North from the slave-holding South, the United States would give a brilliant example to Europe and to the whole world by separating from their estranged brothers amicably and without bloodshed. He asked me to take the chair at the lecture. After mature deliberation I agreed to do so, on the sole condition that I should not be called upon to make a speech, or to express any opinion on the subject.

The lecture was eloquent, logical, and well-delivered, and elicited frequent applause from a numerous audience, amongst whom were several ladies. It also elicited a considerable amount of opposition, especially at the close, which—threatening to swell into a riot, alarming to the ladies and unpleasant to the quiet friends of free opinion, whether they agreed or disagreed with the lecturer—I endeavoured to prevent by directing the organist, at the conclusion of the lecture, to strike up "God Save the Queen."

The expedient was more successful than I had reason to anticipate. The surprised malcontents

were disconcerted, and, while the solemn notes of the National Anthem resounded through the hall, the ladies, accompanied by at least three-parts of the audience, made their way to the doors. I vacated the chair, and thirty or forty persons alone remained behind. These, as I afterwards learned, appointed a new chairman, and passed a resolution condemnatory of the secession of the Southern States.

About three months afterwards, in the first week of February 1862, I learned from Mr. Lewis Filmore—who, before the commencement of my connection with the *Illustrated London News*, had been the political editor of that journal, and was now a contributor on the staff of the *Times*—that he had been offered the post of correspondent of the *Times* at New York, on highly liberal terms, and that he had been compelled to decline the offer on account of delicate and declining health, and for other domestic reasons. He thought the position would suit me, and urged me to apply for it. I did so, and in the course of a few days received a communication from Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of the *Times*, asking me, on the part of the proprietors of that journal, if I would accept the appointment, and whether, if I did so, I could get ready to start in a fortnight.

The communication was highly gratifying to me, inasmuch as my publicly-expressed opinions on the

Civil War were precisely in accordance with those advocated in the *Times*, and that I had apparently been successful in my application because my sympathies in the struggle were in accordance with those of the conductors of that journal, and that I, as well as they, disapproved of the policy of the war, and disagreed with the logic of its Northern supporters. I thought, consequently, that no collisions of opinion were likely to occur between me and the powerful organ which I was about to represent.

In a few days after my formal acceptance of the important but perilous post, I dined with Mr. Delane and Mr. Mowbray Morris, and, the preliminary arrangements having been duly made and the terms agreed upon, I engaged a passage to Boston on the 22nd of February. The prospect being one of a long-continued residence in New York, I took my faithful and dearly-beloved wife and infant daughter along with me. I stipulated, however, that I should have perfect liberty of opinion, and that the fact of my engagement should not be made known until I myself decided to divulge it.

On my arrival at Boston, I called on several of the old friends who, five years previously, had received me in their beautiful city, not only with favour and cordiality, but with enthusiasm. The report of my chairmanship at Colonel Fuller's lecture had reached Boston, and had created a

slight feeling of hostility or prejudice against me, and each and all of my former friends treated me with such marked coolness that I could not avoid being painfully impressed with it.

An irrepressible "interviewer" called upon me at my hotel, on the pretence that he was an old acquaintance, who had been introduced to me on my previous visit to the city. He concealed the fact —which I did not suspect—that he was a professional interviewer, and that all I said, if not more than all, would be reported in a Boston newspaper on the following morning. The interviewer had no suspicion of the real object of my visit to America, but managed to make out to his own satisfaction that I was an "enemy of their glorious Union." He came to this conclusion because I had taken the chair at Colonel Fuller's lecture, and partly because, in the course of conversation, I had, in answer to his questions, expressed my surprise that, out of twelve hundred competitors for the prize that had been offered for a good patriotic song in defence of the Union, not one was found worthy of acceptance by the Committee appointed to examine them.

I remarked on this that verse was infinitely more plentiful than poetry in America, as in every other country; that poets could not be made by money-bribes, however liberal; and that even the very best of poetry, when it appeared on rare occasions,

could not be assured of popularity. All this, with a slight veneer of courtesy over its real malevolence, with innuendoes to my disadvantage, and my supposed hostility to the American Union—of which I had not uttered a word, or the remotest possible hint—appeared in print next morning, to my enormous disgust.

On arriving at New York, a similar want of welcome awaited me from the press, which had formerly spoken well of me, and from such lights of the ultra-Republic and Abolitionist party as had formerly shone upon me. The *Tribune*, edited by my once apparently attached friend, Horace Greeley, opened fire against me in a violent article, all on account of the error I had made—or the good-nature of which I had been guilty—in presiding at Colonel Fuller's lecture, and not from any suspicion of the errand on which I had come to America, for my connection with the *Times* was as yet an undivulged secret.

I had not been many weeks in New York before I had abundant reason to convince myself that nearly all the educated classes and members of the learned professions, as well as people in the upper circles of trade, were hostile to the coercion of the Southern States by force of arms, and of opinion that the two great sections should separate peaceably, leaving the South to deal with negro-slavery at its own time and in its own method, and main-

taining the Union only in its relation to Great Britain and all other foreign States.

I also found abundant corroboration of a fact with which I was already acquainted, that the great Irish immigration had an inveterate feeling of hostility to the negroes as a race, arising in the first instance from a sense of the superiority of white-skinned men over black-skinned men. This antipathy was strengthened and maintained by negro competition in the lowest kinds of unskilled labour, and the willingness of the inferior race to work for a far less amount of daily and weekly wage than the Irish labourer insisted upon receiving.

No Irish man or woman, or domestic servant, would associate with a negro, and the newly-arrived emigrants or old-established Irish labourers alike agreed in the opinion that if all the negroes in the Northern States could be transported to the South it would be an advantage to all concerned—to the Southern as well as the Northern States, and to the negroes, or "niggers," who were sternly refused permission to work with, travel with, or worship with, men or women of white lineage and complexion.

In the Southern States no such antipathy existed. Socially the negro was a pariah, but personally he was treated with kindness. As a Southern planter said to me: "We are as fond

of our negroes as we are of our favourite horses. We keep them both in their places, and act kindly towards them; but if my most valuable and highly-prized horse were to come out of the stable, enter my parlour, my library, or my bed-room, and lie down upon my hearth-rug, I should expel him *vi et armis*. So with our negroes. We like them, and all but love them, but we cannot associate with them on terms of social equality, or on any terms but those of master and servant, just as you do in England with your grooms, your flunkeys, and your maid-servants."

The bitter hatred of the Irish to the negroes exploded into open and fatal warfare in New York, before I had been many months in the city. The business portions of the city—in Wall Street, the steam wharves, and the lower parts of the great artery of Broadway—were suddenly startled, one day at noon, by the announcement that "up town" a formidable insurrection of Irishmen had broken out; that a mob of a couple of thousand men, armed with muskets, revolvers, pikes, and staves, were scouring the streets; that the negroes, against whom their wrath was wholly directed, were flying before them in all directions, taking refuge in coal-cellars, and every available place in which they thought they could find safety; that several of them had been seized and hung up to lamp-posts, or beaten to death in the streets; and that a perfect

panic prevailed in the usually quiet residential and aristocratic quarters of the city. The report proved true in all its particulars.

When the first rumour of it reached me in Broadway, I happened to meet an eminent Irish Judge, one of the justices elected to his responsible position by the suffrage of the democracy of New York. He had come from Ireland many years previously as a cabin-boy, and entered an attorney's office, to run errands, sweep out the premises, and make himself useful in the meanest capacities. Being a sharp lad, and fond of reading, he had read law-books, and acquired a smattering of legal knowledge. In due time he passed as an attorney, and, becoming a professional politician, had ingratiated himself with his fellow-countrymen, native or imported, who exercised a predominating influence in the municipal government of the city, and been by their management elected to the judgeship, of which he exercised the functions to the satisfaction of his party, and also, as current rumour asserted—though possibly the rumour was ill-founded and libellous—to the satisfaction of the thieves, rowdies, and disorderly characters of the great metropolis.

I asked the Judge if it was true that a *riot* was raging in the upper part of the city.

"Riot!" he said; "it is not a riot; it is the beginning of a revolution."

"Revolution?" I rejoined.

"Yes," he repeated, "a revolution! that will sweep every sanguinary negro out of New York!"

He did not use the word "sanguinary," but its vulgar synonym, very forcible and not at all dignified, and very unbecoming in the mouth of a high judicial functionary.

I passed on, and learned from other acquaintances whom I met that the riot was every hour assuming more formidable dimensions, and that at least twenty—some accounts said thirty or forty—negroes had been hung up by the mob, and that the slight detachments of constables and volunteers sent out against them by the alarmed authorities had been powerless to restore order. Dr. Hughes, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, had addressed the Irish rioters from the balcony of his house, in a speech which was currently reported at the time to have savoured more than it ought to have done of the spirit displayed by an orator in a harangue to an electioneering mob in an English town, in which he conjured his audience "not to nail the ears of their opponents to the pump."

However that may be, the Archbishop's address had no effect in calming the excited passions of his countrymen; and bands of negroes, hotly pursued, took refuge in the open country, and entrenched hemselves as well as they were able, resolved, if

they could, to do battle with their assailants. The conflict lasted for two days, and finally collapsed for want of negroes to fight with in any part of the city. An inquiry took place, under the auspices of the municipality; but no report was ever presented to the public, and nothing was ever made known as to the real numbers of the unfortunate blacks who had perished on the occasion. The circumstances were felt to be a disgrace to the city, and were hushed up accordingly by the Irish majority, who directed and governed the municipality.

The name of the New York Correspondent of the *Times* had been ferreted out by some zealous London correspondent of a Manchester or Liverpool paper, and made the most of in the manner habitual with those industrious gentlemen. The information had in due course reached the New York journals, and, my incognito being no longer respected, I immediately became a target for the ill-natured critical shafts of the Republican and anti-Southern party. Though I remained of the opinion formerly expressed by Mr. Horace Greeley, of Mr. W. H. Seward, Mr. Charles Sumner, and other renowned and influential leaders of the Anti-slavery and Abolitionist party—that slavery was a pernicious institution and ought to be abolished in every community claiming to be free, and that the Northern States who had abolished it were justified in dissolv-

ing their political partnership with other States who persisted in retaining it—I was vehemently attacked for holding on to my belief, after these illogical apostles had abandoned one half of the programme, and maintained that secession, which they had once so earnestly recommended and justified, was to be combated by fire and sword, by war *à outrance*, and to the last extremity, even to the utter extermination of the recalcitrant Southern people. I was held up to odium as a friend of slavery, though I had never said or written a word in its defence, but, on the contrary, had denounced it by all the means and energy at my command. I had, however, given mortal offence to the philanthropists by recommending that the United States should imitate the noble example set by Great Britain, and emancipate all the slaves in the South by peaceful purchase from the slave-owners rather than expend double, treble, or quintuple the price of their manumission in a relentless war against the descendants of the men who had helped side by side with their own ancestors to wrest the independence of the United States from the unwilling hands of George III. and his advisers in the previous century. Blood had been spilled, angry passions had been aroused, and the lust of rule had taken possession of the popular mind throughout the Northern and Western States; and the voice of reason and all appeals to peace and to consistency were in vain. I was not sur-

prised at the attacks of which I was the object, for I had fully expected them, and bore them with such equanimity as I could command. I winced a little at the shafts levelled at me by my always respectable friend Mr. Greeley, and treated with contempt those discharged by the at that time rowdy, unscrupulous, scurrilous, and unrespectable Mr. Gordon Bennett, the most powerful journalist in the United States. When it first became known in the United States that a literary pension on the Civil List had been conferred upon me by Lord Palmerston, though the pension dated from 1861, a year before I had ever written a line for the *Times*, or ever expected to write for it, the *Herald*, the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, and other advocates of bitter war, maintained that the British Government, through Lord Palmerston, had rewarded me, or bribed me, to write against the American Union and to defend negro slavery; and that I ought to be forthwith expelled from the country. One of these virulent wiseacres went so far as to express his opinion that the Opposition to the Liberal Government in the House of Commons ought to move a vote of censure on Lord Palmerston for his unpatriotic conduct! But these silly attacks were wholly confined to the Republican journals, and I by no means lacked defenders in those of the opposite party; and they not only never lost me any friends among the educated and upper circles of New York society, but, on the

contrary, gained me many which but for them I might never have possessed.

Among the most violent of the onslaughts made upon me by the ultra-Republican and Abolitionist press was one brought upon my innocent head by an unfortunate alteration made in the proof-sheet of one of my letters to the *Times*. Writing of the frequent battles between the brave Confederates and the equally brave Federals, I stated that the results of these sanguinary engagements in no wise helped to bring the war to a conclusion, and that in fact "they proved *nothing* but the courage of the combatants on either side." This passage was queried by the proof-reader, and so brought to the editor's notice, and, misinterpreting my meaning, he changed the word "nothing" into "*anything*." When the copy of the *Times* containing this unlucky alteration arrived in New York the vials of wrath were opened against me by the *Herald* and other papers of anti-English politics, of which there were very many during the war, who were aggrieved or incensed against Great Britain for its alleged want of sympathy with the Federal cause, and for its *laches* in permitting the *Shenandoah* and the *Alabama* to "prey," as they said, "upon American commerce," and in not preventing those vessels from being constructed in her ship-building ports. I was denounced in the most violent terms for accusing the Americans both of the

North and the South of cowardice, though nothing was farther from my intention. The *Herald*, conducted by a renegade Scotsman from Aberdeen, who figured as an ultra-American, though disclaimed as such by every respectable American of native birth, went so far as to hint to the Federal soldiers in Camp Scott, on Staten Island, near to which I resided, that it might be a just punishment for the libel of which I had been guilty, to burn my house over my head. I thought it prudent, under the circumstances, and a duty which I owed to myself and to my family, to explain in the New York papers the manner in which the word "anything" had been substituted for "nothing" by some reviser of the proof sheets in the *Times* printing office, who would, doubtless, be as sorry as I was for the mistake he had made as soon as it was brought to his notice. The explanation appeared to be satisfactory to my assailants; for, although they took no public notice of it, as in fairness they should have done, they ceased their attacks, and waited until they could find or invent another and a better excuse for fault-finding. I afterwards learned that there was great joy in the *Times* printing office, and in the sub-editor's room, and among all the officials who had been called to account for the foolish, though not ill-meant, tampering with my "copy," when the delinquency was traced to the great *Jupiter Tonans* himself, who, in a moment of confusion,

forgetfulness, or perhaps of sleepiness, but certainly without any intention to bring me into ill-favour with sensitive American readers, had taken it upon himself to set me wrong, when thinking to set me right.

Discovery and Origin of the Fenians.

In the autumn of 1862, when residing on Staten Island, a pleasant rural and marine suburb of New York, I received a letter from a gentleman previously unknown to me, signed "Thomas A. De Vyr." The letter informed me that he was an Irishman; that in the year 1836 he was a "coadjutor of William Makepeace Thackeray and Laman Blanchard on the then newly established *Morning Constitutional*." He added that "the projectors of that paper had come to an understanding with Colonel Peyronnet Thompson, M.P., Joseph Hume, M.P., John Arthur Roebuck, M.P., and other so-called philosophical Radicals, that the *Constitutional* should not oppose the new Poor Law." He also stated that at this time a Bill was introduced by the then Ministry to establish an exactly similar law in Ireland; that, being in charge of the Irish department of the paper, he prepared an article, intended to show that a Poor Law was not the true remedy for Irish pauperism, but that the only real and perma-

nent remedy was to make such an arrangement between landlord and tenant as would let the idle labour of Ireland loose upon the idle land. In this article he attacked what he called the confinement principle of the proposed law. The publication of the article would have been to violate the understanding entered into with the philosophical English Radicals, and it was consequently refused insertion. He therefore resigned his connection with the *Constitutional*.

A few days after the receipt of this letter, which went on to narrate the incidents of his subsequent literary career in London and the provinces as a newspaper editor, until his final settlement in America, where he had resided and prospered for twenty years, Mr. De Vyr called upon me by invitation, and gave me the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance. He was a staunch adherent of the Democratic party in American politics, and a sturdy opponent of the coercion by the Northern of the Southern section of the Great Republic, as ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Irish-Americans were at the time. He was one of a comparatively small minority of his countrymen who entertained no feeling of hostility to the British Government, and held aloof from all the Anti-English organizations in New York. One day when he called upon me, he told me that, to his great surprise, he had received on the preceding morning an invitation to

join a meeting of his countrymen to enrol himself as a member of a society of Irish patriots, called the "*Fenians*." He had never heard of the Fenians before, and was at a loss to understand what the designation meant. He knew but little of the Gaelic or Erse, as it is called, which is still spoken in Ireland; but I happened to know something of it, as it is the same language as that spoken in the Highlands of Scotland, with the slightest possible difference in the orthography when written or printed; and had studied it grammatically for several years. I suggested that the word was derived from *finne*, and that "Fenians" signified the children, the family, the tribe, the clan, the nation. He thought at first that the name had some affinity with or reference to the great Irish hero, *Fion Maccoul*, or the Highland Fingal, but ultimately came to the conclusion that my derivation was the right one, and that "Fenians" signified the children or the nation, though at one time he inclined to think that the word might come from *Fion*, "white," and was but a revival in the Irish vernacular of the Saxon-English "White-boys," a name once applied in Ireland to a lawless agrarian association for the assassination of landlords who oppressed or were accused of oppressing the peasantry.

I particularly desired to obtain authentic particulars of the rules and objects of the infant society, then unknown to the world beyond the limits of

its birth-place, but could not ask Mr. De Vyr to obtain them for me, inasmuch as, to do so, he would have to obtain the confidence of its leaders and promoters, for the purpose of betraying it to the "Sassenach." In the difficulty I applied to a French gentleman connected with the *Courier des Etas Unés*, who went boldly to the head-quarters of the Fenians, and had no difficulty in obtaining the information I required, the unwary official in charge of the young society apparently jumping to the erroneous conclusion that a Frenchman must of necessity be an enemy of "*le perfide Albion*," and that the information given him might and most probably would be used to the advantage of the Fenian cause. Whether this ultimately turned out to be the case I cannot say; all I know is that I communicated to the *Times* all I had learned on the subject, and thus made known for the first time to the British public the organization which has since become so notorious and so formidable, which has given so much trouble to the English and especially to the London police, has inflicted so much damage on property, has excited so much alarm, and exercised so disturbing an influence in the relations between Great Britain and the United States, to the Governments of both of which it has been an unmitigated nuisance. It has still its head-quarters in New York, and continues to levy tribute upon Irish fanatics in that city, especially

upon Irish female servants, familiarly known as "Biddies," who receive high wages for rendering inefficient and saucy service in American households, which they do their best or worst to render uncomfortable by their ignorance. American women of the poorer classes are much too fond of their personal liberty, and much too proud, as a rule, to accept domestic service, and, if on rare occasions they do accept it, must not be called servants but "helps." The only competitors of the Irish for domestic employment, in cities or States where the Chinese have not yet penetrated, are the negroes, between whom and the Irish of both sexes the worst possible feeling has always existed.

I had two "Biddies" in my employ in Staten Island, one as cook and the other as housemaid, and also a negro lad named "Legree"; but poor Legree—who had been hunted down in New York during the Anti-Negro riots, and had taken refuge with a Southern gentleman, my next-door neighbour in Staten Island—was not permitted by the Biddies to take his meals in the kitchen, but was ruthlessly consigned to an out-house or a coal-shed, to eat alone, unworthy to associate with his superior Irish and white fellow-creatures.

The "Biddy" rent or tax, so long levied by the head-centres and the tail-centres of the Fenian organization in America, has fallen off considerably,

and promises ere long to be paid no longer. Possibly it may soon cease altogether, to the great advantage of the world, and solely to the disadvantage and discomfiture of such pests to British and American politics as the O'Donovan Rossas and other agents of murder.

The Marquis of Hartington.

While in New York I had the honour of receiving a call from the Marquis of Hartington and his friend and travelling "companion," Colonel Lindsay, M.P. They were making a tour in the north and west of the United States at the end of 1864 and the beginning of 1865. As British noblemen, whether they be barons, viscounts, earls, marquises, or dukes, are held in high estimation in Democratic America—a man like the Marquis, the heir to a great and wealthy dukedom, necessarily received the homage of the ladies, who give the tone and the law to society. When I arrived in Cincinnati in 1858, I was told by a leading citizen that all the ladies had been suffering from *scarlet* fever, but that, the cause having disappeared, they were gradually recovering from the malady. This, I soon learned, was a joke,

which was explained to me by the fact that the gallant Colonel Scarlett, the present Lord Abinger, and at that time the heir to the title, had just left Cincinnati after a short visit, but long enough to have drawn upon himself the marked attention of all the matrons of the city who had marriageable daughters, and the still more emphatically marked attention of the unmarried ladies themselves. A similar manifestation of feeling resulted among the female portion of the fashionable society of New York when Lord Hartington arrived, and the festivities to which his lordship was invited, and the caps that were covertly and overtly set at him, were innumerable.

An incident occurred at one of these festivities—a grand ball, to which I, along with three or four hundred gentlemen, and as many or more ladies, had been invited, but which I was unable to attend. The circumstance made a considerable sensation at the time, and was reported and commented upon in all the New York papers of the following morning in a more or less erroneous and ill-natured fashion. Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Ambassador to Great Britain for the four years ending in the summer of 1885, thought fit to record the incident while its remembrance was yet comparatively fresh in America, in a literary essay, first contributed to a monthly or quarterly periodical. The article or essay, that aspired to a philosophical

character and mode of treatment, was entitled *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. The passage relating to Lord Hartington ran as follows :—

> The Marquis of Hartington wore a Secession badge at a public ball in New York. In a civilised country he might have been roughly handled, but here, where the *bien séances* are not so well understood, of course nobody minded it.
>
> One of Mr. Lincoln's neatest strokes of humour was his treatment of this gentleman, when a laudable curiosity induced him to be presented to the "President of the Broken Bubble." Mr. Lincoln persisted in calling him Mr. Partington. *Surely the refinement of good breeding could go no farther!* Giving the young man his real name (already notorious in the newspapers) would have made his visit an insult. Had Henry IV. done this, it would have been famous!

I will tell the story as it actually occurred, before proceeding to make any remarks upon the comments of Mr. Lowell. During the evening a handsome but somewhat too bold and forward young lady, one of the recognised belles of New York, with whom his lordship had danced once, if not twice, during the evening, suddenly accosted him, holding a rosette in her dainty fingers, and asked permission to affix it to his button-hole, with a gracious request that he would wear it for her sake. His lordship, like a gallant man—to whom, possibly, the little flirtation was not disagreeable, and certainly not a thing to be resented—allowed

the young lady to pin the badge to his coat, and suspected no evil.

Greatly to his surprise, a few minutes afterwards. one of the company, a captain of a regiment of volunteers, and a member, I believe, of the Stock Exchange, came up to him in a dictatorial and haughty manner, and requested him to remove the rosette, stating that it was the badge of the Secessionists and friends of the South, and that his wearing it thus publicly was an insult to every gentleman in the room. Lord Hartington removed it immediately, declaring that he was entirely ignorant of its meaning, or he would not have allowed it to appear at his button-hole, or had the very bad taste of exhibiting it in any way whatever. At the same time, remembering how greatly the political feeling of all Americans was exasperated by the Civil War, he refrained from taking offence, as he might have done, at the abrupt manner of his interlocutor, and passed it over unnoticed.

The rumour ran in New York, on the following day, that a duel was likely to be the result of the disagreeable incident—which, perhaps, it would have been if it had occurred between Frenchmen or Germans in Paris or Berlin. But the rumour soon blew over. All New York knew the true state of the case, and no one imputed the shadow of blame to anyone concerned, except to the foolish, fast,

indiscreet, and unlady-like young lady, whose wish was, perhaps, gratified in linking her name, even for a day, with that of a real unmistakeable English Marquis.

The circumstances, it will be seen, did not warrant the sneers of Mr. Lowell in his comments upon them, nor justify his approval of the rudeness which he imputed to Mr. Lincoln. The President, though a rough and simple-minded man, plain and sometimes coarse in speech, had the heart, if he had not always the manners, of a gentleman. He never wilfully insulted anybody, great or small, and the jokes in which he loved to indulge were not calculated to give pain to his listeners, or to the absent if repeated to them. He would have no more thought of calling Lord Hartington "Mr. Partington," than Lord Hartington would have thought of calling him "Joe Miller." What Mr. Lowell seems to have thought wit would have been anything but witty, and nothing, in fact, but vulgar impertinence, and not at all a "neat stroke of humour," even if Henry IV. himself had uttered it.

General Fremont.

Among the prominent Americans whose acquaintance I made in New York was General Fremont, a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, and commander of a division of the Federal Army, under General MacClellan and some of his many successors. I shared the General's box one evening at the theatre, and, during the intervals of the performance, had two or three friendly discussions with him on the subject of the War. He had, he thought—and as all his friends thought—been unfairly treated by Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, if not by General MacClellan himself.

He spoke with respect of General MacClellan, whose genius as a soldier he fully recognised, but whose plans he considered to be unjustifiably thwarted by Secretary Stanton, and by the many jealous competing generals who exercised an unwholesome influence over his mind. Mr. Stanton was the most unpopular member of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, but, with the exception of Mr. Salmond P. Chase, perhaps the ablest, and, in his impatience to organize victory, after the fashion of the celebrated Carnot during the French Revolution, did injustice to MacClellan and the other generals, who failed through inade-

quate means to secure it, when confronted by the abler strategy of the Confederate General Lee, who fought on the defensive in Virginia.

General Fremont was not the only commander who had reason to complain of the jealousies of rivals, or the dictatorial harshness of the War Secretary, to which Generals MacDowell, Shields, and N. P. Banks, formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Governor of Massachusetts, had successively fallen victims. MacClellan, Pope, Burnside, Mead, Hancock, and every other who had occupied the perilous position of Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Potomac, had all suffered in the same manner. The depreciation of the Generals finally ceased on the appearance on the scene of Hiram Ulysses Grant, the forlorn hope of the Northern States, who achieved the victory so long and so vehemently desired by the all but despairing Government of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward.

I found that General Fremont, though a prominent member of the Republican party, was to a certain extent imbued with the democratic idea of the paramount sanctity of State Rights, and that the first allegiance of an American was due to the State of which he was a citizen, and not to the Union, of which each State was a partner. I also found that he was a man of large and tolerant mind, and that he was not wholly satisfied with

the logical justice of the war, though he had taken part in it. These opinions had been held and expressed, though timidly, not only by Mr. Seward, but by Secretary Chase and Senator Sumner, though they had been modified by the passions engendered by the war.

I ventured to express my conviction that the victory of the North would not be worth its cost in blood or money, and that the North American continent was wide enough for three great and not necessarily hostile Republics, those of the North, the South, and the Pacific slope, including California and Oregon, and the sister States, and that I should like to see General Fremont President of the Northern Union, Mr. Jefferson Davis President of the South, and any man the Californians and their congeners chose to select President of the West. The General made no reply to this possibly indiscreet remark; but he was not offended by it, as I afterwards learned from the gentleman who had introduced me to him—a leading ultra-democrat of New York—that on the following day the General, in expressing the pleasure he had had in making my acquaintance, had said that I was one of the most sensible Englishmen he had ever met!

At Niagara Falls.

As the first term of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency drew towards its close—the war still raging without a prospect of any speedy or satisfactory termination, the proclamation against negro slavery still unissued, though long expected by ardent abolitionists—the chiefs and wire-pullers of the Democratic and Anti-war party began to bethink themselves of the expediency of taking measures for the nomination of a candidate of their own at the approaching convention at Baltimore. Some of the leading spirits of the movement betook themselves to Niagara to hold a preliminary conference on this subject with some influential natives and politicians of the Confederate States, who had taken up their abode on the Canadian side of the great Falls, within hail of their American fellow-countrymen on the other bank of the river. These gentlemen, unable, without risk of capture, to travel, even incognito, through the Northern States, had reached Canada, *viâ* the West Indies to Halifax in Nova Scotia, and were supplied with funds for their mission by the Confederate Government. That I might keep the *Times* and the English people fully informed of what was going on, I proceeded to the Clifton House at the Falls. On arrival I put myself in communication with the Northern and Southern Democrats, to learn whom they proposed

to select as their candidate in succession to Mr. Lincoln, whom the Abolitionists themselves began to look upon as a failure. I saw several gentlemen there with whom I was already acquainted, members of both parties: among others, Mr. George Francis Train, a Northern man; Mr. George Nicholson Sanders, a Southern man from the border State of Kentucky, formerly Consul of the United States in London; Mr. Beverley Tucker, an eminent Virginian of high social standing in his native State; Mr. Clement Clay, a relative of the celebrated Southern statesman, and several others known to fame in both sections of the Union. To my surprise, I learned that both Mr. Train and Mr. Tucker filled the position of quasi-envoys or ambassadors; Mr. Train being charged with a mission to effect, if possible, an exchange of cattle for cotton with any emissary of the South who had authority to negotiate, and Mr. Tucker in like manner being authorized to exchange horned cattle for bales of cotton. Mr. Lincoln's Government was in need of cotton to keep the mills of New England going; and the Southern generals and people were in want of cattle to feed the Confederate forces. I never heard that any good came of the negotiations, or that the South had the cattle or the North the cotton of which they severally stood in need. But I know that every day for a fortnight, or more, scores of Northern democrats passed from the

American to the Canadian side of the river by the ferry-boat half a mile below the magnificent falls, or by the suspension bridge over the almost equally magnificent rapids, two miles farther down; and that frequent conferences were held between them and the Confederate representatives at the bar of the Clifton House, or in dinner parties at the Hotel. One venerable Northern Democrat, who took a particular liking to my society and conversation, was very earnest in his attentions to me, and walked with me every morning to admire the grandeur of the falls, of which neither he nor I ever tired, but was troubled with so bad a memory that he often forgot my name, my business, and my proper designation, though he had been fully informed of all three. He sometimes addressed me as "Governor," sometimes as "Judge," sometimes as "Colonel," sometimes as "General" sometimes as "Doctor" or "Professor," and sometimes as MacDonald, Macintosh, MacGregor, or Maguire, or other name beginning with *Mac*, but in all other respects seemed to know well what he was saying, and to have a clear head on his shoulders. He was strongly of opinion that the presence of negroes on American soil was a curse to the country, and that failing their extermination or wholesale expatriation, it would be a great blessing to them, to the United States, and to the whole world if they could all be settled on the Sea Islands, extending from the coast of South

Carolina to Louisiana, where white men could not exist except for two or three months in the winter, but where negroes could thrive and propagate during the whole year, and cultivate the famous Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton that America produced, and that fetched the highest price in the markets of Europe. "If a Moses could but arrive," he said, "to lead the slaves and the free negroes to the promised land, he would be not alone a benefactor to the negroes but to the whole human race." On mentioning my friend's idea to one of his fellow-democrats from Washington city, I learned that it was not originally his own, but that Andrew Johnson (afterwards President on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln) had often endeavoured to promulgate it, and had gone so far as to express a desire to be himself the Moses that should lead the "exodus" of slaves to the new Canaan of the race, and rid the United States of their troublesome presence.

The Southern and Northern Democrats assembled at Niagara could not agree upon a suitable candidate to run in opposition to Abraham Lincoln; but some months later the Northern democracy, of which the head-quarters were at New York, with powerful organizations in all the Federal States, after long deliberation, and protracted as well as painful efforts, succeeded in uniting their party in favour of the candidacy of General McClellan, the ill-used and unjustly depreciated commander of

the army of the Potomac, for President, and Mr. George Pendleton for Vice-President.

Prior to leaving Staten Island for this visit to Niagara falls, on the business of the informal negotiations between Mr. Lincoln's Government and the leaders of the Southern or Secession party, I had received the following very interesting letter from Mr. George N. Sanders:

Clifton House,
19th July 1864.

My dear Sir,

I did not have the facts in time for your letter, but in time for telegram to Halifax if of sufficient consequence.

The result of a few weeks' negotiation: Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, is now on the opposite side of the river with a safe conduct from President Lincoln for Hon. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, Professor J. B. Holcombe, of Oregon, and George N. Sanders, of Dixie, to go to Washington, and we will probably leave to-morrow evening. There are yet some formalities to be gone through which may possibly defeat the plan; but the probabilities are all in favour of our leaving here to-morrow evening escorted by Greeley. Old Abe may have invited the talk, hoping to get some advantage of us to benefit him in the Presidential race, or he may be ready for peace. We have entered into it, and will conduct the negotiation as though he really intended peace. The papers will most likely announce our approach to New York, and I need not assure you how anxious we are to see you, and if we cannot, as we pass New York, we hope to see you at Washington.

In haste, respectfully,

Geo. N. Sanders.

Postscript.—Don't mention the particulars in New York; the facts are given for Europe.

The Southern gentlemen named in this letter never undertook the journey proposed to them, for reasons which proved insuperable. Mr. Lincoln—it was reported at the time and believed by the Confederates—was prepared to agree to terms of peace based on a restoration of the Union, the acknowledgment of State Rights, and the maintenance of the *status quo* on the slavery question. But nothing short of independence would satisfy the leaders of the Confederacy. So the attempts at negotiation proved abortive, and the gentlemen named remained quiescent in Canada.

The Conscription in New York.

The Irish, who had been many years established in the country, and had naturalised themselves as American citizens, were no sooner made liable to the conscription which had been established by the Federal Government in support of the war, than they became anxious—if they were not incapacitated from serving in the ranks by age or infirmity—to deny their newly acquired nationality and to claim the privilege of British subjects. Hundreds of such cases were reported in the newspapers, and many of them came under my personal cognizance in Staten Island, where Irishmen employed as private coachmen, car-drivers, gardeners, and in other industrial and commercial pursuits, besought my advice and aid in claiming exemption. I referred many scores of them to Mr. Archibald, the British Consul in New York, who told me that hundreds of similar applications were made to him every week, and that a portion of the remonstrants expressed their determination to return to Ireland rather than submit to the personal slavery of the conscription or the payment of money to procure a substitute. But the Federal Government, by an unlimited issue

of paper money in the shape of "greenbacks," found means, if not wholly to obviate the necessity of a conscription, to sensibly alleviate the pressure of that unpopular law, by the offer of large bounty money to volunteers, of any and every nationality. The bounty money ranged from a hundred to three hundred dollars, and ultimately reached as high as five hundred. The bribe was too tempting to be easily resisted by the newly arrived immigrants from Ireland and Germany, and by this means the Federal armies were largely recruited, though not so largely as they might and should have been if the receivers of the bounty money had all been honest men. It was estimated at the time that at least one-third of the Irish and one-fourth of the Germans who took the money had no intention of serving in the ranks, but deserted at the first opportunity, or what was called "jumped the bounty." Bounty-jumping became for a while as profitable a vocation as pocket-picking or burglary; and the "jumpers" having received the bounty in one city or district, found little difficulty in making their way to another, and receiving "bounty" at another; making their way, as long as the demand for volunteers existed, from New York to New England. One Irishman who had "jumped the bounty" no less than seventeen times, and in a drunken debauch boasted of his achievements at a drinking "bar" in the hearing of a Federal officer,

of whose presence he was not aware, was arrested in his cups, tried by court-martial when he became sober, and shot "*pour encourager les autres.*"

A highly-respectable jeweller and silversmith whom I had previously known in Glasgow, and whose establishment in Broadway was opposite to the recruiting office in the City Park, informed me that he and his next-door neighbour, a fashionable boot and shoe maker, had made perhaps larger profit out of the bounty-money than any other two tradesmen in New York. He could not answer for the German recruits; but the Irishmen, he said, or the great majority of them, no sooner received their greenbacks, than they crossed over to his shop and purchased, at prices inflated beyond the normal rate by the copious issue of paper-money, a silver watch and a gold chain, for which they paid without demur, and then proceeded next door to the boot-maker's, to provide themselves with patent-leather boots, which they put on forthwith, leaving their brogues behind them, and in that guise paraded Broadway "as proud as peacocks."

The Southern armies never had recourse to this expedient for keeping up the numbers of their armies. In the first place, there was no German, Irish, or any other immigration into their territory, on which they could have drawn if they had been disposed to do so; and, in the second place,

they were too proud and self-reliant to enlist their own slaves in the cause, on the promise of freedom —as they were often urged to do—but preferred fatally, as it afterwards turned out, to owe their independence to the voluntary heroism of their white fellow-countrymen.

The Western and Middle States, where the men of German birth and extraction form so large a proportion of the well-to-do inhabitants, entered into the war with purer hands than their American fellow-citizens in the Eastern section, and volunteered in such large numbers as to render conscription and bounty-money almost wholly unnecessary.

If we bear in mind the social antipathy and repugnance felt for the black by the white race in America; the fact that negro slavery was the affair of each individual State, and not of the Union as an entirety; that each State which had abolished it within its own boundaries, had abolished it at its own time, for its own reasons, and by its own action, without reference to or consultation with any neighbouring State; that the uncompromising and zealous friends of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves were in a very small minority, that chiefly existed in New England; and that the war was originally commenced and carried on for the maintenance of the Union only, and for political, not philanthropical reasons—we

may reasonably infer that, if victory had attended the Northern arms within the ninety, or even thrice ninety, days so ardently desired by Mr. Lincoln, and so confidently predicted by Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, slavery would not have been abolished.

Mr. Lincoln, when urged by enthusiastic Abolitionists, in the press and the pulpit, to issue a proclamation decreeing the freedom of the slaves throughout what was once the Union of North and South, declared that he might as well issue a bull or proclamation against a comet. But, as the war dragged its weary length along, and the hunger of the Federal States for victory and dominion increased for want of aliment, the cry for the proclamation—as a war measure, and as a means of weakening the enemy, and not as a boon or a benefit to the negro race—grew in intensity, until Mr. Lincoln, in spite of his political objections, was persuaded to issue a decree, which he believed in his heart would be inoperative, and was rewarded by Horace Greeley, and the "War Christians" in most of the pulpits of the North, with the fervent ejaculation and prayer of "*God bless Abraham Lincoln!*"

The emancipation of the slaves has proved to be a benefit to the Southern States; but that it was not intended to be so by Mr. Lincoln is evident now, though it was not evident at the time.

Whether it will prove to be so to the unhappy negroes is a mystery of the future ; and whether, if the blacks in the South increase and multiply in a greater ratio than the whites, and ultimately become the majority, and as a majority attempt to rule the minority, a war of races may not ensue— is a problem that already casts the shadow of possible calamity over the fairest portion of the United States.

The Baltimore Convention.

I was present at the Republican Convention at Baltimore, in the autumn of 1864, which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the second Presidential term. If he had been fortunate enough to escape the nomination, of which he was known to be not particularly desirous, he would, in all probability, have ended his days in the quiet retirement of private life, and escaped the pistol-shot of the mad assassin, who took his blameless life before he had sat a month in the Presidential chair for the second term, to which inevitable destiny had exalted or doomed him.

On reaching Baltimore I drove to Guy's Hotel, a comfortable inn, on one side of a square in which the Baltimoreans are accustomed, on great occasions, to hold their public meetings. I was fortunate enough to secure a front room, from the windows of which, if any public meetings were held below (as there were likely to be), I could hear all the speeches and proceedings, as from a private box at the opera, without mingling in the crowd. I found this afterwards a very great luxury and advantage.

New York was about equally divided in its sym-

pathies between North and South. The educated and rich classes were all for the South; the multitude were all for the North. In Baltimore nearly everybody was for the South. A man with what was called Northern proclivities had little chance of a quiet life, and none whatever of being received in society. The ladies, asserted to be the most beautiful in America, were all zealots for the South, and would not so much as look at a man, except with scorn and contempt, if he were even suspected of sympathy with Lincoln and Seward and their myrmidons. So the phrase ran. Whenever Butler, the Northern general in military command of the place, walked up one side of the fashionable streets, every lady shook her garments, as if to shake off pollution, and crossed the road to avoid him. No one asked him to dinner. No one would speak to him. He was a pariah, to be avoided by the fair sex, under penalty of the social ostracism of any merciful one who in a weak moment condescended to pity his solitary misery. All this I soon discovered for myself. In Baltimore I was overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality. The fact that I was an Englishman was sufficient to secure me a cordial welcome wherever I went, which had not always been the case in New York, where an Englishman was looked upon, by all except the upper classes, not alone with suspicion, but with positive dislike and aversion, and where, if a man were an Eng-

lishman, he endeavoured, as far as he could, to conceal the fact, and to palliate and make excuses for it.

I was well acquainted with many of the leading people of Baltimore, more particularly with Mr. William Wilkins Glenn, who, more than once, at the tinkle of Mr. Seward's little bell, had been consigned to Fort Warren, as a too ardent friend of the Southern cause. Under his auspices I was to learn how presidents were manufactured, with this difference between us, that he approved of the process, and that I did not as soon as I began to understand it.

The second night after my arrival there was to be what was called a "mass meeting" in the square under my windows, and the speakers were to speak from a platform in front of the house of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, afterwards Ambassador to London. It was about the middle of June. The weather was almost tropically hot, and I sat at my open window in my shirt-sleeves, behind the curtain, all unseen, and listened to the orators and the proceedings. It takes a deal of music to make a president, a deal of brass band and trumpet, and a prodigious grinding of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," and other American tunes, upon organs and all sorts of instruments, before the full tide of oratory can be

turned on. But it was interesting to me as a specimen of American liberty. America was a free country, disporting itself in its own free way, with an exultant democracy taking its pleasure in its own fashion. Why should not the multitude rejoice and make merry? and why should not the making of a president stir up the crowd, to get drunk, if it liked, though I do not approve of drunkenness, or to any uproarious glee that leads to the breaking of heads or the slitting of weasands?

A new acquaintance, to whom I had been introduced on the previous day, was to speak on this occasion, and I laid myself out to listen to him, though I cannot conscientiously say that when his turn came I was very much rewarded for the pleasure with which I had anticipated his eloquence. That evening the common house-flies, supplemented by the more than abominable mosquitoes, were more than unusually troublesome, and I was at times fain to shut the window to keep out the intruders, so that at times I lost some of the eloquence and "high falutin" that came surging up from below. But one unusually long and loud burst of popular applause, intimating the presence and the approaching performance of a favourite, caused me to look from the window and to brave the mosquitoes, when, lo! my acquaintance of the previous day, a delegate to the Convention from one of the New England States, stood upon the

platform to "orate" and to "perorate." I do not remember much of his speech. It was very well delivered, elicited frequent applause, and was all in favour of President Lincoln, the man in possession, and all against the folly, in Lincoln's own words, of "swopping" horses when you were fording a rapid stream. The speaker was a war zealot if ever there was one. He would "exterminate"—such was his word—every man, woman, and child in the South; he would lay waste the whole country with fire and sword, anything, everything, rather than suffer the disruption of the "glorious Union." I did not consider the speech to be a Christian one, and thought of General Washington and his successful rebellion, and wondered whether the speaker would have supported George III. and Lord North in their attempts to coerce and oppress the Thirteen Colonies.

The oratory, such as it was, had little effect upon me. It was bunkum and bunkum only, which the Americans sometimes call "tall talk," and which we in England sometimes call "sound and fury, signifying nothing"! But one little episode in it interested me, and I have never forgotten it or the effect it produced upon me, as well as upon the crowd of listeners—five thousand of them if there were one—about an old Scotch woman at Cincinnati in Ohio.

"Gentlemen," said he, in words as correctly

reported as I can remember, "the war we are now waging is a great and a holy war. It is a war for the existence of the greatest nation that has ever yet existed under the sun. If we are conquered, Liberty is dead. If we conquer, Liberty is won. If we are conquered, slavery will remain rampant, and the white man will be enslaved as well as the black. If we conquer, every man, every woman, every child, will be free, whatever may be the colour of the skin with which God and Nature has covered their muscles (*sic*). We make war for the sake of humankind, to overthrow the rotten, worn-out, dilapidated old monarchies of Europe, where a man is not a man, any more than a "nigger" has hitherto been with us. We make war to start humanity on a new and illimitable career of progress. Europe and Asia are dead or dying, America only is alive, and wretched old London will in a few years hence be as desolate as Nineveh or Babylon."

"And sarve her right," said a voice in the crowd. "Right or wrong," continued the speaker, "this they will be. We are fighting the world's battle. We are a people of heroes and heroines. Heroines did I say? Yes, heroines! I was in Cincinnati, some weeks ago, when I saw a heroine, that might have put to the blush for her superior heroism all the Cornelias and other so-called heroines of antiquity. She was a Scotch woman, a widow with seven sons, every one of whom had

volunteered to fight the battle against the Southern slave-holders, and every one of whom had been killed, fighting gallantly in the ranks. The case excited much sympathy in Cincinnati; and the Mayor and Corporation, having passed a resolution to that effect, waited upon the old lady to express condolence in the name of their fellow-citizens. 'Weel, weel!' said the old lady, wiping her eye with the corner of her apron, 'they were bonnie boys, though I say it, brave boys, gallant boys, and I mourn their loss, every day and hour of my life. But I have this consolation, they died in a great cause, a holy cause, and they will have their reward in heaven. Their cause was so great and so holy, gentlemen, that, if I had known this war was coming, I would have had seventeen sons instead of seven, and given them all up if necessary to fight it out to the last.' Was this not a heroine of the antique stamp?"

All the crowd shouted and roared and leaped in approval, in rounds and rounds of applause, amid which the orator descended from his pride of place.

"That's a good story of yours about the Scotch woman," I said to him when I met him in the street the next day.

"And a true story," said he, "which all good stories are not. Our American women, native or imported, are the cream of creation, especially if

native. The imported women all become right under the operation and influence of our glorious institutions. We 're a great people, Sir."

"No doubt!" said I; "and, I hope, to be greater, if you don't split up."

"Split up!" he replied indignantly. "Who 's to split us? Not ourselves, I reckon. Not your country, I reckon. Not France, I reckon—though the Emperor would like to do it. Not all the combined forces of the eternal universe will ever split up the United States of America. You will come to the Convention to-morrow?"

I promised I would, and I went accordingly. There was an immense amount of "orating" and "perorating," and much division of opinion on the subject of the Vice-President whom it was proposed to nominate in conjunction with Mr. Lincoln. About Mr. Lincoln's claims to a second term of office there was no dispute, but about Mr. Andrew Johnson's eligibility many unfriendly and, indeed, vehemently hostile opinions were expressed. Ultimately a decision in favour of Lincoln and Johnson was unanimously agreed to—a decision which unfortunately led, at no distant date, on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, to the installation of Mr. Johnson into the Presidential chair, which, from his antecedents, his personal character, and mode of life, he was unworthy to occupy. I was present at Washington on the 4th of March 1865, when Mr. Lincoln

delivered his short, melancholy, but most eloquent address to the Senate. The tall, awkward, ungainly man, in the sober suit of black, looked, in spite of the disadvantages of his personal appearance, every inch a gentleman—one of the nobles of nature by his mind and character—and presented a striking contrast to the vulgar Vice-President. Andrew Johnson, so soon destined to take his place, was unmistakeably intoxicated on the occasion, and made so vulgar an exhibition of himself, that common charity and respect for humanity are fain to draw a veil over his unhappy misbehaviour.

General Grant.

When, after the failure of so many of the Federal generals to achieve success against the Southern commander in Virginia, the appointment of Hiram Ulysses Grant was made known in New York, the announcement was not received with much, if any, favour. Little was known of him, and that little was scarcely to his credit. Nothing was expected of him, though it was generally considered that he could not well be a more signal failure than any of his predecessors in the command. He had been a student at the Military Academy at West Point, and was consequently a trained soldier. But he had been dismissed from the army, it was said by some—and resigned, it was said by others, for fear he should be dismissed—for habitual intemperance. He had afterwards led a soberer life, and gained his honest livelihood as a wood-cutter and wood merchant in a remote Western city—a fact which rendered him popular among the working classes and the ultra-democracy in every part of the Union. He was soon found to be a man of energy and determination, who estimated human life at little or no value compared with success, and who held that victory was to be purchased at any price, seeing that his forces were so

greatly superior to the Confederates that he could afford to lose ten men better than his opponents could afford to lose one. Upon this calculation he acted steadily and ruthlessly until he became known as the "Butcher Grant," under which designation he was held up to odium by a large section of the press of New York. He had the good fortune to be aided in the Western command by an able strategist, and a more scientific, though not braver, soldier than himself, in the person of General Sherman. The latter did more to bring the war to a close than Grant himself by his famous march through the great State of Georgia, which he did unopposed, with a rabble rout of three or four thousand negroes, men, women, and children, at his heels, whom he had to abandon to their fate for want of means to feed them, and who were believed to have for the most part miserably perished on their way—at all events, were never satisfactorily accounted for. I heard some months later, from a Federal officer attached to the staff of General Grant in the army of the Potomac, that at a council of war held in the General's tent, to consider General Sherman's daring march through the enemy's territory, deserted at his approach by the inhabitants, and where no supplies, except of water, were to be obtained, opinions were freely expressed by the assembled officers on the probable success or failure of the expedition. General Grant sat silent for a

long time, smoking incessantly and vigorously all the while, until at last, throwing away his third or fourth cigar, he said, "I guess, gentlemen, that Sherman must just do as he pleases. We are all babies in the art of war in comparison with Sherman."

When, in April 1865, General Lee surrendered his sword and his army to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, the last ounce of lead in the Southern States, the last brass button on the soldiers' coats, had been converted into bullets, General Lee—not out-manœuvred or out-generalled, but overwhelmingly outnumbered—yielded, like a brave man, without loss of respect or dignity, to the superior force opposed to him. He might have exclaimed, with Charles V. on the loss of a great battle, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*," as his countrymen of the Northern States have already acknowledged. History will certainly confirm the verdict, and, notwithstanding his failure to achieve success against insurmountable obstacles, his Southern fellow-countrymen will keep him in affectionate and honourable remembrance as long as a Southern man or woman, or their descendants, near or remote, shall dwell upon the soil of the eleven States that extend from Virginia to Texas.