

defensive, strike a telling blow that might be disastrous to the union cause. Defeat at that time would be serious. Gen. Meade being a military engineer, was more capable of acting on the defensive than the offensive; his *forte* lay more in well digested plans, assisted by diagrams and typography, than in sudden and unexpected combinations, *en passant*, during a battle. His caution and carefulness of the lives of his soldiers were barriers to sudden and unlooked for victory and also to rash crude plans which might bring on defeat. Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, or Sheridan, to use a Scotch proverb, "would make a spoon or spoil a horn," while Meade was studying the process by which it was done. It is not in his nature to tempt sickle fortune by a *coup d'état*. His sense of responsibility is too keen, and his finer feelings are in too lively exercise to risk precious lives in mere experiment or hap-hazard, yet it is doubtful if such a general could successfully hold supreme command of a large army, in the face of a skilful and daring foe, and *cæteris paribus*, lead it to victory when success depended not on siege operations, but on sudden and unlooked for manœuvre—taking advantage of emergencies—and in indomitable perseverance and pluck in pursuing and striking a partially beaten and retreating foe. Meade was faithful and industrious, and a good tactician and well-beloved by his army; but his fears and doubts robbed him of decision. The American leaders knew that the army was safe with him until it was ready to strike the final blow, then, Grant, as generalissimo, with dogged determination, and a well drilled countless host, led the way "on that line" in the bloody march to Richmond. How many can remember with shuddering the horrors of the way from the Rapidan to the Weldon railroad—the marches and counter-marches—the trail of mangled corpses—the moans of dying men—the dripping ambulances—the terrible symphony of battle! All, all, now reminiscences of what seemed a hedious night-mare or some strange phantasmata of the brain, which, like the "baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind," but alas, it was reality.

The writer found Meade's head-quarters in 1864 at City Point, and at that time not far from the extreme left of his army. Shortly after the battles of Ream's station, and the taking of the Weldon railroad, and the occupation of the forts at the Peebles house, the Pegram farm and Hatcher's Run, his tent was pitched near the historic Jerusalem plank road, at the well-known Yellow Tavern. Meade's tent could not be distinguished from those of his staff, except by a small American flag on a pole about six feet high, and six yards away from the tent door. In the entrance to the tent was a small stove, composed of Russian iron, sliding together after the manner of a spy-glass, so that when removed it could be stowed away into the smallest compass. He extolled it as a model for camp purposes. His bed was a stretcher, such as is used on the field for carrying the wounded. It had spread on it a few army blankets, and rested about a foot from the ground on two billets of wood. On a barrel was perched a small writing-desk, and by its side were two camp stools. These, with a small portmanteau, were the furniture of his tent. A detachment of Zouaves was his body-guard, whose fantastic costume—the red trousers, tight leggings, blue jackets with yellow facings, and night-cap head piece above bronzed faces—struck the eye pleasantly, in contrast with the everlasting blue of the regiments tented around. Could we divest ourselves of the real for a time, the ideal and imaginative would soon carry us to the Boulevards, Tuilleries, Palais Royale, or Place la Concorde, of Paris, where the traveller meets at almost every step the Chasseur d'Afrique; or we would be spirited away to Algeria, the natal place of this uniform, the sight of which