

southward. But he said their fortunes might still be retrieved, and independence established, if those who were absent from the armies without leave would but return to their places.

Nevertheless, he continued his flight through the Carolinas into Georgia; his Cabinet officers, most of whom had set out with him from Richmond, leaving him one after another. When he had arrived at Irwinsville, Ga., accompanied by his family and Postmaster-General Reagan, their little encampment in the woods was surprised, on the morning of May 11, by two detachments of Wilson's cavalry, and they were all taken prisoners. Mr. Davis was taken to Savannah, and thence to Fort Monroe, where he was a prisoner for two years, after which he was released on bail. He was never tried.

The secession movement had been proved to be a rebellion and nothing else—although the mightiest of all rebellions. It never rose to the character of a revolution; for it never had possession of the capital or the public archives, never stopped the wheels of the Government for a single day, was suppressed in the end, and attained none of its objects. But although it was clearly a rebellion, and although its armed struggle had been maintained after all prospect of success had disappeared, such was the magnanimity of the National Government and the Northern people that its leaders escaped the usual fate of rebels.

supplies of the National commissariat, and many of them were furnished with transportation to their homes in distant States.

If the people of the North had any disposition to be boisterous over the final victory, it was completely quelled by the shadow of a great sorrow that suddenly fell upon them. A conspiracy had been in progress for a long time among a few half-crazy secessionists in and about the capital. It culminated on the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865. One of the conspirators forced his way into Secretary Seward's house and attacked the Secretary with a knife, but did not succeed in killing him. Mr. Seward had been thrown from a carriage a few days before, and was lying in bed with his jaws encased in a metallic frame-work, which probably saved his life. The chief conspirator, an obscure actor, made his way into the box at Ford's Theatre, where the President and his wife were sitting, witnessing the comedy of "Our American Cousin," shot Mr. Lincoln in the back of the head, jumped from the box to the stage with a flourish of bravado, shouting "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and escaped behind the scenes and out at the stage door. The dying President was carried to a house across the street, where he expired the next morning. As the principal Confederate army had already surrendered, it was impossible for any one to suppose that the killing of the President could affect the result of the war.

enemy's capital, lived to see the authority of the United States restored over the whole country, and then was snatched away, when the people were as much as ever in need of his genius for the solution of new problems that suddenly confronted them.

The funeral train retraced the same route over which Mr. Lincoln had gone to Washington from his home in Springfield, Ill., four years before, and to the sorrowful crowds that were gathered at every station, and even along the track in the country, it seemed as if the light of the nation had gone out forever.

The armies returning from the field were brought to Washington for a grand review before being mustered out of service. The Army of the Potomac was reviewed on May 23, and Sherman's army on the 24th, the troops marching in close column around the Capitol and down Pennsylvania Avenue to the music of their bands.

It was computed that the loss of life in the Confederate service was about equal to that in the National. Their losses in battle, as they were generally on the defensive, were smaller, but their means of caring for the wounded were inferior. Thus it cost us nearly 600,000 lives and more than \$6,000,000,000 to destroy the doctrine of State sovereignty, abolish the system of slavery, and begin the career of the United States as a nation.



THE PRISON PEN AT MILLEN, GA., IN WHICH FEDERAL PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.

Except by temporary political disabilities, not one of them was punished—neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. Stephens, nor any member of the Confederate Cabinet or Congress; neither Lee nor Johnston nor any of their lieutenants, not even Beauregard, who advocated the black flag, nor Forrest, who massacred his prisoners at Fort Pillow. Most of the officers of high rank in the Confederate army were graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, and had used their military education in an attempt to destroy the very government that gave it to them, and to which they had solemnly sworn allegiance. Some of them, notably General Lee, had rushed into the rebel service without waiting for the United States War Department to accept their resignations. But all such ugly facts were suppressed or forgotten, in the extreme anxiety of the victors lest they should not be sufficiently magnanimous toward the vanquished. There was but a single act of capital punishment. The keeper of the Andersonville stockade was tried, convicted and executed for cruelty to prisoners. His more guilty superior, General Winder, died two months before the surrender. No such exhibition of mercy has been seen before or since.

The general feeling in the country was of relief that the war was ended—hardly less at the South than at the North. After the surrender the Confederates were fed liberally from the abundant

Furthermore, Mr. Lincoln had long been in the habit of going to the War Department in the evening, and returning to the White House, unattended, late at night; so that an assassin who merely wished to put him out of the way had abundant opportunities for doing so, with good chances of escaping and concealing his own identity. It was therefore perfectly obvious that the murderer's principal motive was the same as that of the youth who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus. And the newspapers did their utmost to give him the notoriety that he craved, displaying his name in large type at the head of their columns, and repeating about him every anecdote that could be recalled or manufactured.

Mr. Lincoln had grown steadily in the affections and admiration of the people. His state papers were the most remarkable in American annals; his firmness where firmness was required, and kindheartedness where kindness was practicable, were almost unfailing; and as the successive events of the war called forth his powers, it was seen that he had unlimited shrewdness and tact, statesmanship of the broadest kind, and that honesty of purpose which is the highest wisdom.

A day or two after the evacuation of Richmond, he walked through its smoking and disordered streets, where the negroes crowded about him and called down all sorts of uncouth but sincere blessings on his head. He had lived to enter the

The home-coming at the North was almost as sorrowful as at the South, because of those that came not. In all the festivities and rejoicings there was hardly a participator whose joy was not saddened by missing some well-known face and from now numbered with the silent three hundred thousand. Grant was there, the commander that had never taken a step backward; and Farragut was there, the sailor without an equal; and the unfailing Sherman, and the patient Thomas, and the intrepid Hancock, and the fiery Sheridan, and the brilliant Custer, and many of lesser rank, who in a smaller theatre of conflict would have won a larger fame. But where was young Ellsworth? Shot dead as soon as he crossed the Potomac. And Winthrop—killed in the first battle, with his best books unwritten. And Lyon—fallen at the head of his little army in Missouri, the first summer of the war. And Baker—sacrificed at Ball's Bluff. And Kearney at Chantilly, and Reno at South Mountain, and Mansfield at Antietam, and Reynolds at Gettysburg, and Wadsworth in the Wilderness, and Sedgwick at Spottsylvania, and McPherson before Atlanta, and Craven in his monitor at the bottom of the sea, and thousands of others, the best and bravest, all gone—all, like Latour, the immortal captain, dead on the field of honor, but none the less dead and a loss to their mourning country. The hackneyed allegory of Curtius had been