

by chance, rise to the position of errand-boy in a lawyer's office, or even soar to the elegance of a painter's *rapin*.

Who knows what his future may be? There are painters and sculptors who began by sweeping studios, and some of these *gamins* have quick and bright minds and clever hands; they catch everything on the wing, and assimilate it without taking the trouble to study. There are others, nevertheless, who, after having tried several trades, follow none of them, but pass from loafing to idleness, turn out badly, and finally are arrested for misdemeanors. Some of them, true to their instincts, manage to be amusing even when on trial, by their cynicism under the unfortunate circumstances.

Usually puny in appearance—for misery has been his foster-mother—the *gamin* seems younger than he is; this adds a spice to his remarks, which he scatters about him like fireworks. His sharp, sneering features, utterly devoid of the least trace of innocence, can be seen in every crowd, at every public demonstration. He hums the newest tunes, learns all that is going on, and gleans enough to form an opinion on politics by glancing at the newspapers exposed for sale. General Boulanger was his idol. He can be seen

walking impudently into confectioners' shops, where he asks for stale cakes, and they are rarely refused him. If he is the owner of two cents, the chestnut-roaster may be sure of his early visit, and his piping-hot dinner is easily carried away in a paper cornucopia. As far as school is concerned, he prefers playing truant. Compulsory education has put a stop to that in a certain measure, and will probably modify the type by degrees. But the genuine *gamin* is always ready to run away from *hard duty*, and continues to be the special model of the incorrigible city lounge and idler. In spite of all this, as he grows older he often develops into a good workman or soldier, unless he has become a good-for-nothing too early; for no more impressionable or mobile imagination than his can be found anywhere, or one more easily carried to extremes.

The very considerable number of criminals under twenty, who are a characteristic feature of these times, would seem to prove that even though he may lose some of his drollness and picturesqueness thereby, the *gamin* needs to be disciplined and curbed. Otherwise Gavroche will finally increase the battalion of young blackguards who, after all, are really nothing but unfledged gallows-birds.

THE FIRST MEETING OF LINCOLN AND GRANT.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

An account based on the testimony of eye-witnesses, Grant's own account, Congressional reports, and other original documents.

JUST as Grant's success at Vicksburg had brought him to the command of the armies in the West, so his superb campaign at Chattanooga led to the thought that he was the one man in America to command in the East. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling grew that the leaders of movements in the East were insufficient. Grant was the man. Make him commander-in-chief in place of Halleck.

Halleck professed entire willingness to be deposed in Grant's favor. He said: "I took it against my will and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it. . . . We have no time to quibble and contend for pride of personal opinion. On this subject there appears to be a better feeling among the officers of the West than here."

In general the demand was that Grant should lead the Army of the Potomac against Lee. But a larger scheme was on foot. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, which had died with Washington, though General Scott had borne it by brevet. To the ebullient patriots of the lower house nothing was now too good for General Grant, and the bill was received with applause. There was no concealment of their wishes. They recommended Grant by name for the honor.

Washburne took much pride in his early advocacy of Grant, and called on his colleagues to witness whether his *protégé* had not more than fulfilled all prophecies. "He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living. He

has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times." The bill passed the lower house by a vote of ninety-six to fifty-two, and the Senate with but six dissenting votes. In the Senate, however, the recommendation of Grant was stricken out, although it was suggested that the President might appoint some one else to the new rank instead of Grant.

But the President was impatient to put Grant into the high place. He had himself had to plan battles and adjudicate between rival commanders, in addition to his presidential duties, until he was worn out. With a profound sigh of relief he signed the bill and nominated General Grant to be the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States.

Grant was at Nashville when an order came from the Secretary of War directing him to report in person to the War Department. His first thought seems to have been of Sherman, and his next of McPherson. On March 4, 1864, in a private letter, he wrote:

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 to Washington 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 accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

Whilst 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 skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position 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 service 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. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving it the most flattering construction.

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

To this modest, manly, and deeply grateful letter Sherman replied in kind. The friendship between these three men was of the most noble and unselfish character, difficult to parallel. Sherman said:

Dear General: You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancements. . . . You are Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a place 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 that will award you a large share in securing them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

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 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 is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your last preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga, no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you 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.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come west. Take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley. . . . Here lies the seat of coming empire, and from the West, when our tasks are done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic.

With some such feeling in his own heart General Grant went to Washington to report to the War Department and to see Lincoln, whom up to this time he had never met. Of intrigue and jealousy he was aware the Western army had enough, but he knew they were weak and mild compared to the division and bitterness at the East. He had no fear of Lee—he was eager to meet him—but he feared the politicians, the schemes, the influences of the capital. He went with the intention of returning to Chattanooga at once and making it his headquarters.

He arrived in Washington late in the afternoon, and went at once to a hotel. As he modestly asked for a room the clerk loftily said, "I have nothing but a room on the top floor."

"Very well, that will do," said Grant, registering his name.

The clerk gave one glance at the name, and nearly leaped over the desk in his eagerness to place the best rooms in the house at Grant's disposal.

As Grant entered the dining-room, some one said, "Who is that major-general?" His shoulder-straps had betrayed him.

The inquiry spread till some one recognized him. "Why, that is Lieutenant-General Grant!"

A cry arose—"Grant—Grant—Grant!" The guests sprang to their feet, wild with excitement. "Where is he?" "Which is he?"

Some one proposed three cheers for Grant, and when they were given, Grant was forced to rise and bow, and then the crowd began to surge toward him. He was unable to finish his dinner, and fled.

Accompanied by Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, he went to the White House to report to the President. Doubtless he would not have gone had he known that the President was holding a reception, for he was in his every-day uniform, which was considerably worn and faded. The word had passed swiftly that Grant was in town and that he would call upon the President; therefore the crowd was denser than usual. They did not recognize him at first; but as the news spread, a curious murmur arose, and those who stood beside the President heard it and turned toward the door. As Grant entered, a hush fell over the room. The crowd moved back, and left the two chief men of all the nation facing each other.

Lincoln took Grant's small hand heartily in his big clasp, and said, "I'm glad to see you, General."

It was an impressive meeting. There stood the supreme executive of the nation and the chief of its armies—the one tall, gaunt, almost formless, with wrinkled, warty face, and deep, sorrowful eyes; the other compact, of good size, but looking small beside the tall President, his demeanor modest, almost timid, but in the broad, square head and in the close-clipped lips showing decision, resolution, and unconquerable bravery. In some fateful way these two men, both born in humble conditions, far from the esthetic, the superfine, the scholarly, now stood together—the rail-splitter and the prop-hauler. In their hands was more power for good than any kings on earth possessed. They came of the West, but they stood for the whole nation and for the Union and for the rights of man. The striking together of their hands in a compact to put down rebellion and free the blacks was perceived to be one of the supremest moments of our history.

For only an instant they stood there. Grant passed on into the East Room, where the crowd flung itself upon him. He was cheered wildly, and the room was

jammed with people, crazy to touch his hands. He was forced to stand on a sofa and show himself. He blushed like a girl. The handshaking brought streams of perspiration from his forehead and over his face. The hot room and the crowd and the excitement swelled every vein in his brow, till he looked more like a soldier fighting for his life than a hero in a drawing-room. There was something delightfully diffident and fresh and unspoiled about him, and words of surprise gave way to phrases of affection. He was seen to be the plain man his friends claimed him to be: homespun, unaffected, sincere, and resolute.

He was relieved at last by the approach of a messenger to call him to Mrs. Lincoln's side. With her he made a tour of the room, followed by the President with a lady on his arm, Lincoln's rugged face beaming with amused interest in his new general-in-chief. This ended Grant's sufferings for the moment. The President, upon reaching comparative privacy, said:

"I am to formally present you with your commission to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I know, General, your dread of speaking, so I shall read what I have to say. It will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soften the feeling of jealousy among the officers and encourage the nation."

At last the general escaped from the close air of the room, and as he felt the cool wind on his face outside the White House, he wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a long breath of relief, and said: "I hope that ends the show business."

There were solemnity and a marked formality in the presentation of the commission. In the presence of his cabinet, the President rose and stood facing General Grant, beside whom was his little son and the members of his staff. From a slip of paper the President read these words:

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 honor 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 goes my own hearty concurrence.

General Grant's reply was equally simple, but his hands shook, and he found some difficulty in controlling his voice.

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

The two men again shook hands. Lincoln seemed to be profoundly pleased with Grant. He found in him one of his own people, suited to his own conception of an American citizen: a man of "the plain people," whom, he said, God must have loved. He made so many of them. He liked Grant's modesty, and was too shrewd to call it weakness. He had tried handsome and dashing generals, and big and learned generals, and cautious and strategic generals, and generals who filled a uniform without a wrinkle, and who glittered and gleamed on the parade and had voices like golden bugles, and who could walk the polished floor of a ball-room with the grace of a dancing-master; and generals bearded and circumspect and severe. Now he was to try a man who despised show, who never drew his sabre or raised his voice or danced attendance upon women; a shy, simple-minded, reticent man, who fought battles with one sole purpose to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the nation; a man who executed orders swiftly, surely, and expected the like obedience in others; a man who hated politics and despised trickery.

A heavy rain was falling the second day of Grant's stay in Washington, but he did not allow it to interfere with his work. All day he rode about visiting the fortifications. That night he dined with Secretary Seward, delighting everybody by his simple directness of manner. He said little, but every word counted. The city was mad to see him. All day crowds surged to and fro in the hope of catching a momentary glimpse of him. A thousand invitations to dine were waiting him; but he kept under cover, and the next day he started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He spent one day in swift, absorbed study of the situation. The day after, he returned to Washington and started for Nashville to arrange his affairs there so that he could return East. He had found it necessary to take command of the Army of the Potomac in person, or at least to make his headquarters in

the field with it. He told the President that nine days would enable him to put his Western command in shape to leave it.

This intent, undeviating, and unhesitating action was a revelation of power to the East. The New York "Tribune" said: "He hardly slept on his long journey East, yet he went to work at once. Senators state with joy that he is not going to hire a house in Washington and make war ridiculous by attempting to manœuvre battles from an armchair in Washington." His refusal to dine and to lend himself to any "show business" was commented on with equal joy. The citizens of Washington could scarcely believe he had visited the city at all. The New York "Herald" said: "We have found our hero."

Returning to Nashville, he quickly made his dispositions. His own command there, Sherman was to take; and McPherson, Sherman's, while Logan moved into McPherson's command. These men Grant felt that he could trust absolutely, and though disappointed rivals complained severely, it made no difference. Promptly at the end of his nine days he was back in Washington.

On the day of his return he held his first interview with Lincoln alone. Lincoln said, in his half-humorous fashion: "I have never professed to be a military man, nor to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them. But procrastination on the part of generals, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which is always with one, have forced me into issuing a series of military orders. I don't know but they were all wrong, and I'm pretty certain some of them were. All I wanted, or ever wanted, is some one to take the responsibility and *act*—and call on me for all assistance needed. I pledge myself to use all the power of government in rendering such assistance." *That* was the substance of the interview, Grant replying simply: "I will do the best I can, Mr. President, with the means at hand." He went straight to headquarters at Culpeper, and the newspapers delightedly quoted him as saying on his arrival: "There will be no grand review and no show business."

Lincoln said later, in reply to a question: "I don't know General Grant's plans, and I don't want to know them. Thank God, I've got a general at last!"

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champ-divers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de Kérual, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and

is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. Thus he comes to one Burchell Fenn, whose business is to help French fugitives southward. He continues his journey in Fenn's cart, with two fellow-countrymen, a colonel and a major. The colonel dies by the way. Then, in an inn, St. Ives and the major run up against a suspicious attorney's clerk, who would arrest them. As soon as they can, they separately flee from the inn.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I WAS scarce clear of the inn before the limb of the law was at my heels. I saw his face plain in the moonlight; and the most resolute purpose showed in it, along with an unmoved composure. A chill went over me. "This is no common adventure," thinks I to myself. "You have got hold of a man of character, St. Ives! A bite-hard, a bull-dog, a weasel is on your trail; and how are you to throw him off?" Who was he? By some of his expressions I judged he was a hanger-on of courts. But in what character had he followed the assizes? As a simple spectator, as a lawyer's clerk, as a criminal himself, or—last and worst supposition—as a Bow-Street "runner"?

The cart would wait for me, perhaps, half a mile down our onward road, which I was already following. And I told myself that in a few minutes' walking, Bow-Street runner or not, I should have him at my mercy. And then reflection came to me in time. Of all things, one was out of the question. Upon no account must this obtrusive fellow see the cart. Until I had killed or shook him off, I was quite divorced from my companions—alone, in

the midst of England, on a frosty by-way leading whither I knew not, with a sleuth-hound at my heels, and never a friend but the holly-stick!

We came at the same time to a crossing of lanes. The branch to the left was overhung with trees, deeply sunken and dark. Not a ray of moonlight penetrated its recesses; and I took it at a venture. The wretch followed my example in silence; and for some time we crunched together over frozen pools without a word. Then he found his voice, with a chuckle.

"This is not the way to Mr. Merton's," said he.

"No?" said I. "It is mine, however."

"And therefore mine," said he.

Again we fell silent; and we may thus have covered half a mile before the lane, taking a sudden turn, brought us forth again into the moonshine. With his hooded great-coat on his back, his valise in his hand, his black wig adjusted, and footing it on the ice with a sort of sober doggedness of manner, my enemy was changed almost beyond recognition: changed in everything but a certain dry, polemical, pedantic air, that spoke of a sedentary occupation and high stools. I observed, too, that his valise was heavy; and putting this and that together, hit upon a plan.

"A seasonable night, sir," said I.

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