

sheen and fragrance. It was Sunday. All the churches were filled with people. The President sat in his pew at Saint Paul's, grave and tall and grey, distinguished and quiet of aspect. Here and there in the church were members of the Government, here and there an officer of the Richmond defences. Dr. Minnegerode was in the pulpit. The sun came slantingly in at the open windows, — sunshine and a balmy air. It was very quiet — the black-clad women sitting motionless, the soldiers still as on parade, the marked man in the President's pew straight, quiet, and attentive, the white and black form in the pulpit with raised hands, speaking of a supper before Gethsemane — for it was the first Sunday in the month and communion was to follow. The sun came in, very golden, very quiet. . . .

The sexton of Saint Paul's walked, on tiptoe, up the aisle. He was a large man, with blue clothes and brass buttons and a ruffled shirt. Often and often, in these four years, had he come with a whispered message or a bit of paper to this or that man in authority. He had come, too, with private trouble and woe. This man had risen and gone out for he had news that his son's body was being brought, into town; these women had moved gropingly down the aisle, because the message said father or brother or son or husband . . . Saint Paul's was used to the sexton coming softly up the aisle. Saint Paul's only thought, "Is he coming for me?" — "Is he coming for me?"

But he was coming, it seemed, for the President. . . . Mr. Davis read the slip of paper, rose with a still face, and went softly down the aisle, erect and quiet. Eyes followed him; many eyes. For all it was so hushed in Saint Paul's there came a feeling as of swinging bells. . . . The sexton, who had gone out before Mr. Davis, returned. He whispered to General Anderson. The latter rose and went out. A sigh like a wind that begins to mount went through Saint Paul's. Indefinably it began to make itself known that these were not usual summons. The hearts of all began to beat, beat hard. Suddenly the sexton was back, summoning this one and that one and the other. — "Sit still, my people, sit still, my people!" — but the bells were ringing too loudly and the hearts were beating too hard. Men and women rose, hung panting a moment, then, swift or slow, they left Saint Paul's. Going, they heard that the lines at Petersburg had been broken and that General Lee said the Government must leave Richmond — leave at once.