

SECOND BULL RUN AUGUST '62 - CHAOS

THE popular Orpheus C. Kerr (Robert H. Newell and "Office Seeker") and his nonsense relieved for occasional moments the gloom of some of his readers. Among those who took him as sure entertainment was Lincoln. "Rejoice with me, my boy, that I have got back my Gothic steed, Pegasus, from the Government chap who borrowed him for a desk," wrote Kerr. "The splendid architectural animal has just enough slant from his backbone to his hips to make a capital desk, my boy; and then his tail is so handy to wipe pens on. In a moment of thirst he swallowed a bottle of ink, and some fears were entertained for his life; but a gross of steel pens and a ream of blotting paper, immediately administered, caused him to come out all write."

Into a horseplay world Kerr took his readers. Of Pegasus producing "architectural illusions" he wrote: "He was standing on the hill-side the other day, with his rear-elevation toward the spectators, his head up and ears touching at the top, when a chap noticed him afar off, and says he to a soldier, 'What church is that I behold in the distance, my fellow worm of the dust?'" Then Kerr would swing back to reality and tell of a walk across Long Bridge to Arlington Heights. "How pleasant it is, my boy, to escape occasionally from the society of Congressmen and brigadiers, and take a lazy sprawl in the fragrant fields."

And one of Orpheus C. Kerr's letters opened: "Patriotism, my boy, is a very beautiful thing. The surgeon of a Western regiment has analyzed a very nice case of it and says it is peculiar to this hemisphere. He says that it first breaks out in the mouth, and from thence extends to the heart causing the latter to swell. He says that it goes on raging until it reaches the pocket, when it suddenly disappears, leaving the patient very Constitutional and conservative."

Lincoln had his laugh at Kerr's letter of August 9, 1862, which set forth: "Notwithstanding the fact that President Lincoln is an honest man, my boy,

the genius of Slumber has opened a large wholesale establishment here, and the tendency to repose is general." Equally bland three weeks later, Kerr wrote: "As every thing continues to indicate, my boy, that President Lincoln is an honest man, I am still of the opinion that the restoration of the Union is only a question of time, and will be accomplished some weeks previous to the commencement of the Millenium."

During that desperate, hammering summer of 1862 Lincoln revolved often in his mind the curious failure of his 200,000 men in Virginia against half that number. Would he have to try one general, another, and still another, and for how long?

A new combination named the Army of Virginia, formed by the three commands of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, was headed by General John Pope, whom Frémont detested as a plotter against him in Missouri operations. Frémont had hoped command would be given back to him. His hope failing, he requested Lincoln to relieve him of field duty, which Lincoln did. Frémont with his personal staff returned to New York City, where he and Mrs. Frémont established a headquarters for Republican radicals. Repeatedly some friends of Frémont urging on Lincoln his claims, pleading for justice, but Lincoln refused to give him another army to play with. And Frémont wasted his time and maneuvered politically.

John Pope, the new commander, was a dashing horseman, a figure to look at, his valor in battle impetuous and undisputed. He had been one of Lincoln's military escort en route to inauguration, was Kentucky-born, a graduate of Transylvania University at Lexington, his father a United States judge whom Lincoln had met in law practice in Springfield, Illinois. A West Pointer, a Mexican War officer promoted for gallantry on the field, an engineer, a surveyor, an explorer, an 1860 Republican, John Pope had been continuously an army man, soldiering his lifework. His victories had brought 1,300 prisoners at Blackwater, Missouri, and some 6,000 at Island No. 10 on the Mississippi. In his new Eastern command it was supposed or hoped that he embodied somehow the fighting quality or luck of the Western armies. To his men and generals he offered maxims: "Success and glory are in the advance, disaster and shame lurk in the rear." He wrote letters from Headquarters in the Saddle." He issued an address to his new command. "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the back of our enemies." The Western policy was attack and not defense, he would have them know. "I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily."

Was General Pope strutting to scare the enemy, or blustering to hide his personal embarrassment over the job just ahead of him? His soldiers must dismiss from their minds "certain phrases" which, he notified them, "I am sorry to find so much in vogue amongst you." As to "lines of retreat" and "bases of supplies," which he was hearing of constantly, he said: "Let us discard such ideas. . . . Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our enemies, and leave our own to take care of themselves." From his "head-

quarters in the saddle" he meant well. His overconfidence ran into bombast almost inconceivable unless possibly it served to ease his own misgivings. For Pope was facing two great proved fighters, two strange captains of men, Lee and Jackson.

One of these, Robert Edward Lee, fifty-five years old, had become the most portentous personality with whom Lincoln would have to contend in the months ahead. For Lee had two rare gifts, patience with men and patience with unforeseen circumstance. His training in handling and understanding men had been long, hard, varied, and thorough. The smooth reciprocal functioning of Lee with Davis was almost startling as a contrast to Lincoln and McClellan. Militarily Lee and Davis were one head of the Army of Virginia. Where Jefferson Davis would often fail to read the enemy mind Lee supplied the deficiency. Neither jealousy nor envy nor ambition, in any ordinary sense, gnawed at the heart of Lee. He sacrificed personal pride or ease to immediate ends in his handling of men, whether dealing with the President of the Confederacy or with staff generals or with bare-foot privates. Of his father, Henry ("Light-Horse Harry") Lee, an uncle said that he seemed "to have come out of his mother's womb a soldier." After earning a reputation for brilliant fighting in the American Revolution, Light-Horse Harry spent thirty years in wild money affairs, failed of fortune, was jailed for debt at Westmoreland and Spotsylvania, was beaten, crippled, and disfigured in defense of a Baltimore newspaper that in 1812 opposed war with Great Britain, sailing away from America in his last years; for the sake of health and peace from creditors he lived an exile's life. Contemplation of his father's ways seemed always to counsel the son, "Patience, patience."

Robert E. Lee's elder half-brother, Henry ("Black-Horse Harry") Lee, had served as Assistant Postmaster General under President John Quincy Adams, had mismanaged and squandered an inherited estate, had become impoverished and entered the service of Andrew Jackson as a political writer, living at The Hermitage in Tennessee and winning favor from Jackson. With President Jackson's appointment as consul to Morocco in his portfolio, Black-Horse Harry Lee sailed for Africa while scandals were aired. He had married a young woman of property, had been swept into an affair of passion with his wife's younger sister; in view of this and other admitted facts not one member of the United States Senate would vote for his confirmation—and Black-Horse Harry lived in Italy, in Paris a few years, and died an exile. On this tradition too Robert E. Lee had contemplations.

With depths of affection for his valiant father, with charitable silence for his wayward brother, Robert E. Lee had followed the vagrant ways of neither. He sank himself in another tradition, that of George Washington, who had been in his near-by tomb at Mount Vernon only ten years when Lee arrived in a family coach at Alexandria, Virginia, a baby to grow up as a boy hearing of General Washington's letter to his father wishing him "all imaginable success and happiness," to live near the post office where Washington often came in person, and to walk in the market place where

Washington had drilled troops, to pass the hall where Washington had pronounced the responses of the Masonic ritual, and to see the old doctor who was physician and intimate friend of Washington. This could only incite the boy whose father had spoken in eulogy of Washington as first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The boy, grown to manhood, sojourned at Arlington Heights with George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Mrs. Washington and adopted son of George Washington, and married the daughter, Mary Ann Randolph Custis.

So he became further immersed in the shadows, legends, and personal testimonies of George Washington. What this did to the inside of Lee no man could say, but men who studied him closely said that one of his secrets was a grip on the character of Washington as a model, a hope, and a light. The reserve, the tenacity, the scruples, the exactitude in petty detail, the piety, the patience and forbearance, the balances of justice and fair dealing, the bearing of distinction touched with aristocratic outlook—these days of Washington he pondered. They haunted him.

Robert E. Lee's mother, Ann Hill Carter Lee, was the daughter of Charles Carter, whose James River plantation and other possessions gave him reputation as the richest man in Virginia except George Washington. Her inheritance had dwindled so far that West Point was the advisable place for her son's education. On the basis of his father's brilliant Revolutionary War record, John C. Calhoun signed his appointment, and he went away to West Point with his mother saying: "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me"—her acknowledgment as a chronic invalid of his loyalty in the years he had served and nursed her. After graduation with high standing, he was married to Mary Custis, a frail blonde girl of whom it was said that she had "features aristocratic but not beautiful." In the Arlington Heights mansion overlooking Washington, D.C., which for many years was to be the home of Lee, were relics and mementos of George Washington, his bookcase, his camp equipment, the bed in which he died. And one kinsman commented that in the eyes of the world the marriage of Robert E. Lee had made him "the representative of the family of the founder of American liberty." Of Mary Custis Lee it was written, "She loved wildflowers and old gardens and evening skies"; she bore seven children in fourteen years, and became a chronic invalid.

Once, apologizing in advance to expected guests, General Lee wrote: "Tell the Ladies that they are aware Mrs. L. is somewhat addicted to laziness and forgetfulness in her Housekeeping. But they may be certain she does her best. Or in her Mother's words 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.'" The years passed with no deviation of his interest in her. He was tall, handsome, gracious, attractive to women, it was often noted; at thirty-five his confession to a friend ran: "You are right in my interest in pretty women. It is strange that I do not lose it with age. But I perceive no diminution." About the same time to one of his cronies he said, "I would not be unmarried for all you could offer me."

On leaving West Point Lee was flung into the realities of handling engineers and work gangs to cut ditches in Georgia mudbanks, to blast rock from the bed of the Mississippi for river-channel improvement at St. Louis, to repair casemates in New York Harbor, to run pile-drivers in Baltimore Harbor. He came to know measurably that odd bird, the regular-army soldier, and that enigma, the American workingman. His reputation for fair dealing spread far, and once when he assured an offending soldier, "You shall have justice," the answer was quick—"That is what I am afraid of." From his first assignment of duty in 1829, which put him to his armpits in mud while building fortifications at Cockspur Island in the Savannah River, through his duties thirty-one years later policing Indian tribes and fighting Mexican bandits on the plains of Texas, he was a military man to whom the word "duty" had peculiar meaning. "Duty," he wrote, "is the sublimest word in the language."

Many times as a court-martial judge Lee rode hundreds of miles from case to case, hearing hundreds of witnesses and advocates by the score, learning in detail of neglects, faults, jealousies, among army officers. Youth and the cub officer taught him in the two years he was superintendent of the West Point military academy. Advising a father to let his son resign before examinations, he wrote, "I consider the character of no man affected by a want of success, provided he has made an honest effort to succeed." Of one dawdling cadet he asked: "How is your mother? I am sure you must be devoted to her; you are so careful of the health of her son." Having made the best possible effort, he would be calm and let the record stand: this was his philosophy.

Lee's only leave of absence during thirty years in the army was an annoying year in which he acted as executor of the tangled estate of his wife's father, about that time writing, "I have no enjoyment in life now but what I derive from my children." Seeing his daughter Annie in 1859 weeping together with her departing guest, a Georgia girl, he gaily called: "No tears at Arlington. No tears!" Seldom had he been longer than three months continuously away from his family. He would write a daughter "My Precious Annie," saying, "I inclose some violets I plucked," and to his wife of a garden he saw "filled with roses and beautiful vines" and among them "the tomato-vine in full bearing, with the ripe fruit on it." He wrote that it did him good "to see the mules walking around and the corn growing," signs multiplying that he hankered for a farm or plantation of his own to manage, with a big house to entertain guests, as a country gentleman.

Like his ancestors, Lee referred to England as "the old country," wrote impressed as "imprefsed," show as "shew." Life at any moment might be lacking conveniences wanted by the individual, he learned, and wrote his daughter Agnes: "You must expect discomforts and annoyances all through life. No place or position is secure from them, and you must make up your mind to meet with them and bear with them." He gave advice that was prosaic and dull unless shined up with practice, such as "The true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others." Grave

and self-composed outwardly, he wrote home of a little daughter, "She is like her papa—always wanting something," from far in the Southwest wrote once, "I walk alone with my thoughts."

At West Point it had been noted Lee could laugh in the face of some cadet who had slipped in folly, and it was taken he was laughing at the folly and not the cadet. The other fellow didn't get sore. Strictly responsible personally, Lee had a sober-faced tolerance of the incompetent, the stupid and blundering. This connected partly with a religious understanding that men are sinners and none is perfect, partly with a nurse nature that had made him the affectionate caretaker of his invalid mother and languishing wife, and also with an instinct that men, women, and children would usually, though not always, do better when gentled. Cold and austere he seemed on parade in his official uniform, panoplied for duty, though in the bosom of his family "he was very fond of having his hands tickled, and that was still more curious, it pleased and delighted him to take off his slippers and place his feet in our laps to have them tickled," said one of his sons. They would ask for more stories and he teased them. "No tickling, no story!"

With a physical frame "solid as oak," trained to hardships and loneliness, Lee sipped wine occasionally, drank no hard liquor, cared nothing for tobacco, once wrote a son: "I hope you will always be distinguished for your avoidance of the 'universal balm,' whiskey. Its temperate use is so difficult." Knowing the boy had heard this before, he apologized for giving advice: "You must pardon a fault which proceeds from my great love and burning anxiety for your welfare and happiness." He gave an odd incident of himself and whisky through the Mexican War. "A lady in Virginia revealed on me to take a bottle of fine old whiskey, which she thought I could not get on without. I carried that bottle all through the war and on my return home I sent it back to my good friend, that she might be convinced that I could get on without liquor."

After the butchery at Cerro Gordo, Lee had said to a brother, "You have no idea what a horrible sight a field of battle is." Two years on the staff of General Scott during the Mexican War had been his high test. His record then and since led Scott to say openly that Robert E. Lee was "the best of American soldiers," in discretion and valor "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field."

Lincoln in March of '61 had signed a commission appointing Lee a colonel in the United States regular army at the same time that the Confederate Government offered Lee a commission as brigadier general. Scott and Old Man Blair had made it plain that Lee was the choice for high command of the Union armies, Blair having authority from President Lincoln to ascertain Lee's intentions and feelings, and the consent of Secretary Cameron to offer high command. Lee had waited through Lincoln's inauguration, through the bombardment and evacuation of Fort Sumter. It was April 18, with the "Uprising of the North" at its height of fury, when Lee rode up Pennsylvania Avenue, dismounted at the younger Blair's home oppo-

site the State, War, and Navy buildings, and behind closed doors talked with Blair. "I declined the offer he made me," wrote Lee, "stating as candidly and courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in the invasion of the Southern States." At the office of his lifelong friend and beneficent elder comrade, General Scott, he heard the words, "Lee, you have made the greatest mistake of your life," and sadly, as between old associates with a difference beyond scope of language, he advised that if Lee were going to resign he must not delay. Not that day did Lee resign. Virginia had not yet seceded. He would wait.

The next day in Alexandria he read the news that the Virginia convention in secret session had gone out of the Union. To a druggist in Alexandria he had remarked the day before, "I must say that I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good of secession." As an officer of the United States Army, however, he could be ordered to defend Washington by invading Virginia, which duty to him would be a species of blasphemy.

So Robert E. Lee sent Secretary Cameron his resignation the next day, wrote to Scott: "I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. . . . Save in defence of my native State, I never desire to again draw my sword." To his sister Ann, whose West-Point-trained son was staying with the United States Army, Lee wrote of "a state of revolution" in the whole South, "and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forbore and pleaded to the end for a redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native state." His sister would blame him, he knew, "but you must think of me as kindly as you can . . . may God shower upon you everlasting blessings." The pivot of his decision was stated: "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home." To his brother Smith he wrote: "I wished to wait until the Ordinance of Secession should be acted on by the people of Virginia, but war seems to have commenced, and I am liable at any time to be ordered on duty, which I could not conscientiously perform. . . . I had to act at once. . . . I am now a private citizen, and have no other ambition than to remain at home."

In the hill-set house at Arlington overlooking the Federal capital a gloom hung as though death had walked in and made dark promises. "My husband has wept tears of blood over this terrible war, but as a man of honor and a Virginian, he must follow the destiny of his state," wrote Mary Custis Lee of that week and others following. Though Virginia was dear, wrote a daughter, "the army was to him home and country." And when the voters of Virginia balloted in favor of secession, one of Lee's sons said that the people had lost their senses, while another son declared that if he could dictate policy he would call the secession movement revolution and seize and fortify Arlington Heights. In the old family pew of George Washing-

in Christ Church in Alexandria Robert E. Lee sat with a daughter one day in April of '61; he left the services a sorrowful man who could join his fellow worshipers in jubilation over their revolution, which he believed had the spirit of 1776 and the nod of approval from George Washington's ghost. From Christ Church to Arlington to Richmond and to the front he had gone in what he saw as inescapable duty.

Into the smoke of battles and onto slopes strewn with the corpses of Southern and Northern boys Lee had gone because, as he said with an unhesitating sincerity, he could not do otherwise: the first step was his decision that he could not fight against Virginia; the second and inevitable other step for him was his decision that, Virginia invaded, he must fight for her and against her invaders. Yet he was neither a revolutionist nor a secessionist nor a Union-hater nor temperamentally joined to the men who had created the Confederacy and then asked him to fight for it. Lee was a conservative whose instincts favored a strong government to hold down disorder, tumult, and insurrection, his measure of doubt in the American experiment being expressed in a letter home in January of '61 saying that he had read Nicholls' letter to Washington: "How his spirit would be grieved could he see the lack of his mighty labors! . . . It has been evident for years that the country was doomed to run the full length of democracy. . . . I fear that the kind will not for years be sufficiently Christianized to bear the absence of restraint and force."

In another letter home in January of '61 Lee wrote words that, had they been spoken before the Confederate Congress at Montgomery that winter, would have been hissed as treason to the basic doctrine of States' Rights and followed by suspicion and mistrust: "Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many safeguards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It was intended for 'perpetual union' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession."

Then his instinct carried Lee to the question where he would go if secession became a fact. "A Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defence will draw my sword on none." A few weeks before this he had written a son, "While I wish to do what is right, I am unwilling to do what is wrong, either at the bidding of the South or the North." Of his hope for preservation of the Union he wrote, "I will cling to it to the last." He felt and resented "the aggressions of the South," though "I am not pleased with the course of the 'Cotton States'" and he could see no benefit in "their selfish, dictatorial bearing, the threats

they throw out against the 'Border States.'" On the South Carolina proposals to legalize and reopen the African slave trade he was decisive, writing a son: "One of their plans seems to be the renewal of the slave trade. That I am opposed to on every ground."

And on this question of slavery, which at last had exploded into the secession upheaval, where did Robert E. Lee stand? One of his uncles, Richard Henry Lee, member of the Virginia House of Burgesses from 1761 to 1788, spoke deep hatred of slavery and sought passage of a motion "to lay so heavy a duty on the importation of slaves as effectually to put an end to that iniquitous and disgraceful traffic with the colony of Virginia." Lee knew that George Washington held the institution to be an involved menace that must be dealt with delicately. As a boy in Alexandria he saw the jail chimney where stood iron pikes from which once had gazed the bloody heads of Negroes who had tried to raise an insurrection against their masters and owners. On duty at Fortress Monroe when the Nat Turner slave revolt took place, he had noted, in a letter, the extraordinary fact that more whites had been killed than blacks and that the insurrection had been organized at religious meetings by Negro preachers supposed to be expounding the teachings of Jesus.

On Lee's first assignment as a lieutenant on fortification work in Georgia he had taken with him a faithful sick and worn old Negro slave, for rest and healing in a warmer climate. As executor of the estate of his wife's father he had his first experience at managing slaves in which he had property title, some half-dozen. One later result of this was publication in the *New York Tribune* of letters written by anonymous antislavery agitators—they alleged on hearsay that Robert E. Lee had personally taken charge of the discipline of a captured runaway Negro girl, alleging further, with no slightest evidence, that Lee had stripped the girl slave and given her thirty and nine lashes.

At Leavenworth on court-martial duty Lee had seen civil war and "Bleeding Kansas." He had directed the troops and marines who captured John Brown at Harper's Ferry, looked into the eyes of a militant abolitionist seeking martyrdom. One report told of an old Negro's saying to Lee, "Even ef po' Marse John did bre'k de law, don't you think, suh, dat hangin' him would be a li'l abrupt?" and Lee's replying, "I think that just about expresses the sentiment not only of the colored people but of many others."

With John Brown, Lee believed in Jesus, in the redemption of mankind by the Galilean Saviour who represented the Divine Will. Like John Brown, Robert E. Lee was unfailingly devout and pious, daily kneeling in prayer and meditation. What Lee might have told John Brown, had they talked at length as between two Christians and churchmen, was in a letter to his wife three years before in which he approved of President Buchanan's first message to Congress. Nowhere else did Lee seem to have shown so fully what was in his head and heart as to slavery and abolitionists. He hated slavery enough to want it abolished. He hated abolitionists enough to call

hem evil, strange, intolerant, unfit to have a hand in government. To his wife in late 1856 from western Texas he wrote his views:

In this enlightened age, there are few I believe, but what will acknowledge, that slavery as an institution, is a moral & political evil in any Country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages. I think it however a greater evil to the white than to the black race, & while my feelings are strongly enlisted in behalf of the latter, my sympathies are more strong for the former. The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially & physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing, is necessary for their instruction as a race, & I hope will prepare & lead them to better things. How long their subjugation may be necessary is known & ordered by a wise Merciful Providence. Their emancipation will sooner result from the mild & melting influence of Christianity, than the storms & tempests of fiery Controversy. This influence though slow, is sure. The doctrines & miracles of our Saviour have required nearly two thousand years, to Convert but a small part of the human race, & even among Christian nations, what gross errors still exist!

While we see the Course of the final abolition of human Slavery is onward, & we have it the aid of our prayers & all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the result in his hands who sees the end; who Chooses to work by slow influences; & with whom two thousand years are but as a Single day. Although the Abolitionist must know this, & must See that he has neither the right or power of operating except by moral means & suasion, & if he means well to the slave, he must not Create angry feelings in the Master; that although he may not approve the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will nevertheless be the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no Concern, holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbours when we disapprove their Conduct; Still I fear he will persevere in his evil Course. Is it not strange that the descendants of those pilgrim fathers who Crossed the Atlantic to preserve their own freedom of opinion, have always proved themselves intolerant of the Spiritual liberty of others?

When offered high command of the Union armies, Lee had said, according to Old Man Blair, "If I owned the four million slaves of the South I could sacrifice them all to the Union," and then asked a question that Blair couldn't answer: "But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?" The very asking of the question included its answer.

So he had gone to Richmond, organized to defend Virginia, had supervised, without command, dismal military operations in West Virginia and returned to find himself unpopular. Newspapers nicknamed him "Evacuating Lee." He wrote his wife of the journalistic military critics: "I know they can regulate matters satisfactory to themselves on paper. I wish they could do so in the field." Patiently he had served as the right arm militarily to Jefferson Davis. They had been cadets at West Point when Davis was under dismissal on the charge of frequenting a drinking-place and imbibing. They had become better acquainted when Lee as superintendent at the Academy had found his wishes cordially and understandingly met by Davis, the Secretary of War. Now there began between Lee and Davis a rare and peculiar partnership that rested chiefly on Lee's understanding of Davis, on the gift of taking what he could get and never complaining because he was

not given more. Davis's talent for loyalty was also a factor, and as little by little he saw how completely unselfish was Lee's devotion to the cause, how utterly mere personal ambition was sunk, he gave Lee wider and wider powers. Where Lee went jealousy and friction were minimized. The criticism was to rise that he was too amiable, too ready to yield to a determined lieutenant. His patience with men and with unforeseen circumstance, his cool resilience and adaptability, were thus far the main slender personal factor that had kept the Lincoln Government from getting an army into Richmond.

"The war may last ten years," Lee had written his wife shortly after arriving in Richmond. He warned soldiers and politicians they were "on the threshold of a long and bloody war," advising that they must plan with that expectation, saying "that he knew the Northern people well, and knew that they would never yield except at the conclusion of a long and desperate struggle." Standing before the Houdon statue of George Washington, with its notable head and remarkably sensitive mouth done from the living man, Lee mused gravely, "I hope we have seen the last of secession," as though some of the States seceded from the Union might secede from the Confederacy, as though it was not yet certain that Washington's lessons on the value of unity and cohesion had been learned in the South. In his first month at Richmond, in sending back home boys under age for service he said: "Those are beautiful boys, sir, and I very much disliked to refuse them; but it will not do to let boys enlist now. I fear we shall need them all before this war is over."

To an officer who protested against the outdated arms issued to his company Lee said, "Sir, your people had better write Mr. Lincoln and ask him to postpone this thing for a few months until you can get ready for him." To his wife, to his sons, went the admonitions "In God alone must be our trust," "God's will be done," "Be content and resigned to God's will." The news of the Fort Donelson surrender to Grant he said was "not favorable," but "we must make up our minds to meet with reverses and to overcome them," and "I hope God will at last crown our efforts with success."

An officer delivered an opinion of another officer and tried to draw out Lee, who smiled. "Well, sir, if that is your opinion of General —, I can only say that you differ very widely from the general himself." Recommending an officer for promotion, he was informed that the officer customarily spoke of him with disrespect, and replied quickly, "The question is not what he thinks or is pleased to say about me, but what I think of him." Riding on a field where one of his sons was fighting, he remarked, "That's right, my son, drive those people back." Or again he would refer to the enemy as "our friends across the river."

Suddenly, when General Joseph Johnston was wounded, Lee had been sent forward to take in hand four different armies, weld them into a unit for action. In a four months' campaign, at times outnumbered two to one, he had stopped McClellan and earned a name as the savior of Richmond and the Confederacy. To a doubting inquirer one of Lee's generals had said his

st name was "Audacity," that he would tower head and shoulders above others in audacity. In a conference with generals just before the Seven Days' battles, one of them, busy with pencil and paper, was showing that McClellan with superior forces could sweep on to Richmond. "Stop, stop!" said Lee. "If you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand." His items printed in Richmond newspapers helped to mislead Pinkerton and McClellan as to his numbers and designs. He sent one of his old West Point cadet aides, J. E. B. Stuart, to get information as to McClellan's actual strength, and Stuart's 1,200 horsemen made their estimates in a ride around McClellan's entire army. He approved Magruder's marching the same 10,000 men back and forth on a level of ground, into the woods and out again, giving an imitation for McClellan's observers of a vast horde preparing to fight its foe.

Lee read in Lincoln a diplomatic sensitivity about the capture of Washington, knew what the loss of the Union capital would mean in the eyes of London and Paris, and sent Jackson on threatening operations that kept troops near Washington and away from McClellan. "Profoundly grateful to Almighty God," he telegraphed President Davis after one victory on the Antietam, "at the end of the campaign, in an official summary saying 'correct and timely information' might have enabled better results, 'but regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe for the results achieved.' His patience was required to stand up under the *Richmond Examiner's* sneer at 'the bloodless and masterly strategy of Lee,' while his General D. H. Hill officially reported of an attack under fierce artillery fire at Malvern Hill, 'It was murder, not war.'

Line after line Lee had hurled at the tiers of artillery planted by McClellan at Malvern Hill. And the lines broke under shattering fire and the bodies in the gloaming and the moonless night were ghastly with the screams and writhing of the wounded. Lee admitted failure and, riding among the ranks of troops, asked, "General Magruder, why did you attack?" The answer was: "In obedience to your orders, twice repeated." In one battle a Texas regiment lost nearly 600 of its 800 men. The losses during the Peninsular campaign in Lee's army of 85,000 and McClellan's army of 150,000 were officially tabulated:

Killed	Wounded	Missing
Confederate 3,286	Confederate 15,909	Confederate 946
Union 1,734	Union 8,062	Union 6,053

Lee had won victories, though McClellan had killed nearly two for one of Lee's men. Lee had stopped McClellan from getting to Richmond and had persuaded McClellan's mind into calling for more troops and guns from Washington. Lee knew better than McClellan that war is a conflict of wills, and had imposed his will on McClellan to the extent that McClellan believed he was a loser when he was not, which was why McClellan did not try to

push through and take Richmond after Malvern Hill, which was why McClellan retreated to Harrison's Landing after murderously punishing Lee at Malvern Hill. And while Lee's mind was concentrated entirely on the point of whether he could drive McClellan into the James River in spite of gunboat protection, leaving all Southern politics to Jefferson Davis, McClellan concentrated his mind for many hours on the political difficulties of the North and wrote the long letter instructing Lincoln in the matter of government policy which he duly handed over immediately on Lincoln's arrival at Harrison's Landing.

Usually Lee planned a battle (using the method of Scott in Mexico), left the action to his corps and division commanders, and kept his serenity. "As soon as I order them into battle, I leave my army in the hands of God." Outnumbered nearly two to one by McClellan, he took his chances, once writing his view of an emergency: "This is a case where possible error is better than probable wrong." He would have his officers use independent judgment, under given circumstances even disobeying orders. He told them of General Twiggs in Texas with a staff that often made changes in orders and of the General's saying to one, "Captain, I know you can prove that you are right, and that my order was wrong, in fact you gentlemen always are right, but for God's sake, do wrong sometimes!"

More than once in the campaign before Richmond Lee's army had out-slugged and outplayed the heavier opponent and then come to a standstill, bleeding and too weak to follow up the advantage gained. This weakened condition Kearny and Hooker had stressed in urging McClellan to press Lee into Richmond, and McClellan had hesitated and desisted. Lee had burned up more of the available man power of the South than was good for his cause. He was not unmindful of what his General D. H. Hill later noted: "The attacks on the Beaver Dam intrenchments, on the heights of Malvern Hill, were all grand, but of exactly the kind of grandeur which the South could not afford." The matter was complicated and psychological.

Enfolded in the churchman and the Christian gentleman, Robert E. Lee was the ancient warrior who sprang forth and struck and cut and mangled as if to tear the guts and heart out of the enemy, as if like his father Light-Horse Harry Lee he seemed "to have come out of his mother's womb a soldier." He was comparatively silent on why men fight, on why fighting is one of the most ancient games of man, on the secrets in the blood of men that respond to the fife and drum, to the wild plunge of primitive spear or modern bayonet into the pink viscera of the other man, the foeman. Lee could not have been so expert, so smooth and profound in the demands and tests of maneuver and combat, without having moments when his breath of life told him he was born to it and it was for him the supreme and incomparable game for a living man. Of such moments he said little. This composed part of his personal mystery. On one shell-torn field where stumps and butts of men quivered half alive and half dead, he quietly commented, "It is well that war is so terrible, or else we might grow too fond of it."

Lee's right-hand man Thomas Jonathan Jackson too was born for war.

s valley campaign up and down the Shenandoah, in which he captured
 lf of one Union army, beat off three other armies with which Lincoln
 s trying to trap him, and slipped through for a rapid march to join Lee,
 d become one of the shining chronicles of the Confederacy. Lincoln from
 e White House undertook to direct continuously from day to day the
 d movements of several armies. To Frémont, to Banks, to McDowell,
 th forces three times that of Jackson, Lincoln sent telegrams giving the
 orted movements of Jackson's "foot cavalry." During three weeks in a
 ies of telegrams there glimmered Lincoln's hope that from his assorted
 eties of armies in and about the Shenandoah, he might set up one little
 mbination that would cross Jackson's path somewhere and damage or
 eak that adventuring zealot. The opening telegrams on the same day ad-
 ed Frémont: "Much—perhaps all—depends upon the celerity with which
 u can execute it. Put the utmost speed into it. Do not lose a minute";
 d McDowell, "Everything now depends upon the celerity and vigor of
 ur movement."

But Jackson was putting on a campaign that for swift troop movement
 azed the world and was later soberly and in detail compared to the
 nous performances of Napoleon of France and Charles XII of Sweden.
 irty miles in twenty-four hours his infantry marched. "Mystify, mislead
 d surprise," was his counsel of approach, and then "hurl overwhelming
 mbers at the point where the enemy least expects attack." With 17,000
 in this one month he won five battles, took many prisoners, sent to
 chmond great wagon trains of muskets, munitions, medicines, and sup-
 es, threw Washington into a scare, made McDowell's army of 40,000 hug
 ashington so close that it could not co-operate with McClellan. An order
 m Lincoln to McDowell that he should detach 20,000 men to reinforce
 rémont for fighting Jackson, McDowell termed "a crushing blow" that he
 eyed with "a heavy heart."

Why Lincoln at such a distance should have undertaken what he did
 is not clear, particularly when Frémont was the key and he knew from
 ssouri experience of Frémont's "celerity." His seriously telegraphing Fré-
 mont "Put the utmost speed into it. Do not lose a minute," was not in
 cord with his usual judgment of men. He wrote to Frémont: "I think
 Jackson's game—his assigned work—now is to magnify the accounts of his
 mbers and reports of his movements, and thus by constant alarms keep
 ree or four times as many of our troops away from Richmond as his own
 re amounts to. Thus he helps his friends at Richmond three or four
 nes as much as if he were there. Our game is not to allow this." Lincoln
 d with accuracy the main design of Lee and Jackson in the Shenandoah
 illey campaign. Regarding reports that Jackson was being reinforced
 m Richmond he telegraphed McClellan, "This may be reality, and yet
 ay only be contrivance for deception, and to determine which is perplex-
 3."

Amid the perplexities, Jackson accomplished precisely what he set out
 r, Stanton telegraphing several governors of Northern States: "Intelli-

gence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy in great force are marching on Washington. You will please organize and forward all the militia and volunteer force in your State." Regiments hurried forward amid excitement that in Massachusetts was referred to afterward as "the great scare" and "the great stampede," and "the Third Uprising." Lessons were learned, Lincoln never again attempting to direct the field movements of several armies a long way from the White House.

Two conditions had to do with Lincoln's role in this matter. One was that neither he nor Lee, nor Davis, nor Jackson himself was as yet acquainted with the phenomenal cunning and mobility of Jackson and his "foot cavalry." Had Lincoln been aware of it as fact, he would have hardly dared match the melancholy military tortoise Frémont against a phantom demon that broke all the regular and applied rules of warfare. A second point was that Lee had imposed a psychology, a frame of mind, on McClellan that counseled in effect "Do nothing but what can be safely done and go slow and careful in strategy and logistics." Lincoln seemed to have decided that Jackson was a "contrivance for deception," a scarehead and a bugaboo, and he would apply Lee's rule: "This is a case where possible error is better than probable wrong." The Shenandoah Valley scene connected with the stupendous triple scene of Washington, Richmond, the Peninsular armies, and the shaded personalities of Lincoln, McClellan, Frémont, Lee, and Jackson. Frémont under Lincoln's instruction "Do not lose a minute," lost a whole day "resting" his troops while Jackson pressed a ragged and barefoot army through storm and mud.

Lincoln, advising with McDowell about starting to destroy Jackson, heard McDowell say that he could begin marching the next Sunday but he had been excoriated all over the country for fighting Bull Run on a Sabbath. And Lincoln hesitated and smiled. "Get a good ready and start on Monday," seemingly unaware that one day might be as decisive as death when hunting Jackson, even one Sabbath day.

Jackson's reverence for the Sabbath went so far that he would not mail his wife a letter to be carried in the mails on a Sunday nor would he open a letter received from her on a Sunday. But "with the blessing of an ever-kind Providence" he would fight, slay, and deliver doom to the enemy if on a Sabbath the enemy looked ready for punishment. Jackson joined Lee for the defense of Richmond, he and his men in main decisive actions before Richmond fighting poorly, the general explanation being that they were too worn with their valley campaign. They were soon to perform again, under their leader nicknamed "Stonewall" from a story that a Confederate general at Bull Run had pointed at him while the bullets were flying and men fleeing and said, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." The tale was a "sheer fabrication," said D. H. Hill, Jackson's fellow general, and brother-in-law, and "the name was least suited to Jackson, ever in motion, swooping like an eagle on his prey; but the name spread like wild-fire." An orphan boy who managed to get into West Point, Jackson had graduated far below the class leader, George B. McClellan. His Mexican War record bright, he be-

professor of natural philosophy and artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. Tall, rawboned, with big hands and a peculiar stride, he would walk alone, raise his right hand high over his head and let it down; he was either praying or easing himself physically—the onlookers could not tell which. He had many books and two favorites, which he always carried in his mess kit—the Bible and a volume of Napoleon's maxims on war. His spiritual guide was Jesus of Nazareth, his professional and military inspiration the Little Corsican, whose eighty-eight campaigns he had mastered from A to Z.

The dyspeptic Jackson had taken a water cure in the North, worn a wet shirt next to his body, lived on a diet of stale bread and buttermilk; for years he went to bed at nine o'clock, leaving any party or meeting so as to reach his bed at that hour. "His dyspepsia caused drowsiness," said D. H. Hill, "and he often went to sleep in conversation with a friend. At church he would have seen his head bowed down to his very knees during the sermon. He would always hear the text of our good pastor, and a few opening sentences; after that all was lost." His eyes went bad; he was ordered to do no reading by lamplight, and sat one hour, two hours, of an evening in silence with closed eyes or staring at the wall, concentrating on points arisen in his mind during the day. Alongside Negroes on his farm near Lexington he worked with his hands. His students would see him going or coming from a long walk, and he would suddenly stop, gaze into the distance at seemingly nothing at all, then resume his walk. He was practicing for better eyesight, but the students thought he was just queer. "They played tricks upon him, made sport of him, teased him, but he went straight on in his own ways," said D. H. Hill. "As he was passing by the tall Institute building one day, a vicious cadet who hated him, let drop a brick from the third story window. It fell close by his feet, and his escape was almost miraculous. He did not deign to look up, and stalked on with contemptuous indifference."

In his first address at a debating society Jackson stammered out a sentence and quit, the local paper saying that he was "nervous"; he kept on practicing till he was a tolerable orator; praying publicly he learned slowly after many attempts. In Mexico he read the Bible from cover to cover, made notes, sought the Roman Catholic archbishop in Mexico City and had long talks on that faith. Later he was baptized, but not confirmed, in the Protestant Episcopal church at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, New York. Still later he joined the Presbyterian church at Lexington, became a deacon, conducted Sunday school for Negroes. He married Eleanor Junkin and a year later saw her and a newborn child to their double grave. Four years afterward he married Mary Anna Morrison, and their household ran like clockwork on its daily program.

Letters of Jackson to his wife gushed with little excesses of romance. "When I gave my darling the last kiss" was a moment. He saluted her as "darling," "precious pet," "sunshine," "little jewel of mine," "esposita." He brandished swords about her head in play or leaped from hiding behind a door to take her in his arms. "When my sweet one writes let the letters be

long. . . . You are very precious to somebody's heart. . . . I hope that my little somebody is feeling lively as a lark. . . . I wish you could see with me the beautiful roses in the yard and garden, and upon the wall of the house here."

Cadets of Jackson stood guard at the hanging of John Brown, and he wrote his wife: "I sent up a petition that he might be saved. Awful was the thought that he might in a few minutes receive the sentence, 'Depart, ye wicked, into everlasting fire.' I hope that he was prepared to die, but I am doubtful." From the field he sent his wife scraps of news. "It was your husband that did so much mischief at Martinsburg. To destroy so many fine locomotives, cars, and railroad property was a sad work, but I had my orders, and my duty was to obey. If the cost of the property could only have been expended in disseminating the gospel of the Prince of Peace, how much good might have been expected!" He wrote her from Bull Run of a finger broken by a bullet, and "Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. . . . I am glad that the battle was fought on your birthday, so you can never tell me any more that I forget your birthday." Gulping hard to get down whisky ordered by a physician, he said: "I like it; I always did, and that is the reason I never use it." Refusing a glass of brandy, he said to a fellow officer, "I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets."

Why the saying arose that "Stonewall's men will go anywhere he leads them" was not clear. He shot deserters more swiftly and ruthlessly than any other general North or South. No other major commander was more secretive as to where going or what doing. Jackson would ask many questions about one route and then take another. His men were drilled to say "I don't know" as to where they were headed. He preferred to camp at night on a crossroads, so that enemy spies or scouts could have their choice as to which of four routes he might march the next morning.

An elder general, Ewell, said he never saw one of Jackson's couriers arriving that he did not expect an order to attack the North Pole. There was no doubt of Jackson's military genius or of his lunacy, Ewell used to say with a mischievous twinkle. He once heard Jackson insist seriously that he never ate pepper because of a weakening effect on his left leg. For digestive aid Jackson sucked lemons. Often on march, in battle, officers rode up to Jackson and received his orders between lemon sucks.

Years back Jackson had told his wife that it was "better for the South to fight for her rights *in* the Union than *out* of it." But now his Shenandoah Valley was invaded, *his* valley, whose corners he knew as he knew his favorite Bible verses. "If this valley is lost then Virginia is lost." His brother-in-law, General Rufus Barringer, told of hearing Jackson in July of '62 lay down a program for "light movable columns" to counterinvade the North: "I would hurl these thunderbolts of war against the rich cities and teeming regions of our Federal friends. I would seek to avoid all regular battles. I would subsist my troops, as far as possible, on the Northern people. I would

heavy contributions in money on their cities. I would encumber my marches with no prisoners, except noted leaders held for ransom or retaliation." Of all Southern commanders who had the ear of Lee and of Davis he was more fiercely in favor of defending by taking the offensive, of striking deep into Northern territory. Of his chief he said: "Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man I would follow blindfold."

As Jackson now marched toward Pope he was told, "The new general summons your attention." He replied, "And please God, he shall have it." Lee's one dispatch alluded to the "miscreant Pope," who had directed his army to live off the country and reimburse only loyal citizens, who had ordered the destruction of any house from which any soldier was shot, who had further ordered the arrest of all male noncombatants within the Federal States and the expulsion of those who refused to take an oath of loyalty to the Union and to give security for their good behavior. This to Lee was not civilized warfare, and he was saying, "Pope must be suppressed." In a letter to Mrs. Lee he mentioned the son of his sister Ann, Louis Marshall, a captain serving on General Pope's staff: "I could forgive [his] fighting against us, but not his joining Pope."

In the last week of August, 1862, Lincoln sat up till late every night, and the night all through into a bitter dawn. In the telegraph office at the head of the first stairway in the War Department building on August 27 he telegraphed Colonel Hermann Haupt, railroad chief in the field with Pope's army, "Is the railroad bridge over Bull Run destroyed?" He received a reply at 4:25 A.M. saying of the bridge "if it is not destroyed . . . probably will be" and wired Haupt, "What became of our forces which held the bridge twenty minutes ago, as you say?"

Minutes counted. Lee and Jackson were performing around Pope. Lincoln queried Burnside at Falmouth, "Any news from General Pope?" He queried Banks at Manassas Junction, "Please tell me the news." He asked Haupt, "What news?" on August 30 and in a second telegram the same day, "Please send me the latest news." He telegraphed McClellan: "What news from direction of Manassas Junction? What generally?" McClellan replied that he was clear that only two courses were open: first, to help Pope with available forces; "second, to leave Pope to get out of his scrape, and at once use all our means to make the capital perfectly safe."

Lincoln puzzled over such words as "leave Pope to get out of his scrape." Did McClellan possibly mean that if Pope's army could win with men sent from the Army of the Potomac, then such men should *not* be sent? He answered McClellan: "I think your first alternative—to wit, 'to concentrate all our available forces to open communication with Pope'—is the right one, but I wish not to control. That I now leave to General Halleck, aided by your counsels."

McClellan was writing his wife: "I fancy that Pope is in retreat, though this is only a guess of mine. . . . I don't see how I can remain in the service placed under Pope; it would be too great a disgrace. . . . I . . . don't

know what is going on in front; am terribly ignorant of the state of affairs, and therefore somewhat anxious to know. . . . I shall keep as clear as possible of the President and cabinet; endeavor to do what must be done with Halleck alone; so I shall get on better. . . . I have just telegraphed very plainly to the President and Halleck what I think ought to be done. I expect merely a contemptuous silence. . . . I am heart-sick with the folly and ignorance I see around me. . . . I have seen neither the President nor the secretary since I arrived here; have been only once to Washington, and hope to see very little of the place. I abominate it terribly. . . . I have no faith in anyone here. I expect I got into a row with Halleck to-night. He sent me a telegram I did not like, and I told him so very plainly. He is not a refined person at all, and probably says rough things when he don't mean them."

And what with jealousy, spite, bickering, officialism, politics, pride, sloth, ignorance, a large army of troops stayed quiet and safe along the Potomac while Pope farther off was outguessed, flanked, surprised, hacked and harassed, and driven off from Bull Run Creek with slaughter. In combat and retreat he lost 14,000 out of 80,000; Lee lost 9,000 out of 54,000.

John Hay wrote in his diary of a horseback ride from the Soldiers' Home to the White House with Lincoln, and of matters that made public would have farther torn the country: "We talked about Bull Run and Pope's prospect. The President was very outspoken in regard to McClellan's present conduct. He said that it really seemed to him McC. wanted Pope defeated. He mentioned to me a despatch of McC.'s in which he proposed, as one plan of action, to 'leave Pope to get out of his own scrape.' He spoke also of McC.'s dreadful cowardice in the matter of Chain Bridge, which he had ordered blown up the night before, but which order had been countermanded; and also of his incomprehensible interference with Franklin's corps which he recalled once, and then when they had been sent ahead by Halleck's order, begged permission to recall them again & only desisted after Halleck's sharp injunction to push them ahead till they whipped something or got whipped themselves. The President seemed to think him a little crazy. Envy, jealousy and spite are probably a better explanation of his present conduct. He is constantly sending despatches to the President and Halleck asking what is his real position and command. He acts as chief alarmist and grand marplot of the Army. The President, on my asking if Halleck had any prejudices, rejoined, 'No! Halleck is wholly for the service. He does not care who succeeds or who fails so the service is benefited.'"

Stanton took Lincoln and Hay to his house. "A pleasant little dinner and a pretty wife as white and cold and motionless as marble, whose rare smiles seemed to pain her. Stanton was loud about the McC. business. . . . He said that nothing but foul play could lose us this battle & that it rested with McC. and his friends. Stanton seemed to believe very strongly in Pope. So did the President for that matter."

Back at the War Department, Lincoln and Hay found Halleck quiet and

confident. "He said the greatest battle of the century was now being fought. He said he had sent every man that could go, to the field."

Everything seemed to be going well on Saturday, August 30, as Lincoln and Hay saw it. "We went to bed expecting glad tidings at sunrise. But about eight o'clock the President came to my room as I was dressing and, calling me out, said, 'Well, John, we are whipped again, I am afraid. The enemy reinforced on Pope and drove back his left wing and he has retired to Centreville where he says he will be able to hold his men. I don't like that expression. I don't like to hear him admit that his men need holding.'"

On Sunday things began to look better. "The President was in a singularly defiant tone of mind. He often repeated, 'We must hurt this enemy before it gets away.'"

On Monday when Hay spoke of the bad look of events, the President said: "No, Mr. Hay, we must whip these people now. Pope must fight them. If they are too strong for him, he can gradually retire to these fortifications. If this be not so, if we are really whipped we may as well stop fighting."

"Dark days are upon us," wrote Fox of the Navy Department confidentially to S. P. Lee commanding the North Atlantic blockading squadron. Fox and Lee had married Blair girls, and Fox was writing as he would talk at a family gathering. "Pope, a lying braggart, without brains of any kind, has been driven into Washington. The rebels again look upon the Dome of the Capitol, and the flag of disunion can be seen on the neighboring hills. . . . We shall come out of it and wheel into line, dispirited and determined. The President is most anxious and you know the people are."

By now McClellan regarded Washington as unsafe, believing that Lee's army stood a chance of taking the capital. McClellan was writing his wife, "If I can slip over there I will send your silver off." Army gossip ran riot. Officers who felt McClellan was wronged, Lieutenant Colonel Richard B. Irwin for one, spread stories that army stragglers poured into Washington, took possession of streets and public places and held high jinks. "The Government ordered arms at the arsenal and money in the treasury to be shipped to New York, and the banks followed; a gun-boat with steam up, lay in the river off the White-House," ready to carry away the President.

Stormy tides rocked Washington as the broken pieces of a defeated army straggled in. Outbound railroad trains were packed; thousands fled the national capital. Jackson's foot cavalry would cross the Potomac at Georgetown, ran a rumor. The Federal Treasury building was barricaded with hundreds of barrels of cement. By order of the President clerks in the civil departments enrolled and began military drill. Stanton had important papers gathered into bundles to be carried away on horseback, if necessary. This was the day that General M. C. Meigs saw Stanton issuing volleys of orders for the safety of the city.

And Meigs wrote: "Lincoln, on the other hand, dropped into my room on his weary way to see Stanton, drew himself way down into a big chair, and, with a mingled groan and sigh exclaimed, 'Chase says we can't raise any more money; Pope is licked and McClellan has the diarrhoea. What

shall I do? The bottom is out of the tub, the bottom is out of the tub!" I told the President to meet his generals with Stanton, fix the bottom back in the tub, rally the army, and order another advance at once. This seemed to brace him up a little and he went on to the War Department; but for the moment he was completely discouraged and downhearted. Stanton, on the other hand, was more full of power and vehement energy than ever."

Mourning was heard. Eulogies were spoken of Fighting Phil Kearny, the one-armed. In a gray rain at Chantilly he rode out of his own skirmish line, suddenly was among Confederates, who called on him to surrender. He wheeled his horse, lay flat on the animal's back, dug in his spurs and dashed off, then fell to the ground, a bullet in his spine. He was carried into the Confederate lines, where General A. P. Hill saw the face and said, "Poor Kearny! he deserved a better death than this." And Lee ordered the body carried to the Union lines under a flag of truce, with a courteous note to General Pope: "The possession of his remains may be a consolation to his family."

In the trail of the Union Army were thousands of wounded. Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, leading a regiment he had raised, fell with a bullet in his lungs. Six soldiers lay in an orchard, not in the shade but in a broiling sun, each with a leg off, and with them a corporal with both legs off. A surgeon, heavy with liquor, was doing nothing for them. Still another of this orchard squad had his side torn by a shell, and he heard the boys with legs off wishing for ripe apples. He dragged himself inch by inch through long grass till he reached apples and threw them to comrades. Then he faded out.

The dying colonel of the 1st Michigan Cavalry wrote to his brother and sister saying: "I die midst the ring and clangor of battle, as I could wish. . . . I am one of the victims of Pope's imbecility and McDowell's treason. Tell the President would he save the country he must not give our hallowed flag to such hands." The letter was published, discussed.

Three thousand convalescent soldiers were moved from Washington to Philadelphia to make room for serious cases from Bull Run. Floors in the Capitol, in the Patent Office building, were cleared for torn and mutilated men. Signs went up on street walls calling for volunteer nurses, each to bring a bucket and a tin cup, a bottle of brandy, and if possible, transportation toward the battlefield. Colonel Haupt received a telegram from Washington that five passenger cars and two freight cars were starting with "hundreds of men who want to go to the battlefield," many probably "to satisfy a morbid curiosity." A crowd of perhaps 1,000 gathered at the War Office and started by rail, in hacks, in ambulances. An officer in charge of military railroads wrote McClellan's chief of staff the next day of "the drunken rabble who came out as nurses" and were of no use. Of one contingent of 200 volunteer nurses only 16 reached their point at Centerville; a few of these were taken prisoner, sent to Libby Prison, and later paroled. Of another contingent of 1,000 only 75 reached the battlefield, where under a flag of truce they worked among wounded men who had lain on rainy

round twenty-four hours and more. A few did competent, even heroic, service in dressing wounds, loading ambulances, and starting the cases on the rough overland haul to Washington.

The War Department call on Northern cities for surgeons, lint, linen bandages, liquor, hospital supplies, was answered by volunteer medical men, gatherings of women scraping lint and tearing sheets to make bandages, public meetings to raise funds. New York City rushed 2,100 cases of supplies, guarded on their way to Washington by the Mayor of New York, Aldermen, and twenty policemen.

In this second panic at Bull Run one man satisfied Lincoln in everything, John Hay wrote in his diary. This was Haupt, the railroad man. He took on himself many duties outside his particular job, advancing supplies and munitions, rebuilding bridges, watching transport, telegraphing the President, working day and night with little food or sleep. "The President is particularly struck with the business-like character of his despatch, telling in the fewest words the information most sought for." It was some weeks earlier that Lincoln had told members of the War Committee that he had seen "the most remarkable structure that human eyes ever rested upon," and explained: "That man Haupt has built a bridge across Potomac Creek, about 400 feet long and nearly 100 feet high, over which loaded trains are running every hour, and upon my word, gentlemen, there is nothing in it but beanpoles and cornstalks." From a distance the green, new-cut timbers did look just so. When Haupt returned from his Bull Run service and called at the War Office, the Cabinet was in session, but Stanton shouted, "Come here, Haupt!" and took the hero's two hands. And they commissioned him a brigadier general.

Haupt told of a slightly drunken general disputing about orders and saying and repeating, "I don't care for John Pope one pinch of owl dung." This reflected in degree the disgust of many officers and soldiers. Pope now came to the White House and read to Lincoln and Welles a long paper, a manifesto, on why he failed of victory, on how other generals would rather see the country ruined than that he should win a victory. About this piece Pope had written for the country to hear, Secretary Welles wrote in his diary: "It certainly needs modifying before it goes out, or there will be war among the generals who are now more ready to fight each other than the enemy." The President and the Cabinet took up Pope's report, decided against publication; it would be bad for the country to hear just then. Yet it was published, with all of Pope's excuses and accusations. And how was it so clear.

The matter of Pope, his record and all, came up as a topic in the Cabinet, and Welles wrote of it in his diary: "Smith complimented Pope's patriotism and bravery, and the President joined in the encomiums. Said that Halleck declared that Pope had made but one mistake in all the orders he had given . . . but no harm came of his error. Blair was unwilling to concede any credit whatever to Pope; said he was a blower and a liar and ought never to have been intrusted with such a command as that in front. The President

the army from the vicinity of Richmond I thought wrong and I know it
^{opinion}
 opposition to the ^{judgement} of some of the best
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 but not in dismissing and disgracing him. This the
 President would not do, though he is more offended
 with McClellan than he ever was before. In a brief ^{consultation} with
 him as we were walking together on Friday, the
 President said with much emphasis "I must have

Cuts on two opposite pages reproduce one page from the diary of Gideon Welles on September 7, 1862, wherein he quotes Lincoln in a critical hour. The passage reads: "the army from the vicinity of Richmond I thought wrong and I know it was in opposition to the ["judgement" crossed out] opinion of the best military men in the service. Placing Pope over them roused the indignation of many. But in this Stanton had a purpose to accomplish, and in bringing first Pope here—then by Pope's assistance and Genl Scotts advice bringing Halleck—and correcting measures which followed, he succeeded in breaking down and displacing McClellan but not in dismissing and disgracing him. This the President would not do or permit to be done, though he is more offended with McC. than he ever was before. In a brief ["talk" crossed out] consulta-

admitted Pope's infirmity, but said a liar might be brave and have skill as an officer. He said Pope had great cunning. He [Pope] had published his report, for instance, which was wrong. . . . 'But,' said he [the President], 'it can never, by any skill, be traced to him.' 'That is the man,' said Blair. 'Old John Pope, his father, was a flatterer, a deceiver, a liar, and a trickster; all the Popes are so.'"

Pope was relieved of command and assigned to the Northwest to curb Indian tribes. Welles noted in his diary that the President "spoke favorably" of Pope. Lincoln clearly believed that the departing general had not had a fair chance. "Pope," said the President, "did well, but there was an army prejudice against him, and it was necessary he should leave. He had gone off very angry, and not without cause, but circumstances controlled us." Lincoln probably told Pope and Halleck, as he did Welles, "We had the enemy in the hollow of our hands on Friday, if our generals, who are vexed with Pope, had done their duty; all of our present difficulties and reverses have been brought upon us by these quarrels of the generals."

Welles also recorded in this week following Second Bull Run that his

"McClellan to reorganize the Army and bring it out of
"Chaos. But there has been a design—a purpose in
"breaking down Pope, without regard of consequences
"to the country. It is shocking to see and know this,
"but there is no remedy at present. McClellan has
"the Army with him." My convictions are with the
President ^{that} McClellan and his generals are, this day,
stronger than the ^{Administration} ^{of the Potomac} with a considerable
portion of the Army. It is not so ^{elsewhere} ^{with the soldiers or} in the country
where McClellan has less favor. The people are disappointed
in him, but his leading Generals have contrived to strengthen
him in the hearts of the soldiers in front of Washington.

tion with him as we were walking together on Friday, the President said with much emphasis—"I must have McClellan to reorganize the army and bring it out of chaos. But there has been a design—a purpose in breaking down Pope, without regard of consequences to the country. It is shocking to see and know this, but there is no remedy at present. McClellan has the army with him. My convictions are with the President that McClellan and his generals are, this day, stronger than the Administration with a considerable portion of this Army of the Potomac. It is not so elsewhere with the soldiers, or in the country where McClellan has less favor. The people are disappointed in him, but his leading Generals have contrived to strengthen him in the hearts of the soldiers in front of Washington." Original in the Library of Congress.

convictions joined those of the President "that McClellan and his generals are this day stronger than the Administration with a considerable part of this Army of the Potomac." On a walk with the President, Welles noted the words: "I must have McClellan to reorganize the army and bring it out of chaos, but there has been a design—a purpose in breaking down Pope, without regard of consequences to the country. It is shocking to see and know this, but there is no remedy at present. McClellan has the army with him." Others, like Lincoln, felt a sinister code operating among generals and politicians. Others too were saying it was "shocking." And rumors arose. Senator Wilson came to Welles telling of "a conspiracy on foot among certain generals for a revolution and the establishment of a provisional national government." Lincoln agreed with Welles as to how this rumor began traveling, Welles saying, "Wilson is doubtless sincere, but . . . is influenced by Stanton, who is mad with the army and officers who stand by McClellan."

Hiram Barney, New York port collector, came to the White House, and told Lincoln and Welles of "public sentiment." "He was positive that no

one but McClellan could do anything just now with this army. He [McClellan] had managed to get its confidence, and he meant to keep it, and use it for his own purposes." Barney told of talking with Barlow, a lawyer and leading Democratic politician in New York. Barlow had visited McClellan on special invitation of the General, who opened his mind, "said he did not wish the Presidency, would rather have his place at the head of the army, etc., intimating he had no political views or aspirations."

Barney's impression received from Barlow was that McClellan "had no particular desire to close this war immediately, but would pursue a line of policy of his own, regardless of the Administration." In line with this McClellan had combined with others against Pope and affected the morale of the soldiers, who were now becoming reckless and untamable. In these remarks of Barney, wrote Welles, "the President concurred, and said he was shocked to find that of 140,000 whom we were paying for in Pope's army only 60,000 could be found. McClellan brought away 93,000 from the Peninsula, but could not to-day count on over 45,000. As regarded demoralization, the President said, there was no doubt that some of our men permitted themselves to be captured in order that they might leave on parole, get discharged, and go home. Where there is such rottenness, is there not reason to fear for the country?"

Two long letters came from August Belmont requesting the President to throw out Stanton, put in Halleck as Secretary of War, and McClellan "in sole control" of all troops east of the Allegheny Mountains. Lincoln kept these letters of the political financier, sent extracts from them to Stanton, saying, "I will show you the letters if you wish." Claiming to represent New York and five New England governors, a committee of New Yorkers, led by a son of Alexander Hamilton, called at the White House and recommended "a change of policy." The discussion reached a point where, it was reported, the President scornfully exclaimed, "You, gentlemen, to hang Mr. Seward would destroy the government."

Meantime Stanton, Chase, Bates, and Smith of the Cabinet had signed a paper, in Stanton's handwriting, a remonstrance to be handed the President, against McClellan's being given command of the army again. As an incompetent and a traitor, McClellan should not once more be entrusted with the troops. Chase argued with Welles to sign. Welles held off, saying that while he wished to get rid of McClellan, it was not exactly fair to the President to be circulating such a paper behind his back. Then this paper disappeared, and Chase came to Welles with a second one, in the handwriting of Bates and with the same four signers as before. Welles said this second one was more reasonable in tone, but he told Chase that he could not join with them. "Reflection had more fully satisfied me that this method of conspiring to influence or control the President was repugnant to my feelings and was not right; it was unusual, would be disrespectful, and would justly be deemed offensive; that the President had called us around him as friends and advisers with whom he might counsel and consult . . . not to enter into combinations to control him."

Stanton and Chase had joined with vehemence in a bold move. "[Chase] Said it was designed to tell the President that the Administration must be broken up or McC.[lellan] dismissed. The course he said was unusual, but the case was unusual. . . . Conversation, he said, amounted to but little with the President on subjects of this importance. Argument was useless. It was like throwing water on a duck's back. A more decisive expression must be made and that in writing." The determination of Stanton and Chase was to remove, and if possible to disgrace, McClellan, as Welles saw it. "Chase frankly stated he desired it, that he deliberately believed McClellan ought to be shot, and should, were he President, be brought to summary punishment."

Still Welles would not sign the paper. He believed that McClellan hesitated in attack, had neither definite plans nor audacity, and was no fighting general. But he could not agree with Stanton and Chase that McClellan was "imbecile, a coward, a traitor." He wrote, "Chase was disappointed, and I think a little chagrined, because I would not unite in the written demand to the President."

Stanton had come to see if he could not get Welles to sign the protest against McClellan. If Welles signed, that would make five out of seven in the Cabinet. Stanton reviewed McClellan's life and works for Welles, with high lights on all the deficiencies. Welles again agreed that McClellan was unfit to command, but he could not go signing papers behind the President's back. It was discourteous, if nothing else. "Stanton said, with some excitement, he knew of no particular obligations he was under to the President, who had called him to a difficult position and imposed upon him labors and responsibilities which no man could carry, and which were greatly increased by fastening upon him a commander who was constantly striving to embarrass him in his administration of the Department. He could not and would not submit to a continuance of this state of things." Welles admitted that conditions were bad, severe on Stanton. Still he could not sign the paper. It was not a way to do with the President.

Welles in his diary threw strange crosslights on the half-mutinous figures that sat around Lincoln's Cabinet table. Welles hated Stanton, misjudged him, and wrote in caricature style of the Secretary of War. Probably no other navy man ever snorted such contempt of an army man as Welles wrote of Stanton. "I doubt his sincerity always. He wants no general to overtop him, is jealous of others in any position who have influence and popular regard; but he has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings, in short, is a hypocrite, a moral coward, while affecting to be, and to a certain extent being, brusque, overvaliant in words. Blair says he is dishonest . . . and that he is a double-dealer; that he is now deceiving both Seward and Chase; that Seward brought him into the Cabinet after Chase stole Cameron, and that Chase is now stealing Stanton. . . . Stanton . . . is by nature a sensationalist, has from the first been filled with panics and alarms, in which I have not participated. . . . He saw on more than one occasion that I was cool when he was excited, and he well knew that I neither admired his

policy nor indorsed his views. Of course we were courteously civil, but reserved and distant."

Others in the Cabinet, Chase emphatically, agreed with Welles that Seward was meddlesome, not particularly scrupulous, ready to exercise authority until challenged, then becoming timid and "inventive of schemes to extricate himself." While Stanton and Chase were circulating the paper against McClellan, Seward kept away from Cabinet meetings, Welles noting of Seward: "Has met with us but once in several weeks." Seward, having been among the first to urge McClellan for General in Chief, was now dodging the issue of McClellan's removal. Welles could only explain his absences

Washington City
August 30th 1862

Mr President:

The undersigned feel compelled by a profound sense of duty to the government and people of the United States and to yourself as your constitutional advisers respectfully to recommend the immediate removal of George B. McClellan from the command of any army of the United States. We are constrained to urge this by the conviction that after a sad and humiliating trial of twelve months and by the frightful and useless sacrifice of the lives of many thousands of brave men and the waste of many millions of National means he has proved to be incompetent for any important military command. And also because by recent disobedience to superior orders and inactivity he has twice imperilled the army commanded by General Pope, and while he continues in command will daily hazard the fate of our armies and our National existence, exhibiting no sign of a disposition or capacity to restore the National honor

that has been so deeply tarnished in the eyes of the world by his military failures.

We are unwilling to be accessory to the waste of national resources, the protraction of the war, the destruction of our armies, and the imperilling of the Union and the Government itself which we believe must result from the continuance of George B. McClellan in command and seek therefore by his prompt removal to afford an opportunity to capable officers, under Gods Providence, to preserve our national existence.

We have the honor to be with great respect

S. P. Chase

Secy of the Treasury

Edwin M. Stanton

Secretary of War

Caleb B. Smith

Secy of the Interior

Three Cabinet members sign a demand on the President for "the immediate removal," the "prompt removal," of George B. McClellan from command, presenting a fearful condition of military affairs and placing the blame on McClellan. Welles's diary mistakenly says "four" signers. Original in the Barrett collection.

by "a reluctance to discuss and bring to a decision any great question." And when Seward did come to a Cabinet meeting, he would get familiar with the President in a way the others did not like. "The President, though he observes this ostentatious presumption, never receives it otherwise than pleasantly, but treats it as a weakness in one . . . whose ready shrewdness he finds convenient and acceptable." Also Seward seemed to be on hand alongside the President too often when other Cabinet members came to the White House. "As each consulted with the President, Seward, from daily, almost hourly, intercourse with him, continued, if not present at these interviews, to ascertain the doings of each and all, though himself imparting but little of his course to any." All other members favored regular Cabinet meetings on fixed days. "The Secretary of State alone dissented, hesitated, doubted, objected, thought it inexpedient, said all had so much to do we

could not spare the time; but the President was pleased with the suggestion, if he did not prompt it, and concurred with the rest of the Cabinet."

These regular meetings on fixed days went on, and Seward as a former United States Senator and Governor of New York "was allowed, as was proper, to take the lead in consultations, and also to give tone and direction to the proceedings. The President, if he did not actually wish, readily acquiesced in this. . . . Mr. Seward was not slow in taking upon himself to prescribe action and doing most of the talking, without much regard to the modest chief, but often to the disgust of his associates, particularly Mr. Bates, who was himself courteous and respectful, and to the annoyance of Mr. Chase, who had, like Mr. Seward, experience as a chief magistrate."

Cabinet discussions went on without order or system, noted Welles, "but in the summing-up and conclusions the President, who was a patient listener and learner, concentrated results, and often determined questions adverse to the Secretary of State, regarding him and his opinions, as he did those of his other advisers, for what they were worth and generally no more."

One advantage of Seward was resented. Like the President, he was a storyteller. While other Secretaries were toiling at their duties the Secretary of State "spent a considerable portion of every day with the President, patronizing and instructing him, hearing and telling anecdotes, relating interesting details of occurrences in the Senate, and inculcating his political party notions." And amid these Cabinet jealousies had come one deep cleavage. "Between Seward and Chase there was perpetual rivalry and mutual but courtly distrust. Each was ambitious. Both had capacity. Seward was supple and dexterous; Chase was clumsy and strong. Seward made constant mistakes, but recovered with a facility that was wonderful and almost always without injury to himself; Chase committed fewer blunders but persevered in them when made."

As Welles saw it, such was the Cabinet, the closet council that Lincoln met with for help and light in the September days just after Second Bull Run. Sometimes other matters pressed on Lincoln so hard that he could not meet them, and Welles recorded of one day: "At the Executive Mansion, the Secretary of State informed us there was to be no Cabinet-meeting. He was authorized by the President to communicate the fact. Smith said it would be as well, perhaps, to postpone the Cabinet-meetings altogether and indefinitely—there seemed no use latterly for our coming together. Others expressed corresponding opinions. Seward turned off, a little annoyed."

Faces wore gloom and suspicion. It was a dark hour. "An unfavorable impression is getting abroad in regard to the President and the Administration, not without reason, perhaps, which prompted Smith and others to express their minds freely. There is really very little of a government here at this time, so far as most of the Cabinet are concerned. . . . Seward, when in Washington, spends more or less of each day with the President, absorbs his attention, and I fear to a certain extent influences his action not always wisely. The President has good sense, intelligence, and an excellent heart, but is sadly perplexed and distressed by events. He, to an extent, distrusts his

own administrative ability and experience. Seward, instead of strengthening . . . him, encourages this self-distrust. . . . The President has, I believe, sincere respect and regard for each and every member of the Cabinet, but Seward seeks, and has at times, influence, which is sometimes harmful. The President would often do better without him, were he to follow his own instincts, or were he to consult all his advisers in council. . . . Chase is much chafed by these things, and endeavors, and to some extent succeeds, in also getting beside the President, and obtaining information of what is going forward. But this only excites and stimulates Seward, who has the inside track and means to keep it. The President is unsuspicious, or apparently so; readily gives his ear to suggestions from anyone."

At a Cabinet meeting on September 2 Lincoln for the first time told his advisers that he was ready to quit his job; he would gladly resign. Chase in his diary sketched this Cabinet meeting, the arguments, the clash of strong wills, the surfaces of intrigue, the weariness; "while the talk was going on, the President came in, saying that not seeing much for a Cabinet meeting to-day, he had been talking at the department and headquarters about the 'war.' The Secretary of War came in. In answer to some inquiry, the fact was stated by the President or the Secretary, that McClellan had been placed in command of the forces to defend the Capital—or, rather, to use the President's own words, 'he had set him to putting these troops into the fortifications about Washington,' believing that he could do that thing better than any other man. I remarked that this could be done equally well by the engineer who constructed the forts; and that putting General McClellan in command for this purpose was equivalent to making him second in command of the entire army. The Secretary of War said that no one was now responsible for the defense of the Capital;—that the order to McClellan was given by the President direct to McClellan, and that General Halleck considered himself relieved from responsibility although he acquiesced, and approved the order; that McClellan could now shield himself, should anything go wrong, under Halleck, while Halleck could and would disclaim all responsibility for the order given."

These facts stood black and horrible. They indicated enough jealousy, spite, bickering, enough of slack loyalty to Lincoln in high places, to wreck the Administration. Chase in his tone seemed almost pleased that things looked so bad—since he had predicted that they would be bad if McClellan was again put in command. His diary entry continued: "The President thought Genl Halleck as much responsible as before; and repeated that the whole scope of the Order was, simply, to direct McClellan to put the troops in the fortifications, and command them for the defense of Washington. I remarked that this seemed to me equivalent to making him Commander-in-Chief for the time being, and that I thought it would prove very difficult to make any substitution hereafter, for active operations; that I had no feeling whatever against McClellan; that he came to the command with my most cordial approbation and support; that until I became satisfied that his delays would greatly injure our cause, he possessed my full confidence;

that after I had felt myself compelled to withdraw that confidence, I had (since the President, notwithstanding my opinion that he should, refrained from putting another in command), given him all possible support in every way, raising means and urging reinforcements; that his experience as a military commander had been little else than a series of failures; and that his omission to urge troops forward to the battles of Friday and Saturday evinced a spirit which rendered him unworthy of trust, and that I could not but feel that giving command to him was equivalent to giving Washington to the rebels. This and more I said. Others of the Cabinet expressed a general concurrence, but in no very energetic terms. (Mr. Blair must be excepted, but he did not dissent.) The President said it distressed him exceedingly to find himself differing on such a point from the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury; that he would gladly resign his place; but he could not see who could do the work wanted as well as McClellan. I named Hooker, or Sumner, or Burnside, either of whom, I thought, would be better. At length the conversation ended, and the meeting broke up, leaving the matter as we found it. A few tax appointments were lying on the table. I asked the President to sign them, which he did, saying he would sign them just as they were, and ask no questions."

Before this Cabinet meeting Lincoln had gone with Halleck to McClellan and given him command of the army again. But the actual words by which authority was once more handed over to him were not spoken by Lincoln. It was left to Halleck, Lincoln explaining to Welles, "I could not have done it, for I can never feel confident that he will do anything effectual." McClellan wrote his wife: "I was surprised this morning, when at breakfast, by a visit from the President and Halleck, in which the former expressed the opinion that the troubles now impending could be overcome better by me than anyone else. Pope is ordered to fall back on Washington, and, as he re-enters, everything is to come under my command again!"

Three days later, as Lincoln and Hay walked over to the telegraph office, Lincoln said: "McClellan is working like a beaver. He seems to be aroused to doing something, by the sort of snubbing he got last week. The Cabinet yesterday were unanimous against him. They were all ready to denounce me for it, except Blair. He [McClellan] has acted badly in this matter, but we must use what tools we have. There is no man in the Army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops into shape half as well as he." Hay spoke of the many letters coming in reflecting a feeling against McClellan. Lincoln commented: "Unquestionably he has acted badly toward Pope. He wanted him to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice." And he added later, "If he can't fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight." He admitted also that calling McClellan to power again was a good deal like "curing the bite with the hair of the dog."

Lincoln had, however, offered command in the field to Burnside, who would not take it, saying to the President, "I do not think that there is anyone who can do as much with that army as McClellan, if matters can be so arranged as to remove yours and the Secretary of War's objections to him."

Also, Lincoln had consented to the dismissal of three major generals, Porter, Franklin, and Griffin, who were to have a court-martial on their conduct in the field. Also with a heavy heart Lincoln agreed there should be a court of inquiry for McDowell.

"The President," said Chase . . . "told me that the clamor against McDowell was so great that he [McDowell] could not lead his troops unless something was done to restore confidence; and proposed to me to suggest to him the asking for a Court of Inquiry." Both Chase and Stanton, along with Lincoln, had long ago become convinced that McDowell was a first-rate, loyal officer, never sulking nor talking loose nor taking a hand in military politics and interfering with the War Department. When Chase mentioned the Court of Inquiry, McDowell said it came hard to call for such a court when there were no charges. Chase fixed it. "I told him I thought he could assume the charge made by the Michigan officer who, when dying, scrawled a letter saying he died a victim to Pope's imbecility and McDowell's treachery." McDowell thought about that and said it would do as a charge to be brought against him.

After breakfast at Chase's house the next morning McDowell read to friends the letter he had written asking for a court to hear the evidence against him, he knowing that there was no such evidence. Chase then took the letter to his office. "Soon after, the President came in, and asked what McDowell had determined to do. I told him. 'Where is the letter?' He took it, intending to have it copied I suppose. 'Well, it ought to be done immediately; for the corps must march, and General Halleck feels that he [McDowell] must be relieved, at all events, from command. Where can he be found?' 'I can not tell. An orderly, no doubt, can find him.' The President went away, and, later in the day, I heard that General McDowell had been relieved at his own request. He came in himself, afterward, stating the fact and adding, 'I did not ask to be relieved—I only asked for a court.'" Then without any fuss or pulling any wires or threatening to resign, McDowell went away "very sad," on a fifteen-day leave of absence, to return for the trial he asked.

A week after the Second Bull Run battle, Lincoln at the War Office referred to "the great number of stragglers he had seen coming into town this morning, and of the immense losses by desertion." Chase noted: "The President said he had felt badly all day." Meeting another committee from New York the next day, who urged him to change his policy, "the President became vexed and said, in substance, 'It is plain enough what you want—you want to get Seward out of the Cabinet. There is not one of you who would not see the country ruined if you could turn out Seward.'"

On general policies Chase believed Lincoln had now drifted far out of line with his country and party. "The President," noted Chase, "with the most honest intentions in the world, and a naturally clear judgment and a true, unselfish patriotism, has yielded so much to Border State and negro-phobic counsels that he now finds it difficult to arrest his own descent towards the most fatal concessions. He has already separated himself from the great body of the party which elected him; distrusts most those who

most represent its spirit; and waits. For what?" On one piece of immediate policy, however, Chase had swung around inside of a week to a moderate instead of an extreme viewpoint. Hearing that Lincoln was going out to see McClellan, Chase noted: "It is indeed humiliating; but prompted, I believe, by a sincere desire to serve the country, and a fear that, should he super-



The pro-Confederate weekly periodical *Punch* of London after news of Second Bull Run titles a cartoon THE OVERDUE BILL, with Mr. South saying to Mr. North: "Your 'ninety days' promissory note isn't taken up yet, siree!"

sede McClellan by any other commander, no advantage would be gained in leadership, but much harm in the disaffection of officers and troops."

Stevens in the House had long and bitterly protested against heading the army with a slavery sympathizer who ordered pursuit and return of fugitive slaves, who set troops to guard rebel property. Did he intend charges against the President and the Secretary of War? He replied his remarks should apply where they belonged. "I am no sycophant, no parasite. What I think I say. These acts have been perpetrated without rebuke. Let the world determine where the responsibility rests. I believe the President is as honest a man as there is in the world; but I believe him to be too easy and amiable, and to be misled by the malignant influence of the Kentucky counselors and the Border State men."

And it seemed that when the President was through with conferences, interviews, orders, letters, and proclamations at his own office and department bureaus, he received in his home rooms of the White House instructions and advice on whom to trust and not. "Often Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln discussed the relations of Cabinet officers, and gentlemen prominent in politics," wrote Mrs. Keckley, the faithful dressmaker, maid, nurse, and friend of Mrs. Lincoln. "I soon learned that the wife of the President had no love for Mr. Salmon P. Chase. She claimed that he was a selfish politician instead of a true patriot, and warned Mr. Lincoln not to trust him too far. The daughter of the Secretary was quite a belle in Washington, and Mrs. Lincoln, who was jealous of the popularity of others, had no desire to build up her social prestige through political favor to her father. Miss Chase was a lovely woman, and was worthy of all the admiration she received. Mr. Lincoln was more confiding than his wife." Mrs. Keckley noted a conversation. Mr. Lincoln lay on a sofa one evening holding a newspaper, Mrs. Lincoln saying, "Father, I do wish you would inquire a little into the motives of Chase."

"Mother, you are too suspicious. I give you credit for sagacity, but you are disposed to magnify trifles. Chase is a patriot, and one of my best friends."

"Yes, one of your best friends because it is his interest to be so. He is anything for Chase. If he thought he could make anything by it, he would betray you to-morrow."

"I fear that you are prejudiced against the man, mother. I know that you do him injustice."

"Mr. Lincoln, you are either blind or will not see. I am not the only one that has warned you against him."

"True, I receive letters daily from all parts of the country, telling me not to trust Chase; but then these letters are written by political enemies of the Secretary, and it would be unjust and foolish to pay any attention to them."

"Very well, you will find out some day, if you live long enough, that I have read the man correctly. I only hope that your eyes may not be opened to the truth when it is too late."

Seward had long ago come under the ban of Mrs. Lincoln. Early one morning as Mrs. Keckley was basting a dress for Mrs. Lincoln, and as the President sat in a chair reading a newspaper and stroking the head of Tad, a letter was brought by a messenger. He broke the seal, read it, and Mrs. Lincoln asked, "Who is the letter from, father?"

"Seward. I must go over and see him today."

"Seward! I wish you had nothing to do with that man. He cannot be trusted."

"You say the same of Chase. If I listened to you, I should soon be without a Cabinet."

"Better be without it than to confide in some of the men that you do. Seward is worse than Chase. He has no principle."

"Mother, you are mistaken; your prejudices are so violent that you do not stop to reason. Seward is an able man, and the country as well as myself can trust him."

"Father, you are too honest for this world! You should have been born a saint. You will generally find it a safe rule to distrust a disappointed, ambitious politician. It makes me mad to see you sit still and let that hypocrite, Seward, twine you around his finger as if you were a skein of thread."

"It is useless to argue the question, mother. You cannot change my opinion."

McClellan among others was "a humbug," in Mrs. Lincoln's view. "He talks so much and does so little. If I had the power I would very soon take off his head." And the President explained with good nature that McClellan had been "much embarrassed," other officers were jealous. "They will kill him off if they can." At this Mrs. Lincoln flared. "McClellan can make plenty of excuses for himself, therefore he needs no advocate in you. If he would only do something, and not promise so much, I might learn to have a little faith in him. I tell you he is a humbug, and you will have to find some man to take his place, that is, if you wish to conquer the South."

Philosophy and the incidents of strange, unhappy marriages were given the Cabinet at one of its meetings when Lincoln had brought up the matter of shifting and trying new generals. As it came to A. K. McClure, the President said:

"This situation reminds me of a Union man in Kentucky whose two sons enlisted in the Federal Army. His wife was of Confederate sympathies. His nearest neighbor was a Confederate in feeling, and his two sons were fighting under Lee. This neighbor's wife was a Union woman and it nearly broke her heart to know that her sons were arrayed against the Union."

"Finally, the two men, after each had talked the matter over with his wife, agreed to obtain divorces; this they did, and the Union man and Union woman were wedded, as were the Confederate man and the Confederate woman—the men swapped wives, in short."

"But this didn't seem to help matters any, for the sons of the Union woman were still fighting for the South, and the sons of the Confederate woman continued in the Federal Army; the Union husband couldn't get

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ng with his Union wife, and the Confederate husband and his Confederate wife couldn't agree upon anything, being forever fussing and quarreling. "It's the same thing with the Army. It doesn't seem worth while to secure divorces and then marry the Army and McClellan to others, for they can't get along any better than they do now, and there'll only be a new set of heartaches started.

"I think we'd better wait; perhaps a real fighting general will come along one of these days, and then we'll all be happy. If you go to mixing in a mix-up, you only make the muddle worse."