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# John Jakes

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## HEAVEN



AND

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# HEAVEN AND HELL

John Jakes

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John Jakes  
HEAVEN AND HELL

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For  
all my friends  
at HBJ

With the exception of historical figures,  
all characters in this novel are fictitious,  
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present or past, is coincidental.



*The loss of heaven  
is the greatest  
pain in hell.*

CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA

HEAVEN  
AND  
HELL



# PROLOGUE: THE GRAND REVIEW 1865

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*. . . saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.*

JEREMIAH 6:14, 8:11

Rain fell on Washington through the night. Shortly before day-break on May twenty-third, a Tuesday, George Hazard woke in his suite at Willard's Hotel. He rested a hand on the warm shoulder of his wife, Constance. He listened.

No more rain.

That absence of sound was a good omen for this day of celebration. A new era began this morning, an era of peace, with the Union saved.

Why, then, did he feel a sense of impending misfortune?

George slipped out of bed. His flannel nightshirt bobbed around his hairy calves as he stole from the room. George was forty-one now, a stocky, strong-shouldered man whose West Point classmates had nicknamed him Stump because of his build and his less-than-average height. Gray slashed his dark hair and the neat beard he'd kept, as many had, to show he had served in the army.

He padded into the parlor, which was strewn with newspapers and periodicals he'd been too tired to pick up last night. He began to gather them and put them in a pile, taking care to be as quiet as possible. In the second and third bedrooms, his children were asleep. William Hazard III had turned sixteen in January. Patricia would be that age by the end of the year. George's younger brother, Billy, and his wife, Brett, occupied a fourth bedroom. Billy would march in today's parade, but he'd gotten permission to spend the night away from the engineers' camp at Fort Berry.

The papers and periodicals seemed to taunt George for his sense of foreboding. The *New York Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Washington Star*, the most recent issue of the *Army and Navy Journal* all sounded the same triumphant note. As he created the neat pile on a side table, the phrases leaped up:

*Though our gigantic war is but a few days over, we have already begun the disbandment of the great Army of the Union . . .*

*They crushed the Rebellion, saved the Union, and won for themselves, and for us, a country . . .*

*The War Department has ordered to be printed six hundred thousand blank discharges on parchment paper . . .*

*Our self-reliant republic disbands its armies, sends home its faithful soldiers, closes its recruiting tents, stops its contracts for material, and prepares to abandon the gloomy path of war for the broad and shining highway of peace . . .*

Today and tomorrow were to be celebrations of that: a Grand Review of Grant's Army of the Potomac and Uncle Billy Sherman's roughneck Army of the West. Grant's men would march today; Sherman's coarser, tougher troops, tomorrow. Sherman's Westerners sneered at Grant's Easterners as "paper collars." Perhaps the Westerners would parade the cows and goats, mules and fighting cocks they'd brought to their camps along the Potomac.

Not all of the men who went to war would march. Some would lie forever hidden from loved ones, like George's dearest friend, Orry. George and Orry had met as plebes at West Point in 1842. They had soldiered together in Mexico, and had preserved their friendship even after Fort Sumter surrendered and their separate loyalties took them to different sides in the conflict. But then, in the closing days, Orry met death at Petersburg. Not in battle; he fell victim to the stupid, needless, vengeful bullet of a wounded Union soldier he was trying to help.

Some of the young men made old by the war still tramped the roads of the South, going home to poverty and a land wasted by hunger and the fires of conquering battalions. Some still rode northbound trains, maimed in body and spirit by their time in the sinks that passed for rebel prisons. Some from the Confederacy had vanished into Mexico, into the army of the khedive of Egypt, or to the West, trying to forget the invisible wounds they bore. Orry's young cousin Charles had chosen the third path.



Others had ended the war steeped in ignominy. Chief among them was Jeff Davis, run to earth near Irwinville, Georgia. Many Northern papers said he'd tried to elude capture by wearing a dress. Whatever the truth, for certain elements in the North prison wasn't enough for Davis. They wanted a hang rope.

George lit one of his expensive Cuban cigars and crossed to the windows overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue. The suite offered a fine view of the day's parade route, but he had special tickets for a reviewing stand directly across from the President's. With care, he raised a window.

The sky was cloudless. He leaned out to let the cigar smoke blow away and noticed all the patriotic bunting on the three- and four-story buildings fronting the avenue. Brighter decorations were at last replacing the funeral crepe that had hung everywhere after Lincoln's murder.

A scarlet band of light above the Potomac River basin marked the horizon. Vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians were beginning to move on the muddy avenue below. George watched a black family—parents, five children—hurry in the direction of President's Park. They had more than the end of the war to celebrate. They had the Thirteenth Amendment, forever abolishing slavery; the states had only to ratify it to make it law.

A clearing sky, a display of red, white, and blue, no more rain—with such favorable portents, why did his feeling of foreboding persist?

It was the families, he decided, the Mains and the Hazards. They had survived the war, but they were mangled. Virgilia, his sister, was lost to the rest of the family, self-exiled by her own extremism. It was particularly saddening because Virgilia was right here in Washington, although George didn't know where she lived.

Then there was his older brother, Stanley, an incompetent man who had piled up an unconscionable amount of money through war profiteering. Despite his success—or perhaps because of it—Stanley was a drunkard.

Matters were no better for the Mains. Orry's sister Ashton had vanished out in the West after being involved in an unsuccessful plot to overthrow and replace the Davis government with one that was more extreme. Orry's brother, Cooper, who had worked in Liverpool for the Confederate Navy Department, had

lost his only son, Judah, when their homebound ship was sunk off Fort Fisher by a Union blockade squadron.

And there was his best friend's widow, Madeline, facing the struggle to rebuild her life and her burned-out plantation on the Ashley River, near Charleston. George had given her a letter of credit for forty thousand dollars, drawn on the bank in which he owned a majority interest. He'd hoped she would ask for more; most of the initial sum was needed for interest on two mortgages and to pay federal taxes and prevent confiscation of the property by Treasury agents already invading the South. But Madeline had not asked, and it worried him.

Even at this early hour, the horse-and-wagon traffic on the avenue was heavy. It was a momentous day and, if he could believe the sky and the soft breeze, it would be a beautiful one. Then why, even after isolating his anxieties about the two families, could he not banish the feeling of impending trouble?

The Hazards ate a quick breakfast. Brett looked particularly happy and excited, George thought with a certain envy. In a few weeks, Billy planned to resign his commission. Then the two of them would board a ship for San Francisco. They'd never seen California, but descriptions of the climate, the country, and its opportunities attracted them. Billy wanted to start his own civil engineering firm. Like his friend Charles Main, with whom he'd attended West Point—both inspired by the example of George and Orry—he wanted to go far from the scarred fields where American had fought American.

The couple needed to travel soon. Brett was carrying their first child. Billy had told this to George privately; decency dictated that a pregnancy never be discussed, even by family members. When a woman neared her term and her stomach bulged, people pretended not to notice. If a second child arrived, parents often told their firstborn that the doctor brought the baby in a bottle. George and Constance observed most of the proprieties, even many that were silly, but they had never stooped to the bottle story.

The family reached the special reviewing section by eight-fifteen. They took seats among reporters, congressmen, Supreme Court justices, senior army and navy officers. To their left, the avenue jogged around the Treasury Building at Fifteenth Street; the jog hid the long rise of the street up to the Capitol.



To their right, for blocks into the distance, people jammed behind barricades, hung from windows and roof peaks, sat on sagging tree limbs. Directly opposite stood the covered pavilion for President Johnson's party, which would include Generals Grant and Sheridan and Stanley Hazard's employer, Secretary of War Stanton. Along the pavilion's front roof line, among bunting swags and evergreen sprays, hung banners painted with the names of Union victories: ATLANTA and ANTIETAM, GETTYSBURG and SPOTSYLVANIA, and more.

By quarter to nine there was still no sign of the President. The blunt-featured Chief Executive sailed in a sea of gossip these days. People said he lacked tact, drank heavily. And he was common—well, that was true. Johnson, a tailor, later senator, was the self-educated son of a Tennessee tavern porter, but he did not have the skills that had enabled Lincoln to turn his rustic background into a personal advantage. George had met Johnson. He found him a brusque, opinionated man with an almost religious reverence for the Constitution. That alone would put him at odds with the Radical Republicans, who wanted to expand interpretation of the Constitution to suit their vision of society.

George agreed with many Radical positions, including equal rights and the franchise for eligible males of both races. But frequently he found Radical motives and tactics repugnant. Many of the Radicals made no secret of their intent to use black voters to make the Republicans the majority party, upsetting the traditional Democratic dominance of the country. The Radicals displayed a vicious animosity toward those they had conquered, as well as any others they deemed ideologically impure.

President Johnson and the Radicals were locked in an increasingly vindictive struggle for control of reconstruction of the Union. It was not a new quarrel. In 1862, Lincoln had proposed his Louisiana Plan, later amplifying it to allow for readmission of any seceded state in which a "tangible nucleus" of voters—only ten percent of those qualified to vote in 1860—took a loyalty oath and organized a pro-Union government.

In July of 1864, the Radical Republicans had retaliated with a bill written by Senator Ben Wade, of Ohio, and Representative Henry Davis, of Maryland. It outlined a much harsher reconstruction plan, which included a provision for military rule of the defeated Confederacy. The bill fixed control of reconstruction in the Congress. Early in 1865, Tennessee had formed a government