

**LEE OFFERS FREEDOM TO SLAVES AND
COMPENSATION TO OWNERS**

92. **LEE, ROBERT E.** Great General of the Civil War. Broadside, Folio, Petersburg, Va. (1865). Here General Lee offers freedom and undisturbed residence at their old homes in the Confederacy after the War "Not the Freedom of Sufferance, but honorable and self won by the gallantry and devotion which grateful citizens will never cease remember or reward". The owners are promised a suitable compensation in cash. We never heard of this broadside, could not find it mentioned in any of the bibliographies consulted. It is a lengthy broadside setting forth what is expected from Slaves and owners. We print only a few significant paragraphs **LIKELY UNIQUE.** 59.00.

The Undersigned have been ordered by Genl. Lee to establish a recruiting office in this city

The Comanding General deems the prompt organization of as large a force of Negroes as can be spared, a measure of the utmost importance

To the owners Asks of them only a sacrifice of means To the slaves is offered freedom **A DEED OF EMANCIPATION MUST ACCOMPANY EACH RECRUIT**

I SAW LEE SURRENDER

By **SETH M. FLINT**

With **William Rouse Lee**

WHEN Robert E. Lee surrendered to Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox Court House seventy-five years ago on the 9th of April, I was there. Luck and ability to test a horse explained my presence. As far as I know I am the last survivor. Having grown up in the South, I had enlisted in Company H, 5th U. S. Cavalry, in June, 1862. I gave my name as Charles M. Sawyer, and my age as eighteen. Knowing that the Army allowed my family's opinion that a fifteen-year-old was too young for war, sixteen months of staff campaigning incorporated me as a light-artillery private, so I transferred to Company F as a bugler. A chance that ultimately brought me to Appomattox.

In the spring of 63, my new company, together with Companies B and K, all under command of Capt. James W. Mason, was assigned as escort to Lieutenant General Grant. We found that the escort was far from what we expected. The escort, mounted behind us, had charge of the staff officers, supply wagons and commissary, created and struck tents, and performed very miscellaneous tasks assigned. Good bread and fatigue was not General Grant's idea of soldiering. He was a middle-aged soldier who never worried how he looked or what others thought of it.

Under his direction, the forward movement of the Army of the Potomac began on May 4, 1864, ended a little more than a year months later. The battles of The Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor were behind us, the siege of Petersburg was over, ended by the battle of Five Forks, when Lee's thin, stubborn lines were finally broken. Evacuating Richmond and Petersburg, Lee tried desperately to lead his hungry, demoralized columns west, but we caught him too hard. We caught up with them at Appomattox and the end was in sight. We were sure that the day would, but still uncertain. Tens of Lee could not escape. On that day there was an exchange of messages between the Federal and Confederate commanders.

How a War Ended

ON THE morning of the ninth, the major part of the escort was left behind to guard the head-quarters wagon train and the rest of us started out with the general and his staff along the rear of the main army. We had gone several miles when a horseman, at top speed, rode over calling from one of his lines as he rode past. I stopped him in his young lieutenant of General Meade's staff. He put his horse back on its haunches and handed a paper to Grant. We knew that a decision from Lee was expected on a proposed conference with Grant, and we assumed to the intense satisfaction that I had finally come.

We crowded about the general in an effort to learn the answer; all of us, without doubt, believing that Grant held in his hand the decision when he was to be peace or continued warfare. He read the message, but I was wholly unable to get from his countenance a clue to his content. Then he handed the paper to a staff officer, who hurriedly scanned the words, and in a voice charged with excitement read aloud to his associates the final response of General Lee:

I had just the draft of the routine, which indicated that the Confederate leader had agreed to meet General Grant, but evidently the staff officers construed this to be acceptance of surrender for every last man of them hurled into chaos, while we moved forward. The only one who took no part in the impromptu celebration was General Grant, who merely looked on with bland amusement.

There was a half-dressed flag lying by the roadside and Grant sat down on it, intently pulled a cigar from his case, and requesting one of his staff who stood near by to furnish him a sheet of paper. He dug up a pencil from his pocket, hastily wrote a reply. He handed it to Lt. Col. Orville B. Babcock, with orders to take a few members of the escort, headed by Captain Mason, and take up in advance of the rest of the party to locate the Confederate commander. It happened that I was the only leader present, and so I went along, much to my satisfaction, for I was sure to see the great leader of the Southern cause.

Babcock, carrying a white flag, which he took in his place beside Mason and me, and off we went toward the enemy's lines. Whether Lee was sparing for time was a matter of conjecture. We were, therefore, prepared for any eventuality, and, at a word from Captain Mason, I raised my badge in one hand to sound the call to arms if we found that the Jubilee was trying to escape. That call would have been echoed at once in our own, and it would have been sounded for them if they had attempted a retreat. As for the Federal troops had them halted up and outstanding fire to one.

We so continued to the south end to the left wing of our lines, passing through the rifle settlement of Appomattox Court House, smothering in the spring sunshine, and soon to awaken to discover still in flames. Our toward the right flank of the Confederates we enveloped, every man about. As we moved south, the woods and hills shut off a view of the Union troops, but we could see some Confederates on the "side in the distance. The headquarters' terms of Lee were plainly visible, though I could see no other soldiers.



We were camped at Appomattox on April 9, 1865, here as I am standing today at Gettysburg seventy-four years after the battle.

We had ridden about three quarters of a mile from the park of houses when a few hundred yards ahead, we saw a little party of gray-clad figures and several horses by the roadside. One of the men was sitting under a small tree. A companion stood nearby, while a third man—evidently in order—was holding the heads ends of two of the three horses. At a gesture from Colonel Babcock, Mason ordered a lieutenant of the staff officer, his white flag conspicuously displayed, "side or toward the gray-clad horsemen, accompanied by a messenger of his own."

"I'll worry that's General Lee," said the captain, with a thump at his "Let us hope things turn out all right."

I took a firm grip on my angle to be ready for any possible emergency, my eyes fixed to the scene before me. As the two Federals neared the spot, the man towards the tree rose and Babcock had been exchanged salutes. The latter was tall, erect and of fine physique. For a few moments they carried on what appeared to be a friendly conversation, much to our relief, and then the entire group started down the road toward us.

It was not difficult to recognize the famous commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. I had seen his picture, and, of course. *Continued on Page 27*

arise from such situations as was seen in Germany.

And a military dictatorship would mean the end of Hitler's supreme power and probably the end of his political party. What is the most effective means of guarding against a military dictatorship? Heimer forecasts the answer in the days when he began building up his SS guards and, later, his Gestapo. For Himmler has always thought in the terms of the supremacy of the Nazi Party.

But what is to be done for the Nazi Party is not necessarily best for Germany. That is what some of the army commanders believed when they protested last November against Himmler's interference in battle areas. The one problem they had in mind was how to conduct a war most efficiently. And it

seems to them as they warned Hitler, that the efficiency of the German army was jeopardized by the system of divided authority which Himmler's aggressiveness had established.

The decision was against the army commanders last November but it is unlikely that they have changed their opinions. For a great many German army officers have had firsthand experience in Russia, where they helped to train the Red army for several years before Hitler came to power. They saw in Russia what happens in a crisis when political pressures undermine the authority of its general staff. They recognize that there is a deadly parallel between what happened in Russia before the Red-army purges and what has begun to happen in Germany since the present war began.

I SAW LEE SURRENDER

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knowing that we had gone out to meet him I could make no mistake as to his identity. He measured up fully to my expectations—and those expectations were rather elaborate. I saw a young man, though I was a bit of an old soldier. I had been in fifteen or sixteen battles during three years, and had come to have a wholesome esteem for the Johnny boys and their leader. In my entire imagination, he had become a sort of legendary figure. It had been his remarkable generalship that had prolonged the war far beyond its expected limits, and he loomed big and menacing in my opinion.

There were two men with him and Traverser, he was riding to meet his conqueror to negotiate terms of surrender—for him the last scene of the last act of the war drama. His complexion, indeed, to add, was a clouded marsh of his staff.

And what a lease pair of shoulders! Lee and Traverser were. That here could have attracted attention anywhere. He was a sturdy, gelling, deep of chest, with broad and feet, and his color was a perfectly Confederate gray, with the exception of nose and feet, which were black, a complexion that made him a very striking and handsome animal, and when his master was in the saddle, take it from an old Federal trooper it was a picture that was worth seeing.

General Lee's uniform was immaculate and presented an aerial machine figure. But if it was the face beneath the gray felt hat and hair that made the deepest impression on me, I say that because I can still recall it vividly. I have been trying to find a single word that describes it, and I have concluded that "beige" is the adjective I am after, because that means kindly, gracious, and despite its seriousness, on that day of long ago, I would still call his expression kindly. And yet I remember well that there was something else about him that aroused my deep pity, that so great a warrior should be acknowledging defeat.

We joined the 1st Party and rode back to the settlement Appomattox Court House was a pretentious name for what then was a row of six or seven houses and now is less. As we passed the first house an overtake a man—Mr. McLane who was walking toward the street and Colonel Marshall turned up beside him and told him that General Lee desired a room where he could hold a conference with Grant. Mr. McLane was astounded, both at the

news and at the appearance of him and gray clad soldiers riding together. He stood at the Confederate commander for a moment at stove, and looked over the Union contingent, as if in search of his famous adversary. Then he pointed to the nearest house, went to the door and knocked.

A woman answered the summons, and after a brief talk with her neighbor, she asked the two Southerners to make their evaluations in the morning, as satisfactory for Lee and his companion quickly came out and Marshall requested McLane to direct them elsewhere. We rode slowly on until our guide directed us before a substantial brick house and informed us that he lived there and would be happy to offer us a

It was an odd-shaped structure with the chimney at the gable end, and, running along the front, a piazza painted white with six wooden pillars supporting it. Broad steps about eight yards wide and seven or eight in number led up to the platform, and there was a generous yard, partly enclosed by a picket fence, with several large trees standing somewhere about it.

General Lee and the colonel dismounted and, preceded by McLane, went into the house, leaving their horses in charge of the orderly, and we Yanks returned to the roadway to await the coming of Grant and his party.

It was perhaps ten minutes later—it may have been only five—when the Federal commander rode up with a few staff officers, the other members of the escort and several Union generals, among whom were Phil Sheridan, George Auster Wesley Merritt and Edward Ord.

There were three members of that little group who would probably attract attention anywhere, two of them for their noteworthy personal appearance and the third both for his appearance and reputation. The first of these was "Custer the dandy member" of the Federal cavalry. A horse, gentlemanly, a red, facile that swung for notice, long hair, breeches and a velvet jacket were usually an dress-up uniform and topped the elaborate array was a pair of small boots, and a head of hair that was like that fell halfway to his shoulders. Effeminate, you might say, but there was nothing feminine about Custer. He was a dandy on horseback, who found nothing "dared" anything, and dried death

BARGAIN

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