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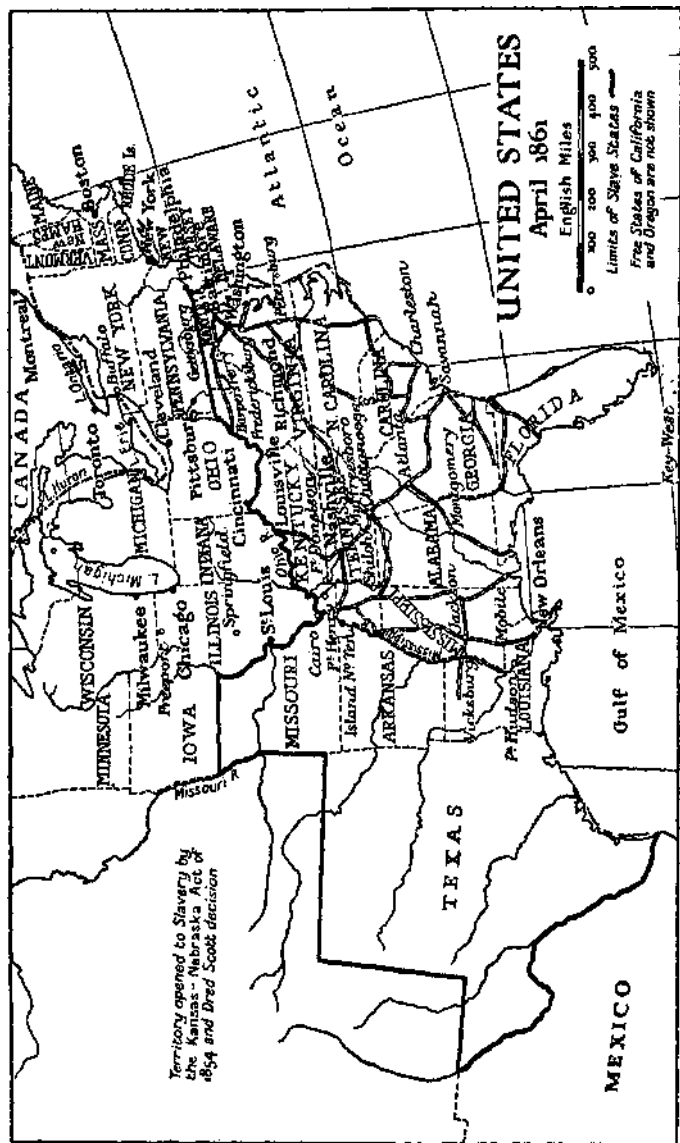
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THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR



THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

A Brief Sketch

By

DAVID KNOWLES

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CARISSIMO OPTIMO

PREFACE

IN the pages which follow I have attempted to > sketch in short compass the causes, characteristics, personalities, and consequences of the war between the Northern and Southern States of America in the years 1861-5.

I can plead no qualification for such a task save a long and deep interest in this period of history, an interest which I can trace back to my earliest days of reading—indeed, I can scarcely remember a time when the American Civil War did not charm me with a fascination for which I can give no adequate reason even to myself. My earliest interest in Stonewall Jackson and the forest fighting gave place to a deeper admiration for the genius of Lee and the devoted bravery of the army of Northern Virginia ; this led me to a study of the causes of the war and to an appreciation of the aims of the North, and these in their turn took me to Abraham Lincoln, the deepest and richest personality among those affected by the war, and one whom I have come more and more to regard as the greatest statesman of his age and the man who, above all others in modern times, has gone far to solve the deep moral problems underlying the exercise of power over others.

I cannot hope that anything I have written will

cause many—or any—of my readers to share my enthusiasm for this epoch of American history, but some who have felt its spell already may be willing to read what another has written, and some, it may be, will be led to consider for themselves some of the problems of abiding interest which Americans of sixty years ago were called upon to face so terribly. Englishmen, at home or beyond the seas, cannot be mistaken in endeavouring to understand and feel sympathy for the ideals and achievements of that great republic so nearly allied to us in blood and sentiment, and no period of its history shows its greatness and its ideals more clearly than that of the war for the Union, nor has America given birth to any sons or daughters more worthy of her imitation than those who gave their lives and all that was dear to them to the service of their country at that time, whether they owed allegiance to Richmond or to Washington.

I have not thought it necessary, in a study of this kind, to give my authorities for every part of the narrative, but I have added elsewhere a list of some of the most important books on the period. The main facts are well known and accessible in a hundred different works of reference, and details have been used to add to the vividness of the picture rather than as a basis to strengthen the argument. Such details I have borrowed from the accounts of eye-witnesses who seemed, after balancing their historical

value, to be reliable, at least for that part of their testimony. The more general judgements, even though many of them may be held in common with all writers on the war, are not directly due to any book, but to an endeavour to satisfy my own mind after a consideration of the several points of view as borne out by contemporary witnesses.

I am aware that, beyond its other failings, my sketch of the causes and events of the war is peculiarly open to criticism on the score of undue brevity and omission of much that-is of importance. My reply, for what it is worth, to such criticism, must be that I have aimed throughout at indicating and suggesting, rather than at writing a complete history, for which I have no qualifications. Certainly, in many parts of the narrative it would have been far easier to write three pages than one. My American readers, if any there be, will doubtless find much to criticize in my presentation of American ideals. They will at least, I hope, believe me when I say that I will yield to no American in my admiration for both Lincoln and Lee.

My warmest thanks are due to Mr. S. E. Morison, of Harvard University, late Harmsworth Professor of American History in the University of Oxford, for his unfailing kindness, and for his assistance and criticisms. In particular, he introduced me to the library he has formed at Oxford, which contains what must be one of the fullest, if not the

fullest, collection of books on American history in England.

In conclusion, I must express my deep sense of gratitude to Mr. F. F. Urquhart, of Balliol College, Oxford, without whose encouragement this book would probably never have been written and certainly would never have been printed.

DOWNSIDE, *July* 1925.

I may be allowed to say that when I wrote my narrative I had not read Mr. Bradford's book on Lee, and neither Channing's sixth volume nor Sir Frederick Maurice's book had appeared.

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THE YEARS BEFORE THE WAR

THE history of the American Civil War has never been satisfactorily written ; the struggle has inspired no Napier no Kinglake. It lies out of the track of other historical studies and has little connexion with the main current of European politics. The material for the historian is all but overwhelming ; he would have to sift the multitudinous volumes of official War Records, and solve all the problems which the badly authenticated and contradictory narratives of the numerous memoirs have prepared" for him. No one but an American would be fully competent to approach the subject, and an American must find it peculiarly difficult to deal fairly with the controversies upon Slavery and Secession. *Technical points of military science occur so frequently, and require such careful consideration, that only a soldier would be fully competent to pronounce the last word, yet the soldiers who have in the past written upon the war have been inclined to minimize its political and moral aspects.

Yet it is a war which has a strange fascination. It is a war singularly rich in great men, in dramatic crises, and in instances of individual heroism, and there is besides an aroma which clings to the worst-

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written accounts, whether they concern Abraham Lincoln at Washington or Jefferson Davis at Richmond, whether the sympathies of the writer are with Lee or with Grant. Moreover, the stage is vast, and many of the actors and their ideals are worthy of a closer study. It is the parting of the ways in America ; the decisive moment when the old colonies, deep in English tradition, cease to be, and the mighty commonwealth, compact of many peoples and with a new destiny among the nations of the world, begins to exist; the moment of strain when it is doubtful whether a Constitution framed by a handful of delegates from small communities scattered along the Atlantic seaboard will be a vessel capable of holding the new wine of a vast and wealthy nation. It is the last great crisis in American history to be settled by the descendants of English and Scottish settlers, thinking and acting in a way which Englishmen can feel to be familiar. Indeed the war in all its aspects is well worth studying. The struggle was such as to make it possible for a competent soldier to rise with great rapidity, and at least five or six commanders emerged who had a genius for war, several of whom in character as well as in achievement are worthy to stand among the chivalry of the ages. The expanse of territory covered by their operations, whether among the swamps of Carolina, the forests of Virginia, the bayous and riverside communities of Missouri and

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Louisiana, or the settlements beyond the great rivers, but a few years past unmarked on the map, gives to the warfare a wealth of picturesque detail, and its varying fortunes, when numbers and resources were so long set at naught by genius and heroism, appeal to the imagination beyond other wars, in some such way as does our own civil war of King and Parliament.

To the military historian the contest is of peculiar interest from the novelty of its conditions. Two of the most important inventions of the nineteenth century were available to the combatants for the first time in history.¹ The railways enabled bodies of troops and stores to be moved over immense distances within a comparatively short space of time, and in consequence lines of railway and points of intersection on the Hnes became of supreme strategic importance. The electric telegraph supplied a means of sending messages and news from one end of the continent to the other in a moment of time, thus rendering it possible for a central command at the seat of government to have a direct influence upon the separated forces up to their entry into battle. In some other respects the advance made upon earlier wars was curiously small; thus the

¹ Railways and telegraphs had existed, of course, in north Italy during the campaign of 1859, but they cannot be said to have influenced the strategy of the commanders to any appreciable extent.

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weapons in general use in 1865 were a very slight improvement upon the best used at Magenta and Solferino, and for one reason or another artillery played no large part in determining the tactics of the war. Nevertheless, the last campaigns in Virginia were the first clear example of stationary trench warfare in the field, and on the seas the success of the ironclad *Monitor* was decisive in turning the naval architect towards the all-steel ship of war.

Yet even if, in some respects, the American Civil War anticipated the conditions and developments of modern warfare, growth in every direction has been so rapid in the United States since 1865 that it is hard even for an American to recapture the atmosphere, social and political, of that time.

The Mississippi river flows across the States from north to south at a little more than a quarter of the way between the Atlantic coastline of the Carolinas and the Pacific seaboard of California, but in 1860 the Mississippi formed a boundary beyond which the resources of civilization, in all their fullness, did not reach. There was no transcontinental line of railway, and the great river itself was touched by railroads at but four places below St. Louis; in every case any continuation of the line on the western bank was short. The number of States was thirty-four as against forty-nine at the present day. "Their population amounted to about thirty-one millions as compared with the present hundred millions,

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nor was the composition of this population what it now is. The tide of Irish immigration had indeed set in during the terrible potato famine of 1846-7, and the European disturbances of 1848 had caused a considerable number of Germans to leave their homes for America, but these groups of immigrants as yet bore no proportion to the Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock, and the floodgates had not yet been opened for the Scandinavian, Slav, and Mediterranean peoples. The United States were already a wealthy and populous country, but the problems that a vast accumulation of riches and the crowded millions of great cities were to present, had as yet been barely dreamed of. Nevertheless, it is owing to the result of the Civil War that Americans have been able to meet these changing circumstances with a single aim, for before it the country was a house divided against itself.

The long controversy between North and South which came to a head in war has led writers to analyse the historical sources of the quarrel and to suggest that the founders of the Northern and Southern colonies came from the two classes of society and thought which were at war in England in the seventeenth century. New England has been spoken of as Puritan and Virginia as Cavalier. Undoubtedly the Southern States had an aristocratic fashion of society while New England was always of a republican temper mind. But too

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much stress should not be laid on the undoubted fact that there were at the South very many more families descended from the great English houses. The mass of the population in both sections of the country was of the same ancestry ; the government and institutions, derived from England, were identical. The causes of the aristocratic shape that Southern society took are to be sought elsewhere, in the climate and the nature of the country.

The Canadian boundary of "New Hampshire is more than a thousand miles distant as the crow flies from the south of Georgia, and, great as is this distance, the change of climate is still greater than might be expected; for the Gulf Stream combines with a southern latitude and the absence of mountains to make the climate of the States from Georgia to Virginia almost subtrropical. Off "the coast 'of Virginia the current sets into the Atlantic and the land becomes less fertile, visited by severe winters. I * ¹ consequence, the States to the north are a land of diversified crops, needing intelliggent labour and such as is healthy and congenial for Europeans. The crops themselves are the same as those of Europe, and therefore not grown for export on a large scale, but on small holdings for local consumption. The States southward from Maryland, on the other hand, early developed three crops for which there was a ready market in Europe, namely , cotton, sugar, and tobacco. "Great plantations soon became"

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general and with the vast spaces available there was no need for the rotation of crops. These could be harvested by unintelligent labour, but this labour was unhealthy and uncongenial to Europeans.

We may wonder how far such a difference of climate, added to the admitted difference of spirit, would have affected the growth of the American nation if nothing further had intervened to separate the two section of the country .As It happened, a Tufther "influence" intensified the difference of climate, was itself modified by climatic conditions, and proved in the end stronger to loose than were the many ties of race and history to bind. For from the first an evil practice had grown up of importing African negroes into the country and holding them asllaves, and a dispute about slavery was the occasion, if not the cause, of the "war."

At the Time of the Constitution, which accepted slavery were slaves, though comparatively few in number, at the North as well as in the South.. But apart from all moral questions, the South was bound to see a greater increase in their *number* .than...the North. Negro slaves are mitable only as household servants or for unintelligent gang work. In New England luxurious establishments were unknown, and the sterile soil,, as we have seen, demanded carefuland thoughtful diversified work; farther south tobacco, cotton, and sugar plantations were admirably suited for

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slave labour; slaves were less likely ~~an Europeans~~ to rebel against the monotonous work ; the ground was ; in the more southerly latitudes it was said that work in the heat and the malarial country was impossible for Europeans, but possible for Africans As 'a result of these causes, all available soil in the southern colonies between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies was devoted to large plantations; The lapse of time, by adding mining and manufactures to the resources of the North, only made the difference more complete.

These differences of life, largely the outcome of climatic conditions, helped to modify the political and social institutions of the colonies. These had originally been much the same all over the States, but the system of vast plantations in the South favoured the development of a ruling class of great landowners, and this class was largely composed of those old English families to whom the original grants of land had been made, and whose younger sons in their turn pressed farther west and south to "found plantations of their own. A ruling class socially became a ruling class politically in a land where the population remained scattered over the plantations rather than concentrated into villages and towns, and where the non-landholding dependants of the great plantations, unable to assert the dignity of labour in a slave-ridden country, could not dispute the superiority with the landowners. In

the North, on the other hand, owing to the absence of large estates, the necessity for enterprise, and the struggle for existence, the citizens of town and village never forgot the free civic principles they had brought with them from England.

All these causes contributed to give North and South very differing characteristics. In the North, except for a few old families distinguished in the Revolution and some great Dutch[^]merchant houses in New York, there was little distinction of class. The people were thrifty, energetic, far-sighted. Their faults, as a people, were a certain lack of sympathy and warmth, and in New England, an abnormal sense of righteousness. Their good qualities sprang from an ability to determine and to persevere, aided, at least among the educated classes, by a vein of high idealism. New England was the intellectual centre of America, and the home of the most celebrated writers of the last century. Its peculiar quality of mind is shown by its ready acceptance of the cold doctrines of Unitarianism, and the fine-spun idealism of Emerson. On the whole, New England was spiritually and socially more akin to the educated and prosperous middle class of contemporary England than to any other part of the United States.

At the South the aspect of society was very different. The type was fixed by 1800 and remained till the war swept it from the face of the earth. It

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had undoubtedly many grave faults, but it is dead now, and at its best there was a charm about it that is well worthy of remembrance.

The Southern population may be divided into three groups. the negroes, of whom an overwhelming proportion "were slaves. Next there of the land- holding class. In other countries this class is, and must be" backbone of the nation. At the South it was despised. We must remember that there were very few manufactures or industries of any kind in States, and thaflferpfesence of slaves in house and plantation caused work with the hands to be regarded as degrading. In consequence, the lower class of mean whites' or 'poor white trash', as they were called by planter and negro alike, were treated with a contempt as great as that of the old French *noblesse* for the peasant. Education was not encouraged at the South, and mean white and negro alike were content to allow affairs to be managed by the aristocracy; yet, despised class though they were, the mean whites, as their achievements under Lee and Johnston showed very clearly, were neither hopelessly degenerate nor anxious to revolt. Indeed, life anywhere in America" was too open, and the conditions too varying, for any sort of oppression to make itself felt, while insufficient time had elapsed for the spirit of any class to become reduced. All the whites at the South

Were of the same stock as their northern and western neighbours; the presence of the negroes among them gave them an abiding sense of racial superiority; they had the reverence which retainers of a great house always have for tradition, and the Southern aristocracy was such as to inspire in others the desire to follow in the hour of danger.

The third class was that of the wealthy planters. This class contained, as does the English peerage, many members whose lineage was not worth tracing, but it took its tone, as the English peerage does, from the landowners of old English descent. These, especially in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, formed an aristocracy closer than any devised by heralds. The circle of great families in Carolina was so small that many members were said to be able to enumerate the whole body, and in the neighbouring Virginia the First Families, a group of Revolutionary houses who were the fine flower of Southern chivalry, were as closely connected with each other as the old Catholic aristocracy of England. As emigration spread westwards, the sons of these families founded new houses in Kentucky or Mississippi, and looked proudly back to the old colonial home in the East. Even so far west as St. Louis, where North and South met, there was to be found a charmed circle of Southern families, mingled here, as in Louisiana, with the French governing class of older centuries.

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This aristocracy of the South was, at its best, a thing of great beauty, and it is the sense that its existence was at stake that gives the sadness to the Civil War. The old houses, the nurseries of the race, white colonial mansions with wide porticoes, stood upon their plantations over the whole country from Washington to New Orleans, from Savannah to St. Louis. The children who were born there were familiar from their first years with the features of the ancestors whose portraits hung on the walls or were carried in miniature in a mother's locket—ancestors who had fought for their king at Naseby, whose beauty had been the talk of the town in Queen Anne's day, who had marched far and fared hardly in the armies of Washington. The house was full of heirlooms of these people—china of Wedgwood or Sèvres, jewels that had crossed the Atlantic from Norfolk or Staffordshire, pistols that had been used long ago in some Indian war. The sons grew up conscious that they came of a race long accustomed to command; they were bred to horse and gun from boyhood; each was followed by his black servant wherever he went; but they grew up conscious also that a race accustomed to command and to excel can best afford to be gentle and true. The daughters were strong and pure, with an inherited frankness and grace of bearing that was often admired in English drawing-rooms. Over the best of the old families—and the best were

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not a small class—there was spread a dignity and graciousness less artificial than that of Versailles, less conventional perhaps than that of Victorian England.

But there was also a dark side to Southern society, beyond the canker of slavery. There is no doubt that the Southern aristocracy were, as a whole, unintellectual. The day was past when a Governor of Virginia could thank God that there were no schools in his State, but the men who prohibited the negroes from any sort of public education had no universities to put beside Yale and Harvard, no school of literature and theology such as that of New England, no commercial enterprise, no mechanical and chemical inventors. The first cotton gin was the work of a Northerner; the first steamboat, the first railroad, the first telegraph appeared in the North. Stern religious principles were diffused widely enough through the South, but any hope of progress, realization of problems, and labouring in travail with an idea was against their conservative spirit, which devoted all its energies to preserving intact their 'peculiar institution'. Their very slowness of reflection made them quick to act with little thought of the value of life; in the western States of the South blood-feuds and street shootings were common enough. A great American writer has given us a sketch of one such feud, only too closely resembling so many in real life, in which

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two families of gentle birth and sternly religious education, using the same church and the same steamboat landing, maintained a quarrel for years, riding armed to church each Sunday, till at last a match was dropped on the powder, and one of the families was exterminated in a running fight through the woods.

In brief, we may say that the North was democratic, the South aristocratic, that the North had developed the resource and energy and independence of its English forefathers, while the South had inherited the power to

We must now consider shortly the growth of hostility between the two sections of the country.

The Federal Constitution of 1787 was the work of twelve States—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Rhode Island accepted the Constitution in 1790, and the number of the States which arose from the English colonies was complete. When the Constitution was framed, slavery had been tacitly accepted, but already New England had fallen foul of the delegates from the South on a proposal to forbid the slave-trade. In the sequel, the trade was abolished as soon as the Constitution permitted, in 1808 ; most of the States had already passed laws of their own against it, and by 1805 seven States—New York, New Jersey,

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Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire—had abolished slavery itself. In Vermont it had never gained a footing. This might seem to show that emancipation would gain ground indefinitely, but in fact the climatic and economic conditions referred to above had a large share in effecting this peaceful abolition at the North, whereas the immense development of the cotton industry in the South consequent upon mechanical inventions had made it clear that no attempt would be made to do anything else with the soil, and that there would be an increasing demand for black labour. Black labour was slave labour; therefore slavery would increase at the South as rapidly as it was abolished in the North, and any increase in the number of slaves put greater difficulties in the way of emancipation. Moreover, an increase in one half of the country and a decrease in the other half—both largely due to natural causes—meant that one section would be discouraged from any attempt at reform by a fear of immense loss of material wealth, while the other would have no material considerations to render it more discreet in its zeal to cast the beam from its neighbour's eye. Thus the fatal rift widened from year to year, and it would have been well for the young nation if slavery had been the only source of contention between the two groups of States. Unfortunately, the issue was complicated by indifference

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of political theory, known as the question of State Rights, concerning the relation of each State with the Federal government at Washfcgton.

When the colonies accepted first the articles of Federation and later the Constitution they adopted a form of government which, as experience has shown, could scarcely have been bettered as an instrument for uniting a widely spread people while it left to each division of the whole sufficient independence to make self-government jppssible. But the terms of the Constitution were necessarily vague, and a difference of interpretation soon made itself felt. The Northern States, where development was rapid, felt the need of a strong Federal government to protect their manufacturing interests and to aid in the development of the territories of the Middle West. They also began to feel that they were a nation with a glorious destiny. The Southern States, where conditions were unchanging, never outgrew the old feeling that the people of each State had voted, as a State, to accept the Constitution and to delegate certain powers to the Federal government; they were not citizens of the United States but of Virginia or Carolina, one of the United States indeed, but herself a sovereign State. To what extent this sovereignty was valid as opposed to the government at Washington was only gradually declared. A stage was reached when the growth of Northern manufactures led their

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politicians to introduce a, protective tariff. The South, with their vast exports of raw material, needed free trade, and South Carolina, always the home of extremists and led in 1828 by the powerful and relentless theorist, John Caldwell Calhoun, maintained that it was within the rights of a sovereign-State to 'nullify' a Federal law by treating it as non-existent. Calhoun's arguments do not concern us here and the matter under dispute was compromised, but this attempt on the part of South Carolina marks a stage on the road to Secession. Had slavery not obscured the maintenance of State Rights might have proved a healthy force in American politics; as events fell out, the Southern politicians who had for so long been supreme at Washington saw the North gradually becoming preponderant owing to its greater population and wealth, and under the influence of Calhoun, the evil genius of the South, they devoted all their energies to elaborating a Southern policy which included, as a last resort, Secession from the Union.

The political history of the United States from 1820 to 1860 — has a unity and a fascination which we look for in vain in modern American politics. The vast area, the ever-growing population and the uniformity of life which obtains at the present day over the continent has brought a lull in wider politics and turned men's eyes almost exclusively to local developments. In the first half of the

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nineteenth century the great issue between North and South was hanging over the country; debates in the Senate and House were more important and more skilfully conducted than at present, and, at least till the days of Lincoln's first successes, the fortunes of the country depended upon the capabilities and intrigues of experienced statesmen rather than upon the will of multitudes or the wealth of great interests. It was the full summer of American oratory, following upon the brilliant spring of Revolutionary days, and the tradition of great speakers, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, was carried on by Davis and Douglas and Sumner to Abraham Lincoln.

As the South became increasingly saddled with slavery, her statesmen saw the need for expansion, of slave territory. At first all went well, and South and North could work hand in hand for the growing commonwealth. The new States immediately to the west of Georgia and the Carolinas, where climatic conditions were favourable, fell naturally to slavery as Southern planters pressed westward; the new prairie and forest States of the Middle West were as naturally free, and the practice grew up of admitting alternately a slave and a free State. Thus in 1819 there were twenty-two States in the Union, eleven free and eleven slave. Only with the demand in that year for the admission of Missouri on a slave constitution did a controversy arise. The territory

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to be admitted as a State was part of the Louisiana purchase from France ; it had been largely settled by slave-holders, but geographically it lay to the north of its slave-holding sisters, and Northern public men, by this time [^]thoroughly jealous of any extension of slavery, sought to claim if for freedom. The quarrel was thet trembling of the earth that precedes an eruption, and in default of a statesmanlike solution, a compromise was agreed upon, the celebrated Missouri compromise of 1820. Missouri was admitted as a slave State, with Maine, a free State, to make the balance even, but the rema!mn|pterritory west of the Mississippi lying north of lat. $36^0\ 30'$ (the southern boundary of Missouri) was declared for ever prohibited to slavery. Thus the controversy, like some dangerous monster, was lulled into an uneasy slumber, and for the next thirty years it was the harassing task of statesmen of all parties to preserve unbroken a sleep which the onward course of events continually threatened to disturb.

For a time, again, all went well, and in 1848 the States were still equally divided..between slave and free. Although serious divergencies of policy on a question of tariff had been made manifest, the crucial territorial issue seemed capable of indefinite postponement. The calm was broken by the discovery of gold in California in 1848. California was in southern latitudes, and its soil and climate

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would have made it congenial ground for slavery, but before its settlement could become a political question, it was occupied by the thousands of immigrants from the Northern States and Europe who rushed there in the year following the first discovery of gold. They organized themselves as a State while their position was being angrily discussed at Washington, and New Mexico joined them in a demand to be admitted as a Territory with a free constitution. These events stirred Southern feeling to its depths. At a moment when the overwhelming growth of Northern wealth and population was becoming daily more apparent, and the outcry against slavery was growing louder, slave-holders were faced with the prospect of a large part of the Southern west being closed to slavery, Southern statesmen saw only too clearly that the star of the South had passed its zenith, and full of the doctrines which Calhoun had been preaching for twenty years, they threatened to leave the Union.

Appalled at this prospect, all responsible statesmen worked for another compromise, and while Calhoun, a stricken man, urged the justice of Southern claims with the deep sadness of failure in his words, Clay of Kentucky devised a series of resolutions to which ...Webster lent his powerful support against the will of his own people in New England. They were to the effect that California should be admitted

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as a free State, that New Mexico should be given territorial government with no prejudice to slavery and that an effective bill should be passed making easy the recapture of fugitive slaves in the North and imposing this duty on Federal officials. The last measure was the only one from which the South could be said to gain, and even this was two-edged in its working, as the rigorous law at first rigorously applied only tended to make the feeling against slavery at the North still more bitter.

Within two years of this measure the three great statesmen who had assisted at its birth had passed away, and a fresh series of events tended to destroy their work. By 1852 the once-powerful Whig party was clearly moribund. Whig and Democrat had been fairly equally distributed over North and South, but the rise of slavery as a capital issue had tended to make the South solidly Democratic, while the undetermined policy of the Whigs had caused a gradual waning of Whig fortunes in the North, especially in the new prairie States. This change was of the greatest importance, as in consequence political divisions became more and more identified with territorial, and while this dangerous turn to events was in progress the irresistible western march of civilization again brought about the crisis which all were anxious to avoid. This time it was a question of organizing the district west of the great river ~~great~~ rivers,

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known to-day as the States of Kansas and Nebraska and lying north of the line determined ~~rmind~~ by the Missouri compromise.

Sentiment at the North, especially in the younger States, had now become hardened against any inst any that it was a moral evil which must be tolerated where guaranteed by the Constitution, but which must not be allowed to spread. At the South, those who had heard the last words of Calhoun, misled by the bankruptcy of parties of the North into thinking all opposition weak, were ready to seize every advantage. At this crisis Stephen Douglas, the 'Little Giant', a popular and aggressive Democrat from Illinois who had no clear principles on the question of slavery, came forward with a practical proposal which he hoped would put an end to all discussions of theory. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which came as a surprise to all parties proposed that the question of slavery in new States wherever situated should be decided by popular sovereignty, that is, by a vote of the settlers... on the land ; thus aside the clause of the act admitting Missouri in 1820—the Missouri compromise—and in spite of the terrible issues involved, it was light-heartedly put through Senate and House by a solid South aid ~~dedided by the votes of~~ Douglas's Democratic followers in the North.

It soon became only too evident that Douglas's Bill, far from being a solution, was as oil flung on the

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smouldering coals. A rush of settlers, from North and South poured into the new territories, the Southerners bringing their slaves with them, the Northerners financed by anti ~~slavery societies~~; both parties had among them many who bore arms and desired to use them, and the struggle for the possession of Kansas and Nebraska rapidly became a guerilla warfare. Such was the unhappy result of Douglas's proposal on its practical side. Still worse were the consequences to which it led in the realm of theory, when the celebrated Dred Scott case came before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Dred Scott, a negro, had been taken by his master from Missouri into the free State of Illinois, then into part of the Territory north of the compromise line of 1820, then back again into the slave State of Missouri. It was claimed for him that by dwelling in Illinois he had become free, and he appealed as a citizen of Illinois against the decision of a court in Missouri. This brought the case before the Supreme Court of the United States, presided over at that time by the aged Chief Justice Roger Taney, a distinguished son of one of the old families of Maryland, a slave State, and himself older than that Constitution he was to interpret. The Court decided that Dred Scott was a slave and no citizen; it then proceeded by a majority decision to make a pronouncement on the general question of slavery in United States Territories, and ruled that it was

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not within the power of Congress to prevent a **citizen** of any State from carrying his property of whatever kind into a United States Territory before its erection into a State. On this ruling, which came as a thunderbolt to the North, the Missouri compromise had never been valid, and there was no guarantee whatever against the indefinite spread of slavery over the continent.

It was at this juncture that out of the ruins of the parties in the North a new party, which took its name alone from the old Republican party of Revolutionary days, came into being among the keen, downright communities of the Middle West, with a definite and logical programme on the burning question of the day. Slavery was not to be extended, though no action was intended against it where it was established. The Union was to be maintained at all costs, even at that of war. The rising spokesman of this party was Abraham Lincoln.

Within the last few years a brilliant character study and a successful play have made Abraham Lincoln a familiar figure to English eyes, and we have seen his statue erected opposite that great shrine of English history whither most American pilgrims to our shores turn when first they set foot in our capital. The circumstances of the time when the book and play appeared, at an hour when England herself was in need of a voice that should

uplift and strengthen her, doubtless helped to deepen the appeal which Lincoln had long been making to a small number in this country. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether many of his admirers in England have a just idea of his greatness. Lord Morley, that great pacifist, was told, when an old man, that Lincoln was the hero of young England. He expressed his satisfaction. The American Civil War, he said, was the only war of his day which was entirely justifiable, for the North was fighting for Liberty and Nationality. We may well think such a judgement too sweeping; it errs moreover in depriving Lincoln of his peculiar title to glory. He was not the single-hearted leader of a crusade, nor the hero of a great national revival such as the Risorgimento under Garibaldi; his achievement was rather to remain firm when all around him was breaking, and to be gentle and full of hope among a hard people.

In all the circumstances of his early life Lincoln appears as the typical son of the Middle West, that West whose spirit, rather than that of the older and more cultured New England, won the war, and whose ideals, rather than the ideals of New England or the South, have come to be regarded as those of the American nation. A boyhood of labour in Kentucky and a manhood of legal practice in the growing townships of Illinois helped to give him his unsurpassed knowledge of the capabilities of

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his countrymen and of their aspirations. It may seem strange that with his deep humility and sadness he should have been anxious to enter what was even then the turgid stream of American public life, but we should bear in mind that the events of the last forty years had awakened in the settlers of the Middle West a peculiar zeal for politics. We read continually of the crowds who travelled in from the countryside to any small town where one of the well-known leaders was speaking, and of the importance attached to every election and even to the position of editor on every local paper. Lincoln, moreover, was ambitious—conscious, that is to say, of his own power of piercing to the truth and of swaying other men, and anxious to exercise that power, for he seems to have been almost entirely free from any desire to rule men. Nor was he in any sense fastidious. If wires were to be pulled Lincoln enjoyed to the full a skilful pulling; if votes had to be obtained in Congress he was not averse to playing upon the uneasy consciences of shady Congressmen. Lincoln's Presidency was to show that he possessed a deep fund of strength and tenderness; his early years reveal chiefly that amiable whimsicality which is to Lincoln what his perfect urbanity was to Charles II or his magnetic attraction to Napoleon; the years of activity following upon the Kansas-Nebraska Act reveal above all his power of seeing to the heart of a

question and revealing to others its deep moral issues. The austere and moving cadences of his great public utterances survive in print, but the magic of his earlier speeches does not always come to us through the medium of the written word. Yet there is abundant evidence that at this period of his life his words could often entrance his hearers with the conviction—such as music can give—that he was leading them to something better than they could have believed possible. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to think of Lincoln as one in the succession of great statesmen and orators who have been nourished upon all that is best in the heritage of the past and whose ideas have been moulded by the influence of tradition and contact with what is most refined in an old civilization. Such were Pitt and Burke, Richelieu and Bossuet, Gladstone and Cavour, and to such a standard even a Napoleon or a Disraeli must conform in the Old World, as Webster and Calhoun had conformed in the New. Lincoln was of a new country where class-distinction, at least for the time, did not exist, and which lacked both the graces and shackling conventions of a refined society, and in spite of all the true beauty of his character and his speeches, we shall not be wrong in having before our eyes the picture of him that has so often been drawn. We should think of his curiously ungraceful dress—the loose trousers, the ill-fitting tailcoat

with its capacious pockets, the tall hat with its lining full of slips of paper bearing the notes of his speeches. We should think of him in his parlour at Springfield or in one of the many hotels of his legal and political travels, with his feet on the mantelpiece, swapping stories, delicate and indelicate, with all and sundry, the best of good company, yet often sitting alone over the embers all night in sad musing, a typical Illinois lawyer, and yet in some strange way remaining an immeasurable distance above all those with whom he spent his days.

Abraham Lincoln, who had been elected to Congress as early as 1847, came first before the eyes of the nation in 1858 during a campaign against Douglas for a seat in the Senate. His clear and fearless phrases came as wine to the vast crowds who met to hear the rivals speak, and they were carried beyond to the people at large who realized that a new force was at work in their midst. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand', said Lincoln. 'I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free.' And again, 'We won't leave the Union and you shan't.' Most important of all, as his clear vision saw, was a series of questions which he put to the Democrat Douglas at Freeport, concerning the Dred Scott decision. If, Lincoln asked, no constitutional power can ~~make slavery~~ illegal in a Territory, how can its people keep slavery

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from entering in the years before State constitution is granted), By omitting to pass the laws in the Territorial legislature essential for the maintenance of slavery, replied Douglas, unwillingly, and thus satisfied his electors in Illinois, but in so doing he destroyed his chances of being adopted as Democratic candidate by the South at the next presidential election.

Meanwhile, the South, whose fortunes had momentarily revived with the passing of Douglas's Bill and the Dred Scott decision, was once more made conscious of her decline by the admission of two more free States, Minnesota and Oregon, which gave slavery a minority of six votes in the Senate and fifty-seven in the House of Representatives, where population determines the number elected by each State. North and South, under the temporizing Democrat President, Buchanan, were now looking anxiously forward to the critical presidential election of 1860, when passions were raised still higher by the insensate raid of John Brown on the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry in Virginia. Brown, one of the Northern heroes in the disgraceful struggle for Kansas, had come East with funds subscribed for fighting slavery in the West and proposed to free the.....slaves of Virginia and arm them against their masters. He was soon captured by troops under Colonel Robert Lee, and the attempt had no real backing in the

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North, but the South were only too ready, after long years of misunderstanding, to seize on anything that might justify their worst suspicions, and that feeling at the North was not so blameless as has been sometimes suggested is shown by the subsequent adoption of John Brown as a national hero in the marching song so familiar to English ears.

With excitement thus raised to fever-pitch the country came to the presidential election. The Democrat party was by far the strongest, but, as Lincoln had foreseen, Southern Democrats, in convention at Charleston, the old white Southern city where Calhoun's body lay, would have none of Douglas, and after prolonged discussion the party split, and two candidates were nominated. The issue was further confused by the new so-called Constitutional party, whose negative policy appealed to undecided minds and swept three of the largest border States. As a result, Lincoln, the Republican candidate, secured an overwhelming majority in the electoral college, though owing to the large Democratic minorities in the North and the solid votes of the cotton States the popular vote for his opponents surpassed his by a million votes out of a total of only five million electors. Everything that we know of Lincoln makes us certain that his conduct of affairs would have been wise and constitutional, but he was an unknown factor, and the hot-headed politicians of the South might well

argue that the tyranny of an electoral majority—the worst of all tyrannies, as Burke had called it—was about to ruin their country and change its institutions, and the State Convention of South Carolina, which had remained in session till the results came over the wires, passed an ordinance of secession,¹ to be followed at short intervals by Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Louisiana

¹ 20th Dec. 1860.

SLAVERY AND SECESSION

BEFORE describing the events which led from secession to war, it will be well to consider what was in the minds of Northern and Southern peoples at this momentous crisis. In the first place, it would seem clear that few in either North or South expected that war would result from secession, and none imagined that if it should come to fighting it would be a matter of more than a few engagements with small numbers. We should not, therefore, throw upon those who voted secession the full responsibility that rests upon the ministers of a great nation who declare war. Next, we should distinguish carefully between the two groups of seceding States. The first group of great cotton States named above wished to secede because they "believed that they would prosper more out of the Union than in it; the second group joined them after the outbreak of war because their sympathies, both political and social, lay with South rather than North, and neutrality was impossible. It has often been said that the North were fighting against slavery and the South for the political doctrines of State Rights, which included secession. Both these judgements are partially true, but what is

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particularly tantalizing in this war is that neither side were fighting for anything so definite, for the political events of the last forty years had combined to discolour the waters to an extraordinary degree. The North first attempted the coercion of the seceding States because men at the North denied the right of a State to secede ; but it is doubtful whether they would have fought on this issue had they not been fighting a slave power. Neither group of Southern States seceded because slavery was directly threatened, or because State Rights were directly threatened ; the right of secession was merely the weapon with which they hoped to defend themselves against an attack on the fabric of their commonwealth, of which slavery was a pillar. Nevertheless, they would have been the last to admit that slavery was indefensible, and we cannot avoid a short discussion of the question here.

At the time of the great secession the number of slaves had risen to four millions; they formed an eighth of the whole population of the country and half of that of the Confederacy. Moreover, while the white population of such States as the Carolinas and Virginia was shrinking, the slaves were increasing ; hence the problem which they presented was by *no* means unimportant. Unfortunately, the rapid growth of slavery in the South had taken place during fifty years which had seen the equally rapid growth of feeling throughout the North and West

against slavery of any kind. During the latter half of the eighteenth century a far deeper conception of the rights and fundamental equality of all men had been growing up in France and America. It is the proud claim of Americans that their Constitution was the first assertion of such an equality in the politics of the 'modern world, and it had not escaped the notice of the Fathers that slavery as an institution was not in accord with the principles upon which their Constitution was based.

After the philosophic theories of the eighteenth century came the ever-growing humanitarian feeling of the first half of the nineteenth century, which produced so much labour for the comfort of children, of the sick, of prisoners, and even of animals. Between them these two currents of feeling liberated many millions of slaves in Russia, Africa, North, Central, and South America. In 1833 England emancipated the slaves of her planters in the West Indies, and we have seen that many of the Northern States had by then excluded slavery. This movement was not immediately caused by religious principle ; it was rather the spirit of the age, and of an age by no means religious, though a broad view of history may well show it to be a working of the Christian leaven; for Christianity in the past had been instrumental in abolishing first Roman slavery and later medieval serfdom, and such slavery as was practised by Christians in the nineteenth century

(with the exception of Russia) was the result of the new conditions produced by the discovery and conquest of inferior races by Europeans in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But though the origin of the movement was not directly due to religion, most of its promoters in England and America were religious men, and it was natural, but perhaps unfortunate, that they should endeavour to put all their arguments against slavery into religious form. Doubtless it is true that slavery is alien to the spirit of the New Testament and to the conception of man's dignity exposed by St. Paul, but no argument from scripture or from the practice of the early Church can be alleged to prove that slavery is in all circumstances opposed to the law of God. Those who would claim the disappearance of slavery in the nineteenth century as one of the most signal triumphs of Christianity should consider whether by so doing they do not condemn multitudes of Christians in other centuries.

Yet if the scriptural argument against slavery was unsound, it was considerably more convincing than the scriptural defence of the institution which was put up by Southernhgrners. Appeals to the practice of the early Church might not have carried conviction among a population where traditional religion has never had a firm hold, but St. Paul's conduct with regard to Onesimus might have been expected to carry more weight than the curse invoked by

journeys down the great rivers in irons on the 'tween-decks of a steamer, the fate of those quadroons and octaroons who were always classed with the negroes, the forbidding by law in certain States of any sort of education to the slaves, the fate of many girls with only a little African blood in their veins, and therefore often of great beauty and acutely sensitive natures—all these things must rightfully weigh heavily in the count against the South, however accidental and comparatively rare they may have been. Nor must it be forgotten that slavery, especially in modern times, has the worst of effects on the slave-holder. Something has been said—and more can readily be imagined—of the opportunities for cruelty and vice; greater still, is the harhti that comes from continually regarding other human beings as existing at a lower level, from despising labour, and from the consequent inertia. No one realized this more clearly than the best of the Southern aristocracy such as Robert Lee. Finally, statistics have shown that the South were entirely wrong when they argued that slavery was more economical than freedom. Free men at the present day produce more cotton than slaves did before the war.

If, then, the argument against slavery is so strong on all points and so overwhelming on many, how was it that so many millions of Anglo-Saxons, confessedly as religious and humane as their

opponents, should have been prepared to defend their peculiar institution with their life's blood ? Always bearing in mind that their institution comprehended much beside slavery, we must repeat that hard thinking was not a characteristic of the Southern mind. Most of their politicians from first to last confined themselves to controversy ; Calhoun, the one outstanding statesman who directed his mental energies towards reducing the Southern claims to logic, succeeded in imposing his peculiar interpretations on his own and the succeeding generation. The ordinary planter would have said that slavery was in possession, and that abstract theories of the equality of man were beside the mark when the issue lay not between man and man, but between a highly civilized race and one fresh from savagery, whose incapacity to attain equal development was not accidental but inherent, who neither wished nor were capable of self-government, and whom nothing but force could compel to work. On the other hand, the discipline of centuries of service might be God's own way of developing in the African those powers of mind which had come to the European after countless ages of struggle and toil. The negro could not be compared with the slaves of the ancient world, who might in a single generation of freedom produce an Aeschines or a Horace, and it was argued also with some truth that negroes were very far from feeling

a white man's anguish at ill-treatment. They were so numerous that if free they would rule the land by their votes; any change would ruin Southern prosperity and annihilate all that was most admirable in her institutions. Here indeed lay the point. 'Their way of life was beautiful in their eyes,' writes Lord Charnwood. 'It rested upon slavery. Therefore slavery was a good thing.' Pressed by the necessity of defending it, and as a salve to their conscience, they adopted the view that only in slavery could the African race be led towards the threshold of civilization. Later, when harassed by all manner of attacks from the North, they proudly represented slavery not only as a good, but as by divine institution the best.

Such a view may well seem absurd, and the oft-repeated statement that no one in the Southern States to-day would stir a finger to bring slavery back is substantially true, but we should always remember first, that no one can say how great a drain peaceful evolution would have been on the prosperity of the South, since all the wealth of the country did in fact disappear with slavery, secondly, that the negro problem did not disappear with slavery, nor will it soon disappear, and thirdly, that the African race has proved itself on the whole far less capable of Western education and political thought than its patrons of a hundred years ago supposed.

These or similar considerations must present

themselves to any one who tries to take an impartial view of the slavery question. A few words remain to be said upon the Southern claim to the light of secession, the logical extreme of any claim to State Rights. The right of a particular State to secede! from the Union, however much it may have influenced individuals, and even whole States such as Virginia, to join the South at the most critical moment of the struggle, was not historically speaking the standard on which men's eyes were set, the word that was ringing in their ears as they went into battle. It may rather be compared to an outwork reared in an emergency in the open country by the most energetic members of an army, who feel the need of some definite ground to defend, and some tangible shelter to offer as a rallying-point for their companions. Calhoun and his school argued as follows. The various colonies when separating from England had come together as entirely sovereign and separate bodies. As such they had accepted the Constitution and delegated certain powers to the Federal government. Therefore a State could at any moment recall her adhesion and depart in peace. Put thus as a syllogism on paper it is without a flaw.. Had a State wished to leave the Union in 1790 it is highly improbable that her right to do so would have been generally questioned. It is perhaps unwise from every point of view to treat the American Constitution and the opinions of its

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framers as a Catholic theologian would treat the decrees of the Council of Trent and the mind of the Fathers of that Council, but politicians on both sides did so, and an impartial observer would have to say, in the terms of theology, that the doctrine of secession, though perhaps offensive to pious ears, was not, strictly speaking, heretical.

The flaw in the argument for secession rests rather in any such tacit assumption that a constitution is an inspired document, valid for all time, and that a state, like a mathematical abstraction or a biological species, is incapable of alteration. Such an assumption was perhaps natural in a country where on the one hand a group of exceptionally able statesmen had handed to their people what may be called the first reasoned constitution of the modern world, and where on the other hand changes and extensions without parallel in history had taken place within fifty years. Nevertheless, it was a mischievous assumption. The arguments against secession are practical, not theoretical, and must appear overwhelming, however attractive may be the thought of a Union of sovereign republics on the Atlantic seaboard. When the Constitution was framed the colonies did not come together as old-established States; the differences between them were accidental, and insuperable only owing to the expanse of undeveloped country which they covered, the poor state of communications; they

were separate only because they had not in the past felt any need of union for defensive or commercial purposes. Whatever characteristics of race, society, origin, or religion may have been possessed by individuals of the thirteen original States were not possessed to the same degree by the host of new States admitted during the fifty years subsequent to the Constitution. Railways and steamships made communication easy and rapid, and even as early as 1850 a day's journey might well cut the territory of three or four States. It was clear that the country would soon stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that many States would be crossed by transcontinental railways carrying traffic from far East to far West. In 1790 it would have been possible to conceive of Virginia or Massachusetts as a separate and self-contained State. It would have been pressing a theory almost to the absurd so to conceive New Jersey or Rhode Island. Later, when States were carved out of the vast plains of the Middle West, the application of such a theory became entirely impossible. No sane statesman could maintain the Right of Secession for a State whose boundaries had been ruled on the map at Washington, which had no naturally defined frontiers, and which was as entirely dependent on others for the necessities of life as othersere on it for transport.

Nor could any State maintain serceded position unaided. The South had to form a Confederacy,

and there is little doubt that had she won independence she would herself have been troubled with threats of secession. Provision was made for it in her constitution. Such considerations are more powerful arguments against secession than any abstract reasoning, or appeal to the sense of nationality.

But indeed we should not in fairness forget that secession was originally intended as a threat. As such it was elaborated by Calhoun, and his disciples were to find that they could threaten once too often. Looking at the deepest currents of feeling we shall find that the war was not fought for the right of individual States to renounce their connexion with the Union ; the crucial Question to decide is whether, the injustices threatened or already done to the South, and the difference of ideal between the two sections of the country, were sufficiently great to justify a separation by force of arms. The majority of Southerners undoubtedly thought so, and it is this that lends dignity to their cause; others were on the way to thinking so, and it is their sacrifice that gives the war its sadness.

The States which had seceded as a result of the presidential election lost no time in coming to an agreement among themselves. Texas was persuaded to join them ; their representatives at Washington took leave of Senate and House in speeches of varying dignity and eloquence, and a Southern Confederacy

was formed, which preserved the American constitution in all important points. Montgomery, in Alabama, was chosen as the capital city and Jefferson Davis, Secretary for War in Buchanan's administration, was elected President. Davis, a representative of extreme Southern views, was a capable and upright administrator. Like Lincoln, he has been accused of meddling with his generals, and his financial policy has been greatly criticized. These failings, if failings they were, find abundant excuse in the desperate situation in which he so soon found himself, and are redeemed by the courage with which he fought his ship while all around was in flames. What cannot be so readily excused is the hard and almost savage spirit in which he carried on the fight; but indeed it is not to Southern statesmen that we must go to find the uplifting nobility that dignifies the cause for which Lee and Jackson and Stuart fought.

Four months elapse between the election of a President and his inauguration at Washington, and during this time Buchanan, a Democrat, who had been advised throughout by a powerful Southern group, did nothing whatever to heal the rift in the Union, and allowed the Confederate States to seize many of the Federal forts and arsenals and navy yards within their territories. Only in a few cases did the commanders of these posts offer the smallest resistance, and thus a large quantity of arms and

ammunition fell into Confederate hands. A commander who refused, Major Anderson of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbour, became the occasion of the first serious military demonstration. At the date of Lincoln's inauguration he had already held his post for some time, and Beauregard, the Confederate officer in the district, had established batteries which commanded his position. Anderson's supplies were running low; the Confederates were anxious to prevent him from being reinforced; Lincoln, who was seizing at every opportunity of avoiding an outbreak of war while the road to negotiation was still open, proposed to throw provisions alone into the fort. In the midst of this temporizing Beauregard, whose men were spoiling for a fight, took the decisive step and opened fire on Sumter, which capitulated without loss of life from the Confederate cannon.¹ The guns of Charleston harbour, for whose echoes the whole country had been waiting in mingled hope and dread, were the signal for civil war; the North had seen the Stars and Stripes fired upon, the South had smelt powder, and henceforth neither party looked back. On the day after the fall of Sumter, 15 April 1861, Lincoln called out 75,000 militia; the Confederacy had already mobilized a larger force of volunteers.

The storm which had been threatening for so

¹ On the Confederate side a horse was killed; in Sumter a Federal soldier lost his life through an accidental explosion.

long had at last burst, and, as always when a nation has been fearful and uneasy, the decisive action which brought high hopes of achievement and sacrifice filled both North and South with relief and a kind of exaltation. There can be no doubt at the present day that the Southern people were in perfect sympathy with their leaders when they defied the North; climatic and social differences reacting on each other had brought it about that the typical Southerner and the typical Northerner lacked any kind of sympathy with each other, had indeed much the same antipathy as has existed between English and Irish, French and German. Perhaps strictly speaking no war is inevitable, but it is clear that when part of a great democracy separates itself from another part of the same stock and polity, there can be no question of diplomatic trickery or the ambition of an absolute monarch. Equally certain is it—though this has been neglected by many writers—that in such a case one side will not have a monopoly of justice. It is indeed probably true that in the abstract the scales will incline to one side rather than the other, but devotion to a cause or admiration for an individual have too often obscured a recognition that two peoples, as two individuals, will catch different aspects of the varied outline of truth. To Lincoln more than to most it was given both to see and to sympathize, but it is not evident that he perceived

at all what was the beauty that the South saw through a glass darkly.

Whom, then, shall we blame for the war \ Immediately, perhaps, the South, for they were at fault in the affair of Sumter and in their hasty secession. More remotely the supporters, of all shades of opinion, of John Brown's raid, of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and of the bitter abolitionist campaign at the North. More remotely still in point of time—yet these must bear the heaviest responsibility of all—the statesmen of North and South in the period between 1810 and 1830, who, while they were yet in an acceptable time, should have proposed and adopted some comprehensive scheme for gradual and limited emancipation, together with full compensation and full measures of relief for the South, and whose task it should have been not only to suggest such practical measures but to uplift the minds of their countrymen to a spirit of common sacrifice and trust. Failing this, all was lost. North and South, like two young people, had been wedded when their characters were unformed and their minds asleep. Their nature and their fortunes deepened the differences between them till their minds awoke and realized the gulf that parted them. For one fateful moment it was not beyond the power of man's virtue and wisdom to restore the union of heart, but while that moment was passing suspicions clouded the mind

of one and hope of divorce rose in the heart of the other. Their problem was a terrible one, and no lover of the chivalry of the South and the ideals of the North can wish to minimize it. If men were to be held responsible for all the unforeseen consequences of their acts few in the world's history would be doomed to severer punishment than those adventurers and planters who first introduced African slavery into the American colonies. Men of North and South, in the years before the war, were guilty of rash counsels and cruel deeds, but they were ridden by a nightmare far older than themselves. The fathers had sinned and were not, and the sons were bearing their iniquities.

THE COMBATANTS ENGAGE

LINCOLN'S call for volunteers in the tense hour which followed the fall of Sumter was a declaration that the government at Washington would attempt to bring the Confederacy back into the Union at the point of the bayonet. We have seen that, so far as responsibility for an explosion can be assigned to any one when all parties are groping their way across a mine-field, the responsibility of forcing Lincoln to take a decisive step must rest upon that class of Southern soldier represented at Charleston by Beauregard and his aides. But we should not forget that on paper (so to say) the bombardment of Sumter made no difference whatever to the political problem. It was in no sense the first manifestation, or a new development, of Southern demands. The South neither could have claimed, nor desired to claim, anything by it which she had not demanded by the accomplished fact of secession. Individuals at the South might be sighing for the day when they should cross swords with the Yankee, but Southern feeling as a whole, and whatever political wisdom existed at Montgomery, grasped clearly enough the truth that no war could bring to the South so much benefit as would a peaceful accom-

modation with Washington which should leave the South independent. Beauregard's guns, so far as they were directed by any rational purpose, were intended to hasten such an accommodation, not to render it impossible.

The Civil War, in fact, was in no sense an inevitable sequel of secession, for the party at the North who maintained that any secession should be coerced, and who were willing to give their lives in the accomplishment of such coercion, were by no means in an overwhelming majority. The ultimate prevalence of their theory during and since the war has led many to underestimate the responsibility which lay upon Lincoln at this time ; but assuredly it is he, and he almost alone, who must bear the responsibility, and receive the praise, if praise is given, of having taken the decisive step which made war certain. The march of events was so rapid and inexorable, and the ultimate success of the party of the Union so complete, that the wisdom of Lincoln's decision to pin the South to the North with the bayonet (to adopt Horace Greeley's phrase) has seldom been questioned. In the abstract, perhaps, the American of to-day, proud of the wealth and high prestige of the United States, might well consider within himself whether the loss of a million lives and the rending of a million hearts, the ravaging of flourishing States and the disappearance for ever of all that their people held

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most dear, could ever be counterbalanced by the material prosperity of such victors as survived and of those who came from afar to enter upon the harvests which others had sown ; whether an attempt on the part of one section of the States to keep another section within the Union while a great hatred filled the hearts of each was in accordance with American ideals; whether the law of obedience to the majority must always hold when the minority is large and localized, and whether the principle of national self-determination might not have held good here. Fortunately, these questions did not trouble Abraham Lincoln in so extreme a form. He hated no man himself, and did not assume hatred as a motive in others. Whether he would have hesitated had he known what toll of life the war was to take we cannot say, and need not guess. In actual fact, he, in common with all his military advisers and with such a penetrating judge as Grant, thought that a few swift military movements would bring the South back to her allegiance. When he called out his volunteers he imagined that their service would be short and comparatively bloodless. Thus, the affair of Sumter came to him as an emphatic reiteration, which could not be overlooked, of the claim put forward by South Carolina in the previous December, but it so happened that the manner of the reiteration was such as to unite for a moment in a fervour of military feeling that North which

might have refused to march against a fairspoken South. Lincoln seized the moment and refused the Southern demands once and for all; with his proclamation for volunteers began the Civil War.

The States which had seceded before Sumter had done so eagerly. Lincoln's appeal for troops led to a second great defection; this time, of States who joined the Confederacy with much searching of heart. Eight States with a slave constitution stood between the free North and the cotton and Gulf States. Foremost among them was the great State of Virginia—the Old Dominion, the 'Mother of Presidents.' Her people, or at least those east of the Alleghanies, were allied in blood and sympathy with the South, but her proud position in the history of the country had given her a love of the Union far deeper than that of Carolina. Her best sons hoped for the disappearance of slavery and judged secession to be unwise, but they held Calhoun's doctrine of State Rights, and would neither supply volunteers to invade the Confederacy nor permit invading armies to cross their lands. After long debate her legislature, in secret session, threw in her lot with the South; sadly and proudly she gave her noblest children to die in defence of that fair land so soon to be laid desolate. Only her western valleys remained true to the Union, and have ever since formed a separate State.¹

¹ West Virginia was actually admitted in 1863.

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North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas went with Virginia. Kentucky and Missouri, in the person of their governors, joined the South, but the energy of Lincoln kept them debatable ground till success ultimately crowned Northern arms within their bounds; Maryland, after a moment's fierce opposition to the passage of troops through Baltimore, joined the North, though many of her sons went south to the Confederate armies. Delaware never wavered in her allegiance to the Union.

The stage was now set for the struggle, but before we follow the first movements of the armies it may be well to consider the resources possessed by each of the rivals, and the likelihood of either North or South bringing about a decision on the field. The first consideration which strikes us, as it struck all the Southern politicians of the day, is the magnitude of the problem presented to an enemy by the immense area of the Confederacy. Confident—and with reason, as the event proved—of the spirit of the people of the South, their leaders were convinced that nothing short of complete and detailed conquest would subdue them. They recollected the failure of England's armies in Revolutionary days and the failure of the Grand Army led by Napoleon, in the face of a united people, and declared that a detailed conquest was beyond the bounds of possibility. So it might well seem in 1860, when the South hoped to secure recognition by a few

demonstrations and the most far-sighted Northerners hoped to win victory by a few skirmishes. We shall see later that such comparisons with Russia or the old colonies were illusory, but the size of the Confederacy long remained one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of Northern arms. The eleven seceded States had an area equal to the combined areas of Great Britain, France, Spain, Switzerland, and Germany (as in 1914), though the vast area of Texas, included in this reckoning, had little military value. Yet even east of the rivers New Orleans is distant about a thousand miles as the crow flies from the Potomac, the northern boundary of Virginia ; and Key West, at the south of Florida, is as far from the northern boundary of Tennessee.

Besides immense territory the South possessed the inner lines of communication. This was an advantage sensibly felt by the Confederacy in the campaigns of Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and above all in the various ventures in the Shenandoah Valley, but it was largely neutralized by her losing the command of the seas, and by the lack of direct railway communication from north to south, and from east to west, for such railways as existed had not been systematized with a view to transcontinental traffic, and ran from town to town across the States; they were only single-track lines, and both permanent way and rolling-stock

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North gradually acquired many thousand miles of waterway which stretched from Cincinnati to the Gulf below New Orleans.

Of far greater assistance towards the winning of a war were the moral qualities of the South. Whatever may have been the feelings of individuals before Sumter, as soon as armies had been raised to invade the seceding States all were unanimous in their devotion to the cause, and events were to show that the devotion which any nation might have shown while success was in sight changed with them in the face of failure to a determination such as has never been shown by a civilized people. It is true that from the first there could be no retreat, except complete surrender, from the position they had taken up ; true besides, and clear to the blindest, that the wavering of any would bring ruin to all ; but it is true also that at almost any period of the struggle they could, upon surrender of their political principles, have obtained terms far milder than those usually dictated to defeated nations. Instead, they remained united and unwavering to the end.

To the determination of the people of the South was added an unusual capability for warfare. It might have been expected that men with the planters' upbringing would make more capable troopers and subordinate officers than the farmers, factory workers, and clerks of the North. The first encounters showed besides that the mean whites

of the South were excellent fighters. But these advantages, if they did not win a decision at once, were bound to be lost in a few months. Any army which is not far different racially from its opponents may by force of discipline and competent leadership be made their equal as a fighting force within a few months. But the world's greatest generals have maintained—and history supports them—that in war a commander is all in all. The North had to search long to find her generals; the South saw them in plenty at the head of her armies in the field from the first, and, whenever politics did not interfere, they remained there till the end. Lee, Johnston and Jackson, Stuart and Forrest, Longstreet and Ewell, Beauregard and Bragg, Early and A. P. Hill were, throughout the early years of war, the superiors, man to man, of the officers occupying corresponding positions in the Federal army. Not till the war was far advanced did Grant and his able lieutenants Sherman and Sheridan come into any prominence, and when Thomas has been added to these the list of Northern generals who rose above mediocrity is almost complete.

Against these advantages on the side of the Confederacy the North had many to put, including two which ensured ultimate success to a people who should have the will to victory. The population of the North was over 20 millions, and was being added to weekly by the arrival of fresh

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emigrants; the population of the South was only 12 millions, and of these nearly 4 millions were negro slaves.¹ Secondly, the material resources of the North were, out of all proportion, greater than those of the South. She was infinitely more wealthy, and beyond this she had the raw materials and the factories for converting these raw materials into munitions of war and peace. The South, except for garden produce, had practically no resources whatever beyond her cotton, tobacco, and sugar crops, which did indeed ensure riches for the country in time of peace, but which made her dependent upon the importation of practically all the necessities of civilized life. The railways and steamship companies of the Southern States, and indeed every concern or private person who made use of tools or machines, were dependent upon the North or England for the smallest plate of steel or iron and the least bolt or screw. As the war went on and the blockade tightened its grip, the Confederacy was short of everything—short of steel plating and rails, of gun metal, of explosives, of clothes, of shoes, of tools, of medicines, of all imported foodstuffs.

¹ The census of 1860 gave the population of the U.S.A. as 31,400,000, of which the free States had 19,100,000 and the slave States 12,300,000. There were 4,000,000 slaves. The population of the South as given in the text thus includes several States whose resources were only partially available for the Confederacy.

Reference to the blockade suggests another important advantage possessed by the North—her command of the seas. Even from the first days of secession naval superiority was on the side of the Union, though several important navy yards fell into Confederate hands, but it was not the possession of the old navy that told in favour of the North—for when the blockade was first declared she had but forty steamships with which to patrol 3,500 miles of coast. What was of capital importance was the possession of the great shipbuilding yards of the North, filled with a host of workers and abundance of all materials. The conversion of so many merchant ships into ships of war at the North and the damage done by English-built Southern privateers did indeed inflict a blow on the United States mercantile marine from which it had not wholly recovered in 1914; the blockade was run successfully by isolated ships till the end of the war ; but the tonnage entering and leaving Southern ports declined steadily to vanishing-point, and in the spring of 1865 the continental area of the Confederacy was as effectually blockaded as the circuit of Paris in 1870. Even without the command of the seas the North would always have been saved from such a blockade by a neutral border on the Canadian side.

These advantages of numbers and resources were overwhelming and, given time, could be trusted

to bring the South to her knees, and it is the growing consciousness of this on the part of the people of the South and of the reader of history that intensifies the dramatic interest of the war. We may perhaps say that the North, even without striking military successes or unusually able commanders, were bound to overcome at last if they persevered. Three events alone could prevent the victory—foreign intervention, either decisively in favour of the South or forcing arbitration on both parties; an occupation of Northern cities after a series of Southern victories which should so disorganize the country as to hurry the government into a peace ; or the voluntary abandonment of the struggle by the North in one of those long periods of inaction and sorrow that every long war which is not waged for very existence brings, when prospect of victory is remote and the prospect of long-drawn-out expense of life and wealth is immediate, and when ideals are hidden from sight by the mean and petty realities of everyday warfare.

Armed foreign intervention was never so likely as in the first year of the war ; an imposed negotiation, rendered possible by repeated Confederate victories, ceased to be likely after Gettysburg and Vicksburg ; Gettysburg, also, marked the furthestmost verge of the flow of the Confederacy towards the North. But during the eighteen months of fighting that remained, and even to within a few

weeks of Lee's surrender, it was as likely as not that public opinion at the North, appalled at the strength of Southern resistance, would demand that negotiations should be opened. Even Grant could write years after that in his opinion a year's prolongation of the struggle would have saved the Confederacy. Against the stream of public opinion towards surrender there was but one effective barrier—the will of Abraham Lincoln. We can say with some certainty that had he not been at the head of affairs to guide the issue, the Confederacy would have achieved recognition. We can also say that, but for the genius of its commanders, and especially of Robert Lee, the Confederacy would have fallen many months before the spring of 1865.

It is now time to turn to a consideration of the military events of the early months of the war. There were throughout three distinct theatres of warfare ; that of Virginia in the East; that of Kentucky and Tennessee in the centre ; and that in the West along the banks of the Mississippi. Decisive success came to the North first in the West, then in the centre, and last of all in Virginia. The campaigns of the Federal armies in the West, exclusive of some unimportant ventures, were directed towards gaining and retaining possession of the great river, and thus isolating part of the Confederacy. Those of the centre were fought at first for the allegiance of Kentucky, later for the

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towns and fields of Tennessee, and last of all to storm the gates of the Confederacy at Atlanta. In the East the fighting was almost entirely confined to the strip of plain land between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, from Gettysburg in Pennsylvania to Petersburg in Virginia some 150 miles to the south. When Virginia was admitted to the Confederacy, the seat of government was transferred from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, the State capital of Virginia, little more than a hundred miles from Washington ; and this move determined Northern strategy in Virginia into a series of attempts, lasting for nearly four years, to take Richmond, which Jefferson Davis persisted in holding to the last.

The first of these attempts took place towards the end of July 1861. When the force of the opposition to the Washington government had been made clear after Sumter, both sides paused to gather their strength, while in the border States the pendulum swung backwards and forwards. North and South of the Potomac armies were assembled, and the news of small affrays went the round in the midst of that exaltation and unreality which marks the first few weeks of any war that breaks a long peace, when millions hang upon the details of a cavalry reconnaissance and when sacrifices are made light-heartedly. In the great Virginian houses farewell dances were given in the warm evenings of

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May and June, with the flowers of spring scenting the gardens; and in North and South alike many high-spirited partings were taken of those noblest who give their lives on the first fields of every war that is worth the fighting.

At last the first movements were made. Lincoln's chief adviser, the old and experienced General Winfield Scott, who had no soldier of note to lead his armies now that Robert Lee's sword was at the service of his State, and who had formed a just estimate of Southern fighting qualities, was unwilling to advance his volunteer levies, but public feeling and much professional opinion was strong for an invasion of Virginia. A single victory, it was felt, might now decide the war, while to waste more months was almost equivalent to an acquiescence in secession; moreover, the three months' enlistment of many of the levies was expiring, and some did indeed leave camp for home to the sound of the cannonade of Bull Run. Yielding at last to Lincoln's desire, Scott ordered McDowell to advance into Virginia along the line of railway from Alexandria, and here, at the end of July, was fought the first battle of the war.

When the advance began, the Confederate army preparing to dispute the invasion was numerically at a disadvantage, but blunders on the part of Federal officers in the neighbourhood allowed reinforcements to be hurried by road and rail

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through Manassas Gap from the Shenandoah Valley. These arrived on the battlefield immediately before and during the engagement and made the numbers employed on both sides nearly equal. The site of the battle was an undulating plateau of cultivated land, diversified by woods and bordered by a stream known as Bull Run, which has given its name to the battle in the Federal accounts, though to the Confederates it became the battle of Manassas from a station of that name on the railway behind their lines. It is ordinarily the privilege of the victors to name a battlefield, but here, as in the case of Borodino, the name given by those who won the war has prevailed. The fight itself, like all battles between undisciplined and raw troops, was characterized by deeds of great bravery followed by confusion, sudden panic, and horror at the unfamiliar scenes of suffering and destruction. At one moment the Federals seemed masters of the field, but the firmness and courage of the Confederate First Brigade under General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, who here won his name of 'Stonewall', turned the fortunes of the day; and the advantage was increased by the arrival of some fresh troops which were taken off the cars at Manassas Junction and thrown into the fight. The retreat became a rout such as was never seen again in the war, and the untrained troops took refuge within the fortifications of Washington. On paper, the way to the Northern

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capital was open to the South, and Jackson is said to have expected orders to pursue, but the same causes which brought about the Northern rout made adequate pursuit impossible on the part of the Confederates, and the defeated army was allowed to reorganize itself at leisure.

Bull Run, though it served to advertise the cause of the South, had little military effect. It confirmed the impression, already too prevalent at the South, that one Confederate soldier was worth three Federals; secure in this belief, and confident that Bull Run was sufficient to secure recognition for the Confederacy, the government at Richmond aimed no counterstroke.¹ To the North, on the other hand, the shock was salutary. Pride was roused, and all began to realize that the conquest of the South would be something more than a military parade. Lincoln, upon whom the blow of failure fell most heavily, found his greatest difficulty to be the lack of leaders. Scott soon retired from his position, and between his withdrawal and the appointment of Grant as Lieut.-General in 1864 there was no really able professional advice at the President's command, while his generals in the field were often guilty, not only of a want of skill, which he

¹ It should be remembered, as General Maurice has pointed out, that the South were at this time hindered by their political doctrines from invading the territory of another State, especially when that State was the friendly Maryland.

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could readily pardon, but of a want of respect for authority and sometimes even of a want of desire to end the war by defeating the enemy. Many writers of both Northern and Southern sympathies have laughed at Lincoln's strategy, at his poring over the map of Virginia and reading Napoleon's *Maxims* late into the night. More serious criticism has been directed at his venturing to impose movements and plans of campaign upon his generals. It would certainly seem that his able Secretary for War, Stanton, was domineering and interfering, but the complete absence of competent military advisers must never be forgotten. Lincoln saw, as no other man saw, the necessity for prosecuting the war; his instrument broke in his hands again and again when military success was needed to strengthen public opinion; the weight of it all was upon his shoulders, and there are very few occasions when it can be said with any certainty that his generals would have succeeded better if left alone.

Among the crowd of mediocrities a figure was seen to emerge towards the end of 1861; it was that of J. B. McClellan, whose exploits and dispatches in West Virginia had won for him the newspaper name of the 'Young Napoleon.' This officer found himself suddenly called to Washington to command the immense Army of the Potomac. An old regular, he had been recently President of an important

The CAMPAIGNS OF LEE

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railway, and events showed that organization rather than military science was his strength, but at first all went well. He was confident, handsome, and dignified, and he won and retained the affection of his troops, even in disaster, in a way that Grant could never do ; he soon had the army before Washington in perfect condition. His chequered military and political career and his enmity towards Lincoln have produced a controversy which has left a great deal of mist hanging about his motives and capabilities; the most divergent views have been held as to his military ability, moral courage, and political principles. Certainly he ended by being Lincoln's rival in the elections of 1864, and many have ascribed his lack of driving power in campaign to a disbelief in the cause; perhaps the records of the time suggest rather a real lack of military insight and initiative when in touch with the enemy.

Still, for a time all went well for the North. Many coastal forts in the Southern States fell to armadas dispatched by Washington. Early in 1862 the energy of U. S. Grant in Tennessee captured the Confederate Forts Henry and Donelson together with 15,000 men, and the ' unconditional surrender ' which Grant demanded and obtained by his celebrated note did more to inspirit the troops of the Union than the mere success could have done. A few months later the contest between the ironclad

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Monitor and the Confederate *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads crushed the last hope of the South in strictly naval warfare. Best of all, in early April, Admiral Farragut, the only great naval commander of the war, fought his way, against all precedent, past the forts and gunboats guarding the entrance to the Mississippi from the Gulf and took possession of New Orleans, one of the largest cities and ports of the Confederacy, and the point where the lines of river steamers and railroads from East and West connected with the ocean-going shipping. The old French capital, where the modern American civilization and architecture, then as now, marched with the tiled houses and luxuriant, fragrant gardens of the Latin tropics, and where the rows of white steamers loaded cotton from the levees, was thus early lost to the South, and the Confederacy could have suffered few blows more serious.

It is true that in the Middle West a great and indecisive battle had been fought. Grant, pressing southwards up the Tennessee River, early in April, had been surprised by the forces of the able Confederate general A. S. Johnston in the wooded, marshy country that bordered the river near Pittsburgh Landing. Fighting of the utmost ferocity took place in the clearings and dingles, and on the first day Grant's troops, in the absence of their commander, were driven back from the Shiloh church, a log meeting-house on a rise in the

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woods that had been chosen as the centre of their line. On the following day, reinforced by water, Grant was able to make a counter-attack, and the death of Johnston, reputed the most capable officer in the armies of either party, gave the advantage to the Union. The losses were ghastly, no less than a fifth of the forces engaged being killed or wounded, and Grant realized for the first time that it was not by a few striking successes that the Union would be restored. Nevertheless, he was able to advance for the moment.

To these advances of the Union in the sphere of naval and military operations must be added the growth in prestige of Lincoln's government, which had taken office at such a moment of crisis. At the beginning both politicians and the country at large had been uncertain of the ability of Lincoln to direct affairs and to assert his independence of the many more experienced members of his cabinet. In particular, Seward, his Secretary of State, an ambitious and capable man without a touch of greatness, hoped to use the President as his mouth-piece in forming the policy of the administration. He was soon undeceived, and no harm was done ; henceforth, Lincoln's ministers began to take the place which history has assigned them of fairly capable officials, helping, or thwarting, the larger schemes of a statesman, but one more incident must be mentioned in which the lack of judgement

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on the part of a member of the cabinet, condoned by Lincoln, nearly led to events of far-reaching importance.

When the South entered upon the war, they had hopes, which were not unfounded, of receiving some support from the governments of Europe. They knew that a large proportion of the population in northern England and some departments of France lived upon the manufacture of cotton-goods, and they hoped that the discontent caused by the operation of the blockade of the South, declared by Lincoln after Sumter, would drive the British or French governments either into picking a quarrel with Washington or to offering their services as mediator. At one moment early in the struggle they nearly had their wish. While the feeling of the governing classes of England, for reasons to be mentioned later, was strongly against the North, it was deeply stirred by what it conceived to be an insult to the British flag on the high seas. Two Confederate envoys to Europe, who had successfully escaped the blockading squadrons, had embarked on a British mail steamer in the West Indies. This boat, the *Trent*, was met by a Federal man-of-war, whose captain brought the British packet to by a shot fired across her bows and proceeded to remove the Confederate passengers. The news travelled slowly across the Atlantic—for there was no cable at the time—but when it arrived it moved English

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feeling to the depths, as may be seen by the cartoons in the contemporary numbers of *Punch*. The British government prepared a note which in its original form amounted to an ultimatum ; its tone was only softened by the action of the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria herself, and troops were massed in Canada to meet all eventualities. Fortunately the danger was averted by the wisdom of Lincoln and his cabinet. He admitted that the officer's action was against principles of international law which America herself had been the first to affirm, and restored the envoys to England.

IV

McCLELLAN AND JACKSON

WHILE Lincoln's position was thus growing stronger both at Washington and in the field during the early months of 1862, the campaign before Washington was unaccountably hanging fire. McClellan had collected, equipped, and trained to perfection an enormous body of men for the invasion of Virginia, but the day fixed for the advance was postponed again and again. The general was desperately cautious, and extremely badly served by his intelligence department, directed by a well-known firm of private detectives, who convinced him that he was opposed in General J. E. Johnston's lines at Manassas by numbers almost double his own, though in fact he outnumbered the Confederates by three to two, in addition to his superiority in artillery and the quality of his small arms. The *communiqué* 'All quiet on the Potomac' became a byword, and Lincoln, in the midst of cabinet difficulties, and while he was engaged in a contest both with Southern supporters in the North, and with political enemies who attacked his acts as despotic, was harassed by a general who demanded men and still more men, and who never met the foe. Lincoln had been famed in Illinois for his vivid

sayings and the raciness of his comparisons drawn from everyday life ; his stories have been compared to the utterances of Justice Shallow or Mrs. Poyser, and even in the most agonizing moments of the war he sought refuge in wit. On one occasion during these months, when a misunderstanding had arisen as to the number of troops dispatched, he remarked that sending men to McClellan was like shovelling fleas across a barnfloor—not half of them got there, and later he observed that the army of the Potomac was a very fine army, and if McClellan did not want to use it he would like to borrow it.

At length, towards the end of March, McClellan abandoned any hope of a direct advance on Richmond from the north, dreading the fortifications prepared by Johnston, and decided to transfer his army by sea to Fort Monroe on the extremity of the peninsula in Virginia at the base of which lay Richmond. The move was skilfully and quickly effected, as were all McClellan's moves when the enemy was not before his advance, and had he moved boldly forward and exhibited only moderate skill it is hard to see how the Confederate capital could have been saved. Instead, he hesitated and delayed, labouring always under the delusion that he was opposed by overwhelming odds; he exaggerated the admittedly difficult nature of the country, which he himself had nevertheless chosen as the scene of campaign; he wasted many weeks

in constructing regular approaches to the Confederate works at Yorktown which he could have taken by storm and which were evacuated without serious struggle. During all this time he was clamouring for more men and abusing the civil authorities in the most unmeasured terms in his private letters. Finally, after two months in the Peninsula, the Army of the Potomac had struggled forward to within a few miles of Richmond when it was set upon by Johnston in the woods bordering the Chickahominy creek, and the battle of Fair Oaks or Seven Pines was fought on the last day of May and the first of June. McClellan, with superior numbers, was able to repel the attack, but he failed to press his advantage, and though now within sight of Richmond halted once more before the Confederate lines, in the belief that his army was outnumbered, and demanded more men from Washington. But now, at last, he had delayed once too often. Men were urgently wanted elsewhere, and events were taking place, uncontrolled by McClellan, which were to change the whole aspect of the war.

More than a year had passed since the bombardment of Sumter, and the military movements had been singularly lacking in distinction. The battles had been little more than disorderly scuffles, in which much individual bravery had been shown, but which had not been moulded or made significant

by any of those qualities of character and intellect on the part of the commanders which mark the great general. We criticize McClellan, and feel throughout his months of delay and indecision that the hour of his punishment was approaching, but to the contemporary watcher his waste of time did not seem an irreparable fault. There was no reason to suppose that mere weight of numbers would not gradually bear down the Confederate armies. As it happened, in these months of silence two or three masters of the art of war were realizing their powers, and while McClellan was slowly advancing through the tide-water counties of Virginia a great soldier was becoming famous in the mountains of the north.

Beyond the first ridge of the Alleghanies in Virginia lies a broad valley or series of valleys, running north to the Potomac and bounded on the west by the rough and wild country of the mountain chain. The Shenandoah Valley, or, as it was called, the Valley of Virginia, is a district of extreme beauty, a land of clear streams, wide pastures, and rich grain and orchard land. The fields, separated by post and rail fences, sweep down to the brook and road which run through the valley; villages and market towns, copses and woods, the land prepared for crops and the distant view of blue mountains, combine to give the country that aspect of peace and prosperity which has been so

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vividly described by many of those who marched and counter-marched through it at this time. At the date of the Civil War, no railway traversed the Valley from north to south, but a good highroad—the Valley Tike—ran from the mountains down to Winchester. Here, since Bull Run, General T. J. Jackson had been in command of the Confederate forces.

This officer, who sprang into eminence during the spring of 1862 and remaining in the public eye till his death a little more than a year later, captured the imagination of his countrymen and others more thoroughly than any other leader of the war. As a general Stonewall Jackson must be placed below his great chief and perhaps also below General Johnston on the Confederate side and General Sherman on the side of the Union.¹ As a man, also, he cannot compare with Robert Lee in all those qualities that go to produce a perfect balance in heart and mind. The two men were, indeed, close friends during the short time they were associated upon earth, and each thought the life of the other more important than his own to the cause which both held so dear, but while Robert Lee

¹ Such comparisons are of little value, especially as the conditions under which these commanders worked were so unequal. I have mentioned Sherman on the Union side not because I consider him superior to Grant, but because his sphere of command was similar to Jackson's.

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attracts all who read of him by the peculiarly exquisite poise of his mind, and the warmth and sincerity of his nature, Jackson's charm—if charm it can be called—lies in the fiery originality of his character. Though he was a leader in the party which has often been called that of the Cavaliers, he himself has been compared, not inaptly, to the Parliamentary generals of the English Civil War. He stands apart alike from the materialistic views and keen alertness of the best Northern leaders, and from the proud traditions and frank geniality of his colleagues in the Army of Northern Virginia. Sprung from a home beyond the mountains in Virginia, and alien in descent and religion from the First Families of his State, an Ulster Calvinist who joined an up-to-date professional knowledge to a view of life recalling that of the Puritans "or Covenanters, he brought into the careless armies of the South an element of fanaticism. To him, as to many of Cromwell's generals, the words of the psalm might have been applied in their most literal sense. The high praises of God were in his mouth and a two-edged sword was ever in his hand to purge his country of those who had crossed her borders.

On almost all points he was stiff and narrow in the extreme. His rigid arms, his unseeing gaze, his hand perpetually jerked heavenward, were the outward index of an obstinacy of will which could punish an officer for using the fence-rails of his own

land for fuel when once the order had been issued that the farmers' fences were not to be touched. The most innocent form of profanity was requited with his severe displeasure; whatever he was pleased to consider conduct in the least degree insubordinate was visited—often mistakenly and unjustly—with immediate and enduring punishment; for a word a colonel was compelled to march swordless behind his regiment. His grotesquely large feet, his one uniform which grew more and more threadbare, the lemons which he sucked to counteract some supposed disorder—all these early became the talk of his command. Some other traits affected their lives more seriously. His men were marched through every kind of country and weather till they acquired the name of the Foot Cavalry; they were marched farther than they or their officers thought they were capable of marching; they knew neither where they were going nor why they were going, for Jackson's plans and destinations were concealed even from his staff and generals of division, who had often no orders to bear to the exhausted and bewildered colonels of their regiments other than the message, 'General Jackson says, "Press forward"'.*

¹ On the morrow of Bull Run, when the result was unknown to the public, his pastor at Lexington was delighted to receive a letter from the general. It contained his vestry subscription, and nothing more.

Like Lee, Jackson was deeply religious, of stainless purity, and incapable of a dishonourable or knowingly cruel act, but his religion was tinged with a fanaticism which often identified his own views and successes with those of the Almighty, and he lacked the humanity of his chief, who could not view even the most victorious field without a keen sense of sorrow. Yet if Jackson could at times be hard and inflexible he was all tenderness to his wife, and the story of his stopping an army on the march in order that a countrywoman might find her son and give him a pair of socks and a chicken is only one of many such. Though he was not yet forty years old, confidence in himself or in the divine guidance was so strong in him that from his earliest days as a brigadier he demanded the most exquisite trust and obedience from his officers; that the trust was not misplaced is amply shown by the record of his brilliant eighteen months of command, which has established him securely among the memorable captains in the world's history. Military writers are unanimous in assigning to him all the excellences of an executive officer ; it is not so clear that he would have shown to such advantage as commander-in-chief, for here his personal defects might have told against him, but expert examination of his military career has discovered scarcely a single fault of design or execution in his command in the Valley and under Lee. He realized to the full that battles are won by the

troops who can march distances that seem impossible to their opponents, and who can develop in attack the full force of their numbers, and his passionate zeal and iron determination developed in his men a daring and a speed of movement, a relentless pressing of attack and pursuit with every ounce of force employed, that are hard to parallel in the annals of modern warfare.

During the winter of 1861-2 Jackson had done much to make the Stonewall Brigade the marvellous fighting force of later battles, but some long and unsuccessful marches and a heavy action against odds^x were all that the world had heard of the Valley soldiers. When McClellan began to threaten Richmond in the spring of 1862 Jackson received instructions to create such diversion as was possible and then join Johnston before the Confederate capital. Southern leaders had been quick to see the weak points of McClellan's strategy. The movement of the Union troops to Fort Monroe did indeed ensure that their communications would be unmolested, but it deprived the Federal capital of their services in defence if a determined invasion of the North were made. Militarily speaking, Washington, a small city, was of no importance whatever, but Lincoln realized that the spectacle of the country's government in flight, accompanied by the representatives of the great Powers, would

¹ At Kernstown near Winchester.

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have the worst effect on public feeling. We are now in a position to know, as Davis and Lee knew at the time, that the Confederates had no men to spare for such an invasion while McClelland huge army was still untouched, but Lincoln, who had only McClellan's grotesque estimates of the Confederate strength to act upon, and who distrusted his general's ability to act speedily in an emergency, was apprehensive, when the Army of the Potomac had departed from before the capital, lest a dash should be made from Northern Virginia or the Shenandoah Valley upon Washington, and had from the beginning demanded that an ample covering force should be left. It was Jackson's task to play upon these fears of Lincoln, and he did so by planning and executing the celebrated Valley campaign, which has been thought worthy of comparison with the first Italian campaign of Napoleon.

The history of his movements in the Shenandoah Valley during April and May has often been written, and a study of its detail is necessary to any one who would appraise Jackson's genius. In brief, its results may be summed up by saying that when McClellan, at the beginning of April, was on the way to Richmond he could hope to bring to bear upon Johnston some 180,000 effectives. When, three months later, he lay before the city he had only 100,000. No less than 70,000 had by that time been prevented from joining him or had been

detached from his army to surround Jackson or to defend the capital from an attack which was supposed to be imminent. Jackson's own force never exceeded 16,000 and he had won no single crushing victory, but his use of cavalry, which formed an impenetrable screen to his army and allowed no information to pass to the enemy, and the speed of his forced marches—his men marched some 550 miles in 68 days—enabled him to create the impression that his forces were vast, and to take at a disadvantage each separate commander dispatched by Washington to trap him. Such was his skill in executing swift movements that although he was almost invariably outnumbered strategically, even by his immediate opponent, tactically, that is to say, in numbers actually engaged, he almost always secured the superiority.

At first the only feeling in official circles at Washington was a certain surprise, and each commander in turn telegraphed to head-quarters prophesying his early success in putting an end to Jackson's activities; but as each defeated general, owing to the inefficiency of his own intelligence corps and to a very natural unwillingness to underestimate the strength of his conqueror, credited Jackson with numbers far beyond those which he actually possessed, Lincoln began to believe that some great movement was contemplated by the Confederacy. The enemy's ignorance of Jackson's

intentions was, in fact, profound ; it was as if a deep mist covered the Valley. A Federal officer would be feeling his way forward against the vedettes of Ashby's horse, under the impression that the Stonewall Brigade was within striking distance, while in reality it was defeating a colleague out of the sound of cannon ; another would be at ease in the quiet spring sunshine, with Jackson last heard of fifty miles away—to be awakened by the crash of musketry in the woods and the rebel yell along his picket line. At times the Federal forces in pursuit were within a few miles of his retreating columns, unaware ; once, he escaped between two armies closing on him by repulsing them on successive days before they could unite.¹ Fortune favoured him more than once in the Valley, but it is impossible to read the account of those days without feeling that daring and resolution, not fortune, were responsible for his success. Finally, when his work was done and his brigade was needed elsewhere, he passed silently from the Valley and was in touch with the Army of Northern Virginia while his enemies were still groping their way in pursuit of him beyond the mountains.

¹ At Port Republic.

V

THE SEVEN DAYS AND SECOND MANASSAS

WHILE Jackson was thus rising to the height of his opportunity, McClellan's Army of the Potomac, which, if properly employed, would have been a far more effective safeguard to Washington than the troops recalled to screen the city, was laboriously fortifying the position before Richmond. * It would seem that McClellan had a rooted dislike to fighting unless the chances were overwhelmingly in favour of a victory ; in his military career he rarely made any move for the sake of creating opportunities and he never realized the value either of speed or of gaining and retaining the offensive. Nevertheless, to all except such gloomy prophets as himself it seemed that Richmond was doomed. The Army of the Potomac, reduced as it had been by the Valley campaign, still outnumbered any forces that the Confederates could, and in fact did, send against it. His lines were advanced to within a few miles of his goal; his men could see the spires of the city and hear the sound of her church bells; we are told that they could even mark the chiming of the city clocks and distinguish by night the rolling of the trains that brought in supplies and reinforcements,

while the glare of his widespread camp-fires in the night sky impressed the Confederates with his great strength. Yet from day to day he delayed to move. Richmond's day of doom was not yet to dawn.

Within the city the routine of government went forward amid tense expectancy. Many civilians had already left for the south; the government archives had been removed, and the south-bound trains were full of private treasures; President Davis, it is said, fearing the worst, caused the sacraments of baptism and confirmation to be administered to him. Receptions were held in the summer evenings, attended for an hour or so by Lee and his brigadiers, and balls were given, of which the morrow might well be that of the Duchess of Richmond's. All through the city the empty hospitals waited for the throng of wounded who would come when McClellan struck. The North expected daily—and the President with them—to hear that Richmond had fallen. Yet from day to day McClellan delayed to strike, and a great adversary was profiting by his delay.

A chance shot in the battle of Seven Pines had wounded Johnston, and Davis, in a fortunate hour for the Confederacy, had put in command of the army, not the ranking brigadier, but his own adviser at Richmond, Robert Lee. It was Lee who had encouraged Jackson in the later stages of the

Valley campaign,¹ and throughout the month of June he was acquiring a knowledge of McClellan's strength and dispositions. One of the cavalry reconnaissances for this purpose deserves notice, as being one of the most daring episodes of the war and as contributing not a little to unsettle the confidence of the Army of the Potomac. The Confederate horse was at this time unquestionably superior to the Federal, and Stuart, Lee's cavalry chief, had received instructions to reconnoitre upon McClellan's right flank, to the north of Richmond. This he did, and having beaten up the Federal quarters to the rear of their lines, decided to escape the forces that were concentrating on his line of retreat by continuing his raid so as to pass completely round the Army of the Potomac. The plan was successfully carried out; his troopers, all picked men splendidly mounted and trusting their leader implicitly, rode swiftly round the rear of McClellan's lines, almost within sound of his bugles, cutting the railway which brought his supplies and securing a quantity of prisoners and booty. They captured almost without resistance such patrols and wandering units as they met, and, keeping well ahead of their

¹ General Maurice, in his work on Lee (p. 97), seems to me to stress Lee's share in the Valley campaign somewhat unduly, and he adduces no evidence beyond a few letters couched in the most general terms. Lee saw the possibilities, but the design was Jackson's.

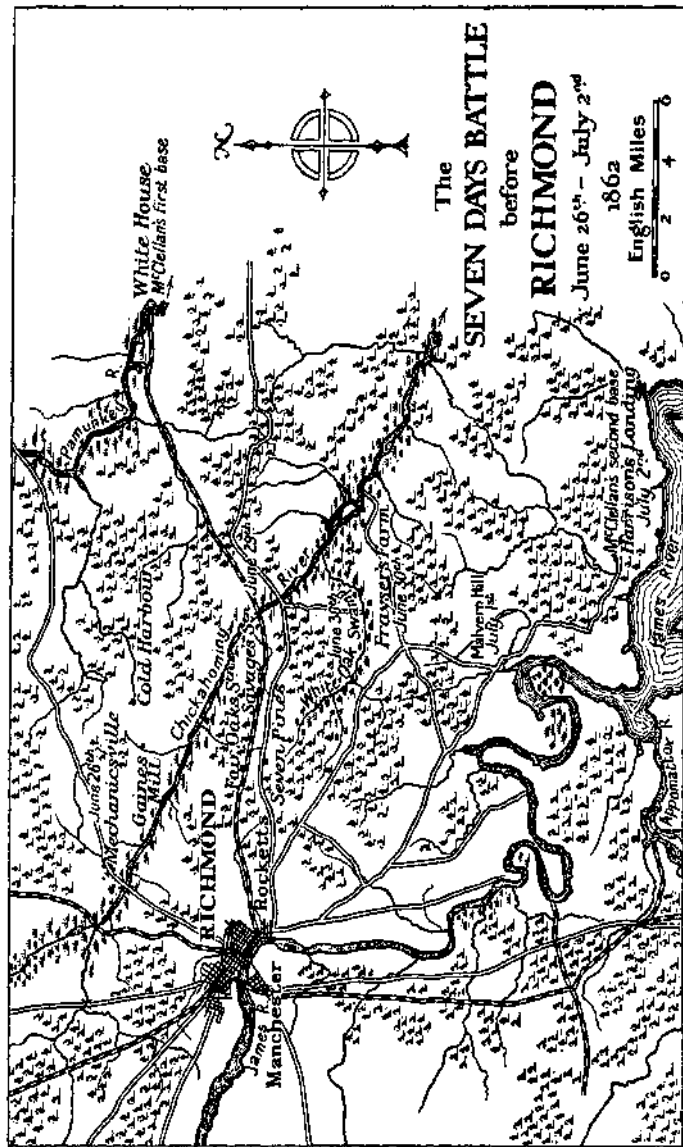
pursuers, reached Lee's lines from the south after forty-eight hours in the saddle, having lost but one man out of the thousand and more engaged in the enterprise.

The information brought by Stuart helped Lee to decide on his plan of attack. Jackson had now accomplished all that could have been expected of him, and every man was needed before Richmond. A council was held which Jackson attended, leaving the Valley secretly and riding night and day through Virginia. Since McClellan's position immediately before the city was unassailable, Lee had it in his mind to turn the Federal right flank, which was separated from the centre by the Chickahominy River. Jackson was to bring his division from the Valley and connect with Lee's left on the field of battle, thus striking the Federals unexpectedly with troops whose reputation had already been made. It was a daring and difficult plan, and in the end it was only partially successful. When asked how soon he could place his command on the spot, Jackson named a day which seemed to Longstreet and others impossibly early. Speed was essential, for the success of the plan depended on the surprise of McClellan's lines by the Valley troops. In the event Jackson was late. His troops left the Valley in good time, bound they knew not whither, but the roads were bad, the air of the lowlands sultry, and bridges had been broken by the Federals.

General A. P. Hill, after waiting in vain for Jackson's arrival, judged it necessary to begin the battle and was heavily repulsed ; the Confederate staff work was bad and there was a lack of liaison officers ; Jackson probably (for accounts differ) mistook the noise of Hill's battle and did not march to the sound of the cannon ; it has even been suggested that he was absorbed in prayer. But when at last he did come into action the movement was successful. For seven days the battle raged before Richmond; the watchers who stood on the high ground before the State Capitol could see the smoke-clouds gradually vanishing into the distance and speculate on the fortunes of the battle from the sound of the artillery, while the trains of ambulances pouring into the city showed only too clearly the cost of victory. The fighting, which began to the north at Mechanicsville, swept through the swamps and tangled undergrowth of the Chickahominy to Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill, thence across the river to Seven Pines, White Oak Swamp, Frayser's Farm, and Malvern Hill. When once Lee's attack had developed and retreat had been decided upon McClellan showed himself a skilful commander, though his dispatches to Washington conveyed the impression that the writer was on the brink of eternity and that he and the army had been sacrificed by civilian officials. His corps commanders, especially General Porter, fought well, and the men in

almost every instance displayed the greatest bravery. The Federal base was successfully transferred to the James River when Lee's attack had cut the existing communications with White House, and in the maze of badly mapped marshes and undergrowth, rendered more obscure by the shifting fog of war, the Confederate armies failed to co-operate again and again. McClellan's right wing succeeded in crossing the Chickahominy without being destroyed, the final Confederate attack on the strong position of Malvern Hill was a costly failure, and the Army of the Potomac safely reached an impregnable position on the James River. But though the Federal army was not broken as Lee had hoped to break it, and though the Confederate losses had been the greater, Lee's strategic victory was complete ; the pressure on Richmond was released and there was clearly nothing more to be feared from McClellan in the Peninsula. Southern hopes, which had sunk so low during the last six months, now rose higher than ever before, and disappointment in the North was correspondingly keen.

The Seven Days Battle before Richmond is more than an isolated event in the war, for it gave to the Confederacy a great general and a great army. The army which fought as a body for the first time in the swamps of the Chickahominy was destined to become famous as the Army of Northern Virginia, ⁱ that body of incomparable infantry', as it has



The SEVEN DAYS BATTLE before

RICHMOND

June 26th - July 2nd

1862

English Miles

0 2 4 6

been called, of which an historian has said, with very little exaggeration, that for three years 'it carried the rebellion on its bayonets \ The general who was advanced to the supreme command after the battle of Seven Pines, and who remained at the head of his army so long as it had corporate existence, might well be taken as an embodiment of all that was best in the Southern States.

Robert Edward Lee has won the admiration and affection of every one who has written or read the history of the American Civil War. Far apart as the men are in habits of thought and gifts of mind, there is yet something of the peculiar charm of Sir Thomas More in Lee's gentleness, in his imperturbable good humour, and above all in the fortitude with which he met every manner of disaster. Lee's character was of a type rare in public life, but perhaps not so rare in private persons, so disciplined and with its values so certain that while he could afford to take the utmost interest in every affair of his life, the eye of his mind was fixed on God, and all else, at the last resort, was shadow. No thinking observer could enter his presence at head-quarters without feeling that he was in the presence of some one far greater and far nobler than himself. It was indeed worth following Lee to the death, if need be. He is undoubtedly the hero of the Southern cause as Lincoln is of the Northern, and it is perhaps significant of the nature of the struggle that the

Northerner should be a man following an idea, creating it, however imperfectly, in others, and lifting them with him to a higher realization of their destinies, while the Southerner, largely out of sympathy with such ideas as were current among his own people, gave his genius, his energies, the result of a life's study, to the service, in his own sphere of duty, of that cause which the State of his ancestors had espoused. Perhaps it is also typical that the one found his way through the problems of his time with no training and no share in the wealth of the ages, but brought something new into the life of nations, while the other, inheriting the traditions and education of the Old World, gave nothing to be of help to his countrymen in solving their problems save that final solution of all problems, the example of a perfect life.

Lee was descended from a branch of the old English family of Lee, whose head was the Earl of Lichfield, and to which Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley belonged.¹ He himself was a son of Light Horse Harry Lee, the most able cavalry officer in the Revolutionary armies, and thus became a general of the Confederate States Army almost ninety years after his father had attained field rank in the

¹ My authority for this statement is Lee Guide's *Life of General Lee* (his uncle), but other writers deny that the Lees of Virginia were descended from the Lees of Ditchley and I am told that the present Lord Dillon of Ditchley denies the connexion.

army of Washington. He was connected by birth and marriage with the first families of his State, with the family of Custis and with the family of Washington. His country seat of Arlington, inherited through his wife, and overlooking the wide Virginian woods and the waters of the Potomac, was only a few miles distant from the Federal capital which took its name from the illustrious friend of Robert Lee's father. Taught as a child to ride and to shoot, he had not forgotten the proud Virginian tradition of State service, and he gave his manhood to the Federal army, in Mexico, in garrison service against the Indians, and latterly as superintendent of the West Point military academy. He was opposed to slavery and doubted the wisdom of secession, but when the crisis came he felt that the claim of his State was greater than that of the United States government. When war seemed certain he was summoned to the presence of General Scott, who offered him the command of the United States army about to invade Virginia. Lee refused and resigned his commission, and left Arlington to be seized by the enemies of the South, never again to be the home of the Lees. He accepted a commission in the Confederate army, and for a time was engaged in minor operations in West Virginia; then Davis summoned him to Richmond, where he remained at the right hand of the President till Johnston was wounded.

When he gave his sword to the service of his State, he gave it with a resolve that he would give no more. There is little that is inspiring in the political ideals of Davis's government, or in the conduct of the administration at this time, and those who love Lee can be glad that he was never drawn into the stream of politics. For more than three years President Davis could command the unhesitating service of the greatest soldier of his day, and though at almost any period within those three years his resignation would have brought the house about the ears of the administration at Richmond, his strategy was perpetually thwarted by Davis, who on more than one occasion hastened the fall of the Confederacy by quarrelling with its able soldiers. With Robert Lee no man could quarrel, and he was determined that no personal motives should ever draw him into a political struggle.

Reserved as Lee seemed in the early months of the war to those who did not know him well, his men and the country at large soon conceived a deep affection for him—an affection which was deepest in those who, like his staff, were in the closest personal touch with him, or who had followed him to a succession of victorious fields. He was known to the army as Marse Robert or Uncle Robert, and his appearance in any part of the lines was greeted by a wild burst of cheering. In his early manhood he had been judged the handsomest man in the United

States army, and years had given to his features an extraordinary nobility and dignity. His appearance, as it is described by so many in the narratives of the war, stays before the mind's eye—the grey figure of the general erect in the saddle on his favourite horse Traveller, the gauntleted hands resting on the pommel, the eyes shaded by a broad felt hat and fixed on the battle, the lines of his face growing deeper as the sun of the Confederacy darkened towards its setting.

Lee had the good fortune to be surrounded by a group of able officers, many of whom would have been worthy of a Marshal's baton in the armies of Napoleon. Second only to Jackson in ability must be named General J. E. B. Stuart, Lee's cavalry leader of twenty-nine, the most picturesque figure of the war. Young and handsome, with a charm in his eyes that survives for us even in the poor photographs of the day, vigilant and speedy, high-spirited and deeply religious, he combined as few have done the wisdom and audacity needed in his arm of the service. He clearly grasped the true functions of cavalry in such a war—to screen the movements of the army and to bring intelligence to its chiefs, and, save for a few mistakes committed through his love of daring, he discharged these duties faithfully to the end. Galloping his black charger through the forests, waving his broad plumed hat in his hand and singing—to his foe to come to meet him, to

his friends to join the cavalry, and to his God to aid his arms—he is the most gallant of that gallant band of Virginian gentlemen who gave their lives for the South.

Other and lesser names become familiar to those who follow the records of the campaigns—Longstreet, the 'old war-horse' as Lee called him, an able general and best of fighters, but incurably slow on the march ; Ewell, ' dear Dick Ewell ' with his quaint medical beliefs and his profanity, sore trial to Jackson ; the two Hills, D. H. the brother-in-law of Jackson, and A. P. in his red battle-shirt ; the fiery Jubal Early ; the knot of young Lees, in the saddle with Stuart—all these and many more worthy to rank with them surrounded Lee in the field, as their statues to-day surround the great equestrian statue of Lee at Richmond, a lasting memorial to that city of the noble group of men who defended her so long and so valiantly.

The Seven Days battle had been fought on the last days of June and the first of July. When Lee was satisfied that McClellan would cause no more trouble in the Peninsula and that his position there could not be profitably assaulted, he detached Jackson to meet the Federal General Pope, who was moving towards Richmond with the troops which had been withheld by Lincoln for defending Washington and for trapping Jackson in the Valley. Pope had come to Washington from a western

command, and was by no means the most incompetent of the generals who were sent against Lee, but from the moment of taking over his Virginian army he had assumed a tone of boastful assurance in all orders and dispatches which even in the North came to be known as Pope's 'Ercles vein .' His soldiers, he said, had been accustomed to see the backs of their enemies, and he exhorted his new command to study the probable line of retreat of their opponents, and to leave their own to take care of itself.

Jackson advanced north, and came into contact with a division of the Federal army at Cedar Mountain on August 9th, and succeeded in forcing the enemy back, though only after he had restored the fortunes of the day by rallying his troops in person. Not till he was joined by Lee, freed from the necessity of defending Richmond by the embarkation of McClellan, was there any serious fighting. Pope had advanced far into Virginia when Lee came into touch with his outposts, and the excellence of the Confederate cavalry once more prevented the Federal commander from being aware of his enemy's whereabouts. A series of accidents prevented Lee from developing his attack while Pope was off his guard. Once warned, Pope wisely permitted the enemy to see the backs of his soldiers, and when he halted, he was in an unassailable position behind the Rappahannock River. His

army outnumbered Lee's—he had some 70,000 against the Confederate 50,000—and he might at any moment receive reinforcements from McClellan or Washington which would raise his numbers to 100,000 and more. He seems to have thought that a few days' inaction in a strong position before an enemy of inferior strength could have no ill effects ; he had to learn how dangerous it was to leave the initiative to Lee. Under the imperative necessity of action before Pope's army should be reinforced by McClellan's, Lee resolved on an extremely daring plan of campaign, which, as he himself admitted, would have been indefensible had not the disparity in numbers between the combatants been so great and so unalterable. At a council of war, the details of which have never been divulged, he decided to divide his small army in the face of the enemy ; Jackson was to execute a flank march through the mountains which should place him astride Pope's communications; when Pope turned, as Lee knew he would turn, to deal with Jackson, Lee and Longstreet would follow Jackson's line of march and join him on the field of battle. Military critics consider such a manoeuvre the most daring in conception and difficult in execution of any that a commander can undertake. For three or four days Lee's army would be divided by more than a day's march, and if Pope divined the plan he could easily overwhelm either division. The

slightest mistake on Jackson's part might bring disaster. But Lee could not afford to wait; he knew Pope, and he knew Jackson. Bound they knew not whither, screened by Stuart's horse and animated by a sense that they were taking part in a momentous enterprise, Jackson's division made fifty-six miles in two days through the August sunshine, and when at last they reached a summit from which they could see the line of road and railway that connected Pope with Washington they found it undefended—left to take care of itself, as Pope had proclaimed that it would be. For a day Jackson's starving and ragged troops looted the magazines at Manassas Junction, where the supplies were stored which the rich North could lavish on her armies; then Pope was upon them, and Jackson was faced with the difficult task of holding the Federal army till Lee arrived to succour him. At this point Pope's movements displayed the indecision which Lee, no doubt, had counted upon. His divisions, marching in a new direction, became entangled with their own baggage trains, and a difference of opinion, never satisfactorily explained, occurred between Pope and one of his divisional commanders. The Federal army blundered past Jackson near Manassas without being aware of his presence, and when the two armies came into collision it was on a field of the Confederate's choosing. By a strange chance, due to no military

value in the district, the battle was fought over the well-wooded, undulating country which had seen the first Federal defeat a year before. The Confederate line was about a mile distant from the line of the Stonewall Brigade at the first battle of Bull Run, and at right angles to it. The infantry were in a strong position, protected along the whole length of their line by the high embankments and deep cuttings of an unfinished railway which ran partly through woods, partly on the edge of a long slope. The fighting lasted three days; on the evening of the first Jackson was joined by Lee, and the second was spent in repelling the Federal attacks, which arrived disjointedly, but were stubbornly pressed home. Late in the afternoon of the third day Lee launched his counter-attack with no indecision, and Pope's army melted before it. It would seem that the general was more demoralized than the military situation fully warranted, but the defeat was crushing, and Pope sought shelter under the heavy guns of the Washington forts. Pursuit was rendered impossible by the speed of the retreat and by stormy weather.

VI

SHARPSBURG AND EMANCIPATION

THE fortunes of the Confederacy were now at the flood. The hopes of immediate success for the Northern arms, which in April had seemed so great, had now vanished altogether, and men were now asking, not when the war would be ended, but whether there were any hope at all of final success. The political opponents of the President were taking heart, and suggestions were freely made that the Union was not worth preserving at so dear a price. Lincoln's agony during these long months of ill-success was profound. We read of him sitting in the telegraph office at Washington while the first reports presaging defeat were coming through on the wires, or reading Napoleon's commentaries far into the night. He had no general whom he could trust to make headway against Lee ; Pope had been relieved of his command after Bull Run, and McClellan, now back at Washington with the Army of the Potomac, had already shown that he was no match for his opponent. Jefferson Davis, on the other hand, had seen the fighting pass from before Richmond to the banks of the Potomac, and now at last he agreed to Lee's demand that the war should be carried into the enemy's country.

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It had long been an axiom with Southern politicians that they were fighting a merely defensive war; now at last Lee and Jackson convinced them that a few disasters would not bring the North to terms, and that the South, with her small population, could not stand against the forces that Lincoln would ultimately send against her. The only hope was to press victory home and obtain decisive military success within striking distance of the Northern cities. With this end in view Lee marched down the Valley of the Shenandoah at the beginning of September and crossed the Potomac. The Confederacy was going north.

The army which followed Lee in his first invasion of the North was now at the height of its fame, but those who would picture it as it was must remember the unprecedented conditions in the Southern States during the war. The Army of Northern Virginia was no carefully drilled and equipped body as were the professional armies of Europe, or our own army during even the most disastrous days of the Great War. Many of the soldiers lacked boots and socks, coats and blankets; their clothes were in rags and filthy, alive with vermin; there was nothing clean about them save the barrel of their rifle. They were seldom properly fed and often lived for days on ears of grain plucked on the march or a few green apples taken from a wayside orchard. The field hospitals were short of drugs, almost

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entirely without anaesthetics, and with blunted surgical instruments which could not be replaced. The artillery possessed few rifled guns and was constantly surpassed in weight of metal, range, and accuracy of fire. Such were the conditions in which Lee and Jackson succeeded in achieving victory.

The invasion of Maryland had a political as well as a military object. Maryland was a slave State, linked by every tie of situation and sentiment with the South, and it was hoped that the appearance on her soil of the victorious Southern army would at least secure many recruits for the cause, even if it did not bring about the secession of the State.

' The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland !'

sang Lee's troops as they forded the Potomac,

⁴ She breathes! she burns! she'll come, she'll come !'

But Maryland did not come. The State which had once refused to allow the passage of Northern troops through Baltimore had seen eighteen months of war. She had seen displayed the power of the North and something of Lincoln's greatness; she now saw the poverty of the Confederacy ; she remained still.

Meanwhile, with McClellan guarding Washington, Lee developed his plans. Harper's Ferry, the United States arsenal in Virginia which had been the scene of John Brown's last exploit, and which Lee had expected that McClellan would relinquish,

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had received orders from Halleck¹ at Washington to hold out at all costs. Lee was thus forced either to check his invasion while he invested Harper's Ferry, or to divide his small army in the middle of his campaign. Once more he chose the more daring course ; the army was divided, and Jackson was left to secure the surrender of the arsenal, while Lee trusted in McClellan's slowness and the efficiency of Stuart's cavalry to prevent the Federals from discovering his plans. All would doubtless have been well but for an extraordinary accident. A copy of Lee's confidential order to his divisional commanders, explaining the division of the army and the destination of each unit, was lost owing to a piece of gross carelessness which has never been explained, to be found by a Federal private wrapped round some cigars in a billet lately vacated by the Confederates, and immediately borne to McClellan. Had he marched at once upon either part of the divided army disaster must have overtaken Lee, but he delayed, and Lee, warned of his advance, was able to secure the junction of his armies, though in a position where he would never have chosen to fight had he been free to plan the campaign. Longstreet, indeed, was for retreat to Virginia, for Lee had only some 41,000 against McClellan's 87,000, but retreat would have forfeited all the moral value of the invasion, and Lee realized that now

¹ The nominal Commander-in-Chief.

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or never was the chance for a decisive Confederate victory.¹ If McClellan's army could be demoralized on the soil of Maryland, north of Washington, there was a hope that the North would give up the struggle. Antietam was, in fact, as much as any battle—quite as much as Gettysburg—the morally decisive engagement of the war.

Lee's army, when first set in line of battle against McClellan, was drawn up behind the Antietam creek where it falls into the Potomac on the Maryland side of the river above Harper's Ferry. His right rested on the river, his centre was at the little village of Sharpsburg, and his left was on the high ground above the Potomac, where the river bends back to the north. Thus despite the strength of the position, it had the grave defect of giving little hope of advance for a victorious, or retreat for a worsted army, and during the progress of the battle engineers were examining the bed of the river for suitable places for fords in case the worst should happen. McClellan was slow, as always, and neglected a chance, on the first day of contact with Lee, of overwhelming his force before his divisions were assembled. On the following day, September 17th,

¹ General Maurice considers Lee's decision to fight at Antietam a blunder. His authority is great, and it would be interesting to learn his reasons for such an opinion in greater detail. To me it seems that the political arguments against a retreat, however successful, were very strong.

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he attacked in full force, hurling division after division piecemeal at Lee's left flank, where the white Dunkard church on the Hagerstown turnpike marked the centre of Jackson's position. The Confederate artillery was hopelessly outfought, but the Southern soldiers, fighting behind fences, down lanes, and among copses, held their ground, though at fearful loss. Later in the day the attack fell upon Lee's centre and right. The slaughter was enormous, and the Bloody Lane of Sharpsburg, where D. H. Hill's troops were posted, earned a place in the annals of the war which it was to share with the Peach Orchard of Gettysburg and the Bloody Angle of Spottsylvania. In the afternoon a determined advance by Burnside's division was only checked by A. P. Hill's division coming into battle after a march of seventeen miles. The Confederate counter-strokes were costly, but Lee's handling of his troops was masterly; the Confederate line remained firm and neither Jackson nor Longstreet gave up hope of a decisive victory till the afternoon. By evening Lee had lost no less than a quarter of his effectives in dead and wounded, and when the night, desired by general and soldier alike on either side of the Antietam, fell over the battlefield, and the thunder of the firing ceased, the space between the two armies in the darkness was full of sound, the groaning and tossing of the thousands of wounded lying thick upon the fields. When his generals

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reported to Lee as he sat his horse late at night, they were unanimous for retreat; even Jackson shared the prevailing depression. He had never before, he said, had to fight such odds. Lee alone was unshaken. 'Gentlemen/ he said, rising in his stirrups, 'we will not retreat.'¹ All next day he offered battle to McClellan, and the Federals, awed by their own terrible losses, made no move. Only on the third day, when he learnt that McClellan was being reinforced and that his own artillery was outclassed, did Lee order a retreat across the Potomac. The movement was unmolested and McClellan made no determined effort at pursuit. Both armies had, in fact, been fought to a standstill.

As a move in the military game, the day of Sharpsburg had been a tactical success to Lee, but the campaign as a whole was indecisive where indecision was fatal to the South. The sombre battle of Antietam has, however, a significance in American history greater than its military importance alone would warrant. Since the beginning of the war Lincoln had been harassed by an influential section of public opinion, largely in New England, and by indiscreet generals such as Frémont and Butler, to make some clear move against slavery. Though he was opposed to the

¹ It is worth noting with Gen. Maurice (p. 162) that during the campaign of Sharpsburg one of Lee's arms was broken, the other: useless, owing to an accident.

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institution as deeply as any contributor to the *Liberator* he had always maintained that opposition should be constitutional, and that he was not making war against slavery but against secession. In the first year of the war he had to revoke several military proclamations emancipating slaves, and in this very summer of 1862 he had defined his position to those who accused him of favouring slavery. He would, he said, be willing to free all slaves, or some slaves, or no slaves, if so the Union could be saved. He was above all resolved to do nothing that might seem to be aimed against the rights of the Southern people. 'I shall do nothing in malice ;' he wrote, 'what I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing.'

The immediate occasion of his change of policy was a question of military expediency. The occupation of much Confederate territory brought many thousands of negroes, both inhabitants and fugitives, within the Northern lines. As private property of Southern citizens they could not be removed or put to any extensive use by Northern commanders. Lincoln decided that their value to the South and North from a military and economic point of view justified his emancipating them, just as he might declare all Southern horses or sheep liable to confiscation. As far as words went, his proclamation was no more than such a declaration. In fact, the declaring of all Southern slaves to be emancipated was far more, and Lincoln was perfectly aware that

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it was far more. The Proclamation of Emancipation, if allowed to stand, would for ever abolish the institution of slavery in the Southern States from the point of view of the Federal government. Its immediate effect, as Lincoln realized, might be small. As long as the Confederacy stood, Lincoln's proclamation would be little more than ' the Pope's Bull to the comet .' But when once a vanquished or repentant Southern State sought readmission to the Union, she would do so with no slaves within her borders.

The objections to the step were obvious. It would crystallize the political opposition to the President in the North, and would seem to stultify many of his own conciliatory declarations of the past. It would close the door against any hope of compromise with the seceded States, and thus deprive Lincoln or his successors of all means of ending the war without complete defeat or complete victory. The right of the President to make any declaration of such tremendous constitutional consequence was certain to be questioned if the administration fell upon bad days. Its immediate military value would bear little proportion to the vast issues raised. But Lincoln, with his wider vision, had seen that no compromise with the South was any longer to be hoped for; that the North was, in effect, fighting the battle of freedom, and the time had come for the motto of freedom to be inscribed on

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her battle-flags, for the raising of her own ideals and for a testimony to the rest of the world; that the moment had come for a statesman to show creative wisdom without too nice a thought for the letter of the constitution. Lincoln deserves his proud title of Liberator, for it was he, and he alone, who took that decisive step which did in fact give freedom to the millions of negro slaves in the Southern States. He deserves a high place among the statesmen of his own and every other country because he alone had the vision to see and the resolution to accomplish, at the risk of his own political downfall, a design which was of the greatest benefit to his country and to the cause of humanity all over the world. He realized that the war which could not have been justly declared against slavery, was in reality so due to the existence of slavery that it would be the greatest of tragedies if slavery survived it, and he took the responsibility of profiting by the abnormal conditions to cut the Gordian knot which previous generations of lesser men had tried in vain to unravel, and in which generations to come would have found a task well-nigh beyond their powers.

The actual promulgation of his decision was long deferred. When Lincoln had first declared his intention of emancipating Southern slaves, Seward, his Secretary of State, had convinced him that the disastrous period of McClelland retreat from the

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Peninsula was no time for such a step, and he was so conscious of the gravity of his action that he postponed for a long time the final decision. Finally, as he himself has told us, harassed by doubt in the dark days after the second battle of Manassas, and trusting that God would give light to him in whose hand He had placed the responsibility of a decision, he resolved to take as a sign for action any military success that should drive Lee back across the Potomac. In answer to his prayer, as it seemed, came the news of Antietam. Without waiting for the issue of the campaign, he took the final step. It is always hard, even for those who believe most firmly in a divine guidance of the universe, to satisfy themselves or others that any single event can be taken as the act of God overriding for an instant the operation of those secondary causes—the abilities and powers of individuals or peoples—who may themselves be supposed to be working out His designs. As Lincoln himself wrote, 'He could have saved the Union without a human contest. He could give the final victory to either side any day. Yet the contest proceeds.' Nevertheless, for those who have any belief in the purposive guidance of the world, who realize the magnitude of Lincoln's decision, who see him as the leader of a great people asking for a sign from the Lord of Hosts, and who then read the remarkable story of the campaign of Sharpsburg, it is hard to dismiss the conviction that

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a hand mightier than Lee's was shaping the march of events and watching over the carnage of those fateful September days.

The scene at the Cabinet meeting when the President announced his decision has often been described. Lincoln, after reading the latest paper of Artemus Ward to his ministers, restive or amused, declared that his mind was made up and that he was about to issue a proclamation freeing all those who were held to slavery in rebel territory on the 1st of January following. He asked of his advisers no more than that they should suggest any alterations of detail in the wording of the document. He also told them of his vow to issue the proclamation after military success had crowned Northern arms. They made a few suggestions, and the document was issued. It may well have been the most decisive event in American history since the Declaration of Independence.

For the moment, the Proclamation had little effect. Indeed, all that it accomplished in the North, to outward seeming, was to give the Democratic party a tangible reason for opposing Lincoln's administration, and had he failed to secure re-election in 1864 it would have been largely due to this momentous decision. To the South it came as a confirmation of their worst fears, and gave some ground for the cry that Lincoln was striving to stir up a servile insurrection, though indeed nothing

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was farther from his thoughts. In the nature of the case, the Proclamation could not but remain inoperative while the South, as a strong man armed, possessed its halls, but it is no small testimony to the slave-holders that even in the terrible days of the spring of 1865 the slaves remained in perfect submission. Its force would tell only on the day when the South negotiated for peace either at Washington or on the field of battle, and there was nothing to prevent any scheme of compensation or gradual political enfranchisement from being adopted. But the step taken after Antietam was morally decisive, though lawyers might doubt its technical legality. No subsequent government of a victorious North would dare to revoke it, and that finest type of Northern volunteer, who looked upon the Virginian woods through the eyes of Walt Whitman, or who carried a volume of Emerson in his haversack, could feel that the war he was fighting was a holy war, and that in a sense far deeper than his comrades were aware of, the spirit of John Brown was more powerful than his bodily presence had been.

Such were the moral and political results of the battle of Sharpsburg. Its military consequences were less striking. McClellan made no serious attempt to pursue Lee, despite Lincoln's pleading, and while the Army of the Potomac lay inactive, Stuart for the second time performed the feat

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of riding completely round it. A large force of Federal cavalry, augmented from each fresh quarter disturbed by the enemy, followed on his track, but by skilful riding and the device of sending false and contradictory reports of his whereabouts to his pursuers from every telegraph station he passed,¹ he was able to return safely to his army. This ride proved the immediate occasion of McClellan's removal from the command of the Army of the Potomac, a post in which his political opposition to the Proclamation of Emancipation was fast rendering him intolerable to the President. He was replaced by Burnside, the ranking corps commander, a brave but entirely undistinguished soldier, whose only campaign against Lee met with a disaster far more complete than any which had as yet resulted from the slowness of McClellan.

¹ It is typical of Stuart that in the course of the raid he got into telegraphic communication with the authorities at Washington and commented unfavourably on the quality of the supplies which had come into his possession.

VII

THE FLOOD TIDE OF THE CONFEDERACY

LEE, in view of his meagre numbers, had withdrawn from Northern Virginia and had gone into winter lines on a range of hills overlooking the town of Fredericksburg and the river Rappahannock, with his army thrown across railway and road leading south to Richmond. If he was to win a decisive success against the Federal army, a position farther south, where his army could have manoeuvred more freely, would probably have been more advisable, but political reasons made the Richmond government unwilling to sacrifice so large a territory to the enemy. His position was naturally strong and works had rendered it impregnable, but the river and its banks, which were the strength of Lee's line, would tell equally in favour of the Federals as soon as a Confederate victory should make an advance possible. Military critics are of opinion that Burnside with his superior numbers could have turned the enemy's line without great difficulty, and might even have forced it in several places, but it was not at one of these places that Burnside undertook, in the depth of winter, to develop a frontal attack.

The battle of Fredericksburg,¹ fought amid snow and mists in the middle of December, was the

¹ For the site of the battle see map, p. 139.

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heaviest defeat that the North had yet suffered. After two days spent in bridge building, under fire from Confederate sharpshooters, Burnside moved to the assault. The enemy's artillery was to a great extent silenced by the Federal guns, but it was idle to suppose that Lee and Jackson, who had defeated Pope and McClellan when all the advantages of ground were with the Federals, would allow themselves to be driven from such a position as that of Fredericksburg. On the extreme right of his line, where some Confederate troops advanced too rashly, Jackson was for a time hard pressed, but in front of Longstreet, where Burnside pressed the assault in the greatest strength, his men, though advancing with the utmost bravery, never succeeded in reaching the long stone wall behind which the Confederate line was posted.¹ Two anecdotes are told of this day which help to illustrate the characters of the Southern commander and his lieutenant. Lee, who directed the fight from the hill which now bears his name, was struck by the majesty of the hard-fought battle. 'It is well that war is so terrible,' he said, 'else we would grow too fond of it.' On the same evening, some members of his staff asked Jackson how it would ever be possible for the South to overcome the North. 'Kill them, sir, kill every man,' answered the general.

¹ The Confederates lost 4,200 men, the Federals 12,700 (Henderson, ii. 501).

After two days' indecision Burnside recrossed the river, and the weakness of the Confederate position appeared, for the strength of the Federal lines on the opposite bank made a counter-attack impossible. Burnside attempted one more manoeuvre, which entailed a march through miles of well-nigh impassable mud, but his men had never trusted him and were on the verge of mutiny. The Army of the Potomac was indeed at the low ebb of its fortunes. The long and unsuccessful war had raised feelings of weariness and distrust which only the personality of McClellan had been able to allay; under Burnside discipline was relaxed to an alarming extent. As many as half the men of some of his corps were absent without leave; many were pursuing their ordinary callings at home; trains bound north were full of soldiers escaping in disguise. To us who know the later history of the war, and who can see clearly all the advantages of the North, it is a little hard to appreciate how hopeless the outlook seemed in the year which followed McClellan's *debacle* in the Peninsula. Lincoln's anxiety was intense and continual. 'If there is any one outside perdition', he once said, 'who suffers more than I do, I am sorry for him.' He had seen no less than four great armies of invasion stagger back broken and bleeding from the encounter, and against four defeats he could only set the drawn battle of Antietam, where the Federal army had

caught Lee's small force at a disadvantage. Upon him rested the appointment of commanders; he had appointed several, but he had not yet found a man who could win battles. There was nothing to show that the country as a whole would have the determination to fight the war to a finish or would endure Lincoln for much longer as their leader. Meanwhile, the loss of life was immense, and to all appearances fruitless.

These domestic misfortunes were complicated by the unfriendly behaviour of two European Powers of the first rank. We have seen how nearly Lincoln found himself involved in a war with England over the *Trent* affair. The peaceful solution arrived at had done little to improve the state of English opinion regarding the North. The upper classes, taken as a whole, were decidedly hostile to the cause of the Union from a variety of motives. Englishmen recalled that a century had not yet passed since the colonists of New England had demanded for themselves the right of separating from the Mother Country, and could not restrain a certain satisfaction at seeing the proud republic in trouble ; dislike of American business methods and materialistic views was common, and had found expression in a recently published novel of Dickens.¹ Beyond this, feeling among the upper classes in England was then, as it still is, in sympathy with a graded or aristo-

¹ *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared in 1844.

cratic state of society, and this it could see existing in the South in much the same way as in England, while the North had been in the habit of parading its democratic citizenship. Predisposed as they were, for these and similar reasons, the English governing classes found their sympathy kindled into enthusiasm by the dramatic turn which the war had taken during McClellan's advance upon Richmond and by a genuine admiration for the character and genius of the Southern leaders.

At the opening of hostilities, the Washington government had endeavoured to treat Confederates in arms as rebels against the Federal authorities, and therefore not entitled to belligerent rights, but threats of reprisals from Richmond had caused a change of policy, and the vast scale of the conflict soon led the Powers also to accord belligerent rights to the warships of the Confederacy. Jefferson Davis earnestly desired a further step, the recognition of the Confederacy as a sister Power by England and France. There is little doubt that, had this been secured, pressure could have been brought upon Washington from Europe to come to some peaceful settlement with the South—in other words, to grant her independence—and it was fear of this that made English sympathy for the South seem so sinister to Lincoln.

His fears were not misplaced, for on more than one occasion the English government was within

an ace of recognizing the Confederacy. Lord John Russell, the Foreign Secretary, under Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, was more than favourably disposed to the South, and Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was said to have subscribed liberally to the Confederate Loan, and on more than one occasion expressed his sympathy in a public speech. The matter was brought up at Cabinet meetings in the period of Northern despair after the Second Manassas, but a sense of friendship for the North prevented a decision being taken. Had Lee won a decisive victory at Sharpsburg in September, or again at Gettysburg in the following July, there is little doubt that the Confederacy would have been recognized by the British government, and England would not have been alone, for Napoleon III, who was at this time intent on furthering the ill-starred attempt to found a Mexican Empire from Europe, realized that it was all to his interest that the powerful republic to the north should be in no position to enforce the Monroe Doctrine.

Strangely enough, the warmest support to the cause of the Union in England came from that section of the population most hardly hit by the struggle. The cotton operatives of Lancashire, who were thrown out of employment by the cutting off of supplies of raw cotton from the South, could have brought pressure to bear on the government

in favour of intervention. Instead, they passed resolutions of sympathy with the North in her struggle against slavery, under the inspiration of John Bright, who was ardent in his support of the cause of the Union. Such men as Mill and the young John Morley, and many who admired the literature of New England or detested the name of slavery, were of the same opinion as John Bright, but the prevailing spirit among the governing classes is undoubtedly seen in the pages of their organ, *The Times* newspaper, which was consistently in sympathy with the South, and in the sarcasm that was heaped upon Lincoln in that other paper, the London *Punch* which has ever remained a most faithful mirror of conservative public sentiment.

France, as was to be expected, took far less interest in the struggle than England. The secular policy of France is to look eastward, and the combatants were not blood of her blood, speaking her language. The interest of the Emperor of the French was prompted purely by personal motives, but it was strong, and after Fredericksburg he desired the British government to join with him in bringing pressure to bear upon Lincoln. Such French thought as concerned itself with the war tended to favour the party of freedom, and the exiled Victor Hugo, whose heart was always stirred by the mere mention of slavery, added John Brown's exploit at Harper's Ferry to a list of noble blows struck for freedom

in his novel *Les Misérables*, which appeared at this time.

As if he had not troubles in plenty, Lincoln, soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, received the resignation of Burnside, who had always felt ill at ease under the weight of his responsibility. Once more the President had to choose a general to face Lee, and once more his choice fell upon one of those brave men of mediocre abilities who so abounded in the Army of the Potomac. General Hooker, 'Fighting Joe Hooker', as he was called, had recently ventured to suggest that the State needed a dictator, and Lincoln, on his appointment, wrote one of his typical and inimitable letters of advice. No dictator, he said, could hold office without military success; if Hooker achieved this success, the President would be willing to risk the dictatorship. Hooker took the rebuke in good part, and proceeded to reform his army ; but before we consider his campaign in Virginia it will be well to glance at another theatre of the war where events were moving to a decisive crisis.

It has already been remarked that the Mississippi was the frontier of civilization at this time. Such a remark is only partially true, for three rebel and three loyal States * lay beyond the river, capable

¹ This number, of course, does not include California and Oregon, States separated from the rest of the Union by an ocean of prairie.

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of sending men and supplies in great quantities to the combatants, but it holds good in so far as these States lacked the communications and populous centres of civilization, and once the important waterway was held, even loosely, by a hostile force they might be entirely disregarded. Thus it was possible for a combined naval and military force of the North to achieve a far greater work here than on the vast open lands of Tennessee or Kentucky, and Northern commanders had not been slow to realize the fact. Farragut had held the mouth of the river since April 1862, and had pushed his way upwards, and a force of infantry and river-craft had moved downwards from Ohio to Island No. 10. But the immense possibilities of a river campaign were first seen clearly by Grant, who had been at somewhat of a loose end with his army in Kentucky during the greater part of the year 1862.

Were it not that romantic is a word scarcely predicable of anything connected with Grant, his career might well be described as the most romantic episode of this great war. Lincoln and Davis, Lee and Jackson, were all men of some reputation in 1860. Ulysses Simpson Grant was at that time a man of middle age, with a few memories of his old army life and no prospects, lounging round a leather store in Illinois, not infrequently in liquor, and peddling cords of wood into St. Louis when business at the store was slack. Yet it was reserved

for this man to win the decisive success in each of the three most important theatres of war, to be twice elected President of the United States, and to sleep in death at the heart of the greatest city of the continent, where millions in the ages to come must mark his resting-place and speak his name. We may indeed say with perfect fairness that fortune favoured him as she did no other general or statesman of his time. As a man of thought and action he was infinitely smaller than Lincoln, and as a general he was of a class below Lee. Nevertheless, in a democracy such as the United States, such a brilliant record in a man unsupported by wealth cannot be merely, or even mainly, the result of good fortune, and though as a character Grant is utterly devoid of charm, there is a frankness, an honesty, and a trust of others visible in his actions that is very engaging. As a general he had what Lee never had, adequate and even abounding resources to work with; he was always capable, without ever rising to the level of genius, except perhaps before Vicksburg. The quality which was the secret of his success and which did indeed deserve full recognition at the hands of his countrymen was the strength with which, from the beginning of the war, he pursued the end he had in view—the extermination of the rebellion by decisive military success. The means he took were often tentative, and any good results which came from them corresponded to his wishes

rather than to his expectations, but his progress towards his end was never tentative; whether or not he might be superseded in his command owing to failure or jealousy Grant left to providence ; his confidence in the necessity and possibility of the military overthrow of the South never wavered, and from the pursuit of this end he would be drawn away neither by temporizing Southern nor by electioneering Northern politicians, neither by the prospect of personal advancement nor by the sight of the most sanguinary losses.

Grant has told us—and nothing in his life as a general belies his word—that it was not his way to force himself to the front; as he says in one of the most attractive pages of his *Memoirs*, it was his belief that a man should do his duty in the sphere of action given him by his superiors, making no attempt to transfer himself elsewhere. Such a mode of thought, so alien to the minds of most European men of action, and derived in part from the Puritan realization that men's ways are in the hand of God, sits well upon the humble, simple, manly Grant, and stamps him as a true American. In his case the call was not long delayed, and towards the end of 1862, with fairly adequate forces, with a loyal and competent naval officer, and a more than competent second in command, Sherman, whose merits Grant was the first to perceive and the last to minimize, he took over the armies of the West and began

the campaign which was to end with the fall of Vicksburg.

The fighting on the great rivers and their many creeks and branches was perhaps the most unique and individualistic of any in this most manifold war. The life in the up-river towns and plantations has been fully described by more than one American writer in all its picturesque details, and it remains one of the aspects of American life that has changed least with the passage of years. Nowadays, indeed, the grain and cattle States of the Middle West and the fertile, populous country beyond the mountains have reached an importance undreamt of in 1860, and their people and merchandise cross the great rivers in their passage from West to East as they might cross a hundred other streams. Then, owing to the start which steamboats had got upon railways, and to the fact that the old French colonization, as well as the later American settlement, had proceeded upstream, the people dwelling on the banks looked south to New Orleans, whence the lines of steamboats ran, as the gate to the outer world, rather than to the Eastern States, which were as yet scarcely in railway communication with the river settlements. But the great river remains the same, then as now, and the white steamboats have changed but little—their tall smokestacks, their big wheels, their boiler-decks and texas, their bells and their glowing furnace-doors by night—and the levees remain,

with the bales of cotton and the troops of negroes singing as they take the cargoes aboard, and a few of the old houses remain, to give Southern hospitality and dancing through the short nights of June.

Worse ground for campaigning than the banks of the Mississippi can hardly be imagined. The fall of the land through the vast central plain of the continent is so slight that the river winds in great doubling curves throughout almost the whole of its length, and below its junction with the Missouri divides continually into a maze of smaller channels, creeks, and lakes, often among dense forests and undergrowth, while for the last few hundred miles of its course the low-lying cotton fields, separated only by a system of dykes and levees from the river, are at its mercy if the season is a wet one and the levees are untended, as they were throughout the war. For warfare on the river itself neither side could do more than adapt the craft of peace-time, and all the skill of the pilots was needed to navigate even the lightest boat among the innumerable bars and crossings, where the current sets from bank to bank. Such naval engagements as took place were fought between the big river-steamers navigated by their old pilots. The hulls were unarmoured, and as boilers and steam-pipes were far above water-level, a chance shot might cause a terrible explosion ; the only protection was in most cases a rampart of cotton-bales. The boats carried no heavy artillery,

and the battles were a series of manoeuvres for position against the changing currents, with steam pressure maintained at a dangerous height, followed by an attempt to ram and a battle of shell and small arms, or a long chase through the winding bayous.

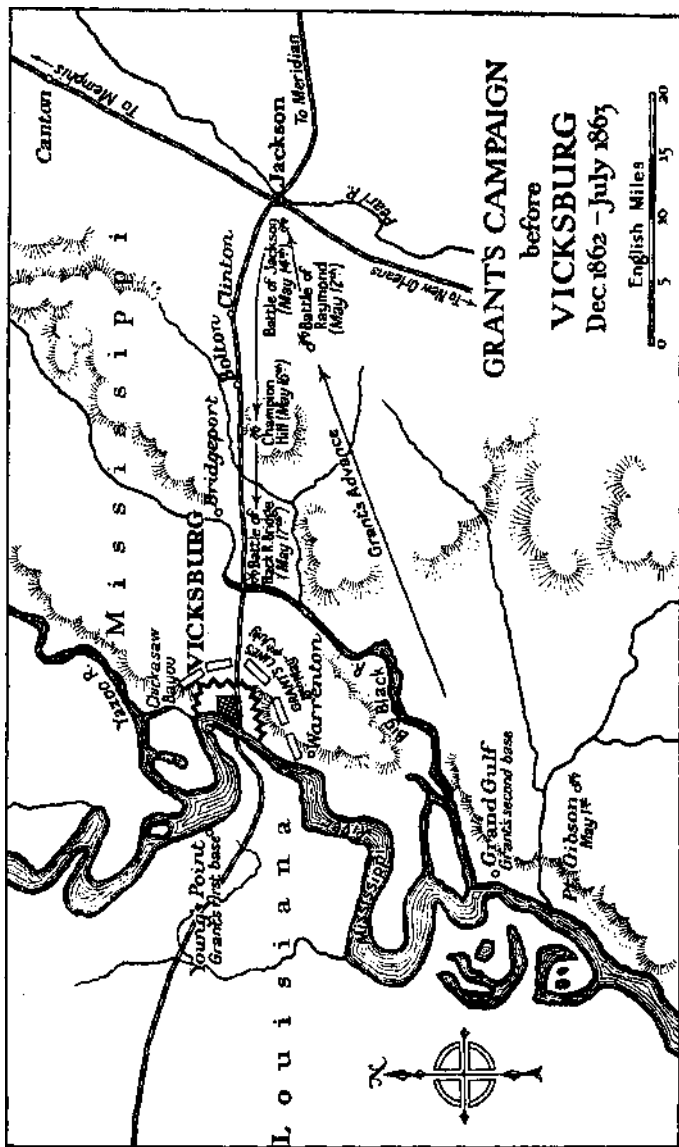
Grant's design was to sweep down the river from Cairo and ultimately join hands with naval forces ascending from New Orleans. Great as was the distance to be covered, the obstacles to be overcome were for the most part not overwhelming, and a few actions in the lower and upper reaches soon cleared the greater part of the river, which was in no sense fortified as a regular frontier would have been. Only at one or two points, where the nature of the ground, the situation of a town, and the necessity of holding communications with the opposite shore made defence imperative, had the Confederates succeeded in erecting works which could command the waterway and resist a land attack, but even one such stronghold was sufficient to prevent the Federals from sweeping the river. Such a point was in fact found in the fortified town of Vicksburg, which, together with Port Hudson, 100 miles below, maintained Confederate control over a long stretch of the Mississippi. The capture of this position accordingly became Grant's chief object as early as December 1862.

The situation of Vicksburg was admirably suited to a stubborn defence. The Mississippi rarely

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approaches the higher ground which bounds its broad valley, and in consequence the Federal gunboats, working up from New Orleans, had been able to overpower the low-lying batteries at fortified points, but at Vicksburg a line of hills two hundred feet high comes up to the river, and when Porter fought his way past the place to make connexion with Grant he found that his guns could make little impression on the Confederate cannon in the works far above him. The town lay on the east bank of the river, and was the terminus of a west-bound line of railway which was resumed on the farther bank. It occupied a line of low bluffs against which the stream washed for a mile or more ; this reach was therefore completely dominated by its water-batteries. Moreover, its position at the apex of a large bend of the river enabled its guns to sweep each approaching reach of water, while a reflex bend of the stream above the town was also within distant gunshot.

Grant realized at once that a direct attack on the water-front was out of the question, and his first attempt to penetrate the Confederate lines on the landward side from the north only resulted in the disastrous reverse of Chickasaw Bayou. His forces were as yet insufficient to invest the town and repel the attacks of relieving Confederate armies, especially as his base, which relied on river transport, was of necessity on the western bank of the river and above



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN before

VICKSBURG

Dec. 1862 - July 1863

English Miles
0 5 10 15 20

the town. No campaign shows Grant to better advantage than that of Vicksburg; even in these early stages we may well think that no other commander would have had the tenacity and force of character to cling to such an unpromising position. As the capture of the town seemed for the present impossible, he exhausted his ingenuity in devising and attempting alternative schemes. Most of these turned upon a hope of finding a navigable waterway from north to south which should not be commanded by the guns of Vicksburg, and much time and energy was spent by his troops in felling cedars and undergrowth in the dense forest, with the design of opening up one of the multitudinous creeks that interlace the country on both sides of the main river. Many more distant waterways were also surveyed, and Grant conceived the idea of effecting artificially what had often resulted naturally elsewhere from the flood-waters of the great river making a cut-off across the thin neck of land at the base of a long bend. He hoped thus to reduce the river before Vicksburg to a mere backwater, and to open up for traffic a channel across the neck of the bend beyond the range of the Vicksburg water-batteries. Such a hope was by no means fantastic, and the river since his day has made the cut-off desired by Grant, but at the time the attempt failed, owing to the set of the currents and a series of disastrous floods, and April found Grant very nearly where

December had left him. His activity and perseverance during these wearing months are beyond praise, but his many abortive schemes have been severely criticized. He himself in his *Memoirs* ingenuously confesses that he never expected them to succeed, but that he felt the necessity of keeping his men employed till reinforcements and better weather should come with the spring.

Meanwhile, attention in North and South alike was being riveted on important events in Northern Virginia. After Fredericksburg both sides had separated to recruit their strength. Lee had lost many of his best soldiers for ever on the hard-fought fields of Manassas and Sharpsburg, and could do nothing but stand on the defensive till he was joined by new troops raised and trained during the winter months, and till clothes and equipment—so hard to come by in the beleaguered South—were supplied to his whole army.¹ The opposing Army of the Potomac had, indeed, enough, and more than enough, of equipment and ammunition, but continued defeat and the proved incompetence of successive commanders had ruined its spirit and discipline. Hooker, the new general, had spent more than three months in restoring the efficiency of his army ; he had been successful in his task, and

¹ It is perhaps worth mentioning, for the sake of readers unfamiliar with the conditions of the Southern armies, that in no single campaign could boots be supplied to all Lee's soldiers.

early in May prepared to advance upon Richmond in force. He was aware that Lee's army was greatly inferior to his own in numbers, and hoped that the Confederates would withdraw upon Richmond so as to join hands with the garrison of the city and shorten the army's communications. Lee, in fact, had only some 62,000 with which to face the 120,000 that Hooker had at his disposal, but the country over which the campaign was to be fought, though highly unsuitable for the movements of any great army, presented many features favourable to the Confederates. It was deeply wooded, and hence entirely impracticable for the artillery of the day, which could do little more than guard the roads and clearings; thus the Federal superiority in this arm was largely neutralized. The roads through the forest were few, and the cross tracks hopelessly confused; there were no reliable maps for Hooker's staff. Many of the Confederate officers, on the other hand, knew the district of old and could profit by its mazes; every dweller in every village and lonely cabin was ready to act as a guide, and the superior efficiency and daring of the Confederate horse could tell to the full. The full significance of the events in the Chancellorsville campaign cannot be grasped without reference to a detailed map of the country, but a few of its main features must be indicated in any account of the war.

Lee was still occupying, at the wish of President

Davis, the impregnable lines on the heights above Fredericksburg, and Hooker had no mind to repeat Burnside's disaster. As he possessed far superior forces, it was always open to him to outflank Lee and threaten his communications with Richmond, for the natural defence of the rivers Rappahannock and Rapidan, which contributed so greatly to strengthening Lee's position, was equally an obstacle to any design of the Confederates upon the communications of a divided Federal army. Hooker therefore decided to place the larger part of his force on Lee's left flank, and threaten his communications far to the rear with cavalry, while the remainder of his army made a demonstration in force upon Lee's lines at Fredericksburg. Thus it was thought that in whatever direction Lee concentrated his troops he would be bound to leave one of his flanks dangerously weak, and there the attack could be pressed, but it was Hooker's opinion—a very natural one under the circumstances—that Lee would at once withdraw without giving battle. Hooker's plan of campaign, unlike that of his predecessors, was sound, and, up to a point, well developed, but the campaigns of the previous year do not seem to have impressed upon him that Lee and Jackson were masters of the art of war, ready to seize upon the least mistake and entirely unwilling to be manoeuvred into quitting a position and leaving the initiative to their enemies. However,

for the moment it was hard to see how any reasonable plan of campaign could fail, if carried through with moderate care by the undoubtedly fine Army of the Potomac against an enemy with half their numbers, and on the last day of April Hooker had succeeded in transferring 70,000 of his men across the Rappahannock and had placed them in the rear of Lee's lines, while his cavalry, 10,000 strong, were sweeping down upon the railway and roads which brought Lee's supplies from Richmond.

The tract of country known as the Wilderness, in the depths of which the vast army of Hooker was now engaged, was singularly unfavourable to the quick passage of troops. It consisted for the most part of gently undulating land covered with a dense forest of pine and oak, ash and walnut, abounding in belts of thick undergrowth, and intersected by countless small streams and swampy dingles. The woods drew apart, here and there, from the rare clearings, where some fields surrounded a lonely farmstead, a wayside tavern, or one of the log meeting-houses and graveyards which figure as landmarks in so many battles of the war. Such clearings there were round Chancellorsville, the large porticoed mansion of the Chancellor family, Dowdall's tavern on the main road, the Wilderness Church, and Fairview Cemetery. Side-tracks and rides existed in plenty through the forest, but of good roads from north to south there were none;

only from east to west the Wilderness was traversed by the turnpike road to Fredericksburg, by another road—the Plank Road ¹ of the battle narratives—and by the track of an unfinished railway. Nevertheless, on the last day of April, Sedgwick had crossed the river at Fredericksburg, more than half the Army of the Potomac was firmly established in the woods about Chancellorsville, and Lee's position had become acutely dangerous.

Had Hooker realized the value of speed and pressed on his advance at all costs, aided by an attack before Fredericksburg, it is hard to see how Lee could have escaped. At best, he would have been forced to make a precipitate retreat before the toils closed wholly round him. Unfortunately for the Federal army, communication between its separated wings was uncertain owing to breakdowns in the field telegraph, and neither Sedgwick before Fredericksburg nor Hooker in the Wilderness trusted his own and his colleague's abilities sufficiently to carry the plan forward in the dark, as Lee and Jackson had so often done. Hooker, besides, was hindered by the absence of any information as to the movements of the Confederate army. General Stuart, in command of Lee's cavalry, had never shown to better advantage. While the greater part of the

¹ These 'Plank' or 'Corduroy' roads, as their name suggests, had a covering of timber in place of metalling, as opposed to the turnpike roads.

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Federal horse was away to the South, engaged on a raid which could have no immediate moral effect on Lee and could not directly influence the events in the Wilderness, Stuart had engaged and defeated the rival squadrons opposed to him, and his patrols held every road and clearing in the forest, forming an impenetrable screen in front of the advancing Federals, through which no information could pass, and behind which Stuart's gallopers could reach Lee in perfect ease. Thus it happened that while the columns of the Army of the Potomac were feeling their way cautiously down the turnpike and plank roads towards the rear of Lee's position, they were suddenly met by a heavy Confederate counter-attack. Hooker would have been well advised to press his advance at whatever immediate loss, for as long as he attacked, Lee would be forced to retain his army along the Federal front, where his numbers left him at a tactical disadvantage ; instead, Hooker fell back, and Lee pressed him till it became clear that the Federals were establishing themselves behind a powerful line of rifle-pits and abatis in the woods along the plank road before Chancellorsville. There Hooker intended to pause until he could concert an attack with Sedgwick lying before Fredericksburg. The Confederate army was now between the nutcrackers, and Hooker justly considered that Lee could not succeed in a frontal attack on his works. He failed to realize that the

slightest pause on his part would give Lee the opportunity of taking the initiative, and neither Mechanicsville nor the Second Manassas seem to have suggested to him where that initiative was likely to develop. He fixed his head-quarters in the Chancellor house, retired early to bed, and enjoyed an unbroken night's sleep.

In the small hours of the May morning, while Hooker lay at ease in Chancellorsville, Lee and Jackson, seated on packing cases by the roadside only a mile or two distant from the Federal head-quarters, decided once more to divide the Army of Northern Virginia in the face of overwhelming numbers. Lee had received certain information from Stuart, who arrived to report during the night, that Hooker's left flank, five miles away across the forest, rested on air, and Jackson had undertaken to place 25,000 men behind the Federal lines before evening. Lee meanwhile was to demonstrate strongly against Hooker's position before Chancellorsville.

Jackson's column, ten miles long, started its march through the forest at four o'clock as a cloudless day was breaking over the tree-tops. It moved for several miles directly away from the Federal lines, and its passage southward did not escape the notice of watchers on the high ground near the Fairview Cemetery. It was supposed that it was the beginning of the Confederate retreat; some troops were

thrown forward through the tangled country, but were repulsed by Jackson's rearguard, and the attack was not pressed—an unpardonable omission, only partly accounted for by the skill with which Lee's feint against Chancellorsville was being developed. Nevertheless, the Federal advance had been sufficient to interrupt communications between Jackson and Lee, and the latter had now to stand completely alone against enemies outnumbering him by three to one, uncertain whether Jackson's marching columns had been taken at a disadvantage, and with the certainty that in any case they could not launch their attack before evening.¹

During the whole of the forenoon Jackson's division marched down the dusty forest roads. After moving due south for some miles they turned at right angles and followed a track, which had been lately made by the owner of some furnaces in the neighbourhood, till they had passed the point where the Federal line ended. As the day wore on the noise of Lee's battle before Chancellorsville, on which so much depended, grew duller in their ears across the woodland. In the early afternoon

¹ I do not think that the above description over-emphasizes the daring of Lee's plan, but the reader should remember, as General Maurice points out, that it was not easy in that difficult country for Hooker to ascertain what was going forward, and that Lee had every indication that he would not immediately advance from his newly built works.

Jackson arrived at a piece of high ground whence he could see the end of the Federal lines, and found that even less precautions had been taken against a flank attack than Stuart's report had indicated. The pits and abatis facing south along the turnpike ceased at a point beyond Dowdall's tavern. No serious works of any kind had been constructed facing west. The Federals, mostly Germans, could be seen lounging in the forest, butchering cattle and preparing food. The surprise would be complete. For over three hours the Confederate columns deployed in line of battle in the woods. They could not altogether escape the notice of the Federal pickets, yet these made no attempt to feel what force was behind the moving groups of grey soldiers, and Jackson was allowed to make all his preparations unhindered. At a little before six o'clock his dispositions were completed. A series of bugle calls rang out through the forest in the evening silence, and his three lines of battle, with the rebel yell, swept forward along the turnpike.

Far down the Federal lines Hooker and his staff, seated before the Chancellor house, were discussing plans and listening to the desultory battle in the woods to the east and the distant cannonade in the south, where, as they thought, Sickles was pressing the rearguard of Jackson's retreat. Suddenly, from far over the forest to the west, a crash of musketry and artillery broke out; it swelled and grew to the

roar of a great battle, and was taken up by a cannonade along Lee's line to the east. While the group at Chancellorsville were anxiously waiting for news, an officer, who had picked up a telescope, exclaimed that the rout was already pouring down the turnpike, and as Hooker galloped to the front he was met by flying baggage wagons and ammunition trains, riderless horses and men who had thrown away their arms, the rout of his Eleventh Army Corps.

The Confederate attack, which had swept the first two lines of defence, had for the moment become disorganized in the flush of success among the thick woods, and the Federal artillery near Chancellorsville was holding the enemy in the gathering darkness. Yet the darkness of night would not have put an end to the attack which Jackson was relentlessly pressing home. He knew that he was within a mile of the Federal line of retreat, and he intended to advance so as to cut Hooker off from the fords of the Rappahannock, and then launch a night attack along his whole line. He was riding forward with his staff in the gloom of the dense forest, urging the need for haste, when the irreparable disaster occurred. In the confusion of the battle he had overshot his pickets. Warned by an outbreak of firing in front of him, he turned to seek his own lines. A body of Confederate infantry, alarmed by the volley which had turned Jackson, saw a body of horse approaching

from the enemy's line through the twilight. They fired, and Jackson fell, seriously wounded. The firing aroused the Federals, and the ambulance party carrying the wounded man was again fired on, and he was thrown to the ground. The command was transferred to D. H. Hill, who alone knew Jackson's designs, but within a few minutes he too was wounded and the command fell to Stuart. Stuart was away on the Rappahannock with his cavalry, and before he had been summoned and could grasp the situation the moment for immediate action had gone, the Federals were pushing a counter-attack forward through the night and the line of retreat was secure. When the morning came, Stuart and Lee attacked once more and this time with decisive success, for Hooker himself had been wounded and his mind had lost its balance. As the lines before Chancellorsville gave ground the smoke of musketry and artillery was swollen by the blaze of the burning forest, and as Lee rode forward to the front he was met by a thunderous storm of cheering, the homage of soldiers to their commander on a stricken field. Pursuit across country was hindered by a torrential fall of rain, but Hooker had no mind for more fighting, and by the 6th of May his whole force was once more behind the Rappahannock.

Lee and Jackson had thus once again won a brilliant victory against overwhelming odds. How

decisive the victory would have been if Jackson had been spared to push his attack home must remain a matter for conjecture, but even after his fall Hooker's defeat might well have proved decisive if the combatants had been fighting on anything of an equality. Once more Lincoln, waiting in the telegraph office at Washington, was to learn that another of his generals had failed, and that final success was as remote as ever. Yet that chance volley in the woods near Dowdall's tavern was perhaps a more weighty disaster to the Confederacy than was the failure of the campaign to the North. At first, indeed, it was thought that Jackson's wound was not mortal; his left arm was amputated, and for a few days all went well. Then pneumonia set in, and it became clear that his life was in danger. Lee, whose affectionate admiration for his lieutenant was unbounded, had sent to congratulate Jackson on his victory. ⁱ 'General Lee is very kind,' replied the wounded man, 'but he should give the glory to God.' After the amputation Lee wrote again. ⁶ 'Tell General Jackson,' he said, 'that if he has lost his left arm, I have lost my right.' When the fatal news of his danger came to Lee, upon whose shoulders was to rest the whole burden and grief of the Confederacy, he wrote once more that he had wrestled in prayer for Jackson's life as he had never prayed for himself. To such prayers the heavens were as brass. Jackson, whose faith, however stern

and fanatical, was genuine and untroubled of doubt, and had formed the mainspring of his life's work, received calmly the news that he must die. 'Very well,' he said, using his familiar phrase, 'it is very well.' In the last moments of delirium he imagined himself once again on the field of battle and called for A. P. Hill, as Lee, by a strange coincidence, was to call for him when dying. His last words were spoken more calmly. 'Let us cross over the river,' he said, 'and rest under the shade of the trees.' A few moments later he died, in his fortieth year.

The news of his danger and death had stilled the rejoicing at the South, and even at the North it was felt that their most terrible enemy had been removed as it were by the hand of God. His name had indeed been one to conjure with during the past year ; his stern and aloof nature, and the merciless fury of his onslaught, had won him a place in the public imagination such as was shared by no other general, and it may be asserted that even now the name of Stonewall Jackson is better known in this country than that of Lee. As has been already suggested, he was not possessed of the full humanity and perfect balance of his chief; probably, he was not so great a soldier; certainly, he was not such a wise and tender master of men ; but the fire which his religious and political zeal gave to his character, and the iron determination with which

he executed his designs made him indeed a redoubtable opponent. Lee and Jackson, it has been said, were invincible when together; lesser men succeeded him, and we shall remark that never again did Lee venture to divide his army in the face of an enemy. Jackson died in the hour of victory ; it was reserved for Lee to continue the struggle through its last and most tragic stages.

VIII

THE TIDE TURNS—VICKSBURG, GETTYSBURG, AND CHATTANOOGA

DURING the days when Hooker was planning and executing the campaign of Chancellorsville, important events were taking place before Vicksburg. Spring was approaching and Grant resolved at last upon a bold move. Attack from the north had failed ; attempts to find a way past the lion in his path had failed. He now decided to transfer his base to a point on the river below the town and attack across the broken country from the south. This plan, while having all the advantage of the unexpected, had yet the great disadvantage that even if he was successful in passing the cannon of Vicksburg with his gunboats and stores, a retreat against the stream would be almost impossible, and all fresh supplies coming south to the army would have to run the gauntlet of the water-batteries. Grant rightly decided, as he did again a few days later, for the bolder course, and his movements from this time to the day of the surrender of Vicksburg are undoubtedly his most brilliant contribution to military history.

The army was marched through the marshy country on the western bank to a point opposite the proposed base, but it was necessary for his transports and gunboats to pass the guns of the town. The gallant Porter readily undertook to take his flotilla past; it was decided that the gunboats should lead and engage the batteries, making as much smoke as possible, under cover of which it was hoped that the unarmed transports might float by unseen. Bales of hay and cotton on the boiler decks were to mask the furnaces. The first attempt was made on a clear but moonless night. While Grant and his party, which included his wife, sang and drank champagne as they watched the distant lights of the town disappear one by one with the advance of night, the gunboats and transports dropped down the river, with all lights extinguished, and with the tantalizing slowness of the current, so as to avoid sparks and noise.¹ Dark as it was, the watchers on the parapets of the town descried the vessels riding on the glimmering waters, and a furious cannonade was opened to which the gunboats replied. The passage of the batteries took more than an hour, and some intrepid Con-

¹ An account of Grant's festivities is given in a Union officer's letter, quoted in the contemporary *History of the War for the Union* (Duyckinck), vol. iii, p. 150. There seems no reason to doubt its truth, as the writer intends no slur on Grant. Grant's own account of the evening is given in his *Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 464, and is not irreconcilable with the other.

federates rowed across the river under fire and set light to the buildings on the other bank so as to illuminate the target for their gunners. Nevertheless, the majority of the boats passed the town without serious damage. A few nights later the manoeuvre was repeated with more transports and store-boats, and with equal success.

Grant was now established at Grand Gulf, his new base, but further action was imperative, and he was impelled to his next bold move. Marching rapidly inland and disregarding his communications he struck right and left at the enemy;¹ the Confederate forces before Jackson, an important junction on the line to Vicksburg, were defeated, and a further series of engagements drove Pemberton, the Confederate commander of the Vicksburg district, back within the lines of the town, which Grant then surrounded and so once more touched the river and his communications. Vicksburg was now doomed unless relieved, and Grant by now had sufficient men to fortify his lines on the outside against attack so strongly that the brave and able Johnston, in spite of the agony felt in official and private circles in the Southern States, decided that any attempt on his part to force Grant to raise the siege would be unwise. In this he was probably right; Grant, at least, tells us that he was so. Grant himself maintained that Pemberton was at fault in

¹ See map, p. 131.

ever letting his force be confined within the lines of the town, and in not breaking out before it was too late, but Grant's own narrative would suggest that the fault lay rather with those—Pemberton and others—who opposed him when he moved inland from Grand Gulf, and who fell back too readily before his swift and daring advance.

The siege of Vicksburg now began in earnest. Soon after his arrival on the landward side of the town Grant, in deference to the spirit of his troops, attempted a general assault on the works. It was a costly failure, and years afterwards Grant wrote that it was one of the only two orders that he regretted having given. He now invested the town with a regular system of works; time and famine and disease, the harassing dangers of the bombardment and the mine, were left to do their work within the Confederate lines. Vicksburg was built on the clay slopes of the river bluffs, and the majority of the inhabitants lived during those days of terror in cellars dug in the hillside. A great American writer whose works are familiar to Englishmen has given a vivid description of life in the town during the siege, of the straits to which the people were reduced for lack of food, and of the carelessness with which they came to walk about the streets while the shells were passing overhead. The end came in the early days of July, and Grant was able to inform Lincoln of the

capitulation on Independence Day, twenty-four hours after the springtide of the Confederacy had receded from its high-water mark in the meadows of Pennsylvania. Port Hudson, the only other fortified post on the Mississippi, surrendered at the news from Vicksburg, and henceforth, 'the Father of Waters', as Lincoln wrote, 'went unvexed to the sea'. It was indeed the first decisive success of the war.

After the victory of Chancellorsville, Lee did not immediately start upon an offensive movement, though his army was prepared and his opinion as a general was strongly in favour of another invasion of the North. The delay was owing to the opposition of President Davis. The shock of the latest disaster to Hooker's army, combined with the effects of the new Conscription Law, which were just being felt, had produced a new wave of discontent and more talk of peace at the North, and high hopes of foreign intervention in the South, and Davis was unwilling to risk the loss of the existing moral superiority by a defeat of the Army of Northern Virginia far from his capital. In this he was unwise; he showed that he had not even yet appreciated the ability and determination of Lincoln. At last, towards the end of June, the Federal vedettes saw the long trains of Lee's wagons on the roads once more. The Confederacy was on the move for the second invasion of the North.

Hooker, when he heard of Lee's march towards Winchester in the Valley of Virginia, was eager to attack his flank or march on the undefended Richmond. Lincoln, however, with a lively sense of past disasters, dissuaded him with one of his picturesque similes. Lee might catch him, he said, on the Rappahannock like an ox jumped half over a fence, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. Hooker therefore contented himself with following Lee across Maryland into Pennsylvania, whither he had gone to strike at the great manufacturing towns, hoping that if he were attacked a victory won on the soil of the Union, within striking distance of Washington and Philadelphia, might have decisive political results. At Washington the greatest nervousness prevailed, and all the responsible authorities, military and civil, helped to direct or to confuse the movements of the unlucky Army of the Potomac. While it was actually engaged in the pursuit of Lee it once more changed hands. Hooker, who had never been easy, resigned, and the moment was so critical that Lincoln dared neither force Hooker to remain in command, nor seek afield for a new general. The ranking corps commander, Meade, was ordered to succeed Hooker, and before he had been many days at the head of his army chance brought about the decisive engagement.

Lee, for once, was not clear as to the where-

abouts of his opponent. In this most critical of his campaigns he was ill served by Stuart. Always adventurous, Jeb Stuart forgot for once the first duty of a cavalry commander, and persuaded Lee, ever ready to follow the advice of others, to allow his horse to sweep far to the north in a raid. In consequence, Lee was feeling his way forward somewhat blindly, while the Army of the Potomac, equally in the dark, was advancing in the same direction along a converging route. Lee had ordered his corps to concentrate on the small Pennsylvanian town of Gettysburg, which lies in a valley among rolling meadows broken by woodland. As the Confederates approached the town they came into contact with a screening force of Federal cavalry, supported by infantry, and a heavy engagement took place on July the 1st, as a result of which the Federals were driven back through Gettysburg to the low ridge on the south of the town. Heire Meade decided to make a stand, and during the night both commanders sent urgent orders to their scattered commands to concentrate on the battlefield.

Gettysburg is often spoken of as the decisive battle of the American Civil War. The numbers engaged, the fury of the fighting, and the dramatic interest of many of the incidents have doubtless contributed to give it this position in the eyes of many, but from a merely military point of view the battle was no more decisive than many of its pre-

decessors and several that succeeded it. Grant's success at Vicksburg had far more influence on the future course of the war, and we shall see that more than once after Gettysburg the North were near abandoning the struggle. We can only say that the battle was so far decisive that it deprived Lee of any hope of immediate success, and that quite another set of circumstances prevented him from ever having another such opportunity in the future.

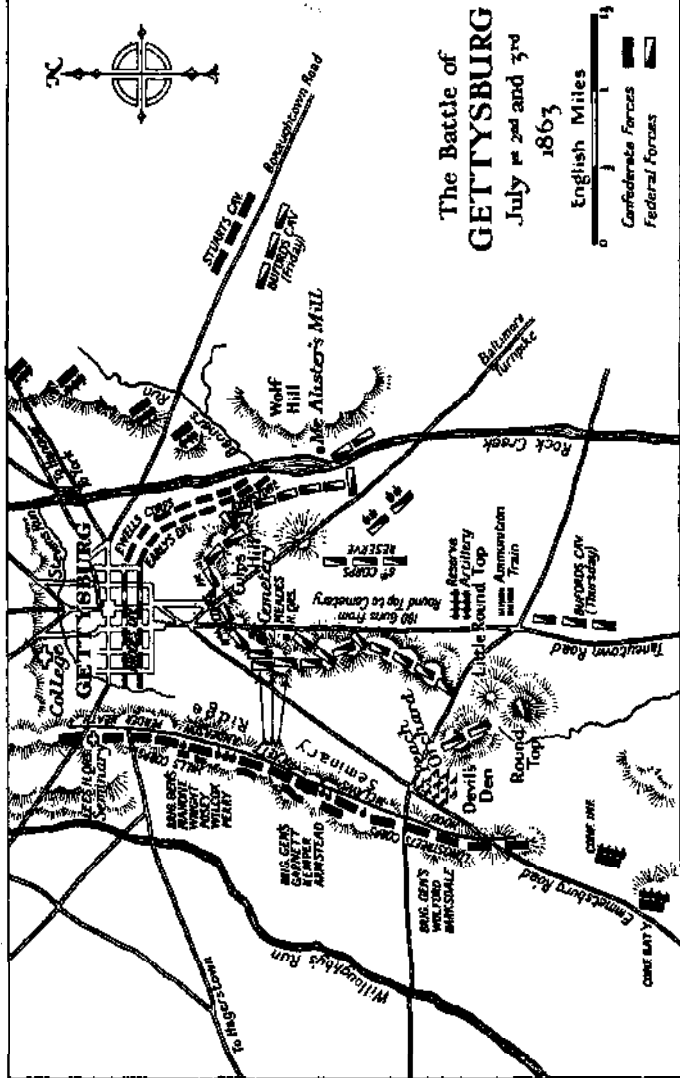
The battlefield of Gettysburg has an individuality and a clear topography such as is possessed by no other engagement of this war, and perhaps by Waterloo alone of modern battles. Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, The Seminary Ridge, Peach Orchard, The Devil's Den, Round Top, Little Round Top, and the meadows, broken by post-and-rail fences, across which surged Pickett's charge, impress themselves on the imagination as clearly as do Hougomont, La Belle Alliance, La Haye Sainte, Braine l'Aueud, Plancenoit, and the sunken road of Ohain. In general the position occupied by the Federals, who were throughout on the defensive, has been compared to a fishhook, of which Culp's Hill was the point, Cemetery Hill the centre, and the salient of Peach Orchard the shaft, ultimately prolonged to the Round Tops. Thus Meade had the advantage of interior lines, added to his superior artillery and ultimately superior numbers, but the position was by no means perfect, for the ends of

the Federal line were perilously near the line of communication or retreat, and on the morning of July the 2nd several of Meade's divisions had not yet arrived, whereas Lee had most of his army at his disposal. Speed was vital for the Confederates, and at this crisis of its fate the Army of Northern Virginia, which had generally seized and often made opportunities, seemed fated to lose many. Lee's design on July the 2nd was to attack the Federal right on Gulp's Hill with Ewell's division, while Longstreet turned the left at the salient between Cemetery HiU and the Round Tops. Many years after, a long and somewhat bitter controversy raged in the Southern States over the conduct of Longstreet's movements on the 2nd and 3rd of July. Lee was dead at the time, nor would he ever have taken part in it, but some notice must be taken of the point in any account of the war, for the question of responsibility for the result of Gettysburg must trouble the mind of any one who follows these campaigns. We cannot help asking how it was that Lee, who both before and after so often gained the victory over superior numbers owing to his tactical skill, was in this battle a tactical failure, though he accepted battle readily, not, as at Sharpsburg, anxiously, and realized the crucial importance of success. A glance at the battle narratives shows that it was not Lee's movements as planned, but Lee's movements as executed, which

July 1st 2nd and 3rd
1863

English Miles

Confederate Forces
Federal Forces



failed. It is known that on both days Longstreet, his executive officer, disapproved of Lee's plan, and that, as a matter of fact, valuable time was lost on both days. The conclusion would seem to be that in some way or another Longstreet was largely to blame for the failure. He was slow of movement at the best of times, in spite of his excellent fighting qualities; hence Lee's custom of pitching his tent in Longstreet's lines when on the march so as to hurry him ; at Gettysburg the slowness was accentuated by distrust of the plan he was to execute. It is not easy to apportion the weight of blame. Whether Lee himself delayed too long in enforcing his orders, whether some points of Longstreet's criticism were just, how far bad staff work increased the delays, whether the insufficiently supplied Confederate artillery left too much work for the infantry—all these questions and many more may be asked at Gettysburg, as at Waterloo, and must probably always remain unanswered. The clear fact remains that the Confederate soldiers were not outfought, and that competent military criticism is not willing to declare that Lee's plan, if promptly executed, must have failed.¹

¹ I was most interested and encouraged to find that General Maurice (p. 207 foil.), after an exhaustive and technical study of the war, arrived at a conclusion practically identical with that expressed above. Lee's chief fault at Gettysburg, in his opinion, was weakness in not enforcing his plan.

The delays began on the morning of the 2nd. Ewell's division was to attack Culp's Hill while Longstreet cut through the salient to the south of the cemetery. Longstreet's attack was not made till afternoon, and Ewell's men, waiting for the sound of his cannon, held back, thus giving time for the Federals to consolidate their position. At last the Confederates moved forward, and the fighting took place which made the Peach Orchard by the roadside, and the Devil's Den, a mass of boulders among trees, historic in the annals of the war. By the evening Ewell's division held Culp's Hill, and Longstreet's lines were near the Round Tops. Late at night Meade took counsel with his lieutenants, and the advisability of retreat was debated. But the Federal position, though shaken, was still tenable, and since the ground in the neighbourhood of the Round Tops was unfavourable for advance, Lee decided to strike at the centre of the Federal position south of the cemetery with a massed infantry attack, after the ground had been prepared by artillery. Longstreet's division, including some newly arrived Virginian troops, was to be used, and the blow should have been dealt early in the morning of July the 3rd. Instead, a vexatious delay of several hours took place, during which the Confederates lost the initiative and gave Meade the opportunity to drive Ewell back from Culp's Hill with the bayonet, while the agonizing moments

passed on Seminary Ridge as orders passed between Lee and Longstreet and the artillery. Longstreet's heart was not in the scheme he was to execute, and he could not bring himself to give the fateful orders ; Lee, on the other hand, was sufficiently confident. The narrative of Longstreet's hesitancy, and of his obviously sincere mental distress,¹ adds greatly to the dramatic setting of Pickett's charge, and his fears may seem to have been justified by its failure, but there is always the possibility that what seemed to him a forlorn hope might have been changed into a victorious thrust by a commander who resolved to use every ounce of his energy in carrying through his plan. An executive officer has no business to decide that his chief's plan must fail; it is his duty to see that it does not. Had Jackson been in Longstreet's place the issue would probably have been far different.

At last about one o'clock the long line of massed Confederate batteries on the Seminary Ridge opened fire, and were answered by the Federals from the ridge near the cemetery. The cannonade continued for more than two hours, till a thick pall of smoke, resting on the ridges, covered the sky between. Then the Federal fire appeared to slacken, and through the fog some batteries on the cemetery ridge were seen to limber up and retire. Actually, the Federal guns were so crowded that it was a

¹ He was ' crucified', he tells us.

clear gain to reserve the fire of some pieces for the attack which was known to be impending, but the Confederate ammunition was now running low, the moment seemed favourable, and the officer in charge of the batteries sent an urgent message to Longstreet begging him to launch his attack. Delay was no longer possible, and Longstreet, though he would give no order, signified that the attacking division might advance. Watchers in the Federal works saw long lines of grey infantry come down from the smoke ; it was the celebrated charge that takes its name from General Pickett, the commander of the 5,000 Virginians who formed its first line.

The waves of infantry swept down the meadows and crossed a fence. They had almost a mile to travel before they could come into contact with the enemy. As they advanced, with the regularity of troops on review, the Confederate artillery of necessity ceased firing, for the guns of the day could not be relied upon to maintain their range, and there ensued a few moments of comparative silence.¹ Then as the Virginians breasted the slope of Cemetery Hill a fearful blaze of fire broke out from the crest, and the unharmed Federal batteries galloped forward and opened fire at point-blank range. Still Pickett's men went on. The day had not yet come—as it came seven years later before the churchyard

¹ There was confusion in the Confederate artillery. The guns which should have gone forward with Pickett failed to do so.

of St. Privat—when the improved breech-loading long-range rifle could stop the advance of the bravest. Lee saw his men enter the cloud of smoke on the ridge ; for a moment the Federal line was broken ; the Virginian battle-flag floated on the enemy's works. But the assaulting line was too thin, the supporting brigades had not fared well, and even at this crucial moment many units of Longstreet's division were standing idle. After a few minutes' suspense Lee saw the Virginians—the thousand of them who were left—dropping down the slope, and himself rode forward to rally them. Eye-witnesses have told of his perfect self-control in the face of disaster. He could find time to check an aide who was goading a worn horse, and to an officer of the charge who came up to him with tears in his eyes he could say ' Never mind, General; all this has been my fault. It is I who have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it.' The situation was indeed serious for the Confederates. Pickett had left all his brigadiers and regimental commanders in the hell on the cemetery ridge, and any further offensive was clearly out of the question. Yet in the three days' fighting the Federal losses had been almost equally severe, and Meade, who had been amazed at the easy repulse of Pickett, was in no mood to venture a similar experiment against the Seminary Ridge. For a night and a day the armies watched one another, as at Sharpsburg; during the

night of the 4th Lee began an unhindered retreat to Virginia.

Gettysburg was not Lee's Waterloo; it was not even his Leipzig. His reverse was due to a combination of causes, including the splendid fighting qualities of the Army of the Potomac, but it was not due to any loss of power on his part or to the advent of a great general on the Federal side. For nearly two years more his army was to defy the Northern hosts, almost always at a greater disadvantage than it had been at Gettysburg. Had the resources of the South been more abundant the battle need not have been more than an incident of the campaign ; as it was, Lee's retreat certainly marks a stage in the war. We may say that the battle of Gettysburg was the last real opportunity of the South to force the North to terms on the field of battle. A complete victory, though it could not have been strategically decisive,¹ might well have provoked such an outcry at home and in Europe as to force Lincoln's hand. The failure of Pickett's charge destroyed the last hope that genius and bravery would rise superior to the gathering momentum of the natural advantages of the North. After Gettysburg, the North came near to throwing aside the military victory that was hers, but the South was powerless to prevent her holding it if she chose.

¹ That is, for the whole war. It might have been decisive for the Eastern campaign.

It is this thought that gives to the battle of Gettysburg its supreme and dramatic interest. Lee never blamed his subordinates, and was not given to repining at his failures or to palliating them, but he once remarked with great emphasis that if he had had Jackson at Gettysburg the day would have been his, and that success then would have meant the recognition of Southern independence.

Pickett's charge was the last wash of the Confederacy's tide of success, and it is fitting that the ground on which it broke should be the property of the American nation. Within a large park lie the graves of the many men from Maine and Illinois who took up position on that July day round the walls of the town cemetery, and left their bodies to rest beside those of the first settlers of the little Pennsylvanian town. The place of each regiment in the fight has been indicated, and many monuments have been erected to the valour of those who shed their blood there. The place has also given its name to another memorial which will probably endure as long as the American nation and the English language. Lincoln's dedicatory address, delivered a few months later with every appearance of carelessness, and little regarded at the time, is now well known in almost every household of America. The thought in this short speech is not so original or impressive as in many of his other utterances, and although composed as a kind of

Credo for the Union it contains little or nothing which President Davis would not have been glad to utter. Perhaps it is for this very reason that its appeal has been so great, for its worth depends on the brevity; clarity, and supreme felicity of phrase with which it voices the motives that any democracy at war would be proud to believe its own, and in its perfect combination of these three qualities it is unsurpassed in the political literature of the world.

The news of Gettysburg brought inexpressible relief to Lincoln at a time when relief was sorely needed. The Democratic opposition, which had concentrated and grown since the Declaration of Emancipation, was subjecting him to a persecution of appeal and obstruction, and the unpopularity of conscription, even in the very mild form given by the law of 1863, led to grave riots in New York, where a mob, led by the Irish, held the city for four days and was tacitly supported by the Democratic State Governor. Military success was the best argument to strengthen the country in its support of the President, and now at last it seemed that military success had come. Gettysburg was followed by the news of Vicksburg, and three months later Grant, travelling westward, was to win an important victory in Tennessee.

Here, in the middle of the three theatres of war, fighting had been going on with varying fortune for

more than two years, and on the whole the Confederates had gained ground. Rosecrans, who had commanded the Federal army in the great and indecisive battle of Murfreesboro', fought within a few days of Fredericksburg, was still at the head of the Army of the Cumberland, and he was opposed by Braxton Bragg, who was reinforced after Gettysburg by Longstreet's division. After much manoeuvring the forces came into contact at the end of September 1863, along the Chickamauga creek, a stream which flows into the Tennessee river near the town of Chattanooga. Here Rosecrans was heavily defeated and the greater part of his army routed; complete disaster was only averted by the heroic fight which a single division put up against the whole of Bragg's victorious army.¹ This division was under the command of General Thomas, who on this and other occasions did much to justify the opinion that he was the best fighting general in the Federal armies. Before the Union line broke, the fury of the fighting was desperate, and Chickamauga has a melancholy pre-eminence in this respect among all the battles of this most bloody war. No less than 27 per cent, of the forces engaged on both sides were killed or wounded, a figure surpassed only by Eylau and Borodino among nineteenth-century battles. The Federal Army of

¹ Recent criticism has shown, however, that Thomas was assisted by an ever-growing number of reinforcements.

the Cumberland was now invested at Chattanooga, which lies in a bend of the Tennessee, but Bragg had detached Longstreet, whereas Grant, now created commander-in-chief of the Western armies, had arrived in the neighbourhood, while Hooker from Virginia and Sherman from the Mississippi were concentrating upon the town. Sheridan was also in the lines, and with Thomas, the 'rock of Chickamauga', at the head of his division Bragg was confronted by a combination of the four most brilliant Northern generals. The subsequent battle at the end of November, when Bragg's position of great natural strength was attacked by a force of twice his numbers but operating in three separate divisions, is remarkable for the extraordinary field—for the most part steep mountain escarpment—over which it was fought, and for the final charge of Thomas's men, acting, it would seem, without orders,¹ which carried the three lines of Confederate entrenchment on the side of Missionary Ridge and the crest of the hill itself. This unlooked-for success decided the day, and Bragg retreated in disorder. Rarely did an army fail in this war through the fault of the private soldier. Still more rarely, the South fondly thought, was the fault on the Confederate side. Chattanooga was a day of sadness ; it was one of the very few occasions when considerable

¹ This is the assertion of almost all writers save Grant, whose language is a little ambiguous (*Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 78 ft).

numbers of Confederate soldiers fled in panic from the field.

Sherman remained with Thomas to maintain the pressure in the Middle West, though it was clear that Grant's success was largely decisive. Still more clear to Lincoln was the welcome assurance that at last he had a commander who could and would carry the war through to the end. Almost a year earlier he had refused to relieve Grant of his command. 'This man fights', he said, and subsequently made his historic repartee to those who told him that Grant drank. 'What brand of whisky does he use?' asked Lincoln, 'I will send a barrel to the other generals.' Now he resolved on a further move. Early in 1864 the post of Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States, previously held by Washington alone, was revived by Congress, and Grant was placed in the supreme command. He proceeded to Washington to meet Lincoln, with whom he had never yet spoken, and whom he admired greatly, and henceforward the President was left to deal with the political dangers untroubled by suspicions of disloyal and inefficient soldiers.

IX

LEE AND GRANT

DURING the winter of 1863-4 the armies of Northern Virginia and the Potomac lay in winter quarters in Northern Virginia. Lee's army was still almost at the strength of the Chancellorsville campaign, but while the South, where stringent conscription had been in force for three years, had now sent every available man to the colours, the population of the North, double that of the South and increased every year by immigration, was capable of augmenting Grant's army indefinitely. Supplies also and ammunition Grant could draw in plenty from a country whose export trade had increased during the war, and the Army of the Potomac in the last year of its existence was fed and supplied with enviable efficiency. At the South, the blockade was tightening month by month. Leather for boots and hard cloth for clothes were almost unobtainable. Drugs and anaesthetics had practically disappeared. Horses were scarce for the cavalry, chemicals for the munition factories; even food for the armies in the last months of the war was limited and of the poorest quality. Grant knew all this well, and such a knowledge, added to the comparative ease with which he had gone to victory,

where others had failed, in the western theatres of war, seems to have made him sanguine that he would very soon be able to end the struggle in Virginia. In this he underestimated the genius of Lee, the capability of his lieutenants, and the untouched fighting qualities of his men, and it is with regret that a reader of Grant's *Memoirs*, who notices his modesty in describing his own achievements and the unstinted praise given to his subordinates, notices also the absence of any direct tribute to the brilliant qualities of his rival in the campaign of Northern Virginia.

During the winter months the Army of the Potomac had remained stationary in quarters not far distant from those occupied by Burnside's and Hooker's forces a year previously. Lee's army still lay between the Federals and Richmond, for President Davis clung to the strategy of the earlier years of the war. He would probably have been better advised to appoint Lee to the supreme command of the armies of the Confederacy, in order that the shrunken forces might be used to best advantage in some campaign where their efforts might be united, instead of separately opposing the advance of the various invading armies. Such opposition, however brave and skilful, was bound, humanly speaking, to end in disaster. Davis would seem to have misunderstood the significance of the Federal victories of 1863 ; indeed, all the

politicians at Richmond were far too optimistic as to the chances of foreign intervention in the closing stages of the struggle. They failed to see how desperate were the odds against them as the manhood of the South dwindled upon each battlefield, and they underrated the strength of the new commander who had arrived in Virginia. The luckless, gallant Army of the Potomac, as Lee remarked, at last had a head.

Grant moved forward across the Rapidan in the early days of May with 120,000 men, and entered the confines of the Wilderness, where Hooker had been defeated and Jackson killed almost exactly a year before. He wished to avoid being brought to battle in the dense and tangled forest, but forest fighting was all to the advantage of the Confederates, and Lee threw forward his army, forcing Grant to draw up his line of battle in the woods. Once more the great struggle took place across clearings and through undergrowth. The Orange Plank and Turnpike roads, Todd's tavern, Parker's store, Piney Branch church, and all the other scattered landmarks of the Wilderness, find frequent mention in the records.¹ Grant's attack was delivered piecemeal, and misunderstandings, sometimes amounting to serious friction, occurred among his corps commanders ; divisions lost their way in the woods and the day's fighting brought no decision. At dawn

¹ For a map of this district, see p. 139.

the battle was resumed, but the early morning attack of the Federals fared no better than before and a counterstroke, delivered with great gallantry by Longstreet's troops, was only checked when the general himself was seriously wounded by his own men. Grant's direct stroke had produced no result; he tried other tactics, and attempted to turn Lee's flank by marching upon Spottsylvania Court House, a point to the rear of the Confederate line some ten miles distant. Lee quickly realized that some such movement was intended, and though without any idea as to Grant's precise objective, set his own army in motion for Spottsylvania. The Federal columns fell foul of each other on the few available roads, and their cavalry found forest work against Fitz Lee's squadrons discouraging; Grant, indeed, reproaches Lee for not having seized the moment for a decisive stroke against the Army of the Potomac. In the event, Lee was the first to reach the Court House in strength, and was able to fortify a semicircular line some eight miles in length, in the centre of which was the triangular work which became celebrated as the Salient or Bloody Angle. The country here was slightly less wild than in the Wilderness, but still largely covered with trees and unsuitable for the manoeuvres of cavalry and artillery. The maps show a low-lying district, cut in every direction by streams which often expand into marshes, and with woodland and fields in almost

equal proportion. Villages there were none ; farms, woodland churches, and a county Court House at cross-roads gave points for an army to march upon and lent their names to important battles. The abundance of timber made fortification a simple matter ; in the course of a few hours Lee's veteran army could construct breastworks of logs and earth, protected by rifle-pits, which were a formidable obstacle to troops advancing without adequate artillery support and armed only with the rifle.

Grant sent his men forward against the Confederate lines on May the 10th. Lee was reported to be on the move, and Grant's plan was to hold the enemy with one corps while the remainder of the army attacked him in the rear, thus crushing him between hammer and anvil. The plan failed owing to misunderstandings among the Federals and Lee's tactical skill, which enabled him to hurl his reserves, on inner lines, first at one Federal army and then at the other, and when the evening came Grant was as far from success as ever. Nothing daunted he resumed the attack on the morrow and again on the following day. On this, May the 12th, he launched an assault through the early morning fog upon the Salient. Here a desperate battle raged, at point-blank range, for almost twenty-four hours, the bitterest fighting of the war. Lee's works had been rushed at the outset, and the fighting for the remainder of the day was almost hand-to-hand in

the open forest. Grant knew that Lee was fighting to gain time while new works were constructed at the base of the Salient, and made every effort to press through the gap in the line. It has been computed that some 45,000 Federals, first and last, were thrown into the strip of wood that won for itself the name of the Bloody Angle. The day was cold and wet, the trees were singed and scored by the firing, the battle was fought amid drifting smoke and fog and the falling shadows of night, and the Confederate line held. Late in the evening Lee withdrew his men from the Salient, and the advancing Federals found themselves once more faced by strong works.

Almost a fortnight had now elapsed since Grant crossed the Rapidan, and the fighting had been practically continuous. The armies had lost some 60,000 men out of their combined total of 200,000 ; Lee, though outnumbered by two to one,¹ had accounted for more than 35,000 of the enemy with a loss of about 26,000. Nevertheless, Grant never hesitated to press forward. He supposed with reason that Lee's losses, in proportion to the Confederate numbers, were more serious than his own ;

¹ Here, as elsewhere, I have followed standard military authorities regarding numbers—always a vexed question—but it should be clearly understood that the round numbers of an army in a campaign refer to its strategical strength, not to the troops actually brought into battle. In the actual fighting Lee often brought greater numbers to bear on critical points, and this is one of his greatest claims to our admiration.

he knew well that Lee had no men to fill the gaps, whereas his own army could in a few weeks be restored to its original strength, and he passionately desired to end the war. In the midst of the inferno at Spottsylvania he had sent his historic telegram to Lincoln, announcing that he would 'fight it out on this line, if it took all the summer.' Even here he underestimated his opponent, for it was not on that line, nor in the summertime, that the end was to come, but the spirit of his declaration was admirable. Much criticism has been levelled at the alleged heartlessness with which Grant pursued the policy of attrition, hurling his armies at the Confederate lines regardless of loss, if so a percentage of Lee's men might be destroyed, but a great deal of such criticism is misdirected. Grant saw how the war could be won, and he won it; perhaps he could have won it in no other way. If he deserves any criticism, it is not as a man or as a commander-in-chief, but as a general commanding in the field, who failed again and again, though with overwhelming numbers, to bring Lee to battle without losing three men to the Confederate's two.

On May the 20th Grant again attempted to get past Lee with a portion of his army and compel him to fight outside his works, but his corps commanders had no sense of the value of speed, and Lee slipped across their armies, to be found five days later behind the North Anna river in a position

far stronger than that of Spottsylvania. Once more Grant moved to the left and endeavoured to thrust the Army of the Potomac between Lee and Richmond, and once more Lee's army was found across his path behind strong defences. Here, within ten miles of Richmond, near the farms of Cold Harbor where McClellan's right had rested at the beginning of the Seven Days, Grant made his last desperate attempt. At about four in the morning of June the 3rd, when the ground was still hidden in mist, he assaulted Lee's works all along the line. His troops were tired with marching and many of them were dispirited as a result of the indecisive fighting; no tactical devices at all were employed and the Confederates behind their breastworks could shoot down their assailants almost at their leisure; as a result the attack failed entirely with fearful loss. During the hour for which it lasted the Federal army lost some 4,000 men,¹ and, what was of more military importance, all trust in its commanders. It was clear that if another such attack were ordered, something approaching mutiny might be expected. Grant himself realized at last the hopelessness of attempting to break Lee's army by frontal attack; such battles as Cold Harbor contributed nothing to the attrition of the Confederacy; at the end of his life he expressed regret for having ordered the assault on this occasion.

¹ Grant's total losses at Cold Harbor were 8,000.

For the moment, however, he did not abandon the initiative. Having failed to defeat Lee north of Richmond, he decided to transfer his army across the James river and assault the Confederate lines before Petersburg,¹ a town some twenty miles south of Richmond and connected by two lines of railway with the southern and western parts of the Confederacy. Lee was some days in appreciating this new move, and his army, marching by night, arrived only just in time to repel with heavy loss the attack which Meade launched soon after arriving near the town. The lines of Petersburg were strongly fortified, and with the arrival of the Army of the Potomac before them the war of movement and manoeuvre in North Virginia may be said to cease. For the moment, also, the attention of Grant was distracted by a daring raid. Lee's army had been reinforced by the garrisons of Richmond and Petersburg, and he was able to detach Early's brigade for independent movement. Marching rapidly down the Shenandoah valley Jubal Early crossed into Maryland, defeated a small Federal force at the Monocacy, and appeared before the forts of Washington. Had he arrived a few hours earlier he might have captured the city, though his forces were not large enough for a serious campaign; as it was, Federal reinforcements, sent by the Army of the Potomac, came in time to save the capital, but

¹ For the position of Petersburg, see map, p. 67.

Early's raid relieved the pressure on Lee for a few weeks. It was the last time that any Confederate soldiers were to break into Union territory.

Unwilling to abandon hope of winning the war in the summer, Grant made one more effort to break Lee's line at Petersburg in August. A gallery, a hundred yards long, was run under an important position in the Confederate works, and a powerful mine was successfully sprung, leaving a vast crater which gave its name to the battle. Troops had been massed to pour through the gap created by the explosion, and artillery was ready all along the line. Nevertheless, the assault failed, mainly owing to the hesitating inefficiency of the officers concerned, and even—so Grant alleged—of the general officer in command. The truth was that the conscripts and bounty-men of 1864, even if well led, were inferior as a fighting force to their predecessors of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg, and were no match at all for Lee's veterans. . This was Grant's last attempt to force a decision, and when it failed he contented himself with thrusting his lines so as to overlap Lee's works and drive him back from covering the vital roads and railways. The defence of Richmond had thus become a great siege whose works extended in an unbroken line for some forty miles—the first foretaste in modern times of that stationary warfare which was such a feature of the campaigns on the western front in the Great War.

Before we pass to other events it may be well to survey the results of Grant's three months of campaigning. The Federals had not achieved their aim of ending the war, it is true, but Grant had far more to show than any previous commander in Virginia. Lee's army had been driven within the lines of Richmond ; it had lost some thirty or forty thousand of its best men, and had been deprived of any immediate hope of taking the offensive. Lee had ventured no daring attack since the first days, and Grant had shown that no tactical defeats, however numerous, no loss, however great, could break his resolve. The Army of the Potomac was still in the field, obeying his orders and working out his designs. But if Grant had accomplished much, Lee had done more. It is impossible to compare his campaign with Napoleon's shorter but more brilliant French campaign of 1814, or with the long defence of South Italy by Hannibal, but Lee's would be no unworthy name to join with the greatest masters of war in the history of the world. It was not merely that he and his army, opposed to an army of double their strength, far better supplied and equipped, had never been worsted in a long series of encounters. His genius should rather be judged from his achievement in bringing Grant to a standstill, bankrupt of plans, and content to let his vast army knock at the works of Petersburg for nine months, until the dying fingers of the

Confederacy relaxed their hold. Grant was the ultimate victor, and he has justly become a national hero in the United States; many historians, carrying into times of peace the prejudices of other days, have conceived it their duty to pass in silence over many Confederate successes, and most unadvisedly, in minimizing the greatness of his opponent, have minimized Grant's own achievements. Such considerations as these must serve as an excuse for the length of this description of Lee's campaign in the spring of 1864.

Meanwhile, in the very week in which Grant was entering the Wilderness, Sherman, who had succeeded Rosecrans, had begun his celebrated campaign in Tennessee. It was the misfortune of the Federal commanders, with the exception of Grant, to win their way to important posts late in the war; thus neither Sherman nor Thomas can be studied so satisfactorily as Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Stuart, and many of their lieutenants. A longer war might well have left Sherman in pride of place among the Federal generals; it is at least certain that his was the military force and his the design that precipitated the toppling Confederacy. He was opposed in Tennessee by Johnston, after Bragg had been recalled to advise the President at Richmond. Johnston's fortune in this war was to be in charge of forlorn hopes, continually distrusted by Davis, but of his ability and high character **there**

was no question among his opponents. Grant and Sherman were loud in his praise, and he is a worthy third to stand beside Lee and Jackson. His army was outnumbered by Sherman's, and as neither side wished for battle, a long and brilliant campaign of manoeuvre was executed, which resulted in Sherman penetrating almost as far south as Atlanta, but with diminished forces. The struggle might have been prolonged indefinitely in this manner, but the Confederate government became impatient, and in an evil moment for the South Davis superseded Johnston by Hood, Lee's fighting general, with orders to bring Sherman to battle. This he did with great gallantry and some skill, but he was worsted in a series of battles before Atlanta, a town of great importance as a manufacturing and railway centre, which fell into Sherman's hands a few days before the attempt in the Crater at Petersburg.

To these Northern successes on land in the summer of 1864 may be joined the sinking of the *Alabama* which occurred about the same time, and which may be taken as an occasion for surveying briefly some of the naval aspects of the war. Despite the vast coastline of the Confederacy, naval as opposed to river warfare played a very small part, though the hold which the North had upon the seas was one of the deciding factors of the struggle. We have seen that from the start the North had most of the old navy, the shipyards, and the raw material for

shipbuilding, and in consequence no Confederate fleet worthy of the name ever made its appearance on the high seas, and the blockade tightened its grip from month to month. Nevertheless, during the earlier years of the war the United States mercantile marine had suffered very considerable loss from the depredations of isolated vessels of war flying the Confederate flag. These ships had been turned out by the dockyards of Europe and cruised from ocean to ocean, coaling at neutral ports and sinking such American merchant vessels as they encountered. The most celebrated of their number was the *Alabama*, Captain Semmes. She had been built in the spring of 1862 to the orders of the Confederate government by Messrs. Laird of Birkenhead, ostensibly, it is said, for the Emperor of China, and as the construction of such a vessel of war was a violation of international law, the United States Minister in London made representations to the Government. The opinion of law officers of the Crown was given in favour of arresting the construction, but owing to what was at the best the most gross carelessness the correspondence was mislaid, and the vessel sailed from the Mersey. No pursuit was attempted, although she remained for some days in territorial waters, and she proceeded to the Azores, where she took on board her armament and her crew. Captain Semmes then put out to sea, and was at large for some two

years, during which time he sank sixty-nine merchant ships of the United States, As she had the advantage of steam and was unhampered by wireless telegraphy or submarine cables, the *Alabama* worked under conditions which were ideal for a commerce-raider ; two months must needs elapse before news of her activities at any spot could reach the States and a warship be sent out, and by that time she had decamped to another part of the ocean. The damage done by her and her two sisters was assessed some years later at ^3,000,000, but the indirect damage inflicted was far greater, for the danger to United States shipping caused rates of insurance to rise to a prohibitive figure, and though the seaborne trade of the North increased during the war, the tonnage of her mercantile marine was reduced by half and was many years in regaining its normal figure.¹ The *Alabama* was ultimately sunk off Cherbourg on Sunday, 19th June 1864, by the United States sloop *Kearsarge*, and some years later Grant's administration claimed and won from England at an international tribunal damages assessed at the figure mentioned above.

Apart from these isolated raiders, naval warfare

¹ As a curious instance of the far-reaching consequences of a modern war, it may be mentioned that acute distress was caused to the inhabitants of the lonely island of Tristan d'Acunha in the S. Atlantic by the cessation of visits from United States whalers, driven off the seas by Confederate privateers.

was chiefly confined to the activities of Federal patrols on the watch for the fast Confederate blockade-runners which received their cargoes from neutrals in the West Indies, and then ran for the ports of Georgia or the Carolinas. Attacks were also made from time to time on the chief Confederate harbours, and these operations gave opportunity for much individual gallantry. No chronicle of such naval designs can be attempted here, but two examples may be mentioned from among many of that intrepid devotion to duty which has in England always been taken as typical of the senior Service. A vessel built in the Confederate yards as a submarine sank four times with her crew. A fifth crew volunteered, and she sank for the fifth time. She was raised and used as a surface craft, and her sixth crew perished by the torpedo with which they destroyed a Federal man-of-war. Craven, a United States officer, was in command of a monitor at the siege of Mobile under Farragut in 1864. In order to open the channel he steamed at full speed upon a mine, and in the seconds that elapsed before the vessel sank Craven, bound for the deck, stood courteously aside from the manhole to allow his pilot to pass first, and went down with his ship.

X

THE FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY

WITH Sherman at Atlanta and Grant at Petersburg, victory was creeping nearer and nearer for the North in the summer of 1864, and it might well seem that the haven was in sight. Yet all danger was not yet past. Grant and Sherman, to adapt Walt Whitman's simile, had navigated the vessel to the landfall; to Lincoln was left the harder task of piloting her through the perilous shoals which lay about the harbour's mouth. A great war-weariness had come upon the nation. Her best sons had fallen, as they must always fall when a democracy goes into battle ; the exaltation and self-confidence that accompanied the declaration of a popular war had given place to searchings of heart which only a Lincoln had faced before Sumter. Men of the North were beginning to realize that the right was not all on their side, and that the South was not pouring out her life-blood in torrents to keep men slaves. The stimulus of disgrace had been removed from the Federal armies. Gettysburg and the Wilderness had atoned for Fredericksburg and the Seven Days, and with the end in sight the reaction came ; the prize, as so often in human affairs, seemed now to be some Dead Sea apple that

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would crumble to dust and bitterness in the hand. Would Lee ever be beaten, men asked, and if beaten what could the victorious armies do in the South, where every man and every woman was a fierce enemy to the conquerors? Could the country ever be held? And if it were held, would, it not be as Spain to Napoleon or Ireland to the English? Minds sick with the four years⁵ woe shrank from a consideration of the problems reconstruction would bring. They did not realize that the population of the South was too scanty for guerilla warfare, that it was too akin in race and institutions to remain for ever at enmity with the North. They only saw their own disunion; for the North had never been united like the South, the existence and prosperity of the country had never been threatened; its best men had fought for an ideal and its worst for gain; and now the gain seemed worthless and the ideal had faded for ever with the dreams of a bygone time. Worst of all, a great political party took its stand in opposition to Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. It seemed as if the liberty of a perfect democracy was about to ruin the state as it had ruined Athens in the ancient world. American political life, whether at North or South, whether before or after the war, has never been a source of any great pride to Americans. Lincoln was a supreme exception sent at the hour of need, but his opponents and supporters were

men of very moderate worth, and he was hedged about with every kind of intrigue and calumny. Finally, the Presidential elections were pending; McClellan, relieved of his command by Lincoln, was standing as the Democratic candidate with a conciliatory platform, and every element of discontent, interested or sincere, rallied to him against the President. It was a dark hour, and those who question Lincoln's greatness would do well to study his conduct and his utterances at this time and compare them with those of his rivals. They should consider whether any other American of his day or of his generation could have dealt without ambition and without weariness with the successful and with the ambitious as well as with the discontented and disgraced, with the bitter New Englander as well as with those who urged an understanding with the South, with those who wished the Constitution to be kept to the letter, as well as with those who wished to break it, letter and spirit.

Fortunately for the North, the darkest days in the field had passed before November. Sherman was in Atlanta and pressing forward, and Sheridan, the fourth to stand with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas, had removed the fear of invasion for ever from Washington by ravaging with fire and sword the length and breadth of the Valley of Virginia, whose smiling plenty had once delighted Jackson's men on their march to the first battle of Bull Run.

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Lincoln's majority in the electoral college was overwhelming, and he was enabled to turn his thoughts to reconstruction rather than to the harassing task of winning the war before his successor came into office. When we read his public utterances of this time we feel that he has become something more than a republican magistrate. He is the father of a people teaching his children, as in the deep wisdom and tenderness of the Second Inaugural; no longer on a moral equality with his advisers and friends, but their accepted master.

As for the war, it was now at last winning itself without his help. In the early days of November, Sherman, near Atlanta, had conceived the brilliant design which he executed with such success. Leaving Thomas with a large army to watch Hood, he took fifty thousand of his best troops and marched east for the sea, thus cutting in half what remained of the Confederacy. Hood did not attempt to follow him, but pushed northwards until his army was met and destroyed by Thomas at Nashville, towards the end of the year, and by that time Sherman was at Savannah. He had marched swiftly, living on the rich countryland of Georgia, and leaving behind him a belt, sixty miles wide, from which he had swept everything of any value to the South, from crops and animals to bridges and railway track—a black belt of desolation across the fair territories of Georgia. Sherman's organization of

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the march was faultless ; prophets at the South and North alike had predicted that the design was too ambitious to succeed, but no enemy appeared in strength, and the American soldier, full of resource and often possessed of considerable technical skill, overcame all obstacles. The wholesale destruction of so much property was cruel enough, even if, as would seem the case, acts of savagery and violence were as rare as could well be expected from a band of ordinary soldiers, but public opinion had been exasperated by the length of the war, and either side was now prepared to strike desperately and thoroughly. Sherman himself probably felt that such destruction was preferable to a prolongation of the war. Still, we may well think that Lee, under similar circumstances, would have gone on his way a little less light-heartedly than Sherman.

Arrived at Savannah, Sherman, after a short rest, proceeded upon another march north, which was intended to draw Lee from his works at Petersburg. This second march is less famous than the march to the sea, which has become familiar to the English-speaking world from the marching-song which it occasioned, but as an example of skilful organization and execution it is even more amazing. The seaboard of the Carolinas was not comparable as campaigning-ground to the firm country of Georgia ; Sherman had to cross endless marshes, bridge rivers, and cut his way through forests, and all *in* winter,

but he went on, without a pause, bringing the hour of the final victory nearer with every mile that he marched.

And now the cloud of ruin which had hung so long and so low over Richmond was about to break. Lee's army was the only great Confederate force still intact, and through the cold winter it had been manning the lines of Petersburg half starved, fighting savagely and desperately, if often successfully, against the foe that pressed attack after attack upon its outposts, its roads, and its railways. The blockade was almost complete ; Sherman had closed several of the last ports still approachable by blockade-runners, and Grant was cutting the railway communication with others. Confederate finances, which had necessarily been unsound from the beginning, might now be said to have ceased to exist; in 1864 a few cents in gold were quoted for a Confederate dollar note in the South, and such was the scarcity of all manufactured and imported goods that prices were inflated to a degree not seen again till after the financial crisis in Central Europe in the years following the Great War.

Down in Georgia or Alabama such plantations as were still manned were sufficiently supplied with their own farm produce, which the breakdown of all transport necessarily left at home, but in the towns and in Virginia, which had always been in a state of siege, people and army alike were near

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starvation. Coffee had become the rarest of luxuries, boots were almost unobtainable, and the newspapers appeared printed on wall-paper or thick brown packing-paper. Plate, cutlery, linen, blankets, curtains, even carpets, had gone from the houses to the camp or the hospital, and in the lovely homes of the old families desolation and want reigned, amid the overgrown and uncultivated land. Richmond itself, within sound of the guns, was a city of pain and mourning ; government receptions and dances and the joybells of victory had long ago given place to the processions of ambulances and hearses, to the tolling of bells and the music of the ⁴ Dead March \ To Richmond came, one after another, the flower-wreathed coffins of the great Southern leaders—Jackson's long ago, Stuart's in the days of Spottsylvania ; ¹ and now in the last days of all died the fiery Jubal Early, and that great fighter, A. P. Hill, killed before Petersburg. Even at this distance of time, the records of the war during this period cannot be studied without leaving a feeling of depression. The sunlight and high endeavour of the earlier campaigns have gone, and there has come instead, into Grant's army as well as into Lee's, a feeling of weariness and sickness, the moral counterpart of the winter cold and mire of Virginia.

¹ Jeb Stuart was mortally wounded in a cavalry skirmish; his death in hospital was, as his life had been, worthy of a gallant Christian gentleman.

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During the sufferings of this bitter winter, Robert Lee—the Marse Robert or Uncle Robert of his troops—had ceased to be merely the trusted commander, and had become in a very true sense the father of his country, the noble presence to whom all eyes looked in the shadow of disaster, but he had resolutely refused all thought of becoming anything more than Davis's servant. Jefferson Davis, who, with all his shortcomings of political and military unwisdom, had yet bravely served the cause which had chosen him as its leader, was still defiant, but he must have known that the end of all was near when he learned that Sherman had scored a line of destruction across and again across the Southern States. From the merely strategic point of view it might still have been possible in the autumn of 1864 for Lee to break loose from Grant, and prolong the war indefinitely by daring campaigns in southwest Virginia, but to abandon, at the eleventh hour, a capital which had for four years been defended at the cost of so much precious blood, would have meant the political ruin of the Confederate government, and so long as the President wished the army to defend Richmond Lee would hold the fort. The works grew and grew throughout the winter till they could scarcely be held by the diminished Army of Northern Virginia. Several attempts were made to break the Confederate line, but Grant's troops were no longer the men of Gettys-

burg; they, too, had lost their best in the Wilderness or at Cold Harbor, and the new conscripts, only half trained, were poor soldiers. The best of the nation at this time were with Sherman.

The end came in the early days of April. Sherman was approaching, and Johnston, reappointed to command by Lee, who had been made Commander-in-Chief when it was too late, was falling back before him. Lee made a final attempt at a serious counterstroke before Petersburg; it failed, owing to the smallness of his army—he had 57,000 men as against Grant's 124,000—and Grant at last broke through his lines. It was on this dark day that A. P. Hill fell. Lee's telegram to Davis informing him that Richmond must be evacuated reached the President in church on Sunday morning, the 2nd of April, Passion Sunday, according to the Roman calendar. Within twenty-four hours the Government, and as many private persons as the decrepit railway could carry, had fled; the last of the garrison marched south to join Lee, and a deserted city, with stores and papers burning, and munitions exploding in every quarter, heard in the distance the Federal bands playing 'Yankee Doodle \

Lee still hoped to break through the toils and join Johnston in Southern Virginia, but the pursuit was pressed energetically, his trains failed him, and Sheridan's cavalry harassed his flank. The marvel was that any organization at all remained in the

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Confederate commissariat. From the army, at last, numbers were straggling every day. A week's nightmare followed the evacuation of Richmond, in which both armies stumbled forward in desperate haste over the bad country, Lee's men with scarcely any food and shrinking daily, yet fighting fiercely when touched. Indeed, they accounted for 10,000 Federal casualties in dead, wounded, and prisoners after leaving Petersburg, and Grant remarks that no engagements in the war were fought in a more determined manner ; it would seem, however, that at the end he held his hand to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. At last, near Appomattox Court House, Lee was surrounded and consented to meet Grant. We can guess what an effort it cost him to do so. 'I had rather die a hundred deaths', he told his staff; and he remarked on the ease with which death would come if he rode towards the firing of his outposts. Grant himself has described the meeting; the contrast between the tall, handsome Lee in the full uniform of his rank, wearing a splendidly mounted sword, and himself in the ordinary dress of the Federal soldier, his boots splashed with mud.¹ He tells, too, how the elation of success had been succeeded in his mind by

¹ Grant, when writing this description, was probably thinking of that day long ago in Mexico when the immaculately dressed Captain Lee sent the slovenly Lieutenant Grant back to his quarters to dress (Maurice, p. 285).

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a depression of spirit which must be shared by any one who follows thus far the fortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia, 'that splendid body of men which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation \ The terms were generous, and Grant restrained his troops from any sign of triumph when they received the surrender of their adversaries, Lee bade a dignified and affectionate farewell to his men and rode back to Richmond, away from public life. The war had broken his physical powers, and he lived but five years longer.¹

¹ It has become common among the most able and critical of modern writers to emphasize the disaffection and loss of will to fight in the Southern States in 1864-5. Examples of this may be seen in Mr. Channing's dispassionate chapter on the 'Collapse of the Confederacy' (vol. vi, ch. xx, pp. 612 ff.), where many authorities are quoted, and in articles in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for September 1924 and March 1925. No one, I imagine, would wish to deny the existence of disaffection and lassitude in such a large community—indeed their existence could have been reasonably inferred even without evidence—the real difficulty lies in estimating their influence and extent, and I cannot help feeling that writers such as Mr. Channing are somewhat repelled by previous extravagant praise of Southern heroism. In every society, as in every family and every human being, there must be many acts and tendencies which are accidental, morbid, and non-significant, and it seems to me that both the discontent of many and the final confidence of such men as Davis are of this kind. Comparisons are apt to be fallacious, but I think it is worth considering whether the German people and armies in November 1918 had endured in the mental and physical order a strain at all comparable to that of the Southern people and the Army of Northern Virginia.

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He had made a name for himself which must stand very high among the great captains of history, not far below such generals as Caesar and Hannibal, Cromwell and Condé and Turenne, Marlborough and Frederick the Great. Any comparison of him with the great generals of his own or other centuries is made difficult by the circumstances of this war*. He was never at the head of military affairs in peace time ; there was, therefore, no band of professional veterans, such as Caesar's or Napoleon's, whose discipline and spirit he had formed. He was a man of one war, and had learnt little as a subordinate.¹ These disabilities, indeed, he shared with Grant and Sherman, his rivals, but it may be questioned whether any other great general has made his reputation with an army which had from the beginning drawn upon the last reserves of the population, which strategically was always inferior to its enemy, which was outclassed in artillery, and which was never completely provided with clothes and up-to-date fire-arms. The brilliant successes of Moltke in the Austrian and French campaigns of the next five years diverted attention from America, and many European writers who are well acquainted with the French and Prussian wars have shown themselves singularly ignorant of American history,

¹ Lee had had a distinguished share in the Mexican war as a staff officer, but I cannot believe that this was of any great help to train him for the vastly different conditions of the Civil War.

but it is probable that military opinion of to-day would rate Lee higher than Moltke. The German had the vast resources of a growing empire to draw upon, his campaigns were prepared beforehand, his wars declared to order, and he was never seriously pressed or compelled at a moment's notice in the field to change his whole plan. Lee, on the contrary, came to high command when his country was already in a state of siege ; most of his movements were made in the face of an attacking enemy with superior forces; even in the intervals between campaigns, the state of his army never gave him a completely free hand to decide his strategy. He was indeed throughout confined to strategy of short range, but there is nothing to show that he would not have been capable of building large plans had the opportunity been given him. In tactical skill he has seldom, if ever, been surpassed in modern warfare.

Beyond his military genius stands the transparent charm of his character that no misfortunes or successes could sour or warp. Perhaps nothing shows better the nature of his ideals than the following extract from a letter written to his eldest son shortly before the Civil War. ' Nearly a hundred years ago', he wrote, ' there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as " the dark day "—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members

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saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgement—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place, doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind,' continued Lee, 'the quietness of heavenly wisdom.' Even such was the quietness of his own mind when all his hopes were ruined, when he saw Pickett's charge recoiling from Cemetery Ridge, when he watched his army shrinking before Petersburg, when he rode away from Appomattox, a prisoner of war on parole. 'What will history say of our surrendering?' asked a staff officer, before the decision was taken. 'That is not the question,' answered Lee, 'The question is, whether it is right; and if it is right, I take the responsibility.' It is this unbreakable strength, when all around was reeling, this resolution to follow without wavering what seemed to him to be the will of God, which gives Lee, as has been remarked, something of the peculiar dignity of Sir Thomas More. Unfortunately, no satisfactory account of his life has yet been written, but his gracious personality, which

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made those who met him feel that they were in the presence of something nobler than themselves, emerges from his every recorded action or letter, and remains as one of the most abiding and ennobling memories of the American Civil War.¹

A few weeks before the surrender at Appomattox Lincoln had taken office for the second time as President. The speech he made on this occasion—known as the Second Inaugural—though short, is a masterpiece of wisdom and eloquence, and must stand as the truest and most humble pronouncement of a victor in the hour of triumph that the modern world has seen. 'Fondly do we hope', so ran the ending of the speech, '—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether". With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to

¹ This appreciation of Lee was written before the appearance of General Maurice's book, but I have left the last sentence unchanged, since General Maurice himself disclaims any suggestion that he has written a definitive Life of Lee.

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finish the work we are in.' ' Judge not, that ye may not be judged ', he had said to his people earlier in the same speech, and these were words continually on his lips during these days when any talked of revenge upon the conquered South.

Such a spirit in the President of the United States augured well for the reconstruction of the country, and an observer at the time might have looked gladly forward to the victory of wisdom and peace. Unhappily, such things were not to be. The war, which had cost so many precious lives, was to cost the most precious of all. The stain of slavery, to use Lincoln's mode of thought, could only be expiated by the sacrifice of the man who, if no nobler than many who had already died, had, besides his personal nobility, the supreme importance of one who alone could secure the happiness of his country.

Lee's surrender was the virtual end of the war, and the nation knew it. Lincoln had been with Grant's army immediately before the fall of Richmond, and had entered the city alone a few hours after his troops. He returned to Washington by sea, and we are told that on the voyage he was happy beyond the usual; as was his custom, he read passages of Shakespeare to his party, and it was remembered afterwards that he had paused and repeated the lines in which Macbeth speaks of the peace which Duncan has found in the grave.

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Lee had surrendered on Palm Sunday. On the morning of Good Friday, which was not observed as a day of public rest in the United States, a Cabinet meeting was held in which Lincoln foreshadowed his scheme of reconstruction for the South, and was decisive that reprisals and persecution should have no part in it. He also told his ministers of a strange dream which had come to him on the previous night, as it had come on the nights preceding several of the most important events of the war. In the evening he attended a theatre, which was crowded with those who wished to see the President and General Grant, who also was expected to be present. In the middle of the play the audience heard the report of a pistol in the President's box, and a figure leaped down upon the stage, crying 'Sic semper tyrannis', the motto of Virginia, and disappeared into the wings. It was John Booth, a fanatical, half-mad actor of Southern sympathies, who had conspired with others to assassinate the President, Grant, and members of the Cabinet. The other intended victims escaped, except Seward, who was wounded, but Booth had done his work with Lincoln only too well, and within a few hours the President was dead.

His death was followed by a wave of grief all over the North which is without parallel in American history. His body was borne for burial to his Illinois home, the scene of his first triumphs, and

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the funeral train, as Walt Whitman has described it, seemed to bring the hush of death even into the woods of spring through which it passed. Even in England, and in the circles which had cast the most ridicule upon his mannerisms of the backwoods, the shock of his death made men realize how great a power for good had vanished, and there can be little doubt that the tragic circumstances of his end secured his reputation in his own country more effectually than a longer life and further services would have done. The cult of Lincoln, indeed, in America, has occasionally been unintelligent and to some degree extravagant, as must always be the case with popular heroes, and it has led many outside America, who could see little greatness in the traits of his character which were emphasized by his admirers, to believe that his reputation was largely exaggerated. Within recent years, however, his personality and actions have been more carefully and critically examined, and his fame has not been diminished by the scrutiny.

Lincoln was, of a certainty, a great statesman; perhaps the greatest that the world has seen since Waterloo; and the American nation has surely chosen rightly in setting him to live beside Washington as the father of his country. The shortness of his public life has often been alleged to prove that his political achievement was small. The time was indeed short, but the four years during which he

was in office were more significant than the forty which followed them, and the deeper we read in the story of the Civil War, the harder it is to escape the conclusion that, humanly speaking, without Lincoln the Union of States would have been dissolved and the abolition of slavery postponed, at least for many years. These two achievements would be sufficient to stamp Lincoln as a great constructive statesman, but there is another debt besides, not so often understood, which the American Commonwealth owes to his Presidency. A democracy, as has often been remarked, is at its weakest during a long war. The masses are incapable of instruction in the varying necessities of military and diplomatic affairs; they must necessarily delegate all executive power for the time being. Who, then, is to judge at such a crisis whether their delegate is abusing his power? To make him unanswerable is to erect a tyranny; to make him answerable to every wind of public anger or lassitude is to deny him any real power.

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This very grave difficulty, which is being felt by so many peoples of Europe at the present moment, was felt by the North during the war, all the more because such a crisis had never before presented itself to a President of the United States since the framing of the Constitution. There were those who accused Lincoln of unconstitutional and tyrannical action, especially in the early stages of the

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war ; there were others who accused him of temporizing and weakness. In reality, his tenure of office gave to his country and to his age a true interpretation of the spirit of the American constitution, a lesson in the government of a democracy in war-time, which has already proved of the utmost value to his successors, and may prove the salvation of America in times to come.

Such are the outstanding political achievements of Abraham Lincoln. Yet it is not his work, great as it was, but rather the spirit and ideals of the man himself, which give Lincoln his peculiar position in history. Alone of modern statesmen he realizes in some measure the dim familiar ideal of all modern peoples, and especially of our own in all its branches. Alone he approaches nearly to the ruler for whom the nations of the earth have yearned, as for a Messiah, since the days of the French Revolution ; one who should govern, not in virtue of his difference from others or of his origin in a class born to rule, with a hundred gifts of education and influence and blood, nor because, with none of these gifts, he should wish to shatter the whole existing order of the world, but in virtue of his sympathy for all men, his belief in them, and his unwillingness to treat any man as his inferior. ' As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master', he wrote once. We have only to compare these words, which are in full agreement with Lincoln's actions, with the

words and actions of other leaders of men to realize how great, is the gulf between their view of statesmanship and his. A Napoleon or a Caesar moulded the world with a hand of iron ; their strength lay in their distance from ordinary men ; they are heroes, supermen, rare and not encouraging exceptions. Each rose above the wreckage of his time as the single Man who could act and work, not by theory, of which the world was sick, nor by tradition, which had failed, but by an intuition and genius above those of his fellows. They were a wonder, apart from the rest of men. Equally distant from Lincoln are the great statesmen of peace of the European model, a Cavour, a Metternich, or a Palmerston, a Gladstone even and a Webster, men of a trade, educated to their trade, who worked for their country in statecraft rather than for their fellow-men in love. Lincoln is unique because, almost alone among statesmen, he went far to bridge the space that lies between strength and sympathy. A Cicero, a Newman, find it hard to act because they can sympathize with points of view other than their own ; Lincoln could sympathize and yet act. He could pursue his end unswervingly, yet without a touch of that obstinacy and blindness which is the cause of the success of most strong men. The possession of power only made him gentler and humbler than he had been before, and years of the greatest strain seem to have developed his charity

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as well as his ability. He is unique among men of action because, while realizing his own weakness, and the capabilities of others, while bearing always about with him the desolating consciousness that truth and righteousness are the monopoly of no man, his strength grew from day to day together with his moral perception and the breadth of his sympathy. No one can study at all carefully the character and utterances of Lincoln without feeling increasingly the infinite possibilities of man's achievement. The wrongheadedness and sadness of the great conflict fall aside; the worth and love-worthiness of the weakest of the combatants remain. Americans do right in honouring him, for he is the supreme example of the American character, the new blood by which the world has been enriched in the new world beyond the seas.

We have mentioned some of the qualities which have won for Lincoln his secure place among the world's great men. It is not suggested that he was faultless. In small matters, as has been said, he could be unscrupulous enough in the game of politics. He was ignorant in many ways, and on some points he was intellectually narrow-minded. His lack of education left him without that ready knowledge of the world and wide moderation which is given by the traditional higher education of European countries. Though he had a real dignity of his own, he had nothing of the compelling charm

possessed by a Napoleon or a Charles Stuart or a Lee. Lincoln himself realized more than most how small is a man's capacity for the truth and how far his conduct must fall short of his ideals, but it was part of his teaching that the good was alone significant and the evil often pardonable, and the significance of Lincoln's character must not be lost sight of in amassing a catalogue of his failures and his weaknesses. Most men, at one time or another of their life, meet with one who seems to them to be a living sanction, an abiding assurance that the good is, and always must remain, above the evil; that man, weak as he is, was not meant to yield to his weakness. Such a one was Lincoln to many of those who needed guidance in the darkness of that war-time, nor has all his power died with him. It is still possible to read one of his whimsical anecdotes, told to unsympathetic listeners where argument had failed, begun while they fretted with impatience, and ended as they smiled through their tears, and to feel some of the emotion which it caused when first spoken. Sixty years after his death and thousands of miles from the country where he lived, it is still possible to feel, with one who was far removed in temperament from Lincoln, how the sight of the evening star at its setting or the spring lilac in bloom could revive a sorrow for the man with whose memory those beautiful works of nature were inseparably linked.

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The details of Lincoln's plan of reconstruction must always remain unknown, but we can be sure that they would have been wise, merciful, and just. We cannot say the same of the plan—or lack of plan—which was substituted for his by the Vice-President who succeeded to his office. The South, ruined by war, had to suffer from an orgy of terrorism and corruption, the like of which has never been seen in a country which had all the outward signs of civilization and free institutions. It does not come within the scope of these pages to review the disastrous years of reconstruction, or to describe the vast developments that soon took place in the United States owing to the improvement of western communications and the influx of emigrants from Europe. These causes, and the consequent growth of wealth, have made most of the problems of Lincoln's day seem as remote to an American of the present as does the war of King and Parliament to ourselves. The habits of thought, the types of character, the deep religious beliefs of the combatants have alike vanished as a garment that is changed. The United States is now a mighty nation among the nations of the world, retaining, as a nation, few of the characteristics of New England, and none at all of the South. No remarks, however, on the Civil War would be complete without a brief statement of its abiding results.

First, then, the suppression of the Confederacy

united the States of the Union firmly and permanently together as a nation, without fear of any civil strife in the future. If by the phrase civil war we mean only a war fought between two parties within one country, the American Civil War cannot properly be called a civil war, as can the wars of Caesar against the Republicans, Navarre against the Protestants, and Charles I against his Parliament. But without quarrelling about the name, we may say that with the defeat of the extreme doctrine of State rights on the battlefield, the only principle of disunion in the American Commonwealth disappeared. Until time brings about the rise of some new principle of division, whether social or political, the United States of America will, in all matters of importance, act, as Lincoln and the North wished, as a united whole.

Next, the suppression of the Confederacy united the new nation in all its ideals. The seceded States, it is true, for long kept to their old modes of thought, but their prostration after the war prevented them from having any influence over the new States of the Middle and Far West. These took the colour of their thought from the North, and at the present day even the Southern States have lost much of their old aloofness. A conception of the United States as a rich and powerful Commonwealth, differing from the old countries of Europe by the greater freedom of her institutions, and the wider

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scope of the advantages which she can guarantee to all her children, is the conception which Americans of every State and party have to-day, and it is the conception of Lincoln and the North.

Finally, the disappearance of slavery and the ruin of the Southern aristocracy swept from American life and American politics the last trace of the old European social distinctions. It may be said that to some extent wealth has taken the place of birth in American life. This is doubtless true, and in time, it may be, a new aristocracy will spring into being. Nevertheless, for the present at least, and in spite of such bars as wealth may put between rich and poor, America remains democratic in spirit in a way that England is not, and, so far as can be seen, never will be. The people of the South were free, and they fought for freedom, but they had nothing of this democratic spirit. It was the spirit of Lincoln and the North.

These brief and most inadequate considerations may have served to indicate some of the^L great and beneficial results of the war. A few words in conclusion remain to be said of the vanquished, and they shall be all the more loving because they are spoken of the dead.

When the last Confederate forces surrendered in May 1864, the South had been defeated as perhaps no people of equal civilization has ever been defeated. She had boasted in the day of her pride that a nation

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could not be conquered ; destruction, not conquest, had been her portion in the years which had passed since that boast was made. When her scattered remnants of armies broke to pieces, the North had more than a million men under arms; Northern population and Northern wealth had increased during the war. At the South, the life-blood had been drained; her wealth had vanished in smoke, her land was scored and devastated, her institutions changed, the hopes of all her people gone for ever. The enemy had put out his hand to all her desirable things, and all her beauty was departed. From being a great and even a preponderant force in American politics she fell to a position of no influence at all, and lay for almost two generations in silent misery. Only in our own day has something of her material prosperity returned, but her voice is silent, and must probably always remain so, while the currents of American life flow through the cities of the North and Middle West, and across to the Pacific. Yet that stretch of land, from Virginia to Mississippi, still known as the South, the dear ⁶ Dixie' of war days, could call forth a passionate love and devotion such as was never felt for the North in the past or for the United States of to-day. A nation's character, it has been said, is mirrored in its songs, and the songs of the South, both past and present, have an accent of extraordinary love and yearning for the home which gave them birth.

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They are sad, too, as if with a spirit of prophecy. How often did prisoners' in the North, and Confederate soldiers in bivouac or on the march, sing the national anthem, 'Dixie' !

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten !
In Dixie land whar I was born in
Early on one frosty mornġ' . . .

Den I wish I was in Dixie . . .

To live and die in Dixie . . .

Away, away, away down south in Dixie !

And the negro song, so familiar to our ears :

Tse gwine back to Dixie,

Fse gwine where the orange blossoms grow.

For I hear the children calling,

I see their sad tears falling,

My heart's turn'd back to Dixie, and I must go.

is inspired by that same intense desire to hold or recall the past. Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little ! Wrong as were the political ideals of the South, fatal as would have been their application over a wider territory, we cannot follow the "history of this struggle without a feeling of deep sadness at the fall of the Confederacy. The South gave their all—as no other people has done, as the North did not—in what became a desperate and hopeless effort to preserve what they loved most passionately. They staked their all, and lost all, and their Dixie, the Dixie of the past, vanished like mist from the hands that would have held her, and was lost for ever.

BOOKS ABOUT THE WAR

A SMALL work of this kind does not demand a full bibliography, but I may be allowed to give a list of some of the best books on the subject for any who may desire to read deeper in the American Civil War.

First among the primary sources for the historian must stand the official *Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* in fifty-two volumes, which embody every dispatch and official order that the industry of years was able to collect. Besides this work, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* gives an account of most of the campaigns, written by the leading commanders of either side. Smaller points of military and political interest have been investigated by the Military History Society of Massachusetts and by the Southern Historical Society, and may be found discussed in their publications, and in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*.

Histories of the Civil War have been written by Wood and Edwards and by Ropes and Livermore, but the best short account to my mind is the later and compressed version of J. F. Rhodes's *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, originally published in five volumes. It is authoritative, well documented, and eminently fair. At the moment of writing, vol. vi of E. Channing's *History of the United States* has appeared. It covers the Civil War and is of the utmost value, especially on the political and economic side, but I do not think it should supersede Rhodes. Of smaller histories with a wider scope, perhaps the best is Goldwin Smith's *The United States*. The chapters on the

course of the war in the *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. vii, by Lincoln's secretary, John Nicolay; are incomplete and partisan, and form a striking contrast to the brilliant and balanced chapter from the pen of Woodrow Wilson which precedes them and gives an account of the political events in the decades immediately before Secession.

Campaigns of the Civil War (Scribners, New York), a series of monographs, has been largely superseded by later and more general works but still remains useful for the specialist. Among more modern and critical monographs may be mentioned the elaborately produced *Battle of Chancellorsville* by Major J. Bigelow, and the *Wilderness and Cold Harbor* by C. F. Atkinson, the writer of an article on the war in the current edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Colonel T. L. Livermore's *Numbers and Losses in the Civil War* is the most authoritative work on a very vexed question which is constantly occurring in every campaign, but his conclusions are not always accepted by recent writers. Interesting appreciations of the chief actors on either side will be found in Gamaliel Bradford's *Union Portraits* and *Confederate Portraits*.

Abraham Lincoln's *Works* have been edited in ten volumes by his secretaries John Nicolay and John Hay, who are also the authors of an even more voluminous life—*Abraham Lincoln, a History*—dealing chiefly with Lincoln's public life, and not without uncritical partiality in many of its judgements. For Lincoln's earlier years W. H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik's *Abraham Lincoln* is a primary authority of great weight. For all practical purposes of general reading Lord Charnwood's magnificent study *Abraham Lincoln* in the series 'Makers of the Nineteenth Century' may take the place of a longer work. It is a book to which I owe much inspiration and needs no praise from me. A. Rothschild's *Lincoln* ;

the Master of Men may also be recommended, I am told that a life of Lincoln embodying all the most recent research is in preparation by Mr. A. J. Beveridge. Many of Lincoln's speeches are accessible in the Everyman edition (Dent & Co., London) though some are abridged without any comment; thus the Second Inaugural loses the magnificent passage (quoted in full by Lord Charnwood, p. 439) where Lincoln speaks of the war as a retribution for the sin of slavery.

At the moment of writing Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice's long-looked-for study of Lee, *Robert E. Lee the Soldier*, has appeared. It represents the mature and critical judgement of a military historian who has long been acquainted with all the materials of his subject. No adequate full-dress biography of Lee exists, but one who loves him will find much that is delightful in older books, such as the *Life* by his nephew Lee Childe, *Recollections and Letters of General R. E. Lee* by his son R. E. Lee—perhaps the best authority for Lee's private life—*General Lee* in the * Great Commanders' series by his nephew Fitzhugh Lee; *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee* by his old comrade A. L. Long, and *Lee* in the 'Heroes of the Nations' series by H. A. White. Perhaps the best study of Lee in all the aspects of his life is Gamaliel Bradford's most charming book *Lee the American*.

Jackson was fortunate enough to attract a writer of genius as long ago as 1898, when many of the chief Confederate officers were still alive, and Colonel Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson* has been frequently reprinted as a military classic. My debt to it for matters of fact and military criticism is immense and will be obvious to all who know the book. As regards Grant, nothing has entirely replaced his *Memoirs*^ written shortly before his death in 1886, which have justly been ranked with the greatest autobiographies of men of action. They are astonishingly accurate, transparently

sincere and moderate in tone, and are an authority of the first importance for many of the military movements of the war. Yet regard for their excellence and for the character of their author should not lead us to consider them as an impartial and complete history of the events with which they deal. Grant, even as an old man, was no more unbiased than was Caesar when he wrote his commentaries on the conquest of Gaul, and though he is modest enough when his personal achievements are being narrated, it is clear throughout that he holds a brief for the cause of the Union and for the armies which he led. Especially is this so, as it seems to me, in his account of the war after the campaign of Vicksburg.

Those who wish to see the war from the point of view of a Southern politician may study Jefferson Davis's somewhat intemperate *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. An interesting if not always convincing study of Davis has recently appeared in H. J. Eckenrode's *Jefferson Davis, President of the South*, but the kindest impartial estimate of him is to be found in Gamaliel Bradford's book on Lee referred to above.

Finally, the student of Lee's campaigns should read, even if he does not agree with, General Longstreet's *From Manassas to Appomattox*.

I have touched very lightly in my narrative on the diplomatic and naval aspects of the struggle. The three volumes of the series *The Navy in the Civil War* (New York) cover the chief operations, and there are lives of Farragut and Porter. The more romantic episodes may be studied in T. E. Taylor's *Running the Blockade* and J. T. Morgan's *Recollections of a Rebel Reefer*.

Lives of Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and the Emperor Napoleon III give accounts of the intrigues

and reactions of feeling in Europe, and England's attitude is the subject of the recently published *Great Britain and the American Civil War* in two volumes by Ephraim D. Adams.

I have found much interesting subsidiary matter in the contemporary Northern *History of the War for the Union* by Duyckinck (3 vols., New York), where many speeches, dispatched, and eyewitnesses' accounts are published. This book contains, for instance, testimony which must be entirely above suspicion as to the strict good conduct of Jackson's men during the first invasion of the North, and the full account of the duel between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* gives details which I have not met with elsewhere. Another contemporary publication of considerable interest is *Southern Generals, who they are, and what they have done* (London, Sampson Low).

For all students of American politics Lord Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* is of course essential, though it is necessary to bear in mind that Lord Bryce was one of a brilliant group of political thinkers who regarded the war solely as one of the many happy steps towards Freedom and Nationality which the world was making at the time. J. M. Beck's *The Constitution of the United States* is a recent and shorter 'book. *The Cambridge Modern History* vol. vii, and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, besides numerous articles, give fairly full bibliographies up to the date of publication. Lord Acton's essay on the causes of the war in his *Essays on Modern History* is of value as giving the view of a gifted English contemporary whose sympathies were with the South; of less value, though of equal interest, are the enthusiastic references to Lee scattered throughout his *Letters to Mary Gladstone*. It is instructive to notice, on this as on other points, that in private letters the scrupulous

caution of Acton gives place to an almost journalistic recklessness of judgement. Various aspects of American life, before, during, and after the war, are treated of in the series 'Chronicles of America' (Yale University Press). I may mention particularly *Abraham Lincoln and the Union*, *The Day of the Confederacy*, *The Sequel of Appomattox*, and *The New South*.

The above must suffice as a short list of historical sources and critical estimates, but the general reader, and indeed any who wish to reconstruct for themselves the atmosphere of the time, without which facts and criticisms must remain lifeless, will do well to become familiar with various works of imagination which reflect the social conditions of the period in a way which no work of history—even though written by a Macaulay—can hope to imitate. First among these must be named Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a biased but honest criticism of slavery which had immense weight in fostering hostility to the institution. A glimpse of a more attractive side of negro life can be seen in the ever-delightful *Uncle Remus* and *Nights with Uncle Remus* of J. C. Harris. Another American classic, G. W. Cable's *Old Creole Days*, gives a vivid picture of pre-war society in New Orleans. Slavery, plantation life, and the social condition on the great rivers are described with inimitable picturesqueness by Mark Twain in *Huckleberry Finn* and *Life on the Mississippi*, and in the latter book will be found an account of the siege of Vicksburg. The Southern aristocracy, at its zenith and in its decline, appears in several of Winston Churchill's well-known novels, especially *Richard Carvel*, a tale of old Virginia, and *The Crisis*, a story of life in Missouri during the war. Vivid descriptions of the actual fighting and of the Virginian First Families are to be found in Miss M. Johnston's novels *The Long Roll*

and *Cease Firing!*—descriptions which derive great value from the author's near kinship with distinguished Confederate officers. It is a little curious that such a period of struggle and sacrifice and awakening should have had so little effect upon contemporary letters in America. The great literary movement of New England was moribund in 1860, but it might have been expected that the growth of a national consciousness on the field of battle would have brought about the birth of new forces. This was not the case, and sixty years after the war we are still awaiting the rise of a specifically American literature. Indeed, in the realm of pure literature, the only undying work inspired by the war would seem to be Walt Whitman's exquisite *Drum Taps* and his two laments on the death of Lincoln. For the truest and deepest thought on the great questions at issue, we still have to go to the letters and speeches of Lincoln himself.

SUGGESTED SHORT COURSE OF READING
ON THE WAR

1. Rhodes, *History of the United States*, short version.
2. Woodrow Wilson, 'State Rights' in *Cambridge Modern History* vol. vii.
3. Lord Charnwood, *Abraham Lincoln*.
4. G. Bradford, *Lee the American*.
5. Col. Henderson, *Stonewall Jackson*.
6. U. S. Grant, *Memoirs*.
7. Winston Churchill, *The Crisis*.
8. Miss Johnston, *The Long Roll and Cease Firing* /

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