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Edited by

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PREFACE

WAR is following slavery to the limbo of outgrown barbarities. In their conferences at The Hague, civilised nations show an increasing purpose to carry their disputes to courts of law rather than to fields of battle. Yet War, inevitable in the ascent of man from brute, with all its woe and horror, has given play to some of the noblest traits of human nature. At his best the soldier takes up arms that there may be an honourable Peace; he is ready to die that his country may live; he is as merciful as brave. All great commanders have been men of the first order of mind, have been masters of the difficult arts of tactics and strategy, have known how to feed and transport a vast army. To win victory means that a general be alert, judicious and resourceful, that he regards as a whole the intricate problems of a campaign.

All these qualities were displayed by three great figures in the Civil War, Grant, Sherman and Lee, who speak to us in the pages which follow. Striking are the contrasts between this mighty triad. Grant, of cool and impassive temperament, had an eye to see things as they are. With his field maps before him, he gathered and winnowed every available iota of information, taking care never to overestimate the enemy's numbers or powers.

Then he carefully framed a plan to which he adhered inflexibly and therefore victoriously. Sherman, his loyal friend and fellow captain, cast in an equally large and wholly different mould, was a man of bubbling enthusiasm, of outspoken feeling. Sorely did the politicians try his patience as they meddled with his carefully planned manœuvres in the field. Lee, of a third and quite distinct type, in native kingliness, recalls Washington himself. He was not only a soldier, but a scholar, and an educator, too. At the close of the War he became president of Washington College, winning from his students both reverence and filial attachment. That institution, to commemorate his labours, now bears the name of Washington and Lee University.

A soldier of our own day, with a golden record as a bearer of arms, is President Theodore Roosevelt. In his story of "The Rough Riders," here laid under tribute, he reveals himself a brave, warm-hearted comrade, worthy all the affection and honour that America bestows upon him.

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SOLDIERS

GENERAL ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

["Ulysses S. Grant, his life and character," by Hamlin Garland, a capital biography, fully illustrated, is published by the S. S. McClure Co., New York. Regarding Grant as a commander Mr. Garland says: "His most marked characteristics were measureless persistence swift and unhesitant action, calm mastery of details, considerateness in the treatment of subordinates, courage to assume responsibility, and beyond and perhaps above all, the capacity to do, in the heat and tumult of war, things so conspicuously right that when the battle is ended they seem to have been inspired by miraculous common sense."

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses Simpson Grant, copyrighted by him, in two volumes, were originally published in 1885. By permission of the Century Company, who now own the copyright, the following pages appear.]

Boyhood

In June, 1821, my father, Jesse R. Grant, married Hannah Simpson. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home, until at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools, at the time of which I write, were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much,

even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught — the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra in Cincinnati; but having no teacher it was Greek to me.

My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen, I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836–37 and 1838–39. The former period was spent in Maysville, Kentucky, attending the school of Richardson and Rand; the latter in Ripley, Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit, and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events both winters were spent in going over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating: "A noun is the name of a thing," which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat, until I had come to believe it — but I cast no reflections upon my old teacher, Richardson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of their states. Two of my contemporaries there —

who, I believe, never attended any other institution of learning — have held seats in Congress, and one, if not both, other high offices; these are Wadsworth and Brewster.

My father was, from my earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, as stated before, I never missed a quarter from school from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labour. In my early days, every one laboured more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labour; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load,

and some one at thé house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

A HORSE TRADE

Chilton White, a schoolmate, is reported as having told of an early horse-trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt that after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was

to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him: "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions, at least village boys in that day did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognised my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

The Mexican War

HOW GRANT FELT BEFORE FIGHTING BEGAN

While General Taylor was away with the bulk of his army, the little garrison up the river was

besieged. As we lay in our tents upon the sea-shore, the artillery at the fort on the Rio Grande could be distinctly heard.

The war had begun.

There were no possible means of obtaining news from the garrison, and information from outside could not be otherwise than unfavourable. What General Taylor's feelings were during this suspense I do not know, but for myself, a young second-lieutenant who had never heard a hostile gun before, I felt sorry that I had enlisted. A great many men, when they smell battle afar off, chafe to get into the fray. When they say so themselves they generally fail to convince their hearers that they are as anxious as they would like to make believe, and as they approach danger they become more subdued. This rule is not universal, for I have known a few men who were always aching for a fight when there was no enemy near, who were as good as their word when the battle did come. But the number of such men is small.

Military Acquaintances North and South

My experience in the Mexican war was of great advantage to me afterward. Besides the many practical lessons it taught, the war brought nearly all the officers of the regular army together so as to make them personally acquainted. It also brought them in contact with volunteers, many of whom served in the War of the Rebellion afterward. Then, in my

particular case, I had been at West Point at about the right time to meet most of the graduates who were of a suitable age at the breaking out of the rebellion to be trusted with large commands. Graduating in 1843, I was at the military academy from one to four years with all cadets who graduated between 1840 and 1846 — seven classes. These classes embraced more than fifty officers who afterward became generals on one side or the other in the rebellion, many of them holding high commands. All the older officers, who became conspicuous in the rebellion, I had also served with and known in Mexico: Lee, J. E. Johnston, A. S. Johnston, Holmes, Herbért, and a number of others on the Confederate side; McCall, Mansfield, Phil. Kearney, and others on the National side. The acquaintance thus formed was of immense service to me in the War of the Rebellion — I mean what I learned of the characters of those to whom I was afterward opposed. I do not pretend to say that all movements, or even many of them, were made with special reference to the characteristics of the commander against whom they were directed. But my appreciation of my enemies was certainly affected by this knowledge. The natural disposition of most people is to clothe a commander of a large army whom they do not know, with almost superhuman abilities. A large part of the National army, for instance, and most of the press of the country, clothed General Lee with just such

qualities, but I had known him personally, and knew that he was mortal; and it was just as well that I felt this.

Outbreak of the Rebellion

Presiding at a Union Meeting — Mustering Officer of State Troops

The 4th of March, 1861, came, and Abraham Lincoln was sworn to maintain the Union against all its enemies. The secession of one state after another followed, until eleven had gone out. On the 11th of April Fort Sumter, a National fort in the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, was fired upon by the Southerners and a few days after was captured. The Confederates proclaimed themselves aliens, and thereby debarred themselves of all right to claim protection under the Constitution of the United States. We did not admit the fact that they were aliens, but all the same, they debarred themselves of the right to expect better treatment than people of any other foreign state who make war upon an independent nation. Upon the firing on Sumter President Lincoln issued his first call for troops and soon after a proclamation convening Congress in extra session. The call was for 75,000 volunteers for ninety days' service. If the shot fired at Fort Sumter "was heard around the world," the call of the President for 75,000 men was heard

throughout the Northern states. There was not a state in the North of a million of inhabitants that would not have furnished the entire number faster than arms could have been supplied to them, if it had been necessary.

As soon as the news of the call for volunteers reached Galena posters were stuck up calling for a meeting of the citizens at the court-house in the evening. Business ceased entirely; all was excitement; for a time there were no party distinctions; all were Union men, determined to avenge the insult to the national flag. In the evening the court-house was packed. Although a comparative stranger I was called upon to preside; the sole reason, possibly, was that I had been in the army and had seen service. With much embarrassment and some prompting I made out to announce the object of the meeting. Speeches were in order, but it is doubtful whether it would have been safe just then to make other than patriotic ones. There was probably no one in the house, however, who felt like making any other. The two principal speeches were by B. B. Howard, the postmaster and a Breckinridge Democrat at the November election the fall before, and John A. Rawlins, an elector on the Douglas ticket. E. B. Washburne, with whom I was not acquainted at that time, came in after the meeting had been organised and expressed, I understood afterward, a little surprise that Galena could not furnish a presiding officer for such an occasion without

taking a stranger. He came forward and was introduced, and made a speech appealing to the patriotism of the meeting.

After the speaking was over volunteers were called for to form a company. The quota of Illinois had been fixed at six regiments; and it was supposed that one company would be as much as would be accepted from Galena. The company was raised and the officers and non-commissioned officers elected before the meeting adjourned. I declined the captaincy before the balloting, but announced that I would aid the company in every way I could and would be found in the service in some position if there should be a war. I never went into our leather store after that meeting, to put up a package or do other business.

Takes Command of the 21st Regiment

When I left Galena for the last time to take command of the 21st regiment I took with me my oldest son, Frederick D. Grant, then a lad of eleven years of age. On receiving the order to take rail for Quincy I wrote to Mrs. Grant, to relieve what I supposed would be her great anxiety for one so young going into danger that I would send Fred home from Quincy by river. I received a prompt letter in reply decidedly disapproving my proposition, and urging that the lad should be allowed to accompany me. It came too late. Fred was already on his way up the Mississippi bound for

Dubuque, Iowa, from which place there was a railroad to Galena.

My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be "a field of battle" were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If some one else had been colonel and I had been lieutenant-colonel I do not think I would have felt any trepidation. Before we were prepared to cross the Mississippi River at Quincy my anxiety was relieved; for the men of the besieged regiment came straggling into town. I am inclined to think both sides got frightened and ran away.

Fear Afflicts Both Sides in War

received orders to move against Colonel Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, Missouri, some twenty-five miles south of where we then were.

As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there and the marks of a recent encamp-

ment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that he had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable.

Suffering Himself, He Sympathises With Others in Pain

During the night [after the first day's fight at Shiloh] rain fell in torrents and our troops were exposed to the storm without shelter. I made my headquarters under a tree a few hundred yards back from the river bank. My ankle was so much swollen from the fall of my horse the Friday night preceding, and the bruise was so painful, that I could get no rest. The drenching rain would have precluded the possibility of sleep without this additional cause. Some time after midnight, growing restive under the storm and the continuous pain, I moved back to the log-house under the bank. This had been taken as a hospital, and all night wounded men were being brought in, their wounds dressed, a leg or an arm amputated

as the case might require, and everything being done to save life or alleviate suffering. The sight was more unendurable than encountering the enemy's fire, and I returned to my tree in the rain.

Never Sought Office

Every one has his superstitions. One of mine is that in positions of great responsibility every one should do his duty to the best of his ability where assigned by competent authority, without application or the use of influence to change his position. While at Cairo I had watched with very great interest the operations of the Army of the Potomac, looking upon that as the main field of the war. I had no idea, myself, of ever having any large command, nor did I suppose that I was equal to one; but I had the vanity to think that as a cavalry officer I might succeed very well in the command of a brigade. On one occasion, in talking about this to my staff officers, all of whom were civilians without any military education whatever, I said that I would give anything if I were commanding a brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac and I believed I could do some good. Captain Hillyer spoke up and suggested that I make application to be transferred there to command the cavalry. I then told him that I would cut my right arm off first, and mentioned this superstition.

In time of war the President, being by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief of the Army

and Navy, is responsible for the selection of commanders. He should not be embarrassed in making his selections. I having been selected, my responsibility ended with my doing the best I knew how. If I had sought the place, or obtained it through personal or political influence, my belief is that I would have feared to undertake any plan of my own conception, and would probably have awaited direct orders from my distant superiors. Persons obtaining important commands by application or political influence are apt to keep a written record of complaints and predictions of defeat, which are shown in case of disaster. Somebody must be responsible for their failures.

The South and Slavery

There was no time during the rebellion when I did not think, and often say, that the South was more to be benefited by its defeat than the North. The latter had the people, the institutions, and the territory to make a great and prosperous nation. The former was burdened with an institution abhorrent to all civilised people not brought up under it, and one which degraded labour, kept it in ignorance, and enervated the governing class. With the outside world at war with this institution, they could not have extended their territory. The labour of the country was not skilled, nor allowed to become so. The whites could not toil without becoming degraded, and those who

did were denominated "poor white trash." The system of labour would have soon exhausted the soil and left the people poor. The non-slaveholders would have left the country, and the small slaveholder must have sold out to his more fortunate neighbour. Soon the slaves would have outnumbered the masters, and, not being in sympathy with them, would have risen in their might and exterminated them. The war was expensive to the South as well as to the North, both in blood and treasure, but it was worth all it cost.

Commissioned as Lieutenant-General by President Lincoln

The bill restoring the grade of lieutenant-general of the army had passed through Congress and became a law on the 26th of February, 1864. My nomination had been sent to the Senate on the 1st of March and confirmed the next day (the 2nd). I was ordered to Washington on the 3rd to receive my commission, and started the day following that. The commission was handed to me on the 9th. It was delivered to me at the Executive Mansion by President Lincoln in the presence of his Cabinet, my eldest son, those of my staff who were with me, and a few other visitors.

The President in presenting my commission read from a paper — stating, however, as a preliminary, and prior to the delivery of it, that he had drawn that up on paper, knowing my

disinclination to speak in public, and handed me a copy in advance so that I might prepare a few lines of reply. The President said:

"General Grant, the nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honour devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that, with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

To this I replied: "Mr. President, I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honour conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavour not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favour of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

First Interview with President Lincoln

Although hailing from Illinois myself, the state of the President, I never met Mr. Lincoln until called to the capital to receive my commission as lieutenant-general. I knew him,

however, very well and favourably from the accounts given by officers under me at the West who had known him all their lives. I had also read the remarkable series of debates between Lincoln and Douglas a few years before, when they were rival candidates for the United States Senate. I was then a resident of Missouri, and by no means a "Lincoln man" in that contest; but I recognised then his great ability.

In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he had never professed to be a military man or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them: but that procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of "Military Orders"— one, two, three, etc. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. All he wanted or had ever wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. Assuring him that I would do the best I could with the means at hand, and avoid as far as possible annoying him or the War Department, our first interview ended.

Lee's Surrender

On April 8th I had followed the Army of the Potomac in rear of Lee. I was suffering very

severely with a sick headache, and stopped at a farmhouse on the road some distance in rear of the main body of the army. I spent the night in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning. During the night I received Lee's answer to my letter of the 8th, inviting an interview between the lines on the following morning. But it was for a different purpose from that of surrendering his army, and I answered him as follows:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 A.M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc.,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

I proceeded at an early hour in the morning, still suffering with the headache, to get to the head of the column. I was not more than two or three miles from Appomattox Court House at the time, but to go direct I would have to pass through Lee's army, or a portion of it. I had therefore to move south in order to get upon a road coming up from another direction.

When the white flag of truce was put out by General Lee, I was in this way moving towards Appomattox Court House, and consequently could not be communicated with immediately, and be informed of what Lee had done. Lee, therefore, sent a flag to the rear to advise Meade and one to the front to Sheridan saying that he had sent a message to me for the purpose of having a meeting to consult about the surrender of his army, and asked for a suspension of hostilities until I could be communicated with. As they had heard nothing of this until the fighting had got to be severe and all going against Lee, both of these commanders hesitated very considerably about suspending hostilities at all. They were afraid it was not in good faith, and we had the Army of Northern Virginia where it could not escape except by some deception. They, however, finally consented to a suspension of hostilities for two hours to give an opportunity of communicating with me in that time, if possible. It was found that, from the route I had taken, they would probably not be able to communicate

with me and get an answer back within the time fixed unless the messenger should pass through the rebel lines.

Lee, therefore, sent an escort with the officer bearing this message through his lines to me.

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL:

I received your note of this morning on the picket line whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

R. E. LEE,
General.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
Commanding U. S. Armies.

When the officer reached me I was still suffering with the sick headache; but the instant I saw the contents of the note I was cured. I wrote the following note in reply and hastened on:

April 9, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. Armies.

Your note of this date is but this moment (11.50 A.M.) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road.

I am at this writing about four miles west of Walker's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

I was conducted at once to where Sheridan was located with his troops drawn up in line of battle facing the Confederate army near by. They were very much excited, and expressed their view that this was all a ruse employed to enable the Confederates to get away. They said they believed that Johnston was marching up from North Carolina now, and Lee was moving to join him; and they would whip the rebels where they now were in five minutes *if* I would only let them go in. But I had no doubt about the good faith of Lee, and pretty soon was conducted to where he was. I found him at the house of a Mr. McLean, at Appomattox Court House, with Colonel Marshall, one of his staff officers, awaiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill, on a portion of which was an apple orchard, beyond a little valley which separated it from that on the crest of which Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle to the south.

Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself, I will give all there is of the story of the famous apple tree.

Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The War of the Rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which, at one point, ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had, on that side, cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War; but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of

my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough travelling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieu-

tenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I

called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9th, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE,
Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL: In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside. Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organised a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses; and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them.

I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war — I sincerely hoped so; and I said further I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them and I would, therefore, instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF
NORTHERN VIRGINIA
April 9, 1865.

GENERAL: I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the

proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. Lee,
General.

Lieut.-General U. S. Grant.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much talked of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "about twenty-five thousand," and I authorised him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where

he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes — General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

Soon after Lee's departure I telegraphed to Washington as follows:

HEADQUARTERS, APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.,
April 9th, 1865, 4.30 P.M.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington.

General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the conditions fully.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

When news of the surrender first reached our lines our men commenced firing a salute of a hundred guns in honour of the victory. I at once sent word, however, to have it stopped.

The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall.

[General Grant finished his Memoirs when stricken with the painful disease which ended his life. From his sick-room, when dying, he wrote:]

Words of Grateful Farewell to a United Country

I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy; but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to "Let us have peace."

The expressions of these kindly feelings were not restricted to a section of the country, nor to a division of the people. They came from individual citizens of all nationalities; from all denominations — the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew; and from the various societies of the land — scientific, educational, religious, or otherwise. Politics did not enter into the matter at all.

I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given because I was the object of it. But the war between the states was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer

than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side. I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representative of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end.

Grant

BY GEORGE H. BOKER

As Moses stood upon the flaming hill,
With all the people gathered at his feet,
Waiting in Sinai's valley, there to meet
The awful bearer of Jehovah's will;

So, Grant, thou stand'st, amidst the trumpets shrill,
And the wild fiery storms that flash and beat
In iron thunder and in leaden sleet,
Topmost of all, and most exposed to ill.

O, stand thou firm, great leader of our race,
Hope of our future, till the times grow bland,
And into ashes drops war's dying brand:
Then let us see thee, with benignant grace,
Descend thy height, God's glory on thy face,
And the law's tables safe within thy hand!

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

[John Codman Ropes, the historian, said in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1891:

"Probably no general in the Union army has been more honoured and appreciated, at least in the Northern states, than General Sherman. His achievements in the war were, perhaps, on the whole, more striking and brilliant than those performed by any other officer, Federal or Confederate. They were of a kind calculated powerfully to excite the imagination, and they were crowned by complete and dazzling success. Then he was a man of most marked and individual traits of character. He was bold in action and in speech. He possessed all the peculiarly American characteristics. He was not only enterprising, full of resources, aggressive, but he was all this in a way distinctively his own: he was the type of the American general in these respects. More than this, he took the public into his confidence to a degree that no other general ever thought of doing. Not that he sought popularity by any unfair methods but that he could not help stating to the world his views and conclusions, proclaiming his likes and dislikes, as he went along. And although he was always a very plain-spoken man, and his opinions frequently ran counter to the popular notions, his evident honesty and sincerity took wonderfully with the people. There has been nobody in our time like General Sherman. . . ."

"As a subordinate commander, Sherman had the rare good fortune of serving under a man whom he greatly admired and in whom he fully trusted; and General Grant returned the confidence which his lieutenant reposed in him. The perfect understanding between these two eminent men was not only one of the most interesting facts of the war, but it was productive of great good to the public service. It showed in many ways how wise it is for the superior, when-

ever it is possible to do so, to rely confidently on the subordinate; to refrain from undertaking to regulate his decisions as to matters under his own eye; not to attempt to prescribe the details of his action or to criticise his dispositions in the spirit of a taskmaster. Cordial coöperation in their work was the fruit of this unique relation between Sherman and Grant."

[The Personal Memoirs of William Tecumseh Sherman, two volumes, in an edition he revised and corrected, were copyrighted by him in 1890. This edition is now published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. By the kind permission of the owner of the copyright, Mr. Philemon Tecumseh Sherman, of New York, a son of General Sherman, the following selection is offered.—Ed.]

At West Point

At West Point I went through the regular course of four years, graduating in June, 1840, number six in a class of forty-three. These forty-three were all that remained of more than one hundred which originally constituted the class. At the Academy I was not considered a good soldier, for at no time was I selected for any office, but remained a private throughout the whole four years. Then, as now, neatness in dress and form, with a strict conformity to the rules, were the qualifications required for office, and I suppose I was found not to excel in any of these. In studies I always held a respectable reputation with the professors, and generally ranked among the best, especially in drawing, chemistry, mathematics, and natural philosophy. My average demerits, per annum, were about one hundred and fifty, which

reduced my final class standing from number four to six.

Early Days in California

During the fall of 1848, Warner, Ord, and I, camped on the bank of the American River, abreast of Sutter's Fort (near Sacramento, California), at what was known as the "Old Tanyard." I was cook, Ord cleaned up the dishes, and Warner looked after the horses; but Ord was deposed as scullion because he would only wipe the tin plates with a tuft of grass, according to the custom of the country, whereas Warner insisted on having them washed after each meal with hot water. Warner was in consequence promoted to scullion, and Ord became the hostler. We drew our rations in kind from the commissary at San Francisco, who sent them up to us by a boat; and we were thus enabled to dispense a generous hospitality to many a poor devil who otherwise would have had nothing to eat.

The winter of 1848–49 was a period of intense activity throughout California. The rainy season was unfavourable to the operations of gold-mining, and was very hard upon the thousands of houseless men and women who dwelt in the mountains, and even in the towns. Most of the natives and old inhabitants had returned to their ranches and houses; yet there were not roofs enough in the country to shelter the thou-

sands who had arrived by sea and by land. The news had gone forth to the whole civilised world that gold in fabulous quantities was to be had for the mere digging, and adventurers came pouring in blindly to seek their fortunes, without a thought of house or food. Yerba Buena had been converted into San Francisco. Sacramento City had been laid out, lots were being rapidly sold, and the town was being built up as an entrepôt to the mines. Stockton also had been chosen as a convenient point for trading with the lower or southern mines. Captain Sutter was the sole proprietor of the former, and Captain Charles Weber was the owner of the site of Stockton, which was as yet known as "French Camp."

Begins as a Lawyer

Early in September, 1858, I reached Leavenworth, Kansas. After looking about and consulting with friends, among them my classmate, Major Stewart Van Vliet, quartermaster at the fort, I concluded to accept the proposition of Mr. Ewing, and accordingly the firm of Sherman & Ewing was duly announced, and our services to the public offered as attorneys-at-law.

We had an office on Main Street, between Shawnee and Delaware, on the second floor, over the office of Hampton Denman, Esq., mayor of the city. This building was a mere shell, and our office was reached by a stairway

on the outside. Although in the course of my ordinary law-books, such as Blackstone, Kent, Starkie, etc., I did not presume to be a lawyer; but our agreement was that Thomas Ewing, Jr., a good and thorough lawyer, should manage all business in the courts, while I gave attention to collections, agencies for houses and lands, and such business as my experience in banking had qualified me for. Yet, as my name was embraced in a law-firm, it seemed to me proper to take out a licence. Accordingly, one day when the United States Judge Lecompte was in our office, I mentioned the matter to him; he told me to go down to the clerk of his court, and he would give me the licence. I inquired what examination I would have to submit to, and he replied, "None at all;" he would admit me on the ground of general intelligence.

During the summer we got our share of the business of the profession, then represented by several eminent law-firms, embracing names that have since flourished in the Senate, and in the higher courts of the country. But the most lucrative single case was given me by my friend Major Van Vliet, who employed me to go to Fort Riley, 136 miles west of Fort Leavenworth, to superintend the repairs to the military road. For this purpose he supplied me with a four-mule ambulance and driver. The country was then sparsely settled, and quite as many Indians were along the road as white people; still there were embryo towns all along

the route, and a few farms sprinkled over the beautiful prairies. On reaching Indianola, near Topeka, I found everybody down with the chills and fever. My own driver became so shaky that I had to act as driver and cook. But in due season I reconnoitred the road, and made contracts for repairing some bridges, and for cutting such parts of the road as needed it.

RESIGNS FROM THE LOUISIANA MILITARY ACADEMY ON THE OUTBREAK OF CIVIL WAR

The seizure of the arsenal at Baton Rouge occurred January 10, 1861, and the secession ordinance was not passed until about the 25th or 26th of the same month. At all events, after the seizure of the arsenal, and before the passage of the ordinance of secession, viz., on the 18th of January, I wrote as follows:

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY OF LEARNING
AND MILITARY ACADEMY

January 18, 1861.

GOVERNOR THOMAS O. MOORE,
Baton Rouge, Lousiana.

SIR: As I occupy a quasi military position under the laws of the state, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such position when Louisiana was a state in the Union, and when the motto of this seminary was inserted in marble over the main door: "By the liberality

of the General Government of the United States. The Union — *esto perpetua.*"

Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraw from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word.

In that event, I beg you will send or appoint some authorised agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war belonging to the state, or advise me what disposition to make of them.

And furthermore, as president of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent, the moment the state determines to secede, for on no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Superintendent.

[*Private*]

January 18, 1861.

TO GOVERNOR MOORE.

MY DEAR SIR: I take it for granted that you have been expecting for some days the accompanying paper from me (the above official

letter). I have repeatedly and again made known to General Graham and Dr. Smith that, in the event of a severance of the relations hitherto existing between the Confederated states of this Union, I would be forced to choose the old Union. It is barely possible all the states may secede, South and North, that new combinations may result, but this process will be one of time and uncertainty, and I cannot with my opinions await the subsequent development.

I have never been a politician, and therefore undervalue the excited feelings and opinions of present rulers, but I do think, if this people cannot execute a form of government like the present, that a worse one will result.

I will keep the cadets as quiet as possible. They are nervous, but I think the interest of the state requires them here, guarding this property and acquiring a knowledge which will be useful to your state in aftertimes.

When I leave, which I now regard as certain, the present professors can manage well enough to afford you leisure time to find a suitable successor to me. You might order Major Smith to receipt for the arms, and to exercise military command, while the academic exercises could go on under the board. In time, some gentleman will turn up, better qualified than I am, to carry on the seminary to its ultimate point of success. I entertain the kindest feelings toward all, and would leave the state with much regret;

only in great events we must choose, one way or the other. Truly, your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN

One day in April, 1861, John Sherman took me with him to see Mr. Lincoln. He walked into the room where the secretary to the President now sits, we found the room full of people, and Mr. Lincoln sat at the end of the table, talking with three or four gentlemen, who soon left. John walked up, shook hands, and took a chair near him, holding in his hand some papers referring to minor appointments in the state of Ohio, which formed the subject of conversation. Mr. Lincoln took the papers, said he would refer them to the proper heads of departments, and would be glad to make the appointments asked for, if not already promised. John then turned to me, and said, "Mr. President, this is my brother, Colonel Sherman, who is just up from Louisiana, he may give you some information you want." "Ah!" said Mr. Lincoln, "how are they getting along down there?" I said, "They think they are getting along swimmingly — they are preparing for war." "Oh, well!" said he, "I guess we 'll manage to keep house." I was silenced, said no more to him, and we soon left. I was sadly disappointed, and remember that I broke out on John, d—ning the politicians generally, saying, "You have got things in a hell

of a fix, and you may get them out as best you can," adding that the country was sleeping on a volcano that might burst forth at any minute, but that I was going to St. Louis to take care of my family, and would have no more to do with it. John begged me to be more patient, but I said I would not; that I had no time to wait, that I was off for St. Louis; and off I went. At Lancaster I found letters from Major Turner, inviting me to St. Louis, as the place in the Fifth Street Railroad (as president) was a sure thing, and that Mr. Lucas would rent me a good house on Locust Street, suitable for my family, for six hundred dollars a year.

A Visit from President Lincoln

Three months later, it must have been about July 26, 1861, I was near the river bank, looking at a block-house which had been built for the defence of the aqueduct, when I saw a carriage coming by the road that crossed the Potomac River at Georgetown by a ferry. I thought I recognised in the carriage the person of President Lincoln. I hurried across a bend, so as to stand by the roadside as the carriage passed. I was in uniform with a sword on, and was recognised by Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, who rode side by side in an open hack. I inquired if they were going to my camps, and Mr. Lincoln said: "Yes; we heard that you had got over the big scare, and we thought we would come over

and see the 'boys.' " The roads had been much changed and were rough. I asked if I might give directions to his coachman; he promptly invited me to jump in and to tell the coachman which way to drive. Intending to begin on the right and follow round to the left, I turned the driver into a side road which led up a very steep hill, and, seeing a soldier, called to him and sent him up hurriedly to announce to the colonel (Bennett, I think) that the President was coming. As we slowly ascended the hill, I discovered that Mr. Lincoln was full of feeling, and wanted to encourage our men. I asked if he intended to speak to them, and he said he would like to. I asked him then to please discourage all cheering, noise, or any sort of confusion; that we had had enough of it before Bull Run to ruin any set of men, and that what we needed were cool, thoughtful, hard-fighting soldiers — no more hurrahing, no more humbug. He took my remarks in the most perfect good-nature. Before we had reached the first camp, I heard the drum beating the "assembly," saw the men running for their tents, and in a few minutes the regiment was in line, arms presented, and then brought to an order and "parade rest!"

Mr. Lincoln stood up in the carriage and made one of the neatest, best, and most feeling addresses I ever listened to, referring to our late disaster at Bull Run, the high duties that still devolved on us, and the brighter days yet to

come. At one or two points the soldiers began to cheer, but he promptly checked them saying: "Do n't cheer, boys. I confess I rather like it myself, but Colonel Sherman here says it is not military; and I guess we had better defer to his opinion." In winding up he explained that, as President, he was commander-in-chief; that he was resolved that the soldiers should have everything that the law allowed; and he called on one and all to appeal to him personally in case they were wronged. The effect of this speech was excellent.

To Sherman from Grant on the Eve of Being Appointed Lieutenant-General

[*Private*]

Nashville, Tennessee, March 4, 1864.

Dear Sherman:

The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place.

I now receive orders to report at Washington immediately, *in person*, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order, but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there that I shall accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my head-quarters. This, however, is not what I started out to write about.

While I have been eminently successful in this

war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as *the men* to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I do. I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day, but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now.

Your friend,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General.

[*Private and Confidential*]

NEAR MEMPHIS, March 10, 1864.

GENERAL GRANT,

DEAR GENERAL: I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the 4th, and will send a copy of it to General McPherson at once.

You do yourself injustice and us too much honour in assigning to us so large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approve the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as heretofore to manifest it on all proper occasions.

You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue as heretofore to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings who will award to you a large share for securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honour. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson also you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that victory admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just, as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest, as a man should be; but the chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always

manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour.

This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga — no doubts, no reserve; and I tell you that it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come — if alive.

My only points of doubt were as to your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all this.

Now as to the future. Do not stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you are to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come out West; take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley; let us make it dead-sure, and I tell you the Atlantic slope and Pacific shores will follow its destiny as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk! We have done much: still much remains to be done. Time and time's influences are all with us; we could almost afford to sit still and let these influences work. Even in the seceded States your word *now* would go further than a President's proclamation, or an act of Congress.

For God's sake and for your country's sake, come out of Washington! I foretold to General Halleck, before he left Corinth, the inevitable result to him, and I now exhort you to come

out West. Here lies the seat of the coming empire; and from the West, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic. Your sincere friend,

W. T. SHERMAN.

BEGINS THE MARCH TO THE SEA

About 7 A.M. of November 16, 1864, we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped waggons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus

of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds — a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by way of

Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the sea-coast first at Savannah or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The first night out we camped by the road-side near Lithonia. Stone Mountain, a mass of granite, was in plain view, cut out in clear outline against the blue sky; the whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one I have described, of heating the middle of the iron-rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached much importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the Field,

Washington, D. C., May 30, 1865.

The general commanding announces to the armies of the Tennessee and Georgia that the time has come for us to part. Our work is done, and armed enemies no longer defy us. Some

of you will go to your homes, and others will be retained in military service till further orders.

And now that we are all about to separate, to mingle with the civil world, it becomes a pleasing duty to recall to mind the situation of national affairs when, but little more than a year ago, we were gathered about the cliffs of Lookout Mountain, and all the future was wrapped in doubt and uncertainty.

Three armies had come together from distant fields, with separate histories, yet bound by one common cause — the union of our country, and the perpetuation of the Government of our inheritance. There is no need to recall to your memories Tunnel Hill, with Rocky-Face Mountain and Buzzard Roost Gap, and the ugly forts of Dalton behind.

We were in earnest, and paused not for danger and difficulty, but dashed through Snake-Creek Gap and fell on Resaca; then on to the Etowah, to Dallas, Kenesaw; and the heats of summer found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee, far from home, and dependent on a single road for supplies. Again we were not to be held back by any obstacle, and crossed over and fought four hard battles for the possession of the citadel of Atlanta. That was the crisis of our history. A doubt still clouded our future, but we solved the problem, destroyed Atlanta, struck boldly across the state of Georgia, severed all the main arteries of life to our enemy, and Christmas found us at Savannah.

Waiting there only long enough to fill our waggons, we again began a march which, for peril, labour, and results, will compare with any ever made by an organised army. The floods of the Savannah, the swamps of the Combahee and Edisto, the "high hills" and rocks of the Santee, the flat quagmires of the Pedee and Cape Fear rivers, were all passed in midwinter with its floods and rains, in the face of an accumulating enemy; and, after the battles of Averysboro, and Bentonsville, we once more came out of the wilderness, to meet our friends at Goldsboro. Even then we paused only long enough to get new clothing, to reload our wagons, again pushed on to Raleigh and beyond, until we met our enemy suing for peace, instead of war, and offering to submit to the injured laws of his and our country. As long as that enemy was defiant, nor mountains, nor rivers, nor swamps, nor hunger, nor cold, had checked us; but when he, who had fought us hard and persistently, offered submission, your general thought it wrong to pursue him farther, and negotiations followed, which resulted, as you all know, in his surrender.

How far the operations of this army contributed to the final overthrow of the Confederacy and the peace which now dawns upon us, must be judged by others, not by us; but that you have done all that men could do has been admitted by those in authority, and we have a right to join in the universal joy that fills our land because

the war is *over*, and our Government stands vindicated before the world by the joint action of the volunteer armies and navy of the United States.

To such as remain in the service, your general need only remind you that success in the past was due to hard work and discipline, and that the same work and discipline are equally important in the future. To such as go home, he will only say that our favoured country is so grand, so extensive, so diversified in climate, soil, and productions, that every man may find a home and occupation suited to his taste; none should yield to the natural impatience sure to result from our past life of excitement and adventure. You will be invited to seek new adventures abroad; do not yield to the temptation, for it will lead only to death and disappointment.

Your general now bids you farewell, with the full belief that, as in war you have been good soldiers, so in peace you will make good citizens; and if, unfortunately, new war should arise in our country, "Sherman's army" will be the first to buckle on its old armour, and come forth to defend and maintain the Government of our inheritance.

By order of Major-General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.

GRANT AND SHERMAN CHOOSE THEIR HOBBIES

[General Sherman, referring to a period shortly after the close of the war, says:]

Here I will remark that General Grant, afterward famous as the "silent man," used to be

very gossipy, and no one was ever more fond than he of telling anecdotes of our West Point and early army life. At the Chicago reunion he told me that I would have to come to Washington, that he wanted me to effect a change as to the general staff, which he had long contemplated, and which was outlined in his letter to Mr. Stanton of January 29, 1866 [see Memoirs], which had been repeatedly published, and was well known to the military world; that on being inaugurated President on the 4th of March he would retain General Schofield as his Secretary of War until the change had become habitual; that the modern custom of the Secretary of War giving military orders to the adjutant-general and other staff officers was positively wrong and should be stopped. Speaking of General Grant's personal characteristics at that period of his life, I recall a conversation in his carriage, when, riding down Pennsylvania Avenue, he inquired of me in a humorous way, "Sherman, what special hobby do you intend to adopt?" I inquired what he meant, and he explained that all men had their special weakness or vanity, and that it was wiser to choose one's own than to leave the newspapers to affix one less acceptable, and that for his part he had chosen the "horse," so that when any one tried to pump him he would turn the conversation to his "horse." I answered that I would stick to the "theatre

and balls," for I was always fond of seeing young people happy, and did actually acquire a reputation for "dancing," though I had not attempted the waltz, or anything more than the ordinary cotillon, since the war.

DISCIPLINE AND COURAGE

When a regiment is deployed as skirmishers, and crosses an open field or woods, under heavy fire, if each man runs forward from tree to tree, or stump to stump, and yet preserves a good general alignment, it gives great confidence to the men themselves, for they always keep their eyes well to the right and left, and watch their comrades; but when some few hold back, stick too close or too long to a comfortable log, it often stops the line and defeats the whole object. Therefore, the more we improve the firearm the more will be the necessity for good organisation, and good discipline and intelligence on the part of the individual soldier and officer. There is, of course, such a thing as individual courage, which has a value in war, but familiarity with danger, experience in war and its common attendants, and personal habit, are equally valuable traits, and these are the qualities with which we usually have to deal in war. All men naturally shrink from pain and danger, and only incur their risk from some higher motive, or from habit; so that I would define true courage

to be perfect sensibility of the measure of danger, and a mental willingness to incur it, rather than that insensibility to danger of which I have heard far more than I have seen. The most courageous men are generally unconscious of possessing the quality; therefore, when one professes it too openly, by words or bearing, there is reason to mistrust it. I would further illustrate my meaning by describing a man of true courage to be one who possesses all his faculties and senses perfectly when serious danger is actually present.

How It Feels to Lead an Army

It is related of Napoleon that his last words were, "Tête d'armée!" ["Head of the army."] Doubtless, as the shadow of death obscured his memory, the last thought that remained for speech was of some event when he was directing an important "head of column." I believe that every general who has handled armies in battle must recall from his own experience the intensity of thought on some similar occasion, when by a single command he had given the finishing stroke to some complicated action; but to me recurs another thought that is worthy of record, and may encourage others who are to follow us in our profession. I never saw the rear of an army engaged in battle but I feared that some calamity had happened at the front — the apparent confusion, broken waggons, crippled horses, men lying about dead and

maimed, parties hastening to and fro in seeming disorder, and a general apprehension of something dreadful about to ensue; all these signs, however, lessened as I neared the front, and there the contrast was complete — perfect order, men and horses full of confidence, and it was not unusual to find general hilarity, laughing, and cheering. Although cannon might be firing, the musketry clattering, and the enemy's shot hitting close, there reigned a general feeling of strength and security that bore a marked contrast to the bloody signs that had drifted rapidly to the rear; therefore for comfort and safety, I surely would rather be at the front than the rear line of battle. So also on the march, the head of a column moves on steadily, while the rear is alternately halting and then rushing forward to close up the gap; and all sorts of rumours, especially the worst, float back to the rear. Old troops invariably deem it a special privilege to be in the front — to be at the "head of column" — because experience has taught them that it is the easiest and most comfortable place, and danger only adds zest and stimulus to this fact.

The hardest task in war is to lie in support of some position or battery, under fire without the privilege of returning it; or to guard some train left in the rear, within hearing but out of danger; or to provide for the wounded and dead of some corps which is too busy ahead to care for its own.

To be at the head of a strong column of troops, in the execution of some task that requires brain, is the highest pleasure of war — a grim one and terrible, but which leaves on the mind and memory the strongest mark; to detect the weak point of an enemy's line; to break through with vehemence and thus lead to victory; or to discover some key-point and hold it with tenacity; or to do some other distinct act is afterward recognised as the real cause of success. These all become matters that are never forgotten. Other great difficulties, experienced by every general, are to measure truly the thousand and one reports that come to him in the midst of conflict; to preserve a clear and well-defined purpose at every instant of time, and to cause all efforts to converge to that end.

To do these things he must know perfectly the strength and quality of each part of his own army as well as that of his opponent, and must be where he can personally see and observe with his own eyes, and judge with his own mind. No man can properly command an army from the rear, he must be "at its front"; and when a detachment is made, the commander thereof should be informed of the object to be accomplished, and left as free as possible to execute it in his own way; and when an army is divided up into several parts, the superior should always attend that one which he regards as most important. Some men think that modern armies may

be so regulated that a general can sit in an office and play on his several columns as on the keys of a piano; this is a fearful mistake. The directing mind must be at the very head of the army — must be seen there, and the effect of his mind and personal energy must be felt by every officer and man present with it, to secure the best results. Every attempt to make war easier and safe will result in humiliation and disaster.

Lastly, mail facilities should be kept up with an army if possible, that officers and men may receive and send letters to their friends, thus maintaining the home influence of infinite assistance to discipline. Newspaper correspondents with an army, as a rule, are mischievous. They are the world's gossips, pick up and retail the camp scandal, and gradually drift to the headquarters of some general, who finds it easier to make reputation at home than with his own corps or division. They are also tempted to prophesy events and state facts which, to an enemy, reveal a purpose in time to guard against it. Moreover, they are always bound to see facts colored by the partisan or political character of their own patrons, and thus bring army officers into political controversies of the day, which are always mischievous and wrong. Yet, so greedy are the people at large for war news, that it is doubtful whether any army commander can exclude all reporters, without bringing down on himself a clamour that may imperil his own

safety. Time and moderation must bring a just solution to this modern difficulty.

Retirement from the Army and Farewell

On the 8th day of February, 1884, I was sixty-four years of age, and therefore retired by the operation of the Act of Congress, approved June 30, 1882; but the fact was gracefully noticed by President Arthur in the following general orders:

War Department, Adjutant-general's Office, Washington, February 8, 1884.

The following order of the President is published to the army:

Executive Mansion, February 8, 1884.

General William T. Sherman, General of the Army, having this day reached the age of sixty-four years, is, in accordance with the law, placed upon the retired list of the army, without reduction in his current pay and allowances.

The announcement of the severance from the command of the army of one who has been for so many years its distinguished chief, can but awaken in the minds, not only of the army, but of the people of the United States, mingled emotions of regret and gratitude — regret at the withdrawal from active military service of an officer whose lofty sense of duty has been a model for all soldiers since he first entered the army in July, 1840; and gratitude, freshly awakened, for the services of incalculable value

rendered by him in the war for the Union, which his great military genius and daring did so much to end.

The President deems this a fitting occasion to give expression in this manner to the gratitude felt toward General Sherman by his fellow-citizens, and to the hope that Providence may grant him many years of health and happiness in the relief from the active duties of his profession.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By order of the Secretary of War:

R. C. DRUM, Adjutant-General.

To which I replied:

ST. LOUIS, February 9, 1884.

HIS EXCELLENCY CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
President of the United States.

DEAR SIR: Permit me with a soldier's frankness to thank you personally for the handsome compliment bestowed in general orders of yesterday, which are reported in the journals of the day. To me it was a surprise and a most agreeable one. I had supposed the actual date of my retirement would form a short paragraph in the common series of special orders of the War Department; but as the honoured Executive of our country has made it the occasion for his own hand to pen a tribute of respect and affection to an officer passing from the active stage of life to one of ease and rest, I can only say I feel highly honoured, and congratulate

myself in thus rounding out my record of service in a manner most gratifying to my family and friends. Not only this, but I feel sure, when the orders of yesterday are read on parade to the regiments and garrisons of the United States, many a young hero will tighten his belt, and resolve anew to be brave and true to the starry flag, which we of our day have carried safely through one epoch of danger, but which may yet be subjected to other trials, which may demand similar sacrifices, equal fidelity and courage, and a larger measure of intelligence. Again thanking you for so marked a compliment and, reciprocating the kind wishes for the future, I am, with profound respect your friend and servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

This I construe as the end of my military career. In looking back upon the past I can only say, with millions of others, that I have done many things I should not have done, and have left undone still more which ought to have been done; that I can see where hundreds of opportunities have been neglected, but on the whole am content; and feel sure that I can travel this broad country of ours, and be each night the welcome guest in palace or cabin; and, as

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players

I claim the privilege to ring down the curtain.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

[The "American Crisis Biographies," published by G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, include a capital volume on General Lee, by Philip Alexander Bruce, of Virginia. He states with judicial fairness the Virginian theory of constitutional law which obliged Lee at the outbreak of civil war to cast in his lot with his native state. Lee's military history is sketched in clear outlines, and his biographer holds that if Lee had been resolute in adhering to his plans, against the views of President Davis, the Southern cause might not have suffered ultimate defeat. In a closing page, Mr. Bruce says:

"No impartial mind can dwell upon General Lee's character without recalling Washington's; nor is the similarity to be wondered at, for being natives of the same county, the dispositions of both men had been shaped by the influences of the same physical surroundings, the same social life, and the same general ancestry. Each was the consummate flower of all that was elevated in slave institutions. Earnest, sedate, and studious even in boyhood, both had assumed the duties of manhood when others of their own age were still in a state of dependence. A commanding presence, and an equally commanding personal dignity, were common to both almost from their youth down to their last hours. Both were remarkable for a combination of moral and intellectual qualities so evenly balanced and so exquisitely proportioned that no one quality overshadowed or dwarfed another. Equally characteristic of both were their perfect integrity and probity in every relation and every situation of their lives. Both were endowed with that supreme gift of mind and soul, which raises up one man among ten millions to be a historical leader of men. Lee possessed the greater military genius, but it was Lee, not Washington, who was ultimately unsuccessful; strangely alike in their characters and in their careers, they were strangely unlike in their final destinies."

General Robert E. Lee

"Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee," by his son Captain Robert E. Lee, with photogravure portraits, copyright, 1904, by Doubleday, Page & Company, afford the pages which follow.— ED.]

TO HIS DAUGHTER ANNIE

WEST POINT, February 25, 1853.

MY PRECIOUS ANNIE:

I take advantage of your gracious permission to write to you, and there is no telling how far my feelings might carry me were I not limited by the conveyance furnished by the Mim's (your mother's) letter, which lies before me, and which must, the Mim says so, go in this morning's mail. But my limited time does not diminish my affection for you, Annie, nor prevent my thinking of you and wishing for you. I long to see you through the dilatory nights. At dawn when I rise, and all day, my thoughts revert to you in expressions that you cannot hear or I repeat. I hope you will always appear to me as you are now painted on my heart, and that you will endeavour to improve and so conduct yourself as to make you happy and me joyful all our lives. Diligent and earnest attention to *all* your duties can only accomplish this. I am told you are growing very tall, and I hope very straight. I do not know what the Cadets will say if the Superintendent's *children* do not practise what he demands of them. They will naturally say he had better attend to his own before he corrects other people's children, and as he

permits his to stoop it is hard he will not allow them. You and Agnes (his third daughter) must not, therefore, bring me into discredit with my young friends, or give them reason to think that I require more of them than of my own. I presume your mother has told all about us, our neighbours, and our affairs. And indeed she may have done that and not said much either, so far as I know. But we are all well and have much to be grateful for. To-morrow we anticipate the pleasure of your brother's [Custis's] company, which is always a source of pleasure to us. It is the only time we see him, except when the Corps come under my view at some of their exercises, when my eye is sure to distinguish him among his comrades and follow him over the plain. Give much love to your dear grandmother, grandfather, Agnes, Miss Sue, Lucretia, and all friends, including the servants. Write sometimes, and think always of your affectionate father,

R. E. LEE.

RESIGNS FROM THE UNITED STATES ARMY

TO GENERAL WINFIELD SOCTT:

ARLINGTON, Virginia, April 20, 1861.

GENERAL: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for

the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time — more than a quarter of a century — I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

Save in the defence of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

To His Wife, on the Enlistment of His Son, Robert

Richmond, March 15, 1862.

My Dear Mary: I wrote you yesterday by mail. On returning to my quarters last night after 11 P.M. Custis informed me Robert had arrived and had made up his mind to go into the army. He stayed at the Spottswood, and this morning I went with him to get his overcoat, blankets, etc. There is great difficulty in procuring what is good. They all have to

be made, and he has gone to the office of the adjutant-general of Virginia to engage in the service. God grant it may be for his good as He has permitted it. I must be resigned. I told him of the exemption granted by the Secretary of War to the professors and students of the university, but he expressed no desire to take advantage of it. It would be useless for him to go, if he did not improve himself, nor would I wish him to go merely for exemption. As I have done all in the matter that seems proper and right, I must now leave the rest in the hands of our merciful God. I hope our son will do his duty and make a good soldier.
Very truly yours, R. E. Lee.

To His Wife from the Seat of War

Camp Fredericksburg, Christmas Day, 1862.

. . . I will commence this holy day by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? Oh, if our people would only recognise it and cease from vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country! But what a cruel thing is war; to separate and destroy families and friends,

and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world; to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbours, and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world! I pray that, on this day when only peace and good-will are preached to mankind, better thoughts may fill the hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it. I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all day and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle, for which I thought I was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men.

To His Daughter Agnes. On the Desolations of War

Camp Fredericksburg, December 26, 1862.

My Precious Little Agnes:

I have not heard of you for a long time. I wish you were with me, for, always solitary, I am sometimes weary, and long for the reunion of my family once again. But I will not speak of myself, but of you. . . . I have seen the ladies in this vicinity only when flying from the enemy, and it caused me acute grief to witness their exposure and suffering. But a more noble spirit was never displayed any-

where. The faces of old and young were wreathed with smiles, and glowed with happiness at their sacrifices for the good of their country. Many have lost *everything*. What the fire and shells of the enemy spared, their pillagers destroyed. But God will shelter them, I know. So much heroism will not be unregarded. I can only hold oral communication with your sister Mary, and have forbidden the scouts to bring any writing, and have taken back some that I had given them for her. If caught, it would compromise them. They only convey messages. I learn in that way she is well.

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

On the Eve of Surrender

[Captain Robert E. Lee, a son of General Lee, and his biographer, says:]

No one can tell what he suffered. He did in all things what he considered right. Self he absolutely abandoned. As he said, so he believed, that "human virtue should equal human calamity." A day or two before the surrender, he said to General Pendleton:

"I have never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good in the long run our independence unless foreign powers should, directly or indirectly, assist us. . . . But such considerations really made with me no difference. We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to

maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavour."

After his last attempt was made with Gordon and Fitz Lee to break through the lines of the enemy in the early morning of the April 9th, 1865, and Colonel Venable informed him that it was not possible, he said:

"Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant." When some one near him, hearing this, said:

"Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" replied he:

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility."

There had been some correspondence with Grant, just before the conversation with General Pendleton. After Gordon's attack failed, a flag of truce was sent out, and, about eleven o'clock, General Lee went to meet General Grant. The terms of surrender were agreed upon, and then General Lee called attention to the pressing needs of his men. He said:

"I have a thousand or more of your men and officers, whom we have required to march along with us for several days. I shall be glad to send them to your lines as soon as it can be arranged, for I have no provisions for them.

My own men have been living for the last few days principally upon parched corn, and we are badly in need of both rations and forage."

Grant said he would at once send him 25,000 rations. General Lee told him that amount would be ample and would be a great relief. He then rode back to his troops. The rations issued then to our army were the supplies destined for us but captured at Amelia Court House. Had they reached us in time, they would have given the half-starved troops that were left strength enough to make a further struggle.

Farewell to His Soldiers

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can

return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, General.

The Father of a Careless Student

[As president of Washington College, General Lee had the utmost patience and forbearance with students who neglected their work. To the father of such a youth he wrote:]

Washington College,
Lexington, Virginia, April 20, 1868.

My dear Sir: I regret to see, from your letter of the 29th ult., to the clerk of the faculty, that you have misunderstood their action in reference to your son. He was not dismissed, as you suppose, from college, but every means having been tried by the faculty to induce him to attend faithfully and regularly to his studies, without effect, and great forbearance having been practised, it was thought best for him, and just to you, that he should return home. The action of the faculty was purposely designed, not to prevent his being received into any other college, or to return to this, should you so

desire. The monthly reports are intended to advise parents of the progress of their sons, and it was supposed you would have seen the little advancement made by yours in his studies, and that no further notice was required. The action of the faculty was caused by no immorality on his part, but by a systematic neglect of his duties, which no counsel on the part of his professors, or my own, could correct. In compliance, however, with your wishes, and on the positive promise of amendment on the part of your son, he has been received into college and I sincerely hope that he will apply himself diligently to his studies, and make an earnest effort to retrieve the time he has lost. With great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE.

TO MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS IN SYMPATHY

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, February, 23, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

Your letter of the 12th inst. reached Lexington during my absence at Washington. I have never seen Mr. Colfax's speech, and am, therefore, ignorant of the statements it contained. Had it, however, come under my notice, I doubt whether I should have thought it proper to reply. *I have thought, from the time of the cessation of hostilities, that silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course;* and I think so still. *Controversy of all kinds* will, in my opinion, only serve to continue excitement and passion, and will prevent the public

mind from the acknowledgment and acceptance of the truth. These considerations have kept me from replying to accusations made against myself, and induced me to recommend the same to others. As regards the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, to which you allude, I know nothing and can say nothing of my own knowledge. I never had anything to do with any prisoners, except to send those taken on the fields, where I was engaged, to the Provost Marshal General at Richmond. I have felt most keenly the sufferings and imprisonment of your husband, and have earnestly consulted with friends as to any possible mode of affording him relief and consolation. He enjoys the sympathy and respect of all good men; and if, as you state, his trial is now near, the exhibition of the whole truth in his case will, I trust, prove his defence and justification. With sincere prayers for his health and speedy restoration to liberty, and earnest supplications to God that He may take you and yours under His guidance and protection, I am, with great respect, your obedient servant, R. E. Lee.

To Jefferson Davis on His Release from Prison

Lexington, Virginia, June 1, 1867.

My dear Mr. Davis:

You can conceive better than I can express the misery which your friends have suffered

from your long imprisonment, and the other afflictions incident thereto. To no one has this been more painful than to me, and the impossibility of affording relief has added to my distress. Your release has lifted a load from my heart which I have not words to tell. My daily prayer to the great Ruler of the world is that He may shield you from all future harm, guard you from all evil, and give you that peace which the world cannot take away. That the rest of your days may be triumphantly happy is the sincere and earnest wish of your most obedient, faithful friend and servant, R. E. LEE.

A VISIT TO MR. CASSIUS LEE

[In July, 1870, General Lee visited Mr. Cassius Lee, a first cousin. His son, Mr. Cazenove Lee, has furnished these recollections of their conversation.]

"It is greatly to be regretted that an accurate and full account of this visit was not preserved, for the conversations during those two or three days were most interesting and would have filled a volume. It was the review of a lifetime by two old men. It is believed that General Lee never talked after the war with as little reserve as on this occasion. Only my father and two of his boys were present. I can remember his telling my father of meeting Mr. Leary, their old teacher at the Alexandria Academy, during his late visit to the South, which recalled many incidents of their school life. They

talked of the war, and he told of the delay of Jackson in getting on McClellan's flank, causing the fight at Mechanicsville, which fight he said was unexpected, but was necessary to prevent McClellan from entering Richmond, from the front of which most of the troops had been moved. He thought that if Jackson had been at Gettysburg they would have gained a victory, 'for,' said he, 'Jackson would have held the heights which Ewell took on the first day.' He said that Ewell was a fine officer, but would never take the responsibility of exceeding his orders, and having been ordered to Gettysburg, he would not go farther and hold the heights beyond the town. I asked him which of the Federal generals he considered the greatest, and he answered most emphatically 'McClellan by all odds.' He was asked why he did not come to Washington after second Manassas.

" 'Because,' he replied, 'my men had nothing to eat,' and pointing to Fort Wade, in the rear of our home, he said, 'I could not tell my men to take that fort when they had had nothing to eat for three days. I went to Maryland to feed my army.'

"This led to a statement of the mismanagement of the Confederate Commissary Department, of which he gave numerous instances, and mentioned his embarrassments in consequence. He was also very severe in his criticism of the newspapers, and said that patriotism did not seem to influence them in

the least, that movements of the army were published which frustrated their plans, and, as an instance, he told of Longstreet's being sent to the Western Army and the efforts that were made to keep the movement secret, but to no purpose, the papers having heralded it at once to friend and foe alike. I also remember his saying that he advocated putting the Negroes in the army, and the arguments he advanced in favour of it. My father remarked at table one day that he could not have starved in the Confederate service if he could have gotten bread and milk.

" 'No,' replied the General, 'but frequently I could not get even that.'

"His love of children was most marked, and he never failed to show them patient consideration. On the occasion of this visit, his answers to all our boyish questions were given with as much detail and as readily as if we had been the most important men in the community. Several years before the war I remember that my sister, brother, and myself, all young children, drove over to Arlington Mills, and that while going there Colonel Lee rode up on a beautiful black horse. He impressed my childish fancy then as the handsomest and finest horseman I had ever seen — the *beau ideal* of a soldier. Upon seeing us he at once stopped, spoke to each of us, and took my sister, then about ten years of age, upon his horse before him, and rode with us for two miles, telling

her, I remember, of his boy Robby, who had a pony, and who should be her sweetheart. Often have I seen him on the road or street or elsewhere, and though I was 'only a boy,' he always stopped and had something pleasant to say to me."

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Raising the Regiment

During [1897] the year preceding the outbreak of the Spanish War I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. While my party was in opposition, I had preached, with all the fervour and zeal I possessed, our duty to intervene in Cuba, and to take this opportunity of driving the Spaniard from the Western world. Now that my party had come to power, I felt it incumbent on me, by word and deed, to do all I could to secure the carrying out of the policy in which I so heartily believed; and from the beginning I had determined that, if a war came, somehow or other, I was going to the front.

Meanwhile, there was any amount of work at hand in getting ready the navy, and to this I devoted myself.

Naturally, when one is intensely interested in a certain cause, the tendency is to associate particularly with those who take the same view. A large number of my friends felt very differently from the way I felt, and looked upon the possibility of war with sincere horror. But I found

plenty of sympathisers, especially in the navy, the army, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Commodore Dewey, Captain Evans, Captain Brownson, Captain Davis — with these and the various other naval officers on duty at Washington I used to hold long consultations, during which we went over and over, not only every question of naval administration, but specifically everything necessary to do in order to put the navy in trim to strike quick and hard if, as we believed would be the case, we went to war with Spain. Sending an ample quantity of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and providing it with coal; getting the battleships and the armoured cruisers on the Atlantic into one squadron, both to train them in manœuvring together and to have them ready to sail against either the Cuban or the Spanish coasts; gathering the torpedo-boats into a flotilla for practice; securing ample target exercise, so conducted as to raise the standard of our marksmanship; gathering in the small ships from European and South American waters; settling on the number and kind of craft needed as auxiliary cruisers — every one of these points was threshed over in conversations with officers who were present in Washington, or in correspondence with officers who, like Captain Mahan, were absent.

As for the Senators, of course Senator Lodge and I felt precisely alike; for to fight in such a cause and with such an enemy was merely to

carry out the doctrines we had both of us preached for many years. Senator Davis, Senator Proctor, Senator Foraker, Senator Chandler, Senator Morgan, Senator Frye, and a number of others also took just the right ground; and I saw a great deal of them, as well as of many members of the House, particularly those from the West, where the feeling for war was strongest.

Dr. [now General] Leonard Wood

Naval officers came and went, and Senators were only in the city while the Senate was in session; but there was one friend who was steadily in Washington. This was an army surgeon, Dr. Leonard Wood. I only met him after I entered the Navy Department, but we soon found that we had kindred tastes and kindred principles. He had served in General Miles's inconceivably harassing campaign against the Apaches, where he had displayed such courage that he won that most coveted of distinctions — the Medal of Honour; such extraordinary physical strength and endurance that he grew to be recognised as one of the two or three white men who could stand fatigue and hardship as well as an Apache; and such judgment that toward the close of the campaigns he was given, though a surgeon, the actual command of more than one expedition against the bands of renegade Indians. Like so many of the gallant fighters with whom it was later

my good fortune to serve, he combined, in a very high degree, the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. It was a pleasure to deal with a man of high ideals, who scorned everything mean and base, and who also possessed those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind, for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can ever atone. He was by nature a soldier of the highest type, and, like most natural soldiers, he was, of course, born with a keen longing for adventure; and, though an excellent doctor, what he really desired was the chance to lead men in some kind of hazard. To every possibility of such adventure he paid quick attention. For instance, he had a great desire to get me to go with him on an expedition into the Klondike in mid-winter, at the time when it was thought that a relief party would have to be sent there to help the starving miners.

In the summer he and I took long walks together through the beautiful broken country surrounding Washington. In winter we sometimes varied these walks by kicking a football in an empty lot, or, on the rare occasions when there was enough snow, by trying a couple of sets of skis or snow-skates, which had been sent me from Canada.

But always on our way out to and back from these walks and sport, there was one topic to which, in our talking, we returned, and that was the possible war with Spain. We both felt very

strongly that such a war would be as righteous as it would be advantageous to the honour and the interests of the nation; and after the blowing up of the *Maine* we felt that it was inevitable We then at once began to try to see that we had our share in it. The President and my own chief, Secretary Long, were very firm against my going, but they said that if I was bent upon going they would help me. Wood was the medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of War, and could count upon their friendship. So we started with the odds in our favour.

At first we had great difficulty in knowing exactly what to try for. We could go on the staff of any one of several generals, but we much preferred to go in the line. Wood hoped he might get a commission in his native state of Massachusetts; but in Massachusetts, as in every other state, it proved there were ten men who wanted to go to the war for every chance to go. Then we thought we might get positions as field-officers under an old friend of mine, Colonel — now General — Francis V. Greene, of New York, the colonel of the Seventy-first; but again there were no vacancies.

Our doubts were resolved when Congress authorised the raising of three cavalry regiments from among the wild riders and riflemen of the Rockies and the Great Plains. During Wood's service in the Southwest he had commanded not only regulars and Indian scouts, but also

white frontiersmen. In the Northwest I had spent much of my time, for many years, either on my ranch or in long hunting trips, and had lived and worked for months together with the cowboy and the mountain hunter, faring in every way precisely as they did.

Appointed Lieutenant-Colonel

Secretary Alger offered me the command of one of these regiments. If I had taken it, being entirely inexperienced in military work, I should not have known how to get it equipped most rapidly, for I should have spent valuable weeks in learning its needs, with the result that I should have missed the Santiago campaign and might not even have had the consolation prize of going to Porto Rico. Fortunately, I was wise enough to tell the Secretary that while I believed I could learn to command the regiment in a month, yet that it was just this very month which I could not afford to spare, and that therefore I would be quite content to go as Lieutenant-Colonel, if he would make Wood Colonel.

This was entirely satisfactory to both the President and Secretary, and, accordingly, Wood and I were speedily commissioned as Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. This was the official title of the regiment, but for some reason or other the public promptly christened us the "Rough Riders." At first we fought

against the use of the term, but to no purpose; and when finally the Generals of Division and Brigade began to write in formal communications about our regiment as the "Rough Riders," we adopted the term ourselves.

The mustering-places for the regiment were appointed in New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory. The difficulty in organising was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise the regiment we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble, so far as men went, we could have raised a brigade or even a division. The difficulty lay in arming, equipping, mounting, and disciplining the men we selected. Hundreds of regiments were being called into existence by the National Government, and each regiment was sure to have innumerable wants to be satisfied. To a man who knew the ground as Wood did, and who was entirely aware of our national unpreparedness, it was evident that the ordnance and quartermaster's bureaus could not meet, for some time to come, one-tenth of the demands that would be made upon them; and it was all-important to get in first with our demands. Thanks to his knowledge of the situation and promptness, we immediately put in our requisitions for the articles indispensable for the equipment of the regiment; and then, by ceaseless worrying of excellent bureaucrats,

who had no idea how to do things quickly or how to meet an emergency, we succeeded in getting our rifles, cartridges, revolvers, clothing, shelter-tents, and horse gear just in time to enable us to go on the Santiago expedition. Some of the state troops, who were already organised as National Guards, were, of course, ready, after a fashion, when the war broke out; but no other regiment which had our work to do was able to do it in anything like as quick time, and therefore no other volunteer regiment saw anything like the fighting which we did.

General Young's Fight

At six o'clock, the Rough Riders began their advance. We first had to climb a very steep hill. Many of the men, foot-sore and weary from their march of the preceding day, found the pace up this hill too hard, and either dropped their bundles or fell out of line, with the result that we went into action with less than five hundred men — as, in addition to the stragglers, a detachment had been left to guard the baggage on shore. At the time I was rather inclined to grumble to myself about Wood setting so fast a pace, but when the fight began I realised that it had been absolutely necessary, as otherwise we should have arrived late and the regulars would have had very hard work indeed.

Tiffany, by great exertions, had corraled a couple of mules and was using them to trans-

port the Colt automatic guns in the rear of the regiment. The dynamite gun was not with us, as mules for it could not be obtained in time.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead, it being chosen for the most responsible and dangerous position because of Capron's capacity. Four men, headed by Sergeant Hamilton Fish, went first; a support of twenty men followed some distance behind; and then came Capron and the rest of his troop, followed by Wood, with whom General Young had sent Lieutenants Smedburg and Rivers as aides. I rode close behind, at the head of the other three troops of my squadron, and then came Brodie, at the head of his squadron. The trail was so narrow that for the most part the men marched in single file, and it was bordered by dense, tangled jungle, through which a man could with difficulty force his way; so that to put out flankers was impossible, for they could not possibly have kept up with the march of the column. Every man had his canteen full. There was a Cuban guide at the head of the column, but he ran away as soon as the fighting began. There were also with us, at the head of the column, two men who did not run away, who, though non-combatants — newspaper correspondents — showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis.

After reaching the top of the hill the walk was very pleasant. Now and then we came to

glades or rounded hill-shoulders, whence we could look off for some distance. The tropical forest was very beautiful, and it was a delight to see the strange trees, the splendid royal palms and a tree which looked like a flat-topped acacia, and which was covered with a mass of brilliant scarlet flowers. We heard many bird-notes, too, the cooing of doves and the call of a great brush cuckoo. Afterward we found that the Spanish guerillas imitated these bird-calls, but the sounds we heard that morning, as we advanced through the tropic forest, were from birds, not guerillas, until we came right up to the Spanish lines. It was very beautiful and very peaceful, and it seemed more as if we were off on some hunting excursion than as if we were about to go into a sharp and bloody little fight.

Of course, we accommodated our movements to those of the men in front. After marching for somewhat over an hour, we suddenly came to a halt, and immediately afterward Colonel Wood sent word down the line that the advance guard had come upon a Spanish outpost. Then the order was passed to fill the magazines, which was done.

The men were totally unconcerned, and I do not think they realised that any fighting was at hand; at any rate, I could hear the group nearest me discussing in low murmurs, not the Spaniards, but the conduct of a certain cow-puncher in quitting work on a ranch and

starting a saloon in some New Mexican town. In another minute, however, Wood sent me orders to deploy three troops to the right of the trail, and to advance when we became engaged; while, at the same time, the other troops, under Major Brodie, were deployed to the left of the trail where the ground was more open than elsewhere — one troop being held in reserve in the centre, besides the reserves on each wing. Later all the reserves were put into the firing-line.

To the right the jungle was quite thick, and we had barely begun to deploy when a crash in front announced that the fight was on. It was evidently very hot, and L Troop had its hands full; so I hurried my men up abreast of them. So thick was the jungle that it was very difficult to keep together, especially when there was no time for delay, and while I got up Llewellen's troops and Kane's platoon of K Troop, the rest of K Troop under Captain Jenkins which, with Bucky O'Neill's troop, made up the right wing, were behind, and it was some time before they got into the fight at all.

Meanwhile I had gone forward with Llewellen, Greenway, Kane, and their troopers until we came out on a kind of shoulder, jutting over a ravine, which separated us from a great ridge on our right. It was on this ridge that the Spaniards had some of their intrenchments, and it was just beyond this ridge that the Valley

Road led, up which the regulars were at that very time pushing their attack; but, of course, at the moment we knew nothing of this. The effect of the smokeless powder was remarkable. The air seemed full of the rustling sound of the Mauser bullets, for the Spaniards knew the trails by which we were advancing, and opened heavily on our position. Moreover, as we advanced we were, of course, exposed, and they could see us and fire. But they themselves were entirely invisible. The jungle covered everything, and not the faintest trace of smoke was to be seen in any direction to indicate from whence the bullets came. It was some time before the men fired; Llewellen, Kane, and I anxiously studying the ground to see where our opponents were, and utterly unable to find out.

We could hear the faint reports of the Hotchkiss guns and the reply of two Spanish guns, and the Mauser bullets were singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires; but exactly where they came from we could not tell. The Spaniards were firing high and for the most part by volleys, and their shooting was not very good, which perhaps was not to be wondered at, as they were a long way off. Gradually, however, they began to get the range and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of

course; at the outside, making only such a remark as, "Well, I got it that time." With hardly an exception, there was no sign of flinching. I say with hardly an exception, for though I personally did not see an instance, and though all the men at the front behaved excellently, yet there were a very few men who lagged behind and drifted back to the trail over which we had come. The character of the fight put a premium upon such conduct, and afforded a very severe test for raw troops; because the jungle was so dense that as we advanced in open order, every man was, from time to time, left almost alone and away from the eyes of his officers. There was unlimited opportunity for dropping out without attracting notice, while it was peculiarly hard to be exposed to the fire of an unseen foe, and to see men dropping under it, and yet to be, for some time, unable to return it, and also to be entirely ignorant of what was going on in any other part of the field.

It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line, and taking every opportunity to study with his glasses the ground where we thought the Spaniards were. I had tried some volley firing at points where I rather doubtfully believed the Spaniards to be, but had stopped firing and was myself studying the jungle-covered moun-

tain ahead with my glasses, when Davis suddenly said: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade," pointing across the valley to our right. In a minute I, too, made out the hats, and then pointed them out to three or four of our best shots, giving them my estimate of the range. For a minute or two no result followed, and I kept raising the range, at the same time getting more men on the firing-line. Then, evidently, the shots told, for the Spaniards suddenly sprang out of the cover through which we had seen their hats, and ran to another spot; and we could now make out a large number of them.

I accordingly got all of my men up in line and began quick firing. In a very few minutes our bullets began to do damage, for the Spaniards retreated to the left into the jungle, and we lost sight of them. At the same moment a big body of men who, it afterward turned out, were Spaniards, came in sight along the glade, following the retreat of those whom we had just driven from the trenches. We supposed that there was a large force of Cubans with General Young, not being aware that these Cubans had failed to make their appearance, and as it was impossible to tell the Cubans from the Spaniards, and as we could not decide whether these were Cubans following the Spaniards we had put to flight, or merely another troop of Spaniards retreating after the first (which was really the case) we

dared not fire, and in a minute they had passed the glade and were out of sight.

At every halt we took advantage of the cover, sinking down behind any mound, bush, or tree-trunk in the neighbourhood. The trees, of course, furnished no protection from the Mauser bullets. Once I was standing behind a large palm with my head out to one side, very fortunately; for a bullet passed through the palm, filling my left eye and ear with the dust and splinters.

No man was allowed to drop out to help the wounded. It was hard to leave them there in the jungle, where they might not be found again until the vultures and the land-crabs came, but war is a grim game and there was no choice. One of the men shot was Henry Heffner of G Troop, who was mortally wounded through the hips. He fell without uttering a sound, and two of his companions dragged him behind a tree. Here he propped himself up and asked to be given his canteen and his rifle, which I handed to him. He then again began shooting, and continued loading and firing until the line moved forward and we left him alone, dying in the gloomy shade. When we found him again, after the fight, he was dead.

At one time, as I was out of touch with that part of my wing commanded by Jenkins and O'Neill, I sent Greenway, with Sergeant Russell, a New Yorker, and trooper Rowland, a New Mexican cow-puncher, down in the valley to find

out where they were. To do this the three had to expose themselves to a very severe fire, but they were not men to whom this mattered. Russell was killed; the other two returned and reported to me the position of Jenkins and O'Neill. They then resumed their places on the firing-line. After awhile I noticed blood coming out of Rowland's side and discovered that he had been shot, although he did not seem to be taking any notice of it. He said the wound was only slight, but as I saw he had broken a rib, I told him to go to the rear to the hospital. After some grumbling he went, but fifteen minutes later he was back on the firing-line again and said he could not find the hospital — which I doubted. However, I then let him stay until the end of the fight.

The Cavalry at Santiago

The infantry got nearer and nearer the crest of the hill. At last we could see the Spaniards running from the rifle-pits as the Americans came on in their final rush. Then I stopped my men for fear they should injure their comrades, and called to them to charge the next line of trenches, on the hills in our front, from which we had been undergoing a good deal of punishment. Thinking that the men would all come, I jumped over the wire fence in front of us and started at the double; but as a matter of fact, the troopers were so excited, what with shooting and being shot, and shouting and cheering, that they did not

hear, or did not heed me; and after running about a hundred yards I found I had only five men along with me. Bullets were ripping the grass all around us, and one of the men, Clay Green, was mortally wounded; another, Winslow Clark, a Harvard man, was shot first in the leg and then through the body. He made not the slightest murmur, only asking me to put his water canteen where he could get at it, which I did; he ultimately recovered. There was no use going on with the remaining three men, and I bade them stay where they were while I went back and brought up the rest of the brigade. This was a decidedly cool request, for there was really no possible point in letting them stay there while I went back; but at the moment it seemed perfectly natural to me, and apparently so to them, for they cheerfully nodded, and sat down in the grass, firing back at the line of trenches from which the Spaniards were shooting at them. Meanwhile, I ran back, jumped over the wire fence, and went over the crest of the hill, filled with anger against the troopers, and especially those of my own regiment, for not having accompanied me. They, of course, were quite innocent of wrong-doing; and even while I taunted them bitterly for not having followed me, it was all I could do not to smile at the look of injury and surprise that came over their faces, while they cried out, "We did n't hear you, we did n't see you go, Colonel; lead on now, we 'll sure follow you." I wanted the other regiments

to come too, so I ran down to where General Sumner was and asked him if I might make the charge; and he told me to go and that he would see that the men followed. By this time everybody had his attention attracted, and when I leaped over the fence again, with Major Jenkins beside me, the men of the various regiments which were already on the hill came with a rush, and we started across the wide valley which lay between us and the Spanish intrenchments. Captain Dimmick, now in command of the Ninth, was bringing it forward; Captain McBlain had a number of Rough Riders mixed in with his troop, and led them all together; Captain Taylor had been severely wounded. The long-legged men like Greenway, Goodrich, sharp-shooter Proffit, and others, outstripped the rest of us, as we had a considerable distance to go. Long before we got near them the Spaniards ran, save a few here and there, who either surrendered or were shot down. When we reached the trenches we found them filled with dead bodies in the light blue and white uniform of the Spanish regular army.

How Colonel Roosevelt Treated His Men

On the afternoon of the 25th we moved on a couple of miles, and camped in a marshy open spot close to a beautiful stream. Here we lay for several days. Captain Lee, the British attaché, spent some time with us; we had begun

to regard him as almost a member of the regiment. Count von Götzen, the German attaché, another good fellow, also visited us. General Young was struck down with the fever, and Wood took charge of the brigade. This left me in command of the regiment, of which I was very glad, for such experience as we had had is a quick teacher. By this time the men and I knew one another, and I felt able to make them do themselves justice in march or battle. They understood that I paid no heed to where they came from; no heed to their creed, politics, or social standing; that I would care for them to the utmost of my power, but that I demanded the highest performance of duty; while in return I had seen them tested, and knew I could depend absolutely on their courage, hardihood, obedience, and individual initiative.

How the Goodwill of Troops is Won and Held

With all volunteer troops, and I am inclined to think with regulars, too, in time of trial the best work can be got out of the men only if the officers endure the same hardships and face the same risks. In my regiment, as in the whole cavalry division, the proportion of loss in killed and wounded was considerably greater among the officers than among the troopers, and this was exactly as it should be. Moreover, when we got down to hard pan, we all, officers and men, fared exactly alike as regards both shelter and

food. This prevented any grumbling. When the troopers saw that the officers had nothing but hardtack, there was not a man in the regiment who would not have been ashamed to grumble at faring no worse, and when all alike slept out in the open, in the rear of the trenches, and when the men always saw the field officers up at night, during the digging of the trenches, and going the rounds of the outposts, they would not tolerate, in any of their number, either complaint or shirking work. When things got easier I put up my tent and lived a little apart, for it is a mistake for an officer ever to grow too familiar with his men, no matter how good they are; and it is of course the greatest possible mistake to seek popularity either by showing weakness or by mollycoddling the men. They will never respect a commander who does not enforce discipline, who does not know his duty, and who is not willing both himself to encounter and to make them encounter every species of danger and hardship when necessary. The soldiers who do not feel this way are not worthy of the name and should be handled with iron severity until they become fighting men and not shams. In return the officer should carefully look after his men, should see that they are well fed and well sheltered, and that, no matter how much they may grumble, they keep the camp thoroughly policed. I was very much touched by the devotion my men showed to me. After they had once become convinced that I would

share their hardships, they made it a point that I should not suffer any hardships at all; and I really had an extremely easy time. Whether I had any food or not myself made no difference, as there were sure to be certain troopers, and, indeed, certain troop messes, on the lookout for me. If they had any beans they would send me over a cupful, or I would suddenly receive a present of doughnuts from some ex-roundup cook who had succeeded in obtaining a little flour and sugar, and if a man shot a guinea-hen it was all I could do to make him keep half of it for himself. Wright, the colour sergeant, and Henry Bardshar, my orderly, always pitched and struck my tent and built me a bunk of bamboo poles, whenever we changed camp. So I personally endured very little discomfort; for, of course, no one minded the two or three days preceding or following each fight, when we all had to get along as best we could. Indeed, as long as we were under fire or in the immediate presence of the enemy, and I had plenty to do, there was nothing of which I could legitimately complain; and what I really did regard as hardships, my men did not object to — for later on, when we had some leisure, I would have given much for complete solitude and some good books.

EXPLORERS

PREFACE

EXPLORERS have much in common with soldiers. They are every whit as brave, they equally please themselves best when they serve others most. Both love adventure with a passion which makes ordinary routine irksome, and commonplace work a bore. Yet explorers are in a camp of their own, apart from soldiers, from all other men. Their passion for tracking the wilderness, for beholding horizons never scanned before, leads them willingly to face hunger and cold, anguish and death.

In the succeeding pages three great explorers narrate adventures of marked diversity. Stanley takes us through Darkest Africa, a continent which he did more to open to civilisation than any other man. Peary recites part of his voyage in the good ship *Roosevelt*, as he was borne toward the spot where, in planting the Stars and Stripes, he came nearest the pole. Then, in a latitude less frigid, we have from Clarence King an account of his descent of Mount Tyndall in the Sierra Nevada, a region to-day much more accessible than when he took his life in his hand as its explorer.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

Henry Morton Stanley

[Stanley's career is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of adventure, and it began humbly enough. In 1895 there was published in London a little book entitled "The birth, boyhood and younger days of Henry M. Stanley," by an old playmate, Thomas George. Its author tells us that the famous explorer was born in Ysgar, South Wales, November 16, 184c. He was the only son of Joshua Jones, a bookbinder and was baptised as Howell Jones. Mr. George says that Jones had an aunt in Cardigan, named Stanley; he conjectures that Jones, out of respect for her, took her name. His parents lived long enough to see their son win worldwide renown. Stanley's adventures began early. In June, 1857, he went to sea, was wrecked on the Spanish coast, and walked to Narbonne in France. What befell Stanley between 1857 and 1862 Mr. George does not recount in his sketches. Part of that time he was a cellarman in a Cincinnati warehouse. In 1862 Stanley joined the Confederate Army, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. He plunged into the river, dived and swam amid a shower of bullets, and escaped without a scratch, Finding his way to the seacoast he took passage to Bordeaux. But America was an irresistible magnet, and he soon recrossed the Atlantic. Again he enlisted, but this time on the Northern side, joining the United States flagship *Ticonderoga*, where he became secretary to the Admiral.

The Civil War at an end, America had, for the time being lost its attraction for this restless spirit. Stanley went to Crete, on hearing that an insurrection had broken out, but he could not agree with the leaders, and he left the island without having taken up arms. Next, with two American friends, he started on a tour of exploration through Asia Minor. The tour came to an abrupt termination by the party falling victims to a band of Turkish brigands

In 1867 Stanley, in America once more, accompanied General Hancock's expedition against the Cheyenne Indians, as correspondent for the Missouri *Republican* and the New York *Herald.* On his way eastward with a companion he built a raft, and floated down the Platte River to its confluence with the Missouri. On arriving in New York the *Herald* engaged him to accompany the forces of Lord Napier to Magdala, in Africa, where they were to set free the English captives of King Theodore. His next feat was to march, with a companion, through Persia to Hindostan: that tramp concluded, he became the Madrid correspondent of the New York *Herald.* But he was not to remain long in Spain, for the *Herald* soon dispatched him to Africa that he might find Dr. David Livingstone, the illustrious explorer, from whom no word had been heard for two years and more. Stanley's narrative, "How I found Livingstone," reciting his success in this errand, is one of the most fascinating books ever penned. In 1873 Stanley revisited Africa, still in the service of the New York *Herald,* to report the British campaign against the Ashantees. That task at an end he undertook, in 1874, on behalf of the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph,* to continue the explorations which Dr. Livingstone had left unfinished. He reached Zanzibar despite obstacles that would have daunted any but the stoutest heart, any but the most resourceful mind. He explored the region of Lake Victoria Nyanza, reaching the lake itself, some 40,000 square miles in extent, in February, 1875. In November of the next year he began his famous voyage of 1,500 miles down the Congo River. His next exploit was the most memorable in his career. During five years, beginning with 1879, he represented the African International Association, with its headquarters in Brussels. He planted stations all the way from Vivi, on the Lower Congo, to Stanley Falls, a stretch of about 1,500 miles. In this labour as an explorer, in diplomatic and other tasks quite as difficult, he became the founder of what to-day, much extended in area, is the Congo Free State. In 1886 he commanded the expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, Governor of the Equatorial Province of the Egyptian Soudan. "In Darkest Africa" recites the

story of that expedition, brimful of hazards courageously overcome. From that work, published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, the pages which follow are, with their permission, presented.

In 1890 Stanley married Miss Dorothy Tennant, the artist. He resumed citizenship in Great Britain and, in 1895, was elected a Member of Parliament for North Lambeth. Four years later, as the most distinguished explorer of his time, he received knighthood. He died in 1904.—ED.]

THROUGH THE FORESTS *

SOON after leaving Andaki (November 2, 1888), and crossing a broad ridge, we came upon a vast abandoned clearing. Probably a year had elapsed since the people had fled, and their settlements had been consumed with fire, for the banana plants were choked by the voracious undergrowth and wild plants, and the elephants had trampled through and through, and sported for months among the wasted groves, and over the crushed Musa plants, through phrynia flourishing two fathoms deep, and where the stumps of cut trees had sprouted and grown until their tufted tops were joined to one another in one great thick carpet of bush. Through this we carved our way with brandished billhooks and cutlasses; the native women had lost the track, and were bewildered by the wildly luxuriant shrubbery, under which we sweated in the damp hot-house heat, and ploughed our way through the deep green sea, until after ten

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hours we came to a babbling rillet, and must perforce camp from sheer exhaustion, though we had made but five miles.

On the morning of the fourth we resumed the task, to slash, cut, creep, and crawl, bore through, in and out, to clamber over logs, tread carefully over gaping rifts in the reeking compost, bend under logs, to tunnel away with might and main, to drive through — a hungry column of men was behind, a wilderness before us — to crash headlong through the plants, veer to the left, and now to the right, to press on and on, to sharpen the weapons on the stones of the brook; to take a hasty drink to satisfy our thirst, and again to the work. Cleave away merrily, boys, sever those creepers; cut those saplings down! No way now? then widen that game hole in the bush clump! Come, strike with billhooks and sword, axe and cutlass! We must not die like fools in this demon world! This way and that, through and through, until after sixteen hours we had cut a crooked channel through the awful waste, and stood once more under the lordly crowns of the primæval forest.

Paddy's traditional patchy clothes was a dress suit compared to mine, as I stood woefully regarding the rents and tatters and threads waving in tassels from my breeches and shirt; and the men smiled, and one said we looked like rats dragged through the teeth of traps, which I thought was not a bad simile. But we had no time for talk; we ate a couple of roast plan-

tains for lunch, and continued our journey, and by 3 P.M. were within half an hour of the Ihuru River.

The next day, before it was full daylight, we were filing along an elephant track that ran parallel with the Ihuru, which was at this time one raging series of rapids its whole length, and sounding its unceasing uproar in our ears. Numbers of deep tributaries were waded through; but we maintained a quick pace, owing to the broad track of the elephants, and by the usual hour of the afternoon nine miles had been covered.

Thirteen Zanzibaris of the rear column, and one of the Danagla soldiers of Emin Pasha, had succumbed during the last few days, and I do not know how many Madis and Manyuema.

On the evening of the sixth, after a march of eight miles, I became impressed with the necessity of finding food shortly, unless we were to witness wholesale mortality. Starvation is hard to bear, but when loads must be carried upon empty stomachs, and the marches are long, the least break in the continuity of supply brings with it a train of diseases which soon thins the ranks. Our Nyanza people were provident, and eked their stores with mushrooms and wild fruit; but the feeble manioc-poisoned men of the rear column, Madis and Manyuema, were utterly heedless of advice and example.

A youth named Amani, who looked rather

faint, was adjured to tell me the truth about what he had eaten the last two days.

"I will," he said. "My mess had a fair provision of plantain flour that would have kept us with ease two days longer, but Sulimani, who carried it, put it down by the roadside while he went to gather mushrooms. When he returned the food was gone. He says the Manyuema had stolen it. Each one of us then on reaching camp last night set out to hunt for mushrooms, out of which we made a gruel. That is what we had to eat last night for supper. This morning we have fasted, but we are going to hunt up mushrooms again."

"And what will you eat to-morrow?"

"To-morrow is in the hands of God. I will live in hopes that I shall find something."

This youth, he was only nineteen, had carried sixty pound of cartridges in the meantime, and would carry it again to-morrow, and the next day, until he dropped, and measured his length with eyes upturned to the dark cope of leaves above, to be left there to mildew and rot; for out of nothing nothing can be extracted to feed hungry men. He was only a solitary instance of over 400 people.

We reached a Manyuema Camp, and Uledi recognised it as being a place where he had halted during a forage tour to the west of the Ihuru, while he was waiting for Messrs. Jephson and Nelson at Ipoto, and the advance column was journeying to Ibwiri in November, 1887.

On the 7th a halt was ordered, that a column might be sent under Uledi to search the clearing of Andari, six miles north-northwest of the camp, but over a hundred were so weak that they were unable to go, whereupon the messes were ordered to bring their pots up, and three handfuls of flour were placed in each to make gruel with, that they might have strength to reach the plantation.

On the 8th, about 200 remained silent in camp awaiting the foragers. In the afternoon, perceiving that it was too long a fast to wait for them we served out more plantain flour.

On the 9th, the foragers had not arrived. Two men had died in camp. One reeled from the effects of a poisonous fungus, as they came to get another ration of flour for their gruel; their steps were more feeble; the bones of the sternum were fearfully apparent. Three days would find us all perished, but we were hopeful that every minute we should hear the murmur of the returning column.

On the morning of the 10th, anxious for the European provisions which we were carrying for the officers at Fort Bodo, I had them examined, and discovered to my consternation that fifty-seven tins of meat, teas, coffees, milks, were short — had been eaten by the Manyuema. If a look had potency sufficient to blast them, they would have speedily been reduced to ashes. "Dear me, how could the tins have vanished?" asked the chief Sadi. Ah,

how? But the provision boxes were taken from his party, and Winchester and Maxim ammunition cases were served instead to them as freight.

At 2 P. M. the column of foragers returned, bringing from three to six days' provisions, which they had gathered from an abandoned plantation. The bearers had refreshed themselves previous to gathering. Now, in return for my gruel, each member had to refund me one pound of flour, as my reserve store, and one pound for the sick, who were deprived of the power to forage, and who were rejected by the messes. So that in this manner the sick received about eight pounds of flour, or dried plantains, and I owned a reserve of 200 pounds for future use.

Within an hour and a half on the 11th we had reached Kilonga-Longa's ferry. The natives, fearing a repetition of his raids to the west of the Ihuru, had destroyed every canoe, and thus prevented me from crossing to pay Kilonga-Longa another visit, and to settle some accounts with him. The river was also in flood, and a gaunt and hungry wilderness stretched all round us. There was no other way for it than to follow the Ihuru upward until we could find means to cross to the east, or left side. Our course was now northeast by north.

On the 12th, we followed a track, along which quite a tribe of pigmies must have passed. It was lined with amoma fruit-skins, and shells of nuts, and the crimson rinds of phrynia berries.

No wood-beans, or fenessi, or mabungu, are to be found in this region, as on the south bank of Ituri River. On reaching camp, I found that at the ferry, near the native camp at which we starved four days, six people had succumbed — a Madi, from a poisonous fungus, the Lado soldier, who was speared above Wasp Rapids, two Soudanese of the rear-column, a Manyuema boy in the service of Mr. Bonny, and Ibrahim, a fine young Zanzibari, from a poisoned skewer in the foot.

During the 13th the great forest was perceptibly improved for travel. Our elephant and game track had brought us across another track leading easterly from Andari, and both joined presently, developing to a highway much patronised by the pigmy tribes. This we followed for two hours. We could tell where they had stopped to light their pipes, and to crack nuts, and trap game, and halt to gossip. The twigs were broken three feet from the ground, showing that they were snapped by dwarfs. Where it was a little muddy the path showed high delicate insteps, proving their ancient ancestry and aristocratic descent, and small feet not larger than those of young English misses of eight years old. The path improved as we tramped along; it grew a highway of promise. Camps of the dwarfs were numerous. The soil was ochreous, the trees were larger, and towered to magnificent heights.

I observed as we filed into camp that it was

time to obtain a further supply of food, and rest somewhere, the bearing of the people lacked confidence, their forms were shrinking under the terrible task, and perpetual daily toil and round of marching and hunger. I could have wept at the excess of misfortunes which weighed us daily lower toward the grave; but we had been for so long strained to bear violent vicissitudes, and so frequently afflicted with sights of anguish and suffering, that we were reduced to hear each day's tale of calamity in sorrowful silence. What losses we had already borne were beyond power of plaint and tear to restore. The morrow's grief awaited us, as certain as the morrow's sun; and to dwell upon the sorrowful past was to unfit us for what we had yet to bear.

To make 230 loads equal to the daily lessening number of carriers was a most aggravating task. Not one out of twenty men but made some complaint of a severe ulcer, a headache, or threatened rupture, undefined bodily pains, a whitlow, a thorn in the foot, rheumatism, fever, etc. The loads remained always the same, but the carriers died.

On the 14th, the expedition, after a six hours' march, approached Anduta and Andikumu. As the advance guard was pressing in over the logs and debris of the prostrated forest, some arrows flew, and two men fell wounded, and immediately boxes and bales were dropped, and quite a lively skirmish with the tall-hatted natives occurred; but in half-an-hour the main

body of the caravan filed in, to find such a store of abnormally large plantains that the ravenous men were in ecstasies.

In extent the clearing was equal to the famous one of Ibwiri. It was situate in the bosom of hills which rose to the east, west, and south. Along one of the tracks we saw the blazings of the Manyuema on the trees, and one of the villages was in ruins; but the size of the clearing had baffled the ravaging horde in their attempt to destroy the splendid plantain groves.

On examining the boxes of ammunition before stacking them for the night, it was found that Corporal Dayn Mohammed had not brought his load in, and we ascertained that he had laid it at the base of a big tree near the path. Four headmen were at once ordered to return with the Soudanese corporal to recover the box.

Arriving near the spot, they saw quite a tribe of pigmies, men, women and children, gathered around two pigmy warriors, who were trying to test the weight of the box by the grummet at each end. Our headmen, curious to see what they would do with the box, lay hidden closely, for the eyes of the little people are exceedingly sharp. Every member of the tribe seemed to have some device to suggest, and the little boys hopped about on one leg, spanking their hips in irrepressible delight at the find, and the tiny women carrying their tinier babies at their backs vociferated the traditional wise woman's counsel. Then a doughty man cut a light

pole, and laid it through the grummets, and all the small people cheered shrilly with joy at the genius displayed by them in inventing a method for heaving along the weighty case of Remington ammunition. The Hercules and the Milo of the tribe put forth their utmost strength, and raised the box up level with their shoulders, and staggered away into the bush. But just then a harmless shot was fired, and the big men rushed forward with loud shouts, and then began a chase; and one over-fat young fellow of about seventeen was captured and brought to our camp as a prize. We saw the little Jack Horner, too fat by many pounds; but the story belongs to the headmen, who delivered it with infinite humour.

THE GREAT FOREST OF CENTRAL AFRICA*

Now let us look at this great forest (as we began our traverse in December, 1888), not for a scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine

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differences between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitrified gums, or which drip in milky tears or amber globules, or opaline pastils, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend up and down the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the furious struggle which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge, for already it is a mere semblance of a prostrate log. Within it is alive with minute tribes. It would charm an entomologist. Put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in colour, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupations, exultant in their fierce but brief life, most insatiate of their kind, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and swarming everywhere and exploring everything. Lean but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity, and activity breathes around you. Open your notebook, the page attracts a dozen butterflies, a honey-bee hovers over your hand; other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face,

an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe! woe!

And yet it is all beautiful — but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving.

Imagine the whole of France and the Spanish peninsula closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loops and festoons and W's and badly-formed M's; fold them round the trees in great tight coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities, for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open thread-work at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendent from branch to branch — with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like

lichens of the largest kind, and broad spear-leaved plants — these would represent the elephant-eared plant — and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree, branch, twig, and creeper with a thick moss like a green fur. Where the forest is compact as described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick crop of phrynia, and amona, and dwarf bush; but if the lightning, as frequently happens, has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or a tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward — crowded, crushing, and treading upon and strangling one another, until the whole is one impervious bush.

But the average forest is a mixture of these scenes. There will probably be groups of fifty trees standing like columns of a cathedral, gray and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clambering upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by the sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also.

There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents thinning the forest, removing the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as

among humanity. Let us suppose a tall chief among the giants, like an insolent son of Anak. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows — the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines, and wounds half a dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. The parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches, fallen during a storm, and dwarfed untimely. Some have been gnawed by rodents, or have been sprained by elephants leaning on them to rub their prurient hides, and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds, until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently tall and short nomads have tried their axes, spears, and knives, on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us.

To complete the mental picture of this ruthless forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with half formed humus of rotting twigs, leaves, branches; every few yards there should be a

prostrate giant, a reeking compost of rotten fibres, and departed generations of insects, and colonies of ants, half veiled with masses of vines and shrouded by the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengthy briars and calamus in many fathom lengths, and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks, and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus and lilies, and a greasy green scum composed of millions of finite growths. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of tribes, who are at war with each other and who live apart from ten to fifty miles in the midst of a prostrate forest, amongst whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioc, beans, tobacco, colocassia, gourds, melons, etc., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf, or on the lee side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed from the poison smeared on the tops of the skewers, or lamed for months. They have piled up branches and have formed barricades of great trees, and they lie in wait behind with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire, and smeared with poison.

The primæval forest, that is that old growth

untouched by man, and left since the earliest time to thrive and die, one age after another, is easily distinguishable from that part which at some time or another afforded shelter for man. The trees are taller and straighter, and of more colossal girth. It has frequently glades presenting little difficulty for travel, the invariable obstructions being the arum, phrynia, and amoma. The ground is firmer and more compact, and the favourite camping ground for the pigmy nomads are located in such places. When the plants and small bushes are cut down, we have an airy, sylvan, and cool temple, delightful for a dwelling.

Then comes the forest which during a few generations has obliterated all evidences of former husbandry. A few of the trees, especially of the soft-wooded kind, have grown to equal height with the ancient patriarchs, but as soon as man abandoned the clearing, hosts of nameless trees, shrubs, and plants have riotously hastened to avail themselves of his absence, and the race for air and light is continued for many years; consequently the undergrowth by the larger quantity of sunshine becomes luxuriant, and there are few places penetrable in it without infinite labour. Among these a variety of palms will be found, especially the Elais and Raphia vinifera.

And after this comes the bush proper, the growth of a few years, which admits no ingress whatever within its shade. We are therefore

obliged to tunnel through stifling masses of young vegetation, so matted and tangled together that one fancies it would be easier to travel over the top were it of equal and consistent thickness and level. Vigorous young trees are found imbedded in these solid and compact masses of vegetation, and these support the climbing plants, the vines, and creepers. Under these, after a pathway has been scooped out, the unshod feet are in danger from the thorns, and the sharp cut stalks, which are apt to pierce the feet and lacerate the legs.

This last was the character of the bush mostly near the river. Both banks presented numberless old clearings and abandoned sites; and as the stream was the only means of communication employed by the tribes, the only way of effecting any progress was by laborious cutting.

The clearings which had been abandoned within a year exhibited veritable wonders of vegetable life, of unsurpassed fecundity, and bewildering variety of species. The charred poles of the huts became the supports of climbers whose vivid green leaves soon shrouded the ugliness of desolation, and every upright and stump assumed the appearance of a miniature bower, or a massive piece of columned ruin. As the stumps were frequently twenty feet high, and were often seen in twins, the plants had gravitated across the space between and after embracing had continued their growth

along the length of one another, and had formed in this manner an umbrageous arch, and had twisted themselves in endless lengths around the supports until it became difficult to find what supported such masses of delicate vines. In some instances they had formed lofty twin towers with an arched gateway between, resembling a great ruin of an old castle, and the whole was gay with purple and white flowers. The silvered boles of ancient primæval giants long ago ringed by the axe and doomed to canker and decay, and the great gaunt far-spreading arms and branchlets had been clothed by vines a hundredfold until they seemed like clouds of vivid green, which, under the influence of sudden gusts, streamed with countless tendrils, or swayed like immense curtains.

When marching along with the column, or encamped for the night, the murmur of voices was not congenial to nourishing any fine sentiments about the forest. We suffered too much hunger, and sustained such protracted misery; we were preyed upon too often in patience, and temper, and forbearance. Our clothes suited well enough for open country, were no protection against the hostilities of the bush. But if once we absented ourselves from camp, and the voices of the men died away, and we forgot our miseries, and were not absorbed by the sense of the many inconveniences, an awe of the forest rushed upon the soul and filled the mind. The voice sounded with rolling echoes, as in a

cathedral. One became conscious of its eerie strangeness, the absence of sunshine, its subdued light, and marvelled at the queer feeling of loneliness, while inquiringly looking around to be assured that this loneliness was no delusion. It was as if one stood amid the inhabitants of another world. We enjoyed life — the one vegetable, the other human. Standing there so massive and colossal, so silent and still, and yet with such solemn severity of majesty, it did seem curious that the two lives, so like in some sense, were yet so incommunicable. It would have suited the fitness of things, I thought, had a wrinkled old patriarch addressed me with the gravity and seriousness of a Methuselah, or an Achillean and powerful bombax, with his buttressed feet planted firm in the ground, had disdainfully demanded my business in that assembly of stately forest kings.

But what thoughts were kindled as we peeped out from an opening in the woods and looked across the darkening river which reflected the advancing tempest, and caught a view of the mighty army of trees — their heights as various as their kind, all rigid in the gloaming, awaiting in stern array the war with the storm. The coming wind has concentrated its terrors for destruction, the forked lightning is seen darting its spears of white flame across the front of infinite hosts of clouds. Out of their depths issues the thunderbolt, and the march of the

winds is heard coming to the onset. Suddenly the trees, which have stood still — as in a painted canvas — awaiting the shock with secure tranquillity, are seen to bow their tops in unison, followed by universal swaying and straining as though a wild panic had seized them. They reel this way and that, but they are restrained from flight by sturdy stems and fixed roots, and the strong buttresses which maintain them upright. Pressed backward to a perilous length they recover from the first blow, and dart their heads in furious waves forward, and the glory of the war between the forest and the storm is at its height. Legion after legion of clouds ride over the wind-tossed crests, there is a crashing and roaring, a loud soughing and moaning, shrill screaming of squalls, and groaning of countless woods. There are mighty sweeps from the great tree-kings, as though mighty strokes were being dealt; there is a world-wide rustling of foliage, as though in gleeful approval of the vast strength of their sires; there are flashes of pale green light, as the lesser battalions are roused up to the fight by the example of their brave ancients. Our own spirits are aroused by the grand conflict — the Berserker rage is contagious. In our souls we applaud the rush and levelling force of the wind, and for a second are ready to hail the victor; but the magnificent array of the forest champions with streaming locks, the firmness with which the vast army of trees rise in unison with their

leaders, the rapturous quiver of the bush below inspire a belief that they will win if they but persevere. The lightning darts here and there with splendour of light and scathing flame, the thunders explode with deafening crashes, reverberating with terrible sounds among the army of woods, the black clouds roll over and darken the prospect; and as cloud becomes involved within cloud, in the shifting pale light, we have a last view of the wild war, we are stunned by the fury of the tempest, and the royal rage of the forest, when down comes the deluge of tropic rain which in a short time extinguishes the white heat wrath of the elements, and soothes to stillness the noble anger of the woods.

THE PIGMIES: THEIR SKILL AND CUNNING.*

Scattered among the Balessé, between Ipoto and Mount Pisgah, and inhabiting the land situated between the Ngaiyu and Ituri Rivers, a region equal in area to about two-thirds of Scotland, are the Wambutti, variously called Batwa, Akka, and Bazungu. These people are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pigmies, who live in the uncleared virgin forest, and support themselves on game, which they are very expert in catching. They vary in height from three feet to four feet six inches. A full-grown adult

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male may weigh ninety pounds. They plant their village camps at a distance of from two to three miles around a tribe of agricultural aborigines, the majority of whom are fine stalwart people. A large clearing may have as many as eight, ten, or twelve separate communities of these little people settled around them, numbering in the aggregate from two thousand to two thousand five hundred souls. With their weapons, little bows and arrows, the points of which are covered thickly with poison, and spears, they kill elephants, buffalo, and antelope. They sink pits, and cunningly cover them with light sticks and leaves, over which they sprinkle earth to disguise from the unsuspecting animals the danger below them. They build a shed-like structure, the roof being suspended with a vine, and spread nuts or ripe plantains underneath, to tempt the chimpanzees, baboons, and other simians within, and by a slight movement, the shed falls, and the animals are captured. Along the tracks of civets, mephitis, ichneumons, and rodents are bow traps fixed, which, in the scurry of the little animals, are snapped and strangle them. Besides the meat and hides to make shields, and furs, and ivory of the slaughtered game, they catch birds to obtain their feathers; they collect honey from the woods, and make poison, all of which they sell to the larger aborigines for plantains, potatoes, tobacco, spears, knives, and arrows. The forest would soon be denuded

of game if the pigmies confined themselves to the few square miles around a clearing; they are therefore compelled to move, as soon as it becomes scarce, to other settlements.

They perform other services to the agricultural and larger class of aborigines. They are perfect scouts, and contrive by their better knowledge of the intricacies of the forest, to obtain early intelligence of the coming of strangers, and to send information to their settled friends. They are thus like voluntary pickets guarding the clearings and settlements. Every road from any direction runs through their camps. Their villages command every cross-way. Against any strange natives, disposed to be aggressive, they would combine with their taller neighbours, and they are by no means despicable allies. When arrows are arrayed against arrows, poison against poison, and craft against craft, probably the party assisted by the pigmies would prevail. Their diminutive size, superior wood-craft, their greater malice, would make formidable opponents. This the agricultural natives thoroughly understand. They would no doubt wish on many occasions that the little people would betake themselves elsewhere, for the settlements are frequently outnumbered by the nomad communities. For small and often inadequate returns of fur and meat, they must allow the pigmies free access to their plantains, groves, and gardens. In a word, no nation on the earth is free from human parasites, and the tribes of

the Central African forest have much to bear from these little fierce people who glue themselves to their clearings, flatter them when well fed, but oppress them with their extortions and robberies.

The pigmies arrange their dwellings — low structures of the shape of an oval figure cut lengthways; the doors are from two feet to three feet high, placed at the ends — in a rough circle the centre of which is left cleared for the residence of the chief and his family, and as a common. About one hundred yards in advance of the camp, along every track leading out of it, is placed the sentry-house, just large enough for two little men, with the doorway looking up the track. If we assumed that native caravans ever travelled between Ipoto and Ibwiri, for instance, we should imagine, from our knowledge of these forest people, that the caravan would be mulcted of much of its property by these nomads, whom they would meet in front and rear of each settlement, and as there are ten settlements between the two points, they would have to pay toll twenty times, in tobacco, salt, iron and rattan, cane ornaments, axes, knives, spears, arrows, adzes, rings, etc. We therefore see how utterly impossible it would be for the Ipoto people to have even heard of Ibwiri, owing to the heavy turnpike tolls and octroi duties that would be demanded of them if they ventured to undertake a long journey of eighty miles. It will also be seen why there

is such a diversity of dialects, why captives were utterly ignorant of settlements only twenty miles away from them.

As I have said, there are two species of these pigmies, utterly dissimilar in complexion, conformation of the head, and facial characteristics. Whether Batwa forms one nation and Wambutti another we do not know, but they differ as much from each other as a Turk would from a Scandinavian. The Batwa have longish heads and long narrow faces, reddish, small eyes, set close together, which give them a somewhat ferrety look, sour, anxious, and querulous. The Wambutti have round faces, gazelle-like eyes, set far apart, open foreheads, which give one an impression of undisguised frankness, and are of a rich yellow, ivory complexion. The Wambutti occupy the southern half of the district described, the Batwa, the northern, and extend south-easterly to the Awamba forests on both banks of the Semliki River, and east of the Ituri.

The life in their forest villages partakes of the character of the agricultural classes. The women perform all the work of collecting fuel and provisions, and cooking, and the transport of the goods of the community. The men hunt, and fight, and smoke, and conduct the tribal politics. There is always some game in the camp, besides furs and feathers and hides. They have nets for fish and traps for small game to make. The youngsters must always be practising with the bow and arrow, for we have

never come across one of their villages without finding several miniature bows and blunt-headed arrows. There must be free use of axes also, for the trees about bear many a mark which could only have been done to try their edge. In every camp we have seen deep incisions in a tree several inches deep, and perhaps five hundred yards from the camp a series of diamond cuttings in a root of a tree across the track, which, when seen, informed us that we were approaching a village of the Wambutti pigmies.

A WATERSCAPE OF VEILED BEAUTY: LAKE ALBERT EDWARD*

Our first view, as well as the last, of Lake Albert Edward, was utterly unlike any view we ever had before of land or water of a new region. For all other virgin scenes were seen through a more or less clear atmosphere, and we saw the various effects of sunshine, and were delighted with the charms which distance lends. On this, however, we gazed through fluffy, slightly waving strata of vapours of unknown depth and through this thick opaque veil the lake appeared like dusty quicksilver, or a sheet of lustreless silver, bounded by a vague shadowy outline of a tawny-faced land. It was most unsatisfying in every way. We could neither define distance,

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form, or figure, estimate height of land-crests above the water, or depth of lake; we could ascribe no just limit to the extent of the expanse, nor venture to say whether it was an inland ocean or a shallow pond. The haze, or rather cloud, hung over it like a gray pall. We sighed for rain to clear the atmosphere, and the rain fell; but, instead of thickened haze, there came a fog as dark as that which distracts London on a November day.

The natural colour of the lake is of light sea-green colour, but at a short distance from the shore it is converted by the unfriendly mist into that of pallid gray, or sackcloth. There is neither sunshine nor sparkle, but a dead opacity struggling through a measureless depth of mist. If we attempted to peer under or through it, to get a peep at the mysterious water, we were struck with the suggestion of chaos at the sight of the pallid surface, brooding under the trembling and seething atmosphere. It realised perfectly the description that in "the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This idea was strengthened when we looked up to examine the composition of this vaporous mist, and to ascertain whether we might call it haze, mist, or fog. The eyes were fascinated with the clouds of fantastic and formless phantasms, the eerie figures, flakes, films, globules, and frayed or wormlike threads, swimming and floating and drifting in such numberless multitudes that one

fancied he could catch a handful. In the delirium of fevers I have seen such shapes, like wriggling animalcula, shifting their forms with the rapidity of thought, and swiftly evolving into strange amorphous figures before the dazed senses. More generally, and speaking plainly, the atmosphere seemed crowded with shadowy, elongated organisms, the most frequent bearing a rough resemblance to squirming tadpoles. While looking at the dim image of an island about three miles from the shore, it was observed that the image deepened, or got more befogged, as a thinner or thicker horizontal stratum of these atmospheric shapes subsided downward or floated upward; and following this with a fixed sight, I could see a vibration of it as clearly as of a stream of sunbeams. From the crest of a grassy ridge and the crown of a tall hill, and the sad gray beach, I tried to resolve what was imaged but three miles away, and to ascertain whether it was tawny land, or gray water, or ashen sky, but all in vain. I needed but to hear the distant strains of a dirge to cause me to imagine that one of Kakuri's canoes out yonder on the windless lake was a funeral barge, slowly gliding with its freight of dead explorers to the gloomy bourne from whence never an explorer returned.

And oh! what might have been seen had we but known one of those marvellously clear days, with the deep purified azure and that dazzling transparency of ether so common to New York!

We might have set some picture before the world from these never-known lands as never painter painted. We might have been able to show the lake, with its tender blue colour, here broadening nobly, there enfolding with its sparkling white arms clusters of tropic isles, or projecting long silvery tongues of blazing water into the spacious meadowy flats, curving everywhere in rounded bays, or extending along flowing shorelines, under the shadows of impending plateau walls, and flotillas of canoes gliding over its bright bosom to give it life, and broad green bands of marsh grasses, palms, plantains, waving crops of sugar-cane, and umbrageous globes of foliage, to give beauty to its borders. And from point to point round about the compass we could have shown the irregularly circular line of lofty uplands, their proud hill bosses rising high into the clear air, and their mountainous promontories, with their domed crowns projected far into the basin, or receding into deep folds half enclosing fair valleys, and the silver threads of streams shooting in arrowy flights down the cliffy steeps; broad bands of vivid green grass, and spaces of deep green forest, alternating with frowning gray or white precipices, and far northward the horizon bounded by the Alps of Ruwenzori, a league in height above the lake, beautiful in their pure white garments of snow, entrancingly picturesque in their congregation of peaks and battalions of mountain satellites ranged gloriously against the crystalline sky.

But alas! alas! In vain we turned our yearning eyes and longing looks in their direction. The Mountains of the Moon lay ever slumbering in their cloudy tents, and the lake which gave birth to the Albertine Nile remained ever brooding under the impenetrable and loveless mist.

NEAREST THE POLE IN THE "ROOSEVELT"

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

[Robert Edwin Peary has commanded three Arctic expeditions: the first set sail in 1891, the second in 1893; the third, in the *Roosevelt* in 1905, is narrated in "Nearest the Pole," published and copyrighted in 1907 by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. From that book the pages which follow are taken. As summed up by Commander Peary the results of the expedition were: (1) planting the Stars and Stripes farther north than any other explorers have ever reached, 174 nautical miles from the pole, at 87° 6′. (2) The determination of the existence of a distant new land northwest of the northwestern part of Grant Land, probably an island in the westerly extension of the North American archipelago. (3) The distinct widening of knowledge regarding ice and other conditions in the western half of the central polar sea. (4) The traversing and delineation of the unknown coast between Aldrich's farthest west in 1876, and Sverdrup's farthest north in 1902 in Nansen's expedition. (5) The determination of the unique glacial fringe and floeberg nursery of the Grant Land coast.—ED.]

FIRST BATTLE WITH THE ICE

THE turn of the tide the morning of the 28th August, 1905, set us out again, and, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by the behaviour of the *Roosevelt* in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and at 4.30 A. M. the *Roosevelt* was driven out for another contest with the channel

pack in which at the time no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes which the swift current was swinging past the Cape, set the *Roosevelt* vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure.

From this we pushed out and began the attempt to cross to the west side, through ice almost continuously up to our plank sheer and frequently of such height that the boats swinging from the deck house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The delay and inaction of the past five days had become unendurable.

The *Roosevelt* fought like a gladiator, turning, twisting, straining with all her force, smashing her full weight against the heavy floes whenever we could get room for a rush, and rearing upon them like a steeple-chaser taking a fence. Ah, the thrill and tension of it, the lust of battle, which crowded days of ordinary life into one.

The forward rush, the gathering speed and momentum, the crash, the upward heave, the grating snarl of the ice as the steel-shod stem split it as a mason's hammer splits granite, or trod it under, or sent it right and left in whirling fragments, followed by the violent roll, the backward rebound, and then the gathering for another rush, were glorious.

At other times, the blue face of a big floe as high as the plank sheer grinding against either

side, and the ship inching her way through, her frames creaking with the pressure, the big engines down aft running like sewing-machines, and the twelve-inch steel shaft whirling the wide-bladed propeller, till its impulse was no more to be denied than the force of gravity.

At such times everyone on deck hung with breathless interest on our movement, and as Bartlett and I clung in the rigging I heard him whisper through teeth clinched from the purely physical tension of the throbbing ship under us: "Give it to 'em, Teddy, give it to 'em!"

More than once did a fireman come panting on deck for a breath of air, look over the side, mutter to himself, "By G——she's got to go through!" then drop into the stoke-hole, with the result a moment later of an extra belch of black smoke from the stack, and an added turn or two to the propeller.

At midnight all that could be said was that we were nearer the west side than the east, and steadily drifting southward with the pack. I quote from my journal: "Slow and heart-breaking work. The *Roosevelt* is a splendid ice-fighter and if she had her full boiler power she would be irresistible. The ice is very heavy, in large floes, some of them several miles in diameter and their edges sheer walls of blue adamant. I shall be glad when we are through." In one of her charges the *Roosevelt* left a considerable piece of the stem just under the figure-head as a souvenir upon the top of a berg-

piece which she was obliged to butt out of her path. In another, a blue floe twelve to fifteen feet in thickness was split fairly in two.

AN ALARMING ATTACK: ESCAPE IN SAFETY

About 10 P. M. of the 16th September, 1905, as I was on the bridge taking a look about before turning in, a large floe, moving on the flood-tide, pivoted around the point of Sheridan and crashed into the smaller ice about the ship, driving it bodily before it. At the first shock the *Roosevelt* reeled and shook a bit, then heeled slightly toward the crowding ice and turned it under her starboard bilge. Standing on the starboard end of the bridge and looking down upon the ice the sensation was much like that of being on a large sledge moving over the ice, so rapidly did the rounding side of the *Roosevelt* turn the ice under her. Once or twice she hung for an instant and quivered with the strain, then heeled and turned the ice under again. This continued until a corner of the floe itself, some portions of which were higher than the rail, came full against the *Roosevelt's* starboard side amidships, with no intervening cushion of smaller ice and held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow resistless motion was frightful yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it, the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her

sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank sheer and a few yards back from its edges, was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge deck. This was the crucial moment. For a minute or so, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific. The *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry; the deck amidships bulged up several inches, while the main rigging hung slack and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale. Then with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship shook herself free and jumped upward till her propeller showed above water. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it in-shore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe which crumbled away with a dull roar, as other floes smashed against it, and tore off great pieces in their onward rush, leaving the *Roosevelt* stranded but safe.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE AN ARCTIC EXPLORER

Besides my anxiety in regard to the *Roosevelt*, which in comparison was of minor importance, I was in a constant state of apprehension in regard to the dogs. Each party coming from the interior brought reports of additional deaths,

among these animals, until their number was reduced to the danger limit below which it would be impossible for me to carry out essential features of the spring campaign.

In spite of these anxieties, however, my freedom from minor annoyances afforded me time and suitable frame of mind to devise new methods and items of equipment which assisted materially later on. Among the latter was a quick-acting alcohol camp stove, built upon a new principle; and among the former a plan of campaign and method of advance which possesses valuable possibilities, and which had it not been for the unusual ice conditions marking the year, and particularly the disruption of the pack by the April storm, would have enabled us to grasp the prize which was the object of the expedition.

Mingled with this work and these plans and anxieties, were times for thoughts and impressions some of which will be given here even though they may interest no one but myself, because to every normal mind they are as much a part of the arctic winter nights as the ice, the darkness, and the cold. Moments of exultation and moments of depression. Moments of eager impatience when I wished that the day for the departure north might be to-morrow. Moments of foreboding when I dreaded its arrival. Moments of sanguine hopes, others of darkest misgivings. Thoughts and memories of the home land, dreams and plans for the future.

At times the days seemed to rush by with the velocity of the flood-tide past Sheridan, at others they were as tardy as if moored to a rock.

I quote from my Journal:

March 18, 1906.—Though I fight against it continuously, I find it impossible under conditions like to-day not to indulge in some thoughts of *success* as I tramp along, and I get so impatient I do not want to stop at the igloos but keep right on and on. At night I can hardly sleep waiting for the dogs to get rested sufficiently to start again. Then I think, what will be the effect if some insuperable obstacle, open water, absolutely impossible ice, or an enormous fall of snow knock me out now when everything looks so encouraging? Will it break my heart, or will it simply numb me into insensibility? and then I think, what 's the odds, in two months at the longest the agony will be over, and I shall know one way or the other, and then whichever way it turns out, before the leaves fall I shall be back on Eagle Island again, going over the well-known places with Jo [Mrs. Peary], and the children, and listening to the birds, the wind in the trees, and the sound of lapping waves (do such things really exist on this frozen planet?).

MUST THE "ROOSEVELT" BE ABANDONED?

Our Christmas festivities had a somewhat startling and entirely unexpected ending. After

dinner I paced the ice-foot for a couple of hours, busy with the crowding thoughts which my letters and presents had brought to me. Returning to my room I sat down to listen to the graphophone which the doctor had started in the neighbouring mess room. A little later the ice began cracking and groaning, and in a moment or two it was evident to me that there was a new note in its complaint, entirely different from the usual accompaniment of the running of the spring tides. I stepped out upon the quarter-deck and could not only hear but feel the ice humming and cracking, not loudly but viciously under intense pressure. I called the captain, stepped inside to put on my coat, extinguished my fire and the one in the adjoining workroom with a dipper of water, blew out my lamp, and passed forward through the house to the main deck.

When I reached there the ice had separated from the ice-foot, and the heavy floe which had squeezed us last September was moving off carrying with it our starboard ice-wall and leaving the starboard side of the ship completely exposed, with the black water lapping against the planking.

In a surprisingly short time the ice had disappeared completely in the inky darkness, and the black water stretched apparently limitless, giving back the image of every star. There was no cause for instant apprehension, the trouble would come when the ice came back

with the turn of the tide, with nothing between the ship and it to break its momentum or cushion its blow.

The Eskimos were running about in great excitement, bringing up their children and household goods from the 'tweendecks; and not caring to have a lot of women and children to fall over in case of trouble, I had the stove in the big box house fired up and sent them all ashore to shelter their bedding and clothing. One of the crew and one of the Eskimo men who were temporarily on the sick list were likewise sent ashore.

Then accompanied by the captain I made a careful tour of inspection of and about the ship, pointing out the possibilities of our position, and indicating what should be done to provide as far as possible against all contingencies. A full watch was kept on and everyone else turned in with their clothes on. The following day men and officers and Eskimos were busy running out all available lines from the port bow, quarter, and amidships, and also from the mastheads.

The weather continued clear and the temperatures very moderate. The evening flood-tide caused a great deal of movement and noise all about us, but brought no direct pressure upon the ship.

I had no fears that the *Roosevelt* would be crushed by any onset of the ice, but I did apprehend that she might be forced bodily up on to the ice-foot, thrown on her beam ends and

pushed so far inshore that it would be impossible to float her another season. Another possibility was that a particularly violent gale, such as might occur at any time, would tear us from our moorings and carry us out into the moving pack, in which event there would not be one chance in a hundred of our being able to get the ship back to her present position again.

On the morning of the 28th a gust of south wind blowing through the ventilator holes in my stateroom door woke me and I went on deck immediately. It was then very clear, with the wind light and baffling from every quarter, evidently gathering its forces. At 5 A. M. it came on with a rush from the south, and increased in fury until nothing could be heard above its roar, and the ship was completely submerged in a blinding cataract of snow. In a short time a piece of ice on our starboard quarter began groaning and grinding against the ship's side. Fearing it might break loose and, in the event that our propeller and rudder post were frozen into it, tear our stern from its moorings, every piece of line that could be found was run out from the port quarter and made fast to the ice-foot. As in all of these gales the temperature was comparatively high, being in this instance from seven to fourteen degrees above zero. Otherwise the work would have been extremely trying and even dangerous. One of the crew stumbling in a crack a few yards from the ship lost his bearings and after some time brought

up at the box houses on the shore. Some of the Eskimos coming from the box houses to the ship lost their way and groped for some time before they got their bearings. At noon the wind had moderated and our stream anchor was attached to the end of the port chain cable, placed in a hole dug for it in the ice-foot behind a large grounded floe-berg, and then frozen in.

A VEXATIOUS DELAY

The wind and snow continued all night of the 6th April, and the forenoon of the 7th, then the sun broke through and showed that it was no longer snowing, though the wind continued unabated accompanied by a furious and blinding drift.

On this date Nansen reached his highest, and but for the accursed lead (channel) I should now have been ahead of him. As it was I was behind him and stalled again. Came on thick again during the night and continued blowing and drifting without abatement. It seemed as if it *must* clear off some time, but as yet there were no signs of it.

The wind continued its infernal howling past the igloo [Eskimo hut] and among the pinnacles of the rafter close by all night. I was so comfortable physically, however (barring my stumps, which were always cold when I was not walking, and sometimes even then), that there was nothing to distract me from its hell-born music, or keep me from thinking of the unbearable

delay. It seemed as if I had been here a month. The wind which had been a little south of true west swung more to the south, the drift was less dense, as if the bulk of the snow were packed, and I fancied there was less weight in the wind in the evening. I hoped to God it would clear soon. I was curious also to see if the continued blow had materially changed our position to the east. There had been no detectable disturbance in the ice since the morning of the 6th. This could be accounted for in two ways; one that the ice was already jammed to the eastward, and the old floes too heavy (and with no young ice between) to permit any compacting or shutting up; the other that the central pack (detached from the land ice along the big lead) was moving eastward as one mass. I could not help thinking that in the latter case, the differences of wind pressure and water resistance of the different floes would cause more or less motion among them, or at least cause strains that would be more pronounced. It would be surprising if the "Hudson" was not wide open now, and I hoped Marvin and Clark were across it with their supplies, and the former near enough to overtake me in a march or two from ere. If the "Hudson" was open, and they the other side of it, it would necessitate a decided modification of my plans, for the season was too late now for me to wait for them to come up. I must push on with what I had here, and take the chances of good going, long marches, and the

certainty of eating dog again before I got back to land.

NEAREST THE POLE AT LAST

April 18, 1906.— What contrasts this country affords! Yesterday hell, to-day comparative heaven, yet not such heaven as most would voluntarily choose. The wind died down during the night; this morning the position of the sun was fairly discernible. Started early and no serious trouble was experienced in crossing the lead as I had expected. Very rough going at first through rafters and big drifts, then very decent for the remainder of the march.

This was the first entirely calm day since leaving the big lead. Clear except for cirro strata running east and west. We crossed much one season's ice, and some only a few days old. No old floes. Travelled ten hours. We must be close to Abruzzi's highest now.

During this march the dogs were much excited at one time by the scent of something to windward, and for three or four miles struck such a pace that I found it difficult to keep ahead of them even by running, so stepped one side and let them pass. At the time I thought it might possibly be a bear and was strongly tempted to go in pursuit. Later I was very glad that I did not, as the scent noticed by the dogs was undoubtedly from a seal in an open lead.

As we advanced the character of the ice im-

proved, the floes became apparently larger and the rafters more infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern. Our pace was heart-breaking, particularly so as we were on scant rations.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20th we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till a little before noon of the 21st.

I should have liked to leave everything at this camp and push on for the one march with one empty sledge and one or two companions, but I did not dare to do this owing to the condition of the ice, and was glad as we advanced that I had not attempted it. I do not know if any of my Eskimos would have remained behind. In this last spurt we crossed fourteen cracks and narrow leads, which almost without exception were in motion.

When my observations were taken and rapidly figured, they showed that we had reached 87° 6′ north latitude, and had at last beaten the record, for which I thanked God

with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out.

It is perhaps an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation which it might be supposed that I should have. As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment combined perhaps with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition.

As can perhaps be imagined, I was more than anxious to keep on, but as I looked at the drawn faces of my comrades, at the skeleton figures of my few remaining dogs, at my nearly empty sledges, and remembered the drifting ice over which we had come and the unknown quantity of the "big lead" between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could reasonably be expected. I told my men we should turn back from here.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which

six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

RAPID TRANSIT ON SNOWSHOES

Each day the number of my dogs dwindled and sledges were broken up to cook those of the animals that we ate ourselves. But here let me say that personally I have no objection whatever to dog, if only there is enough of it. Serious arctic work quickly brings a man to consider quantity only in connection with the food question. One day leads formed entirely around the ice on which we were, making it an island of two or three miles' diameter.

Later, two Eskimo scouts whom I had sent east to reconnoitre the lead came hurrying back breathless, with the report that a few miles from camp there was a film of young ice extending clear across the lead — now something over two miles wide — which they thought might support us on snowshoes. No time was lost in hurrying to the place when it was evident to us all that now was our chance or never, and I gave the word to put on snowshoes and make the attempt. I tied mine on more carefully than I had ever done before. I think every other man did the same, for we felt that a slip or stumble would be fatal. We had already tested the ice and knew it would not support us an instant without snowshoes.

When we started it was with Panikpah, lightest of us all and most experienced, in the lead, the few remaining dogs attached to the long broad-runner sledge — the "Morris K. Jesup" — following him, and the rest of the party abreast in widely extended skirmish line, fifty to sixty feet between each two men, some distance behind the sledge. We crossed in silence, each man busy with his thoughts and intent upon his snowshoes. Frankly, I do not care for more similar experiences. Once started, we could not stop, we could not lift our snowshoes. It was a matter of constantly and smoothly gliding one past the other with utmost care and evenness of pressure, and from every man as he slid a snowshoe forward, undulations went out in every direction through the thin film incrusting the black water. The sledge was preceded and followed by a broad swell. It was the first and only time in all my arctic work that I felt doubtful as to the outcome, but when near the middle of the lead the toe of my rear kamik as I slid forward from it broke through twice in succession, I thought to myself "this is the finish," and when a little later there was a cry from some one in the line, the words sprang from me of themselves: "God help him, which one is it?" but I dared not take my eyes from the steady, even gliding of my snowshoes, and the fascination of the glassy swell at the toes of them.

When we stopped upon the firm ice on the

southern side of the lead, the sighs of relief from the two men nearest me in the line on either side were distinctly audible. I was more than glad myself. The cry I had heard had been from one of my men whose toe, like mine, had broken through the ice.

When we stood up from unfastening our snow-shoes, and looked back for a moment before turning our faces southward, a narrow black ribbon cut the frail bridge on which we had crossed in two. The lead was widening again and we had just made it.

The ice on the southern side of the lead was an awful mess, and we climbed to the top of the highest upheaved mass of it to see if we could make out any practicable route through. To and beyond the horizon extended such a hell of shattered ice as I had never seen before and hope never to see again, a conglomeration of fragments from the size of paving stones to literally and without exaggeration the dome of the Capitol at Washington, all rounded by the terrific grinding they had received between the jaws of the "big lead" when its edges were together and shearing past each other. It did not seem as if anything not possessing wings could negotiate it, and I turned to my men to say a few encouraging words, but caught a glint in their eyes and a setting of the jaws, such as I had noticed before when they and I had been mixed up with a roaring herd of infuriated bull walrus or facing a wounded polar bear, and I

shut my mouth and said nothing, for I knew words were not necessary.

During this march and the next and part of the next, we stumbled desperately southward through this frozen Hades, constantly falling and receiving numerous uncomfortable bruises. My uncushioned stumps seemed to catch it especially, and it is no exaggeration to say that at our first camp my jaws were actually aching from the viciousness with which I had repeatedly ground my teeth together during the march.

ALONG THE GREENLAND COAST TO THE "ROOSEVELT." A BATTLE WITH MUSK-OXEN

Wearily we started westward to regain the *Roosevelt* and I kept an Eskimo constantly scouting the shore abreast of our line of march, looking for hare, but musk-oxen were to be our salvation, and instead of setting an air-line course for the north end of Britannia Island on the route which I had followed in 1900, I determined to go straight for the north end of Ellison Island and thence round the southern end of Britannia Island through the passage between it and the mainland, and from there along the coast to Cape May and Cape Bryant, as I felt satisfied that on Nares Land and in the neighbourhood of Cape May we should find musk-oxen.

Our first camp was just off the precipitous black northern point of Ellison Island. Clark and Pooblah of his party did not come in till

three hours after the rest of us. They could just barely crawl along. When we left camp I started them off as soon as they had their tea, they travelled so slowly. Fine weather, clear and calm, and we headed for the south end of Britannia.

Arriving at the point, which is low, I sent Panikpah across overland to look for hare. Soon after rounding the point and heading for Cape May we heard one shot. We travelled just as long as we possibly could, everyone crawling along and Clark and Pooblah out of sight in the rear. The snow was about three feet deep; impracticable for a party without snowshoes, but affording good snowshoeing for a party with snowshoes and in good condition. For us it was heavy work. We camped on the ice at the intersection of a line between Victoria Inlet and Beaumont Island, and our course. Just before stopping I heard another shot from Panikpah. We had killed a dog for supper and were cutting it up when Ootah, who was carefully examining the land with the glass, yelled, — "*Oomingmuksue!*" (musk-oxen). The cry electrified us all. I jumped out of the tent and found him looking at the Nares Land shore, seized the glass, and made out seven black spots on top of the shore bluff apparently right over the ice-foot.

I grabbed my mittens, tied on my snowshoes, told one man to get my carbine and cartridges, and the others to hitch the dogs to the empty

sledge, and started off as I was, in my blanket shirt, having thrown off my *kooletah* (deerskin coat) while working over the cooker in the tent making tea.

I was as foolish as the others, and only when some distance from the tent and I realised that I was running, did I come to my senses.

I was too late to go back for my *kooletah* and the oil-stove cooker, but I did call a halt on the pace which in our excitement we were making.

The musk-oxen were not less than six miles away and we, weak and footsore, on top of a day's trying march, were running in our eagerness. Yet every once in a while I found myself unconsciously hurrying. There were nine of us, Henson, myself and seven Eskimos. Clark and Pooblah and Panikpah had not reached camp when we started. Less than half-way over Henson dropped out and went back. I should have been glad to, but the musk-oxen meant too much to us. I felt the safety of the party resting on me, we had scant cartridges, could not afford to waste one, and I could not trust my excited men.

When within a couple of miles of the animals I began to worry. We were in plain sight of them and it seemed as if our snowshoes made a noise like thunder. Then I feared the few things of hair and bone which we called dogs would not have strength to round up our quarry.

When within a mile I put two Eskimos in

advance with two dogs and followed close behind with my carbine.

When the gray dog saw the musk-oxen and was loosened, my fear came on again; had he strength enough to overtake them and then to dodge their horns?

The shore here was a steep bank like a railway fill, with a slope of about 30 degrees and three hundred feet or more in height. The animals were just a little back of the crest of the bank.

Like a thin shadow the gray dog went straight up the slope, the little black bitch following, and I saw the musk-oxen start to run, then round-up together. Then as the crest of the slope hid them from me, I saw the body of the poor bitch go into the air from the horns of the bull. Poor thing, she had been very faithful, but her courage was greater than her strength, and the sharp horns had been too quick for her. Should I be in time, or would the bull send the gray dog after the bitch and then put miles of snow and rocks between us and his shaggy harem before they stopped?

I went up the slope as rapidly as possible but there was no hurry in me, my heart was pounding till the crest of the slope above me danced like the Northern Lights, and mouth and nostrils together could not feed air to me half fast enough. The two Eskimos who had the dogs were just ahead of me, Ahngmalokto beside me, and the other four lying on the ice-foot getting their breath. Mounting the crest I saw the musk-

oxen in the usual stellar group of shaggy forms, white horns and gleaming eyes; the body of the bitch lying a short distance away, and the gray dog worrying the bull and dodging his vicious charges. Poor beggar, his weak legs bent beneath him, he stumbled repeatedly in trying to avoid the charges of the bull, and the heaving of his gaunt sides was painful to see, but the blood lust shone in his eyes, the wolf heart of his fathers kept him to his work, and every time the bull swung back to the herd, he returned to the attack.

"Hold them for a moment or two longer, brave gray, till I get breath, then both of us will eat our fill."

I kicked off my snowshoes and sat down upon them for a moment to pull myself together. In that moment there passed before me all the weary days since we went on scant rations; the grim daily grind; the dismal waiting at the Styx for a chance to regain the world; the heart-breaking work through the shattered ice; the infernal groaning and crashing of the floes; the ever-present nightmare of more open water; the incessant gnawing under the belt; the bruised and aching feet; the burning eyes and face; the growing weakness; the tantalising mouthfuls of hare since we reached the land, and always this hope and picture before me, waking or sleeping — a herd of musk-oxen that should once more permit us to eat our fill. Here it was, now to business. I dropped my mittens, threw a cart-

ridge into the barrel of my carbine, and advanced toward the herd. Faithful Ahngmalokto cried out, "Don't go so near, Peary," but this puny herd of musk-oxen was a trifle compared with the lead whose black embrace we had all faced, and I stepped between the gray dog and the bull. Crack! a tiny tuft of hair flew out from just back of the bull's fore-shoulder and he had something beside the gray dog to think of, though he did not go down. My bullet had missed his heart and gone through his lungs. Crack! the other bull made a jump forward, stopped, staggered a step or two backward, then lurched over on his side. My aim was better. Crack! Crack! the two old cows followed suit. Crack! the younger cow went the same way. The two yearlings were standing side by side close together rigid with fright. Two or three steps to one side brought their fore-shoulders in line; crack! the one bullet went through both their hearts and "pinged" on a rock beyond, as one fell on the other. I was one cartridge to the good and this I gave to the big bull as an act of mercy to put him out of his misery, standing there with braced feet, and blood-clogged nostrils, struggling for breath. I could not help thinking, as he went down, that it was a shame to enter their quiet lives in this murderous way. But their lives had been peaceful and their end was quick, while we had walked through the outskirts of hell, and had been dying by inches; and anyway, what would it

matter to any of us a hundred years from now — their bones bleaching here on these arctic slopes, mine — where?

ONCE MORE ABOARD THE "ROOSEVELT"

Three hours of the next march put us on the ice-foot north of Cape Union and as we stepped upon it Ootah exclaimed "*Tigerahshua keesha, koyonni!*" (freely translated, "We have arrived at last, thank God!"). Ahngodoblaho, who was very lame, remained behind in the camp, and Clark, who was making rather heavy weather of it, fell rapidly behind from the very first, but I told him to work along as best he could and take it easy, that as soon as I reached the ship I should send some one back to him with something to eat. I think I never shall forget the march from there to the *Roosevelt*. At the risk of being regarded as imaginative I may say that it actually seemed to us as if we had arrived in God's country once more. It was a perfect night, clear and calm, the sunlight softly brilliant and the rich warm colours of the cliffs offering to our eyes a very decided contrast to the savage pinnacles of the sea ice and the snow-covered Greenland coast.

From where we landed the hard level ice-foot presented the best of walking, and we made good time to Cape Rawson. As we rounded it the slender spars of the *Roosevelt* looked very, very beautiful in the yellow midnight May sunlight.

Long before we reached the ship some of the Eskimos in the shore settlement spied us, I saw them scurrying across the ice-foot to the ship, and a few moments later several figures came out from the ship to meet us.

Arrived on board I immediately sent two Eskimos and teams back with food and stimulants to bring in the three stragglers. I learned that Marvin and Ryan and some Eskimos had left for the Greenland coast in search of Clark, and that Captain Bartlett and Dr. Wolf were still pegging away at the work north of Hecla. I sent a messenger to recall Marvin, and another with a letter to Hecla to reach Captain Bartlett as soon as he arrived.

Then to my room, where I quickly ripped my rank fur clothing from myself, and threw it out on the quarter-deck; then to my bath. After that, my dinner, a real dinner with real food such as civilised men eat; and then to my blankets and to sleep, unmindful of the morrow.

I quote from my Journal of the next day:

What a delicious thing rest is. With Jo's picture on the wall above my head, with my face buried in Ahnighito's pillow of Eagle Island fir needles, and its exquisitely delicious fragrance in my nostrils, I for the moment echo from the bottom of my heart Ootah's remark, "I have got back again, thank God!" Yet I know that a little later I shall feel that I might have done more and yet got back, and yet again still deeper down I know that we went to the

very limit and that had we not got across the "big lead" when we did, we should not have returned.

Since reaching the ship I have had an aversion to pencil and paper, and have only cared to lie and think and plan. To think after all the preparation, the experience, the effort, the strain, the chances taken and the wearing of myself and party to the last inch, what a little journey it is on the map and how far short of my hopes it fell. To think that I have failed once more; that I shall never have a chance to win again. Then to put this useless repining aside, and plan for my western trip, and when I have done my duty by this, to plan for mine and Eagle Island.

THE DESCENT OF MOUNT TYNDALL

CLARENCE KING

[In 1864 Professor Josiah Dwight Whitney, State Geologist of California, sent a corps of five explorers for a summer's work in the high Sierras. Clarence King was assistant geologist of the party; he recounted their researches and adventures in "Mountaining in the Sierra Nevada," published in 1871 by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; three years later the same firm issued an enlarged edition with maps. In 1902 the work was reissued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Descent of Mount Tyndall," the fourth chapter of the book, is one of the most thrilling stories of adventure ever penned. Clarence King projected and organised the United States Geological Survey, and was its director, 1878–81. He died in 1901.—ED.]

HAVING completed our observations, we packed up the instruments, glanced once again around the whole field of view, and descended to the top of our icicle ladder. Upon looking over, I saw to my consternation that during the day the upper half had broken off. Scars traced down upon the snow field below it indicated the manner of its fall, and far below, upon the shattered debris, were strewn its white relics. I saw nothing but the sudden gift of wings could possibly take us down to the snow-ridge. We held council and concluded to climb quite round the peak in search of the best mode of descent.

As we crept about the east face, we could look straight down upon Owen's Valley, and into the vast glacier gorges, and over piles of moraines and fluted rocks, and the frozen lakes of the eastern slope. When we reached the southwest front of the mountain we found that its general form was that of an immense horseshoe, the great eastern ridge forming one side, and the spur which descended to our camp the other, we having climbed up the outer part of the toe. Within the curve of the horseshoe was a gorge, cut almost perpendicularly down two thousand feet, its side rough-hewn walls of rocks and snow, its narrow bottom almost a continuous chain of deep blue lakes with loads of ice and debris piles. The stream which flowed through them joined the waters from our home grove, a couple of miles below the camp. If we could reach the level of the lakes, I believed we might easily climb round them, and out of the upper end of the horseshoe, and walk upon the Kern plateau round to our bivouac.

It required a couple of hours of very painstaking deliberate climbing to get down the first descent, which we did, however, without hurting our barometer, and fortunately without the fatiguing use of the lasso; reaching finally the uppermost lake, a granite bowlful of cobalt-blue water, transparent and unrippled. So high and enclosing were the tall walls about us, so narrow and shut in the cañon, so flattened seemed the cover of the sky, we felt oppressed after the

expanse and freedom of our hours on the summit.

The snow-field we followed, descending farther, was irregularly honeycombed in deep pits, circular or irregular in form, and melted to a greater or less depth, holding each a large stone embedded in the bottom. It seems they must have fallen from the overhanging heights with sufficient force to plunge into the snow.

Brilliant light and strong colour met our eyes at every glance — the rocks of a deep purple-red tint, the pure alpine lakes of a cheerful sapphire blue, the snow glitteringly white. The walls on either side for half their height were planed and polished by glaciers, and from the smoothly glazed sides the sun was reflected as from a mirror.

MILE AFTER MILE OVER THE SNOW

Mile after mile we walked cautiously over the snow, and climbed around the margins of lakes, and over piles of debris which marked the ancient terminal moraines. At length we reached the end of the horseshoe, where the walls contracted to a gateway, rising on either side in immense vertical pillars a thousand feet high. Through this gateway we could look down the valley of the Kern, and beyond to the gentler ridges where a smooth growth of forest darkened the rolling plateau. Passing the last snow, we walked through this gateway and

turned westward round the spur toward our camp. The three miles which closed our walk were alternately through groves of Rocky Mountain white pine and upon plains of granite.

The glacier sculpture and planing are here very beautiful, the large crystals of orthoclase with which the granite is studded being cut down to the common level, their rosy tint making with the white base a beautiful burnished porphyry.

The sun was still an hour high when we reached camp, and with a feeling of relaxation and repose we threw ourselves down to rest by the log, which still continued blazing. We had accomplished our purpose.

During the last hour or two of our tramp Cotter had complained of his shoes, which were rapidly going to peices. Upon examination we found to our dismay that there was not over half a day's wear left in them, a calamity which gave to our difficult homeward climb a new element of danger. The last nail had been worn from my own shoes, and the soles were scratched to the quick, but I believed them stout enough to hold together till we should reach the main camp.

We planned a pair of moccasins for Cotter, and then spent a pleasant evening by the camp-fire, rehearsing our climb to the detail, sleep finally overtaking us and holding us fast bound until broad daylight next morning, when we woke with a sense of having slept for a week,

quite bright and perfectly refreshed for our homeward journey.

A PATHWAY OF GRANITE

After a frugal breakfast, in which we limited ourselves to a few cubic inches of venison, and a couple of stingy slices of bread, with a single meagre cup of diluted tea, we shouldered our knapsacks, which now sat lightly upon toughened shoulders, and marched out upon the granite plateau.

We had concluded that it was impossible to retrace our former way, knowing well that the precipitous divide could not be climbed from this side; then, too, we had gained such confidence in our climbing powers, from constant victory, that we concluded to attempt the passage of the great King's Cañon, mainly because this was the only mode of reaching camp, and since the geological section of the granite it exposed would afford us an exceedingly instructive study.

The broad granite plateau which forms the upper region of the Kern Valley slopes in general inclination up to the great divide. This remarkably pinnacled ridge, where it approaches the Mount Tyndall wall, breaks down into a broad depression where the Kern Valley sweeps northward, until it suddenly breaks off in precipices three thousand feet down into the King's Cañon.

The morning was wholly consumed in walking up this gently inclined plane of granite, our

way leading over the glacier-polished foldings and along graded undulations among labyrinths of alpine garden and wildernesses of erratic boulders, little lake-basins, and scattered clusters of dwarfed and sombre pine.

A GREAT PRECIPICE

About noon we came suddenly upon the brink of a precipice which sunk sharply from our feet into the gulf of the King's Cañon. Directly opposite us rose Mount Brewer and up out of the depths of those vast sheets of frozen snow swept spiry buttress-ridges, dividing the upper heights into those amphitheatres over which we had struggled on our outward journey. Straight across from our point of view was the chamber of rock and ice where we had camped on the first night. The wall at our feet fell sharp and rugged, its lower two-thirds hidden from our view by the projections of a thousand feet of crags. Here and there, as we looked down, small patches of ice, held in rough hollows, rested upon the steep surface, but it was too abrupt for any great fields of snow. I dislodged a boulder upon the edge and watched it bound down the rocky precipice, dash over eaves a thousand feet below us, and disappear; the crash of its fall coming up to us from the unseen depths fainter and fainter, until the air only trembled with confused echoes.

A long look at the pass to the south of Mount Brewer, where we had parted from our friends,

animated us with courage to begin the descent, which we did with the utmost care, for the rocks, becoming more and more glacier-smoothed, afforded us hardly any firm footholds. When down about eight hundred feet we again rolled rocks ahead of us, and saw them disappear over the eaves, and only heard the sound of their stroke after many seconds, which convinced us that directly below lay a great precipice.

At this juncture the soles came entirely off Cotter's shoes, and we stopped upon a little cliff of granite to make him moccasins of our provision bags and slips of blanket, tying them on as firmly as we could with the extra straps and buckskin thongs.

Climbing with these proved so insecure that I made Cotter go behind me, knowing that under ordinary circumstances I could stop him if he fell.

Here and there in the clefts of the rocks grew stunted pine bushes, their roots twisted so firmly into the crevices that we laid hold of them with the utmost confidence whenever they came within our reach. In this way we descended to within fifty feet of the brink, having as yet no knowledge of the cliffs below, except our general memory of their aspect from the Mount Brewer wall.

The rock was so steep that we descended in a sitting posture, clinging with our hands and heels.

HELD BY A PINE TUFT

I heard Cotter say, "I think I must take off these moccasins and try it barefooted, for I

don't believe I can make it." These words were instantly followed by a startled cry, and I looked round to see him slide quickly toward me, struggling and clutching at the smooth granite. As he slid by I made a grab for him with my right hand, catching him by the shirt, and, throwing myself as far in the other direction as I could, seized with my left hand a little pine tuft, which held us. I asked Cotter to edge along a little to the left, where he could get a brace with his feet and relieve me of his weight, which he cautiously did. I then threw a couple of turns with the lasso round the roots of the pine bush, and we were safe, though hardly more than twenty feet from the brink. The pressure of curiosity to get a look over that edge was so strong within me, that I lengthened out sufficient lasso to reach the end, and slid slowly to the edge, where, leaning over, I looked down, getting a full view of the wall for miles. Directly beneath, a sheer cliff of three or four hundred feet stretched down to a pile of debris which rose to unequal heights along its face, reaching the very crest not more than a hundred feet south of us. From that point to the bottom of the cañon broken rocks, ridges rising through vast sweeps of debris, tufts of pine and frozen bodies of ice, covered the farther slope.

I returned to Cotter, and, having loosened ourselves from the pine bush, inch by inch crept along the granite until we supposed ourselves to be just over the top of the debris pile, where

I found a firm brace for my feet, and lowered Cotter to the edge. He sang out "All right!" and climbed over on the uppermost debris, his head only remaining in sight of me: when I lay down upon my back, making knapsack and body do friction duty, and, letting myself move, followed Cotter and reached his side.

From that point the descent required two hours of severe constant labour, which was monotonous of itself, and would have proved excessively tiresome but for the constant interest of glacial geology beneath us. When at last we reached bottom and found ourselves upon a velvety green meadow, beneath the shadow of wide-armed pines, we realised the amount of muscular force we had used up, and threw ourselves down for a rest of half an hour, when we rose, not quite renewed, but fresh enough to finish the day's climb.

In a few minutes we stood upon the rocks just above King's River — a broad white torrent fretting its way along the bottom of an impassable gorge. Looking down the stream, we saw that our right bank was a continued precipice, affording, so far as we could see, no possible descent to the river's margin, and indeed, had we gotten down, the torrent rushed with such fury that we could not possibly have crossed it. To the south of us, a little way up stream, the river flowed out from a broad oval lake, three quarters of a mile in length, which occupied the bottom of the granite basin.

Unable to cross the torrent, we must either swim the lake or climb round its head. Upon our side the walls of the basin curved to the head of the lake in sharp smooth precipices, or broken slopes of debris; while on the opposite side its margin was a beautiful shore of emerald meadow, edged with a continuous grove of coniferous trees. Once upon this other side, we should have completed the severe part of our journey, crossed the gulf, and have left all danger behind us; for the long slope of granite and ice which rose upon the west side of the cañon and the Mount Brewer wall opposed to us no trials save those of simple fatigue.

SHALL WE SWIM OR CLIMB?

Around the head of the lake were crags and precipices in singularly forbidding arrangement. As we turned thither we saw no possible way of overcoming them. At its head the lake lay in an angle of the vertical wall, sharp and straight like the corner of a room; about three hundred feet in height, and for two hundred and fifty feet of this, a pyramidal pile of blue ice rose from the lake, rested against the corner, and reached within forty feet of the top. Looking into the deep blue water of the lake, I concluded that in our exhausted state it was madness to attempt to swim it. The only other alternative was to scale that slender pyramid of ice and find some way to climb the forty feet of smooth wall above it; a plan we chose perforce, and started at once

to put into execution, determined that if we were unsuccessful we would fire a dead log which lay near, warm ourselves thoroughly, and attempt to swim. At its base the ice mass overhung the lake like a roof, under which the water had melted its way for a distance of not less than a hundred feet, a thin eave overhanging the water. To the very edge of this I cautiously went, and, looking down into the lake, saw through its beryl depths the white granite blocks strewn upon the bottom at least one hundred feet below me. It was exceedingly transparent, and, under ordinary circumstances would have been a most tempting place for a dive; but at the end of our long fatigue, and with the still unknown tasks ahead, I shrunk from a swim in such a chilly temperature.

We found the ice-angle difficultly steep, but made our way succesfully along its edge, clambering up the crevices melted between its body and the smooth granite to a point not far from the top, where the ice had considerably narrowed, and rocks overhanging it encroached so closely that we were obliged to leave the edge and make our way with steps cut out from its front. Streams of water, dropping from the overhanging rock-eaves at many points, had worn circular shafts into the ice, three feet in diameter and twenty feet in depth. Their edges offered us our only foothold, and we climbed from one to another, equally careful of slipping upon the slope itself, or falling into the wells. Upon the top of the

ice we found a narrow, level platform, upon which we stood together, resting our backs in the granite corner, and looked down the awful pathway of King's Cañon, until the rest nerved us up enough to turn our eyes upward at the forty feet of smooth granite which lay between us and safety.

Here and there were small projections from its surface, little protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches.

As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

WE LIFT OURSELVES TO SAFETY

I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden

bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right cheerfully repeated, "All right." It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack until I reached the angle and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my

body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw, that instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied round his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend — for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself — requires as sublime a type of courage as I know.

But a few steps back we found a thicket of pine overlooking our lake, by which there flowed a clear rill of snow-water. Here, in the bottom of the great gulf, we made our bivouac; for we were already in the deep evening shadows, although the mountain-tops to the east of us

still burned in the reflected light. It was the luxury of repose which kept me awake half an hour or so, in spite of my vain attempts at sleep. To listen for the pulsating sound of waterfalls and arrowy rushing of the brook by our beds was too deep a pleasure to quickly yield up.